

Orbit

Contents

TORONTO, MAY 10, 1884.

- POETRY.
A Sweet Old Legend.
MUSIC.
Detroit Schottische.
STORIES.
In Golden Bonds.
Cupidity and Crime.
Two Days in a Lifetime.
EDITORIAL.
The Proposed New Music Hall.
Degradation of the Press.
American Lynch Law.
The Governor-General Bills!
More Disallowance.
ACOB FAITHFUL.
THE FASHIONS.
Fashion Designs.
TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.
OUR YOUNG FOLK.
HEALTH DEPARTMENT.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT.
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.
The Lablache Concert.
Some Recent Amateur Performances.
Notes of the Week.
MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF CURRENT LITERATURE

\$2.00 Per Year, 5 Cts. Per Copy.

NORTH TORONTO.

738 YONGE STREET

IS THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

DRY-GOODS CHEAP FOR CASH

FANCY DRY-GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY I

Ladies' Linen and Lace Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, Frillings, Ribbons, Laces, Embroider Dress Buttons, Corsets, Fancy Bordered Handkerchiefs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Vellings, &c., &c.

Ball's Health Preserving Corsets Always Kept in Stock.

A Splendid Assortment of LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR, BABY LINEN, &c. Every Article nicely made, well-shaped and cheap.

JOHN PAGE, 738 Yonge St. North.

Watson, Thorne & Smellie, Barristers and Attorneys, York Chambers, 9 Toronto St., Toronto.

Harper's Bazar Pattern House

All cut patterns published in Harper's Bazar New York (WEEKLY) sent to any address on receipt of price. Send for Sheets and catalogues. A Choice Selection of French and American Millinery.

Dresses and Mantles in the Latest Styles at reasonable rates. Dress Trimmings, Fancy Goods, etc. MRS. I. THORNHILL, 374 1/2 Yonge St., Toronto.

A. J. MANNELLI BUTCHER.

Fresh and Salt Meats,

Poultry, Vegetables, etc.

Families Waited on for Orders.

101 Queen Street West, Toronto.

IMRIE'S

AND DISPLAY CARDS.

Kept in stock at 33 Colborne Street, Toronto.

W. OXENHEM

WHOLESALE RETAIL BUTCHER,

12 ST. ANDREW'S MARKET.

Where a full supply of choice meat is always on hand.

Corned Meat especially.

MADAME RISTORI.

Ladies wishing their lives correctly read should at once consult the above lady.

92 ADELAIDE ST., WEST.

MRS. MALLORY

is prepared to furnish all the latest SKIRT IMPROVERS

ALSO THOSE

Perfect-Fitting Corded Health Corsets,

made to measure, and satisfaction guaranteed; also "DOMESTIC PATTERN" AGENCY, 266 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

POST Crumpton's Bakery, 171 King St., East, City, Will reach us.

GOOD SWEET BREAD DELIVERED DAILY.

C. M. ROBINSON, WHOLESALE & RETAIL COAL & WOOD MERCHANT.

Coal of all description received daily from the mines. Delivered dry and clean.

Wood Best Quality at Lowest Prices. A trial will convince.

21 & 23 Queen Street, West, Toronto.

COAL & WOOD.

We are now receiving daily large quantities of the cele brated Stratton and Briar Hill Coal, of the best quality, which brands we are handling exclusively this year, and are prepared to supply to the public at reasonable rates, and deliver to any part of the city. We have also on hand all kinds of

HARD AND SOFT WOOD

Attention is also directed to the fact that our Coal and Wood are kept under cover, and consequently will be found by purchasers in best condition.

A trial solicited. Orders promptly attended to.

T. BELL & BRO.

Office and yard—166 Elmwood street, corner Richmond.

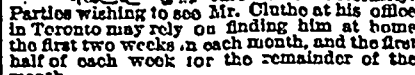
GOLDEN HEALTH PELLETS, The King of Remedies,

Cures Scrofula, Scald-Head, Salt Rheum Pimples, Cancer, Liver Complaint, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, and Female Weakness. They are a specific in these troubles and never fail if faithfully used. Send for pamphlet. Price 25c.; 5 for \$1.

D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist Toronto.

RUPTURE CURED

CHAS. CLUTHE, Surgical Mechanist, 118 King St. West, Toronto, Ont. and Cor. Main & Huron Sts., Buffalo, may be con sulted in many of our Canadian Cities. For dates, &c., send stamps, or reply cards for an swer. All ruptured or deformed people should make a note of this, as Mr. Charles Cluthe is known all over Canada as an expert in Mechanical Treatment of Rupture and deformity. Parties wishing to see Mr. Cluthe at his office in Toronto may rely on finding him at home the first two weeks in each month, and the first half of each week for the remainder of the month.



30 DAYS TRIAL



DR. DYES' ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC AFFIDAVITS are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESS, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ACIDITY and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete RESTORATION TO HEALTH, Vigor and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The great Eng. TRADE MARK. Fish Remedy will promptly and radically cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, results of indigestion, excess or over work of the brain and nervous system; is perfectly harmless, acts like magic, and has been extensively used for over thirty years with great success. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The specific medicine is sold by all druggists at 25c per package, or six packages for \$1, we will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by enclosing your name and address to GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists everywhere.

DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET.

Patented Sept. 23, 1875, Patented Jan. 11, 1876. Re-issued July 3, 1877. Patented Jan. 9, 1877. Re-issued Aug. 6, 1878. Patented July 17 and Nov. 27, 1877. Patented Feb 10, and June 4, 1878. Patented also in Great Britain and France. Patented in Canada June 7, 1879.

With Improved Tampico Busts.

Awarded the Highest Medal over all American competitors at the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

Unequaled for beauty, style and comfort.

Approved by all physicians.



This favorite Corset is now made with the celebrated TAMPIO BUSTS, which are as soft as velvet, and yet so elastic that they will retain their shape perfectly until the corset is worn out.

The "Health Corset" is boned with Coralline, a new substance which is much superior to horn or whalebone. It cannot break, and is elastic, pliable and comfortable.

The "Health Corset" is not designed for invalids on, but is equally adapted to all women, even the most fastidious in dress.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

CROMPTON CORSET CO., TORONTO.

Ontario Electrotype Foundry.

26-28 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.

A Long-Felt Want Supplied

It being a universal remark that Electrotypy cannot be done in Canada as well as in the United States or England, on account of insufficient experience in the art of moulding, which is the key-branch of the profession, I take great pleasure in notifying Printers, Publishers, and others, that I have at last overcome the above difficulty, by securing the services of

MR. W. M. SMANT, of Boston, Mass., a well-known American Electrotype Moulder of 12 years' experience in the United States. I would also inform you that I have added the latest American Improved Electro Moulding Press, also a Steam Drying Press for Stereotyping purposes, doing away with the slow and laborious process of drying by coal fire, which has been the means of destroying so much valuable type.

The services of a most efficient staff of competent finishers have been secured, which will enable me to carry out orders promptly, and give every satisfaction.

Soliciting your patronage, I remain, Respectfully yours, ROBT. SMITH

BELFAST LINEN WAREHOUSE

MOKHEE BROS.,

391 Queen Street West, Importers of Irish Linen from Belfast; Double Damask, Table Cloths and Napkins to match, sheetings, Hollands, Shirtings, Towels, and everything else belonging to the trade, wholesale and retail.

FRANZ & POPE, IMPROVED

Automatic Knitting Machine,

outrivals all competitors, and stands the test of years, constant use. No family should be without one. See our agent.

J. READING 19 Richmond St., E. Toronto

HENRY HOAD,

FAMILY BUTCHER

Cor. Buller & Lippincott Sts.,

(opposite Salvation Army Barracks).

Dealer in all kinds of fresh and salt meats, at lowest prices. Give him a call. Orders called for daily.

CHARLES FIELD,

GENERAL MACHINIST!

AND

Manufacturer of Acme Blowers,

for Cupa and Forges, also Foot Presses.

Skates Ground and Concast 15c. a pair.

111 QUEEN ST., EAST, TORONTO.

JAS. HICKEY,

Merchant Tailor & Clothier,

219 1/2 HURCH ST., TORONTO.

HENRY JONES

BUTCHER.

244 SPADINA AVE Beef, Lamb, Pork, Poultry &c., of Fine quality, and at Lowest Prices. Hams, Bacon and Vegetables. Families wishing to CONSUME their Butcher's Bill, will do well to give him a call. Note the address:

244 SPADINA AVE.

ROBERTSON BROTHERS

CARPENTERS, &c.

Jobbing of all kinds executed on the shortest notice and at reasonable prices.

126 BAY STREET, TORONTO

Toronto Jewellery & Regalia Man'fy.

BRO. W. C. MORRISON, JEWELLER

Dealer in Diamonds & Precious Stones, and Manufacturer of Masonic, Foresters, and Good Templars Regalia, Jewels, &c., 77 BAY STREET, T. R. ONTO.

Officers' Regalia in full sets, either for subordinate lodges or encampments. Encampment uniforms, the best and cheapest on the continent. A specially made set of P. O.'s collars and officers' Jewels. Goods sent on approval. Importing the Ribbons, Silks and Trimmings direct from the manufacturers, and superintending the making-up himself, he is confident of giving a superior article at material, style and finish, at a lower price than any other house in the trade. Send for illustrated price list, or sample of anything you may require. W. C. MORRISON. P. O. Box 1151, Toronto

1884-Semi-Centennial Celebration,

GRAND OPENING BY

C. WURTELE,

U HOLSTENBER, E. C.,

358 YONGE STREET, TORONTO,

(45 Years with E. H. Y & Co.)

I have much pleasure in informing the Public generally that I have opened the above premises and am prepared to make to order, Drawing and 1/2 in. Room Sitters, Corsets, Gents' and Lady's Easy Chairs, B-d Lounges, Spring Beds and Mattresses of every description. Lady's Needle Work a Specialty. Re-embroidering of all kinds promptly attended to, at moderate charges. Post Card orders will receive our prompt attention.

WILTON AVENUE MEAT MARKET

W. J. CALGEY,

183 WILTON AVE.

Wholesale and Retail Butcher. Full supply of choice Meat, Hams, Bacon, Poultry, Lard, Vegetables, &c., always on hand.

Families waited on for orders.

NOTE ADDRESS

183 WILTON AVE.

Women's Protective Home

COFFEE ROOMS, AND

Free Registry Office for Servants,

Principal and Superintendent, Melissa Van den Buggen, Matron, 1715 Wilton, 22 Queen Street, West, Toronto. Ladies in want of servants and seeking opportunity of doing good should communicate with the Superintendent.

CHAS. WATSON

Marble Works

formerly of 30 Adelaide St., has been

REMOVED TO DEER PARK

adjoining Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

Will buy one of the Great

10 Cts. HORSE BOOKS,

treat on all diseases of the horse, illustrated with 65 engravings, and a great number of valuable receipts how to treat sick horses. Worth \$10 to any farmer. Sent post-paid on receipt of ten cents. Address Truth Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

WM. BRIDLEY,

Odorless excavator and Contractor.

RESIDENCE—151 Lumley-street,

6 Victoria-street, Toronto.

Night soil removed from all parts of the city at reasonable rates.

CONSUMPTION.

A new and positive remedy for the above disease, by the use of the above medicine, has been discovered, and is now being prepared by the undersigned. It is a simple and safe remedy, and is adapted to all cases of the disease, whether the patient is young or old, male or female, and whether the disease is in its early or advanced stage. It is sold by all druggists, and its name is on the wrapper. Price 25c per bottle. Address: Truth Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MAY 10, 1881.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 188.

TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

The question of a new music hall, sufficiently large to meet the growing requirements of the city, is now agitating the public mind. The near approach of the Semi-Centennial celebration has, perhaps, more than anything else, brought the matter prominently before the public; and the question, where to put the chorus—to say nothing of the public—is one that under present circumstances is not easily answered. The general opinion seems to be in favor of so altering the present Horticultural Pavilion, as to render it suitable for the purpose. The site is a good one—somewhat too far east, perhaps, considering the rapid growth of the city westward—about as good a site as could be got. The proposal to incorporate the proposed music hall in the new civic buildings is not feasible. It would necessitate the hall being on the second floor—a fatal objection, when the danger from fire, panic, or other sudden excitement is considered. The proposal to raise funds at the public expense is not feasible, for the simple reason that proprietors of existing theatres and halls would have a well-grounded complaint against such a use of public funds to create competition with them. The most feasible suggestion is, perhaps, the formation of a joint stock company composed of the Horticultural Society and private citizens. The present Pavilion, it is said, yields a profit of 12½ per cent., and the proposed hall would certainly yield as much, if not more. But however, wherever, and whenever the proposed building is erected, it will have to be large enough to meet the requirements not only of the present population, but of that largely increased population which may naturally be looked for in the course of the next quarter of a century or less. It is, unfortunately, too late now to expect anything larger than the present pavilion for the coming celebration, unless indeed, Mr. Schuch's suggestion be adopted, that the rear of the pavilion be torn out, disclosing the chimney, around which the organ could be erected, and that the tiers of chorus seats be extended back at the sides of the organ for a space of say fifteen to twenty feet over the grounds of the Collegiate Institute, with the new wall built over its top in a curve to meet the present cornice of the pavilion, thus making a sounding board which will carry the tone into the hall. This, however, would be a merely temporary makeshift. The proposed new building must be specially designed with a view to the purposes to which it is to be put. The subject is now being so vigorously agitated that we trust ere long matters will take a tangible shape, and a music hall be erected in every way worthy of the Queen City of the West.

What can possibly be the meaning of the 'Dynamite Plot' at the Parliament Buildings last week? Opinion is wonder-

fully divided. The theories of the party organs here, that the whole thing was a plot by the leading men of one or other of the political parties is simply an insult to the intelligence of the people. Probably the writers themselves did not believe any such nonsense, and probably they did not expect any intelligent reader to believe them, either. Was the whole thing an ineffectual attempt of some dynamite Fenians to actually destroy our Provincial buildings and murder the inmates in the ruins, or was it an attempt of some Fenians to merely rouse up a little more interest in connection with their work by a pretence, so as to hurry up the money gathering business; or was it all a practical joke by some one else who had nothing better to do? Time may reveal the mystery, but at the time of this writing there is about as much reason for entertaining one theory as another. It is a well-known fact that several similar attempts have been made to destroy public buildings elsewhere, and there are, doubtless, men wicked enough and foolish enough to make similar diabolical attempts here. It is singular that in almost every instance these plots have been found out and frustrated before much, or any, real harm was done. Has it been because the hand of Providence has interfered to prevent innocent men from suffering in order to satisfy such diabolical desires, or have the hearts of the criminals failed them at the last? It is certainly humiliating to our common humanity to know that we have fellow-beings on the face of the earth who delight in such fiendish work. It is an uncomfortable feeling that we have reason to suspect some such base creatures may be prowling about in our very midst, and that we are being constantly beset with dangers because of them. The Government have done well to offer a large reward for the apprehension of any one implicated in any such attempt. No stone should be left unturned to bring the whole matter to light.

The much agitated Lottery Bill was defeated in the Quebec Legislative Council by a tie vote last week. There was much discussion over the whole subject, and as the friends of both sides were working as hard as possible a great deal of interest was felt in the result. Had the measure passed the Council it would have become law, and lotteries of a gigantic character would have been legalized in the neighbouring Province for the next fifty years. It seems almost incredible that leading dignitaries in the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec should be found as the active promoters of a measure of this nature. This one act of the Legislative Council will do a good deal to disarm the opposition now urged against it as a useless body. The escape was certainly a narrow one, and under the circumstances the effort will, no doubt, be renewed, but the evil is at least postponed for a season.

Let us hope it is for all time. There can be no doubt whatever that the establishment of lotteries tends very greatly to increase the spirit of gambling, already much too prevalent everywhere.

TRUTH has received several letters and criticisms in regard to its expressed view of the part taken by Dr. Dowling and the other members of the Legislature in connection with the "Conspiracy case." TRUTH was then of opinion that these gentlemen were not guilty of a moral wrong, nor was their honor tarnished in the transaction; they acted the part of detectives, which is often a necessary thing to do in the administration of justice. Nothing has since transpired in connection with the case to change that opinion, so far as the writer is concerned. A very able correspondent in the last issue of *The Week* writes very rationally on the question. In his argument he says of those who take it for granted that the M. P. P.'s in accepting, under the circumstances, the money they did, lost their honor and were corrupted and debauched. "If a man from the standpoint of morals may steal without taking another man's property, may he not bribe without taking another man's honor? If the morals of the case lie in the intent, it follows that the motives of one depend upon the motives of another; that, in this particular, the one cannot have an evil purpose unless the other has too. This would be a new doctrine and hard to believe."

In this "Bribery case" were these men "corrupted" or "debauched?" On the grounds that their testimony is truthful, it is difficult to see how such a charge can be sustained. As TRUTH is dealing with the morals of the question it is compelled to consider their acts in the light of their intentions. They acted no traitor's part; they did not sell their country, nor their party, nor themselves; they had no thought of doing so. They had no personal interest in the bribery funds that came into their hands. It was no secret transaction on their side. They stood in the light, in full view of those against whom they were plotting. They had the certainty in their own minds that their act would soon be known to the world. There was with them the entire absence of all the conditions which govern the act of bribery. And whatever may have been their offence, (if offence there be), it cannot be that of being bribed.

It must be confessed that they pretended to be bribed, and how far they were justified in this is a question upon which, no doubt, a great difference of opinion will exist. All pretences are not necessarily sinful; one can conceive of many cases in which misleading is an excellent and proper thing to do, and where the detection of the crime is the object (explain it as we will), there is a com-

mon feeling everywhere that such methods of procedure are quite frequently perfectly safe. . . . When clever misleading devices culminate in the capture of a knave, men bestow their unmeasured applause, with the feeling that the moral sense of the community is with them."

Well meaning men will always differ in opinion in regard to the methods used in connection with this deplorable case. Of course the parties interested in the defence are disgusted that any one in Canada should be found base and immoral enough to resort to any such stratagems of detection, and many of their friends entertain a similar opinion, but why any opinion of that kind should become a general, when the whole case is well understood, is difficult to imagine.

"Arbour days" have become popular in some of the cities in the United States, and an attempt is being made to popularize them in Canada. The idea is an excellent one. To devote one holiday each spring to the healthful recreation of tree planting, would do a great deal for posterity, and a good deal to make things more beautiful and more pleasant in our own time. Planting a few thrifty trees, and giving them, for a time, some needful care, does not require much work indeed it should be a pleasure, instead of work at all—and a thing of beauty, and often of utility too, remains for years and years after to add to our own pleasures and to bless our memories. In most parts of our own country, too little attention has yet been given to ornamentation, in the way of tree planting. The city of Brantford had an "arbour day" last week and reports from there state that it proved a "perfect fizzle." Not a place of business was closed, and scarcely a tree was planted. The fact does not speak much for the taste and spirit of the people of that fine city. Monday, 12th inst., has been selected as arbour day for the whole Province of Quebec, and a laudable attempt is being made to infuse a spirit of national enthusiasm into it. TRUTH sincerely hopes it may prove a success. Families would do well to celebrate an active arbour day each year, whether communities will do so or not.

A bill was introduced in the House of Commons recently, legally licensing Crematoriums in Great Britain, but it was rejected last week. The friends of the new movement will keep on their agitation however, and may be successful in the end.

OUR BILL COMMISSION No. 10.—All interested in the above competition are requested to read carefully the announcement in the *Publisher's Department* of change of questions and extension of time from May 27 to June 10, and govern themselves accordingly.

Attention is directed to an article on the present position of the Woman's Suffrage movement printed in another part of this issue of TRUTH. The article is from the pen of Mrs. S. A. Curzon, President of the Woman's Suffrage Association of this Province, a lady well informed on the subject of which she writes. Whatever views readers may entertain in regard to the propriety of female suffrage, all are interested in knowing just what is being accomplished by those advocating the movement. The present article will be followed by others in regard to the present position of the movement in the United States and elsewhere. It will be seen that a good deal of actual progress has been made during the past few years in giving women the full rights of citizenship.

It will be remembered that prohibition prevails in the North West Territory except as regards permits that may be given to individuals to take in some liquor, which is principally for beer only. An intelligent correspondent of *The Week*, writing from Calgary, thus refers to the state of things there in connection with the law as it now stands:—"Nowhere in Canada can you find a saloon or a bar-room without the liquid stock-in-trade. The conventional bar-room is here, so is the bar-keeper. Beer is the most intoxicating beverage. Not a great deal of this is sold, considering the embargo that is laid upon the more exciting alcohols. The loungers sit around the bar-rooms, smoke cigars, and talk about bears and the Rockies. No one is seen intoxicated on the street, though a person suspected of having too much "permit," as it is put here, is met at odd times. It is an orderly community. Nothing like it east or west, a civilization peculiar to itself, and quite original too. It will pass away, no doubt, with the advance of "civilization," but it will be regretted by those who have enjoyed a life where temperance, if not practised from choice, has, at all events, been observed from necessity."

Toronto will soon be well supplied with swimming places, and it is well that this is so. Bathing in the warm summer days ought not to be a luxury for the rich only as it is in too many localities. The health and happiness of men, and women too, often depends much on their body cleanliness, and many of them—none but the well-to-do—have bathing facilities in their own homes. Added to the Wiman baths at the east end of the Island, and the free baths in the harbor, next the city, there are to be now bath houses erected at the west end of the Island, in the immediate vicinity of Hanlan's hotel. A large two story building will be erected there at once, so as to be utilized as soon as the weather becomes warm enough to make swimming desirable. The people are to be congratulated on these additional luxuries.

Degrading the Press.

Surely the leading party journals in this city are doing all that lies in their power to bring party journalism into contempt, and themselves into disgrace. There can scarcely be lower depths than

they have already attained. The former insinuations of both the leading papers here have been something really disgraceful, but probably nothing lower and meaner has appeared than in connection with the late case of dynamite finding at the Parliament buildings. In connection with the announcement of the discovery of the dynamite cartridges in the walls of the building the *Globe* gave an implied intimation that the Tories connected with the Conspiracy Case probably had a hand in it. Stress is laid on the fact that one of the cartridges was found immediately under the apartments of the Speaker, and the other under the safe containing important documents both of which could have been destroyed had the case gone on at the Assizes! What intelligent man in Toronto entertains for one moment the idea that the defendants in the Conspiracy Case would have been parties to getting rid of witnesses and documents in that murderous and savage way?

The *Mail*, not to be outdone by its rival, even in mean insinuations, comes out the next morning with two or three articles in which it is boldly intimated that the whole thing was the work of the present Ontario Government, or of some parties under the immediate control and direction of the Ministers. It says that "the prevailing opinion among those who profess to know a thing or two is that the cartridges were placed where they were found under the instructions of the government." It insinuates that the boy who made the discovery was probably inspired to do so, and that the *Globe* reporter was there under instructions at the time, and probably several others about the premises would not have been there then but for the very purpose of making the most out of all the pretended discovery." In a leading editorial article on the same subject it plainly says that Mr. Mowat and his colleagues "are not men above a little dabbling in ineffectual dynamite and unconnected fuse if any purpose could be served by the experiment on the tide of public opinion."

There has been more of this disgraceful sort of writing in both papers. Surely if we have a law in Canada for the suppression of immoral and debasing literature it is not likely to reach any cases of more debasing literature during an entire year. What a sin and shame for journals aspiring to reputations for reliability and decency to use their opportunities in trying to convince the young men of the country that our leading public men are among the lowest, most deceptive, and most heartless creatures to be found outside of prison walls!

Why not now go the full length and let the *Globe* come out with the insinuation that the same Tories are hand in hand with the Fenian dynamiters in an endeavor to blow up the Speaker, the Government, and every Grit in Canada, and let the *Mail* follow with the deliberate announcement that the Provincial Premier and his Cabinet have all combined to blow up the Parliament buildings and destroy all the public property they possibly can

and then attribute the whole crime to their opponents simply to injure the reputation of the Tory leaders in the public estimation? For shame, gentlemen; have some better respect to the reputation of the press than to allow any more such unworthy matter to appear.

American Lynching

The terrible Cincinnati riots have drawn a good deal of attention to the loose manner in which criminals have been dealt with in the American courts for some time past. The facts are truly astonishing, and go to show that the administration of justice, so far as murderers at least are concerned, has been shamefully slack for some time past. In a able article in a recent number of *Century Magazine* it is stated that during 1883 there were no less than 1,517 murders reported to have been committed in the United States, and it is not then at all probable that reports were received of all the cases. The year previous the number of which there was record amounted to 1,276. The figures show an increase of murders of no less than 1.41 within the year, and the increase grows gradually on.

One great reason for all this is that so few of the actual criminals were punished. While there were 1517 murders reported during 1883, there were but 93 criminals legally hanged. The chances, therefore, appear to have been nearly seventeen to one in favor of murderers escaping capital punishment for capital crimes.

Statistics have recently been published showing the average number of murders committed per year in proportion to the population, in a number of the leading countries. According to these figures the proportion of murders in the United States was something like three times as great as in England, double as many as in Ireland, and greater than in any of the European countries of which any record has been obtained.

No wonder that under such circumstances determined men are sick of legal delays and technicalities, by which justice has been so often robbed of its due; no wonder that they so often take the law in their own hands lest the criminal should make good his escape. Last year, the *Century* says, that there was record of 118 men being lynched in the country against 93 being legally executed! There is something truly startling about such figures as these, in connection with a highly civilized country. There can be no doubt whatever but that much of the blame of all this shameful state of things lies at the doors of the inefficient officers of justice—if some of the officials deserve such a title at all. Lynching is a terrible and a desperate remedy, but there have been many occasions where it has had a most salutary effect, and where any less heroic measure did not seem adequate.

There can be no doubt whatever but the Cincinnati riots have had some good effects. It is now well understood the judges and juries in that city are quite likely to do their duty thoroughly so far as the trial of criminals is concerned. There is a danger, under the

circumstances, that some innocent man may become a victim to over zeal. At the time of the riots there were over a hundred men in the jail charged with murder. Last week one of them hanged himself, because, it is thought, he saw little chance to escape under the circumstances. The jury law has been already remodeled somewhat, so as to secure more able and efficient men for that work. One of the greatest evils of the American courts has been that intelligent, upright men were seldom found on the juries when criminal cases were to be tried. The task is an unpleasant one, and many are glad to get relieved if possible. The habit has been to accept almost any excuse of a respectable man, and then the lawyers for the criminal would challenge almost every other man whom they suspected of being at all likely to be fearless in the discharge of his duty. The jury boxes were often filled with the very lowest and worst, under such a system—with men often more in sympathy with the criminal than with justice, and so the guilty ones slipped through such an ineffectual grasp. All these things are being thoroughly ventilated by the press and by the legislators, and a more efficient administration of justice may be looked for in the future.

The Governor-General Bills

There can be no mistaking the fact that our Governors-General in Canada are pretty expensive luxuries. The official figures in connection with the public accounts go to show that, beyond all shadow of doubt. The annual salary of the Governor-General is fixed at \$50,000, but that is, after all, a small item of the amount paid each year in connection with the office. During the last five fiscal years, the tax payers of Canada have paid in salaries to the Governor-General and his immediate officials the large sum of \$945,300, and to this sum was added, during the same time, for official travelling expenses, \$72,411, and for contingencies, \$199,652, making in all nearly a million and a quarter, or about a quarter of a million dollars a year. Surely the people of Canada ought to be pretty well governed, so far as this department of the government is concerned.

The matter of salaries and travelling expenses are not the only items of account in connection with this high office. Rideau Hall, the official residence of the Governor-General at Ottawa, is maintained at the public expense, and there, too, things are run on a pretty liberal scale. It is an out-of-the-way and somewhat antiquated establishment, and it is but a part of the time occupied by a Governor-General, though it is pretty well occupied by flunkies of one class or another. Since the commencement of the Confederation regime, in 1867, about three-quarters of a million have been paid out of the public treasury for repairs, maintenance, and the like in connection with that residence and its surroundings. The foregoing figures will show where two millions of the public money have gone. There are men in Canada, with neither generosity nor loyalty enough to suppose that the country has had the full worth of the money.

Added to all this, there are in the Dominion, all liberally cared for out of the

public purse, no less than eight Lieut. Governors, all with good salaries, official residences, and liberal contingencies. When the whole of the sum total of expenses of every kind is added up, in connection with these nine officials for a single year, it nearly takes the breath away from a man of ordinary ideas. However, we are given to understand that it is all a noble system of government, for which all ought to be devoutly thankful. Perhaps it all is. It might look like meanness or disloyalty to say anything else. It might look like false economy to reduce the number of these officials or to reduce the expenses in connection with any one of them. It takes quite an amount of educating up, however, to convince some men of all these things, and TRUTH would rather not undertake the task. The gentlemen who strut about each year at the opening of our sessions of Parliament, in their gold lace, satin breeches, and Windsor uniform generally, have looked carefully into the whole thing and they assure the public that the "Father of Confederation," under whose wise guidance all these things have grown up and continue to thrive, ought to be the proudest man in the whole country.

Large as these payments may seem, it is not at all probable that the individual recipients have been able to have saved much out of the apparently large salaries. Every such official is expected to "maintain the dignity of the office, and to do so in a manner becoming usual ideas, great dinners must be given to a great number of favorites, and a vast deal of expensive official display of various kinds must be indulged in. So long as the "dignity" idea is kept up to anything like its present standard, the people must expect to foot up just such enormous bills as they have been doing these years past. Canada is trying to put on official style and Canadians must pay for it all. Days may come when more moderate and more rational ideas may prevail in regard to such matters, but there are not now any probabilities of them. The tendency appears to be towards additional extravagance and display rather than otherwise.

More Disallowance.

The "License muddle" difficulty so far as regards the conflict of authority between the Provincial and Dominion Governments, reached another stage last week by the act of the Dominion Government in disallowing the Act passed by the Provincial Legislature last session, requiring heavy fees of all those taking out Dominion licenses. As to the propriety of the act discriminating so heavily against the Dominion license holders there is a good deal of honest diversity of opinion. On the whole it does not appear probable that the Provincial authorities much strengthened their position in taking that step. The action on arbitrarily disallowing the measure will go towards intensifying the struggle about "Provincial rights." If the Ottawa Cabinet intend to disallow any and every act of any of the Provincial legislatures which may seem to them useless or unwise measures, or in any other way objectionable, there will surely be some serious complications before long. The prospects now are that the issue in re-

gard to provincial rights will be a very serious political issue in the near future.

As matters now stand there is no law in force in Ontario requiring any Provincial fee to be paid by those taking out Dominion liquor licenses. The Confederation Act clearly states that the provinces shall have the authority to impose license fees, for revenue purposes, but the Ottawa authorities decide to disallow the only Act specifying the amount that shall be paid for the Dominion licenses. There is therefore now no law in regard to the matter. It is understood, however, that the Ottawa authorities have issued circulars to all their license holders to tender the same fee as they would have been obliged to pay for an Ontario license. Practically this is taking in hand to decide just what amount of tax the Province shall have for revenue purposes out of the license business. Probably this action was a good deal better than no action at all, but it has an awkward look, from a constitutional stand point.

It is now pretty well understood that a man having obtained a liquor license from either set of issuers will be allowed to sell during the year without hindrance, or at least until a final legal decision is obtained from the Privy Council. It was announced in the House of Commons on behalf of the Government, that the Dominion officers would not make any prosecutions under the McCarthy act, unless in a case or two out of which to make a good test case. It is pretty well understood that the Provincial authorities will pursue a very similar course. Probably no other would have been advisable on either hand as with all the "glorious uncertainty of the law," as interpreted by the Courts no man can tell just what decision will be reached, or who may have to back down.

The practical effect will be that a much larger number of liquor shops will be in full blast this year than would have been but for this conflict. The three licenses issued on the Island here at Toronto are evidences of the additional facilities for liquor in consequence of the system inaugurated. Probably there are a large number of others of a similar kind in other municipalities. The conviction must be strong with many that the Dominion authorities have taken a very serious responsibility in this whole matter. The provinces had exercised the unquestioned right of the issue and control of the license system for fifteen years and it was not to be expected that the authority would be yielded up, under the circumstances, without an undoubted necessity for doing so. The Dominion authorities proceeded, in the face of these facts, to issue a large number of licenses on the strength of a law which they freely admit is of doubtful validity. It is sincerely to be hoped that no greater evils will come out of all this than a considerable increase, for the time being, of the number of liquor shops, a large additional expense to the people in any case, a good deal of serious legal confusion, and a good deal of addition bad feeling. These evils are all great enough, but even more serious and additional ones may come out of opening up this difficulty before it can be finally settled.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

its Present Position and Prospects in Great Britain.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON, TORONTO.

In speaking of the prospects of Women's Suffrage in the old country, it would be an invidious distinction to specify England, as though that portion of the Kingdom alone were dealing with, and had any special sympathy for, this great question of the day.

Beginning about forty years ago, when the exclusion from the platform of the ladies who were sent to support Mr. Lloyd Garrison as delegates from the United States to the Anti-Slavery Union holding its meetings in London, had aroused the indignation, not only of the ladies themselves, but of lovers of justice throughout the country, the question of Woman's Rights has gone on steadily growing both in importance and gravity until it is the foremost question, with perhaps the exception of temperance, before the British Government to-day. Twenty years ago, it had come to be pretty well understood that the greater public right of a man—namely the franchise—was also the greatest public right of a woman, and that as a part of the governed body, it was her right as truly and upon exactly the same ground as it was that of man. Looked upon, as all marked departures from use and wont are looked upon by the prejudiced and unthinking, as a very radical—and consequently dangerous—measure, the right of duly qualified women to vote, or, as it has come to be called, Woman's Suffrage, nevertheless found strong and courageous friends who were not afraid to say what they thought, at the risk of social ostracism, in that great centre of independent thought and rapid action, Manchester. Women of intellect and social standing, like Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy, Miss Lydia Baker, and Miss Duncan McLaren, thought, spoke, and acted, and together with others of their sex, and many gentlemen of enlightened views, formed an Association,—the National Society for Women's Suffrage—now in its eighteenth year, and soon after started an organ—*The Women's Suffrage Journal*—now in its fifteenth year.

Working from these centres with that intense energy which distinguishes the true believer from the mere professor, the Association has thrown a network of influence over the whole of the British Isles and Europe.

Early in the history of the struggle a similar success attended their teachings to that which has lately been accorded the Canadian Women's Suffrage Association, on behalf of the women of Ontario, that is, duly qualified widows and spinsters were granted the municipal and school suffrages. This latter suffrage women have enjoyed in Toronto ever since the foundation of the Public School system, or nearly so; but until about twenty years ago there was no compulsory national system of education in England, though large provision for cheap and good education had always been part of what we may call the social government of Great Britain, and on many Boards connected with these trusts—royal and private—women sat, either in person or by proxy. Now, how-

ever, the London School Board, the largest and most important in the Kingdom, embraces among its members no less than seventeen ladies, all of equal social and intellectual standing with the gentlemen around them.

Influenced, undoubtedly, by the echoes that came to them across the bit of open sea that lies between them and the centre of so great a movement, the House of Keys passed an Electoral Reform Act for the Isle of Man, in the year 1880, which Act received the Royal assent on the 6th January, 1881, and became law on the 31st of the same month. This Act was for the purpose of giving women among others the parliamentary vote, and was the first success of the kind in the whole world. The general election under the new Act began on the 21st March of the same year, and so far from showing any indifference to their newly bestowed right, the Manx women came forward anxiously to use it faithfully. The woman's franchise in the Isle of Man is restricted to property owners, of whom there were at the time of the passing of the Act about 1,000 registered, but the friends of the full suffrage for women are looking forward to the addition of all women equally qualified with men, at no distant date.

Another gratifying and most esteemed success in the direction of Women's Suffrage also signalized the working year '80-81 in the bestowal of the Municipal franchise on the women of Scotland. "A Bill with this object was introduced by Dr. Cameron, M. P., for Glasgow, and successfully piloted by him through the House of Commons. It passed without debate on division and was introduced in the House of Lords by the Earl of Cairn down. The Act received the Royal assent on Jano 3rd 1871, and came into force on the first of January, 1882." The result of this Act has been to put many ladies on various School Boards throughout Scotland, Miss Flora Stevenson going on to the Glasgow Board at the last election by acclamation, to the very great disgust of one nominee, who piously hoped "that if the lady put herself forward, or in any way interfered with the action of the gentlemen, they would promptly repress her." For which speech the gentleman was rewarded by the electors present with a derisive guffaw, and several well-aimed sneers.

That clever Scotland should, however, remain satisfied with only partial success in any matter would be a new thing, much less in so important and valuable a matter as the franchise for its duly qualified women, and therefore it can easily be understood how great was the impression made and how high the hopes rose of the women who listened to, and the friends of the cause who read the report of, Mr. Gladstone's Mid-Lothian speech before the general election of 1880, when he pointedly urged upon women their duty to their country and to the race. But time has shewn that in thus appealing to women Mr. Gladstone used the ambiguity of oratory, and when the opportunity comes for him to give women liberty to do that duty in the only legitimate manner, he refuses them it in fact, by omitting them from his new Franchise Bill.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill. NO. XII.

We are almost inclined to moralize over the flight of time as we write down No. XII. The period seems so short since we started on this work. But we won't indulge in the intended homily. Time does pass rapidly. That is quite a fact. But remarks on its flight have long since become stale, and the only thing is to make the most of it and the best of it as it passes. Our correspondents have always got something to say to us and we have always something to say to them, and so we fancy that all are in this way served. One thing we must especially take notice of and that is the comparatively small number of fault-finding letters we receive. Any one at all acquainted with newspaper work is aware of the large quantity of complaints of one kind and another continually being sent in. "This thing is wrong and that," so that the poor Editor and Publisher are never out of hot water. If they did not pretty well get used to it their lives would scarcely be worth living. Now TRUTH has very little of that sort of thing. Among the hundreds of letters we are continually receiving there is scarcely more than the merest fraction that contain any thing like a complaint and scarcely one that has what to many editors is only too familiar—abuse. We could count on the fingers of one hand all the times we have been called "a fraud," and it is but very seldom indeed that there has been any insinuation of our not doing what was fair in the way of awarding the prizes. Indeed without any flattery it would seem that TRUTH has about the most reasonably level headed constituency going. It is a pleasure to cater for them and equally so to receive and read such letters as the following:

One from North River Bridge, Victoria Co., N.S., says: "I am only a new subscriber to TRUTH and I like it very much. I think it is one of the best papers printed."

And what shall be said of such enthusiasm as finds utterance in such words as the following: "We most thoroughly enjoy that department of your excellent paper and hope others have had as much profit and pleasure as we from it. Fire L'Editeur and if I am successful my brothers will do it also as they are greatly interested in watching for the paper every Saturday. Wishing you every success, etc., etc."

Another, evidently a nice young fellow, at St. Thomas, says: "I have had a great difficulty in finding answers which I hope are correct. Some of the questions seem hardly fair in the way they are put. They tell me at home to give up as I will never win anything, but as I learn a good deal from them, I mean to keep on till I do. I still hope to be right and in first in spite of discouragements so far. So wishing for a good result of nine hours study, and wishing TRUTH the success it deserves, etc., etc."

We have room only for another. A friend from Belleville says: "I am a constant reader of TRUTH and consider it the best value I have ever received in the line of newspaper or magazine. When time permits may forward you some enigmas." Do; we shall always be glad to hear from you, though you were rather out in saying that Melchizede fulfilled the conditions of the 2nd enigma of No. IX.

The poem enclosed from Sarnia was received with many thanks. It shows quite a good poetical vein. But if we might suggest we should strongly caution the writer against throwing up her present occupation for literature. Even Sir Walter Scott used to say that literature was a very good staff but a very bad crutch. Let it be your relaxation and enjoyment, not your business and bread-winner. If you don't take our advice you will live to regret it.

Having said so much we cannot but add how much we have been pleased and encouraged by being so often tripped up on the gender of Balaam's ass. Decidedly it was a "she" and ought to have been so in the question. We are afraid we must plead "sheer ignorance" or inattention, even though faith in our infallibility may thereby in a good many cases be rudely shaken. Let the gentler sex have all possible justice.

Now for the correct answers to No. IX.

- I. 1 Abijah—1 Kings 14 c., 6 v.
2 Lash—Judges 18, 7 to 27.
3 Lash—1 Sam. 25, 44.
4 Festus—Acts 25, 1 to 4.
5 Libnah— { 2 Kings 8, 22.
{ 2 Chron. 21, 10.
6 Ehud—Judges 3, 15 to 26.
7 Scirath—Judges 3, 26.
8 Holam—2 Sam. 10, 17, 18.
9 Ishmael—Jer. 41, 7 to 10.
10 Sharezer — { 2 Kings 19, 37.
{ Isaiah 37, 37, 38.
11 Abishai—1 Chron. 11, 20.
12 { Samballat—Neh. 6, 5 to 13.
{ Shemaiah— " 6, 10 " "
13 Geshur—2 Sam. 13, 37 to 38.
14 Ratshekeh { 2 Kings 18, 19 to 26.
{ 2 Kings 19, 8 to 20.
{ Exod. 31, 6.
15 Aholiab { " 36, 1.
{ " 38, 23.
16 { Shobach—2 Sam. 10, 16 to 19.
{ Shopach—1 Chron. 19, 16 to 18.
17 Sorek—Judges 16, 4.
All flesh is as grass.
1 Pet. 1, 24.

II. Balaam's Ass. Numbers 22, 28 to 31.

The successful competitors are: William Jamieson, Moorefield. Alfred Wicks, Box 686, St. Thomas. Josephine Graham, Box 317, Brampton, Ont.

These friends will please send the twelve cents for postage and get their volumes.

Upon the whole as we have introduced the element of superior fulness as well as priority and correctness, we shall not give the solution of No. X. this week, but shall wait to see how they come on with No. XII. If still the most of the answers, or almost all of them, come in during the first week, there will be no reason for delaying the answer more than a fortnight, unless, indeed, it be thought better to give such enigmas only once a month. We have no wish to weary any one, or to render what we think a pleasant and profitable exercise by making it too common, and thus lessening the interest in the solutions.

Now for No. XII. Some complain of our rhymed Enigmas being occasionally somewhat obscure through the exigencies of the rhyme. It has not struck us in this way. But we give another short one without any attempt at metro.

The name of A FELLOW HELPER WITH ST. PAUL may be found by taking the initials of the following names:

- 1 One who was a striking illustration of the affliction of leprosy.
2 One who opened the door to St. Peter.
3 One who was a sorcerer in Cyprus.
4 One who sold to a king a threshing floor.
5 One who was a ruler of the Jews.
6 The name of an altar erected by the children of Israel in the time of Joshua.

In this case as in last week's we should like some short clear explanatory statements about each person or thing mentioned, and we shall claim the liberty of giving the prizes to those who unite in the highest degree the three excellences of priority, correctness and intelligent acquaintance with the different points.

By the way we are astonished at some who ought to know better, saying that these and the other prizes given by TRUTH are determined on the same principle as that of a lottery. It might as well be said that prizes given in a race, or in a

school competition when only a certain time was allowed, were liable to the same objection or that it was wrong for the one who first did her sum correctly to take the head of the class.

For this competition as thus defined we shall give three copies of Claucer or any other of the poets on our list.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

The Old Man Tells What He Thinks About That Dynamite Scare, and the Conspiracy Case, and Sundry Other Matters of Interest.

I could not have believed that so many people would have taken my remarks of last week to themselves as they actually did. You could scarcely imagine how many have said or looked "meaning me" and of course I was immensely pleased. The fact is, it make me far too vain and self conscious. I began to think I was becoming a power in the land when so many were getting so furiously angry at me. I have, however, quieted down again, and am now fully convinced that I am not the great man I thought I was. Wonder how many extra copies of TRUTH JACOB's letter sold last week? There is a great Canadian Light who holds most religiously that he never writes a letter to a newspaper in Toronto, or anywhere else, be it ever so short or on a subject ever so trivial, without setting up the circulation of the favored sheet by at least a thousand. "Yes," he will say, "there was a letter of mine, a comparative trifle, but it made a second edition necessary!" I have not got that length yet, but it is quite possible I may before all the play is played out and JACOB's last letter be written, that is always on the understanding that you don't put a spoke in my wheel and kindly intimate that you are "off" and that so am I, on the great Bounce.

What is to be made of that dynamite scare at the Parliament buildings? I believe the really effective way is to

LOOK VERY WISE,

purse up one's mouth and say nothing, as if the silent one know all about it and could a tale and a theory unfold. Either that or try to be funny over the whole thing and say that it is a clumsy hoax of Mowat's devising. I have not quite settled yet which course I shall follow, but my own idea is that I shall look wise and while saying little "pay it off" like Cowper when a lad love-lorn, "in thinking."

In the meanwhile that the dynamite was actually there and was genuinely formidable, are facts beyond all reasonable contradiction, while that Mr. Mowat sent to Chicago for the stuff and got one of his lured associates to put it where it could be found, is, to say the least of it, not very likely. This dynamite, by the way, is becoming formidably monotonous. It will soon be necessary to hang anybody having any of the stuff about him, without a license. It will all, however, come right in the long run, but it is very awkward at first when reckless assassinations are now fangled about the formidable explosive so convenient for wreaking vengeance and sending an enemy into eternity.

The Conspiracy trial is postponed on a technicality and friends of the accused freely boast that what with appeals and so forth, it will not in any case come on

within two years, if ever. All right, quoth JACOB, an admirably good plan if the gentlemen and their friends are consciously guilty, but an awfully bad, short-sighted one if they are consciously innocent, and fully convinced that they can show they are. Every one to his taste, but an innocent party is always anxious to have his accusers face to face, so he may know the worst they can allege, and by a plain unvarnished story put them down. Don't these people see that, legally a crime or not, what they have been charged with is infamous in the estimation of every man of anything like decent morality? If then the trial is choked off, it will be said that the accused

DARE NOT FACE THE MUSIC.

This is shockingly awkward. But it is none of JACOB's funeral either one way or other.

What about the scandal of the Police Commissioners? It looks awfully like a job, and there has not been the shadow of explanation attempted. Poor Mayor Boswell's attempt only landed him deeper in the mire. For pity's sake let us keep politics out of the police force. Let the meritorious officers get the promotion and places of confidence, whether they be red hot Conservatives or equally devoted Grits. It is not encouraging when a meritorious officer gets bald by incompetent juniors stepping over his head. The thing looks worse when the really competent member of the commission protests against the whole thing as a barefaced and indefensible job. It is a pity when any man in office takes to crooked ways, and especially to such as are calculated to injure his subordinates, who, in most cases, can only grin and bear the burden. Mayor Boswell, JACOB says in all kindness, "tak a thoct and mend" before it is too late.

The Free Library in this city goes on very well. The readers can be counted by the thousand and the demand for books is in correspondence. It does not seem as if there were a great amount of orderliness as yet in the reading-room, and certainly the supply of Toronto papers is but small. All that, however, will come right in due time. There is no use in hurrying. Some papers I see rather complain of the Librarian sending and asking for free copies. I don't wonder. Why should newspaper proprietors supply the people of Toronto with reading matter on the charity principle? If they can't pay for what they read let them go without. Newspapers ought to be

RUN ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

How would a grocer like if he were asked to send in so much sugar and tea as well as his subscription to this and that charitable institution? The fact is, it seems to me, newspaper men are asked to do more for nothing than any other class of the community. They are asked for their subscriptions to this, that and the other thing, and then advertisements come in and it is the old story—"you won't charge for that. It is for charity, or a church, or something of that sort." They accordingly are expected to dead-head here and deadhead there, let this pass and that pass, send free copies to this and free copies to that. It's all nonsense, and the sooner it is dropped the better. Business is business for the newspaper man as for others, and "don't you forget it." Costs him nothing? Doesn't it?

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Temperance Department.

SCOTT ACT PROGRESS

YORK COUNTY.—A representative convention of temperance workers of York County was held at Richmond Hill on Wednesday of last week. There does not appear to have been a large number of delegates present, but most localities in the County were represented. The following resolution, among others, was unanimously adopted:—"In view of the terrible evils resulting from the legalized traffic in intoxicating liquors, and believing the Canada Temperance Act of 1878 to be the best legislative measure within our reach to stem this tide of evil; be it therefore resolved that this Association take immediate steps for the submission of that Act to the electors of the County." An organization was formed, to be known as the York County Prohibitory Alliance, and the following officers were elected:—President, J. Milne, Agincourt; Secretary J. H. Sanderson, Richmond Hill; Treasurer, C. Doan, Aurora; Executive Committee: J. A. Switzer, Wm. Harrison, Richmond Hill, and D. P. Rapert, Maple. Mr. Fee, of Toronto, was appointed organizing agent. Practical work will be commenced at once, and an adjourned meeting will be held at Aurora before long.

DURHAM COUNTY.—The first of a series of large public meetings in connection with the Scott Act campaign in Durham County was held at Bomanville on Wednesday of last week. The Town Hall was well filled and there was an enthusiastic feeling in regard to the work. Several able addresses were delivered in regard to the work in hand. Among the speakers were Dr. McLaughlin, M.P., and Revs. Messrs. Young, Little, and Shepard. At the close of the meeting the Rev. Mr. Young moved and Dr. McLaughlin in a few words seconded the following resolution:—"That as our Dominion Government has placed upon its statute book a temperance enactment popularly known as the Scott Act, which, when passed, virtually amounts to prohibition; and as during the last five years, since this Act had been in force, it has been carried in thirty-four counties or cities in our Dominion and has been found to be a decided success, and as its validity has been affirmed by the highest court in the Empire, namely, the Privy Council of England, we are of the opinion that the time has come when for the increased security and happiness of our homes and country this Act should be passed in these counties." The campaign thus having fairly opened, a committee consisting of Messrs. A. Barber, Bowmanville; James Rundie, Darlington; A. J. Reynolds, Hampton; Mr. Eddy, Newcastle; J. L. Powers, Cartwright; and G. Long, Orono, were appointed as a Central Committee, who will control the work. Evidence of earnest effort being put forth are already apparent, and there is but little doubt West Durham will carry their banner to victory.

NEWS AND NOTES.

MORE DESTRUCTION.—Twenty moonshiners have been captured in Greene and Casey Counties, Kentucky, where their distilleries were destroyed. This is the heaviest capture made for years, and the authorities had a sharp battle with the prisoners. One of the gang was a robust, fine-looking girl of nineteen, armed with a rifle, and dressed in a short skirt and wearing a man's slouched hat.

LICENSES IN N. B.—A telegram from St. John, New Brunswick, on the first inst. says:—"The Dominion Liquor License Law went into operation in St. John today. There is considerable excitement among liquor dealers respecting the law, and many are of opinion that it will be impossible to enforce it. If the Dominion Government bring an action against those to whom licenses have been granted by the city, the city will stand in the gap and contest the matter."

THE CHANGE SHE PROPOSED.—Mr. B.—"I am fearfully tired of the same routine day after day. I do wish I could have a change."

Mrs. B.—"What kind of a change?"
"Oh, anything at all, just by way of variety; something novel, you know, a strange experience of some sort."

"I think I can suggest something novel which will be a change for both of us."

"That's a dear girl. What is it?"
"Try coming home sober."

DOMINION DAY DEMONSTRATION.—A mammoth temperance demonstration is to be held at the regatta grounds, Missisquoi Lake, Carleton Place, on Dominion day. A large number of prominent speakers among them Prof. Foster, the Hon. G. W. Ross, Sir Leonard Tilley, Mr. J. Jamieson, M. P., Mr. Lynch and Mr. J. W. Manning will be present and deliver addresses. It is expected the Dominion Alliance will be largely represented at the demonstration. This will give a great impetus to the temperance movement now going on in this country.

THE BEER DRINKERS.—The United States has become the fourth largest beer drinking nation in the world. Great Britain produces 37,678,450 barrels annually, and drinks 36 gallons per head; the German Empire produces 32,711,726 barrels, and drinks 24 gallons per head; North Germany produces 17,862,793 barrels, and drinks 16 gallons per head; and the United States produces 17,349,424 barrels, and drinks 11 gallons per head. Bavaria drinks 62 gallons per head, Wurttemberg drinks 58 gallons per head, and Belgium drinks 41 gallons per head.

PERSONAL.—Rev. Wm. Affleck, so well known as a temperance worker here years ago, is now a resident and a worker in Dakota Territory. . . Edward Carswell has been spending some time in Kansas, in the temperance work. . . Hon. J. B. Finch, the eloquent temperance advocate, has been prostrated with a serious illness in Evanston, Illinois, and has had to cancel all lecture engagements. . . Mrs. Youmans is now at her home at Picton, resting after a very busy winter's work. She will probably be ready for work again shortly. Picton, Ont., is her permanent address.

A ZULU REVIVAL.—There is a temperance revival at the Zulu Mission, South Africa, which is being followed by an increased religious interest. At a series of meetings held for a week at Maritzburg, nearly 900 pledges to total abstinence were secured. These were English people, most of whom would not be called intemperate drinkers. A missionary at that station adds, "But for 900 people to sign a total abstinence pledge in a town of 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants, is significant and very encouraging. We may hope for good influences over the natives and for help in this war with King Alcohol."

WHAT HE MADE.—"I have made a thousand dollars during the last three months," said a saloon-keeper, boastfully, to a crowd of his townsmen. "You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener. "What is that?" "You have made wretched homes—women and children poor, and sick, and weary of life. You have made my sons drunkards," continued the speaker, with trembling earnestness; "you made the younger of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for life. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. Oh, yes, you have made much—more than I can reckon up, but you'll get the full count some day—you'll get it some day!"

WHERE EARNINGS GO.—The Chicago *Industrial World* says:—"In a certain manufacturing town, reports an exchange, an employer one Saturday paid to his workmen \$700 in crisp new bills that had been secretly marked. On Monday \$450 of those identical bills were deposited in the bank by the saloon-keepers. When the fact was made known, the workmen were so startled by it that they helped to make the place a no-license town. The

times would not be so "hard" for the workmen if the saloons did not take in so much of their wages. If they would organize a strike against the saloons, they would find the result to be better than an increase in wages, and to include an increase of savings.

AGAINST TOBACCO AND WHISKY.—In the Methodist convention being held in Williamsport, Pa., the report of the committee on temperance, which was read, contained a number of resolutions to the effect that the licensing of the sale of liquor should be totally prohibited by the State; also favoring the advocacy of a constitutional amendment, which shall prohibit the manufacture of intoxicants as beverages in this commonwealth. The report as presented was adopted. A resolution was also read to the effect that inasmuch as candidates to the Methodist ministry are now required to answer affirmatively the question that they will refrain from the use of tobacco, therefore any present members of the conference who are addicted to the use of the obnoxious weed will in future join the others in abjuring tobacco in all its forms. A very heated discussion followed, but the resolution was finally adopted as read.

JOHN WESLEY'S LANGUAGE.—John Wesley was one of the most earnest and radical temperance men of the age in which he lived. He was more decided in his views and language than many of his followers in the Methodist church of this age. The following extract from one of his sermons ought to be often read. The language is unmistakable. He said:—"However, what is paid (the duty) brings in a large revenue to the King. Is this an equivalent for the lives of his subjects? Would his Majesty sell 100,000 of his subjects yearly to Algiers for £400,000? Surely no! Will he then sell them for that sum to be butchered by their own countrymen? "But otherwise the swine for the navy cannot be fed." Not unless they are fed with human flesh? Not unless they are fatted with human blood? Oh! tell it not in Constantinople—that the English raise the royal revenue by selling the flesh and blood of their countrymen!"

DRINKS DOINGS.

NEARLY A SUICIDE.—James Hickey, a man under the influence of liquor at the time, tried to drown himself at Windsor, Ont., last week. He waded into the river up to his neck, and would certainly have been drowned, had not others rescued him.

A SAD SUICIDE.—In Montreal, on Tuesday last, a young man named Edouard Deslaunes, who had been drinking heavily for a time, jumped off a wharf into the river and was drowned. Several witnessed the unfortunate man's rash act and tried to save him, but he refused assistance.

A DESERTED FAMILY.—A London, Ont., dispatch of the 1st inst. says:—"Wm. Armstrong, a tailor, who kept a little shop on Dundas street, near Waterloo, and who had a fair share of work to do, has lately given way to his passion for drink, and as a consequence, not only neglected but abused his family. Yesterday morning he deserted them altogether and started for Philadelphia, leaving his 12-year-old daughter on her death-bed. The girl died today, and the mother and the remainder of the family are depending on the kindness of their neighbors."

Controlling Russian Drunkenness.

A gentleman who has been travelling in Russia lately, and who seems to have had experience, has this to say of the liquor customs there:—

"There is no attempt at regulation, except that the government police, polizel, keep a sharp eye on vendors of vodka and other intoxicating drinks. The dealer in Russian whiskey is protected by law and is answerable to the law. He dare not make use of his license to deal in vodka as a blind for robbery. Such things as

you Americans call 'dives' are utterly unknown there. No man can be tempted to drunkenness and robbery while in a drunken state without punishing the dealer, which means the deprivation of his license and a period of incarceration in jail with hard labor, followed, in extreme cases, with a touch of the knout on his bare skin. The terror of this punishment makes each keeper of a vodka shop really a conservative of the peace, for as soon as the liquor dealer sees that one of his customers is likely to get violently drunk, he turns him out on the street. And a man already drunk can get no more vodka."

"But suppose the drunken man kicks up a row what then?"

"He is taken in charge by the police and down to the station house. His punishment then follows as a matter of course. No matter whether he be rich or poor, whether he belongs to the noble or the working class, he must serve eight hours in the street sweeping gang. At six o'clock in the morning succeeding the orgies he has offered to him a lump of bread and a glass of whiskey. He may or may not accept of the proffered municipal hospitality, but when seven o'clock strikes he has got to go out on the street gang, and with broom and spade make the Nevskoi Pevspeki, or any other street he may work on as clean as a new pin."

"But do they make no difference between gentlemen and workmen?"

"None whatever; yet there is a difference generally. The gentlemen who are found drunk on the street at night usually have black clothes. They are marked on the back with a great white Greek cross, a cross big enough to be seen half a mile away. The moujik, or working class, who, at least in summer, are found with their dirty white shirts covering their shoulders, are marked with an equally conspicuous black cross. This is the only difference, and if a gentleman be found with white or light colored clothing on him hegets, also, the black cross. They are all classed as drunkards, and treated without reference to their rank."

A Heathen's Idea.

The late Keshub Chunder Sen, whose death occurred a few months ago, was one of the ablest and most influential men that India has produced in this generation. He was not a Christian in belief, but he was certainly very orthodox in regard to many questions of morals. In regard to the evils of the drink traffic among the people of his own country, he wrote and spoke very earnestly. Not long before his death he wrote as follows:—"So long as God is with us in this cause we have nothing to fear. Roll, roll back then, O thou fatal tide of intemperance, and swallow no more the fair children of our holy father. Statesmen, patriots, reformers, and philanthropists of England, come and strengthen our hands, that we may, by personal and individual influence, and by joint co-operation, save if possible both India and England from the effects of intemperance. Since the light of religion dawned upon my heart I have never been the least sceptical about the result of human effort in the cause of truth. Whatever is done in the name of God does good and bears fruit. Let obstacles come in our way, but the day will come, when, if temperance friends will speak, unbroken and trumpet-tongued, parliament will hear, for God will make it hear, and a nation's curse will be obliterated forever."

OUR BIBLE COMPETITION No. 10.—All interested in the above competition are requested to read carefully the announcement in the Publisher's Department of change of questions and extension of time from May 27 to June 10, and govern themselves accordingly.

Some of the men who carry the most expensive watches never know when it is time to go home.

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

I heard the boy say "Thank ye," and then the footsteps of the man coming nearer to me. My only hope was that I might perhaps escape him in the blinding fog by crouching under the hedge till no had passed; but, to my horror, he was coming as slowly and as cautiously as I. I had found my way to the hedge and knelt down close under it, my face almost among the briars and thorns. He passed me; I could see the vague form as it went by. But in my joy at the sight I drew a sharp breath; he turned back groped for me, found, and raised me on my feet, all without a word. I closed my eyes and shuddered. For the first moment I felt too exhausted by the excitement of those awful minutes to struggle much. I could only feebly try to push him off, crying brokenly—

"Don't—don't hurt me!"

"Hurt you, my own darling! Look up at me. Heaven help me, I have nearly frightened you to death!"

I looked up with a cry, and flung my arms round his neck. It was Laurence, his face so haggard and so dirty as to be scarcely recognizable; but he told me, as he kissed me again and again, that I must not mind that, for he had travelled night and day without a moment's rest since he got my letter on the morning of the previous day.

"And, thank Heaven, I am in time, in time!" he cried, as he pressed me again in his arms.

"In time for what Laurence? I should have been near you in two days," said I wonderingly. "We were to start to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning! Just a few hours more, and I should have lost you!" cried the poor fellow, in such agony of horror and relief at the same time that only to see him in that state brought the tears to my eyes.

"Lost me, Laurence? Oh, do tell me what you mean!" I cried piteously.

"Oh, Violet, you are still so innocent as to think that that man would have brought you to me!"

"Why not?" asked I in a whisper.

"Because he loves you himself," said he between his teeth—"if the feeling even you inspire in such a man can be called love. Your innocence would not have protected you much longer. Oh, I was a fool, a blind fool, ever to leave you, for father—mother—anybody in the world! But I did not know quite all until your own sweet naive letter opened my stupid eyes."

"Oh, Laurence, Laurence, what dreadful things are you saying?" I cried, shaking with fear even in his arms.

"Never mind, my own darling; you are safe now," said he very gently. "I didn't mean to frighten you. I ought to have warned you long ago; but I could not bear to—"

"But, Laurence, my mother is going with us. Didn't I tell you that? I had a letter from her—"

"Which she never wrote. On my way back to London, I telegraphed to your mother to meet me at Charing Cross Station, and there she told me she had never seen Mr. Rayner and never heard a word of the journey to Monaco."

This blow was too much for me; I fainted in his arms. When I recovered, I found that he had carried me some distance; and, as soon as I began to sigh, he put me down and gave me some brandy and water out of his flask.

"I'm always wanting that now I think," said I, trying weakly to smile as I remembered that two or three times lately Mr. Rayner had given it to me when I seemed to be on the point of fainting. "You are the first person who has made me go off quite, though," I said.

And poor Laurence took it as a reproach, and insisted on our stopping again in the fog for me to forgive him. We were making our way slowly, in the increasing darkness, down the lane to the high road.

"But what am I to do, Laurence?" I asked trembling. "Shall I tell Mr. Rayner—oh, I can't think he is so wicked!—shall I tell him you have come back, and don't want me to leave England?"

"Not for the world, my darling," said he quickly. "Nobody in Goldham—not even at the Hall—knew I have come back. That is why I had to send for you on a pretext, and frighten you out of your life. The boy I sent for you did not know me. I got here in a fly from the station only a few

minutes before I met him, and sent him off with the promise of a shilling if he brought you back with him.

"Ah that is why he was so anxious not to lose sight of me for a moment! But what is all this mystery about, Laurence? Why don't you go to the Hall and see your father?"

"Ah, that is a secret! You won't mind waiting till to-morrow to know that, will you, darling?"

"Oh, yes, I shall! I want to know now," said I coaxingly. "Won't you trust me with your secret?"

He did not want to do so; but I was curious, and hurt at his refusal; and, when he saw the tears come into my eyes, he gave way.

He had been so much struck with the postscript to my letter, telling him of a suspicious looking man whom I connected with the Denham Court robbery hanging about the Hall, and promising to visit it again on Wednesday, that he had obtained, by telegraphing to the chief of the metropolitan police, a force of constables to lie in wait upon the Hall that night. He had appointed a trustworthy person to meet them at Beaconsburgh station and conduct them to a rendezvous he had obtained in the park, where they were probably waiting now. He was going to station them himself, under cover of the fog, in places round the Hall, among the shrubs, where they would be well concealed, and yet be near the approaches of the house, especially on that side where the strong room was. The fog might work for them or against them; it might throw the thieves—if indeed they came, which was a matter of chance—into the constables' hands or it might help them to escape. That must be left to fortune.

"And you know you said in your letter that Sarah was always having about a bad man named James Woodfall, who seemed to have a great influence upon her and to be mixed up in everything evil she talked about. Well, I have brought down among the constables a man who knew James Woodfall and swears he could identify him. This Woodfall used to be a clever forger, and got caught only once, when he was quite a lad; but he has been lost sight of for years. There is only an off chance of his having anything at all to do with this; but I mentioned his name to the chief constable, and he thought it worth trying. So now, my darling, you know everything, and you must keep my secrets, every one, like grim death. As for your journey, don't be alarmed. I shall be in the same train with you; and your mother will really meet you at Liverpool Street Station, for I have told her to do so."

Laurence insisted on seeing me home. We had crept along the high road until we were close to the cottage nearest to the Alders, when we heard the sounds of hoots and wheels, and men's voices hailing through the fog. Laurence opened the gate of the cottage garden and led me inside till they should have passed.

It was the dog-cart, with Mr. Rayner on foot leading the horse, and Maynard still in it.

"Lucky you are going to stay the night!" Mr. Rayner was saying. "I wouldn't undertake to find my way to my own gate to-night."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

We followed the dog cart at a safe distance, which was not very far off in the fog, until it stopped at the stable gate. Then we slipped past quite unseen on the other side of the road, while Mr. Rayner was busy opening the gate; and at the front gate Laurence left me, and I groped my way down the drive as fast as I could, and got in some minutes before Mr. Rayner and his companion. And, as I could rely upon the silence of Mr. Rayner and the cook, I said nothing to anybody else about my excursion.

We were about an hour over dinner, and, when Mr. Rayner had been to the cellar—not the dreadful store room cellar—himself to get out a bottle of port, he asked Mr. Maynard if he was fond of music.

"Well, I'm not much of a dab at it myself, though I used to tootle a little upon the cornet when I was a boy," replied the detective, whose language had grown a little easier and was less carefully chosen as he knew us better. "But I don't mind a tune now and then."

"Ah, you are not an enthusiast, I see!" said Mr. Rayner. "Now I can never be

happy long without music. Did you ever try the violin?"

"Well, no; that is rather a scratchy sort of instrument, to my mind. Give me the concertina," replied Mr. Maynard genially.

"Then I won't ask you to listen to my music," said Mr. Rayner. "I'm only a fiddler. However, I think I must console myself for this disagreeing weather by a— a tune to-night; but I'll be merciful and shut the doors. My wife and Miss Christie will entertain you, and—let me see, it is half past seven—at nine o'clock I'll come and illicit myself upon you again, and we can have a game at backgammon. Do you care for backgammon?"

Mr. Maynard having declared that he did, Mr. Rayner asked me if I could go into the drawing room and hunt out *La Traviata* and Moore's "Irish Melodies." I went obediently, and was on my knees turning over the great piles of music that stood there, when he came in and softly shut the door. Before I knew he was near I felt something passed round my neck and heard the snap of a clasp behind. I put up my hand and sprang to my feet, startled. Mr. Rayner, bright and smiling, drew my hand through his arm and led me to the looking glass. Flashing and sparkling round my throat was a necklace of red jewels that dazzled me by their beauty.

"Don't I keep my promises? I said I would bring you some garnets, do they please you?"

But they did not at all, after what Laurence had said; the magnificent present filled me with terror. I put up both hands, tore them off, and flung them down with trembling fingers, and then stood, panting with fright at my own daring, wondering what he would do to me.

He did nothing. After looking at me for what seemed to me a long time, while I stood trembling, at first, round and then ashamed of myself, without the least sign of displeasure he picked up the necklace, slipped it into his pocket, and said quite gently—

"That is a very pretty spirit, but is rather ungrateful, isn't it? Never mind; you shall make amends for it by-and-by. Now will you go and help Mrs. Rayner to entertain our lynx-eyed friend? You shall come back and fetch me at nine o'clock. Run along now, my dear."

He gave me a gentle little tap of dismissal and, rather crestfallen, I turned to the dining room. But neither my entertaining powers nor Mrs. Rayner's were called into play; for Mr. Maynard was already rather drowsy and, after sleepily muttering "Bravo—very good!" as the last sounds of Schubert's "Adieu" died away on Mr. Rayner's violin, he had to make an effort to listen to a selection from *Rigoletto*, and during some airs from *Martha* which followed I heard the regular breathing of a sleeping person from the arm-chair where he was sitting. But I was paying little attention to him. The door being shut, I had gone closer and closer to it, as it drawn, by an irresistible fascination, as Mr. Rayner seemed to play the "Adieu" as he had never played it before. Every note seemed to vibrate in my own heart, and nothing but fear of his displeasure if I disturbed him before nine o'clock kept me from returning to the drawing room, where I could have heard each plaintive passionate note unmuffled by the two doors between. When the last note of the "Adieu" had died away, and Mr. Maynard's coarse voice has broken the spell by his "Bravo—very good!" I listened for the next melody eagerly, and was struck with a chill sense of disappointment as an air from *Rigoletto* followed.

It was not that I did not care for that opera, though it is scarcely one of my favorites, but a certain hardness of touch, which struck me at once as being unlike the rich full tones Mr. Rayner generally drew from his loved violin, grated upon my ear and puzzled me. Of course Mr. Maynard did not notice any difference, and muttered approval from time to time indiscriminately. But my glances stole from him to Mrs. Rayner; and I could see that she also was struck by the curious change of style in her husband's playing. It was as brilliant as ever; the execution of one of the difficult passages in the arrangement of *Martha* was clever, more perfect than usual; but the soul was not there, and no brilliancy of shake or cadenza would repay one for the loss. It did not sound like the playing of the same man, and my interest in the music gradually died away; and, after watching Mrs. Rayner curiously for some minutes and noting the intentness with which, sitt-

ing upright in her chair, she was listening to the violin and at the same time keeping her eyes fixed upon the slumbering Maynard, I gave myself up to my own agitated thoughts.

What was going on at the Hall now? Had the constables been able in the fog to find their way safely to the park, and would the thieves come after all? Would they catch Tom Parkes? Would Gordon prove to be mixed up in it? Above all, would they catch the dreaded James Woodfall, whose influence seemed so strong and the memory of his name so fresh, though he had not been seen for years? It was an awful thing to think that I, by my letter to Laurence, had set on men to hunt other men down. I began to hope, even though I felt it was wrong to do so, that Tom Parkes would make his escape; he had never done me any harm, and I had rather liked him for his good natured face. As for the unknown James Woodfall, the case was different. From Sarah's words and the eagerness with which the police had snatched at the least chance of catching him, it was plain that he was a very desperate criminal indeed, for whom one could have no sympathy. I hoped with all my heart they would catch him; and I was rather anxious to see what such a very wicked man looked like. Poor Tom Parkes was probably only a tool in the hands of this monster, who had made even the terrible Sarah a submissive instrument of evil.

And then I fell to thinking very sadly of what Laurence had told me that day about the deception practised upon me concerning the journey to Monaco, and I remembered Mrs. Rayner's warning. Could it be true that Mr. Rayner, who had always been so kind, so sweet-tempered, so patient, who had always treated me almost as if I were a child, and who had borne my rudeness in the drawing room just now with such magnanimous good humor, could really be such a hypocrite? There must be some explanation of it all which would satisfy even Laurence, I thought to myself—almost, at least: for that letter from my mother, which she had never written—could that be explained away? My tears fell fast as this terrible proof rose up in my mind. How could he explain that away? But one's trust in a friend as kind as Mr. Rayner had proved to me does not die out quickly; and was drying my eyes and hoping that a few words from him would make it all right, when suddenly the siren round the house was broken by a howl from Nap, Mr. Rayner's retriever, who was chained to his kennel out side.

Mrs. Rayner started. Still Maynard slumbered. I looked at the clock; it was seven minutes to nine. Another and another howl from the dog followed by loud and furious barking. We two women sat staring at each other, without a word. I would have spoken; but Mrs. Rayner glanced at the sleeping detective and put her finger to her lips. Still the sounds of the violin came to us from the drawing-room without interruption.

When nine o'clock struck, I jumped up, much relieved, opened and shut the door softly, crossed the hall, and turned the handle of the drawing room door. It was locked. I tapped; but there was no answer. He was playing a brilliant concerto, and I supposed he had not heard me. I knocked again and said softly—

"Mr. Rayner it is nine o'clock. You told me to come at nine."

Still there was no answer, which I thought strange, for his hearing was generally very sharp indeed. It was of no use for me to stand there knocking if he would not hear me, or did not yet wish to be disturbed; so, after one more unsuccessful attempt to attract his attention, I took a lamp from the hall table and went into the schoolroom. It was now ten minutes past nine. Nap was barking more furiously than ever. I knew by the mist there was all through the house how dense the fog must be outside; but I was so much struck by the noise the dog was making that I unfastened the shutters and opened the window about an inch to listen.

The fog was blinding, could not see five feet in front of me. I heard nothing but Nap's barking for a minute; then I saw the dim glow of a lantern and heard a muffled whisper through the fog—

"Who's that?"

"It is I—Violet Christie. Is that you Laurence?"

"Hush! All right!" he whispered back. "Let me in."

He got in softly through the window, and d-

rather to my alarm, a middle-aged man in plain clothes, also with a lantern, followed him. Laurence himself looked more alarming than any thief. His face was ghastly white with fatigue, and dirtier than ever through long watching in the fog. He listened for a minute to the violin, then said quickly, but still in a low tone.

"Who is that playing?"
"Mr. Rayner," I answered.
He turned sharply to the other man, who nodded as if to say it was just what he had expected.

"How long has he been playing?" asked Laurence.

"Ever since half past seven."
He turned to the other man again.

"A trick," said the latter simply.
"Who is with him?" asked Laurence again.

"Nobody," said I surprised and rather frightened by these questions. "Mrs. Rayner and Mr. Maynard are in the dining-room."

"Maynard?"
"Yes. He is asleep."

The middle aged man gave a snort of disgust.

"Hasn't Mr. Rayner been in the dining room at all, dear, this evening?" asked Laurence gently.

"Not since dinner. I left him playing in the drawing room at five and twenty minutes to eight, and he told me to call him at nine. He has been playing ever since."

"But it is past nine."
"Yes. When I went to the drawing room door just now I found it locked, and I knocked; but he did not answer."

"Will you go and knock again, and say you wish to speak to him particularly, dear?" said Laurence gravely.

I hesitated, trembling from head to foot.

"Why?" I asked, in a low voice.

"Because we want to speak to him particularly," said the other man gruffly.

But I looked at his hard face and panted out—

"You are a policeman, I know! What do you want with Mr. Rayner?"

"Never you mind, my dear; we won't hurt you. Just go and say you want to speak to him."

"No, I won't!" I cried—not loudly, for my voice seemed to grow suddenly weak.

"Whatever you think he has done, or whatever he has done, I will never help to harm Mr. Rayner!"

The man shrugged his shoulders, walked to the window, and whistled softly. Laurence put me into a chair, whispering "That's a brave girl!"—but with such an anxious, stern face. And the other man came back into the room, followed by a policeman with his staff ready in his hand.

"We must break open the door," said the elder man.

I started from my seat. I wanted to rush to the drawing-room door and warn Mr. Rayner; but Laurence prevented me, whispering gravely—

"My darling, you must leave it to us now."

Every word, every movement had been so quiet that the music still went on while they opened the schoolroom door and crossed the hall. I stood watching them breathlessly.

The three men, Laurence, the most staid, foremost, placed themselves against the drawing room door, and by one mighty push burst it open. I ran forward to the doorway just in time to see Gordon, Mr. Carruther's servant, fling down the violin and rush to the opposite window, the shutters of which were unfastened. But I heard the crash of glass, and at the same instant two policemen dashed through the shattered French window, seized and handcuffed him. Then he stood between them, white and immovable, without a struggle.

"It's no go. We know you're one of the gang," said the middle-aged man. "Game's up. We've got your leader."

"What leader?" asked Gordon calmly.

"James Woodfall."

"It's a lie!" snapped out the immovable Gordon. "Jim Woodfall wouldn't let himself be nabbed by such as you."

"Why not? We've got you."

The man did not answer.

"All his fault for getting soft on a girl! Wish I had her here!" Gordon muttered presently.

He caught sight of me at the doorway and shot at me a sort of steely look that made me shudder. But I did not connect myself with his words. I was too bewildered to think or to understand clearly what was go-

ing on until I saw him, handcuffed as he was, quietly draw a tiny revolver from his pocket and, without raising it, point it at Laurence. With a scream I rushed forward into the room and flung myself in front of Laurence, and I heard a report and felt something touch my arm—I did not know what at first—and Laurence sprang forward with almost a yell. But he was encumbered with my form, and, before he could put me down, Gordon had wrenched himself away from his captors, and, snarling, "I meant to have done for her!" had dashed through the open window out into the fog and darkness.

I know by this time that I was shot in the arm, for the blood was trickling through my sleeve; but the wound did not pain me much yet—I was too much excited for that, and too much occupied with Laurence's pitiful distress. He did not attempt to join in the hopeless chase of the escaped Gordon, but put me on a sofa, tore off the body of my frock, and bandaged my arm himself.

"Tell me what it all means, Laurence," said I. "I am not badly hurt—I am not indeed—and I want to understand it all. Did you catch the thieves? Who were they? Have they really caught James Woodfall? And I hope—oh, I hope poor Tom Parkes has escaped!" I whispered; for the middle-aged man had not joined in the pursuit, but stood on the watch, half in and half out of the window.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WIT AND WISDOM.

A health journal says that you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for your dinner. It is well also to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.

Lady of the house (to cook)—"Maggie, I want you to be sure and baste the duck you are cooking." Cook—"Oh, yes, miss, I will. And ye see I was jist ather comin' for a needle and a thrid to do it wid."

A gentleman once asked Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would "injure the brain." "No, sir," was the doctor's prompt reply; "for no man with a single ounce of brains would think of taking snuff."

Distinguish exactly what one is, when he stands alone, and acts for himself, and when he is led by others. We know many who act always honestly, often with delicacy, when left to themselves; and like knaves when influenced by some overbearing character, whom they slavishly submitted to follow.

An Ayrshire farmer who had been out in the late boisterous weather and got himself very wet went into a public-house in a country village and ordered a glass of whiskey. After taking off the contents neat without an effort he said, "Man, that whusky's uncommon hot; it's a wee like mytel; I think it's been out in the rain!"

A minister, when visiting a farm-house observed one of the inmates begin to a large cog of porridge without having first asked a blessing on the food. Desirous of teaching the lad his duty in this respect, he said to him "Without asking a blessing, are you not afraid the porridge will choke you?" "No," said the youth instantly; "there's nae fear o' that; they're no sae thick."

A gentleman who considered himself a crack shot with a rifle "at a mark" took a deer-forest last autumn. The first days stalking, says a Northern contemporary, seemed to him "a day bewitched," for he missed every chance and several of them were good ones. He asked the headkeeper if he could account for his missing so often. Like a true Scot, the keeper replied by asking another question. "Are your rifle and cartridges gude?" "Yes, quite good—Westley Richards, you know." "Then yours no gude yoursel."

Andrew Douglas, author of "The History of Ferrymen," used to keep an evening school during the winter for the benefit of the fisher lads who were engaged with their fathers during the summer. One of his pupils had got as far advanced as cloth measure, in reduction, when going up one day to the master with his slate, the master (who had an impediment in his speech), after looking it over, told him his answer was wrong. "Fat's the matter wi' the coon't, maister?" says the scholar. "W'wy, d'don't you see that you h-have got h-h-half a yard t-t-too m-m-much in your answer?" "Oh!" says the scholar, "that's nae fault ava, maister, for it will a' be needit, for there's a great big hole i' my breaks."

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 68.—ENIGMA.

(ENTERED FOR PRIZE.)

I'm found with the Queen, in her regal state;
In the midst of her court I stand elate;
Her courtiers all acknowledge my claim;
Without me in fact no Queen could reign,
I'm ever on hand at the bugle-call,
I own a share in each music-hall,
Not a drum is heard, not the flute's soft tone,
But my presence there is felt and known.

The turbaned Turk, on his cushion or rug,
Is indebted to me for his opium drug.
I enter his mosque when he goes to prayer
And Sultana and Sultan know I'm there;
When he rests on his couch from the noonday sun,
I mix in his slumbers every one;
His Meerschaum grand he may puff at will,
But without my aid he could do it ill.

With Pius the Ninth I've sat on the throne;
Yet no one has ever seen me in Rome,
Though the council hold at that place each year
Would look rather blank did I not appear.
To the temperance movement I'm not inclined,
The drunkard's cup is more to my mind;
Yet I'm found in the church, and the pulpit too,
With nunneries also I've something to do;

Even the nuns themselves in their solitude,
Without my presence were scarce so good.
The Duke of Edinburgh knows me well,
That he met me in Russia he can tell
And long ere his foot touched Canadian ground
A place with fair Louise I found.
I never unbend, be the scene what it may,
And the proudest monarch owns my sway;

Though in gorgeous epaulettes I am dressed
Yet a homespun tunic would suit me best;
For I often join in the buffalo chase,
In the walrus hunt I find a place,
Not a pallet of boughs or a downy couch
Is ever complete that I do not touch;
Now perhaps you wish I would say adieu,
Yet you cannot be severed—I live in you.

M. J. WILKINS.

NO. 69.—A BOUQUET.

1. A frolic, mythologic god
And a breath of deep emotion;
A flower, whose hue is deep and soft
As a wave of summer's ocean.
2. A perjury repeated twice,
A blossom white as snow.
3. Long airy, emerald plumes, that down
In woody hollows grow.

R.

NO. 70.—PHONETIC WORDS.

1. How may a literary composition be written with two letters?

2. What number may be spelled with two letters?
3. What numeral may be made to spell a running plant?
4. What two letters describe this enigma.

UNCLE CLAUDE.

NO. 71.—A PALINDROMIC CHAR-
ADE.

Behold an altar raised on high;
Its temple is the southern sky,
A portion of earth's canopy.
From either side the altar view,
It looks the same to me and you;
From either side if we look o'er it
We see a knot is placed before it.
If we now the knot and altar
Put together, and do not falter,
We may perceive before our eyes
The triple Papal crown arise.

LUDOWICK.

NO. 72.—A RIDDLE.

I'm fit for two just to a tittle,
For one too big, for three too little;
For four I am by far too wide;
I cease to be when multiplied.
O, girls, I leave the task to you
To find this paradox is true;
You seldom fail to find me out
Until I burst and fly about!
By which sad fate I lose my name,
And am, alas! no more the same.

J. M. WILSON.

THE PRIZES.

The sender of the best lot of answers to the May puzzles will receive a volume of Longfellow's Poems.

Each week's answers should be mailed within five days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles.

A prize of two dollars will be awarded for the best original contribution to "The Sphinx" during 1884.

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best variety of original puzzles contributed by any person during the year.

ANSWERS.

- 54.—A dictionary.
- 55.—MILL.
- 56.—We sew, we sow, we sow,
- 57.—Weeping in weeds (wee p in g's in weo d's).
- True grief no'er needs.
- 58.—I Heart's case. 2. Lavender. [Reference is made to the old English phrase applied to prisoners—"Laid up in lavender."]
- 59.—After t (tea).
- 60.—Mist-rust.

Astronomy and the Electric Light.

The incandescent electric light, which has been applied before to microscopy, has now been used in connection with the equatorial and meridian circle instruments in the observatory of M. Towne, a French astronomer. The lamps used are miniature lamps about the size of a nut, and care is taken to keep the heat from affecting the instruments. The wires of the circle instrument and the verniers of the lunettes are read by the light of the lamps. These are two in number, the same current serving to light both, and being regulated by a switch at the command of the observer. Four Trouve bichromate cells are employed to supply the electricity, and the intensity of the light is graduated by raising or lowering the plates in the solution of the cells.—London Times.

The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine.

The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can man nor angels come into danger by it.

J. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. O. T. Items of information in regard to the Temperance work everywhere always thankfully received by the Editor, T. W. Casey, G. W. S., TRUTH office, Toronto.

NEWS FROM LODGES.

WEST ESSA, SIMCOE Co.—West Essa Lodge reports a small increase of members. There were four initiations last quarter. Nelson Greenless, W. C. T.; Maggie Greenless, W. V.; Samuel Connell, W. S.

CLAUDE, PEEL Co.—Claude Lodge reports 52 members, with 13 initiations last quarter. There has been a very healthy increase. John Standing, W. C. T.; Miss B. Graham, W. V.; T. J. D. Graham, W. S.

GLENVILLE, NEAR NEWMARKET.—Blossoming Rose was instituted in December last and now reports about 50 members, with 10 initiations last quarter. John S. Stephens, W. C. T.; Miss Ibbie Brodie, W. V.; John T. Mayes, W. S.; John E. Sharpe, L. D.

BOND HEAD.—A new Lodge was instituted at Bond Head, Simcoe County, last week by Bro. John Merrick, of Newtown Robinson. There were nineteen charter members, Rev. T. Campbell W. C., Bro. Morrison W. C. T. Fuller particulars have not yet been received.

KLEINBURG, YORK COUNTY.—Kleinburg Lodge was reconstituted in January by Bro. G. J. Farmer of Woodbridge, and has been doing well since. Last quarter there were thirty initiations, and more are being added. J. J. Gough W. C. T., Miss Annie Barras W. V., Wurster W. S.

NAPANEE, LENNOX Co.—Napanee Lodge now reports 110 members, with 23 initiations last quarter. The Lodge is about to move into new and more commodious quarters, a new hall having been leased from Sir Richard Cartwright which is being furnished in first class style. T. Lawless, W. C. T.; Ada Empoy, W. V.; W. Long, W. S.; E. Pearson, W. F. S.; Mrs. A. Lacey, W. C.

GOOD PROGRESS.—Since the last Grand Lodge session, ten months ago, thirty new lodges have been reported as instituted in this Province, and twenty reorganized. This is the best record for some years. More fresh success is being reported each week. The per capita each month now shows a good increase over the corresponding months of last year, after deducting a large reduction because of the loss of the lodges in Manitoba, now formed into a separate Grand Lodge. Our work has not been more progressive in years.

DELMER, OXFORD Co.—Of Willow Grove Lodge, Bro. Joseph McDowell writes:—"We are sorry that our Lodge has run very low. Temperance work is being done however. We worked hard in the Scott Act campaign in this County, and accomplished a glorious victory for prohibition. To God be all the praise. We have also had a religious revival here, which has accomplished much good, but it has, for the time, hindered our Lodge meetings." James Hawthorne, W. C. T.; Mary McDowell, W. V.; Wm. McDowell, W. S.

CROWS HILL, SIMCOE Co.—Bro. A. Brounce, L. D., writes:—"Our Lodge is in a prosperous condition. We have a good staff of working members, and are fully alive to the importance of a thorough canvass in connection with the Scott Act campaign, now in progress in Simcoe County. E. King Dede's lectures in Barrie to-night in opposition to the Act. He will be met by Rev. Mr. Morrow. We are determined to fill the hall with temperance people if possible." James Rix, W. C. T.; Miss H. Dunsmore, W. V.; E. Darby, W. S.

SARNIA.—Sarnia Lodge is reporting good progress. There were fourteen new members initiated last quarter. Bro. T. C. Foster, L. D., writes:—"We are hard at work, and with good success. I am glad

to say that our Lodge can boast with the Grand Lodge of being now clear of debt. There is a remarkable increase in the growth of Temperance sentiment in Sarnia. Gospel temperance meetings are held every Sunday afternoon in the Town Hall, and there is a good attendance. The Scott Act revival has also commenced here." R. I. Hamilton, W. C. T.; L. Abin, W. V.; R. J. Galloway, W. S.

GRAND LODGE MEETING.—The next annual session of the Grand Lodge of Canada will be held in Toronto commencing Tuesday June 23rd, at 10 o'clock. By a misprint in TRUTH of three weeks ago the fourth Tuesday in May was mentioned instead of the fourth Tuesday in June. The error escaped notice at the time. It is very desirable that there should be a large and respectable representation from every part of the jurisdiction. Arrangements will be made for reduced fares by rail to all members attending, and reduced rates of accommodation in this city. Members purposing to attend will please send their names and correct post office address to the Grand Secretary at as early a date as convenient.

CLINTON, HURON Co.—Clinton Lodge was instituted less than a year ago, and now reports 84 members, with 24 initiations last quarter. Bro. A. W. Carslake, L. D., writes:—"I am glad to inform you that the temperance cause is still on the increase in our little town, and our leading men are taking a greater interest in the work than ever before. The members of our lodge all marched in a body to the Methodist Church on the 27th ult., and heard a good temperance sermon by Rev. James Gray. You have already announced in TRUTH the county meeting to be held here on the 12th. We intend to hold an open meeting soon, and I will send you a report. H. B. Chant, W. C. T., W. Baw, W. S., James Rye, W. F. S.

TORONTO.—On Friday evening of last week one of the most successful open Templar meetings of the year in Toronto was held in Wolesley Hall, the meeting room of Unity Lodge. This Lodge has been meeting with encouraging success since its removal to its present quarters, and there have been from 15 to 20 initiations during the past quarter. The conversations on Friday evening was very largely attended, so that the hall was crowded to its fullest capacity. Brother B. Nixon G. W. 1., ably presided and there was a first-class programme, consisting of music, vocal and instrumental, readings, recitations, and speeches. All appeared to be highly pleased with the evening's enjoyment, there was an evident determination to "come again" whenever Unity Lodge may offer another such pleasant meeting of the kind. During the recess several members passed through the audience for names for membership and quite a number were procured. This is an excellent plan to follow.

MORE PROGRESS.—At Marsville, Welland County, a Lodge was organized by Bro. W. H. Rodden, P. D., assisted by Bro. R. M. Effrick, P. D., and Sister Mrs. Elizabeth Effrick, W. V. T., of Triumph Lodge, of Fenwick, on Tuesday, 29th ult., with 61 charter members. The officers of Marsville lodge are: B. H. Campbell, W. C. T.; Mrs. Rosanna Simpson, W. V. T.; Geo. Disher, W. S.; Lizzie Haymes, A. S.; John Simpson, W. F. S.; Gertrude Brown, W. M.; Mary Shaunta, D. M.; Wm. Ellsworth, P. W. C. T.; Edmond Barrick, L. D. Night of meeting, Tuesday.—At Fenwick, Welland County, "Triumph" Lodge was reconstituted by Bro. Rodden on Monday 25th ult., with a membership highly encouraging as to prospects of good temperance work. The principal officers are as follows:—W. C. T.: Henry Struenger, W. V.; Mrs. Elizabeth Effrick, W. F. and L. D.; R. M. Effrick, W. T.; Mrs. Maggie Effrick, W. C., Rev. Ezra Adams, W. F. S.; Allan Rice, W. M.; Elisha Brown, P. W.; Wm. Effrick. Night of meeting, Wednesday.

RECEIPTS FROM LODGES.

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

FOR TAX.

Hops of Maidston, Essex Centre.	\$ 8 33
Camptden, Camptden	4 00
McKellar, McKellar	4 41
Lyn, Lyn	3 22
Life Boat, Farmersville	4 90
St. John's, Toronto	19 32
Parry Sound, Parry Sound	1 40
Star of Gesto, Gesto	3 43
Wilberforce, Muncey	4 13
Relliasoy, Relliasoy	1 00
Rising Hope, Newcastle	2 38
Excelsior, North Toronto	4 00
Preston Star, Preston	2 45
Edgar, Edgar	3 50
Pride of Warkworth, Warkworth	5 53
Ambitious City, Hamilton	3 29
Ever True, Philipsville	10 00
Ever Onward, Addison	1 47
Port Ryerse, Port Ryerse	4 85
Hope of Parkdale, Parkdale	3 64

FOR SUPPLIES.

Reliance, Hamilton	0 25
Scotia, Comet	0 20
Chippawa, Chippawa Hill	2 00
Kleinburg, Kleinburg	1 70
Life Boat, Farmersville	1 10
Parry Sound, Parry Sound	1 10
Beaver, Gulph	1 00
Pride of County, Harrow	2 00
Peninsula, St. Catharines	1 00
Crusade, Arthur	0 60
May Flower, Cargill	1 25
Huron, Scarforth	2 00

From Nova Scotia.

The following extracts are from an interesting letter to Bro. James Johnston, of this city, from one of the most intelligent and active Good Templars in the Mayflower Province. All the Lodges referred to in the letter were instituted by Bro. Johnston during his tour in that Province some years ago:—

CONQUERALL BANK, N. S.

April 17th.. 1884.

Dear Brother,—Your esteemed letter has renewed the temperance feeling within, and the contents of it will be read in our Lodge. Your name will long be remembered with gratitude by many new temperance men in Lunenburg County, because of the good results of your work here, years ago. I hope you may be spared to make your desired revisit to this Province. Your heart would be made glad to see the improvement made in the localities where you were instrumental in first planting the Templar banner. May the day not be far distant when the cry of prohibition will be heard throughout our land!

I have remained the Lodge Deputy of our Lodge since its formation, and during all that time I have only missed attending eight meetings, and four of these was in consequence of absence at the Grand Lodge annual sessions. My feeling is that if I cannot do much at the meetings I will be there anyway.

I have been connected with the Juvenile Templar work (as General Superintendent) for the past three years, and have been successful in establishing a number of Temples in various localities, though I have found some very discouraging fields of work in some sections of the Province.

Of the Lodges in Lunenburg County I may say that most of them are giving a good report of themselves. Our own Lodge, "Conquerall," is doing well, and has now a membership of about eighty. It owns a Hall, 49x16, with the upper flat finished handsomely, and it is neatly furnished, and a nice organ. We have also a Degree Temple with a fine set of degree regalia. "Life Guard" Lodge, at the mouth of the Le Have River, is also doing well. "Life Boat," at Rutey's Cove, thinks of changing into a Degree Temple. "Day Spring," at Summerside, is doing well and has a Juvenile Temple in connection. "Excelsior," at Bridgewater, is doing a good work. Some of the old

lodges have ceased to work, but I think there is a prospect of their resuming work again.

We are now organizing with a hope of securing the adoption of the Scott Act in this County. A County Alliance has been formed, and a convention will be held on the 6th of May to consider the whole matter. I have the honor to be the Secretary. We have some of the oldest and most influential men in the County in connection with this Alliance.

We expect to have Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, here for a couple of months service during the summer. Last year he visited Prince Edward Island, and it was brought to the front in consequence. Probably our County, and indeed I may say our Province, was never in a better condition for prohibitory work than at present. May God speed our work in behalf of Temperance.

Yours fraternally
M. C. Smith, G.S.J.T.

Select Readings.

Brave Boys.

Some boys think they are only brave
When they can drink and swear,
And talk about some fight they've had,
With quite a grown-up air.

They swagger round and try to look,
As they think, quite a man,
And smoke a dirty pipe and chew,
As only such toys can.

They sell their mouths with what goes in,
As well as what comes out,
And think they're all the braver when
They bully, swear, and shout.

But those boys make a great mistake
By thinking as they do,
That if they're going to be a man
They must drink, swear, and chew.

For those are much the braver boys
Who all such ways will shun,
And not engage in actions mean,
Which others would call fun.

A truly brave and noble boy
Can stand the taunting sneer,
Rather than cause a mother's heart
One single doubt or fear.

He will defend the helpless ones—
The homeless, hunted cat,
Which cruel boys are stooping down,
Saying, " 'Tis good sport that."

He never stoops to tell a lie,
No matter where he be,
But speaks the truth in every case
With quiet bravery.

Then if you would be brave, my boys,
Don't trample on the weak;
And also answer truthfully
When you are called to speak.

Remember, One who reigns above
Is ever watching you,
And He will help you if you wish
To be both brave and true.
Band of Hope Review.

Why They Drink.

Some drink to make them wide awake,
And some to make them sleep;
Some drink because they merry are,
And some because they weep.
Some drink because they're very hot,
And some because they're cold;
Some drink to cheer them when they're young,
And some because they're old.
Some drink to give them appetite,
And some to aid digestion;
Some, for "doctors says its right,"
And some without a question.
Some drink when they a bargain make,
And others when they're cross;
Some drink when they their pleasure take,
And some because of loss.
Some drink for sake of company,
While others drink more shy;
And many drink, but never think
About the reason why.

—Carl Preitzel's Weekly.

DECREASING.—For some years past the national drink bill of England has been decreasing gradually. It is an excellent indication. Last year Britain's expenditure for intoxicating liquors is estimated at £125,477,725 or equal to about \$625,388,375. This sum, enormous as it was, showed a decrease of \$3,370,420 as compared with the previous year.

HUMBERTSTONE WELAND CO.—Humbertstone Lodge, No. 273 meets every Saturday evening at Good Templars Hall, Good Templar Hall, always welcome. W. C. T. U. I. SCHIFFIELD, W. V. STEVEN SCHIFFIELD, L. D. JAMES KINNEAR, Port Colborne, Ont.

Our Young Folks.

A Little Woman

She was a very little woman, not more than four years old, and I am afraid she was running away.

Perhaps I ought not to say running; for she walked gravely and deliberately along the street, looking about her with an observant air. She had on a ruffled white apron, and a brown stuff dress, and over her head she had thrown an apron of blue and white check in place of a bonnet. The apron was so large, and the little woman so small, that, while the chubby hand held it snugly under her chin, one corner trailed on the ground behind her. The apron also served as a shawl for a rag doll who with no features to speak of, whose head, with a ghastly wound on top, peeped out under the little mother's arm. A great many people were coming and going, but the little woman did not notice them. She was singing to herself and the doll.

"Tis His hand that leadeth me."

She only knew this one line, so she sang it over and over as she went on, walking close to the fences, and peeping into the yards where the flowers were growing, and into basements, where she had glimpses of tables covered with red cloths and shining castors towering in the middle like revolving batteries. She was directly in the wake of a fat woman, who turned the stream of travel one side, and left a quiet little path for her small follower.

Presently the little woman stopped. She had come to a yard, filled with trees and flowers, around an old-fashioned brick house. The flowers were old-fashioned, too, but they were all of the sweetest, and over them the cherry boughs were like one great white bouquet. The little woman forgot to hold the apron under her chin, and it slid down to the sidewalk. She took her doll from under her arm, and held her close to the fence that she might see too, and smell the blossoms, and hear the fine, clear piping of the bees at work among them. There was a wonderful bird flashing about the trees like a great golden blossom. The bird seemed always just about to launch into a song, but was so busy he broke off at the first syllable. A man came across the lawn with a wheelbarrow, in which was a green shrub. He dug a hole in the turf, and began to plant the bush; but he saw the eager little face, and the dolly with her woollen brains oozing out behind. He nodded good-naturedly.

"Where are you going, sis?"

"Anywhere," said the little woman.

"What you looking at?"

"God's flowers," was the grave answer.

The man laughed again, and pushed up his hat.

"Them's the Gov'nor's flowers; want some?"

The little woman only nodded, but her eyes grew large and round with wonder and expectancy as the man broke a white bough from the cherry-trees, and a purple spike of hyacinth bells. He put them in her hand, saying, "Now run home, or that there young lady will be took up by the plico; looks like she'd had a row."

The little woman had neither eyes nor ears for anything but the flowers. The man went back to his work, and she went slowly on. One block, two blocks, six blocks, then she came to a little triangular park at the intersection of the streets,—a very small park, with only grass and a few trees in it, an iron drinking fountain for horses just outside the fence. Two dusty horses were drinking from the round iron bowl, and a dog was eagerly lapping the slender stream that spilled over upon the stones below. The little woman went into the park, and sat down under a tree. She was just beginning to be afraid she was lost, but she could not be very unhappy while she had her flowers. She sat very still looking at them, and to her great delight a brown bee came sniffing at the white cups for an instant as he passed. Stretched on the grass near her was a

boy—a big boy; the little woman would have called him a man. He had red hands and a sunburned face, and coarse, clumsy clothes. You would not have looked twice at him, but the little woman looked and looked, and saw he was crying. She looked again, and then crept a little nearer, holding her doll very tight.

"Does you want some of God's flowers?" she asked, holding the sweet things toward her.

The boy took them eagerly—took them all; but just as the little woman was going to cry he gave them back to her, so she broke off a piece of the cherry bough and one little stemless hyacinth, and gave them to him. The boy had but lately come to the city. He was hungry, he was friendless, he was utterly discouraged, he had taken the first step downward. But when he smelt the familiar scent of cherry blossoms, and saw the pure, pitiful eyes of the little woman looking at him, it brought back the homely brown house among the hills, and the little sisters who believed in him and trusted him.

"I'll try one day more," he said resolutely, "and if I can't get work, I'll go home; and won't stay here and go to the bad."

Surely they were "God's flowers" which the little woman had given him.

She sat quietly under the tree, talking sometimes to her doll, and counting the hyacinth bells over and over. She knew now that she was lost; but was not really frightened. She felt sure some one would come by and by and find her. The market-house clock began to strike twelve. With the first stroke a babel of sounds broke in. Steam-whistles in every key, bells that clanged slowly, bells that rang wildly, clocks striking from a dozen steeples, and through them all the slow deep boom of the market clock. The street was full of hurrying people going home to dinner. Clattering over the pavement came an empty express wagon; the driver hesitated, then turned up to the brimming water basin, and let the big gray horse plunge his nose in the cool water. A flock of brown sparrows were taking shower-baths in the overflow; and as the driver waited his eyes followed them with amusement from the water to the branches where they dried their feathers. What was that under the tree? A child lying asleep on the grass?

"Looks like my little woman," said the driver, jumping over the fence, and coming up to the tree in three strides.

"Sure's you live it's herself," said he, as he picked the little sleeper up in his strong arms. He stooped again for the doll, and thrust it head first into his pocket; but the little hand clung to the flowers even in sleep. The big horse whinked them away, but with the jolting of the wagon the blue eyes opened.

"What yo's pore mother'll say?" asked the driver, pressing the soft cheek against his rough coat. "Where was yo goin', anyhow?"

"Just went a-walking," said the little woman, "and I couldn't go back cause the horse got lost."

When the terrified mother had assured herself that her darling was safe and sound when the little woman was eagerly crowding her withered flowers into her tin cup, the father looked up from his dinner to say:

"Curious how I happened to drive by the park to-day. haven't been that way in a week."

"Tis His hand that leadeth me," sang the little woman over the flowers.

The father looked at the mother and nodded.

"Might be," he said thoughtfully.—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

Game Laws For Boys.

The following conversation from Maurice Thompson's new serial, "Marvin and his boy Hunters," begun in *May St. Nicholas*, gives a lucid explanation of the necessity for laws for the protection of Game:

"Why is it against the law to shoot larks and robins?" said Hugh; "I don't see why it's any worse to kill them than it is to kill quails."

"Why is it worse to kill a horse than it is to kill a pig?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"Because a pig's good to eat and a horse isn't," quickly answered Hugh.

"Is n't there a better reason?" said Uncle Charley; "is n't a horse more useful to us as a servant than it would be for food, even if its flesh were delicious?"

"Certainly," said Hugh.

"Well, a meadow-lark is a very useful bird to the farmer. It eats great numbers of insects, eggs, and larvae that would work great harm to wheat, corn and orchards; then, its flesh is not very good; while a quail eats grain, and its flesh is excellent food. Do you see the difference?"

"That does seem reasonable," said Hugh; "I had n't thought of it in that way. A meadow-lark is like a horse,—it helps the farmer make his crop by destroying bugs and things; and the quail is like a pig,—it eats corn and wheat and gets fat, to be killed and eaten."

"Uncle Charley laughed.

"I see you apply a theory in a very practical sort of way," he remarked. "But the law protects all kinds of harmless birds, the flesh of which is not profitable for food," he continued, "out of fear of the influence that the mere wanton slaughter of birds would have upon the morals of the people. If a boy is allowed to be cruel as he grows up, he is likely to develop into a dangerous man. I think there is a great difference between a moderate indulgence in field-sports, and the brutal and indiscriminate slaughter of birds and animals."

A Use for Dead Languages.

The following extract from J. T. Trovbridge's new serial, "The Scarlet Tanager," begun in the *May St. Nicholas*, is a clear and simple explanation of the reasons for giving to flowers and trees, beasts, birds and fishes, the long and, to many, unintelligible Greek and Latin names they all bear:

"But I can't see the use of giving Latin and Greek names to birds and things, nowadays, said Gaspar.

"Perhaps I can explain it to you," said the master. "Take the *picus auratus*, for instance. We have seen that it has several common names; one of which, certainly, belongs to another bird. So if a person speaks of a yellow-hammer, how are you to know whether he means this or the European species? In ordinary conversation you may think that is not very important; but in all scientific descriptions, it is necessary that such names shall be used as can not be misunderstood."

"But why can't men of science agree upon English names?" the boy inquired.

"That is a sensible question. The answer to it is that all men of science are not English-speaking people. There are German, French, Spanish, Dutch, Russian, ornithologists, and those of many other countries. Now, it is true, they might all agree upon an English name for each bird; but it would be as unreasonable for us to expect that of foreigners, as we would consider it, if we were all required to learn a French or a Dutch name. It really seems much simpler and more convenient to use Latin and Greek names, which learned men in all countries agree upon and understand; so that a German man of science will know just what a Spanish man of science is writing about if he uses correct scientific terms. Now, take the case of this very bird. A Swedish naturalist named Linnæus, who was a great botanist, and classified and gave scientific names to plants, also gave names to many birds—to this species I suppose, among others; so that when *picus auratus* is alluded to by any writer in any language, ornithologists know just what bird is meant. So, you see these scientific terms that you dislike form a sort of universal language understood by men of science the world over."

Wellington's Watches.

The Duke of Wellington was extremely fond of watches, and needed to have at least a dozen within reach, and all ticking their liveliest at once, and this is but half the story. Fearing some ill might befall those just under his eye, orders were given, whenever the great man travelled, to have as many more stowed away in a portmanteau made to fit his carriage.

One timepiece was, above all others, his acknowledged favorite; it was of old-fashioned English construction and had once been the property of Tipoo Sahib. Another of the Duke's treasures had a strange history. Napoleon had ordered it of Breguet for the job of his brother Joseph, and, as an extra courtesy, directed a miniature map of Spain to be wrought in niello on the one side, and the Imperial and Royal arms on the other. Just as this lovely gift was finished, Joseph was driven out of his kingdom by the Duke, and the Emperor, for reasons best known to himself, refused to take or pay for the costly bauble. At the peace, it was purchased from Breguet and presented, by Sir E. Paget, to the Duke of Wellington.

Another watch owned by the Duke, was made for Marshall Junot, and a horological curiosity it is. There have never been more than two others like it. They are constructed to mark both lunar and week-movements. The great Duke gave preference to certain *montres de touche*—and he had several of them—a contrivance of Breguet, having sundry stubs or knobs by which one could feel what hour it was, and this merely by what seemed "just fumbling in his pocket."

How the Shah did his Shopping

The way in which that monarch did his shopping, was in this wise. When, after much vexatious waiting, the interview, was at last arranged between the Shah and Mr. Morrish, the ante-room adjoining the Shah's private apartment on the ground floor of Buckingham Palace, was literally filled with many thousands of pounds' worth of jewels, plate, and the most costly brocades, laces, etc. The Grand Vizier, several Princes of the Imperial family, and other high dignitaries were in waiting, when a small panelled door opened, and with a quick, sliding sort of movement, and a fierce-looking personage suddenly appeared, whereupon the aforesaid Princes and Ministers made most humble obeisance, bowing almost to the ground, and muttering, with a stifled cry of fear, "Shah."

The Shah was dressed in a sort of loose robe, with many tails of fur hanging in front, and a sort of half hat, half cap, in which was a jewelled aigrette. He had a wild look, with a long moustache, and spoke in sudden, jerky sentences. He seized hold of a diamond bracelet, asked the price, which was pointed out to his Grand Vizier as being plainly marked £3000; to which His Majesty replied that he would give £500. It was explained that the prices were those at which the articles were to be sold without abatement. After a further inspection he retired, amid the same profoundly humble marks of respect, or fear on part of his suite. Subsequently the entire collection was taken, piecemeal, into his own apartment, there to be more leisurely inspected. In the end he bought very largely.—*Full Mill Gazette.*

The most afflicted part of the house is the window. It is always full of panes. And who has not seen more than one window blind?

A colored woman, when reproved for undue expression of grief, said: "Now, look here, honey, when the good Lord sends us tribulations, don't you s'pose he specs us to tribulate?"

A manufacturer of white-wine vinegar claims that his compound is so much better than the old-fashioned concoction that he has adopted the sign. "Who will care for mother now?"

CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

CHAPTER XXVII. (CONTINUED).

Lady Olivia had virtually confessed indeed, but not in such fashion as would serve Nora, not in such fashion that she could not instantly retract; and now, now that she knew of Nora's existence, she might turn the tables terribly upon them.

Cristine's heart almost failed her with this last thought—that she should be the person through whom Nora might be betrayed into her enemy's hands. It would seem so natural to them all; she had played the part of Judas from the first, she would would play it to the bitter end.

So they would judge and condemn. Arthur Beaupre, Vance, Benjuda—even Nora, generous Nora, who had forgiven her all, and begged forgiveness for her from the others. To do her justice, that was the bitterest drop within her cup. The defection of Benjuda, the loss of all for which she had so schemed and planned, hurt her less than she thought that, in her too great eagerness to make atonement, she had done the girl an irreparable wrong; all the anger of the others seemed as nothing to the mute reproach of Nora's great sad eyes.

She moved restlessly up and down the room, passing and repassing Lady Olivia's chair, brushing the motionless figure with her dress, gazing upon the rigid face as though she would tear forth the secret that it hid, then suddenly she dropped into the chair from which she had risen and broke into a wild passion of hysterical tears.

"Oh, that I had not spoken, that I had placed no faith in your words!" she sobbed, in heroic impotent regret. "Oh, that I had perilled my own life rather than have done her this last wrong!"

Slowly, with a swift mechanical action, Lady Olivia turned her head, and the dark-rimmed eyes rested on the flushed face with a heroic contempt. This nature that was treacherous and true by turns, that could love and unlove, hate and pity, was an incomprehensible riddle to her. She loved once and forever, to those who had wronged her she was merciless; but she was not one of those who could easily, or without scruple, let others bear the burden of her sin.

"Do not fear," she said, in a quiet resolute tone that startled Cristine into instant attention; "you have done Lady de Grotton no harm. I would serve her if I could, even, as you say, at a sacrifice. And now good-night—we will talk of this to-morrow."

Cristine was too bewildered to resist the mandate that dismissed her; and so the two women parted for the night, which was to be but a long grim vigil to both, as quietly as though there had been no tragic scene between them—only they never offered to clasp hands, and Lady Olivia shrunk a little from the wild appeal of Cristine's blue eyes, even while she said gently—

"Sleep if you can, and forget this till the morning—I may have found some comfort for you then."

Again the wild hope leaped up in the girl's heart, to be succeeded by the fear that crushed it, as she noted the new calmness of the dark worn face. She turned away with a heavy sigh, while Lady Olivia cried, with a short and bitter laugh—

"Come to my room early, Cristine—I may make my escape, you know."

And then lamp in hand, she passed up the broad staircase, and Cristine saw her no more.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The longest night that Cristine Singleton had ever passed wore to an end at last. As she drew back the curtains and looked out with tired eyes upon the dull deserted street, she saw that the lights were burning dimly in the raw freshness of the dawn, and threw up the window with a long breath of relief.

"Thank Heaven for the day!" she cried, with a strong shudder. "I did not know that I was so superstitious; but night is horrible beneath this roof!"

She looked round the small daintily-furnished room, as though she feared grim spectres lurking in its corners. There was a horror in her thoughts which had made sleep impossible, a dread in the remembrance that an all-but-confessed murderess shared the roof, and worse than all, a bitter disappointment, a haunting fear that where she had hoped to make expiation she had but done further wrong.

In truth, the night in which her whole life had, as it were, been passed under review would have been a nightmare horror spent in any place. For the first time she seemed to see her own conduct as others might needs see it, to loath her own cruel treachery as others must needs loath it and her. Conscience had been long in waking, but it had waked fully now; and she would have stopped at no sacrifice to ensure the safety and happiness of the girl whose pardon she had won already.

What would the day bring forth? She pondered the question with hopeless persistence, while the cool morning breeze ruffled the fair curls upon her feverish brow and the light grew momentarily stronger in the eastern sky. Would Lady Olivia confess? No, that was hardly likely now. What wildest agitation and most frenzied terror, what remorse and surprise, struggling in a passionate impulsive nature, had failed to wring forth would hardly now be spoken in cold blood. Heavier and heavier grew Cristine's heart, more and more keen the self reproach, as she realized how utterly she had failed in her expiatory task. It might be possible to bring the crime home to the guilty woman by other means than hers; it might be possible to clear Nora's name and give her back the all of which a cruel suspicion had robbed her, but her task seemed terribly hopeless. Cristine could find no comfort in her memory of the past evening's work, could find nothing there but the great glaring fact that she had once again betrayed her step-sister into an enemy's hand.

It was hardly daylight yet, the servants were still sleeping, and no sound broke the stillness of the house, but inactivity became unbearable to the girl whose weary eyes slumber had never touched. She rose impatiently from her place, bathed and dressed, plaited her long fair hair, and donned her walking dress, starting a little at the haggard face confronting her in the glass, and wondering, with a little selfish pang, if Benjuda would recognize his lily queen in this wild-eyed woman.

The next moment she smiled drearily at the thought. Benjuda had passed out of her life, of course, and with him had passed all the hopes of ease and wealth and freedom she had nursed so fondly but a day or two before. Had he not told her that deceit or treachery in the woman he loved would be the one unpardonable sin in his eyes, and had she not proved a double traitress here?

The clock upon the chimney-piece rang out a pretty silver chime, startling her from her painful thoughts. Was it only six still! It seemed to her that it must be already noon. It would be another hour before the maid would bring her morning cup of tea, before the ordinary sights and sounds of the workaday world might help to dissipate the nightmare feeling of haunting dread that hung around her still in the clear morning light. She found herself longing intensely for the sound of a human voice, the sight of a human face, in this phantom-haunted chamber.

How had the night passed with Lady Olivia? She shuddered as she asked herself the question; and then quite suddenly the invitation given over-night flashed across her mind, filling it with new energy and purpose—

"Come to me early in the morning. I may try to escape, you know."

The words, spoken with a bitter mocking emphasis, rang in her ears with all the force of a command. She would go at once; it was already morning, and hardly possible, she thought, that the miserable woman, shut up with her guilty secret, should be sleeping still.

She stole with noiseless steps across the corridor, looking, with her resolute light eyes and palest face, weird and unearthly enough to frighten a chance comer, pitiless and unrelenting as a messenger of fate. She turned the handle of Lady Olivia's door, and, with a heart that beat incomprehensibly fast, stood within the threshold of her room.

The change from the clear daylight of her own chamber dazzled and well nigh blinded her. Here the curtains were closely drawn, so that the only ray of daylight came through the door behind Cristine; but, like every other room of Lady Olivia's, this blazed with artificial lustre.

On either side of the chimney-piece, from which Lord de Grotton's black-framed face looked down with the cold contemptuous smile that was terribly familiar to Cristine, two tall wax candles burned with soft clear light, two more were on the dressing table, and in the centre of the room was a large rosette lamp, beside which stood writing materials and a well-filled envelope, apparently just made ready for the post. So much the new-comer saw in the first rapid glance; then her eyes wandered to the bed. It was empty. As she expected, her hostess had no more attempted to court slumber than she herself had done.

But where was she? Not in the room! In that full light there was no shadowy corner in which the smallest child could for a second lurk unseen. Cristine felt herself shiver with a chill indefinite fear.

"Lady Olivia!" She paused at the dressing-room door, calling the name in a faint tremulous voice that could hardly have pierced the silken portiere, and somehow she dared not lift it—she had grown so strangely cowardly to-day.

"Lady Olivia!" Her tones rose thin and shrill, her heart beat faster and faster, but still no sound came from within. Should she raise the thin silken hanging, and look perhaps upon—

She grew faint at the ghastly images her overstrained fancy conjured up, and, as she turned away involuntarily, her eye rested on the large letter she had noticed already. It was directed to herself.

She caught at the table unsteadily, but for its support she must have fallen to the ground. It was—it must be—the confession! It must be Nora's freedom and happiness that lay there within reach of her hand. For a moment all her fears were swallowed up in the overpowering rapture of that thought. She tore the envelope apart, and unfolded the closely written sheets of paper with hands that trembled over the task. The first words that met her gaze set alight her hopes and her fears at rest.

"Cristine Singleton—I have kept my word—I have escaped, and your step-sister is safe. She may come forth from her living grave to-morrow, and look the whole world boldly in the face, for by to-morrow all the world shall know that she was wronged and innocent."

Cristine could read no more for the glad, happy tears that overflowed her eyes, and falling on the paper, blurred the fine clear writing and made the sentences on which a life hung indistinct. Her heart swelled almost to bursting with hysterical gratitude, and a great choking lump rose in her throat. She would not try to read more now—she would take it to Nora; her long agony should be lengthened by no unnecessary second they would read together the tardy confession of the woman whom terror and remorse had conquered at last, the woman who had—escaped.

In the tumultuous rush of feelings that thrilled her Cristine never paused to think in what fashion that escape had been effected. That all her senses had been so acutely on the alert during the past night

that the sound of even a muffled footstep on the stair must needs have reached her, and the closing of the hall door have awakened curiosity, if not alarm, never seemed to strike her now; she could remember only that Nora would be safe, and safe through her, that the long wrong would be undone at last.

Hurriedly tying a veil across the face that, with its flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, was as unlike the face of the old Cristine as had been the ghastly terror-stricken visage she looked upon an hour before, she ran down the stairs and left the house without encountering a living soul. Probably in all her life Cristine had never been abroad at that hour before; but the strangeness the streets never struck her, nor was she conscious of the curious glances cast upon her by the various servant-maids who brushed and scrubbed their steps, or chatted with listless coquetry with the yawning milkmen at the area gates.

The distance between Green street and Vance Singleton's lodgings was considerable; but she traversed it with a speed that at any other moment would have surprised herself; and yet it seemed to her that she would never reach the house she was to enter as a messenger of joy.

The clocks were striking eight as she knocked at the door, thinking as she did so that the joyous excited throbbing of her own heart was louder than the nervous rat-tat; early as it was, however, the servant who answered her summons showed no surprise at seeing her, but moved at once to let her pass up the stairs.

"Mrs. Vansittart is up, I suppose?" Cristine asked; then, suddenly remembering that it was extremely improbable her sister-in-law would be visible at such an hour, she corrected herself with commendable coolness, and said that Mr. or Miss Vansittart would serve her purpose as well.

"Miss Vansittart!" The girl checked herself, with a quick scared, backward look over her shoulder, as though dreading immediate reproof; and Cristine then noticed the curious look of suppressed excitement in the usually stolid face. The girl looked as though there were some thing she longed to tell, yet feared to touch upon. The impression was so strong that Miss Singleton paused on her upward way to inquire if anything had happened to Mrs. Vansittart, or if the baby were ill.

"No, no, they are right enough." The girl jerked out the words with a species of nervous irritation that took all sense of comfort from the sound. "It's Miss Van— But there—it's no use asking me, they are up, and I can tell you. For the matter of that, they have been up all night."

More and more bewildered at what she saw and what she heard, Cristine passed slowly up the stairs and entered the morning-room—the room in which Nora's dainty taste and Nettie's deft fingers had replaced the depressing monotony of an ordinary lodging house sitting room by hemo like prettiness and grace, despite the abiding sorrow that it shined. Cristine had never entered it without a sense of rest and refreshment before. Now?

She paused before the threshold, wondering what blow had fallen on the little household to crush it thus. Mrs. Clare, with an anxious troubled look in her kind eyes, was hushing the baby on her knee in one corner, and in another, Nettie, with a pale face and piteously swollen eyes, knelt by her husband's side, stroking back the thick black hair with gentle touches from the down-bent head and hidden face, and striving in her soft tremulous tones to utter words of hope and comfort to what was evidently a hopeless grief.

No one noticed Cristine, pale and speechless in the doorway, paralyzed by an overwhelming terror. All were absorbed in some great agony—and yet death had stolen no jewel from the precious ring of home love; husband, wife, child,

mother—all were together, all were there. But no! Nora! Where was she?

"Vance, dear Vance," Nettie cried, trying to raise the young man's head from the crossed arms on which it had fallen forward in an accession of sullen despair, "if Nora—if our poor darling were here,—she would preach courage and patience too! Remember all she has borne."

"And to this end!" Vance broke in, with impatient pain. "A living death for nearly two years now, and then—"

He did not finish the sentence, for, with a cry so shrill, so filled with the utter anguish of despair that it rings still in the ears of some of those who heard it, Christine broke the strong spell that held her, and echoed her brother's words.

"And then— Oh, Vance, she is not dead? Be merciful, and say she is not dead!"

Vance Singleton raised his head at that anguished appeal, and fixed haggard eyes of fierce reproach on his sister's face. The terror and remorse that filled her heart were written there in characters that none could misinterpret. Vance did not doubt for a second that they were genuine; but the sight of her called up a thousand memories of slights and wrongs and injuries to the patient girl for whom his heart was torn with an immeasurable pity and a great sickening dread. He remembered the savage jealousy, the cruel treachery that had made shipwreck of Nora's innocent life, and he forgot, or did not care to count, the late remorse.

Pain made him pitiless. He broke into a hoarse and cruel laugh that Nettie, clinging still to his arm, echoed with a painful little cry.

"No, she is not dead yet," he answered harshly; "she can suffer still, if you have any more torture to inflict, Christine!"

Wider and wider grew the pale blue eyes, more and more agonised their help less imploring agony. Nettie touched her husband's lips with tremulous white fingers, and whispered softly—

"Oh, hush! Vance, do you not see? She does not know. She is so sorry."

"Sorry!" Vance Singleton's lips quivered over the weak word, then set in a hard line of pain. "Tell her, Nettie; I cannot."

"Yes, tell me!" Christine cried, in a painful gasp. "Where is Nora? Let me see her and all may yet be well!"

Nettie turned her pretty head aside with a quick stifled sob.

"She is not here! Oh, Nora, my poor Nora!"

Tears choked her voice. Christine caught at the nearest chair-back for support; the whole room, the pain-worn faces, swam before her in a bewildering mist, the sound of her own voice startled her.

"You are deceiving me; she is dead!"

"She is not dead," Vance broke in harshly. "Little as we suspected it, the police have been on her track for weeks past, and she was arrested last night."

He raised his heavy eyes as he spoke, but could hardly believe they were not deceiving him when he saw the sudden rapture that transfigured Christine's pale face; all fear and all agony were swept away by a swift radiant smile that made her beautiful with quite a new beauty. She clasped her hands with sudden grateful passion, and cried softly—

"Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven for this!"

Vance Singleton sprang to his feet, his brow black as midnight, his lips trembling with leathery anger and contempt. She dared exult thus openly and shamelessly in her step-sister's shame and peril, she dared invoke Heaven's name to witness her cruel triumph!

"Go!" He pointed to the door, not trusting himself to say another word, lest his overmastering passion should find dangerous vent.

But Nettie, whose insight was keener and quicker, read her sister-in-law's words and look differently, and broke in eagerly—

"No. Speak, Christine; say why you are glad at this!"

Then, for the first time in their acquaintance, Christine threw her arms spontaneously round Mrs. Vance Singleton's neck, and cried, with a glad, grateful laugh that was broken midway by an hysterical sob—

"Thanks, Nettie dear—you know I am glad, oh, most glad and thankful, because Nora's troubles are all past! I hold Lady Olivia Blake's confession of the murder in my hand!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I am very glad, dear Arthur. It is far better that this should come now; I could not have endured that living death much longer."

Nora spoke with an energy and passion that had been strange to her of late. It was indeed as though some ghastly spell had been broken, as though, after long paralyzing torture, she were free to breathe and speak again. As she sat by Arthur Beaupre's side in the dreary police station room in which the suspected murderers was permitted to hold counsel with her friends, pending the preliminary examination before the magistrates, her hand clasped in Arthur Beaupre's, her soft voice speaking words of hope and comfort, some of the old lovely light came back to the eloquent gray eyes, some of the rose-leaf flush to the soft girlish cheek, something even of the old frank smile to the sweet red lips.

The young man answered only by a groan and a tighter clasp of the fair little hand on which the world saw such a cruel stain.

"Why, Arthur, you should give me hope and courage, if I needed them!" the girl went on bravely. "And there is comfort, the best comfort of all, in the touch of your dear hand, the knowledge that you still love and trust me; but I want your voice too. Speak to me, Arthur, tell me that you know I am right to hope, that the darkest hour comes just before the dawn, that our cloud must turn its silver lining soon. Come, Arthur, speak!"

But the sweet clear voice, with its bravely cheerful ring, only intensified Arthur Beaupre's pain. He looked up indeed, and tried to meet the frank gray eyes with some of their own proud trust. But the effort was a vain one, a mist seemed to rise between them, the dear face shown for a moment, transfigured in the pale and cruel glory of martyrdom, then it was blotted from his sight. He turned away, crying with an exceeding bitterness—

"Oh, my love, my darling—that I should have brought you here!"

"You!"—the great gray luminous eyes opened wonderingly.

"Yes—I! You might have lived on in peace in the shelter Vance had given you; the whole world thought you dead."

"And I was dead, and worse than dead," Nora interrupted quickly, the gray eyes darkening and glowing with the passionate sincerity of her words; "and you have given me back my life, my beloved. Shall I not thank you for the gift?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Hanlons, whose amusing performances will be remembered, will appear for three nights at the Grand next week. They will be followed for balance of week by Toronto's popular favorite Denman Thompson in "Joshua Whitcomb."

Among the many stories told to illustrate the canny reserve of—as we are sorry to be obliged to call him—the returning Bishop of Chester, the following is not the least characteristic. A dean, whose theological opinions were a matter of dispute, had been preaching before him in the cathedral, and the sermon was pronounced by some of his hearers to be "rather high," and by others to be "rather low." The Bishop, on being asked for his own judgment, replied, I, thought it was rather long."

Music and the Drama.

The Lablache Concert.

Barring the fact that Sig. Del Puente did not appear as advertised, that selections only from two acts of "Trovatore" were given, not the two acts, as announced, and that Sig. Coriaini as the *Count di Luna* was conspicuous by his absence, the Lablache Concert Saturday last was on the whole a very successful one. The audience present, however, was only fairly sized, but it was fashionable and enthusiastic. The first part of the programme opened with the overture to "Somiramide," admirably rendered by Claxton's Orchestra under the baton of Signor Vinesi. Signor Stagi followed with the inevitable "M'Appari," which we have heard sung better, although the audience demanded and obtained an encore. Signor Stagi possesses a fine robust tenor voice, and appeared to very much better advantage as *Manrico* in the selections from "Trovatore." Mlle Louise Lablache sang the famous "Una Voce Poco Fa." She possesses a fine, round contralto voice, marred, however, by the crudities of youth. She sang carefully, and secured a flattering reception. She failed, however, to score as pronounced a success as was expected. Mme Emily Lablache was, of course, the attraction of the evening, and her appearance was greeted with loud and long-continued applause. Her first number was the great aria "Ah! Mon Fils," from the "Prophet." Her voice is a grand, a noble, contralto, which she uses with rare artistic skill, and which seems to defy the ravages of time. The duet "Mira la Luna" by Mme and Mlle Lablache, which closed the first part of the programme, was one of the most successful numbers, and was rapturously encored. In the selections from "Trovatore"—the "two" acts of the advertisements was misleading—Mme Lablache proved herself an intensely dramatic *Azuena*; Signor Stagi made an excellent *Manrico*, and Mlle Lablache an attractive *Leonora*. In the "Misericordia" scene a slight difference of pitch was noticeable between the organ accompanying the invisible chorus, and the orchestra in front, which had a somewhat unpleasant effect. The company have been induced to give three more performances, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week, the programmes consisting of concert and selections—Thursday, "Trovatore," Friday, "Carmen," Saturday "Mignon." Signor Del Puente, it is announced, will positively appear at these concerts.

It is not often the Grand Opera House holds so large and fashionable an audience as that which witnessed the production by Toronto amateurs of the operetta "Hans and Gretel" in aid of the funds of the Toronto Relief Society. Of the operetta itself we cannot say much. It is crude in construction, and cannot boast of much originality. The music, however, which is a medley made up of popular melodies set to new words, has been selected with care, and is bright and taking. Of the performance itself we may say that it was, of course, amateurish; but the company nevertheless acquitted themselves well, and fully deserved the applause so lavishly bestowed upon them. The honors of the evening were by all odds carried off by Miss Walker (*Gretel*); but Miss Robinson as *Mary*, and Miss Maddison in the dual role of the *Gipsy Queen* and *Tueria the Crane*, were both

excellent, and Miss Gertrude Parsons and Miss Berryman deserve special mention in their small parts. The gentlemen did justice to their parts, although not acquitting themselves so well as the ladies. Specially deserving of mention were Mr. Michio as *Hans*, Mr. Winans as *Fritz*, and Mr. Dunstan as *Jacob*. Nor must we omit to make mention of little Miss Sowden and Master Caldwell, the Gipsy children, who well deserved all the applause they got. The chorus was a large one, and on the whole efficient; and the costuming of the various characters was more than usually good. The whole performance reflected much credit on those who had the management of the affair.

Want of space at the time prevented our noticing the presentation at All Saints School House of John Farmer's oratorio "Christ and His Soldiers" by the combined choirs of All Saints and the Ascension Churches under the direction of Mr. H. G. Collins. Its second presentation at the Ascension School House affords us an opportunity which we avail ourselves of. The soloists were Mrs. Andrews and Miss Croighton, soprano, Miss Paley, alto, Mr. Nelson, tenor, and Messrs. Sparks, Warburton and Kerrison bass, the chorus numbering about 100, together with an orchestra formed of the best amateur talent of the city. The music of the oratorio is melodious and taking, and was done ample justice to, the performance throughout being a most satisfactory one, reflecting much credit on the conductor, Mr. Collins. Mr. T. D. Jesset, and Miss Anderson presided at the organ and piano respectively.

We are glad to know that the Trebelli Concert on the 19th will be an unqualified success. Such a sterling artist does not often visit our city, and it is a good sign when we find our citizens appreciating the opportunity as they should. The subscription list, we understand, is one of the largest ever secured here for any combination. Speaking of her first appearance in New York, the *Morning Journal* says: "To lovers of good singing, nothing has been heard lately in this city more delicious than the singing of Madame Trebelli. Here is the perfect contralto, rich, sympathetic, musical and with a method and phrasing that would set a musician wild with delight. This is a marvellous woman. When she came from Brussels twenty years ago to London her young, fresh voice made an immediate effect on the effete criticism which then prevailed there. Since that time she has held her place against all comers and we must greet her still as perfection."

The dramatic entertainment by Toronto amateurs for a local charity, Friday night last, was highly successful, not only financially. The programme included Chas. Mathew's well-known comedy "Used Up," and Offenbach's charming little operetta "Lechen and Fritschen." As *Sir Chas. Colstream* in the comedy, Mr. Walter Townsend made a genuine success, while Miss Robinson as *Mary* proved highly satisfactory, and the support all round was excellent. In the operetta Miss Robinson and Capt. Geddes were seen to excellent advantage, their songs and duets being deservedly encored.

"Peck's Bad Boy" is bad enough in the original—coarse, vulgar, and irreverent. To place such a piece of mere stupidity on the stage is to degrade the drama, and to lower the tone of the establishment in which it is produced, and we are surprised at Manager Sheppard's want of tact in securing such a very doubtful "attraction." We are glad to be able to state that the attendance has been as slim as the merits—or demerits—of the piece deserved. The company producing the piece was a fairly good one, and are only throwing away what talent they possess by appearing in such a wretched piece of vulgarity.

Callender's Minstrels are at present holding the boards at the Grand. The organization is so popular and well-known here that we need say nothing more of them.

Detroit Schottische.

By A. COUSE.

PIANO.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a dynamic marking of *f*. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

The second system continues the piece. It features a repeat sign in the middle of the upper staff, with the instruction *repeat Pia Sva. f* written below it. The music includes various rhythmic patterns and melodic lines.

The third system continues the piece. It features a repeat sign in the middle of the upper staff, with the instruction *repeat Pia Sva. f* written below it. The music includes various rhythmic patterns and melodic lines.

The fourth system continues the piece. It features a repeat sign in the middle of the upper staff, with the instruction *repeat Pia Sva. f* written below it. The music includes various rhythmic patterns and melodic lines.

The fifth system continues the piece. It features a repeat sign in the middle of the upper staff, with the instruction *repeat Pia Sva. f* written below it. The music includes various rhythmic patterns and melodic lines.

sf sf repeat Pia Sva.

p sf sf sf

sf sf repeat Pia. Sva. f

1. Time. 2. Time. repeat Pia. Sva.

The Great Cheap Cash Store!

AND ONLY ONE PRICE!

EATON'S.

The great store to buy all sorts of fashionable Dress Goods and Fancy Goods. In a word, you can buy at Eaton's from a ball of cotton to a roll of carpet. Ladies, do you want a mantle or cloak? Note prices below:

New style Ottoman Cloth Mantles, ladies' size, \$5, \$6, \$7, up.

Ladies' Spring Tweed Coats, with the new puffs, \$4, \$5, \$6 up, at Eaton's Mantle Department.

Girls' Mantles, with capes, at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 up.

Girls' Spring Dresses, trimmed with blue, cardinal or grey satin, at \$1.75, \$2, \$2.25, \$2.75 up, at Eaton's

Every lady wishing to purchase millinery or mantles, should visit Eaton's before buying elsewhere.

Take the elevator at the west end of the store for millinery and mantle department.

MILLINERY.

Ladies, do you want the latest novelties in trimmed and untrimmed hats and bonnets? If so, visit Eaton's show rooms, 190 to 196 Yonge Street.

GLOVES.

Immense stock of ladies', gents', misses', and children's gloves in all the newest makes and shades. Owing to the rush of business in this department T. Eaton has had to increase his stock and enlarge the department.

Our prices are so reasonable that every lady can be suited.

As Eaton is selling gloves from 10c. to \$2 a pair.

Just note prices below and where you can buy cheap.

Ladies' 2-buttoned colored kid gloves, 35c., worth 75c. a pair.

Ladies' 3-buttoned black and colored, 50c., 65c., worth \$1.

Ladies' 4-buttoned black and colored kid gloves, 75c. a pair.

Ladies' kid gloves in black, dark colors, tans.

Slates, operas, and white, \$1 a pair.

Ladies' 8-buttoned kid gloves, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 a pair.

Ladies' mousquetaire kid gloves in opera, white, tan, slate,

And dark color, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2 a pair up.

Dress Department.

New Spring Dress Goods 5c. per yard worth 10c.

New Spring Dress Goods, stripes, brocades and checks, 7½c. per yard, worth 12½c. per yard.

New Spring Dress Goods in brocades, Checks, Sicilian, &c., Beige and Ottoman Cloths, 12½, 15, 20, 25, 35c. per yd. Special valuc.

Silk Department.

New Summer Silks, 47½c. per yard. New Check Washing Silks, 35c. per yard, 20 inches wide.

Black Gros Grain Silk, 21 inches wide, 75c. per yard, worth \$1.

Black Brocade Silks, 75c. per yard, 22 inches wide, warranted pure.

Ladies, go to Eaton's for your Dress Goods, where you can have plenty of light to see what you are buying. Eaton's buys no Bankrupt Stock and therefore he does not need dark premises nor gas light.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

Linens.

Unbleached table linen 18 and 20c. up. Irish damask table linen, 54 inch., 37½c. Irish damask (special line) 58 inch. 40, 45 and 50c.

Irish damask linen (cream), 50c., 60c., up.

Bleached tabling, 25 and 30c.

Bleached Irish damask table linen. Super-double damask, 90c., \$1, \$1.25. Cardinal and white tabling, 45c., 50c., up.

5-8 linen napkins, 75c. \$1, up.

6-8 linen napkins, \$1.75, \$2 up.

Huck linen towels, 25c. pr. up.

Damask linen towels, 40c. pr. up.

Linen towelling, 9, 10, 12½c. up.

Dark dish towelling, 7½, 9, 10c., up.

Glass cloths, 10, 11, 12½c., etc.

Brown Hollands, 10, 12½c., up.

Brown Holland, (special line) 10c., up.

Feather Ticking, 10, 12½, 15c., up.

Fine linen remnant's, 478 yards in 1, 2, 3, and 4 yard lengths, half price.

Lace tidies, fancy tidies, Japanese mats, toilet sets, etc., in great variety, cheap.

Remnants table linen, towelling, glass cloths, etc.; very tempting.

Turkish and honeycomb towelling for children's dresses.

Great value in above department in all lines of housekeeping goods. Letter orders promptly attended to.

The Bite of a Mad Dog Not Always Fatal.

The bite of a mad dog, it would appear, is not so fatal as is generally supposed. A report upon the subject for the Department of the Seine, issued by the Paris Prefecture of Police for the past three years, shows that of 126 persons bitten by rabid dogs in 1881 eighty died; in 1882 nine out of sixty-seven bitten died; and in 1883 five only out of forty-five. With regard to the treatment of the bite of a rabid animal, the experience of the French doctors shows that the only remedy which can be depended upon to destroy the virus is the prompt application to the wound of cautery by red-hot iron. Twenty persons died of hydrophobia in the Department of the Seine in 1881, nine in 1882, and four in 1883, as far as the official returns show. The decreasing number of deaths from this cause is attributed to the stricter measures adopted with regard to ownerless dogs. During the three years mentioned 11,564 stray dogs were captured in Paris and the department, and destroyed.—St. James' Gazette.

Wet weather will influenza a man when nothing else will.

The man who is charged with rheumatism desires to be ached-quitted.



TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO.

Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES And Spring Rollers for Dwellings, Etc., No. 417 Queen St., West, Toronto, Ont.

CORNS! CORNS!
For painless extraction of corns, use Gerrie's Corn Solvent. Price 25 cents. Sole agents G. B. SMITH & CO., 336 Yonge St., Toronto.

RODGER, MACLAY & CO.'S
"Lily White" Floating Soap,
"English Mottled,"
"Perfection,"
"Palace," and
"Queen's Own"



For Purity, Durability, and Price stand Unrivaled. Ask your Grocer for them and take no other. One trial will suffice to prove the economy of using a pure article.

RODGER, MACLAY & CO.,
Canada Soap and Oil Works Toronto

"HEADQUARTERS"

TORONTO SHOE CO.,
COR. KING AND JARVIS.

148
THE OLD FAVORITE RESORT.
144, 146,
TORONTO,

THE NEW LADIES' PARLOR.

IMMENSE STOCK AT
Cash Prices Only.

SQUARE DEALING
Orders by Letter have our Best Attention.

INVALUABLE TO EVERY LADY

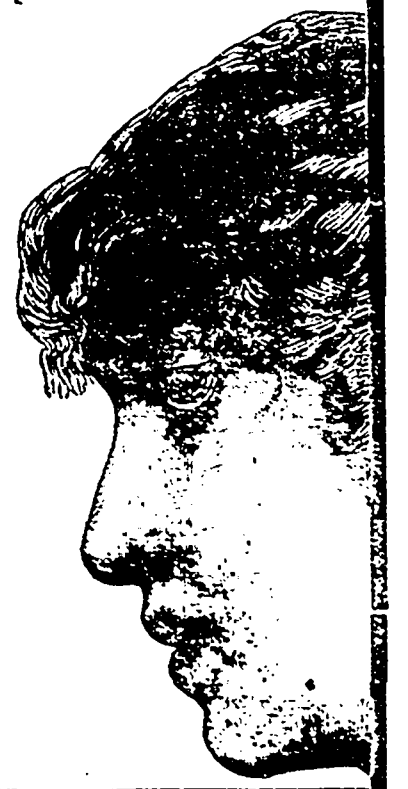
"MAY DEW,"

The Great French Lotion for Beautifying the Face.

It conceals the evidence of age. One application will make the most stubborn red and rough hand beautifully soft and white. Remember that "MAY DEW" is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and that is injurious to the skin, but a new and great discovery, a vegetable liquid that causes the cheek to glow with health, the neck, arms and hands to rival the Lily in whiteness. Im possible to detect in the beauty it confers any artificial character. It cures Greasy Skin, Freckles, Wrinkles, Pimples, Black Heads, Crown's Eak, Blotches, Face, Greasy Sun Burn, Tan, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Sore or Chapped Lips, Barber's Itch, Tetter, etc. It frees the pores, if glands and tubes from the injurious effects of a warm and cosmetic washes. By its use all roughness disappears, the skin is beautified, the complexion softens, producing a perfectly healthy, natural and youthful appearance. The best face lotion that the world ever produced. We will send a large bottle to any address on receipt of price—one dollar. When ordering mention this paper.

Address all letters to
THE MAY DEW AGENCY,
17 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, ONT.

217 Patrons and Reception Rooms for Ladies. (COPYRIGHTED)



T. EATON & CO., 190 to 196 Yonge Street

American Fables.

A Farmer, whose freshly-planted Corn Field was being Greatly Damaged by Crows went to the Squirrels for Advice, and to his great Joy the Squirrels Agreed to take Charge of the Field. In the course of a week, However, the Farmer, made an Inspection of the Field and cried out:

"Lol but what the Crows left me you Squirrels have taken!"

"Foolish man!" replied the Leader of the Squirrels, "how could you Expect that between Buying off our Friends and Providing for our Wants, that anything would be left for you!"

MORAL:

The man who Appeals from the Robber to the Lawyer, might as Well sign a Bill of Sale in Advance.

A REAL GOOD MAN.

A Murderer who was about to be executed for his crime suddenly raised serious objections and Demanded a Postponement.

"But do you not see that a large crowd has Assembled to witness the Performance?" protested the Hangman. "It is a bad man Indeed who will not Consent to a sacrifice to please the Many."

"Oh, well," replied the murderer, "if you put it on that ground you can go Ahead with your Panorama. While I kick Against being Hung for Murder, I Submit to be Strangled to Accommodate a crowd which has gathered to see some Fun."

MORAL:

No matter what the grounds, so long as those Fellows are made to Pull Hemp.

HORSE-TALK.

A Horse who was led out of the Barn for the Inspection of a Person who wished to Purchase was Amazed to hear his Master remark that Such Another Horse was not to be found in all the country. He was Speedy, Gentle, Intelligent, Strong, Young and an Easy Keeper. The Sale was not Effected, However, and as soon as the Animal was returned to his Stall the Master began to Pound him with a club.

"If I am such a Valuable and Perfect Animal as you Represented just now, why do you Maltreat me?" asked the Horse.

"Idiot! If I were Inspecting you I could have Pointed out a Hundred Faults! Take that for being so Simple!"

MORAL:

In a horse trade always make an Allowance of seventy-five per cent. for Taffy.

Scottish Scenery.

Prof. Archibald Geikie, of the University of Edinburgh, thus popularly and precisely describes what originated the grand scenery of the north of Scotland. The Scottish Highlands must be looked upon as the relics of an ancient tableland cut out of highly crumbled and plicated schists. Among the Grampians large fragments of the plateau exist at heights of more than 3,000 feet, forming wide undulating plains terminating here and there at the edge of precipices. In the Western Highlands, the erosion being more profound, the ridges are narrower, the valleys deeper, and isolated peaks are more numerous. It is the fate of the tableland to be eventually cut down by the running water into a system of valleys which are widened and deepened until the blocks of ground between are sharpened into ridges and trenched with separate prominences. The Highlands present us with far advanced stages of this process. In the youngest of British tablelands—that of the volcanic region of Antrim and the Inner Hebrides—we meet with some of the earliest parts of the change. The interesting tract reveals a succession of basaltic sheets which appear to have spread over the wide valley between the Outer Hebrides and the mainland, and to have reached southward beyond Lough Neagh. Its original condition must have been like that of the lava fields of Idaho and Oregon—a sea-like expanse of black basalt stretching up to the base of the mountains. What may have been the total thickness of basalt can not be told; but the fragment contained in Ben More, Mull, is more than 3,000 feet thick. So fast as been the erosion since older tertiary time that the volcanic plateau has been trenched in every direction by deep glens and arms of the sea, and has been reduced to detached islands. It is strange to reflect that all this revolution in topography has been effected since the soft clays and sands of the London Basin were deposited.



2976 Ladies' Basque. 8 Sizes. 30 to 46 in. Bust Measure. Price, 25 cents. 2987 Ladies' Trimmed Skirt. 6 Sizes. 20 to 30 inches, Waist Meas. Price, 30 cents. 2981 Ladies' Suit. 9 Sizes. 30 to 46 inches, Bust Meas. Price, 25 cents.

Our Engravings.

The designs and illustrations of this department are furnished by the celebrated New York Domestic Fashion Co., and are supplied by Mr. J. M. Night, the manager at Toronto. Any pattern will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of published price. Address S. Frank Wilson, Truth Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide St., West, or 120 Bay St., Toronto.

At a Mormon Dance.

I have attended parties of both sects. The Mormon party was chiefly distinguishable for the abundance of its pretty girls, and the rather large proportion of elderly and gray-headed escorts; while the scarcity of middle-aged women and the small proportion of young men seemed conspicuous.

The appearance of a blooming little Mormon beauty, scarcely into her teens, whirling through a passionate waltz in the close embrace of a fiery-eyed old grandfather, in whom the fires had no right to lurk, struck me as singularly unpoetical. A friend has likened it to the appearance of a snow-storm on a sunny July day. It is one of the famous "beauties of polygamy," this blending of winter and summer.

The girls have grown accustomed to it and generally accept their aged partners gracefully. The old fellows themselves seem never to grow rusty. They fall as maudlinly in love at 80 as they did at 18 and their watery eyes gloat over the soft complexions of their fair companions with all the appreciation of a connoisseur in

the art of "mashing," and their exalted position in the ranks of faithful serves oftentimes to make them dangerous rivals of any youthful Adonis who may venture to enter the lists against them. At the gentile party which I attended, a masquerade, I was much amused at the character assumed by one of the male maskers, aided by a half-dozen feminine companions. He impersonated an old rustic Mormon and the girls figured as his six wives of six different degrees of age, from 13 up to 50, and of six different styles of beauty—a blue-eyed school-girl, an uncouth Gorman peasant clad, a sparkling brunette of petite form, a buxom Scottish Highland lassie, a strong-minded, strong-featured, vinegary-browed dame of 40 and a gray-haired matron.—Utah Correspondence.

O no, you don't, "laugh and grow fat." That idea is all wrong. The sentence should be reversed. You grow fat and laugh. When you fat up you have something to laugh at. And other people have something to laugh at. Especially when you try to button your shoes in a railway car.

Health Department.

Corpulence.

Whatever we have written in reference to the means to be employed for reducing obesity, has always contained a caution against carrying our remedies to extremes. The golden rule of "moderation in all things," applied with especial force to this subject, since errors in the method of accomplishing the desired result may involve the sacrifice of the patient. A strict adherence to the rules published by "Banting" are certain to reduce corpulence, and at the same time to impair, it not destroy the health. It requires a wonderful amount of patience to remain contented while watching the slow processes of mild, but safe remedies for the cure of obesity; knowing that there is a shorter, even if more dangerous path that might be pursued. But if the sufferer from corpulence is not satisfied with slow results, he had better not attempt the treatment.

Deprived of all technical terms and obscure theories; a superabundance of fat is produced by eating more than is required for the legitimate wants of the system, and particularly of sugar, and starchy substances, as potatoes and wheat bread. It has been proved—contrary to the general belief on this subject—that eating fat in moderation does not produce fat. Prof. Ebstein, of Goettingen, Germany, has given this subject a thorough and scientific investigation; and he claims that the treatment of corpulence by regulating the diet, hardly involves any great self-denial on the part of the patient.

He allows a rather attractive bill of fare, with a variety of dishes, but positively and forever excludes potatoes and limits the quantity of bread. For breakfast he allows one cup of black tea without milk or sugar; about two ounces of white or brown bread and plenty of butter. Dinner—Soup (with bone marrow occasionally), five to six ounces of meat, boiled or stewed, with fat gravy; especially fat meat, plenty of vegetables, cabbage, and most of all, legumes (peas and beans.) Beets, carrots and turnips are, on account of the sugar they contain, almost totally excluded—potatoes entirely. After dinner, a little fresh fruit, but without sugar. Supper—Tea without sugar or milk, one egg or a little fat meat, or both; or some ham, with its fat, sausage, smoked or fresh fish, two ounces of white bread with plenty of butter, and occasionally a little cheese and a little fresh fruit.

A persistence in this plan for a few months, we are assured, will reduce corpulence; but there must be no going back to old habits, or the trouble will return. This bill of fare or a similar one must be maintained during life.—*Journal of Health.*

Entire Wheat Flour.

There has never until recently been known any possible means or way to make all of the wheat fine; hence the millers have given us nothing but the "beautiful white flour" from which the best or nutritious part of the wheat is eliminated, or the so-called "Graham" flour—a name, title or brand which causes a multitude of sins. Most of the "Graham" flour sold in this country is nothing but a mixture of the lowest grades of white flour with bran. No physician who is posted on cereal foods, and knows the merits of the entire wheat flour, will advise any one to eat "Graham" flour. While every physician in this country and England who has seen and knows what it is, uses and recommends the entire wheat flour, which fact is explained by a short statement of the way it is made, viz:

The wheat is first cleaned in the usual way, then it goes to a machine which which takes off the skin or husk; then it is reduced, not ground, by the regular roller process (except puri-

fiers), then after the separation by bolting of the bran from the white flour, the bran is reduced by special machinery, then by a system of spouting, the bran and white flour are brought together and mixed in exactly the same proportion that existed in the berry.

This flour is not only much more nutritious than any other, but will assimilate with the weakest stomach, because it is fine and contains all the gluten and phosphates that are in wheat; which can be said of no other flour in the world. It is cheaper than any other, because it makes so much more bread—which is explained by the theory of porosity, which theory is demonstrated by the fact known to every baker or bread-maker, that a good Minnesota patent flour will make twenty-five per cent more bread than the best grade of Graham flour or wheat meal; and the entire wheat flour makes twenty to thirty per cent more bread than the best Minnesota patent flour. The roller process, which makes the best and highest priced white flour in the world, was a great and glorious advance toward the right kind of flour for the people; but now we have a still greater advance in the art of milling which gives the people the wheat as it grows, or a fine flour of the entire wheat except the skin which is not a food, and which, alone, cattle will not eat. The long-continued use of flour usually sold as Graham flour, is positively dangerous to the health. Dyspepsia is always made worse by its use. A large proportion of the bran found in such flour is mixed with the silicate coating of wheat, and it cuts the lining of the stomach like pieces of glass. Entire wheat flour is quite another thing.

Flowers in the Sick Room.

The "Superstition," as he called it, that plants are not healthful in sleeping or sick rooms, was vigorously attacked by Dr. S. M. Andrews recently in a lecture before the social meeting of the alumni of the College of Pharmacy, Philadelphia. The deleterious matter that they gave out, the doctor declared, is too small to have any appreciable effect, while their positive value in the sick room is great. They fulfil two functions—that of the generation of ozone and exhalation of vapor, by which the atmosphere of the room is kept in a healthful condition of humidity. Tests made by the doctor at Christ Hospital, showed, that in two rooms, alike in all respects, except that one contained some flowers and the other none, that containing the flowers was cooler, by 1½ degrees than the other room.

The ozone which is generated by budding and flowering plants the doctor had found to have great sanitary value, in that it purified the air, ridding it of disease-breeding germs and of the vapors of decomposition. For consumption, ozone is of great benefit, arresting the course of the malady; and by living among flowers constantly, consumptives have been known to reach an advanced age. Of thirty florists whom the doctor visited, he found none who had consumptives, though among the families of several it was hereditary. Foliage plants, the doctor found produced no ozone, and, as far as he had experimented, he had found no difference between odoriferous and non-odoriferous plants. More experiments were urgently advocated to determine more definitely the value of this new remedy for consumption.

Pine Extract For Bathing.

It has long been recognized that the atmosphere of pine forests has an invigorating and beneficial effect upon people with weak constitutions and suffering from pulmonary disorders. At some of the watering places of Germany the very simple prescription of the physician is that the patient should spend several hours a day walking or riding through the pine wood. This simple treatment is sometimes supplemented by partaking of pine baths, and in the case of kidney

diseases and for delicate children this is claimed to be highly beneficial. The bath is prepared by simply pouring into the water about half a tumblerful of an extract made from the fresh needles of the pine. The extract is dark in color and closely resembles molasses in consistency, and when poured into the bath gives the water a muddy appearance with a slight foam on the surface. The repugnance one feels to enter into such a muddy looking fluid is dispelled as soon as the delightful aroma which arises from the bath is inhaled. Although there may be some doubt whether pine baths act upon the system in any other wise than as a tonic, still as an adjunct to the daily bath, infusion of the pine extract induces a most agreeable sensation. It gives the skin a deliciously soft and silky feeling, and the effect upon the nerves is quieting. It is a matter of some surprise to us that the business of manufacturing and bottling the extract for private use and public bathing establishments has not been tried in this country, where pine forests abound so extensively. The extract when properly bottled and securely corked will not deteriorate for a long time, and the cost for gathering the pine needles, and extracting their tarry substance would not be very great, while the demand for it would likely increase to large proportions when the public became accustomed to its use.—*Scientific American.*

Nurse Lore.

No mother would ever drink one glass of alcoholic beverage while nursing, if she knew that the result would inevitably be to a greater or less extent—according to quantity—to impair both the physical and mental development of the child she is carrying or nursing. And beer is about the most injurious of all drinks. To say nothing of the danger of the mother imbibing a craving that will curse all her offspring, what kind of brain, bone and muscle will a child have formed of beer and alcohol? If the mother requires liquid nourishment to enable her to provide food for her babe, is not cow's milk cheaper and more nourishing to both mother and child? It is but a few years since dairymen in New York city were indicted for selling "swill milk," the cows having been fed upon brewers' slops. Is it any worse for the child than when the mother's milk is made of swill?

The natural instinct is so strong in woman, that while drowning, she frantically cries, "Save, oh, save my child!" Would such a mother, where she not ignorant, commit so great a crime as to impair the mental and physical development of the child whose life to save she would sacrifice her own?

HEALTH NOTES.

Nine-tenths of the inmates of insane asylums who recover, are those who were sent within a year of the first manifestation of their infirmity.

The best anodyne in all nature, is moderate, steady and continuous exercise in the open air.

It is hard enough to make an honest living in this world, with good health, but to have to work for daily bread in sickness and suffering, is very much like climbing a perpendicular ice bank in frosty weather.

The worst cold may be promptly cured, if, within twenty-four hours after it has been taken, the patient will keep warm in bed, and eat little or nothing for a day or two.

More than one-fourth of all the inmates of insane asylums are from the families of farmers and merchants, from the former, because the wives are overworked, and the husbands lack mental culture and variety of occupation, having little to stimulate to mental activities, and a scant knowledge of the laws of health. From the latter in consequence of the reverses of mercantile life. Merchants' families, all over the United States, are among the higher classes, and when they

become bankrupt, the mind falls in the attempt to grapple with the difficulties and mortifications of their changed condition, and being without the means to start again in business, and without a trade to compel a support, they soon fall into despondency and discouragement, and the mind topples over.

Never sit with the back to a window or door, even if closed, for the air coming in at crack and crevice, will certainly give a cold.

It is not healthy in any country, at any season of the year, or at any time of life, to get up early, habitually: the old are better rested by lying late, even if not asleep, while the young require all the sleep they can get. In all latitudes, in warm weather, the morning air, although feeling cool and fresh, is laden with pestiferous miasma. In winter the atmosphere before breakfast, is so cold and chilly and searching, that it fairly shrivels up man and beast, chilling to the very marrow-bones sometimes, hence the average duration of human life would be increased, and the amount of sickness largely diminished, by late, rather than early rising, as all the older nations full well know and practice.

In going out into a colder air, keep the mouth resolutely closed, and walk briskly for a few moments, thus preventing chilliness which is always the precursor of a cold.

As between husband and wife, that is the nobler spirit which, in difference of opinion, most readily and immediately yields the privilege of the last word to either party.

The portion of the body which most requires protection against cold and wind, is that between the shoulder-blades behind, as it is at this point the lungs are attached to the body and the blood is easily chilled.

To spend two or three moments on rising and retiring, in rapid frictions of the whole surface of the body with the hand, is a more rational treatment of the skin, and a more health promoting operation for most persons, than a daily cold water bath.

A good cleansing of the entire body with soap and warm water once a week, is all the bathing the human system requires for purposes of health in ordinary circumstances.

No rational mind can fail to see that it is a wisdom and a duty to guard against the causes, and watch vigilantly against the indications of such diseases as dyspepsia, which often so influences the mind, as to subvert the whole character, making a wreck of happiness, heart and life together.

A generous nature never hurts the feelings intentionally.

To remind of a favor is not kind; to speak of it offensively, more than cancels obligation.

To leave the best for others is generous, to select the best for oneself is the meanest of all traits.

"I'm afraid, Bridget that we shall not be able to live together any longer." "An' sure, mam, where is it you be goin'?"

What could be more cordial, and at the same time freer from offensive personal taint than the wedding wish of a Louisiana editor: "May they prove as good to each other as the cake and wine proved to us."

"Are you having much practice now?" asked an old judge of a young lawyer. "Yes, sir; a great deal thank you." "Ah, I'm glad to hear it. In what line is your practice particularly?" "Well, sir, particularly in economy."

As argument in the presence of third persons quickly degenerates into the ignoble ambition of victory, rather than conviction or instruction, and is unprofitable, so is reproof, except when the two are alone; else the admonition is received with impatience, indignation or rovenge.

Current Events.

Canadian.

Recently there were five vacancies in connection with the Ottawa police force, and over one hundred made application for them.

Edward Jaggard, at Hamilton, has been taught a salutary lesson that he will not soon forget, to the effect that "honesty is the best policy." He bought a paper of a newsboy and gave him a counterfeit 50 cents to change, getting 48 cents back. He got two months in jail in the bargain.

A man named Wm. Henry, a dealer in old iron and rags, and his teamster, George Scott, have been arrested by the police charged with breaking into the office and destroying the type in the Stratford Times office. The case has been very cleverly worked up by the detectives, and it is expected further arrests will be made.

A drowning accident occurred at Jerome recently. A young man named Belanger, in company with his sister 18 years old, went for a short row on the North river, and venturing down stream too far, were caught in the current and hurled over the dam. The young man was never seen to rise, but his sister escaped with a few bruises. She floated through the narrow channel which was filled with rocks, and was rescued in an exhausted condition.

Luke Phipps, the condemned murderer in Sandwich jail, has abandoned all hope of escaping the gallows, and now is only anxious that the fatal day shall come. He said to one of the jail attendants a few days ago that he thought Justice Burton might have fixed the day of execution a little earlier, so that he would be out of suspense as soon as possible. His lawyer wrote to Washington entreating the Secretary of State to ask the Dominion Government for a commutation of sentence from hanging to imprisonment for life. No answer has been received, and it is said that the case is "not one that calls for interference."

One night recently, Mr. Brinsmead, of the Brinsmead Hotel, Westminster side of Clark's bridge London, was awakened by his wife, who told him there was somebody trying to force his way into the house. Mr. B. attributed the noise at the time to the high wind, and seeing that the rear portion of the house was under repairs at the time, felt confident that the wind had been blowing some of the lumber about. However, soon after the noise was repeated, and this time steps were heard on the side verandah of the house. It was now about 3.30 a.m., and Mr. B. got up, and laying hold of his revolver, approached the door. Upon opening the same, he saw a man attempting to retreat by the gate, and called on him to halt. He not doing so, Mr. Brinsmead fired, and the bullet whistling uncomfortably in the neighborhood of the man's ear, he instantly threw up his arms, exclaiming, "For God's sake stop that! It's me!" Brinsmead then stepped out and collared the man, who turned out to be a neighbor, who had been drinking pretty freely the previous night, and who had been sleeping off the effects in the summer house back of the hotel, he evidently not wishing to go home in the state he was. Mr. B., after giving him a sound rating as to the risk he underwent in prowling around people's premises at unheard of hours, saw the man safe home, telling him at the same time that he had a close call for it.

United States.

The decrease of the national debt of the United States during April was about five millions and a quarter dollars.

At the California State Republican convention held for the purpose of nominating delegates to the coming National Convention at Chicago, resolutions were adopted in favor of a protective tariff,

and for making the Act for the exclusion of the Chinese perpetual.

Louise B. Klanowski, of Detroit has recovered a verdict of \$8,000 against the Grand Trunk Railway. Her husband was run over and killed by a train, and she was left destitute with four small boys to take care of.

At a meeting of the Academy of Science in St. Louis a few days ago, there was exhibited a specimen of natural coke taken from a mine of lignitic coal in Utah. The coke had been made, it was stated, by volcanic action, two volumes of volcanic rock having passed directly through the mine.

There does not appear to be nearly the same outcry in the United States in regard to the Japanese as the Chinese. They are not nearly as numerous and of higher moral status. An American paper states that there are about a thousand Japs. in the country and not one of them has ever been convicted for any criminal offence.

While Mr. Stephen Wilson and wife, of Burford, were on their way to church last Sunday night the former placed the pipe which he had been smoking in his overcoat pocket. Unnoticed by himself a little conflagration started that burned through his two coats and vest and his boiled shirt. In putting out the fire Mrs. Wilson's shawl was also spoiled.

A terrible calamity occurred near Hartford, Michigan, on the 1st inst. The Vanburen county poor house, containing at the time forty-five inmates, was burned, and fifteen perished in the fire. The bodies were nearly all burned beyond recognition. The building stood in an isolated country place and had no fire escapes or appliance for fire extinguishment.

The Senate at Washington has just passed the much discussed national education appropriations bill. According to its provisions seventy-seven million dollars are to be distributed among the various States for school aid purposes, in proportion to illiteracy, on the basis of the last census. The payment of the money is to be extended over eight years. The hope is to aid in giving educational facilities to the poorer people of the poorest States, especially those of the South.

At Buffalo, N. Y., several wealthy and enterprising citizens are planning for an International, Industrial, and Agricultural Exhibition. The enterprise contemplates the formation of a stock company for the purpose of having annually a fair or exhibition of from one to two week's duration, the same to be held on the grounds of the Driving Park Association, if an arrangement can be made with the managers. Buffalo, it is claimed by the projectors of the scheme, possesses peculiar advantages, for an industrial, mechanical, and agricultural show similar to those held at St. Louis, Toronto, Chicago, and other cities.

Great Britain.

Inverness is the largest county in Scotland, having an area of 4,255 square miles. Rosshire is rated next with 3,445 square miles, and Perthshire 2,601.

In Great Britain, it is said, that of the four million tons of potatoes consumed each year, less than quarter of a million tons are imported. The balance is produced on 541,000 acres of land at home.

In England it is feared that the fruit crop will be a failure this year. There were biting frosts during the first few nights of this month, and complaints are made of a general blight in the southern counties.

The recent earthquake in the eastern counties in England was the most severe of any experienced in years. It was also severely felt in London, and caused great consternation in the city. In Colchester the commotion was so great as to cause

a church spire 150 feet in height to fall with a terrible crash, and other lofty structures were much injured. It is more than twenty years since there was any similar commotion in the country before.

A new disease has broken out among horses in Liverpool, baffling the skill of the most eminent veterinary doctors available. One large business man is reported to have lost in consequence of the disease, horses to the value of over five thousand dollars.

The irrepresable Mrs. Weldon is again prominently before the public, and this time in a role that scandalizes her aristocratic friends far more than her persistent litigation. She is singing nightly in the leading music halls of London, such as the Canterbury, Oxford, Weston's Royal Music Hall and the South London Palace. She has not yet descended to the level of tight and song-and-dance business, but her costumes are sufficiently décolleté to give a startling surprise outside of a queen's drawing room and her "set" in society is horrified.

General.

A new commercial treaty of importance has been effected between England and Corea, and Sir Henry Parker, the British Minister to China, has been sent to Corea to ratify it.

At the recent Cambridge University examination no less than three thousand bright English girls were competitors and the fortunate winner of the highest honors was Miss Beatrice Parsons of London.

Wooden pavement is to be introduced very generally in Paris. A great part of the Boulevard is to be taken up for that purpose, and several other important and popular streets are to be similarly transmogrified.

In Japan a new conscription law has been passed requiring three years military service of all male citizens between the age of eighteen and forty years. The Japanese army is now said to be one hundred thousand strong.

In Sweden any elector guilty of being three times drunk is said to be legally deprived of the right of suffrage. If such a law was enacted in Canada there would be a decrease in the number of drunkards or the number of voters. Probably of both.

A serious calamity recently occurred in Vienna, Germany. During a circus performance the roof of the building fell in, and a great panic ensued among the audience in consequence. Five persons were killed outright, and over a hundred others were badly injured.

A terrible explosion occurred in Havana, Cuba, on the 29th ult. The effects were terrible. The next day the dead numbered 21, and the wounded 79. There was a detachment of soldiers in the magazine at the time of the explosion many of whom were seriously injured.

The Roman Catholics in New South Wales are demanding that the children attending their schools should have free passes on the railway like the children attending the public schools; but a resolution to concede the point has been rejected in the Legislative Assembly by thirty-two to sixteen.

The site of the historic Black Hole of Calcutta, where so many found their death years ago, has long been a matter of doubt. It is claimed that it has been recently discovered, and the excavation filled up and decently paved over. A handsome tablet of white marble, on which is inscribed a suitable inscription is to be placed near the spot.

Seal skins, adding so much to the grace and comfort of women's dress during the winter, appear to be cheap enough at the beginning. They mostly come from Alaska, and are bought from the native catchers by the fur dealers at forty or fifty cents each. These dealers, who

compose a large company, and practically monopolize the trade, often get \$20 or more for them in the London fur market, and a number of additions more are made before they reach the wearer. The American government exacts a tribute of \$2.00 per skin on all these.

Religious.

Recently a Wesleyan Revival Mission was held in Shelleld, England and over 900 names were taken. The number professing conversion was 208, besides a number of children.

Revival services have been held in nearly all the Methodist churches in Toronto during the past few months. A very successful one has just closed in Sherbourn Street Church, conducted by Rev. S. J. Hunter. There were over one hundred conversions.

The South Australian Methodists report the largest increase of members last year that have been ever recorded in that country. The returns of membership show an increase of 1,826 full members and 558 on trial for membership. About 3,000 additional persons have been gathered into the church during the last year.

Last week the Centennial General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States commenced in Philadelphia. There are at present delegates from about one hundred Conferences, representing all parts of the United States. There are now 10 bishops, 25,839 ministers, 34,714 local preachers, and 3,993,624 members of this denomination in the Republic. It has 31,337 church edifices, with 5,528,269 sittings representing a valuation of \$59,854,121. It was organized in 1784, when Dr. Coko called a convention of the sixty preachers then in the country. They assembled in Baltimore on the 24th of December of that year.

A Sweet Old Legend.

BY MAY HILEY SMITH.

Bring that low foot-stool from the corner, Ted;
Mary and Jack, you can not crowd too near;
While baby lies with curl her pretty head
Against my heart that holds you all so dear.

Now for the legend, Once, long years ago,
When in our world the bliss of Lord was seen,
He walked one evening, tired, sad and low,
With His disciple through the meadow green.

Why was He sad? Dear child, I can not say
What burdens pressed upon His heart divine—
Perhaps none had believed on Him that day;
Perhaps He thought upon your sins and mine.

Along the way the sweet field lilies grew
In white apparel, finer than a king's;
Above His head a twittering sparrow flew—
(He drew His sermons from the simple thing).

Now as they journeyed, so the wife once said,
Upon the path a poor dead dog they spied,
One spurned him ugly with his foot away,
And "What an ugly beast!" another cried.

But in their Master's eyes compassion shone;
He stooped and touched the creature's shaggy
head.
"At least, my dear disciples, you will own
His teeth are white as any pearl," He said.

Then they passed on, Dears, is it strange to you
That mothers with their babes around Him
pressed?
That Peter learned to love good and true,
And John leaned close upon His loving breast?

Oh I would that I, with hair fast turning gray,
And you, my darlings, leaning on my knee,
Could always think some gentle word to say,
And in each life some pearl of goodness see!

Now run to bed, And as you close your eyes,
With God's fair stars like soft eyes watching
you,
Make good resolve, and on the morrow rise
And bravely work to make them all come true.

SPRING AND SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

Our assortment of Gentlemen's Underwear, Drawers and Hose in Cashmere, Fine Lambs Wool, Merino and Merino Knit, Brown Cotton, Gaiter and Socks is very large and well assorted this season, and the value is particularly good.
Boys' Jersey Suits and Boys' Underwear in great variety.
Sporting Suits, Bathing Suits, Belts, Hosiery and Hosiery in endless variety.

PRICES LOW.

GEO. ROGERS,
346 YONGE ST., COR. ELM

TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

BY T. W. PEIGHT.

CHAPTER VIII.

Presently the nurse came and carried off Miss Lucy and her doll. Lady Dimsdale rose and joined Mrs. Bowood.

A minute later, a servant came and presented the captain with a card. The latter put on his spectacles, and read what was written on the card aloud: "Mr. Garwood Brooker, Theatre Royal, Ryde." Don't know him. Never heard of the man before," said the Captain emphatically.

"The gentleman is waiting in the library, sir," said the servant. "Says he wants to see you on very particular business."

"Humph! Too hot for business of any kind. Too many lies about. Must see him through, I suppose."

The servant retired; and presently the Captain followed him into the house. Mrs. Bowood and Lady Dimsdale lingered for a few minutes, and then they too went indoors.

As Captain Bowood entered the library, Mr. Brooker rose and made him a profound bow. He was a stoutly-built man, between fifty and sixty years of age. He wore shoes; gray trousers, very baggy at the knees; a tightly buttoned frock-coat, with a velvet collar; and an old-fashioned black satin stock, the ends of which hid whatever portion of his linen might otherwise have been exposed to view. A jet black wig covered his head, the long tangled ends of which floated mazy over his velvet collar behind. His closely shaven face was blue-black round the mouth and chin, where the razor had passed over its surface day after day for forty years. The rest of his face looked yellow and wrinkled, the continual use of pigments for stage purposes having long ago spoiled whatever natural freshness it might once have possessed. Mr. Brooker had a bold aquiline nose and bushy brows, and at one time had been accounted an eminently handsome man, especially when viewed from before the footlights; but his waist had disappeared years ago, and there was a general air about him of running to seed. When Mr. Brooker chose to put on his dignified air, he was very dignified. Finally, it may be said that every one in "the profession" who knew "old Brooker," liked and esteemed him, and that at least he was a thorough gentleman.

Having made his bow, Mr. Brooker advanced one foot a little, buried one hand in the breast of his frock-coat, and let the other rest gracefully on his hip. It was one of his favorite stage attitudes.

"Mr. Brooker!" said the Captain interrogatively, as he came forward with the other's card in his hand.

"At your service, Captain Bowood." The voice was deep, almost sepulchral in its tones, it was the voice of Hamlet in his gloomiest moments.

"Pray, be seated," said the Captain in his offhand way as he took a chair himself.

Mr. Brooker slowly deposited himself upon another chair. He would have preferred saying what he had to say standing as giving more scope for graceful and appropriate gestures; but he gave way to circumstances. He cleared his voice, and then he said: "I am here, sir, this morning as an ambassador on the part of your nephew, Mr. Charles Warden."

"Don't know any such person," said the Captain shortly.

"Pardon me—I ought to have said your nephew, Mr. Charles Summers."

"Then it's a pity that you did not come on a better errand. I want nothing to do with the young vagabond in any way. He and I are strangers. Eh, now?"

"He is a very clever and talented young gentleman; and let me tell you, sir, that you ought to be very proud of him."

"Proud of my nephew, who is an actor!—an actor! Pooh!" The Captain spoke with a considerable degree of contempt.

"I am an actor, sir," was Mr. Brooker's withering reply, in his most sepulchral tones.

The Captain turned red, coughed, and fidgeted. "Nothing personal, sir—nothing personal," he spluttered. "I only spoke in general terms."

"You spoke in depreciating terms, sir, respecting something about which you evidently know little or nothing."

The Captain winced. He was not in the habit of being lectured, and the sensation was not a pleasant one, but he felt the justice of the reproof.

"Ah, sir, the actor's profession is one of the noblest in the world," resumed Mr. Brooker, changing from his Hamlet to his Mercutio voice; "and your nephew bids fair to become one of the shining ornaments in it. I know of few young men who have progressed so rapidly in so short a time, and the press notices he has had are something remarkable. Here are a few of them, sir, only a few of them, which I have brought together. Oblige me by casting your eye over them, sir, and then tell me what you think." Speaking thus, Mr. Brooker produced from his pocket-book three or four sheets of paper, on which had been gummed sundry cuttings from different newspapers and handed them to the Captain.

That gentleman having put on his glasses, read the extracts through deliberately and carefully. "Bless my heart! this is most extraordinary!" he remarked when he had done. "And do all these fine words refer to that graceless young scamp of a nephew of mine?"

"Every one of them, sir; and he deserves all that's said of him."

Like many other people, Captain Bowood had a great respect for anything that he saw in print, more especially for any opinion enunciated by the particular daily organ whose political views happened to coincide with his own, and by whose leading articles he was, metaphorically, led by the nose. When, therefore, he came across a laudatory notice anent his nephew's acting extracted from his favourite *Telephone*, he felt under the necessity of taking out his handkerchief and rubbing his spectacles vigorously.

"There must be something in it had after all," he muttered to himself, "or the *Telephone* wouldn't think it worth while to make such a fuss about him. But why didn't he keep to tea-broking?"

"I am much obliged to you, sir," said the Captain, as he handed the extracts back to Mr. Brooker.

"I am afraid that I make but a poor envoy, sir," said the latter, "seeing that as yet I have furnished you with no reason for venturing to intrude upon you this morning."

"You have a message for me?" remarked the Captain.

"I have, sir; and I doubt not you can readily guess from whom. Sir, I have the honour of being the manager of the travelling theatrical company of which your nephew forms a component part. I am old enough to be the young man's father, and that may be one reason why he chose to confide his troubles to me. In any case, I have taken the liberty of coming here to intercede for him. There are two points, sir, that he wishes me to lay before you. The first is his desire—I might, without exaggeration, say his intense longing—to be reconciled to you, who have been to him as a second father, since his own parents died. He acknowledges and regrets that in days gone by he was a great trouble to you—a great worry and a great expense. But he begs me to assure you that he has now sown his wild- oats, that he is working hard in his profession and that he is determined

to rise in it; and that he will yet be a credit to you and every one connected with him—all of which I fully endorse. But he cannot feel happy, sir, till he has been reconciled to you—till you have accorded him your forgiveness, and—"

Here the Captain sneezed violently, and then blew his nose. "I know it—I said so," he remarked aloud. "Those confounded draughts—give everybody cold. Why not?" Then addressing himself directly to Mr. Brooker, he said:

"Well, sir, well. I have listened to your remarks with a considerable degree of patience, and I am glad to find that my graceless nephew has some sense of compunction left in him. But as for reconciliation and forgiveness and all that nonsense—pooh, pooh!—not to be thought of—not to be thought of!"

"I am sorry to hear that Captain Bowood—very sorry indeed."

"You made mention of some other point, sir, that Mr. Summers wished you to lay before me. Eh, now?"

"I did sir. It is that of his attachment to a young lady at present staying under your roof—Miss Brandon by name."

"Ah, I guessed as much!"

"He desires your sanction to his engagement to the young lady in question, not with any view to immediate marriage, Miss Brandon being a ward in Chancery, but—"

"Confound his impudence, sir!" burst out the Captain irately. "How dare he, sir—how dare he make love to a young lady who is placed under my charge by her nearest relative? What will Miss Hoskyns say and think, when she comes back and finds her niece over head and ears in love with my worthless nephew? Come now?"

"It may perchance mitigate to some extent the severity of your displeasure, sir," remarked Mr. Brooker in his blandest tones, "when I tell you that in my pocket I have a letter written by Miss Hoskyns, in which that lady sanctions your nephew's engagement to Miss Brandon."

The Captain stared in open mouthed wonder at the veteran actor. This was the strangest turn of all. He felt that the situation was getting beyond his grasp, so he did to-day what he always did in cases of difficulty—he sent for his wife.

Mrs. Bowood was almost as much surprised as her husband when she heard the news. Mr. Brooker produced Miss Hoskyns's letter, the genuineness of which could not be disputed; but she was still as much at a loss as before to imagine by what occult means Master Charley had succeeded in causing such a document to be written. Nor did she find out till some time afterwards.

It would appear that our two young people had fallen in love with each other during the month they had spent at Rosemount the preceding summer, and that during the ensuing winter, Charley had contrived to worm his way into the good graces of Miss Hoskyns by humouring her weaknesses and playing on her foibles, of which the worthy lady had an ample stock-in-trade. But no one could have been more surprised than the young man himself was, when in answer to his letter, which he had written without the remotest hope of its being favourably considered, there came a gracious response, sanctioning his engagement to Miss Brandon. The fact was that, while in Italy, Miss Hoskyns had allowed her elderly affections to become entangled with a good-looking man some years younger than herself, to whom she was now on the point of being married. The first perusal of Charley's letter had thrown her into a violent rage; but at the end of twenty-four hours her views had become considerably modified. After all, as she argued to herself, why shouldn't young Summers and her niece make a match of it? He came of a good family, and would incontestably be his uncle's heir; and Captain Bowood was known to be a very

rich man. And then came in another argument, which had perhaps more weight than all the rest. Would it be wise, would it be advisable, to keep herself hampered with a niece who was fast developing into a really handsome young woman, when she, the aunt, was about to take a good-looking husband so much younger than herself? No; she opined that such a course was neither wise nor advisable. Hence it came to pass that the letter was written which was such a source of surprise to every one at Rosemount.

"What am I to do now?" asked the Captain a little helplessly, as Mrs. Bowood gave back the letter to Mr. Brooker.

That lady's mind was made up on the instant. "There is only one thing for you to do," she said with decision, "and that is to forgive the boy all his past faults and follies, and sanction his engagement to Elsie Brandon."

"What—what! Eat my own words—swallow my own leek—when I've said a hundred times that!"

"Remember, dear, what you said in the drawing-room last evening," interposed Mrs. Bowood in her quietest tones.

Then the Captain called to mind how, in conversation the previous evening with his wife and Lady Dimsdale, he had chuckled over the tricks played by his nephew, and had admitted that that young gentleman's falling in love with Miss Brandon was the very thing he would have wished for, had he been consulted in the matter.

The Captain was crestfallen when these things were brought to his mind.

Mrs. Bowood gave him no time for further reflection. Rightly assuming that the young people were not far away, she opened a door leading to an inner room, and there found them in close proximity to each other on the sofa. "Come along you naughty children," she said, "and receive the sentence due for your many crimes."

They came forward shamefacedly enough. Master Charles looked a little paler than ordinary; on Elsie's face there was a lovely wildrose blush.

Mr. Brooker rose to his feet, ran the fingers of one hand lightly through his wig, and posed himself in his favorite attitude. He felt that just at this point a little slow music might have been effectively introduced.

The Captain also rose to his feet. Charley came forward quickly and grasped one of the old man's hands in both of his. "Uncle!" he said, looking straight into his face through eyes that swam in tears.

For a moment or two the Captain tried to look fierce, but failed miserably. Then bending his white head, and laying a hand on his nephew's shoulder, he murmured in a broken voice: "M—m—my boy!"

Sir Frederick Pinkerton was slowly pacing the sunny south terrace, smoking one cigarette after another in a way that with him was very unusual. He was only half satisfied with himself—only half satisfied with the way in which he had treated Lady Dimsdale. The instincts of a gentleman were at work within him, and those instincts whispered to him that he had acted as no true gentleman ought to act. And yet his feelings were very bitter. Had not Lady Dimsdale rejected him?—had she not scorned him?—had she not treated him with a contumely that was only half veiled? Still more bitter was the thought that if he acted as his conscience told him he ought to act, he would release Lady Dimsdale from the promise he had imposed upon her, and stand quietly on one side, while another snatched the prize which, only a few short hours ago, he had fondly deemed would be all his own. But this was a sacrifice which he felt that he was not magnanimous enough to make. "I have done the man a great—an inestimable

—service," he said to himself more than once; "let that suffice. They are not lovesick children—he and Lady Dimsdale—that they should cry for the moon, and vow there is no happiness in life because they can't obtain it. Why should I trouble myself about their happiness? They would not trouble themselves about mine."

It was thus he argued with himself, and the longer he argued the more angry he became. He was so thoroughly anxious to convince himself that he was right and he found himself unable to do so.

He was still deep in his musings, when one of the servants brought him a letter which had been sent on from his own house to Rosemount. He recognised the writing as soon as he saw the address, and his face brightened at once. The letter was from his nephew—the only being on earth for whom Sir Frederick entertained any real affection. He found a seat in the shade, where he sat down and broke the seal of the letter. But as he read, his face grew darker and darker, and when he had come to the end of it, a deep sigh burst involuntarily from him; the hand that held the letter dropped by his side, and his chin sank on his breast. He seemed all at once to have become five years older. "O Horace, Horace, this is indeed a shameful confession!" he murmured. "How often is it the hand we love best that strikes us the cruellest blow! And Oscar Boyd, too! the man I dislike beyond all other men. That makes the blow still harder to bear. He must be paid the five hundred pounds, and at once. He has lost his fortune, and yet he never spoke of this. What an obligation to be under—and to him! He saved Horace's honor—perhaps his life—but is that any reason why I should absolve Lady Dimsdale from her promise? No, no! This is a matter entirely separate from the other.—Why, here comes the man himself."

As Sir Frederick spoke thus, Oscar Boyd issued from one of the many winding walks that intersected the grounds at Rosemount. He had been alone since he left Lady Dimsdale. He had vowed to her that if she would not reveal to him the key of the mystery, he would find it out for himself; but in truth he seemed no nearer finding it now than he had been an hour before. From whatever point he regarded the puzzle, he was equally nonplussed. Utterly unaccountable to him seemed the whole affair. He would seek her once more before she left; once more would he appeal to her. On one point he was fully determined: come what might, he would never give her up.

Sir Frederick put away his letter, rose from his seat, pulled himself together, and went slowly forward to meet Mr. Boyd. "You are the person, Mr. Boyd, whom I am just now most desirous of seeing," he said.

"I am entirely at your service, Sir Frederick."

The Baronet cleared his voice. He scarcely knew how to begin what he wanted to say. Very bitter to him was the confession he was about to make. "Am I wrong, Mr. Boyd, in assuming that you are acquainted with a certain nephew of mine, Horace Calvert by name, who at the present time resides at Rio?"

Oscar started slightly at the mention of the name. "I believe that I had the pleasure of meeting the young gentleman in question on occasion."

"It is of that occasion I wish to speak. I have in my pocket a letter which I have just received from my nephew, in which he confesses everything. Hum, hum."

"Confesses—Sir Frederick?"

"For him, a humiliating confession indeed. He tells me in his letter how you—a man whom he had never seen before—saved him from the consequences of his folly—from disgrace—nay, from suicide itself! He had lost at the gaming-table money which was not his to lose. He fled the place—despair, mad-

ness, I know not what, in his heart and brain. You followed him, and were just in time to take out of his hand the weapon that a minute later would have ended his wretched life. But you not only did that; you took the miserable boy to your hotel, and there provided him with the means to save his honor. It was a noble action, Mr. Boyd, and I thank you from my heart."

"It was the action of a man who remembered that he had been young and foolish himself in years gone by."

"I repeat, sir, that it was a noble action. And you would have gone away without telling me how greatly I am your debtor!"

"It was a secret that concerned no one but the young man and myself."

"It is a debt that must and shall be paid. I am glad indeed to find that there is sufficient sense of honor left in my nephew to cause him to beg that you may not be allowed to remain a loser by your generosity. He has ascertained that you have returned to England; he has even found out the name of your hotel in Covent Garden, where he asks me to wait upon you. Hum, hum. My cheque-book is at home, Mr. Boyd; but if you will oblige me with your address in town, I—"

"One moment, Sir Frederick. Am I right in assuming that a certain anonymous letter I received yesterday was written by you?"

"Since you put the question so categorically—frankly it was."

"You have done me a service greater than I know how to thank you for. You have dragged me from the verge of an abyss. At present, I will not ask you how you came by the information which enabled you to do this—it is enough to know that you did it." He held out his hand frankly. "Suppose we cry quits, Sir Frederick?" he said.

The Baronet protruded a limp and flaccid paw, which Oscar's long lean fingers gripped heartily.

"But—but, my dear sir, the five hundred pounds is a debt which must and shall be paid," urged Sir Frederick, who felt as if he had lost the use of his hand for a few moments.

There was no opportunity for further private talk. Round a corner of the terrace came Captain and Mrs. Bowood, Miss Brandon and her lover in a high state of merriment, and Brooker the benignant, nose in air, and with one hand hidden in the breast of his frock-coat. A servant brought out some of Lady Dimsdale's boxes in readiness for the carriage, which would be there in the course of a few minutes. Mr. Boyd went forward, leaving Sir Frederick a little way in the rear.

"Quits—let us cry quits," he said, muttered the Baronet. "Yes, yes; let it be so as regards all but the money. That must be repaid. The service I did him was no common one—he admits that. Why then, should I not hold Lady Dimsdale to her promise?"

At this moment, Lady Dimsdale, dressed for travelling, appeared on the terrace. "She is going then. She means to keep her promise," said Sir Frederick to himself as he drew a little nearer the group.

"And must you really and truly leave us this afternoon?" said Mrs. Bowood.

"Really and truly."

"I am very angry with you."

"I have promised the children to be back in time to go blackberrying with them, so that you will not lose me for long."

"I suppose we shall lose Mr. Boyd as soon as you are gone. The house will be dull for him."

"I have no control over Mr. Boyd's actions," answered Lady Dimsdale quietly as she turned away.

"Then he has not proposed! O dear! O dear!" murmured Mrs. Bowood.

Sir Frederick had seated himself on a rustic chair somewhat apart from the others. He was still uneasy in his mind. "He saved Horace's honor—he saved his

life; but he said himself that we are quits."

"Why, this is nothing but rank mid-summer madness," said the Captain to Lady Dimsdale. "But you women never know your minds for two days together. You won't have been settled down at Baywater more than a week, before you will want to be somewhere else. Eh, now?"

"Do you know, I think that is quite likely. But I am not leaving you for long. I shall be back again to plague you by the time the leaves begin to turn." She looked at her watch. "And now my adieu to all of you must be brief. Time, tide, and the express train wait for no one."

She saw Oscar coming towards her, and she crossed to meet him.

"The crucial moment," said Sir Frederick to himself. "How bravely she carries herself!"

Oscar took her hand. For a moment or two they looked into each other's eyes without speaking. Then Oscar said: "You are determined to go—and without affording me a word of explanation?"

"I cannot help myself."

"Do you really mean this to be a farewell between us?"

"Yes—farewell." There was a sob in her voice which she could not repress.

"O my darling!"

"Not that word, Oscar—not that!"

"And do you really think, Laura, that I am going to allow myself to lose you in this way, without knowing the why or the wherefore? Not so—not so."

"You must Oscar—you must."

"Give me some reason—give me some explanation of this unaccountable change."

"I cannot. My lips are sealed."

"Very well. I will now say good-bye for a little while; but I shall follow you to London within three days. You are my promised wife, and I shall hold you to your promise, in spite of everything and every one."

"No, Oscar, no—it cannot be—it can never be!" She glanced up into his eyes. There was a cold, clear, determined look in them, such as she had never seen there before. It was evident that he was terribly in earnest.

At this moment Captain Bowood's landaulett came up. The footman descended, and contemplated Lady Dimsdale's numerous packages with dismay.

"You needn't bother about the luggage, George," said his master. "A man from the station will fetch that."

The moment for parting had come. As Oscar gazed down on Laura, all the hardness melted out of his face, and in its stead the soft light of love shone out of his eyes, and the lips curved into a smile or tenderness. "Farewell—but but only for a little while," he whispered. He lifted her hand for a moment, and then, without another word, he turned on his heel and joined the Captain.

"I actually believe Mr. Boyd is in love with dear Lady Dimsdale!" whispered Elsie to Mr. Summers.

"Of course he is, and she with him; only she's playing with him for a little while."

"It seems to me that you know far too much about love-making, Master Charley."

"Who was the first to give me lessons?"

The only answer to this was a pinch in the soft part of his arm.

Lady Dimsdale controlled herself by a supreme effort. Then she crossed slowly towards where Sir Frederick was sitting.

He rose as she approached him. "You have kept your promise bravely," he said in a low voice.

"Why should not a woman keep a promise as bravely as a man?"

"It is I who am driving you away."

"You flatter yourself, Sir Frederick."

He shook his head in grave dissent.

He seemed strangely moved. He gazed earnestly at her. "There is a tear in your eye, Lady Dimsdale," he said. "I am conquered. I revoke the promise I caused you to give me yesterday."

"Oh, Sir Frederick!"

"I revoke it unconditionally."

"Why did you not tell me this five minutes ago?"

"Better to tell you now than not at all. You will not leave us now?"

"But I must, I fear—must." She gave him her hand for a moment, and then turned away.

As the Baronet watched her retreating figure, he muttered to himself: "Mr. Boyd said we were quits. He was mistaken. We shall be quits after to-day. Hum, hum."

As Lady Dimsdale was crossing the terrace, she dropped one of her gloves, whether by design or accident, who shall say? Oscar Boyd sprang forward and picked it up. Laura stopped, turned, and held out her hand for the glove. As Oscar gave it back to her, his fingers closed instinctively round hers. For a moment or two he gazed into her eyes; for a moment or two she glanced shyly into his. I don't know in the least what he saw there; but suddenly he called out to the coachman: "Henry, you can drive back to the stables. Lady Dimsdale will not go to London to-day."

(THE END.)

PHILOSOPHY.

A man that needs forty cents' worth of whiskey to give him an appetite for a fifteen-cent dinner, always has the dyspepsia.

I never feel comfortable when there's a man around that smiles all the time. The only dog that ever bit me, never stopped waggin' his tail.

When I see a feller siftn' two quarts of ashes, an' smokin' a ten cent cigar at one time, I know he'll get rich because he's so economical.

You show me a man that's allus workin' in politics, and I'll show you one that gets a deal more to eat, and better, than his wife and children do.

I don't often ask riddles, but what do you think a family is likely to have for dinner when the old man earns only eight dollars a week, spends four dollars for beer, two dollars for cigars, and buys a raffle ticket?

There's a great deal of talk about folks killin' themselves by overwork. There's more people struck by lightning. Most such critters work eight hours a day, an' dance, drink, or play poker ten more. Then, when they break down, their wives put on the tombstone, "Died of overwork."

You can't rely on signs. Lots of folks say that a man with big ears is generous and stupid. When I was a boy I went to a circus, and they had a little mule no bigger than a ten weeks' calf. They asked for boys to ride the critter, an' I sez:

"He's only a mule, an' he's got big ears. He must be stupid, an' he won't play me no mean tricks."

When they took me home my father licked me for bein' a fool, and sed he'd like to give the mule a medal.

"It is now settled," says an exchange, "that a newly-married lady ceases to be a bride and becomes simply a wife when she has sewed a button on her husband's clothes." It is this fact that makes us such a happy people. The country is full of brides.

He that truly walks with God converses with Him in frequent prayer and constant communion, runs to Him in all his necessities, asks counsel of Him in all his doubts, opens all his wants to Him, weeps before Him for his sins, asks both remedy and support from Him for his weakness, fears Him as a judge, reverences Him as a Lord, and obeys and loves Him as his patron and father and friend.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, weekly, 24 pages. Issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates:—12 cents per line, single insertion; one month, 30 cents per line, three months, 60 cents per line; six months, \$1.10 cents per line; twelve months, \$2 per line.

ADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages. Issued about the 25th of each month, 5 cents per single copy, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

The Auxiliary Publishing Company, printing 100 Weekly Papers and Supplements for lending publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—10 cents per line single insertion; one month, \$1.88 per line; three months, \$5.25 per line; six months, \$9 per line; twelve months, \$16.10 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kinds of newspaper work. S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 33 and 35 Adelaide St., West, or 120 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES.

MONTREAL, QUE.—No. 162 St. James St. E. B. BURGAL, Manager. WINNIPEG, MAN.—No. 320 Main St. WILSON Bros., Managers.

Business in connection with any of our publications, or the Auxiliary Publishing Company, can be as well transacted with either of our branch establishments as with the head office in Toronto.

The Auxiliary Advertising Agency.

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

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

Publishers will kindly send their papers for filing regularly. Do not advertise till you get our quotations.

S. Frank Wilson, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W., or 120 Bay St., Toronto.

BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 10.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To All Whom it May Concern.

We have announced that unless subscriptions came in more rapidly and in larger numbers to our TRUTH competition for TRUTH we should be obliged to withdraw it, at least, in the meantime. Since this announcement has been made we have received many expressions of regret at the seeming necessity and some more or less likely explanations of the sudden and unlooked for change to which we have referred. The most feasible of these explanations is that the questions we gave were so ambiguous as to render it a very perplexing matter to say which were the actually correct answers, and that this ambiguity combined, with the somewhat greater difficulty of the questions themselves, frightened those less posted and so far deterred the more thoughtful and intelligent. We have come to the conclusion that there is some force in this, at least so much so as to lead us to do what we can in the way of rectification. We accordingly issue other questions but let the prizes stand as they are, and DELAY THE DATE FOR RECEIVING REPLIES FROM THE 27TH OF MAY TO THE 10TH OF JUNE. We have taken care that the new questions are perfectly unambiguous and while moderately difficult at the same time such as every one fairly well acquainted with the scriptures

ought to be able to answer correctly without much difficulty. Of course all those who have already sent in answers to the competition in question with the accompanying dollar will be entitled to compete under this new arrangement without making any further remittance.

In the course of the ensuing week we shall advertise the new competition--still No. 10,—as widely as we have done on previous occasions.

We wish to reiterate the following points:—

- 1st. The former questions of No. 10 Competition for TRUTH are withdrawn.
2nd. The new questions appear on page 23, under head of \$7,500.
3rd. The same prizes will be given.
4th. All who have already sent in their names and money will have a right to compete under the new arrangement without further charge.

Of course we have a list of all who have done so, but we should feel obliged in order still further to facilitate reference if all in sending in their new answers would kindly mention the date of their former remittances.

To Our Readers.

We desire it to be distinctly understood that the Rev. Dr. E. B. Harper has no interest, pecuniary or otherwise, in any of our publications. The questions which he has submitted to us for competition were supplied at our request, having applied to him on account of his well known ability and standing in the Church to which he belongs. His object, and ours, was to submit questions which, while fairly testing the Biblical knowledge of those answering them, would not be so difficult as to prove stumbling blocks. Anything in the way of ambiguity, quirk or quibble, it has been our aim to avoid, and to that end, in one case at all events, we also altered one of the doctor's questions to make it plain beyond peradventure, that the answer given was a different one to that supplied by the doctors. The control of these columns is vested solely in the hands of the proprietor, S. Frank Wilson, and neither Dr. Harper nor any one else has any more interest in the paper than any one of its many thousand readers.

New Publications.

We have received a copy of Goldbeck's Musical Art, for April, being the first number of the third volume. It comes to us in a new and improved form, and gives evidence of increased prosperity. It is printed on heavy music paper, in a neat and attractive cover, and, in addition to the usual lessons and studies contains a complete Fantaisie on La Sonnambula, by Leon Farvager. We have already on more than one occasion alluded to the general excellence of this publication, and it continues to deserve still more all that has been said of it. It is published by the Musical Art Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The labor depression in the shipping trade in Great Britain is now reported to be very serious. Many of the ports are crowded with destitute sailors, unable to procure employment. A hundred steamers are reported lying idle in the Tyne river, and ten thousand idle labourers about the Tyne ship-yards. In the Clyde ship-yards business is also very slack but there has not been so much suffering yet.

STILL THEY COME.

Our Frizo Winners Words of Thanks.

PARIS, 28th April, 1884.

MR. S. F. WILSON, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—Pray excuse my delay in acknowledging receipt of Squaro Roswood Piano, being the first prize in Bible Competition No. 9. It is a good instrument, and well worthy of the donor. I would strongly urge your numerous readers to be prompt in sending their replies to competitions and thereby secure what has fallen to my lot—a valuable prize.

Believe me

Yours faithfully, WILLIAM J. TURNBULL.

DUNDALK, April 22, 1884.

TO FRANK WILSON, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—I herein acknowledge the receipt of prize No. 5, in Competition No. 9 in TRUTH, and would also state that the watch is perfectly satisfactory in every respect. This is not my opinion only but the testimony of many friends and acquaintances who have requested to see it.

I remain yours respectfully, C. PALMER.

STIRTON, April 28, 1884.

S. F. WILSON ESQ., Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of black silk dress awarded to me in Competition No. 9, for which please accept my best thanks.

My lady friends think it superb and so do I, as, being a confirmed old bachelor, it places me in a position to pay the usual penalty if any young lady should take it into her head to avail herself of "Leap year" privileges and propose.

Again thanking you and wishing TRUTH all success,

I am, dear sir, Yours etc.

R. H. ASHBURY.

The following also write in somewhat similar language:—Watches:—Nellie E. Cameron, St. Catharines, Ont., Geo. S. Jones, West Flamboro, Robt. Young, 98 Park St. N., Hamilton, Ont., T. W. Taylor and brother, 4 & 6 Wilson St. Hamilton, A. Kent, 46 Broadalbano St, Toronto., L. N. Hogan, Greenwood, Cass Co., Neb. Silver plated Spoons and Forks:—J. Walker, 44 Walnut St. Hamilton, G. D. King, Fingal, Ont., Mrs. Leith Lindsay, 116 Picton St., Hamilton, Mary Martin, Goderich, Ont., Jas. Freeborn, Holland, Ont. Gem Rings:—Levi Mackay, Greenwood, Ont., S. A. Hillas, Belfontaine, J. M. Robertson, Port Hope. Books:—Wm. Webb, Scarboro, D. Forsyth, Berlin, G. F. Lewis, 25 Montague Place, Toronto, Nellie Judge, Caldwell East, E. Marriot, Richmond, Ont., W. Fraser, D.D., Barrie, S. J. Johnston, Whitby, Ont., J. M. Chamberlain, Wellington St., Montreal, F. Johnston, North Port, Ont., Mrs. D. Flath, Drayton, Ont., D. Kellock, Perth, Ont., F. C. Nixon, Three Rivers, Que.

Severe storms in California are not without their blessings. The Mariposa Gazette says; "The late storm has brought to the surface several gold specimens which have been picked up. John Ellen picked up a piece of rock near Elkhorn ranch, supposed to contain at least \$5,000, and sold it for \$500. George Gordon picked up a specimen near town worth \$45. C. V. Dingley, about five miles northeast of town, picked up a solid piece valued at \$100. Raphael Farriss found a specimen worth \$44. The boys about town have picked up several dollars in fine gold. About \$150 was picked up in the streets of Heamifus by different parties some two weeks ago.

Texan marriage notice:—"No cards, no cake, no flowers, no thanks, no regrets—nobody's business."

The Weather Prophet looks for spring this month. The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will injure his system. He can find what he wants in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents.

\$7,500 REWARD.

IN "TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION.

Number Ten, Closing June 10th.

We do think this time that we far surpass any of our many other very liberal offers for correct answers to Bible questions. Some say "it is a marvel how he can do it." We can assure our readers that all the rewards offered below will, as in the past contests, be cheerfully and promptly handed over to the six hundred and twenty-five persons who send correct answers to the Bible Questions given below by one of the leading clergymen of the Methodist Church. The questions are very difficult this time, all of which must be answered correctly in order to secure any of the rewards offered.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1.—Is there a single verse in the Bible in which consumption and ague are both mentioned?
2.—Is there another verse in the Bible where consumption fever, and inflammation are all referred to?
3.—Mention a passage in the Bible in which a lump of figs is ordered as a good plaster for boils?

It is our aim to increase the study of the good old Book, somewhat out of fashion nowadays. The interest now taken in these Bible competitions is somewhat keener than at first. Here are

THE REWARDS.

- 1 1 Elegant Roswood Piano.....\$55000
2 1 Twelve Stop Cabinet Organ..... 25000
3 2 Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-setting, box cases, elegantly engraved English Watches 250 00
4 3 Magnificent Triplo Silver-Plated Tea Services, 6 pieces..... 330 00
5 2 Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine English Watches 200 00
6 2 Celebrated Wanzor Sewing Machines.....120 00
7 5 Gentlemen's Elegant Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches ..125 00
8 3 Gentlemen's Open-Face Solid Coin Silver Watches 72 00
9 Solid Nickel Silver Hunting-Case Watches.....144 00
10 Solid Nickel Silver, open-face, heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches 135,00
11 Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches 120 00
12 5 Beautiful Solid Gold Diamond Rings..... 65 00
13 Solid Gold Gem Rings..... 90 00
14 Renowned Waterbury Watches.. 60 00
15 Half-Dozen sets solid triple silver-plated dessert spoons..... 83 00
16 Half-Dozen sets of solid triple silver-plated Countess Tea spoons 66 00
17 100 Copies, sumptuously bound, of Shakespeare's Works..... 252 50
18 133 Elegant triple silver-plated butter knives 130 00

Bear in mind that each competitor must send with their answers one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for six months. You, therefore, PAY NOTHING ADDITIONAL for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, getting full and big value for your dollar investment in receiving TRUTH for six months. The regular subscription price of TRUTH is two dollars per year. Remember, to the sender of the first correct answer to the questions proposed the piano will be sent. The second correct answer will take the organ, the third, one of those beautiful solid gold watches, and so on, until the two hundred and forty-seven rewards are disposed of. Then come the

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1 Gentleman's solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting, box cases, Elgin Watch \$110 00
2 Beautiful Triple Silver-Plated Tea Sets 200 00
1 Lady's Solid Gold Watch 100 00
2 Waver Sewing Machines 120 00
6 Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches 125 00
3 Open Face Solid Coin Silver Watches 69 00
13 Solid Nickel Silver Hunting Case Watches 247 00
17 Solid Nickel, Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches 336 00
15 Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches 225 00
21 Half dozen sets triple plated Tea Spoons 147 00
9 Celebrated Waterbury Watches 45 00
39 Copies, beautifully bound, Tennyson's Poems 07 50
27 Triple Silver-Plated Butter Knives 27 00

The number one of these rewards will be given to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last, and the senders of the next one hundred and fifty-four correct answers following the middle one, will be awarded the remaining prizes.

And the last comers are not to be overlooked, as there is a long list offered of

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1 Gentleman's Solid Gold Hunting-Case (beautifully engraved), Genuine Elgin Watch \$110 00
2 Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch 100 00
3 1 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated Tea Service 100 00
3 Double-Barrelled Breech-Loading Shot Guns, pistol grip, rebounding Locks, all latest improvements, from Chas. Stark's Great Gun House, Toronto 300 00
9 Double-Barrelled Breech-Loading Shot Guns, not so highly finished 87 00
4 Fine Silk Dress Patterns 200 00
15 Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns 150 00
21 Elegant New Sateen Print Dresses 315 00
15 Triple Silver-Plated Cruet Stands 120 00
31 Half-Dozen Gentlemen's best linen Pocket Handkerchiefs 155 00
29 Half-Dozen Ladies' Fancy Border-ed Pocket Handkerchiefs 145 00

Making in all over SIX HUNDRED of the most costly and beautiful premium rewards ever offered by any publisher in the world.

In these consolation rewards the further you live from Toronto the better your chances are for obtaining a reward, as it is the last correct answer received at this office gets number one reward, and the next to the last correct answer, number two, and so on, till all the last or consolation rewards are given out. But bear in mind that the letters must all bear the post-mark of office where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition, which is June 10th. You can, therefore, compete if you live in British Columbia, the States or England, or anywhere else, where a letter will reach here say in thirteen or fifteen days after the close of the competition, as long as it bears the post-mark of the 10th June, in the place where mailed. Address S. FRANK WILSON, 120 Bay Street, Toronto, and don't delay after reading this, but send in the answers and dollar at once; and whether you got a prize or not you will be well pleased with your investment. You will certainly get a prize if your answers are correct and they arrive in time.

Every one speaks highly of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters as a Stomach, Liver and Kidney Medicine. "The best family medicine we ever used," say they all. Try a bottle this Spring as a blood purifier.

\$6,000.00!

In "Ladies' Journal" Bible Competition No. 6.

CLOSING MAY 20.

This competition is to be short, sharp, and decisive. So if you think of competing send in your answers at once. The sooner you send in your answers the better.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1st. Where are some musical instruments first mentioned in the Bible?
2nd. What two verses in the New Testament have only two words each?
3rd. What King in presence of his courtiers cut up with a penknife and burned the manuscript copy of part of the word of the Lord?

Prizes in last competition were pretty widely scattered over Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, North-West Territories, and even so far west as Nebraska.

We are offering over five hundred valuable rewards this time, aggregating a very large amount of money. The conditions are, as before, that every competitor must send with their answer to the Bible questions, the sum of fifty cents, for which the LADIES' JOURNAL, a 20-page monthly magazine, will be sent for one year to any desired address. The first person sending correct answers to the Bible questions will get number one reward, the second correct answers take number two, and so on, until all the rewards are distributed. Of course everyone gets the LADIES' JOURNAL for a year, whether their answers are correct or not; but if correct, and the answers arrive in time, they will get some one of these costly rewards. Bear in mind that the regular yearly subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL is a half dollar; so you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, and you get full and big value for your investment even if you do not obtain a reward. See what some of our subscribers say of the paper in another column. These are

THE REWARDS.

- 1 1 Elegant Rosewood Square Piano \$400 00
2 1 Fine Cabinet Organ, 12 stops, 2 sets Reeds 250 00
3 1 Set Parlor Furniture, latest design, upholstered in raw silk 125 00
1 Neat Village Cart, latest design 125 00
5 2 Silver Tea Services, six pieces in each 220 00
7 2 Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-Setting Genuine Elgin Watches 21 00
9 2 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated Tea Pitchers 100 00
11 5 Beautiful Silk Dress Patterns 200 00
16 5 Elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns 165 00
21 12 Gentleman's Solid Nickel Silver Hunting Case Watches 300 00
33 15 Gentleman's Solid Silver Open-Face Extra Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches 300 00
47 17 Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches 300 00
61 9 Beautiful New Spring Sateen Print Dress Patterns 135 00
74 11 New Spring Print Dress Patterns 120 00
84 9 Celebrated Waterbury Watches 45 00
91 50 Volumes World's Encyclopedia and Library of Universal Knowledge, each volume complete in itself 250 00
113 200 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated on Solid Steel Butter Knives 200 00

Then, after these first rewards, come the middle rewards. The first prize (the tea service) in this list will be given to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last,

The next one (one of the gold watches) will be awarded to the sender of the next correct answer, and so on until all these middle rewards are given away.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1 1 Extra Triple Silver-Plated Tea Service, 6 pieces \$110 00
2 2 Gold Stem-winding and Stem-Setting Elgin Watches 100 00
5 5 Elegant Gold Neck Chains 200 00
0 0 Solid Open-Face Nickel Silver Watches 135 00
13 13 Gentleman's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches 350 00
15 15 Solid Hunting Case Nickel Watches 300 00
15 15 Pair Newest Design Elegant Lace Curtains 130 00
15 15 Newest Design Baby Carriages 360 00
12 12 Handsome Walnut Clocks 200 00
12 12 Elegant Nickel-Plated Alarm Clocks 100 00
50 50 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated Butter Knives 50 00

Not to disappoint even the last ones, we are again offering a long list of Consolation Rewards. The last correct answer received will take number one reward in this list, the next number two, and so on. The letters must all be post-marked where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition, which is May 20; therefore any one living in California or British Columbia will stand as good, or a better chance, provided their answers are correct and they send the necessary half-dollar for a year's subscription to the JOURNAL, as a person living in or near Toronto.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1 1 Gentleman's Solid Gold Beautifully Engraved Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watch, all latest improvements \$120 00
2 1 Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Elgin Watch 110 00
4 5 Gentleman's Solid Coin Silver Open Face and Hunting Case Watches 150 00
6 6 Solid Triple-plated Cruet Stands 60 00
10 10 Nickel-plated Alarm Clocks 100 00
10 10 Pairs Fine Lace Curtains 110 00
10 10 Volumes Longfellow's Poems 25 00

It is scarcely necessary for us to say that we will positively and without failure, distribute all the above named rewards on the conditions named above, and without the slightest favor or partiality. The numerous letters received from prize winners, and published from time to time, sufficiently prove that our offers are genuine, and we know that every one competing, whether successful or not, will be pleased with the LADIES' JOURNAL, and be convinced that they have made a good investment. Now is the time to try your skill. Studying up for the questions cannot fail to do good anyway, and if you send in correct answers to all the questions, and they come in time to compete in any of the three lists of prizes offered, you cannot fail to get a reward. The correct address is LADIES' JOURNAL, 120 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada. Please mention, when sending in your answers, where you saw the notice of these rewards. Attend to this now, as soon as you read it.

OUR BIBLE COMPETITION No. 10.—All interested in the above competition are requested to read carefully the announcement in the Publisher's Department of change of questions and extension of time from May 27 to June 10, and govern themselves accordingly.

A Kansas jury rendered this verdict:—"Death by hanging—round a rum-shop."

Every solitary kind action that is done the world over is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence or learning; and these three never converted any one unless they were kind also. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the breadth of centuries.



TENDERS FOR COAL FOR PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF ONTARIO FOR 1884.

The Secretary of the Province of Ontario will receive tenders to be addressed to him at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "Tenders for Coal" up to noon of FRIDAY, 16th May, 1884, for the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the institutions below named, on or before the 15th July, 1884:

- ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, TORONTO - Hard coal, 90 tons, large egg size, 1 1/2 tons stove size, soft coal, 1 1/2 tons
CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO - Hard coal, 60 tons net size, soft coal, 60 tons
REFORMATORY FOR FEMALESALES, TORONTO - Hard coal, 1 1/2 tons egg size, 2 tons stove size, soft coal, 1 1/2 tons
ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, LONDON - Hard coal, 180 tons large egg size, 1 1/2 tons stove size, soft coal, 1 1/2 tons for steam purposes and 1 1/2 tons for grates
ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, KINGSTON - Hard coal, 1,200 tons egg size, and for gas making purposes 100 tons best Lehigh, large egg size
ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, HAMILTON - Hard coal, 163 tons stove size, 13 tons large size chestnut, 5 tons chestnut size, soft coal, 1,100 tons for steam purposes and 25 tons for grates. N. B.—200 tons of the soft coal and 5 tons of chestnut to be delivered at the pumping house in the city.
ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, ORILLIA - Hard coal, 25 tons stove size
INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, BRILLKVILLE - Hard coal, 65 tons, large egg size, 25 tons, stove size, soft coal, 65 tons
INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND BRANTFORD - Hard coal, 450 tons, egg size, 150 tons stove size, soft coal, for grates 15 tons
The hard coal to be Pittston, Scranton or Lehigh. Tenderers are to name the mine or mines from which it is proposed to take the soft coal, and to designate the quality of the same, and, if required, to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name. Delivery to be effected in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.
Tenders will be received for the whole or any part specified or for the quantities required in each institution.
An accepted check for \$300, payable to the order of the Secretary of the Province of Ontario, must accompany each tender, as a guarantee of its bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract.
Specifications and forms and conditions of tender to be obtained from the Bursars of the above named institutions.
The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

ARTHUR S. HARDY, Secretary of the Province of Ontario, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 25th April, '84.



THE ELLIS SPAVIN CURE CO. Every owner of one or more horses can save a large amount of time and money by having on hand a good supply of Ellis' Horse Remedies, and to supply a general demand we would announce that we will send the following by express (on receipt of the money, or C.O.D.) and return charges: \$6.50 for \$25. 1 box, 12 pounds Molested Food, \$1; 2 bottles Spavin Cure, \$2; 2 boxes Large Condition Powders, \$1; 2 boxes Worm Powders, \$1; 1 box Leafy Powder, 50c.; 1 box Colic Powder, 50c.; 1 box Hoof Ointment, 50c.—\$6.50. J. H. Whitson & Son, 21th Street, N.Y. says: "We have used Ellis' Spavin Cure in our stables for two years and have tried it on the following with perfect success: Splints, curbs, ring bones, bunches on the neck, swelled ankles, also quincy, sore throat, and for general stable ailments it is the best article we have ever used." For further particulars, free books, etc., write to ELLIS SPAVIN CURE COMPANY, 30 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.; or 27th Fourth Avenue, New York. IMPROVED WASHING MACHINE, PATENTED, approaches nearer the ideal than any other machine yet introduced to the public. It will wash and wring perfectly clean, without breaking buttons, or injury to the clothes. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Price \$25. J. H. CONNOR, Vanhook Hill, Ont.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

Rosettes are in great favor. Fringes are once more in popular favor.

Sham button-holes with buttons trim upper skirts.

Ruches will be much worn again this summer.

Mill shirred hats are in demand for summer toilettes.

Colored silk gloves will be much worn this summer.

Standing collars on dresses are cut in scallops or squares.

Printed Spanish lace with colored figures is to be much used.

Parasols covered with whalebone fringe in all colors are novel.

New silk stockings have a treble note embroidered on the instep.

Lolsters six inches long, amid grasses, are shown on summer bonnets.

French lace is more used than any other on the imported wraps and dresses.

The old-fashioned bertha of lace is to be worn at the summer resorts this year.

Many of the new children's dresses are made of spotted net over colored sateen.

Some wraps are made short at the back, with long front tabs trimmed with cascades of lace.

Bonnets are shown covered with gold net and with narrow white velvet passed through at intervals.

Trains are made separate from the dresses and quite narrow, the square shape being the favorite.

Evening dresses of pale-colored tulle mounted upon silk slips are much patronized by young ladies.

Cunning bags of the same material hang from the right side of silk sashes tied on little misses' skirts.

A striking wrap, shown at one of the spring openings, has a scarlet satin ground, on which are lions' heads in velvet.

A new material is silk veiling, printed in exquisitely tinted flowers. It is intended to be combined with plain veiling.

A bonnet of red quills is a curious novelty, the crown being of the quills and the front trimmed with real ostrich tips. Braid of fanciful colors compose many bonnets.

FLORAL BREVITIES.

Pot hyacinths need much water.

Propagate chrysanthemums now.

Camelia plants should be sprinkled daily.

Keep blooming cinerarias cool, and near the glass.

Mignonette will not bear transplanting well. It should be sown where wanted.

Sweet peas will make finer plants if rooted in cool weather; therefore sow very early out of doors.

Plan to have early flower gardens. They will be in bloom a month or two earlier by planting the seeds in boxes in the window.

Hardly anything in the line of flowers and green can be more beautiful than a two-yard coil of amilax, perfect in leaf, and graced with a thousand sweet white blossoms of this growth.

Amateurs should lose no time in putting in cuttings, as soon as they can be taken of any young plants wanted for summer decoration, in order to have them strong by setting-out time.

Some wonder why house plants thrive better in the kitchen than in the parlor in winter. This is owing to the presence of moisture from the cooking, and usually there is more fresh air enters through the open doors in the former than in the latter.

The home is never more fair than in early spring, when the window plants

have advance enough, by the help of sunny days, to flower freely, with buds and blossoms brought into contract against the bright green of the foliage. Geraniums that were well heated-in when potted in the Fall, and fairly cared for during the Winter, are especially fine at this season.

The panicle flowered hydrangea is, perhaps without exception, the most attractive lawn shrub that can be grown; it is perfectly hardy. The flowers are produced in immense panicles, some of them a foot long; during August and September, a time when shrubs in flower are scarce, we have counted two hundred of these large clusters of bloom on one plant at one time. It delights in rich soil, and as to pruning, should be well headed, in every Spring.

To have a fine lawn the coming season, provided there is a good stand of grass, apply half an inch deep of fine thoroughly decomposed manure over the surface at any time now, allowing it to wash into the soil during the Spring rains; then, regularly, at intervals of a week or two throughout the season, according to the growth, cut the grass with a lawn mower, and a beautiful, velvety sward will be the result. In the absence of suitable manure, ashes or some other fertilizer may be used.

Those who complain of having no "luck" with house-plants and who look upon some other people as having "certain luck" with everything they touch, should drop such sentimental nonsense. To have a thrifty, luxurious growth in plants the year through, is a matter depending wholly upon care and judgment, and not on luck at all. Neither is much labor or expense required, even in a large collection, to succeed with them, but instead only daily regard for the little things like watering, light, temperature, pruning, soil, etc.—*Elias A. Long in Insecticide.*

CORNING RECIPES.

KISSES.—Five ounces of sugar, three eggs, six ounces of flour, pinch of salt; to be dropped and sugar sprinkled on before baking.

POTATO BALLS.—Mash the potatoes; add salt, butter, cream and pepper; mix well; make into balls, roll in eggs and crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

LEMON SAUCE.—Half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, one grated lemon, three tablespoonful of boiling water; put in a tin pail of boiling water to thicken.

NUT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, one cup of cold water, three cups of flour, two teaspoonful of baking powder, two cups of hickory nut meats.

FIG CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of butter, whites of six eggs, one cup of milk, one pound of chopped figs, one cup of corn starch, two cups of flour, two teaspoonful of baking powder.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-fourth of a cup of butter; heat to a cream; add two eggs, one-half cupful of corn starch, two teaspoonful of baking powder, a half cupful of milk, one cup of flour.

BUTTER BISCUIT.—Mix a cup of melted butter with a pint of milk, half cupful of yeast, a half teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, flour enough to knead. Set in a warm place to rise; roll out and cut; let them rise, and bake in a buttered pan.

CORN BREAD.—Two cups of Indian meal, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonful of baking powder, one cup of molasses, one quart of sweet milk, two eggs; stir with wheat flour about as stiff as for cake and bake in a deep dish.

CURRIED CHICKEN.—Cut a chicken into pieces, season and fry in butter. Slice an onion and fry in butter, add a teacupful of stock, one tablespoonful of curry powder mixed with a little flour, and rub-

bed smooth with a little stock; salt: boil five minutes.

BOILED CHICKEN.—Split the chickens open on the back, flatten them out with a cleaver; lay in a dripping-pan with the inside of the chicken next the pan; bake one hour baste occasionally; when done make a gravy with the giblets and a little butter browned flour.

CHICKEN STEW.—Boil a chicken until tender; remove and chop fine; have ready a deep dish; put in the pieces of chicken with the liver, in layers, with salt, pepper and butter; make a gravy with the liquor; pour over the chicken and cover with a suet crust.

TEA BISCUIT.—One quart of sifted flour, two tablespoonful of lard, one pint of milk and water mixed, a half teacupful of salt, three teaspoonful of baking powder; mix the flour, salt and powder together, then rub in well the lard; add the milk and water; knead until smooth; cut in round cakes and bake in a quick oven.

OATMEAL CRACKERS.—One teacupful of oatmeal and water enough to make a dough; mix well and quick; if it will bear to be rolled out with the rolling pin, roll it; keep at it in the same way until it is one-quarter of an inch thick; do it quickly or it will dry; make only dough at one time for one cracker; do not brown in baking.

ROLLS.—Take six cups of flour, two eggs, a half cup of yeast one-fourth of a cup of sugar, a small piece of butter and a little nutmeg. Mix with warm water and let it rise over night; knead and set in a cool place until afternoon, then shape into rolls and let them rise. Bake in a moderate oven. When done glaze them with a little milk in which a tablespoonful of brown sugar has been dissolved and set back in the oven a few minutes.

Rearing Canaries.

From the time that the young canary leaves the nest it makes rapid strides towards independence. It must of necessity spend some days in a nursery-cage before being turned into the flight to shift for itself, as it has to pass through a sort of intermediate stage, and undergo what is equivalent to a weaning process. To carry out this, the utility of square cages, in which groups of young birds, equally advanced, can be placed, will be obvious. Hitherto their food has consisted entirely of the egg mixture, which must still be continued, through the quantity of egg must be gradually decreased, the object to be attained being to get the birds on hard seed as speedily as possible. As soon as they are on the perch they will begin to pick at the soft food, though at first they will not be able to attend entirely to their own wants, hence the value of the nurseries attached to the breeding cages. It is not, however, desirable to keep them in leading-strings a day longer than necessary, while at the same time they must not be allowed to starve. If the seed-trough of the nursery be supplied with such egg-food as they can manage to eat they will make a very respectable attempt; but after awhile comes the noisy chirping and begetting. If not attended to they soon feel the ill effects of neglect, and ruffle up their feathers in a way indicative of much discomfort. Just in proportion as they have still the craving to be fed will they evince but small desire to assist themselves; and when once they feel the pinch and begin to clamor they will refuse to help themselves. Hunger at this stage of their lives will not drive them to search for food, but to beg for it; and the demand must be satisfied. By degrees, and rapid degrees, they clamor less and help themselves more, and every hour then makes the matter easier; but up to the last no young bird must be allowed to cry for food without the cock being at once permitted to give it a meal.

The camel is the ideal temperance individual. He is not a strict teetotaler, though he seldom drinks.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

There is no courage but in innocence. The heart is the only thing that is broken by being broken.

The cup of pleasure sometimes has dregs that one must drink long afterwards.

There is nothing so powerful as example. We put ourselves straight by walking straight ourselves.

Education is at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament.

He that is choicer of his time will also be choicer of his company, and choicer of his action.

Honesty sometimes keeps a man from becoming rich, and civility from being witty.

But we have all a chance of meeting with some pity, some tenderness, some charity, when we are dead; it is the living only who cannot be forgiven.

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are often concealed; while the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in front of the show.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best medicine that can be employed to correct irregularities of the stomach and bowels. Gentle, yet thorough, in their action, they cure constipation, stimulate the digestive organs and the appetite, and cleanse, build up, and strengthen the system.

Why is love like a potato? Because it shoots from the eyes.

Mr. W. R. Lazier, Bailiff, & Co., Belleville, writes: "I find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the best medicine I have ever used in my stable. I have used it for bruises, scratches, wind puffs and cuts, and in every case it gave the best satisfaction. We use it as a household remedy for colds, burns, &c., and it is a perfect panacea. It will remove warts by paring them down and applying it occasionally."

It is said that girls who sing "Baby mine" seldom get married.

MOST EXERCISING are the twinges which rack the muscles and joints of the rheumatic. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, by promoting increased action of the kidneys, by which the blood is more effectually depurated, removes through the natural channels certain acid elements in the circulation which produce rheumatism and gout. The medicine is also a fine laxative, antibilious medicine and general corrective.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Farmers' Department.

GARDEN AND FARM ITEMS.

The winter wheat area of the United States this year is about 27,600,000 acres.

Every weed that secures growth on a field deprives the soil of so much fertility, and robs the crop to that degree.

Half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water and drink will relieve "heartburn" or dyspepsia.

If more attention was given to raising roots, beets, carrots, etc., in this country to feed cattle and sheep there would not have been such a cry for ensilage.

Sponges which are to be used in the bath room may be softened by boiling for a few minutes in three waters. After each time of boiling rinse it in cold water.

There is no doubt that sulphur will assist materially in preventing fungus growth in other plants as well as potatoes, and it would be well if farmers give it a trial for such purposes.

It is said by one that ought to know, that cold tea is a good fertilizer for house plants, and that occasionally it is a good plan to put some tea grounds or leaves in the earth round the plant roots.

The land that is well drained can be worked soon after rains and endure the drought better, while the ground warms earlier in the spring, and permits of more abundant crops and better tillage.

In New South Wales the camelia grows to the size of a large tree, covered with blossoms, which are largely worn by the fair sex, who do not find them such expensive luxuries as do their English sisters.

Success in raising house-plants may be forwarded by using soil two-thirds of which is garden soil, and the rest sand. It should be kept light and loose about the roots, and the plants watered only as they appear to need it.

An excellent preparation for softening the hands is made of equal parts of lamb suet and of glycerine; melt them gently together, add a few drops of some perfume, and use after bathing; rub a little thoroughly into the skin.

Leatheroid is a new substance manufactured in Maine, principally of cotton paper. It looks like leather, but is harder and very elastic, and no amount of tossing about or hammering will break it. This suggests its use for trunks.

Cows neglected through the winter, now need careful attention. A warm barn slop, with a little ginger, should be fed daily. Calves may be freed from vermin by a mixture of lard and sulphur rubbed along the back and sides.

It may be difficult to restore the gloss to patent leather when it has once lost it, but to retain it from the first is a very easy matter. Never touch the blackening brush to it. Rub the mud off with a damp sponge dry and with a soft cloth. Rub with a little cream or castor oil.

A process for imparting resonance to Britannia metal, pewter and other metallic alloys that usually give out a dull sound when struck, consists in submitting the metallic objects for a brief period to a bath of oil or paraffin, at a temperature just below the melting point of the alloy operated upon.

The roots of any tree are important. Never buy a tree with poor roots because it has a good top, better buy a tree with good roots and poor top, than the one with the most beautiful top, with poor roots; for with good roots there is a chance to make a good top, but without roots the best tops must die.

Farm and Garden says: "For permanent pastures marl is one of the most beneficial substances, that can be used, whether the soil be light or heavy, and on newly-seeded grass lands it is almost sure to guarantee a good soil. Considering its chemical values, marl is usually sold for about one-third the price it is materially

worth, and it is almost impossible to fail in securing more benefit from its use than the cost of procuring it."

When a horse comes off a journey the first thing is to walk him about till he is cool, if he is brought in hot. This prevents him from taking cold. Lot his legs be well rubbed by the hand. Nothing so soon removes strain. It also detects thorns or splinters, soothes the animal, and enables him to feed comfortably.

A German inventor proposes to use silk in the formation of cannon. His idea is to wrap a steel tube with silk until a diameter is attained corresponding with the ballistic power which is required for the cannon. Silk possesses a tenacity as great as that of the best tempered steel, and has the advantage of a superior elasticity.

To raise a new kind of potato take two potatoes of equal size, red and white, or black and blue—the two latter are not very common now. Take any two different kinds, cut them through the middle; now take the top end of one, and the bottom end of the other, without any eyes; place the two cut sides together as soon as cut, and plant them thus in the ground. The sap of the one body goes to the other, and a hybrid potato is the result.

An acre of land contains 43,500 square feet. To cover this with manure two inches deep, as farmers sometimes tell of manuring their fields, would require a pile of manure more than thirty feet square and eight feet deep, or nearly fifty-seven cords per acre. Very few farmers ever put on that amount. The common ox-cart or waggon, holding thirty bushels of potatoes, needs to be heaped pretty well to hold one hird of a cord of manure.

THE WHITE GRUB.—This enemy of the farmer is becoming more common and more destructive every year. One reason, probably, is that the birds which eat them have been thinned off, thus destroying the balance which nature seeks to maintain. The common crow preys upon these grubs, and so also does the skunk, but whether the latter is worth preserving for this service is very doubtful. It is a good plan to destroy all the beetles that are possible of the varieties that lay the eggs which hatch into grubs. Of these the May bug is the most numerous, which may be killed in large numbers by building fires out-doors in the season when they are flying. Keeping land ploughed with infrequent seeding will prevent the increase of grubs, but this plan requires so great a supply of manure that it is not practicable for most farmers.

When flattery is unsuccessful, it is but the fault of the flatterer.

Henry Clement, Almonte, writes: For a long time I was troubled with chronic rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit, until a gentleman who was cured of rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, told me about it. I began using it locally and internally, and before two bottles were used I was radically cured. We find it a household medicine, and for cramp, burns, cuts and bruises, it has no equal.

Leap year advice—Be sure your victim is rich before you jump at him.

A Thing of Beauty. The most brilliant shades possible, on all fabrics are made by the Diamond Dye. Unequaled for brilliancy and durability. 10c. at druggists. Send 2c. for 32 Sample Colors. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Patience is the panacea; but where does it grow, or who can swallow it?

The "constantly tired out" feeling so often experienced is the result of impoverished blood and consequent enfeebled vitality. Ayer's Sarsaparilla feeds and enriches the blood, increases the appetite, and promotes digestion of the food and the assimilation of its strengthening qualities. The system being thus invigorated, the feeling rapidly changes to a grateful sense of strength and energy.

Those sentiments of love which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

Don't You Do It.

Don't suffer any longer with the pains and aches of Rheumatism, which make life a burden to you. It lies, speedy and permanent can be produced at the nearest drug store, in the form of Kidney-Wort. Elbridge Malcolm of West Bath, Maine says: 'I was completely prostrated with Rheumatism and Kidney troubles and was not expected to recover. The first dose of Kidney-Wort helped me. Six doses put me on my feet, it has now entirely cured me and I have had no trouble since.'

'Ye p'ys no more attention to me,' said Patrick to his children, 'than if I was a dumb beast talking to yer.'

Mrs. A. Nelson, Brantford, writes: 'I was a sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia for eleven years. Always after eating, an intense burning sensation in the stomach, at times very distressing caused a drooping and languid feeling, which would last for several hours after eating. I was recommended by Mr. Popplewell, Chemist, of our city, to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Care, and I am thankful to say that I have not been better for years; that burning sensation and languid feeling has all gone, and food does not lie heavy on my stomach. Others of my family have used it with the best results.'

One acre of ground in lawn and garden is sufficient to maintain the family cow in any village or rural locality.

Dr. M. Souvialle's Spirometer Given Free

Encouraged by the fact that during the last five years thousands of patients who have used my Spirometer have been cured of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Catarrhus-Deafness, Consumption, or Weak Lungs, and finding that many who could be cured are financially unable to procure the instrument. I WILL GIVE THE SPIROMETER FREE to any one suffering from any of the above ailments who will call at 173 Church Street, Toronto, and consult the Surgeons of the International Throat and Lung Institute. The medicines above to be used for it, if unable to call, write for particulars and treatment which can be sent by express to any address. Dr. M. SOUVIALLE, Ex-Aide Surgeon, French Army.

If store polish is mixed with very strong soap suds, the lustre appears immediately, and the dust of the polish does not fly around as it usually does.

What makes me laugh when others sigh? No tears can ever bedew mine eye. It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

Another determined suicide by jumping into the river was committed at Montreal recently, the victim being a respectably dressed man, unknown.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

We are all inventors, each sailing out on a voyage of discovery, guided each by a private chart, of which there is no duplicate. The world is all gates, all opportunities strings of tension waiting to be struck.

What makes me bold and stout, And all my friends can't make it out, I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

The strongest passions allow us some rest, but vanity keeps us perpetually in motion. What a dust do I raise! says the fly upon a coach wheel. And what a rate do I drive! says the fly upon the horse's back.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If you can testify to its marvellous power of healing and to our merit to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Balm, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

SPARKMENT.—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, plates, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, Picture Frames, Jewels, trinkets, toys, etc.

Soap don't cost as much as diamonds but lots o' people don't seem to be able to afford both.

BROOK'S GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wider range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

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."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

KIDNEY-WORT THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES. PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY. "Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. F. C. Talbot, Wankton, Vt. "Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. H. N. Clark, So. Hero, Vt. "Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Sumner, Sun Hill, Ia. IN THOUSANDS OF CASES it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases. IF it cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleaned of all disease, and the Bowels more freely and healthily. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system. PRICE, \$1.00 BOTTLE OR BOTT, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by RAIL. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt. KIDNEY-WORT

SI will buy 12 assorted Bahla Balls or Scotch Fir Trees. JAMES BENNIK, Sweden, Toronto.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Stitzer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

What shoemaker is that who makes shoes without leather? The farrier.

A FAMILY MEDICINE—over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

An Admiral after Mr. Gladstone's own heart—Admiral "New-it."

So if you read, or grieve, or mill, Pray, do not pay a do to the mill. But take a dose of medicine to the mill.

There are 100,000 deaths yearly in the metropolis of London.

Many sink into an early grave by a neglect of immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in its infancy by a few cents bottle of Dr. Water's Palmes's Cough Cure.

Common soft soap well rubbed on mildew stains and exposed to the sun will take them out entirely.

A RUN-FOR-LIFE—A man was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a badger for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

In 1891 a Fargo (Dakota) farmer noticed a single stool of wheat in his oat field which consisted of twenty two stalks, headed out. These contained 800 grams, of which 700 were plain oat in 1882, yielding one fifth of a bushel. Last Spring this wheat was planted and carefully cultivated. The product is a seventeen bushels, an increase of eighty five fold, and a yield of fifty six bushels and thirty two pounds to the acre. Seventeen bushels from a single kernel in three years is a good growth.

A Single Trial
Is a trial that is needed to prove Plon's Nervine is the most rapid and certain remedy for pain in the world. It only costs 10 cents for a trial bottle. A single trial but it will prove Nervine to be equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy, and for pain of every description it has no equal. Try a bottle of a single trial. Sell at all dealers in medicine. Large bottles 25 cents, at all drug stores.

Mix with a solution of salt and water, and then properly thinned with skim milk from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for outdoor work, and it is said, renders the wool incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving wood, and for all farm purposes.

If you have a faded cloak or mantle make it new by using a package of the Triangle Dyes. All the popular colors. Always certain. 10c.

A single cattle ranch in Texas, at the head of the Red River, is said to contain nearly 25,000 acres more than the entire State of Rhode Island contains in territory.

The Truth and Nothing Else.
Nowadays people want proof. Humbugs are more plentiful than dollars, and it is only by the greatest care that many are kept at bay. Conviction print that they are not fools. Proof is wanted, and that we can supply in connection with the claims of Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor as a sure, safe, and painless remedy for corns. Ask any druggist what he thinks of it. Ask any person who has used it. This will give you all the proof you want. Then buy a bottle, test it, and become a missionary for Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

As a rule the nearer the surface the seeds are planted, where the soil is reasonably moist, the better chance there is for a quick, steady and vigorous growth.

Dyspepsia and Dr. Cassen's Stomach Bitters, are the same Stomach, one of them has got to go and it is the Stomach Bitters. The people's own favorite family medicine in large bottles at 50 cents.
A. P. 176

\$250 to \$4,000 on marriage Ladies & Gentlemen Apply immediately R. N. CURRIE J. P. Sec. Treat. London, Ont. Agents wanted
LOTS FOR SALE - 25 AND 29 1st CON. CESSION South West of Toronto and Rydenham Road. House and site thereon. For particulars apply or R. N. Currie, Newark.

Reinhardt's Hair Restorer and Moustache Producer.
A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whiskers and moustaches in 10 to 15 days. In bottles safely packed to any address for \$1.00. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co.
100 Grey Nun St., Montreal.
Importers of
Beals Pipe, Fire Hose Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lugs, Fire Clay, Fire Whiting, Fire Linings, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Bricks, Roman Cement, China Clay.
Manufacturers of
Bessemer Steel, Casts, Girders & Bed Springs

TO SADDLERS!
The celebrated Elm City Harness Oil can be had from the following Wholesale Saddlery Hardware houses: Peck & Davison, Hamilton; Morgan Bros, Hamilton; Fraser & Johnson, Hamilton; C. Davidson and Co., Toronto; & T. & C. T. Smith, 17 W. South St., Toronto; W. Ellis, London; W. C. Martin, Kingston; J. Smith, and Son, Brantford; or from F. P. DALLEY and Co., Hamilton, sole agents for the Dominion.

BANK OF TORONTO.
Dividend No 56

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A dividend of four per cent for the current half year, being at the rate of Eight per cent per annum, and a bonus of Two per cent upon the paid up capital of the Bank has this day been declared and that the same will be payable to the Bank and its branches on and after Monday the 2nd day of June next. The Transfer of money will be closed from the 15th of the next day (Monday) both days inclusive. The annual general meeting of stockholders for the election of directors will be held at the banking house of the Bank on Wednesday the 15th day of June next, the chair to be taken at noon. By order of the board, R. COLLISON, Cashier.
Bank of Toronto, April 30th, 1884.

THE LILY
is a perfect gum, equal to an imported French Corset; its like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured by
THE OROMPTON CORSET CO.
* YORK STREET TORONTO.

BEAVER S. S. LINE
WEEKLY BETWEEN
Quebec, Montreal, and Liverpool,
CALLING AT
QUEENSTOWN AND ELFAST
For lowest rates and all particulars apply to
H. MURRAY, BEAVER LINE, Montreal, Que.

COX & CO.
STOCK BROKERS
(Members of the Toronto Stock Exchange).
Buy and sell on commission for cash or on margin. A full list of securities in on the Toronto, Montreal and New York
STOCK EXCHANGES,
Also execute orders on the Chicago Board of Trade
-IN GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.-
26 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Dominion Line of Steamships
Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from
QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.
Montreal, May 10. Vancouver, May 31.
Sarnia, May 17. Toronto, June 7.
Brooklyn, May 24. Oregon, June 14.
Rate of passage Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool \$20. \$30, \$40. Return \$30, \$45, \$117, \$144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate \$40. Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

FREE HOMESTEADS!
IN THE
TEMPERANCE COLONY
N. W. T.

180 Acres Free To Actual Settlers.
SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.
* First Class Land.
Healthy Climate. No Fevers.
Plenty of Pure Water.
* Convenient to Coal Mines.
Navigable River passing through it.
Season longer than in Manitoba.
* Located in the centre of fertile Belt.
Sober, Thrifty, Moral Neighbors.
Supply Store in the Colony.

SA SKATOON,
The capital of the Colony, already shows prospect of being the most important city on the Saskatchewan River
LOTS FOR SALE CHEAP AND ON EASY TERMS.
Excursions from Ontario every week.
For Particulars apply to **HEAD OFFICE**
114 KING ST., WEST, TORONTO.
M. S. SMITH, W. PEMBERTON PAGE,
Proprietor. Manager

84 000
Sold in 17 Months.
BUY ONLY THE
GLOBE
Wm. & Wm. Woods
HAMILTON ONT.

The Ready Mixed Paints
MANUFACTURED BY
A BAMSAY & SONS, MONTREAL,
are ground in Pure Linseed Oil and Turpentine. The American Mixed Paints are to a large extent ground with Silicate of Soda, and are dear at any price. Ask for Bamsays and see that you get them. Apply to your local dealers.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F. to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow alternately, and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.
For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Lewis & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allan, Rao & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

Agents Wanted
FOR THE
Citizens Insurance Co., of Canada
Established 1854—Capital and Assets, \$1,425,563.
—Government Deposit \$122,000 Cash.—
As the Company transacts Fire, Life, and Accident business, a profitable agency is thus offered to those soliciting insurance risks. Special terms to those who have valuable connections. Farm property insured as low as by Farm Mutuals.
Address,
Head Office, 175 St. James Street, Montreal.
* The stock of this Company is held by many of the wealthiest citizens of Montreal.

MUTUAL Marriage Aid ASSOCIATION.
\$5,000 Paid on Marriages. Over \$100,000 Paid in Benefits to Date.
ISSUE IN 1883 OVER \$2,000,000.
The only Company in Canada that has paid a claim.
UNDOUBTED SECURITY.
Premiums small. Address, **W. B. WEBBER,** Secretary, Hamilton.
Agents Wanted

The White Glycerine—The Sham Bouquet—Palm Oil Bath Soap—Oatmeal Skin Soap, and The Baby's Own Soap.
MADE BY
THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.'Y
ARE UNSURPASSED FOR
PURITY & EXCELLENCE.
* Sold by all leading druggists.

The Newell Patent Universal Grinder.
Award of Gold and Silver Medals.
NEWELL & CHAPIN
Proprietors,
55 St. James-st. west Montreal.
These Mills save time, grind any kind of grain very fast and without heating. Large 8 Size Mills working on same principle with different style of cutter, grinding phosphates, gold and silver ores, quartz, plaster, clay, bones, fish-scrap, bark, &c. Please call or write for particulars.

30 DAYS' TRIAL
DR. DYES'
VOLTAIC BELT and other Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, LOST VITALITY, WASTED WEAKNESS, and all those diseases of a NEURALGIC NATURE, resulting from ACIDITY and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, STRENGTH and BRILLIANT VITALITY, secured at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address
Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

Import Orders.
BAR IRON, SHEET METALS, FIRE CLAY GOODS, CHEMICALS AND OILS.
Orders to import solicited.
Copland & McLaren,
Wellington Street, Montreal. Wellington Chambers, Glasgow. 28 Paternoster Row, London.

F. E. DIXON & CO
Manufacturers of Star Rivet
Leather Belting!
70 King Street, East, Toronto.
Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts
Mutual Marriage Endowment Ass'n,
INCORPORATED.
—HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.—

Issues Certificates from \$125 to \$3,000, payable on marriage, at following rates:
For \$500, or half certificate, \$1, quarterly dues in advance, \$0.75.
For \$1,000 Certificate, \$6, quarterly dues in advance, \$1.00.
For \$2,000 Certificate, \$10, quarterly dues in advance, \$2.00.
For \$3,000 Certificate, \$15, quarterly dues in advance, \$3.00.
A percentage of the Fees applied towards a reserve fund. The only cash payments required at the time of making application for a certificate. The remainder of the liability is made up of a assessment at the rate of \$1.00 on each \$1,000 upon the marriage of members. 12 assessments made the first year payable quarterly, which upon the present large membership secures the payment of a number of Endowments, and a safe and reliable investment for young people. Send for By-Laws and full particulars. W. J. M'LACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

THE MODEL Washer AND BLEACHER!
Weights but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valve illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
\$1000.00 FOR ITS SUPERIOR.
Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.
To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to \$2.50, and if not to find satisfactory, money refunded. See what the Canada Presbyterian, says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. W. Dennis offers to the public has every and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, is substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid \$1.00. Send for circulars.
AGENTS WANTED.

C. W. DENNIS,
TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,
315 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

GURNEYS & WARE,
STANDARD SCALES.
THE BEST, THE STRONGEST, THE MOST RELIABLE.
Controlled in material, construction and finish perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.
THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.
Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE,
HAMILTON, ONT.

BLACK GROS GRAIN SILKS.

See Our Heavy

See Our Extra Heavy

See Our Rich Heavy Cord

Gros Grains

Gros Grains

Gros Grains

75c. per y'd,

\$1 per yard

\$1.25 per y'd

Regular price in the City \$1 for the same Goods.

Regular price in the City \$1.35 for the same Goods.

Regular price in the City \$1.75 for the same Goods.

PETLEY & PETLEY

THE LEADING HOUSE FOR BLACK SILKS, CASHMERES AND MOURNING GOODS.

NEW

DRESS GOODS!

We are showing this season a magnificent stock of Dress Goods in all the newest materials and colorings, at 10c., 12½c., 15c., 20c., 25c., 35c., 40c., 50c., and up.

Very Stylish Materials for Combination Suits, only Twenty cents per yard.

Fine All-wool Nuns-Cloth in Cream, Blue, Garnet, Bronze, Navy and Black, only Twenty cents per yard and up.

Fine Check Lustres in all the latest colorings, only Twenty-five cents per yard.

Colored Cashmeres in Fawn, Seal, Bronze, Navy, Pale Blue, Slate, Terra Cotta, Electric Blue, Coral, Pink, White, Brown, Drab and Myrtle at 25c., 33c., 40c., 50c., 60c., and 75c., per yard.

We especially request the Ladies to visit our stores and examine our stock, and we feel convinced that they will find it to their interest to make their purchases for the present season from

PETLEY & PETLEY,

128 to 132 King St. East, Toronto.

The Handsomest and Best Lighted Stores in Canada.

DENTAL CARD.

Special attention given to the filling and preservation of the natural organs. Artificial Teeth inserted, so as to appear perfectly natural and life-like. Teeth extracted without pain. Fees moderate. T. H. SEFTON, Dentist, 28, Queen and Yonge Sts., over Rose's Drug Store, Toronto.

JOHN HALL, Senr., M.D.,

HOMOEOPATHIST, M.C.P.S.

OFFICE AT HIS OLD RESIDENCE,

88 RICHMOND STREET, EAST.

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 10 a.m. and 2 to 4 p.m. Monday, 2 to 4 p.m. Also in the evenings of Monday and Thursday, from 7 to 9.



PHRENOLOGY

Free Lecture in Temperance Hall, Temperance St., Thursday, May 15th, at 8 p.m., by A. WALLACE HASON.

Public Examinations given—Objections answered. Examinations and magnetic treatment given at 17 Queen St. W., Toronto.

COAL & WOOD.

At Lowest Prices, for Present Delivery.

Best Beech and Maple	55.00 per Cord
Best and Maple, Cut and Split	6.00 "
Best Large Slabs, dry	3.50 "
Best Pine, dry	4.00 "
Slabs, by Car Load	2.35 "
Brick Pine, by Car Load	2.45 "
Bright Pine for yard use, by car load	2.75 "

Hard and Soft Coal, Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Prices, delivered dry and clean, promptly.

Office & Yard Cor. Bathurst & Richmond. Wm. MCGILL & CO.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

Misses Rutherford,

DEALERS IN FASHIONABLE

Millinery and Fancy Goods.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

A fresh supply of Lace and Spring Goods just arrived. Orders promptly attended to.

288 1/2 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

COAL, COKE & WOOD

Coal or Coke shipped to any place on Rail-road, in cars, direct from mines. We handle only Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.'s Superior Anthracite Coal. Agents for Local Low Anthracite Coal.

SOFT COAL, STOVE SIZE, \$4.50 A TON

PINE, CUT IN BLOCKS, \$4.00 A TON

GUEST & McNOLTY

Cor. George & Duquesne Streets. A Large Quantity of Charcoal on hand.

WHY PAY CAR FARE WHEN YOU CAN GET

Candied Orange & Citron Peel

Currants, Raisins, Fruit of all kinds,

Groceries and Provisions,

FISH, POULTRY,

GAME AND VEGETABLES

D.F. TOLCHARD'S

Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, 322 YONGE ST., TORONTO



VIENNA Baking Powder

Purchase the justly celebrated and well-known Vienna Baking Powder. Manufactured by

J. H. & A. S. BING

57 & 61 St. James St., Montreal

THE NOVELTY STORE!

201 YONGE ST.

Is the place to get plain and fancy stationery. Shoes Requisites, Fancy Goods, &c.

A. MOORE, Proprietor.

COLLARS AND CUFFS 25c. PER DOZEN PIECES.

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY. 34 & 36 Wellington St. West, G. P. SHARP. 65 King St., West.

MRS. M. A. HISCOCKS,

Millinery, Smallwares and Fancy Goods, 423 Queen Street, West.

I have just opened my Spring Goods and have a choice selection of

Straw Hats and Millinery.

Felt Hats Cleaned, Dyed and Altered.

Small Profits and Quick Returns.

JAMES HARRIS,

DEALER IN

Groceries, Provisions & Fruits.

By strict attention to business, and keeping nothing but first-class stock, customers may rely on getting the choicest goods in the market at the lowest rates.

Orders Called for and promptly delivered 120 Queen Street E., Toronto.

ESTABLISHED 1824.

W. C. ADAMS, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST, 87 King St., East, Toronto.

E. E. CULBERT, Assistant.

Appointments may be made by mail.

MOTHERS' TREASURE

Government's Nipple Oil will be found a treasure to nurses and mothers for the cure of cracked or sore nipples. For hardening the nipples before the confinement, it is unsurpassed. Price 2 cents. If your druggist does not keep it in stock, enclose twenty cents in stamps and a three cent stamp for postage to G. J. COVENTRY & CO., Dispensing Chemists, corner of Dairy & Dorchester Streets, Montreal.

WOOD! WOOD!

Cut and Split by Steam!

COME AND SEE HOW IT IS DONE.

C. J. SMITH.

Head Office, 25 Queen St. West. Branch Office, Cor. Queen and Jarvis.

Special to the Trade!

WM. H. BULLEN,

Manufacturers' Agent.

Manufactures Overalls, Shirts, Ladies' Underclothing, &c., &c. at Wholesale Prices for the trade throughout the Dominion.

Send for price list.

W. H. BULLEN

355 QUEEN ST. WEST.

I CURE FITS!

There is a cure for fits, and it is a simple one. I have cured many cases of fits, and I can cure yours. My medicine is a simple one, and it is a cure for fits. I have cured many cases of fits, and I can cure yours. My medicine is a simple one, and it is a cure for fits.

THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD

For infants and invalids. It is a simple one, and it is a cure for fits. I have cured many cases of fits, and I can cure yours. My medicine is a simple one, and it is a cure for fits.

Mother and Nurse! Send for a pamphlet of Borden's Food, giving your address in full to WOLFRICH & CO., Palmer Mass. sole manufacturers for America.