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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., FEBRUARY 28, 1885.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 230.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

A very old disease, with a new and extremely scientific sounding name, is being discussed in the British papers just now. This disease is called "psycopathy," and what it is the *Pall Mall Gazette* thus informs us: "Psycopathy is an abnormal development of egotism." This paper further goes on to express its opinion about those suffering with it: "When a full-fledged psycopath is discovered he should be immediately hanged." It surely would not be a difficult matter to find those stricken with psycopathy in its most virulent form, either in England or Canada. It seems to me that a man who sticks up a portrait of himself, in a public place, twice as big as any other picture on the wall, is a pronounced psycopathist, but in his case the *Pall Mall Gazette's* proposed cure has been applied to the portrait and not to the patient. The former has been hung; the latter still lives to drive Senator Alexander to the verge of insanity, by persisting in keeping his vast portrait where it is.

Should a law ever come into force condemning full-fledged psycopaths to death on the gallows, I am inclined to think that Toronto's population would show a marked shrinkage. Of course, any man who writes in a periodical and uses the first person singular, is a psycopath in a certain degree and something ought to be done to him. I—but let me pause; I fear I am treading on dangerous ground.

The Byron letters, together with those of the noble poet's wife and sister, are to be published, and it is said that the public are looking forward to the event with great interest, as the matrimonial troubles of Lord Byron will be fully aired. It seems to me that the publication of these letters is pandering to a morbid desire on the part of certain people to revel in the recital of the wedded infelicities of distinguished persons. Certainly those anticipatory readers will not be gratified by the perusal of anything one fiftieth part as disagreeable as they may be led to believe by reading the unfounded statements, years ago, of Mrs. H. B. Stowe. I may be mistaken, but I think it would be better to let the unhappy disagreements of Lord and Lady Byron be buried in oblivion. Their publication can do no earthly good. There were incidents of a far more pleasant nature in the poet's life than his matrimonial squabbles, which it would be enjoyable to read of; but such are kept in the back-ground.

The morbid thirst for sensationalism in the present day is, apparently, on the increase, and it very much resembles the thirst of the toper: it increases with, instead of being assuaged by what it consumes. And to supply this diseased craving, sensational writers of all kinds are continually cropping up. Scandals are eagerly devoured, and such a *bonne-bouche* as the domestic quarrels of a titled couple is certain to be hailed with delight by those ghouls who revel in such savory morsels.

It seems probable that a bill will be passed making it compulsory with plumbers to undergo a satisfactory examination as to proficiency in their trade before they will be allowed to "practice." This will be an excellent thing, for, as matters are at present, householders are far too much in the power of plumbers who have every chance to do "scamping" work if they feel so disposed, and it is not going too far to say that many of them do. Should a competent inspector of plumbing be appointed, and the bill passed forcing plumbers to obtain licenses and pass an examination, a gigantic stride in the right direction will have been made. I would suggest one more improvement; let plumbers' bills be taxed in the same manner as those of lawyers' are. Then we may begin to have a foretaste of the millennium.

Mr. Brinley Richards, the eminent Welsh musician, and the composer of the national anthem "God bless the Prince of Wales," is to be made a Knight, though why Mr. Gladstone is anxious to confer that honor on him we are not informed. The Premier may have possibly bribed him, by promising him the title, to never write another national anthem in the Welsh tongue, the one referred to commencing something in this way "Crmioddir g Jddlwyr," or words to that effect. No Englishman's jaws are safe if such fearful words as these are liable to be thrust before him at any moment. Be the Prime Minister's reasons what they may, Mr. Richards is to be Sir Brinley.

There can be no doubt that young men at the Universities, both in this and the old country, pay a great deal of attention to athletic sports and the cultivation of biceps that would do for a Roman gladiator; but I think there is a great deal of nonsense talked about our colleges being nothing but great physical training places where more homage is paid to bodily than mental prowess. Of course there are some youths who carry their love of athletic sports to excess to the detriment of their chances of distinguishing themselves in their mental contests, but such are the exception and not the rule, and I must say I admire a young fellow who is a "dab at games and sports," as the phrase goes, and who is also moderately well up in his books, more than a milkop of a fellow who scarcely knows a cricket-bat from a fishing-rod, but who can cap lines of Homer or Virgil with any one, and who has classical and other lore oozing out at every pore.

But the idea is very prevalent that young men go to Oxford and Cambridge for no other purpose than "to have a good time," and to indulge their athletic proclivities to the fullest extent. Certainly this is true with a large number of young fellows with more money and muscle than brains, or who happen to be the scions of some noble house and whose parents don't care whether they learn anything or not; but the majority go to those universities to study—and I may add they might just as well not learn a lot of stuff they are compelled to do, for it is

not of much use to them in after life. However, as an evidence of the idea entertained by many people about university life, let me produce the letter of a wealthy Irish farmer, who intended to "send his son to college," and recently wrote asking for information as follows, to the heads of Oxford university: "Please say what are your terms for a year, and will it cost anything extra if my son learns to write a good hand and spell proper, as well as to row a boat?"

Contrary to its usual custom of saying all it can in England's disfavor, the American press has been most enthusiastic in its praises of the bravery displayed by the British troops in Egypt. The following extract is from a Philadelphia paper:—"The accounts of the British bravery and pluck that reach us by cable from Egypt surpass the wonderful exploits of the Edwards and Henrys, to say, nothing of the glorious achievements of British arms in the earlier part of the present century. Imagine 80 British soldiers encircled by 5,000 Arabs, holding them at bay, and finally, charging in close column through the Arab lines. It was a feat worthy of the gallant six hundred. Even in her 'little wars' England shows the kind of metal her soldiers are made of."

I used to be charmed by the account of Leonidas of old and his plucky little band of three hundred men holding out against the thousands of the enemy, but in reality they did nothing more brave and gallant than our soldiers do in modern times. I sometimes think that perhaps a little too great a fuss has been made over the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. It was, undoubtedly, a brave affair, but those men were obliged to obey orders; they could not have got out of that charge if they had wanted to. I have no wish to begrudge them their laurels, but I confess I think that incidents occur in every war of modern times quite as well worthy of being handed down to posterity as the Balaklava Charge.

After several thousands of dollars' worth of water had been wasted this winter by the letting of taps run constantly in private houses, the authorities came to the conclusion, last week, that it was high time to put a stop to the practice, and accordingly an official was sent on the war-trail after delinquents, the result being that about two dozen were captured and fined. If this had been done when the cold weather first set in, the city would have saved several thousands of dollars, as the Mayor states that he expects the water works department will show a deficit of \$30,000 for last year.

The waste of water has really been alarming, and anyone can calculate for himself about what it must amount to when it is stated that a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch tap running constantly for twenty-four hours will pass about 7,500 gallons of water in that time; which, at fifteen cents per one thousand gallons, amounts to \$1.10. This is a low estimate, for the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch pipe is the smallest size put into any

house. Probably the powers that be think it is never too late to mend, and that they may still make up some of the loss by having offenders fined, even though it is now rather late to begin. It looks to me something like locking the stable-door after the horse has been stolen.

"An Appeal to the Mothers and Daughters of the Diocese of Winchester;" such was the heading of the proclamation issued by the wife of the bishop of that diocese and one would naturally conclude that an appeal from such a source would be for funds and contributions for some charitable purpose, such as the supplying of the poor people with necessaries, or something of that kind. But no; what the bishop's wife wants is that the Mothers and Daughters of the Diocese of Winchester should club together and raise funds to buy the Princess Beatrice a wedding present! I fancy that, in the prevalent hard times in England, the influence of the bishopric and the wealth of the Diocese of Winchester might be directed to some better end. A sum of money that would not go far towards purchasing a present for a princess might keep some deserving family from destitution. Charity should begin at home. The Princess Beatrice has plenty of wealthy relations and friends to supply her with superfluous luxuries without troubling the ladies of the Diocese of Winchester.

A terrible story of the burning of a lunatic asylum with eighteen of the unfortunate inmates comes from Philadelphia. As is usually, or at least, very frequently, the case at similar institutions, the water service was found to be totally insufficient and the hose was rotten and almost useless. Of course, "an enquiry will be made into the matter," but why are these enquiries never made in time to prevent these awful disasters? Probably there are numbers of similar institutions which would be found quite as unprepared to fight a severe conflagration as the Philadelphia asylum, were an enquiry made; but it is only after the buildings have been destroyed and some of the inmates burnt to death, that anything is done in such matters.

In contrast to the usual tone of the French press when speaking of England and the English, the following passage from the *Voltaire* is very striking. That paper, in an article on Egypt and General Gordon, says:—"Gordon may be a mystic or a fanatic, but he is certainly every inch a man's man. We French have not lately had much reason to love the English, but we cannot now help admiring their courage and heroism, energy, coolness, patriotism, perspicuity, which are not ordinary qualities we can disdain in an adversary. Let us then salute Gordon, albeit English. Let us send to him to the desert, and over the walls of Khartoum, a testimonial of our sympathetic admiration."

"Sir, I beg to state that I am not the John Smith who was fined at the police court yesterday. By inserting this in your valuable columns you will oblige yours, &c.,

John Smith." Who has not frequently seen just such denials as the above in the daily papers, only the name is not always John Smith. Now, if a man is conscious of his rectitude, and knows that his conduct is such that none of his friends could ever possibly suspect him of being guilty of the charge of which some person whose name is similar to his own has been accused—and these charges are generally drunkenness or assault—why does he rush into print to prove that he was not the erring Bill Jones or Sam Snooks who had gone astray? It always looks to me as if these people who are so anxious to show that they might have been, and their consciences tell them that they have been, guilty of such wrong-doings as their namesakes have been caught at, only they have, so far, been lucky enough to escape falling into the clutches of the law. Contrary to having the effect of persuading me that the John Smith, who denies that he was the bad John Smith, is a very good man indeed, these denials have, rather, a tendency to make me very suspicious about Mr. Smith's immaculate virtue, for if he felt thoroughly conscious that none of his friends could suspect him of being the bad man, he would not take the trouble to deny that he had misconducted himself.

As an instance of something similar to the foregoing denials of guilt, I may cite the case of Mr. Laidlaw, M.P.P., who, the other day was made the victim of a humorous writer in a certain paper, who took his name in vain and made him appear in a far different light to that in which he wishes to figure. Mr. Laidlaw and the text were represented as having had a "splore," which it appears is Scotch for "jabber," and this imputation the worthy member for South Wellington felt called on emphatically to resent, lest his reputation should suffer. Now, does it not look as if there were a possibility that Mr. L. might have been on a "splore"? If his friends are perfectly convinced that he never could and never did go on "splore," he would feel that they would treat the humorist's article as a joke—but stay; a joke! there's the rub. Mr. Laidlaw is Scotch; so are most of his friends, probably; a joke! a joke is a serious matter with a Scotchman.

I am really happy to hear that London Punch takes a gloomy view of Egyptian affairs. As Punch's fun for the past twenty years or so has been stuff of the most gloomy and funereal type, possibly its "gloomy views" may be funny ones.

A good deal of misunderstanding appears to exist in the minds of many Canadians with respect to the British Household Cavalry; and though the matter is not of much importance after all, considerable interest is taken in the British army just now and it might be just as well if I point out where the mistake lies. The three regiments of Household Cavalry are the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, though all three are, to all intents and purposes Life Guards, in the same way that they are all Horse Guards, as they are all governed by the same rules and regulations and perform exactly the same duties. The standard of height, etc., for recruits is the same in all three regiments; the pay is the same and the only real difference is in the uniform. The Royal Horse Guards are known as "The Blues;" their tunics and jackets are blue; the plumes of their helmets red and the sheepskins on their horses are black; in the 1st and 2nd Life Guards the tunics and jackets are scarlet; the plumes white, as are also the sheepskins. In all other respects, (with the

exception of the stripes down the outside of the overalls which is a broad scarlet one in the 1st Life Guards and "Blues," and two narrower ones, divided by a space of the overalls themselves, in the 2nd Life Guards) the three regiments are alike.

Many Canadians contend that the Royal Horse Guards are not Life Guards at all. Well, they are not so called, but they are Life Guards for all that. If any difference at all, in addition to what I have already mentioned, exists between the three corps, it is in the superior horsemanship of the members of "The Blues." There are more Scotchmen in the Royal Horse Guards than in the other two regiments; there are more Irishmen in the 2nd Life Guards than in the 1st and in "The Blues," and there is a greater mixture of English, Irish and Scotch in the 1st Life Guards than in the others. In conclusion, I may state that these three corps have been stationed since 1815, (and before that for all I know) at Windsor, Knightbridge and Albany street; relieving one another annually, the "Blues," say, going to Windsor, the 1st Life Guards leaving there and going to Albany street to relieve the 2nd Life Guards who, in their turn, take up their quarters in the Knightbridge Barracks vacated by the "Blues." The subject is not one of vast importance, but people may as well be correctly as incorrectly informed and the foregoing statements come from one who has "been there."

I really fail to see what benefit is to be derived from the constant attacks by some of our city papers on the Toronto detective force. If the detectives are useless, newspaper attacks will not make them any better, as it has been proved that they pay but little attention to them; but these newspapers, by pointing out the short-comings and inefficiency of our detective force, are doing a great deal of harm, for they are simply advertising Toronto as a safe place for criminals to come to. That such is the case is shown by the large number of criminal characters in our midst and the numerous burglaries and other offences that are committed with, in many cases, impunity. If Toronto is a safe resort for criminals, they will find it out quite soon enough without the fact being blazoned abroad in the city newspapers.

The French papers have been ridiculing England and the management of affairs in Egypt by the British Government, very freely of late. It would not be a bad idea for these Gallic wise acres to attend to their own affairs a little more closely, as, from all accounts, the conduct of the French troops in China is anything but meritorious and the boasted French victories are nothing worth mentioning. As a specimen of the valiant behavior of the sons of *la belle France* we read of three large French men-of-war attacking one poor little Chinese junk. The latter seems to have got the best of the affair, however, as no "Brilliant French Victory" was reported on this occasion. Then, again, the Chinese prisoners, utterly defenceless and at the mercy of their Gallic captors, at Kaelung, are said to be treated by the latter with the greatest brutality, when unable through sickness to work, the bayonet being freely used as an incentive to renewed efforts.

The number of people who write about things they don't understand is something alarming. One of them is a man who states that because an iceboat sailed a mile in thirty-four seconds on the Hudson the other day, (or it was claimed that she did so), the wind must have had a velocity of 106 miles an hour! Is not that writer

aware that an iceboat sailing "on a wind"—that is with the wind blowing at about right angles to the course pursued by the boat, or from a point a little ahead of right angles, goes very much faster than the wind itself? Of course a boat sailing "dead before the wind"—that is with the wind blowing from behind—(to use a land-lubberish expression)—cannot go any faster than the wind itself. A side-wind is always preferred at sea to a "wind aft," for the simple reason that every sail can be made to "draw," or be of service, with the former whilst in the case of the latter the after sails prevent the wind filling some of the forward ones, which are consequently of but little use.

Iceboats have frequently made a mile in a minute on the Bay here, but it must have been evident to anyone that happened to witness the performance that the wind was not blowing anything like 60 miles an hour. The writer I have referred to winds up his remarks on the speed of that Hudson river iceboat by saying: "such a speed would argue a wind velocity of 106 miles an hour, which is considered something of a gale even on the summit of Mount Washington." Such a deduction would argue a lack of "gumption" in anyone who would make it.

The King of Belgium seems to be just about as sensible a gentleman as is to be found anywhere among the crowned heads of the world at this time. He has done an immense amount of work, and, doubtless, good, in furthering the exploration of Africa, but he just seems to take things quite easy and to be perfectly contented with his lot and not a bit worried because he is not a more powerful and renowned sovereign. His remark: "I am a very small man among kings, but I do not see why I should not be a great man among geographers and civilizers," shows that, to drop into the highly unclassical but very expressive language of the vulgar herd, "his head is level."

That poet who asked in days gone by "Where is Fancy bred?" might obtain a satisfactory answer by visiting Hamilton (if he were not long past visiting anywhere) judging from the number of articles and letters appearing just now in the papers of that city and all on the subject of "fancy bread."

The *Forensic Herald* is the name of a little paper published at Port Hope and devoted to the teaching of people to spell like Jesh Billings. Anyone can learn to spell phonetically, but I don't think the acquirement of the art is worth the bother of learning. I can't see what a man is to gain by spelling "is," "iz," and "of," "ov," and it is quite as simple to write "any" in the usual way as to spell it "eni." What I want to see is some method that will enable me to spell such words as "incomprehensibility," "interstratification," and the like, in two letters. This would be real reform.

It is stated that it costs \$1,500 per month for quinine to keep the French troops in China in health. Probably the physicians do not diagnose the cases of sickness, and imagine a soldier to be shaking with ague when he is merely quaking with fear. Quinine was not much known about the time of Waterloo, but if it had been, what a terrible bill the druggists would have to send in to the French Government!

The attitude assumed towards England by the French press is contemptible. The newspapers of Paris cannot contain the glee they feel when a disaster to the British troops in Egypt is announced. This is the

Gallic method of being revenged on England for the fun poked by her at France on account of the "great victories" claimed by the French troops in Tonquin, but which victories very often proved to be on the side of the Chinese.

See the list of new prizes offered by the publisher of TRUTH in Publisher's Department, page 22 of this issue. The awards of prizes have been so arranged that by sending answers AT ANY TIME a fair opportunity is afforded of a prize, and EVERY competitor is sure of something. Read carefully the list.

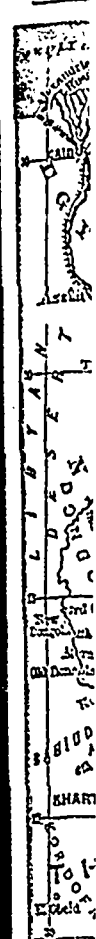
It looks as though Russia meditated taking advantage of England's misfortunes (if such a term be applicable) in the Soudan, and was preparing to advance on Afghanistan. Russia resembles the Fenians in her desire to harrass England at the very moment when she is in considerable trouble, and she has certainly selected a good time to make herself very disagreeable if she chooses.

A vast proportion of the natives of India would not be at all averse to a mutiny, and if, in addition to this, England was to contend with her old foe, the Russians, she will have all the work cut out for her that she can perform. The natives of India would now be very much more formidable foes than they proved in the mutiny of thirty years ago; they are as well armed as the British, and are said to be very expert in the use of their weapons. In the event of another mutiny in India, it is very doubtful whether the result would not be the loss of the empire to England. I have no wish to pass as a pessimist, but everyone will admit if I admit there is an "if" England has to contend against Indian mutineers and Russia at the same time, her lookout will be somewhat blue.

To take a brighter view of the matter. Lord Dufferin is now Governor-General of India, and if any man can smooth unpleasant matters there, he can. Possessed of infinite tact, he seems to be the very man to deal with a race of people where so much tact and diplomacy is required. The Governor-General of India must, nowadays, be a man of no ordinary calibre. Lord Ripon appears to have made himself vastly popular in India, but it is said that his popularity did not extend much beyond the large cities, whilst the people to be feared are those inhabiting the far away, outlying districts. Lord Dufferin will doubtless see, if any man can, just what is required to prevent trouble, but he has a task of considerable magnitude before him.

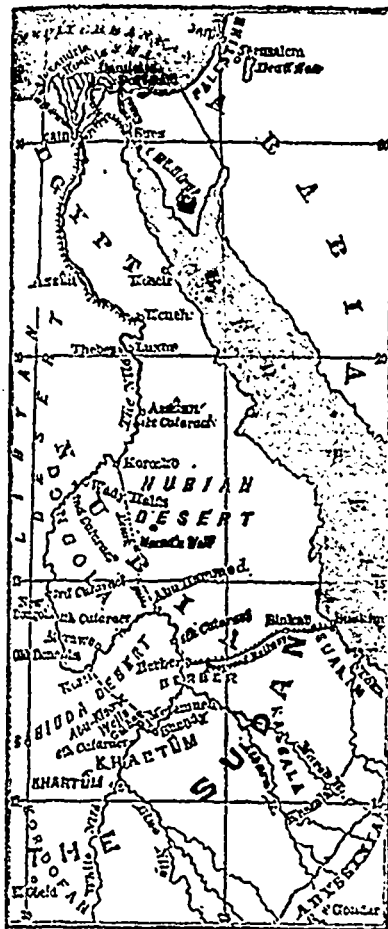
The capture of Khartoum by General Wolseley cannot fail to be a task of great difficulty, one reason being that the Mahdi captured some 25,000 Remington rifles, a large number of cannon and a considerable supply of ammunition when he took it. The loss of these "munitions of war" is the worst blow that has fallen on the British yet, the deaths of Gordon, Harle and Burnaby excepted.

Mahomet Ahmet, better known, probably to us as the Mahdi is, at the present time, the most popular man in the Mahometan world, but, directly he is vanquished, his popularity will fade away like snow before a Southern breeze. Popularity in the East is not a thing of any permanency, and it greatly depends upon the success or failure of the object of it whether it is to be sustained or not: El Mehdi is having his inning just now, but, though I am no prophet, and he is, I foretell that his downfall will be so complete before long that his present followers will forget that such a man ever existed.



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The Soudan.

The news from the war in Egypt is of such interest each day that a good map of the country is indispensable. We have, therefore, taken the pains to procure an excellent engraving of the very best map obtainable...

"The Soudan," writes Sir S. W. Baker, himself a noted explorer in Africa, "now embraces the whole of that vast region which comprises the Desert of Nubia, Libya, the ancient Meroe, Dongola, Kordofan, Drifur, Senaar, and the entire Nile basin, bordered on the east by Abyssinia, and elsewhere by doubtful frontiers. The Red Sea upon the east alone confines the Egyptian limit to an unquestionable line. Wherever the rainfall is regular the country is immensely fertile. The Soudan may be divided into two portions—the great deserts which are beyond the rainy zone, and consequently arid, and the southern provinces within that zone, which are capable of great agricultural development.

Khartoum, the scene of Gen. Gordon's heroic efforts during the past year, it will be seen lies, at the junction of the White Nile and the Blue Nile, 13 degrees north of the equator. How to reach this point as easily and speedily as possible with an army of relief has been the great question for some time past. There were two proposals, one to go to Suakim, a port on the Red Sea, and then across the desert, a distance of 145 miles to Berber, and about 200 miles from that to Khartoum. This route was thought to be not as feasible as that up the Nile, in consequence of the dangers, heat, and other difficulties of the desert march, but this route will no doubt be adopted for the most of the future of the campaign.

It is proposed to build, as speedily as possible, a narrow guage railway from Suakim to Berber, which will prove of vast military importance and permanent commercial value. Let the fertile section of the Soudan become once well opened to the sea board and under a stable government, and a vast cotton producing industry will soon become developed.

The route passed by General Wolsely and his army has been up the Nile from Cairo to Korti. It was in going up the rapids and dangerous sections of this river that our Canadian boatmen rendered such valuable service.

From Korti to Metemneh, overland across the Bayuda Desert, is nearly 200 miles. It was in making this march that General Stewart, with his 1,500 men, fought so bravely. General Earle started with 2,000 men to go round the great bend of the river. How both these brave and honored soldiers came to their end is now well known.

Berber, Metemneh, and Shepdy are all clearly laid down in this map, and can be easily traced out. Probably these places will be historic in the future as the great battle ground between Britain and those who now so misgovern the great country. The events of the next few weeks will probably largely affect all the future of Egypt as it is now composed.

There has been a terrible outcry about the waste of water throughout the city this winter and it would be a just punishment on the citizens if they had a taste of a water famine for a week or so. It is all very fine for people to say, "Oh! water's plentiful; water's cheap." To such I would say that they are mistaken as to water's cheapness, as they will find out if they buy a six-ounce bottle of medicine from some druggists. Say the value of the drugs in it comes to fifteen cents; they are charged fifty. Therefore water is worth about six cents an ounce, but some folks don't look at these things in the way I do.

I came across the following passage the other day in a volume of Chamber's Journal of the year 1845; "The gibbet has not fifteen year's life in it. If in 1860, fifteen years hence, there shall be a death punishment existing, if we shall still be in this world together, reproach me with being the falsest prophet, the veriest fool, that ever presumed to talk of the advancing spirit of the times.—Lord Nugent." To this the publishers of the Journal append the remark; "we cordially agree with Lord Nugent, and undertake a share of the hazards to which he here exposes himself."

The above shows how much faith we should place in the "forecasts" of prophets, whether wise, weather-wise, or otherwise. Here we are in 1885, twenty-five years after the limit set by his lordship and the Messrs. Chambers, for the existence of the gallows, and capital punishment is not done away with yet. Lord Nugent was supposed to be longheaded and able to see as far through a mill-stone as any body, but he has shown that he could certainly see no further.

A story comes wafted from the States of a plumber who grew rich at his business, but who relinquished it and opened a drug store. In less than a year he failed. This shows that the conscience of even a plumber will not allow him to charge as a druggist charges.

Special attention is directed to TRUTH prize competition No. 14, the particulars of which are given on page 22 of this issue. The competition is now open and every reader is invited to enter. There are no blanks this time.

Truth's Contributors.

THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS.

Some of the Famous Historic Points in London.

BY REV. MANLY DENSON.

London is the largest city the world has ever seen. It covers nearly 700 square miles, and has a population larger than the entire Dominion of Canada. Its growth of population is computed to be 75,000 annually, with 202 new souls added to the population daily, making a birth rate of one every four minutes, and one death every six minutes. Among the population there are 100,000 of foreigners from every part of the globe. There are 75,000 prisoners in the jails, and 100,000 neglected children, in a fair way of training for dens of lawlessness and ruin.

There are in London more Scotchmen than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, more Jews than in Palestine, and more Roman Catholics than in Rome. There is consumed daily by the people of London 1,100 oxen, 4,110 sheep, 300 calves, 700 swine, 22,000 poultry, 118,000 lbs. of fish, 1,400,000 lbs of oysters, 3,015 lbs. lobsters, 8,250 lbs. salmon. The value of butchers' meat sold in one day is estimated at \$684,930.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The Tower is historically the most interesting spot in all England. The recent dynamite explosions within its massive walls will add much to its historical interest in the future. For above eight centuries this Tower, with its grim walls, from six to eight feet thick, has been standing, occupied at times as a palace, a fortress, a prison, and now as an arsenal. In it we are pointed out the armour of the time of the Norman conquest, cannon from the East Indies, a spear head from off the Plain of Marathon; a mounted knight of the time of Henry VIII., horse and rider incased in steel; armour worn during the time of the Stuarts, cannon taken by Wolf at Quebec, and the cloak on which the hero died.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

is the well known glorious resting place of kings and heroes, poets and philosophers, such as the nation delights to honour. We here see all that remains of earthly greatness—a tomb, and the dim windows, fretted pillars, lofty ceilings, and long colonades of Westminster. To be buried within its walls is considered the last and greatest honour the nation can give to her most deserving children. The pavement on which we stand besides it is 620 years old. Here the centuries of England's national life lies linked together. Time, the avenger of men's wrongs, and the interpreter of men's merit, has given a place among the greatest of the earth to those who were imprisoned, mobbed and persecuted for righteousness sake.

"Life may open in the sunshine, Or may open in the shade; It may blossom in the palace Or within the forest glade. It may grow upon the mountain Or beneath the valley spray, But 'twill be just what we make it,— What you make it day by day."

LONDON BRIDGE.

the scene of one of the late dynamite explosions, and make a few observations. This famous structure is nine hundred feet long and fifty six feet wide, the two centre piers being twenty-four feet thick. It was seven years in building, and cost \$7,291,555! Daily 150,000 people and 22,000 vehicles pass over this great bridge. Tunnels at this point run under the Thames to relieve the pressure of travel from the bridge. One might spend hours wandering along the grand public way, the Victoria Embankment, following the easy curves of the famous river, with the great Houses of Parliament at one end and the grand old St Paul's Cathedral at the other, and all the time in sight of "the river of ten thousand masts" which divides the city in two parts, the dark waters of which have often and often closed over

"One more unfortunate Weary of breath, Rashly importunate Gone to her death.

Further on let us stand on

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Turn westward and there is before you the House of Parliament, St. Thomas' Hospital, Kerr

and the great Albert Embankment, four-fifths of a mile long. Beyond this still is the Lollard's Tower, where Wycliff's followers were imprisoned and tortured, and Lan'eth Palace, for six hundred years the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. No turn to the eastward and first to meet the eye is the fine Victoria Embankment, then the railway bridge at Charing Cross, scores of spires of churches, with St. Paul's overtopping them all.

[The foregoing are but gleanings of an interesting descriptive lecture, which occupied about an hour in its delivery, given in the Central Methodist Church, Bloor street, Toronto of which the lecturer is the pastor. —EDITOR.]

Bible Publishing.

BY COL. D. WELIE, BROCKVILLE.

The research for early copies of the sacred scriptures is a most interesting subject, and has engaged the close attention of a great many eminent literary men. It is said that the first important specimen of printing was the celebrated Bible of 637 leaves with large cut metal type, executed between Gutenberg and Faust, in 1450. This edition is known by the number of its leaves to distinguish it more accurately from other editions without date, and was printed between the years 1450 and 1455. This is the first Bible ever printed, and is an edition of the Latin Vulgate. It forms two volumes in folio, and is printed in the large Gothic or German characters, and is said to be "justly praised for the strength and beauty of the paper, the exactness of the register, the lustre of the ink, and the general beauty and magnificence of the volume." It is without date, a circumstance which has occasioned considerable dispute as to its priority to other undated editions executed about the same time. This edition is generally known under the appellation of the Mazarine Bible, as De Bure first discovered a copy in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, belonging to the College des quatre Nations, and no production of the press has attracted more of the attention of bibliographers. To commence printing an edition of the Bible at this early stage of the art, is acknowledged by all as a most astonishing undertaking, and no wonder that it should take seven or eight years to complete.

Previous to the dates mentioned above there was in existence the "Bible of the Poor," said to have been executed in manuscript about 1430. The few copies of this work still in existence, are either imperfect or in very bad condition. This is not surprising when it is known that the work is a sort of catechism of the Bible, executed for the use of young persons and the common people, and hence its title, *Biblia Pauperum*, or the Bible of the poor. This was the only part of the sacred book, at that time, with in the reach of the community, a complete Bible in manuscript being then worth a hundred pounds of our money. This probably is one good reason for the imperfect state of the few copies now in existence. The work consists of forty leaves of a small folio size, each leaf containing a cut in wood, with extracts and descriptive sentences referring to the cuts. Each page contains four busts, two at the top and two lower down, together with three historical subjects. The two upper busts represent certain prophets or other eminent persons, whose names are added beneath them. Of the three historical subjects, the chief type, or principal piece, is taken from the New

Testament, and occupies the centre of the page between the two anti-types or sub-ordinate subjects which have allusion to it.

It may be amusing to those unacquainted with the edition such ancient pieces of printing were held in, for the Bible of the Poor was ultimately printed, but the exact date of this is unknown, although some are of opinion it was printed as early as the Mazarine Bible. The following prices were paid for the *Biblia Pauperum*—

In 1745, £13 15s.; 1769, £36 6s.; 1791, £51; 1815, £27, purchased by a Mr. Willet, and in 1813, 1819, £52 10s., purchased by the Duke of Marlborough. A copy of this book was in the Royal Library, England, another in the library of Earl Spencer. The Bodleian and Corpus Christi College libraries at Oxford contain each a copy, and there is also said to be one in the library of Bennet College, Cambridge; one in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, one in the Royal Library, Paris, and one in the Public Library, Basle.

As to how much knowledge of the Scriptures was possessed by the clergy of that early day, Lewis, in his history of the foundation of the Bible, says that Pope Pius II. observed of the Italian priests, that it did not appear that they had even so much as read the New Testament, and Robert Stephens, who died in 1694, tells of the doctors of the Sorbonne that being asked by him in what place of the New Testament such a thing was written, they answered that they had read it in Jerome, or in the Decrees, but what the Testament was they did not know.

Faust and his partners at first sold their Bible editions as manuscripts, and yet with trouble through the imposition, and were forced to make the secret of printing them known.

From Egypt.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a naval officer on surveying service in the Red Sea, to his brother in this city. Thinking that it might prove interesting when the present state of affairs in Egypt is considered, we publish it.

H.M.S. "Myrmidon," Zeyla, Gulf of Aden, Monday, Jan. 19, 1855.

I was delighted to get yours of Nov. 16, which reached me on the 16th inst., but as to your request for some particulars of our movements out here, I can only reply in the words of Canning's knife-grinder:

"Story! why, bless you, I have none to tell, sir," for "story" read "particulars." However, what little I think might be of interest to you I will give. I fancy I should rather look to you for narrations of hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures, for if I'm to believe all I read and hear about Canada, the land in which you are is quite as good a place for adventure as Egypt,—that is when there is no war going on. Well, to begin: You know I am merely on surveying service just now, and our orders are not to meddle with anybody—i. e. natives—unless they meddle with us, and so far, our career has been, in comparison with the goings on not very far from here, on the whole serene, considering that there is no love lost between the Arabs and us.

I begin to tire of knocking about myself rather. I suppose this hot climate takes it out of one; but like or no like, surveying is hard work, and has to be done. I am getting as gray as a badger, and expect to be nearly white-headed by the time the ship turns her nose homewards. It takes long, seemingly, for a letter to get here from Canada. Yours is dated Nov. 16th, and I got it on Jan. 16th. This Zeyla is one of England's latest acquisitions, you know, and we are just annexing the whole coast up and down here from C. Guardafui to the top of Aden Gulf. I believe it will turn out an A-1 business, too, the Somalies being tractable sort of people, and their country rich and fertile, abounding in game

from elephants downwards. It is the finest coffee country in the world, and far away ahead of your old Eden, Ceylon, which, as a coffee growing country, is now almost completely gone to pot; at least so I understand from our military brother who was there a short time ago with the 102nd. He states that the coffee plantations are nearly all attacked by some disease to the coffee-leaf, which kills the entire plant, and a large number of formerly valuable estates are now almost valueless. You must have had a prophetic instinct of what was going to befall Ceylon coffee when you hid yourself away from that gom of the Indian Ocean.

But to get back to myself; this part of the world has never yet been opened up. We were a long time at Suakim, or more correctly Sawakin, surveying there and fighting the Arabs, who are a brave and physically splendid race. You will think my account rather contradictory, as I said a few moments ago that we were acting very peaceably. You must know, however, that everything goes by comparison. The fighting was confined to repulsing night attacks, which used to be delivered almost nightly, with no loss on our side (or very little), but considerable cutting up of the enemy; it was a very good time. The fireworks used generally to begin about 9 to 10 p. m., and go on till 1 or 2 a. m. The nearest ship would put in a shot or two as occasion offered, the forts keeping up an uninterrupted banging and fusillade. If things got warmer the nearest ships began to fire quicker, and other ships joined in. Our position was that of nearest ship to the left attack, forming the extreme right of the defence, so we were at it pretty nearly every night. Matters would be varied sometimes by signals going up from the forts, meaning that the attack was being pressed home, when landing parties of blue jackets and marines would be hurried ashore to man some part of the defences.

How no one was hurt on our side, I don't know, for bullets were going pit-pat into the water all round us nearly every night, and glancing along the top of our awnings and so forth. I think about three Egyptian soldiers got hit, but no English, though the sun during the day knocked over a good many. For the present, Aden is our headquarters, as we have a lot of surveying to do in the Gulf and in the southern part of the Red Sea.

Now, this is really about all I have to tell you. I should like to be able to spin you some tremendously thrilling yarn of blood and adventure, but the service has taken all my imagination out of me, and I must confine myself to the truth, which is said to be stranger than fiction, and doubtless is to some people! but I am not one of that number.

If anything exciting turns up, and I survive to tell the tale, I will let you have all particulars. Till then, au revoir.

CHARLES CHEERYBLE'S CHATS.

His Opinions about "Putting on Style"—Fashionable Air, Dress and Manners as Contrasted with Tasteful Simplicity—"Grow Rich Slowly."

I dare venture the statement that all my readers have been impressed, at some time or other in the course of their existence, with the prevalence amongst people of what is vulgarly termed "putting on style." One needn't go far to meet with examples. It seems as though it were a weakness of human nature to try and make a greater show than is absolutely necessary. It always strikes me that those people who make me biggest dash at "style" are the very ones who were never intended to be very stylish, and who, by assuming an outward display of splendor endeavor to conceal their natural shortcomings; in the same way, I always fancy (and it may be an old fog's notion) that those who are most lavish in the use of loud-smelling perfumes, have a disagreeable odor that they are desirous of concealing.

I will endeavor to explain what I mean by trying to "put on style." Well, a man who has an income of two thousand dollars

a year and who makes as great a display as one with ten thousand, is "putting on style," and is certain to come to grief in the long run. It is very evident that ten thousand dollar style cannot be maintained by a two thousand dollar man, any more than a person with a number six foot can wear a number three shoe. Just as individuals feel impelled to put on style, so do bodies of people, and we have all of us seen a congregation build a very expensive and stylish church, the debt on which is not wiped out for a very long time, and in some cases, never. Those people could just as well have continued to worship in the more humble edifice they had until circumstances permitted the erection of a finer one; but no, such and such a church was so much better than their own that they began to feel ashamed of the latter; so up went the new church, and the minds of the members of the congregation were troubled for a long time because they had a big church and a big debt of their own; that is if anything that isn't paid for can be called one's own.

Perhaps the most odious form of "putting on style" is that where it makes a show in the person of individuals, and they bedeck themselves in much finery and gorgeous jewelry—neither of which is, in many cases, paid for. If it be stylish to wear two watch chains and fashionably cut garments and to forget to pay one's washer-woman, then we have a number of very stylish young men indeed in our midst.

I must say I like to see young people well dressed, always provided that they are, at the same time neat and clean; but what is more repugnant to the feelings than to see a young woman dressed expensively but who demonstrates too evidently that a free use of soap and water is not a part of her creed? I do not wish to be thought vulgar; but really I must say I have often been struck by the thought that if some people would only invest a very small coin in the purchase of a nail-brush, they would appear to very much greater advantage than they do with their fine clothes and finger tips in mourning.

I remember one day last summer when I was obliged to take a street car on a certain occasion. Opposite to me sat two very high and mighty dames indeed, and I should not like to venture a guess as to how much their garments cost. They were dressed according to the most rigid dictates of fashion, and actually conversed, to the undisguised awe of some of our fellow-passengers, in what they imagined to be the French language, but which would have puzzled a Parisian to understand. I picked up from their remarks that they were en route for the "Bong Marahy," as they called it, where they had seen some goods "tres ravissant." And so they went on, and we poor ordinary creatures had to sit abashed and wonder in what part of *la belle France* that kind of French was spoken. Presently the car stopped and in came a young girl, evidently a lady, of about eighteen years of age. She was attired in the simplest but freshest-looking white muslin dress; one of her hands was bare and its exquisite purity and cleanliness was charming to behold. Not a particle of jewelry was to be seen anywhere about her person, her solitary ornament being a moss rose-bud worn at her belt. Her hair was coiled away with most bewitching taste and neatness, but what struck me most forcibly was the absolute purity and cleanliness of her appearance,—(her "toot ongsomble," as our two French-speaking friends would have expressed it.) Her presence seemed to light up that musty street-car like a beam of sunshine. The two fashionably and expensively dressed

ladies looked, if I may apply such a term to them, *stale* in comparison with this simply attired young creature, and when she rose up to give her seat to a poor old woman with a heavy bundle—every other place being occupied—who came into the car, whilst our foreign-talking friends looked on contemptuously, I absolutely fell over head and ears in love with her, and when she left us a few minutes afterwards, I felt, and I am sure everybody else felt, as if all the brightness which her presence had brought with it had departed. Somehow, no one seemed to be so much oppressed by the awful grandeur of the two fashionable ladies as I felt, and I am sure that some of us drew comparisons between the simply, neatly-clad damsel and the wearers of several hundred dollars worth of dress and jewelry, and our comparisons resulted very much in favor of the former.

I fear that the root of this evil of "putting on style" is the desire in the minds of those who are afflicted by it to appear more wealthy than they really are, as if wealth in itself, were actually a virtue. People do not seem to be content to wait till they are so placed as to be able to afford to "put on style" if such is their desire, but they must seem to be rich even when in very moderate circumstances. If men were content to grow rich somewhat more slowly, they would grow rich much more surely. If they would use their capital within reasonable limits and transact with it only so much business as it could fairly control, they would be far less liable to lose it. Excessive profits always involve the liability of great risks, as in a lottery, in which, if there are high prizes, there must be a great proportion of blanks. But it is not the man who is content to plod along slowly but surely who generally "puts on style;" for, even though such were his inclination at first, he hesitates to gratify it till he can really afford it, and by the time he can do so, he has seen the folly of it altogether.

CHARLES CHEERYBLE.

The Humors of Observation.

The reader will remember the old story of the Chinese traveler in England. In the days not so long since, when the pleasant shores and banks of the Thames were lined with watermen, our Chinese traveler was landed by one of these ancient worthies who had a wooden leg. It was a fact, and it struck him; the stranger saw that the wooden leg was used to stand in the water, while the other was kept high and dry. The economy of this fact struck him very much; he saw in it strong evidences of design, and he wrote home that "in England one-legged men were kept for watermen, to the saving of all injury resulting to health, shoes, or stockings from standing in the water." The fact was correct; the inference or generalization was ludicrously wrong.

There is a story told by the once very popular writer, Dr. John Moore, of a French student in London who lodged in the same house with a poor man ill of a fever, and who was continually teased by his nurse to drink, although quite nauseated by the liquids she offered him. At last, when she was more importunate than usual, he whispered: "For Heaven's sake, bring me a salt herring, and I will drink as much as you please!" The woman indulged his request, the man perspired profusely and recovered; the French student inserted in his note-book this aphorism: "A salt herring cures an English man in his fever." On his return to France he prescribed the same remedy for the first patient in fever he was called to attend; the patient died. The student inserted in his note-book: "N. B.—Though a salt herring cures an Englishman, it kills a Frenchman." This may be a satire upon that rapidity of generalization for which our French neighbors are remarkable. But, true story or joke, it certainly illustrates the false method in mind that is called observation.

THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"Oh, therefore, dear ones you in whose right hands
Our own rests calm, whose faithful hearts all day
Wide open wait, till back from the distant lands
To-night, that red traveller, wears his homeward
way."

"Young children, and old neighbors, and old friends
Old servants— you, whose smiling circle small
Grows slowly smaller, till at last it ends
Where in one grave is room enough for all.

"Oh, shut the world out from the heart you cheer,
The small the circle of your smiles may be,
The world is distant, and your smiles are near,
This makes you more than all the world to me."

LOUIS LITTON

Since the day when the children of Bethel came on with their mockings of "Go up, thou baldhead," other little ones through ages have repeated the good or evil outcries, or hosannahs, caught up from their parents' lips, and so have been blessed or cursed according as the righteousness or the sins of the fathers were visited on the next generation.

On reaching the cottage, Blyth found it attacked by a swarm of all the village children. They were jeering at old Hannah, who stood scolding them from the porch like a demoted being. Every now and then she would make a short raid upon the enemy, which dispersed at once, for outstripping her heavy movements, and then returned with trash delight to bait her.

A shower of missiles was flung against the cottage walls as Blyth appeared, in haste to the relief. Most were innocuous enough; twigs, lumps of moss, but some few stones rattled about the door, to Blyth's anger.

He dived into the fray, while Hannah uttered exclamations of thankfulness at the unlooked-for success.

"Oh, Mr. Blyth, you don't know what mischief they've done. They've gone and screamed out to Miss Rachel about her sister being lost in the bog—and she knows it all! Goodness forgive me for being angry with such children, but to spare them would be to spoil them."

Catching one of the ringleaders, whom he recognized as an incorrigible brat (so far in the inn's history), Blyth held him fast, kicking and struggling. Then calling to the rest, who at once dispersed with cries of alarm, he announced he was going to make a scapegoat of his prey, and duck him in the river; the others might follow and see, if they liked. Then, upon, tucking the shrieking victim under his arm, tight-pinioned Blyth started down by the Chad towards the village. Of course the rest of the little crew trotted after him, at a distance, in a row, fearful and ready to rush off if he looked round. The pied piper of Hamelin was no less sure of small followers.

The whole way to the village Blyth led them a dance after him. Then, pitying the mutual pangs of his prisoner, he solemnly ducked the latter's head at a convenient shallow place, and led him, howling, with dripping pate, to his mother. As the maternal wrath against the culprit was apt, by frequent necessity therefor, to be easily aroused, Blyth harangued all the other matrons who were attracted to the scene by the crowd of children. He told them—what few, and none there, yet knew—of the escaped convict's nocturnal visit to the cottage up the glen. Then, their curiosity and love of horror being roused, he excited their womanly pity for the poor sisters. One who no doubt was afflicted at times, yet whom none of them had ever known to hurt a fly, as Blyth affirmed with honest kindling zeal, had been so oazed and frightened that all knew her supposed terrible fate—lost straying on the moors it seemed. The other lay dangerously ill; the best and gentlest woman, as he, Blyth Berrington, declared, he had ever known from his childhood. And all were aware how long she had been his father's tenant.

The woman being moved by natural commiseration for the dead, and the speaker's own earnest and burning indignation that must stir hearts always (Blyth's own words surprising himself, by inflaming what he had secretly blamed himself for as stolidity of feeling respecting poor Magdalen, something as flame tongues leap higher and higher up a bonfire hitherto a cold mass), murmurs of pity broke out among the hearers. Blyth then made his last awful appeal, described the children's misbehavior, and, worse, unconscious cruelty to one of their elders, a lame, sick creature—pointing to the hot faces, the torn

and soiled clothes of the band. The last plea moved all the housewives to the very marrow of their feelings. On every side offerings were snatched up, and punishments of such primitive nature ensued, to a chorus of infantile howls and squeals, that Blyth fled in dismay, feeling as if so many small sucking pigs were being butchered.

Never again would those children make a raid upon the glen, he knew, and yet, though convinced he had done rightly, he was half ashamed of his harshness, weary and sick of all the events of the last few days.

Back up the glen went he with heavy steps to ask after Rachel.

Hannah met him with more heavy news. Joy and she had left Rachel alone that afternoon for one hour and a half, while they both attended the funeral at her own solemn command. Her brave, noble spirit would not suffer hindering others in their duty. She never asked was Magdalen going to the funeral, perhaps feared to know. There was no one to stay with her; she had prayed then faintly to send no strange woman; and indeed her illness lay now heavier on the mind than body. So, as she lay in her weakness, with thoughts far beyond earth, the children's clamor had startled her—adventurously clattering at the door, and thrusting their faces closely at the little windows. Rising, affrighted, from her sick bed, she was met by foolish outcries against the witch! taunts and jeers as to where her sister was?—lost! lost! since three days, in the bogs on the moor.

When Hannah reached the cottage, having been set down by Farmer Berrington at the foot stile beside the high road nearest Cold home she found the children, unhidden, dancing like a ring of gnats about the brown nest from which one bird had flown. Rachel Estonia seemed utterly overwhelmed and sunken under the dreadful intelligence. No need now for their anxious consultations, how to break to her that the charge and burden of her life she loved so well was taken from her.

She never asked was it true, seeming to understand too well their late evasive replies as to Magdalen's absence.

"Hannah! Hannah! After all my years of watching to lose her so."

That was all.
"The ways of Providence are mysterious," answered the old nurse, with tears raining down her cheeks, though Rachel, white and still, did not weep. "Think how many a mother brings up her child for years and years with care and prayer, and see it grow up to be a sorrow and shame at last. It's worse to know a soul lost than only a body, and there's no life so hard but what you'll find others that had as hard to bear—or harder."

Rachel Estonia raised her dark eyes slowly at that, without speech; the words had gone into her heart, and brought some balm there.

That evening, late, Blyth Berrington drove up the spring-cart from the farm, with a mattress and blankets laid inside. Then they locked the cottage door, taking almost nothing away with them; indeed there was little to take.

But before leaving, Joy, struck by a sudden thought, hastily ran back and lit the lantern that still stood in its accustomed place on the window sill. The young girl looked still at its red glow as the cart drove away, Hannah sitting at Rachel's feet, Joy supporting the latter's head on her lap.

"There will be no other life lost while I can keep that burning," she thought.

(The last three nights she had done likewise.)

And thus that night how strangely was realized Joy's frequent happy dream of having her aunt Rachel living also with herself among the comforts of the Red House Farm, and Rachel's unspoken, vague longing to be with the child of her heart.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"Many a green isle needs must be,
In the deep, wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could forage on
Day and night and night and day
Drifting on his weary way."

As many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony."—SHELLEY

Rachel lay very ill for days at the Red House, during which time Joy nursed her with the most devoted tenderness. Something of Rachel's mantle seemed to have fallen upon the girl with her now experience in suffering; she was so brave, patient, and chafed a wonderful sick-room sustainer for knowing always what to do that is a native gift.

Hannah did much, but Joy did more. By degrees the sick woman recovered. She had been, indeed, long injured to suffering in her life, had long ago learned to walk down the grievous valley of life with her eyes fixed on the far light she saw shining over the dark hills at the end, unheeding the pains and wounds that afflicted herself alone on the road. Now that she could no longer hope to do anything for Gaspard, could do no more for her beloved sister on earth, a strange calm took possession of her.

Joy was the light of her eyes, her support, comfort, care-taker. To Rachel, who had not known for years the feeling of being thus tended and lovingly surrounded with attention—she who had so long given the best of her life in Magdalen's service—how sweet it was to be thus cared for herself!

As she lay in the black-raftered bed-room of the Red House, looking out on the garden, in a soft bed, the sheets smelling of dried lavender, while fresh scents of living flowers came up through the unlatched window, Rachel Estonia liked just to watch Joy's straight, brisk figure, her young face glowing with dark beauty and health, and the quick, helpful stirring of her hands. Some strong persons seem by their own healthiness to insult the weakness of the sick; others to give something of their own cheery vigor by the very touch of their hands. And of the latter was Joy.

When the July days were becoming few, and the hay was long gone from the fields, and the bramble in white flower, then, with tottering steps, Rachel at last came down into the garden plot, leaning on Joy's shoulder. Blyth carpentered for her a wooden seat near the beehives, for she loved to hear their loving humming (faintly reminding her, maybe, of the heather hills where now she had no heart to go). On one side the scarlet runner beans hid her from being seen from the lane, for she shunned being wondered at or eyed with pity; on the other, white jessamine stars covered the cob-wall, and Joy's great poppies, with their silky petals, burned against the gray moorstone tower course of the house. For days, Rachel spoke very little; but there would sit, looking at the hills whence, as says David, cometh help, while peace and refreshment flowed gently into her soul. And she said to them, she felt somewhat as did Christian, and her family during their stay at the House Beautiful, near which lay the Valley of Humiliation, where the pilgrims went down and gathered lilies.

The aunt and niece were both dressed in black, but wore no deeper sign of mourning. Rachel abstained, since she was too poor to buy crape, and in her heart despised such outward show; Joy, because of Farmer Berrington's earnest request. The good man had been sorely exercised by all the gossip during the time of the inquest at the farm, together with the search for poor Magdalen, and lasting, indeed, for days afterwards. Himself, his house, and all its inmates had been the subject of what he most hated all his life—that is, the idle talk of busybodies.

With the generous warmth of youth, Joy would have now readily declared herself the daughter of the lost woman whom wrongs and her own temperament had distracted. Ay! and the girl would have scorned those who scorned her for her origin, and held her head the higher feeling dimly as if thereby some reparation for the cruelties of fate could be made to the poor shade one might imagine hovering over some of the reedy marshes, or black cloughs away close under the low clouds on the upper moor; where human life was none, but a few small birds or wild creatures.

But Farmer Berrington said his nay, decidedly; and as he had accepted Joy for a daughter-in-law, he was in his rights. "Why raise more talk?" he asked, striking his oak stick on the floor. "Can it do good to those that are gone? No! Then leave well alone; and tongues will soon stop wagging."

To tell the honest truth, the old man was crotchety and uncertain in temper the end of this summer. He was aged and heavy, and, having manfully helped day and

night in the search for Magdalen had taken a cough and wheezing in his chest that seemed likely not to leave him. A man shall do his duty; yet be unhappily racked by rheumatics and lumbago therefor. And if so tormented he may be testy, however good and upright in his life. No doctor's embrocations allayed old Berrington's pain much. Nor would he, naturally perhaps, listen to frequent messages sent him of the favorite village remedies for rheumatism. These were to put a slab of fat bacon on his chest, or be rubbed with benzoline oil night and morning, disregarding the smell.

"O la, my dear creature!" Hannah would now cry to all gossips who came on this last errand of mercy, "why, my young mistress says he'd burn, the dear soul, if a candle went near him, like one of them Christian martyrs."

Even Blyth saw no use in Joy's telling more of her parentage. Cui bono? he too thought. As Joy Haythorn, his sweetheart had grown up at the farm; as such he wished to remain known in the country. And when Joy naturally said that by her own name of Da Silva she must truly be married, he replied, almost testily, that of course they must be married at the nearest big town, and have a license, and keep it all dark. Besides, Steenie Hawkshaw's version of the story to his idle associates was disregarded even by them as tippy chatter, and since his horse-whipping, but little had been heard of him, for a sufficient reason. Having been urged by the witnesses of his defeat to drown his fury in drink, before inflicting a sevenfold revengeful chastisement on Blyth by breaking every bone in his body, and being likewise truly sorely pricked by his conscience accusing him of almost murder, the weak-headed young man drove back to the Barton in a state of maddened drunkenness. Finding another dog-cart ahead in a narrow lane between the immensely high banks of that country, Steenie, with his friend, the veterinary surgeon, roared out he would swallow no one's dust, and lashing his horse furiously, tried to pass the other vehicle. This was impossible, for the deep trackway, like many thereabouts, had been once or twice in olden days for pack-horses.

There was a hot race for precedence down the lane; since, forseeing trouble, the first-comer, a sporting lawyer from Meertown, had also whipped up his beast. Coming down a steep pit of a hill at a tearing pace, there was a violent collision. Steenie was pitched out, and his leg broken in two places, his dog-cart shattered, and the mare badly injured. The others came less to grief; but naturally the lawyer brought a fine bill of damages, which made old Hawkshaw doubly exasperated with his son, being angry already at the injury to his own mare and cart. Thus for weeks Steenie lay at the Barton, unable to stir, deserted perforce by his boon companions, whom his father now angrily denounced as rogues and idiots!

Blyth further held that, where there were some difficulties, anyway, about the matter of the real name and family history of his wife that was soon to be, there would be more in opening the door wide to gossip about poor Magdalen and Count Rivello. His convict father-in-law was in truth no matter of pride to Blyth, and a sec. the in the flesh to old Berrington; though, bona strovo to hide their sore feeling from poor Joy.

But she guessed it.
"Let us be married immediately. You will have my name, then. That will put a stop to all questions," said Blyth, rather dictatorially.

Then Joy faltered, clasping both her hands on his arm, and standing straight and slim beside him, in the shadow of the deep farm-porch, while the moon rose over the hills.

"Dear, it grieves me to think your future wife should have her origin gossiped and wondered over. Besides the Berringtons have been proud of being an honest, upright family for generations. I should bring the first stain into their history, and—and—I could not bear to think that! Oh, let me go away quietly with my aunt Rachel, when she is well enough. Indeed, I shall think it quite right, if you love some other girl more happy in her parents, and marry her."

Whereupon, for the first time since many days, Joy began crying, but in a quiet way, with much resolve in her manner and voice, nevertheless.

Of course Blyth laughed her to scorn, calling her a silly child, and kissing her forehead. But, as she still persisted he should weigh the matter, he took both her

hands into his own, and said with decision. "My poor darling! I swear to you I will marry no other girl, and will hold you to your promise—so there! Never trouble your dear little head about a pedigree. Mine will be sufficient for us both—so marry me in a fortnight."

Whereupon, he felt pleased with himself, with a masterful sense of getting his own way always, as a man does who knows he is doing a right and perhaps fine deed. Joy consented to say no more about giving up Blyth.

The girl's heart was swelled with a strange pride, that kept telling herself she should be judged by her own worth, and not made to bear shame for her father's sins or her mother's misfortunes. Nevertheless, with a newly broken spirit, she was aware that, as this world is ordered, it most often is true!

Yes, she would marry Blyth, because she believed no one else could ever love him with such great love, such devotion, as herself—and that forever. Her loving soul, deep and true, had chosen him as master, and his will was her law. Yet she felt a little chilliness at heart, slight as the first frosts of September nights, aware that Blyth and his father would have smoked their pipes of nights with greater ease and comfort of mind had Gaspard da Silva died unfreed in his prison up yonder, and had not Magdalen's sorrowful affliction been blazoned and magnified by vulgar tongues; though doubtless the Berringtons had borne much willingly for the sake of their duty to God and love of Joy's own self.

That was all! Ah, well, thought the girl: Who is perfectly happy?

But she would by no means consent to be married till September was over, out of respect to her mother's memory. And Rachel, however seldom she spoke, and almost never interfered—being like one whose occupation was to foster the wretched only, and find that gone—gravely blessed her on hearing her resolve, saying she was right.

Joy wanted to pass some time in secret thought, and to try to feel true sorrow for her mother's loss!

She, who had been, as the great change to seriousness told, that gave depth to the young girl's expression; most grieved and horror-stricken. But as Magdalen has delegated her own duties to Rachel and Hannah, whom Joy felt with a tightened heart she loved (even the latter far, far better, so the poor girl was repentant of what seemed her own hardness of heart, and strove to feel a rightful daughter's sorrow for the mother Magdalen might have been.

Of her dead father she tried to think less, thinking from the awful questions as to his future fate that must arise at times. And yet there was a germ, a natural instinct, in her heart, though never fostered by circumstances, that made her also sorry not to be more sorry!

So Joy asked to be left to pass the next two months almost in perfect seclusion at the farm; which wish, being fulfilled, it thence followed that few, if any, in the sparsely peopled neighborhood knew of Rachel's presence there, or, if known, it was attributed to Farmer Berrington's goodness of heart, pitying her bereavement. The days passed softly and still, therefore, and the wheat fields ripened in August, and the apples grew red and yellow in September, tickly hung among the leaves in the orchard.

It was a serious time, and yet not without its sweetness.

"In the time of harvest mery it is nough
Fere and apple hang on bough;
The backward bloweth mery his home;
In every field ripe is come.
The grapes hang on the vine;
See it a trewe love and fyne."

Of "trewe love," in spite of her chastened mood and daily hours spent sewing beside Rachel in moatly silent reflection, Joy and Blyth tasted still sweet moments. Many an evening they wandered together across the low meadows to the Chud; and there smelt the creamy, meadow-sweet spires heavy on the air, and watched the kingfisher's blue, quick gleam, or the fish rise.

But Blyth was away several times on business relating to his Australian property, which he thought it well to settle before his honeymoon. And more—there was some talk of old Hawkshaw selling the best portion, far more than half, of his land; which sitting nicely into the Red Farm ground at the fattest part of the Chad valley, would make a fair and pleasant

lying, if not a fine, estate of the Berrington's freehold, therunto added. The cause was strange enough—as follows:

Steenie Hawkshaw, lying helpless and ill-cared for at the Barton, with only his father for company and their old housekeeper, a cross hag, had besought leave to send for a certain widow to help nurse him and while away the time. She was a handsome woman older than himself, whose society in Moor-town, Steenie (keeping it dark) a good deal affected. As to her character, as Hannah remarked, "There is little call to talk about what there's so little of."

Three weeks later the country-side was ringing with the news that old Hawkshaw himself had taken the widow to wife, in a secret and sudden way. Young Steenie, hardly yet able to use his crutches, found himself duped, deserted, abused for his debts by his old father and stepmother, and likely to be disinherited of what little remained to the Hawkshaws, in favor of the now mistress of the Barton, the old man's debts being fitting parents to those of the son.

Poor Steenie! His retribution had come sharp and swift. Blyth felt even sorry for him; if better brought-up he might have been a gay and pleasant-tempered fellow enough. As soon as he could well move he left Barton, pale and miserable-looking, and went to Bristol to a cousin for a while, finding home unendurable.

So all things had regained serenity and a regular swing once more of duties to do, and duties done at the Red House. The weather was pleasant, some plentiful showers calling out the dried sweetness of the earth too. And all were fairly well again in health, which means so much of happiness in the daily reckoning. Only old Dick was ill, and that in a strange way, which now requires being told.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Edward Irving and the Catholic Apostolic Church.

DR. C. P. MULVANY.

Most of us who have visited Ottawa or Toronto are aware of the existence of a religious body, generally consisting of the more educated and cultured class, and worshipping in a church second to none for architectural beauty, with a ritual somewhat after what is considered the High Church and Ritualistic patterns, very elaborate, very pronounced, and as to its scenic effects, ambitious beyond its resources.

The prayers are intoned; the mystic light burns day and night before an elaborately decorated altar; the silver veil of the incense rises as the gold vested celebrant swings the censur before the shrine. All this arose before the Ritualistic or High Church revival had begun, and it originated in the ministrations of one of the most fervent champions of the strictly Protestant Presbyterian Church of Scotland, Edward Irving, assistant-minister to no less a personage than Dr. Chalmers, the pulpit orator par excellence of the church founded by John Knox.

The attention of the readers of TRUTH has already been called to that most graphic picture of a noble literary career, Froude's Life of Thomas Carlyle. In the first volume of that work Edward Irving fills a prominent place as the friend of Carlyle's youth, whose influence had no slight share in determining his career; who first, and before all others, recognized Carlyle's literary genius, whose introduction gained Carlyle access to his social superiors, the family of his future wife.

The writer of this paper is in possession of a photograph taken from a picture of Edward Irving during the period of his London pastorate. It represents a tall, soldier-like figure, noble and commanding; high, but narrow forehead, eagle eyes, aquiline nose, the type of a martyr ereat among the lions of the coliseum; of a corrector crucifying human weakness at the bidding of God and Torquemada; of a covenanter ready to be justified at the grass-market or to cut the throat of whatever prelato might intrude on Presbyterian Scotland.

Irving's family, though of respectable

descent, belonged to the lower middle class of the Scottish Lowlands, but to a grade superior to that of the parents of Thomas Carlyle. From his earliest boyhood he was destined to the Kirk, to which ministry those who, like himself, felt a thorough vocation, were trained as were the ministers of no other Christian church, with the exception of that of Rome. In England the church was an aristocratic profession, a provision for the younger sons of good families; a lottery, whereof the prizes might well fall to any young man known at Eton and Oxford for good scholarship, good manners, and outwardly at least, for good conduct. "Above all things, no enthusiasm," was the watchword of the rich, comfortable, and supremely respectable Church of England in the eighteenth century. But the Kirk of Scotland was still a missionary church, and the spirit of her teaching moulded the mind and aspirations of young Irving through life. To the Kirk, and to the intense and thorough study of the English Bible, which formed part of her daily discipline, English literature owes much of what is most striking in the style of Scott, Macaulay, and Carlyle.

On the latter acute and puissant thinker, Irving's influence in the days of their almost boyish friendship, excited a stimulating, though not a plastic or formative influence. Irving, from the first, appreciated his friend's great intellectual promise, both shared the vague longings of adolescence to look beyond the horizon, to seek for new things, to hope in Carlyle's case, for a political Utopia, in Irving's for the City of God established among men. Irving began his ministerial work among the Glasgow poor, and was successful as a pastor and preacher. In one of the most remarkable of his published sermons, his "farewell address to his Glasgow hearers," he tells of his daily labors in that poorest of poor Scottish cities, as, "journeying from house to house, he upheld as far as in him lay, 'the unpopular cause of God!'" The last phrase, which I have italicized, is an instance of Irving's gift for original turns of expression; nay, more, it expresses that sense of antagonism between religion and the world, that other-worldliness which was a leading factor in his view of human life.

Irving's life at Glasgow had been one of practical religious work, that of a pastor rather than a preacher. We read in his correspondence with Carlyle, the evidence of his unusually active powers of sympathizing with one of character and convictions diametrically opposite to his own. Of his personal attractions, the present writer has heard abundant evidence from those who have been under his influence in the latter portion of his career. By the Glasgow congregation his ministrations were received, as what he believed them to be, a service offered to man in the name and under the immediate benediction of God.

Then came a call to London, to minister to the congregation of Scottish Presbyterians in Newman Street, who maintained the kirk-observances each Sabbath day in the midst of the alien and prelatial Babylon. It was to all appearance no great preferment, although Irving's spirit kindled within him at the thought of living in London, the centre of the realm's intelligence and wealth. But "to awake and become famous" came sooner than he could have anticipated. The essayist and statesman, Sir James Macintosh, stated one evening in the House of Commons that the truest eloquence he had ever heard was in a sermon at a humble Presbyterian church in Newman Street. One phrase had struck him particularly. The preacher spoke of an orphan child whose dying parents had committed him to the Fatherhood of God.

Next Sabbath a line of fashionable carriages was drawn up in that dingy street of the western part of Oxford Street. In a few weeks more Irving's preaching had become the fashion, the drawing-rooms, the opera-houses, and Vanity Fair in general emptied themselves into that unpretentious meeting house. Then came inevitable reaction, the tide of fashionable folly set elsewhither.

We cannot wonder at this. A preacher like Newman or Dean Stanley will always have an audience, though the many depart from who Plato stays. But with Irving it was otherwise. As we read his sermons, apart from the charm of their utterance, and now and then a striking phrase or two, there is no attraction such as meets us in every page of Newman. The sermons are in truth long-winded to weariness, and

deal over much with a conventional pulpit phraseology now extinct, such as "the cup that is offered by the siren daughters of Pleasure," or "the tears trembling in the eyes of some aged sira." While the novelty lasted, the charm of Irving's intense boldness in his message had told; the effect was increased by the tall soldier-like figure and flashing, eagle eyes of the speaker.

Deserted by the world, Edward Irving turned with added fervor to the Church. He threw himself into the study, so often proved perilous to enthusiastic natures, of unfulfilled prophecy. In his passionate desire for a deliverance from the evils of the world around him, he read in the august imagery of the Book of Revelation, that the Second Advent of the One Deliverer was at hand. He carried his congregation with him, and many outside its fold; among others, one of the founders of the Plymouth Brethren, one of the leading infidel writers of the present day, and John Henry Newman!

Strange were the developments in Irving's congregation. Certain men and women were moved to "prophecy" and "speak with tongues." Meanwhile Irving had been, most unjustly as it appears to the writer, accused of semi-arian heresy, and expelled from the Scottish Kirk. His congregation built another chapel, and the prophet announced the restoration of the Apostolic constitution of the primitive church. Twelve apostles were nominated and proceeded to construct the ritual and worship of the new church. Irving himself had to be reordained in obedience to the word of the Apostles. For a time he continued his labors, then, worn out with a life of excessive labor and excitement died, believing and hoping to the end!

The Apostles were men of remarkable character. The leading spirit among them was the late Mr. Drummond, long noted as the most common-sense, hard-headed member of the House of Commons. The movement, which was by no means aggressive, and shunned rather than courted proselytes, quickly drew within its fold several of the wealthiest merchants, and one of the richest Dukes in England. The Apostles perfected a Ritual taken from that of the English, Roman and Greek churches, of great intrinsic beauty, with the accession of chanting, intoning, rich vestments, and incense. Such is the church which, long before High Church or Ritualism had been heard of, came from the austere bosom of Scotch Presbyterianism.

In the Province of Ontario there are two principal churches of what now takes the name of the "Catholic Apostolic Church," at Ottawa and in Toronto. The Church in Toronto is situated at the corner of Gould and Victoria streets; daily service through the year is held at six in the morning, even on the coldest week days. The Sunday service will well repay a visit.

When Plants are Wholesome in a Bed-Room.

The controversy as to keeping live plants in a room at night continues to be carried on with vigor and acrimony, although most people have probably supposed that it was long since set at rest. At a medical conference recently held in France it was demonstrated to the satisfaction of all the servants there present that plants, as long as they are plants only, may safely, and even with advantage, be admitted to the bedroom from which they have so often been excluded. These pretty ornaments, as a learned writer now declares, "far from being hurtful, are beneficial, inasmuch as they exhale a certain amount of ozone and vapor, which maintain a healthy dampness in the air, and, besides that, are destructive of the microbes which promote consumptive tendencies in human beings. It is only flowers, and not the plants which bear them, that do the damage. Ferns are innocuous, and sunflowers are pernicious, at least when they are in bloom."

Find us a better answer to the questionings of our spirits than Christ has furnished. Show us a better ideal of manhood than He has given! Bring us a better testimony to the life beyond the grave than He has borne! Ah! for four thousand years the world tried in vain to return to God, and now that He has come Himself to be the way, we will not give Him up for a question.

Temperance Department.

TRUTH desires to give, each week, information from every part of the Temperance work...

The Anti-Scott Act Expedition.

It had been announced with a good deal of flourish of trumpets that a grand anti-Scott Act demonstration would take place in Ottawa last week...

The special train left here on Monday of last week, and everything seemed unpropitious from the outset. The weather was cold, the road blocked with snow...

At Ottawa matters were evidently not as successful as the sanguine expected. The first day an interview was not obtained, as the Premier expressed a desire of an opportunity of consulting his colleagues first about the matter...

Just how much has been gained by the whole expedition remains to be seen. Some of those attending gave their views plainly before leaving the house that the whole thing was a failure. They were probably correct.

All the Difference.

A standing objection some make to a prohibitory law is that no law should be so framed as to dictate to any man what he shall eat or drink.

It is a well known fact that a large number of the laws we have deal with these same questions. We all recognize the importance of laws prohibiting the sale of unwholesome or adulterated food...

It is urged that to prohibit the sale of liquors actually means to prohibit the drinking of them. It may mean just that, the same as prohibiting the sale of obscene books means that people may not read them...

More Votes.

The agitation in regard to the adoption of the Scott Act continues as lively as ever, and there is now little prospect of its being quieted until the whole Dominion is for prohibition.

Quite a large number of other counties have their petitions in circulation, or already deposited in the office of the Secretary of State.

Good Results in Scotland.

The Scottish League Journal, of Glasgow, is publishing a series of interesting articles in regard to the outcome of temperance effort and temperance legislation in Scotland. In the first of these the following facts are given: The temperance enterprise began in Scotland in the year 1829.

NEWS AND NOTES.

WHAT THEY ACCOMPLISH.—Lord Shaftesbury has said many wise and true things in his time; he never, however, uttered truer words than when he said—But for temperance societies, we should have been by this time plunged into a flood of drunkenness, immorality, and crime as would have rendered the whole country uninhabitable.

EVILS OF MODERATION.—Dr. Ritchie, M.R.S., says:—Moderate drinking means moderate poisoning. Never till this truth is burned into the hearts of the people, that the fatal intemperance of our nation is due to the taking and using of a drug in the place of food...

leads to the conclusion that it is right to take it, and the actual use of it has led to its general manufacture and sale.

Near Lime Lako, Hastings County, a drunken wretch, named Hantlin, whose two daughters were ill with scarlet fever, sold his last cow a few days ago to procure them food, but spent the money in a tavern and went home drunk.

W.C.T.U.—The annual session of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for Ontario was recently held in Ottawa. It was resolved to petition the Dominion Parliament against any alterations in the Scott Act, except in the direction of prohibition.

THE ALLIANCE AGAIN.—The Ontario Alliance begins business this year in a systematic and practical manner. An able business committee of practical temperance workers has been appointed, with Mr. J. J. McLaren, Q. C., as chairman.

AN IMPORTANT VERDICT.—The Canada Presbyterian says:—A very important decision was rendered in the Superior Court, Montreal, recently. The plaintiff, the wife of a man named Desjardins, took action against the defendant, a tavern-keeper, for damages, on the ground that he had sold liquor to her husband, who was a drunkard.

DRINK AND CRIME.—Chief Justice Noah Davis, of New York, has recently furnished the Homiletic Review with an able paper on the relation of intemperance to crime. In it appears the following statement: "In 1875, a Committee of the House of Commons of Canada reported that out of 28,289 condemned to the jails of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec during the three previous years, 21,236 were committed either for drunkenness or for crimes perpetrated under the influence of drink."

It is not often now that a Christian minister feels it his duty to come out strongly and squarely against total abstinence from alcoholic drinks, and at the same time denounce the "tea-total fanatics" in nearly as round terms as the evil one himself is generally denounced.

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THE NATION'S BLIGHT.—The American correspondent of the Nonconformist and Independent, when speaking of intemperance in the United States, says:—"Grog shops and corner groceries are the curse not only of large cities, but of country villages, and notwithstanding the example and the advocacy of tens of thousands of total abstainers, the drinking habits of the country are enormously on the increase."

RECEIPTS FROM LODGES.

The G. W. Secretary acknowledges the following receipts from Lodges, from Feb. 1st to 15th.

Table with columns for Lodge Name and Amount. Includes entries like Harmony, Merrickville (\$1.40), Union Gem, Tintern (4.48), Mt. Zion, Violet Hill (1.26), etc.

Our Young Folks.

The Fox and Old Age.

BY PALMER COX.

"Now, father, you are growing old," The little foxes said; "Your hair is turning dull and gray, That once was bright and red. "The teeth are dropping from the jaws That used to break the bones, And what were once your burning paws Now feel as cold as stones. "Your step is not so sure, we know, As once in days of yore; You often stumble as you go, When nothing lies before. "You'll not be eating turkey long; So tell us, father, please, What you went through when young and strong, Ere we were round your knees. The fox to answer them was slow, And from his almond eye He wiped a tear-drop with his toe Before he made reply. "I dare not tell you, children dear, The struggles and the strife; To could make you shrink away and fear To venture forth in life. "F' various paths we all must go, Enough rough or smooth they be; Some find the turkey's roosting low, Some find them in the tree. "We move in danger day and night, Breat by cars and fire; What often seems a harmless bite May hold some poison pill. "I once could stand a lengthy chase, When active, young and bold, And gave the bounds full many a race Across the country cold. "The jawing trap the silence broke— When least I thought of foes, And with a vicious snap awoke Beneath my very nose. "I've ventured, when the sun was bright, And lagged the ducks and drakes, When unsuspecting farmers might Have reached me with their rakes. "But running now must take the place Of boldness, dash and speed; When eyes grow dim and legs grow ailing We must with care proceed. "Eat we! The moon her beauty flaunts Above the mountain's head, And I must find the rabbit's haunts, And you must find your bed."

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

We regret that we are unable to furnish an installment of "Davy and the Goblin" this week, as the "copy" has not come to hand in time.

"Chinese Gordon."

BY DAVID KER.

"So you want to hear about Gordon?" said Major Swordsleigh to a listening group of children. "Well, the first time I ever saw him was at Gravesend in 1867, when I brought him a message from London. Almost the first thing I saw was 'God bless the Kernel, talked on a fence; and as I went on I found a boy writing the same words on a roll. 'What Colonel's that?' I asked. 'Why, Colonel Gordon, of course,' he answered, quite angrily; 'don't you know him?' "I did know him, for all England was buzzing with what he had done in China. When the Taiping rebels were carrying all before them there, in came Gordon, raised an army of Chinamen, and beat the Taipings wherever he met them. Even when the rebels thought themselves safe a long the great swamps, in a cobweb of rivers and small boats came creeping along over mud and mud, and bang went their guns, and down tumbled the earthworks, and away ran the rebels, thinking him a magician who could make ships go on land. "When I reached Gordon's house, a dozen ragged boys were just coming out, and in the doorway stood a quiet, pleasant man of thirty-four with a keen, bright eye, and a smile in very hearty. Not a word did he say of his deeds in China; but he told me plenty about his 'kings,' as he called the boys whom he had already found some of whom he had already found

"See these pins in my map," said he; "they show where some of my young 'kings' are, for whom I've got places on shipboard. I like to keep track of them." "And so he did; and in after days, when he was fighting for his life in the African deserts, he still had a kind thought to spare for his English boys. "In 1871 he was sent to Turkey, and he had hardly done with that when the Egyptian government wanted him in Central Africa. And what a life he had there! Sometimes he had to ride over the desert on a camel for days and days, with his skin peeling off with the heat, and sand flies stinging him all over. Or he would be struggling up the Nile among horrid swamps where the fever mist curled up like steam, or through dark gullies where armed savages lay waiting to pounce upon him. "Many a hard fight did he have with the cruel Arabs, who were kidnapping the poor negroes and selling them for slaves. Sometimes a boat would come down the river, loaded with wood and ivory; but when Gordon took up the wood he found a close packed crowd of slaves, almost choked for want of air, and so weak that they could hardly stand when taken out. "In 1879 he came home quite worn out; but even then there was no rest for him. He was sent back to China, then to South Africa, and then to Central Africa again; for by this time war had broken out in the Soudan between Egypt and the Arabs, the Egyptians had been beaten, and a few handfurs of them were left shut up in fortresses far away in the desert, hemmed in by fierce Arabs. "Every one said that Gordon was just the man to get these poor fellows out of their difficulty, so he was sent to do it. But instead of giving him the soldiers he needed, they sent him out almost alone; so in place of being able to help off the besieged Egyptians, he was soon besieged himself. For months he defended Khartoum against the enemy's whole army, with only a few cowardly Egyptian recruits to help him. But at last his own men betrayed him, and when the English came up to the rescue they found that the Arabs had taken the town, and that poor Gordon was either killed or made prisoner. There! we won't talk about it any more, children. Good-night!"—Harper's Young People.

THE BITER BITTEN.

BY DAVID KER.

"There's Neighbor Schalk at his old tricks again, I'm afraid," said Carl Guthertz, the landlord of the Golden Ox, looking through the frost-flecked window with a meaning shake of his huge yellow head, which, with its broad flat nose, wide mouth, and large bright eyes, gave him the look of a good-natured lion. "One of these days, if he doesn't mind, he'll find that an honest offense is better than an ill-gotten thaler." Out in the snowy road two men were standing beside a cart laden with wood. The one—who was warmly wrapped in a thick coat that came down below his knees—was a tall, gaunt, ungrainy fellow, with a slow, pinched, sour-looking face, the very last man, in fact, whom any one would have thought of asking for help or charity. There was a cunning twinkle in his small rat-like eye, as if he had just been driving a hard bargain at the expense of the thin, ragged, half-starved wretch by his side, who, meekly picking up the little bundle of wood which the other had flung at his feet, slunk dejectedly away. "Aha!" cried Schalk, exultingly, stamping the snow off his feet upon the threshold as he stepped into the warm room, "I've made a good bargain with that French fellow yonder. What 'wood-heads' those foreigners are! why, any fellow might take them in." "Have you taken him in, too, neighbor?" asked the stout landlord, thrusting his big hands deeper down into his pockets, as if fearing that he might be tempted to use them in knocking down his worthy neighbor on the spot. "Well, I've got two marks and a half (sixty cents) out of him for a bundle of wood not worth one," said Schalk, too full of triumph to notice the look of disgust on the

brown manly faces of the honest German peasants who were sitting round the stove. "But as for 'taking in,' the wood's my property, and I suppose I have a right to ask what price I please for it." The landlord's ruddy face turned redder still with anger, and his eye measured Schalk's bony carcass as if to find the spot where a blow would tell most effectually. But he was checked just in time by an unforeseen interruption. No one had paid much attention to a man who was sitting silent in the farthest corner over a plate of cold ham, with the collar of his gray riding cloak turned up so high over his ears, and his peaked cap pulled down so low over his eyes, that his face could hardly be seen at all. But just then he gave three or four sharp taps on the table with the handle of his knife, and as the landlord came up to see what he wanted, the stranger bent forward and whispered something in his ear. Whatever it was that he said, it seemed to act like magic upon Herr Guthertz, whose face instantly expanded into a grin so broad and bright that it seemed to light up the whole room. Meanwhile Schalk was having a light breakfast of brown bread and cheese; for, being as close-listed as he was kravish, he never spent a penny more than he could help. Having finished, he asked how much he had to pay. "Two marks and a half," answered the landlord, quietly, naming the exact sum which Schalk had extorted from the Frenchman. "What!" screamed Schalk, "are you mad? Two marks and a half for a few mouthfuls of bread and cheese?" "Well, the bread and cheese are my own property, as you said just now, and I suppose I have a right to ask what price I please. But don't think I'm going to cheat you. I shall keep twenty pennings to pay for your breakfast, and the rest I'll give to that poor Frenchman whom you've just been deceiving." "It's a shame! it's a swindle!" howled Schalk, furious to see every one laughing at him. "I'll go to the magistrate about it—that I will." "You needn't trouble the magistrate, for I can settle the matter just as well," said a deep voice behind him, as the silent man in the corner, throwing back his cloak, revealed to the dismayed rogue the stern face of the Commandant himself. "Pay your money and go, you rascal, and be thankful to get off so cheap. As for the poor fellow whom you've cheated, I'll send him a whole cartload of wood this very day, and something to cook with it as well, that he may not think ill of all of us Germans for the sake of one rogue."—The Young People.

A Profession, or a Trade.

But, as I told you at the outset, if you have arrived at the age of fifteen or sixteen, it is time you looked matters square in the face and had some idea of your future. If you were to answer at once, you would say that you would take a profession in preference to a trade. A profession means several years of hard study, quite a large cash outlay and then trials and rebuffs to get a start in business. It is one thing to graduate as a doctor or a lawyer, and quite another to pick up clients and patients. If you have fully decided on a profession, be careful of your first move. If you have a large head, your grandmother has doubtless many times exclaimed, "What a good lawyer this boy would make." Don't try to make one on the size of your head. We've got any number of that class in the country now, and they can't pay their grocers' bills. If you can pull a liver out of your finger without winking, it may be a sign that you would make a great surgeon. It may also be a sign that you were born to be a butcher. If you will you know what to pursue? Your own feelings are your safest guide. If left to your parents and to circumstances, you may be forced into a trade or a profession which you can never make a success. When you come to realize that you must make your own way in life, your particular forts will be apt to reveal itself. One of the best lawyers in Detroit was intended for the ministry; another served three years as a journalist, but all the time feeling that he was out of his element; another was forced by his father to learn the trade of

harness maker. I know a machinist who at first studied medicine; of a watchmaker who tried to become a lawyer; of a carpenter who threw away three years of his life trying to become a dentist, probably learning by accident his true calling. After you have selected your profession or trade, what then? Strive to master it in all its details and to excel. If you become a carpenter, don't be satisfied when you can saw, plane and match. Don't be satisfied with two dollars per day. Make yourself worth three dollars. Master details and push yourself from carpenter to builder. Don't imagine that a man in search of a lawyer walks down the street and stops at the first sign hanging out. It is the lawyer who has climbed above his fellows that he seeks out. If our friends are ill we want the best doctor. We want the man who has made himself the best by study and energy. The blacksmith who is content to mend old wagons will never iron a new one. The machinist who stands at the lathe to do about so much work in ten hours need not hope to be better off. It is the men who put their heart into what they do who succeed.

Sea Wonders.

Fishermen find queer looking customers sometimes; look at the long gray hammer-head; can you see one of its eyes flashing fire because it is in a rage? It is twelve feet long, and is bold and ugly. But perhaps you would rather look at the pretty silvery flying fish; it has not wings like a bird, but such large light fins that they support it for a short time out of the water. They often dart out to escape from sharks or larger fish that want to swallow them. Shall I tell you what a traveller says he saw from the deck of a Spanish schooner? "Two or three dolphins had ranged past the ship in all their beauty. The ship in her progress had put up a shoal of flying fish, which took their flight to windward. A large dolphin no sooner detected our poor friends take wing, than he turned his head towards them, darted to the surface, and leaped from the water; it seemed to us as swiftly as a cannon-ball, making a spring of some ten yards, but the prey kept ahead for some time after he fell; we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose, and shot upwards and onwards to a greater distance than before. So the merciless pursuer seemed to stride along the sea with fearful rapidity, while his brilliant coat sparkled and flashed in the sunlight. The group of wretched flying-fish, thus hotly pursued, at length dropped into the sea, but we rejoiced to observe that they merely touched the top of the swell, and instantly set off again in a fresh flight. It was interesting to see that they took an altogether different direction, showing that they had detected the fierce enemy that was following them in giant steps along the waves. Poor little things! the greedy dolphin went faster than they could; he was quick-sighted, too, and veered about in any direction they took; the poor tiny fin wings got tired, the little fish very frightened and exhausted, the pursuer bounded here and there, caught the flying-fish as they fell: one after the other they dropped and were snatched up by his hungry jaws."

Little Amusements.

Sometimes little games or tricks that require no preparation before hand will prove very amusing. We sometime ago saw a lady entertain a party of young people for a long time with "Malaga Raisins." Taking a cane or other stick she repeated, "Malaga raisins are very good raisins, but raisins from Smyrna are better," striking the floor with the cane as each syllable was pronounced. The words were repeated slowly: Ma-la-ga rais-ins, with a tap at each syllable. The children in turn tried to repeat the words and tap exactly as she did, but all failed. She would again repeat it for them and, they, thinking that putting the taps in the right places, was the important thing to observe tried to imitate that exactly. Though she repeated it many times, none of the youngsters observed that she said, as if clearing her throat, "Hem, Malaga raisins," etc. Therein consisted the trick, which created no little amusement.

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THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 14.

One lady or gentleman's Solid Gold Watch, valued at about \$75, is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must become a subscriber for TRUTH for at least four months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended an additional half year for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at TRUTH office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fail 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. The sender can obtain the Watch offered as the prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and registration.

THE KNIGHT, THE HERMIT AND THE MAN.

SENT BY E. KEYNOLDS, PAKENHAM, ONT.

THE KNIGHT.

Sir Guy de Montfort was a brave knight as ever laid lance in rest, or swung his glittering battle axe. He possessed many noble and generous qualities, but they were obscured, alas, by the strange thirst for human blood that marked the age in which he lived—an age when "love your friends and hate your enemies," had taken the place of "But I say unto you love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

Ten knights as brave as Sir Guy, and possessing as many noble and generous qualities had fallen beneath his superior strength and skill in arms; and for this, the bright eyes of beauty looked admiringly upon him—fair lips smiled when he appeared—and minstrels sang of his prowess, in ladies' bower and festive hall.

At a great tournament given in honor of the marriage of the king's daughter, Sir Guy sent forth his challenge to single and deadly combat; but for two days no one accepted this challenge, although it was three times announced by the herald; but on the third day, a young and strange knight rode, with vizor down, into the lists and accepted the challenge. His armor form and carriage, and all that appertained to him, showed him to be no match for Guy de Montfort—and so it proved. They met—and Sir Guy's lance, at the first tilt, penetrated the corselet of the strange young knight, and entered his heart. As he rolled upon the ground, his casque fell off, and a shower of sunny curls fell over his fair young face and neck.

Soon the strange news went thrilling from heart to heart, that the youthful knight who had kissed the dust beneath the sharp steel of De Montfort, was a maiden, and none other than the beautiful, high spirited Agnes St. Bertrand, whose father Sir Guy had killed but a few months before in single combat to which he had challenged him. By order of the king, the tournament was suspended, and rampant knights and ladies gay, went back to their homes in soberer moods than when they came forth.

Alone in his castle, with the grim faces of his accusers looking down upon him from the wall, Sir Guy paced to and fro with hurried steps. The Angel of Mercy was nearer to him than she had been for years, and her whispers were distinctly heard. Glory and fame were forgotten by the knight—for self was forgotten, the question—a strange question for him—"What good?" arose in his mind. He had killed St. Bertrand—but why. To add another leaf to his laurels as a brave knight. But, was this leaf worth its cost—the broken heart of the fairest and loveliest maiden in the land? nay, more—the life drops from that broken heart.

For the first time the flash of triumph was chilled by a remembrance of what that triumph had cost. Then came a shudder as he thought of the lovely widow who dropped in Arto Castle—of the wild pang that snatched the heart-string of De Cressy's bride as she saw the battle axe go crashing into her husband's brain—of the beautiful betrothed of Sir Gilbert de Maron, now a shrieking maniac—of Agnes St. Bertrand.

As these sad images came up before the knight, his pace grew more rapid, and his brows upon which large beads of sweat were standing, were clasped between his hands with a gesture of agony.

"And what for all this?" he murmured. "What for all this? Am I braver or better for such bloody work?"

Through the long night he paced the halls of his castle; but with day-dawn he rode forth alone. The sun arose and set; the seasons came and went; years passed, but the knight returned no more.

THE HERMIT.

Far from the busy scenes of life, dwelt a pious recluse, who, in prayer, fasting and various forms of penance, sought to find repose for his troubled conscience. His food was pulse, and his drink the pure water that went sparkling in the sunlight past his hermit cell in the wilderness. Now and then a traveller who had lost his way, or an eager hunter in pursuit of game, met this lonely man in his seclusion. To such he spoke eloquently of the vanities of life, and of the wisdom of those who, renouncing these vanities, devote themselves to God; and they left him, believing the hermit to be a wise and happy man. But they erred. Neither prayer nor penance filled the aching void that was in his bosom. If he was happy, it was a happiness for which none need have felt an envious wish; if he was wise, his wisdom partook more of the selfishness of this world, than of the holy benevolence of the next.

The days came and went; the seasons changed; years passed, and still the hermit's prayers went up at morning, and the setting sun looked upon his kneeling form. His body was bent though not with age; his long hair whitened, though not with the snows of many winters. Yet all availed not. The solitary one found not in prayer and penance that peace which passeth all understanding.

One night he dreamed in his cell that the Angel of Mercy came to him and said:

"It is in vain—all in vain! Art thou not a man, to whom power has been given to do good to thy fellow-men? Is the bird in the tree, the beast in his lair, the worm that crawls upon the earth thy fellow? Not by prayer not by meditation, not by penance, is man purified; not for these are his iniquities washed out. Well done, good and faithful servant. These are the divine words thou hast not yet learned. Thou callest thyself God's servant; but where are thy works? I see it not. Where the hungry thou hast fed? the naked thou hast clothed? the sick and the prisoner who have been visited by thee? They are not here in the wilderness."

The angel departed and the hermit awoke. It was midnight. From the bounding heavens beamed down myriads of beautiful stars. The dark and solemn woods were still as death, and there was no sound on the air, save the clear music of the singing rill as it went on happily with its work even in the darkness.

"Where is my work?" murmured the hermit, as he stood with his hot brow uncovered in the cool air. "The stars are moving in their courses; the trees are spreading forth their branches, and rising to heaven; and the stream flows on to the ocean; but I, superior to all these—I, gifted with a will and an understanding, and active energies—am doing no work. Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Those blessed words cannot be said of me."

Morning came, and the hermit saw the bee at its labor, the bird building its nest, and the worm spinning its silken thread.

"And is there no work for me, the noblest of all created things?" he said.

The hermit knelt in prayer, but found no utterance. Where was his work? He had none to bring, but evil work. He had harmed his fellow men—but where was the good he had done? Prayers and penitential deeds wiped away no tear from the eye of sorrow—fed not the hungry—clothed not the naked.

"De Montfort it is in vain; there must be charity as well as piety!"

Thus murmured the hermit, as he arose from his prostrate attitude.

When night came the hermit's cell far away in the deep, untrodden forest was tentacles.

THE MAN.

A fearful plague raged in the great city. In the narrow streets, where the poor were crowded together, the hot breath of the pestilence withered up hundreds in a day. Those not stricken down, fled, and left the suffering and dying to their fate. Terror extinguished all human sympathies.

In the midst of these dreadful scenes, a man clad in plain garments—a stranger—approached the plague-stricken city. The flying inhabitants warned him of the danger he was about to encounter; but he heeded them not. He entered within, and took his way with a firm step to the most infected regions.

In the first house he entered, he found a young maiden alone, and almost in the agonies of death, and her feeble cry was for something to slake her burning thirst. He placed to her lips a cool draught, of which she drank eagerly; and then he sat down to watch by her side. In a little while the hot fever began to abate, and she slept. Then he lifted her in his arms and bore her beyond the city walls where the air was purer, and where were those appointed to receive and minister to the sick who were brought forth.

Again he went into the deadly atmosphere, and among the sick and the dying, and soon he returned once more, with a sleeping infant that he had removed from the enfolding arms of its dead mother. There was a calm and holy smile upon the stranger's lips as he looked into the sweet face of the innocent child ere he resigned it to others, and those who saw that smile said within their hearts, "Verily he hath his reward."

For weeks the plague hovered over that devoted city—and during the whole time, this stranger to all the inhabitants passed from house to house, supporting a dying head here, giving drink to those who were almost dead with thirst there, and bearing forth those in his arms for whom there was any hope of life. But when "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and waiteth at noon-day," had left the city he was nowhere to be found.

For years the castle of De Montfort was without a lord. Its knightly owner had departed, though to what far country no one knew. But at last he returned—lot on mailed charger, with corselet, casque, and spear—a beautiful knight, with hands crimsoned by his brother's blood—not as a pious devotee from his cloister, but as a man, from the city where he had done good deeds amid the dying and the dead. He came to take possession of his stately castle, and his broad lands once more—not as a knight, but as a man—not to glory once more in his proud elevation, but to use the gifts with which God had endowed him, in making wiser, better, and happier, his fellow-men.

He had work to do, and he was faithful in its performance. He was no longer a knight errant, seeking for adventure whenever brute courage promised to give him renown; he was no longer an idle hermit, shrinking from his work in the great harvest-fields of life, but he was a man, doing valiantly among his fellow-men truly noble deeds, not deeds of blood, but deeds of moral daring, in an age when the real uses of life were despised by the titled few.

There was the bold knight, the pious hermit, and the man; but the Man was the greatest of all.

T. S. ARMITAGE.

Every man ought to act and speak with such integrity that no one would have occasion to doubt his simple affirmation.

It is one important condition of a nation's true progress that each member looks up to those who surpass him, not obsequiously or cringingly, but with a deference proportioned to the worth of that in which they are his superiors.

BRIEF NOTE OF PEOPLE OF NOTE

The wife of Minister Lowell is dead. Mr. Spurgeon has the gout, at Montreal. Her Majesty the Queen has been ill with bronchitis, but is now convalescent.

Professor Huxley is going to America where Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope is living.

During his illness the wife of Professor Huxley has written and his daughter have illustrated a pretty book for children.

The son of Prince Napoleon has gone to Egypt to take part in the campaign there.

Rubenstein dreads sickness so much that it is probable he will never visit America again.

The ex-Khedive is short, stout, and well haired—a familiar figure at the West of London.

Lieutenant Greeley's friends are much concerned about his health, which they are saying.

General Grant has lately lost an uncle, the one eighty-five and the other ninety-two years old.

The widow of Dr. Pavy, of the Crete expedition, is on the staff of the Orleans Times-Democrat.

The widow of Rear-Admiral Gaitanough, who has just died in Washington was the daughter of William Wirt.

Mr. James McNeill Whistler announces his lectures to begin at 10 o'clock p.m. that he and his listeners may dine comfortably first.

Mr. Holman Hunt asks just one thousand dollars for his "Flight to Egypt," on which he has been seven years.

Mr. Lowe, Berlin correspondent of London Times, is engaged in writing a biography of Prince Bismarck, which will appear in the spring.

Governor Cleveland's private secretary Colonel Lamont, doubts if there is a single man in the country who works as the President-elect.

Christino Nilsson has received from Alfonso the cross of the Order of St. Isidore, founded by his mother. He has always been a pet of ex-Queen Isabella.

M. Chevreul, dean of the College of France, and for many years director of Gobelins Factory, will be a hundred and one next August. He has always been a teetotaler.

Admiral Courbet, of the French forces in China, has a tall, slender, pink complexion, white hair, and a military manner. His appearance is not that of General Hooker.

Mr. John Paul Scigliero, the artist, he has found more beautiful women's ice than in all the rest of Italy; they combine the North German type and of the Orient.

Mr. John F. Quarles, a colored man, New York, recently deceased, was a colored man admitted to the bar in England. He married a granddaughter of Napoleon's Marshal Jacqueminot.

Prince Metternich has written the score to and one of the Rothschilds has the music for an opera in which Prince Metternich and her daughter were among the performers.

A banquet recently carried by the coast of Wales was of Russian style in shape of a fan, a Jacqueminot centre, over which a hummingbird spiral wire fluttered with every breeze.

The late Porter C. Bliss, a scholar, and diplomat, wrote last year notices on his death-bed at St. Hospital, and gave them to the press in interviews. His recollections in the midst of suffering, and the sadness of his story, won their way among the performers.

Edmund Yates does not fare in Leigh Hunt dial, with Shelley, Byron, Moore, Lamb, Hazlitt, to visit him and shower letters. He can have but one newspaper; no visits except under orders from sitting magistrate; the government has charge of his letters, and he has his exercise in one of the middle grounds.

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THE SPHINX.

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

NO. 39. THE LATEST RACE.

Two darkies (1) near a certain place (2), the other day had quite a race; and our reporter, who was there, has thus described the place and pair; The race-track (3) was smooth and nice, driven snow or frozen ice; A place that filled a long-felt need for testing time and rate of speed. Around its edge a two-railed fence, with three-score posts (4), served as defence, while near the centre of the ground a cool spring (5) gently wound around. The stand the "judges" occupied was stationed on the highest (6) side; A rail concern it surely seemed, yet stayed by uprights and well cross-beamed, furnished ample room inside, where full a dozen (7) might abide. From this stand a wire (8) was drawn, to mark the time a race came on, while on a bell prepared below was signalled when or not to go. But we will not take time nor space to write in detail of the place, for most of you have seen the same, and language to describe is tame. The racers were as ill-matched pair as ever ran at county fair; And furthermore, "to cap the sheaf," the one was blind, the other deaf, yet when they entered in the ring they seemed like old hands at the thing. And pretty soon commenced the fun, to see these darkies start to run. At last a warning (9) to prepare was sounded on the gentle air, when, like a deer before the hound, the first was off with sudden bound before the other one could reach the starting point (10) most fair for each; and, though the bell (11) struck loud and clear, the darky was too deaf to hear, and as the other one was blind, he could not tell which was behind. And so they ran, nor slackened pace, each one intent to win the race. 'Twas thought at first that number one (12) was gaining ground, so fast he ran; but number two, though further back, had somehow got the inside track, (13) and of the numbers (14) that were there not one would bet on the affair. Before 'twas over we came away. Who beat? Well, those who watched it say the tall one swiftly kept ahead for half the distance as they sped, but toward the last he got behind the one described at first as blind, and as the bell (15) called in the race, they both together reached the place (16).

That tell us their names in strange lore; Those animals queer that for many a year The plains and the hills wandered o'er, In the days of old Noah, perhaps long before, And now to be seen nevermore.

The ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus, The droll trilolite, the encrinure, The gigantoceras, the megatherium,— Their number was legion in the mystical region That scientists love to explore; At a very rough guess I should put it no less Than seventeen thousand score; Those vanished old races have left fossil traces, And footprints in rocks on the shore; We mourn not their loss, because we feel cross About the long names that they bore. NELSONIAN.

NO. 43.—A CHARADE.

Among invisibles I rank; I'm in the orbit of a crank. There in two places I reside, And nowhere else am found beside. My first is motionless indeed, Although in whole it moves with speed, And very plainly tells us this, That second without motion is. Yet 'tis apparent to the view That second moves in orbit true, Traveling either fast or slow, Just as a crank may chance to go; And just two wholes, no more no less, Can any moving crank possess. NELSONIAN.

NO. 44.—OPI-ADDITION.

To quarter of a year, not more, Add just two quarters of an hour; And, if my ciphering be true, The product is exactly you. AN.

PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

1. A cash prize of \$50.00 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.

- 28.—S-p-h-i-n-x. 29.—W-i-s-t-o-n-w-i-s-h. 30.—N-i-n-e-h. 31.—1. Score, core, ore. 2. Start, tart, art. 3. Relate, clate, late. 4. Scowl, cowl, owl. 5. Strain, train, rain. 6. Trice, rice, ice. 7. She, he, e. S. Bless, less, ees. 9. This, his, is. 32.—High-land-man.

Handkerchiefs and Noses.

The gradual decline of the human nose is the result of the introduction and general use of handkerchiefs. The Romans never used handkerchiefs, and their noses, as we all know, were the largest and finest type. Moreover, they were less liable to colds in the head than are people of the present time, and their noses enjoyed almost a sine cure. As civilization spread northward from Italy the inhabitants of the cold and variable climate of Northern Europe found that their noses were constantly called into activity, and as a consequence the average European nose fell below the Roman standard. Within modern times the handkerchief was invented, and a new and potent factor in the reduction of noses came into existence. Constant friction will wear away the hardest stone, much more the soft and cartilaginous nose. Under the friction of handkerchiefs the noses of the present century have steadily diminished, until small noses are worn almost as much as spectacles.

Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of. Spend it in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed. Spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing if death should surprise you in the act.

"Venice, the Bride of the Sea."

How many are there, I wonder, who know how Venice derived this proud title? Well, it rose in this manner. Away back in the Middle Ages, when Frederick Barbarossa and his army invaded Italy, the Pope Alexander III. was obliged to leave Rome and fly to Venice for protection. The Doge, as the ruler of Venice was called, received him kindly and sailed out against the enemy, whom he completely defeated. This was considered a great victory, and the Pope feeling thankful wished to express his gratitude to the Doge in some way, so taking from his finger a ring he gave it to him saying, "Take the ring, use it, O Doge, to retain the sea henceforth in subjection of this city Venice. Yes, espouse the Adriatic with this ring, and let the marriage be annually performed until the end of time." Thus the custom of the wedding of Venice to the sea originated about 1177, though some say it can be traced as far back as the year 995.

In the arsenal at Venice may be seen a model and some of the remains of the famous "Bucentaur," the grand old ship of state, in which the Doge and his followers, accompanied by the nobles and their ladies, went forth every year on Ascension Day to wed the sea.

This magnificent boat, one hundred feet long by twenty-five wide, was built of wood, the outside decorated with carved oblong figures all covered with the brightest gold. She carried no sails, being rowed by one hundred and sixty-eight men with gilded oars, four being to each oar. There was a large mast, however, from which always floated the sacred banner of St. Mark. The main cabin extended the entire length of the ship, and was most richly furnished, the outside being covered with a piece of crimson velvet, the finest produced in Venice. In the stern was the Doge's private cabin around the outside of which ran a little balcony where he could stand and watch the glittering throng of boats that followed in the wake of the "Bucentaur."

As the boats would leave the shore, the church bells would ring out suddenly their most joyful strains, while sweetest music would be heard from the thousand of state gondolas that formed part of the procession, which now slowly proceeded to a small island named the Lido, a few miles from the city. Never did the sun shine on a more brilliant scene.

One who played an important part in this gay assemblage was the "Anti-Doge," as he was called. This man was chosen from the people, and was usually the best gondolier in Venice. He was rowed in an old hulk by a number of his friends wearing masks, and was followed by hundreds of gondolas belonging to the poor. His office was to excite mirth and laughter, which he was sure to do by performing all manner of funny tricks.

When the Gulf of Venice was reached the "Bucentaur" would take a central position in a half circle of gondolas, and the Doge, stepping on the balcony around the prow, would throw a gold ring into the sea, saying, "I espouse thee, O Sea, in token of perpetual dominion." Next followed a prayer offered by the Patriarch of the city, after which the "Anti-Doge," amid great laughter, threw an iron hoop into the sea. At the close of the ceremony the procession would return home, and the day was given up to festivities of all kinds.

When the French occupied Venice in 1797, they broke up the old "Bucentaur" for the sake of its gildings, from which they realized forty-four thousand dollars; she was then seventy-five years old. Now shorn of all splendor, yet with some slight vestiges of her former beauty remaining, enough to give one a slight idea of what she must have been in her palmy days, the few remains of the old "Bucentaur" repose in the arsenal of the city whose glory, like her own, is a thing of the past.—Demorest's Monthly for March.

All laws are vicious and all tendencies are to be deprecated which increase the difficulty of discharging every rank the refined and holy influences which are cherished by the domestic affections.

How to Treat Frozen Apples.

It is the general opinion that an apple once frozen is of but little value, in fact, it will be soft and lifeless; but it is not so, if it does not thaw too rapidly, and it is not disturbed until the frost is entirely out. When it is discovered that a barrel of apples has frozen, the usual practice is to remove them to a warm place, and sometimes they are taken out of the barrel and plunged into cold water. This is all wrong. When an apple is frozen it should be left undisturbed until it is very certain that the frost is all out of it. If the apples are in an open barrel or box they should be covered over so as to keep them cool and in the dark; but in doing so, care should be taken not to touch the fruit, for whenever a frozen apple is touched it will make a soft place. In fact, the simple rolling of a barrel of apples over will ruin it. In freezing, apples shrink so much that a barrel will not be full by nearly a peck; in consequence of this, in rolling a barrel over it bruises every apple, and every bruise will show when the apple thaws, and will soon begin to decay.

When apples are frozen in tight barrels, if they are not started until entirely thawed out, it will not injure them in the least, unless they chance to be in the open air or where they will suddenly thaw out. When under cover in a tight room, or a cellar, it frequently requires several weeks for them to thaw out. The second time an apple freezes there is more danger of injury, but under favorable conditions an apple may be frozen and thawed three times without injury.

The danger of freezing apples to keep them is in having the frost leave them too suddenly. If one could have them kept frozen until Spring, there would be no loss by decay.

The Chinese New Year Flower.

The "water angel plant," as the name is being interpreted, is thus called because of its manner of growth, its appearance, and its miraculous origin. In China it is found growing in running water, which keeps the bulb and the pebbles to which it attaches itself by its roots perfectly clean. When grown here a bowl is filled with clean pebbles, the bulb is placed upon them, and the dish filled with pure water. This last must be changed every morning, as it is absolutely necessary to keep bulb and pebble free from slime and other impurities. The bulbs are thus planted about four weeks before the Chinese New Year and given fresh air and sunlight. Soon a multitude of white rootlets appear beneath the bulb, and find their way down among and around the pebbles, while a crown of lily-like green leaves shoots from the top. One can almost see these grow, they stretch up so fast, and then come the buds on a stem, and in a little, almost transparent sheath at first, which opens finally and displays a cluster of blossoms something like the narcissus in shape and size, but pure waxy white with a crown of gold, and very fragrant.

This event should occur at New Year's, and then John is happy. He stands near the plant and watches it with loving eyes; he shows it to his acquaintances and receives their congratulations, and often he cuts off the "ho-re-far," or blossom, and sends it as a choice gift to the friend he loves best. [Boston Globe.]

There is nothing nobler in man than courage; and the only way to be courageous is to be clean handed and hearted, to be able to respect ourselves and face our record.

If we truly believe that this life is but a preparatory state where we are being fitted to enter another and better, why should we shrink from the approach of old age? It but brings us nearer to the full enjoyment of that blessedness for which most are supposed to be striving.

We cannot too carefully guard youth and innocence from the pernicious influence of vicious companions. Yet, when we have secured this isolation, we have performed but a small part of our task. They need the positive contagion of intellectual and moral health, vigor, and strength quite as much as protection from the opposite influences.

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NO. 41.—A WORD OF FIVE SYLLABLES.

[Extend for Præ.] (My first and my second) Is the name of my darling; Or, if you like better, Is found in a Starling. My third's a condition That when it is chronic Demer every medicine, Be it laxative or tonic. Now my fourth doth apply To my country cousin, Or to all creation When everything's "bum-bum." What's my last, by its sound, Belongs to all sinners; Or, by a change of thought, St. A. hearts and good dinners. Now my whole is a word Of five syllables five, And many an actor Could skin him alive. S. J. R.

NO. 42.—AN ANAGRAM.

Our word's just I wandered and dolefully I pondered About the small wonders of yore, The bees and the birds, and the many long words

too funny. What makes you ask such a foolish question? "Well, I heard papa, talking to Molly, the cook, and he said, 'Mollie, you musn't smile at me when my wife is around, or the old pelican may get o.z.' A coat of supremacy took place just as soon as the old man came home. Brampton. J. McC.

[89] Of Course He Was Sorry. -Selected.

"What is repentance?" queried the Sunday-school teacher. "To be sorry for doing wrong," said the good boy. "Were you ever sorry for anything you did?" "Yes'm," said the bad boy. "What made you sorry?" "Great Jehosaphat! Wasn't you ever spanked?" Buffalo. A. C.

[90] Proof Positive. -Selected.

Not long ago a bright little girl in the Sunday-school who had reached the bottom facts of the lesson—the creation of man out of the dust of the earth—came running home to her mother, overflow of confidence in the Scripture theory and her own reflective conclusions, and exclaimed:—"Oh, mother, I know it is all true, what the catechism said about Adam's being made out of the dust of the earth—I know it is!" "Why?" "Because I saw Aunt Emma whip Gracie, and I saw the dust fly out of her. I know it is so." Little Gracie had been playing with the ashes. MISS BERTIE DUNHAM. Huntingdon Fuller P.O., Ont.

[91] St. Patrick's Remains. -Selected.

There is in Ireland a little church at which are exhibited three skulls; one small, another a little larger and the third larger still. The parish priest points them out to his parishioners thus: "The small skull, my children, is the skull of St. Patrick when he was a child, the second and larger skull is the skull of St. Patrick when he was a youth and the third and largest skull is the skull of St. Patrick when he was a man." Ottawa. MARY WILSON.

[92] Correct. -Selected.

Q.—What was Eve made for? A.—For Adam's Express Company. 256 Larkin St., Chicago. MRS. M. B. MATTHEW.

[93] What Was It. -Selected.

I went out to the woods and got it. After I got it I looked for it, and the more I looked the less I liked it. I brought it home in my hand because I could not find it. It was a liver. Port Stanley, Ont. H. BENNETT.

[94] A Happy Retort. -Selected.

The famous Miss Morgan, of Kilyon, Ireland, who is such a notable hunter and owns so many hundreds of fine horses, has a witty brother who ran for Parliament a while ago. He called on Father Mooney, an essential priest, to ask him for his vote. Father Mooney replied angrily: "Sir, I'd rather give it to the Devil!" "But," retorted Mr. Morgan, civilly, "in case your friend does not stand for this county?" Father Mooney was so diverted by this witty retort that he laughed, give Mr. Morgan his vote, and aided him to win his election. Eau Claire, Mich. MRS. W. C. HUNTER.

[95] It's The Women That Cause The Deceit. -Selected.

"The world is full of deceit," said old Mr. Squaggs, "and women is mostly at the bottom of it." "I know it," said old Mrs. Squaggs; "it is after a man gets a wife that he begins to practice deceit. If he hadn't a

wife he wouldn't need to be so much about where he spends his evenings. You are perfectly right. It's the women that cause the deceit." Old Mr. Squaggs became very thoughtful. Dundas. J. T.

[96] She Was Just Too Oute For Anything. -Selected.

It was only about three hours since dinner, but the small boy of the house was hungry, and began to "snoop around," as his mother called it, for "suthin to eat." "Ma," said he, "can I have some of them c-r-a-c-k-e-r-s on the table?" (spelling the word out, but not pronouncing it, as Rilla, the four-year-old, always wanted whatever the rest had, and it was thought advisable sometimes not to let her have it.) "Yes, my boy, help yourself if you're starving," replied his mother. "Oh, I want one too," said Rilla, as she danced out to the dining-room. Presently she returned minus crackers, with a downcast look, and just ready to cry.

[97] Where Ignorance is Bliss, Etc. -Selected.

"I tried to hear that Mr. Bliss married Miss Ellis." "Why?" "Because she's not educated." "That will not prove detrimental to his happiness." "Why not, pray?" "Because he's so ignorant that he'll never find it out." Toronto. O. R.

[98] Got Mad Because His Wife Wasn't Flirted With. -Selected.

"See here, Robinson, I hear that you are flirting with my wife?" "Flirting with your wife! I am neither flirting with her nor want to do so. I don't like her well enough for that." "You don't? I'd like to know why you don't. She's just as nice a woman as there is in town, and you've got to like her just as well as any other woman or I'll know why, and don't you forget it." The angry husband then walked away swearing vengeance because Mr. Robinson didn't like his wife. Some men can't be pleased any way. Ottawa. N. A.

[99] Not a Reliable Firm. -Selected.

A man brought home some rat poison one evening. His mother-in-law mistook it for something else and ate a quantity of it. They had a terrible time that night, but the old lady's life was saved. "It was a close call," said the doctor the next morning, "she ate enough of it to kill a dozen persons, but fortunately the poison had been in stock a long time and most of its strength had evaporated." Some months afterward the son-in-law was asked if Messrs. Poulitice & Co. were reliable druggists to deal with. "I wouldn't recommend them," he said, "they swindled me once on some rat poison." Bowmanville. A. B.

[100] The Body and the Soul. -Selected.

"Brother!" said the Soul to the Body, "we must shortly part; and now let us reckon together." "Let us reckon sister," said the Body. "You have been active in labor, and toiled late and early and gathered much gold; will you keep it with you, or shall I take it with me?" said the Soul. "Alas!" said the Body, "how can I take it among the darkness and dust and corrup-

tion of the grave? What will it profit me there?"

"Nay, but how can I carry it where earth and earthly things are not suffered to enter? And it is, after all, but yellow earth."

"True. Then shortly it will be neither mine nor thine," said the Body, sorrowfully.

"Our reckoning is not over," said the Soul. "How are we to meet again—for we must meet again—will it be in sorrow or in joy? You have never allowed me to look heavenward, but have robbed me of freedom, and used all my powers to help you to get gold."

"Alas! you tempted me, and now you reproach me," cried the Body.

"What if we meet as fellow-tormentors, bound together for eternal misery? I am defiled as you are; you have never cared for our cleansing. I am without a right to heaven, as you are; you have never cared for an entrance to it. So, then, this gold will be our mocking accuser in eternity, and shall reproach you for ever with having destroyed me to gain it." Berlin, Ont. MINNIE YOUNG.

[101] A Kingdom Where Scotchmen Are Not. -Selected.

"Long years ago, in times so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged between the King of Cornwall and the King of Scotland.—Scottish valor prevailed, and the King of Cornwall was defeated. The Scottish monarch, elated by success, sent for his Prime Minister, Lord Alexander. "Weel, Sandy," said he, "is there na'er a King we can conquer the noo?" "An' it please your Majesty, I ken o' ae King that your Majesty cauna vanquish." "An' whanr is he, Sandy?" Lord Alexander, reverently looking up, said, "The King o' Heaven." "The King of Heaven, Sandy?" "The King o' Heaven." The Scottish King did not understand, but was unwilling to exhibit any ignorance. "Just gang yer wa's, Sandy, and tell the King o' Heaven to gie up his dominions or I'll come mysel' and ding him oot o' them and mind, Sandy, ye do not come back till us until ye hae done cor bidden." Lord Alexander retired much perplexed, but met a priest, and, reassured, returned and presented himself. "Weel Sandy," said the King, "hae ye seen the King o' Heaven, and what says he to our bidden?" "An' it please your majesty, I haena seen the King himsel', but I hae seen ane o' his accredited ministers." "Well, and what says he?" "He says yer Majesty may e'en hae his kingdom for the asking o' it." "Was he aae ceevil?" said the King, warmed to magnanimity. "Just gang yer wa's back, Sandy, and teel the King o' Heaven that for his civility the de'il a Scotchman shall ever set foot in his kingdom." Bowmanville. MRS. N. S. MUIR.

[102] He Explains How He Got a Black Eye. -Selected.

"Johnnie, have you been fighting?" gravely inquired Mrs. Muggins. "No, ma'am," promptly answered the heir of the Mugginses. "John Muggins, how dare you tell me an untruth!" exclaimed his mother. "Where did you get that black eye, sir?" "I traded another boy two front teeth and a broken nose for it," replied Johnnie as he crossed the woodpile.

[103] Eyes Opened. -Selected.

A short time before the November election, in the States, a gentleman passing one of the markets, in the city of New York, observed a boy selling puppies. They were of the Scotch Terrier breed, and very fine ones. The young salesman seemed to fully appreciate all their good qualities, and often repeating them (taking the cue of the time and place) as a climax, he declared that they were Democrats.

The gentleman passing the same way the next morning, saw the boy still at his post, not having been successful in the disposal of his favorites. He was still jealously enumerating their fine points, but, to-day, as the crowning one, he assured the bystanders that they were Republicans. "But," said the gentleman addressing

him, "you told us yesterday that they were Democrats!"

"Yes," replied the little politician, "they were—but, don't you see, now they are getting their eyes open."

The argument was unanswerable and the gentleman passed on. H. H. G.

[104] Olan His Trade. -Selected.

Jinks—"Why, Finks, what's the matter? You don't look like yourself. Been sick?"

Finks—"Oh! no, never felt better in my life. But I have had a good deal of mental worry and that in what wore me down so. You know I used to be a collector of gas bills. Well, my conscience troubled me so I could not sleep, and at last I could stand it no longer and just gave it up. My present business is less respectable, but it don't trouble my conscience so much."

"Indeed? I'm glad to hear it. What are you now?" "Just an ordinary burglar." Hamilton. MRS. T. H.

[105] He Knew He Wouldn't Make a Liar of Him. -Selected.

A few weeks since an Irishman direct from the old country called upon a well-known Bostonian, presenting letters of introduction from mutual friends in England.

The Bostonian received him very cordially and proffered a glass of brandy, which the Irishman drank with a relish.

After some further conversation the foreigner said:

"Well, Mr. X., O'm very much pleased wid the new country. It's a foine place. When I go back I'll tell me friends what a foine land it is and what foine gintlemen ye have in it. I'll tell them how foinely ye have treated me; how you gave me two glasses of foine old brandy—"

"But," broke in the amused host, "I have given you but one."

"Oh, well, ye wouldn't make a liar of me to my friends. That O' know!"

Another glass was forthcoming at once. Cobourg. MISS N. B.

[106] An Applicant Refused. -Selected.

An editor who had advertised for a man to do clipping for his paper was met by a sly-looking personage, who said that he would like to secure the position.

"Do you think that you could look over the papers and find items of interest?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your regular business?"

"I am a detective."

"Great goodness, sir!" you won't do. You would never find anything." Toronto. D. B.

[107] A Carefully Brought up Son. -Selected.

Friend of the family (who means well)—"I feel it my duty to inform you of the stories going about in regard to your son (George, Mrs. De Uppercrust. I hear that he is devoted to a young woman who is employed in a Sixth avenue bookstore, and that he has frequently been seen with her at different places of amusement."

Mrs. De Uppercrust (with unconcern)—

"Oh, I dare say, but I attach no importance to such matters. My son has been too carefully brought up to think of marrying her."

Toronto. A. B.

[108] The Infantile Match-Makers. -Selected.

"Good evening, Tommy. Is your sister Clarissa at home?"

"Yes, sir; she's out in the kitchen popping corn for you."

"Popping corn for me? Why, how very thoughtful! I like pop-corn very much."

"Yes, sir. She said she was going to put a pan of pop-corn under your nose and if you didn't take the hint she'd give you the shake."

Something besides corn was popped that evening. Rochester. P. T.

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Words and Music by

FRANK HOWARD.

1. She stood a-lone on the shore,..... Her eyes grew dim with tears;..... As she
 2. She stood a-lone on the shore,..... With heav - - y heart so sad, While her

kissed her hand to me,..... Per-haps the last for years..... She
 soul went out in pray'r,..... For her dear sail or lad..... With

watched the sails un - furl,..... Then breathed her vows a - new:..... While
 tromb - ling voice she cried,..... Oh! God! I pray to Thee!..... To

faint - - ly I could hear,..... The sweet words "I'll be true,"..... The
 shield my dar - ling boy,..... From storm and wreck at sea!..... The

rall.
colla voce.

winds bring out to sea, This song from her... to me.....
 wiuds bring out to sea, This song from her... to me.....

ad lib.
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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.]

Health Annals.

BY TITUS MUNSON COAN, M.D.

Journals of infancy and childhood, if properly kept, may be of great value in the preservation of health and toward the better knowledge of family character.

How should such Journals be kept? In a family of my acquaintance two have been carefully written up from the beginning of the child's life—one to record the growth of his body, the other that of his mind. The first journal is divided under the following heads, which give all the main physiological data in a natural order:

(Name and birth-place.) Descent. Birth. Nursing. Weaning. Vaccination. Teething (tables). Walking. Special Senses. Pulse (tables). Temperatures (tables). Temperament. Exercise. Physical Strength. Hygienic Habits. Idiosyncrasies. Resemblances to Family. Weight. Measurements of Growth (tables). Illness. Accidents.

Under these heads the data of the child's physical development are summed up from year to year.

The other journal is somewhat less methodical, because it does not employ physical measurements. It takes a note from week to week and year to year of the child's mental growth as shown in his language, his tastes, his aptitudes, his aversions, his progress in thought and in study. It takes special care to present a fair and true record of the child's words, and not the flattered picture often drawn by the parent. The actual words spoken by the child must be recorded, not his edited words; and things that are mere suggestions or repetitions of what he has recently heard must be excluded. It is better understood now than formerly that it is not an object to stimulate a precocious mental growth in a child. But there are many parents who wish their children to be, or to appear, precocious; and when such a parent keeps a journal of a child's doings and sayings, he (or rather she) will easily make it out a paragon. This is done by changing, however little, the actual language of the child, and by omitting to say whether its wise remarks are anything more than the near reverberations of what it has recently heard or read. It is only when the child begins to form combinations of thought or fancy for itself that its wise sayings should be recorded; and its sayings should be caught on the wing, that they may be recorded with entire accuracy.

But although each of these child-records, the journal of the body and the journal of the mind, may be of the first value in his training, it is the first-mentioned of the two, or the health annals, that is to be especially recommended from the point of view of health. One should not, without very good reasons, propose the assumption of a new care to a devoted mother, and none other would undertake a journal of this sort. And yet, though the task requires much careful intelligence, it is not a serious one, except in so far as accuracy and system are required; and in these many parents are deficient. The actual work of writing such a journal is small; a few words, a few figures, every month are generally sufficient to preserve an invaluable record. But these data, these few words and figures, must be carefully chosen and punctually set down, and they must be set down in a book upon permanent printed forms, or they will be crude and unsystematic at the best, and the mother's effort to keep up the journal will not last very long. The best book of forms that I have seen is one by Professor J. B. Fossomay, *The Mother's Register; Notes on the Health of Children*—a useful little volume, of which a translation was pub-

lished in this city some years ago. The book has its faults, but it is arranged substantially in such order of topics as that which I have given, and its forms will guide the parent's observations and spare her labor. A separate volume is to be used for the permanent record of each child.

An English scientist has lately circulated blank forms for the record of development changes both in children and adults. It is by comparing such observations in multitudes that our little ones and ourselves are to win our way, with slowly increasing safety, through the hosts of robber microbes, banded bacilli, and other noxious creatures that are said to lie in wait for our lives.

Tar in Disease.

Tar smoke, or tar vapor, is one of the things that no person should do without from the time furnace fires are started in the house until the furnace is discontinued in spring or early summer. Not only for diphtheria, but for throat or bronchial irritation, this remedy has become as generally applied as in malaria, and for croup or croupy disposition, as well as for very many of the ills to which the human system is subject, particularly in the case of women and children, who are more tied up to the house than others. In case of a very considerable attack of sore throat, or irritation, or hoarseness, take a skillet, frying-pan, griddle, or whatever it may be called, put it on the stove or range, and put upon it one or two tablespoonfuls of the purest tar which can be had. Fill the house with the smoke and never mind the little particles which will be found all over the house when it is done. In the case of a child sick with sore throat, swollen tonsils, inflamed throat, or croup, take hot coals from the range in a little iron kettle, shut the room, and pour upon these coals liquid tar. Let the room be filled until it is black with smoke. In from twenty minutes to half an hour a material change will be found. This is for what physicians term acute attacks, or when danger is imminent, but the best way is to put into your water pan in the furnace a gill or half pint of tar, and keep it covered with water; give it a stir, once or twice a day with a stick, and the effects of the tar will be plainly felt all over the house, from bottom to top. Allow a circulation through the house by means of the scuttle in the roof, or, if you cannot readily raise it a little, by a window at each end of the house drawn down a trifle at the top, so that the circulation of air may be promoted through the draught-box of the furnace all day and night. The night air was made to breathe as much as the day. Replenish the tar once in a week or ten days, or as soon as the odor is not plainly perceptible. If this practice is followed, and any sort of regard is paid to the natural laws governing health, sore throat and its attendant annoyances will be one of the things unheard of in the family. It will cost about 50 cents to properly fumigate a good-sized house all winter long, and if the children get an occasional cold there will be little danger of croup, other methods being adopted as circumstances may require. It is simple, cheap, and effectual, and for that reason the average man will not adopt it, for he prefers a latent prescription, which may be salt and water, or the abominable chlorate of potash, or some other mixture not half as efficient as the tar, but it costs something and it is a prescription. The simple use of the tar water should not by any means prevent calling a competent physician when anything of importance occurs, or when decided symptoms which are not entirely familiar are present.

The Duty of Chewing Food.

The veriest dullard who thinks for a moment on the daily task entrusted to our digestive machinery, how incessantly it occurs, and how serious are the issues involved in its fulfillment; and who has, moreover, learnt anything of the delicacy of those organs and their close relation to happiness, will understand the need of lightening that task as far as we can, and the cruelty of any wanton increase of it. Our system asks for

food well chewed and well lubricated, and we give it dry nuggets, at rapidly recurring meals. The highest authority on disorders of the digestion and their far-reaching consequences has said that no constitution in the world can survive the neglect of this duty. The difficulty of getting the truth believed is that the fatal consequences seem to have so little connection with their cause. They follow late in time, but with the most inevitable certainty. Melancholia, loss of sleep, lethargy, ill-temper, and a generally jaundiced view of life are among them, but are not the most serious. If anyone doubts the value of the prescription let him try it. I could name a lad of nineteen whose whole life was exultated by this and nothing else. I could name a dyspeptic, who traveled in search of a cure, all in vain, till a stranger told him to masticate his meat, and he obtained instant relief. But there is a better instance at hand than either of these. Mr. Gladstone is a man about whose physical vigor there can be no question. Men are known in troublesome times to cavil at his statesmanship, but no one has anything to say against his digestion. Now, as early as the year 1848, Mr. Gladstone formulated to himself rules for chewing food. Previously to that he had always paid great attention to this requirement of nature; but at that date he laid down as a rule for his children that 32 bites should be given to each mouthful of meat, and a somewhat lesser number to bread, fish, etc. It is also known that to get into a habit of following this example is as easy as can be. A little attention paid to it for two days will ensure the duty being unconsciously performed through life, with the most beneficial results. Truly, history turns upon small causes! The philosopher of future ages may busy himself with pondering what the course of the world would have been had that number been 22 instead of 32.

Wheat Should be Eaten as it Grows.

Every physician in this country who is posted on cereal foods knows that wheat, as it grows (except the skin), contains more nutrition than any other food, either cereal, animal or vegetable. It was intended that we should eat wheat as it grows, as we do an apple or potato, all but the skin; but there has never, until recently, been known any possible means or way to make all of the wheat fine: hence the millers have given us nothing but "the beautiful white flour," from which the best or most nutritious part of the wheat is eliminated, or the so-called "graham" flour, a name, title, or brand which causes a multitude of sins. Most of the "graham" flour sold in this country is nothing but a mixture of the lowest grades of wheat flour with bran. No physician who is posted on cereal foods and knows the merits of the entire wheat flour will advise any one to eat graham flour, while every physician in this country and England, who has seen and knows what it is, uses and recommends the entire wheat flour, which fact is explained by a short statement of the way it is made, viz: The wheat is first cleaned in the usual way, then it goes to a machine which takes off the skin or husk; then it is reduced, not ground, by the regular roller process (except purifiers); then, after the separation by bolting of the bran from the white flour, the bran is reduced by special machinery; then by a system of spouting the bran and white flour is brought together and mixed in exactly the same proportion that existed in the berry. The flour is not only much more nutritious than any other, but will assimilate with the weakest stomach, because it is fine and contains all the gluten and phosphates there are in wheat, which can be said of no other flour in the world. It is cheaper than any other because it makes so much more bread, which is explained by the theory of porosity.

Advice to Dyspeptics.

All dyspeptics should avoid anything which they (not others) cannot digest. There are so many causes for and forms of dyspepsia, that it is impossible to prescribe one and the same diet for all. Nothing is more disagreeable or useless than to be cautioned against eating this or that, because your neighbor "So-and-So" cannot eat such

things. If we would all study the nature and digestion of food, and remember that air and exercise are as essential as food in promoting good health, we could easily decide upon the diet best suited to our individual needs. The diabetic should abstain from sugar and anything which is converted into sugar in digestion, such as all starchy foods, fine wheat flour, rice, macaroni, lentils, peas, potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips, peas, beans, old cheese, sweet omelets, custards, jellies, sweet sauces, starchy nuts, wine and liquors. He may eat oysters, all kinds of fish, meat, poultry and game, soups without any starchy thickening, lettuce, cucumbers, watercress, dandelions, young onions, cold salad, olives, cauliflower, spinach, cabbage, string beans, tips of fruit of all kinds without sugar, cream, butter, milk sparingly, gluten flour, dry nuts freely salted, eggs, coffee and cocoa.

The corpulent should abstain from fat as well as sugar and starch. A diet of whole wheat, milk, vegetables, fruits and lean meat will produce only a normal amount of fatness; while an excess of acids, sweets, spices and shortening keeps the system in an unhealthy condition. Those who can digest fine flour, pastry, sugar and fats become loaded with fat, but are neither strong nor vigorous. Thin people with weak digestion should also avoid such food; for thin people are often kept thin by the same food which makes others fat. If they cannot digest the starch, butter and fine flour, the system is kept in a feverish, dyspeptic state; they become nervous or go into consumption for no other reason than that the life is burned out by a diet which only feeds the fire and does not renew the tissues. "Men dig their graves with their teeth; not only by drinking whisky and using tobacco, but by eating food loaded down with inflammatory materials."

Sunlit Rooms.

No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in the dwelling should have the windows so arranged that sometime during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartment. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walks should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by a veil or parasol when the light is too intense.

A sun-bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things can only be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air and sunlit homes, kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is now a well established fact that the people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupation deprives them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the law applies with equal force to every animate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room may be flooded with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses can be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.

Sea Air at Home.

In the *Alepiad*, Dr. Richardson shows how a sick room may be supplied with salt air. A mixture is prepared containing 1 per cent. of ozonic ether, 2½ per cent. of sea salt, and enough iodine to make a saturated solution. Two ounces of the preparation are diffused through the room, at short intervals, by an atomizer. The air is said to have the bracing effect of sea air, and has powerful disinfecting qualities.

Ladies' Department.

Out-door Exercise for Women.

Women in this country do not take sufficient physical exercise; that is to say, those women who are called, properly or improperly, ladies. If they would drop the lady sometimes and go to work like ordinary women they would enjoy much better health than the majority of them do at present.

As a general thing, our ladies make more over walking a couple of miles, than a really English girl, of the same social grade, would do about a tramp of a dozen. How seldom we see these bright, rosy cheeks in this country which are to be met every turn in England. Oh, no! madam, it is not altogether the sea air of the "tight little island" that brings that bloom to the cheeks of her daughters. Why, an English girl in good health would feel the most utter contempt for you if she saw you getting into a street-car to ride, perhaps a quarter of a mile, and the rosy cheeks of the English girl are due, in a very great measure, to her love of out-door exercise and pedestrianism.

The fact is, English girls don't consider it a sign of high breeding and gentility to be pale, flabby-muscled and listless creatures such as the majority of ladies in America are. The English girl considers that God gave her her legs (which she calls "limbs,") to be used for purposes of locomotion, and she uses them for that, and she is all the better in every way for doing so.

"Oh!" we overheard a lady, whose mother is a noble specimen of womanhood, and whose universal satisfaction as a first-rate suburban woman, say, "it is so vulgar to be seen walking, you know, and besides I'm so stout, and I feel such dreadful spasms if I promenade very far; it may be all very well for them as is accustomed to such exercise, but for one brought up as I've bin, it's not to be thought of," and she waved her handkerchief, redolent of patchouli and faded her eyes as though overcome by the very effort of speaking, and, if the truth must be told, this lady was at one time, when she was in her teens, noted for her bodily strength and the immense load of laundry she was able to propel in a sort of gig-cart from her mother's laundry to the houses of her mother's customers; in fact it had been that very symmetry of her well-rounded form which exercise had given, and the roses imparted to her cheeks by hard work, that had ensnared the heart of the really young man who "made her a lady." Of course it would never do for her now to use the muscles with which Nature had so liberally endowed her, and so she affects a lackadaisical air that sits so illy on her. Valgait to be seen walking! Bah! and that is just what people think who don't know any better. We are willing to stake a large sum that if women a-hem! ladies, were to throw off their corsets and walk, where they now ride, some of our physicians would soon notice a marked decrease in their receipts.

Why, what have corsets to do with it? we think we hear some of our fair readers exclaim. A great deal, we reply; and though women will assure you that their corsets are "quite loose," we know very well that such is not the case, but that they have a knack of temporarily contracting their figures so that they can almost make us believe that what they say is true. As long as ladies wear tight stays they will be debarr'd from taking proper exercise, and as long as they are debarr'd from taking a sufficiency of exer-

cise, they will be poor creatures. How on earth can the lungs do their work properly when these horrible corsets so compress the ribs that they do not get the amount of space necessary for the fulfillment of their duties? They can't do it. You don't see a statue meant to be a true representation of the female form divine with a waist like that of a wasp or an hour glass, and why women have concluded that they know better than Nature what a beautiful female form ought to be, is a puzzle.

The sooner the somewhat prevalent feminine notion amongst a certain class that it is "unladylike" to have muscles that are of some use to their owner, and a complexion which they consider as only suitable to a milk-maid, goes out of fashion, the sooner American young ladies will look something like what Nature intended them to be, and what we and all sensible people like to see.

It is not altogether that women are not able to walk if they like, but it is that terrible dread of being considered unfashionable that deters them from putting their legs—yes, legs—to their proper use. As an evidence that this is the case, we will relate what came under our own notice: A lady came out of her house, stopped at the corner of the street and hailed a horse-car; to beguile the monotony of waiting she walked backwards and forwards on the crossing; she waited just fifteen minutes, and during that time she walked six hundred and eighty-five yards, for we watched her, timed her and measured the breadth of the street, and then the street car came along and she rode two blocks and three-quarters! This lady might surely be given as a sample of irrational women mentioned in a former article.

If young ladies would but convince themselves by a regular course of out-of-door exercise and, of course, the eschewing of the use of tight corsets, that our words are words of wisdom and truth, we are sure that they will never regret it.

A Hard Struggle.

A private detective says that the principal cause of dishonesty among shop-girls is their desire to keep up appearances. They like to make a show on the streets and in the ball room. That's where most of my work is done. I never go near the stores. A few lines of memoranda and a few names are sent to me by the superintendent and I go to work. I meet the shop-girl on the street, flirt with her and accompany her home. I dance with her at public balls, I have my eye on her at the theater, I get acquainted with the young men she keeps company with and when necessary procure an introduction to her. In a short time I am familiar with her habits of life. What ever way she may choose to increase her income is nothing to me so long as she does not wrong her, and my, employer. Of course, if her conduct becomes notorious I make suggestions to the superintendent, but my special business is to look for stolen goods. Sometimes a girl will keep an article at home a month before she will dare to wear it in the street or at an evening's entertainment. I know whether she bought it at the store or not, because the girls usually purchase from their employers at a discount and in certain instances a record of their purchases is kept. I watched for a handsome dressing case that had been missing from a girl's counter at least five months. I immediately went with her to her room, but couldn't find it. Finally I discovered it on a booth table in a church fair, and discovered that she was the donor. The superintendent of the store she worked in taxed her with the theft, she confessed and was summarily discharged. That's only one of a hundred instances. Of course petty speculations, such as in gloves, stockings, hair pins and in such things, I don't pretend to keep track of.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Far prettier than the three initials worked on a band for a gentleman's hat, is the newer fancy to make a lining for the hat of silk, and to embroider the initials on it.

Lobster hash makes a nice little dish for supper; chop the meat quite fine, season with pepper and salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, if the entire lobster is used, and moisten with cream. Let it stew slowly for ten or fifteen minutes, stirring it to prevent scorching. Put a thick layer of salted bread crumbs in the bottom of a pudding dish, pour the lobster over it and set in the oven to brown.

A dish which never fails to give satisfaction to young people is made by boiling half a cup of rice. When done and cold, mix it with one quart of sweet milk, the yolks of four eggs, and flour sufficient to make a stiff batter; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir a teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar into the flour, mixing thoroughly; and after all the ingredients are well beaten, put in the whites of the eggs; bake on a griddle in good-sized cakes; spread them while hot with a little butter and then with jam of any kind. They may be rolled up and have the ends cut off smoothly and have powdered sugar scattered over them, or they may be put together like sandwiches, and then have the sugar sprinkled over them.

If flannel dresses of the children are soiled, and at all greasy, add borax to the water in which they are washed. Dissolve a large tablespoonful of borax in a pint of boiling water, put about a third of it in the first suds in which the garment is to be washed, another in the next water, and the rest of it in the rinsing water; shake the garments thoroughly before hanging them up to dry.

A very nice sauce to eat with game is made of figs chopped very fine, and then stewed gently with a little vinegar, sugar, and spice; a small lump of butter adds richness.

Brown bread cut into slices and fried in ham gravy makes a good addition to a dish of ham and eggs.

The best receipt for corn bread that I have ever seen is here given: Beat two eggs, the whites and yolks separately, take one pint of sour milk or buttermilk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, warmed so it will mix readily with the other ingredients; a little salt. Mix all these together well with the exception of the whites of the eggs. Put two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda, absolutely free from lumps, into a pint of corn meal and sift and stir them into the milk, etc.; then after beating the whites of the eggs, add them also. Butter a pan thoroughly, and bake in a moderate oven.

It is said that mushrooms may be turned white by putting them into lemon juice and water; this is desirable when they are to be used in white sauce to serve with fowls; but it is doubtful whether this would apply to canned mushrooms.

A good sauce to go with plain fruit puddings is made by mixing one cup of brown sugar, one cup of best molasses, half a cup of butter, one large teaspoonful of flour; add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, half a nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of cloves and cinnamon. When these are all stirred together, add a teacup of boiling water; stir it constantly, put it into a saucepan, and let it boil until clear.

A wholesome dish for dessert is made by soaking half a pint of tapioca all night in a little more than half a pint of cold water. Put a thick layer of canned peaches in the bottom of a pudding-dish, leaving out the syrup; sprinkle sugar over the peaches, and then put into the oven to become hot; add half a pint of the peach syrup to the tapioca, half a teacupful of sugar, and as much water as is needed to thin the tapioca; let this boil until it is perfectly clear, then pour over the peaches and bake for half an hour. When cold serve with sugar and cream.

Here is an excellent rule for Iceland-moss jelly: Soak four tablespoonfuls of the moss in cold water enough to cover it; it should

soak for at least an hour. Then stir it into a quart of boiling water, and simmer gently until it dissolves; strain, sweeten to taste, flavor with the juice of two lemons and a glass of wine; strain into moulds, and it will cool in a very short time. This is nutritious, and is good for one suffering from a cold.

A pretty scent catchet is made of a piece of bristol board about twelve inches long and eight wide; in the centre of this is pasted a little flat cushion about eight inches long and four wide; this is covered with pink satin. A pretty decoration for this is the figure of a milk-maid painted upon it; then put a spray of flowers on the card, beginning at the bottom and letting it come up the sides of the card and around it so that the spray shall end over the milk-maid's head on the satin. This may be hung on the wall beside the toilet table and disperse sweetness through the room.

A pretty cover for the piano-stool is made of a square of felt. It should have fringe around the edge, either sew'd on or made by slashing the edge of the felt. The ornamentation is of velvet ribbon put on in lines to form squares; the ends should be painted, and the edges of the velvet may be fastened down with fancy stitches in bright embroidery silk. Or a border of satin ribbon may be put on; put a square of the ribbon in each corner, and then a plain strip of the ribbon with the ends pointed where they join the squares. This, too, may be made very ornamental by the addition of embroidery.

The latest crazy patchwork is very delicate and yet elaborate, and is seen on pin-cushion covers and for robes for the baby's carriage (where it really does not seem exactly suitable). A willow chair with the back covered with it, and a cushion also, has a broad strip around the lower part of the chair, and this strip is finished with a deep and heavy fringe; it makes a bright and fanciful addition to the parlor furniture, and is especially handsome if made entirely of velvet and plush pieces, with innumerable stitches in silk.

The happy owner of a cow can always provide some dish for dessert upon short notice. Here are directions for a "trifle." Cut several slices of sponge cake into small pieces of regular shape, say an inch square; put them into a deep china bowl, cover with a rich boiled custard, reserving the whites of the eggs to whip for the top, or if the cow produces cream, use the whites of the eggs in the custard and whip a pint of cream for the top of the bowl; flavor with vanilla and sweeten slightly; add the sugar while whipping the cream.

Procession of the Bride in Cairo.

Friday is the fortunate day for Moslem weddings in Egypt. One is pretty sure to come across the procession of the bride at some time or other during that day in the Mooske, Cairo. The shrill note of the Arabian pipe announces its approach. If it is a bride of an opulent family, a little army of pantomimists is pressed into the service, as much to amuse the spectators as to do honor to the occasion. First we have the two rustics, who are never omitted from a "fantasia" of this kind, cudgelling, or rather pretending to cudgel, each other with quarter staves. Then comes a clown mounted on a camel, beating lustily two kettle-drums, while a melancholy looking jester, with cap and bells complete, mounted on a sorry jade, is scattering stale jokes among the bystanders. There are circus riders, too, in tight and spangles; water-carriers clanking their little brass saucers, and ready to fill them gratuitously for any one in the crowd who asks; a man with a vessel containing rose-water, which he sprinkles now and then on either side of him, and a bevy of young, white-veiled maidens, walking two and two, all preceding the little bundle of cashmere shawls and petticoats shuffling along under a silken canopy. More players playing strange stringed instruments, and more drummers beating drums, close the procession, which, and cries of warning directed right and left to ladies on their donkeys and sheiks in their slippers, squeezes its way through the tooming streets.

"Can't we all go this way?" asks she, glancing at him demurely, at which his countenance falls. A wild hope that she would be alone with him is at once smitten in the bud. "Can't we?" she says again, appealing prettily to Monica; "see, it is so much nicer than the dusty road."

"So it is," returns Mrs. Desmond. "Yes, it will be quite a short cut to Coole."

"Fields are the homes of wild bulls," says Mr. Browne, as if reading from a book,—"in more expressive language, their 'happy hunting grounds.' Bulls have horns; horns hurt. I can't bear running for my life in wet weather; can you, Manuring?"

Mr. Manuring, who is short-sighted, having carefully creased a glass into his best eye, gazes apprehensively over the field.

"I don't see any animal anywhere," he says, complacently. "I think we may venture."

"You can't have known many bulls," remarks Mr. Browne, regretfully. "You can't have studied them, as I have, or you could understand their tendency to lurk. They are lying in ambush now, somewhere, to catch us unawares. You won't know where they are," says Dicky, waxing confidential, "until you feel the horns. It will be a trifle late then."

"But where, my dear fellow, could they be hiding-place in the bare fields?" says Manuring, impatiently.

"Behind those willows, down there in that far corner. Do you see it? That"—prophetically—"is a place where they would remain hidden for hours, waiting for their chance." Here he starts. "Eh? What? Did I see anything more just then?" he asks, in a tone of abject terror.

"Oh, nothing nothing," says Mr. Manuring, testily. Then, fixing his glass on the bushes, mildly, "The road isn't so very dusty after all, is it?"

"Not very," says Miss Beresford, hoping devoutly he may take to it. He is evidently ill at ease. Every moment of his life spent in that town has been heretofore spent in Paris or Rome, so that country lore is new to him; and he finds nothing worthy of disinterested in the idea of ten or more wild bulls congregated together in a careful corner, ready to rush out upon and devour the untimely passer by.

"What dreadful nonsense you talk, Dicky!" says Mrs. Desmond. "See, here is a stile: let us get into the field." It is nothing much of a stile, but still is of sufficiently intricate construction to render a good deal of help necessary to get the girls over it. There are, too, steps only on the road side, and nothing to be done when you get to the top of it but to take an energetic jump into the field below, or else trust oneself to somebody's arms.

Vera, springing lightly to its upper step with the childish vivacity that is so great a part of her charm, is taken down bodily by Mr. Burke, who lingers over this most congenial task as long as he dares.

The others follow suit. Doris (who is the last to enter the field), watching them, feels a strange dull pain at her heart. They all care for (or at least are cared for by) somebody; she alone knows no answering heart. She sees the light in General Burke's eyes as he looks at little Vera, and envies her with all her soul. She marks the tender lightening of Brian Desmond's arms around his pretty wife, as with gentle care he brings her to his side, lest her feet should come with undue force against the grassy ground. Over Kit she can see that Drabara and Mr. Manuring are having a polite but bitter wrangle, and now some little word from Monica decides the day in favor of Manuring, who walks off with his reluctant prize.

"May I help you?" says Lord Clontarf, differently, as she makes a step forward toward the stile. Even as he says this Dicky Browne, coming suddenly to her side, makes the same request. Some unaccountable impulse impels her to refuse the offer.

"Thank you, Dicky," she says; "Donat will give me his hand." The moment after she would have given all the world to retract these words, but it is too late. Dicky has turned and is running after Desmond, and Clontarf is left alone with her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many, not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

The True History of a London Gamester.

Mr. Thomas Porter, one of the finest wits and most popular coffee-house loungers of the days of Queen Anne, was equally famous for his wealth and his insatiate love of gaming. In the prime of his short sad life, he possessed one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland, England, the fee of which, in less than twelve months, he lost at hazard.

The last night of his career, when he had just completed the wicked work, and was stopping downstairs to throw himself into his carriage, which waited at the door of a well-known house, he suddenly went back into the room where his friends were assembled, and insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one chance of recovery, or fight with him.

His proposition was this:—That his carriage, trinkets, and loose money in his pocket; his townhouse, plate, and furniture, should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown for at a single cast. No persuasions could prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw, and—lost! All eyes were turned upon him to see what he would do or say. Conducting the winner to the door, he told the coachman that was his master, and heroically marched forth without house, home, or any one creditable source of support.

He retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity; sometimes acting as the substitute of a marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as helper at a livery stable.

In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries.

He expended five in procuring decent apparel, with the other five he repaired to a common gaming house, and increased them to fifty; he then adjourned to White's (a famous club-house), set down with his former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds. Returning next night he lost it all, and after subsisting many years in abject and sordid penury, died, a ragged beggar, at a pony lodging in St. Giles.

Human Trees.

A most ingenious device to escape capture is that known by the Bheel robbers of India. It often happens that a band of these marauders are pursued by mounted Englishmen, and, unable to reach the jungle, find themselves about to be overtaken upon one of those open plains which have been cleared by fire, the only shelter in sight being the blackened trunks or leafless branches of small trees that perished in the flames. For men so skilled in posturing this is shelter enough. Quickly divesting themselves of their scanty clothing, they scatter it with their plunder in small piles over the plain, covering them with their round shields, so that they have the appearance of lumps of earth and attract no attention. This accomplished, they snatch up a few sticks, throw their bodies into a contorted position, and stand stand or crouch immovable until their unsuspecting enemies have galloped by. When all is safe, they quickly pick up their spoil and proceed upon their way. The Rev. J. D. Woods writes of these marvellous mimics as follows:—"Before the English had become used to these manoeuvres, a very ludicrous incident occurred. An officer with a party of horse was chasing a small body of Bheel robbers, and was fast overtaking them. Suddenly the robbers ran behind a rock or some such obstacle, which hid them for a moment, and, when the soldiers came up, the men had mysteriously disappeared. After an unavailing search, the officer ordered his men to dismount beside a clump of scorched and withered trees; and, the day being very hot, he took off his helmet and hung it on a branch by which he was standing. The branch in question turned out to be the leg of a Bheel, who burst into a scream of laughter and flung the astonished officer to the ground. The clump of scorched trees suddenly became metamorphosed into men, and the whole party dispersed into different directions before the Englishmen could recover from their surprise, carrying with them the officer's helmet by way of trophy."

About Tooth-Pulling.

A man was standing in front of a dentist's office the other day, with an anxious, unhappy look in his eyes, and twelve yards of flannel round his lower jaw. He cast sorrowful glances upwards to the dentist's sign, and in a hesitating sort of way placed his foot on the lower stair, then came out to the street again, as if he had forgotten something. Col. Solon came along at that moment, and with a thoughtful interest in the man's welfare said:

"Toothache, eh? Goin' to have it pulled? Ever had a tooth pulled? No? Well, you'd better go right up afore your courage fails you. Worst thing in the world is pullin' a tooth. I've been through the war, had both lungs shot away, fifteen bullets in my head, and doctors run a probe through a hole in my shoulder right down through my body to my toe—thought it 'twould kill me. But, man alive, I never know what pain was till I had a tooth pulled. Maybe you think the toothache is horrible. It is! It's awful. But wait till the dentist runs them iron tongs in your mouth, pushes the tooth right down through your jaw-bone, and then yanks away as if he was pulling on an old hand engine, and yer'll think the toothache ain't no more to be compared to it than a flea bite is to a railroad accident. Yer had better go right up through, and have it out. Don't let anything I said cause yer to back out. I merely wanted to prepare yer mind for it. An' don't take ether. Knew a man once, about your complexion and build, who took ether an' he died. It's dangerous. Jest go right up an' have it out. I'll go up with yer, and see how yer stand it when he begins twistin' the bones round. Yer won't sleep a wink to-night if yer don't have it out; an' maybe yer won't anyhow, for sometimes the tooth breaks the jaw inflammatory rheumatism strikes the wha-tis-its-name nerve, and the wha-the-y-call-it sets in."

Just at this moment, a young man practising on a French horn in one of the upper rooms blew a long, ear-piercing blast, like the yell of a man in agony, and as the last sound echoed through the hall, the colonel said, "That's it, there's some one gettin' a tooth pulled now, an' the dentist hasn't any more than just given the first twist either. Come right up an' have yours pulled. Whoop! there he goes again!" as another terrific blast from the horn came down the staircase. "Hold on, hold on!" yelled the colonel—but he wasn't quick enough to stop the man with the aching tooth, who rushed out of the doorway and down the street so fast that his two yards of flannel became unwound and streamed behind him like signals of danger—while the old colonel sat down on the lower step and laughed till his eyes ached.

White and Red Meats.

White meats contain a smaller percentage of nitrogenous substances than the red ones, and are therefore less nutritious. They are, however, as a rule, more digestible, and so are well suited for invalids. The flesh of the common fowl and turkey are examples among birds. The flesh of reptiles, as that of the turtle—which is esteemed an article of luxury—of the batrachia, as frogs, and of fishes, except the salmon, of crustacea, as crabs, lobsters, shrimps, etc., of molluscs, as oysters and mussels, and even of lower animals, as sea-anemones, is included under this head. The flesh of most fish is very digestible, the chief exceptions being fish like the mackerel and eel, of which the flesh contains a considerable proportion of fat. Generally speaking, the flesh of fish is more digestible when boiled or broiled than when fried, on account of the fat used in the latter process. The flesh of crabs and lobsters is so hard and closely packed to be easily digested; while oysters, if eaten raw, are exceedingly digestible, though when cooked they form a hard leathery mass which resists the action of the gastric juice. Mussels, for some reason or another, occasionally have poisonous qualities; and the eating of almost any shell-fish in excess is apt to produce disorders of the digestive apparatus, frequently accompanied with nettlerash on the surface of the body.

One Touch of Nature.

What strange creatures men are! Take John Howson, for instance. He is, probably, the most finished artist in American comedy; he is a high-salaried man, and is accustomed to applause and compliments wherever he appears. Yet he was going around yesterday exhibiting a crumpled sheet of paper with as much delight as if it had been a certified check for \$10,000 instead of an incoherent letter written in the hieroglyphics of a little boy. The letter read in this wise—only the characters were rude and ill-proportioned, some as lean as Pharaoh's kino and others as plethoric as an ideal alderman's paunch:

MY—DEAR—P A
PAP—I A M A T H
OM—M R—HUNT
LEY—BROOG H T
ME—"WO—WHIT
E—MICE—IN A C
I G A R—B O X .
S N O O K S A N D
D O D D Y—IS W E L L .
G O O D B Y—G U S S I
E—H O W S O N .

In addition to these printed words there were curious designs scrawled on the sheet of paper—such designs as could have been born only in the imagination and executed only by the unskilled hand of a child; there were pictures of sea-gulls, dogs, cats, ships and horses, and last, but not least, the genius of the little artist had fairly lavished its wealth upon a marvellous portrait of one of the white mice he had written about. The strange part of it all was that, while other people might not have recognized these objects, Mr. Howson knew them at a glance, and his eyes could read between the lines of the letter and all over the white spaces around the quaint pictures, and there was pathos and tragedy in it all, and it was the old, old story of the parent heart and the baby hand.

Mr. Howson's little letter is not the only bit of pathetic comedy of this kind. Every great railway train that goes thundering across the continent carries a burden of these precious missives. What hearts they cheer, what lofty purposes they sustain, what better and purer lives they inspire—who can say? Women's trunks are full of such tender solaces, to be wept over when the heart aches and to be kissed when the house seems dark and lonesome; men carry them in their pockets, and treasure them, and feel the good expand in their souls all the while. It is all very strange, but there are sweet, subtle things about these human hearts of ours we are content to know and do not understand.

A soft cotton called China crape, with tiny raised figures, will be worn next season.

It is a good rule to accept only such medicines as have, after long years of trial, proved worthy of confidence. This is a case where other people's experience may be of great service, and it has been the experience of thousands that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best cough medicine ever used.

In the new cotton fabrics intended for Summer wear, light colors predominate.

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

For silk and wool dresses a little velvet used as collar and cuffs is a great improvement.

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N.S., writes: "I was completely prestrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild-fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

Stripes of all widths will again be worn, but not so fashionably as plaids and checks.

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunu, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 28 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year. Advertising rates:—30 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line. TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment of 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 held responsible until arrearages are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 30 pages, issued about the 25th of each month, for following month, 60 cents per year, 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:—60 cents per single line, one month, \$1.50 per line; three months, \$3.25 per line; six months, \$4.90 per line; twelve months, \$10.00 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. 162 St. James St., O. R. Wilson, Manager. WINNIPEG, MAN.—No. 920 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 date. Advertisements inserted in any paper published in Canada at publishers' lowest rates. As we pay "spot" cash for all orders sent to publishers, and the class of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other. Publishers will kindly send their papers for filing regularly. Do not advertise till you get our quotations. S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following persons have acknowledged receipt of prizes in TRUTH and LADIES' JOURNAL competitions:—Mrs. H. Nisbet, Port Elgin; Daniel Harper, Conroy Laphor, Donegal, Ireland; William Mitchell, Salem; J. H. Westman, 119 Bay St., Toronto; S. Wallace, Portage La Prairie, Man.; G. McCulloch, Mount Forest; A. C. Chase, Upper Brighton, N. B.; M. Adams, 143 Kingston Road; Eleanor T. Jenkin, Kingston; Mrs. C. Sevier, Jordan; Mrs. E. J. Tuer, Port Hope; Henry C. Disney, Halesboro; Wm. Lockwood, Indian Head; M. Hungerford, Strathroy; Daniel A. McIntosh, Wentworth.

KIND WORDS.

ENNA HARRIS, Fortune, Ont.—I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful silver tea service awarded me as a competition prize. I am really delighted with it, as it much exceeds even my expectations. I wish you every success.

JOHN H. NOONAN, Customs, St. Johns, Newfoundland.—I must say that I like TRUTH first class, and deem it well worth the money invested, irrespective of all prize considerations.

Two weeks ago a TRUTH prize watch was sent to J. H. Flagg, Esq., Police Magistrate of Mitchell, Ont., for a story sent, and we have received from him an acknowledgment from which the following is extracted:—"I must say that the fine gold watch received far surpasses anything I anticipated. My wonder is how you can afford to give such valuable prizes. One of our watch dealers here asked me what you valu-

ed the watch at, and when I told him he replied that it was very little, if anything, over estimated." To every person to whom a prize has been awarded for a story a similar gold watch has been sent. Scarcely an acknowledgment has been received. Will the recipients do the publisher the fairness and courtesy to send some kind of an acknowledgment?

Notice to Prize Winners.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and the nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize winners omit to send the amount required for postage or packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows:—sewing machines, \$2.00; guns and tea-services, \$1.50; baby-carriages and clocks, 50 cents; dress-goods, 30 cents; watches, 25 cents; books, spoons, and handkerchiefs, 12 cents; butter knives and pickle forks, 6 cents.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A GOOD GUARANTEE.

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

The following Bible Questions are proposed:

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

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

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

THE REWARDS.

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

FIRST SERIES.—All correct answers from one to six hundred.

SECOND SERIES.—Correct answers from six hundred to the middle answer.

THIRD SERIES.—From middle answer of the whole lot.

FOURTH SERIES.—Consolation awards to the last two hundred received.

WHAT IS NOW OFFERED.

The first reward in each of above series will be \$100 in gold.

The second reward in each series will be \$50 in gold.

The third reward in each series will be a genuine solid gold watch, positively from the very best makers.

The fourth reward in each series will be a fine, ten-stop cabinet organ, (worth about \$250.)

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

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

For all other correct answers in Third and Fourth Series a volume of fiction, averaging about 200 pages each.

HOW AWARDS ARE MADE.

In every instance when an answer is received it is at once numbered in the order it came in, booked and filed, and at the close the correct answers are carefully selected and rewards are given, no matter to whom or to where they go. There is positively no deviation from this rule. All may be assured of this. The Prime Minister or the President must take his chances equally with the school boy, or the Miss of ten years.

HOW TO SEND.

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

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

A valuable reward will be given to everyone correctly answering the Bible questions. Besides this you are sure to get TRUTH for four months for the dollar sent and that alone is well worth the money. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present readers assuring the publisher that they would not be without TRUTH for many times the subscription price. TRUTH is a Weekly Magazine of current literature, containing 28 large and well-printed pages each week, of such original and select matter as will suit every taste, and not in the slightest degree objectionable to any, but of a high moral tone. Address, plainly, S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Canada.

LITERARY NOTICES

The fifth volume of "Outing," a Boston magazine, comes to a close with the March numbers, and hereafter the publication is to be enlarged and improved in all its features. The list of contributors to "Outing" comprises many names of well-known and able writers, and the high standing of this periodical will doubtless be as well sustained in the future as in the past. The March number contains a leading paper on "A Winter in Sono-a," by Sylvester Baxter, the illustrations being by E. H. Garrett; "The Evolution of Canoeing," in which the modern canoe is thoroughly discussed and models compared; "Drowned Lands of New Jersey," and many other most entertaining and instructive papers, the leading article being an appeal to the New York Legislature on behalf of Niagara Falls. The price of "Outing" will be raised to \$3 per annum on the publication of the April issue.

Music and Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The first three nights of last week Joaquin Miller's new drama, "Tally Ho," was produced. We are disposed to think that the daily papers of this city were just a little too harsh in their judgment and criticisms of this play. The piece was in some respects fully equal to the poet's former efforts in play-writing, and if the low German character had been allowed to stay east instead of going out west, the piece would be very passable indeed. The last three nights of the week "Three Wives to One Husband" held the boards. This is an exceedingly funny comedy, and drew well, as French plays usually do.

MONTFORD'S MUSEUM.—The Juvenile Opera Co., which was at this theatre last week, captured the Toronto people. The little folks are exceedingly clever, and those who did not attend any of the performances missed a really good thing.

HORTICULTURAL PAVILLION.—The Choral Society's concert on Thursday evening last was an event which many had been looking forward to with considerable interest. The audience which assembled in the Pavillion was large and appreciative, and the rendering of the oratorio of Samson more than realized the expectations of those present. There were many things which contributed to the success of this concert. In the first place there was an excellent orchestra, the soloists were fully equal to the demands of the piece, and the choruses were sung with that confidence and firmness which is only begotten of persistent and thorough practice. Mr. Winch, as Samson, was almost perfect. His voice is rich, full and clear, and captivated the listener at once, whilst his dramatic interpretation of the piece carries the imagination to the scenes and surroundings of the character portrayed. Miss Ryan produced almost a sensation in her rendition of *Mecah*. In some of the solos she was very impressive, showing a dramatic power and capacity for interpretation rarely equalled. Mrs. Bradley sang "Let the Bright Seraphim" with much feeling, and well sustained her reputation as an excellent soloist. An exceedingly pleasing feature of the entertainment was the fact that almost the entire audience remained until the close of the performance. This was very noticeable for a Toronto audience, and showed that the people were either more appreciative and considerate than usual, or the concert was more than ordinarily interesting and entertaining.

An Early Morning Scene in Japan.

We began to have faint glimpses of the landscape over which the soft grey dawn was now shedding a cold, silvery radiance, that seemed to owe nothing to the sun. We were dashing along a vast and fertile plain, through which roll several broad branches of the grand river which pour itself into the bay of Yedo, at the city which used to bear that name. This great, flat, loamy, garden-like expanse was gleaming with golden patches of the sesamum orientale—very like the mustard plant—which filled the air with a somewhat heavy but agreeable odour not unlike honey. Sometimes a bright purple flush of wild clover broke in strikingly through the monotonous check tartan of green and yellow; or a pool of water, dotted with broad lotus leaves or quivering with frogs, flashed its glory through broad blades of blooming iris. Everywhere the poor hard-wrought peasants, in preposterous umbrellas hats, and literally thatched with straw, which made them look when stooping exactly like porcupines, were damming up runnels of water for their ricefields, or trying to urge sluggish and most unpicturesque oxen to drag a wooden plough through the stiff clods. It was curious to observe that this most primitive-looking engine was exactly like the ancient *peleon* of the Greeks, yet telegraph-posts were near enough for the wearied oxen to rub themselves on, while not many miles away you might see the steam plough at work. Such is modern Japan.

NOTI... E. H. H... our quest... day, but v... R. L. T... of TRUTH... pen to hav... date you v... J. S. A... refer to ar... complicate... directions... course is t... your case... E. R.,... often as y... the subscr... We positiv... on any oth... G. E. J... m et your... competitor... treated all... alive or fa... wishes, bu... Your ans... were still i... award... S. Rich... winter is k... for the sum... the latter... one. If... January t... tween Jan... would be... which it fe... 1885 G... R. D.,... State of M... Jan sub li... el, "Sho... stood und... Old St... think fur m... it black... The follo... is told of... justice, th... eale. Wl... cantine ga... of the great... of the concl... allow cand... attendant li... re supple... getting ob... ren order... really ex... blood upo... ed exclaim... to the ho... of the cor... This i... e threw be... ble, and in... of the daint... neck, how... ance suff... ze of the r... vicinity had... mine 'ta... itation se... ed choosin... and himse... e captions... an exam... able feat... om doing... itape it... taneous a... able, wh... ride with... didious... thing an... In studyi... a shortcor... faces of... sea. We cannot... than... who... fira be... even. It is in va... has not... e body, i... ing upon

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. E. BUTLER.—Thanks for your ingenious questions. They may be used some day, but we cannot do so now.

R. L. T., Massena, N. Y.—Back numbers of TRUTH are cheerfully sent when we happen to have them. There were none of the date you wished, however.

J. S., Armadale, Ont.—Cases such as you refer to are often too serious and too much complicated to be met by any general medical directions. By far the wisest and best course is to consult a reliable doctor and put your case in his hands.

E. R., Montreal.—You can compete as often as you like for the various prizes, but the subscription fee must accompany each. We positively cannot afford any such prizes on any other conditions.

G. E. J., Mill Cove.—We cannot possibly meet your wishes about your story. Every competitor, without any exception, must be treated alike. There is positively no partiality or favor. Would like to meet your wishes, but cannot under the circumstances. Your answer received in time, but others were still more entitled to the consolation award.

S. RICHARDSON, Hamilton.—The present winter is known as that of 1884 and 1885 for the simple reason that it extends from the latter end of last year into the present one. If the winter months were from January to July, or any other months between January and December, the winter would be called the winter of the year in which it fell. Next winter will be that of 1885-6.

R. D., Amherstburg.—The motto of the State of Massachusetts, "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem," may be translated, "She seeks peaceful quiet with the sword under liberty."

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Kingsville.—A white silk fur may be rendered darker by dyeing it black.

The Way to do It.

The following highly characteristic story told of the eccentric Grand-Duke Constantine, the late Czar Alexander's eldest son. While residing at Warsaw, Constantine gave a splendid banquet to a number of the great Polish nobles, to each of whom, at the conclusion of the feast, an ordinary tallow-candle was served on a plate by the attendant lackeys. As soon as all his guests were supplied with these peculiarly unappetizing objects, the Grand-Duke, who had previously ordered that an imitation candle, admirably executed in marchpano, should be placed upon his plate, rose from his seat and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, let us eat, to the honor of Russia, the favorite national comestible of my country. Look at this. This is the way to do it." So saying, he threw back his head, opened his mouth wide, and inserted therein two inches or so of the dainty in question. As he closed his mouth, however, the expression of his countenance suffered an extraordinary change. One of the noblemen sitting in his immediate vicinity had contrived to substitute his own genuine tallow-candle for the marchpano imitation set before the Grand-Duke, who, choosing to betray himself to his guests, had himself condemned to chew at least a couple of mouthfuls of good Russian tallow, as an example to all the victims of his despicable jest, none of whom dared to abstain from doing as the terrible Constantine did. Perhaps it is needless to say that the wretched appropriator of the marchpano candle, while devouring that toothsome article with a joyful heart, baffled suspicion by hideous visual contortions, expressive of sickness and nausea.

The studying character do not be blind to the shortcomings of a warm friend or the glances of a bitter enemy.—[Whitehall] We cannot hardly make a greater mistake than to imagine those have most who have least sorrow, or have who beat in what is most like them. It is in vain for any one to speak of divine things without something of divine affections. It has not been able to prevail upon himself to be holy, and no marvel if he fail in prevailing upon others.

Exchange Department.

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

A rare gold coin, a spade guinea, for the b-at offer in three weeks. Address J. J. W., 167 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

A printing-press (chase 2 by 3) with two fonts of type, for the best offer of a polytypion or magic lantern. WILLIAM LOFF, Box 1914, New York City.

A pretty colored card, for a postmark from Mexico or Japan; 2 cards, for a stamp from Honolulu, Brazil, Hong Kong, Japan, Guatemala, Nicaragua, China, Australia, or East Indies. RANSOM BRACKETT, Box 701, Coldwater, Mich.

I will exchange 1 Belgium stamp twenty-centimes; one two-centime, one one-centime, one Cape Good Hope penny, for one Philippine Island, rose color, 1880, and one Ceylon two-cent, 1872, brown color. ARTHUR DAVIET, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

I have a copy of the life of Walter Savage Landor, in good condition, which I would like to exchange for a year's numbers of some magazine or story paper. Hallou's or Arther's, or N. Y. Fireside Companion, preferred. Best offer accepted. Write A. J. Cole, Bradford, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Steam engine and boiler, about 1 1/2 horse-power, boiler made of copper, cost when new \$100, guaranteed safe and sound, with safety valve, trycocks, etc. Would exchange for first-class new row-boat, or Race Lake canoe, delivered here. Might trade for some other article; make me an offer. Address Box 240, Brockville, Ont.

One gain twist rifling machine, in good working order, has wood leader and steel floating rod, with clamp and set screw to hold barrel, is gauged to cut three, four, five, six or eight grooves. Will exchange for bees, high-class poultry, or for offers. Also, one nickel plated, 22 calibre revolver, in good shooting order and good shooter. Will exchange for books or for offers. All communications answered. H. TANSWILL, Garrattsville, Ontago Co., N. Y.

I have a Cremonese long range rifle, "E. Remington and Son," pistol grip, ventur and wind gauge sights, spirit level and two extra diaks. Would like to exchange for good Bb cornet or baritone and well-bound books, or any useful articles. I won rifle as first prize in one competition of Nova Scotia Provincial Rifle Association, where it was valued at \$80.00. It is in good order. Have never used it. Correspondence solicited. ROBERT GASS, Shubwacade, Nova Scotia, Canada.

I have an amateur photographic outfit (which cost \$14 a year ago), consisting of a camera for taking pictures 3 1/2 by 4 1/2 inches, 1 acromatic lens, 1 double dry plate holder, tripod, printing frame instruction book, etc. Also a collection of over 400 postage stamps, valued at \$5.00, including 25 varieties of old Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and other rare stamps. Also a patent screw extension hand bracket-saw, the best made, and as good as new, which cost \$2.50. All of which I will exchange for a good double or single breaching gun, 10 or 12 bore, or for a good printing-press, with type and outfit, size of chase not less than 4 by 6 inches, or for a stem-winding silver watch in good running order. Accepted offers answered. Address H. W. HANINGTON, care of Hon. D. L. Hanington, Q.C., Dorchester, New Brunswick.

A Useful Article.

An umbrella and a cane case is as useful a thing to hang on the inside of a closet door as is a shoebag, and it is built on the same general plan. Heavy linen or a thick towelling with a finish like momic cloth is the material used, and about a yard and a quarter will be needed; but it is better not to buy it in the piece, but select it all stamped at the fancy goods store, as there is then no waste. Upon a black ground, a little over a yard in length, is fastened two long, narrow pockets about thirty inches in length, into which the umbrellas can be slipped. This front part is in one piece, wider than the back so as to give the necessary fullness, hand stitched down on the back through the middle to make the two divisions. A lining for the back, of lasting or satin in some harmonious color, a binding of braid and two loops at the top complete the article. The designs which are at the top of the back piece and down the front of each pocket are pretty, varied, and appropriate, and are embroidered in solid work, or are outlined in stem stitch, or braided as preferred.

The adversities of many furnish success for the few.

Wherever men are struggling and striving and suffering, be sure that the life of Christ is there. For He does not wrap Himself up in His Heavenly home, and look out of the window only, upon this far-off earth; He lives in our nature.

Weather Changes Foretold By Actions of Animals.

The behavior of some animals has long been known as a means of predicting the coming changes of the weather. The lower animals are more significant in this respect than others of a higher organization. Thus snails and frogs are more susceptible of changes in the weather than birds, and it is well known that swallows, peacocks, geese, and other birds, and pigs and some other animals exhibit very conspicuous signs of an approaching change. Snails drink by imbibing moisture through tubercles in the skin, and some time before rain these tubercles are extended and become quite protuberant. Some snails change color from yellow to blue, others climb trees and get on the leaves, on the upper side if the rain is to be long. Swallows fly low just before rain, skimming the ground or the surface of ponds or rivers; blue jays and peacocks cry loudly and persistently; geese act as if washing themselves in water, and "squawk" with great vigor; ants rush hither and thither as if greatly excited; frogs croak clamorously; gnats gather in clouds under trees; pigs squeak and carry bunches of straws in their mouths to make up their beds; dogs curl up and go to sleep; cats lie with their backs to the fire; flies even exhibit greater animosity in teasing their victims, and mosquitoes and gnats are greater tormentors than ever at other times. Even people feel restless and irritable, and rheumatics feel twinges in their joints and limbs, and old wounds and even amputated limbs suffer severe nervous pains. The reason of it is doubtless due to the greater rarity or lightness of atmosphere which precedes the advent of a storm and the fall of rain, and in some cases also to the special influence of electrical action.

The Sentry at Khartoum.

Death was Gen. Gordon's kindest friend. For many years he had anticipated it as a merciful deliverance from a life of unremitting toil and agony of mind and body. When he was in Abyssinia, King Johannes said to him: "Do you know that I could kill you on the spot if I liked?" "Well," replied Gen. Gordon, "I am ready!" "What! ready to be killed?" "Certainly, I am always ready to die; and so far from fearing your putting me to death, you would confer a favor on me by so doing, for you would be doing for me that which I am precluded by my religious scruples from doing for myself—you would deliver me from all the troubles and misfortunes which the future day may have in store for me." The treacherous black who stabbed him in the back as he was leaving the palace to rally his troops at Khartoum did what King Johannes, abashed by the patience and fortitude of his prisoner, was ashamed to countenance.

Moral Character.

There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man, as a good moral character. It is his wealth—his influence—his life. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every condition, and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than anything else on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool—no crouching cyclophant—no treacherous honor-seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life, never should we find them yielding to the grovelling and baseborn purposes of human nature.

He who can collect and arrange his thoughts, to whom Heaven has granted a dispassionate nature, who enters without hatred or love into the great questions of this world with all rational beings on his side, must gain the victory or perish; but, dying thus, at least he dies in good company.

Wit.

When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something more than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit; wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavor of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.—Sidney Smith.

Facts Relating to the Draft Horses of France.

While some people in America call all horses imported from France Normans, it is a fact that there is no breed in France called by that name by the French people; the name Norman, therefore, is purely American. The principal breeds of France are known as Percheron, and Boulonnais. The Percherons are the most highly prized of all French races, and all departments of France go to the Perche for stallions to improve their local breeds. The Percheron Stud Book of France is published under the authority of the French Government and admits only animals of pure Percheron origin and birth, established by their pedigree and the pedigree of their ancestors for generations. The fact that no records of France can be furnished with any of the more common breeds of France, explains the eagerness of many importers in insisting that all horses imported from France are alike, and that pedigrees are useless.

It is a well known fact that what a man gives for a horse over from \$500 to \$800—the price of a good grade—is paid for purity of blood; and where the seller is not able to give the recorded pedigree of the animal sold as evidence of additional value, he has no right to ask it. With these facts before him, an intelligent man will buy a horse imported from France unless he is recorded with his pedigree in full in the stud book in France, and the importer furnishes with his bill of sale the French certificate of registration, as this is his only guarantee of safety, a large number of horses of unknown blood being imported to this country and sold as pure bred.

Pennmakers are a bad set. They make people steel pens and they say they do write.

Young Men! Read This.

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

The difference between home and a boarding house is that at one they have pillow-shams and at the other they have sham pillows.

What! Limping Yet?

Why should you go limping around when PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR will remove your corns in a day. It will give almost instant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Be sure you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor, made by Polson & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and in it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, painless.

CATARH—A NEW TREATMENT.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of CATARRH out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioners are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living bacteria in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adopted his cure to their extermination. This accomplished the catarrh practically cured, and the organisms are mentioned as being effected by him four years ago are cured still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure for the majority of cases. Inured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & CO., 25 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, for their pamphlet for their treatment of Catarrh. Star

Good terminal facilities—A pair of stout boots.

A SINGULAR ACCUSATION.

SENT BY GARRIE A. WOODS, BRANTFORD, ONT.

(CONCLUDED)

I was still chuckling over the thought of how the thief had been "sold," when once more there was a footstep on the stairs. No doubt about its being Isaac this time, for I could hear him grumbling, under his breath, at having to mount so high.

I hastily adjusted my wig, which had got disarranged in the scuffle, took up the valise I had packed, and presented myself at the door before he had time to knock.

He started and retreated a step, not recognizing me in the least.

"Did you want me, monsieur?" I demanded, politely, in an assumed voice.

"Pardon," he answered, recovering himself, "it is M. Weston I want. I see that I have mistaken the room."

"This is his room, but you won't find him in it," I returned; and brushing past him, I quietly descended the stairs, leaving him to reconnoitre at his leisure. Apparently he soon discovered the trick, for I had not reached the ground-floor when I heard him hurrying down after me, shouting "Arrêtez! arrêtez!" The concierge emerged from his loge as I passed, but, though Isaac called out to him to stop me, he was far too much startled by my appearance to attempt it.

I got safely out into the street, hurried along the Quai d'Orleans and over the Pont de la Tournelle, and then proceeded more leisurely to Delattre's rooms in the Rue des Ecoles.

He was as far from recognizing me as the others had been.

My story sent him into such fits of laughter that it was some time before he recovered his gravity sufficiently to ask, "What do you intend to do now?"

Having divested myself of my theatrical properties, I had taken a seat and a cigar.

"Smoke, if you will give me a light. Thanks!"

"What are your plans, I mean? You can't go on dodging Isaac for ever. Sooner or later he'll run you to earth, and after that—"

"The deluge. My good fellow, it's no use asking what are my plans; you might as well put the question to a man shipwrecked on a rock. Suggest something, and I'll do it."

He looked at me thoughtfully, twisting the ends of his neat little black moustache.

"Why not turn 'digger' in real earnest," he said, at length, in the coolest way possible.

I started. The idea gave me a galvanic shock.

"Are you serious?"

"Perfectly. You are not wedded to your profession; or, if you are, it is a 'marriage de covenance' without much affection. Take my advice; 'throw physic to the dogs,' as your Shakespeare beautifully says, go out to the new land of Promise where fortunes are dug up like potatoes, and a monster nugget, and return triumphant. What do you say?"

"Hurrah for California," I exclaimed, starting to my feet. "I'll go—it's settled. I'm off to the diggings to-morrow. But stay," I added, with a sudden change of tone; "how am I to get there? I have barely enough cash to take me to Liverpool, and as for my passage and outfit—"

He interrupted me by going to his desk and taking out a plump little roll of notes, which he thrust into my hands.

"You shall repay me when you have found the famous nugget. I'll go with you as far as Liverpool; my father has some friends there, and it will be a capital excuse for taking a few weeks' holiday."

And so, in this off-hand fashion, my plans for the future were settled.

We agreed that, under the circumstances, the sooner I was out of Paris the better, and by noon the next day we were on our way to Calais by the mail train.

Ten days afterwards I found myself on board the good ship *Goldfinder*, bound for San Francisco.

The curtain falls on the first part of my story, to rise again after an interval of two years.

I shall not dwell on my sojourn in California. Suffice it to say that, happier than many of my fellow-adventurers, I found

the land of Proulx a land of fulfillment.

Picklo Dame Fortune, after buffeting me so long, took to pelting me with nuggets by way of compensation. I was successful beyond my utmost hopes.

For eighteen months I stuck to the spade and "cradles"; then, being heartily tired of hard work and rough living, I resolved to return to civilization.

I had more than once written to Delattre, but no letters had reached me in return.

I took ship for Havre, intending to spend a month or two in Paris before returning to settle in England.

I was anxious to acquit myself of debt, and to see whether my old friends would recognize me. I rather doubted it when I looked at the ferocious individual my glass reflected, bearded, with bronzed skin and unkempt hair. I should scarcely need a false beard and wig now for purposes of disguise.

It was a bright spring evening when I found myself once more in Paris, loitering along the familiar Boulevards, and attracting more attention than was quite agreeable, for I had purposely delayed visiting myself till I had called upon Isaac Ulbach.

I crossed the Seine and made my way to a certain cafe in the Rue Soufflot, where I knew that the money-lender was in the habit of taking his petit verre in the evening.

It was a dull and dingy little place, chiefly frequented by lawyers' clerks, small tradesmen, and the like.

The mistress of the establishment was a plump Jewess, who looked up from her crochet with a startled air when I sauntered in. Indeed, the entrance of such a formidable stranger made quite a sensation in the place; and the habitués glanced at me distrustfully, and the garcon—an overgrown youth, with a shock of frizzy hair like a black mop—backed away from me apprehensively when he took my order, as if he feared I might assault him.

A glance round the room showed me that the Jew was not there, but before I had finished my coffee he came in, nodded to the dame du comptoir, and taking a seat with his back to me, was soon deep in the *Moniteur de la Bourse*.

There was a large mirror opposite to him which reflected my figure at full-length, and presently, as he raised his glass to his lips, he looked up, and our eyes met.

The change in his face was something to remember.

He started, put down his glass untasted, stared at my reflection a moment, as if fascinated, then wheeled round in his chair and looked me in the face. There was something in his expression that puzzled me. It showed not only recognition, but a sort of horrified astonishment.

Before I had time to address him, he rose, and approaching the proprietress, whispered an enquiry which evidently referred to me, to which she replied by shaking her head and shrugging her plump shoulders. After another keen glance at me, he leaned over the counter and whispered to her again. The words he uttered were few, but their effect was electrical.

She dropped her crochet, and uttered an exclamation which caused the habitués to look up from their cards and dominoes, and the garcon to stand transfixed with a coffee-pot in one hand and a cognac-bottle in the other.

"Monsieur Ulbach, what do you tell me?" she cried.

"The truth, and I am ready to prove it," he answered aloud, and turning round he pointed full at me. "That man is an assassin!"

I started to my feet. Was he out of his senses?

"Why, Isaac," I exclaimed, "whom do you take me for? Don't you know me?"

"I know you very well," was his emphatic reply, as he shook his forefinger at me, "though I have only seen you once before, and that was on the evening of Mardi-Gras, two years ago, at a house in the Rue St. Louis, where you had just robbed and murdered a client of mine."

There was a general exclamation of hor-

ror. I looked at him in stupefaction. He was perfectly serious, and evidently believed what he said.

"I remember seeing it in the papers," put in several voices, quickly; "the Mysterious Disappearance of a Medical Student." A man was arrested on suspicion of having tracked the young fellow home from your shop, M. Ulbach, but as there was no evidence against him, he was set at liberty, and the real murderer was never found—"

"Till this moment," put in the Jew.

I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter; it was too ridiculous. Never, surely, had a man been placed in a situation so grotesque and improbable; accused of having murdered—myself!

"It is no joke, as you will soon find," said Isaac, grimly. "Garcon, fetch a sergent do villic."

"Wait a moment," I interposed. "I want to ask you something. Was the 'body' ever found?"

"No; it was thrown through the window into the Seine; a boatman heard the splash, but as the river was swollen by rain, the current was unusually strong, and must have carried it away."

"I see; that accounts for it. The victim was a friend of yours?"

"He was a client of mine," he answered sharply, "and owed me money, a great deal of money, which I should have had that night if you had not robbed him of the cheque—brigand!"

"Gently, Isaac," I said, as gravely as I could; "just put on your spectacles and take a good look at me. Supposing your lamented client had chosen, for reasons of his own, to disguise himself in a 'digger's' dress, and a false beard, might he not have looked something like me?"

He started, and looked at me closely, but the next moment he shrugged his shoulders with contemptuous incredulity.

"The force of audacity can go no farther! To assume the name and identity of the very man whom you—That is enough," he broke off; "out of this place you shall not go except in custody."

The others murmured their approval, and gathered round with the evident intention of detaining me, by force if necessary, till the waiter returned with a policeman.

Levelling the joke was getting serious.

"Come, come," I said, "you can't be in earnest. Let me have a few words with you in private and I'll soon convince you of my identity."

I was moving towards the door when he seized me by the arm. I shook him off with so little ceremony that he staggered backwards into the arms of the plump proprietress, who had left her throne behind the counter, and joined the group. At the same moment the garcon returned with two gentlemen, one of whom was in plain clothes.

"That is the man," the waiter said, indicating me.

"Yes, that is the man—the robber and assassin!" cried Isaac, excitedly. "He has just assaulted me, as messieurs here can testify."

Upon that, all the tongues were let loose at once. In vain I endeavoured to explain. I could not even make myself heard, much less understood.

At length the "agent" in plain clothes, who had listened to it all without comment, turned to me and said civilly: "Monsieur will have an opportunity of explaining himself before the Commissaire de Police," which I took as a polite intimation that I might consider myself in custody until further notice.

"If monsieur prefers it, we can have a carriage," he added, considerably. I certainly did prefer it, under the circumstances. So the shock-headed garcon was despatched for a fiacre, which I entered, followed by Isaac and the policeman in plain clothes; he of the cocked hat and sword returned to his beat.

The Commissary of the quarter was a little, yellow, high-dried man, like a rusticated mummy, who took snuff incessantly during the interview.

Having listened in silence to the agent's statement and Isaac's charge, he turned to me for my explanation.

In response, I related the story of my escapade pretty much as I have written it here, glancing from time to time at Isaac, as I proceeded, to see what effect it had upon him.

His face was a study. Incredulity,

doubt, astonishment succeeded each other rapidly, giving place by degrees to a half-reluctant conviction.

But when I told of my brilliant success in California, and added that I had returned to Paris for the express purpose of paying my old debt, his expression changed with ludicrous abruptness.

As if a flood of light had suddenly burst upon his mind, he started to his feet.

"It is himself!" he exclaimed, rapturously, seizing my hand. "Ah, cher monsieur, can you ever forgive me for having been so blind?—so—Monsieur le Commissaire, he broke off, "I ask a hundred pardons; I was mistaken. This is indeed my long-lost and respected client."

"That remains to be proved," was the quiet reply.

"How! proved? but I have proved it by recognizing him. I am ready to swear to his identity—"

"And a few moments ago you were ready to swear exactly the reverse—a somewhat sudden conversion, M. Ulbach," drily remarked the magistrate, to whom Isaac was evidently no stranger.

"But I had not heard his story then," he explained eagerly; "I did not know—"

"That it would be to your own interest to acknowledge him—just so," put in the other, with a smile. Turning to me, he added: "I forbear to comment on your statement, till I have made further enquiries. The friend you mention will be communicated with at once; meantime it is, of course, my duty to detain you."

This was pleasant; however, I submitted with a good grace to the inevitable, and having obtained permission to send a note to Delattre, I bowed to the Commissary and, with a friendly nod to Isaac, who was loudly protesting against my incarceration, I followed my conductor from the apartment.

He led me down a short passage into a bare-boarded room, where half a dozen men were lounging about the stove; at here an official at a desk entered my name in the charge-book. Thence I was conducted to one of the cells of the detention-chamber, with a stone floor and a barred window commanding an unobstructed view of a blank wall opposite. He kindly allowed me a lamp and a copy of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* to beguile my solitude, and, having politely hinted that smoking was forbidden, left me to my reflections.

Forbidden or not, directly I was alone I lighted my pipe, and, thanks to the soothing influence, managed to get through the first hour of captivity with tolerable philosophy. But when my tobacco pouch was exhausted, my patience began to give way. I anathematized Delattre for his tardiness in coming; I paced about the cell like a caged hyena, consulting my watch half a dozen times in as many minutes.

When another hour had passed I began to speculate as to what would happen if my friend could not be found. Suppose Isaac's testimony was not believed? Suppose it could not prove my identity? It was of the cards that I might be tried for my old murder, and really I was bound to acknowledge that there was a strong case against me, notwithstanding the absence of the "body."

"It was now long past dinner-time, and internal sensations warned me. Recollecting the proverb, "Qui dort, dine," I stretched myself on the pallet-bed in one corner, and endeavoured to forget hunger and sleep.

I succeeded at length in dropping off, and, though my doze could not have lasted many minutes, I had time for a long and complicated dream, in which I was found guilty, sentenced, and led to the scaffold. I felt the grasp of "Monsieur le Comissaire" to the large Paris. I heard the click of the fatal guillotine when—

There was a cheerful sound of voices from the passage outside, the door was thrown open, and there stood Delattre, with the Commissary and his satellites in the background.

I may explain here that my friend's delay in coming was caused by his having been out when the messenger arrived.

He started when he saw me, as Isaac had done, but came forward at once, with his hands outstretched.

"Weston, old fellow, is it you?"

"I think so," I answered, cautiously; "wouldn't swear it. But 'if this be, I think it be,' I found more."

"Didn't I find you at liberty?"

"Upon my word, 'now the excuse for Isaac know you, my trust M. laid, turn; 'Perfectly, made a state every particular you at liberty; ever have been the building a tell me why yers?"

"Parbleu! mine? Then I wrote I gave your account was the first; my return to England. As I disappeared the subject is well public when y had a dra Isaac, who— added, in an u had been wait Isaac, who added: "I forbear to comment on your statement, till I have made further enquiries. The friend you mention will be communicated with at once; meantime it is, of course, my duty to detain you."

"Ah, monsieur, if you could yourself—"

"Enough!"

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And, with a friendly nod to Isaac, who was loudly protesting against my incarceration, I followed my conductor from the apartment.

He led me down a short passage into a bare-boarded room, where half a dozen men were lounging about the stove; at here an official at a desk entered my name in the charge-book. Thence I was conducted to one of the cells of the detention-chamber, with a stone floor and a barred window commanding an unobstructed view of a blank wall opposite. He kindly allowed me a lamp and a copy of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* to beguile my solitude, and, having politely hinted that smoking was forbidden, left me to my reflections.

Forbidden or not, directly I was alone I lighted my pipe, and, thanks to the soothing influence, managed to get through the first hour of captivity with tolerable philosophy. But when my tobacco pouch was exhausted, my patience began to give way. I anathematized Delattre for his tardiness in coming; I paced about the cell like a caged hyena, consulting my watch half a dozen times in as many minutes.

When another hour had passed I began to speculate as to what would happen if my friend could not be found. Suppose Isaac's testimony was not believed? Suppose it could not prove my identity? It was of the cards that I might be tried for my old murder, and really I was bound to acknowledge that there was a strong case against me, notwithstanding the absence of the "body."

"It was now long past dinner-time, and internal sensations warned me. Recollecting the proverb, "Qui dort, dine," I stretched myself on the pallet-bed in one corner, and endeavoured to forget hunger and sleep.

I succeeded at length in dropping off, and, though my doze could not have lasted many minutes, I had time for a long and complicated dream, in which I was found guilty, sentenced, and led to the scaffold. I felt the grasp of "Monsieur le Comissaire" to the large Paris. I heard the click of the fatal guillotine when—

There was a cheerful sound of voices from the passage outside, the door was thrown open, and there stood Delattre, with the Commissary and his satellites in the background.

I may explain here that my friend's delay in coming was caused by his having been out when the messenger arrived.

He started when he saw me, as Isaac had done, but came forward at once, with his hands outstretched.

"Weston, old fellow, is it you?"

"I think so," I answered, cautiously; "wouldn't swear it. But 'if this be, I think it be,' I found more."

"Didn't I find you at liberty?"

"Upon my word, 'now the excuse for Isaac know you, my trust M. laid, turn; 'Perfectly, made a state every particular you at liberty; ever have been the building a tell me why yers?"

"Parbleu! mine? Then I wrote I gave your account was the first; my return to England. As I disappeared the subject is well public when y had a dra Isaac, who— added, in an u had been wait Isaac, who added: "I forbear to comment on your statement, till I have made further enquiries. The friend you mention will be communicated with at once; meantime it is, of course, my duty to detain you."

"Ah, monsieur, if you could yourself—"

"Enough!"

And, with a friendly nod to Isaac, who was loudly protesting against my incarceration, I followed my conductor from the apartment.

think it be, I owe something to you, for I found more than one big nugget." "Didn't I predict it?" he cried, triumphantly, shaking both my hands at once. "Upon my word," he added, looking me over, "now that I have seen you I can make excuse for Isaac. Your own mother wouldn't know you, my boy."

"I trust M. le Commissaire is satisfied?" said, turning to that functionary.

"Perfectly, monsieur. M. Dolatto has made a statement which confirms yours in every particular. I have the pleasure to set you at liberty, regretting that you should ever have been detained."

"And now," said I to Louis, as we left the building arm-in-arm, "perhaps you will tell me why you never answered my letters?"

"Parbleu! but I did. You never got mine? Then they miscarried. In the first I gave you a full, true, and particular account of your own 'murder,' which was the first piece of news I received on my return to Paris after a month's stay in England. As the nine days' wonder of your disappearance was over by that time, and the subject nearly forgotten, I thought I might as well leave you to enlighten the public when you returned. The mystery has had a dramatic denouement, thanks to Isaac, who— Parlez des anges!" he added, in an undertone, "here he is." He had been waiting for us outside. "Monseigneur Ulbach," said Louis, gravely, "allow me to present to you your 'late lamented friend,' who seems very little the worse for his sojourn among the fishes."

"Ah, monsieur!" cried Isaac, piteously, "if you could only imagine how I reproach myself!"

"Enough!" I interrupted. "Come to my hotel, and we will settle accounts at once, unless you have still some lingering doubts of my identity."

"If he has, the touch of the money will settle them," was Louis' remark.

"And you will try to forget that preposterous mistake of mine, cher monsieur?"

"No, no! it's too good a joke to be forgotten," I answered, laughing. "Whenever I speak of my return from California, you may be sure I shall tell the story of that regular accusation."

To our Readers.

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

A small collar-band and separate cuffs of new complete many cloth suits, and in Spring these can be dispensed with.

A Good Record.

Among the many thousand bottles of Hagyard's Yellow Oil sold annually in Canada, not one has ever failed to give satisfaction. It cures rheumatism, colds, and all painful ailments and injuries.

It will be the favorite color in gingham.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you find your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

Flaxen blue blouse suit for little girls suited for Spring wear.

Danger in the Air.

The chilling winds, the damp atmosphere and suddenly checked perspiration, are lurking. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures colds, coughs, asthma and bronchitis, and all complaints tending towards consumption.

Woolen lace is a favorite trimming for women's dresses.

Leading druggists on this continent testify to the large and constantly increasing sale of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Diet and Dyspeptic Cure, and report its excellent effects upon their customers troubled with Liver Complaint, Constipation, Indigestion, Impurity of the blood, and other ailments, and as a female medicine it has accomplished remarkable cures.

These are little used on black silk dresses.

Useful to Know.

Everyone should know that Hagyard's Yellow Oil will give prompt relief; applied locally will stop any pain; and taken internally cures colds, asthma, croup, sore throat and most inflammatory complaints.

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

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

A Postal Card Story.

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

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1875.

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

Mrs. FANNIE GREEN.

\$3,000 Lost.

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

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

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

Miss S. S. BOON.

Baby Saved.

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

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

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders. I have also used it in cases of croup in children, and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."

Shot or changeable fabrics are highly favored in all sorts of materials from velvets, satins, and silks to woolens.

An Excellent Report.

Hon. Jos. G. Goodridge, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:—"I cannot express myself in sufficient praiseworthy terms of Burdock Blood Bitters which I have used for the past two years with great benefit."

Velvet ribbon makes a stylish and reasonable trimming with very little trouble.

Dangers of Delay.

If we were allowed to look into the future and see the fatal consequences that follow a neglected cold, how differently would our course be; could we realize our danger, how speedily we would seek a cure; but with many it is only when the monster disease has fastened its fangs upon our lungs that we awaken to our folly. What follows a neglected cold? Is it not diseases of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthma, consumption, and many other diseases of like nature. It is worse than madness to neglect a cold, and it is folly not to have some good remedy available for this frequent complaint. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs, is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine is composed of several medicinal herbs, which exert a most wonderful influence in curing consumption and other diseases of the lungs and chest. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, soothes irritation and drives the disease from the system.

Short velvet and broche mantles in dolman style will be worn in the early Spring.

Well as Ever.

Lottie Howard writes from Buffalo, N. Y.: "My system became greatly debilitated through arduous professional duties; suffered from nausea, sick headache and biliousness. Tried Burdock Blood Bitters with the most beneficial effect. Am well as ever."

A combination of certain shades of pink and moss green is charming for an evening toilet.

The cotton satteens for next season have less pronounced colors and designs than those of past years.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for every one in the spring. Emigrants and travelers will find in it an effectual cure for the eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., that break out on the skin—the effect of disorder in the blood, caused by sea-diet and life on board ship.

Ladies in mourning wear tailor suits of serge, flannelette and chevot, with wide braids for trimming.

Among the new colors is "Aldernoy," which is the deepest shade of cream color.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

I will send a receipt free to any person sending me their address, that will effect a permanent cure, whether you are a moderate drinker or confirmed drunkard. It can be given in a cup of tea, if so desired, without the knowledge of the person taking it. Send 3 cent stamp. For full particulars address M. V. Lubon, 128 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

Very large silk handkerchiefs are used for aprons; they are gathered and set in a belt of ribbon.

China silks are offered to take the place of foulards and the checked silks which have been so long worn.

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 powerful and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Novas, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Black cashmere dresses are trimmed simply with stitching or rows of narrow sou-tache.

The Roman stripes are new in gingham and show several bright colors in one broad stripe on a clear white ground.



Biggest Offer Yet Made!

On receipt of price (\$9.00) we will send by mail, prepaid, safe delivery guaranteed, a

Genuine Elgin Watch!

man's size, Solid Coin Silver Dust-proof Cases, guaranteed for one year. Same design, gent's size, stem-wind, in

15 KT. GOLD CASES

\$35.00.

Send for our 150 page catalogue, illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewelry stores.

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

J. G. ADAMS, L.D.S., DENTIST—OFFICE 316 Yonge street, entrance on Elm street. Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

60 ELEGANT CHROMO OR FIFTY transparent cards, no two alike with your name printed neatly on them, for 10 cents. C. H. HOBDEN, 133 River St., Toronto.

\$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Terms and full outfit FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

\$75 TO \$200 per month can be made by agents and others out of employment, selling our New Reversible Map of Canada and the United States, and Pictorial Map of the World, showing belts of Standard time. Size 68 x 42 inches. Price, \$3.60. Send address for circulars or \$1.00 for sample map and outfit. C. R. PARISH & Co., 10 King St. East, Toronto, Canada.

EASTER CARDS!

By Mail, at Less Than Wholesale Prices.

No Two Alike. Postage Prepaid.

No. 1—For 25 cents we will mail you 25 beautiful small size cards, worth 3 to 5 cents each.

No. 2—For 50 cents we will mail you above, adding four handsome fringed cards.

No. 3—For 60 cents we will mail you 25 beautiful medium sized cards, worth from 5 to 10 cents each.

No. 4—For \$1.00 we will mail you same as No. 2, with six elegant medium size fringed cards.

No. 5—For \$1.00 we will mail you 25 large size cards worth from 10 to 15 cents each.

No. 6—For \$2.00 we will mail you No. 5, and six very handsome large size fringed cards.

Cash must always accompany order. Address, MATTHEWS BROS. & CO., 23 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

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For sale by all druggists

The Improved Model Washer and Bleacher.

Weights but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days. \$1000.00 REFUND FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN PLACED AT \$3.00, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Province of Ontario and Quebec. Charge paid \$3.00. Send for circulars.

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TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,
215 YONGE STREET, TORONTO ONT.

Storm Signals.

As the coming of a great storm is heralded by the display of cautionary signals, so is the approach of that dread and fatal disease, Consumption of the Lungs, usually announced in advance by pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, glandular swellings, and kindred outward manifestations of the internal blood poison, which, if not promptly expelled from the system, attacks the delicate tissues of the lungs, causing them to ulcerate and break down. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great remedy for this, as for all diseases having their origin in bad blood. It improves the appetite and digestion, increases nutrition and builds up the wasted system.

The easiest way to get out of a Western jail is to send word to a vigilance committee that you desire to be hung.

Young or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with three letter stamps for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

It will take four years more to complete the Mormon Temple, but when it is finished it will make the strongest kind of a fort in case of a war.

For diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery and bloody-stool, colic or cramps in stomach, use Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. Specific, also, for breaking up colds.

The Ice bridge at Niagara is the finest ever known. It has been the finest every winter for the last forty years.

Pearl necklaces are down so cheap this year that a fine one can be bought for \$12.00. Everything seems to favor the poor man.

Look Here.

Do you feel blue and despondent? Do pains rack and tear away at nerve and muscle, and have you been disappointed in finding a remedy that will afford certain and speedy relief. If so, go at once to any drug store and buy a sample bottle of Polson's Nerviline. Polson's Nerviline never fails to relieve neuralgia, cramps, headache, rheumatism, and all internal or external pains. J. B. Carman, druggist, Morrisburgh, writes: "All the parties I supply speak very favorably of Nerviline, and always purchase a second lot." Polson's Nerviline is sold in sample bottles at 10 cents; large size 25 cents—by all druggists and country dealers everywhere. Try a ten cent bottle.

A Christmas disappointment.—"It's a lovely doll, dear grandpa and grandma, but—but—I'd soon hoping it would be twins!"

The reason why "Myrtle Navy" tobacco has taken so strong a hold upon the smoking community is because it is the genuine article. No man has a desire to smoke anything else than tobacco. Even opium is not smoked for the pleasure of smoking it but for its soporific effects. The desire for tobacco is, of course, best satisfied by getting the pure article, and when to this is added the finest quality the satisfaction is complete. These two things are combined in the "Myrtle Navy."

The city of Paris has leased twenty-seven thousand acres of the low lying forest of St. Germain and the adjoining meadows for the purpose of experimenting in utilizing the sewage of the capital. A.P. 217.

THE SETTLER'S GUIDE AND LAND LAWS OF THE U.S.

NET-SEVEN ACRE & THIRTY BUSH FINE real estate situated in Ontario, with number of acres, and is a fine place for a small farm. The owner is a gentleman of high standing, and is willing to sell for a low price. Apply to H. A. NARRAWAY, 217 St. Paul Street, Toronto, or A. E. NARRAWAY, 217 St. Paul Street, Toronto.

120 ACRES OF GOOD FARMING LAND FOR SALE. Situated in Ontario, with a good house, barn, and outbuildings. Two miles from the city, and on a well traveled road. Price \$10,000. For particulars apply to HOLLAND STREET, Toronto, or to C. W. O'NEIL.

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FIRE!! FIRE!!

Berry Growers can save 75 per cent. in labor by burning their Strawberry Vines. For particulars and Price List of Strawberry and Raspberry Plants, address, F. LUCIA, Flushing, Genesee Co., Mich.

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SEEDS WM. EWING & CO., Seed Merchants, 141 McGill St., Montreal. We have the best of all varieties of Seed Grain and Grass Seeds. Our new Early Scotch Bearded Wheat is the Earliest and Highest yielding variety of Spring Wheat yet introduced. Correspondence invited.

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HAND STAMPS METAL & RUBBER TYPES, SELF-INKERS & BANKING STAMPS. NOTARY SEALS, &c. AGENTS WANTED. KENYON, TINGLEY & STEWART MFG. CO., 72 KING ST. WEST.

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CAUTION! EACH PLUG OF THE MYRTLE NAVY IS MARKED T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE.

CONSUMPTION. Have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, sometimes by this remedy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give name and address. DR. T. & B., 211 Nassau, New York.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Pipe bearing a wolf's head; that Lorillard's Blue Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy (Shipping), and that Lorillard's Snuff, are the best and cheapest, quality considered.

Island Home Stock Farm, GRACE HILL, N.Y. Imported French and American Horses. All stock selected from the get of sires and dams of established reputation and registered in the French and American Stud Books. We have a very large stock of imported stallions and brood mares on hand. Prices reasonable. Correspondence solicited. Send for illustrated catalogue, free by mail. Address SAVAGE & FARMER, Peter's Neck.

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FREE By return mail. Full description of Wood's New Tallor System Dress Cutting. PROF. WOOD, Toronto, Ont.

FOR PLEASANT SEWING USE ONLY Clapperton's Spool Cotton. Warranted FULL Length, and to run smoothly on any sewing machine. See that Clapperton's name is on the label. For sale by all Dry-Goods Dealers. NEW CO-OPERATIVE SEWING MACHINE. PRICE \$25 CASH. Our new machine is now ready, and good as any sold by Agents at \$35.00. SEE TESTIMONIAL. LOWERVILLE, Dec 1886. Machine arrived all right, and it is well worth the money you ask for it. I prefer the "Winger," "Wanzer," or any other make. Yours truly, A. H. HAY.

New Attachments, New Form New Stand. Send stamp for samples of sewing and elegant descriptive photographs of machine before buying from a dealer. MACHINES SENT ON TRIAL. BONUS:—From now until March we will give to any person sending a cash in advance for one of our new handsome combination table and lamp complete. These lamps are new and the maker wants any one who or any of your friends want them, do not delay, but send to Co-Operative Sewing Machine, 100 St. Paul St., Hamilton, Ont.

EVERY FARMER. Especially Those Living Rented Farms. should send me postal cards, with address, to Sectional maps and particularly the special offer made by the ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, & MANITOBA for their Lands in the Red River Valley within short distance of track. Only price per acre down; also Nine Million Government Land in the Turtle Mountain and Lake Districts, North Dakota. Particulars to H. F. McNALLY, Gen. Trav. St. Paul, Minn. & Manitoba Falls. (Mention this Paper.) TORONTO.

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