

# Crith

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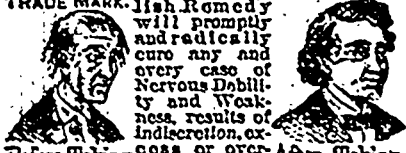
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## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

It would seem that things are in a bad way in Zululand. Everybody is blaming somebody else, and the likelihood of still more bloodshed is all but certain. The English will need to speak and deal with the Boers in a much more decided feature than ever before things will be really quieted down, for backward as many are to believe it those Dutch Christians are at the bottom of the most of the mischief, oppression and bloodshed, which have been going on in that region for the last fifty years.

The Queen of Madagascar has been succeeded by her niece who is said to be bitterly hostile to the French. Who can wonder at that? The wonder would have been had it been otherwise.

Now that the cold evenings are setting in, with the long winter nights to follow, dancing will more or less take the place of boating and other out-door amusements. TRUTH's readers will, therefore, like to have an occasional dance piece wherewith to while away a pleasant hour; and they will, therefore, be doubtless pleased with the composition which forms the musical selection for the week. It is a bright little piece, not too difficult, or too tiresome on the fingers, while the time is sufficiently well marked to make a good piece for dancing.

Next week the citizens of Toronto and its many visitors will probably have the last opportunity, for many years to come at east, of seeing the Princess Louise and her

husband on Canadian soil. They are to visit the "Queen City" and attend the Exhibition, after which they will probably soon leave Ontario, and in a few weeks take their departure from Canada to England, having completed their required official duties in the Dominion. The conviction seems pretty general that the Princess leaves Canada with but few regrets, as life on this side of the Atlantic has never seemed very attractive to her. Especially does this appear to have been the case in regard to Ottawa, which has been shunned in a marked way during all her Canadian sojourn. Whether this has been from any dislike to the locality, or to its "society," or whether it has been because other places possessed greater attractions, the gossips may spend their time in discussing. People will always differ in opinion in regard to these questions.

The Governor-General certainly deserves credit for the loyal manner in which he has attempted to discharge the duties of his position, and he will leave the Dominion with the respect of all parties for the impartial manner in which he has invariably conducted himself in connection with the many delicate duties he has been called upon to perform. If Canadian life and society has been as unpleasant to him as to his royal wife he certainly had the good sense to conceal his feelings in the matter. The general impression is that he has rather enjoyed his reign in Canada, and he would have cheerfully extended the term had it been the desire of the Imperial Government for him to do so.

The fact that another member of the Queen's family has expressed a willingness, if not a desire, to become the successor of Lord Lorne, gives strong indications that the office has been rather a pleasant one to its present occupant. It was probably a wise decision, however, of Mr. Gladstone not to make another appointment just now from the Royal household. The experiment was rather a venturesome one in the outset, and now that it has proved fairly successful it may be just as well not to venture on it too soon again. The novelty of the situation is now gone, and at least such an appointment is attended with a good deal of embarrassment all round, even when the political waters are flowing smoothly on both sides of the Atlantic. Should a storm occur from other causes, or should any misdeed or mistake of judgement of the person appointed create a storm, the result would be most unfortunate. Probably had Gladstone been at the helm of affairs instead of Disraeli seven years ago the venture would not have been made at all. As it is few have any reasonable grounds to regret it, but it may be better just now to let well enough alone.

The Toronto Exhibition, commencing on Tuesday next, 11th inst., and continued until Saturday 22nd, promises to be the most popular and successful of the kind ever held in this city; and that is saying a great deal. Toronto has been very successful in the way of great exhibitions, and especially since they came under the sole management of its own residents. The city is so centrally and favorably situated, with such easy access

from all points, by both land and water, that a much larger number of people can easily reach it than any other city, and the accommodations for visitors are good. Fortunately for the success of these exhibitions they have been, so far, well managed, and there have been no reasonable grounds of complaint of unfairness to exhibitors, or extortions on the people. As there will be reduced rates of travel by rail and the prospects of an agreeable time generally, TRUTH hopes that all its friends will avail themselves of such an opportunity as occurs once in a year of visiting "Canada's Great Show."

What has come over the *Mail* on the R. & T. Portage affair? It is not half so vigorous on the "bull pup" and the "slugger." Is it weakening? Come, come, waken up and give the world some of your old time sneezers. What is McCabe? Say, learned Theban!

It was a pity that Mr. Seath was not appointed a High School Inspector for he has been making a terrible racket about things ever since. Something might be done yet.

On Monday the Salvation Army had a great display in Toronto. It was their first anniversary, and quite a large number from the localities west of here came by trains to take part in the demonstration. There were street parades, bands of music, the hallalujah lasses, the shouting men, and the other displays common to the "Army." In the evening it was announced that "An exhibition of living wonders" would take place in Shaftesbury Hall, and an admission fee of 10 cents was charged to witness it. These "living wonders" consisted of the "saved" members of the Army, who gave their testimonies. There can be no doubt many of them are wonders to themselves, and to others as well, compared with what they were a year or so ago, before the Army found them out, and the moral results in this connection with such a class of people, as many of them were, are certainly creditable to those concerned. It seems a pity, however, that the over zeal of so many prompt them to make exhibitions of themselves as are calculated rather to bring the whole work into ridicule than to favorably impress the people in its favor. At Shaftesbury Hall hundreds of spectators sat by the hour amused, and sometime, convulsed with laughter, the wild speeches, and sometimes wilder antics of the liveliest of the "living wonders." Few, if any, went away with increased respect for the Army here as a religious movement. TRUTH regrets it much on that account, for any movement tending to reform drunkards, and restore to decency the debased, is a movement in the right direction. It is just possible that some persons whom the churches have not reached, can only be reached by appealing to their highly emotional nature, but surely it is hardly necessary to run the whole thing so deeply into the ground.

It is probable that similar exhibitions were made by some of the men in by-gone days in the saloons and bar-rooms, stimulated by a very different kind of "spirit;" and from that stand point it is more desirable to witness them jumping,

shouting, swinging chairs, or rubbing each others heads, than after the old fashion, but if it must be done at all the great un-saved had better be spared the sight; it does them more harm than good to witness it. Can it be that it was any thing so wild in appearance as this that caused some in other days to believe that these men were filled with wine?

TRUTH does not take any stock in the success or discomforture of the two political parties so earnestly striving for the mastery in this country, but the results of the protested election trials have been most carefully watched all the same. To the truly patriotic Canadian there is a more important matter at stake than the mere success of one party or the other in the courts. It is question whether, after all, under such laws as we now have, honesty is not the best policy, even in a political election,—whether bribery, and tricks, and stratagems, are not likely to do more harm than good to those who resort to them for success. That a good deal of party knavery was prevalent in some constituencies seems pretty evident to those who have paid much attention to the published reports of these trials, but it is quite evident that it has not been possible to bring near as much to light as parties at one time expected. In some instances it may be that a good many worse things were done than could be established from the witness box, but on the whole it seems probable that our present wholesome election laws have done a great deal to give us purer and fairer elections than in former years. Our present ballot system, the registration system, and the provisions for trial of protests in our civil courts, have all been of mutual benefit in stamping out the exercise of undue influences. Even yet bribery and corruption are much too prevalent and much too respectable. It will be a good day for the political morality of Canada when a man found guilty of undue influences at elections will be treated with the same indignation and contempt as the man convicted of theft. That day cannot come too soon for the interests of the people as a whole. So far the only glaring instance of wholesale corruption and fraud were uncarthed in connection with the Muskoka case, and in that instance the punishment on the candidate himself has been of an exemplary and wholesome character. It yet remains to be seen whether others evidently as deep in the mire as himself will escape the penalties of the law. A few such judgements as that rendered on Monday last in the Muskoka case would be of material effect on our legislators and legislation for many years to come.

So the English hangman, Marwood, is dead. He was an efficient public servant, but somehow or other not so appreciated as could be desired. TRUTH has never very clearly seen why there should be such a horror at the execution of the sentence of a judge. A man with a piece of steel with which he hacks and abuses others is honorable. But a man who carries a rope to hang him, and solemnly does his duty to the law, is positively hooted and shunned. Who succeeds King Marwood?

The late earthquake and volcanic eruption on Java will take their places in history as among the most terrible occurrences of the age. It is not possible as yet to reckon up the loss of life, which very likely will never be accurately known. That it will amount in the aggregate to not much, if anything, less than a hundred thousand, is beyond all reasonable doubt, while the amount of property destroyed will be found to have been quite on a corresponding scale of magnitude. The devastating volcano has done its work along with the quaking earth, and at present it is scarcely possible to say which has been the most destructive agent. But the fact is the two things go always together. Observers of volcanic phenomena have noticed that every great eruption, in whatever part of the world observed and whether from a volcanic vent on land or beneath the ocean, is accompanied by earthquakes and shocks of greater or less violence and duration, while on the other hand those observing earthquakes speak of them as accompanied by volcanic eruptions, and of their often being stopped on the opening of volcanic vents. This all took place on the late occasion in Java, and the whole configuration of both land and water has been changed by the operation. When a full account of the whole accident comes to be written, it will be found to have been an occurrence of surpassing grandeur and of corresponding, destructiveness and terror.

In the great earthquake at Lisbon, it is calculated that 60,000 perished, while in that of Calabria towards the end of last century as many as 10,000 were destroyed. It is calculated that thirteen millions of human beings have been destroyed by earthquakes, while the number of those destroyed directly by volcanic eruptions, though not so great, has at the same time been in the aggregate simply immense.

In 1783 there was a terrible eruption of Hecla in Iceland. The lava flowed out of the mountain side and reached a distance of fifty miles in forty-two days. It then travelled into two streams, the one running forty and the other fifty miles toward the sea. Its depth varied from 600 to 1,000 feet, and its greatest width was fifteen miles. The amount of lava poured out into the stream would almost equal Mount Blanc in bulk. In 1772 the greater part of a mountain in Java was swallowed up. The inhabitants on its declivities were suddenly alarmed by tremendous noises in the earth, and before they could retire the mountain began to subside and soon disappeared. The area this time was fifteen miles long and six broad. In 1822 there was a terrible eruption of the same volcano which has caused the recent trouble. On that occasion it was calculated that 30,000 persons lost their lives. In 1845 the ashes from Hecla fell on Shetland and Orkney ten hours after the eruption began, and in 1835 ashes from Consequina fell on Kingston Jamaica at the distance of 700 miles. It is to be hoped that the worst of the recent occurrence has been already ascertained, and that the record of the year's calamities is pretty well completed.

The Chinamen don't seem likely to go from Canada for a good while to come. Why they should is not easily made manifest. At any rate when they are employed on the Pacific Railway to the tune of 6,000 at a dollar a day their speedy disappearance is not likely and why they should, TRUTH re-  
sults is not clear. So long as they are employed and pay their debts and taxes, they must about like a great many of

their Anglo-Saxon neighbours. The men of the flowery land have not a monopoly of either dirtiness or vice, and as to their working for little or nothing when they get more that may be told to the marines.

So Lord Coleridge does not think it worth while to spend a day or two in Canada even to see his old "fag" and fellow student. Canadians are so rough, raw, and democratic you know. It would never do. Well it is to be hoped that they will survive the snub, and may rub along even though such a course should be repeated by most of English holiday makers. Canada has to remember that she is but a colony and of no particular importance in the estimation of Englishmen in general, and of English Lords in particular.

The whiskey that was used in the attempt to corrupt the electors of Muskoka, it is said, actually became frozen in the bottles. TRUTH is glad to hear that such was the fact, for it shows there was some pity in the hearts of the whiskey distributors. They would hurt the stomachs of those whom they treated to as small a degree as possible. Pity they had not made it all water. Would it then have been bribery? Perhaps so, for the intention would have been all the same.

It is said that the Marquis of Lorne is going to try an experiment in introducing musk rats into Scotland. If they so far supplant the other kinds it will be a blessing.

The Panama Canal is being pushed with great energy. Upwards of ten thousand workmen are employed, and it is reckoned that the whole will be finished within the time mentioned in the contract.

Who would have expected to have found dudes among the Papuans of New Guinea? Yet so it is. The men there delight in small waists, the women affect the opposite. An old bachelor says it is just like them!

M. Pernet, the Professor of French in University College has resigned, and is going off to spend a couple of years in France. He is said to have been annoyed by some observations made about him in a scurrilous evening paper. This however would never have led him to resign. The fact is he has made a competency, has laboured long and wishes a rest in his native land. What is surprising in all that?

TRUTH is sorry that Mr. Mercer Adam is going to leave Toronto, though glad that it is because he has got a good situation, which he richly deserves, in New York. In TRUTH's estimation, Mr. Adam was by far the best qualified candidate for the position of Librarian about which there was lately so great a stir. But he is a quiet gentleman and did not fuss round like the others canvassing and button-holing at every turn. He did not proclaim his surpassing merits on the house tops, but all the same he very nearly succeeded and when he did not he took his disappointment like a man and a gentleman, instead of whimpering about it, as the other disappointed candidates did, like a whipt child, and setting all the influence he could command to abuse the successful man. It is to be hoped that according to his own anticipation Mr. Adam will at no distant day be back to Toronto. He has troops of friends who regret his departure and will welcome his return. *Don't you say.* If a librarianship becomes vacant, TRUTH hopes Mr. Adam will get it.

The Health Report for the week is more satisfactory than could have been expected. There has been a good deal of summer complaint, but not more than was to be calculated on.

The Guelph lottery scheme is apparently not dead yet and some spicy revelations are expected shortly. By all means let it be put through, and if there has been anything wrong let it be exposed.

TRUTH agrees with the *Toronto World* in saying that the time has gone by for assisted passages to Canada of any kind. Those who can come on their own hook may do so and welcome, but it is too much of a good thing to protect capital and leave labor not only exposed to unlimited competition, but taxed in order to bring still greater competition into the market. It is a terribly jiggled protective that. The kind of people needed by Canada ought to begin by paying their way. That a good many are making money by all this cheap talk of assisting the ready to emigrate and "saving the children" is about as plain as any thing well can be. There are plenty waifs and strays already in Canada who badly need looking after. But nobody seems to care for them.

One of the most remarkable women at present in England is the wife of the blind Postmaster-General, Mrs. Fawcett. When women sit in the House of Commons, Mrs. Fawcett, it is thought, will be about the first. The only draw back to such a pleasant prospect is that she may be dead before the great revolution comes round. She will, at any rate, have finished nursing all the children. Miss Miller and Miss Cobden are also among the coming women of the new era. There is no use in any body swearing at these ladies as unwomanly and as going out of their spheres. The question is what is really woman's special sphere? She is fit for some thing else than suckling babes and chronicleing small beer, though, of course, the babies are quite an item, while as to the beer it may be dispensed with altogether, and will be, in the new era. In any case there can be nothing wrong in women becoming as bright and intelligent as they can and in their doing all the good in their power. The chief end of woman is neither flirtation nor marriage, though in their own proper places neither of these is to be despised. One thing, at any rate, is clear, that women need to live and the more ways of making a living that are either made for them or made by themselves so much the better. There are lots of ways in which women can be usefully and honorably employed, and why shouldn't she if fit? Womanly women will get womanly work or make it such. Women can be druggists and one of the cleverest and most successful canvassers for books TRUTH ever heard of, was a woman. A good-looking girl to talk up a patent medicine or a book being issued in parts may often be safely backed against the world. Now, the following is good. In Finland there is an association of women called the *Puro by Excellence*. Its members believe in the superiority of women and would consequently hold that she should rule the man. Generally she does this, at any rate, though sometimes not. These female Finlanders make the men confess their sins once a week. Think of it! All the times they admired a pretty girl, or wished an exchange of wives!

Some one says that the great disposing cause of drunkenness is the undue expenditure of nerve force, and that those who work indoors and are of sedentary habits are most prone to it. It may be so, but a good many

laborers who are most, during their working hours, in the open air, make away with a good deal of liquor. At the same time there is a good deal of truth in what is said. There can be no doubt that a great deal of drunkenness, as of many other vices, is from the laws of heredity. The fathers eat the sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge.

The women in the States are bound not to let the suffrage question go to sleep. They are holding picnics, making speeches and button-holing in a very vigorous fashion. By all means go in ladies and win, TRUTH bids you all good speed.

TRUTH's esteemed contemporary, the *Cornwall Reporter* has been celebrating its seventh birthday, and is taking not a little pardonable pride in its sturdy growth in the face of difficulties and opposition, which none but a newspaper man can appreciate. It had to fight against the systematic and unscrupulous opposition of enemies, and the cold indifference of lukewarm friends. It had no government or municipal pas to feed upon, as so many papers have, but had to depend entirely upon its own exertions, and TRUTH heartily congratulates the *Reporter* upon the position it occupies to-day as an able, fearless and outspoken champion of the party it believes has the best interests of Canada at heart. Long may it continue to flourish, and may each returning Septennial find it still more successful than the last!

At the Grimby Camp meeting there has been a great time on Temperance. One of the speakers—Governor St. John—said a great many things, as did all of them. In passing through Niagara, Mr. St. John enquired if they had a city library. The answer was that they had not. The next question was, How many saloons? Forty or fifty. "Ah," replied the orator, "that accounts for it. The dram shop is the enemy of the Church, the library, the neat house and the pleasant wife. In fact of everything worth having." Sensible man that. The patrons of the pot-house had better take a vote of it. The frequenters of the tavern are either originally far from intelligent, or very speedily become so.

In Vineland where no liquor is allowed to be sold, manufactured or kept, \$75 a year suffices to keep up all the police needed for 12,000 people. Yonkers is a place about the same size as Vineland, with greater natural advantages. It has 213 saloons, and spends \$37,000 a year on police. Vineland pays \$100 for the support of her poor. Yonkers has to come down with \$15,000 for the same purpose. There is a small town in Kansas, which started municipal house-keeping with four saloons, from which the town got a revenue of \$2,000 a year. The first year the town had to build a calaboose for prisoners, and the police expenditure was \$2,600. The saloons are now abolished, and the calaboose is to let, while a single policeman at \$606 does all that is necessary in his profession, and has so much time on his hands, that he attends to other business as well. Isn't there something worth thinking over in such facts? If Toronto had fewer drinkers, she would have more book buyers and book readers, sure.

The registered attendance at the Public Schools in England in 1870 was 1,700,000. At present it is 4,100,000 with an average attendance of 3,000,000. This is progress with a vengeance.

Why should gas or telegraph companies use the public streets without paying for



the privilege? It seems absurdly large for a bonus, and the bonus is not needed. Not a single telegraph pole ought to have a place on the public streets without paying a reasonable rent. The shareholders are making lots of money, and encumbering all streets and highways with unsightly poles, as if they were masters of the situation, as indeed they are, by virtue of the people's softness and indifference. A man cannot peddle pea nuts without paying for it. Why shouldn't wealthy corporations do the same thing? Yet our gas company tears up our streets just as it pleases.

Is Ontario going to be overrun by the Canada thistle? It would seem so. One lazy farmer who grows more thistles than any thing else, will do more harm than twenty others of a different way of acting will do good. Why not punish all who neglect the duty of killing off the pest? Neighbors don't like to inform on neighbors. Why not have public inspectors with fines, for not only individuals, but for all municipalities where such thistles are found?

Nobody can go through the country at this season, or earlier, without seeing how much bad farming there is, and consequently how much dirty land and poor crop. If good farming don't succeed, that which is bad need not be tried. Old use and wont still too generally holds the day. Come now, look alive you lazy, ignorant fellows, and make your farms something like what they ought to be. Had the soil of Ontario not been surpassingly good, in many cases it would not by this time have kept a single doukey to the acre. Things are better than they were, but there is still ample room for improvement.

Now then for a grand exhibition and a grand crush for the next two weeks. If the weather is favorable there will be an exhibition the like of which Canada has never seen. TRUTH has no need to tell what will be seen, for all its readers will go and see for themselves.

The Fruit Growers have had a grand time of it at St. Catharines. It would be difficult to say who has a better right. These men, whether amateurs or professional, are the country's benefactors. They have done much good work already. All success to them in their further efforts. Greatly through their exertions, example, and exhortations, an immense amount of fruit is produced in Ontario; but that amount is nothing to what might be, nor to what TRUTH hopes to see in a few years. Go on gentlemen, you are among those who deserve well of their country, and you will get your reward. There ought to be a Fruit Growing Association in every county, for that matter of it, in every township. This country is bound to be a great fruit growing place.

Whittier in a late poem has laid down a very good programme or platform, which any party or person may well adopt and work by:

Address the Red Man's grievance, break  
The Circum cup which shames and kills,  
And labor full requital make  
Along to such as truly bear  
Thy civic honors bid them fall,  
And call thy daughters forth to share  
The rights and duties pledged to all.

TRUTH goes for it all, and a good deal more. The Red Man in Canada has not many grievances, though some, but all the rest of the evils spoken of are in full swing here as on the other side.

There is a great deal of truth in the remark of the celebrated Lady Harvey in one

of her published letters. "I dread to see people I care for quite easy and happy. I always wish them some little disappointment or rest for fear of a greater; for I look upon felicity in this world not to be a natural state, and consequently what cannot subsist; the further, therefore, we are put out of our natural position, with the more violence we return to it." Sir Humphrey Davy entertained a similar view of human happiness. He enters in his journal, in the most triumphant period of his life: "Beware of too much prosperity and popularity. Life is made up of mixed passages—dark and bright, sunshine and gloom. The unnatural and excessive greatness of fortune of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon—the first died after divine honors were paid to him; the second gained empire, the consummation of his ambition, and lost his life immediately; the third from a private individual became master of continental Europe, and allied to the oldest dynasty, and after his elevation his fortune immediately began to fall. Even in private life too much prosperity either injures the moral man and occasions conduct which ends in suffering, or is accompanied by the workings of envy, calumny and malevolence of others." All unquestionably true. As a prominent Ontario man said the other day, "The man against whom nobody speaks evil things and false must be of no great account, if of any."

The great fire in London in 1660 broke out on the evening of the 2nd of September and raged for nearly a week, during which time about two-thirds of the city were burnt down. John Evelyn in his diary describes it in the following terms: "Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! Such as half the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses and churches was like an hideous storm, and the air all above so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let ye flames burn on, which they did fore near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismell, and reach'd upon computation for near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning; a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. London was but is no more!" In spite of all this it did eventually a great deal of good in many ways.

The 3rd of September has been memorable for a good many rather important events. It was the day on which Cromwell gained the first battle of Dunbar, as well as his "crowning victory" at Worcester. It was, in short, regarded as the Protector's lucky day, and yet on this day the great uncrowned King of England breathed his last. Curious for how long a time and how persistently absurd stories continued to be told about Cromwell and his life and conduct. Since the publication of his life and letters by Carlyle, these absurd and malignant falsehoods have lain very quiet. Everybody believed them then, nobody believes them now.

On the 3rd of September also the treaty of peace between England and the United States was signed in 1783. A century ago,

Well for the world that the result of that contest was what it was. There might have been universal mourning had it been otherwise.

TRUTH is not very well up in Saints days. The 8th of this month, or as to day falls, is sacred to a good many. They are pretty obscure to the general public and need not be mentioned by name. This is also the Nativity of the Virgin.

TRUTH does not take much stock in luck and cannot see what in the world they are about that believe in it. Still, it takes up a great many persons and things to make up a world, and perhaps lucky and unlucky things and events may have their uses, so here goes for a string of them. It is lucky to put on any article of dress, particularly stockings, inside out; but if you wish the omen to hold good, you must continue to wear the reversed portion of your attire in that condition till the regular time comes for putting it off—that is either bed-time or "cleaning yourself." If you set it right you change the luck. And think of that! It will be of no use to put on anything with the wrong side out on purpose. Awful! The clothes of the dead will never wear long. When a person dies and his or her clothes are given to the poor it is frequently remarked, "Ah, they may look very well, but they won't wear; they belong to the dead."

Now here is an awful and most ominous thing for mothers who already think they have enough of children. If a mother gives away all the baby clothes she has, or the cradle—mark that—she will be sure to have another baby, though she may have thought herself above such vanities. For pity's sake keep the cradle!

If a girl's petticoats are longer than her frock it is a sign that her father loves her better than her mother does! Now, why? Will any of TRUTH's readers give the reason? Try!

If you would have good luck you must wear something new on Whitsun-Sunday—pronounced *Wisun-Sunday*. Won't you tell me why, Robin? won't you tell me why!

Efforts were made for a long time in Germany to direct the course of immigration from that country towards Brazil, where a fertile soil, a healthful climate, a friendly Government, and gifts of land were promised to Teuton settlers. Many German colonies were induced by these representations to locate themselves within the Brazilian domain; but they have failed wretchedly, and in almost every instance the story of their collapse has been one of sickness, death and general misery. The history of these attempts at German colonization is now given in a connected form in a series of articles originally printed in the *Allgemeine Deutsche Zeitung* for Brazil, and now published in pamphlet form in Vienna, with comments by the Austrian Consul-General at Rio. The narrative that they furnish will prove sufficient to deter German emigration to Brazil for many years to come.

It is remarkable to find some of the French military journals urging that the infantry kepi should be displaced by the helmet. When the modern German army head gear was first adopted, it received a fire of ridicule from the French wits, who made innumerable grotesque and amusing comparisons in describing it and its functions. But wit is one thing and war another. Now, in

order to soften the prejudice against the German headpiece, it is pointed out that it is really an old French appliance, being worn by the French foot soldiers in 1790; and certainly this fact is as likely as any to disarm popular disfavor against the helmet in the republic of to-day.

The suggestive warmth of the welcome given by Emperor Francis Joseph to the Count of Paris has not escaped attention, and doubtless was meant not to escape attention. But the heir of the Count of Chambord, if he is wise, will beware of being made a tool of *Klugs* or *Kaisers*. In inheriting the family claims of the dead Bourbon it will be well for him to also accept the latter's policy of abstention from armed efforts to overthrow the republic of France. The visits of prospective royalty may be tempting; but could the Count of Paris peer into the future he might see at the other end of the path of conspiracy not a sceptre, but a scaffold.

The testimony of scientific men that there were many warnings of the earthquake at Casamicciola, indicates the importance of establishing a trustworthy earthquake bureau in the neighborhood of Naples. Had the people of Ischia been in the habit of reading in their newspapers a regular bulletin of earthquake probabilities, many of those now dead would at least have had warning enough to save their lives. The signs were all there, and it is even claimed that the authorities knew of their existence, but refrained from publishing the facts lest frightened tourists, with their riches, should take wings and fly away.

The recent successful passage of the British Channel on a water tricycle seems to have given an impetus to this latest form of navigation. If tricycles for tourists, why not tricycles for soldiers? And if the British army is not equal to keeping the French from invading England through one hole in the ground—as some Englishmen appear to think—can the British navy check a million of warrior-bestridden tricycles swarming across the waters from all directions at once?

There seems no longer reason to doubt the consummation of the organic Union of the Methodist Churches in Canada. As these lines are being printed the General Conference of the representatives of the various Methodist Churches is being held at Belleville, and before another week the formal action of final agreement may be expected. Despite a very determined opposition from a few in each body there has been much greater unanimity displayed than was generally looked for. It is somewhat remarkable that the union sentiment was much more evident among the laymen than among the ministers, especially in the two leading bodies; and the laymen seemed less troubled about the purely business aspects of the question and more influenced by considerations of what would best tend to Christian usefulness. Whatever real difficulties have been presented came principally from those least expected,—from the ministerial delegates,—but these have been overcome, and all Christian churches seem to unite in congratulations and rejoicings over the prospect that in the future Methodism in Canada will be united and most powerful for good in the great Christian work of the country. In view of the fact that the great North West is being opened up so rapidly as to require more Christian workers than even the united churches of Canada can supply, the present successful agreement bears strong indications that the hand of Providence was in it.

### Good Templars' Departm't.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

T. W. CASEY, G. W. Secretary, Editor.

#### Grand Lodge of Canada.

G. W. C. T., J. H. Flagg, Mitchell. G. W. C., Edward Storr, Ottawa. G. W. V., Lydia Newman, Paris. G. W. S., P. W. Casey, Napanee. G. W. T., J. B. Nixon, Toronto. G. W. C., Rev. E. Fessant, Centralia. G. W. M., J. J. Mason, Essex Centre. G. W. G., Annie D. Veille, Toronto. G. W. S., W. H. Gribble, Woodstock. P. G. C. W., Rev. John Shaw, Peterboro. Next annual session to be held at Toronto fourth Tuesday in June, 1884.

#### Co-Operation Wanted.

As TRUTH now becomes the organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. G. T., and the Temperance and Templar departments are placed under the editorial control of the Grand Secretary, every member of the Order is asked to co-operate in extending its circulation and influence. Correspondents will confer a favor by sending brief reports of actual news in regard to the progress of the work from every part of the province. Every friend of our work is also invited to act as an agent in introducing the paper. Each number will contain a summary of temperance news and reading besides a large variety of miscellaneous literature, music, fashion plates and notes, and other attractions such as few weekly journals in Canada afford. Special terms to agents made known at any time by addressing the Publisher, 33 Adelaide St. west, Toronto. Please send also the names of such parties as it may be desirable to send sample copies and circulars to. Please let us hear from you this month, if possible. TRUTH can be made a power for good if its friends will kindly assist a little in the enterprise.

#### Progress.

It is encouraging to know that the indications of progress, reported at the late Grand Lodge session, still continues. The books show that returns have been received from twenty more lodges during August than for the corresponding month last year, and the increase in membership is also healthy. There are also good reasons to hope that this year will be one of encouraging success all along the line. It will be seen by looking at the list of receipts of returns sent that a large number of the lodges have reported very promptly this quarter.

#### The List of Receipts.

At the last Grand Lodge session the Grand Secretary was instructed to publish monthly a list of all the receipts from the lodges for per capita tax or supplies ordered. The Executive have arranged with the publisher of TRUTH for the publication of these lists. The list for August appears in this issue, and they will hereafter appear about the first week of each month. Please see that your amounts sent are correctly acknowledged.

#### Our Organizing Agent.

At the last session of the Grand Lodge it was resolved to employ the services of a reliable worker as an organizing agent this year, in hope of resuscitating many of the dormant lodges and organizing new ones. Bro. W. H. Rodden, of Toronto, was unanimously recommended to the Executive and arrangements has since been made with him. Bro. Rodden is now at work and has opened up correspondence with a number of temperance workers in various localities. He has just instituted a new Lodge at Newmarket, and has excellent prospects of success, reports the reorganization of the Barrie. He has been canvassing in

a number of places, and good reports of progress may be expected of him in these columns during the next few weeks. His city address is 46 Hayden St. Toronto.

In Egypt. A Good Templar Lodge has recently been instituted in Cairo, Egypt, by Bro. Plummer, of England. There are now lodges successfully at work in every continent, and nearly everywhere where the English language is spoken. A member of any lodge can obtain admittance and a welcome anywhere by using the current quarterly password. There are few orders conferring greater fraternal advantages to their members.

New York State. The Grand Lodge of New York is, we believe, now the largest and most prosperous of any in the United States. During the last fiscal year there have been one hundred and sixty new lodges instituted, and a very large number of persons initiated into the Order. There are now 559 subordinate lodges in connection with this Grand Lodge, with an aggregate membership of over twenty-seven thousand.

Four or five years ago the quarterly capitation tax was raised to ten cents per member, and though there was some grumbling and gloomy forebodings about the result, the success has been greater still than ever before, and the numerical strength has been more than doubled in that time.

The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania shows an increase in the membership during the past year of 410, with a surplus in the treasury of nearly \$800.

#### The Old Lecturers.

Several of our friends are asking what has become of the old Grand Lodge Lecturers of whom so many heard years ago, and whose names were so familiar to nearly every Good Templar in Canada.

Bro. James Johnston who was instrumental in organizing hundreds of lodges, many of which are doing well to this day, is now in business as a real estate agent in Toronto, and is meeting with splendid success in his line. He has a large business office in the heart of the city, near the Post-Office, and a country residence at West End, Parkdale, where he is always glad to see old friends.

Bro. Thomas Flynn is in business as a real estate and general agent at Napanee, and though many years past the allotted three score and ten he seems still as hale and cheery as he was ten years ago.

Bro. Rev. F. Chisholm is a leading minister in the Methodist Episcopal church, in charge of a large congregation at Lyn, Ont., His shadow does not grow less.

Bro. E. E. Parrott is farming near Dresden, Kent County, having very sensibly, taken to himself a wife, and resolved to devote his exclusive attention to husbandry. He has just instituted a new Lodge near his own locality.

#### New Lodges.

The following new lodges have been instituted since the Grand Lodge session.

Star of Newmarket, No. 743, instituted by Bro. W. H. Rodden, with 21 charter members, Newmarket P. O., Thomas Garbutt, L. D., W. A. Quebell, W. C. T., R. B. Green, W. S., night of meeting, Monday. This lodge promises to be a very successful one.

"Forest Home," No. 738, Inwood P. O., Lambton County, instituted August 9th, by Bro. Geo. Rains, of Alvinston. Norman Winters, L. D.

"Zion," No. 742, Tupperville P. O., Kent County, instituted August 18th, by Bro. E. E. Parrott, of Dresden. Bro. William Danlop, L. D., night of meeting, Saturday.

Moose Jaw Lodge, Moose Jaw P. O., N. W. Territory, instituted by Bro. T. B. Win-

nott, in August. Thomas B. Winnott, L. D., night of meeting Wednesday. Wascon Pioneer, No. 5, Manitoba, Regina, P. C., with 20 charter members. D. Reid, L. D., A. D. Ferguson, W. C. T., Miss M. V. Bole, W. V. S., M. Shaffries, W. S.

Aggression, Toronto East, instituted by Bro. G. Macdonald, P. D., night of meeting Wednesday, at Centennial Hall, corner Queen and Sumach streets. G. E. Macdonald, L. D., 8 Bond St., Cornelius Humphries, W. C. T., Frank J. Otter, W. S., Riverside P. O.

#### Toronto.

As many members of the Order may visit Toronto during the two weeks of the exhibition, a list of the Good Templar lodges meeting here may be of value. At any of the Toronto lodges visitors are always welcome.

On Monday evening Toronto Lodge holds its regular meetings corner of Albert and Yonge streets. W. H. Rodden, L. D., 46 Hayden St. Also Hope of Parkdale Lodge, at the west end of the city. Wm. Stewart, L. D., Parkdale.

On Tuesday evening. Albert Lodge meets at Wolesley Hall, corner of Yonge and Gerard streets. A. R. Scobie, L. D., 51 Jarvis street. Also Rose Avenue Lodge at their Hall on Rose Avenue, off Wellesley street.

On Wednesday evening. Dominion Lodge, at Wolesley Hall, corner of Yonge and Gerard streets. Thomas Clark, L. D., 58 Albert street. Also Aggression Lodge at Centennial Hall, corner of Queen and Sumach streets in the far east side of the city. G. S. McDonald, L. D. 8 Bond street.

On Thursday evening. Excelsior Lodge, at Temperance Hall, North Toronto (formerly Yorkville) James Jordan, L. D., Yorkville. Also Toronto Union Lodge, corner of Alice and Yonge streets. John Henderson, L. D., 90 Richmond street east.

On Friday evening. St. Johns Lodge, corner of Alice and Yonge. George Spence, L. D., Berkeley St. Also, Unity Lodge, Temperance Hall, Temperance St. A. Woodhouse, L. D., Mail office.

Bro. F. S. Spence, Managing Editor, of the Canada Citizen has been appointed City Deputy. His office is No. 8 King street east.

The Grand Secretary, T. W. Casey, will be in Toronto for a few weeks and has rooms at 35 Temperance St., near Temperance Hall. He will be pleased to see his old friends.

#### Receipts from Lodges.

The G. W. Secretary hereby acknowledges the receipt of returns and tax from the following lodges during the month of August. Friendship, Peterboro'.....\$ 2 24 Reliance, Hamilton..... 6 37 Ramsay, Skeada Mills..... 3 01 Union Star, Eglinton..... 4 00 Victoria, Frank Hill..... 2 00 Mount Pleasant, Mt. Pleasant..... 5 39 Water Lily, Ripley..... 5 32 Providence, Little Britain..... 3 50 Carawell, Peterboro'..... 2 35 Port Ryerso, Port Ryerso..... 3 55 Erie, Ruthven..... 5 60 Salamander, Kara..... 3 22 Blooming Rose, Avonton..... 2 45 Maple Leaf, Blyth..... 6 93 Bethel, Godfrey..... 3 92 Cheltenham, Cheltenham..... 2 90 Progression, West Winchester..... 4 41 Thorn Hill, Thorn Hill..... 1 65 Paris, Paris..... 8 19 Leeburn, Dunlop..... 2 24 Keesisabeta, Loongford Mill..... 2 73 Dominion, Toronto..... 6 09 Thamesford, Thamesford..... 5 88 Matland, Auburn..... 4 20 Edgar, Edgar..... 3 29 Ebenezer, Haley's Station..... 3 85 Evergreen, Rutherford..... 1 80 Fern, Danrt..... 1 47 Young Canadian, Mt. Forest..... 2 94 Star of Peace, Mar..... 2 59 Royal Oak, Glen Williams..... 6 10 Blooming Rose, North Ridge..... 3 50 Mt. Brydges, Mount Brydges..... 2 10 Ever Ready, Corunn..... 1 96

Gesto Star, Gesto.....	4 20
Winthrop, Winthrop.....	1 19
New Glasgow, Stewartville.....	4 76
McKollar, McKollar.....	3 85
Sarnia, Sarnia.....	2 62
Golden Star, Windsor.....	14 72
Portage LaPrairie, Portage La Prairie	12 00
Refuge, Varney.....	3 36
Sydenham Valley, Alvinston.....	2 45
Petherton, Petherton.....	2 73
Conqueror, Hoop Ness.....	2 45
Union, Peterboro'.....	4 00
Leamington, Leamington.....	6 93
Wroxeter Star, Wroxeter.....	1 40
Triumph, Spencerville.....	5 11
Life Boat, Farmersville.....	5 74
Willow Grove, Delner.....	2 59
Fair Port, Dresden.....	2 31
Florence, Florence.....	3 78
Campden, Campden.....	6 51
Elgin, Eastons Corners.....	3 01
Clear Water, Washago.....	2 59
Crown Hill, Crown Hill.....	4 62
Kemponfeldt, Shanty Bay.....	2 03
King, Coventry.....	1 82
Evening Star, Galt.....	6 57
Capo Croker, Croker.....	2 73
Union, Carlisle.....	5 3 9
Stand East, Cobden.....	2 59
Selwyn, Selwyn.....	5 60
Merivale, Merivale.....	4 31
West Esca, West Esca.....	2 73
Beaver, Cobourg.....	2 24
Pine River Reform, Lurgan.....	4 13
Gilford, Gilford.....	3 50
Cookstown, Cookstown.....	2 50
Pine Grove, Inverary.....	2 17
Victoria, Bishops Mills.....	4 20
Chandos, Clydesdale.....	2 80
Rising Star, Newtown Robinson.....	2 10
Clinton, Clinton.....	2 80
Mount Olivet, Hillsdale.....	4 50
Pool, Pool.....	4 69
Manotic, Manotic.....	2 87
Moose Jaw, Moose Jaw.....	0 70
Dalston, Dalston.....	4 97
Emerson, Emerson.....	3 64
Water Lily, Kingsville.....	5 25
Rising Hope, Newcastle.....	3 01
Maple Leaf, Concession.....	1 40
Huron Hope, Amberley.....	3 57
Brooklin, Brooklin.....	2 17
Albion, Toronto.....	5 67
Western Star, Pomeroy.....	1 50
Beaver, Bracebridge.....	1 65
Cruisado, Arthur.....	1 40
Rising Sun, Pickering.....	4 90
No Surrender, Spry.....	2 10
Woodbridge, Woodbridge.....	3 50
Magnum Bonum, Craighurst.....	1 63
Triumph, Washago.....	1 33
Omecme, Omecme.....	2 80
Life Boat, Gorrie.....	2 73
Sovern, Severn Bridge.....	2 66
Ever True, Phillipsville.....	5 95
Yarmouth, Union.....	2 17
Mississauga, Roseneath.....	2 30
Western Star, Weston.....	1 40
No Surrender, Renfrew.....	2 24
Scotia, Amhersburgh.....	7 77
Northern Star, Avon.....	2 91
Maple Leaf, Orwell.....	2 03
Ambitious City, Hamilton.....	4 06
Nassau, Wooler.....	2 00
Collins Bay, Collins Bay.....	2 50
Silver Willow, Cotswold.....	1 75
Oncida, Muncy.....	0 80
Gloucester, South Gloucester.....	1 40
Toronto Union, Toronto.....	7 35
Excelsior, North Toronto.....	12 18
Excelsior, Hamilton.....	2 24
Comet, Bothsay.....	6 30
Unity, Toronto.....	4 76
Iron Duke, Pike Bay.....	1 65
Prosperity, Fordwich.....	4 06
Purple Grove, Newbridge.....	2 73
Napanee, Napanee.....	6 02
Evergreen, Rodney.....	1 82
Claude, Claude.....	2 99
Ivoy, Millbrook.....	2 54

#### RECEIPTS FOR SUPPLIES.

Bethel, Godfrey.....	\$2 08
Edgar, Edgar.....	0 60
King, Coventry.....	0 60
Crown Hill, Crown Hill.....	0 60
Clinton, Clinton.....	1 20
Kempenfeldt, Shanty Bay.....	0 50
Rising Hope, Newcastle.....	0 60
Zion, Tupperville.....	5 00
Albion, Toronto.....	0 71
Excelsior, North Toronto.....	2 05
Huron, Scaforth.....	2 00
Omecme, Omecme.....	1 20
Northern Star, Avon.....	0 36
T. Nixon, Winnipeg.....	4 00
Young Canadian Mount Forest.....	0 80
Star, Gesto.....	0 50
Forest Home, Inwood.....	5 00

Temperance Department.

The Wife's New Story.

The story, ma'am? Why, really now, I haven't much to say; If you had come a year ago, and then again to-day,

No need of any word to tell, for your own eyes could see Just what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

A year ago I hadn't flour to make a batch of bread; And many a night these little ones went hungry to their bed; Just peep into the pantry, ma'am; there's sugar, flour, and tea:— That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

The pail that holds the butter he used to fill with beer; He hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year; He pays his debts, he's well and strong, and kind as man can be; That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the streets, feeling so mean and low, And always felt ashamed to meet folks he used to know; He looks the world now in the face, he steps off bold and free; That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

Why, at the shop, the other day, when a job of work was done, The boss declared, of all his men the steadiest one was John: I used to be the worst, my wife," John told me, and says he— "That's what the friends of Temperance have done for you and me."

The children were afraid of him, his coming stopped their play, Now every night, when supper's done, and the table cleared away, The boys will frolic round his chair, the baby climb his knee:— That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

Oh, yes! the sad, sad times are gone, the sorrow and the pain: The children have their father back, and I my John again. Don't mind my crying, ma'am; indeed it's just for joy, to see All that the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

And mornings when he goes to work, I kneel right down and say, "Father in Heaven, oh, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day!" And every night, before I sleep, thank God on bended knee For what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

Practical Temperance Work.

The temperance workers throughout the country can do a great deal of real practical work by co-operating with the authorities in seeing to the enforcement of the liquor laws we now have on our statute book. The Crooks Act, and similar laws restricting the sale of liquors, are in the interests of temperance, so far as their restrictions go, though of course they do not go far enough to meet the wishes of the prohibitionists. Except a few very unreasonable men, nearly all are willing to admit that until prohibition can be obtained a restrictive license law is much better than no law at all. Wholesale denunciations are therefore to be regretted. If our present laws prohibit all but four in a thousand from selling, would it not be better to help enforce that prohibition and continue to press for a clear sweep of the whole? If our laws prohibit all sales from Saturday evening until Monday morning, why not help to give the fullest effect to this prohibition, while asking for the balance of the week to be included? In making the prohibitions we now have effective, the claims for further advance in the same direction are much

strengthened. The License Inspectors throughout the Province complain that they receive but very little help from the temperance men in the discharge of their duties, and for want of some such help many violations go unpunished. There can be but little doubt that in almost any locality such information as half a dozen temperance men and women can often easily supply, would enable the Inspector to put the law thoroughly in force, much to the moral and material advantage of the community. It is a wonder that practical Christian and temperance workers do not enter more cheerfully in this matter than they generally do.

Our Provincial License law provides that when information is given to the Inspectors, the name of the informant shall not be divulged, where secrecy is desired. It also provides that the Inspector must do his duty when information is given to him, under a severe penalty for neglect. The Government also desires such co-operation, and any complaint of neglect of duty, when properly furnished, will be promptly inquired into. There is good reason to believe, too, that a large number of the Inspectors are desirous of obtaining reliable information, as it is all but impossible for any of them to ascertain about infractions of the law from personal observations; they are too generally known and too well watched to be able to do that.

Let a few men or a few women, or both, in any locality where the law is being broken send a confidential letter to the proper officer, giving the facts of the case and the names of two or three parties who can be depended on to give testimony in the case, however reluctantly; and let the official be reported to the Department in case decisive action is not taken; and depend on it there will not long exist cause of complaints. Depend on it, too, such a course of action would do a great deal to make clear the way for more sweeping and more effective restrictions.

Toronto Prohibitory Alliance.

The Toronto Prohibitory Alliance have determined to prevent liquor selling this year inside of the Exhibition grounds if it can be done. They protested, at an early stage, against a license being issued at all for liquor selling this year, but their protests were unheeded. Now the law is to be appealed to. There can be little doubt entertained that according to the spirit of the Provincial License Act no permission should be granted for the sale of liquors on any exhibition grounds, but advantage has been taken of what appears to be the mere quibble that the Toronto Exhibition was not established at the time of the passing of that law, and that it is not just exactly such an exhibition as the law refers to any way. Such an evasion is hardly creditable to any of the parties concerned. There is no good reason why liquor licenses ought to be granted at Toronto more than at any other large exhibitions. In this city there are hundreds of other places where thirty men can get all they need, and the few hours of abstinence during a stay on the grounds, will not probably prove an injury or a serious inconvenience to any one. On the other hand the consumption of a large quantity of liquors, even of the milder kind, is almost sure to produce the usual effects, and to be attended with more or less annoyance and danger to the thousands of visitors on the grounds. It is too late in the day to talk about alcoholics being a necessity, either as regards food or pleasure. The advance of public opinion is against any such sales, and they must be stopped some day. The proper authorities in the case

may as well recognize the progress of sentiment in this respect and bow gracefully at once.

Personal.

Hon. Neal Dow is at present assisting in the great Temperance campaign in the State of Ohio, now the temperance battle ground of the nation, where a Constitutional Amendment vote is pending. He will be in Kansas next week.—Mrs. Youmans has been at work in Great Britain for some months past, under the auspices of one of the Woman's Temperance Association of England. She will probably return to Canada in a few months.—Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, is at present in the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Good Templars. He has been meeting with good success, and will probably return from Nova Scotia this month.—Miss Frances Willard, the ablest of the American female temperance workers, is making a trip to the Pacific coast states, where she has been most enthusiastically received.—Edward Carswell has spent nearly all of the past season in the Southern States. We are not informed of his present whereabouts, but his permanent address is Oshawa, Ont.—Mr. T. B. Smithies, of England, the well known temperance worker, and for many years editor and publisher of the *British Workman* and *Band of Hope Review*, died a few weeks ago. He accomplished a great deal of good in his life time.—Ex. President Hayes, always a well known temperance man, is taking part in the temperance campaign in Iowa.—Rev. C. H. Meade a very popular speaker, was present at the recent Temperance day meeting at the St. Lawrence M. E. Park, near Brockville, and gave one of the most interesting and practical temperance addresses we ever listened to. He goes South soon to advance the temperance work among the negro population, under the auspices of the National Temperance Society.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A New York exchange states that there are four grog shops to every church in the United States, and six bar tenders to every minister. Under such circumstances the work of christianizing the nation must move slowly on, if it moves at all.

Official reports show that in 1882 there were 2,719 breweries in the United States, and they consumed thirty-five million bushels of barley for beer making.

In regard to the effect of prohibition in Kansas, ex-Governor St. John says that the State has increased one hundred thousand in population, under prohibition, and not one of these is a saloon keeper.

The Missouri Pacific Railroad has prohibited smoking as well as drinking among its employees during business hours. Our Canada roads will yet follow suit.

Some months ago some of the citizens of Lonepec, California, put a stout rope around a small saloon opened there contrary to law, and pulled it down. The proprietor sued one of the ringleaders for damages, but the jury acquitted him, on the ground that it was no mob, but a town meeting, and the saloon was a public nuisance.

The annual convention of the Catholic Temperance Union of America, was held last month in Brooklyn. There were 250 delegates present, representing 26 States, and New Brunswick. A large number of the Catholic clergy were present as delegates, and letters were read from bishops and archbishops, conveying expressions of encouragement and good will. A special committee of three members was appointed from each province to look after the interests of the cause among the youth of the church.

This committee will investigate plans and methods for forming and maintaining cadet Temperance societies. A platform was adopted strongly condemning convivial drinking, and the liquor traffic in general. The Union is increasing in numbers and influence. The next meeting will be held at Chicago in August 1884.

TEMPERANCE IN SCHOOLS.—In Halifax, N. S., the city School Board has recommended all the teachers in the Public Schools to give instructions, as far as practicable, from Dr. Richardson's Temperance Lesson book to all pupils under their charge. The Council of Public Instruction for the Province, has placed this book on the list of books recommended for the use of teachers, and the trustees of schools are requested, as far as possible, to place a copy of this manual on the teachers desk with other lessons of reference.

This is an important step in the right direction. Dr. Richardson's Temperance Lesson book is probably the best work of its kind ever prepared, and its extensive introduction in the public schools would do a vast deal in the proper education of the children of the country in regard to the true character and results of intoxicating liquors. It would be a good move to have this valuable manual extensively introduced in the schools of Ontario.

OHIO.—In the State of Ohio there is a Scott Act in force,—named from its author,—but different in its provisions from our Canadian Scott Act. The Ohio law imposes a tax of 100 dollars in all saloons in which fermented liquors are sold, and 200 dollars in those in which both distilled and fermented liquors are kept for sale. It also authorises all municipal governments to prohibit the sale altogether—thus introducing the principal of local option. An American exchange says that the immediate effect of the law is to shut up a large number of saloons of the lowest class. The tax is a lien on the property, and the landlords promptly interpose.

THE NORTH WEST.—An able correspondent of the *Orillia Packet*, writing from Maple Creek, North West Territory, gives some interesting facts about the working of the prohibitory law in that great Lone Land. It will be remembered that the Act of the Dominion Parliament organizing that Territory, prohibited the importation or sale of any liquors without a special government permit. The correspondent says: "One man for harbouring contraband whiskey was fined \$100, and another who had imbibed too much for perfect locomotion handed over \$50 as a small contribution to the public funds. The owner of the liquor had a very sudden appointment at Moose Jaw, but it availed him not, for the 'dogged' police nabbed him and he was forced to disgorge \$200. Others further west were fined \$150 each for selling 'pain killer' and 'flavouring extracts.' It seems rather hard to prohibit the sale of such comparatively harmless articles, but after several cases in which men, arrested for being drunk, swore that they owed their condition to pain-killer-cocktails, and flavouring extracts, there was no other course open."

It may here be mentioned that Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, the well known editor of the *Regina Leader*, has recently been heavily fined for having a bottle of liquor unlawfully in his possession, and of course he is very mad about it.

Of the good results of this prohibitory measure our Governor-General, Lord Lorne, spoke in high terms to his country-men during his last visit to Scotland.

27 Live Agents wanted everywhere for TRUTH. Send for terms.



# STELLA; OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

## CHAPTER XVIII. (CONTINUED.)

### CECILY'S SOLITARY WALKS.

They were walking side by side now in the direction of the park. Cecily was quite cool and self composed, and unconcerned; Mrs. Finch was trembling with rage and spite. She was, moreover, considerably out of breath with trying to keep up with her companion's pace; for Cecily amused herself by walking fast, and her long steps carried her over the ground faster than Mrs. Finch could, with due regard to dignity, follow her.

"If I were to tell Mr. Allingham the way you spend your mornings, Miss Cecily, you would find yourself in a pretty scrape."

"You are welcome to tell him anything you like. As there is nothing to tell, it will be a pleasant exercise for your inventive genius."

"I could put him up to several things if I chose," said Mrs. Finch, threateningly.

Cecily turned round upon her sharply.

"Good gracious, woman! what are you harping upon! Do you want me to bribe you?"

"I never was so insulted in my life!" cried out Mrs. Finch, indignantly. "How dare you talk about 'bribing,' and calling me a rascal, too!"

Cecily laughed.

"Does that offend you? I thought we were all women. Well, I won't say it again if it hurts your feelings. But I will give you a piece of advice, and that is, to mind your own business, and leave me alone."

For Cecily could be bold enough when the instinct of self-preservation was aroused. As to Mrs. Finch, she then and there vowed her destruction.

From that hour she watched Cecily more assiduously than ever. But Cecily had the advantage of knowing it, and she gave up her solitary walks—by daylight, at least—and Mrs. Finch was not able, for all her efforts, to find out anything further against her.

It was some few days later that Mr. King sent one day for his youngest granddaughter into his library.

She found that Norman was with him, and from the young man's disturbed and gloomy face, she knew that Mr. King must have said something displeasing to him.

Norman cleared his brow with an effort at her entrance, and drew forward a chair for her.

"I have been telling Norman that your wedding day must be settled, my dear," said Mr. King, not unkindly.

Cecily gave an involuntary start; but cast her eyes down meekly, and answered:

"Yes, grandpa."

"I am getting an old man, and I should like to see you settled before I die."

"I am sure I hope that may not be for many a long day, sir," said Norman heartily; whilst Cecily only said again:

"Yes, grandpa."

"Well, well—I don't know; I'm afraid my life is not very good, but still, we never know these things. Shall we make the wedding-day this day month?"

Cecily again murmured "Yes," with dutiful submission; and Mr. King thought in his own mind, that she was stupidest girl he had ever known.

"There; go then, now, both of you," he said, taking up his book again, and almost turning his back upon her.

When they were outside the door, Cecily turned round to her cousin. He was surprised to see how agitated she had suddenly become.

"I am not going to do it, you know, Norman," she said to him.

"Do what, Cecily?"

"Marry you in a month. My mother has not been dead a year. I could not think of being married yet."

Norman's heart gave a guilty throb of delight.

"I will not urge you to do anything you do not like," he said, not venturing to meet her eyes; "but had you not better go back and tell him so?"

"Who? grandpa! what is the use of it he would only be angry, and he might alter his will. No, we will let him believe it, and he might die meanwhile, and we could take our time afterwards. I should like to have a gay wedding, you know!" she added, half laughing.

Norman looked up at her puzzled. It came across his mind to wonder if she really

wished to be his wife. He supposed she did, else why did she not take this opportunity of breaking it off? He did not like either to hear her speak so about her grandfather; it was almost as if she wished for the old man's death.

"You ought to tell him your objections," he urged; "he will think you have settled it, and he will send out the invitations for the wedding!"

"What fun!" said Cecily, and burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, then suddenly a gush of tears filled her eyes, and her voice shook and trembled. "I cannot do it—I cannot do it!" she wailed, wringing her hands, and then suddenly turned and left him.

Norman felt absolutely bewildered; he stood still for a minute, half moved, half dismayed, and then he moved slowly away, saddened and heavy-hearted, feeling acutely that the whole story of his engagement was a mistake. He neither loved nor understood the woman he was pledged to marry, and, alas! he feared that he both loved and understood the sister who, but for his own folly, might have been his by this time.

Now, there lived in the small neighboring town of Loughton a very clever medical man, who had been long in the habit of attending upon Mr. King, of Wrexham. This gentleman was a bachelor, and lived in a small house on the outskirts of the town, and there was a short cut across the fields, which made it barely a mile distant from Wrexham to a pedestrian.

Late that evening, that is to say about nine o'clock, Dr. Graham, happening to be at home and disengaged, heard the loud ringing of the night bell.

It was such a very common occurrence that he was in no way startled by the loud and noisy peal; somebody, of course, was ill, and had sent for him, he supposed.

"Better send round to the stable, John," he called out to his footman, who came along the passage outside his sitting-room door at the summons; "I'm sure to be wanted. I'll have the old mare to-night; Thomas can put the saddle on."

John stepped back to the kitchen to send out the necessary order, and Dr. Graham began instinctively getting on his hat and gloves, and reached his thick riding Ulster from its peg behind the door.

Two minutes later John opened the door.

"Well?" said the master.

"I don't think you will be required to go out, sir; somebody wants to speak to you," and to Mr. Graham's intense surprise, a very pretty young lady, with only a light cloak flung over her evening-dress of black gauze, was ushered into the room.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### HER GRANDFATHER'S LOVE.

Cecily was playing a very difficult game. Like most people who forsake the straight roadway of truth and honesty, and who betake themselves to the tortuous paths of deceitfulness and double dealing, there were times when she was bewildered, even in her own mind, as to the dangers and uncertainties which surrounded her.

No one had seen her slip out of the house after dinner, on her way to Dr. Graham's house, nor did any living soul ever know what it was that the tall young lady in evening dress had to say to the old doctor. In his own mind, although he answered her questions civilly and to the best of his powers—and although he was, even at his discreet years, somewhat impressed by the graceful girl, with her winning manner and her anxious and interested looks—Dr. Graham never quite settled satisfactorily to himself what it was that had made Mr. King's granddaughter pay him the furtive evening visit. He never knew whether the anxiety of affection or the workings of the basest self-interest had prompted her close and searching questions concerning the state of her grandfather's health, and he was a little ashamed afterwards that, being so overcome by the novelty and charm of the situation, he had been taken off his guard, and had answered her questions more fully and more unreservedly than he had felt it quite right to do.

As to Cecily, she went home with glittering eyes, and a smothered excitement of manner, which she had some difficulty in concealing.

Long that night she paced up and down the narrow limits of her little bedchamber, think over what she had determined upon doing.

Once, stopping suddenly short before her dressing-table, she caught sight of her own face in the glass; there was a large, fixed look of malignant triumph upon it, that involuntarily made her recoil from her own image.

"What am I going to do?" she said, to herself, shudderingly. "What name would any one give this thing I am thinking about?" And then she laughed aloud to herself. "Pooh! what a goose I am! After all, I am doing him no harm! He has heart-disease, the doctor says; at any moment he may drop down dead. He is an old man; he has lived his life; he is quite prepared to die; he will not live a couple of months at the most, in any case—is that my fault?—and a week sooner or a week later, what can it matter in such a case? Dr. Graham said—he said—that any sudden shock—any disappointment—any little trifle to upset him—"

And then she stood still suddenly, and held up both hands to her head, and was silent; for there are some things that are best unwhispered even in the remotest depths of our own hearts. After that Cecily jumped into bed, pulled up the clothes round her head and slept as soundly and as sweetly as any child of three year old. The next best thing for one's peace of mind to having a good conscience is certainly to have none at all.

The next morning Cecily met Norman on the stairs, on her way down to breakfast, and laid a detaining hand upon his arm, she did not notice that there were dark rings round his eyes, and wearied and careworn lines upon his face. Mr. Allingham certainly had slept neither soundly nor sweetly.

But Cecily did not see these tokens of distress in her cousin's countenance, because her own was cast down becomingly and modestly.

"Norman," she said, with a pretty hesitation of manner, "I am sorry for what I said to you yesterday—about—about our marriage."

Norman laid his hand kindly upon hers. His conscience smote him often at times for his coldness of heart to the girl to whom he stood pledged, and who loved him—for of course she loved him!

"My dear," he said, "we all say foolish things at times. Tell me what it is you wish."

"I have been thinking, Norman, that our grandfather has been very good to us; it would be wrong and ungrateful not to do as he wishes; and if—if he has set his heart upon seeing us married soon, why—why—"

She paused, stammering and confused, as was natural and maidenly.

Norman's heart gave a great leap, and then sank down cold and sick within him; but he grasped her hand closely, and spoke out bravely.

"You are quite right; we will do as he wishes. We ought to consider him—it is our duty. You are a good girl, Cecily. I do believe that it will be a real joy to the old man to have this—this matter settled; and Cecily, I give you my word of honor I am not insensible to your sweet, yielding temper, and to the effort you have made to speak this to me. It shall be the object of my life," he said, solemnly and earnestly, "to make you a good and devoted husband."

Norman spoke from his heart, gazing fixedly and gravely into her face. Never had he been more in earnest—never had he resolved more determinedly to fulfill to the very last letter the words he was speaking to this girl, whom he believed himself to be unconsciously wronging.

But she should never find it out. Never, he told himself—never as long as life lasted!

Judge, then, of his surprise and bewilderment, when Cecily's only answer was a smile of such intense amusement, that it rippled up uncontrollably all over her face in a mood of suppressed merriment! He dropped her hand, and felt deeply disappointed. He had spoken from the depths of his soul to her, and she seemed to consider it as a good joke! Would he ever understand this girl, or have one sympathy in common with the woman who was to be his wife!

After all, it was Stella, and not Cecily, whose task it was to tell the old man that he was to have his own way about the marriage that was his darling object.

Stella, who stood behind his chair white and fixed, as though she were speaking her own death warrant, and said to him, tremblingly:

"Grandpa, they have told me to tell you that—that—"

"You are strangely timid, Miss Stella," said Mr. King, irritably, twisting himself round in his chair to look at her. "What are you stammering and stultifying for? and why do you stand behind me as if I was an ogre? and who are they, pray?"

"How am I to answer three questions at once, grandpa?" cried Stella, with a touch of her old sauciness, and a little laugh that even to the old man's ears sounded hollow and unreal. He drew her round to the front of his chair, and she knelt down by his side.

"Is it Norman and Cecily whose business you are upon, Stella? I suppose they were afraid to speak themselves."

She rested her elbow on the arm of his chair, and shaded her face with her hand.

"They wished me to tell you—the marriage shall be as soon as you like."

He was silent for half a minute; then he sighed contentedly.

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured, fervently, "I shall see it before I die, and I shall have done justice to your father's child; for I was harsh to him, Stella—very harsh. May Heaven forgive me!"

And then suddenly he took Stella's face between his two hands, and lifted it up, so that she was forced to look at him.

"My little girl, if it could only have been you!" he said, brokenly.

"Oh! don't, grandpa!" burst with a cry from her white lips, and the sudden pain and anguish in her face smote upon him with all the force of a revelation.

He kissed her hurriedly.

"But you will stay with the old man, won't you, dear?" he said, drawing her tenderly to him. "We will send Finch away—I hate her—and you and I will live together. We will never be parted, Stella—you will never leave me, will you?"

"Never, grandpa—never!" she answered, impulsively, casting up her arms about his neck, whilst tears that she could not restrain—tears of pent-up misery and despair—burst forth freely at his words of kindness and affection.

It was a strange thing, this love that had sprung up between the hard-hearted old man, with his crabbed temper and his well nigh withered heart, and the girl who, so lately a stranger to him, had crept into the emptiness of his loveless old life, softening, and purifying, and melting the frozen current of his soul.

How she had done it was a mystery both to himself and to her. She had never tried to win him; indeed, she had thwarted, unconsciously, his dearest wishes, and yet Cecily, who was about to realize them, was nothing to him, whilst Stella was everything.

"How can any one ever have called grandpa hard and unkind?" said Stella, to herself. "He has the warmest heart and the tenderest sympathy of any one I ever met."

And Stella, who, poor child! had so little to love, loved her grandfather with her whole heart and soul.

But though he loved Stella the best, Mr. King was not ungrateful to Cecily for her prompt consideration to his wishes.

When he met her at lunch time, he took her hand kindly, and kissed her forehead.

"My dear, I am glad you have consented to let things be as I wish. You know I have set my heart upon this marriage, and you are acting rightly in allowing me to settle the time of it."

Cecily murmured an inarticulate reply: she was rather nervous in her manner, and Mrs. Finch, who was watching her closely, noticed that her hands shook with agitation.

Norman stood by her side and received her grandfather's thanks and good wishes also. Mrs. Finch was certain there was false play somewhere.

"She is playing a double game—I am convinced of it," she said to herself. "Who was it that she met in the Park the other morning? Could it have been Sir Edgar? For I am not such a goose as to suppose it was Norman! I must keep my eye upon you, young lady!"

But aloud Mrs. Finch only said to Cecily, with the sweetest smile, as she took her place at the luncheon-table.

"Let me give you a glass of sherry, dear Miss Cecily, for you look quite overcome; and will you have some chicken or a cutlet?"

"You had better order the invitation cards for the wedding," said Mr. King, cheerily, to her, as he sat down opposite her; "and the wedding breakfast must be thought of. It is to be the last of May, Mrs. Finch, so mind you are in time with the preparations. Here is your very good health, young people!"



None of them had ever seen the old man in such a good temper nor in such radiant spirits.

## CHAPTER XX. HOW LILY FAINTED.

The children had all gone up-stairs to put on their hats and cloaks, but Lily lingered still in the school-room. Ostensibly she was putting away the books and slates; but who will blame the poor child that the excuse was but a very hollow one? It was the time Sir Edgar used so often to look into the school room for five minutes, and for many days Lily had waited, and hoped, and longed for him to come; but she saw very little of him now.

Her eyes were full of tears as she slowly and wearily put away the litter of objects that cumbered the table.

"I suppose he doesn't care to come now," she said to herself; "he must be getting quite fond of Lady Honoria, and I ought not to be sorry for it. Oh! no, I could not be so wicked as to be sorry, for as mamma told me, he never could have meant to marry me; but I did not expect that. It was happiness enough just to see him now and then; but perhaps it is better not—only it is very hard to bear!"

The door opened slowly behind her, and Lily turned round with a face radiant with sudden delight—only for an instant; in the next, every ray of pleasure had vanished out of it. It was Walter, not Edgar, who entered.

"All alone, lovely Lily?" cried the intruder, with a tone of bantering familiarity that was an insult in itself.

Lily colored deeply, but did not answer. She had already resented Walter's bold and disrespectfully expressed admiration; her pure instincts told her that he was not a good man.

"It is the first time I have had such luck since I have been in the house! Why do you always run away from me?" he asked, coming close to her.

"I have no wish to do so, Mr. Dyson," said Lily, quietly, though she was trembling very much; "but I am afraid I must go up stairs now, the children are getting ready for their walk; I must not keep them waiting."

She moved towards the door, but Walter stood in her way.

"Nonsense! you are not going away just yet; you are going to stay and talk to me a little. Don't you know that you are very pretty? It's a shame of my mother to keep you mewed up in the school-room all day! Why don't you come into the smoking-room in the evening sometimes? You would always find me there alone; I go there directly after dinner, while my mother and brother are hanging over Lady Honoria and her everlasting singing. That sort of thing bothers me, you know. I'm not musical, and I'm not in love with Lady Honoria. I get away into the smoking-room with my pipe. Suppose you slip in there to-night and have a talk to me?"

"I don't think the smoking-room would be at all the proper place for me, Mr. Dyson."

"Any more, I suppose you mean, than the school-room is the proper place for me!"

Lily was silent for a minute, then she said, very quietly:

"Please let me pass, Mr. Dyson. I really must go up-stairs."

"You certainly shall not go until you've promised to come to the smoking-room after dinner to-night."

"I shall never promise that, Mr. Dyson," said Lily, firmly, wondering at her own boldness.

If she had had more knowledge of the world, she would have given the promise and have broken it afterwards. But none of the arts of deception lay in Lily's category of self-defence. She was frightened and indignant; but it did not occur to her to use guile or deception to escape from the man who was insulting her because she was poor and friendless.

She made another attempt to reach the door; but Walter Dyson placed himself so directly in her way, that, without a personal encounter, it was impossible for her to get at the handle.

"Mr. Dyson!" she cried, indignantly, "this is most ungenerous, most ungentlemanlike!"

"How pretty it looks when it is angry!" was the insulting reply.

Tears of distress and terror gathered in her eyes, and then all at once she heard an advancing footstep along the passage.

"For Heaven's sake let 'me go!" she cried, white with terror. "I hear some one coming—it must be Lady Dyson!"

"Then you shall give me a kiss before she comes!" cried Walter, and before she knew what he was doing, he seized her suddenly in his arms!

Lily uttered a faint cry. She was so paralyzed with terror and disgust that she had neither the strength to resist him or the courage to call loudly for help.

And then the door opened and she saw—not Lady Dyson, as she had expected—but Sir Edgar, erect, and stern, and pale, and for one startled moment, upon the threshold, ere, with a muttered oath, he turned angrily away, slamming the door violently behind him as he went.

Walter Dyson burst into a short coarse laugh.

"What fun! I've shocked the older brother!" he cried.

But Lily heard him not. She slid between his arms, as one who has got a death wound, and fell prone at his feet in a senseless, lifeless heap!

Walter uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

"Bother the girl! I hate a fainting woman! What on earth has she got to faint for?—squeamish little piece of propriety—why couldn't she just have a little harmless bit of fun like any other girl? If I had kissed her it would not have killed her! Well, I suppose I had better get out of this; there'll be every woman in the house here peacefully with smellingsalts and sal-volatile! She'll come to fast enough if she's left alone."

And Mr. Walter, with no further thought or consideration for the unfortunate girl who, by reason of his unmanly and unprincipled conduct, lay now stretched, white and unconscious, on the ground, ignominiously departed as speedily as he could, without attempting to render the slightest succor to the unhappy governess!

Lily lay there still, and motionless, and white, like the flower whose name she bore. Afterward she found it in her heart to wish that she had never awakened from that death-like swoon.

Presently there came a buzzing in her ears, and that battling, choking sensation that accompanies the return to consciousness. And then a voice that seemed to speak to her out of a fog—calling her by name:

"Miss Finch—Miss Finch!" Then more whizzing whirring in her ears, and another dead, still interval of unconscious peace.

After that a violent pricking and stinging at her eyes and nose, which made her gasp and choke. Somebody was holding very strong salts under her nose; her head was being lifted up; and there was a splash of cold water against her face.

"She is coming to now, my lady," said one.

"Sprinkle a little more water over her forehead," said another.

Lily gave a shiver and then a groan, then suddenly she sat up on the floor, and looked bewilderedly about her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Drank a Tear and Swore off.

The *Arkansas Traveller*, a humorous paper, sometimes drops into the pathetic vein, as witness the following story from its columns:

"Boys, I won't take less'n you take what I do," said old Josh Spillit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures on us. You are chief of the mixed-drinkers, and I will not agree to your conditions."

"He wants to run us in on castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square," replied Spillit. "Take my drink and I'm with you."

The boys agreed, and stood along the bar. Everyone turned to Spillit and regarded him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said Spillit, "give me glass of water."

"What, water!" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water; it's a now drink on me, admit, and I expect it's a scarce article with all of you. Lemme tell you how I came to take it. Several days ago a passel of us went fishing, and we took a fine chance of whiskey along, an' had a heap of fun. Long toward evenin' I got powerful drunk an'

crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drunk up all the whiskey and came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they'd left me that drunk, and told it around town with a mighty bluster. My son got a hold of the report and told it at home. Well, I laid under that tree all night, an' when I woke in the mornin' thar sat my wife right thar by me. She didn't say a word when I woke up, but she sorter turned her head away. I got up an' looked at her. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see that she was choked."

"I wish I had suthin' to drink," s' I."

"Then she tuck a cup what she fotedched with her an' went down to whar a spring biled up an' dipped up a cupful an' fotedch it to me. Jest as she was handin' it ter me, she leaned over ter hide her eyes an' I seed a tear drop in the water. I tuck the cup an' drank the water an' the tear, an' risin' my hand I vowed that I would never hafter drink my wife's tears agin; that I had been drinkin' them for the last twenty years, an' that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was that left me drunk. You was all in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."

Dr. DeKauney has tried to establish before the French Anthropological Society the fact that right handedness is not an acquired habit, but a characteristic of the superior races. Savage tribes show a larger proportion of left-handed people than those which are civilized, and idiots and epileptics offer a very large per centage of left-handed individuals. After this statement it was ungallant in the Doctor to say that there are more left-handed women than men.

The gloomy fears, the desponding views, the weariness of soul that many complain of, would often disappear were the blood made pure and healthy before reaching the delicate vessels of the brain. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood; and thus conduces to health of body and sanity of mind.

Circumstances change, temptations diminish, positions improve, misfortune becomes endurable by habit, but persons who are disagreeable to us always irritate us more and more.

POST MORTEM EXAMINATIONS have, in some instances, led to the discovery of the scars of completely healed abscesses or sores upon the lung. This of itself shows that the lung tissue when diseased is susceptible of restoration to a sound and healthy condition. Persons afflicted with lung disease may reasonably hope to recover health by the use of well chosen remedies. Foremost among these is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a thoroughly tested and highly accredited specific for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and other affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Pulmonary irritation is promptly arrested by the Cod Liver Oil, and the hypophosphites, which are among the finest renovants used by physicians, revive the flagging energies of the debilitated system.

Whatever difference there may appear to be in men's fortunes, there is still a certain compensation of good and ill in all, that makes them equal.

H. Gladden, West Shefford, P. Q. writes: For a number of years I have been afflicted with rheumatism. Two years ago I was attacked very severely. I suffered a great deal of pain, from which I was not free for a day, until last spring, when I began to use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and I rejoice to say it has cured me, for which I am thankful.

Amiability is the sunshine of the soul, which causes smiles to bloom on the lips, and expands the heart as the rays of the sun open the buds of the rose.

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 9 or 10 years with Dyspepsia, and since using it digestion goes on without that depressed feeling so well known to dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of Indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach."

### Did She Die?

"No!  
"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."  
"The doctors doing her no good!"  
"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."  
"Indeed! Indeed!"  
"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

### A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,  
"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,  
"Under the care of the best physicians,  
"Who gave her disease various names,  
"But no relief,  
"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

### Author is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:  
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."  
"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."  
"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY OF Utica, N. Y.

To listen kindly is often an act of the most delicate interior mortification, and helps us very much to speak kindly ourselves.

Ayer's Ague Cure, when used according to directions, is warranted to eradicate from the system all forms of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Intermittent, Remittent, and Bilious Fevers, and disorders of the liver. Try it. The experiment is a safe one, and will cost you nothing if a cure is not effected.

An unjust accusation is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with horrible anguish, or else will be your destruction.

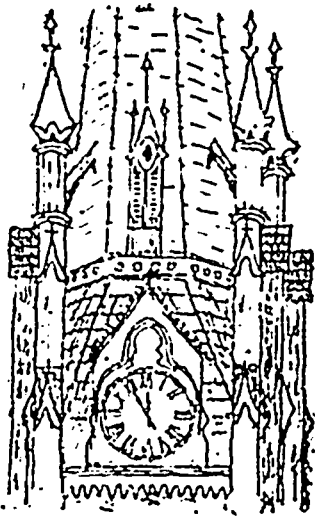
All ladies who may be troubled with nervous prostration, who suffer from organic displacement; who have sense of weariness and a feeling of lassitude; who are languid in the morning; in whom the appetite for food is capricious and sleep at proper hours uncertain, should have recourse to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such is the encouragement given to flattery, in the present times, that it is made to sit in the parlor, while honesty is turned out of doors.

Messrs. Mitchell & Platt, druggists, London, Ont., write Dec., 1881. We have sold Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil since its first introduction, and we can safely say, no medicine on our shelves has had a larger sale, or gives better satisfaction. We always feel safe in recommending it to our customers.

Those who are at peace with their conscience are often led to an excessive rigor. To overlook nothing in others is often a proof that we overlook a great deal in ourselves.

THE ELEMENT OF POSE, BRAIN AND MUSCLE, are derived from the blood, which is the grand natural source of vital energy, the motor of the bodily organs. When the circulation becomes impoverished in consequence of weak digestion and imperfect assimilation of the food, which should enrich it, every bodily function flags and the system grows feeble and disordered. When the blood becomes impure either from the development of inherited seeds of disease, its contamination by bile, or other causes, serious maladies surely follow. A highly accredited remedy for these evils is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which eradicates impurities of the blood and fertilizes it by promoting digestion and assimilation. Moreover, this fine alterative and stomachic exerts a specific action upon the liver, healthfully stimulating that organ to a performance of its secretory duty when inactive, and expelling bile from the blood. It likewise possesses diuretic and depurative properties of a high order, rendering the kidneys active and healthy, and expelling from the system the acrid elements which produce rheumatic pain. Price, \$1, sample bottle, 10 cents. Ask for Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a fac-simile of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.



## STILL ON THE STRIKE.

The Cathedral Clock on the Battle of the Books and Other Matters of More or Less Interest.

No wonder that the Clock is discouraged and jealous. People have been writing and saying that it is dull, dull as ditch water, and far less worth reading than Jacob Faithful, of happy memory. This is bad. It is enough to make one wicked and wild as if one had lost a anecdot or a seat in the House of Commons. To think that it has come to this, that one so high in the world and breathing the pure air of so lofty a steep should be declared dull, and not to be mentioned in the same day with—pshaw, I won't name his name nor speak disrespectfully of any of TRUTH's correspondents, though I know what I know and am solemnly convinced that Jacob could never hold a candle to somebody who shall be nameless, and who lives far above ordinary people like a star and apart from them like a spirit. But no; let me not think for a moment that the green-eyed monster has got up into the steeple, or that it is going to be allowed rest for a single moment in these higher latitudes. It has enough to do in all conscience, and exercises sufficient influence down below to make it perfectly unnecessary for it to seek fresh fields and pastures new. Look how it is playing the mischief with the so-called literary people in Toronto and elsewhere. Why they are as jealous of each other as jealous can be. They can't speak a cordial kindly word of the brethren of the craft without putting in some nasty "but." They flatter to be sure, but it is simply to get the compliment paid back with interest. You could make each individually believe that he was an Admirable Crichton, the eighth wonder of the world, the most undoubted phenomenon that has appeared for a millenium. This one hugs himself at the idea of his immense popularity, the influence he exerts, the reputation that is in store for him when he shall have shoffled off this mortal coil. That one is classical beyond a doubt; and so it goes on. But praise another who is somewhat in the same line and then—aye then. Generosity! Hearty self-forgetfulness! Genuine cordial admiration! No such thing. And then the booksellers who have school books to dispose of. Isn't it fun? Yes. The green god is at work in their hearts, and no mistake. Then the canvassers, white spirits and black, blue spirits and grey!

ALL AT IT, TOOTH AND NAIL.

Gage's books! Perfect trash! Didn't Collins give them fits? What was it that Campbell gave him for his paper? Oh, who knows? It was worth a hundred dollars at any rate! The "Ratepayer" was very mad. And wasn't it grand to see how Sam Hughes replied. "If I choose to go canvassing whose business is

it?" Yes, whose indeed? And if Sam why not James? And if James why not all the teachers in the Toronto public schools? And if all these why not have public meetings of all the teachers in the country? And why did not the Teacher's Convention declare for Gage? or Campbell? or the dark horse? And if teachers why not Trustees? And if Trustees why not?—Ugh. It is altogether too terrible. And this is a free country, quoth Master Sam, and the Clock is in league with Campbell, and every man may wallop his own nigger, and if a complacent publisher gives one a cheque for \$100 "quite promiscuously" why not? And if Inspectors have a sleeping interest in school books why not? Taradiddle, let us whistle propriety and decency down the wind! Vote for Campbell and seven small children. Hurrah for Gage and Gr. Sir's "bull pup." By the way why don't the combatants adopt some extra elegancies of expression from the *Mail*? Why not call Inspector Hughes a "slugger?" Why not denounce old Campbell as a "parched pea" all too small for his pod? The Clock would have no hesitation in calling Minister Hardy "a whiskey soaker," and William Houston, let us see—"a little wretch?" No that would not do, for he is not little. Nowat is that. Well then let him be known as a "red headed wretch." The phrase is fairly alliterative, and is sure to kill. There surely ought to be somebody who could be fully described as a "bummer," and in a fit of more than ordinary energy, even "brute" might be brought into requisition. Come, come, you friends of higher education and general culture, go lively about it and charge with all your chivalry. In the meantime the whole spectacle is very edifying and no mistake. Come, come, all you teachers and speak to your Trustees and if they are cross raise a row in the school section and coerce them into line for the "Royals" or the "Canadians," as the case may be. Yes, and by the way, if a cheque or a parcel of books come your way, don't say No. They come in the way of Providence and you have no fears from an election court! Indeed, it would be as well for the rival publishers to invest in a few barrels of whiskey and get

DISTRIBUTED WHERE THEY WILL DO MOST GOOD.

The Clock knows Trustees who could as likely be gained that way as any. Now then gentlemen, a regular full volley all along the line.

And so Dr. King is going to Manitoba. Yes, and he is quite right too. In these days when every thing secular or sacred is measured by the price current, it is well when somebody seems to act after a different fashion. The Dr. may have less salary and fewer of the comforts of life, but he will have higher blessings and a higher and more enduring record. Does the world or the church in these days believe that there is any significance in the old words about forsaking fathers and mothers and homes and lands? It would seem not. Yet a good many are pitying father King as having made a huge mistake. It may be so, but the Clock can't see it. Then there is the Free Library and buying books. Why it is but a week or two since there was the wildest racket about the proposal to send the Librarian home to Britain, and the great cry was, "Encourage the booksellers of Toronto." Wouldn't that be a precious pretty game? When twenty thousand dollars worth of books were to be purchased, who in his senses would affirm that that purchase could not be made to infinitely better advantage in London or Paris than here? Yes, but there is milk in that coconut too. One of the most bustling canvassers for one of the disappointed but extraordinarily gifted candidates has something to do with books also, and there might have been—hem, you know! It is but reasonable and right to throw all you can in a friend's way, and if that friend you know chooses to show his gratitude, &c. Why the travelling expenses of the Librarian could be saved twenty times over, provided he is even moderately honest, and surely it is but decent to think he is that till the opposite is proved. And aren't there checks? But time is up and therefore no more this week from

THE CLOCK.

## TRUTH ON MUNICIPAL MATTERS.

An obvious typographical error occurred in last week's TRUTH, where it was stated that the engine pumping power at Cleveland, Ohio, was six millions of gallons per 24 hours. It should have been 60 millions, as against but 12 millions of gallons in Toronto. In proportion to population, Cleveland has over four times the pumping power that Toronto has.

The committee on water-works have delayed for another fortnight the recommending of the construction of a substantial cedar outer crib around the one at Hanlan's Point. Unless it is done this season the ice of next winter will again render it so shaky as to admit bay water. The chairman of the committee would seem to have infused some of his drowsiness into the members thereof.

It is quite evident that the five water inspectors, whose duty it is to prevent wastes of water throughout the city, are not equal to the occasion. At a recent Police Court case, it was disclosed that there had been a largely increased consumption of water in a store of the St. Lawrence Block on King street, yet it had not been inspected for years. Mechanical Engineer Venables should be placed in authority over these inspectors, who should be required to follow his instructions as to the best means to detect wastes. He should also be placed in authority over Foreman Foley of the pipe-laying gang, who may be able to get sufficient work out of the gang, but has not that mechanical knowledge which is requisite with respect to the formation of junctions of piping of different dimensions, and other skilled work in connection with pipe laying.

The farcical policy of hiring informers to catch unlicensed dealers in liquor, and those who are licensed in breaking of the Crooks Act, is to be continued, according to an advertisement for such published by Inspector Dexter. That official hired two young men to do such demoralizing work, and the result was that they reported to him that they had caught certain parties, which report turned out to be false. He then prosecuted them for obtaining money from him by false pretences, but failed to convict them. One of the grand juries of last year entered a strong protest against the system, as having a demoralizing tendency on the informers, and the community generally. A man named George Albert Mason made lots of money in this city for years by catching such offenders, and then blackmailing them into buying him off for less than it would cost them to go to court. The proper way to suppress such illicit traffic is by means of the police force, as is the case in British cities and many American ones. It is said Chief Constable Draper has got an absurd idea into his head that it would demoralize the policemen. The law abiding licensed dealers, who pay heavy taxes towards the maintenance of the police force, should interview the police commissioner on this matter.

The committee on works refused to accept the proposal of their chairman, Ald. Turner, to make the salary of the City Engineer \$4,000, instead of \$2,500, which was large enough to capture 19 applicants from various parts of Canada and the United States.

The fact that a stall in St. Lawrence Market was sub-leased by a lessee of the City Corporation for twice the rental, shows that the rentals of such stalls are altogether too low. The committee on markets and health have accordingly ordered a return to be made of such rentals.

During the 10 years regime of Commissioner Coalworth, he has expended on

streets east of Yonge street, where all his properties are located, a much larger amount per mile, than on the streets west of that street, where, unfortunately for the taxpayers of that section, he owns no property. And he has done this notwithstanding the fact that the soil in the east is chiefly of a sandy character, while that in the west is clayey, and that the sidewalks and roadways are in a much better condition in the east than in the west. The committee on markets and health, in view of this can better appreciate his defiant remark at their last meeting that he had the proposal to appoint a commissioner for the west hammered at him every year, and that if one alderman did not do it another would. A return of ward expenditures for the first half of this year shows that he continues to practice the same injustice.

The temporary switch on King street, a short distance east of Yonge street, should be removed, as it forms such an obstruction as to be likely to cause accidents.

The members of the committee on water-works have further delayed action for another fortnight in connection with procuring another pumping engine, though Engineer Venables submitted to them a report as to the insufficiency of the present pumping power, showing clearly the danger of further delay. They have had three tenders for such an engine before them for months, one which, by a Toronto firm, is over \$15,000 less than the lowest of the others, and the style of engine offered by that firm is far in advance of the others, while there are other advantages to be derived from the acceptance of that tender, which places the acceptance of the other tenders altogether out of the question. One of these many advantages is the getting of the work done in the city, instead of having the money expended in Liverpool or Milwaukee, and also, of having the manufacture of each article of the engine properly inspected during construction. These members deputed their engineer to visit Cleveland to inspect certain engines of a design similar to that offered by the firm in question, and he reported that it was the most economical design so far discovered, as proved by the exceptionally high duty performed by those engines. He also reported that the saving in fuel and repairs to be effected with such an engine would pay the cost thereof within five years. The specification, which accompanied the lowest tender, contains explicit particulars of each article in the engine and materials to be used in the construction thereof, and of the foundations thereof. It also contains a guarantee that the engine will do duty much higher than that called for, while the other specifications contain no such particulars or guarantee. Yet with advantages in favor of the acceptance of the lowest tender, these members continue to supinely delay action, and to chatter meeting after meeting about the necessity of employing experts to report on three tenders, two of which are so outrageously high as to be altogether unacceptable. Not one of them can name an expert, who has sufficient knowledge of hydraulic mechanics to give a reliable opinion, nor could a competent expert hesitate one moment in choosing the lowest tender as the best, where there is such a vast disparity in the cost and design. The electors of the ward of St. Paul will have to energise the functions of their representative in this matter, unless they are content to remain without sufficient pressure for fire protection purposes during the balance of the year.

## NEW GOODS!

New Hosiery.  
" Gloves.  
" Scarfs and Ties.  
" Braces and Handk'fs.

ROGERS'  
GENTS' FURNISHING STORE,

216 Yonge Street, Corner of Elm.

Our Young Folks.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Sue's Wedding.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

Sue ought to have been married a long while ago. That's what everybody says who knows her. She has been engaged to Mr. Travers for three years, and she has had to refuse lots of offers to go to the circus with other young men. I have wanted her to get married, so that I could go and live with her and Mr. Travers. When I think that if it hadn't been for a mistake I made she would have been married yesterday, I find it dreadfully hard to be resigned. But we ought always to be resigned to everything when we can't help it.

Before I go any further I must tell about my printing-press. It belonged to Tom McGinnis, but he got tired of it and sold it to me real cheap. He was going to write to the Young People's Post office Box and offer to exchange it for a bicycle, a St. Bernard dog, and twelve good books, but he finally let me have it for a dollar and a half.

It prints beautifully, and I have printed cards for ever so many people, and made three dollars and seventy cents already. I thought it would be nice to be able to print circus bills in case Tom and I should ever have another circus, so I sent to the city and bought some type more-an-inch high, and some beautiful yellow paper.

Last week it was finally agreed that Sue and Mr. Travers should be married without waiting any longer. You should have seen what a state of mind she and mother were in. They did nothing but buy new clothes, and sew, and talk about the wedding all day long. Sue was determined to be married in church, and to have six bridesmaids and six bridegrooms, and flowers and music and things till you couldn't rest. The only thing that troubled her was making up her mind who to invite. Mother wanted her to invite Mr. and Mrs. McFadden and the seven McFadden girls, but Sue said they had insulted her, and she couldn't bear the idea of asking the McFadden tribe. Everybody agreed that old Mr. Wilkinson, who once came to a party at our house with one boot and one slipper, couldn't be invited, but it was decided that everyone else that was on good terms with our family should have an invitation.

Sue counted up all the people she meant to invite, and there was nearly three hundred of them. You would hardly believe it, but she told me that I must carry around all the invitation and deliver them myself. Of course I couldn't do this without neglecting my studies and losing time, which is always precious, so I thought of a plan which would save Sue the trouble of directing three hundred invitations and save me from wasting time in delivering them.

I got to work with my printing press, and printed a dozen splendid big bills about the wedding. When they were printed I cut a lot of small pictures of animals and ladies riding on horses out of some old circus bills and pasted them on the wedding bills. They were perfectly gorgeous, and you could tear four or five rods off. When they were all done I made some paste in a tin pail, and went out after dark and pasted them in good places all over the village.

The next afternoon father came into the house looking very stern, and carrying one of the wedding bills in his hand. He handed it to Sue and said: "Susan, what does this mean? These bills are pasted all over the village, and there are crowds of people reading them." Sue read the bill, and then she gave an awful shriek, and fainted away, and I hurried down to the post-office to see if the mail had come in. This is what was on the wedding bills, and I am sure it was spelled all right:

Miss Susan Brown announces that she will marry Mr. James Travers at the Church next Thursday at half-past seven, sharp.

All the Friends of the Family with the exception of the McFadden tribe and old Mr. Wilkinson are invited. Come early and bring lots of flowers.

Now what was there to find fault with in that? It was printed beautifully, and every word was spelled right, with the exception of the name of the church, and I didn't put that in because I wasn't sure how to spell it. The bill saved Sue all the trouble of sending out invitations, and it said everything that anybody could want to know about the wedding. Any other girl but Sue would

have been pleased, and would have thanked me for all my trouble, but she was as angry as if I had done something real bad. Mr. Travers was almost as angry as Sue, and it was the first time he was ever angry with me. I am afraid now that he won't let me over come and live with him. He hasn't said a word about my coming since the wedding bills were put up. As for the wedding, it has been put off, and Sue says she will go to New York to be married, for she would perfectly die if she were to have a wedding at home after that boy's dreadful conduct. What is worse, I am to be sent away to boarding school, and all because I made a mistake in printing the wedding bills without first asking Sue how she would like to have them printed. — *Harper's Young People.*

A Bed of Needles.

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS.

Mr. Donald Mitchell had a dear little daughter. She was as brown as a Gypsy. Her bright eyes were full of fun. Her name was Veda. When she began to write it, she said she was just half of a W.

Veda's papa bought a place in the country. He had lived in the city all his life. The country seemed like a beautiful new world to him.

One day he went into the woods in the wagon, and took Veda with him. The housekeeper gave them some lunch in a basket.

It was a long way to the woods. Veda was not tired at all. The birds sang, the sun shone, and even the trees seemed happy. After Veda was weary of playing in the woods her papa made her a bed.

He gathered "pine-needles," or "besoms," and made a soft cushion. He spread Old Roan's blanket on them. Old Roan was the name of the horse.

Veda soon fell fast asleep. Her papa took out a book and began to read. Then he felt sleepy too. He put his head down by little Veda's on the pine needles. He had put a load of wood on the wagon, and he was tired.

They slept and slept. Old Roan looked at them. Still they slept on. Soon the sun began to go down. The woods grew dark and still. Veda and her papa slept on. "This will not do," old Roan seemed to say. "I must go home and get my supper."

Old Roan picked her way out carefully. She had been there many times before. The wheels did not make any noise at first. When the road turned, Old Roan turned. Suddenly a great noise was heard. Something went crash, crash, bang! Veda's papa sprang up, and Veda opened her eyes. Roan had grown hungry and started for home. The wheel struck a stump, and the load fell down, breaking one of the wheels. What could they do? Only wait until help came. James would come for them. The stars came out one by one, and the moon rose, before James came.

When he reached the woods he whistled. Mr. Mitchell answered it. When James saw Old Roan looking at the broken wagon with a pitiful face, he laughed aloud. Veda was fast asleep again on her bed of needles. Her father took her in his arms, and they all rode home in the carriage which James brought.

All the next day Veda talked about her sweet, strange bed. She did not like to have the pine needles used for bedding for the horses.

James told her that his mother kindled fires with them. Sometimes he put them on the strawberry-bed.

"Oh dear," said Veda, "I want them all for my bed!"

There will be enough for all, for the pine trees drop their leaves every year.—*Our Young People.*

A New York plumber has married a milliner. Everything tends to consolidation and monopoly these days.

Worth is making up brocaded plushes for the next season in pale mauve gray and dark laurel green, in combination with heavy ottoman silk of the latter shade, and also in sapphire blue and dark amber plush combined with dark-blue ottoman, etc. These dresses are made short, with graceful pool draperies of the ottoman in the back and double apron or rakut in front, combining the two fabrics. The jackets are of the brocaded plush, with vests of the silk, fastened down the front with buttons imitating real gems.

QUEBEC AND BOSTON.

A Sad and Striking Contrast.

Coming directly from Quebec, a Catholic city, with the biggest part of a hundred thousand souls, where there is not a single house of doubtful fame—stick a peg here and remember this—I was simply appalled at the immorality of this great city and centre of American culture. Mark you, I am no saint. Born and bred far away from Boston, I have had little chance, at school or anywhere else; banged about and busy all the time, I have gone sadly to seed; but I like purity, however impure I may be. And, by the by, I am not in question now. We are discussing immoral Boston common, where they burned the witches, whipped the Quakers, and roasted the negroes till the council forbade it, and put it on record that "the burning of the negro set a smell upon the town like unto roast pork, and must not be done more." Of course Boston common, where the trees are away down further in the newer part, where the flowers are, where nature is, God is, the place is perfect; but here where man is, or rather where woman is, this muddy, dirty margin of the river of humanity—this mall! It is a market. It is a shameless market of shame, this mall, this polluted part of Boston common at twilight. I think there is nothing quite so bad in all the world. And I have seen the bad side, as well as the good side of almost every city on this earth worth seeing. True, the best people are out of town this season, and maybe some of these women are rovers like myself. Anyhow, it is awful! What is your religion here? Protestants, are you not? Well, I was brought up strictly so; and by the strictest Protestants, too. But I tell you it is time to see if there is not something wrong in it; in the teaching of it; the practice of it, or something of the sort. For, Boston, your Catholic neighbor, not twenty-four hours away, has not one pitiful woman of shame within her walls. Angry to be told this? Well, it is my duty to tell you. Furious, are you? None of my funeral! But it is, and I weep at it.—*Joaquin Miller.*

Care for Your Child Yourself.

I am a grandmother; have brought up a family of six lovely, devoted children, the youngest daughter of whom is a missionary with her husband in Turkey, and the motive power was love. Dear young mothers, don't notice everything your little boy does. Watch him. Don't leave him to the care of servants, and when bed time comes, which should be early, address him yourself. Have him kneel and repeat his little prayer, "Now I lay me," and after he is in bed talk to him of the dear Shepherd who watches over the little lambs, and as he grows older, if any fault has been committed during the day, you will find this the time when he is most tender.

Oh! how often I have been talked to and blamed for leaving company and friends, and devoting myself to my darlings; but, dear mother, I have had my full reward. Don't fret at your child; don't "nag" at him; get him a slate with round corners, and supply yourself with plenty of slate pencils. A dozen cost only a few pence. Let him scratch and draw and play with them. The slate will be broken, the pencils lost; renew them. Draw something on the slate, no matter how rude—cow, dog, cat—'twill interest him, and give him plenty spoils or other playthings.

Do not give too many commands. When you say "No," don't trifle with him, but let him see you mean "No," but don't say it too often. When he has a storm fit, quietly take him and put him in a room by himself, or try diversion, or take no notice of him for awhile.

I had all kinds of dispositions to manage. Don't whip your child if you can possibly help it; don't break his spirit, but direct it; and above all go constantly to your heavenly Father—sowing, walking, any time—and ask for his guidance in training this little immortal soul, and He will give you mind such a bias that you will be enabled to do right. God bless and help you, is the fervent prayer of a grandmother.

Edith: A first-class summer resort is one at which the cottagers will not speak to the hotel guests. A second-class resort is one at which the hotel guests will not speak to the cottagers. A third-class resort is one at which everybody tries to have a good time.

CHURCH SOLEMNITIES.

Not a spotless character: The sun. Howward the sea-sick preacher rolls his seedy way.

Paradoxical as it may seem, gamblers belong to the "better" class of citizens.

"Do not throw away the bones of a turkey or chicken," says a receipt book. Oh, no, don't throw them away. Save them for the next donation party.

Beecher announced no change in his faith last week, in so far as we have seen. This would indicate that he threatens to become settled in his views.

Thousands of men have commenced at the bottom of the ladder and staid there. Others have carried bricks and mortar and reached the top by honest industry.

As the marriage of Adam and Eve was not performed by a clergyman or under any legal forms of ceremonies, it is just possible that some of us ought not to call the kettle black.

Because the trade dollar is again coming into circulation an old sinner says it is rather hard hard on the poor but pious people who have worked off their surplus stock on the contribution plate.

"How shall we stop the great evil of lying?" asks a religious weekly. It can't be stopped, but the evil might be lessened materially by abandoning the custom of putting inscriptions on tombstones.

"Do you believe in spirits?" the young lady asked the new pastor. "No, my daughter," replied the old man, "I don't believe in anything this side of heaven. I preached in Washington twenty years."

"If this is not the solid truth, floor me with a watermelon, and give the pieces to the Sunday school scholars," is a form of speech which is regarded in Georgia as imparting conclusiveness to an assertion.

Dr. Holmes once said: "Our brains are seventy year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the resur-rection." This may be why a man of 80 is apt to feel a little run down, remarks an octogenarian.

A school of poor children, having read in the Bible the denunciation against hypocrites who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, were afterwards examined by a benevolent patroness as to their recollections of the chapter. "What, in particular, was the sin of the pharisees, children!" said the lady. "Ating camels, my lady," was the prompt reply.

Clarence Fitz-Herbert sends us a beautiful poem beginning, "I will wait my love at heaven's gate." We think you are about right, Clarence. People who write that kind of poetry seldom get any farther than the gate. You'll probably continue to wait there long after the rest of us have passed on inside, unless you reform and quit writing poetry, and learn to spell heaven with one v.

"The introduction by inoculation of mineral or vegetable poisons into the blood is hazardous, and in certain quantities may be destructive; but the introduction of animal products from any living body, be it a man, a cow, or even an ass, is infinitely more pernicious because, like it, it is vitilized." That will be recognized as being true in the future. Many of the medical profession are opposed to that opinion, because they believe that such stuff as this is a preventive of a disease of which they exaggerate the proportions, and in regard to which they distrust their own powers of treatment.

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## Homeward.

The long fierce storm has ended,  
The weary day hath passed,  
And now beneath the fading light  
We are homeward bound at last.  
See where the last glow lingers,  
Off there 'neath the western skies,  
Is home, and rest, and loved ones:  
For there the harbor lies,  
Oh! list to the music stealing  
The darkling waters o'er;  
'Tis their welcome home they're singing  
As they wait upon the shore.

'Come home! Come home! Beside the sea,  
We wait, we wait to welcome thee;  
To home and rest beside the sea,  
We wait to welcome thee.

Yo ho! Yo ho! Then row boys, row!  
See how we skim the water free  
We soon shall cross the harbor  
And rest beside the sea.

'To many a home-bound mariner  
Life's weary storm is o'er,  
And he hears the water breaking  
Upon the heavenly shore,  
And he sees the radiant harbor  
Beneath the setting sun,  
Where he shall drop the anchor,  
All the weary voyage done.  
For there is home, and rest, and loved ones,  
Who have only gone before;  
And a welcome home they're singing,  
As they wait upon the shore.

'Come home! Come home! Beside the sea,  
We wait, we wait to welcome thee;  
To home and rest beside the sea,  
We wait to welcome thee.

We come, we come to home, sweet home,  
We stretch our eager hands before;  
No more to fear the billows' roll,  
But rest upon the shore.

## A CURIOUS CASE.

## CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

After this, I made it a condition of my remaining that no more bouquets should be brought into the room. As a great concession, I allowed azaleas, hyacinths, and snow-drops to be placed upon a table near the window during the daytime. I had the satisfaction of finding that my prohibition was of marked advantage to the patient. To her astonishment and mine, she passed a good night, and was decidedly stronger the next morning. But I had great difficulty in persuading Miss Garston and her guardian that flowers could do any harm. Mr. Lampport was quite irritated with me, and upbraided me with cutting off the only pleasure the poor invalid enjoyed. A day or two after came her birthday; and in the teeth of my protests, he insisted upon giving a small bouquet of tuberoses to his ward. They made her ill, or my prejudice thought so; though she did not faint. After a friendly contest, I placed them upon the table. Their perfume was very strong, and I took them in my hands, wondering how so great an odour could proceed from a mere handful of blossoms. After smelling them, I felt stupefied, and had a congestion of the vessels of the head, such as follows from a mid-day sleep. I was now convinced that such flowers were decidedly noxious for a sick person, and without further ceremony I opened the window and threw them out. While Miss Garston was not quite pleased, Mr. Lampport gave me a look that was equivalent to a menace. But I was determined in this matter, and very sharply gave him the alternative of banishing flowers or banishing me.

Afterwards, when sitting in the library, Mr. Lampport apologized for interfering with my commands, and became almost obsequiously eager to smooth my ruffled dignity.

Another reform I introduced, by causing the amplest ventilation of the sick-room. Here I had a fierce controversy with Mr. Lampport. All those who had prescribed for Miss Garston before me, he said, had insisted in keeping up the temperature of the apartment to seventy degrees! The thing was absurd, because there was no means of maintaining a steady temperature with an ordinary grate. Either the room was like a furnace or like a section of the corridor, as the fire blazed furiously or dwindled from neglect. Then the patient was half buried under a mountain of clothes and wrappers. These I reduced, and substituted better appliances for keeping steady warmth. But my greatest success was in declaring flatly that Miss Garston was not suffering from consumption. Here Mr. Lampport and myself came to so serious an issue, that I had my hat in my hand, ready for a final departure, when he submitted to my opinion and to my orders. Upon the matter of pathina, I spoke with some authority; for to the study of this fearful scourge, I devoted many an hour of spare time and most of my professional opportunities.

Mr. Lampport had a fixed idea that his ward was in deep consumption, complicated by the calamity of her father's death and hysteria. I found, on comparing notes of his various remarks, that he believed her recovery to be hopeless. Once he had, either by excess of confidence or by inadvertence, let slip the opinion that her death was not far-distant, and that it would be a happy release. Her mother, he informed me, had died of consumption, and also other relatives; the young lady had been sickly as a child. Thus hereditary and personal evidence proved that she was doomed to perish in the budding of life.

I combated this with all my arguments, and with a stubbornness that did not seem to win me much regard from Mr. Lampport. I was surprised that he should hold such hopeless views of a life that he seemed so desirous of prolonging; and I concluded by saying, that if he was assured a fatal termination was certain, it was of little use my spending my time exclusively in his house.

This remark staggered him; and he hastened to say: "No, no, doctor; I am not saying that it is impossible for Miss Garston to recover. You must continue to do your utmost for her. But she has been so ill, and is so prostrate; and she has been given up by other doctors; thus I cannot help taking gloomy views. Pray, pray, do not think that I think she is certain to die. She may, you know, whether consumption or aught else is at work. Mind, I am only hazarding guesses. If she should depart this life, you will be able to certify that I have done all in my power for her. Will you not?"

There was a singular beseeching in his voice, as he put this query, that struck me. I thought him a most tender-hearted friend; although his solicitude appeared to be more for the good opinion of the world, than for the existence of the invalid. But, as I have repeated many times, Mr. Lampport was peculiar, and I own that I was unable to make him out. His idiosyncrasy was still a riddle to me. He was at once sympathetic and callous, doing his utmost for the restoration of the poor girl; and yet fully convinced that everything was vain. I was sure that there must be some mystery going on about me; but what it was, and what it portended, I could not divine. But, then, any odd fellow will set our speculations going; and often our perfectly harmless neighbors, by queer behaviour, will lead us to think any amount of mischief in them.

Though I put aside suspicion and guessing by this easy process, I was constantly being brought back to the fact of a hidden mystery by the unaccountable relapses of my patient.

I am wholly a scientific man. The constitution of my mind, the training I have had, my belief in the immaculate truthfulness of nature, each and all compel me to believe in the invariableness of Law. I have never seen gravitation fail under any test; I have never seen chemical affinities refuse to unite under exact conditions; and, in my own experience, I have never seen certain remedies refuse to manifest their effect in some degree. Now, such denial of physiological uniformity confronted me continually in Miss Garston's case! Medicines that never failed before to do what was expected, failed in her case; or, at any rate, were exceptionally feeble in their effects, and not what they ought to have been. I know doctors fail often in spite of the most consummate judgment; but they are not always the blundering empirics that some allege. I was trying no delicate experiments, only the simplest methods to accomplish the objects I had in view. To my inconceivable chagrin, they failed. Miss Garston grew better and worse in a most unaccountable way.

At the end of a fortnight, I was impelled to tell Mr. Lampport that I had done all possible things, and that I must give up the case.

"There is something interfering between my treatment and the patient; what it is, I cannot grasp."

Mr. Lampport gave me a ghastly look as I said this, and asked: "Do you suspect anything?" His voice shook like a man utterly unnerved.

"No; I suspect nothing, unless it be the hysterical spasms that so distress my patient. She may be undoing what I am contriving." I spoke very despondingly.

"Yes, yes," he answered; "you are right. She must be disobeying your orders, doctor. She always was a willful girl. She is not taking your medicine, I dare say, or doing other naughty things. Come, never mind,

my good sir; you have done your best for her, and no man can do more. Ah! she is very obstinate, like her father."

"You are mistaken," I said quietly; "Miss Garston takes all her medicines from my hand."

My host became confused. "Well, what do you think?" he demanded, eyeing me narrowly.

"Why, that she is taking other medicines unknown to me. And yet, I could almost pledge my soul to her honesty. She is so obedient, so anxious for life, that I can only account for my continued defeats by creditting her with some sort of madness. She takes something at night which nullifies my remedies."

"Have you mentioned this to her?" asked Mr. Lampport with great eagerness.

"I have; and she declares solemnly that she takes nothing. The nurse also asserts most positively that her charge takes nothing but an occasional drink during the night. I don't believe them, and I don't disbelieve them. My medical knowledge declares that I am being thwarted; my respect for the two women compels me to accept their assurances. In the meantime, Miss Garston is now in so critical a state that she may die at any moment; her heart is most seriously affected. And there are other symptoms that I cannot understand. Really, Mr. Lampport, I cannot in justice to myself continue to attend Miss Garston longer, without the counsel of a more experienced physician."

Mr. Lampport paced the room in great agitation. At length he stopped before me, and said: "You are right. To-morrow we will have a consultation. You shall invite whoever you think most able to assist you to come to—correct conclusions respecting this most singular illness." He stammered, and was evidently much distressed.

"I am glad you are willing to yield to my wishes," I said. "But why not to-day? It is only eleven o'clock. Let me invite Dr. Dawson to meet me at three this afternoon."

"No, no; not to-day. Perhaps Miss Garston will have a better night."

"Perhaps she will not live through it," I rejoined, with gloomy bitterness.

"What! is she so near the end?" exclaimed my companion with singular vivacity.

"I cannot tell; anything may happen."

"Do not be so distressed, my dear doctor. Let us hope for the best. She has youth on her side. Young as you are, I have more faith in you than the whole of the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians, or any other body. Cheer up, good sir. I will spread your fame far and wide. If the worst should happen, do not fear that it will be to the detriment of your reputation."

I tried to look grateful, but could not. Soon after, Mr. Lampport went away to business, and I went home, leaving my patient in a deep sleep, and under the care of the housekeeper.

Of course there had been a vast amount of talk at our house about Miss Garston, her guardian, and all connected with my extraordinary patient. I had many conversations with my mother alone, upon the terrible perplexities that met me at every turn. She did her best to lighten my anxieties. But she could not understand what I suffered.

Upon reaching my house, I found a person waiting for me. I was told that he had been there for two hours, and refused to call again, saying he must see me at the earliest moment. My visitor was an elderly man, neatly dressed in well worn clothes. His manner was polite, but too deferential for one moving in good society.

"I am not here to seek professional advice, sir," said the man apologetically, but with an honest straightforwardness that impressed me favorably. "You are attending Miss Garston, I believe?"

"Yes, I am," I answered not a little astonished.

"How is she, sir, if you please?"

"Very ill indeed."

"Will she get better?"

"I cannot say."

His face fell, and a shudder passed over his frame. My manner and tone evidently inspired him with alarm.

"Is her case desperate, sir? For pity's sake, tell me all about her."

"Are you a relative of hers?"

"No, sir; but I have known her for many years. Her father was my employer; and I am with the firm yet. With Mr. Lampport, you know, sir."

"I really know nothing about Miss Garston and Mr. Lampport, except as their medical attendant."

The man's face fell again. He thought I was going to dismiss him for wasting my time.

"You would oblige me, sir, by telling me the exact state of things, even if it costs you a few minutes. You see, if Miss Garston dies, there will be great changes in the office; for all her money will be taken care of the business, and Mr. Lampport cannot carry it off, having had so many losses."

"Is Miss Garston rich, then?" I asked, surprised.

"She is indeed. Her father died worth more than fifty thousand pounds."

"I understood he died embarrassed; and in fact, committed suicide."

A frightful pallor swept over the man's face. He did not speak for some time; then, almost in a whisper, he muttered: "Poop's sail it was suicide; but I will never believe it."

"Gracious powers, what do you say?" I cried in consternation; for the man eyed me so strangely, that I could not comprehend what he meant.

"Can you listen to a story, sir? And can you keep a secret? I must confide in somebody, and you are her doctor."

I rose, locked the door, and waited for him to begin.

## CHAPTER III.

"You must think it strange," said my visitor, "that I should wish to reveal to the ears of a person I do not know, what even a bold man would fear to confide to an intimate friend. But, sir, in some terrible crises of life, one must do unusual things, or converse with evil doers. Do you understand me?"

"I do not, indeed," I replied.

The man looked at me uneasily, and fidgeted with his umbrella. "You see," he continued nervously, "I am a bit shaken in my own health since Mr. Garston died, and am easily put out. But I must tell somebody what ought to be known, if only for its own sake. Mr. Lampport has been drawing Miss Garston's money out of the firm, and I don't think she knows anything about it. If she dies, you know, it will belong to her next of kin. Mr. Lampport is infatuated with a scheme for gold-mining in America. He has sunk his whole means in it; and I fear he is appropriating Miss Garston's fortune now. I am the cashier of the firm, and know many things that are secrets to the world."

"Well, but why should you divulge such matters to me?" I asked. "I am not a man of business. I know nothing of Miss Garston, except as her doctor. What could I do to prevent Mr. Lampport from speculating with Miss Garston's money? I have no authority to stop him."

"True, true, sir; but you can tell Miss Garston what is going on."

"It would be almost a crime to distress her with worldly affairs in her present state. She is, I may tell you, sick unto death."

"Do you think she will not get better?" demanded the man, with a despairing voice.

"I am not her Maker," I returned, "and therefore do not hold her life. Speaking as a medical man, I say she is in a most critical condition."

"What ails her, sir?"

"That I cannot tell you."

Something in my face or in the intonation of my voice struck my visitor. He looked at me inquiringly, and said in a low tone: "Does Mr. Lampport see her often?"

"I think twice or thrice a day. He is very much distressed at her illness.—By the way, has Miss Garston always been on good terms with her guardian?"

"That's it, sir," cried my visitor hastily. "Mr. Lampport is not her guardian. Mr. Garston died without making a will. Now I have told you part of the secret."

My curiosity was now thoroughly roused; and the interview began to assume an importance that I had not anticipated when I consented to listen to my visitor's revelations. I had thought him one of those troublesome bores that medical men often have to endure.

"Explain what you know of this extraordinary affair," I said eagerly.

"I will, sir, and as briefly as possible, for time presses. I must be at my post before the bank closes. Eight months ago, Edgar Garston was a healthy, happy, prosperous man. His daughter was one of the finest of our young ladies. Any one would have taken a lease of their lives; everybody would have envied their fortunes. Mrs. Garston had died many years before, by a fall from her horse."

"Stop!" I interrupted. "Are you sure of this? Did he not die of consumption?"

"No; by a fall from her horse. Well, that terrible misfortune made father and daughter nearer and nearer to each other. I do not think such tender affection ever was felt before by father and child. They were inseparable companions, except in business hours.

"Eight months ago, a change began. Mr Lampport was on the verge of ruin through this gold-mining. It came out by his taking a large sum of money belonging to one of the clients of the firm and applying it to his own use. There was a frightful scene in the office when the discovery was made; for Mr. Garston was the soul of uprightness. I overheard it. My office is adjoining the private office. I thought the partners would have fought, Mr. Garston was so enraged; and Mr. Lampport was quite maddened by his reproaches and his own desperate condition. Besides, as the confidential servant and cashier, I was bound to know all about it. Ah, a painful time, that! Well, the matter was kept secret; the money was repaid to our client, and Mr. Garston made the sacrifice. But he determined to break the partnership. Nor was that difficult; for the deed was nearly at its term. Twenty years had my employers been together, and for periods of ten years had their agreement been dated. At the end of the current year, it would lapse; and so Mr. Garston resolved that he would draw out and retire. He was a generous, forgiving man, and attached to Mr. Lampport by life-long friendship.

"After his passion had subsided and matters were smoothed down, Mr. Garston proposed that Mr. Lampport should take the business to himself, upon paying a stipulated sum. Now, Mr. Garston did not know that his partner was absolutely ruined. He supposed that he was embarrassed by over-investment in the mine; for Mr. Lampport brought evidence proving that vast quantities of gold had been got, and that an endless mass of ore remained to be worked. From what I have learned since, these statements and figures were fictions, and were prepared by the schemers who were plugging the shareholders. Mr. Lampport was himself deceived. But a change came over Mr. Lampport from the day Mr. Garston determined to dissolve the firm. He became moody and taciturn. News from the mine added to his disturbed condition; more money was wanted, or the whole enterprise would pass into other hands.

"A little over six months ago, I left the two partners together one evening. They were going into particulars connected with the coming dissolution, and I heard Mr. Garston say to his coachman, who was leaving the room as I passed, that he would be detained until late, and would go home in a cab. Mr. Lampport had been in a very curious humor all day, and seemed at times to be walking about in a dream. He had grown quite nervous of late, and was, in short, a changed man. I left the office about half-past four; and was just getting out of the train near my house, when I remembered that I had left a parcel upon my desk that I should have taken home. It contained something for my children, and was needed for an evening party they were going to. I had, therefore, to return by a town-train. It chimed half-past six as I mounted the stairs going to my room. I must tell you that there are two entrances to the office, by different corridors: for it is situated at a corner of the building. The place was deserted, business being long over in most establishments. My room was next to the principals'; and as I opened the door, I heard an angry altercation going on. Indeed, it appeared as if a repetition of the old quarrel had begun. Mr. Garston's voice came across my ears saying: "I will not do it. You are mad to throw your money away as you have been doing. I will not help you. Perish by yourself."—"Let the partnership last six months longer, then," demanded Mr. Lampport. "I cannot carry on this new business yet; and if we stop, all is over with me."—"I will not go on for six days," returned Mr. Garston, stamping his foot. "You have robbed me again. You are a villain, Lampport!"—"Then take the consequence of driving a man to desperation," exclaimed Mr. Lampport.

"A heavy fall followed this, then silence. I was horrified, and unable to stir. But the sensation passed in a second or two; and I was just going to rush into the partners' room, when a sharp crack, like a whip strongly lashed, burst upon my ears. I could not guess what it was, and became again riveted to the floor. The sound of a swiftly passing foot aroused me. I ran to the door of the private office, which I must explain, opened into mine, as well as into

the farther corridor. It was locked on the inside. I hurried round to the other entrance and passed in. What a sight met my eyes! Mr. Garston was lying upon the floor, and from a small hole in his right temple a stream of blood was fast flowing. A faint cloud of smoke was rolling towards the window. I gave forth a cry of anguish and consternation, and stooped to raise my master. A pistol fell from his hand! Good heavens! had he killed himself?

"You cannot understand the shock this tragedy gave to me. I believe I fainted. At any rate, when I lifted up my eyes again, there were two policemen and Mr. Lampport standing beside the dead man and myself. It was like one of those hideous nightmares where the most extraordinary changes follow. Mr. Lampport was excited to a degree that I have never witnessed in any other man. I was wrung with sorrow and astonishment; but Mr. Lampport's behaviour drew me from my own feelings, and compelled me to remark his frantic grief. He wept like a child, and trembled as if in a fever. He could not approach the body of his late partner, and kept his eyes averted while he spoke to the policeman. When I became a little calmer, and could comprehend what was being said, I found that Mr. Lampport had brought in the policeman to see a gentleman that had shot himself. "What do you think he did it for?" asked one of the men, a simple-looking fellow. Mr. Lampport answered: "I cannot tell you; unless I guess that money had something to do with it."—"But who is this gentleman?" asked the other policeman, suddenly recognizing the fact of my presence.—"Oh, this is our cashier," replied Mr. Lampport, looking at me in a strange manner.—"How did you come here, Mr. Sleight?" I thought you had left the office hours ago."

"I explained as briefly as possible what had brought me back, and was going to ask Mr. Lampport how the frightful tragedy had come about, when he abruptly turned to the policeman and demanded what was to be done. This had the effect of putting an end to my questions. One of the policemen went away to report the matter to his superiors; the other remained in the room. Mr. Lampport bade me follow him into the general office. He there questioned me again upon my return to the office, and asked how I had found out that Mr. Garston had shot himself. In my simplicity, I told him all that I had heard. He listened with ghastly aspect to my recital; and when I had done, and began to ask him the meaning of the awful death of Mr. Garston, he changed his manner, and assured me that I was quite mistaken. There had been no quarrel; nay, no conversation. He had found Mr. Garston bleeding on the floor upon entering the private office, and had run out to bring in assistance.

"I was confounded at this; and so confused and stunned was I by the dreadful event that had happened, that I doubted the reliability on my own memory. I stared like an imbecile at my employer. He watched me keenly, and upon my repeating that I could not be mistaken, he said menacingly: "Beware, Mr. Sleight! This is a most serious affair. I would advise you to be careful what you say. People might suppose that you had murdered him!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### What is Good for Breakfast.

A delicious breakfast omelet is prepared by mixing the ingredients in the usual way and then placing whole apricots in the golden envelope before it is rolled. Another that was born beneath Spanish skies is similarly made with the introduction of sliced bananas laid in the compound after being delicately browned in the sweetest of butter, then turned in the omelet. This has been discussed with appreciation by the writer at the table of a Spanish friend. Leigh Hunt, who was a mild epicure in his way, protested against other food for breakfast than toast, ham, tea, or coffee, eggs, and always something potted. In our climate it may be added, and always, fruit the year round. For breakfast eat fruit. The earth and the sky share its life. Its flesh, filled with sunshine needs no human boasting. Its veins are sweet with the fragrant dew formed into life by soft sighing winds. The ardent kisses of the summer sun paints blushing cheek of velvety peach, and fills with wine the purple grapes, ensphered in purple luxuriance, that drop through the leafy roof of trellised arches. Such a breakfast is patriarchal. It has a flavor of of Acanthian days and the mythologic age of a dead past.—G. H. Sherburne Hull, in *The Manhattan*.

#### Sleep.

Men, women and children require just so much sleep, and if they do not have it, suffer in consequence. I do not think a person should be waked in the morning, and for this reason when a man falls asleep he is in the shop for repairs, as the railroad men say. His frame and all his intricate machinery is being overhauled and made ready for the next day's work. The wear of the previous day is being repaired. Nature is doing that herself. She knows what the tired frame needs just as she knows how to make the heart throb and send the blood coursing through the veins. Then she takes that tired frame, lays it down on a bed, surrounds it with the refreshing air of night, covers it with the soft darkness and lets the man rest. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," visits him, and as the hours wear by his energies are renewed, his strength comes back, and finally, when morning breaks and the sunlight steals through the lattice, he opens his eyes and is himself again. Or if he is early to bed he awakes with the cocks crowing. Now who shall go to that man's side an hour before he opens his eyes and say to nature, stand aside and let him get up; he has had enough of rest? Well, nature will say: "You can take him if you will, but I will charge him with an hour's loss of sleep and I'll collect it out of his bones and nerves and his hair and eyesight. You can't cheat me. I'll find property to levy on!"

Monograms are now embroidered in very heavy work, but are small in size. They are executed in comparatively plain style, without any arabesque or floral device surrounding them. Handkerchiefs in shot muslin are carried with dresses of the same material, and are worked with one of the brightest colors of the muslin. Too soft, however, is not good, and colored and figured handkerchiefs, like colored silk underwear, are merely a passing eccentricity of la mode.

Country maidens are now holding guessing matches. They sit out in the garden and guess whether it's a potato-bug or an army-worm that is crawling down their backs.

#### Our Engravings.

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Minc. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the originator of the only award ever all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, Paris, London, and New York.

## THE EXCHANGE AND MART.

[Advertisements, 10 cents for 20 words or under, and half cent per word for all over 20 words.]

This column is intended to facilitate the sale or exchange of articles between private parties and is not for ordinary business announcements. As soon as the business warrants it suitable premises will be provided where articles may be left on sale.

For sale, or will exchange for house and lot in the city, one of the prettiest 100 x 150 lots in Rosedale, facing the Howard street bridge. Box 19, TRUTH Office, Toronto.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

OWING to the great increase in our business, and the many requests of our lady patrons, we have opened an office at 120 King St. East, two doors east of the English Cathedral. We have also secured the service of Dr. Strangways, who has for seven years made a special study of diseases of the Liver, Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys and the diseases peculiar to the ladies. Dr. Strangways will give free consultations to all parties calling, whether they purchase our remedies or not. He will also explain to inquirers the principle on which our remedies are founded, and how it is that they make so many wonderful cures, even where the best physicians failed. Don't forget that at our retail office you will find the chief physician in Toronto to give advice and tell you how to cure yourself and avoid ever being sick.

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Black Dress Goods, Ottomans, Serges, Cashmeres, Foulie, etc.

An Immense Display of New Autumn Mantles and Jackets.

The Cheapest Lot of All-Wool Blankets in Canada.

Carpets, Oilcloths, Curtains, Sheetings, Tablings, etc.

**R. WALKER & SONS,** 33 to 37 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

# -THE DAPHNE MAZURKA.-

Tempo di Mazurka.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Daphne Mazurka'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a melodic style with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and contains a piano accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking 'p' (piano) is placed at the beginning of the bass staff.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the piece with two staves. The treble staff shows a continuation of the melodic line with some triplet markings. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a dynamic marking 'p' at the start.

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The fifth system of musical notation, the final system on this page. It concludes the piece with two staves. The treble staff ends with a final melodic phrase, and the bass staff provides a concluding accompaniment.



The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The music features a variety of note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as chords. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano), *f* (forte), and *ff* (fortissimo).

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. It includes complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings such as *f* and *ff*.

The third system of musical notation features two staves with intricate melodic lines and dynamic markings including *f* and *ff*.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves, showing a change in dynamics with a *p* (piano) marking.

The fifth system of musical notation features two staves with dynamic markings including *f* and *ff*.

The sixth system of musical notation is the final system on the page, consisting of two staves. It includes dynamic markings such as *p* and *dim crall.* (diminuendo *crall.*)

THE DAPHNE MAZURKA.

## Health Department.

### Neuralgia.

From two Greek words, nerve, and *algos*, pain, means nerve pain; but as there is no pain except in connection with the nerves, every pain or ache in the body is really "Neuralgia." Ailments are generally named from the part affected, or the nature of the malady. "Headache," because the pain is in the head. "Flourisy," because there is inflammation, too much arterial blood in the pleura, or covering of the lungs. Neuralgia is always caused by bad blood, bad because too poor or too much of it; too poor because there is not exercise and pure air enough to secure a good digestion, and the person is thin and pale; too much blood because there is too much eating, and the bowels are not acting every day; more is taken into the system than passes from it, and it is too full. The person may be fleshy enough, and does not appear sick at all. For a week, live on cold bread and butter, fruits and cold water. Take an enema or a pint or more of tepid water daily, and spend the whole daylight in active exercise in the open air, and the neuralgia will be gone in three cases out of four—the feet being kept warm and the whole body most perfectly clean.—There are two kinds of neuralgia, sharp and dull, both caused by there being too much blood in or about the nerve. Perhaps arterial blood gives the sharp, venous blood the dull or heavy pain. In either case, the pain is of all forms of intensity, from simple discomfort to an agony almost unendurable. In the more fleshy parts the pain is less severe, since the soft flesh yields before the distending nerve; distended by more and more blood getting into it, until it is occasionally three times its usual size; but when the nerve is in a tooth or between two bones, or passes through a small hole in the bone, as in the face or "facial neuralgia," which is neuralgia proper, or the *Tic-Do-or-cuz* of the French, the suffering is fearful because there is no room for distension, and every instant the heart by its beating plugs more blood into the invisible blood-vessels of the nerves. But in any such case, open a blood-vessel in the arm or elsewhere, until the person is on the point of fainting, and the most excruciating neuralgia is gone in an instant, because the heart ceases to send on blood, and the blood already in a part as naturally flows out of it as water flows out of an uncorked bottle on its side. Hence a skin kept clean by judicious washings and frictions helps, by its open pores, to unload the system of its surplus; the bowels kept free by fruits, berries, coarse bread and cold water, is another source of deliverance of excess. While these articles of food supply but a moderate amount of nourishment, in addition, active exercise still more rapidly works off the surplusage of the system, and the man is well; not as soon as by the bleeding, but by a process more effective, more certain, more enduring, and without harm or danger. Hence, there is no form of mere neuralgia which is not safely and permanently cured, in a reasonable time, by strict personal cleanliness, by cooling, loosening food, as named, and by breathing a pure air in resting in our chambers at night; in moderate labor out of doors during the hours of daylight. Those who prefer uncertain physio or stimulants to those more natural remedies are unwise; and perhaps just enough neuralgia to bring them to a realization of the above facts might be of advantage eventually.

### Rheumatism.

The joints, the hinges of the body, are affected by rheumatism in such a way that

the slightest motion gives pain. A creaking hinge is dry, and turns hard. A single drop of oil to moisten it makes a wonderful change, and it instantly moves on itself with the utmost facility. Rheumatism is an inflammation of the surface of the joints. Inflammation is heat, this heat dries the surface; hence the very slightest effort at motion gives piercing pain. In a healthy condition of the parts nature is constantly throwing out a lubricating oil, which keeps the joints in a perfectly smooth and easy working condition. Rheumatism is almost always caused by a cold dampness. A dry cold or a warm dampness does not induce rheumatism. A garment wetted by perspiration or rain, or water in any other form, about a joint, and allowed to dry while the person is in a state of rest, is the most common way of causing rheumatism. A partial wetting of a garment is more apt to induce an attack than if the entire clothing were wetted; because, in the latter case, it would be certainly and speedily exchanged for dry garments. The very moment a garment is wetted in whole or in part change it, or keep in motion sufficient to maintain a very slight perspiration, until the clothing is perfectly dried.

The failure to wear woollen flannel next the skin is the most frequent cause of rheumatism; for a common muslin or linen or silk skirt of a person in perspiration becomes damp and cold the instant a puff of air strikes it, even in mid-summer. This is not the case when woollen flannel is worn next the skin.

This troublesome affection is cured by keeping the joint affected wound around with several folds of woollen flannel; second, live entirely on the lightest kind of food, such as coarse breads, ripe fruits, berries, boiled turnips, stewed apples, and the like. If such things were eaten to the extent of keeping the system freely open, and exercise were taken, so that a slight moisture should be on the surface of the skin all the time; or if in bed, the same thing were accomplished by hot teas, and plentiful bed clothing, a grateful relief and an ultimate cure will very certainly result in a reasonably short time. Without these, the disease will continue to torture for weeks, months, and years.

Inflammatory rheumatism may, for all practical purposes, be regarded as an aggravated form of the common kind, extended to all the joints of the body, instead of implicating only one or two. For all kinds, time, flannel, warmth, with a light and cooling diet, are the great remedies.

### Compulsory Vaccination.

This question naturally divides itself into two portions—vaccination and compulsion. It is quite possible to conceive that vaccination might be good, and compulsion unjustifiable. At the same time if I can prove that vaccination is an evil I shall of course weaken the basis of compulsion. I think that even were vaccination to provide all the benefits that its defenders maintain, the grounds against compulsion are amply sufficient to justify its abolition. I object, then, to compulsion in the first place, because it is the most absolute invasion of the sacred right of the parent, of the right of individual liberty, at the bidding of medical supervision, that this country knows. There is, in my opinion, no law upon the Statute Book, not obsolete, of so tyrannous and crushing a nature as that which compels vaccination. Let the House look for one moment to what extremities such a law leads. It amounts to the State declaring that families shall not choose their own medical men. There are plenty of medical men now who are opposed to vaccination, and yet if such a man enters a family and gives his advice against vaccination, the State declares that the parent shall not have the right of taking such advice.

Secondly, I object to compulsion, quite irrespective of its alleged usefulness, because, *ex hypothesi*—on the very ground on which it is defended—it is proved to be not needed. No one will say that the State has a right to interfere with the medical treatment of particular children for the sake of their own health. The only plausible ground for intervention is the safety of the community. It is said that an unvaccinated child is a source of danger to the public. How can it be so when all the community are protected by vaccination? Everybody can be protected who desires to be, and when, therefore, you call this unvaccinated child a centre of danger and disease to the whole community—the whole protected community—I say that it is an insult to the

common sense of Englishmen. Again, I object to compulsion—indeed I should object to it if I believed in vaccination—because, under any circumstances, it must be highly impolitic, because the enforcement of a particular medical system, even if it were the best ever invented, would be sure to create many opponents. Those who really believe in vaccination, who believe in pure lymph, in good administration, in careful operation, and so forth—it is their business to bring to the homes of the poor all these things freely, and not to make them antagonistic to their favorite system by a compulsion which under no circumstances can be justifiable.

Further, I object to compulsion as a flagrant illustration of class legislation. It is a flagrant case of oppression of the poor. The wealthy and those well to do don't suffer from these laws. At the worst they have to pay a fine, which is nothing to them, and in nine cases out of ten, or in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the courtly medical man does not trouble his client with more than a simple remonstrance. That is not the case with the poor. They cannot afford to pay the fine. They are sent to prison. If I could compress into a few sentences the matter contained in the numberless letters received in remonstrance and complaint and indignation, some of them accompanied with the hideous photographs of their mutilated infants dying from the infliction, I think I should have the most powerful argument I could produce. Take the case of the poorest of the poor—the inmates of our workhouses. There the surgeon and the policeman carry on their campaign unchecked. There are operated upon by the score and the hundred new born infants, and mothers immediately after their confinement. A witness at an inquest the other day said he had vaccinated 1,500 women in that condition; it was said they did not object. They did not object! No; the order is made to a woman probably only half-conscious of what is going on around her, "Strip your arm," and the operation is performed upon a patient who is declared to have given her consent. Does it not make one's blood boil merely to hear of such doings in a civilized country? May I ask what hon. members of this House would say if their wives were to be ordered to be vaccinated on the day of, or the day after, their confinement?

P. A. TAYLOR, M. P.

### The Great Dr. Virohow

has resigned from the medical association of Berlin. He won't be forced to keep "his light under a bushel." He approves of advertising any remedy or combination that will cure, regardless of medical ethics. The surgeons of the International Throat and Lung Institute, head office London, England, and branch offices Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Detroit, Mich., using Dr. M. Souviello's wonderful invention the Spirometer, are curing thousands of cases of bronchitis, consumption, catarrh, asthma and catarrhal deafness, and are making it known to physicians and sufferers all over the world. Physicians and sufferers are invited to call and try the Spirometer free. If impossible to call personally write, enclosing stamp, for list of questions and copy of International News, published monthly. Address Dr. M. Souviello & Co., 173 Church street, Toronto, or 13 Philips Square, Montreal.

Never eat unless you are hungry.

House eaves should be guttered and spouted.

Swill-tubs should not be near doors or windows.

Cess-pools, cess pits, sink-holes or drains should not be formed or retained within house basements.

It soothes and cools a feverish patient to bathe him with warm water in which a little salaratus has been dissolved.

Schools, as a rule, are very defectively ventilated. Ordinarily flat ceilinged rooms are totally unfit for public schools. The space should be open up to the roof ridge, and this should be covered.

Nurseries and children's rooms should be permanently ventilated. Dormitories for children should have ample ventilation; clothe the children warmly, cover the beds warmly, prevent direct draughts, and the cool air will not injure.

A philanthropist thinks that when a man is standing over a sidewalk grating, with his false teeth in his hand, is not the time to slap him on the back.

## Fashion Department.

The old-fashioned Garibaldi waist is being revived.

Long redingotes and cloaks of Muscovito velvet are trimmed with dark gray and black furs.

Dark blue wool dresses will be elaborately trimmed with red braid, or combined with red wool.

Muscovito velvets have large figures of cut velvet in high relief on the plain uncut velvet ground.

Brides' dresses are trimmed with silver cords, silver galloon, and an embroidery of silver threads and beads.

Gray cloth bonnets, trimmed with silver braid, gray velvet, and gray sea swallows accompany dress suits of gray cloth.

The Gallic cock in metals of all colors, gilt, steel, bronze, or silver, and also in feathers, is a very fashionable ornament.

It is a fancy with French dressmakers to cut the bottom of the skirt into turret blocks, and under these to place a plaited ruffle.

Moscow green, Russian gray, Czar brown, and Cossack blue, which is almost gray, are the preferred colors for Muscovito velvet.

Russian Pachutt and elephant gray, Czar brown, royal French blue, Moscow green and violet purple are very fashionable colors.

Arcadia velveteen is imported in all the new shades of Russian and French fashionable colors—green, gray, brown, blue, purple and black.

Black velvet colors, with very deep white lace around the edges and jobs down the front, make a stylish finish for light-colored dresses.

Puffed bindings of velvet or satin upon the edges of Langtry turbans and the brims of bonnets and large round hats will be in great use this autumn.

Silver braid and fine gray chenille cord plaited in basket designs make dressy bonnets particularly when trimmed with white and gray ostrich feathers and ornaments of silver.

Suede gloves in the new shades of elephant, Pachutt, and Russian gray, czar brown, and Moscow green come in the form of gantlets, and with long wrists, with or without buttons.

Dark red waistcoats and revers, closely covered with gold braid, are considered very stylish. A silver gray dress embroidered in silver, with white watered silk dress, likewise embroidered, is a unique and delicate-looking dress for special occasions, but one that soon bears its date.

The entire skirts of large plaids or blocks, not cored, but gathered in at the waist, or to a hip yoke, with the bodice or sleeves of plain stuff, the panniers or pouf epaulettes and cuffs, and a small fisher or large collar of the plaid stuff, make up the costume in some fall importations.

An uncommonly elegant costume for a little girl is made of wood-brown velvet and dark gold-colored satin, decorated with English silk embroideries. A model formed of these materials shows a tiny pinnacled polonaise of the velvet, open from about three inches below the neck, and revealing a French blouse of the gold-colored satin covered with dark brown silk embroideries. The satin skirt was laid in wide box plaits, also silk embroidered, these alternating with five killings of the velvet. The deep Charles II. collar of satin is bordered with embroidery, and a second and larger one of velvet, is set beneath. En suite is a Moorish cap of brown velvet trimmed with short gold-colored ostrich tips. This suit was designed for a rich carriage dress for cool weather at the seashore.

## Harper's Bazar Pattern House

All Cut Patterns published in Harper's Bazar New York (Weekly), sent to any address on receipt of price. Send for *Sketches and Catalogue*. A Choice Selection of French and American Millinery. Dresses and Mantles in the Latest Styles at reasonable rates. Dress Trimmings, Fancy Goods, etc. MRS. I. THORNHILL, 371 Yonge-st., Toronto.

**TOURISTS** should call on W. J. REN 25 Queen St. West, opposite Shestesbury Hall. Have Old Ch. na. Antique Bronzes, Old Coins and Oil Paintings. Specialty, very Old Books.



WYNDHAM JACKETS.

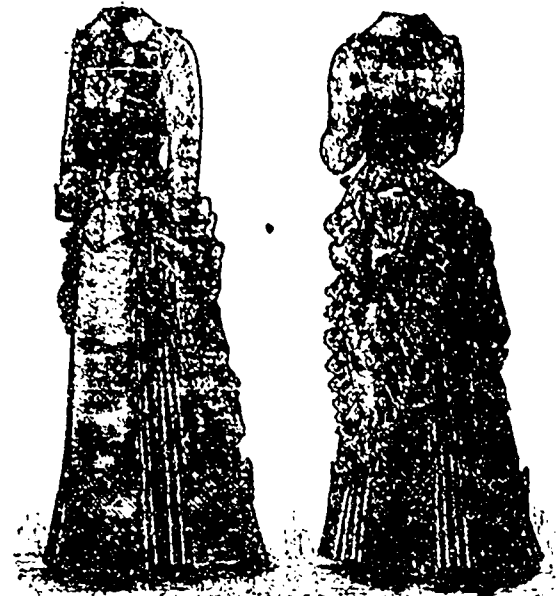
Double-breasted and tight-fitting, with a single dart in each side in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front and side gores are cut quite short, and a separate skirt piece added in Newmarket style; while the side forms and back pieces extend the entire length of the garment. The double-breasted portion is added to the front in a seam, and may be omitted if desired. The design is suitable for any quality of cloth and many varieties of dress goods, and requires no trimming except the binding, as illustrated. Price of patterns, 25 cents each size.



MISSES' COSTUMES.

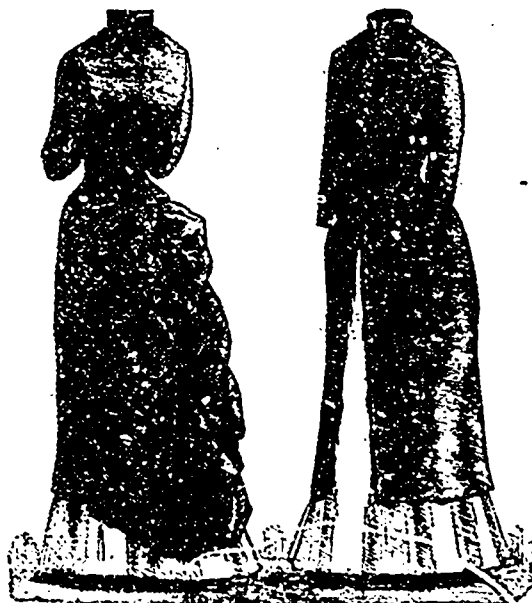
Fig. 1.—A stylish little dress, consisting of a kilt-plaited Cheviot skirt on an under-waist of lining, over which is a half-fitting jacket of the Cheviot, open in front, over a narrow vest of cashmere falling away from a full "Moliere" blouse of the same. Tabs of the cashmere show below the straight lower edge of the jacket all around. The design illustrated is the "Carita" dress, which is suitable for young children of either sex. Hat of dark ruby straw, trimmed with a band of velvet of the same color, and a cluster of ruby and colles ostrich tips, and faced with a shirring of pale colles satin. Brown and gold Derby-ribbed stockings, and black kid boots with ribbon bows. Patterns of the "Carita" dress come in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty cents each.

Fig. 2.—This pretty and effective street costume for a young miss is arranged with a kilt plaited skirt of Scotch tartan, in shades of green, brown, and white, trimmed around the bottom with black velvet ribbon in three rows, one band of wide ribbon, and a narrow one on either side of it. A tight-fitting tunic of hunter's green "Jersey" cloth is trimmed all around with black velvet ribbon like the skirt, and a little camel or shoulder cape of the same trimmed to match, completes the costume. The designs illustrated are the "Jersey" tunic, and "Mina" cape, omitting the Capuchin hood which is part of the model. French felt hat in a dark shade of stone gray, trimmed with hunter's green velvet and a cluster of pale gray ostrich tips. The patterns of the "Jersey" tunic are in sizes for from eight to fourteen years. Price, fifteen cents each.



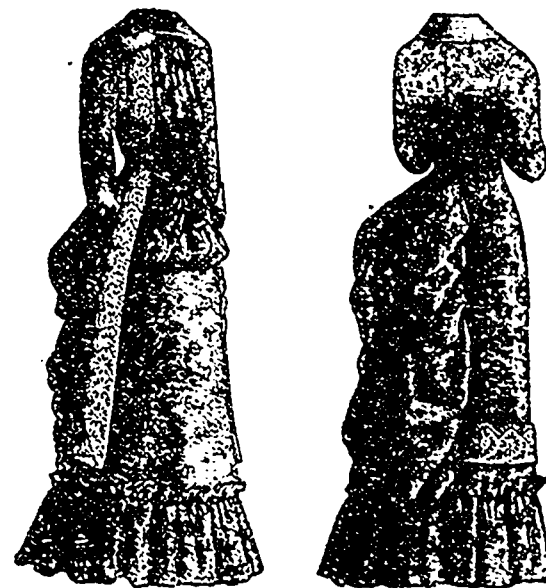
MARIA COSTUME.

An extremely novel design, composed of a box-plaited skirt mounted on a yolk, over which is a panier polonaise with simulated vest front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back, which is quite short. The side drapery is arranged in a novel manner to represent a bow at the top, and falls in pointed shape below. The design is adapted for any class of dress goods, and is most effective made up in contrasting materials. The trimming may be of velvet and lace, similar to the model, or it can be selected according to the materials preferred. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



ALBANI POLONAISE.

Exceedingly stylish, yet simple, this polonaise is tight-fitting, with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The front has a trimming of passementerie and falls perfectly plain; while the back is gracefully draped in a novel manner. almost any class of dress goods may be made up after this design. It may be trimmed as illustrated, or in any other style, according to the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



MARJORIE COSTUMES.

A charming and simple costume, composed of a gored skirt, trimmed with a gathered flounce, and a polonaise with a full blouse under outaway fronts, a tight fitting back and bouffant drapery. A turn down collar and turn-back cuffs completing the model, which is suitable for any class of dress goods excepting the heaviest, and is especially desirable for a combination of materials. It may be trimmed with embroidery, or in any other manner that is preferred. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The Dominion Mutual Benefit Society of Canada, (Incorporated) provides a benefit of \$500, \$1,000, or \$2,000 for families of deceased members; also an endowment of \$250, \$500 or \$1,000 in ten years, and \$500 to \$1,000 in case of permanent disability, by sickness or accident. A number of the leading business and professional men in the country are members. All claims will be promptly adjusted on maturity. Ladies admitted on equal terms with gentlemen. Agents wanted. Greatest inducements ever offered. Call or send for terms and by-laws. Home Office 30 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.



## Ladies' Department.

## A Model Girl.

A newspaper writer thus describes the ideal girl: "I saw a girl come into a street-car, though, who had, I was ready to bet, made her own dress, and how nice she did look! She was about eighteen years old, and, to begin with, looked well-to-do, healthy and strong. She looked as though she had a sensible mother at home. Her face and neck and ears and hair were clean—absolutely clean. How seldom you see that! There was no powder, no paint on the smooth, rounded cheek, or firm, dimpled chin, none on the moist, red lips; none on the shell-tinted but not too small ears; none on the handsomely set neck—rather broad behind, perhaps, but running mightily prettily up to the tightly curled hair. And the hair! It was of a light chestnut brown and glistened with specks of gold as the sun shone on it, and there was not a smear of oil or pomatum or cosmetic on it. There was not a speck astray about it, and not a pin to be seen in it. As the girl came in and took her seat she cast an easy, unembarrassed glance around the car from a well-opened gray eye, bright with the inimitable light of "good condition," such as you see in some handsome young athletes who are "in training." There were no tags and ends, fringes, turlowes, or dattering ribbons about her closely fitting but easy suit of tweed, and as she drew off one glove to look in her purse for a small coin for her fare, I noticed that the gloves were not new, neither were they old; they were simply well kept, like their owner and their owner's hand, which was a solid hand, with plenty of muscle between the tendons and with strong but supple fingers. It would have looked equally pretty fashioning a pie in a home kitchen, or folding a band in a hospital. It was a hand that suggested at the same time womanliness and work, and I was sorry when it had found a five-cent piece and had been regloved. One foot was thrust out a little upon the slats of the car floor—a foot in a good walking boot that might have plashed through a rainstorm without fear of damp stockings—an eminently sensible boot on a two and one-half foot, with a high instep, a small round heel, and a pretty broad tread. The girl was a picture from head to foot, as she sat erect, disdaining the support of the back of the seat, but devoid of all appearance of stiffness. Perhaps the whole outfit to be seen, from hat to boots, did not cost \$40; but I have seen plenty of outfits costing more than ten times or even twenty times that which did not look one-tenth or even only one-twentieth as well. If our girls once knew the beauty of mere simplicity, cleanliness and health, and their fascination!

## What Women Can Do.

"Women," said a successful woman jeweler, "can do anything and everything nowadays. When I first had to earn my living I thought myself fortunate when I secured a place behind a milliner's counter. Well, I sold bonnets for a year and the store was closed. Then I painted furniture, if you will believe it. It wasn't hard to learn, and I earned \$12 a week instead of \$7. But I soon quit that for a better employment, and was hired in a jewelry establishment. Then I learned the trade, and I am as independent as you are." Miss Dora Kinney, of Wild Cat, Ind., is the boss shepherdess of the Wabash. A few years ago an uncle gave her an orphaned lamb, and she now sports a fold of twenty-eight old sheep and thirty-three lambs—sixty-one in all, all from the first starting pair. Miss Kinney attends to her flocks altogether herself, and now receives quite a handsome little income from the annual sales of wool and mutton. New occupations for women are yearly springing into being. The last things I've heard of are landscape gardening, bird fanciers, architects, junk-dealers, and pawn-brokers. Women do all these things now. Indeed, I'm afraid a bad time is coming. Women do so many kinds of work that the men will all become dudes. The fine, idle creatures these days certainly are not women.

## A Venetian Belle.

Miss Emily Yznaga, a younger sister of Lady Mandeville and Lady Kaye, has been added to the muster-roll of the belles for the season at Newport. Miss Yznaga has been living several years in Europe, says the Paris Register, and by her brightness, cleverness and originality has won golden opinions and

made hosts of friends. It is related of her that on the occasion of a visit in a country-house where the Prince and Princess of Wales were among the guests, she relieved the tedium of a first evening and saved the distinguished company from absolute boredom by retiring to her room, blackening her face, donning the costume of a plantation Topsy, and throwing herself on the floor of the drawing-room, where, with the help of an old banjo, she sang negro songs to the delight of all present.

## A Slight Mistake.

The Bismarck Tribune is responsible for the following.—As the ticket agent at Mandan stood at his post yesterday afternoon a most beautiful lady came up and asked for a ticket to Bismarck. He stamped and laid it down, and the lady fumbled in her purse for the change. All at once she exclaimed in a petulant voice: "Darling, can't you be patient? What does my pet want?" The agent turned so red that his eyes fairly blazed, and stammered out: "Madam, I—I—I—I assure you that there is no hurry at all. Take your (ahem)—take your time, madam." With a look that froze the blood in his veins and made him feel as if icicles were hanging all over his body, she replied: "Sir—r—r! I was speaking to my little girl," and peeping through the ticket window he saw a wee bit of a cherub tugging at the lady's dress. When she had gone he sank down in a chair as pale as a corpse and told Conductor Richards that if his family were better provided for he didn't think he'd care to live an hour longer.

## Women's Humor.

The servant girl must go—with the family on their summer vacation, or she'll make a row.

Mrs. Yeungwoman wants to know how to tell a fresh egg from a stale one. Taste it, goosey, taste it.

A Texas woman only 99 years old has been married seven times, and yet she isn't half so good looking as lots of girls who can't even catch a bean.

There are eighty-five thousand words in the English language, and Dr. Mary Walker used every one but three of them when the interior department handed her resignation in to her.

A traveller, inquiring at a feudal castle whether he could see the antiquities of the place, received the simple answer from the servant; "I am sorry, sir; my lady and her daughters have gone to town."

"Yes," said the milliner, "the suicide of Mrs. Drestokil is a terrible affair. Why, she did it the very day I sent her a new bonnet, and people will think the bonnet had something to do with it, and it will ruin me."

She was a sweetly inexperienced housekeeper, as one may gather from her remark when someone suggested that she should purchase spring mattresses. "Yes," she replied, "if they are in season we'd better have some."

She tenderly pushed him from her as they stood in a bay window with the soft moonlight falling upon them and said: "Willie, dear, I think you had better try some other hair dye; your moustache tastes like turpentine."

"How old would you think my daughter was?" asked a mother of a lady friend, at one of our summer resorts; "would you think she was 18?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. "I should think she was 18—about ten years ago." They "never speak as they pass by"—now.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed a loosely-girded girl, the other day, as one of these (a married woman) stepped off the pier into a boat, and began to handle the oars. "If she exerts herself at all, I am positive she'll snap in two and the upper half go overboard. Do look at her!"

"No," said the sad-eyed man, "I never press a young woman to play upon the piano. I tried it once to my sorrow." "Why, what followed?" asked a half a dozen eager voices. "She played," replied the sad-eyed man. "I shall never forget the lesson I learned that day."

"In my time, miss," said a stern aunt, "the men looked at the women's faces instead of their ankles!" "Ah, but my dear aunt," retorted the pretty young lady, "you see that the world is improved and more civilized than it used to be—it looks now more to the understanding."

"I feel so worried about Charles," sighed

Mrs. Wildhusband. "It's getting late, sure enough," said sister Kate, looking at the clock; "but I guess nothing unusual has happened." "That's what frots me," replied Mrs. Wildhusband; "I'm afraid something usual has happened to Charles."

Miss Gushington (to young widow whose husband has left her a large fortune); "that is the fourteenth mourning costume I have seen you wear in three days, and each lovelier and more becoming than the other." Young widow: "Oh, my dear, I have forty—but such a bother they were to have made. At one time I almost wished that poor, dear George hadn't died."

"Get me an Indian to paddle?" asked a lady whose daughters were urging her into a canoe, addressing a white boatman standing by. "Yes'm," was the civil response. "I'll get you that tall, good-looking one you see over there." "I don't care about his looks," said madam, with cool hauteur; "what I want is Indian skill." "Just so, marm," answered the conciliatory Brother Jonathan; "and thar you hev skill, with looks and edication throwed in. His folks is mighty likely folks for Injuns, and you'll find, marm, that that fellow talks es good English es you or me."

## Dress Reform Imminent.

Not many years hence, should present fashions so change as to conform to the wishes of those who plead for a "rational" style of dressing, says the New York Evening Post, women will appear attired in very short-waisted robes, slashed on either side to show Turkish trousers of blue, scarlet or other shades of silk; and men will return to the dress of their fathers, and knee-breeches, long stockings, low shoes with buckles, and Quaker-cut coats, lined and faced with silk, will be worn as they were worn in the days of yore. All this will come to pass if the dreams of a few on this side of the water and of a larger number of earnest women and some men on the other side are realized, and their modes of dress shall be generally received and adopted. It is not safe to predict to-day what fashion will dictate to-morrow, or next week, or next year. Her ways and caprices are past finding out. The improbable and unexpected is quite as likely to happen as the wisest predictions of the most advanced priestess of her train of votaries. Besides, women of to-day have learned and are every day learning more and more to think for themselves. If the "divided skirt" and all that goes with it and is sought for in this "reformed" change of apparel is ever widely accepted as a mode of dress to be worn in fashionable society or out of it, it will be because women in all civilized lands shall have resolved that garments so made and worn are in better taste, more becoming, and better fitted to enhance their personal appearance than the garments to be cast aside, and with which they have been accustomed to clothe themselves. Keeping within the lines of prevailing fashions, which are universally acknowledged to be elastic and accommodating, simplicity in style, fabric, and adornment seems everywhere to be the rule and practice of the hour. Among the titled ladies of Europe and in all the circles of society in this country, this admirable feature of dress is most strikingly apparent. A "dress-reform" movement may spring up in a night, perchance, but the women of this country are not crying for it at present.

Near Harrington, Del., a locomotive and three cars passed over a child as it lay sleeping between the rails. The child was but slightly hurt.

The English collar known as the "Directoire" is becoming a very fashionable addition to a dressy toilet. These collars are very wide, reaching nearly over the shoulders, and made of brocaded net. The edges are finished with a broad, scantily-gathered ruff of rennaissance or other rich fancy lace of the cream tint. Above this is a band of insertion, very open in pattern, and nearly covered with tiny pearl beads. Through this is run a black velvet ribbon and in and out among the pearl-beaded bands. This is repeated upon the band around the throat, which is drawn up snugly and brought together with a cluster of velvet loops and long ends of the same, which fall far below the waist. Sometimes the figures in the net, of which the collar itself is composed, are also pearl-beaded. These make unusually pretty and becoming additions to the toilet, and are appropriate for almost any occasion. They can be made "at home" at about one-third the price asked for them in the fancy stores.

## SCIENCE.

Leadville produces 10,000 tons of ore a week.

A correspondent of the British Medical Journal states that he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid three or four times, by means of a camel's hair pencil, to be the most efficient and easy method of removing warts. They become black and soon fall off.

Investigations by Herr Schulz indicate that poisoning by the use of nickel-plated appliances is very improbable, even when the plated ware is used for containing acid food. He obtained less than a third of a grain of the nickel from sour milk which had remained in contact with the metal for eight days.

Grindstones are made from the more compact sandstones, varying in texture and compactness according to the work required for almost every purpose. Among these the "Newcastle" stones, from the coal-measures of Northumberland and the adjacent counties, have a pre-eminence for general purposes; others are employed for grinding, while many varieties are used as plane surfaces for whetstones. Other qualities are used for hones. A German variety is famous for this purpose. The very finest qualities, composed of an almost impalpable agglutinated powder, are used as oilstones. Such are the "water of Ayr" and "blue" stones, and the "Turkey" oil stone.

During a recent lecture in London before an assembly of army officers, inventors of small arms, and other experts, Colonel Fosbery astonished his audience by suddenly drawing from under the table a weapon which he had just brought from Liege, and which he called a "baby electric gun." It could not be discharged until brought in connection with the source of electric force; but, that done, it could be worked with amazing rapidity, its inventor, M. Peper of Liege, having a few days before fired 104 rounds in two minutes.—Colonel Fosbery exhibited its mode of operation by means of a small electric accumulator secreted under his vest, and minute cartridges containing only powder and a wad.

It is often observed that bricks imperfectly baked become friable at the surface, and in time are reduced to powder. This phenomenon has been attributed to the action of moisture, alternations of heat and cold, &c.; but recent observations by M. Parize make it probable that these often merely favor the action of the cause—viz., the development of microscopic organisms. Having observed some swellings on the plaster coat of a brick partition, he pierced one of these, and a very fine red powder came out, resulting from pulverization of the brick. Examined with a magnifying power of about three hundred diameters, this powder showed an immense number of diatoms and siliceous alga belonging to the original clay of the bricks.

A Louisianian says: "The time will soon come when, in our damp climate, the floors of all the stores in New Orleans and in other cities in the State will be built of strong water-proof and indestructible paper tiles. The dampness permeating our dwellings will be counteracted by paper material of a suitable character. All our city cars will be built of paper. The rails of our street cars and even crossties, so liable to decay, will all be renewed in the course of time and be replaced by paper material, suitably treated to remedy existing evils. Nearly all the furniture of our dwellings, so liable to swell or shrink in our damp climate, will be manufactured in an elegant and artistic style by means of paper stock capable of resisting effectually the sudden changes of our temperature."

## An Undertaker's Offering.

A rare form of hospitality was offered and accepted in Syracuse a few days ago. An undertaker returning from the cemetery overtook a decrepit German, who was toiling along in manifest weariness, and offered him a ride in the hearse. The tired pilgrim was assisted into the vehicle, stretched himself at length on the floor, the doors were shut and the undertaker drove on. Of course a live passenger in such a conveyance attracted a throng of people. "Stop! the man's not dead," cried a horror-stricken witness, but the hearse moved on to the German's destination, set him down in the middle of an excited crowd and drove rapidly away.

## Bicycle Department.

### A TOUR

BY MR. C. LANGLEY.

On Monday, Aug 20th, Mr. C. Langley, of the Toronto Bicycle Club, left Shelburne, a station some sixty miles north from Toronto on Toronto Grey and Bruce line, for a few days bicycling. Had purposed leaving early in the morning, but rain prevented the start being made until nearing 3 o'clock. Facing a strong north-wester I set out determined to do a fair afternoon's riding. The wind almost brought me to a standstill on the slightest up-grade. Stopped at house of Mr. Colquhoun at Melanethon Township. This part of the country has always been considered the highest part of Western Ontario. Until the last five years farms were poor, but public drains will increase value a great deal. A great many swamps notwithstanding height. Had to make one and a half miles through swamps, the road being so rutty and wet. This was the worst piece of road on whole trip. Again I mounted gradually getting better roads and taking all the hills. The farmers hurraing me as I passed by had a most cheering effect. Passed through one or two towns of less than 10,000 inhabitants, their names not known. Had slight refreshment about five miles from Flesherton, and from this point to Flesherton the road was good. Arrived at Flesherton 6.30 p.m.; distance from Shelburne, 22½ miles; actual time against wind 3½ hours. Mr. M. Richardson made me partake of his hospitality for the night. Tuesday morning started 8 a.m., road to Markdale good. Between latter place and Chatsworth the hills are very high and seem to be one to every mile. Impossible to ride up and nearly so going down as rains have washed cobble stones into roadway making riding dangerous. At Berkoley had to cement tire which had become loose owing to sharp stone. Pushing on reached Williamsford for dinner. Along the whole route have been besieged by remarks, such as, "say, how fast can you go?" "what do you call that thing?" "feel tired?" Leaving Williamsford at 3 o'clock got fair roads to Chatsworth. From there to Owen Sound I consider best piece of road north of Toronto. Although tired made distance between these places, ten miles, in 55 minutes. Going into Owen Sound had only mishap (if such it may be called) in journey. Coasting down long hill without break, road being clear of stones, had to turn a right angle and presuming road equally good after the turn, was not prepared to meet large cobble stones and sand, and somehow! can't explain, I found myself standing unhurt without even a stumble in the road, and turning round witnessed my wheel wrong side up dancing. Tuesday trip 33 miles. Hearing that roads were good from here west, I set out at 6.30 a.m. and had only gone three miles when a heavy thunder storm set in which prevented my mounting until 10.30 when I started over heavy road. I managed to reach Allenford for dinner which I enjoyed as only bicyclists can enjoy. Left again at 3 p.m. and had only gone about six miles when a repetition of morning's storm again compelled me to stay until 6 o'clock. After considerable heavy wheeling I reached Southampton at 7 o'clock, doing 25 miles, not so bad under adverse circumstances. Here I determined to return home by train should weather be unfavourable, but Thursday morning setting in fine I made Port Elgin for breakfast where I enjoyed the hospitality of two members of the Port Elgin Club, Messrs. Ridout and Rother. These gentlemen accompanied me over most beautiful road for a few miles but having to return I again was compelled to continue journey alone. Passing through good section of country and splendid roads I made Kincardine for dinner and leaving again 3.45 determined if possible to reach Goderich that night. Made some good runs, the roads with little exception being all that could be desired. Stopping for slight tea at Port Albert I reached Goderich shortly after dark, this day's run being 65 miles, and the actual time about eight hours. Thursday being Goderich's Civic Holiday managed to see a few members of their wheelmen who had been touring greater part of the day. Got up Friday morning feeling

slightly stiff from continuous riding, but knowing that good roads were ahead of me, I started out accompanied for a short distance by one of the Goderich boys, and soon wore off the stiffness. Bayfield, first stopping place, is twelve miles from Goderich. I made it in 1 hour 9 minutes, from there to Brucefield road splendid, the ten miles taking a little over the hour. The roads are very good throughout this section and all that a wheelman could wish. Passing through Kippen I reached Exeter in time for a first-rate dinner. Pushing on after oiling up, etc. I passed through Lucan, Centralia, Olandeboye, etc., arriving in London at 6.30 p.m. making the run (actual time) from Goderich, distance 65 miles, under seven hours. In all I rode six-and-a-half days, going nearly 225 miles in that time. From London returned home by train. On road met with hospitality with two exceptions. One person in neighborhood of Kincardine refusing me a drink of water, and another, thinking I presume, that I belonged to some new organization of tramps, refused shelter from an approaching rain storm. In all I enjoyed myself well and am quite ready to take trip again with company.

### CANADA'S GREAT FAIR

Programme for the First Week of the Industrial Exhibition.

Following is the programme for the first week's attractions at the Exhibition. Next week we will print the programme for the second week, so that our readers may be enabled to select any day or evening as may be convenient.

Monday, September 10th.  
Preparation Day. All exhibits of the first week must be in place and arranged by 6 p.m. The public not admitted.

Tuesday, September 11th.  
The grounds and buildings will be open to the public from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m.

Wednesday, September 12th.  
2 p.m.—Formal opening of the Exposition by His Excellency the Governor-General and H. R. H. the Princess Louise, and presentation of address. Speeding in the horse ring. First trip and excursion on electric railway. Bands of the Royal Grenadiers and the Dominion Organ Co., Bowmanville.

7.30 p.m.—Grand illumination of the grounds and buildings with the electric light. Band concert of the Royal Grenadiers.

Thursday, September 13th.  
All the industrial departments will be open. Grand display of machinery and agricultural implements, all in full operation. At noon, base ball match—Toronto Athletics vs. Cobourg base ball club. 2 p.m.—Speeding in the horse ring. Three special prizes for trotting. Bands of Massey Manufacturing Co., and the Dominion Bolt Company. Judging on all the exhibits of the first week. Electric railway in full operation. Grand Horticultural show commences to-day at noon.

Evening.—All the grounds and buildings open till 9.30 o'clock, and illuminated with electric light and the immense illuminators erected by the Consumers' Gas Co. Military concert by the Band of the Queen's Own Rifles. Organ and piano recitals, etc., etc.

Friday, September 14th.  
Continuation of the great Industrial Exhibition. All departments of manufactures complete. Speeding in the horse ring. Three purses for running races.—Horse reel contest for the championship of the County of York, at 11 a.m. Band of the Garrison Artillery.

Evening.—Grounds and buildings open till 10 o'clock. Organ recitals, electric light, electro-hydraulic fireworks, etc. Band concert by the Garrison Artillery Band.

Saturday, September 15th.  
Great attractions for this day. Exhibition departments of first week all open. Steeplechases and pacing in the horse ring. Competition for prizes for lady and boy riders. Lacrosse match at noon. The Beckwith Family in their clover performances under water in glass tank, at 3 and 5 p.m. Balloon ascension (weather permitting) by Miss Annie Ryan, the celebrated lady aeronaut, of Cincinnati, at 4 p.m. The Guelph City Band—Concerts afternoon and evening. Ground and buildings open till 10 p.m. All school children admitted this day at 5 cents each.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

We have already, on its first production here, expressed our opinion of Gilbert and Sullivan's latest opera "Iolanthe." We have seen no reason to change that opinion in the main, although we are free to admit that the opera improves considerably on acquaintance. It is not, however, on the whole, equal to its predecessors, and will hardly attain their immense popularity. It possessed, however, sufficient elements of novelty here to attract excellent houses to witness its production by the Holman Opera Company. That presentation, while hardly equal to the original production by the Rice Opera Company, was, on the whole a satisfactory one. The cast was an excellent one. Miss Sallie Holman made a capital *Phyllis*, Miss Biancho Holman an admirable *Iolanthe*, and Miss Kate Sauceny a most satisfactory *Fairy Queen*. The two telling solos, by the *Queen* and *Iolanthe* respectively, "Oh! foolish Fay," and "My Lord, a suppliant at thy feet," were particularly well rendered, and deservedly encored. Mr. J. T. Dalton looked the character of Strephon, being, as *Iolanthe* says, "rather good looking, and inclined to be stout." Mr. J. H. O'Connor made a fairly good *Lord Chancellor*, but we rather think that Mr. Alf Holman—who appeared as *Lord Mount Ararat*—would have made a better. Next week the company will shift their quarters to the Adelaide Street Rink, where, with larger stage room and better scenic facilities they will be enabled to present Opera to better advantage. The bill for the week will be a varied one, and will include "Ouvette," "Miss Taylor," "Kate Kearney," and "The Mascotte." The Rink and grounds will be brilliantly lit with the electric light every evening. Manager Connor has received quite a lot of new scenery, which will be placed in position in readiness for the opening on Monday next.

The spectacular drama is always popular with the masses, who are attracted by scenic effects and artistic grouping, rather than literary worth. In fact, as a general rule the spectacular drama is of a very poor order, intellectually considered. Plot, literary merit, dramatic unity, are all sacrificed to scenic effects, gorgeous costumes and elaborate stage settings. The "spectacle" produced at the Grand is no exception to the general rule. The plot is of the flimsiest, the literary merit below par; but the scenic effects are good, the dresses beautiful, the grouping and dancing highly effective. As a whole, however, "Enchantment" will not bear comparison with the former productions here of the Kivally Bros. The dramatic company is a good one, though their dramatic powers are not very often called into play. The *premieres danseuses*, Fraulein Hofschular and Adelle Cappelin, are particularly deserving of notice, being among the very best in their line who have been seen here. Good houses have been the rule during the week, and the piece has been running more smoothly with each successful performance. Next week Toronto's favorite comedians—Baker & Farron—will appear.

The Grand Concert, under the patronage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, at the Horticultural Gardens, under Mr. J. E. Thomson's management on Thursday next, promises to be unusually successful. The artists engaged for the occasion include Sig. Brignoli, Miss Carrie E. Mason and Mme. Teresa Carreno, neither of whom need an introduction to Torontonians; Sig. Lalo, a young baritone who makes his first appearance before an American audience on this occasion; Sig. Timothee Adamowaki, a young violinist, who challenges *Wilhelmj*. Sig. De Novellis is the musical conductor.

Still another attraction will be the three concerts—on the 20th, 21st and 22nd—by the Fisk Jubilee Singers, at Shaftesbury Hall. This will probably be the last chance of hearing these favorite singers for some years, as they will ere long leave for England.

Another feature of the same week will be the Musical Festival at the Metropolitan Church by the "Combined Church Choirs,"

under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington, which will take place on the 19th and 20th.

Among the attractions of the second Exhibition week, we may mention the concerts to be given by Gilmore's famous band, whose engagement we owe to the energy and enterprise of Mr. J. F. Thomson.

### Perseverant Advertising.

The great secret of advertising is repetition. Iteration and reiteration compel attention. An occasional advertisement is barely sufficient to keep the advertiser from falling into the great receptacle of utterly forgotten things. Constant, steady, persistent, habitual and unobtrusive advertising, keeping a certain fact before the eye of the public at all times and in all places, is one of the stepping stones to success in modern business—in fact, it is the stepping stone. Where there is so much vigorous opposition and sharp competition the purchasing public cannot possibly hear your invitation to come and buy unless you tout your advertisement horn loudly and continuously. They cannot discover your whereabouts unless your advertising flag is always flying in the breeze. They cannot feel your attractive influence unless you make them feel it by spreading it in all directions through the magnetic medium of the press. By continuous dropping in the same spot, a light drill will penetrate deeply into the hardest rock, whereas the scattering blows of the heaviest sledge will have scarcely any effect. The three P's of successful advertising are Persistent, Perseverant Persuasion.—*Sewing Machine Journal*.

### The Coal Fields of the Northwest.

Principal Dawson has returned to Montreal after making an extended trip through the North-West and attending the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Minneapolis, Minn. He looks remarkably well after his journey, and it has evidently done him much good. He traveled on the Canadian Pacific line as far as Calgary, the farthest point reached, and speaks of the road as a magnificent one. En route a large number of coal mines were visited, all of which were being actively worked. The coal put out is, in the opinion of Dr. Dawson, an excellent kind for steam purposes and domestic use, so much so that in the near future he believed there would be a brisk competition between eastern and western markets. Concerning the North-West generally his impressions were of the most favorable character, its resources being wonderful, and nothing wanting but the people to cultivate and develop them. The Doctor, who is an enthusiastic geologist, also found the Northwest rich in this respect and collected some valuable geological specimens, which when classified will be presented to the Rodpath museum.—*Montreal Witness*.

### A Belligerent Bird.

The kingfisher is not regarded as a dangerous bird, but an artist friend of mine once had a most remarkable adventure with one. While sketching on the shore of a river, he saw one of these birds flying across the water directly toward him. He watched its approach, expecting every moment to see it change its course, but to his astonishment, the bird, swerving neither to the right or left, came straight at his face. His hands were filled with palette and brushes. He raised his foot to shield himself. "Thud!" came the bird against it, falling to the ground, stunned by the shock; but recovering quickly, it again took wing and disappeared around a bend in the shore. Now the snowy owl (*Nyctale scandiaca*) is said to alight at times upon the heads of sportsmen while they are crouching quietly among the reeds watching for wild geese and ducks, probably mistaking them for stumps or something of that sort. But to suppose the kingfisher may have taken my friend for a stump would not be completely to either the bird or the artist.—*St. Nicholas*.

A New York newspaper says that few matrimonial engagements of any consequence are reported from the watering-places. The hotel proprietors should sue the editor for attempting to injure their business.

Lovers ought to move to Havre—*Gouverneur Herald*. But if her *Marseilles* is in and says he is *Toulouse*, what then?—*Winnipeg Siftings*. Why then the Paris probably separated.

## Description of Java.

Java, an island of the Indian archipelago, the scene of the recent volcanic eruption, is the most fertile and prosperous tropical island in the world, situated between lat. 50° 52' and 8° 48' S., and lon. 105° 11' and 114° 35' E. The geological formation of Java is highly volcanic. A range of mountains runs from one end of the island to the other, through the centre, with peaks varying in height from 4,000 to 12,000 feet. The highest is Semeru, 12,255 feet; Slamet is 11,329 feet; six other peaks are each over 10,000 feet high; six others are 9,000 feet, and ten others from 5,000 to 9,000 feet. Among these peaks are 38 volcanoes, some of which are in constant activity. The most remarkable of these is the "Tenger," "wide" or "spacious," mountains on the east part of the island. It rises from a very large base in a gentle slope with gradually extending ridges. The summit seen from a distance appears less conical than that of the other volcanoes, and is about 5,000 feet high. The crater is more than 1,000 feet below the highest point of the mountain. It is

THE LARGEST CRATER ON THE GLOBE, with perhaps the single exception of that of Kilauea in the Hawaiian islands. The shape of the crater is an irregular ellipse with a minor axis of 3½ and a major axis of 4½ miles, and it forms an immense gulf with a level bottom covered with sand, which the Javanese call Laut Pasar, or "Sandy Sea." From its centre rise three cones several hundred feet in height, one of which called Brahma, is in almost constant activity. South of the great central range is another range of mountains, from 3,000 to 8,000 feet in height, which skirts the south coast. It is composed of volcanic materials, chiefly basalt, and is called by the Javanese Kandang or "war drums," from the peculiar columnar form of its rocks. The volcano Papandayang in this range threw out in a single night in 1772 ashes and scoræ spreading over an area of seven miles radius a layer fifty feet thick, destroying forty native villages and 3,000 people. On July 8th, 1852, the volcano Galunggung, a few miles north east of Papandayang, destroyed everything within a radius of twenty miles. Five days later a second eruption followed, and the total loss of life in both was 20,000 persons. The south shore of the island is in many places bounded by steep piles of trap. Low ranges of limestone occur in the eastern part, and in the extreme west a few granite boulders are occasionally found.

HOT SPRINGS ARE NUMEROUS at the bases of the volcanoes, and some of them are impregnated with carbonic acid. In the lowlands there are mud volcanoes, which furnish muriate of soda. The principal elevated plains of Java are those known as Solo and Kediri, which comprise the central districts, and in the west that of Bandung. These plains are fertile and well watered by streams from the mountains, which afford an abundant supply of irrigation. There is also a long alluvial tract running along the north side of the island, which may be regarded as a continuous plain, and many of the mountain valleys are also spacious and fertile. There are a few small and beautiful lakes among the mountains, and some extensive marshes, which in the rainy season become lakes and are navigated. The largest of these is in the Province of Banyumas, and is close to the south shore. The island, however, is abundantly watered. The rivers on the north side are very numerous, but are none of them navigable for large vessels, being all more or less obstructed by bars of mud or sand at their mouths. They are, however, of great use for irrigation, and contribute largely to the immense agricultural capacity of the island. The largest river in Java is the Solo, which rises in one of the low ranges on the south side of the island, and after a winding course of 356 miles, empties by two mouths into the narrow strait which separates Java from the west end of the island of Madura. This river is navigable all the year by small boats, and by large ones in all the months except August, September, and October. The second river in size is called by the natives the Brantas, but is known to Europeans as the river of Surabaya, and contributing to form its harbor.

A HETEROGENEOUS POPULATION. Though in reality Java is wholly possessed by the Dutch, two native kingdoms, comprising together not more than one-tenth of the island, have been suffered to retain a nominal existence, under the

control of the Dutch officials. These are the dominions of the *Senan* or Emperor of Surakarta, and the Sultan of Johjoharta. The rest of the island, with Madura, is divided into twenty-three provinces, called residences. The principal cities are Batavia, the capital, Bantam, Binteuzorg, Cheribon, Samarang, Surabaya, Surakarta, and Johjoharta. The native population of Java comprises two distinct nations, the Sundese and the Javanese. The Sundese occupy the western end of the island, and are greatly inferior in number to the Javanese, as well as less advanced in civilization. They speak a distinct language, the Sundese, while nine-tenths of the entire native population speak Javanese. Both classes are of the Malayan race, and are generally about two inches shorter than the men of the Mongolian and Caucasian races, with round faces, wide mouths, high cheek bones, short and small noses, and small, black, deep-set eyes. Java is one of the most densely-populated countries of the world, the population, inclusive of Madura, amounting, according to a census taken at the end of 1872, to 17,293,200, being 337 persons to the square mile. Of these, 28,926 were Europeans, 185,759 Chinese, and 22,32 Arabs and other foreign Orientals. The Javanese are almost entirely occupied in agriculture. There is a small class of fishermen on the north coast, and a few artisans in the towns, but the great bulk of the people live directly or indirectly by the cultivation of land, in which they have made greater progress than any other Asiatic nation except the Chinese and Japanese. The chief cereal is rice, of which, with the aid of irrigation, industriously and almost universally applied, two crops are raised in a year. Java is one of the principal coffee-growing countries of the world. The coffee plantations are situated at an elevation of 2,000 feet and upward, and are conducted under the supervision of the Colonial Government. The cultivation of sugar is next in importance; indigo, cotton, pepper, tea, and tobacco are also raised. The commerce of Java is transacted chiefly at the ports of Batavia, Samarang, and Surabaya.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH. Several of the Malayan islands bear traces of volcanic origin. In Java itself there is a crater at the eastern end of the island which contains a lake about one-fourth of a mile long, strongly impregnated with sulphuric acid. From this lake there issues a stream of water so destructive to life that even fish cannot live in the sea near its mouth. Another extinct volcano, called Guevo Upas, or the Vale of Poison, is held in horror by the natives. Every living creature that enters it drops dead, and the soil is covered with the carcasses of deer, birds, and even the bones of men, killed by the carbonic acid gas which lies at the bottom of the valley. Krakatoa is an island in the Straits of Sunda, latitude 6 deg. 9 min. south, longitude 105 deg. 29 min. east. It is about six or seven miles long and four or five miles broad.

## Lady Base-Ballists.

Sixteen young ladies, aided by two young lads, played base-ball at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, a few days ago. They wore jaunty little white cloth hats, shoes of the regulation style, untanned belts, and white dresses with trimmings either blue or red. The occupant of first base (according to the Philadelphia Times) did honor to her position. When the ball was carefully tossed to her, so that she could put her hands down and scoop it in, she took hold of it gracefully, and sent it back to the pitcher; but if it came at any speed she quickly stepped aside, and smilingly let it pass. So, indeed, it was with many of the fielders. The most promising "flies" slipped through their lovely little hands like water through a sieve, but still they smiled and contentedly ran after the playful ball, as though it was just as well to deliver it at one time as at another. There was no unladylike hurrying. Miss Miller, as a pitcher, was gentleness itself.

## Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney, Liver or Urinary Diseases.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great puffed up pretended cure.

An idiot of the religious sort in Wisconsin has his cellar painted and fitted up with flames and demons to represent hell, and takes his children in it to whip them.

## A Unique Wedding-Cake.

One of the items connected with a marriage about to be celebrated in aristocratic circles is a magnificent wedding-cake of which the following is a brief description: The cake consists of three tiers, surmounted by a castle, made an exact architectural copy of the bride's home. The stand, owing to the size of the cake, is made of wood and gilded, no gold or silver stand in the trade being available. The whole structure measures five feet high and weighs two hundred weight. The stand is three feet four inches in diameter and nine inches in height. The first tier of the cake is two feet and a half across and ten inches high, decorated with eight arabesque ornamental columns, each surmounted by a small vase holding orange blossoms and maiden-hair ferns. Between the columns hang eight festoons. The top of the tier is ornate with filigree piping.

The second tier measures one foot eleven inches in diameter and eight and a half inches high. Four panels adorn this tier, two of which contain the coat-of-arms of the bride and bridegroom respectively, painted on white silk, in true heraldic colors, each surmounted by pearls and ferns. The two other panels exhibit the monogram of the pair, also on silk and colored in harmony with the coats-of-arms, but surrounded by wreaths of orange blossoms and maiden-hair ferns. Between the panels hang four pretty gypsy baskets, full of stephanotis, orange blossoms, green ferns, and silver-leaves. Between each basket and panel hangs a cornucopia, with orchids, etc. Over each panel is a pair of flying doves, and a dove also is placed between each basket and cornucopia. Standing on the top of the tier are eight cupids, each rising out of a bouquet of orange blossoms and holding over his shoulder a stephanotis, out of which is flowing a stream of water, represented here by spun glass. The top and bottom of the tier are embellished with filigree piping.

The third tier is twenty inches across and six inches high, ornamented with eight festoons made of stephanotis, orange blossoms, erica, oats, and silver ferns. Drooping sprays of orange buds and blossoms and silver leaves hang between the festoons down to the second tier. Over each festoon is an ornamented scroll bracket, from which hangs by silver wire a basket of orange blossoms, oats, maiden-hair, and silver ferns. Filigree piping as before finishes off the top of this tier.

Above this tier stands the Norman castle, with outer castellated wall four and a half inches high, containing a portcullis entrance, with turrets on each side. Inside are the moat and draw-bridge leading through a Norman doorway to the court, nine and a half inches high, with its three turrets and rows of windows. Further back is the keep, eighteen inches high and six in diameter, its fourteen windows overlooking the whole structure. At the very top is the large flag-staff, nine inches high, floating the banner of the house.—British and Foreign Confectioner.

## Mrs Langtry at Home.

A London correspondent a few nights ago saw Mr. Langtry at Drury Lane. He says she "sat in the stalls, somewhat odily attired. Her dress, a scarlet brocade made high in the throat, was singularly unbecoming. It was a long time before the stall audience knew she was present. I should not have recognized her had she not been pointed out to me. The strong colors of her dress utterly destroyed her complexion. Moreover, she looked thin and worn. Her hair was dragged away from her face, as it is in one of the popular 'Soap' advertisements of her which are stuck about in the public omnibuses. Unless her beauty on Saturday night was marred by her toilet it has fled; she is no longer 'the Jersey Lily' whom artists painted, and of whom poets sang. I told you many months ago that she would not appear in London on her return. It has been industriously announced that she would, but it is now understood that she will not. She is to play a short engagement at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, after which, it is said, she goes to Paris 'for study and dress.'

The closing exercises of a school in Honolulu consisted in part of the production of "Pinafore" by Hawaiian children. The Hawaiian Gazette speaks highly of the children's proficiency in English and of their acting.

The first synod of the West Presbyterian, is in session at Detroit.



FOR THE  
Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs.  
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.  
H. H. WARNER & CO.,  
Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N. Y., London, Eng.

## G. R. GRANT &amp; CO.,

402 Queen St. West, Toronto,

Manufacturers of

## SHIRTS

Collars & Cuffs.

Our Paris Patent Shirt made to order, reinforced fronts:

No. 5-3 for - -	\$2.90
" 4-3 " - -	3.75
" 3-3 " - -	4.50
" 2-3 " - -	5.00
" 1-3 " - -	5.75

All our Winter Goods reduced. Bargains in Flannel Shirts and Underclothing. 25 Troy Laundry in connection.

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WE INVITE YOUR

Confidence and

PATRONAGE.

TORONTO SHOE CO.

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Opening New Ladies

SHOE PARLOR.

Our aim will be to make it a pleasant and profitable place of resort for ladies who value fair dealing and economy.



ROUGH ON HENS

Artificial Eggs that Would Deceive the Hicot.

I followed my conductor to one end of the apartment, where there were three large tanks or vats. One was filled with a yellow compound, the second with a starchy mixture, and the other was covered. Pointing to these the proprietor said: "These compose the yolk mixture and the white of egg. We empty the vats every day, so you can judge of the extent of the business already. Let me show you one of the machines. You see they are divided into different boxes or receptacles. The first and second are the yolk and white. The next is what we term the 'skin' machine, and the last one is the sheller, with drying trays. This process is the result of many years of experiment and expense. I first conceived the idea after making a chemical analysis of an egg. After a long time I succeeded in making a very good imitation of an egg. I then turned my attention to making the machinery, and the result you see for yourself. Of course it would not be policy for me to explain all the mechanism, but I'll give you an idea of the process. Into the first machine is put the yolk mixture—"

"What is that?" I asked. "Well, it's a mixture of Indian meal, corn starch, and several other ingredients. It is poured into the opening of a thick, mushy state, and is formed by the machine into a ball and frozen. In this condition it passes into the other box, where it is surrounded by the white, which is chemically the same as the real egg. This is also frozen, and by a peculiar rotary motion of the machine an oval shape is imparted to it, and it passes into the next receptacle, where it receives the thin filmy skin. After this it has only to go into the sheller, where it gets its last coat in the shape of a plaster of Paris shell, a trifle thicker than the genuine article. They it goes out on the drying trays, where the shell rises at once and the inside thaws out gradually. It becomes, to all appearances, a real egg."

"How many eggs can you turn out in a day?"

"Well, as we are running now, we turn out a thousand or so every hour."

"Many orders?"

"Why, bless your soul, yes. We cannot fill one-half of our orders."

"Can they be boiled?"

"Oh, yes," and he called one of the men. "Here, Jim, boil this gentleman an egg."

"Can they be detected?" I inquired, while the bogus egg was being boiled.

"I hardly think that anybody would be likely to observe any difference unless he happened to be well posted, as they look and taste like the real thing. We can, by a little flavoring, make them taste like goose or duck eggs, of course altering the size. They will keep for years. That one you have eaten was nearly a year old. They never spoil or become rotten, and, being harder and thicker in their shells, they will stand shipping better than real eggs. Oh, it's a big thing, and capable, I suppose, of being brought to still greater perfection. One of my employes here insists that if I go to work at it I can invent a machine which will run the eggs into an incubator and hatch out spring chickens."—N. Y. Sun.

Killed by an Elephant.

Henry Packer, of Hartford, Conn., employed by the trainer of elephants with Barnum's show, was killed at Cincinnati by the elephant, "Queen" lately. He had not provoked the animal in any way, but was at work preparatory to the morning parade, when the monster suddenly pinioned him with her great body against the side of a table car, and remorselessly crushed the life out of him. The pressure was so violent that the car was thrown over, and thus the poor fellow was released. The trainer says it is only a proof of the sly, malicious cunning of these beasts. He thinks she saw the opportunity to do mischief to Packer and embraced it. The wounded man was taken to the hospital in a patrol wagon and died in a few hours.

If You are Ruined

in health from any cause, especially from the use of any of the thousand nostrums that promise so largely, with long fictitious testimonials, have no fear. Resort to Hop Bitters at once, and in a short time you will have the most robust and blooming health.

How He Doubled His Trade.

Mr. Benj. W. Paton, pharmacist, Globe Village, Mass., says that the miraculous pain-cure St. Jacobs Oil, has greatly helped his other business, and the sales of the remedy have doubled in one month. He keeps a large supply always on hand. Officers of the Army and Navy pronounced St. Jacobs Oil to be the greatest pain-cure of the age.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leland, of Philadelphia, a beautiful granddaughter of Prescott the historian, with her aunt, Mrs. James Lawrence, of Boston, and the family of Colonel De Winton, of Lord Lorne's household, are among the people summing up at Campo Bello, New Brunswick.

From Mr. EDWARD MITCHELL, Manager of the Bank of Commerce, Hamilton, Ont.

Hamilton, January 18th, 1883.

J. N. SUTHERLAND, St. Catharines.

My Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your favor of yesterday's date, asking my experience with regard to RHEUMATISM, and I have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing it a success in my case, and in heartily recommending the remedy to those suffering from Rheumatism. I suffered for months with that trouble in my right arm and shoulder, and often was unable to use my hand, and at night the pain was frequently so great as to render sleep an impossibility. I must confess that I entertained a repugnance to "patent" medicines, but some of my friends persuaded me to try "Rheumatism," and although it may be true that I might have got well without it, one thing I do know, that after taking four bottles the pain took its departure, and I have now the full use of my arm. I heartily wish you unbounded success, as I fully believe your remedy is all that you advertise it to be.

I am, my dear sir, yours most truly, E. MITCHELL.

It is easy finding reason why other people should be patient.

J. E. Kennedy, dispensing chemist, Cobourg, says that no blood purifier that he has ever handled has had such a large sale as Burdock Blood Bitters, and adds, "in no case have I heard a customer say ought but words of highest praise for its remedial qualities. (31)

Art may err but nature cannot miss, therefore the natural Hair Restorer—Carbolino—cannot fail to prove a blessing to those whose hair may be scant and falling out.

Disparage and depreciate no one; an insect has feeling and an atom a shadow.

True merit brings its own reward, in the case of Burdock Blood Bitters it is rapidly bringing its reward in its increasing sales; as a prominent druggist recently said, "it now sells on its merits." It is the grand specific for diseases of Blood, Liver and Kidneys. 25,000 bottles have been sold, during the last three months. (34)

Hungry and restless, that is what we all are, until He takes us up and feeds us.

There is no remedy known to medical science that is more positive in its effect, to cure Cholera Morbus, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, and all Bowel Complaints than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. (35)

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please.

How TRY TO IN—So-called respectable people would hesitate considerably before pilfering your pockets in a crowded thoroughfare. That would be too soon. The same discrimination is not indicated by the so-called respectable druggist when that wonderful corn cure, PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR, is asked for. Watch for these gentlemen, and take none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists everywhere. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors.

It is no small fault to be had, and seem so; it is a greater fault to seem good, and not to be so.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and education must finish him.

The colors of the Triangle Dyes are so beautiful, and their use so simple, they lead the dye market of the country. 10 cents.

It is a fact that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has more well-earned testimonials of praise for its virtues in curing Cholera, Colic, Cholera Infantum, Dysentery, etc., than all other remedies of that class combined. It will stand investigation. (36)

They say that Mr. Jefferson has grown into a deep aversion for the character of Rip Van Winkle, and dislikes to play it.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:—I have a friend who suffered terribly. I purchased a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and as a result of its use, she is perfectly well. J. BAILEY, Bardett, N. Y.

Adversity exasperates fools, directs cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent and makes the idle industrious.

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" purify the blood and cure constipation.

A sure means of overcoming a dislike which we entertain for any one is to do him a little kindness every day; and the way to overcome a dislike which another may feel toward us is to say some little kind word of him every day.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—For many months I was a great sufferer. Physicians could afford me no relief. In my despair I commenced the use of your "Favorite Prescription." It speedily effected my entire and permanent cure.

Yours thankfully,

Mrs. PAUL R. BAXTER, Iowa City, Ia.

The debate on Union in the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada at Belleville, promises to be a very protracted one.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

In thy book, O Lord, are written all they that do what they can, though they cannot do what they would.

Age should always command respect. In the case of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry it certainly does, for 25 years that has been the standard remedy with the people, for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Colic and all Bowel Complaints. (33)

We should never make enemies, if for no other reason, because it is hard to behave towards them as we ought.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada.

According to report Patti received \$3,000 for three songs at the soiree given by Alfred Rothschild recently.

C. S. Judson, Wallaceburg, says Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for Summer Complaints is a splendid preparation, and I do not know of a single case in which it has not given satisfaction, but on the contrary have had many testimonials to its efficacy. (32)

The population of France, by the last census, is 35,405,291. The females are in excess by 121,234.

A. P. 141

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, MACHACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages. The Charles A. Vogeler Co. Sole Importers for Canada, U.S.A. & C. B. A. POOFING.—CHEAP, DURABLE, FIRE PROOF, easily put on composed of 3 ply felt cemented together for flat or steep roofs. H. WILLIAMS, Manufacturer and dealer in felt roofing materials, 4 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

MOULDINGS, Pietro Franco, Milano, and Pietro Findings generally. Trade supplied. MATTHEWS BROS. & CO., Toronto. ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO. Students can enter from October until January. PROF. SMITH, B. V. Edin., Principal. Fees, fifty dollars.

MILLER'S MAY-APPLE TONIC POSITIVELY cures Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. Write for free pamphlet, or mail 60c. to package. K. MILLER & CO., Brandon Ont.

Dr. LAFLIEUX' FRENCH MOUSTACHE VIGOR Grows a beard on the smoothest face in 70 days. Money refunded, never fails. Sent on receipt of 50c. stamps or silver. 3 packages for \$1. Beware of cheap imitations, none other genuine. Send for circular. Address: T. W. BAXX, 101 22, Warsaw, Ind., U.S.A.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS OF PREPARED RUBBER, Light, Elastic, and Cheap. First prize at Provincial Exhibition, London. Testimonials on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address: J. DEAN & SONS, Drayton, Ont. IF YOU WISH TO BUY THE CHEAPEST and best three run Custom and Merchant Flour Mill in Canada, write us at once. Splendid Boiler and Engine, and all new machinery in the mill. Town of M. Write for particulars at once to A. SHEPHERD & SON, Petrolia, Lambton County, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED TO SECURE CHOICE territory for the People's Cyclopedic; experience not necessary, for we will teach you on the latest, best and cheapest cyclopedic. Nothing like it in the market. Those you sell to will be your friends. You can earn \$21 to \$30 per week. MARTIN GARRISON & CO., JAMES WHITING, Manager, 93 King St., East, Toronto Ont.

STOCK FARM FOR SALE. THE FINEST Stock Farm in Missisquoi County, Que., situated at Dunham, consists of 500 acres, Sugar Bush of 2,000 Trees, 100 acres in Woodland, 150 in Meadow; balance in Plough Land and Pasture. Buildings worth the price asked for the farm. Never failing supply of water. Send for circular giving full description. H. K. THOMAS, Real Estate Agent, 131 St. James St., Montreal, Que.

DO NOT ALLOW YOUR CHILDREN TO grow up deformed or crippled, but call and examine our appliances for the treatment of Club Feet, and Diseases of the Spine, Hip, Knee and Ankle. Remember the world is progressing, and more can be done to-day than at any former period. We also manufacture Artificial Limbs, Trusses, and appliances for the relief and cure of all kinds of deformities. Will show at Toronto, Guelph and London Exhibitions. AUTHORS & COX, 91 Church St., Toronto.

195 ACRES—48 CLEARED; 40 FOR PASTURE; clay loam; no stone or creek; nearly level; well watered; large frame barn, with granary, log stable, and foreman's house, all nearly new; immediate possession \$2,300 cash; also 212 acres, 173 cleared, 15 pasture; clay and black loam, situated on Mary Lake, Stephenson township; large new two-story frame house, 21 x 28 and 16 x 16; stone cellar, 24 x 28; pantry, w.c., store room, and washhouse; new frame stable, with 12 stalls; price of 107 acres, \$5,000 cash; these prices if sold at once. CAPT. OPEN-SHA W, Port Sydney, Muskoka.

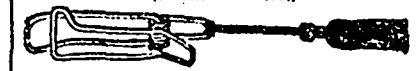
F. E. DIXON & CO., Manufacturers of Star Rivet Leather Belting!

70 King Street, East, Toronto. Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Sent for Price Lists and Discounts.

AMBER SUGAR CANE MACHINERY. New Paragon School Desks. M. BEATTY & SONS, Welland, Ont.

Early Amber Cane Seed imported from the Southern States. Send for catalogue and prices.

WELLS' WINDOW SHADE GLASS, (PATENTED 1875.)



Used for holding WINDOW BLIND SHADES without rollers, pins, or cords. Saves blind, money and patience. Looks orderly and neat. Send for sample, 20 cents. Agents—Circulars 3. Orders from the trade solicited. Agents want ed. TORONTO INDUSTRIAL WORKS CO., 96 Church street, Toronto.

TINSMITHS' GOODS.

TIN PLATE—Different Brands and sizes. TINNED SHEETS—do do CANADA PLATE—Pen and other Brands. INGLETTIN—Lamb and Flag and Stralls. GALVANIZED IRON—"Davies" "Avon" &c. AND STAMPED GOODS, CHEAP.

For Sale by COPLAND & McLAREN, MONTREAL.

A FORTUNE. Any one who will return this slip to the address below, with 50 cents in stamps or cash, will receive 4 articles worth 1 dollar 50 cents, which will enable them to clear \$25 to \$50 per week. Money refunded to any one dissatisfied. JAMES LEE & CO., MONTREAL, CANADA.



## POPE LEO AT HOME.

Everyday Life of the Holy Father.—A Reception to Irish Pilgrims.

The *Capitan Fracassa*, of Rome, publishes a conversation which one of its correspondents had with the Rev. Philip Barry, canon of the Ashel cathedral. The canon is said to have spoken as follows:—"Leo XIII. is now seventy-four years of age. He is tall, thin, and bony. His face is of an ivory tint, and his eyes and lips are very expressive and smiling. He looks very firm. Simeoni says he resembles Voltaire, but Leo XII.'s smile is totally different to Voltaire's smile. The Pope wears his age well, and walks remarkably straight. He has snow white hair and very finely marked eyebrows. His eyes are wonderfully intelligent looking and his voice is extremely harmonious. He speaks several languages as well as any professor of languages. He never says a foolish thing nor does a foolish thing, like poor Pius IX., whose privity was fatal to the Pope's temporal power. He rises very early and spends the first hours of the day in prayer, and generally in his bedroom. At six o'clock he says mass. At eight o'clock he breaks his fast with a cup of chocolate, reading his correspondence all the time. At nine o'clock he receives Jacobini and those chiefs of religious societies who may demand audience. At noon he receives those Roman patriarchs who have remained true to him and the Ambassadors. At one o'clock he dines, his dinner rarely costing more than two francs, or half a dollar." "And he keeps so many cooks!" said the correspondent. "He is obliged to keep up appearances," answered the canon. "Once upon a time Popes were great eaters and drinkers, and were given to every kind of extravagance, but Leo XIII. is nothing of all this.

### IN THE GARDEN.

"After dinner he takes a little walk in the Vatican grounds, or he visits the museums and galleries. Sometimes he is carried in a chair quilted with white satin. He is very fond of the garden. He frequently receives visitors in the garden and talks of flowers to them to avoid other subjects. The first and second time I saw him was in the garden. When I went with the pilgrims he was preceded by three noble guards, and at his side was Mgr. Macchi, his secret chamberlain. He wore a wide-brimmed hat and a large red cloak. We were presented to him one by one. He looked at us and scrutinized us well. I saw he recognized me, but he treated me like the others—as if he saw me also for the first time. 'Are you all Irish?' he said. 'I am happy to receive the faithful of that nation!' He then looked again at us as if he would have read into our souls. 'Your bishop,' he continued, 'brought me offerings from a people pressed with poverty.' Then, seeing me still on my knees, he offered me his hand to raise me. 'I had thought,' he continued, 'that the offering would have decreased, but it was not so. We live on charity (and here he smiled sadly), 'for all we had has been taken from us. O, these persecutions!' he cried with a loud voice. 'They purify us, even when the heaven is pure and immaculate.'

### AT AN AUDIENCE.

"I seem to see him now," said the canon. "His head looked like a relief on the blue sky. The sun was setting, and he looked up to the sky, as if seeking an inspiration there. 'I have heard,' he then said, 'that, notwithstanding the general state of anguish in Ireland the churches are full of people. May the Lord be praised and blessed, and may my prayers bring peace on the people! Lord hear our prayers and judge us!' He then blessed us, and the audience was finished. I have never seen so much power united to so much sympathy. At four o'clock the Pope resumes his official audiences in the Vatican. At seven o'clock only he takes a little rest, but at eight o'clock he returns to work in his private room, where he remains until ten o'clock, when he retires for the night, not always to sleep, though, for it is during the night that he reads and writes for his own pleasure, his favorite subject being the 'Sciences of St. Thomas' and essays on the work of that saint, which he receives from every part of the world, whenever and wherever published."

Aimee, the opera-bouffe actress, when here before, brought her young daughters, aged five and eight, with her and placed them at school, going often to see them. A teacher in the school said a more quiet-looking mother never visited the place.

### The New Silks.

Every little while there is an odd little announcement through the columns of fashion journals that plain black silk has reasserted its supremacy and acquired new and distinguished prestige. The assertion is made at regular intervals every year, and has been for twenty-five years past, and it is always funny, and simply means that the writer of the paragraph has obtained a new black silk dress and is bound to give it importance. Every good black silk always has a character and a standing of its own which is unaffected by the changes of fashion, but it addresses itself mainly to those who make no pretensions to fashion—to elderly ladies and well-to-do women who want a solid dress which looks sufficiently handsome for all occasions and is not out of place upon any. To such persons no other fabric ever takes the place of a nice faille or gros-grained silk, and every lady, whatever her pretensions, likes one black silk in her wardrobe because of its convenience.

But of late there are new styles that dispute pre-eminence with old-time favorites—the black surahs, a soft, swilled silk with a satin finish, have established themselves in a place from which it will be very difficult to dislodge them. They are not high-class or remarkable silks in any way, but they are adaptable. They lend themselves to graceful arrangement, they are supple and youthful, which "rich" black silks of the gros-grain type are not, and they are not only durable but comparatively inexpensive. No wonder they are popular—no wonder they are in demand and have forced the New York manufacturer, John N. Stearns, to produce a "winter" surah of superior quality and finish in seventy-five different shades and colors, of which the wines, the garnets, and the new reds with a copper tint in them, promise to be the favorites for the present and coming season. The difficulty with the Ottoman silk is that it is less durable than silks less distinctively marked, but it is handsome and effective, and the late designs alternate with satin stripes, which are enclosed in lines of color, and combined with a plain Ottoman fabric.

But the brocaded silks and satins are best suited for a really elegant toilet, for the designs grow constantly more striking, more artistic, better contrasted, and more tastefully adapted for the purpose of display, without vulgarity or ostentation. The finest designs are large, and show conventionalized forms of fruits with leaves, or leaves and a flower. They are in solid colors, such as evening blue, pink, cream, white, and black, and they require but little addition—for the simpler the form in which they are made the better—but the little should, of course, be of the best quality. Much of the beauty of the design is derived from the contrast in texture, and the effects obtained from the combination of amure or Ottoman in the ground, with dull satin or amure leaves, and a voicing which seems to be executed in embroidery stitch. The whole ensemble is very rich, and few will believe, when exhibited on the counters of leading dry goods stores, that they are of American (and New York) manufacture, the general impression in regard to American silks having been obtained from the spun silks, which has a finish so much like the obsolete poplin.

Other novelties produced by our own manufacturers consists of stripes—"hair" stripes—in two colors, black and another, as, for example, black and mauve, black and electric blue, black and old gold, black and bronze, and many combinations. Upon these are brocaded lower designs in a third color, which is in contrast to the ground tone, but produces no violent shock. On the contrary, the effect is rich, yet bright and cheerful, and seems to suggest them as suitable fabrics for dinner dresses or evening receptions at home. The richest among the stuffs intended for suits and costumes are very beautiful satin brocades in small figures, intended for combination with plain velvet or plain satin duchesse. The grounds are dark cloth shades, the figures look like "evens," are not only small, but in high colors—old gold, ruby, and amethyst—and would have the effect of embroidery upon satin, at a little distance. Sunset silk is a rich brocade in very handsome and effective patterns in white, with blue or pink color through it, which gives it an undecipherable glow—a sort of reflection of color, which is infinitely more delicate than color itself. All the new brocades have amure effects—those that are imported as well as those that are made here—and the figured plushes are re-

appearing for cloaks, and combination with a new satin that is woven with a shorter loop than satin duchesse, and is, therefore, better adapted to give good wear, while it is equally thick and contains as much silk.

The tapestried silks are yet principally used for upholstery, but some ladies are beginning to combine them with velvet, and to use them for the fronts of "picture" dresses in conjunction with Watteau trains of dull, thick satin or velvet. The silver and gold brocades will doubtless constitute an important element this season, as last, in the construction of magnificent evening toilets—but those will occupy attention later on. At present it is the forehanded—those who have only one or two new silks of a season, and who know exactly what they want—who are providing them in advance of the gay season, while the majority are occupied in settling the present more important question of autumn cloth and woolen suits, deciding whether braiding is or is not to be, and how a cloth suit can best be made to look jaunty and becoming.

### Shooting a Bear.

Even the oil excitement has failed to drive all of the wild animals out of McKean county. It is but a few years since the dense forests in the vicinity of Bradford were populated by bears, wolves, wildcats, panthers, and deer. Oil and civilization have combined to drive them away, and panthers and wildcats have disappeared. There are still left, however, a few wolves, a score or two of bears, and any number of deer. Jim Jacobs, the veteran Indian bear hunter, yearly visits his favorite haunts in the wilds of McKean county. He has probably killed more wild animals than any living hunter east of the Rocky Mountains. The stories of his exciting adventure would fill volumes. Not long ago a farmer living in the eastern part of the county reported that several of his sheep had been killed by wolves. Recently John Anderson, a farmer, living on Minard Run, five miles east of Bradford, on the line of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, was awakened by the barking of his Newfoundland dog. At the same time he heard a strange scraping noise on the roof of the shed in the rear of the house. Mr. Anderson and a hired man, George Tibbets, armed themselves with guns and cautiously crept out of a side door. They found the dog barking at a big black bear which was perched on the roof of the woodshed. Mr. Anderson's gun was accidentally discharged, killing the dog. Tibbets kept cool, and, holding the gun within six feet of the bear, shot it in the neck. With a howl the bear dropped from the shed and shambled off into the forest. As the night was dark the men did not care to pursue the wounded animal. Its bloody tracks were seen the next day, and several men were soon searching the forest for it.

### Didn't Know Who it was.

The talk drifted from ships to boats, and an officer in the United States army attempted to enlighten the most modest looking man of the lot on rowing. He told him how to rig a boat, how to balance himself in a shell, and how to measure his stroke. Mr. Frank Mayo, who was in charge of the stranger, became silent, then amused, and finally exclaimed: "For God's sake, captain, hold on! You don't know who you are talking to."

"Well, I did a little rowing when a boy and ought to know something about boating," replied the captain, with a flash on his face.

"Well," said Mr. Mayo, "you are talking to Edward Hanlan."

The captain removed his hat, then extended his hand.

"Mr. Hanlan, I beg your pardon. I did not catch your name at first. If I had struck to my trade and talked army I should not have made a fool of myself. What shall it be? Yellow label?"

### Proof Everywhere.

If any invalid or sick person has the least doubt of the power and efficacy of Hop Bitters to cure them, they can find cases exactly like their own, in their own neighborhood, with proof positive that they can be easily and permanently cured at a trifling cost—or ask your druggist or physician.

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1880.

Hop Bitters Co.—SIRS—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me.

LEROX BREWER.

### A Beggar With the Wrong Trade Mark.

A miserable ragged fellow was seated on the low wall of St. Paul's Churchyard. Suspended from his neck was the familiar sign, "Please Help the Blind." A young merchant passing by looked at the beggar, passed, looked again, and then walked up to him and pretended to strike him with the cane he carried. The merchant dodged the blow. "Ha! ha!" the young man almost screamed; "you dodged that just as I expected. You humbug! you fraud! you scoundrel! Now will you go about your business or shall I call the police?"

The merchant's face showed alarm, but he uttered not a sound. The angry merchant bade him speak quickly. A crowd gathered. The beggar went into a paroxysm of earnest, almost frantic, gesticulation. The merchant grew furiously angry, and as he stormed, and the beggar made pantomimic gestures, a policeman came up.

"What's the matter here?" the officer inquired. The merchant made signs that he did not know, and that he was ignorant apparently of everything.

"Why, the villain is no more blind than I am," said the merchant. "I saw him turn his head to look at me as I was passing by. I pretended I was going to strike him and he dodged the blow."

At this the merchant's face worked as if he were in mortal agony.

"Och, bad cess to it, I must shpake or I'll bur-r-r-st!" he said; "I'm not blind at all, at all. And have I the blind sign on? Sure it's all a mistake intirely. I thought I had the diff-ard-doomb sign on me, so I did. Please let me go, gintlemen, that I may be atther foinding my brother. Sure he'll be bringing disgrace on the family. Upon me word, sur, me brother is blind completely, and begorra he must be sthanding somewheres wid me diff-and-doomb sign hanging onto him, and him a singing out: 'Please help the blind!'"

### A Wonderful Street.

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Windom is now in London trying to raise money for building an arcade under the whole length of Broadway, New York. If he succeeds, that will be the most extraordinary thoroughfare known to the history of cities. The scheme is to make a new street under the present surface of Broadway, extending to the houses on each side, and lit by electric lights at night and glass reflectors in the daytime. The middle of the street would hold railway tracks, not only for city travel, but to accommodate in-coming trains from every part of the country. The traveller in San Francisco or St. Paul would not only buy his ticket for New York, but the hotel on Broadway where he intended to stop. Freight and baggage would be conveyed directly to the warehouse or be received by the express car which was to convey it to any part of the country. Then traffic of all kinds could be carried on on each side of the arcade. There would thus be a double tier of stores. Provision could be made for sewers, water mains, gas pipes, and heating tubes. In short, it would become a double street and the value of the property quadrupled along the route. Engineers say the scheme is entirely practicable. There is business enough now on Broadway for two thoroughfares.

### A Big River.

Lieut. Story, who went on the last trip of the revenue steamer *Corwin*, to distribute among the Tchuckcheo Indians, of Alaska, \$5,000 worth of presents, given by the Government in recognition of the shelter afforded to the crew of the steamer *Rogers*, burned in 1881, reports the discovery of an immense river hitherto unknown to geographers. The Indians informed him that they had traversed the river fifteen hundred miles, and that it went up still higher. It is Story's opinion that the existence of this river accounts for a large amount of floating timber in the Arctic, popularly supposed to come down the Yukon. The Indians stated that the river in some places is twenty miles wide. It is within the Arctic Circle, but in August, when Story was there, he found flowers and vegetation not hitherto discovered in a latitude so high.

The Queen did nobody any wrong in giving her grandson the Garter the other day, as there are an unlimited number of extra knights among the various royal families, the ordinary knights being only twenty-four in number.

SIX MONTHS ON THE CONGO.

Full Text of the Great African Explorer's Letter—Friendly Natives Give Stanley an Ovation—A Populous and Wealthy Land—The Natives know Who their Best Friend Is.

Extracts of a letter from Stanley, the great African explorer, to a friend in Boston, have been published. The following is the letter in full. It is dated Stanley Pool, Congo river, July 14.

You must have read the sensational telegram that appeared in the English papers, stating that one of our stations had been attacked, and the chief of the expedition gravely wounded. It was sent by the Dutch house which, strange to say, has joined our numerous antagonists, and as the Dutch are located at the mouth of the Congo, the slightest rumor of trouble is exaggerated. It was to this silly telegram that I am indebted for being despatched so suddenly to Congo again, when I was very unfit as you know. The news was grave, it is true, but not of the character we were told. The chief had been shot in the arm, but no station had been attacked. Our chief was, however, heartily disliked, and it seems that the subs combined to discourage him. This proved successful, and he left the expedition without a responsible head, and for the post there were half a dozen clamorous claimants. It soon became disorganized, for no one's orders were respected by the mass, and the chiefs of stations also getting discouraged from such a state of affairs, many of them had gone home. This was a sad state of affairs, but no station was in danger of attack.

Six months have brought wonders. The natives, after comparison, have begun to learn who their best friend is, and my short absence from the Congo did more to impress them favorably toward me than my three years' work of patient and just dealing. All along the line I received an ovation, and each district testified its joy quite characteristically. It would be unbecoming in me to dilate on this. Since I have arrived carriers have appeared by hundreds, and the question of transportation has lost its importance; that is, I am no longer anxious about the future. Our stations can be supplied easily with native help, though I once doubted that natives here would ever appear in force enough to do reliable and efficient service. Now I am hopeful.

Since I arrived on the Congo last December I have been up as far as the equator, and have established two more stations, besides discovering another lake, Mar tumba, and exploring for one hundred miles or thereabouts, the river known on my map as the Ikemba, but which is really the Malundu. It is not as large as I stated in my book, but a stream the size of the Arkansas, deep, broad and very navigable. The big stream which I expect must drain the largest part of the south Congo basin must be somewhere higher up. Having become better acquainted with the country I am really struck with the dense population of the equatorial part of the basin, which, if it were uniform throughout, would give 49,000,000 souls. The number of products and the character of the people are likewise remarkable. The gums, rubber, ivory, camphor, wood and a host of other things would repay transportation, even by the very expensive mode at present in use. The people are born traders, and are, for Africans, very enterprising and industrious. They are bold in their expeditions, and risk everything to turn an honest penny.

My reception by this people was very flattering. Two incidents which occurred will keep my memory green for some time. A populous district was divided against itself, and there was nothing but war, throat cutting, carrying off of women, and much other atrocious evil. One of the chiefs in more prosperous times had visited one of my stations below, and we had purchased a fine, large canoe from him, which we had with us. He recognized it as we were sailing past, and called out. We went ashore and made up our minds to hit and buy provisions. It was then I learned that the chief was at war with his former friends, and among the names of the chiefs that he mentioned was one who had pledged brotherhood with one of my subordinates. The causes of the war and all else I soon learned, and I then asked:

"How long have you been fighting?"  
 "Two months."  
 "Can I not do something to stop it?"

"Oh, yes, if you will. They will all listen to you. We are well tired of it, because we lose money and life, but we dare not ask for peace first."

I sent two of my boats to the rival chiefs and told them if they wished to see me and to make brotherhood with me to stop the war. "We leave it to you," they said. "You decide as to who is wrong, and let the guilty party pay a fine." Three days' talk settled the matter, peace was declared, and I was elected father and mother of the country. A little below there was another populous district called Hoindi. They heard of what I had done and sent me a very hearty welcome. Here also I was elected father and mother.

I have been delighted with my trip and enjoyed robust health. Indeed I feel at this moment as strong and as active as ever. The only anxiety I have is for the new Europeans, who, before they are acclimated or before they have learned the simple art of doctoring themselves, are a great trouble, though I have two doctors to attend the sick.

Salmon Canning.

The firms or individuals who own the salmon canneries not run on co-operative principles furnish to each fisherman his outfit and pay him a fixed price for each fish, deducting one-third of the market rate for the use of his outfit. A boat properly equipped for the season costs \$750. This year the market price of salmon was ninety cents each, but a heavy run coming in, the price dropped as low as forty cents during the season. The price is fixed by mutual agreement, and partly owing to the wholesome influence of the co-operative concerns, the result arrived at is usually satisfactory all round. The fishermen are largely of foreign birth, Scandinavians, Italians, and Greeks being largely represented. Without Chinese labor, the canners say, the work could not be done, and Chinese fishermen are relied upon as being more steady than the proud Caucasians. As so large a number as 40,000 fish may be caught in a single day, at a market price not less than fifty cents each, one can readily see into what excesses the lucky fisherman may be tempted. The whisky shops of Astoria, Or., are almost as many in number as the houses of legitimate business and residence. The Chinaman never gets drunk, never strikes for higher wages, and never hesitates to work extra hours when a great run of fish comes in. The white man is less trustworthy in these respects. The Chinamen, too, are very expert in handling the fish. The "slider," as he is usually called, is usually a stalwart Chinaman who ranges a long row of fish on the table before him, with the tails toward him. With a rapid movement he walks along the row, cutting off fins and tails as he moves. Then the fish are reversed, and, with equal celerity, he chops off each head with a single motion. Then he splits the fish open and removes the entrails. It seems to an observer that there is a great waste here, as no serious attempt is made to utilize the offal, which is rich in oil and fertilizer. The average weight of the live salmon is thirty-two pounds each, although fish weighing as high as eighty pounds have been caught. The dressed fish weighs just about one half less than it does when caught.

The introduction of labor-saving machinery has greatly facilitated the operations of canning. Revolving knives cut the fish to the exact size of the cans into which they are to be packed, and an elaborate and ingenious machine fills each can as rapidly as sixty men could when working with their hands. Each can passes through many processes, the total number of handlings being about 200. And yet, so rapid is the labor and so abundant the supply of fish, that the canner is fairly satisfied if he can make a profit of ten cents per can.—Correspondence New York Times.

Railway Wages in British Columbia.

From the Victoria Evening Press the following official list of wages on the Canada Pacific railway (A. Ouderdonk, contractor,) in British Columbia: Overseers \$125 per month, rock foremen \$3 50 to \$4 per day, earth foremen \$2 50 to \$3 50, bridge foremen \$3 50 to \$4 50, bridge carpenters, 1st class, \$3 50, 2d do. \$3, masons \$2 50 to \$3 50, stonecutters \$3 to \$3 50, blacksmiths, 1st class, \$3 50, 2d do. \$3, blacksmiths' helpers \$1 50 to \$2, drillers \$2 to \$2 50, laborers, \$1 75 to \$2, hewers, \$3 50, choppers \$2 to \$2 50, scorers \$2 50, of ten hours per day. The contractors leave it optional with the men to board with them at \$4 per week.

A Parrot Stung to Death by Bees.

A parrot belonging to a railway signalman named Jackman, living at Wimborne, Dorset, was stung to death by bees. The bird had been hung out of doors almost daily in fine weather, and had never been attacked before. It is supposed that it must have struck at a bee with its beak or wings, and that the bees near at once flew into the cage and attacked the bird.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago with bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move! I shrunk!

From 225 lbs. to 120 I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

How to GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

A million and a half dollars has been paid for a ranch in Greer County, Texas, by M. C. G. Francklyn, of the Cunard Line.

Smoke from the swamp fires near Westboro, Mass., has been so dense for some days that teams entering the town have lost their reckoning, and millmen have had to use a fox horn. A farmer got off his course and had to be piloted back to his starting place.

A PHYSICAL WRECK.—A hacking cough saps the physical constitution, not alone because it destroys the tissue of the lungs and develops tubercles which corrode and destroy them, but also because it ruins rest and impairs digestion. How important, therefore, is a resort to judicious medication to stay its ravages. A total physical wreck must inevitably ensue without this. In the choice of a remedy the pulmonary invalid is sometimes misled by specious representations, to the serious prejudice of his bodily well-being. The only safe resort is a tried and highly sanctioned remedy. The credentials of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda entitle it to the place it occupies, viz., that of the foremost cough medicine and lung invigorant sold on this continent. The testimony of veteran physicians, and a popularity based on merit, combine to give it the prestige of a standard medicine. In cases of asthma, weak chest and lungs, bronchitis, laryngitis and other throat and lung complaints, it may be implicitly relied upon.

Poker has almost superseded what in what might be called its special domain—the Cavendish club, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin; indeed, so popular has the American game become that Stephen's Green has been christened "Poker Flat."

GET IT, SURE!

Wells' "Rough on Rats" Almanac, at druggists, or mailed for 2c. stamp. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City.

The Mormon settlement of Stringtown, in Idaho, extending from Clifton to Oxford, is five miles long. The homesteaders' residences are within 300 feet of each other, and the farms are mere strips of land about 250 feet in width. The land was taken out in this manner to give every settler a frontage on the public road.

Mr. A. Fisher, of the Toronto Globe, says: "I take great pleasure in recommending Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Care to the public. I have suffered with Dyspepsia for some time, and have tried several remedies without receiving any benefit. Being recommended to do so I used one bottle, and must say that I find the result perfectly satisfactory, not having been troubled with the distressing disease since, and would recommend others similarly afflicted to purchase a bottle at once and try it, as I am satisfied they will receive a benefit from its use."

Why go about with that aching head? Try Ayer's Pills. They will relieve the stomach, restore the digestive organs to healthy action, remove the obstructions that depress nerves and brain, and thus cure your headache permanently.

The usefulness of the American style of dress has greatly impressed the Corcan Prince, who, however, thinks his national costume the handsomer.

\* Druggists say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy for female complaints they ever heard of.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

- 1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
- 2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
- 3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CARLA CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S  
**IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR**  
**A NEW DISCOVERY.**  
 For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.  
 But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. It will not turn rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.  
 And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.  
 BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.  
 If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (16)  
 WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

NO SHAM, BUT REAL

WATER WAVES.



Copyright secured. (Copyright applied for.)  
 20,000 sold since I first introduced them. No Designs, Fresh Stock, No Old Trunk. The Fashionable Hair Store in Toronto. W. Switches, Coquette, Bang Nets, Countess Nets, Golden Hair Wash, Novelties in Hair Ornaments, &c. Wholesale and Retail at the Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge street, between King and Adelaide streets.  
**A. DORNVAND,**

# Carriage Hardware

Carriage Lamps, Rubber Cloth, Rubber and Leather Tops, Bob-Sleigh Runners, Cutter Stuff and Trimmings, Curled Hair, Moss, &c

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Swan's & Marlon's English Dry Plates. The Best in the Market.  
K. & H. and Eagle Brand Paper, Amateur, Outfits and Instruction Books for beginners.  
Also, Sole Agents in the Dominion of Canada for **DALMEYER LENSES.**

110, 112 and 114 Bay Street  
**TORONTO.**

A Merciful Man is Merciful to his Beast.

## AGENTS

## HORSE BOOK.

Send 15 cents TO TRUTH OFFICE, Toronto, for a sample copy of a new HORSING BOOK. It treats all diseases of the horse and has a large number of receipts and is pronounced the best book ever printed for the price. Profusely illustrated and sells at sight. Agents claim it to be the best selling book they ever can name with 50 copies for one dollar or to agents 25 cents per dozen. Try it.

Agents Wanted

**A CLEAR COMPLEXION**

Tan, Freckles, Sunburn, Pimples, Black Spots, and unsightly blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, Hands, and roughness of the skin can be removed by applying



**BEFORE USING. AFTER USING**

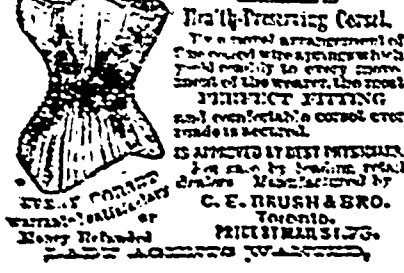
**BELL'S TAN AND FRECKLE LOTION**  
It possesses a delightful fragrance, and imparts a clearness to the skin which is perfectly safe and warranted harmless. It is used by thousands, and never fails to give the utmost satisfaction.  
Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
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Estimates promptly furnished for all classes of newspaper printing. Our facilities for turning out first-class work are unrivalled. Get our prices before ordering elsewhere.

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33 & 35 Adelaide Street, W. Toronto.

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Health-Preserving Corset.  
To a novel arrangement of the corset with agency which will enable it to every movement of the wearer, the most PERFECT FITTING and comfortable corset ever made is secured.  
IS APPEARED BY BEST PHYSICIANS as a means of keeping cholera from spreading. Manufactured by  
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Toronto, 151 BAY STREET.  
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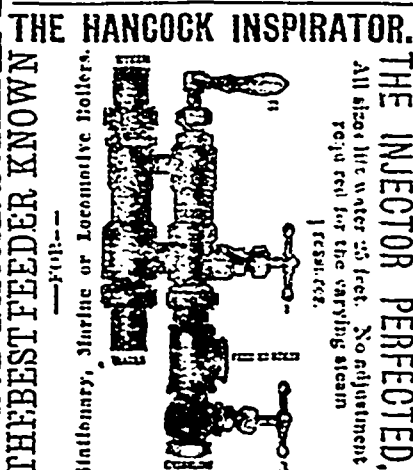
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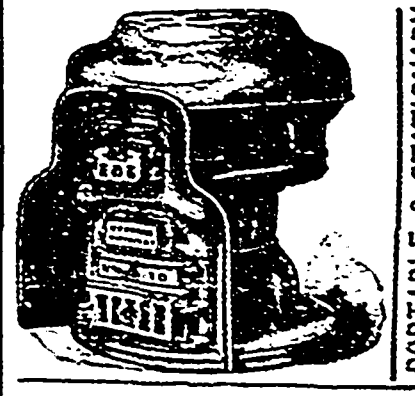


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TRADE MARK.  
"The most remarkable remedy of the age."  
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IT WILL CURE SPLENTIC EYES. IT LEADS ALL IS HIGHLY ENDORSED AS THE BEST OF ALL HORSE CURES.  
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**The E. & C. GURNEY COMPANY (Limited),**  
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FACTS AND FIGURES

Arizona has 6,100,000 acres of grazing land. Every dove has his cot and every dog paws a bush. Yes, and every horse has a collar and draws.

Belgium's output of coal in 1881 amounted to not less than 16,873,531 tons, or 7,253 tons more than in the year next preceding.

Seventy nine geographical societies, distributed through the world, were in existence at the beginning of this year, with a total membership of 8,000.

The raw Indians of Indian Territory have dwindled from 10,000 in 1870 to about 300. The tribe was noted for the physical power and war-like disposition of the men, but the small-pox and other malignant diseases have nearly blotted it out of existence.

The Egyptian census has just been completed. The total population is given as 6,798,230 of whom 3,393,918 are males and 3,404,312 females. Cairo has 368,108 inhabitants; Alexandria, with its suburbs, 268,775; Port Said, 16,360; Suez, 10,913; Tautah, 33,725; Damietta, 31,046; Kasatta, 16,071; Mansurah, 26,781; Zagazig, 19,046.

The Vienna Press shows, by careful figuring, how far more fatal disease usually is to the soldiers in war than wounds. In the Crimea 10,000 out of 19,000 English succumbed to diseases; in the Russo-Turkish war whole divisions were swept off by cholera. In 1865 the Prussian army lost 6,427 men from cholera against 4,450 on the field. In 1870-71 the Germans lost 12,000 men by disease, less than half those who fell in battle, but the sanitary arrangements had never been so good.

The forests of New Zealand cover an area of not less than 90,000,000 acres. The forests on the crown lands alone are estimated at 10,000,000 acres; about 5,000,000 acres are the private property of the white or European population, and the remainder is owned by the Maori or native inhabitants. The Kauri pine, found only in the province of Auckland, is one of the most valuable trees in the colony. It often grows to the height of 200 feet and measures 12 to 30 in circumference. The annual output of Kauri timber is about 110,000,000 feet. Another valuable tree is the kahikatea, a species of pine. The totara, a hard, close grained wood, is used a great deal, and lately it has been found to be very serviceable for wharf piles and telegraph poles. There are many other varieties of valuable wood in the colony and the forests are so vast that they must yield enormous wealth to the colony in the future.

A Juvenile Samson.

William Thurlow, who lives on lot 4, section 8 town line, West Nisouri, has a son 7 years of age, who has developed to a wonderful extent. He is over four feet in height, and his size, around the chest and body, and across the shoulders, is considerably larger than that of the average full grown man. The child has shown indications of most extraordinary strength. At 3 years of age he could carry his mother, a medium sized lady, with ease. He could also carry about the house two modern pails filled with water. At 4 he lifted a man weighing 150 pounds. His arms are larger than those of a full grown man. His head is large, with a broad forehead. His present weight is over 101 pounds, but in the spring it reached as high as 110—about 50 pounds over the average weight of boys of that age. In addition to these peculiarities the lad has a good sized moustache, that would make the average young man of 21, with a girl, quite envious. He also grows side whiskers, but keeps them shaved off. Mr. and Mrs. Thurlow are of the ordinary size, and have one other child, who has shown none of these peculiarities.

A "Pointer."

"Mr. Gould, would you kindly give me a 'pointer' in this stage of the market?" asked a clerical looking individual of that gentleman.

"Certainly," was the prompt reply.

"Ah! thanks, indeed. I shall take it with a most grateful heart. What is it, Mr. Gould?"

"Keep your money," and the modern Grouse turned on his heel.—New York Journal.

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A Medicine for Women. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Days of History.

It cures the drooping spirits, irritates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the skin, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely. It removes fatulence, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and headache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every taint of Humors from the blood, and restore strength to the system, of man, woman or child, without having it.

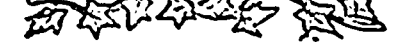
Each the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 25 and 50 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 2c stamp. Send for pamphlet.

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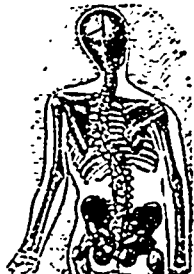
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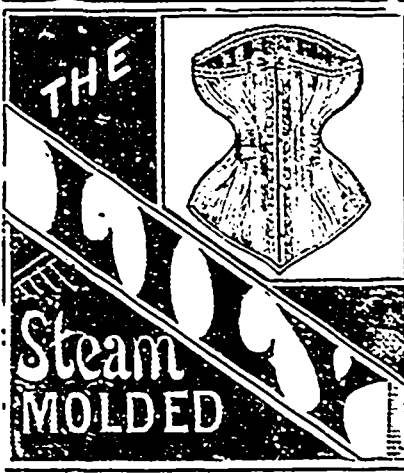
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