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# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

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## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

It seems to be pretty generally admitted that the custom of New Year calling is going out of fashion, and not much regret apparently is felt in consequence. Of course there are those who will deny that it is doing anything of the kind. There is quite a much calling on New Year's Day, say they, as ever there was. Those who know best, however, say something very different.

The fact of the matter to a great extent is, but like many other customs, good enough and graceful enough, in their first intention, this custom of men wishing their lady friends a happy New Year, has been not a little abused, and is like to run to seed in consequence.

It has come to be in many cases the mere formality. Men who never show themselves beyond the threshold during the year, take advantage of the first day of it to catch themselves where they are not always welcome.

We sympathize very much with the ladies who have to remain in the house all day and provide refreshments for callers who may never come, or who stay only a minute or two when they do come. The conversation that takes place is generally of the simplest and most formal description possible. The ladies have probably heard the same remarks repeated half a dozen times before, and cannot be expected to take a very lively interest in its seventh or eighth iteration.

And for a good many of the men, too, we have quite a little sympathy. They consider very much of a bore, and that very often because they don't know whether they are really welcome or not. It has come to be so very much of a formality that they would gladly give it up altogether.

Some of the bolder spirits, of course, do give it up, careless whether they give offence or not. They will go skating, or onruling, or riding, or they will simply stay at home and read an interesting book, but they don't go calling, nor make any apologies for not doing so.

Some make a compromise by sending cards through the post to all their lady friends. This is a very good plan, it seems to us, and gets over the difficulties nicely.

Another custom, which is also a good one, and getting more common, is for ladies who wish to receive callers to intimate to their gentlemen friends that they will be glad to see them. In this way, of course, they get rid of the objectionable rabble of callers whom they don't care a button, and would much rather not see at all.

A foolish young woman living somewhere in the State of New York, brought a suit against her husband for desertion. He had secured employment on a large dairy farm, and was going to his brother. She had been one of the belles of Brooklyn before her marriage, and was very averse to living in the country. At first she positively refused to see her husband, but subsequently yielded to his entreaties, and did so. She soon

found country life intolerably dull and irksome, and finally went home. Failing to persuade her husband that it was his duty to give up his place and follow her, the silly thing actually took the course above mentioned.

It is wonderful just how silly some pretty women can be. The notions about life that get into their heads sometimes just "beat all creation." They seem to have no realization whatsoever of the kind of world they are living in, but to walk always in a sort of waking fantasy.

New York city is well supplied with wicked men, but one of the worst is an infamous Irishman called McCarthy, one of whose regular pastimes for some time past has been beating women in a horrible manner. He is in duration just now, charged with having nearly murdered three women in this way. The brute openly boasts of having influence enough to secure him immunity from the punishment due to his brutal crimes.

We have great sympathy with the course taken by a deceived wife in Williamsburg, N.Y. She has brought an action for \$10,000 against a glib widow, who enticed her husband from his allegiance. May she win the suit, and give a salutary warning to other widows with more money than morality.

Talmage is nothing if not original. On the evening of the first Sunday after Christmas, instead of preaching a sermon as usual, he had all the children of the Sunday School collected in the Tabernacle, and set them to singing carols. On the platform was an immense shoe. In this were gathered a veritable Mother Hubbard, or whoever the old woman was who dwelt in a shoe, and her little brood. The funny old story was realistically told by the infant class, after which Santa Claus made his appearance, and distributed beautiful gifts among the delighted children.

A good many American papers are busily discussing the color of Cleveland's future Cabinet. Cleveland in the meantime like a wise man, keeps his mouth shut, and says nothing.

President Arthur it is said, is making as many Republican appointments to office as he can while his power lasts.

England proposes to show Germany that two can play at the game of taking possession of a country, by merely hoisting the national flag, and has begun operations by unfurling the Union Jack over the Bay of St. Lucia, on the Zulu coast. This will not help to smooth matters between the two powers, as it is said Germany already claims the territory in virtue of some snap treaty made with the King of the Zulus.

It is said that another addition has been made to the terrible array of peripatetic lecturers, in the person of Dr. Bull, of Buffalo, who earned an undesirable notoriety in connection with the "Cleveland scandal." This seems the regular thing nowadays, if

you have done anything, no matter what, that makes people talk about you, show yourself on a public platform, and gather in the shekels.

Speaking of peripatetic lecturers reminds us that one of the brood has recently received what every sensible person would like to believe, though they hardly dare hope for any such good fortune, may prove his quietus. We refer to that ranting infidel hypocrite, Ingersoll, who gets poor fools to listen to his impious diatribes and mawkish sentimentalities at fifty cents a head. A Catholic priest recently took him in hand, and, metaphorically speaking, bent him over his knee, and administered a thorough good spanking. Poor Bob, in a thinker's hands he makes a very contemptible figure.

It isn't always a fortunate thing to be a lord. "Lord Gumboil," who got himself talked about for jilting a girl who was a great deal too good for him, has more recently got himself into another fix by writing a letter in which he spelled Hong Kong with a k in place of the last g. The editor who received the letter, remarked that such spelling was inexcusable, even in a future hereditary legislator.

The pious swindler is unfortunately not an extinct species of the genius hypocrite. A very ingenious fellow has recently victimized a great many charitable English ladies by professing to take up collections to build churches in India, urging, among reasons, that in this way the terrible custom of burning widows on the funeral piles of their husband's would be abolished. Human ignorance is a remarkably good key for human duplicity to play upon.

Europe, it appears, is not without its share of Mormonism. During the last year one thousand seven hundred Mormons were landed at New York alone from that continent. That looks healthy for the Smithites.

TRUTH says that the circular issued by order of the License Commissioners to hotel keepers and others interested in the sale of intoxicating liquor, prohibiting the disposal of liquor within every polling subdivision on any polling day, is a step in the right direction. Men attending elections of any kind are only too prone to quarrel without the additional incentive of alcohol. It should also be to the interest of candidates that the constituency should be sober, as otherwise in voting by ballot the cross might very easily be placed opposite the name not intended.

English celebrities in visiting this continent have a habit of ignoring the existence of Canada altogether and this can hardly excite surprise or cause us to take umbrage. When people visit America they have a desire to see a strange land and people of a different nationality from their own, and these they will not find sufficiently marked in Canada, for though the country differs widely from England, Ireland or Scotland, the habits and customs of the people are

not marked by any especial national peculiarity differing greatly from their own. On the other hand the Americans are a distinct race with very well-defined national traits. The stranger, and more particularly the visitor, is amused and entertained and he finds much to excite his curiosity, and not a little to arouse his admiration both in the people and in their nation, as well as in the country itself. Its cities are larger and finer than ours, its climate is somewhat better, and altogether things are on a more extensive scale than we have them in Canada.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is building for herself a beautiful mausoleum, not in France, but in England, in the town of Farnborough, whose inhabitants are very fond of her, partly because she goes out shopping among them, but chiefly because she is kind to their poor.

The new Archbishop of Dublin, the late Lord Bishop of Meath, Lord William Conyngham Plunkett, was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin on New Year's Day.

By the way, Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant, has something to say about prison discipline not very satisfactory to the ears of the Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, and that functionary has intimated that he will recall the ticket of leave if Orton is not more guarded in his expressions about jail officials. This certainly does not look very well for Sir William's management of the Home Department.

The following is taken from a Scotch paper, and is, we think, worth reprinting in TRUTH as an example of female credulity: One of the most remarkable of the many Tichborne claimants in the United States is at present in a position of some difficulty. He was arrested the other day at Toledo, Ohio, on a charge of bigamy. It appears that he has been married no fewer than eight times, and there is reason to fear that each of his six wives imagines herself entitled to rank as "Lady Tichborne." The following are some of the ladies with whom he is known to have contracted marriage:—At Kensington, Ontario, he married Miss Jerusha Wood; at Collingwood, Miss Julia Durand; and at Campbellford, Miss Adelaide Nichols. Here his matrimonial career was interrupted by a romantic incident. Being arrested for some offence, the wife of the gaoler became enamoured of and fled with him to Morristown, New Jersey, where, however, repenting his sinful conduct, he parted from her and recommenced matrimony. At Schenectady he was married to Miss Anna Henry; at Newark, to Miss Selina Rowe; and at Paterson, to Miss Harriet Shaw. The meeting of the several Lady Tichbornes when their husband was arraigned in court at Toledo on the 25th of November, formal, it is stated, a "pathetic scene." He still persists that he is the original "Sir Roger," and asserts that "he was brought over to America by the Peterborough family." He is evidently, with all his faults, a singularly fascinating person, and a formidable rival to our own valued claimant.

It would seem that we are steadily advancing towards the universal adoption of cremation as a means of disposing of our dead, and although the idea at first strikes as an extremely inhuman and repulsive, a little thought will readily convince our better judgment that it undoubtedly is the least dangerous means of disposing of the corruptible part of our being when it can no longer be either of use or ornament to us. In a legal point, perhaps, it will not be conducive to the detection of crime, for, certain evidences will necessarily be destroyed by the action of the fire, both chemical and physical, still, with care and the appointment of proper and competent officials, whose business it will be to attend to such matters, there is little ground for fear. In the East, cremation has been practiced for many centuries, and the moral standard there is certainly not lower than it is in Europe and America. Another source of danger which some people seem to dread is that of being placed in the furnace before death had actually supervened, and it cannot be denied that when cremation becomes common and general, the strictest surveillance will be necessary to prevent accidents occurring; but it may be fairly asked whether the danger of being buried alive is not just as imminent, and the idea is certainly quite as shocking and repulsive, and quite as dangerous if it did occur to the unhappy victim. On the other hand the benefits to accrue from cremation are many and of vital importance to the whole human family in a moral and sanitary point of view, as well as in a financial one.

The European Russian Empire has been for a considerable time, and is still, in a most unsatisfactory state. Crippled in her finances and embarrassed by internal broils, her very police and detective forces corrupted, it cannot surprise those who have watched the course of events and the progress of Nihilism in Russia to hear that now even members of the Czar's own family are not free from suspicion, and her nobility is said to be ripe for rebellion; and yet despotism progresses in the same blind headlong course, and the Jews as still disgracefully persecuted. Russia is more and more ignoring liberal ideas and paving the way to a tremendous explosion.

It is an ugly blotch on the face of our boasted civilization that these pugilists are still allowed to go Scott free, with all the American boasted refinement. The other day two of these gentle lambs met, Mr. Greenfield and Mr. Sullivan, in Madison Square garden and engaged in their brutal game of trying to batter each other's brains out, and it seems almost a pity that they did not succeed. They were arrested and on being brought to trial before twelve of their countrymen, were acquitted.

So the last act of the Adams v. Coleridge scandal is over, and Miss Mildred Coleridge is married at last to Mr. Frank Mantell Adams. Lord Coleridge has settled three hundred pounds a year on her, and Adams agrees not to re-open the libel.

It is more than a pity that school-teachers are so frequently, and TRUTH cannot help thinking, unnecessarily, changed; especially in the country districts all over Canada and the United States. No doubt where inefficiency is discovered or a defective system of teaching, the change cannot be too soon made, and the trustees should have some more speedy way of doing it than that of waiting till the end of the year, which is the plan at present adopted. A statement was made a short time ago (I cannot now recall the name of the paper which made it)

but it was to the effect that about half the teachers in the Province of Ontario change their school every year. Such frequent changes cannot but retard the progress of the scholars and have a deteriorating effect on the teachers as well. Again it has had a bad effect morally on both classes. The teachers cease to take a proper interest in the welfare of their schools and scholars, well knowing that they will be removed in a year or so, and the scholars spend much of their time endeavouring to become acquainted with the little failings of each new teacher.

Lord Dufferin has some time ago arrived in Calcutta, and taken up his abode at Government House. In India the same opportunities for making himself socially popular will not be afforded him as were in Canada and the vice-royalty of the Empire of India, neither he or any other statesman will ever find a bed of roses. His ability, assiduity and astuteness will all be severely tried. The last of these qualities in dealing with the native princes and nobles will have every opportunity to enlarge its range and strengthen its power. It is, however, a thousand pities that his amiable sociability should be wasted on the desert air of British Indian society. Lord Dufferin in Canada gained much of his popularity by mingling freely with the people, rich and poor alike, while Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise went to the other extreme, holding strictly aloof, the Princess particularly avoiding the most prominent personages; and perhaps this need not so much be wondered at when we remember her first experience of Ottawa society. Lord and Lady Landowne seem to have hit the happy medium, and have shown greater tact and discrimination in their association with our people. Lord Dufferin may show the same in India.

A vigorous protest is being made by a number of the members of the medical profession against the proposal of the Medical Council to amend the medical act of Ontario to the extent of permitting an additional assessment of the profession, the proceeds of the proposed assessments to be applied in establishing a medical library and museum on Bay street, Toronto, the initial expense of which would demand a tax of about five dollars on every medical man in the Province. An organized opposition is being commenced by a number of medical men in the city, and will, without doubt, meet with the sympathy of many, if not of the majority of their colleagues throughout Ontario. The doctors are already heavily taxed by this Council, and the present move will, we fear, only add to its already unpopular status. At any rate there is bound to be no small row among the medicos. Already several meetings have been held and a basis of action has been determined upon, and at the next meeting a form of circular will be adopted to be distributed among the two thousand or more medical men practising in the Province. This circular will ask for the opinions of the profession as to the propriety of permitting the passage of an enactment such as that mentioned, as well as on several other matters relating to the unpopular operations of the Council; and as far as TRUTH can make out these latter are numerous. Based upon the answers to the circulars the opposition will take action to defeat the legislation sought by the Council. The members of the profession who are now taking these steps against the proposed amendment to the act think that they will have the support of three-fourths of the profession.

The return of the Jews to Palestine has been a favorite hobby of zealous and phan-

thropic persons in every age of Christianity. It has failed hitherto to interest the people most concerned, but the Jewish Chronicle records a movement which may have serious results. A conference is now sitting at Katowitz, in Upper Silesia, to frame a project for transporting the Hebrew population of Eastern Europe to the Holy land. Many of the most important towns in Russia, Poland, Germany, and Austria are represented by delegates; the conference is to last a week, and over £10,000 has been subscribed. That sum would go a very little way, in truth, but as the first token of interest on the part of the Jews themselves, it is significant. If they can be brought to entertain the idea, it might be realized. We are not used to think of the Jew as an agriculturist, and the fundamental objection to the scheme which inexperienced persons adduce is his incapacity for pioneering. But the persecutions in Russia have revealed that many thousand of the Chosen People are engaged in farming there, and in Austria, Poland, and the Balkan countries. It is these persecutions, doubtless, and the prospect of more, which have stirred the Jews at last. They may well think that if go they must, Palestine is as good a land to colonize as the Western States, and they would be fulfilling prophecy into the bargain. There is no serious reason for believing the idea impracticable, if money enough be forthcoming, and the right class of colonists be found.

Orders have been issued forbidding the managers of theatres in Germany to produce any plays in which ancestors or collateral relations of the Prussian royal family are represented. The fear is expressed by the London Truth that, owing to the relationship existing between the Russian princes and the house of Denmark, Hamlet may be considered an ancestor, and may not be permitted again to walk the boards.

The name Nevillo has degenerated from a proper name to a very improper one, and a common English word even more approbrious to the Canadian and American ear than the name Boycott is to the Nationalist Irish. There is hardly a paper we can take up but has registered in its pages the atrocious conduct of some newly-discovered polygamist. It was supposed that the notorious Nevillo was without parallel out of Turkey or Salt Lake City, but it would almost appear that these gay gentlemen are numerous in all parts of the country. It is, of course, a part of their scheme of vice to assume the habits of the rolling stone in the fable, but contrary to the character which that respectable fossil is generally believed to bear, these rolling stone gentlemen seem to have the knack of gathering a good deal of moss out of the pockets of too confiding young ladies. It is the money these scoundrels want, girls, and they do not hesitate to sacrifice you poor dears to obtain it. You, of course, are made a pass-time, and are made to contribute to the satiation of the worst grossest passions of the lowest moral grade of humanity. You suffer, but does the fault not, to some extent, lie at your own door. TRUTH fears you are just a little too credulous.

At the last agricultural exhibition in Toronto many persons availed themselves of the opportunity afforded to take a short run on the electrical railway, and no doubt imagined, at least some of them did, that this was the only electrical railway in the world. Many such short railways have been for the last three or four years in operation; but there is one which claims especial mention. We refer to that between Port Rush and Bush Mills, Giants' Causeway, Ireland, a distance of six English miles. One dynamo is operated by water-power at Bush Mills

and transmits the electricity along an iron strap from which the second dynamo under the car is operated by means of two steel springs which sweep along it, as the car runs along. This second dynamo works the wheels and a usual speed of ten miles an hour is attained. One car has been running for two years without interruption for repairs.

A "mother of men" and a "mother of Generals" has recently died at Benares whose life has set at defiance all orthodox medical theories, for, having been born 178, she has never left the plains of India the only occasion on which she went up the hills being that on which she had a serious illness. Anna, the widow of General James Kennedy, of the Bengal Cavalry, died in her ninety-seventh year, lived to see no fewer than one hundred and seventy-six lineal descendants, of whom one hundred and twenty-eight survive her. She had eighteen children, eighty grandchildren, seventy-three great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren. Besides military officers of inferior rank, her father-in-law, two sons, one son-in-law and four grandsons were generals in the army.

Highland County, Virginia, has a burning mountain. Two gentlemen who recently undertook to investigate it found the earth near the summit so hot that they could scarcely bear to walk upon it. Digging to a depth of a foot, they found the earth burning and smoking. The burning matter is brick-color, and could be moulded like

How educated and refined Canadian gentlemen to such an extent be duped into a marriage with such fellows as Neville or Benokin passes our comprehension. These rascals as a rule practice one of two rules either they are conspicuous religious workers, or even preachers of the Gospel, or are noblemen, or at the very least gentlemen of the highest social standing. One is the second son or even the heir of Lord Benokin, and so, and another is the Tichborne claimant himself; nothing seems to absurdly tempt them to believe with regard to a prospective husband; and their parents are just as senseless and credulous as they are. The case that TRUTH heard of occurred at Dayton, Ohio, the other day, where a Thomas Benokin, of Toledo, had her husband arrested on a charge of bigamy. She had been on his track for three years, during which time he had been living in Fort Wayne, Loganport, Muncie and other cities in Indiana, as well as in Chicago and Cincinnati in every one of which he either married or engaged to marry some woman. At all the places named Benokin became conspicuous as a religious worker, and thus ingratiated himself into the graces of the young females of the church, and always, it is hardly to be intimated, with a view to money and dollars.

It seems that the priests as well as doctors are engaged in a severe controversy. The Jesuits of the Province of Quebec are open war on all sides for the re-establishment of their rule in that Province, and do not hesitate to attack the Archbishop of Quebec, the seminary of St. Sulpice and the University of Laval and all who stand in their way. What will the poor people do when both the priest and doctor are too busy with their shillalah to attend them? TRUTH does not know.

What a reign of terror now exists in London, England, and there seems no prospect of its abating. Recently meetings have been openly held in the United States which the wholesale destruction of women and children by dynamite and or any means was publicly discussed.

ered not who or what they were as long as the crimes were perpetrated in England, it is to be supposed against friends of English government. The imagination sees meetings gloat over the shedding of innocent blood of babes, the slaughter of innocent and unconscious women the murdering of men of all nations. Surely the report must be over-looked, it is hard to believe that such a thing can exist in the breasts of civilized

good many complaints have lately been about the system of private begging goes on both in this city and many cities and towns in all parts of this Dominion, and it may not be amiss for us to have a say in the matter too. We the reputation in Canada of having a few professional beggars, and professional begging is prohibited by the law, the poor wretch who torments us only in street and at the corners is conspicuous by his absence in Canada; the amateur, if I may so call her, has become so set at the trade as to be able for the duty—yes, and does it too—to the disgrace of a great many. It is quite unnecessary to describe her in TRUTH, every one of our readers and many thousands of her only too well. She is generally well dressed and good looking; and never begs alone—no, she has always a companion beggar of exactly the same make along with her. They are, or pretend to be, young ladies; generally with a sanctimonious mien. They are collecting for a church fund, or a bazaar fund, or a fund, or some church decoration fund, or they are for a presentation fund; but the fund it may be for they do the to perfection, and allow me to remark that the fund is not infrequently their own exclusive pockets, though this they, as they think, keep you un- aware of. Many of these beggars are cautious and well-meaning ladies, who do something to do take out the substance and persecute their neighbors. They do not to appear zealous and good; they do it to please their friends, and alas, for pocket money. Now TRUTH would condemn the collection of for charitable or sensible church purposes, but the system is really carried to excess. Two young ladies come into your eyes, you have never seen either before, and you present a subscription for some fund which you have never heard of before, and with which you have no sympathy when you do not know it, or possibly for the support of an institution that you as a matter-of-fact know to be dangerous to society in some way; or as a support for supporting tramps and beggars. You refuse to subscribe, they are not abashed by your refusal; they stand there and explain, keeping you from your duty and making themselves look- ing into your eyes—at least if you do not to be to some extent depending on the public, they intimate that it will be for your advantage to subscribe to this fund, and if you do not, to your disadvantage not to do so. They attempt to coerce you, and to prevent you from going your way you subscribe and they go to persecute some one else.

In 1860 the sum of £2,500 was awarded to a milliner's daughter as compensation for losing a husband in the shape of a young gentleman with £700 a year, ("Berry against Da Costa," 35 Law J., Rep. C.P. 101); but there were circumstances in the case tending to make the damages exemplary. In former times it was more common for disappointed husbands to bring actions than now, and in the reign of William and Mary £400 was awarded for the loss of a lady worth £6,000, ("Harrison against Cago," Carth., 467)—the largest sum, we believe, awarded by unsympathetic jurymen to a male plaintiff. No doubt as large, and perhaps larger sums than the present have been paid out of court, but we now have an assessment, agreed upon by all concerned and sanctioned by a jury, of a Countess's coronet at £10,000.

The very latest trick of the tramp is to play piano tuner. A knight of the road introduced the scheme at Washington, but was taken in by the vigilant Dick Arnold of the Central Station. He secured the contract to tune the piano of Mrs. Kiley of 1319 Four and a-half street southwest, and he also secured his pay in advance, which is an important feature of the scheme. After taking the piano to pieces and scattering it all over the parlor, he sent the lady out of the room for some turpentine and skipped. He gave his name as Anthony Hohlgebozen.

A lie cannot be concealed; it will blab. "Though you pile a mountain on a lie" said the wise old Seneca, "yet the lie will turn over and throw the mountain off, and the lie will stand revealed." The liar shall not go unpunished! The Indians used to say, "let me look into your mouth to see that you have not two tongues" when they suspected a liar.

The following remarkable verdict was returned by a coroner's jury in London, England, a few days ago, and certainly calls for widespread publication as justly as it would did it emanate from the green isle. In London, a man fell in a drunken fit and broke his neck. The jury found out that his grandfather had died of a broken neck, and brought in as their verdict, "Died by the hereditary visitation of God." What do you think of that from the capital of the world?

That the drinking of alcoholic liquor has irresistible fascinations for many men is evident, but what pleasure can a man possibly derive from teaching a three and a half year old child to drink whiskey. A man of sixty six years of age and his son, three and a half years old, were charged together at the Recorder's Court on Wednesday with being drunk. A witness declared that he had seen the old man give the boy nearly half a tumbler of white whiskey and the boy drink it off without wincing!

So Lord Ripon is to be the next Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and will be the first Roman Catholic to hold that office. Indeed a special legislation will be necessary to make his right to do so legal, and TRUTH will be well pleased to see all men placed on a common footing without regard to creed. The Act has been long in coming, but there is a prospect of it at last. The House of Lords will probably oppose the bill but it is believed that it will pass, nevertheless.

England has narrowly escaped an awkward official complication in the matter of the sale of seven English ships to the French for the transport of troops to China. The Government has, however, just in time, advised the owners of the vessels that no evasion of the Foreign Enlistment Act will

be permitted. The semi-official denial of the purchase by the French Government is not believed in England.

TRUTH says that the so-called "harmless gossip" in reality often does a great amount of harm. To say the least of it the "good hearted babler" is at times a very dangerous acquaintance, and should either be muzzled or shunned. You cannot let an incautious word drop in his presence, for though he says nothing and repeats nothing from malice, he being so scatter-brained is ever repeating the wrong word and to the wrong person. If they have anything to say, be it good or bad, they will say it, and if they have nothing to say it is all one, they buzz away irrespective of either sense or discretion.

Prince Albert Victor, son of Prince Albert of England, who, it is reported, is coming to this country in the spring, is a many lad, who will be twenty-one next month, and the heir, after his father, to the English throne. He is German in descent from both the Houses of Guelph and Holstein, his grandfathers on both sides being pure German, and his grandmother Victoria, the present queen of England, but half English. It is singular to notice how this family has placed itself on all the principal thrones of Europe. The grandmother of this young prince, for example, is queen of Great Britain, and empress of India; his grandfather is king of Denmark; one of his aunts is empress of Russia; another on the death of Wilhelm, will be empress of Germany; one uncle is king of Greece, a granduncle king of Norway and Sweden, another king of Belgium, a cousin will be empress of Austria on Franz Josef's death; and the dukes and principalities of Germany are ruled by other cousins, while still others sit upon the thrones of Portugal and Italy. It is singular to notice that of the Bonaparte family raised by the ambition of Napoleon to the control of Europe, not one occupies a throne or even a position of influence; the Houses of Plantagenet, Stuart and Bourbon, which numbered so many warriors, are almost extinct and powerless; while this German family of quiet, commonplace bourgeois character, which does not number among its members a single great chieftain or king, wears the great crowns of the world. Abraham Lincoln is said to have declared that a nation which was ruled by a commonplace man should thank God, for it only was safe. Most of these rulers, both men and women, are sensible, respectable folk with the kind of virtues which would be admirable in private life.

Spain, a country which by courtesy we call civilized, quite recently has been guilty of an outrage which for atrocity vies with Turkey itself. A band of ruffians surrounded the village church and parsonage at Cordoba in Galicia, while some of their number entered the residence and ordered the priest to tell where his money was kept. It appears that the priest had in his possession a considerable sum, which had been collected for the poor, and he steadily refused to reveal where it was concealed. They then bound the priest and threatened him with a terrible death; but he persisting in his refusal, they filled his furnace with straw, lighted it, and thrust the unfortunate man into the fire. His screams as he was burning were heard all over the village, but the villagers were too much frightened to interfere, and the priest was burned to a crisp. The murderers then deliberately plundered his house and several others and vanished as mysteriously as they came. No arrests were made.

The Salvation Army some weeks ago invaded Montreal and were promptly attacked by the roughs of that city; a riot ensued, and the police had to interfere. Some of the Salvationists were arrested and brought before the recorder, who, good man, took pity for them, labored under the delusion that Lord Cecil was the head of the Salvation Army, and on that account dismissed the case with costs. The decision will be regarded by most of the readers of TRUTH as both just and satisfactory, however much they may differ as to the method pursued by these demonstrative religionists.

At a meeting in favor of the abolition of tax exemptions held in this city recently, the following motion was adopted, and TRUTH morely gives it as an item without comment:—"That this meeting is of the opinion that all tax exemptions should be abolished and that the power be left in the hands of municipal councils; and that the Government should be asked to pass a permissive bill enabling this to be done."

A valuable contribution to the temperance question appears in another page of this issue, from the pen of Mr. C. B. Tillinghast, State Librarian, of Boston, on the prohibition question in Massachusetts. It is well known that the "Bay State" has been one of the most interesting of all the American battle-grounds between the prohibitionists and their opponents, partly from the fact of the nearly even balance between the parties, and partly because of the great average intelligence of the constituency. Few men are in a better position to write intelligibly on this question than Mr. Tillinghast. The article will repay careful reading.

This time of year many are kindly remembering friends. What present to an intelligent friend would be better than TRUTH for the year, or even the next half year? Order it, dear reader, and your friend will remember you kindly as each week's visit is made. TRUTH will be sent six months to any such for one dollar. A few dollars so expended would do good to more than one.

The readers of TRUTH will remember the sentence of death passed by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge on the captain and mate of the yacht "Mignacette" for killing the boy Parker for food to keep themselves alive, and that they were respited and it will be sure give satisfaction to many to learn that the original sentence has been commuted to imprisonment for six months. The ruling of the court in this case was of great, and will be of permanent, importance, since it shows that murder under any circumstance not justifiable by law must be punished by death, and that to kill a man merely to support the life of others is not justifiable. It should also be borne in mind in this case that had Parker not been killed he too would have been saved, since they were respited next day. The clemency shown, however, cannot but be commended by every humane person, and the justice calls for unreserved approval. It should be a lesson, and will be no doubt, to those who are so unfortunate as to be placed under similar circumstances in the future.

It is high time that we had the two cent postal rates throughout Canada, and to the United States as well, as the one ounce standard, and there is some hope of this being accomplished at last. The Government seems to be liberal in its doings just now; but it must be confessed that the Act might have been brought forward with advantage long ago and to advantage to Canada.

Truth's Contributors.

Bible Circulation.

BY COL. D. WYLIE, BROCKVILLE.

Lectures on the sacred Scriptures are now being delivered in Toronto by Archbishop Lynch, tending to prove how much was done by the Roman Catholic church in favoring the printing of the Word of God.

Or the following that in 1497 the clergy, so far from attempting to circulate the Scriptures or instruct the people in the knowledge of their contents, only portions of them were recited in the offices of the church.

It may interest some of your readers to learn something of this Gospel of Nicodemus, which the clergy forced upon the notice of the people, instead of giving them the pure Word.

The relation of Christ's descent into hell is introduced by Joseph of Arimathea, addressing Annas and Caiaphas, who were astonished to hear that Jesus was risen from the dead.

when the first man, our father Adam, heard these things, that Jesus was baptized in Jordan, he called out to his son Seth, 'Declare to your sons, the patriarchs and prophets all those things which thou didst hear from Michael the Archangel.'

A quarrel then takes place between Satan and Beelzebub, in which the prince of hell reproaches the prince of death with being the occasion of the ruin of his kingdom by urging the Jews to the crucifixion of Christ.

The relation concludes with the thanksgiving of the Patriarchs, and Charinus and Tentius, after professing to have revealed all they were permitted, each delivered in a separate account written on "distinct pieces of paper."

Golden Legend, with miracles and mysteries, were the means employed in corrupting human reason and the Christian faith.

Local Prohibition in Massachusetts.

Though the prohibitory law of Massachusetts was repealed in 1875 and has not been re-enacted since, the friends of that movement have not lost faith in it, nor have they ceased their efforts to secure its enactment again.

In 1881 a civil damage law, which was first proposed in this State in 1847, was enacted, and the same year a "local option" clause was added to the law.

Such is a history of our legislation and the condition of our statutes to-day. In 1882 the House of Representatives came within one vote of passing a Prohibitory Law.

The towns and cities have voted three times under this statute. The first peculiarity that arrests the attention in the study of these votes is that so large a proportion of those who vote at the election fail to vote upon this question.

Table with 2 columns: Governor, Liquor Question. Rows for 1882, 1873, 1884.

Table with 2 columns: License, No License. Rows for 1882, 1883, 1884.

A large majority of the towns vote "No License." There are 324 towns and 23 cities in the State—or 347 local municipalities altogether—and, considered as units, they voted as follows:

Table with 2 columns: License, No License. Rows for 1882, 1883, 1884.

It will be seen that territorially a very large proportion of the State is practically under prohibition. That the license majorities of the State are due to the cities, and that without their vote the entire State would give a handsome majority for prohibition.

Table with 2 columns: License Maj. in State, License Maj. in Cities. Rows for 1882, 1883, 1884.

Finally, it may be said that the city of Boston alone in 1883 gave a larger majority for license than the majority in the entire State.

The temperance people of Massachusetts to-day have an element to educate in the work which has grown formidable in recent years, and which is not felt so largely in many other localities.

I am asked in view of the relative change in the vote at the last election, "Is the prohibitory sentiment retrograding?"

The aggregate vote cast upon this question, and the aggregate vote for Governor, shows the following disparity:

Table with 2 columns: License, No License. Rows for 1883, 1884.

showing a marked increase of the "No license" vote.

Whatever change appears is only a day. Massachusetts has been for years one of the most closely contested battle grounds of the conflict between license and prohibition.

As a foil to white and pink dresses, so much worn this season, essences encourage the wearing of black lace, of course, being preferred.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, partially cut off.

Tid-Bits.

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Commencing with this issue will be given weekly... for the best selected or Original Tid-Bit... The article, or Tid-Bit, need not necessarily be work of the sender, but may be selected from...

THE PRIZE TID-BIT.

TRUTH'S Tid-Bit contributors are located every part of the continent, but the contributions are pledged on their merits, irrespective of locality... The prize is twenty dollars on application.

DE TO TRUTH—AN ACROSTIC.

I. thrones, dominions, stately powers, / Oh rise, then prostrate fall; / Oh Truth, unlike them all— / Heaven born,—shall never fall.

A Character Sketch.

The mule seemed pensive, even sad, / As if by conscience pricked; / But when they came to share his woes / He raised objections—kicked. / The cat came up to sympathize, / With mew and gentle purr; / Alas! she got within his reach, / When—fiddle-strings and fur. / The dog, in pity, neared him to / Alleviate his care; / He tried to pass around him once, / But—sausage-meat and hair. / And John, the honest farmer boy / Who had the beast in charge, / Tired recklessly to harness him— / His funeral was large. / Oh, trifling were the causes which / His feeble legs unfurled; / And many were the quadrupeds / That sought another world. / He never did a decent thing / He wasn't worth a ducat; / He kicked and kicked until he died,— / That is, he kicked the bucket.

The Lispings of Love.

I'd like a kiss, / My pretty Mith, / Be-ath a kitheth direct! / That, do you know / That kitheth grow / Where huph of loverth meet? / Oh, yeth, I know / Where kitheth grow / Without your hithing lookth; / Be-ath, you dice, / To hel te hal / I read of it in bookth.

A Non-Commercial Traveller.

"I have taken my last order. I am going Home," he said as the clock struck the midnight hour. The nurse looked at the doctor with a significant glance and whispered: "His mind wanders." Presently he lifted his feverish head from its pillow. "Any letters from the house," he inquired. "There ought to be letters here."

Then he slept, and in his sleep he was a boy again—babbling of fishing streams where the trout played—of school hours and romps with his mates. At 12 he suddenly awakened. "Allright," he called in a strong voice, "I'm ready!" He thought the porter had called him for an early train. The doctor laid a soothing hand upon him and he slept. In his sleep he murmured. "Show your samples of our goods. I'm going off the road now. This Order closes me out. The House has called me in. Going to have my first vacation, but I shall lose time—time—time!"

He dozed off and the doctor counted his pulse. Suddenly the sick man started up. "Give me a letter from home. Ellen always writes to me here. Dear girl, she never disappointed me yet—and the children. They will forget me if my trips are too long. I have only a few more towns to sell—I promised to be home Christmas—I promised to be Home—promised—" He slept again and again awakened with a start. "No word from Home yet?" He was going fast now. The doctor bent over him and repeated in a comforting voice the precious words of promise: "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it weren't so I would have told you." "Yes—yes," said the dying traveller faintly. "It is a clear statement. It is a good House to travel for. It deals fair and square with its men."

The Lady and the Organ Grinder.

The following is told as "a true story illustrating London life:" In one of the turnings in Oxford Street, and near Newman Street, quite recently, an Italian organ grinder, with a bad instrument, was moaning piteously his ill-success. He had not taken a penny all day, and had not the wherewithal for a night's lodging. To tell the truth, the man who could take such a horrible instrument of torture about with him deserved no better fate, and the passers by, when they heard the distortion of or-atic airs made by the organ were the reverse of sympathetic. Presently a showily dressed woman came along. "What's the matter, old man?" The Italian artist told his tale. The woman was evidently touched by the man's tears. "We'll soon put that right," she exclaimed; "give me your organ." When she heard its tones she winced a little. "You are a little out of tune," she said, rebukingly, but she set off playing, while the old man looked on bewildered, and a crowd began to gather. The old man stood still until the woman was provoked into chiding him for not having recourse to his hat. "Pass it round, and be quick; it's money you want, isn't it?" The old man obeyed, and the girl sang to the organ until a good harvest of pennies had been reaped.

"Will that do, friend?" she asked, and receiving an affirmative answer, resigned the instrument and passed rapidly away, laughing at her frolic. A similar story is told of Lablache, the eminent basso, who relieved a perambulating member of his own profession one evening in the same way.

The Mother's Out.

You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair by the way he stops in the street and wriggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair she draws the front hair over his eyes and leaves it there while she cuts that which is at the back. The hair which lies over his eyes appears to be surcharged with electric needles, and that which is silently dropping down under his collar-band appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously pushed his head forward until his nose presses his breast. In the meantime he is seized with an irresistible desire to blow his nose, but he recoils that his handkerchief is in the other room. Then a fly lights on his nose, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges, and catches the point of the shears in his left ear. At this he commences to cry and wishes he was a man. But his mother doesn't notice him. When she is through she holds his jacket collar back from his neck, and with her mouth blows the short bits of hair from the top of his head down his back. He calls her attention to the fact, but she looks for a new place in his head and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he goes out and wriggles to get the hairs out of his neck, and wonders what the other boys will say to him.

Passing the Collection Plate.

A great deal depends on the man who carries the plater. He needs to have a sharp eye, of course, not to miss anybody, because there is not one chance in 1,000 of his being called back. What he needs more than anything else, though, is business tact. There is everything in knowing how to pass a plate to different people. Some of them are cranky. If you put the plate at them too persistently they feel offended, and take pride in not contributing a cent for six weeks. Then other people have their little weaknesses, and want their light to have a good chance to shine. I knew a man who, if a plate came to him empty, would put on a quarter or a half, and be satisfied with starting it that way; but, if there were a lot of quarters and things on already, he'd just as like as not slap down a dollar bill. And he'd get at least a dollar's worth of satisfaction in watching the hesitation of the man next to him, who knew they were as good as he, and yet didn't like to give so much. Why, I've had a plate come sailing by me just loaded with bills, and you'd think the congregation was extravagantly liberal, when the fact was that two or three men started in that way, and the rest wouldn't take a bluff.

Monkeys and Spectacles.

It seems from the following story that monkeys have their little prejudices, and prominent among them is a strong dislike to eye-glasses: A man with pebble eye-glasses leaned close to the bars of the monkey-cage, in a Bowery museum last night, watching two who were doing a trapeze act. As he watched, a young monkey stole slyly up, and thrusting his paw out between the bars, suddenly snapped off the glasses from the man's nose, jabbed them into his mouth, and danced away chattering. The keeper recaptured the glasses after considerable difficulty, and as he returned them to the owner, said: "You have learned something curious about monkeys, sir. Don't wear glasses when you go near them. They excite either their ire or their cupidity, and they'll grab them every time. When I was in the London Zoo they used to have signs stuck up warning spectators not to place goggles within reach of the monkeys. When they find they can't chew them up, they smash them."

The Lightning Cash-Boy.

A white and tottering old man leaned against a five-cent counter in a toy store. A middle-aged man streaked with gray approached him. "Ah," said the old man, extending his wrinkled hand, "it seems to me that I have seen your face somewhere before." "Are you the spruce young man who bought 27 cents' worth of goods here and had 3 cents change coming to you?" "I am he who was that spruce young man," replied the white old man, feebly. "I thought so," said the middle-aged man. "Here is your change. I am the cash-boy." "Ah, I did not expect you back so soon," and the old man hobbled out.

Cupid's Last Victory.

Rich Father—What means this? You here again? Leave the house this instant! Have I not already warned you never again to seek the hand of my daughter? Poor Suitor—I did not call to see your daughter this time, sir. I called on business. "Business?" I can't imagine what business I can have with you. "I can. This morning your cook came rushing around to my place and said 'some one must come at once to fix the water pipes. I came, did the job, and here is my bill. Look at it, sir, and take your choice. Which shall it be—your daughter's hand or bankruptcy?' Ha! ha!" No cards.

Fatal Competition.

"There," exclaimed Mrs. Talkmuch, "that's the kind of brutes you men are," and she read an account of a wife-murder by a Georgia barber yesterday. "You say he was a barber, my dear?" "Yes, he was, and—" "Oh, well, it is all for the best. A barber and a woman can't live happily together, anyway." "I'd like to know why not. I can't see—" "Too much competition, my dear. Neither of 'em could get a word in edgewise."

Cause of Death.

First Coroner's Juryman—This body was fished out of the river, wasn't it? Second Juryman—Yes; and look, there is a big bullet-hole in his head. Third Juryman—That's so. A big hole like that would let in a good deal of water, wouldn't it? Fourth Juryman—Yes; it would let in about a pint easily. First Juryman—The case is clear, gentle men. The man died of water on the brain. Verdict in accordance.

Want to be an Owl.

"I wish I was an owl," said the young lawyer, as he gently felt the dimensions of her alligator belt. "Why?" she asked. "Because then I could stay up all night, you know, dear," he replied. "What would you want to do such a ridiculous thing as that for?" she tittered. "To wit:—to woo!"

A Musical Row.

The artist made an error in the orchestra and the Harp hissed to the Guitar: "You are no better than a sharp." "What a thumb-like complacency the latter reported: "And you are a half-brother to a lyre." But there was no duel.

His Delicate Musical Mission.

"Does yer old man work on the dock now?" "N-a-a-w. Ho is a musician." "Is ho the man that swallys the clarinet in the band?" "N-a-a-w; he don't swally the clarinet in the band. He stands on the sidewalk and keeps time wid his fut."

# THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Come with the springtide forth, fair maid, and be  
This year again the meadow's duty.  
Yet, ere ye enter, give us leave to rest  
Upon your head this flow'ry coronet.  
To make this feast distinction from the rest,  
You are the prime, and princess of the feast."  
Hannah.

"A letter for Farmer Berrington—it be  
from furrin parts, I reckon," said the  
parcel-carrier, who was also in a brass way  
postman, stopping his shaggy pony at the  
Red House Farm gate, and addressing Dick,  
who was gently resting from immediate  
labor in the picturesquely old and, it must  
be owned, somewhat untidy farm yard, as  
is the manner of those parts, though all told  
of ease and plenty. Dick, like his fellow-  
laborers, found hearty spells of rest com-  
forting after toil, unless, indeed, the eyes of  
his master were on him, when pride, no  
doubt, will urge a man to greater exertion.  
But the Berringtons, father and son, were  
in the meadows, where the hay makers had  
begun.

"A letter," said Dick, taking it between  
a most inquiring natured finger and thumb;  
but as the latter had learned no more how to  
read than had his head, this was little profit.  
However, he had the solace of a prolonged  
easy conversation with the carrier before  
observing, "Well, goodmornin.' Mistress  
Hannah, hur be in the kitchen, and I'll take  
un to her."

Hannah was busy, as always, shelling  
peas into a fair basin of spring water, and  
she did not fail to reproach Dick's laziness  
in gossiping at the gate. Her northern  
energy was terribly untiring to these easy  
southerns. Then she called Joy in turn,  
who was busied up-stairs in the dark wain-  
scoted passage-way, putting rose-leaves to  
dry in the sun, for which the deep window-  
seats and sills of the broad, ancient casements  
were useful.

"A letter! I'll run and give it to him,"  
cried Joy, clinging on her sun-bonnet, and  
running out past the bees and through the  
orchard down into the meadow.

There were the mowers in rows, toiling in  
their shirts, with bared, vigorous arms.  
Blyth led the row as was right, by reason  
of his strength and powerful scythe-sweep,  
no less than because he was the younger  
master. Joy stopped to watch him.  
Swish! with a sweep again. And the grass  
and clover softly fell in long, green swaths,  
so different from the meadow's pride of the  
morning that Joy was quite sorry to see it.

Seeing her, Blyth stopped at the edge of  
the field, and made a feint of using his sharp-  
ening-stone on the scythe edge with a clir-  
ring sound, not to seem idly fond of talking  
to a young maid in men's eyes.

"Have you brought me some rider, Joy?"  
said the young giant, eying thirstily the far  
cans under the shade of the oak-tree.

"No; a letter," returned Joy; then,  
guiltily blushing, "but, oh, I forgot; it is  
not for you. It is for the father, only I—  
I—don't see him here."

"Why, he is over there, under the hedge,"  
returned Blyth, but now looking himself in  
the direction indicated; rather slowly star-  
ing, thinking how well her blush became  
Joy's clear, olive skin.

"Oh, I see. Now, why should you not  
tell me that before?" pouted the girl.

She turned, leaving Blyth with a man's  
natural justification stopped short on his  
very lips, and ran, light and lissom, across  
the meadow to where Berrington was ex-  
amining a gap in the wildly luxuriant tangle  
of native holly, honey-suckle, briary, thorn,  
and traveller's-joy atop of a high bank,  
which Blyth called a hedge, while it was  
truly a screen of flowers and foliage.

"You come flying like a fawn, when I've  
seen the red deer out on the hills," said old  
Berrington, slowly, smiling at the girl with  
her dark, liquid eyes. "What has it you  
there?"

"It's a letter for the master. And I'm  
wondering what's in it."

"Spoken like a woman. Well, writing,  
Joy—I—should—think."

So saying, Berrington slowly turned and  
turned the letter round, examining the  
post-marks with great deliberation.

Joy felt the blood rise again under her  
dark skin. The child—for so she still was,  
in spite of her seventeen years—remembered  
suddenly that, though no such letters  
had ever come within her knowledge to Red  
House Farm, that was no good reason for

herself, in reality still a guest, to pry into  
the good man's correspondence. She  
generally called Berrington, after a pretty  
notion of her own, "the father" when speak-  
ing to Blyth, and "the master," in a  
laughing, roguish way to himself or to  
others. It was hard to say what else or  
better she could have called him, for  
"Mister Berrington" would have been truly  
stiff.

She felt embarrassed, but the farmer's  
hand was laid caressingly on her shoulder. A  
shout from Blyth relieved her. He had  
ceased mowing, having come on a belated  
landrail's nest, and just escaped the calamity  
of injuring the faithful mother bird.

"I must go—I am coming," cried Joy,  
loving all animals and birds tenderly, but  
especially fond of hearing the hoarse creak  
of these meadow-watchers through the  
summer nights.

Avay she sped, and heard no more about  
the letter till after supper-time. Then,  
wandering with Blyth out in the gloaming  
to find a strayed galin poult or guinea-fowl,  
feminine curiosity got uppermost again, and  
Joy asked.

"Well, did your father get any news to-  
day, Blyth?" His letter had Australian  
postmarks, I did not know he had any  
friends out there."

"He has not chosen to tell me anything  
about it yet anyway," said the young man.  
"My mother's brother went out to Australia,  
I believe."

The evening was dark and cool, and  
fragrant with white mountain ash blossoms  
that swung overhead and scented the air;  
yet Joy felt suddenly hot and shamed and  
displeased with herself and the night. For  
she had secretly fancied the letter might  
have contained some news for herself. It  
might have had reference to—her father. In  
truth, it was for that same thought that  
Farmer Berrington had been so slow to open  
it when with her.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"Like a fawn dost thou fly from me, Child,  
Like a fawn that astray on the hill-top,  
Her shy mother misse and seeks,  
Vaguely scared of the wood and the forest."  
Lord Byron's *Horace*.

Next day was Sunday; and after church  
and mid day dinner Blyth asked Joy would  
she take a walk with him over the meadows.  
The farmer was fast asleep, with a  
handkerchief over his face, in his big chair  
in the parlor, which was dark and cool this  
summer's day, being wide if low, and wain-  
scoted all in dark wood after the fashion of  
good Queen Anne's days. Hannah was  
likewise roosting in the kitchen among her  
bright array of tins and coppers, with her  
Bible on her lap, and a low fire banked over  
till it should be time for tea. It was dull  
and silent in-doors, even in the pleasant old  
house. Outside the animal world was rest-  
ing, too, chewing the cud, and the birds  
still in the round-day heat; yet the breeze  
was fresh, and the insects danced, and the  
river rushed by, gurgling an unceasing  
song, telling of motion that was life, life,  
life, of the hurry of each water-drop to do  
Nature's work, out from the earth's bosom,  
down to the sea, up to the clouds, falling on  
the grain, and beginning again in a ring  
eternal.

The farm stood with one foot on the moor,  
so to speak, an invigorating fresh breeze could  
always be felt from the hills; the heather  
was springy under foot as they left the  
meadows, and the sheep run over the first  
furry hill.

Away went Blyth and Joy over the up-  
land they both loved so well, and drew in  
long draughts of the breezy high air. Down  
into gorges full of oak scrub, up again on  
heights overgrown with bracken for a mile  
or two, till a wide, lone valley spread before  
them, with not a sign of human or animal  
life in it, or on the violet, heather hills  
beyond, save a few half wild cattle browsing  
here and there.

The Chad was running merrily through  
the valley, young and brown yet, from its  
source among the peat-bogs higher up in the  
hill's wild heart.

Blyth silently led Joy still on to where,  
half a mile away, the little river's banks be-  
came picturesquely rugged with high bowl-  
ders stemming the current and piled in con-  
fusion along the stream's edge, while the

rowan-bushes grow in and out of the rocks  
where their roots could find hold. Bushes  
they were up here, not trees; vegetation had  
dwindled.

"Shall we sit down a little while, Blyth?"  
said Joy, as they came up to the rocks,  
which offered pleasant seats, with cushions  
of springy heather for one's feet, and where  
the small cup-moss she loved to look at  
raised its tiny crimson globules over the  
surface of the old, grim stones. She went  
on, with gay pettishness, suddenly turning  
to her comrade with a flash of her dark eyes  
and a slight smile.

"I am tired of walking, and not talking.  
At least this livelong day I have always  
had to answer myself. You are quite strange  
and silent."

"I know. But I have something to tell  
you by-and-by," assented Blyth, gravely,  
to her surprise. "Will you mind sitting on  
the tolmén this last for this time I am  
fond of it."

Midmost of the brown brook a great  
whitish bowlder lay, with a large hole  
through its upper end, worn smooth by the  
dash of wintry floods for ages. It was per-  
haps no true tolmén after all, but such some  
Moortown antiquarian had supposed it to  
be, wandering thereby, and the name had  
fastened to it. They clambered easily  
enough on the great holed stone from the  
other rocks, for now the Chad was low with  
summer's drought. Joy took off her broad  
straw hat and let the gentle wind cool her  
young brows and ruffle her hair. She wait-  
ed in silence, with growing impatience. But  
at last, as her companion did not speak, she  
cried out, thinking him dull and herself  
injured.

"Well, Blyth? You said you had some-  
thing to tell me?"

"I have." Blyth straightened his back  
and looked her full in the face. "Should  
you mind much if I had to go away from  
the Red House?"

"What? and my holidays not over yet?"  
murmured Joy, in dismay. "Oh! I know;  
you are asked over the moors to stay for the  
big sheep-fair with some of the farmers you  
met last time. But that is not till next  
week, and I go back to lessons and prim-  
mishness in three, more days for another  
whole half year. There are to be some  
juncturing, I suppose, you don't want to  
miss. Well, go—but I call it very unkind,  
Blyth—I do, indeed."

She was near crying. The pleasures of  
the farm life, of even being with the old  
farmer and Hannah, both of whom she loved,  
faded suddenly at thought of losing her strong  
slave—young tyrant that she was.

"No, it was not the sheep fair. I am  
going, said Blyth, slowly "to Australia for  
two or three years."

Joy gave such a start that he quickly  
caught her round the waist, or she might  
have slipped down into the water.

"Going!—why?" she exclaimed at last,  
with a gasp. "Oh, Blyth, I know—it was  
that dreadful letter. I wish I had put it in  
the kitchen fire."

She burst into thick sobs now, not heed-  
ing hardly that Blyth drew her closer to  
himself, and petted and coaxed her, his own  
heart indeed being far more sore than his  
own. She only felt irrationally what was the  
use of his having been her big brother all  
these years, and she his loving little sister,  
and now half the world was to part them, and  
sorrow come and desolation?

"My mother's brother has written—my  
uncle," Blyth explained. "He is a lonely  
man, and childless, so he wants to see me;  
and speaks of leaving me his sheep-run. He  
seems well to do."

"I don't care who he is, nor what he has,"  
wept Joy, unconsoled. "Once you go out  
there, I believe you will forget all about us,  
and never, never come back."

She turned away, and bent her face so  
low over her knees Blyth could not see it,  
being so much taller as he sat beside her.

Next instant he dropped his body through  
the great hole of the tolmén, finding foot-  
hold below on a slippery rock; and so bring-  
ing his visage on a level with Joy's pretty face,  
rather to her surprise, wound his arms again  
around her slender waist.

"Look here, Joy," he said, reddening,  
"I swear to come home—if you will have  
me—to marry you. And, if not, the I  
don't care. I never see the farm or my old  
father again; yet you know how I love them  
both! Say: will you marry me?"

Joy pouted, half laughing in his face, with  
the tears, arrested by surprise, still hanging  
on her long lashes. She did not feel herself  
mistress of the situation, being fast help-

there; and besides, though she had  
up insensibly with the thought that  
could never bear to part from Blyth,  
she rapidly remembered the romantic  
learned from her school-comrades.

She should be wooed before being  
Now Blyth, to her mind, was only a  
tall boy, still, in spite of his having re-  
reached the one-and-twenty years of  
hood, had surely never rightly  
her.

But Blyth, looking at her with his  
all gleaming, feeling a mighty rush of  
hood's strength of purpose within  
thoughts of facing the great world,  
to himself to have been wooing  
through his young life.

"Speak, Joy—dear—surely there  
one that you like better, he rather  
clasping her tighter.

"Why, that is it. I have seen some  
sides you, Blyth," replied the school-  
with dignity. Then, seeing, by the ten-  
sion of the muscles round his mouth,  
by his eager eyes—dividing too, with  
loving heart—how much it cost her  
boy-companion to go away across the  
waters, Joy cried, torn asunder betwixt  
supposed self-duty of pride and  
affection.

"Oh, don't look like that Blyth! You  
will promise to marry no one till you  
back; and then, if I have seen none  
I like better; why—why—"

Joy stopped, blushing, she did not  
know why. After all she had known  
Blyth all her life, and to agree  
thus always together seemed quite a  
matter, she thought, in a child's  
She considered her lover rawbone  
ward, and not at all romantic.

"Will you put your hand in mine  
promise me that?" urged Blyth,  
taking his eyes off her.

Joy laid her small palm in his,  
sweetly.

"I promise."  
"Will you kiss me now?" said  
very low.

"Oh, yes," replied Joy, who ever  
of her life was quite accustomed to  
Blyth a flying kiss, aimed at white  
of his cheek or forehead, was at-  
since he generally bent his head  
ashamed of her caress before his  
Hannah and the servant maid. But  
Blyth's lips touched hers for the first  
and of his own accord, for many a  
with a close, eager pressure, it was  
quite different.

He drew back then an instant, as if  
seemed to the young girl as if the  
sun had transfigured the young girl's  
yellow hair shone like gold; his  
noble; his face strange—that of a  
"Let us go," she said, "in a  
voice, wishing to laugh at her ex-  
but feeling as if something she  
what, happened to them both.

For a moment Blyth seemed  
would fain have kissed Joy again;  
ing her discomposed face and  
quivering in doubt how to take  
controlled himself, and only pres-  
little hands in a grip that nearly  
cry out. Then, raising himself by  
of his arms, with a strong swing,  
holed stone, he helped her off the  
they went gravely homeward by a  
way.

They hardly spoke again; and  
did, it was with constraint, and  
long voyage and Australia. Joy  
did not understand Blyth's feel-  
ting; and he felt that it was so, le-  
was truly a child still.

Slowly they skirted the stream,  
came to a strange bridge, a big  
black laid across the Chad. There  
other such stone nearer than the  
the sacred circle far away yonder  
hill rise, and yet the rude bridge,  
gone ages had put it simply  
where the river was too deep to  
were a plank. Blyth, crossing  
surface steadily, turned and  
hand to lead Joy. Often enough  
had tripped lightly across, remem-  
yet many a time had taken his  
ing nothing of such slight help-  
Sunday she hesitated, drew back  
moment, seeing Blyth looked  
silent, she gave him her hand,  
another impulse, and so follow-  
lashed and ill at ease. So they  
the swelling ground towards the  
to; so-called because these birds  
crest like a huge mushroom.

All around  
British village  
in an all circle  
rounding their  
hands, mayb  
some distance  
comes down t  
to be seen in  
ough to whi  
smell of son  
Blyth stood  
air difficult  
ing close to  
ad furze, ar  
infusion.  
"It's a st  
Look at the  
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ad still flow  
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so they wen-  
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ld in heart.  
Blyth Berr  
Australia, but  
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Ladies sti  
With reds  
Tonia  
Nearly three  
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either side o  
a wild-roose  
-post leaned  
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the old farm  
hill rise, and yet the rude bridge,  
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It was full of  
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ough she had thought that part from Blyth, the romantic of-comrades. d before being mind, was only of his having twenty years of never rightly

at her with a mighty rush of purpose with a great world, been wooing

I have seen so shed the school, seeing, by the a round his mood dividing too, w much it cost her way across the or n asunder bet of pride and

e, that Blyth's y no one till yo have seen nob why—

ing, she did r all she had and to agree r seemed quite a ht, in a child's lover rawbone l romantic. our hand in u rged Blyth, her.

me now?" said

ied Joy, who eve ite accustomed, aimed at what hehead, was at bent his head rress before his fress-maid. Bet hers for the f cord, for many r pressure, it w

then an instab, girl as if the ed the young g like gold; his ange—"that of a she said, "in a laugh at her something she t them both.

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irted the stream, ge bridge, a hea ge the Chad. T nearer than the far away yob the rude brick ut it simply Blyth, crossing t, turned and y. Often enou tly across, her had taken his such slight hel itated, drew back Blyth looked ve him her hand, e, and so follor at case. So he ound towards t cause these bric ck that crown d mushroom.

All around here lay remains of an early British village; stones were placed upright in all circles, with boundary walls surrounding them; there were bigger pens, or bounds, maybe for sheep or cattle; and at some distance ran a long avenue of upright stones down to the river, such as are said to be seen in many other parts of the world. Blyth stood still, after they had picked their difficult way through all these blocks lying close together, half hidden in heather and furze, or scattered in seeming desolate confusion.

"What a strange sight," he remarked. Look at that old village lying roofless, while the cattle and sheep have been wandering through its walls for how many hundreds of years. And yet there were men and women living in it, Joy, who once felt

and long-lived flowers; with rosemary and southernwood, and such-like pot-herbs, more for savor than sightliness. But the borders round the house wall gleamed even in the twilight with the warmer hues of gaudy favorites which Joy had planted there to carry out her freak—apothecary roses, with their crimson leaves and yellow hearts, red sweet pea, taunting peonies, and an army, not yet blown, of such gorgeous great poppies, emperors of their kind, that all the farm-house neighbors near and far envied the show and begged for some seed. Farmer Berrington had laughed at her; she might do as she pleased, being "the joy of the house," he said.

No wonder Joy thought of his words, for she knew what he meant. They had had no letter from Blyth for some ten months, and yet in his last he had said his uncle was failing.

"I am not the man I was, either; so I hope my son can be spared to come home," old Berrington had opened his lips to remark. He was hearty still, but had grown so heavy that it was a trouble to him now to walk much about the farm. His broad, ruddy face had become grayer and heavier, either with time or perhaps his son's absence, for such silent men do not take to other folks' company lightly, or at all, maybe, when those they most care for are gone from them. But still his glance would always light up at Joy's presence, at the flash of her splendid black eyes and her sunny laugh; and she knew what a warm, still quick heart housed in that mountain of flesh, where careless or dull eyes only saw a stolid and ponderous old man, oft-times afflicted with gout or shortness of breath, and such-like ills.

Joy had grown taller, fuller in form, fairer to look on in the last three years. Now, as she stood there in a pale cotton dress, with a white muslin kerchief folded over her bosom, she was beautiful! She laughed in her heart, being young and glad, as she thought of Farmer Berrington's sayings, and half hid her face, blushing at its own fancy, in her arms folded on the rail. But then she sighed soon, and raising her head looked down the lane, as if her thought would fain see into the dark future as her eyes sought to pierce the shadows. For Blyth had not come home; and—no might have changed his mind. He was only a boy in heart, though a man in years when he left, she believed.

And when he had asked her to plight her troth down by the great holed stone she herself was a mere child, and knew nothing of life or the world, and had seen so few besides himself. But now—Well, now, not a young farmer for sixteen miles round the moors but would gladly ride far on the darkest night on the chance of meeting her at any merry-making. For she was reckoned the greatest beauty in all the country, so they told her. But she thought, alas! so many of them mere yokels, however well-grown of body and well-housed at home. Perhaps it was her schooling had done it, or some inbred greater gentleness of race; but she felt there was something in herself they lacked each and all, and longed for more signs of gentility in her lovers.

Stephen Hawshaw, indeed, was beyond the rest. But then he had been to college (though he could not pass his examinations, it was rumored), and he aspired to be considered an equal by the younger sort of gentry, as his father loved to be called "squire" by all the meaner sort of folk who wished to scrape favor with him. Yes, he was handsome and merry, and admired herself, without doubt. Did she like him? Joy asked her heart. Why, yes; she did. Better than all others, even old friends? she must see them again to know. Heigh-ho! what would Old Hawshaw say, though, should his son ask leave to bring home a dowdless maiden to the Barton? And Joy began singing to herself, careless and happy whatever might betide.

Meanwhile, at this same hour, on this same evening, a young man was walking towards the Red House Farm, along the lane that led from Moortown. He was very tall and broad-shouldered; he wore a large soft hat of fashion unknown in those parts, and a short, yellow-gold beard that was likewise a rarity in those days. Even by the make of his clothes he was a stranger for certain; so that the maidens by the bridges over the hill-streams, and the men jogging homewards on their rough ponies while they called out "Good-evening" in the friendly fashion that was usual, wonder-

ed who he might be, and gazed curiously after him.

"Good-evening," he always cried, but strode on with the help of his big stick, never stopping to have a chat, never thinking how, behind him, all the girls said how handsome he was, and the men how big and strong. And yet he felt as if he loved them all. He loved the soft-faced maidens, and the men with their kindly, lazy speech, the neatling villages in the wooded combs, the tumbling brooks and mossy millwheels. Then the sight of the wide moors and the free hills and craggy tors up yonder, the flocks of sheep, the soft-eyed red cattle knee-deep in the fords, and in the brooks the beds of tall, yellow-lilied iris, and the sweet, breezy air he had drunk into his lungs since boyhood—he loved them all. For he was Blyth Berrington.

As Blyth neared his home with swinging pace, leaving mile after mile more and more gladly behind him, he did not heed that he was becoming footsore—he did not waste thought in grumbling that he had not found man and cart, or any vehicle or beast even, to bring him from Moortown.

He thought, instead, how purely white the lane glistened here and there in the twilight, with the granite dust ground down from the rocks; and again, how deeply rich and red was the earth where ploughed, the land his forefathers had lived on so long. Then never had any other country such hedgerows, such banks and lanes, so great and deep, so massed with holly and bloom, and wildly luxuriant with all twining, twisting plants, that curl their tendrils with the sun or contrariwise; such a paradise of ferns, or such an English wild garden of flowers, from the Lent-lilies opening the season, with their yellow bills shaking music soundless to our grosser ears in the mad March wind, to the great summer army that followed, and the last of the laggards of autumn.

Blyth's heart gave a leap in his body for pure gladness when first he saw the Chad again; and then he hurried on faster than before, while it came foaming and singing and tumbling along the road beside him. As each well-known landmark came in sight, his eyes grew dim often enough, and his heart felt very soft, while his throat foolishly swelled. And, as among much we love, one object is still singled out specially, so even while Blyth watched for the first sight of the Red House chimneys above the oaks, and often wondered how his old father might be and whether he was yet hale and well, still truly the most secret fires and deepest tenderness of his feelings were reserved for the image of one other well beloved—were urging his well-nigh jaded body on with fresh effort to see her dear self face to face again.

He remembered a young, slight girl, half-child still, with flying feet and lissom, still unformed figure, whose dark eyes were flashing with merry mischief, or opened wide in pure deep innocence. What would Joy be like? how would she meet him? and where—

He was near home now. He came up the lane with beating heart, and surely, surely there was a shadowy figure gleaming pale at the gate. Who was it? Was it—could it be she?

Meanwhile Joy, straining her eyesight at the handsome stranger in the darkened light, watched and wondered too.

Blyth approached, then stopped short, and, taking off his broad, hat while he lent forward to see the maiden closer, asked:

"Will you have the kindness to tell me does Farmer Berrington live here now at the Red House Farm?"

"Blyth!" screamed Joy the instant he had spoken, and held out her two hands to him across the gate.

He caught and pressed them hard, and so, approaching close, they looked at each other, quite near a few moments, in utterly astonished breathless silence.

Joy saw before her no raw, fair-haired lad such as he who had gone from them, but a finely-made man, with a handsome, open face, and who carried himself with an upright, steadfast air, as one who knows he is of some worth in the world, but assumes neither more or less.

And he? He had never thought Joy could have grown so beautiful! Her eyes, full of dark liquid light, flashed a welcome in which surprise was lost in great gladness. They were the same eyes he remembered well ever since Dick had first lifted her as a little child out of the wagon at their gate; but otherwise all features seemed to him

not changed but glorified. He had loved her over since she was a little rose-bud child; when he left she had been like the young flower only beginning to unfold its beauty; but now she was

"A rose in June's most honeyed heat,  
A red-mouthed rose, that woman of the flowers."

More by token she wore a full blown red rose in her bosom, which she rivalled in glorious beauty and sweetness.

So he looked at her a few moments without speaking. The hush of the hour was around them, the night scents of the flowers in the garden was fragrant on the air; and from the long lush-grass of the meadows, still standing in their summer pride, came the hoarse c-r-a-ik, c-r-a-ik of the landrails, the night watchmen of birds.

Then, with all these sights and sounds and scents around him he had known since boyhood, Blyth found his voice again. He cried, hardly knowing what he said, only conscious of glad surprise.

"Why, Joy, you are a woman!"  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Old Friends.

It was the saying of Abbe Morellet that "if the gods were to permit him to return again to earth in whatever form he might choose, he should make, perhaps, the whimsical choice of returning to this world as an old man." Whimsical as this may seem, there are some reasons that would justify such a choice. It does not necessarily follow because a man is old, he is, therefore, incapacitated for enjoyment or improvement.

There is the steady vitality of ripeness to his youth, which is strength and reliability. His experience is a store house of knowledge. As the explorer actually enjoys more, because he knows more, after his return than while in active and anxious pursuit, since he can gather it all up and think it over calmly, yet with a vividness as great as at the first sight, and again and again with increasing enjoyment, so an old man has a full store-house in his experience, and can be continually using it to the profit of others and his own enjoyment. Things that were matters of uncertainty and perplexity in his youth are now settled, and afford a solid satisfaction beyond the most dazzling anticipations of youth. There is no want of material for comfort and joy even in the sorrows that often overshadow his path.

And when we come to friends, we can endorse the experience of Maria Edgeworth. "In the world in which I have lived nearly three-quarters of a century, I have found nothing one-quarter so well worth living for as old friends." Youthful friendships have their charms, and often their disappointments, but old tried friends are a permanent joy. It is the oldest cask that has the sweetest wine. It is the ripe fruit that is the most luscious. It is the old violin, whose practiced strings have seasoned the instrument, and filled every pore with melody, that the gentlest touch awakens to a rapturous harmony. And that immortal harp of a thousand strings in the souls of men gives sweeter strains by the mellowing touch of age. Old friends are prized for their worth, through many trials. Their love is tempered to an even firmness that does not change. You can lean upon it without doubt or suspicion. It has lost none of its power. Coals contain the strongest heat with their covering of ashes, and there is a beauty in their glow superior to flame. God bless our old friends. We wish they could know how much we prize them. The very remembrance of them is the charm of our past life, and the hope of meeting them in the endless future fills the soul with joy.

—C. W. Watchman.

Skin tight sleeves are things of the past—thanks to the Goddess of Fashion.

To take dust out of steel rub the steel with sweet oil; in a day or two rub with finely powdered unslaked lime until the rust all disappears, then oil again, roll in woolen and put in a dry place, especially if it be table cutlery;

A Georgia paper tells of a farmer who had a calf break its leg last February. The owner tried his surgical skill upon the broken limb and succeeded in cutting off the broken leg and curing it. He then attached a wooden leg to the stub, and reports that the calf has as good use of itself as it had before the injury.



### Temperance Department.

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

#### Enforcement of Law.

A very well written editorial appears in a recent issue of *Leslie's Illustrated* in regard to the importance from a temperance standpoint of enforcing the laws now in existence. It says: "In relation to the liquor traffic, it was for a long time felt that a prohibitory law would put a stop to all illegal sales. But it is now well known that it is as important and far more difficult to enforce the existing laws against liquor dealers than to pass these laws. At the present we believe it is more important to execute present laws than to attempt to make others, and perhaps better laws. In many cities and States this sentiment is manifested in associations bearing the name of Law and Order Leagues.

These associations are composed of gentlemen representing every variety of temperance opinion. While constitutional and statutory prohibitions are thus enrolled, many license men are also members. Total abstainers and those who are not total abstainers thus co-operate. The society has no relation to merely political movements. Its one purpose is to execute the law. As a body the liquor dealers are notorious for not observing the requirements of their licenses. These provisions usually embody prohibitions against selling to minors, and to persons already intoxicated, against selling after twelve o'clock midnight, and on Sunday. It is notorious that these prohibitions are constantly evaded. In Chicago the League has within the last year prosecuted nearly a thousand dealers upon more than a thousand charges. The large proportion were convicted. One in every seven of the liquor-dealers of Chicago were in this single year found guilty of breaking the law. In Boston the more notorious of the law-breaking saloons have been forced to suspend business.

The article concludes by remarking "that this movement is so admirable in purpose and method for the enforcement of one variety of laws that its scope should be broadened to include other offences which threaten the body politic and social." Probably there is not as pressing need in Canada for such leagues, as our law officers because of the different appointment, are generally more efficient and impartial in the performance of their duties, but it is evident enough that there is far too much law breaking tolerated here. The idea ought to be more generally cultivated that it is the duty of all law-loving and law-abiding citizens to help in the observance and enforcement of the laws we have. No one class of people should be expected to see to the enforcement of any one class of laws; all the people are interested in law observance, and all ought to be patriotic in the matter of law enforcement.

#### Moderate Drinking.

A good many men, who pride themselves on their moderation, are in the habit of recommending others to do as they do—remain moderate drinkers. In order to help define wherein "moderation" consists we clip the following remarks from the *London Lancet*, a leading English medical journal, not of the tea-total stamp. The *Lancet*, writing of a recent temperance address, by the Bishop of Exeter, says:

"It is high time to define what moderate drinking is not. It is not drinking in public houses, it is not drinking on the sly, it is not drinking early in the day, it is not drinking by itself other than at meal times, it is not drinking to procure sleep or relieve pain. All men, and especially women, who do such things are not moderate drinkers and had better beware."

Let the moderate drinker paste this in his hat and be guided by its directions and the class would grow small and beautifully less very fast. According to my such definition there are not near so many moderate drinkers as has been popularly believed. Too many have gone beyond that limit.

#### Drinking in Maine.

The newspapers are constantly containing some curious statements about liquor selling and liquor drinking in Maine. The most of them seems to agree in regard to the fact that liquor—such as it is, can be got, but it has to be got in such a way and from such people as to make the drinking system about as disgraceful as possible, and the dangerous treating system too disreputable to be dangerous there at all. A great point is gained when the treating system has to be abandoned, when the bar rooms are divested of all their attractions, and when the liquors are notoriously so bad that few men not actually debased by appetite would care to touch them at all.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Examiner* writes from Maine his recent experience in liquor hunting, which was as follows: "He finds that liquor is to be had in that State the same as elsewhere, except that it is of poorer quality, costs more, and is more difficult to obtain. At a Portland hotel, on enquiring for the bar, he was shown a room where a man stood behind the counter and another in front of it. There were glasses in sight, but no bottles. He calls for whisky, and the man in front took a bottle from his overcoat pocket, from which the drink was poured. The liquor was villainous stuff, consisting of flavoured alcohol, compounded on the premises and sold at twenty-five cents a glass. In August he was shown to a furnished room, where he was soon joined by a waiter who bore a bottle and glass. He returned to the office, where they refused any pay for the drink, but intimated that the use of the room was worth about twenty-five cents. His observations led him to believe that much of the so-called liquor exposed for sale is the most abominable poison, destructive to health and almost certain to promote crime and misery, even when indulged in with moderation."

When the drink traffic is narrowed down to that point it has been driven to a lower level than most people care to go, and much too low to be a temptation and a fascination to the young men of the country whose tastes and appetites are not already depraved.

#### More Votes Pending.

The new year promises to be one of great interest and importance in connection with the temperance contest in Canada. Before the year expires it is probable that the question of the adoption of the Scott Act will have been settled in a majority of the counties of the Dominion, and on the result much depends in regard to the speedy enactment of a general prohibitory law for the entire Dominion. In this Province four important votes take place during January. They are as follows:—On Thursday 15th, votes in Lennox and Addington, Kent, and Lanark; on the 22nd, voting in the City of Guelph. It is quite probable that the official *Gazette* will soon announce the polling days in a number of other counties.

#### RECEIPTS FROM LODGES.

The G. W. Secretary acknowledges the following receipts from Lodges during December.

FOR TAX.	
Ambitious City, Hamilton	\$3.36
Hazledean, Hazledean	2.73
Hiawatha, Hiawatha	2.03
Safeguard, Welland	2.52
Hops of Maidstone, Essex Centre	7.56
Claude, Claude	1.10
Rescue, Hamilton	5.76
Hops of Rochester, S. Woodlee	2.73
Winthrop, Winthrop	1.82
Huron Hops, Verdun	3.61
Rose of Huron, Pine River	3.29
Blooming Rose, Woodville	1.75
Jaffa, Jaffa	2.65
Star, Newmarket	2.24
Mt. Olivet, Hillsdale	2.50
Fortress, Mitchell	4.13
Metcalfe Star, Metcalfe	3.50
Moorfield Star, Moorfield	2.52
Woodstock, Woodstock	1.82
Excelsior, Bowmanville	4.20
Chandos, Clydeedale	1.33
Bethel, Godfrey	08
N. Enterprising, Bell's Corners	1.33
Rising Sun, Pickering	4.69
Leamington, Leamington	4.76

Life Boat, Gorrie	3.71
Crusade, Arthur	1.61
Star, Sultaville	1.80
Unity, Toronto	6.68
Mt. Horeb, Brampton	1.01
Manotick, Manotick	2.03
Mississauga, Roseneath	2.17
Maple Leaf, Apsley	2.80
Purple Grove, Newbridge	2.15
Rising Star, Newton Robinson	1.54
Hops of Brampton, Brampton	3.20
Cameron, Ottawa	0.70
Elgin, Eaton's Corners	2.10
Florence, Florence	3.71
Excelsior, Hamilton	2.94
Pride of Warkworth, Warkworth	4.90
Providence, Little Britain	2.87
Morrisburg, Morrisburg	4.97
Young Canadian, Mt. Forest	1.10
Rising Hope, Newcastle	2.59
Gourlburn E., Munster	0.28

#### FOR SUPPLIES.

Ambitious City, Hamilton	\$2.14
Star, Moorefield	60
Forest Home, Wiedman	1.85
Woodstock, Woodstock	20
Mountain Village, Ancaster	60
Progression, W. Winchester	3.00
Cookstown, Cookstown	3.70
Union, Roebuck	2.00
Wm. Beasley, Woodbridge	4.25
Evening Star, Galt	1.80
Maple Leaf, Orwell	50
Huron, Seaforth	2.25
Mt. Pleasant, Mt. Pleasant	30
Unity, Toronto	2.50
Evening Star, Galt	35
Providence, Little Britain	1.00
Lorne, Markville	60
Gourlburn E., Munster	3.20
Jaffa, Jaffa	1.85

#### THE BABY IN THE BROWN COTTAGE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A small brown cottage stood on the road side, opposite the old mill. From the door you could see the great wheel slowly turning; and when the air was still you could hear the dull rumbling of machinery.

The miller's family lived in the brown cottage. Shall I tell you how many there were in this family? Just three. Two little girls and a baby. But where was the mother? you ask.

There was no mother in the miller's brown cottage; only two little girls and a baby. One month ago the mother's earthly life failed and sickened, as you have seen the light of a lamp when the oil was consumed. Then it went out, and there were tears and grief in the brown cottage.

As for the mother, sorrow and sickness had made both heart and body weak. For a long time before she died a great shadow rested on her life—a shadow that grew darker day by day. But she was loving and pure, and, in his own good time, the Lord closed her tearful eyes in this lower world that he might open them in heaven. And so she went to dwell with angels, leaving her helpless baby with only her two little girls—babes almost themselves—to care for him. It was not her wish to go. Said as her life was, she would have clung to it if it had been a thousand times sadder, for the sake of her little ones. But God knew what was best for her and those she loved; and so he took her to Himself.

"Where was the baby's father?" I hear asked. "Did he not love and care for it; and for his two little girls also?"

I said that a shadow rested on the poor mother's heart; a shadow that grew darker every day. Such shadows rest on many hearts. The miller had once been the kindest of husbands and the tenderest of fathers. What had changed him? Drink! You know too well what that means. Once he took a glass of beer only now and then; not that it made him feel any better, but really worse, for it produced a heaviness of head and limbs that was very unpleasant while it lasted. Sometimes a head-ache was the consequence. But others drank beer, and he joined in the useless and unsafe custom.

After a while this unwholesome stuff so changed the healthy natural state of his stomach, that it began to crave the bitter and stimulating draught. Then he drank oftener; which, of course, only made it worse—increasing the unhealthy condition, and likewise the craving thirst that could never be satisfied—no, not even with beer; and so, at times, whisky, gin and brandy were taken. These led to ruin by a quicker way than ale or beer; because they are more fiery and burn with a fiercer flame.

You can understand now, why a shadow had rested on the mother of these children; and why it had grown darker every day.

The baby was a year old. Hester, or Hetty as she was called, had just passed her tenth birthday; and Mary was seven. So young, and motherless!

At first thought it seems as if it would have been better for them to be fatherless also. But God knows what is best always. His tender care was over these little ones, and over their father too.

Now, that baby was one of the loveliest things alive—so sweet and pure; so gentle, and yet so full of infantile joy; and so winning in all his ways that none could help loving him.

This neighbor and that offered to take him when his mother died, but Hetty, who had seemed to grow into a woman all at once, said, "No, no, I can't part from baby."

Then a lady, who had no children, took the half-drunken, wretched father aside, and talked to him until he consented to let her have the baby and bring him up as her own. She wanted to carry him right off; but the miller said, "No, not until tomorrow."

"Better let me take him now," urged the lady.

For Hetty's sake the miller repeated his "No." He knew how great was her love for the baby, and there was enough of tenderness left in his heart to keep him from adding this to her grief—the day of her mother's burial.

Now it happened that Hetty, unknown to her father and the woman, had heard what passed between them. At first she was almost beside herself with pain. It was as much as her heart could bear to lose her mother, and she felt that to take baby also would, as she said afterward, "kill her."

The funeral over, all the neighbors went home, except two more tender-hearted and pitying than the rest. It seemed cruel to them to turn their backs upon these two little girls and the sweet baby left motherless.

One of them had been a very dear friend of the miller's wife, and she grieved for her loss as for that of a beloved sister.

Taking Hetty by the hand, and leading her into her mother's room, now so still and desolate, she shut the door, and putting her arms about the child, burst into tears and wept over her for a long time before she could get calm enough to speak.

"I want to talk with you, Hetty," she said, at length, as she sat down and composed herself. The blinding tears dried out of Hetty's eyes and she fixed them wistfully on the woman's face.

"What are you going to do? Ah, that was the hardest of all questions to answer. Hetty's eyes rested for a little while on the woman's face, and then dropped to the floor. Raising them quickly, after a moment, she replied.

"If they'll only let me keep baby, Mrs. Wilder." The thought of his being taken away came back so vividly to the mind of Hetty that she could not bear it. Her eyes quivered, and she burst again into tears.

"I thought you were going to keep him," said the neighbor.

"Mrs. Florence wants him, and says she'll take him just as if he was her own."

"I didn't know that," remarked the neighbor. "If Mrs. Florence will take him—"

"It's very kind in her," said Hetty, interrupting the sentence, "and I'm sure she would be good to him. But indeed, Mrs. Wilder, I can't let him go. I feel just as if I should die if they were to take him away. You don't know how I do love him."

"But you are so young, Hetty. Almost a child yourself. You can't take care of baby. And then who is to be housekeeper?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LEGAL POINT.—In connection with the petitions filed on behalf of the Scott Act for Kent and Perth counties some good-natured, easy-going signers afterward were induced to sign another petition asking that their names be withdrawn from the first. The Government submitted the question to the Supreme Court whether such a privilege could legally be granted. The Court decision has been that unless it can be shown that the names were first obtained by misrepresentation or fraud, they cannot afterward be legally withdrawn. This decision will set at rest similar efforts elsewhere.

Our Young Folks

Jack Frost.

I hunted for flowers, and cried when I found  
Their poor withered leaves lying dead on the ground.  
The blue and the pink and the white were all lost;  
I'll never forgive him, that cruel Jack Frost!

He waited and watched for the very first day  
When Summer was tired and turning away;  
Then came in the night, with his shivery breath;  
And all the sweet flowers were frozen to death.

But when we gathered where the maple trees grow,  
And oaks, and the sumacs all crowding below—  
Why then, as we played in the sunshiny air,  
We laughed just to see that Jack Frost had been there.

He touched with his finger the bitter-sweet vine,  
He turned to red coral that garland of mine.  
He opened the burrs of the chestnuts of brown,  
And then they came rattling and pattering down.

And, oh! how he paints the vines and the trees!  
They smile, in the sunbeams and waved in the breeze.  
With purple and scarlet and crimson and gold—  
Far more than a million of gardens would hold.

Perhaps he was sorry for what he has done,  
And wanted to make up ere Winter came on.  
Well, well! poor old Jack! He was doing his best,  
And so we had better forgive him the rest.

—N. Y. Independent.

How the Leaves Come Down.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I'll tell you how the leaves come down,  
The great Tree to his children said:  
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,  
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;  
It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah!" bugged each silly, pointing leaf,  
"Let us a little longer stay;  
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief,  
This such a very pleasant day  
We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day,  
To the great tree the leaflets clung,  
Frollicked and danced and had their way;  
Upon the autumn breezes swung,  
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget  
And let us stay until the Spring,  
If we all beg and coax and fret."  
But the big Tree did no such thing;  
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed!" he cried;  
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer  
He shook his head, and far and wide,  
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,  
Down came the leaflets through the air.

I saw them: on the ground they lay,  
Gleeful and red, a huddled swarm,  
Waiting till one from far away,  
White bed-clothes heaped upon her arm,  
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled,  
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said;  
And from below each sleepy child  
Replied, "Good night!" and murmured,  
"It is so nice to go to bed."

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARRILL.

CHAPTER VI.—THE MOVING FOREST.

The place was so dark that at first he could see nothing, although he heard a rattling sound coming from the back part of the shop, but presently he discovered the figure of an old man, busily mixing something in a large iron pot. As Davy approached him, he saw that the pot was full of watches, which the old man was stirring about with a ladle. The old creature was curiously dressed in a suit of rusty green velvet, with little silver buttons sewed over it, and he wore a pair of enormous yellow-leather boots; and Davy was quite alarmed at seeing that a large leathern belt about his waist was stuck full of old-fashioned knives and pistols. Davy was about to retreat quickly from the shop, when the old man looked up and said, in a peevish voice: "How many watches do you want?" and Davy saw that he was a very shocking-looking person, with wild, staring eyes, and with a skin as dark as mahogany, as if he had been smoked in something for ever so long.

"How many?" repeated the old man impatiently. "If you please," said Davy, "I don't think I'll take any watches to-day. I'll call—"

"Drat 'em!" interrupted the old man, angrily beating the watches with his ladle, "I'll never get rid of 'em—never!"

"It seems to me—" began Davy soothingly. "Of course it does!" again interrupted the old man as crossly as before. "Of course it does! That's because you won't listen to the wily of it.

"But I will listen," said Davy. "Then sit down on the floor and hold up your ears," said the old man.

Davy did as he was told to do, so far as sitting down on the floor was concerned, and the old man pulled a paper out of one of his boots, and glaring at Davy over the top of it, said angrily:

"You're a pretty spectacle! I'm another. What does that make?"

"A pair of spectacles, I suppose," said Davy.

"Right" said the old man. "Here they are." And pulling an enormous pair of spectacles out of the other boot he put them on, and began reading aloud from his paper:

"My recollectest thoughts are those  
Which I remember yet,  
And bearing on, as you'd suppose,  
The things I don't forget."

"But my recollectest thoughts are lees  
Alike than they should be;  
A state of things, as you'll confess,  
You very seldom see."

"Clover, isn't it?" said the old man, peeping proudly over the top of the paper.

"Yes, I think it is," said Davy, rather doubtfully.

"Now comes the cream of the whole thing," said the old man. "Just listen to this:

"And yet the meekest thought I love  
Is what no one believes—"

Here the old man hastily crammed the paper into his boot again, and stared solemnly at Davy.

"What is it?" said Davy, after waiting a moment for him to complete the verso. The old man glanced suspiciously about the shop, and then added, in a hoarse whisper:

"That I'm the sole survivor of  
The famous Forty Thieves!"

"But I thought the Forty Thieves were all boiled to death," said Davy.

"All but me," said the old man decidedly.

"I was in the last jar, and when they came to me the oil was off the boil, or the boil was off the oil,—I forget which it was,—but it rained my digestion and made me look like a ginger-bread man. What larks we used to have!" he continued, rocking himself back and forth and chuckling hoarsely.

"Oh! you were a precious lot, we were? I'm Sham-Sham, you know. Then there was Anamanamona Miko—he was an Irishman from Hullaboo—and Barcelona Boner—he was a Spanish chap, and boned everything he could lay his hands on. Strike's real name was Gobang; but we called him Strike, because he was always asking for more pay. Haro Ware was a poacher, and used to catch Welsh rabbits in a trap; we called him "Hardware" because he had so much metal about him. Good joke, wasn't it?"

Hiltz

"Oh, very!" said Davy, laughing. "Frown Whack was a scowling fellow with a club," continued Sham-Sham. "My! how he could hit! And Harico and Barico were a couple of bad Society Islanders. Then there was Weo Wo; he was a little Chinese chap, and we used to send him down the chimneys to open front doors for us. He used to say that sooted him to perfection. Wac—"

At this moment an extraordinary commotion began among the watches. There was no doubt about it, the pot was boiling. And Sham-Sham, angrily crying out "Don't tell me a watched pot never boils!" sprang to his feet, and pulling a pair of pistols from his belt, began firing at the watches, which were now bubbling over the side of the pot and rolling about the floor; while Davy, who had had quite enough of Sham-Sham by this time, ran out of the door.

To his great surprise, he found himself in a sort of under-ground passage lighted by grated openings overhead; but he could still hear Sham-Sham, who now seemed to be firing all his pistols at once, he did not hesitate, but ran along the passage at the top of his speed.

Presently he came in sight of a figure hurrying toward him with a lighted candle, and as it approached he was perfectly astounded to see that it was Sham-Sham himself, dressed up in a neat calico frock and a dainty apron like a housekeeper, and with a bunch of keys hanging at his girdle. The old man seemed to be greatly agitated, and hurriedly whispering, "We thought you were never coming, sir!" led the way through the passage in great haste. Davy noticed that they were now in a sort of tunnel made of fine grass. The grass had a delightful fragrance, like new-mown hay, and was neatly wound around the tunnel like

the inside of a bird's nest. The next moment they came out into an open space in the forest, where, to Davy's astonishment, the Cockalorum was sitting bolt upright in an arm-chair, with his head wrapped up in flannel.

It seemed to be night, but the place was lighted up by a large chandelier that hung from the branches of a tree, and Davy saw that a number of odd looking birds were roosting on the chandelier among the lights, gazing down upon the poor Cockalorum with a melancholy interest. As Sham-Sham made his appearance with Davy at his heels, there was a sudden commotion among the birds, and they all cried out together, "Here's the doctor!" Before Davy could reply, the Hole-keeper suddenly made his appearance with his great book, and hurriedly turning over the leaves, said, pointing to Davy, "He is n't a doctor. His name is Gloopitch." At these words, there arose a long, wailing cry, the lights disappeared, and Davy found himself on a broad path in the forest with the Hole-keeper walking quietly beside him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Judge Thyself.

No life of man was ever long enough to make the passage of another year a trifling event; and no man can be so young as to be wholly absorbed in the future and have no good reason in his mind for turning to the past and casting at least one serious thought backward over the completed stadium, of which it takes so few to fill out the round of his allotted destiny on earth.

There is a Judgment which is future, and which we call final, though the momentous issues that hang on it invest it more properly with the awe not of an end, but of a solemn and eternal beginning.

There is also another Judgment which is in no sense final, and which goes on in life, in its great crises and events, in deep experiences, sufferings or fateful histories, when we are brought, in the nakedness of our personal responsibility before the tribunal of eternal law and eternal reality, and compelled to furnish in our own persons both judge and court and jury, to sit on our own case under penalties and bonds to God and our own souls.

It is a poor life with no great promise of good things in it, and with no indication of the stuff that true and useful lives are made of, which has had no such experiences in its history, or which refuses to meet them with honest frankness when they come and try the case through to the last appeal.

We do not envy the frivolous creature who is ready to toll you that he makes nothing of things like these, that he lets them pass, that they slip easily off his heart, that he hangs them up for the present, that he has never been overwhelmed by the great questions which others find so troublesome, nor by the tremendous realities that are assumed in the problem of an immortal and responsible life. Heaven pity its farwandering, deep-sunken child, who is not called up often, by the imperious voice of his own heart, to the bar of God, to have the sentence of the law pronounced on him, or who glides gayly by one year's ending and another without some deep plowing of his heart, some plain dealing with himself, some reopening, and resettlement of the principles to which he is willing to commit his destiny!

At this season of the year we have more to do than to balance the accounts of our annual trade. We have open accounts with ourselves to review and close. While a man is greater than what he may possess, while character is of more importance than the accidental circumstances of our condition; and while the eternal hope abides to anchor life upon, a sane mind has a supreme interest to be looked after in the Day-book and the Year-book, that show what he is, where he is, and whither he is bound as a man.

All truth and all reality have hard and unyielding sides, which neither bend nor listen to excuses. Woo to the man who lacks the courage of mind or the force of character to reckon with them early! Life is crowded with questions which, though asked in a whisper, persist until the decision is reached. To postpone them is not to evade them. To have no opinions about them is only to be out of right relations with the facts and verities of life.

These hard, stern and imperativo realities are neither softened nor lost out of sight in Christianity. To ignore them in the Christian faith would be to drop the solid bottom out of its foundation. The most pitiful mistake ever made about the Gospel is to identify it wholly with mercy, forgiveness, and a kind of soft motherhood of love. One of the best uses for the close of another year is to make it a private and personal day of Judgment, each man for himself, to come to a settlement with truth and duty and so get ready to start on the New Year with a heart lightened by the recollection of the apostolic principle, "If we would judge ourselves we should not be judged."—New York Independent.

Pearls From Ceylon.

For the last hundred years Ceylon has been one of the main sources of pearls, the best coming from the western coast of the island, where the oyster producing them is of a different kind from that on the eastern coast. The pearl-oyster banks are under control of the government, which allows fishing only for a short season, and may stop it altogether if the banks seem to be in danger of exhaustion. A large number of boat-owners from Ceylon, and India, from 150 to 200 in all, will enroll themselves, and assemble in March at the banks, where they are divided into two fleets, one sailing under a blue and the other under a red flag. These fleets fish on every other day. Each boat provides its own crew and divers, and has on board a government guard, whose duty it is to see that no oysters are sold without their knowledge.

The oysters are caught by divers. When one of these men is about to go down, he stands on a flat stone attached to the diving rope, draws in a deep breath, and holding his nostrils closed with one hand, is lowered swiftly to the bottom. There he hastily collects as many oysters in his basket as he is able to scramble up, and when unable to endure it longer, gives a signal, and is hauled to the surface. A diver who can remain under water a whole minute is thought to be doing unusually well.

At a given signal the boats all sail for shore, and the oysters are placed in the government's receptacles. Each boat is then given its share for its services, and the rest are sold by the government at auction. Before the pearls can be washed out the oysters must rot, and are spread out upon cemented floors while they undergo this process. The smell of this decay is so great that no one can live near the place, and formerly diseases like the cholera nearly always broke out in the neighborhood before the end of the season.

The product varies greatly, but at present from fifteen to twenty millions of oysters are annually caught in Ceylon, during about forty days' fishing, and the pearls yielded are worth about \$500,000.

Youthful Humorists.

While her mother was taking a fly out of the butter, little Daisy asked: "Is that a butterfly, mamma?"

A little girl suffering with the mumps declares she "feels as though a headache had slipped down into her neck."

A little girl on Long Island offered a rather remarkable prayer a few nights ago when she said, "I do thank Thee, God, for all my blessings, and I'll do as much for you some time."

"Johnnie, what are you doing up stairs?" said Johnnie's ma. "Oh, nothin' much, ma." "But, sir, I want to know." Oh, well, then, I'm skinning a freckle to see what she looks like inside."

"Mamma," said a little boy, "I gave Carrie a pretty good hint to go home, to-day." "What did you do, my son?" said his mother. "Oh, I filled her mouth with mustard and called it apple sauce, and she took the hint."

As little Edgar's mother was about to punish him for some misdemeanor, he begged that he might be allowed to say his prayers before the chastisement. When upon his knees he remained there so long that his mother finally relented.

A little girl having found a shellless egg under a bush in the garden brought it in, and showing it to her aunt said: "See, auntie, what I found under the currant bushes. I know the old hen that laid it and I'm just going to put it back in the nest and make her finish it."

# THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 8.

One lady or gentleman's Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting genuine Elgin Watch, valued at about \$50, is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must become a subscriber for TRUTH for at least six months, and must therefore send one dollar along with the story, together with name and address clearly given. 3rd. Competitors competing will have their term extended an additional half year for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at TRUTH office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address—Editor's Prize Story, "TRUTH" Office, Toronto, Canada.

The following attractive and well written story has been chosen as our prize story for the present week, as being appropriate and seasonable. The sender, Miss Mary Francis, Sherbrooke St., Montreal, Que., can obtain the Gold Hunting Case, Stem Winding Elgin Watch offered as a prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and registration.

## THE WHITTAKERS GHOST.

The following ghost story has been told me, word for word, by an eye-witness, and is authenticated by persons of recognized position.

G. B. S.  
My name is Anna Ducane, and I had two sisters, Helene and Louise. About twenty years ago we lived with our parents on our farm in the neighbourhood of Montreal, that is to say, within about thirty miles of that city. Our life was a very quiet, uneventful one. From time to time we visited among our neighbours in the country, or spent a few days, shopping and sight-seeing, "in town" with our parents; but our excitements were simple and few, and a brood of ducks would serve us for conversation for a week. It is needless to say we enjoyed perfect health, and were all three of us strong, good-natured, and useful girls, who could turn our hands to most household employments, and a good many outdoor jobs as well—having a rather supercilious contempt of affectation and what we called "fine-ladyism."

All this I mention at the outset, because I wish to show that we were women to whom anything like nerves was unknown. At the time I speak of, Helene and I, who are twins, were nearly two-and-twenty, and Louise was about nineteen.

It was in the end of August that we received an unexpected and delightful invitation to spend some weeks in Montreal, at Whittaker's, the house of an old Major Whittaker, who, with his two sisters, resided on a very pretty property on the outskirts of the town. Lucy Whittaker, their niece, had been at school with us in Hamilton, and her return from a visit to Europe was the reason of our invitation to her uncle's house. At first our mother declared she could not think of sending all three of us to stop in a town house; but Lucy wrote and insisted that none should be left behind. There was plenty of space, if we did not mind sharing one big room, like the ward of a hospital, which she was busy preparing for us.

So one evening early in September we found ourselves welcomed to Whittaker's by Lucy, looking prettier than ever in a wonderful Parisian dress, the like of which none of us had ever seen. It quite cast into the shade all the elaborate preparations, the flouncings, frillings, and ironings, which had engrossed us all for the last fortnight.

But Lucy was just her own self, despite her smart new wardrobe, and she and Louise became at once as inseparable as they had been at school, while Helene and I fell straightway in love with the old Miss Whittaker, Miss Sara and Miss Hesba. They were different from any old ladies we had ever known; more refined in looks and manners than our country neighbours, and accomplished in many curious arts which now scarcely survive, such as tambour work, and painting on velvet, and playing the harp. We wanted at once to learn everything they could teach us, and thought that our three weeks' visit would never suffice if we did not begin immediately to be initiated into these mysticisms, which were to render us of fresh importance and attractiveness when we should return home.

So we threw ourselves into all sorts of employments with a will, and the days flew by rapidly. Lucy and Louise were generally out of doors together, either in the big, old-fashioned garden behind the house, where they chattered and picked fruit and whispered their secrets by the hour, or in the town itself; sight-seeing and promenading under the protection of a young relation of our hosts, Harry Leroy, who was, like ourselves, visiting Whittaker's for the first time.

A word here about Major Whittaker, who, though not wanting in the hospitality and geniality of a host, somehow was very little seen by his visitors; except at eight o'clock, morning and evening, when he regularly read prayers to his assembled household, and at the two meals that followed. He never appeared downstairs, but spent his time in a little study over the porch, where, if the door stood accidentally open, the passer-by might see him hard at work on his life's object, a Harmony of the Four Gospels, over which he had been poring for years. I never knew anything of his past history—how he came by his military title, when he had left the army, or what had given him the very strong and peculiar religious opinions which he held. These opinions were enforced upon the household morning and evening at family prayers, where the Major's long extempore petitions sometimes kept us half an hour at a time upon our knees.

A fortnight of our time at Whittaker's had passed very pleasantly, and we were beginning to think, with reluctance, that in another week or so we must be returning home. I mentioned this one afternoon to Miss Hesba as we sat at our painting. She scouted the idea at once, declaring that as long as we cared to stay, and the fine weather continued, we must not think of leaving them.

But even as she spoke, Miss Sara got up and looked anxiously out of the window, for it seemed as if the splendid weather was about to break. Clouds had been creeping up since the morning, and a wet, sounding, whistling wind was beginning to haunt the chimneys; and to rattle the red leaves of the maples.

The two younger girls and Harry Leroy, came in from the garden, and, to our surprise, old Major Whittaker himself appeared from the regions above, shivering as if with cold. "Shut the windows," he said, "and don't go out any more this evening." For we generally spent the hour before and after prayers and supper in the verandah.

We did not heed his words particularly at the time, and soon he went away to his study again.

We spent the early part of the evening pleasantly enough, part-singing at the piano. Then came prayers and supper as usual, and then, as we recessed the hall from the dining-room, some one of us suggested that we should go out upon the steps of the front door and watch the storm which was rapidly coming up, and the clouds which dashed across the full moon, hanging like a red globe over the St. Lawrence.

I do not think either host or hostesses saw us, and we had quite forgotten the Major's counsel that we should not go out again that evening. We left the hall-door ajar, and stood out upon the gravel in front of the house, we four girls and young Mr. Leroy.

In order that the following circumstances may be clearly understood, I must explain a little the topography of Whittaker's. It was a long, two-storied house, standing a little back from the road which ran into Montreal, and its entrance was not unlike that of many modern English villas. It had two wooden gates, both opening upon the road, which always stood wide, and these were connected by a semicircular sweep of gravel in front of the house, edged with laurels and shrubs. The log garden, orchard, and fields were all behind the house, which in front approaches within about fifty yards of the highway. The hall door of Whittaker's stood always open during our visit—it was two leaves of battered, weather-stained oak, and on its outside were the marks whence two large knockers had evidently

been removed. We had remarked their removal before, and Mr. Leroy had said he supposed the rattle of the knockers had, interfered with the Harmony of the four Gospels in the study above.

As we stood upon the gravel walk we all five distinctly heard the noise of a heavy carriage approaching from the town along the road in front of us, apparently having two, or even four horses, and driven at a great pace. We could not see it for the laurels which intervened between us and the road on either side, but we knew it was rapidly drawing near the gate. Its approach interested us, for it was now nearly ten o'clock, and a visitor at such an hour was unheard of. But if not coming to Whittaker's, whither could the carriage be going? for it was the last house of any importance for miles along that way.

We stepped back into the doorway, and found ourselves suddenly caught and dragged in by old Major Whittaker, who, trembling with excitement, and with his queer flowered dressing-gown fluttering round him, as though he had just been aroused from bed, somehow whirled us all into the hall, and banged to the great leaves of the door with a noise that made the house shake.

But above all the rattle of chains and bars—for the old man was busy securing the door as if for a siege—we heard the approach of the carriage, which, as we expected, turned in at the gate and drove up, with a crack of the whip and a splutter of gravel when the horses were sharply pulled in at the hall steps.

We all first heard it; and so, I am sure, did Major Whittaker and his sisters, who had also come out into the hall. Not one of us dared say anything, for we were awed by the intensity of excitement which characterized every movement of our host.

A moment afterwards the old door was almost battered in by a furious assault upon it with the iron knocker, and, looking in each other's faces, we all recollected simultaneously that there was no knocker there. "Let us pray," said Major Whittaker's voice above the noise. We all knelt down where we were, while he poured forth a long, rambling prayer, in which he entreated to be delivered from evil and ghostly influence; but we were all too frightened and excited to listen much. Lucy and Louise were both crying and receiving an undercurrent of consolation from Harry Leroy, while our host prayed on in a high, unnatural tone. The hammering on the front door continued at intervals.

However, these grew longer and longer, and at last the sound ceased altogether. Not so the prayers, for though I was longing to get away to our room, which also looked to the front, to see if the carriage remained at the door, the old Major kept us quite half an hour, without any reference to the usual family worship, which had been punctually performed as usual two hours before.

When at last we retired to our room our first rush, of course, was to the window, but all that was to be seen was the moon riding high in the sky, and the storm clouds sweeping past—no trace of a carriage or its occupants anywhere! Of course we lay awake till morning, discussing the extraordinary event, and Lucy came creeping in to sleep with Louise, too frightened to remain by herself.

I ought to explain that she was almost as much a stranger to Whittaker's as we were, having been lately left an orphan to the charge of her uncle, who had at first sent her on a tour with some friends to Europe. Consequently the bombardment of the house by the ghost and the spectre knocker (for we were convinced that what we had heard was supernatural) was as terrible to her as to us.

The next morning it seemed as if all the pleasure of our visit was gone, and—a straw will show which way the wind blows—on some reference being made to our return home, I was struck, but not altogether astonished, to find that no opposition was made to our carrying out our intention, even by Miss Hesba. The two old ladies were evidently miserable and ill-at-ease about something, and though no allusion was made to the occurrence of the night before, it was in all our minds, and rose up between us and all enjoyment.

Our pleasant morning employments were not resumed, for the Misses Whittaker were closeted upstairs with their brother, and we younger ones preferred keeping all together in the garden, where the sun shone and we seemed to be out of the supernatural influence which invested the gloomy old place. Harry Leroy confided to us that

he had investigated the front of the house, and that traces of the wheels of a heavy vehicle and the hoof-marks of a pair of horses were distinctly visible upon the gravel!

By-and-by, when we came in to early dinner, Miss Sara took me aside, and, twisting her watch-guard about in her hands from nervousness, explained that she and her brother thought perhaps it would be better, "under the unfortunate circumstances," that our visit to Whittaker's should end as soon as possible. Without actually saying so, she gave me to understand that the annoyance of the previous evening was not by any means over.

I was glad of her plain speaking, for though I did not personally mind the "ghost," as we had already begun to call this disturbing influence, among ourselves, I could not bear the change which had so suddenly fallen upon the previously cheerful household. Besides, I dreaded its effect upon Louise, who was of a very excitable temperament. So I gladly arranged with Miss Sara to have a note ready for my mother, to be sent that afternoon by a special messenger, to prepare her for our unexpected return home, as soon as four despatched places could be obtained in the stage, which in those days was the means of communication between Montreal and our nearest village. Four places—for I persuaded Miss Whittaker to let us take Lucy with us. I could not bear the idea of leaving the girl companionless, though her aunt said, with a sigh: "Lucy is one of us, and must learn to bear this as we do!"

That night we again all slept together in the big front bed room. I must mention that I had not told any of the others of Miss Sara's hint that possibly the ghost was not yet laid to rest, for, I thought, we had talked over the matter quite enough. So I incited Lucy to tell us some of her European experiences, and we all went to sleep in the middle of her description of Cologne Cathedral.

We must have slept about two hours or so, when I was awakened by a sharp pinch from Helene, and called out, "What are you doing?" before I opened my eyes. Her answer, "Hush! it is here in the room!" woke me up thoroughly. I saw her face looking, pale in the dim light, towards the window, a large bow, which occupied the whole end of the front room to the right head of our bed. Louise and Lucy slept in another bed on our left, and consequently further from the window.

I followed the direction of her looks with my eyes, but without stirring, for her words had given me an uncomfortable kind of thrill. There, behind the big dressing-table, which stood in the centre of the bow-window, but well into the room, leaving a considerable space clear behind it, I saw a tall veiled figure, which something told me at once was not human. It was muffled from head to foot in trailing, grey garments, and something was wrapped about its head, but from its long, swinging strides—for it paced to and fro in the little enclosure between window and table—I guessed it to be a male figure, though the garments were womanly, or perhaps monkish. At first it did not appear to notice us, but presently it began somewhat to slacken its regular walk, and turning its hooded head towards us, seemed to be intently regarding us. My hand was tightly locked in Helene's, and I know the same thought was in both our minds. "What if it comes into the open part of the room, and near either of the beds?"

Suddenly a little gasp from the other bed told us that the other girls were also awake (it was too dark to see their faces), and Louise's voice broke the intense silence. In that name to which all powers must yield, she commanded it to be gone.

This was Louise, the most timid and nervous of us all! I forgot the ghost in my amazement, and turned to look at her, as she sat up in bed, a trembling little white figure.

A moment after, when I looked to the window, the ghost was gone. Louise had exercised it. She was crying bitterly now, and shaking all over. Helene and I jumped up and crowded round her, patting and soothing her until her sobbing ceased.

"I don't know what put it into my head to do it, I'm sure," she explained; "but I had been looking at the dreadful thing so long, long before any of you woke—and at last I felt I should go mad if I did not speak. I could see his eyes quite plainly, like two lamps, looking me through and I knew it was I who must speak to him."

By-and-by, when we were all a little

calmer, I told the girls of Miss Sara's confidence to me, and also of our arrangement to return home as soon as our journey could be settled. Lucy cried out that she could not be left behind, and hugged me when I said that, of course, she was to go with us, for as long as she liked to stay. "I can never come back to this dreadful house," she declared; and would take no comfort from the suggestion, which I had picked up from Miss Sara's conversation, that long intervals, sometimes of years, elapsed between these ghostly visitations.

So the night wore away, and with earliest dawn we were all glad to rise, and get through some of our packing, so as to shorten as much as possible our stay in the haunted bed chamber.

After breakfast, Helene and I took Miss Whittaker aside, and told her the events of the night. They impressed, but evidently did not astonish her, and her only question when we finished was, "Did the figure attempt to approach any of you?"

"No," I answered; "though Louise declares its face and burning eyes were distinctly turned upon her."

Our hostess sighed, but made no comment, and my twin sister and I went away upstairs to finish the preparations for our departure, for it was decided we were to leave Whittakers that day at noon. These were soon completed, and Helene and I were about to descend to spend the last hour or two with the old ladies, when Lucy and Louise, who had been round the garden for the last time, rushed up the oak staircase and into the room, and I saw in a moment, by their disordered looks, that they had seen something more.

Yes, the ghost had again appeared, and the girls were still shaking with nervousness when they told their story.

"It was in the box-walk," said Louise, "and Mr. Leroy was with us. Lucy went away for a few minutes, just as we reached the end, to pick herself some nuts in the shrubbery, and Mr. Leroy began telling me how sorry he was our party was to be broken up, and might he come and see us at home. I said 'of course,' and just then we felt something close behind us (we were standing side-by-side), and thinking it was Lucy, we turned and saw the horrible figure at our elbow, laying a hand upon the arm of each of us. An instant afterwards it was gone, but Lucy, who was coming up from the other end of the walk, had also plainly seen it, its back being towards her: so it was no imagination."

No, it was no imagination. I told the whole story to Miss Whittaker before we left the house. This time the poor old lady broke down completely, and wringing her hands, accused herself of bringing ruin upon two young lives. Then, seeing my astonishment, she was obliged to explain that it was a sign, too fatally proved to be true, of approaching death, when the veiled figure laid its hand upon any person to whom he chose to show himself. Her words sank like lead into my heart.

There is little more to tell. Our little Louise fell ill of a strange low fever, soon after our return to the farm, and before Christmas she had left us for ever. Harry Leroy never paid his contemplated visit, for he, too, died, by the accidental discharge of his gun, a few weeks after we parted from him. The only happy consequence of our stay at Whittakers was Lucy's marriage to a neighbour of ours, who wedded her from our house, and by-and-by took her South, so that for some time we lost sight of her, and heard no news of her relations. When we met again she told me her uncle had died quietly one evening, after completing his life's work the Harmony of the Four Gospels. Her aunts had shut up the house, which was their own, and had gone to live beyond Hamilton. I never saw them again; nor did I see much more of Lucy, for her own family removed at this time to England, and our Canadian ties were broken.

Whether the curse still lies upon the old house, or whether the house itself still stands, I know not, but the foregoing is a true and unexaggerated account of what we underwent there.

Among new woods used for furniture and artistic finishing is cocoba wood, darker than mahogany, and very effective.

Evening gloves are as long as ever, and always of glazed kid or suede, and the preferred colors are beige and tan in various shades.

# THE SPHINX.

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

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

## NO. 14.—AN ANAGRAM.

Hungry and lone, with empty purse,  
No work, and on his lips a curse,  
Because he's poor.  
The favored ones are rich indeed,  
While he outside stands so in need.  
At last he comes, to their surprise,  
Points to himself and loudly cries,  
"Sirs, bare ribs are left; Oh, pity take,  
And give me work, that I can make  
My living sure!"  
All this was years ago, and now  
The highest honors crown his brow.

UNDSINE.

## No. 15.—AN INSCRIPTION.

Long years ago a three-cornered stone was dug up in England with an inscription on it like the representation herewith given. The learned professors failed to decipher the enigma, and it baffled all efforts; until, finally, a poor herds-boy solved it. The beauty of thought contained in the solution will well repay a diligent study.

[First side of stone.] [Second side of stone.]

F O R	C A T
T L	E T
O R U	B T H
E I R	T A
I L	S A
G A	I N
S	T

W. G. WARD.

## NO. 16.—WORD SQUARE.

My first are places where we worship  
As a happy Christian band,  
And my second is an inland town  
In a far off Western land.  
My third you'll find is not put away  
In a state of preservation,  
And my fourth are sometimes called  
The muscles of rotation.  
My fifth's a nib that's made of cloth—  
'Tis just the kind for Boeren;  
And my sixth's a name applied to each  
Of all that dwell in Huron.  
My seventh is my lady's name,  
So work and you will find;  
And my eighth is but a ray of light  
Which is always suds-combined.

ARTHUR BERRY

## NO. 17.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. What fruit seems suited to a love-lorn maiden?
2. What fruit does the criminal fear from his arrested "pal"?
3. What fruit may we often find at the altar?
4. What fruit does the fat young man expect when his rich and childless uncle dies?

UNCLE CLAUDE.

## No. 18.—AN ENIGMA.

I'm brown, or white, or red enough,  
Or black, or green or yellow,  
I'm thick or thin, I'm smooth or rough,  
As any shaggy fellow.  
  
I'm long or short, I'm loose or bound,  
I'm curved, or straight and slender.  
I deck the poor, though sometimes found  
Surpassing crowns in splendor.

For grace and ornament I'm kept,  
When rescued from abuse,  
But treated off with sad neglect,  
Though lauded by the muse.

I'm fastened safely in my place,  
Though often flowing, flying.  
I'm plucked and scattered in disgrace.  
All this there's no denying.

S.

## NO. 19 A VALUELESS HEAD.

I am a member of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, am also manufactured from the mineral kingdom. I am a useful and ornamental adjunct of your dinner-table, and a useful addition to your barbers'-wring-machine. I am a mythological personage, also a constellation. My most valuable

form, however, is without my head, for then I am worth millions.

Mrs. L. B. GILLETT.

## NO. 20.—DAILY ASSOCIATES.

Unseen, unfelt, from day to day,  
Abroad we take our airy way;  
We waken love, we kindle strife—  
The bitter and the sweet of life.  
Piercing and sharp, we wound like steel,  
Now soft and sweet these wounds we heal.  
Not strings of pearls are valued more  
Than some of us when love is near.  
Yet thousands of us every day,  
Worthless and vile, are thrown away.  
Would ye be wise? secure with brass  
The double doors through which we pass,  
For once escaped, back to our cell  
No one on earth can us excel.

MAY L. WELLS.

## THE PRIZE FOR ANSWERS.

The sender of the best lot of answers to "The Sphinx" published before February 1st, will receive a copy of Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, a very valuable work. Each week's solutions should be mailed within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

## PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be presented for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.
  2. A prize of two dollars will be awarded for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time, the winner of prize No. 1 to be excluded from trial for this premium.
- Favors should be forwarded early, accompanied with answers.

## ANSWERS.

- 1.—Paradise (pair o' dice).
- 2.—O! I see you are a bee (O I C U R A B).
- 3.—Star.
- 4.—Whole—pineapple. 1. Pi. 2. Pin.
3. Pine. 4. In. 5. I. 6. Neap. 7. Apple.
- 5.—Demon ale, one modal, lemonade.
- 6.—A villa in Ohio.

## Dying Nations.

Why do nations die? Cultivated Greece and all-conquering Rome, Vandal, and Goth, and Hun, and Moor, and Pole, and Turk—all dead or dying! Why? Murdered by nations more powerful? Swallowed by earthquakes? Swept way by pestilence or plague, or starved by pitiless famine? Not by any of these; not by the lightning and thunder; not by the tempest and the storm; not by the poisoned air or volcanic fires did they die. They perished by moral degradation, the legitimate result of gluttony, intemperance and effeminacy.

When a nation becomes rich, then there is leisure and the means of indulgence in the appetites and passions of our natures, which wear the body and wreck the mind. As with nations, so with families. Wealth takes away the stimulus of effort, idleness opens the flood-gates of passionate indulgence, and the heir of millions dies heirless and poor, and both name and memory in gloriously rot. If, then, there is any truth and force in argument, each man owes it to himself, to his country, and more than all, to his Maker, to live a life of temperance, industry and self-denial as to every animal gratification; and if with these we have an eye to the glory of God, his nation of ours will live with increasing prosperity and renown, until, with one foot on land and another on the sea, the angel of eternity proclaims time no longer.

Coiffures to be fashionable must be in the form of a figure 8 on the top of the head, with frizzled bangs on the forehead and in the nape of the neck.

The wide scarf sashes so fashionably worn with reception toilets are of wide ribbon, edged with lace, or of velvet, plush, broche, or entirely of lace.

GRAPE JELLY.—Select the grapes when not fully ripe, wash and drain, then put them in a preserving kettle, wash well, and heat till all the skins are broken, and the juice flows freely. Strain, use the juice only, with an equal weight of sugar.

## A Few Facts About the Bible.

The Bible was translated into old English in the year 1370 by Wycliff. The New Testament was rendered in modern English by Tyndale in 1520, and the Old Testament by Bishop Coverdale in 1535. The verses were not numbered until the year 1560, in an edition called the "Geneva Bible."

King James I. (1603-1625) ordered a New English translation, which, however, is only a thorough revision of the former editions. This was published in the year 1611, and has since then the one only and standard edition of the Holy Scriptures in the English language ever since.

The Psalms were mainly written by David, son of Jesse, and the father of Solomon, who reigned as a king over Israel from 1035 to 1115 B. C. As devotional compositions they have been in use nearly 3000 years.

The word "Psalm" is from the Greek, meaning a sacred song.

The word "Psalter" is from the Greek also, and indicates by its origin a collection of pious songs set to music.

The Jews in olden times had a saying that heaven was to be won by a daily use of the 103rd and the 145th Psalm.

Psalms of especial thankfulness are the 40th and 116th.

The man who is peculiarly blessed is described in the 1st, 43rd, 112th, and 125th Psalms.

A fear of God's judgments is set forth in the 6th and 35th and 85th Psalms.

For a despairing and desponding mind the 13th, 22nd, 61st, 74th Psalms.

The comfort of children is the 127th and 128th Psalms.

Perhaps no portion of the Bible has been more frequently repeated than the 23rd.

Cromwell's "fighting Psalm" was the 109th.

In perils of the sea, and amid dangers upon the great deep, men call upon God in the 107th Psalm.

The seven "Penitential Psalms," so called, are the 6th, 32nd, 38th, 51st, 102nd, 130th, and 147th.

God seen in special providence is recognized in the 44th, 78th, 106th, and 114th Psalms.

There is no Psalm so deeply penitent as the 51st.

Luther's favorite was the 46th.

The 37th is one of the most practically useful.

The 139th is regarded as the most sublimely eloquent. How the whole heart pours out itself in love in the 116th Psalm.

Great trust in God in the 65th.

The 46th is the "beautiful Psalm."

The 34th is said to be the Christian's Psalm.

The 139th, is very celebrated; the olden Christians called it "De Profundis."

In seasons of impending danger from pestilence the 91st has been most in use.

The American Revolutionary Congress met September 7th, 1774; and calling in a clergyman to offer prayers, he used, the Psalms for the day, which began with the 55th, "Plead my cause, O Lord with them that strive with me, fight against them that fight against me." John Adams thought it a most significant circumstance.

Mary Queen of Scots repeated the 31st Psalm just before her execution.

The 103rd Psalm is composed of praise and consolation, fitted for a dying soul.

Psalm 104 was denominated "Cosmos" by Baron von Humboldt.

## He Waited on the Bridge.

There is a story of General Harlock, which gives an example of one kind of waiting.

Crossing London bridge one morning, with his son, he suddenly thought of something he had forgotten, requiring him to return to a certain street. Leaving the boy on the bridge, he told him to wait there for him. He was detained by business, and, becoming absorbed, forgot his promise to the lad, and did not return to the bridge at all. When he came home in the evening, his wife asked him where Harry was. Then it flashed on him that he had forgotten his promise.

"Why, Harry is on London bridge!" he said.

And hastening to the spot, he found him just where he had left him in the morning. The boy had waited, all the day, not once leaving the spot. His father had given the command, and the promise, and he simply obeyed.—Wexman's Teacher.

The Poet's Page.

Fidelity—A Rural Romance.

A graceful maiden much beloved, With virtues rich and rare, Had crowned her rural home with joy, So blithe was she, and fair.

The violet path was wet with dew, The kine returning home, Distinct was heard the watch dog's bark, For evening had come.

She reached the spot, the grassy mound Where oft she sat alone, And hours recalled when two had met, And hearts had found their thone.

She did not doubt her Rufus true, A faithful, worthy prize; But fears unbidden still would spring And dim those azure eyes.

In twilight's haze across her path Some men were passing near; She heard them speak in tones subdued Of one whose name was dear.

Of him who rushed through smoke and flame, The helpless boy to save, And how, returning, he had sunk Beneath the heated wave.

That form seemed lifeless, rigid, cold; The men stood paralyzed, When one proposed to bear her home, Her face who recognized.

Imagine now the scene's shock That thrilled thro' one and all, As Edith's form was gently laid On couch in yonder hall.

Restoratives were soon applied, How eager every eye! The rigid form became relaxed, The hopes of all beat high.

The widow's house across the line Was seen to be on fire, As Rufus passed to keep his trust, Before he'd asked her aid.

Thro' leaping flame and blinding smoke He rushed to where he lay, And grasping close the helpless form He turned to find his way.

Mild smoke and flame the hero fell, Still clasping in his arm The crippled boy that now was dead And safe from every harm.

He breathes, but Oh! the fire had Had stripped him almost bare; And freedom of his hands and face The cuticle would tear.

Beneath the roof the lovers met— The change, how unforeseen! In separate rooms the victims lay, While through the fire fast between.

She sought and failed to catch and wait, The form was denied, And altered looks her nerves would jar When she his form perceived.

The fault was his and not her friends— At length he gave assent, And yielded to her urgent prayer To come where'er she meant.

But swollen hands and altered looks, Her love could never shake; Tho' friends dissuade and he absolves, That love was now at stake.

The happy pair restored to health; Hopes bloomed as fresh as ever; The next adventure was the knot Which nought but death could sever.

In a Country Church. BY ALMA LIVINGSTON, WINNIPEG, MAN. Solemn and slow the preacher's voice, fell on the silent air,

The brilliant hues of the sunset, blazed in the western sky, And poured thro' the narrow windows their radiance from on high;

The light in the church fades slowly, the glory leaves the sky, And a breath through the open casement comes like an angel's sigh;

And as the darkness thickens, the soul, in its upward flight, Catches the essence of worship abroad in the summer night,

The Star. BY ARTHUR DAY. I set myself upon a certain night, To find a certain star;

And then it drifted to where vision falls, Against a sky of gray; A ship of pearl, with slender silver sails, Up in the billows of advancing day.

In that one moment of complete success From the great world apart, I felt no more the chilling night wind press Its icy fingers round my shuddering heart.

And all was blessedness, but when the day's Long hours drew nearer rest, My feet grew weary in accustomed ways, And all my soul, with beatitudes oppressed.

Called up a vision of each vigil hour, Told of set with circling things; I felt again their shadows over me lower And night birds brush me with their diemal wings.

And slowly on my unprotected head I felt the cold dew fall, And heard strange, mocking voices, and they said, "T'is little star it was so small, so small."

The Jewels. BY ARTHUR DAY. God gave me a string of gems, And each one was wondrous fair;

The writing is nearly done, There are few that remain to me, The others are married and defaced, Not one is fit for mine eye to see.

The writing is nearly done, There are few that remain to me, The others are married and defaced, Not one is fit for mine eye to see.

Our Ideal.

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL. D. Did ever on painter's canvass live The power of fancy's dream?

Kisses. "There's a formal kiss of fashion, And a burning kiss of passion, A father's kiss,

An Angel by the Hearth. BY FANNY FALES. They tell me unseen spirits Around about us glide;

There's nae room for t'wa. It was in summer time o' year, An' simmer leaves were shoon;

A need a day! my heart leaped high When walking by his side; So thoughts, alas! are idle now, For Kitty is his bride.

I think of thee When day is setting, My soul forgetting All else but thee— My care beguiling, The long hours whiling With thoughts of thee.

I think of thee When stars are keeping O'er land and sea, Their vigil sharing, My thoughts are bearing My love to thee.

The thought of thee Thy name remembering, My love is naming Though far from me, And round me lingers With glowing fingers Still pulsing thee.

The thought of thee Shall ne'er forsake me, Though life's storms shake me And threaten me— But still unfolding, My heart upholding, Nil danger see.

The thought of thee He round my pillow When life's last pillow Sets my soul free, It's comforts giving To him who's living Thought but of thee.

God Knows the Best. If we could push ajar the gates of life And stand within, and all God's workings see,

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart! God's plants like lilies pure and white unfold; We must not tear the close-set leaves apart, Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land Where thine feet, with sandals loosed, may rest, When we shall clearly know and understand, I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

Duty.

Surely the happiest life for man Is not the favored life that brings A storm of stubborn questionings, And baffled ends where all began;

Who, heedless of all vain disputes, And weary voices of the night, Seeks only to observe aright The lit of path before his foot.

A Face.

Only a face on the busy street He saw as he passed along; Only a face, but it was so sweet!

And many a day as, faint and tired, He travelled the way again, He saw it still, and felt inspired "Mid crowds of toiling men, And a stronger wish was in his heart To do good by word and pen.

Only a face on the busy street: Who can tell how many more Were cheered and refreshed by that face so sweet.

The Child and the Year. (St. Nicholas for January.) Said the Child to the youthful Year: "What hast thou in store for me, O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer, What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring Their treasures; the winter's snows, The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring, And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these and more shall be thine, Dear Child,—but the last and best Thyself must earn by a stridle divine, If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst know this last, best gift? 'Tis a conscience clear and bright, A peace of mind which the soul can lift To an infinite delight.

"Truth, patience, courage and love If thou unto me canst bring, I will set thee all earth's ills above, O Child, and crown thee a King!"

The Thought of Thee. BY FRED SMITH. When do I think of thee? When first a waking, The gray dawn breaking, O'er land and sea.

I think of thee When day is setting, My soul forgetting All else but thee— My care beguiling, The long hours whiling With thoughts of thee.

I think of thee When stars are keeping O'er land and sea, Their vigil sharing, My thoughts are bearing My love to thee.

The thought of thee Thy name remembering, My love is naming Though far from me, And round me lingers With glowing fingers Still pulsing thee.

The thought of thee Shall ne'er forsake me, Though life's storms shake me And threaten me— But still unfolding, My heart upholding, Nil danger see.

The thought of thee He round my pillow When life's last pillow Sets my soul free, It's comforts giving To him who's living Thought but of thee.

JA Some fu JAC puzzl of L but w under gauge seem t killed This perha any r writes der th Claret after only v I wou the jo varied friend the eff is repr works at the "He Per ors He: that Had And like Honest mer of in Louc is that Anot fully to marryi daught "Libert his own dows no I may : about 1 so far I But as simply upwards here to : ness. spectacl respecta ed labiel faced ye easily lig ful in its grand ch conalizer might th his might pecambul rowl me "Wants" "Madly" "world of : as much d of me be "bring : lives alw think th of even te ear best r and a girl without I but calls sink as li the ire ken of cour between p t lally

## JACOB FAITHFUL.

Some Remarks to His Critics—A Thoughtful Paragraph on Marriage—The Decline of New Year's Calling.

JACOB is in for it, though why is still a puzzle. I have no doubt dear good John of London thinks JACOB a fearful sinner, but what his indignation is about I no more understand than I do the Esquimaux language or the squaring of the circle. It would seem that JACOB is to be eaten, or at least killed, by a lion for saying what is not true. This is hard upon JACOB, poor man, but perhaps he may repent after all. This at any rate is clear, that if John spoke as he writes there could not be the slightest wonder that he broke up, as he says he did, the Clarence street Methodist church in London after he held three meetings in it. The only wonder I can see is that it took three. I would have thought one would have done the job completely. In the course of his varied and voluminous reading my good friend and correspondent must remember the effect produced when Southey the poet is represented as trying to read one of his works to the apostate angels and demons at the gate of Heaven:

"He ceased, and drew forth a MS., and no persuasion on the part of devils or saints, or angels now could stop the torrent; so he read the first three lines of the contents, but at the fourth, the whole spiritual show had vanished, with variety of scents, Ambrosial and sulphurous, as they sprang like lightning off from his melodious twang."

Honestly, I have not the most distant glimmer of an idea as to what my correspondent in London would be at, and my impression is that he has himself quite a little.

Another correspondent takes JACOB dreadfully to task for his remarks on old men marrying young women who might be their daughters or even granddaughters. Friend "Liberty" writes very courteously, and from his own point of view very sensibly, but he does not shake my position in the slightest. I may acknowledge that perhaps my words about prostitution were rather strong, and so far I am willing to retract and apologize. But as to the general principle that it is simply scandalous for old men of sixty or upwards to marry young girls, I must adhere to all I said with the greatest earnestness. "Children!" A more detestable spectacle than an old grey-headed, tottering, bespectacled father among little curly-headed babies with a fresh-colored, almost baby-faced young woman for a mother is not easily lighted upon. Everything is beautiful in its season. Such folks ought to have grand children and then the beauty of seasonableness would come in again; such a man might then fool about and nurse with all his might. Nay, he might even wheel the perambulator with the sympathies of all good men and women. But, "Skirlin' brass," to call an old slippered Jantaloan, "bladdy!"—No! It is too bad, and the whole world of sense thinks so, whether it says as much JACOB will not affirm. Now, don't let me be mistaken. I would not, had I the ordering of such things, insist upon the wives always being about the same age as the husbands. Not at all. On the contrary, I think they are all the better for being five or even ten years younger. No very hard fast rule can be laid down, but every year beyond ten is in the wrong direction, and a girl that marries for a good home, without loving the gray-headed man that calls her wife, had better as well as not think as little as possible about the matter and take the irrevocable step has already been taken.

Of course, many so-called love marriages between people of much the same age, turn out badly. All such, however, don't make

it less the truth, that young men should marry so soon as they can keep a house, and should marry girls somewhat like themselves in age and every other respect.

Perhaps the girls are to blame by wishing to begin where their fathers and mothers ended. Perhaps the boys are chiefly in fault by their selfish, self-indulgent habits. I am not particular about apportioning the blame, but blame there is somewhere, else so many girls would not consent to be "old men's darlings," even though they thereby received

A grand house to bide in,  
A coach for to ride in,  
And fannies to tend them  
As oft as they ca'

N.B.—No nice young girl ever jilted JACOB in order to share the fortune of some rich old fellow who, she really thought, till informed to the contrary, had been "aulder than three score and twa."

I am not sure about the actual facts of the case, but every body I have met tells of the decay of New Year's calls. These things have become such absolute formalities that I don't wonder sensible men begin to kick at them. There is now scarcely any wine offered, and with a certain class of fast young fellows that fact takes away one of the great charms of New Year's day. It was something to put twenty or thirty glasses of wine under one's belt, but who would even dream of facing such a frightful amount of coffee? And so the thing dies as it becomes more and more distinctly seen to be a sham pure and simple.

Instead of calling for five minutes on New Year's Day and indulging in a few words of insipid talk, if young men, and old, too, were to get into the habit of looking in upon friends and neighbors of an evening in a friendly, neighborly way, and having an hour's pleasant chat, aye, or even gossip, the change would in every way be an improvement. But no. Unless there be some grand, stiff, formal party, with kids and clawhammers, very formal invitations, and all the ecceteras, there is no crossing the threshold from one New Year to another.

I utterly protest against the abolition of the nice, quiet, friendly, enjoyable tea drinkings at which there was plenty of friendly talk. No expense that could burden anybody, all at their ease, and homo at ter o'clock with a clear head, a sound stomach, and a quiet conscience. These mighty fine swell affairs are the death of all friendliness, and also a mighty large tax on the pockets of some who go in for that sort of thing.

JACOB.

### Home Comforts.

It may read strange, but one-half of the world marries, starts housekeeping, and yet passes through life with only the smallest modicum of home comforts.

Home should be made home, but homo is too often the very opposite.

Sometimes it is the young husband's fault. Fond of company, he stays out at a club and seldom or never gets home until the small hours.

Occasionally it is the fault of the wife, who fills the parlors with the gossips, whose absence the husband would infinitely prefer to their company.

In either case the result is the same, and the two "fond and faithful hearts," who had hoped to be so happy, end by sinking into the habit of confirmed sulks.

Equally bad is it when both husband and wife get into a way of spending their evenings from home. Party going means party giving, and after the round of visits are paid outside a round of meetings must be prepared in return.

Thus the housekeeping expenses run up, and the financial shipwreck looms ugly in the future.

No one would, of course, counsel young people to mope, or stay at home when pleasant summer evenings invited to take a walk, but between taking a little pleasure that way and perpetually galling about a very wide gulf is fixed.

## Our Scriptural Enigma.

FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

NO MONEY REQUIRED. TRY YOUR SKILL.

NO. XLVI.

Though it will be long after both Christmas and New Years before this appears in TRUTH, yet it is not the less necessary that we should reciprocate in the warmest way the many kind greetings which have found their way to our sanctum during the last few days. Nothing could be more cordial than these and nothing more gratifying.

When we look at No. XLVI. as above, we almost feel that we should be making our bow and bring the Enigma column to a close. But when we read many of the letters we receive we can see that a goodly number are not yet tired of the weekly exercise. We shall complete the half hundred in any case.

No. 43 was neither long nor difficult, yet it appears to have caused a good deal of perplexity. The chief stumbling block was No. 6, of its questions. A very large number said, and very truly, that the word 'Echo' which was evidently required did not occur in the Bible. Some, however, who had evidently searched more closely or with better helps, referred to Ezek vii. 7, where there is mentioned "the sounding again of the mountains," which is evidently an "echo." And then others who had evidently Bibles with marginal references pointed out that in that very passage the marginal reading gives "echo."

We don't think such a question unfair, though it involves a tolerably minute acquaintance with Scripture.

With this explanation we proceed to give the solution:

CHALDEA BABELON.

1. Caleb, Num. xiv. 6, 24.
2. Hoshea, 2 Kings xvii. 3-9.
3. Abinadab, 1 Sam. v. vi. 1.
4. Leprosy, 2 Kings v. 7.
5. Daniel, Dan. vi. 22, 24.
6. Echo, Ezek. vii. 7.
7. Ajalon, Joshua x. 12.

We do not say that these are the only correct references, especially in the case of "Leprosy." We have been careful to verify the answers, and when they have in our estimation been correct, though different from what we had fixed on, we have uniformly given them credit.

This week the Scriptural clocks are so numerous and so well executed that we give two prizes to the Enigmas, and one to the best clock-maker.

The two entitled to prizes for answers to Enigma, are

Lily Young, Ingersoll;  
Belle Ferguson, 49 Bellevue Ave., Toronto.

About the best Clock we have had very great difficulty, as so many of them are almost equally excellent. Upon the whole we have settled upon that of Walter Rutherford, 506 Yonge St., Toronto, as worthy of the prize, though we could have given a good many with great pleasure and with perfect assurance that they were deserved.

Our correspondent from Port Elgin is mistaken. The mere fact of being first received does not necessarily secure the prize, though of course, other things being equal, it is a merit taken into consideration. As a matter of fact, however, it has been seldom that the first received has been in other respects such as to secure the prize.

For No. XLVI. take the following:—

By prize and lot we chose my lot,  
My first from Holy story passed.

1. Though little, none may thee despise,  
For, oh! how great in Christian eyes.
2. West life within the Temple went?  
West heart to contemplation lent?

3. This, thankful claims the aged one,  
His course fulfilled, his duty done.

4. In holy souls which purely live,  
And faithful die, this name we give.

5. Spouse, by a grateful monarch given,  
To one who read the will of heaven.

6. The darling son of best loved wife,  
Last gift of her departing life.

7. Seven chamberlains in Shushan stand—  
Name one who bears the King's command.

18. Oxen were ploughing; asses fed beside;  
Sudden by these old Death and loss betide.

All communications about prizes and business in general to be sent to Mr. Wilson. Prize-takers will receive the books they may mention when they remit 12 cents for postage.

EDITOR OF ENIGMA COLUMN.

### Novelties of Chinese Costume.

The principal feature about a Chinaman's costume is the fact that nothing ever fits but his stockings. His clothing consists really of three or four shirts, or garments made after the fashion of a shirt, each opening in front and having five buttons, a sacred number. These buttons are never in a straight row, but in a sort of semi-circle half around the body. The outer garments have sleeves a foot longer than the arm, a fact which affords abundant opportunities for theft. A Chinaman's jackets are his thermometer. He will say: "Today is three jackets cold, and if it increases at this rate, to-morrow will be four or five jackets cold."

Their shoes are well known, but their caps are of three or four different forms. One they call the "watermelon cap," of the shape of half a watermelon, having no front-piece, but instead, a knob on the top by which it is handled. The second is like a round top felt hat with the sides turned up, and the others are of various shapes. The color of the knob on top of the hat is the sign of rank among mandarins. The lowest wear a gilt knob, then a white stone, a clear crystal, a pale blue stone, a deep blue, a pale red and a deep red, in order of rank. Yellow may only be worn by the emperor's family, but as a mark of respect to age, men over sixty years by special edicts are allowed to wear yellow, this always entitling them to great consideration among all classes.

The dude pantaloons probably originated among the Chinese, for, from the dawn of history, on state occasions officials and dressy persons will wear a sort of pantaloons, sitting as tightly as possible to the leg and each leg being entirely separate from its fellow. These trousers are of silk or satin and the legs are held in place by being fastened to a waistband or belt around the body. On the approach of cold weather the Chinese increase the number of their garments, until sometimes they are like animated bales of cotton, their arms being forced into a nearly horizontal position; nor do they take off their masses of clothing until the return of spring.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### He Liked Old-Fashioned Singing.

In making an hour's summary of a century of American Methodism, the Rev. O. H. Tiffany said he believed that old-fashioned singing of old-fashioned revival hymns had brought more people into the fold than all the prayers and sermons. He liked to hear people shout till the roof rang. Mr. Tiffany thought it would be a poor day for Methodism when the class-meeting was left to suffer, and its followers lost faith in a personal expression of belief in their conversion. He thought, also, that the best temperance society in America to-day was the Methodist church, and it was the surest safeguard of personal character. Mr. Tiffany liked the old-fashioned idea about plain dress, too. Taking a look into the future he saw the Methodist church marching to ultimate possession and almost unlimited power.

A boy of tender years and heart has shown and seventeen kittens, tied pans to the tails of nine dogs, brushed his father's new silk hat against the grain, and blown up a pot canary with a fire cracker—all in a month, and still his mother intends him for the pulpit.

# EATON'S

190 to 196 Yonge St.

## CARPET DEPARTMENT.

We are offering special value in this department to make room for spring goods. We are offering a lot of extra superior all-wool Carpets at 90c., usual price of these goods are \$1.15. We offer to-day a lot of all-wool Carpets for 65c., usually sold for 85c. Our superfine Carpets at 75c. to-day is a decided bargain. Every lady should see the above goods

## Union Carpets.

We are offering beautiful patterns at 30, 40, 45, 50c and Heavy Union Carpets at 60c.

## Tapestry Carpet.

Clearing at 28c. worth 38c., 75c. Carpets for 50c. to-day, 90c. Carpets for 60c., Brussels Carpets clearing at 95c Carpets for 62½c.; clearing \$1.10 Carpets for 75c.; clearing heavy Brussels Carpet at 85c.; usual prices \$1.20,

## CHEAP BLANKETS.

Now is the time to secure bargains in Blankets You can buy them below mill prices at Eaton's. We are offering all-wool Blankets at \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$2.90 up. Home-made Comforters, a special line, for \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00.

## OIL CLOTHS.

Stair Cloth, 10, 12½ and 15; Hall Oilcloth with border, 18, 20 and 30c. Floor Cloth, 20, 23, 25, 30, 35, 40, 50, 75, and 90c per square yd. English Linoleum, 65, 75, 80c, \$1.00 and \$1.10 per square yd.

## SHIRT DEPARTMENT

Special sale, English Felt Shirts, 50, 65, and 75c., regular prices 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.25. Melton Cloth Shirts, \$1.00 \$1.25 and \$1.50, regular prices, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75. Special value in colored farmer's Satin Shirts, prices all reduced. Special line, ladies' knitted Skirts, guaranteed all-wool, only \$1.25, regular price \$1.75.

## FUR TRIMMINGS.

Clearing Black Rabbit Trimmings from 20c. per yd up; clearing out a lot of Silver Fox Fur at 40c. worth 50c; clearing out a lot of opossum Fur at 75c. and \$1.25, regular price \$1 and \$1.50,

SALES FOR CASH ONLY.

# T. EATON & CO.,

190, 192, 194, 196 Yonge Street.

**RAGOUT OF RABBIT.**—Cut up a rabbit into small neat joints convenient for serving. Cut up also a quarter of a pound of bacon, and fry it. Take it up and fry the rabbit joints in the same fat. As they become colored lay them on paper to free them from fat. Put back the bacon, and add an onion, a shallot, and a small carrot, a small turnip, and a small bunch of herbs. Turn these over in the pan a few times, add to the fried rabbit a dozen mushrooms, and a pint of stock or water. Stir in a tablespoonful of flour which has been made into a smooth paste by water. Boil up, add a glass of dark wine, if approved, and a little salt, and serve.

The entire front breadths of dressy toilets for evening wear are frequently made of beads matching in color and tone the silk, satin, velvet, or broche that forms the dress.

### Consumption Cured

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

**AGENTS TO SELL THE NOVELTY RUG MACHINE;** patented; best selling article ever offered to agents. For particulars apply to R. W. ROSS, Guelph, Ont.

**WRITTEN VISITING CARDS ARE THE KING** used in the best society; your name beautifully written; printed in French by mail; send for circular. GEORGE W. JACKMAN, Norwood, Ont.

## BIRTHDAY CARDS!

BY MAIL, WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

For 25 cts will be mailed, (graded value,) 10, 7, 4, or 2 beautiful Birthday Cards, no two alike, large and artistic.

For \$1.40 will be mailed, (graded value,) 10, 7, 4, 2 or 1 silk fringed cards (same quality of cards as above.) For 50 cts. will be mailed double quantity unfringed or half the quantity of fringed.

In the above are included Prang's American Hittelsheimer and Faulkner's English, and other artistic series. Orders filled also for more expensive Cards. Send us \$2, \$3, \$5, or \$10, and we will send you a fine assortment at lowest rates.

**MATTHEWS BROS. & CO.**  
93 Yonge St. Toronto.

## IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR

### A NEW DISCOVERY.

For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter, so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Expositions.

**Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.**

And, while prepared in oil, it so compounds that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

**BEWARE** of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra charges.

**WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.,** Burlington, Vt.



TRADE MARK REGISTERED



## CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Bilemness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

## SICK

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

## HEAD

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

## ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it when others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes do. They are strictly vegetable and do not give a purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; six for \$1. Sold by druggists every where, or sent by mail.

**CARTER MEDICINE CO.,**  
New York City.

**WATSON, THORNE & SMELLIE** Barristers and Chambers, 9 Toronto St., Toronto.

**TAPE WORM CURED.**—CUMMINGS' greatest and most successful tape worm exterminator known. Cures in three days. No drug, a simple remedy causing no suffering. Send for stamp for reply. W. CUMMINGS, Ennisville, Ont.

**MADILL & HOAR** DISPENSING CHEMISTS, 256 YONGE ST. Have a large assortment of French and American Cut Glass Bottles suitable for coverings.



### LADIES!

If you want to buy the Best Hair Dressing, use the 'LADIES!' hair dressing. It is the best and most reliable of all hair dressings. It is made of the finest ingredients and is perfectly adapted for all hair. It will not only keep your hair clean and soft, but it will also give it a natural-looking color and a healthy appearance.

## MRS. MALLORY

Is prepared to furnish all the latest SKIRT IMPROVERS

—ALSO THOSE— Perfect-Fitting Corded Health Corsets

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

## A QUICK SHAVE.

A Death Blow to Superfluous Hair. LADIES, when you are afflicted with superfluous hair on face or arms, try a bottle of

## DOREN WENDS, "EUREKA" HAIR DESTROYER.

This preparation is invaluable, for it not only removes the hair, but by careful observation of directions it destroys the root, also softens and beautifies the complexion. It is safe, harmless, and painless. Write to an address on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle or three bottles for \$3.00. Write address plainly and enclose money to

**Eureka's Manufacturing Comp**  
105 YONGE STREET TORONTO.  
A. DOREN WENDS.

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### Ladies' Department.

#### DOMESTIC RECIPES.

**POTATO BALLS.**—Prepare and nicely season the same as you would for mashed potatoes. While hot, form into balls about the size of an egg. Butter a flat pan, and place the balls on it. Brush over with beaten egg, and brown in the oven. To remove from the tin, slip a knife under and slide on to a hot platter. Hard-boiled eggs cut in slices, and parsley, are a pretty garnish. A breakfast or lunch dish.

**PRESERVED QUINCES.**—Use the orange quinces. Wipe, pare, quarter, and remove all the core, and the hard part under the core. Take an equal weight of sugar; cover the quinces with cold water, then let them come slowly to a boil; skim, and when nearly soft put one quarter of the sugar on top, but do not stir. When this boils, add another part of the sugar, and continue until all the sugar is in the kettle. Let them boil slowly until the color you like, either light or dark.

**QUINCE JELLY.**—Wipe the fruit carefully, and remove all the stems, and parts not fair and sound. Use the best parts of the fruit for canning or preserving, and the skin, cores, and hard parts for jelly. The seeds contain a large portion of gelatinous substance. Boil all together, in enough water to cover, till the pulp is soft. Mash and strain. Use the juice only, and when boiling use an equal weight of hot sugar, heated in the oven, and boil till it jellies in the spoon.

**TOMATO CATSUP.**—Boil one bushel of ripe tomatoes, skins and all, and when soft strain through a colander to remove the skins only. Mix one cup of salt, two pounds of brown sugar, half an ounce of cayenne pepper, three ounces each of ground allspice, mace, and celery seed, two ounces of ground cinnamon, and stir into the tomato. Add two quarts of cider vinegar, and when thoroughly mixed strain through a sieve. Pour all that runs through into a large kettle, and boil slowly till reduced one half. Put it in small bottles, seal, and keep in a cool, dark place.

**PICKLE, or CHOW CHOW.**—One peck of green tomatoes, one cup salt, six small onions, one large head of celery, two cups of brown sugar, one teaspoonful white pepper, one tablespoonful ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful ground allspice, one tablespoonful mustard, two quarts good, sharp vinegar. Chop the tomatoes, mix the salt with them thoroughly, and let them stand over night. In the morning pour off the water, and chop the onion and celery. Mix the sugar, pepper, cinnamon and mustard. Put in a porcelain kettle a layer of tomatoes, onions, celery, and spices, and so on until all is used, and cover with the vinegar. Cook slowly all day, or until the tomatoes are soft. Cauliflower, or cabbage, or one quart of cucumbers may be used with the tomatoes. Sliced or grated horseradish gives a pleasant flavor.

#### Hints to Wearers of Kid Gloves.

It is not generally known, or does not appear to be known, even by those who wear them almost exclusively, that the durability of a set of these articles depends very much upon how they are put on the first time. Two pairs may be taken from one box, of exactly the same cut and quality, and by giving different treatment when first putting the hands into them, one pair will be made to set much better, and to wear doubly, or nearly that length of time, longer than the other. When purchasing gloves, people are usually in too much of a hurry; they carelessly put them on, and let them go in that way then, thinking to do the work more completely at another time. When this is the case a person is sure to meet with disappointment, for as the glove is made to fit the hand the first time it is worn, so it will never after, and no amount of effort will make a satisfactory change. Never allow a stretcher to be used, for the gloves will not likely to fit as well for it. All the expansion should be made by the hands; if the kids are so small as to require the aid of a stretcher, they should not be purchased, they will prove too small for durability, comfort, or beauty. When selecting gloves

choose those with fingers to correspond with your own in length; take time to put them on; working in the fingers first, until ends meet ends, and then put in the thumb, and smooth them down until they are made to fit nicely. A glove that sets well will usually wear well; at least, will wear better than one of the same kind that does not fit well. When the ends of the fingers do not come down right, or when they are so long as to form wrinkles upon the sides of the fingers, they will chafe out easily; where the stretcher has to be used to make the fingers large enough, the body part will be so small as to cramp the hand so that it cannot be shut without bursting the seams of the kids. Some recommend putting new kid gloves into a damp cloth before they are put on, and allowing them to remain until moistened. With this treatment they can be put on much easier than otherwise, and will fit very nicely until they get dry, but on second wearing there will be an unnatural harshness about them, wrinkling in spots, and they will not set so perfectly as at first. I have tried the damping process and do not approve of it.

#### False Hair Among the Ancients.

The Greek, Egyptian, Carthaginian, and Roman ladies, more than twenty-five centuries ago, made use of the most extravagant quantities of borrowed hair, and they wound it into large protuberances upon the back of their heads, and to keep it in place used "hair-pins" of precisely the form in use at the present time. The Roman women of the time of Augustus were especially pleased when they could outdo their rivals in piling upon their heads the highest tower of borrowed locks. They also arranged rows of curls formally around the sides of the head, and often the very fashionable damsels would have pendent curls in addition. An extensive commerce was carried on in hair; and after the conquest of Gaul, blonde hair, such as was grown upon the heads of German girls, became fashionable at Rome, and many a poor child of the forests upon the banks of the Rhine parted with her locks to adorn the wives and daughters of the proud conquerors. The great Caesar, indeed, in a most cruel manner, cut off the hair of the vanquished Gauls and sent it to the Roman market for sale, and the cropped head was regarded in the conquered provinces as a badge of slavery. To such a pitch of absurd extravagance did the Roman ladies at one time carry the business of adorning the hair, that upon the introduction of Christianity, in the first and second centuries, the apostles and fathers of the church launched severe invectives against the vanity and frivolity of the practice. It must be confessed, the ancient ladies did outdo their modern sisters. The artistic, professional hair-dressers of old Rome were employed at exorbitant prices to form the hair into fanciful devices, such as harps, diadems, wreaths, emblems of public temples and conquered cities, or to plait it into an incredible number of tresses, which were often lengthened by ribbons so as to reach to the feet, and loaded with pearls and claws of gold.

#### Keeping Furniture Nice.

The finest furniture will be defaced if it does not receive careful attention very often. The very best will not be injured by washing with a soft sponge wet in clear, cold water. Squeeze the sponge gently so that the water will not drip, and then rub the furniture with it, penetrating into all the fine carving; then take a soft chamois-skin and wipe and rub as dry as possible, taking care to dry all the moisture from every seam and crevice, even if necessary to get at it by wrapping the chamois skin on the point of a blunt stick.

Gilding in cornices, or on any part of the wood-work, must be carefully guarded from being touched by the water or wet cloth when cleaning a room; nor should it be wiped even with the cleanest cloth; that will deaden and take off the gilding. A feather brush will take off the dust better than anything.

If hot water or spirits of any kind have been spilled on furniture or varnished wood, it will turn white in spots, and become greatly defaced. Take two table-spoonfuls of sweet oil, one table-spoonful of vinegar, and

half a tea-spoonful of turpentine; shake these well together; wet a soft piece of flannel in this mixture, and rub the spots with it. They will then disappear, leaving the furniture as good as new.

#### Women on Horseback.

A woman should sit on a horse thus. The head straight, easy turning upon the shoulders in any direction without involving a movement of the body. The eyes fixed straight to the front, looking between the horse's ears, and always the direction in which he is going. The upper part of the body easy, flexible and straight. The lower part of the body firm, without stiffness. The shoulders well back and on the same line. The arms falling naturally. The forearm bent. The wrists on a level with the elbows. The reins held in each hand. The fingers firmly closed, facing each other, with the thumbs extended on the ends of the reins. The right foot falling naturally on the pommel of the saddle; the left foot in the stirrup without leaning on it. The part of the right leg between the knee and the hip-joint should be turned on its outer or right side, and should press throughout its length on the saddle. The knees should, in their respective positions, be continually in contact, without an exception. The lower or movable part of the leg plays upon the immovable at the knee-joint, the sole exception being when the rider rises to the trot, at which time the upper part of the leg leaves the saddle.

#### Some Wedding Superstitions.

In Sweden, a bride must carry bread in her pocket, and as many pieces of it as she can throw away, just so much trouble does she cast from her; but it is no luck to gather the pieces. Should the bride loose her slipper, then she will loose all troubles, only in this case the person who picks it up will gain riches. The Manxmen put salt in their pockets, and the Italians "blessed" charms. The Romans were very superstitious about marrying in May or February; they avoided all celebration days, and the Calends, Nones, and Ides of every month. The day of the week on which the 14th of May fell, was considered unlucky in many parts of "merry old England," and in the Azores Islands a bride selects her wedding day so that its evening may have a growing moon and a flowing tide. In Scotland the last day of the year is thought to be lucky, and if the moon should happen to be full at any time when a wedding takes place, the bride's cup of happiness is expected to be always full. In Perthshire the couple who have had their banns published at the end of one, and are married at the beginning of another, quarter of a year, can expect nothing but ends.

#### Dyeing Gloves.

Any lady may dye her soiled gloves without difficulty, and at a very trifling cost, by the following recipe: For black, brush the gloves with alcohol; when dry, brush them again with a decoction of logwood; when this is dry, repeat the logwood wash, and after ten or fifteen minutes dip them into a weak solution of green vitriol. If the color be not jet black, a little fustic may be added to the logwood. The gloves should be thoroughly rubbed with a mixture of pure olive oil and French chalk, as they begin to dry, to give them a smooth, soft, glossy appearance; they should then be wrapped in flannel and placed under a heavy weight. Should there be any holes in the gloves, they must be carefully mended before commencing the dyeing process; and the tops also should be sewn up to prevent any of the dye getting inside. Gloves can be dyed brown by using a decoction of fustic, gum and Brazil-wood; this should be applied in the same manner as the foregoing.

#### How a Woman Crosses a Street.

The funniest thing is a frog, but the next funniest is a woman trying to cross the street in the rain. There are certain things to be done. It is desirable to keep the bottom of her clothes dry—also her feet. She stands on the edge of the curbstones and gathers a handful on each side. She gets

hold of the water-proof only, and lets fall, and raises again, and shakes, and tries again. This time the skirt is all right, but the dress drags; tries again, and all three are too high. The dress is too high and shows the skirt. Lets fall; one foot shows. She gets discouraged and grasps firmly on each side, and starts across the street on her heels, with one side of the dress and the water-proof trailing in the mud, and about a yard of the skirt visible on the other side.

#### Obtaining Impressions of Leaves.

Several methods are known, but most of them are somewhat intricate and not at all ways satisfactory in the results. A simple plan, but one that requires a little practice to perform it efficiently, is the following: Lightly coat the surface of the leaf of which a copy is desired with ordinary printer's ink, and then place the leaf between two sheets of white paper and press heavily and evenly, and, provided too much ink is not applied, a very fair representation will be produced. Another mode is to cover one side of a sheet of white paper with olive oil, then fold the paper in four, placing the leaf between the second foldings. After pressing remove the leaf and place it between two clean sheets of paper, the impression thus obtained being dusted with black lead or charcoal, a little resin being added to fix the color.

#### Good Beef Tea.

Cut a pound of rump steak in quarter-inch cubes, on a board, with a sharp knife. Sprinkle salt on the bits of beef, about as much as would season it if it were broiled. Put it in a glass preserve jar, and let it stand fifteen minutes. Add four great spoonfuls of cold water, cover the jar airtight, and let it stand one hour; then set the jar into a kettle of cold water on the stove, let it come very slowly to a boil, then set it on the back part of the stove where it will keep at boiling heat, but without boiling, until wanted. After straining it for use, add more salt if necessary, and a sprinkle of red pepper, if the case allows it. This concentrates the nourishment and makes it more palatable.

#### The Origin of Ear-Rings.

According to the Moslem creed, every Mohammedan lady considers it her duty to wear ear-rings in honor of Hagar, who was held in peculiar veneration as the mother of Ishmael, the founder of the Turkish race. There is a curious legend that Sarah, the wife of Abraham, was so embittered against Hagar that she resolved to disfigure her rival's face. Her better nature, however, triumphed, and she only pierced the lobes of her ears. Hagar, wishing to seem comely to Abraham, put rings of gold in her ears to cover the marks. Her Turkish descendants to-day feel that a woman dishonors her great ancestor if she fails to wear them.

#### How to Crystalize Baskets and Grass With Alum.

Make a strong solution of alum by taking enough hot water to cover the articles to be crystalized, and putting in it as much powdered alum as it will dissolve. Pour this solution into a wide mouthed jar, and from sticks laid across the top suspend the grasses; dried specimens are best for this purpose. Let all remain undisturbed until the crystals are as large as desired; they are deposited as the solution cools, and will increase in size so long as there is any alum remaining. Where a basket is to be crystalized, place it in the pot of alum-water and let it remain until the crystals are formed.

Feather marquante, aigrettes of gold and silver, and diamonds, real or mock, are the garnitures for coiffures at balls and dancing parties.

It is expected that the Presidency of Girtton College will be offered to Mrs. Fawcett, the widow of the Postmaster-General of Great Britain.

Mrs. Maud Reeds owns a good ranch, well stocked with cattle, the whole of which she superintends herself, in Wyoming Territory; she is one of the shrewdest cattle owners in the country, is a good shot, and is respected by the cowboys.

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## Health Department.

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

### Lodging Houses and Lodgers.

BY ROBT. SPROULE, M. D., M.A., TORONTO.

The good results which have followed the efforts of many philanthropic persons, as well as the action of the State in regard to the dwellings of the working classes, such as mill operatives, small tradesmen, and the laboring classes generally, induce me to say a few words to a class of men and women, mostly young, who occupy a very important position in our midst. I refer to those employed in the larger factories and various light trades, such as dressmaking, tailoring, millinery, clerks in stores and offices, etc., etc., in short the lodging and boarding classes, who have sometimes inadequate wage and no home near to go to, in fact, who are more or less compelled to live from hand to mouth as best they can, and who, though often educated and highly intelligent, give little thought to their personal health or even comfort. Cheapness in living and especially in the matter of sleeping accommodation being the only desideratum. Before these young men and women now I will lay a few physiological facts, and the deductions which experience has forced us to draw from them, and I think that many little illnesses and inconveniences from which they have suffered, or noticed others suffer, may more, many severe diseases and even deaths, with their accompaniments of expense and bereavement will be explained, and I trust some others which might have occurred prevented, by taking heed to the timely warning.

The lungs of a man of medium size will contain, after a usual inhalation, about eight pints of air, and during this inspiration he will have taken in between twenty and thirty cubic inches of air, that is the quantity of pure air that he requires to carry on healthy life. During perfect rest he breathes from thirteen to fifteen times a minute, in that time changing the whole quantity of air in the lungs, for we can never breathe out all the air in our lungs; there are from 75 to 100 cubic inches of air remaining in the lungs after each inspiration, which physiologists call the residual air. Then there is about as much more called supplemental air, or greatest quantity of air that can be taken into the lungs. The tidal air is the pure air taken in at each inspiration, and mingled in the lungs with the residual air, supplying oxygen and carrying away at each inspiration carbonic acid gas and other deleterious substances, just as the opening of a door in a crowded room will permit the pure air to rush in from without and mix with the foul air, refreshing the whole room, and driving out some of the foul air.

To give an idea of the amount of carbon in the form principally of carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs every twenty four hours: weigh half a pound of charcoal or pure carbon, and that will just about represent it. We will find that half a pound of charcoal is no small piece, and if we add to this the quantity of water, about half a pint, thrown off in the same time, we will get an approximate idea of the amount of hurtful material which is daily burned up in the system and cast off in the lungs, by simple exchange for fresh oxygen with the air breathed in to carry on the process of burning. Were such poisonous material retained in the system or its entire elimination interrupted or retarded, it is easy to conceive the disastrous consequences, and which we have, alas! only too frequently before our eyes in the office, the store, and the workshop. Young men and young women who are during the most of the day in the house, should endeavor during the hours of daylight to secure some open air exercise, and

they should sleep in well ventilated and sufficiently large bedrooms especially, and on no account should these bedrooms be overcrowded, as they very frequently are by two, three, or even four persons—yes, and sometimes six sleeping in a room which in justice could hardly accommodate one. It is far better to pay a trifle more and sleep in a room alone; it can in most cases be easily saved from some little indulgence or other. A healthy man, five feet eight inches in height, should be able to expire from his lungs between 230 and 240 cubic inches of air, and he should be able to count twenty-three slowly and without effort after one full inspiration. And these are fair tests of the capacity of the lungs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Lean People.

There are four chief causes of fatness: to wit, too much eating, drinking, and sleep, and too little exercise. These lead to over-assimilation, or an excess of supply over the waste of the body, and obesity is the result. If the healthy equation between supply and waste be disturbed in the converse way, leanness is the result. Excessive labor, whether of body or mind, too little food, drink, and rest, lead to under-assimilation.

Within limits, leanness, like fatness is a healthy condition. But in many cases leanness is also a symptom of more or less grave disease, as in chronic or exhausting ailments of nearly every kind. With such emaciation we are not now concerned; it is a matter for medical treatment; and the first thing in such a case is to seek the cause of the definite disease which causes it. The healthy leanness of youth or middle age need not trouble anyone, at least on the score of physical well-being. It is an advantage to keep clear of obesity until age arrives, when in many cases it is inevitable, for then the needed exercise can no longer be taken as formerly, and physical exercise is, a main preventive of fatness. There is, indeed, unless when it is caused by serious disease, hardly more than one case of leanness that requires treatment to ten cases of obesity. I speak of our own community; in China, I believe, a person is looked upon as the more fortunate in proportion to his fatness. It would be curious to know whether the felicity of the Chinese banker Han Qu, of Canton, who is said to be worth a billion taels, or fourteen hundred millions of dollars, is in any way expressible in terms of obesity.

But with us there is only one considerable class who have much desire to be fatter than they are, and these are neither the poor nor the old. It is especially by young women that "the rounded limb, the graceful curve," are desired. Many of them find leanness saying No to their natural desire to be beautiful. A moderate degree of plumpness in one community, an excessive degree in some others, as in many of the Polynesian islands, is thought by the men to be an essential condition of attractiveness in women. What shall a young lady do when she discovers that nature has stunted her in plumpness?

Any person who has a good digestion may be fattened. But before examining the dietary regimen for fattening, let our candidate for plumpness ask about some other condition of physical well-being. Is she given to worrying? Does she sleep well and sufficiently? Has she a good temper? Does she worry? If any dietary system is to help her, she must bring hygiene and morals to aid it. I well know that peace of mind is not to be prescribed like a liniment. But we can all make the effort toward peace of mind, and the effort itself is tonic. Our thin lady, then, must give up the habit of worrying, from which she often suffers; it is a habit which makes more women thin, pale and nervous, a distress to themselves and to their families, than any other ailment. Let our sufferer bring all her philosophy to bear upon this destructive mental state. This is often the hardest part of the prescription, for melancholy and repining are often dear to the sufferer from leanness.

But when a good resolve has been taken in this respect, then our lean person may put faith in a regimen like the following:

1. Most articles of food that are easily digestible, excepting lean meat and salads, are fattening, and one will hardly go wrong in choosing a fattening diet from the wide range of excellent materials.

2. There is, however, some choice. Vegetables as a class are more fattening than meats, because they contain more starch and sugar.

3. In detail, white bread and potatoes should form a part of every meal; soups and broths are also important. For breakfast eat eggs, either boiled, poached or in omelet; cutlets or *petits pates* are almost as fattening. The coffee or chocolate should be well "extended" with milk and sugar. People with a "sweet tooth" are rarely too thin.

At dinner eat fish, meat, and vegetables, but more abundantly, if the digestion permits it, of the latter. Macaroni and rice are valuable adjuncts towards the end in view. Make much of the dessert; creams, pastry, pies, and puddings, and other preparations which contain much sugar, are to be chosen.—Titus Munson Coan.

### Burns and Scalds.

There are very few homes whose inmates have not at some time or other suffered more or less severely from the effects of a burn; there are few persons who ever forget the severity of the pain that succeeds a bad burn; and yet there are very few who make any provision for the proper treatment of such wounds. This neglect arises from indifference or from ignorance, but chiefly the latter. A burn treated in time does not take nearly so long to heal, and generally heals better than it otherwise would. The object of the present paper is to make familiar a few of the remedies which are generally applied to burns—remedies so simple in themselves that they can be applied by any person.

The best thing to apply to a burned or scalded part is Carron oil, spread on lint or linen. The main object in the treatment of a burn is to keep the affected part out of contact with the air; but the part of the treatment to which our attention should be first directed is that which will lessen or remove the pain. Ice or cold water is sometimes used; and sometimes water moderately warm, or a gentle heat, gives relief. Carron oil—so called from the famous Carron ironworks, where it is extensively used—not only lessens the immediate pain, but covers the part with a film which effectually shuts out the air and prevents the skin getting dry.

This Carron oil can be prepared in a very simple way. It consists of equal parts of olive oil and lime-water. Olive oil, or salad or Lucca oil, is the oil best suited for the purpose; but if not easily obtainable, linseed oil answers the purpose very well. Lime-water can be easily made by any one, if it cannot be procured otherwise. About a teaspoonful of the lime used by builders—if the purer kind is not obtainable—added to a pint of water and well shaken, is all that is required. It is then allowed to settle, and the water when required is drawn off without disturbing the sediment at the bottom. Pour the oil on the lime-water, stir or shake well, and the mixture is ready for use. It is poured freely between two folds of lint, or the lint dipped in the mixture; the lint applied to the wound, and held in position by a bandage. The wound may be dressed twice a day; but in dressing, the wound should be exposed to the air the shortest possible time. If the lint adheres to the wound, it must not be pulled off, but first moistened thoroughly with the oil, when it comes off easily. In some cases, it is not advisable to remove the lint. Under such circumstances, the best way to proceed is to lift up one fold of the lint, drop the oil within the folds, replace the fold as before, and secure the bandage. Carron oil is one of those things that no household should be at any time without.

Considering the simplicity of the cure, how easily olive oil and lime water can be obtained, let us hope that for the sake of relieving even a few minutes' pain, no reader of this paper will be in the future without a bottle of Carron oil.

## MEDICAL QUERIES.

J. C., BELLEVILLE.—Q. Steady pain across kidneys and back, etc. A. Use same as H. T., Toronto.

H. T., TORONTO.—Q. Sediment in urine, pain in region of kidneys, etc., are the kidneys affected and what course of treatment should be adopted? A. The kidneys are affected and you should consult a doctor at once and follow his advice. The following mixture will be found useful in the meantime. Sweet spirits of nitro, ½ oz.; infusion of dwarf elder, 7½ oz. One tablespoonful three times daily. 2. Q. Are flannels colored red injurious to be worn next the skin? A. No.

J. B. P. HILL.—What causes small white scales to appear on persons' skin? Skin very hard and dry. What can be done? A. Caused by an unhealthy state of the skin. Use the following wash night and morning. Orange flavour water 10 ounces. Glycerine 1 ounce. Borax ½ ounce. Mix.

F. S., PORT HORE.—Q. I am greatly troubled with morning sickness and acidity of stomach. What can I do to relieve it? A. Take Ingulin gr. 3, every morning on rising.

WM. S., LANDSDOWNE.—Q. I have a son three years old who complains of pain in his stomach at times. He falls down 20 or 30 times daily with something like a faint but recovers as soon as he falls. He sleeps well at night and looks healthy. Please let me know what is wrong and what you would recommend for a cure. The child is suffering from intestinal worms. A. Give the following powder in a dessert spoonful of castor oil at bedtime. Santonin gr. 3, Calomel gr. 2, and another spoonful of castor oil in the morning.

T. L., TORONTO.—Q. Since having typhoid fever about eight years ago, I have been troubled with a stiffness and aching especially in the legs, with poor circulation, and cold extremities and somewhat debilitated. Is it the effect of fever or of the medicine I took? What is best for me to do, to regain usual health? A. You are suffering from chronic rheumatism. It is the effect of cold from improper precautions being taken when recovering from typhoid fever. To regain your usual health you should take a voyage or spend a season at one of the hot springs. If you cannot afford either of these try electricity and tonics.

"I think," says O. W. Holmes, "you will find it true that before any vice can fasten on a man, body, mind, and moral virtues must be debilitated. The masses and fungi gather on sickly trees, not thriving ones, and the odious parasites which fasten on the human frame, choose that which is already weakened. There is no fancy in saying that the lassitude of tired out operations and the languor of imaginative natures in the periods of collapse, and the vacuity of untrained labour and discipline, fit the soul and body for the germination of the seeds of intemperance. Whenever the wandering demon of drunkenness nudges a ship adrift, no steady wind in the sails, thoughtful pilot directing its course, steps on board, takes the helm, and steers straight for the—Maelstrom."

IN-GROWING NAIL.—In a note to the *Union Medicale*, June 20, M. Monod states that during the last twenty years he has treated in-growing nails by a very simple and effectual method, which does not involve the removal of the nail. He makes free application of nitrate of silver at commencement of the affection, with isolating the nail. If the cauterization carried deeply into the diseased furrow, the patient has usually, even by the next day, derived considerable relief, and is able even thus early, to walk in moderation in an easy shoe. Extirpation of the nail should be reserved for quite exceptional cases.

INTESTINAL HEMORRHAGE IN TYPHOID FEVER.—At a recent clinical lecture Professor Da Costa exhibited specimens from a case of typhoid fever in which had occurred from peritonitis, with recent perforations of the bowel. The patient for days before his death had profuse intestinal hemorrhage. The distinguished teacher took the opportunity of endorsing the ergot treatment of hemorrhage, but insisted upon the importance of following it up with decided doses of opium in order to prevent perforation to limit its effects.

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SKATING COSTUMES

154 Ladies' Basque. 7 Sizes. 10 to 12 inches. Bust Measure. Price, 25 cents.

3153 Ladies' Trimmed Skirt. 6 Sizes. 20 to 30 inches. Waist Measure. Price, 30 cents.

These patterns can be furnished on receipt of price, by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.

NEW MUSIC.

- Canadian Guards Waltzes. By J. C. Kemmer.
- La Brunette, Polka Brillante. By J. D'Armenton Kerrison
- At the Ball, Ripple. By H. C. Shaw.
- Dance on forever, Waltz. By M. Hahn
- Aspirations, Meditation. By M. Hahn
- There's a Star in the Sky, Christmas Song. By C. E. Lay.
- Daisies, Song. By C. E. Lay.

The above music is all from the enterprising music publishing house of I. Suckling & Son. No. 1 is an attractive and melodious waltz, almost sure to become popular. It is handsomely got up, with an effective title page. No. 2 is a pretty and well written polka, by a well-known and popular composer. No. 3 is an arrangement of the popular "Ripple" dance, unpretending, and without any great merit, yet well fitted for the dance for which it is written.

No. 4 is an extremely common place waltz, possessing neither originality, nor any other attractive quality, and to dance on forever to its strains would be decidedly monotonous. Nor is the composer any happier in his "Aspirations," (No. 5.) which are not of very high order, and scarcely worth "meditation" for any length of time. Nos. 6 and 7 are two songs by C. E. Lay. We regret that we cannot speak favorably of either. The melody in No. 6 is well enough in its way, although by no means equal to the subject; but the accompaniment spoils any effectiveness it possesses. Possibly some enthusiastic Scotchman may find merit in "Daisies," we confess to not being Scotch; and therefore frankly admit that we find no merit in the song. Indeed, on a close and careful consideration of the two songs in question, we have come to the conclusion that C. E. Lay's forte does not lie in song writing, and we will only be doing a good turn in advising him or her to quit writing, and take up the study of harmony, etc., for a while.

Music and the Drama.

The Passing Show.

"This world is all a fleeting show, For man's illusion given for aye."

DEAR TRUTH, Kehan's Company, in Daly's amusing comedy "7-20-8" did a good business last week. The comedy is a bright little piece of absurdity, sparkling with fun and full of laughable situations. The company was, with one or two exceptions, the same as presented it last season. Unfortunately, however, one of the exceptions was in the very important part of *Floss*. Miss Virginia Brooks, who assumed the part this season, was by no means equal to the portrayal of that lively piece of innocence and ingenuity. With this exception, however, the different characters were admirably portrayed; the performance throughout being very enjoyable, notwithstanding Miss Brooks' inability to grasp the true conception of *Floss*' character.

This week's attraction is one already made familiar to Toronto theatre goers. Mr. Edwin Thorne has made the "Black Flag" popular by his impersonations of the hero of the play; and doubtless good audiences will rule, although, following the holiday weeks as it does, the engagement may not prove as successful as it might otherwise be.

At the People's Theatre another change has taken place. Mr. Montford, who had its management in its earlier history as a place of amusement, has resumed possession, and, under the old name of "Montford's Museum," promises to produce popular attractions at popular prices. He has made a bad beginning, however. That highly sensational, strikingly realistic, and blood curdling melodrama of the far west, yecept "Jesse James," is no proper piece to place before a Canadian, or, indeed, any audience. A play which dignifies with heroism a blood-thirsty, cold-blooded murdering outlaw and holds him up as an example to be admired and imitated by the rising generations, is unfit for production. It is neither elevating, ennobling or moral in its tone; and its tendency cannot but be bad. The influence of the dime novel literature is but too well known; but when the dime novel is dramatized and placed vividly before the gaze of callow youth, its influence becomes still stronger, and it should, therefore, be at once put down by the strong arm of the law. Hitherto the performances at the theatre under question, if not very refined, have at least been in a measure harmless, and it is to be hoped Mr. Montford, if he cannot secure better "attractions" than plays of the "Jesse James" calibre will give up catering to the public on these lines.

And now a word in conclusion. I am not generally personal in my remarks, but your readers will pardon me if I say a few words to-day. This is SEMPROTUS' last letter to the readers of TRUTH. Ere another issue sees the light he will have sought fresh fields and pastures new. He will not, however, forget those with whom he has held such long and pleasant intercourse, and I trust those who have been among his readers will not altogether forget him. He has endeavored at all times to give an honest and independent opinion on all matters coming under his consideration. He has not always pleased every one—that was not to be expected—but at any rate he has always endeavored to be just, and to allow no personal feelings to sway him one way or the other. He has only to return his thanks to those kindly friends, professional and otherwise, who, by supplying him with the necessary information, materially lightened his labors, and cheered him by their kindly criticism and valuable hints. To one and all, the readers of TRUTH included, he wishes a very happy and prosperous new year, in the highest and best sense of the words.

And so, with the chimes of the Christmas bells still echoing in his ears, and standing upon the threshold of another year, which holds within its unseen hands—what?—he writes that saddest of all words—Farewell! SEMPROTUS.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B.—Honestly we say with Sir Walter Scott: Literature is a very good staff but a very bad crutch.

S. S. Mr. Gladstone completed his 75th year last December, though some assist he only commenced it, though they acknowledge he was born in 1809. Disraeli was four years his senior, having been born in 1805.

We have received from Mr. Angus McPherson a scriptural clock which came to hand too late for publication last issue. The construction is perfect and had it come to hand in time would have been published in the last issue.

J. Brown.—Don't profess to be great authority in pronunciation. Most of the dictionaries give only squolar with long a, though some prefer, and we frankly say we agree with them, short o as squolar. The broad short sound of a is on all hands repudiated.

M.—Don't be foolish. What the mischief can it matter whether there be TEN or THIRTEEN at table or whether you got married on a Friday in the month of May, or on a Monday in December? If you are a man you ought to be ashamed of such old wife idiocy. If a woman, I know you are without your saying so. The next thing will be spilling salt, or meeting a hare, or a brindled cat. Pshaw! Take some medicine and go to bed.

A READER. Most certainly. It is your only chance, and a very blessed one it is. Never hesitate. Go on with it at once, and as quickly as you can. Things will all come well if you are determined to do what is right and proper. Never say anything to any one, but go forward in the way you say you wish. If you do this, and use *moderately* what you will be legitimately and properly entitled to, you will, before a couple of years pass by, acknowledge that we have given you good advice.

X. Y. Z.—We thought that everybody knew the age of Queen Victoria. It seems, however, that we have been mistaken, and we consequently, with great pleasure, inform all who may be in that condition that she is in her 60th year, having been born on the 24th of May, 1819. Her younger daughter, Beatrice, who is about to be married and to become a life pensioner on the British nation, is 27 past. A good many who are pretty loyal, think it queer that the queen, who is enormously rich, cannot provide for her girls at any rate, like other people.

G.—At this time of day it is too absurd to speak of any body being loyal to any man, woman or system, against his or her special and peculiar interests. Does any one out of bedlam believe that any Canadian could be found who would stick to British connection, &c., while quite convinced that it would be better for the country in general, and for himself in particular, to take a new departure? We don't. We hold by British connection because we think that everything considered it is best for Canada to remain as she is. But if we did not, does any one suppose we would still stand by such connection? Not unless softening of the brain and idiocy had intervened.

Vanity and Gloves.

"But to return to our first love, gloves," continued the volatile young lady, who spoke with a cultivated Boston accent, and viewed the reporter through glasses. "Give me at any time the vainest of females to serve rather than a vain man. Of all created things they are the worst," said she, turning up her keen brown eyes with an assumption of horror. "Actually they will want their gloves so tight that they have to rub their hands with soapstone to get them on. It is a fact, many a time I have shortened the fingers of them. It takes a man of this type about seven times as long to decide upon and to be fitted to a pair of gloves as any woman."

The stockings for evening wear must match the color of the dress or its trimmings, and be plain, of silk or fine lisle thread, with embroidered clocks.

Professor Proctor says the earth is still in youth. This explains why she goes round so much and is out so late of nights.

# MRS. HURD'S NIECE.

## SIX MONTHS OF A GIRL'S LIFE.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### IN THE OPERA HOUSE.

From honest prayer to deeds of good-will, from faith to works, is only the natural step.

After this month of prayer it should not be thought strange that the whole city finds itself in pleasant agitation concerning the good work which Hannah and Mary Ann have begun upon a tiny scale. It has transpired that already this laudable undertaking is in danger of falling through for the reason that at the back of the project there is a fund of only four hundred dollars, whereas there is a need of several thousand.

Or, in other words, the class of working women that patronize the Dinner Rooms cannot afford to pay for their warm, nutritious meals what these meals cost. It is as plain as daylight, therefore, to everybody, that in time the poor little firm will become bankrupt, and the rooms close.

As the prayer-meetings continue, and high and low are brought more and more closely together, this fact becomes widely known and deplored; and from a quiet, un-denominational assembly which has, at last, been convened in Mrs. Guthrie's parlors, a hundred ladies go forth and work to save Hannah's idea.

A week before Christmas it is announced from the pulpits, and through the dailies, that there will be no Christmas trees at the churches, as heretofore, but that, instead, there will be one grand tree in the Opera House, representing the interest of the entire city in behalf of the "Working Women's Dinner Rooms."

Hannah and Mary Ann are privately requested to gather at the Tree all their boarders; and a little later the plan which has been perfected by several clear and steady heads is respectfully submitted to the two.

Hannah hesitates to become responsible for the use of funds belonging to others, and secretly she shrinks from the thought that her own dear plan is to be merged into a great impersonal charity. But Mrs. Whitney reassures her.

"They shall always be regarded as your rooms. They shall always remain under your control. We only ask permission to hold up your hands, and to give you the benefit of an Advisory Committee."

One day they are taken to see their new rooms—the grand "Working Women's Dinner Rooms," which a dozen prominent citizens have rented, and, through Mrs. Whitney, offer rent free. They prove to be the light, bright, handsome grand suite under the Opera Hall.

Hannah and Mary Ann at once see that the commodious kitchen, with its mighty "range" and countless conveniences, makes possible the great general trade in hot soup and hot coffee which it is proposed shall be inaugurated.

Though both are "persons of narrow culture" as Mrs. Hurd has said to the begging committee, they both can see that the long bright dining-room, with its blooming plants and scenery windows, its pictures, and its supply of daily papers, and its cozy little tables, where good bread, and hot coffee, and hot soup will be served at any reasonable hour, might supplant beer saloons to a great extent.

They can see that the 'hot meal tickets,' which they are to keep for sale, will enable the citizens to easily and safely distribute charity to the needy; and, after some reflection, they gratefully accept their work in this new shape.

This Christmas eve strikes everybody as a fit culmination of the work among the churches. The illuminated tree seems a beautiful flowering outgrowth of the weeks of prayer. There is light and flowers, and music, and holiday faces and holiday attire. The hall is like a forest in its green bravado of wreath and motto, and arch, and engarlanded column.

The whole city is gathered as rarely before. Every clergyman in town is present, the mayor and all the lesser dignitaries. The bands are out, and such is the universal jubilee that little Theo Hurd, who in her white silken dress knotted up with real pascies is sitting on her father's shoulder that she may the better see the beautiful Burn-

ing Tree, bigger than all the other Christmas trees she has ever seen, screams out shrilly: "It is a Tree of July and a Crismull all together, isn't it, papa?"

From the same high perch she discovers her own Lois and Saidee, in their white evening dresses and Christmas flowers, on the stage, she sees Elizabeth, too, at the organ; and she tries to struggle down.

But just then her haughty cries are lost in the great burst of music, as the prelude of the instrument dies away and the whole assembly break out into the grand gladness of "Coronation." Can you imagine that music? Every fine voice in the city is there; and there are strains when it seems as if all heaven were singing above them. Lois, softly caroling away like some happy little thrush, her light notes entirely lost even to her own ears in the great choral harmony, listens and hears Caddie Greenough's voice soaring above them all like the lark up the sky, and with it, wing and wing, Elizabeth's grand tones. She gazes into the two lighted faces and thanks God; and then her eye seeks out Hannah. She is in one of the stage boxes. Her veil is down, and she is not standing with the rest. Good, happy Hannah—this is too much for her!

Pastor Nelson offers prayer. Dr. Guthrie gives an account of what a few ladies of wide sympathies have accomplished in some of the Eastern cities; and then he proceeds to honor the two girls, who, all unknown in their own community, have undertaken a kindred good work.

"All by themselves," he says, "the two lit the little light in a dark place. It is not much that the remaining thousands of us see that the blessed lamp does not go out for lack of oil."

Then the noisy bands strike up, with clang and blare, and scream; and after that a dozen white robed and rose sashed messengers step out from the group of girls upon the stage, and a dozen other busy hands unlade the lighted tree of its fruit.

In answer to their names one after another of Hannah's girls rise in their seats. For the tree does not glitter, after the manner of its kind, with costly jewels, and dainty holiday volumes, and rare, priceless fabrics. All the gifts are for Hannah's Rooms and Hannah's girls.

White table napery without end, forks and spoons by the dozen, unromantic blanket shawls, warm cloaks, fleecy clouds, stout overshoes, rolls of flannel, prosaic bundles of cotton cloth, neat collars and tasteful hats.

Mrs. Whitney stands by Saidee Hurd, surveying the vast assemblage.

"I really do think," she says, "that we haven't left one of those poor girls with an excuse for not attending church."

"And it was so little to do after all," responds Saidee, "only just the expense of the usual holiday gift-making turned into a different channel."

But this preliminary distribution is but as the mint and anise and cummin compared with the weightier matters which are to follow; although there are only slips of paper, red, white and blue, left fluttering upon the despoiled tree.

When it has grown quiet once more, one after another of the white slips Dr. Guthrie detaches and reads aloud.

The first is a certificate of \$100, deposited at the First National Bank, payable to the order of Hannah Gregg; then follows one of \$200, then one of \$50, one of \$500, from a fellow-Christian (that is John Hurd), one of \$5, another of \$800, and then there comes one of \$1000,—this is from "a personal friend of Hannah Gregg," and here Saidee looks over to her cousin Lois lovingly and whispers to Mrs. Whitney.

There is an endless succession of these bank-certificates, until everybody wishes the doctor would just bunch them together and toss them over to the astonished mistress of the rooms, and say no more about them. But still everybody breaks into a tremendous cheering when the aggregate is announced: twenty thousand dollars as a permanent fund whose interest is to be used in maintenance of the "Working Women's Dinner Rooms."

Hannah leans forward, the little paper-

looking, through the haze of happy tears, like so many great parchments. The people all see her now, in this happy moment, and they cheer her as if she wore some heroic, modest Hannah!

And now follow the red papers which have so gaily ornamented the tree! The first is an order upon Hempel & Green for a barrel of sugar, another upon Stillman & Jackson, another upon Francis Brothers, and so on, barrel after barrel, until everybody is laughing; and Linda, with big eyes sits nudging Hannah.

"My goodness, and my goodness! Thirteen barrels of sugar to go to at once!"

There are orders also for bags of coffee, and for chests of tea, and kegs of fish, and provisions indiscriminate, until Hannah's own steady head begins to whirl a little under such a long, pelting rain of blessings.

After this the coal men are bound to have their say, and then the millers, until there is coal for the winter, and a score of barrels of flour.

But even this is not all. For, after the volleys of cheers have subsided, there are still to be seen half a dozen blue papers clinging to the tree like last year's leaves. And what shall these prove to be but receipts in full for as many sewing machines, for which as many sewing women are still in debt!

As Hannah brushes away the shining mist from before her eyes, and looks around upon her people, and singles out the faces which have been the bitterest, she sees the last traces of envy and hardness are smoothed away. Even sharp-tongued Kalista Pinckney is smiling as innocently as a child.

Hannah sees her reach across a half dozen people to shake hands with her employer in the Christmas equality and good will—how can she help it, indeed, when his wife's name is on the roll of soft, rich merino that she holds? It was not one week ago that Hannah heard her say:

"Mr. Maginnis is a hard, cruel man—hard, hard as the nether millstone! You needn't talk to me—I don't care whether our work is stoutly done or not. I will rob and cheat him just all I can!"

Mary Ann is not forgotten; and Hannah, too, has her own personal present—a dainty muff and boa, which, together with Linda's pretty cloak, and hat, and a dozen dainty white water aprons, she can easily trace back to the donors, even should she not follow Mary Ann's example and look inside the muff; but she does, and finds three cards tied with rose ribbon and bearing the three beloved names. "Saidee," "Lois," "Elizabeth."

It is an evening of rare and universal happiness. Even the cold Mrs. John Hurd half envies Mrs. Whitney and some of the rest of her particular friends because they are able to find so much with which to occupy and entertain themselves in this plebeian matter of cheap meals for poor people. She cannot make it to her taste. So she snubs her husband for his boyish enthusiasm.

"You talk of their distress as if it were something unusual. I am perfectly certain that it is only the common order of things. In every large town there must be similar suffering—what are you going to do about that? This is only a childish battle with the windmills."

Dr. Guthrie comes up, and Mr. Hurd repeats his wife's question and remark.

The good doctor is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the evening. For weeks, now, he has been living among men and women instead of books.

"Ah," says he, "you forget what he of Avon says,—"

"How far the little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

"The little candle those benevolent Boston ladies lit has thrown its beams so far and wide that already these coffee-rooms, these 'Boslin's Bowers,' are a familiar idea to the popular mind. Any and every town may accomplish all we are undertaking, my dear Mrs. Hurd. We know that no good impulse once embodied in deed, ever dies; its ripples widen, and widen, out beyond sight, and touch unknown shores. Let us be of good cheer, and great faith, brother, sister,—and light the little candles!"

Pastor Nelson has found "little sister Lois." He notices the soft bloom upon her face, the light in her gray eyes, her smiling manner—he cannot but contrast her with the lonely, struggling, trembling stranger, who in her sore need had visited his study twice in a day, not so very long ago.

"She did, then, keep right on in the path of duty, did she?"

She understands. She, too, is thinking of those visits to the little paragon.

"Yes, she kept right on, I am very much pleased to say. And in that path, where she struggled so hard, and clambered so high to get out of it, she has met all her happinesses, every one, one after another. Only think—they were each awaiting her along that very road!"

He does not fathom all her meaning, but he is satisfied.

"And how is it about freezing to death in Dr. Guthrie's church?" he asks with a mischievous smile.

Lois glances around upon the many faces she is learning to love.

"O Pastor Nelson, I am so, so thankful to you!"

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### MARRIAGE BELLS.

Mr. Whitney and Lois are going down for a farewell visit at the Dinner Rooms. Mr. Whitney has been there at noon for the pleasant spectacle of the place when Hannah's special boarders are at dinner; but the two have a fancy to see it together for the last time in all its evening light and cheer.

It is a lovely night for January. The walks are dry, there is neither snow nor moon, the darkness overhead is soft, warm and starry, like summer. The stores are open, summer fashion, and the pavements are thronged. A band is playing, and through the open windows of the hall they hear the voices of concert singers.

Just as they reach the door of the Dinner Rooms, a man, followed by his wife, comes with such broad, unsteady tread down the pavement that Mr. Whitney instinctively snatches Lois aside. The man's arms hang loosely, his hat is awry, he pitches from side to side, but still his wife holds to his sleeve with one hand while she tugs with the other at a heavy basket.

Just as they pass a package rolls out. Lois points to it. "See, Max!"

The woman who is not much older than Lois, colors deeply, as she stops that Mr. Whitney may settle the contents of the basket more snugly.

"I know yez, Miss," she says low, to Lois. Hez is one of the young leddies that come so much into the Dinner Rooms bless em! Her husband's been there ivy avens' for his coffee, instead of the beer poor fellows that work so hard, they must have somethin'! We had our house full of comforts, the last month, we did. An' he said when he went to his work the mornin', that wad I come down to-night he'd take me in to the little white tables and trawnc. an' we'd hear the singin' an' have a look till the pictures—an' now, see the man!"

"The man" has slouched his hat lower, but Lois, after a moment's scrutiny, remembers him very well—the blue-eyed young Irishman who always inquired for "The Scientific American," or "The Builder's Journal." Her hand still on Max's arm, she steps toward him. He is leaning against a lamp post, waiting for his wife. He is not so far gone that he does not turn away his face in shame.

"You are not going by the Rooms, are you, Mr. Dennis? It is the last evening I shall be here for many a year, and I should like to see all the familiar faces to-night."

Dennis shifts uneasily, and mutters concerning pressing work at home. But he glances furtively at the girl who is speaking to him,—so fair, so delicate, so refined, in her white wraps, with her white plums tossing about her, yet who is not too good to stop in the street to speak to him and his wife; and though the gentleman holds her hand within his arm protectingly, Tom Dennis is not too drunk to see that she is well come to stay and talk with him as long as ever she pleases. Another glance and he recognizes Mr. Whitney.

"Is it yez that's goin' to take her from the place?"

Mr. Whitney smiles. "I am that happy man, Mr. Dennis."

"And when I am thousands of miles away," adds Lois, "longing for the sight of familiar faces, and calling up my pictures of what I've left behind me, I shall not like to miss your face from the pleasant Dinner Rooms. You are not going to give them up, are you? You will lose so much, you and Mrs. Dennis, if you do. They are planning so many enjoyable things for you in the course of the year—working men's excursions, Saturday picnics, a course of lectures, free instruction in music, concerts, and drawing class—oh, I can't begin to tell you!"

We are not going to rest satisfied, Mr. Dennis, until the best things in our reach are brought within yours, also. But, Mr. Dennis, you must be as true to us as we are to you!"

Mr. Dennis stands looking at her attentively with his great, soft, boyish blue eyes. They radiate a light of the eyes of an intelligent dog, which he cannot quite understand your words, but enjoys your kindly tones.

"Miss," says he finally, "if I could write me name straight, I'd put it to the pledge and give it to yo for a keepsake - I would that! But bein' as I be -"

Mrs. Dennis gives a little low cry. She well knows the importance her Tom attaches to "putting his name" to things.

"Come along, Dennis," says Mr. Whitney. "That's the sort of wedding present Miss Gladstone would most value."

But the man hangs back.  
"I'll not go a stumblin' in there among the leddies - but if yo'd bring the paper out -"

In a trice Lois has pen, ink, and the Total Abstinence Pledge, at the curbstone. She holds a book as writing table; and under the street lamp, with a shaking hand, the man writes his name. His wife looks on. She scarcely draws her breath.

"There," he says, "I niver went back on that name yet." Ye can remember that, if ye like."

His eyes are down, he chooses not to see the hand she offers. He turns away with an indescribable look of pride and unworthiness.

"Come along wid yez, Kate!"

He thrusts his wife's hand within his arm, and with the other hand dashing a half filled bottle from his pocket upon the stones of the street, never looking behind to see it break, he stalks off, his steps unsteady still.

"Well, my little street preacher," Max says, as they open Hannah's door, "it is men like Dennis, only far worse, among whom we go."

The door swings back upon a pleasant scene a bright room dotted from end to end with the "little white tables" poor Mrs. Dennis longed to see. Some are set with dishes, some are littered with books and papers, most of them are surrounded by groups, at one half a dozen men, at another a man with his family - evidently the working class do look upon a supper here, like Mrs. Dennis, as a "trate."

Mr. Clay, one of the city's solid men, sits comfortably in an arm-chair, reading the evening papers; and as they pass along they come upon Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Stillman, cozily tete-a-tete over their coffee.

Ye see it is unobtrusively managed, but the Rooms never fail at night of certain presences, winning, dignified and refined, which inspire decorum and self-respect - the working people who no nither feel instinctively that they are stepping upward as they come.

They go on into Hannah's big kitchen, bidding to the little girl waiters as they pass. Through the open doors of a large parlor they see, at the piano, her exercise book open before her, one of Hannah's sewing girls, of whom Lois has often heard her speak, as possessing a rare taste for music. Caddie Greenough is at her side.

"There'll be one the less girl to be dependent upon cheap sewing, let us hope," says Max.

In the same room is a table strewn with drawing materials, and surrounded by a dozen girls, heads down, intent on their work. Passing from one to another, critiquing and instructing, they see Elizabeth. She looks up, pencil in hand, and nods.

Hannah has discovered them. She drops the bread knife, and hurries out. Lois warmly clasps her hand, and reaches the other to Mary Ann.

"Well, what cheer, dear Hannah?"  
Hannah answers in the most elastic of tones.

"It is all cheer, Miss Lois, and a plenty of it." "As said as the beer saloons feels us so soon - dozens of thousand tells as how they would ha liked the coffee best any day if they could ha' got at it. And, Mr. Whitney, you can't go to think ow they do henry the dailies along o' their coffee - hit do make 'em respect themselves more nor any nither thing - a sittin' and a readin' like their betters. I gets dinner now reglar for some hover a' hundred girls - everything is comfortable and so busy, and my sick ones are a gettin' well, I do believe."

Lois follows her glance, and shakes hands with the tall Taft girls. No hectic flushes now, no coughs.

"Yes," says Tillie, polishing her caps "I am better. Hannah's kind of Movement Cure is just the thing - this kneading bread, and flourishing the broom. I begin to believe what the doctors say about housework. I shouldn't wonder now if I did make a live of it, after all."

Lois stops a long time in the kitchen. She smiles at Linda - the girl evidently has the creditable appearance of the whole establishment on her shoulders. She is here, there, everywhere - "goin' round after 'em," she calls it. For Tillie Taft invariably makes a mess with the coal, and does not always hang up the broom. The elder Miss Taft is apt to misplace the crucets in the castors, and, among so many, there is no certain place for the spoons, while Mary Ann, though she scrubs, and scrubs, never sets back anything; even Hannah leaves bread crumbs on the dresser. But Linda is neat - very neat, and, also, very "scold y."

Lois, as she goes, out, touches the chronic crease between the two sharp young eyes. "I know it," says Linda, meekly. "But I don't want your good-bye finger always pointing at that!"

So Lois kisses her - between the eyes. As they pass the parlor again, she points Mr. Whitney to the half dozen walnut book-cases. There is a little crowd around them. Ann Francis, the librarian, sits near, recording names and numbers.

"This is cousin Elizabeth's gift to the Rooms," she says, "nearly a thousand books. And it is a *sifted* library, Max. She has acquainted herself with every one. She says in not one is there a thought that can destroy or disturb the reader's faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ. She rejected many a fine book unhesitatingly, because, at some place, some little place, she could discern a seed of religious doubt spruiging up, or else all ready and ripe to drop into unsuspecting minds. I believe she would now throw aside the grandest records of science if she detected that poison." For, said she, sadly, "I myself shall never be quite free from my old habits of doubt until I see Him face to face on the resurrection morning - and God forbid that from *my* hand a like curse should fall upon any human being."

The sun shines with spring-like softness upon this, little Lois' bridal-morning. The day is most tenderly sweet and fair, like the face into which Saidee tearfully looks, leaning in at the carriage-door. She, and Elizabeth, and Mrs. Whitney, stand near. They are the dearest, and the last to say adieu. On the verandas, at the doors, through all the familiar faces of Lois life here. There is Dr. Guthrie, and Pastor Nelson, and Caddie Greenough, Hannah, Mary Ann, and Linda. But it is Elizabeth, and Saidee, and Mrs. Whitney - the dearest and best, who hover near until the last.

Little Theo is lifted to papa's shoulder. "We will see the very last of her, won't we?" papa says, cheerily, but he winks and blinks and coughs to that degree that Theo turns and looks at him with childhood's elfin sharpness.

"Papa, you *th* cryin' and couthin thaid nobody wath to cry."

But Mrs. Hurd - she obeys "couthin's" injunction admirably. She has married Lois away with all the magnificence due "Mrs. Hurd's niece," and bidden her an ostentatious farewell. It is a precious relief, this "seeing the very last of her."

"What a six months!" she says to the familiar within her breast. "I never was so put about by any living creature. If there is a class that I hold in abhorrence it is the Radicals. A Radical in religion is quite as bad as any other - and if ever there was a thorough Radical it is my sister Theodosia's stubborn daughter. I am thankful to have Saidee out from under her influence."

While Lois' aunt is thus fearing that neither of her daughters will ever be quite the same again, the eldest one, with sweet last words, reaches her hand across to Mr. Whitney. "May she be the blessing in your home that she has been in ours."

"You *hav* been a blessing, but most of all to me, always believe that" Saidee whispers, kissing the happy young face again and again. "Oh, you will never know how I have loved you, cousin!" she says, with the last kiss of all.

No! happy Lois never will.

Then, like Elizabeth, Saidee reaches her hand across to Lois' husband. She lifts her sweet, frank eyes. "Good-by, cousin Max!"

"This 'cousin Max' is dimly conscious that very little of the pain of this parting, on Saidee's side, is upon his account; but there is no time for reflection.

"There's the train now!" The driver slams too the door, leaps to his seat, the horses spring away, and they are gone.

Just as the guests are going, Mrs. Whitney and Saidee meet in the deserted drawing-room. They stand silent, a moment, among the wedding flowers; and then Saidee's bright head, so bravely carried all these last days, droops suddenly forward into her hands.

The tender arms gather her close. "My own precious girl!"

It is but an instant. Saidee lifts her face and looks in her own frank way into those tender, womanly, motherly eyes; and then she smiles. "Don't pity me, dearest of friends. God is good. There is work - there is always work, you know, left after the great happinesses of earth sweep by us. And, dear Mrs. Whitney -"

"I know that for me, as well as for them. God did the best."

Yes, sweet Saidee, - true heart:

"It will matter by and by  
Nothing but this - hat Joy or Pain  
Lifted you skyward, helped to gain,  
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,  
Heaven - home - all in all - by and by"

THE END.

## ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

John Henry Newman.

TRUTH'S Sunday Essays will aim at giving some account of the most remarkable leaders of religious thought in our own times, those men and women who, as every division of the great Christian army, and wearing any one of its numerous and very different uniforms, have been instrumental in influencing for good the generation of which we and they form part. We shall approach every church or denomination of which we have occasion to make mention in a spirit of friendly and appreciative criticism, in a spirit that is as remote as possible from that of the hair splitter of controversy, dealing with that in which all Christians agree rather than the points in which they differ.

At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, the established Church of England, originally a compromise between Protestantism and Catholicity, seemed altogether under the influence of its Protestant element - it had become little else than a department of the civil service, its bishops with treatises on Greek particles, its theology had degenerated from the great days of Jeremy Taylor, or Butler, into the dullest of Classical literature; it regarded everything Catholic as a superstition without power to renew its vitality in these enlightened days. It was reserved for Newm in to lead a reaction in the Catholic direction, which was to revolutionize the Established Church, and draw many of her ablest sons with himself to the allegiance of Rome.

John Henry Newman was born in 1801, and was brought up in a religious home, after the method of the Evangelical movement which at that time, in the impulse of John Wesley's revival, was still dominant among the more religious members of the established Church. When a youth he studied deeply the leading Evangelical ministry, especially the Church history of Joseph Milner, which thus early gave his mind a turn toward the study of the fathers, and the idea of a great historic church. But he went to Oxford a decided Low Churchman, firmly convinced that the Pope was anti-Christ, and he became an enthusiastic promoter of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

At Oxford young Newman encountered another influence of the revived taste for medievalism, which in the England of the first part of the nineteenth century had been promoted by the poetry of Scott and Wordsworth. Newman gained a fellowship at Oriel College, one of whose fellows, John Keble, in 1827, had published a remarkable book of poetry, the "Christian Year," breathing the spirit of such ecclesiastical traditions as had survived the overthrow of the august historic Catholicity in various nooks and side currents of High Church-

ism under the first Stewart Kings. In Keble's poetry, under stained glass windows and dim religious light, auto-styled priests and guardian angels move in quasi-annual procession to the music of the organ, or rather, perhaps, of the melodeon. It was all very pretty, and so attractive to young ladies and caroles as to speedily become a power in the Established Church.

To this movement Newman adhered and gave it the formative impulse of one of the most vigorous intellects of the age, of a writer of whom the London *Saturday Review* said (in its best days) that he "had left an indelible impress on English thought and speech." But Newman was no dreamer, no mere ceremonialist or ritualist. He sought a spiritual home, an infallible voice on earth to teach and forgive. This he tried to persuade himself could be realized in the Church of England. He became vicar of St. Mary's, the church of churches in Oxford. Then the youth of England's aristocracy of thought and culture drank in those marvellous "Parochial sermons." So marked their individuality, so vivid and forcible is their self-restrained power, sentence after sentence driving further in the wrong thoughts which the peroration clinged in the hearer's mind. Newman, unlike Keble or the bulk of the High Church revivalists, was no ritualist, no advocate for mere prettiness of ceremonial. His entire intellect was turned on the question: "How is it possible to escape from Atheism?" and when he came to the conclusion that refuge was only to be found in the most ancient church of all, he gave up his fame, his prospects, his enthusiastic followers, and left his beloved Oxford to be admitted into the church of his adoption by a simple monk, one Father Dominic. "Oxford," he says in his apology, "I have never seen since, except the spires from the railway station."

Dr. Newman was unpopular with those who, under Pius the Ninth, directed the current of church preferment. He lived as a humble priest at the oratory of St. Philip Neri. But the present Pope did honor to himself and the august church of which he is the head, by raising to the color of royalty and martyrdom, the purple of the Cardinal Princes of Catholicity, and of the noblest and purest of its ministers, a thinker and a writer, who can only and his peer in St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Paul.

C. F. M.

### The Unseen Hand.

"Thank you very much, that was such a help to me," said a sick woman, as she dropped exhausted on her pillow, after her bed had been made for her.

The friend to whom she spoke looked up in surprise. She had not touched the invalid, for she had feared to give pain even by laying a hand upon her. She knew that the worn body was so racked with many pains, and had become so tender and sensitive, that the sick woman could not bear to be held or supported in any way. All that her friends could do was to stand quietly by her.

"I did nothing to help you, dear I wished to be of use, but I only stood behind without helping you at all; I was so afraid of hurting you."

"That was just it," said the invalid with a bright smile; "I knew you were there, and that if I slipped, I could not fall, and the thought gave me confidence. It was of no consequence that you did not touch me, and that I could neither see, hear nor feel you. I knew I was safe, all the same, because you were ready to receive me into your arms if needful."

The sufferer paused a moment, and then, with a still brighter light on her face, she added:

"What a sweet thought that has brought to my mind! It is the same with my heavenly Friend. Fear not, for I will be with thee. He is the promise, and, thanks be to God, I know He is faithful that promised. I can neither see, hear, nor touch Him with my mortal sense; but just as I knew you were behind, with loving arms extended, so I know that beneath me are the Everlasting Arms." - *Cottager and Artisan*

To restore gilding to picture frames, remove all dust with a soft brush, and wash the gilding in warm water in which an onion has been boiled; dry quickly with soft rags.

### Publisher's Department

**TRUTH, WEEKLY, 28 PAGES,** issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates—20 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line; twelve months, \$7.00 per line.

**TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for (dis)continuance, and all payment of arrearages is made, as required by law.**

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

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

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

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

**THE COURTS** have decided that all subscribers, to newspapers are hold responsible until arrearages are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

**THE JOURNAL,** monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, 60 cents per copy, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

**THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO.,** printing 165 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates—50 cents per single line; one month, \$1.80 per line; three months, \$5.25 per line; six months, \$8.00 per line; twelve months, \$16.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada. Estimates given for all kind of newspaper work.

**S. FRANK WILSON,** proprietor, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

#### BRANCH OFFICES.

**MONTREAL, QUE.—**No. 102 St. James St., C. B. Scott, Manager.

**WINNIPEG, MAN.—**No. 370 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 claim of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers prefer dealing with our establishment to any other.

Publishers will kindly send their papers for tyling regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations.

S. FRANK WILSON,  
Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency,  
33 & 35 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

#### WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

**Mrs. J. HELL,** Toronto. — I received gold brooch awarded me in Competition No. 11, and am highly pleased with it; with thanks.

**Mrs. W. G. CARTER,** Grand Forks. — I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a lady's gold brooch. It far exceeds my expectations.

**JOSEPH LEZ,** Ogdensburg, N. Y. — My prize award brooch in TRUTH Bible Competition No. 11, was duly received. It is up to expectation.

**A. A. DOOLITTLE,** Crillia. — Please to accept my thanks for the Cyclopaedia you sent me. It is a very useful book, and I am pleased with it.

**JOHN M. MACGREGOR,** Archibald, P. O., Manitoba, Ont. — I duly received the Gold Brooch awarded to me, on the 20th inst., and thank you for the same.

**JOHN K. FINLAYSON,** Paris, O. — Accept of my thanks for the prize awarded me for Bible Competition No. 12 in TRUTH—a very handsome Butter Knife.

**A. BRUNNETT,** Lennoxville, P. Q. — My prize butterknife in Competition No. 12, has been received, and I am much pleased with it. Wishing TRUTH all success.

**T. H. PATTON,** Oxford Station, Nova Scotia. — I received the dictionary to-day and am very much pleased with it. I think myself amply repaid for the money sent.

**CATHARINE STEWARD,** Mone, Ont. — Please accept my thanks for the beautiful gold brooch which was awarded me in Competition No. 11. Wishing you success.

**K. WALTON,** Madoc, Ont. — Many thanks

for the beautiful sowing-machine you sent me, every one of my friends admires it. We think TRUTH well worth the money.

**Mrs. EGAN,** Paulltlypool, Ont. — I received my prize Waterbury watch. Please accept my thanks for the same. I like TRUTH very much. It is a welcome visitor to our family.

**Mrs. W. T. DEATH,** Etobicoke, Ont. — I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the gold brooch won in Competition No. 11. I am much pleased with it. I wish every success to TRUTH.

**LIZZI TITUS,** Hamilton, Ont. — I have just received the gold brooch awarded me in TRUTH competition No. 11, and am highly pleased with it. Please accept my sincere thanks for the same.

**S. P. HAYESFIELD,** 1804 "G" St., Washington, U. S. — Have just received the Brooch awarded me in Bible Competition No. 11. Many thanks. Wishing you success in your noble work.

**A. H. HITTLE,** Camden, Ont. — I have just received the World's Cyclopaedia awarded me in TRUTH Competition No. 11. It is a valuable work and you will please accept my thanks for it.

**JANE A. BENNETT,** Port Hope. My prize ring arrived yesterday. I am well pleased with it as it is a beautiful ring. Please accept my sincere thanks. I wish TRUTH and the LADIES' JOURNAL every success.

**A. W. SKILKIN,** Belderville, Wisconsin, U. S. — I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a gold brooch as a reward of Bible Competition No. 11. Please accept my warmest thanks for the same.

**C. COCHRAN,** Kingston, Ont. — I received to-day the World's Cyclopaedia, awarded to me in Bible Competition No. 11. I am very much pleased with it and send thanks and the compliments of the season.

**EMMA KIRBY,** Preston, Ont. — I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful solid rolled gold brooch which was awarded to me in TRUTH Competition No. 11. Wishing you great success.

**J. W. FINCH,** Eaton Corner, P. Q. — Pardon my not having sooner acknowledged the receipt of the Dictionary, which I won in Competition No. 11. I am very much pleased with it, and wish the TRUTH every success.

**JENNY SMALL,** Mount Forest, Ont. — I beg to acknowledge with pleasure receipt of the book, World's Cyclopaedia, awarded me in TRUTH Competition No. 11. It is far beyond my expectations. Wishing TRUTH every success.

**B. F. BALDWIN,** Cascades. — I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of gold brooch from your office, being middle award in Bible Competition No. 11, according to your advertised arrangement, for which please accept my thanks.

**J. E. PEARSON,** Kingsburg, Nova Scotia. — I am sorry that my answers to Bible Competition was not in time for a prize, but yet I can say truthfully, that I am much pleased with your paper. TRUTH is a welcome visitor to us every week, and its pages are perused with great interest.

**SADIE L. WOOD,** Cobourg, Ont. — It is with much pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of the beautiful Silver Teapot sent me as one of the rewards in Bible Competition No. 11. I am well pleased with it. Accept my thanks for the same, and my best wishes for TRUTH's success.

The Daily Whig, of Kingston, says of us:—TRUTH, of Toronto, whose regular issue passed the 30,000 mark, publishes in its last issue a cut of the Queen's College building, accompanied by a full but succinct and accurate sketch of the university's history, standing and advantages. The page is creditable alike to the college and the journal.

**Miss ELIZA REYNOLDS,** Ottawa. — The Williams Sewing Machine awarded to me in Bible Competition No. 11, has been duly received and gives entire satisfaction. Accept of my best thanks for your prompt attention, and I trust that your efforts for the circulation of pure literature through the widely read columns of TRUTH may receive that encouragement from a discerning public which you so richly deserve.

The publisher of TRUTH has received a large number of complimentary acknowledgments of prizes sent out, from which the following extracts are taken:—

**L. S. ACKERMANN,** Pickering, Ont. — I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a ladies' Elgin gold watch, awarded me in TRUTH Competition No. 12. The watch is a genuine Elgin movement, in perfect condition, and is a perfect beauty. I consider it one of the best weekly magazines published in Canada, and well worth the price asked for it, independent of any other consideration.

## LIST OF WINNERS

—OF THE—  
MIDDLE REWARDS  
IN—  
'TRUTH' COMPETITION  
NO. 12.

Following is a continuation of the successful competitors in the middle rewards, competition No. 12:

TRIPLE SILVER PLATED BUTTER KNIVES (CONTINUED.)

- 663, Mrs. H. Talbot, Bank St., Ottawa; 664, J. D. Roe, Ottawa; 665, L. C. Kitchen, Belleville; 666, Louisa Engstrom, 218 Ontario St., City; 667, A. J. Scheffold, 239 Berkeley St., City; 668, M. Tyrrell, 4 Ross Ave., City; 669, J. Locke, Montreal; 670, Mrs. James L. Fleming, Fort Erie, Man.; 671, Margery Hamilton, Glenwald Mills, Iowa; 672, N. Mitchell, Silver Springs, Man.; 673, S. C. Lawrence, Warrington, Escaraba Co., Fla.; 674, J. L. Bissel, Omaha, Neb.; 675, M. Derrick, Wilmington, Del.; 676, J. Rice, Wilmington, Del.; 677, Edith M. Hall, Sand Bay, O.; 678, Geo. F. Webster, 1422 Vine Place, Minneapolis; 679, P. Keenan, 256 Adelaide St., City; 680, James Carr, Campbellford, Ont.; 681, Mrs. W. Cline, 695, Craig St., Montreal; 682, R. J. Birch, 5 Phillips St., Montreal; 683, Chas. Cameron, Lancaster, O.; 684, John Deianey, Cobourg; 685, Maggie B. Bell, Hensall, O.; 686, Mrs. W. Bond, Newmarket, O.; 687, F. Cross, Stayner, Ont.; 688, Sarah Jackson, Cannington, Ontario; 689, Robert Thyme, Bluevale, Ontario; 690, N. Richard, 218 Queen St. E., City; 691, Donald McInnes, Ladbroke Grove, C. B. N.S.; 692, A. McInnes, Antigonish, N.S.; 693, Mrs. J. McGill, Assiniboia, N.W.T.; 694, A. I. Smith, Box 123, Milbrooke, Ont.; 695, John Crowther, Williamsford St., Holland Centre; 696, Mrs. J. Jack, Decatur, Ont.; 697, Frank Warner, Deaconsville, Ont.; 698, H. Chisholm, Killmartin, Ont.; 699, Mrs. J. Pringle, Avening, Ont.; 700, W. H. Shrapnell, Glenwalker, Ont.; 701, E. B. Crowe, Frederickburg, Ont.; 702, W. P. Ritchie, Gelert, Ont.; 703, Mrs. J. Allison, Valentine, Ont.; 704, Vance Goff, Sand Bay, Ont.; 705, Mary A. Lovitt, West Richmond, Me.; 706, Mrs. John McKellar, Springer, New Mexico; 707, Kate Devitt, Fort Ellice, Man.; 708, D. L. B. Donald, Nanaino, B.C.; 709, Arthur Litchell, 4th landing west of Medicine Hat, N.W.T.; 710, Wm. Lockwood, Indian Head, N.W.T.; 711, Wm. H. Creod, 57 1/2 Saginaw, Montreal; 712, Robt. Patterson, Lang, Ont.; 713, J. Arthur Phillips, Pickering; 714, J. M. Welch, Oshawa; 715, Mrs. Anne Rundel, Cobourg; 716, Lizzie Hill, 435 Clinton St., Detroit, Mich.; 717, Mrs. S. E. Bush, Richmond, P. Q.; 718, E. A. Dixon, Peshawar, Ont.; 719, J. McGibbon, Silverwater, Maitoulin; 720, Susie F. Ruttan, Sydenham, Ont.; 721, Fannie Timlin, Vernonville, Ont.; 722, M. E. Ellis, Solina; 723, W. H. Vanorman, Sand Bay, Ont.; 724, Mrs. Bello Hill, Franklin Centre, Vert.; 725, H. G. Mnaddox, Fairfax, Atkinson Co., Miss.; 726, F. Chain, Owansdale, Pa.; 727, Matthew Grey, Clinton-st., New Westminster, B. C.; 728, Lilla Elliot, Cobourg, Ont.; 729, F. Atkinson, Shoborne, Ont.; 730, M. W. Passmore, Dundas; 731, Mrs. C. H. Bagley, Jerseyville, Ont.; 732, Bella M. Verro, 101 McGill-st., City; 733, Geo. Walker, Paris; 734, J. Barker, Gray; 735, Geo. Ribble, Wallaceburg; 736, Thos. Whelan, Galt; 737, Cassie Thompson, St. Marys; 738, Mrs. J. A. Hasted, Mount Forest; 739, John Mason, 143 Wellington-st., London; 740, M. A. Howard, Hagersville; 741, E. Appelly, Hamilton; 742, Annie Mason, 143 Wellington, London; 743, Roy Ingilby, Ingarsoll; 744, W. R. Wilson, Hamilton; 745, John Smith, Smith-st., Toronto; 746, George W. Read, Port Dalhousie; 747, Jeanie Thomson, 57 Nelson-st., City; 748, Mrs. Helen

Nisbet, Pt. Elgin, O.; 680, D. F. McKinley, Ridgetown, O.; 690, J. Newberry, Sand Bay, O.; 691, J. M. Miner, Brandon, Man.; 692, Mrs. R. Burlan, Clear Spring, Man.; 693, Mrs. F. Rowntree, Weaton, O.; 695, Mrs. S. B. Cross-tre, Penetanguishene, Ont.; 696, J. D. Ross, Hamilton; 697, W. H. Pridham, 804 Queen-st. west, Toronto; 698, J. Harvey, Victoria Square, Ont.; 699, F. H. Anderson, Riverside, Toronto East; 700, J. R. Adams, Hamilton, Ont.; 701, J. P. Rutherford, Chatham; 702, I. A. Mohatt, 118 Bay-st., Hamilton; 703, R. M. Thomson, Merchants Bank, Hamilton; 704, N. Maclean, Mildmay, G.; 705, E. G. Buckler, 241 William st., London; 706, A. R. McQueen, New Glasgow, N. S.; 707, Mrs. J. Hodgson, Beaverton, Ont.; 708, Mrs. A. H. Armstrong, Lyndoch, Ont.; 709, Mrs. G. W. Aimes, Warton, Ont.; 710, Louisa Going, Tilsonburg.

The "Newspaper" Loan Frauds. We copy the following from the Chicago Inter Ocean, which will demonstrate how well founded have been our attacks upon these fraudulent concerns:

"A few weeks ago the Inter Ocean called attention to what appeared to be an attempt to swindle the public by an advertisement of an alleged newspaper entitled Ocean to Ocean, which purported to be published at No. 68 West Monroe street. At that time a visit was paid to the locality mentioned, but no trace of the Ocean to Ocean could be found. From the similarity in name it was believed that an attempt was made to trade upon the reputation of the Inter Ocean to further this scheme. After exposing this matter the Ocean to Ocean disappeared from Chicago and is now located at Cincinnati, Ohio. In its place, however, and at the same locality on West Monroe street, there appears another prospective periodical under the name of the Chicago Globe. The weekly papers throughout the country have been filled with glittering advertisements of this paper, which as yet, apparently has no existence. The Chicago Globe promises to loan its subscribers any amount of money which may be desired and for an unlimited time. In addition to this, a picture of "Christ leaving the Pictorium" is to be sent to every person who will send the amount of 42 cents to the address on Monroe street. This last feature of the advertisement is designed to be realized, and being some curiosity in the matter, a reporter for the Inter Ocean called at No. 68 West Monroe street for the purpose of obtaining definite information regarding the matter. On the top floor of the new brick building, Mr. George E. Loyd was found in possession. There was no indication of a printing office in this room, but standing upon a fire proof safe, enclosed in a cheap frame, was the famous picture for which the forty two cents were required. In reply to the questions of the reporter, Mr. Loyd stated that the Chicago Globe had been removed to Cincinnati, that it had not yet been used, and would not be until they had received the names of 100,000 subscribers. Mr. Loyd disclaimed any connection with the enterprise, but said that he received the mail, which was very heavy, and forwarded it to the proprietors in Ohio. At the Post Office it was learned that no such paper had been entered according to law as second class matter, and except that a large number of letters were received daily for this concern, the Post Office authorities had no knowledge of this alleged publication. It looks very much as if the entire scheme was designed to induce a credulous public to forward 42 cents apiece for this picture, and that the paper will ever be issued, no money will ever be loaned to any one foolish enough to ask for it, and that the Chicago Globe and the Ocean to Ocean are mere covers to a scheme by which a cheap picture may be disposed of at a price in excess of its value."

A young wife who lost her husband by death, telegraphed the sad tidings to her father these succinct words, "Dear John died this morning at ten. Loss fully covered by insurance."

OUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION, NUMBER 13. \$50,000.00!

We have decided that instead of giving large sums of money and valuable articles in the way of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Silver Tea Sets, Gold and Silver Watches, etc., etc., to agents, to give all these things direct to subscribers for answering Bible questions in the following manner: To the twenty-four hundred persons who correctly answer the two following

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Is husband mentioned in the Bible? 2. Is wife mentioned in the Bible?

One reference or answer to each question will suffice.

Will be given in the order mentioned below, the following valuable and costly list of First, Middle, and Consolation Rewards:—

FIRST REWARDS.

First great reward will be given the sender of the first correct answer to the foregoing Bible questions. \$1,000 in gold.

- 2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos. 1,000. 5. Grand 7. Three fine toned 10 stop Cabinet Organs. 750. 6 to 10. Eight Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches. 750. 10 to 23. Thirteen Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches. 1,170. 20 to 40. Twelve best Solid Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Sets, six pieces. 780. 41 to 70. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches. 900. 71 to 100. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches. 600. 101 to 135. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Plate Lake Baskets, new and elegant pattern. 625. 136 to 345. One hundred and seventy-seven sets of heavy solid Silver Plated Teapoons. 850. 306 to 503. Two hundred and four elegantly bound volumes of Shakespeare's Poems. 510. 510 to 715. Two hundred and six fine Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives. 200.

All these seven hundred and fifteen rewards will be given out strictly in order the correct answers to those Bible questions are received at TRUTH office. The first correct answer taking number one (\$1,000 in gold) the second correct answer taking number two, (one of the pianos), and so on till they are all given away.

Then after this list will follow the Middle Rewards which will be given in this way:— At the conclusion of the competition, (Feb'y 15th,) all the answers received will be carefully counted by three disinterested parties, when to the sender of the mistake correct answer will be given number one, a fine stylish trotting horse and carriage. The next correct answer following the middle one will take number two, (one of the pianos). The next correct answer, number three, and so on till all these rewards are given away. Here you have the list in full.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- Number one. A fine stylish trotting horse and Carriage. 31,000. 2, 3, 4 and 5. Four Square Grand Pianos, by a celebrated maker. 2,100. 6, 7, 8, and 9. Four fine toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker. 2,100. 10 to 20. Ten fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches. 1,000. 21 to 32. Ten Ladies' fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches. 1,000. 33 to 70. Eighteen Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services. 1,440. 81 to 94. Thirty double-barrel English Twist breech-loading Shot Guns. 2,700. 71 to 110. Forty sets (10 vols. to set) Complete Chambers' Encyclopedia. 2,000. 111 to 124. Twenty-three Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watches. 650. 125 to 162. Twenty-seven Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches. 640. 163 to 230. One hundred and eighty-eight dozen sets of heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons. 950. 351 to 470. Three hundred and fifty Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, newest design. 1,050. 601 to 610. Ten hundred and fifty-six copies of Milton's or Tennyson's Poems. 565. 911 to 1241. Three hundred and fourteen Solid Silver Plated Sugar Spoons or Butter Knives. 314.

After these will follow the Consolation Rewards for the last comers. So even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete, as it is the best correct answers that are received at TRUTH office that takes these rewards. The plan is this,

your letter must be post-marked where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition which is February fifteenth, (fifteen days allowed after date of closing for letters to reach us from distant places,) so the more distant you are the better your opportunity for securing one of these elegant and costly

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood Square Pianos. 1,640. 4, 5, 6, and 7. Four Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches. 400. 8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches. 400. 12 to 17. Six Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services. 540. 18 to 29. Eleven sets Chambers' Encyclopedia (10 vols. to set). 500. 30 to 39. Ten Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watches. 300. 40 to 90. Fifty-one Aluminum Gold Big Case Watches. 1,000. 91 to 121. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Cake Baskets, elegant design. 450. 122 to 200. Eighty-one dozen Solid Silver Plated Tea Spoons. 445. 201 to 400. Two hundred volumes Tennyson's Poems, elegantly bound. 450.

This finishes the largest and most elegant list of rewards offered by any publisher in the world. It will positively be the last unless the results of this competition far exceed the preceding ones, as I certainly cannot afford to continue them. I have now kept faith with my subscribers and the public in continuing these Bible competitions for a year, as promised, and this great one, offering this immense list of rewards, will be a fitting close to the affair. Bear in mind every one competing must send one dollar with their answer for which TRUTH, (the cheapest and best weekly for the money) will be sent six months. You therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, as one dollar is the regular subscription price of TRUTH for a half year. You cannot fail to be well pleased with your dollar investment even if you do not succeed in gaining any one of these rewards, as TRUTH is extra good value for the money as thousands of our subscribers have testified. Long lists of winners in previous competitions appear in nearly every issue of TRUTH, and full lists of winners in this entire competition will be published in the issue of TRUTH immediately after the close of the competition on fifteenth February, with the full name, street and number, when in cities, and in fact all the addresses as completely as possible, in order that all may be satisfied that there is no fraud or humbug in this matter. In order to prevent fraud, the proprietor of TRUTH reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. We have always done so during this year in conducting these competitions, and our reputation for fair and honorable dealings, is too well established now to risk overthrowing it. Look up these Bible questions, it will do you good apart from anything else. These competitions have done, we are assured, a great deal to promote the study of the Bible among all classes. Now this may be your last opportunity to secure an elegant piano, a gold watch, a fine horse and carriage, in addition to a half year's subscription to one of the most widely circulated and popular weekly magazines you may have, so attend to it now. Don't delay. All money must be sent through the post office or by express. None can be received by telegraph. Don't forget that we don't guarantee that everyone will get a prize, but out of nearly twenty four hundred rewards you doubtless will secure something. Be prompt. Answer as soon as possible after seeing this notice, and TRUTH will at once be forwarded as an acknowledgment of your subscription, and your letter will take its place in the order it is received at this office. There is no favoritism, and all are treated alike, fairly and squarely.

S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor TRUTH.

23 and 35 Adelaide St. - Toronto, Canada

Yes, you can get something for your money. "See the sign" is all that is needed. Try "Patent" it never fails. The price is 25 cents for a single and 50 cents for a dozen. "Yes," said the old sailor, "I've been so far north that when the cows were milked they gave ice-cream."

IN THE DIAMOND DYES more coloring is given than in any known Dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c. at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

Exchange Department.

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

One hundred and forty-two foreign stamps, very rare and beautiful, for the best offer in Indian relics. C. B. FRANK, Box 109, Detroit, N.S.

Four triangular Cape of Good Hope stamps (no duplicates), for the best offer in foreign stamps. A. S. K., 1016 Clinton St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Home Influence, by Grace Aguilar, for Little Men, by Mrs. Alcott ("Lilly Series" preferred). Must be in good condition, as mine is now. M. B. DAVEN, Belleville, Ont.

Canada 12c. unused, for stamps from Central and South America; 16c. Canada unused, U. S. high values, and fossils, for rare European stamps petrified wood, and a South-sea bean, for departmental stamps. G. BAYNE AVESLOW, Newcastle, Strathclyde, N. B., Can.

One hundred and fifty stamps, including Brazil, old Italy, native India, Chili, Egypt, Turkey, Cape of Good Hope triangular, and U. S. revenue, departmental, and local, for Gaskell's Compendium, in good condition. W. C. WENZ, 115 Carson St., S.S., Pittsburgh, Penn.

A Mexican coin, or an Italian coin of 1793, or 2 different European coins, for a specimen of asbestos, amethyst, azurite, zircon, specular iron, jasper, or rutil or green tale 1 inch square. H. LOWELL, 419 S. Leavitt St., Chicago, Ill.

Light-cent blue registered-letter stamps of Canada, stamps from Cuddalore, Turk's Islands, Liberia, Sarawak, Fernando P., Po'u, St. Vincent surcharged, Selangor, Transvaal, and Falkland Islands, and U. S. cents of 1794 for Agriculture, State, Navy, Executive, and Justice departmentals or U. S. half cents. FRED GIBSON, Bradford, Ontario, Can.

A fine cabinet collection of minerals, fossils, rare woods, 350 handsome shells, Indian pottery, sea curiosities, etc., and a hand saw with saws and designs, for a good photographic camera or a musical box with at least 5 good tunes, and dollars, for sea beans, butterflies, moths, beetles, coconuts, fossils, minerals, and arrow and spear heads. Write. Accepted offer answered. L. FITZGERALD, 23 Northfield St., Boston, Mass.

Law and Chance.

Men are now in the great arena of principle, the great arena of scientific study, and the advancement has been great, but as a universe of races and nations the world is yet very far away from intellectual perfection. Even now men say, "Let us take our chances," when they should say, "Let us seek the law and follow it." There are persons to-day who will not start on a journey without carrying a charm against danger in the form of some sacred emblem, who will not become one of a party of thirteen; who will undertake no duty or mission on Friday. One cannot believe that the infinite God would rely on any certain day or horsehoe to do certain things, or that Fridays or that thirteens would deter Him from doing other things. But men have not yet fully escaped the superstition that the earth contains fairies and elves who make it their especial business to look after those unlucky enough to have crossed their knife and fork, or spilled the salt at the table, or have looked at the moon over the left shoulder. Astronomers say that Arcturus has for centuries been travelling toward the earth at the rate of 3,000,000 miles a day, or that in a month it travels the distance which intervenes between the earth and the sun. Yet, with this great velocity Arcturus will not reach the earth within 50,000 years. Such a vast kingdom must be governed by a great power whose laws apply to the smallest details in the life of mankind as well as the workings of things most sublime. It must obey the mandate of the one great mind and one set of great, clearly-defined and self-evident principles. -[Prof. Swing.

Important.

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

Scarf like sashes are much worn on dress-reception gowns, being arranged ingeniously to form part of the draperies, and to make the taltier exceedingly ornate.

Advertisement for KIDNEY-WORT, THE BLOOD CLEANSER. Includes sub-headers like 'GAIN Health and Happiness', 'How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.', and various testimonials for ailments such as 'Kidney disorder', 'Bright's Disease', 'Diabetes', 'Liver Complaint', etc.

Advertisement for 'Ladies, are you suffering?' featuring testimonials and the name 'GEO. ROGERS' associated with '346 YONGE ST.' and 'KIDNEY-WORT'.

\$20,000 I

"Ladies' Journal" Bible Competition. No. 9.

During the year ending with September last, the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL has given a very large and valuable lot of rewards to his subscribers...

To the fifteen hundred persons who correctly answer the following Bible questions will be given, without extra charge...

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where are HORSES first mentioned in the Bible? 2. Where are CATTLE first mentioned in the Bible? They are not very difficult, but require a little study to look them up...

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. Six Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin... \$ 600
2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker... 1,000
3 and 4. Two Fine Grand Square Pianos... 1,500
5 and 6. Two Fine Grand Square Pianos... 1,500
7, 8 and 9. Three Fine Grand Square Pianos... 1,500
10 to 13. Six Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 600
14 to 21. Five Ladies' Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 450
22 to 30. Ten Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 300
31 to 40. Ten Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 300
41 to 50. Ten Ladies' Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 300
51 to 60. Ten Ladies' Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 300
61 to 70. Ten Ladies' Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 300
71 to 80. Ten Ladies' Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 300
81 to 90. Ten Ladies' Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 300
91 to 100. Ten Ladies' Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 300
101 to 110. Ten Ladies' Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 300
111 to 120. Ten Ladies' Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 300
121 to 130. Ten Ladies' Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 300
131 to 140. Ten Ladies' Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 300
141 to 150. Ten Ladies' Solid Gold Stomach-winding and Stomach-settling Genie no Elgin Watches... 300

Then follows a series of middle rewards which will be given in this way: At the close of the competition all the answers received will be counted by three disinterested persons...

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. Seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold coin... \$ 750
2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker... 1,500
5 and 6. Two Fine Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker... 1,500

- 8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Watches... 400
12 to 17. Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea Sets... 600
18 to 20. Three elegant Heavy Black Dress Patterns... 600
21 to 23. Twenty elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns... 210
24 to 26. Three Ladies' Fine Lace Curtains... 100
27 to 29. Thirty Quadruple Plate Cruet Sets... 300
30 to 37. One Hundred and fifty-seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches... 600
38 to 40. Three Hundred and Forty-three beautifully bound volumes, Shakespeare's poems... 1,029

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below...

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS

- 1.—Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin... \$ 500
2, 3 and 4.—Three Fine Grand Square Pianos... 1,500
5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker... 750
8 to 10.—Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Sets... 300
11 to 13.—Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hot Water or Tea Sets... 300
14 to 18.—Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hot Water or Tea Sets... 300
19 to 23.—Fifty Ladies' Black Silk Dress Patterns... 500
24 to 30.—Forty Ladies' Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns... 443
31 to 40.—Sixty Ladies' Silver-plated Tea Spoons... 300
41 to 50.—One hundred and forty elegant rolled gold brooches... 600
51 to 60.—One hundred and ten fine silver plated butter knives or sugar spoons... 110

This altogether forms one of the most attractive and reasonable plans we have ever seen. The aim of the proprietor of the Ladies' Journal is of course to increase his circulation. In fact, he says so, but adds that he also hopes to encourage the study of the Bible, but frankly states that this part of the plan is not his sole aim...

A Sledging Expedition in the Arctic Circle.

The extreme weight of the sledges when packed and fully equipped for an extended journey, on leaving the ship, was 1700 lbs. or at the rate of 220 lbs. to 240 lbs. per man to drag. The tents, each sledge crew being provided with one, were eleven feet in length, affording a little under fourteen inches space for each man to sleep in...

The plumber may not be a musician, but he often plays on the piper.

Sampson was the greatest of all actors. He only gave one performance, but he brought down the house.

There is an advance in butter on account of the drought. Dairy men would like to advance milk for the same reason, but they are ashamed to.

A lawyer recently went into the surf to bathe, and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, when the shark blushed and swam out.

He. "What do you say to Christmas for our wedding day?" She. "I say no, sir; you must be simple. Do you think I want to be cheated out of one set of presents?"

We must lend an attentive ear, for God's voice is soft and still, and is only heard of those who hear nothing else. Ah, how rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear God speak!

"Yes," he said, "I am refraining from hard work, and trying to get fat and my flesh tender. There's nothing mean about me, and if I'm to go as a missionary to the Pacific Islands I want to do them all the good I can."

"Boy, what is your father doing to-day?" "Well, I s'pose he's failin'." I heard him tell mother, yesterday, to go round to the shops and get trusted all she could—and do it right off, too—for he'd get everything ready to fall up to nothing 'ceptin' that."

"Why," said a physician to his intemperate neighbor, "don't you take a regular quantity every day? Set a regular stake, that you will go so far and no farther." "I do," replied the other, "but I set it down so far off, that I get drunk before I get to it."

A teacher after the Quincy pattern was illustrating the process of evaporation to a class of young scholars. "Suppose I should set a basin of water out in the school yard in the morning and let it remain all day, what would happen?" "It would get upset," was the practical reply.

An old lady, who had lived very many years happily with her husband and was never known to receive a cross word or look from him, was asked by a less fortunate sister how they were always so pleasant and good tempered with each other. She replied, "You see my dear I always feed him well. When I was young I won his heart and now I am old I have won his stomach, and so he is never cross."

A labouring-man out of work and hungry, went one morning into the surgery of a parish doctor, sat down, and asked to have one of his teeth taken out. The doctor opened the man's mouth and looked at his teeth, but seeing nothing amiss, said, "Which is the tooth, friend?" "Oh, o'er a one you like, sir!" said the man. "I've got nothin' for 'em to do; so I thought I might as well get rid an 'em." The good doctor did not charge his patient anything for looking into his mouth, but gave him a shilling, and told him to go and get his teeth a job for one day, at all events.

A PURE WATER SUPPLY.—Deep well boring for the public supply of water, says a medical exchange, is being more generally adopted, and superseding the usual sources of supply, which are, as a rule, impregnated with dangerous impurities, and a fruitful cause of disease. Deep well water has obvious advantages. It undergoes such prolonged and exhaustive filtration through great thicknesses of porous rock as to render it extremely unlikely, if not impossible, that any portion of the organic matter still remaining in it should be of a noxious character.

In the past thirty years the average of a man's life has improved 5 per cent. and of a woman's 8 per cent. Of every 1,000 males born at the present day 44 more will attain the age of 35 than used to be the case in 1871; and every 1,000 persons born since 1870 will live 2.7 years longer than before. This is due to civilization, and especially to improved sanitary methods, through the establishment of such efficient organizations as our Health Boards, which are adding an average of nearly ten years to human life in every country.

Rev. W. E. Gifford, Bothwell, was cured of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint by three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters; previously his life was almost burdensome with suffering.

Steel and silver tinsel are the correct metal trimmings for gray stuffs of all kinds and in all shades.

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 both internally and externally, 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."

Diamond spangled chenille makes a lovely and lustrous tablier or front breadth for an evening dress.

To assist nature most effectually in her efforts to throw off or resist serious disease, it is essential that an impulse should be given to functions which growing ill health suspends or weakens, namely, the action of the bowels, bilious secretion, and digestion. Oftentimes, though this is impracticable by the use of ordinary remedies, it proves an easy task when Northrop & Lynn's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is resorted to.

Cream white and pale rose are the colors preferred by young girls for evening dress.

Burdock Blood Bitters enter the circulation immediately to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood, thus renovating and invigorating all the organs and tissues of the body.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corn, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

The fashionable colors of the season are steel blue, grape red, chestnut, mushroom, autumn meadow green, and twilight pink. Alonzo Howe, of Tweed, suffered thirty-five years with a bad fever sore. Six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him, which he considers almost a miracle.

RUSSIAN JELLY.—Make a little ordinary lemon jelly, and whisk it with an egg whisk till it is quite white; then mould it.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

If you deal with a vulgar mind, life is reduced to beggary.

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

Our tongues were the witty foils with which we fenced each other off.

The condition which high friendship demands is the ability to do without it.

Those pleasures are not pleasures that trouble the quiet and tranquility of thy life.

When any calamity has been suffered the first thing to be remembered is how much has been escaped.

Regard no vice so small that thou mayest brook over it, no virtue so small that thou mayest overlook it.

Seldom was error any knowledge given to keep, but to impart; the grace of this rich jewel is lost in concealment.

Be rigid to yourself and gentle to others, Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

All of us who are worth anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or expiating the mistakes of our youth.

How often when we have been nearest each other bodily have we really been furthest off!

No man ever yet made one single thing grow by the storms of Winter, and nothing on earth can prevent things growing under the sweet influence of the Summer sun.

As by flattery a man is usually brought to open his bosom to his mortal enemy, so by detraction and a slanderous misreport of person he is often brought to shut the same even to his best and dearest friend.

The shortest and the surest way of arriving at real knowledge is to unlearn the lessons we have been taught, to remount to first principles and take nobody's word about them.

Wickedness is never profitable. So Absalom and his associates found. So Adonijah and those who joined him now discovered. Its day is short. Its gains impart no good while they last.

To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast in the very lap of fortune; for our faculties then undergo a development and display an energy of which they were previously unsusceptible.

If one only wished to be happy, this could be readily accomplished; but we wish to be happier than other people; and this is almost always difficult, for we believe others to be happier than they are.

Calamity, burdens and cares are healing medicines to a heart willing to be helped by them; despair is a poison which consumes vitality, destroys hope, saps the strength and finally brings on the paralysis of mortal death.

Chastity enables the soul to breathe a pure air in the foulest place; continence makes her strong, no matter in what condition the body may be; her sway over the senses makes her queenly; her light and peace render her beautiful.

Infinito toil would not enable you to sweep away a mat; but by ascending a little you may look over it altogether. So it is with your moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

RICE MOULD WITH ORANGE COMPLETE.—Wasn six ounces of Carolina rice, and put it into a brown earthenware jar with a pint and a half of milk and a piece of butter the size of a small nut. Cover the jar closely and place it in a dripping tin which contains boiling water, then set it in the oven and keep the water boiling around it till the rice is tender and has absorbed the milk. Add more milk if necessary; this will depend on the quality of the rice. It will take two or three hours, and should when taken out be stiff but not hard. Sweeten pleasantly, and flavor with almonds. Beat it well with a wooden spoon till it is smooth and compact, then press it into a damp mould. Peel four oranges and divide them into sections. Sprinkle white sugar over them and a little desiccated cocoanut, and pour orange juice upon them. Wet with a spoonful of sherry or brandy, if approved. Garnish the mould with orange rind which has been boiled till soft, and cut into thin shreds.

Magliabocchi.

Experienced librarians will carry in their heads a list of names of books, with the names of their authors, and even their proper numbers and places on the shelves, to an extent that is astonishing to the ordinary reader. Long practice will give this accomplishment, but it is, of course, sooner attained and more wonderful when the person possesses naturally a retentive literary memory—like Lord Macaulay, or Theodore Parker, or Charles Sumner. This faculty genius in Antony Magliabecchi, librarian of the Grand Duke Cosmo III. of Florence early in the last century. This man unquestionably possessed the most remarkable "book memory" that ever belonged to a human being.

It became common among the learned to consult him when writing on any subject. Thus for instance, if a priest was going to compose a panegyric upon any favorite saint, and told his purpose to Magliabecchi, he would immediately tell him who had said anything of that saint, and in what part of their works and that, sometimes, to the number of a hundred authors.

He could tell not only who had treated a subject, designedly, but those also who had touched upon it incidentally, in writing on other subjects. This was done with the greatest exactness, naming the author, the book the words, and often the numbers of the page in which the passage occurred.

He repeated this wonderful exploit so readily and so constantly that he came to be looked upon almost as an oracle, for it seemed to make no difference what the subject was, or in what department of knowledge; he could give quick and full information upon all.

Magliabecchi of course visited other libraries, and his local memory was such that he needed to see and consult a book but once, in its place, to fix everything about it permanently in his mind. One day, the Grand Duke sent for him to ask whether he could get him a book that was particularly scarce.

"No, sir," answered Magliabecchi, "for there is but one copy in the world and that is in the Grand Seigneur's Library at Constantinople; it is the seventh book on the second shelf, on the right hand as you go in."—Curiosities of Human Nature.

Prof. Goldwin Smith has been appointed by the Toronto charities to bring the subject of pauper immigration before the government.

The government of British Columbia is understood to have been notified that Coal Harbour will be the Pacific terminus of the Canadian Pacific railway.

Lady Brassey's weekly evenings are made attractive by music and fine suppers, and a household of lovely things gathered from the four corners of the globe.

Mrs. Lieutenant Greely has on her drawing-room floor in Washington a relic of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition in the shape of a rug made of seal-skin, with a curiously arranged border.

Mrs. Bridget Farley, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, went shopping on her hundred-and-third birthday, and received calls at an earlier hour of the day from Mr. P. T. Barnum, Mrs. Tom Thumb, and others.

The Cunard steamship "Oregon," in her late outward and home voyages, maintained the extraordinary speed of 18.4 knots, or 21.6 statute miles per hour, throughout. Total distance out and home, 5,701 miles; time, 12 days 21 hours, 34 minutes.

Queen Victoria used to jump a five-barred gate as easily as other folks sit in a rocking-chair. One of her paintings some thirty years ago, being seen by Stanfield, the great marine painter, he declared it to be the work of no amateur, but of one who was soon to be a formidable rival, without knowing who the painter was.

A little good Stilton is an excellent conclusion to a Christmas dinner, for as a French cook once said, "a dinner without cheese is like a woman with one eye." About Stilton a little hint may be of some use. It is usual to pour port wine into it to ripen it. This is, however, a needless expenditure. If wrapped for some time in a damp cloth, it will ripen just as well. This information was given me by a gentleman who was very particular about the condition of cheese, and very learned concerning it.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move! I shrunk! From 225 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81 R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1881. Gentlemen— I suffered with attacks of sick headache. Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters."

"The first bottle Nearly cured me;"

"The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

"And I have been so to this day." My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver, and urinary complaint,

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—

"incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

in my neighborhood that have been saved by your Bitters,

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost Do miracles!"

Mrs. E. D. Slack.

How to GET SICK. Expose yourself day and night eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest, doctor all the time, take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

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

Don't Care if I Do.

In olden time, before Maine laws were invented, one Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well-stocked bar furnished "accommodation for man and beast." He was a good landlord, but terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter was afflicted in the same way. One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar. A traveller from the South, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said, "Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?" "Brandy!" said the ready landlord, jumping up. "Yes, sir, I have some"—as the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid. "You misunderstand me," said the stranger; "I asked how far it was to Brandon." "They call it pretty good brandy," said Wing. "Will you take sugar with it?"—reaching, as he spoke, for the bowl and toddy-stick. The despairing traveller turned to Fish. "The landlord," said he, "seems to be deaf. Will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?" "Thank you," said Fish; "I don't care if I do." The stranger treated and fled.

Wide ashes of white Surah, loosely tied around the waist and arranged in a big bow in the back, make an effective finish to a plain white tulle, organdie, or crape evening dress.

English brides refuse to wear long train ed wedding robes, saying they do not care to look like dowagers at their own weddings, where they propose to dance in a demi-trained dancing dress.

Sick headache, Dizziness, Nausea, etc., are the results of disordered Stomach and Biliary organs,—regulate the trouble at once by a few doses of Burdock Blood Bitters,

Bisque dogs and cats are not the proper ornaments for the parlors and reception rooms of a well-appointed modern house; but they are frequently seen there, nevertheless.

Burdock Blood Bitters cure Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Bilioousness, Constipation, Headache, Loss of Appetite and Dexterity by the unequalled purifying regulating tonic effect of the medicine.

Fur trimmings should match the material on which they are used in color.

Mr. C. E. Riggins, Beamsville, writes: "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used: to quote his own words, 'It just seemed to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine with such happy results."

Flowers are again in vogue in Paris, at least for trimming ball toilets.

Mr. W. R. Lazier, Bailiff, etc., 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, etc., and it is a perfect panacea. It will remove warts by paring them down and applying it occasionally."

There is a revival of French taste for mirrors in artistic interiors.

Lottie Howard, of Buffalo, N. Y., was cured of Sick Headache, biliousness and General Debility by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, which she praises highly.

All jewels are worn, but the favorites are pearls and diamonds, especially the last.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

Violet flowers on gauze are the latest fancy in ball dress fabrics.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Sitzer'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.

None but brides wear white gloves.

Have You Tried It?—If so, you can testify to the marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaints.

Gold ornaments are no longer in vogue.

STAR GEMMENT—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, stoves and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, picture frames, jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc.

Black lace dresses are worn at balls and evening parties.

A Run for Life—Sixteen pills was cured in two hours and ten minutes by a bad rent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil, according to poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

Chinchilla is the correct fur to put on gray satin garments.

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.

Evening shoes are of the color of the dress or golden bronze.

Briggs' 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 is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The highest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

Silver-spangled tulle is a much admired tissue for ball dresses.

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.

Tulle forms all or a part of nearly every ball dress this season.

My sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be cured in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

The rage for bisque dogs and cats of all sizes is on the increase.

What is it that makes me hale and stout. And all my friends can't make it out I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

Fur-trimmed cloth suits are the correct wear for January.

What makes me laugh when others sigh No tears can ever bedew mine eye. It is because I ever bought—Briggs' Life Pills.

All shades of brown up to ecran look well with gold tinsel trimming.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill, Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill, But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.



The New Pain King.

Poison's NERVINE cures flatulence, chills, spasms, and cramps. Nervine cures promptly the worst cases of neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, and sciatica.

To CLEAN LOOKING GLASSES - First wash the glass all over with lukewarm soap and a sponge. When dry, rub it bright with a buckskin, and a little prepared chalk, finely powdered.

Cataract - A New Treatment. Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been obtained by the Dixon Treatment of cataract.

To the generous mind the heaviest debt is that of gratitude when it is not in our power to repay it.

Young Men! - Read This. THE VOLTAIC BALT Co. of Marshall Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELVETRO-VOLTAIC Belt and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days.

Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind.

Disinterestedness is the very soul of virtue.

Nothing Hunts out Corns Like tight boots. Corns are very small affairs, but apply to them a pair of tight boots and all their concerns of life stink into insignificance.

Nothing Hunts out Corns Like tight boots. Corns are very small affairs, but apply to them a pair of tight boots and all their concerns of life stink into insignificance.

It is the first little step that loses all. After that the road is slippery, and we are down before we know it.

All tobacco except the finest Virginia have a pungent effect upon the tongue and will snuff it if the smoking is long continued.

Despise Not the Day of Small Things. Little things may help a man to win a bent pin in an easy chair or to invest.

Little things may help a man to win a bent pin in an easy chair or to invest. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Pellets" are small things, pleasant to take, and they cure sick-headaches, relieve torpid livers, and do wonders.

There Shall be no Alps.

When Napoleon talked of invading Italy one of his officers said: "But, sire, remember the Alps." To an ordinary man these would have seemed simply insurmountable, but Napoleon responded eagerly: "There shall be no Alps."

Venture not to the utmost bounds of even lawful pleasures; the limits of good and evil join. Pile tumors cured in ten days, rupture in four weeks.

The heat of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests, just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echoes of our hearts.

Cold feet and hands are certain indications of imperfect circulation of the blood. Dr. Carca's Stomach Pills stimulates the circulation.

FOR SALE - TIMBER, COAL, AND IRON ORE. Hands, steel, fuel, and truck cars.

\$75 TO 120 AND EXPENSES A MONTH GUARANTEED TO AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

TELEGRAPHY: Railway and Commercial Telegraphy.

FOR SALE - AT A BARGAIN - WE WILL TAKE in part payment of any property for sale.

RUBBER STAMPS. All kinds of stamps made to order.

FREE LOVE. A book of 100 pages on Courtship, sent free by the Union Publishing Co.

VIRGINIA FARMS GREAT BARGAINS. In lands of all kinds.

FARM FOR SALE - \$6,000, ONE-THIRD CASH - balance easy terms.

NINETY SEVEN ACRES - THIRTY BUSH-PINE. One-half mile from Bradford.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR FIRST-CLASS. One-half acre of city property.

FREE. Byrd's New Fuller system of Dress Cutting.

HAND STAMPS METAL & RUBBER. Stamps of every description.

F. F. DIXON & CO. Manufacturers of Star Belting.

Compound Oxygen. H. LINSAY CROCKER, 60 KING STREET.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co. 150 Grey Nun St. Montreal.

BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE. 406 BROADWAY, TORONTO.

SMOKED SAUSAGES. The most convenient meat for farmers.

CONSUMPTION. The best cure for consumption.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plugs.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co. 150 Grey Nun St. Montreal.

H. WILLIAMS, SLATE AND FELT ROOFER, Manufacturer and Dealer in Tarrad Felt, Roofing Pitch, Building Paper, Carpet Felt, etc.

FOR PLEASANT SEWING - USE ONLY - Clapperton's Spool Cotton. Warranted FULL Length, and to run smoothly on any sewing machine.

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RUPTURE - EGAN HEMPELIAL. The best cure for rupture.

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