

M

P. Lennox, Dentist,  
Yonge St. Arcade.  
Best Set of Teeth \$3.00.

COOK'S PHOTOS.  
Cabinets, \$2 per doz.; 4 Ambro-  
types, 25 cents.  
91 & 193 Yonge Street.

J. YOUNG,  
Undertaker,  
347 YONGE STREET.

HAMMOND, THE HATTER,  
129 Yonge Street.  
Large Stocks, Late Styles, Low  
Prices

T. F. Cummings & Co.  
THE HAT MERCHANTS,  
Ordered Work & Specials  
349 Yonge St.

Lawn Mowers,  
Garden Tools,  
P. PATTERSON & SONS,  
77 King St. East.

BOSTON BAKERY,  
LORD BROTHERS,  
340 York St. Street,  
Telephone 912

# TRUTH

## CONTENTS.

JULY 4th, 1885.

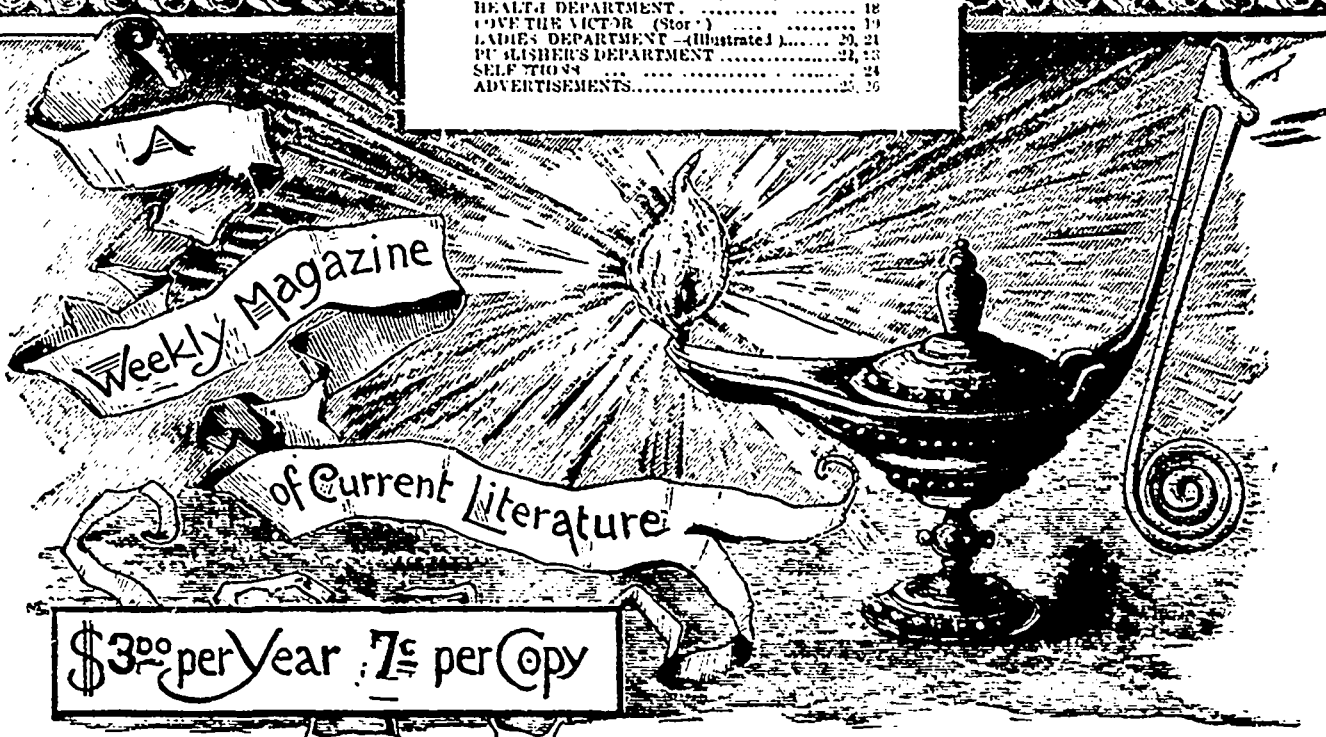
	PAGE.
WHAT TRUTH SAYS.....	5
Mutual Dependence.....	5
Assisted Immigration.....	5
British Politics.....	5
TRUTH'S CONTRIBUTORS.....	4, 5, 6
Egyptian Recollections.—(By Rev. E. R. Sim- son M.A.).....	4, 5, 6
Canada of To Day.—(By M. Victor Du Ro- y.....)	4, 5, 6
Biographical Sketches.—Lord Beaconsfield.— (By H. M. H.).....	4, 5, 6
Son's Political Forecasting.—(By Edmund Callins).....	4, 5, 6
THE POET'S PAGE.....	7
IN AN EVIL MOMENT.—(Story).....	7
THE SPY.....	7
TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.....	10
I. O. G. T. Grand Lodge Session. News and Notes.....	10
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.....	11
THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.—(Prize Story).....	11, 12
TID-BITS.....	14, 15
ADVERTISEMENTS.....	14
LITTLE DAISY BLOSSOM.—(plus'c.).....	14
HEALTH DEPARTMENT.....	18
LOVE THE VICTOR.—(Story).....	19
LADIES DEPARTMENT.—(Illustrated).....	20, 21
PELUSIUS DEPARTMENT.....	21, 22
SELF-TIONS.....	24
ADVERTISEMENTS.....	25, 26

TORONTO,

CANADA.

ROYAL BIDDING CO., 412  
100 St. Mary Street, Pic-  
cadilly, London, W. Agents  
for Canada, purified and dis-  
infectant. Cash for all kinds of  
feathers.

J. SMITH, Wood (first quality)  
Cut and Split, \$6.50. Head  
Office—24 Queen Street West;  
Branch Office—107 Queen St. W.

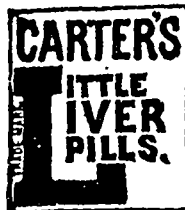


\$3.00 per Year 7c per Copy

Rossin House!  
Toronto, Largest Hotel in Ontario,  
Prices graduated.

New Improved White  
Sewing Machines, light-running,  
simple and last a lifetime 108  
King Street West.

Camping Outfits  
For Sale or to Rent.  
National Manufacturing Co.  
10 King Street West.



**CURE**

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

**SICK**

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

**HEAD**

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

**ACHE**

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

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use it. In vials of 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO.,  
New York City.

**GAS FIXTURES.**

**Bennett & Wright's**

**NEW SHOW ROOMS**

are now open with a Large Assortment of

**New & Elegant Designs**

by the best makers.

**GLOBES IN GREAT VARIETY.**

**12 QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO**

**THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING COMPANY**

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

**PAPER DEALERS.**

**IN STOCK:**

No. 1 Printing Papers, (all the standard sizes) in small or large quantities, at lower prices than can be furnished by any other house.

CARDS, BILL HEADS,

PRINTING INKS,

ROLLER COMPOSITION,

WOODEN AND METAL QUILNS,

AND ALL KINDS OF PRINTERS' SUPPLIES.

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

**S. Frank Wilson,**

Proprietor Auxiliary Publishing Co.,

**23 & 25 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.**

**TID-BIT COUPON.**

**JULY 4th.**

Favourite Tid-Bit No. ....

Name.....

P. O.....

Province.....

"Honesty, Industry and Experience are the true principles of Business Success."

**WELCH**

—and—

**TROWERN,**

**WHOLESALE & RETAIL**

**GOLD AND SILVER**

**JEWELRY**

**MANUFACTURERS,**

Diamond Setters, Dealers in Diamonds and Precious Stones, Good Time-keeping Watches, Gem Rings, Artistic Designed Jewellery, Silverware, etc., etc.

Our Prices are the Lowest consistent with good workmanship, and our Gold and Silver equal in quality to the highest standard in the world. A Certificate of Quality given with every article sold.

**5 FIRST PRIZES**

**MEDAL AND DIPLOMA**

at the Industrial Exhibition, and Highest Commendation from His Excellency, the Marquis of Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise.

**SOLE AGENTS**

—FOR DR. CHARLES—

**BARDOU'S CELEBRATED SPECTACLES,**

of Paris, France. These spectacles are the favorite spectacles of all who use them.

**WELCH**

—AND—

**TROWERN,**

**PRACTICAL**

**Gold and Silversmiths,**

**171 YONGE ST., EAST SIDE,**

AND DOOR SOUTH OF QUEEN

**HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer.**

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

**BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS**

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, BUCKINGHAM'S DYE is the remedy.

PREPARED BY

**R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.**  
Sold by all Druggists.

**SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK RETURNS**

**JAS. HARRIS,**

—DEALER IN—

**GROCERIES, PROVISIONS & FRUITS.**

By strict attention to business, and keeping nothing but first class stock, customers may rely on getting the choicest goods in the market at the lowest price. Orders called for and promptly delivered. **80 QUEEN STREET, EAST, TORONTO.**

**Canada Printing Ink Co.**

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

**NEWS INKS.**

ALL CLASSES OF FINE

**BLACK & COLORED INKS,**

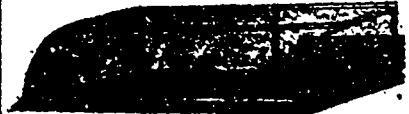
&c., &c., &c.

**Toronto, - Ont.**

**PHRENOLOGY.**

Read this. Careful, accurate, descriptions of character given, daily by WALLACE MASON, advising as to marriage and business adaptation, &c. Character described by photographs. "Fowler and Martineau," mailed 60c. "Amateurism," 30c. "Self Instruction in Phrenology," 90 cents. **323 YONGE ST., Toronto.**

**DOMINION SHOW CASE MFG. CO.**



**43 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO.**

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

**THE STENOGRAPH.**

**A SHORT-HAND MACHINE**

Now used in all kinds of short-hand work. Superior to other systems in accuracy and legibility. Equal in speed. Learned in 1-2 the time. Price \$2.50 with manual. Special model awarded by American Institute, N.Y. Send money for circular.

**U. S. Stenograph Co.,**  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Stenograph system has been taught in many of the largest Commercial Colleges in the U.S.

- New York: C. E. Coffey, Met. Business Coll.
- Philadelphia: Wm. M. Flett, Business Coll.
- Baltimore: Bryant, Stratton & Sedler, Coll.
- Washington, D. C.: Spencerian Business College.
- St. Louis: W. M. Carpenter, Business Col.
- Chicago: K. F. Brown, 179 La Salle Street.
- St. C. Spencerian Business College.
- Pittsburg: A. M. Martin, Stenograph Sch.
- Indianapolis: J. O. Bryant & Son's Bus. Coll.
- Providence: Stewart's Business College.
- Omaha, Nebraska: Morse & Davis, Stenograph Sch.

It is taught in about 50 other Business Colleges in United States.

**ONCE USED ALWAYS USED**



**Genuine Sugar-Cured Hams,**

**BACON, PORK SAUSAGE AND CHOICE ROLL BUTTER.**

**LEWIS, 42 Queen St. W.**

**TOMBSTONES**

IN MARBLE, GRANITE OR STONE.

**R. SHEPPARD & SON,**

181 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Send for Designs and Prices.

FOR PERFECT FITTING

**BOOTS & SHOES,**

Elegant, Comfortable, Durable, call at

**W. PICKLES'**

**NOTED SHOE STORE,**

328 YONGE STREET.

**BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES.**

**RUPTURE CURED**

**CHAS. CLUTHE'S**  
Perfected Spiral Press.  
Patented U. S. and Canada, 1874, '75, '82, and '84.

When speaking the tongue acts as a valve in the mouth, causing corresponding pressure on rupture. This pad is so perfect as to instantly limit the action of the tongue. It holds secret cases under any circumstances. No need refunding money. Only had 13 cases to exchange in '84. The most perfect system to give satisfaction by post. Sent either to U. S. or Canada. Free by mail and registered. Factory—Toronto, Ont., and Buffalo, N. Y. No custom trouble. Trusses warranted for five years. Established 1870. Medals, &c., Centennial, and wherever exhibited. Send 5c. stamp for new book on Kupture and Human Frame; 8th edition, registered, by Chas. Cluthe. Valuable information. All deformed people should have it. Address,

**CHAS. CLUTHE,**  
118 King-st. W., Toronto, Ont., and Buffalo, N. Y.

**The Improved Model Washer and Bleacher.**



Weights but 8 pounds. Can be carried in a small van. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days. \$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR. Washing is made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household the PRICE HAS BEEN reduced to \$2.00, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Free-Press," says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is simple and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Province of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid \$2.50. Send for circular.

**AGENTS WANTED.**  
**C. W. DENNIS**  
TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,  
12 YONGE STREET, TORONTO ONT.



# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JULY 4, 1885.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 248.

## HAVE YOU TRIED ?

Attention is again directed to the offer of "TRUTH Villa,"—the beautiful residence so beautifully located in this city—as the grand prize in connection with the present Bible competition. Read the full details on page 22 of this issue. Be assured the offer is *bona fide*, and the award will be fairly given to whoever may be the successful competitor for the middle answer. The time may not yet be past for success. No one can tell until the last answer is in and the time of competition expires. If you have not sent in your answer yet by all means do so; if you have sent in try again, and order TRUTH for four months to some valued friend, or have it credited that much longer to yourself. You are sure to have thus the worth of your money, any way.

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS

What a necessary mutual dependence there is in community of all classes of men and of trades. The hod-carrier does not look like a very important personage among mechanics and artisans; he is not a skilled tradesman, and it would look as though any form of man of sufficient physical strength could be got any hour to do his work, or that it is not a very important work, anyway. But let the hod-carrier get on his nettle and strike, as he did in Toronto a few days ago, and then his importance is demonstrated. The skilled bricklayer must stop because the hod-carrier has stopped carrying up the raw material; the skilled joiner must stop because the brick walls and partitions are not made ready for him; the skilled plasterer and the painter must stop because the others have stopped; the great building stands unfinished because the carrier has laid down his hod. A hundred families may feel the pinch of the persistent strike of one man, or of one class of men—one necessary cog in the great wheel of industry.

As civilization advances and industries grow in extent and importance, the mutual dependence of men on each other becomes greater and greater. If a small log house, or an Indian's wigwam would do, a man with the aid of two or three of his immediate friends could do all the necessary work, and strikers could be put to defiance, but men, especially in the large centres of population and wealth, have become too much refined for such rude structures, and so there can be less personal independence than before. There are certain penalties and discomforts attending civilization, just as there are those attending the lack of it, and there are certain important lessons civilization teaches unmistakably, not the least important of which is that no class of industrial men, however humble their calling, are to be lightly esteemed, or to be considered unnecessary.

Intelligent men may well be divided in opinion in regard to the continuance of the policy of the Ottawa Government of appropriating large sums of money to assist immigration to Canada. There is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question. Canada wants additional population. There are yet millions of acres of very fertile land unoccupied and untilled; there are great manufacturing facilities yet unused; there are good opportunities to millions of people to live and prosper in Canada—if they are the right kind of people. That "if" is a very important consideration; it is the turning point in the whole issue. This year the Government proposes to expend \$300,000 in assisting immigrants to Canada. The Opposition leader urges that the system of assisted passages has a tendency to bring among us a very undesirable class of people, who become paupers on our hands, or inmates of our prisons. No doubt a great many more of the undesirable class will reach Canada under the assisted passage system than would otherwise reach it. No doubt, too, a good many of a desirable class will come in that way. We must strike an average. There are to-day in Canada some excellent and prosperous citizens who came here under the assisted system, and there are some most wretched people who came in the same way.

One thing is pretty evident: Canada is not, just now, in a position to desire anything like the number of immigrants, dependent on their daily labor, as it was in the days of more prosperous business. Times are dull just now, and may continue so for a year to come at least. Many of our laboring people cannot find ready employment now, and it seems like a cruelty to increase their number. What we do need more than anything else is a class of industrious farmers with enough energy to go at once to the near sections, and with enough capital to carry them through the first year or two after settlement. Even such people are more likely to come to Canada instead of going to some other country under the assisted passage system. If it can be so arranged as to discriminate between such and the to-be-dreaded class, all right. If it cannot, then let us stop aiding until at least the labour market is in a much more healthy state than it now is.

The Parnellites appear to cling to their determination to stand aloof from both great parties in the British House of Commons. They united with the Tories to vote down the Gladstone Government, but they refuse to go with their new allies now that the Salisbury Government has been formed. When the formal change of seats took place from the Opposition to the Ministerial sides of the House, the Parnellites only moved to grab the best seats they could find vacant during a veritable scramble. It looks as though they intended to remain united for scrambling purposes, throwing their votes and influence for this side or for that, just as it may best suit their own purposes in each individual emergency. Such a course may just suit the ideas of some men who greatly

admire independence from all political parties, but it is doubtful if any high minded Government can long continue in power under the British system, constantly menaced by any considerable party of independents of that stamp. It yet remains to be seen how much the Irish cause will gain when championed by a set of men resorting to such tactics.

Certain American politicians are evidently making a good thing out of Presidential campaigns, and no sooner is one over than they strive to usher another in. The *Current* says that these men show a strong disposition to begin the next campaign at once, though the election will not take place till '89. It well says: "The Government is for the people, and if the people need anything in this world, just now, they need a little time to attend to their personal business. The politician has had the ear of the private citizen; now give the business man a chance." Some such remarks would apply very well to the latitude of Canada as well. We have a class of men who manage somehow to subsist on political campaigns, though just how it is done is not well known to all. Let such leave the business men alone, a part of the time at least, and give them a fair chance.

The reports from England in connection with the political crisis, culminating in the fall of Gladstone and the rise of Lord Salisbury, may make very interesting reading, but surely few real Britons will feel much prouder of the nation after perusing them. The House of Commons ought to be the wisest and gravest of all the deliberative bodies of the nation. To it is committed the most important affairs of the nation—such as most deeply affect the interest of all the people. The evidences of wisdom and gravity displayed during the crisis have been of the most questionable character. To read of a Government pressed to the wall and defeated on the paltry matter of an extra shilling tax on spirits or beer; to read of all parties and all factions—divided on every thing else—uniting together to tear down an existing Government, without any understanding whatever of any united action for the formation of another; to read of the leaders of parties, like Lord Randolph Churchill and Parnell, rising in their seats in the House and swinging their hats and yelling, as do the interested spectators at a prize fight, must bring with the reading a sense of real humiliation to every truly loyal and truly spirited citizen of the nation. Is it by such men that the great British nation is to be governed? The mother who once said, "go forth my son and behold by what fools the nation is governed," is long since dead, but her daughters may rise up and give similar advice to their children.

The reports of the formal resignation of the one Government, and the formal acceptance of the seals of office by the other, are calculated to inspire similar feelings of pain and disgust. When the retiring ministers went to Windsor Castle, last week, to for-

mally deliver their seals of office into the hands of the Queen, and when the incoming men went the same day to accept theirs from the same royal hands, great crowds of citizens of all shades of politics were reported to have assembled to witness the arrival and departure. And what citizens they appear to have been. The aged and earnest Gladstone was cheered and hooted at by the respective factions of the crowd; "hisses and groans," it is reported, "preponderated at the arrival of Right Hon. Hugh Childers, the retiring chancellor of the Exchequer, the presumed author of the extra beer and spirit tax." The new Premier, Lord Salisbury, was cheered and hissed at with about equal vigour, and he is said to have scowled savagely at those who hissed. *The Jingo*es roared with applause at the appearance of the pugnacious Randolph Churchill, and so the circus went on until all had come and gone. These men were among the electors of the nation—the veritable masters of the members of the House of Commons—the citizens of the world's great metropolis! It does look as though the school master has yet a great work to do, and the minister has a great mission field where his services are greatly needed without one moment's delay.

Cholera, of the most virulent and rapid character, is now prevailing in the south of Spain, and the panic among the people in consequence, is said to be fearful. All classes of society, it is said, are being attacked, and thirty thousand people are reported to have fled from their homes in Murcia. An outbreak of that kind so early in the year will not be apt to confine itself to the one country alone. America will be fortunate if the dreaded disease does not cross the Atlantic this year. Every sanitary precaution should be taken by us to remove every possible cause for such a disease in our midst.

Mormonism is becoming more and more effectually hemmed in, and the day of its extermination, or the extermination of its most debasing feature—polygamy—seems not far distant. Not only have men been fined and imprisoned in Utah for practicing polygamy, but three of its missionary elders have been imprisoned in Tennessee for preaching polygamy. Of course there is the usual talk about the rights of free speech, but the people are becoming too much roused regarding the growing evil to allow it to continue much longer.

The season is now far enough advanced in the United States that a fair estimate of the coming wheat crop can be made. The official estimate of the Agricultural Bureau is that the total wheat yield this year will be 330 million bushels, or 30 millions less than was at one time estimated. It is said that after all required for bread and seed is deducted from this quantity the balance left for export will be quite small. The wheat market of England has been glutted for the last year or two, however, and there will probably be plenty and to spare, anyway.

## Truth's Contributors.

### EGYPTIAN RECOLLECTIONS.

ARRIVAL AT ALEXANDRIA—TEMPERATURE—  
THE U.S. CONSUL—THE SHORE OF LAKE  
MARROTTIS—SHELLS THROWN FIVE  
MILES—GETTING POSSESSION OF THEM  
—THEIR VALUE.

BY REV. E. R. STIMSON, M. A.

"As the double-stars, though sundered far,  
Seem to the naked eye a single star,  
So facts of history, at a distance seen,  
Into one common point of light convene."

Upon our arrival at Alexandria in March, the winter of that country had nearly left and warm weather was fast approaching. Neither snow nor rain distinguish the seasons from each other, for of these elements none ever falls,—at least, none to speak of. Once in two or three years, perhaps, it may sprinkle a little.

The story is told of a foreigner arriving there, and as night approached he anticipated obtaining credit for prophesy by predicting a copious shower that night. "Why do you say so?" asked his friend.

"Don't you feel the humidity in the atmosphere, and are there not clouds?" was the reply.

"Traveler, recollect it has not rained here for the last two thousand years," was ejaculated, "and it is scarcely probable a change to-day will occur in accommodation to your prophesy."

The traveler was not much wrong, for strangers frequently look for rain and find disappointment.

This condition of climate obviates the construction of barns and sheds for the reception of grain at the markets of the city or on the farms of the fellah. The ground is made smooth and hard; mud walls are thrown up, against which grain is stored.

To say nothing more just now in relation to temperature, we continue by noticing that the steamship Saturn, which brought us from Trieste to this port, cast anchor only a little farther down near the city after passing over the water where were stationed the inside squadron, Monarch, Invincible, and Penelope at the time they bombarded Fort Meks—the principal one of the three taken by Admiral Seymour.

The usual shouts of wherry-men were encountered. We drew up at the Customs Department—passed its official eyes only to meet with the turbulence of donkey boys and men and commissioners. Besides these you find a mixed population of Turks and Arabs, Americans, Greeks, Syrians, Maltese, Jews, and Europeans of almost every nation.

Through this Salamagundy of people, as Washington Irving would term it, we made our way to the "Hotel Abbat," now, since the destruction of a larger one by the mob at the time of the massacre, the most notable of the city.

Over 300,000 is the estimated population of Alexandria; and a period of two thousand two hundred and twenty years having elapsed since Alexandria was founded we may well imagine that sufficient time has been allotted for the construction of large and important palaces, and for the growth of gardens and aromatic foliage. But the infuriated rabble without discrimination destroyed the valuable and beautiful along with less pretentious buildings and less attractive objects of interest. And there, like hills peering down from the sky, lie the remains of what was the ornament, and in many particulars the medium of support, for many hundreds of nomadic people.

To the right as you pass on to Pompey's Pillar, stood the crossbeams upon which some of the leaders of the massacre paid the penalty of death by hanging; and save the mounds of the debris of houses in the heart of the city, nothing striking presented itself to remind a stranger of the treacherous scenes so recently enacted.

The evening approached with quietude; and the people walked about as at other times. A breeze soft and yet refreshing came from off the Mediterranean, and an amphitheatre, under the direction of a German with fifty musicians, half of whom were ladies, playing upon the violin and flute, received visitors and entertained them in accord with their experience and education. Austrian, Italian, other merchants and dealers in fabrics in general had arrived; for a court of indemnity was about to sit, and claims for losses were about to be presented for adjustment.

Young men from Vienna and the Southern part of the continent were en route for Oriental stations in search of mercantile employment which might yield large returns, and travelers, with no other object in view than to acquire knowledge, were all in this public rendezvous, eager in consultation, curious to see and be seen, their vision sharpened by innocence and beauty, their appetites satisfied, their thirst abated, and their senses cooled by zephyrs, as they floated in from the setting car of light, which having bid adieu by some hours to the light of day, were attuned to the harp, the viol, and the lute.

It was our duty and privilege the next morning to pay our respects to the United States consul, Baron B. L. de Menasse.

Baron Eli L. de Menasse, jr., and son of the former, is acting consul.

Mr. Alex. Dello Strologo is secretary. The first is a man of medium size, dresses in a black cloth suit and silk hat. He is quiet in his manners and anxious to accommodate all who may call upon him with whatever information or tangible articles of business they may desire to possess. The second participates of the character of the father, only that perhaps he possesses a little more of what the Americans significantly term "snap," while Mr. Strologo is a young man of Greek antecedents, quick in answer to demands upon his time, most obliging in his ways and ready at any time to serve a visitor. He is a fine looking young man with a pleasant address. With his companionship we obtained much information in pursuance of the object of our mission to this memorable but non-progressive part of the Eastern planet.

The commercial people of the city unexceptionably expressed themselves as interested in the interchange of policies and products with the Western hemisphere; and as they could only represent a sectional circle of their country, a recommendation was formulated, under which the Government at Cairo might accept of my duties as a Commissioner. Personal amenities were generously extended to the writer which pleasantly contributed to success in finding all that which displays to another quarter of the globe the skill, industry, and indigenous products of the latitudes and longitudes of the whole of the land of the Pharaohs.

We speak of the result just now en gross. The particulars may come in by and by, as definite colors in a picture blend and constitute a whole. But by no means did Alexandria remain unrepresented. The war just emerged from seemed to agitate the whole of Europe and to excite the political interest of America. And it was natural that incidents and substantial trophies from the scenes of hostilities would enlist the

curiosity of dwellers in foreign parts. With such an idea in view Mr. Strologo's companionship was solicited in making a prospective journey to Fort Meks. En route, Pompey's Pillar and the outer gate of the city were passed. Then came large plantations of vegetables well irrigated and bearing as many as three crops per annum. After this came a desert with pits many feet square and deep, from which a soft building stone had been quarried; the pits themselves being suggestive of such as were in the country when Joseph's brethren of Scripture narrative cast him in and left him there to perish. To the left, on the shore of Lake Marrottis, were the earthworks thrown up by Arabi Pasha. Behind these his forces retreated upon their expulsion from Fort Meks. But their presence was of short duration, although distant five miles from the man-of-war ship Invincible. With a loud, sharp, whistling rush shells weighing seven, three and two hundred pounds were projected from the ship over the fort with the precision of a rifle bullet to astonish these Arab soldiers into a rapid flight. The ground being soft, sufficient impact was not obtained to explode the projectiles. They sank deep down in the yielding sand and mud, while the alarm they gave from rank to file completed the errand upon which they were despatched. There were Arab children from eight to twelve years of age in the neighborhood who saw these enormous messengers of death as they made their instant journey through the air and the spot where they struck. With those children Mr. Strologo conversed; backsheesh obtained their assistance, and by the removal of earth the shells were discovered. They were not yet in possession; for the obtaining of them and their safe removal to a place of exportation in town much labor and finesse were necessary. The next day two trolleys and thirteen Arabs, with a Commissionaire, came into requisition. The latter employee assumed to be a man of honesty and importance, but his conduct proved him to be a swindler of no common order. The Arabs were indolent; and to express a disrelish at lifting the weights before them a fear of explosion was expressed. The fear was less urgent than a hope to gain backsheesh, strongly encouraged by my dishonest Commissionaire. Partly by yielding to their cupidity, and partly by threats to report their behaviour to the Government, four shells of seven hundred pounds each and four of three hundred pounds were at last rolled upon the trolleys. The sun during the afternoon was burning hot, and left with me as a memento of the event a touch of sun-stroke, the effects of which are yet occasionally perceptible.

Difficulty had yet to be encountered upon our arrival at grey of evening in Alexandria. It was known that the shells held their charges, which, upon explosion, might destroy property and lives. Some of the people fled for safety—others forbade a further handling of the articles. Here again persuasion and backsheesh had their work to do—the latter proving to be the most potential in the argument for a reception of the articles until skilled gunners from Fort Ras-el-tin employed their art in the removal of the charges. At last, here we have these trophies of the bombardment—the only ones of the kind to be obtained in the world. One of a similar character was got and sent to the Prince of Wales, who, upon its arrival in England gave instructions for the withdrawal of the charge. The poor gunner, by a slip of his hammer, caused its ignition, and he was instantly blown to atoms. So the writer is the sole possessor of sole missives to be for ever had and to be

for ever held remarkable on account of their historical connection with the bombardment of Alexandria.

Hereupon we may drop a word as to the value of such pieces of property. Negatively, they are lumps of iron, conical in shape, and without artistic beauty,—fit only in the estimation of a dealer in crude metal for a junk shop. In the estimation of an observer of passing events and a calculation of future ones, the intrinsic value remains the same; but the value of association and sentiment mingling with history, in part at least, by projectiles of such magnitude, constitute a value to be decided upon according to the intimacy of feeling involved and the length of the purse of a purchaser. Throughout the whole of the community of the Dominion, so far as it has become known, no one has presented himself extraneous to the circle of practical dealers, who wishes to possess these articles for historical purposes,—a circumstance easily reconciled with the remembrance that we are citizens of an inland country, far removed from Egypt, and more engaged over an industrial pursuit of wealth than were artists of Italy during the renaissance period over the objects of art which now distinguishes their names and their era far in advance of the ordinary artisan or the common scholar.

In the little office at Fort Ada, occupied by Arabi Pasha, we found the lamps had been accustomed to use. It is now in our possession, together with much Arabic correspondence which took place prior and during the war.

This is of value as showing the opinions prevalent among the natives who placed themselves at Arabi's disposal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### CANADA OF TO-DAY.

M. Victor Du Bled, a French literateur, has written an interesting article for Paris *Revue des deux Mondes* in regard to the progress and condition of Canada. Of course it is written from a French stand point, but the article is well worth reading.

TRUTH is indebted to the *Chautauquan*, an excellent American monthly, for the translation:—

Canada, for so long a time apparently forgotten by her mother country, came out from her isolation and again called back to herself the attention of France by sending to the Exposition of 1855 specimens of her products. In 1856 M. de Belveze, commander of the French frigate "Capricieuse," was sent into Canadian waters. His mission resulted in the establishment of a French consulate, and the reduction of the tariff which permitted the two countries to enter upon commercial relations.

From 1854 to 1862 material and intellectual progress here marched by the side of great political progress. Public works, canals, and interior colonization, all, during this time received a vigorous impulse.

There is no such thing as spontaneous generation in politics any more than in natural history. Questions give rise to other questions, and the philosophy of history shows them springing up, one after another, from some mysterious source, obeying a sort of atavism, and producing often a most unexpected result. Excitement over representation, fixed according to the population of the country, gave birth to the confederacy. On October 1, 1864, a conference assembled at Quebec, composed of delegates from the maritime provinces, and from the Canadian government. After a long and stormy session, during which threats of resorting to arms were now and then heard, the cause of the confederation triumphed by a large majority. A basis of federal union was submitted to the several legislatures for ratification, and on July 1, 1867, the confederacy was established in the midst of public rejoicings. They gave to the united provinces

the name of the Dominion of Canada. Lower Canada was called Quebec, and Upper Canada Ontario.

THE LEGISLATURE

is composed of a Governor General, a sort of a constitutional viceroy, named by the crown; of a Senate, and a House of Commons. The Senate consists of seventy-six members, appointed for life by the crown, of whom twenty four each are from Quebec and Ontario. The House of Commons is representative, its members being elected for five years. The Dominion now includes Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, British Columbia, Manitoba, and the territory of the North-West, or Hudson's Bay Territory. Thus it is fulfilling the prediction of the great American statesman, William H. Seward: "Canada is destined to become the seat of a great empire, the Russia of North America, but a Russia with civilization more advanced than the Russia of Europe." An illustrated paper of the Dominion has published a patriotic caricature representing the Canadian Gulliver with a debonaire and placid figure, without any implements save his own gigantic arms and hands, seizing and swallowing the greater part of the American continent, while a crowd of Lilliputians, armed to the teeth, Turks, Yankees, Germans and Italians, survey him with an envious and astonished air.

In order to develop her resources, and to open the way for immigration, that her immense tracts of unused land may more rapidly become the granary of the world, Canada is furrowing her domains with canals, and interlacing them with lines of railroads. The Grand Trunk railway, traversing the country from Portland, Me., to Detroit, has been built, with its Victoria bridge (one of the most noted structures in the world) crossing the St. Lawrence opposite Montreal. Immense sums of money have been spent in order to convert the St. Lawrence into a canal. And now she is constructing a transcontinental road, which, binding the two oceans from Fort Moody to Halifax, will cross the entire confederation. They expect to finish this route in 1886, and it is estimated that the journey from Liverpool or Havre to Japan will be a thousand miles shorter by this road than by the transcontinental routes of the United States.

Almost in the middle of the Dominion, at an equal distance from the pole to the equator, lies the territory of

MANITOBA.

There lived in 1869, a population half nomadic, called the half-breeds, sprung from marriages between the French Canadians and the Indians. They spoke the French language, and professed the Catholic religion. After the delivery of this country by the Hudson's Bay Company to the Dominion, the Government determined to direct toward it a stream of English emigration. They sent a governor and some surveyors to reside at Winnipeg, the capital. But the natives warned them they might look for trouble if they attempted to place, without consulting them, new inhabitants upon the land which they and their ancestors, from time immemorial, had held and enjoyed. The government was not to be frightened, and so the conflict came. The half-breeds obliged the governor to leave, and constituted a provisional government, with a president at its head. They then drew up a declaration, of which the following is the preamble:

"We, the representatives of the people, assembled in council at Fort Gerry, November 24, 1869, after having invoked the God of nations . . . solemnly declare, in the name of our constitution and in our own name, before God and men, that we refuse to recognize the authority of Canada, which pretends to have the right to command us and impose upon us a despotic form of government."

Later, however, they changed their opinion, and entered into negotiations with the federal government. But at the moment when all things had been arranged without blotched, the English colonists, who were very numerous around Lake Winnipeg, rose in insurrection against the half-breeds. The president of the latter, Louis Riel, who took upon himself the role of dictator, had the leading mutineers seized, and their chief, named Scott, was tried, condemned and shot. Far from establishing his authority,

this execution discouraged the natives themselves, and when two battalions of militia under Col. Wolseley arrived on the ground, they were welcomed as liberators by the half-breeds, and Riel, with his leading accomplices, fled to the United States. A compromise was then effected, and Manitoba was annexed to the Dominion as an autonomous province. It sends to Parliament two senators and five representatives. Winnipeg contains 30,000 inhabitants, and property has increased its value to an extraordinary degree, as the following anecdote will show: A parishioner of Archbishop Tache, obliged to leave the country, sought the archbishop, and excusing himself for not being able to pay the rent of his church pew, offered as part payment a small piece of land; "scarcely what would pay for a low mass," timidly said the poor man. Ten years later that land brought \$14,000.

FINANCES.

In spite of the expenses occasioned by her canals and railroads, the people of the Dominion are, perhaps, among all the tax-payers of the civilized world, those upon whom the smallest rates are levied. There is no standing army, only a simple militia of about 60,000 men. The total expenses of government in 1884 amounted to \$28,730,157. The receipts for the same year were \$36,800,000. The minister of finances, in making out his estimates for the year 1885 placed them as follows: Expenses, \$29,811,039; receipts, \$31,000,000, which were to be raised as follows: Duties, \$20,000,000; excises, \$5,500,000; postoffice returns, \$1,000,000; public works, \$3,000,000; interest on investments, \$750,000; other sources, \$800,000. Duties on goods supply the source of two thirds of all the receipts. In 1880 they adopted a very strict system, which, without any distinction, exacts duties from English goods as from any other nation. On the other hand, England has granted to them the right of concluding treaties of commerce with foreign nations.

The only difference of opinion in regard to the question of tariff existing between the two parties is that the liberals wish the laws of entrance to be more moderate than the conservatives have made them, but neither of them will adopt the cosmopolitan theories of European free trade. The English compare protection to a bullet, Canadian tariff to a museum of instruments of torture, and declare that in following the example of the United States, the Dominion has forgotten the fable of the frog which wished to become the size of an ox. The Canadians hold that they shall do what they think best for their country, and that duties are the taxes least inconvenient to raise; that they save national work; and that they not only have made up the deficits of the past, but have put into the treasury an excess, so they have been able to reduce them to the amount of two and one-fourth millions dollars. The tariff for protection has become a tariff for revenue.

Since 1853 especially,

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

has made great progress. Those people who, under the patronage of the crown of England, have realized the ideal conception of a conservative and Christian republic, hold that public schools are among the luxuries of a young nation, and do not hesitate to impose upon themselves heavy sacrifices, as they believe they will result in good to their children. In the province of Quebec alone, government expended during the year 1882-83, \$350,000 for school buildings, while the contributions paid directly by the people amounted to more than \$2,000,000. In a population of 1,359,027 inhabitants, statistics show that there are 5,039 schools of different grades; 7,211 professors and teachers, and 245,225 scholars, making an average of one scholar for every six inhabitants. As to universities and colleges, they do not come under the school regulations, but are independent institutions, which, however, may receive appropriations from the government on condition of making a report each year to the superintendent. When in a school district there live a number of families who profess a different religion from that of the majority, they have the right to have for their children separate schools, under the care of three officials; chosen by them. Thus Catholics and Protestants have equal privileges, and everything is done to secure respect for religion, independence to the citizen, and his active and constant interest in educational matters. The circulars of the present superintendent, M. Ouimet, define in clear terms the spirit of the school laws in Quebec: "In our system of primary instruction we first teach the children the catechism

of true religion, in order that they may know how to serve God; then the manuals of agriculture and of design, in order to put them in condition to serve their country. For God and country! Behold the words which the Canadian legislature has inscribed on the walls of her educational institutions. The state unites itself to the two systems of religion in the matter of education, and does not authorize any school to be atheistical, but demands of it to be Christian before it accords help. It does not provide that one church shall be helped rather than another. Full and entire liberty it demands, and from this comes perfect harmony among the people."

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

marches by the side of educational liberty. Each church supports itself; the state no longer takes cognizance of clergy or congregations, to protect them, to annoy them or to persecute. They can, as the citizens, found a university, a college, or a school.

Men such as Lavolle and Racine have accomplished wonderful results in planting in the most barren regions, at the peril of their lives, strong and flourishing colonies. "Go west," incessantly repeated Horace Greeley to young Americans. "Go north, French Canadians and Catholics," said Father Labelle, with a prophetic foresight.

CANADIAN LITERATURE

only dates back to 1840. Before that time it was made up of songs. Such a literature was absolutely essential to the gay and sociable race who consoled itself, in all its troubles, with stanzas. There was a time when France held the government under control by her songs. Did any Canadian patriot attract attention by some great deed? At once a song was written. Was the question that of elections? They addressed themselves to some crude poet, and sharp, malign couplets soon overran the country. The festival of St. Jean Baptiste has furnished many a contribution to this list, and Sir George Cartier owes in great part his popularity to the fact that he composed one for the first banquet, in 1834. Often among the remote rural districts are found people possessing magnificent tenor voices, which would make the fortune of an impresario who would come from the other side of the water to look them up.

"We are yet amateurs," said one of their writers to me. Without endorsing this very modest judgment, one can but admit that up to the present time our American cousins have been more occupied with making history than with writing it. Action has absorbed thought. They have run, closely pressed on all sides, to the conquest of political liberties. The books which they published during their unsettled national history partook of the character of the times, as the great work of Garneau will show, which was a revelation to his countrymen, and was of more value to them than an army, since it assured them of a nation's faith and the certainty of success. The greater part of the writers have been obliged to tax their ingenuity for a livelihood, and too often politics, that deceptive siren, keeps them from those severe studies which alone will bring talent to maturity.

In poetry, M. M. Cremazie and Louis Fréchette have left behind them all rivals. High inspiration, poetic fervor, appreciation of nature, and love of country have made them true poets. One cannot read without emotion some of the productions of M. Cremazie. His patriotic songs, which seem to have been breathed from the very heart of the country itself, in a language harmonious and vibrating, do not for an instant decline in interest or power. The verses of M. Fréchette are written in a graceful style, and possess a youthful freshness. In history, M. M. l'Abbe Casgrain, Benjamin Sulte and Joseph Tasse have become distinguished. M. Tasse, in his book, "Canadians of the West," tells of the pioneers of the American continent, those who penetrated into the icy regions of the pole, who crossed the Rocky Mountains, and spread over the fertile plains of Mexico; and has shown that of them all the French in the Canadian settlements were the only ones who treated the Indians honorably and kindly, and who succeeded in winning their respect and affection.

The group of prose writers and romancers is increasing every day. One of the best, without doubt, is M. J. C. Tache, the author of three legends, each of which characterizes an epoch in the history of the Indians. M. de Gaspe, with his "Ancient Canadians," and M. Joseph Marmette, with his historio-

romances, have acquired a well merited reputation.

What, then, shall be the aim in the future of Canadian literature? To acquire new strength and vigor without ceasing the study of the past; to revive the glorious annals; to gather with a pious care its legends; to identify itself also with the present; to paint the manners and the contemporaneous social life; to note and to report the majestic symphony of their land; never to lose sight of the thought of Carlyle, that the universe is a temple as well as a workshop. Such will be the duty of Canadian writers.

The Canadians through all the years since their country passed out of the hands and the control of the French, have clung to them with great affection, drawn by some profound and mystic instinct, by the lines of heredity, the power of traditions, the religion of memory. They are not ignorant of the fact that if they had remained united to France, they would not now have, in all probability, their free social and religious institutions; they would likely have formed an administrative colony such as Algeria. They know that it was England who sent them, under hard circumstances, perhaps, to the school of liberty, and to her they are indebted for their prosperity, but they look to France still as their mother country. Why should not that country give them some more solid proof of its affection? While with South America the annual exchanges of France are counted by the hundred million, and great numbers of French people emigrate thence, her total commerce with Canada does not exceed \$15,000,000, and it is with great difficulty that she has commenced to send thither a few of her citizens. Why should not French emigration direct itself toward a country where wages are good, the soil fertile, where property offers itself to all, and where a welcome is awaiting them? Why should not the French go to visit the Canadians and learn of them how a people became and remain free?

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

BY H. M. H.

It is four o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, 19th April, 1881. In a sumptuously furnished room at Hughendon Manor, Lord Beaconsfield's country seat, the curtain has rung down upon the last act in the thrilling drama of "Vivian Grey." For full fifty years this play had occupied the boards of the English political theatre. Now the brilliant performer who had filled the title role of the piece is no more. The "trained lightning" flash the news from city to city and from continent to continent.

The literary world, still deeply immersed in "Endymion," mourned because the active, fruitful, myriad-sided brain had ceased to act.

In the political world, the very atmosphere of which was charged with the theories and opinions of his great statesman, the announcement of his death was received with profound sorrow. Kings, queens, emperors and presidents wired messages of condolence, and the queen of the realm did honor to the deceased earl in expressions of the sincerest sympathy.

The marvellous career of Benjamin Disraeli possesses peculiar interest for those who wish to distinguish themselves in the race of life. This being the fact, a brief glance at the history of one whose labors have been so noteworthy, and the incidents of whose life are so full of thrilling and romantic episodes, must be attended with good results. The reciting of such narratives has often proved an incentive to lofty endeavor and the spark which fired a noble ambition.

It is not precisely known in what year Benjamin Disraeli was born. Mr. Picotto, an intimate friend of the family, says the event occurred on the 21st of December, 1804, whilst Disraeli himself fixed the date a year later—1805.

His father was Isaac Disraeli, author of "Curiosities of Literature," and whom his illustrious son described as "a complete literary character."

The family is a Hebrew one of great antiquity. Indeed, O'Connell, in replying to a somewhat cowardly attack made upon him by young Disraeli, very delicately insinuated that this political stripping was descended from the thief who was crucified over eighteen centuries ago. "His name," says O'Connell, "shows he is by descent a Jew. There were miscreants among these Jews, however, and it must have certainly been from one of these that Disraeli descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impudent thief who died upon the cross, whose name, I veritably believe, must have been Disraeli. For ought I know the present Disraeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the hair-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross."

This bitter denunciation was promptly met by Disraeli in a challenge to mortal combat. O'Connell, however, who had a short time previously killed his antagonist in an affair of honor, declined to give our righteously indignant politician satisfaction by this means.

Before attaining his majority, Disraeli had made himself known as an author. His first romance, "Vivian Grey," was published when he was in his twenty-first year, and met with a flattering reception.

In many respects this first literary effort is the most remarkable of all Beaconsfield's productions, and still possesses for the reader as much or more interest than any of his later works. This is accounted for from the fact that the hero of the story, Vivian Grey, resembles in so many particulars the author himself. Some critics have even boldly stated that in this novel the author had deliberately prescribed for his hero a course of life which he proposed to exemplify in his own future career. And to this view we incline. The romance of "Vivian Grey," read in the light of what we now know of Lord Beaconsfield's checkered and eventful life, is really his own autobiography.

"Vivian Grey" was followed by a series of brilliant novels in which political and social topics were handled with great power and originality, and in which many of the leading personages of the day were introduced under thinly-veiled disguises.

To young men the study of Lord Beaconsfield's career is powerfully inspiring. He has been described as "the most superlatively successful man of his time," and when we consider the apparently insuperable difficulties he had to overcome, and the commanding position to which he attained, we cannot withhold our admiration of the brilliancy of his genius and the splendor of his achievements.

It was in June, 1832, that Disraeli first sought election to the British House of Commons. In this and in three subsequent contests he was unsuccessful. Many men, after having so frequently suffered defeat, would have given up the struggle and sank back into obscurity. Not so with Benjamin Disraeli. He knew no such word as fail. In a speech delivered shortly after his second or third defeat he said he was "not at all disheartened. He did not in any way feel like a beaten man. Perhaps it was because he was getting accustomed to it."

In 1837 he stood as a candidate for Maidstone. This was his fifth contest for Parliamentary honors, and at the close of the poll he was thrilled with delight to learn that he had been elected, and one great object of his ambition was realized.

Disraeli was exceedingly anxious to "air

his eloquence" in the House, and took the earliest opportunity and first pretext to deliver his maiden speech.

The circumstances under which this first effort took place have become historical, and we shall refer to them but briefly. He had carefully prepared his speech and rehearsed it, and expected to make a profound impression, but his profuse gestures and grandiloquent sentences excited the ridicule of the members. As he proceeded, the ironical cheering and shrill cat-calls became so frequent that he could not go on, and he concluded in the words of the indignant prophecy of which the world has long since seen the brilliant fulfilment: "I have begun sometimes many things and have succeeded at last, and though I sit down now the time will come when you will hear me!"

To many this terrible failure seemed overwhelming and irreparable, but Disraeli never accepted defeat. "A failure," said he, "is nothing. It may be deserved or it may be remedied. In the first instance it brings self-knowledge; in the second it develops a new combination which may be triumphant."

A year and a half elapsed before he again attempted to address the house. The interval had been spent in cultivating the arts of speech and in storing his mind with Parliamentary knowledge. The result was that in his next speech he created a complete revolution of feeling in his favor, and step by step rose to the position of one of the most powerful English statesmen the history of the nation had produced.

But we have not space to follow our subject through the alternate toils and triumphs which conducted him from the obscurity of a solicitor's chambers to the exalted degree of Prime Minister of the greatest empire in the world.

Disraeli's elevation to this lofty pinnacle took place in 1867, when he was 62 years of age. As Prime Minister he was determined and brilliantly dramatic, but we think not always conscientious.

What was the secret of his dazzling success?

O'Connor says that "the great principle and the great secret of Lord Beaconsfield's success was to play on the meaner passions of men."

Another writer affirms that "his patience, temper, perseverance, his contempt of reverse, of obstacle or difficulty made him irresistible in that which he undertook," whilst he himself attributed a large share of his political and literary success to his wife's inspiration and devotion.

Perhaps no public man of the last century and a half has had his motives so seriously questioned as Lord Beaconsfield. One critic has said that "all through his life he had played with every feeling, with every public man, with every interest of England with the recklessness of the foreigner, to whom all these things were but as worthless cards in the great game of ambition which he was playing."

But such severe strictures as the above usually emanated from those of opposite political views, and should not be taken as calmly dispassionate criticisms. Whatever motives actuated Lord Beaconsfield during his long and eventful public career, all, both friend and foe, must bow before the majesty of his power and the brilliancy of his genius.

"Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,  
To give the tribute Glory need not ask."

Among all the virtues, humility, the lowest, is pre-eminent. It is the safest, because it is always an anchor; and that man may be truly said to live the most content in his calling who strives to live within the compass of it.

## SOME POLITICAL FORECASTING.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

TRUTH had some very sensible observations the other day regarding the necessity for an infusion of new vitality into the Cabinet at Ottawa; and the remarks made have suggested this contribution. Sir Leonard Tilley, whose health, it will be learned everywhere with regret, is in no hopeful condition, is in England with his deputy, Mr. Courtney, seeking to negotiate a loan. It is whispered in very well informed circles that Sir Leonard is negotiating his last loan, and upon his return from England, he will assume for the second time the Lieutenant-Governorship of New Brunswick. There would be many claimants for the Finance Ministership, but it is more than likely that Mr. Thomas White, proprietor of the *Montreal Gazette*, would stand the best chance for the portfolio. The country has not forgotten that we reckon now among our citizenship a very lion of finance, the late High Commissioner of Canada, Sir A. T. Galt. But Sir John does not like Sir Alexander. While High Commissioner he made several loose speeches, and aired some astonishing facts. The chief of these was the Federation Scheme, and this airing very much displeased Sir John Macdonald. But the whirligig of time brings its revenge very often. Sir John himself, of late, has not been looking with such sovereign disapproval upon the pad whose airing was such a piece of impertinent guilt in the mouth of Sir Alexander. The Department of Railways and Canals has been vacant now for more than a year, and yet it seems as far from getting an administrator as ever. Mr. Chapleau frequently casts longing eyes towards Railways and Canals from his paltry office of State, and a capital Minister he would make. But if Sir Hector retains Public Works, the important office of Railways and Canals will not be permitted to go into the hands of another Frenchman. There is a rumor afloat, but it lacks confirmation, that Sir Hector may be asked to take the administration of the Department of the Interior. This would be a most desirable change for the country and for the North-West; but it is not likely that Sir Hector will let Public Works out of his hands. As the case stands there is much striving for the vacant Department. Mr. Pope is acting Minister, but he has just carried through his own railway scheme, and upon the score of railways is pretty well satisfied. His son-in-law, Mr. Ives, makes it pretty plain to the House that the portfolio would be very dear to him; but he is not yet Minister of Railways and Canals. There is likewise vacant the Department of the Interior, Sir John having suggested to Sir David Macpherson to bury himself in the baths at Baden while the arraignment for North-West management was going on. It is considered highly improbable that Sir David could ever again return to the Cabinet. He will in all probability replace Mr. John Beverley Robinson in the Lieut.-Governorship. It is therefore surmised that there may next session be a vacancy in the Speaker's chair,—that a portfolio, during the summer, may be given to Mr. Kirkpatrick.

Meanwhile the session drags its slow length along. A week's adjournment has been talked about to allow members to run home and take a look at their business; but most honorable gentlemen would just as lief see the tedious business through, now that they have borne it so far. The protracted contest between the majority and the Opposition has revealed a fact which, since the beginning of Parliament, had not been laid

bare before, namely, that there is not much ability, certainly very little fighting ability, on the Government side of the House.

When the Opposition had fired broadsides after broadsides into the Government, some of the Ministerialists began to twist uneasily; and they were heard to pray heaven that Tupper was back. The wish being father to the thought, the report got into some of the newspapers that he was coming back. But Sir John very speedily had the story contradicted. There was never any danger of Sir Charles coming back! He is not in good odor enough in the Cabinet for that. It is said that for three weeks before he sailed for England, Sir John and he did not exchange words except when compelled by official necessity to do so.

The talk about Riel has subsided, and the poor newspapers look like punctured gas-bags. My prediction, as published in TRUTH, that Riel would be tried in the ordinary way, was pooh-poohed, but the Prime Minister has since stated in the House that in this manner he will be tried. Some still wink and nod their heads, and say that "Riel will be looked after by Sir John." No better guarantee can be given that Riel is out of the hands of the Executive, and fairly in the hands of the law, than the fact that Mr. Christopher Robinson is to conduct the prosecution. This is a gentleman to whom no Prime Minister would dare to "tip a wink." If he says, "I shall prosecute Riel," the country may be sure that the duty of the crown against the murderer and disturber of the common peace will not be heedlessly or unfaithfully done.

## A Short Sermon.

Mr. Spurgeon has a sermon to young men, in which, commending the service of God as the most desirable, he says: "I have great delight in seeing my children in the same service. When a man finds that a business is a bad one, you will not find him bringing up his boys to it. Now, the great desire of my heart for my sons was, that they might become the servants of God. I never wished for them that they might be great or rich, but, oh, if they would give their young hearts to Jesus! This I prayed for most heartily. It was one of the happiest nights when I baptized them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, upon profession of their faith; and now, while I am speaking to you, one is preaching in New Zealand, and another in Greenwich, and my heart is glad that the gospel which the father preaches the sons are preaching too. If my Lord's service had been a hard one, I should have said to these lads, 'Don't you take to it. God is a hard master, reaping where He has not sown; I went into the service blindly, but I warn you to avoid it.' My conduct has been the reverse of this, and thus have I given you hostages in the persons of my sons for my honest love to my Master and Lord; I do, without reserve, commend to you the service of the Lord Jesus Christ; for if you enter it, you will wish your sons and daughters to enter it; and it will be your ambition that to the latest generation all your house may fear and serve God."

Perfect manners are a part of the character as much as patience and honesty, and their beneficence is displayed not only towards the just, but the unjust—in fact, they seem to belong to the texture of the wearer's mind, to be a reflection of the spirit of justice which would give everybody his due, withholding no civility or kindness.

It is curious how we despise our best gifts merely because they are common, and refuse to consider ourselves prosperous and well off unless we possess many coins and titles, things outside ourselves. In his old age Montaigne used to say, "I am ready to jump out of my skin with joy, as for an uncommon favor, when nothing ails me."

The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

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

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

THE AWARD.

The following beautiful little poem, "Better Things," from the pen of Nettie Kerr, Wheeling, West Virginia—a frequent contributor to TRUTH's Poet's Page—is awarded the prize this week. The \$5 will be paid on application to the publisher.

Better Things.

BY NETTIE KERR.

Better to smell the violet cool than sip the glowing wine,  
Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a diamond shine.  
Better the love of gentle heart, than beauty's favors proud;  
Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.  
Better to love in loneliness, than to bask in love all day;  
Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.  
Better to be fed by mother's hand, than eat alone at will;  
Better to trust in God than say: "My goods my storehouse fill."  
Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to abound;  
Better to teach a child, than toil to fill perfection's round.  
Better to sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening State;  
Better to suspect that thou art proud, than be sure that thou art great.  
Better to walk the real unseen, than watch the hour's event;  
Better the "Well done!" at the last than the air with shouting rent.  
Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;  
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noonday burning bright.  
Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favored birth;  
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.

—For Truth.

Nature's Harmonies.

BY MRS. JAMES McINNIS.

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee.—Psalm's xiv., 10.

Blossoming woodbine  
Scenting the air;  
Rippling sunshines  
On lands:pe fair.

Forest trees bending;  
Silently praise;  
Joyous birds blending  
Their warbling lays.

Fleecy clouds sailing,  
Spotlessly white;  
Verdant fields smiling,  
Mantled in light.

Stormy winds blowing,  
Doing His will;  
Zephyrs soft showing  
His gentler skill.

Mighty seas telling  
Wonders so deep;  
To the waves swelling,  
Lullaby k. ep.

Ransomed men joining—  
Clearer their voice—  
Nature's God hymning,  
Also rejoice.

Summer and brightness  
Faithfulness sing;  
Winter and whiteness  
Equal praise bring.

Wisdom, might, Godhead,  
Nature doth prove;  
Christ hath unfolded  
Infinite love!"

MIDDLEBURY, N. B.

The Dying Mother.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,  
Let me feel the sweet warm breath,  
For a strange chill o'er me passes,  
And I know that it is death.  
I would gaze upon the treasure  
Scarcely given ere I go;  
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers  
Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters,  
But a blessed shore appears;  
Kneel beside me, husband dearest,  
Let me kiss away thy tears.  
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,  
Strive from midnight unto day;  
It may leave an angel blessing  
When it vanishes away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,  
'Tis not long she can be there;  
See! how to my heart she nestles,  
'Tis the pearl I love to wear.  
If in after years beside thee  
Sit another in my chair,  
Though her voice be sweeter music  
And her face than mine more fair,—

If a cherub call thee "father"  
Far more beautiful than this—  
Love thy first-born, O my husband!  
Turn not from the motherless.  
Tell her sometimes of her mother,—  
You can call her by my name—  
Shield her from the winds of sorrow,  
If she errs, O gently blame!

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping,  
I will answer if she calls,  
And my breath shall stir her ringlets,  
When my voice in blessing falls.  
Then her soft black eye will brighten,  
She will wonder whence it came;  
In her heart, when years pass o'er her,  
She will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal  
Walks between two angels here,  
One records the ill, but blots it  
If before the midnight dream  
Man repenteth; if uncancelled,  
Then he seals it for the skies;  
And the right hand anel weepeth,  
Bowing low with veiled eyes.

It will be his right hand angel,  
Sealing up the good for heaven,  
Striving that the midnight watches  
Find no misdeed unforgiven.  
You will not forget me, husband,  
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod;  
Love the little jewel given us,  
As I loved thine—next to God!

Over and Over Again.

Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life,  
Some lesson I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain,  
I must work out my task with a resolute will,  
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need  
Of even the tiniest flower,  
Nor check the flow of the golden sands,  
That run through a single hour;  
But the morning dew must fall,  
And the sun and the summer rain  
Must do their work and perform it all  
Over and over again.

Over and over again  
The brook through the meadow flows,  
And over and over again  
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.  
Once doing will not suffice,  
Though doing be not in vain;  
And a blessing falling us once or twice,  
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod  
Is never so rough to the feet;  
And the lessons we once have learned  
Are never so hard to repeat,  
Though sorrowful tears must fall,  
And the heart to the depths be riven,  
With storm and tempest, we need them all,  
To render us meet for heaven.

—For Truth.

Maxims in Rhyme.

BY REV. J. CLARK.

Truth and error oft may grapple, yet we know that  
truth must win;  
God, who pardons greatest sinners, makes no com-  
promise with sin.

Should we cast aside the gospel, "What," I ask,  
"can take its place?"  
No bright message equal to it ever yet has reached  
our race.

One may gaily, safely journey over oceans wide and  
vast,  
Only in the end to perish near his native land at last  
Though our dearest friend be absent, he may love us  
none the less;  
Some poor deed we count a failure God may call a  
great success.

Many a sweet and noble spirit lowliest sphere  
adorns;  
Lilies thrive in shady places, roses grow on thorns.

Not in vain we toil and suffer through the swiftly  
passing years;  
He who guides the stars and planets hath a recom-  
pense for tears.

If my well-intentioned purpose be not destined to  
succeed,  
Though I seem to be the loser, Heaven, at least re-  
cords the deed.

None but disobedient children dread their Heavenly  
Father's rod;  
Men may get away from places, not from conscience,  
not from God.

Which is greater, gathering, singing, or the man that  
sowing, weeps!  
Harken!—"In God's solemn presence each His  
Master's favor reaps.

NICTAUX, N. E.

When the Boys Come Home.

(A Song for our Volunteers.)

There's a happy time coming,  
When the boys come home,  
There's a glorious day coming,  
When the boys come home.  
We will and the dreadful story  
Of this treason dark and gory  
In a suburb of glory,  
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter,  
When the boys come home,  
For our hearts will be lighter  
When the boys come home.  
Wives and sweethearts will press them,  
In their arms will caress them,  
And pray for God to bless them,  
When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest,  
When the boys come home;  
And their cheer will ring the loudest,  
When the boys come home.  
The full ranks will be shattered,  
And the bright arms will be battered,  
And the battle-standard tattered,  
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty,  
When the boys come home,  
And their uniforms dusty,  
When the boys come home.  
But all shall see the traces  
Of battle's royal graces  
In the brown and bearded faces,  
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them,  
When the boys come home,  
To bless them and to greet them,  
When the boys come home.  
And the fame of their endeavor  
Time and change shall not discover,  
From the nation's heart forever,  
When the boys come home.

Goin' Home To-day.

BY WILL CARLTON.

My business on the jury's done, the quibblin' all is  
through;  
I've watched the lawyers, right and left, and give my  
verdict true;  
I stuck so long into my chair, I thought I would  
grow in;  
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there  
again.  
But now the court's adjourned for good and I have got  
my pay;  
I'm loose at last, and, thank the Lord, I'm goin' home  
to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy like, since first day I come  
down;  
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in  
town;  
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine on Sunday rightly  
sets,  
But when I wear the stuff a week it somehow galls  
and frays.  
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper-salt and  
gray—  
I'll have it on in half a jiff, when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any  
one—  
As well as any woman could—to see that things were  
gone;  
For though I told her, when I'm there, won't set her  
foot out-door,  
She's very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to all the  
chores,  
But nothing prospers half so well when I go off to  
stay,  
And I will put things into shape when I go home to-  
day.

The mornin' that I come away, we had a little  
bout;  
I coolly took my hat and left before the show was  
out;  
For what I said was naught wherest she ought to  
take offense;  
And she was always quick at words and ready to  
commence.  
But then she's first one to give up when she has had  
her say;  
And she will meet me with a kiss when I get home  
to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him,  
they can;  
It's fun to see him strut about and try to be a man;  
The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'd ever want to  
see,  
And then they laugh because I think the child re-  
sembles me.  
The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their  
prey;  
He'll turn my pockets inside out when I get home  
to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen  
thus—  
That God could pluck that sweet bouquet and fling it  
down to us!  
My wife, she says that handsome face will some day  
make a stir,  
And then I laugh because she thinks the child re-  
sembles her.  
She'll meet me half-way down the hill and kiss me,  
anyway;  
And light my heart up with her smiles when I get  
home to-day.

If there's a heaven above the earth, a fellow knows it  
when  
He's been away from home a week, and then gets  
back again.  
If there's a heaven upon the earth, then often, I'll be  
bound,  
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs them  
all around.  
But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as it  
may,  
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm goin' home to-  
day.

Canadian National Hymn.

The following is the hymn composed  
Lord Lorne and dedicated to Canada.

God bless our wide Dominion,  
Our fathers' chosen land;  
And bind in lasting union  
Each ocean's distant strand,  
From where Atlantic terrors  
Our hardy seamen train,  
To where the salt sea mirrors  
The vast Pacific chain.

O bless our wide Dominion,  
True freedom's fairest scene;  
Defend our people's union,  
God save our Empire's Queen.

Fair days of fortune send her,  
Be thou her shield and sun!  
Our Land, our flag's defender,  
Unite our hearts as one!  
One flag, one land, upon her  
May every blessing rest!  
For loyal faith and honour  
Her children's deeds attest.  
O bless, etc.

No stranger's foot, insulting,  
Shall tread our country's soil  
While stand her sons exulting  
For her to live and toil.  
She hath the victor's nurture,  
Here are the conquering hours,  
No foeman's stroke shall hurt her,  
"This Canada of ours."  
O bless, etc.

Our aires when times were sorest,  
Asked none but aid Divine,  
And cleared the tangled forest,  
And wrought the buried mine;  
They tracked the floods and fountains,  
And won, with master hand,  
Far more than gold in mountains—  
The glorious Prairie land.  
O bless, etc.

O, Giver of earth's treasure,  
Make Thou our Nation strong:  
Four forth Thine hot displeasure  
On all who work our wrong!  
To our remotest border  
Let plenty still increase;  
Let Liberty and Order  
Bid ancient feuds to cease.  
O bless, etc.

May Canada's fair daughters  
Keep homes for hearts so bold  
As theirs who o'er the waters  
Came hither first of old.  
The pioneers of nations,  
They showed the world the way;  
'Tis ours to keep their stations  
And lead the van to-day.  
O bless, etc.

Inheritors of glory,  
O our crymen! we swear  
To guard the flag that o'er ye  
Shall onward victory bear.  
Where'er through earth's far regions  
Its triple crosses fly;  
For God, for home, our legions  
Shall win or fighting die!  
O bless, etc.

[Copyright.—Now First Published.]

## IN AN EVIL MOMENT.

BY HARRY BLYTH.

Author of "A Wise Woman," "The Bloom of the Heather," "When the Clock Stopped," "Magic Morsels," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

His clothes were made of the richest material, and they were obviously the work of a fashionable tailor. He wore a large diamond ring upon his little finger, and a heavy chain glittered on his waistcoat. His face was still bloated, but it was not so blotchy. The old scampish air had almost vanished. Gregory had now the outward aspect of a gentleman. Albeit of a gentleman obviously addicted to the pleasures of the table. After exchanging a few commonplace remarks, Mr. Axon, who had thrown himself carelessly into an easy chair, asked, perhaps a little nervously:

"How's Our Friend?"

"The same—much the same."

The doctor keenly watched Mr. Axon's features during the whole of this interview.

"Ah, is there any chance of recovery?"

"I'm afraid not. It is, however, impossible in this case to speak decisively. But," here the speaker elevated a long bony finger, his tone became low and earnest, "I wouldn't give sixpence for 'Our Friend's' chance."

Mr. Axon appeared relieved, and he repeated, with great cheerfulness:

"I suppose not. I suppose not."

After some hesitation he drew his chair nearer to the doctor's and said:

"How long, doctor, do you think it possible for Our Friend to live?—tell me candidly now."

The eyes of the two men met. Gregory dropped his before Dr. Dodder's steady piercing gaze.

"Our Friend may live to be a hundred years of age," the doctor calmly replied.

"Don't talk nonsense," cried Gregory, stamping his foot. "I want you to tell me the truth."

"I am quite serious. Our Friend is living a healthy life. The constitution is remarkably strong. There is neither wear of mind nor tear of body. Our Friend might very easily live to be one hundred years of age. Indeed it is difficult to see why our friend should ever die."

Gregory bit his lips.

"You are very careful of your patients," Gregory said in a sarcastic tone. "I suppose they pay you better alive than they would dead?"

"Infinitely."

"Always?" The question was asked with unmistakable emphasis.

"Always." Dr. Dodder fixed his eyes upon Mr. Axon's face, and regarded him meaningly. "Always, Mr. Axon."

Gregory looked a little disconcerted. Shrugging his shoulders he said:

"I should have thought that under special circumstances a patient might be as valuable to you dead as alive. You would certainly have less trouble."

"I prefer my patients to keep alive, and I like the trouble."

The doctor spoke in so cold and determined a manner that Gregory saw that it was useless, if not dangerous, to pursue the subject.

He changed the conversation, and for some time did not again allude to "our friend."

As he was leaving he remarked carelessly, as though it had just occurred to him:

"I am told that change of air has often a wonderful effect upon people whose brains are diseased."

"In rare cases it has effected a cure."

"I've a good mind," Gregory went on, dropping his eyes and speaking musingly, "to try it with 'our friend.' I've a good mind to send 'Our Friend' abroad."

The doctor preserved a grim silence.

"However—Gregory looked up and turned quickly away—"I'll think over it. I dare say 'Our Friend' is as well here as any where."

As he drove away Dr. Dodder stood on the top of his broad stone steps watching him.

"I can read mischief in your eyes," he muttered; "but you won't succeed in your evil plans. At all risks, and at all hazards, 'Our Friend' remains here." He walked back into his library saying to himself:

"He is a villain who would stop at nothing."

ing. How I yearn for the day of justice and of retribution. Heaven grant that it may not be far distant."

It was late that night before Gregory returned home, and when he did so he was unusually boisterous and inflamed by drink.

It unfortunately happened that when he entered their little drawing-room, Lily was alone in it. She was looking and feeling very wretched. Tom had, it was true, unexpectedly returned to town that day, much to her delight; but, just now, he was out with Mr. Barr, and she was sitting dwelling upon the countless miseries of the past few weeks. The tears were in her eyes, and she was longing for the time to come when she would never again hear the hated voice of Gregory Axon.

The devil was in him to night, and as he staggered into the room—he was unsteady on his legs, for a wonder—and caught sight of her dainty form, a burning, wicked passion seized him.

"All alone, pretty one?" he hiccupped.

She looked up in alarm, and immediately rose and made for the door.

With a drunken laugh he barred the way.

"You shan't go," he cried; "you always leave the room when I enter it. Am I so very terrible?" He leered at her in a way that made her every limb tremble.

"Oh pray let me go, Mr. Axon," she pleaded; "I am feeling very ill—indeed, indeed I am! I beseech you let me go!"

"You look blooming pretty to-night," he said, advancing towards her. She retreated from him as he came nearer.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Axon!" She spoke indignantly, and a dangerous speck of fire glowed on both her cheeks. "Let me pass at once!"

"By Jove, what eyes!"

"I implore you to let me go," she pleaded, again breaking down.

He stood devouring her with his blazing, bloodshot eyes.

"So I will," he said at length.

"Oh, thank you!—thank you!"

"On one condition. You must pay toll. A kiss—one kiss from those juicy lips and you pass free."

"You scoundrel!" All her contempt, hatred, and indignation were concentrated in these two words.

The next moment he had encircled her with his arms, and his spirit stinking breath was fanning her cheeks. She doubled her little fists and battered his cheeks with all her might; but he only laughed at her blows, and he appeared to enjoy the struggle immensely. Suddenly, however, his rude laughter stopped, and a well directed blow sent him flying to the other end of the room. An instant afterwards Lily was in Tom's loving arms. Mr. Barr was standing at the door and looking into the room, pale and trembling. The blood was flowing freely from Gregory's nose, and he sat where he had fallen, regarding them all with a dangerous scowl.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## DISAPPEARED!

The blow and the fall did a great deal to sober Gregory. He realized that he had gone too far. But his brain was not yet clear enough, and he was too confused to know the best course for him to adopt. He had his own reasons for not desiring an open rupture with any of them; at the same time, it was necessary for him to resent the treatment he had received. As he could not decide whether to act the bully, or to assume a penitential air, he determined to cautiously feel his way, and to avoid any positive action until his brain was cooler and calmer.

He arose sulkily.

"I suppose," he said, regarding Tom with an evil look, "that you didn't know who it was? You thought that it was some stranger playing with Lily?"

Had Tom wavered, and for the sake of Walter Barr, seized upon the excuse so cunningly offered him, Gregory would without doubt have adopted a blustering tone. But the surgeon's indignation was too great to

allow him to flinch, or to weigh his words.

"I never stopped to think," he cried. "I saw that she was in the hands of a coward, and that was enough."

"It's all a mistake," Walter declared, nervously. "I'm quite sure that it's a mistake. Tell us how it happened, Lily—tell us. I'm sure my old friend Gregory would not insult my child."

And the poor, weak trembling old man, with his hands clasped, looked appealingly from the one to the other.

Lily could give him no help. Her face was now buried in her lover's waistcoat, and she was sobbing as though her little heart would break.

Gregory's eyes dropped before Tom's bold unyielding gaze.

"The whole thing"—he spoke confusedly—"is very stupid. Of course I didn't mean to do Lily any harm—I'm too fond of her for that."

How inexpressibly revolting it was to Tom to hear this man speak so familiarly of the flushed, and panting little form he held in his arms!

"Perhaps I did frighten her; I'm afraid I did. I had no intention of doing so, and—and I'm very sorry. I fancy," he added, with an attempt at a laugh, "that the punishment exceeds the offence"—he pointed to his swollen face. "But it's not worth talking about. I'll forget all about it if you will." This was certainly magnanimous on Gregory's part; and in proof that he was in earnest he stretched out his hand to Tom, who affected not to see it.

"Well, well," said Gregory, withdrawing it, and biting his nether lip, "you are in a passion now—young lovers are subject to broiling fits. In the morning I hope you will be cooler and more inclined to regard the matter more sensibly. It's excessively foolish," he went on, making for the door; "why, I'm old enough to be the girl's father."

The look which he threw at Walter as he left the room might have meant anything. Walter, in his agitation, read in it a threat and a hint of coming danger.

"You see, sir," Tom cried to Mr. Barr, "that it is not safe to allow Lily to remain in the house with that scoundrel. Either he or she must leave here."

"Do not get excited, Tom. You must keep cool, you know, and not exaggerate this." Walter endeavoured to speak firmly, but at the same time soothingly. "This is a very unfortunate occurrence, but I am sure that Mr. Axon will explain it all in the morning. A gentleman, Tom—quite a gentleman. A little wine, you know, Tom—a little wine, and the best of us make fools of ourselves." Tom's face looked stern and unconvinced. Walter's voice as he finished grew very wistful.

It's tone did not strike the surgeon's heart as it struck Lily's. It seemed to her to be full of unutterable misery, mingled with a long, plaintive wail for mercy.

Her tears ceased, and she became wonderfully calm. The indignity she had suffered was forgotten; she was now filled with vague terrors for her father's safety. What if Gregory Axon were to avenge her contempt for him and the blow he had received from Tom, by hurling misfortune upon Walter's head? That he had the power to do this, she was but too well assured. The thought was a terrible one. She must bury her wrongs, and sink her dislike, and do all in her power to prevent a breach between Gregory and his host.

"I am foolish and hysterical to-night," she said, "I am sure Mr. Axon meant no harm. I am very sorry that I behaved so stupidly. I hope he will forgive me."

"Lily!"

Tom's voice smote her heart. How full of pain and reproach it was! She looked up at him steadfastly and bravely; she realized how essential it was to calm her lover, and to prevent another encounter between him and Mr. Axon.

"He had you in his arms," Tom added. "He did not mean any harm. I am sure," she went on. "As he said, you know, he is old enough to be my father."

Tom turned from her, but only for a moment. The next he was by her side, and was leading her from the room.

"It is noble and brave of you to speak as you do," he whispered, as they stood in the passage alone; "but you cannot deceive me. You are acting a part for your father's sake?"

Poor little Lily was not very strong, for she broke down again, and the tears streamed from her eyes.

"I am very miserable, Tom—so very, very miserable. Do not leave me again, darling. I am so helpless and so wretched without you."

He strained her to him.

"I will not," he cried. "When I go back to Devonshire you shall go with me as my wife. I will not—I can not leave you here."

"Promise me one thing, darling," she begged "and then I shall be very happy."

"Anything in the world, unless it be not to love you."

"Promise me not to quarrel with Mr. Axon—"

"The villain! We shall not be here many days, darling, and I give you my word I will say nothing more to him. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes, yes, quite. And now, darling, go and try and cheer poor papa. He is very much upset to-night."

When Tom returned to Walter Barr, he took a seat by that gentleman's side and startled him by asking an abrupt and curious question.

"Is your fear of Gregory Axon greater than your love for your child?"

Walter appeared alarmed.

"I don't understand—" he commenced.

"The question is a simple one," Tom interrupted, firmly. "Sincerely you can answer it."

The surgeon had begun to think that hitherto he had not been determined enough with Walter Barr. He was resolved now to make some effort to rouse his friend from his fears—to wring his crushing secret from him.

"Heaven knows I love my child," said Walter.

"And yet you did not say one word to the villain who had so grossly insulted her?"

"I—I—could not. I did not dare, Tom."

Walter clasped his hands in his agitation and looked a piteous object of grief and fear.

"Then your fear is greater than your love?"

"No, no, do not say that, Tom. I love my darling beyond the world, beyond life, beyond everything."

"And yet you keep silent?"

"For her sake, Tom—for her sake; not for my own. I swear it! By heaven, I swear not, for my own sake!"

Tom's resolve was melting away. Walter's aspect would have excited the pity of the most unfeeling. The young surgeon drew his chair nearer to Mr. Barr's, and, taking his hand, said:

"Cannot you trust me? Tell me what your trouble is, and who knows but that I may be able to break the chain that galls you?"

Walter slowly shook his head.

"It cannot be," he said, "it cannot be."

"It can be," Tom persisted; "it must be. You have often called me your best friend; you have often said that I was a son to you. Were those mere idle words, or did they come from the heart?"

"From the heart, Tom."

Walter's voice was thick and uncertain, and the tears were in his eyes.

"And yet you shut me out from your confidence, and you refuse to let me help you when you are in danger. Is that treating me as a son—even as a friend?"

"On my soul I must not tell you—on my soul I must not!"

"If you will not let my love or friendship be my pleaders, perhaps you will listen to the call of duty. You have said that you feared to speak to that fellow Axon for Lily's sake. If any danger threatens her, I, as her future husband, have a right to know its nature."

"You do not mean that as a threat?" Mr. Barr cried, with quick alarm; "you do not mean that you would refuse to marry her if I did not tell you all?"

"I did not say that," Tom replied, evasively. "I only wanted to point out to you that what concerns Lily concerns me."

"It is true—it is very true. Heaven help me! After a pause, during which he persistently wrung his hands, he said, suddenly:

"I must tell you something—I see that I must; but I cannot tell you all. I am the most miserable man upon earth, Tom; there is a curse upon me that has blackened my whole life, and there is no release for me until death. Gregory Axon, Tom, is my friend—remember that—my friend, and he means well by me; but sometimes he drinks too much, and he forgets—forget,



He has it in his power, Tom, to bring over-  
lasting ruin and disgrace upon me, and,  
through me, upon my child; but you are  
not frightened, Tom, to marry her now I  
have told you this?"

"You could not frighten me," Tom an-  
swered, gravely studying Mr. Barr's face.  
'She is as good and pure as the angels.'  
Did you ever do anything wrong, Walter?  
He went on.

"Never—never."  
"I could not conceive such a thing possi-  
ble, and yet how comes it that this man  
has such power over you?"

"I beseech you not to question me furth-  
er. If you have any regard for my peace of  
mind let this horrible subject drop now and  
for ever. If you knew the agony you are  
causing me, Tom, you would not persist."

Walter's sufferings were so obvious that  
Tom could not pursue the subject.  
"There's one thing you must agree to,  
Walter," he said. "You must let the mar-  
riage take place this week."

"Yes, yes; the sooner the better. I shall  
be very, very glad when Lily is away from  
here."

"One thing is certain," was Tom's reflec-  
tion as he entered his bedroom that night,  
"Axon is a scoundrel, and poor old Walter  
is the victim of some delusion upon which  
the scoundrel fattens. I'll not rest till I've  
got to the end of the mystery. By Jove!"

He added after deep thought, "I'll fish out  
that fellow we met in Axon's office; he  
might be able to give me some valuable in-  
formation about Axon's past life. Let me  
see, what was his name? Dodder, of course.  
I can see his long, thin figure now as he  
stood shaking his slim umbrella at us. 'I  
am one of the original Dodders' the queer  
bird informed us. I'll have a search through  
the medical directory in the morning, and  
find out where the 'original Dodder lives.'"

In the morning Mr. Axon was apologetic  
but cheerful; more like the Gregory  
Axon of the old New Zealand days than  
any one in that breakfast room had yet seen  
him.

He excused himself so pleasantly, and  
talked so softly and so well, that had his  
listeners been less seriously interested in his  
escapade of the previous night, he would  
undoubtedly have re-established himself in  
their favor.

As it was, he succeeded in making Walter  
feel more at ease; and Lily, for the  
first time, realized that he had once been a  
gentleman.

Tom rather resented his debonaire man-  
ner. It would have been more to Gregory's  
credit, the surgeon thought, had he been  
more abashed. In Tom's eyes the crime he  
had committed was a monstrous one; and,  
under the circumstances, the culprit was far  
too much at his ease.

It must be confessed that Mr. Westall  
had now formed such an intense dislike to  
Gregory Axon, that whatever this gentle-  
man's conduct might have been, Tom would  
have taken exception to it; it is not easy to  
like a man after you have struck him on the  
face; he is far more likely to forgive you  
than you are to tolerate him.

"Lily," said Mr. Barr that evening, sit-  
ting alone with Gregory, "is to be married  
this week."  
"They have hastened the marriage  
then?"

Gregory took his cigar from between his  
lips, and looked into Walter's face search-  
ingly.

"A little—a little," was Walter's reply;  
and he strove to speak in the most indif-  
ferent tone possible.

"You see," he went on, observing that  
Gregory's large eyes were still upon his face,  
"it's just as well it comes off now."  
"Much better," declared Gregory, replac-  
ing his cigar. "The sooner the better.  
Girls that age are little better than babies;  
they want a husband to bring them to their  
nees."

"I dare say you're right," Walter said,  
quietly. "But when she's married I shall  
have to economize a little."  
"Economize? What do you mean?"

The cigar had lost its charm now, and  
was thrown into the fire.  
"I thought you knew that my late wife  
left all her money to Lily," Barr replied  
with great calmness and st. adin' ss.

"Of course hitherto we have had one  
purse in common but when my daughter  
marries I will not touch one farthing of her  
money; why should I? I have nearly four  
hundred pounds a year of my own."

Perhaps no man's face ever changed so  
completely in so few seconds as did Greg-

ory's now. It assumed a light green hue,  
and his jaw dropped. Ultimately a loud  
and bitter oath escaped him, and he walked  
from the room.

Constant drinking had deprived him of  
the control he had at one time so well ex-  
ercised over himself.

For two days no one in the house saw  
anything of him. On the third evening he re-  
turned to the house unmistakably drunk  
and roundly abusive.

The next day Tom and Lily were to be  
married. She was making the necessary  
preparations for the event. Walter was  
in his own little private room trying to read.

Gregory burst in upon him, and threw  
himself in a chair.  
"Well?" said Gregory.  
"Well?" repeated Walter, looking up  
from his book fearfully.

"I suppose," Gregory went on, stretch-  
ing his legs, and speaking in a sneering in-  
solent way peculiar to him when he was  
not sober, "you think yourself pretty  
safe?"

"No, Gregory; indeed I do not. I do not  
think myself safe at all. You know I am  
in your hands."  
Walter answered meekly, but his very  
gentleness appeared to incense the other.

"And so you can't trust me, eh?" he  
sneered.  
Then he bent over Walter and said, in a  
sister, threatening voice:

"There is one way in which you could  
close my mouth for ever—make yourself ab-  
solutely safe, and be free from all anxiety  
for the rest of your life."

"How?" cried Walter, greedily, but  
with a vague fear at his heart.  
Gregory's lips almost touched his victim's  
ears.

"Make me your son-in-law!" he hissed,  
"and then, for my own sake, I would never  
dare to speak."  
"But," gasped Walter, trembling at the  
scoundrel's audacity, "what about Tom?"

"Tom Westall?" Gregory gave vent to a  
coarse, contemptuous laugh. "He would  
not be the first man that has been jilted,  
and that's all about Tom."

The two men remained conversing in low  
tones for some two hours; Gregory de-  
manding and threatening; Walter suffering  
an agony of grief and terror.

When at length Mr. Axon allowed his un-  
happy victim to leave him, Walter did not  
seek his own chamber; he bent his faltering  
steps towards his daughter's bedroom.

In his trepidation he did not notice that  
her door was half open, notwithstanding  
that he stood by it for some few minutes  
waiting for her to answer his knock.

No reply came, and at length he stole  
softly in.  
She had not drawn her blind down, and  
this he did observe and think strange. A  
broad band of mellow moonlight streamed  
through the window and fell athwart the  
floor in golden radiance. There on the  
window sill, were her tender plants; and on  
the toilette-table quite a crowd of dainty  
nicknacks.

He approached the bed on tiptoe, calling  
gently: "Lily—Lily."  
There was no response, and a sudden fear  
seizing him, he ran forward and placed his  
hands upon the counterpane.

The bed was empty; it had never been  
occupied in. Hastily he summoned the servant,  
only to hear that his daughter was nowhere  
in the house; Lily had disappeared.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Good Mother.

"One good mother," says George Herbert,  
"is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the  
home she is loadstone to all hearts, and load-  
star to all eyes." Imitation of her is con-  
stant—imitation which Bacon likens to a  
"globe of precepts." It is instruction; it  
is teaching without words, often exemplify-  
ing more than tongue can teach. In the  
face of b. d example, the best precepts are of  
but little avail. The example is followed,  
not the precepts. Indeed, precept at vari-  
ance with practice is worse than useless, in-  
asmuch as it only serves to teach that most  
cowardly of vices—hypocrisy.

To impart liberally of what we have, of  
what we do, and of what we are is neces-  
sary to the healthy growth of affection.  
Although a perfect love would, of itself,  
prompt and encourage this, the love that is  
not perfect may be exalted and sustained  
thereby.

THE SPHINX.

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

Address all communications for this de-  
partment to E. R. Chadbourne, Lewiston,  
Maine, U. S.

NO. 161.—A USEFUL BAND.

We are banded together by fate and by  
birth,  
By testing our skill you may judge of our  
worth;  
We are firmly united to help in our work—  
Not one of our number is over a shirk.

All eager for service, we stretch out our  
hands,  
In our own native homes, or in far-away  
lands;  
We vary in figure—some shorter, some tal-  
ler,  
Some awkward, some graceful, some larger,  
some smaller.

The stoutest moves foremost, as the strong-  
est one ought,  
One, wise as a guide-board, points out what  
is sought;  
The next on duty wears a hat that is tall—  
In work and in stature outranking us all.

And there are two others who do as they  
choose,  
Too small and too weak to be of much use;  
We deck them with jewels, we leave them  
to play,  
But, hiding and clinging, they help in their  
way.

Please give us employment, we work with a  
will,  
Even Satan, the fallen, would scorn to keep  
still;  
But he by our labor is often defeated,  
And much that is worthy is grandly com-  
pleted.

S.

NO. 162.—A FEW TREES.

Say which is the handsomest of all the trees  
That ever braved the cruel wintry breeze;  
Which ever lovely to our eyes appears,  
And knows no change through all the roll-  
ing years?

When this tree's name you shall have fairly  
guessed,  
Say which appears to you the ugliest;  
And this, I think, you'll easily explain,  
Because the answer is so very plain

When these are known, I pray you name the  
one  
Of all the autumn trees most meddlesome;  
Which sets all classes blindly by the ears,  
However friendly to them it appears.  
Next tell me which defies old ocean's flood,  
And by whose might its leaves are best with-  
stood?  
Inform me next which tree will bid you  
rove?  
Which live? and which all modern maidens  
love?

MRS. L.

NO. 163.—A MATHEMATICAL PRO-  
BLEM.

When first the marriage knot was tied  
Betwixt my love and me,  
My age did then her age exceed  
As three times three doth three.

But when just ten and half ten years  
We man and wife had been,  
Her age came up as near to mine  
As eight is to sixteen.

L. A. HOGAN.

NO. 164.—A WINTER'S TALE.

Oh, many the woes the urchin knows  
When wintry winds are whirling!  
The frequent task his elders ask  
While snowballs wait for hurling!  
Unstudied books and wandering looks  
Are ruins of last night's skating;  
Temptations are beset his way,  
And earn him much berating.  
If in remorse he turns his course,  
To face his lessons strives,  
Some playmate then will next again,  
With tales he well contrives  
Of "jolly umps" and "sport that's prime,"  
Till lessons seem a bore.  
The sport he gains, nor much complains,  
Though shamed by teacher's all—and  
more.

SYLVIA.

NO. 165.—COVERED PALINDROMES.

I.

Old farmer Gray is wont to say,  
As he shakes a doleful head,  
That warning truths to growing youths  
Are worth as much unsaid;  
But this one rule he must impress—  
"Roast not upon the dress."

II.

Then with its brother comes another,  
Which, heeded, oft has saved a duel;  
"Though falsehood's tongue your heart has  
wrung,  
Unless you fast would add new fuel,  
And force the fire to flame the higher,  
'Rave never at a fulfite!'"

SYLVIA.

NO. 166.—A CHARADE.

The firsts the water lilies hold;  
The cowslip flowers have firsts of gold;  
So have the kings to hold their wine,  
And elves have pearl firsts when they dine.

The second is a Latin word,  
Which every one has often heard,  
At least in such a phrase as this—  
The one that signifies "that is."

Oh, little all, how I adore him!  
And half the world doth bow before him;  
His hand a golden shaft discloses,  
His eyes are blinded o'er with roses.

JOE AMORY.

NO. 167.—A STRANGE CREATION.

When first my maker formed me to his  
mind,  
He gave me eyes, but left me dark and  
blind;  
He formed a nose, but left me without  
smell;  
A mouth, but neither voice nor tongue to  
tell  
The world my use; yet left the fair through  
me—  
Although I hide my face—do plainly see.

J. F. MALLOW.

REWARDS FOR CONTRIBUTORS.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be  
awarded for the best original contribution  
to this department before the close of 1885.  
2. A prize of two dollars will be presented  
for the best variety of original contributions  
furnished during the same time. This prize  
will not be awarded the winner of prize  
No. 1.

FOR SOME JUNE SOLVER.

To the reader forwarding the best lot of  
answers to the Sphinx of June will be  
awarded Chambers' Dictionary.

Each week's solutions should be mailed  
within seven days after the date of TRUTH  
containing the puzzles answered.

ANSWERS.

- 147.—Daisies.
- 148.—Sequipedalian.
- 149.—Primordial.
- 150.—Part-ridge.
- 151.—Palm (palm tree, palm of hand.)
- 152.—Her son.
- 153.—Fire.
- 154.—They are people of re-lit- (ability).

Three Principles of Life.

There are three great principles of life  
which weave its warp and woof, apparently  
incompatible with each other, yet they har-  
monise, and in their blinding create this  
strange life of ours. The first is, our fate is  
in our own hands, and our blessedness and  
misery the exact result of our own acts.  
The second is, "There is a divinity that  
shapes our ends, rough hew them how we  
will." The third is, "The race is not to  
the swift, nor the battle to the strong;"  
but time and chance happen to them all.  
Accident, human will, the shaping will of  
Diety—these things make up life.

Keep your eyes turned inward upon your-  
self, and beware of judging others. In judg-  
ing others a man labors to no purpose, com-  
monly errs, and easily sins; but in examin-  
ing and judging himself he is always wisely  
and usefully employed.

Temperance Department.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

THE GRAND LODGE SESSION.

The annual session of the Grand Lodge I. O. Good Templars was held in Hamilton last week, commencing on Tuesday morning and closing on Thursday afternoon. There was a larger representation than usual present, 155 votes being on the roll, representing lodges located from Ottawa to Sarnia. The meeting throughout was pleasant and harmonious, though, as is often the case at such meetings, a great deal of the time was wasted by tedious talkers discussing points of order or frivolous amendments to the constitution, when much more important questions should have been considered.

The reports of the officers showed that the Order is in good healthy working condition, though no numerical progress was made during the past year. The principal cause for this is that in nearly every county in the jurisdiction there have been Scott Act contests during the year, and the attention of the various leading temperance workers has been turned in that direction rather than in building up the numerical strength of the respective organizations.

OFFICERS' REPORTS.

The report of J. H. Flagg, Esq., G. W. C. T., was a concise, business report, such as has been usually presented by him, making reference, in general terms, to the work of the year, and some recommendations regarding future work. Mr. Flagg has been, for many years a leading member of the executive committee, and for the past four years the first officer. He declined nomination again, concluding the report as follows:—"No words of mine can express my gratitude for the honor conferred, I now cheerfully resign my place to another, who, I hope, may with equal fidelity and much greater ability discharge the duties of the office."

The report of Mr. T. W. Casey, G. W. Secretary, contained a large amount of statistical information in regard to the work, from which the following figures are taken:—

During the past year twenty-eight new lodges have been reported and fifteen dormant lodges reactivated. These are scattered over the various sections of the Province, and indicate a good deal of zealous work on the part of a large number of friends.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Rows include: The present number of working lodges is... 225; Lodges instituted during the year... 28; Lodges reactivated during the year... 15; Total membership in good standing... 10,409; Members initiated during the year... 4,420; re-initiated... 350; admitted by card... 96; violated obligation... 197; expelled for violation... 272; expelled for non-payment... 1,641; suspended... 1,091; withdrawn by card... 203; withdrawn from the Order... 901; Deaths... 49.

FINANCES

The total cash receipts from June 1st, 1884, to June 1st, 1885, were as follows: For per capita tax... \$2,541.42; For supplies sold... 404.02; Collections, etc., at Col. Hickeyman's meetings... 60.56; Total... \$3,006.77.

Our liabilities have all been met promptly during the year, and there is now no indebtedness, except a couple of printing accounts not in at the time the books were closed, but which will be paid at once.

The reports of Mr. J. B. Nixon, G. W. T., and A. Barrett and G. H. Lees, Auditors, showed the Order to be in a good financial condition. There was a balance of cash in hand of \$47.65 and \$222 worth of saleable supplies in stock, with all liabilities paid. For some years there was quite a large debt, much hindering the progress of the work, but the members cheerfully came to the rescue, and now with a balance in hand and a clear future before us, are entertained of considerable progress during the coming year.

It may be here remarked that a good deal of aid in advancing the work has been given by two distinguished outside workers during the year. Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, spent a month during the winter in the Province, during which time he instituted

eleven new lodges, with an aggregate charter, membership of nearly 500. Col. Chevis, also of Kentucky, has voluntarily spent a couple of weeks in Middlesex county since the R. W. G. Lodge session, and, assisted by Dr. Oronhyatekha, six additional lodges were reported, representing a membership of nearly 300. These are not included in the above figures given in the report of the G. W. Secretary. The importance of employing in the work gentlemen of ability, education and high social standing has been well demonstrated in the results above referred to.

Very little has been done in the juvenile Templar work during the past year. The Supra. dent, Mrs. Cummer, in whose hands it was committed, having been ill for some months and was unable in consequence to go out for that purpose. During the session Miss Peck, of Connecticut, Gen. Supt., elected by the R. W. G. L., was present, and ably assisted in the deliberations regarding the juvenile work.

PUBLIC RECEPTION.

On Tuesday evening a public reception was given by the Hamilton Templars, and their friends, in Wesley Church. The large building was well filled and a very interesting meeting was held. Bro. Richard McBride, P. D., presided, and Bro. G. H. Lees presented the address of welcome. A welcome on behalf of the congregation of Wesley church was given by Rev. Dr. Hunter, himself an old Good Templar. A suitable reply was given by Bro. Flagg, G. W. C. T., and there were speeches by the local ministers, Revs. M. Collics, J. Morton, and M. Snider, and by Messrs. F. S. Spence, of Toronto, and Col. Chevis, of Kentucky. An excellent musical programme also given by the choir of the church.

At the conclusion of the public meeting, the members were invited to the Hall of "Ambitious City" Lodge, where excellent refreshments were served, provided by the leading Hamilton Templars, and an hour or two was pleasantly spent in social intercourse.

A good deal of the session of Wednesday was spent in considering some minor amendments to the constitution, of very little general importance. There was a long discussion in regard to the quarterly tax to be paid to the Grand Lodge. It was resolved to place this tax at seven cents per member for the year, two cents at least of which shall be expended in lecture work, for the propagation of the order. There was a good deal of discussion also regarding an official organ, the rivals being the Good Templar, a new monthly published in Toronto, and the Citizen, also of this city. It was finally resolved to instruct the Grand Secretary to furnish each the necessary official information, and recommend each to the membership.

THE ELECTIONS.

There was a good deal more canvassing, button-holing, and log-rolling about the elections than for some years past, the number of candidates being unusually large. The officers elected are as follows:—G. W. C. T., F. S. Spence, Toronto; G. W. C., E. Storr, Ottawa; G. W. V., Mrs. Young, Toronto East; G. W. S., T. Lawless, Hamilton; G. W. T., A. Barrett, Mitchell; G. W. Chaplain, Rev. J. J. Noble, Arthur; G. W. M., J. W. Hamilton, Sarnia; D. M., Miss Cole, Stratford; G. G., J. Webster, Galt; G. S., W. J. Lundy, Brampton. Superintendent Juvenile Templars, J. B. Nixon, Toronto; Auditors—G. H. Lees, Hamilton; W. J. Turnbull, Paris. Delegates to R. W. G. L., Dr. Oronhyatekha, London; Rev. M. L. Pearson, Lindsay; J. H. Flagg, Mitchell; W. S. Williams, Napanea.

To those familiar with the officers' lists of former years it will be seen that there was a pretty general turn over in connection with the elections. Mr. Flagg, after filling the office of G. W. C. T. for four years, voluntarily retired, though strongly urged by a large number of friends to run again. His place is filled by Mr. Spence, of this city, who never before was elected to a Grand Lodge office. He is an experienced temperance worker and a fluent speaker, and has now an opportunity to demonstrate whether he possesses the tact, good judgment and discretion so necessary for success in this office. The other candidates for the office were Dr. Oronhyatekha and Daniel Rose, of Toronto. Mr. Storr has been G. W. C. before; he is an old member and a hard worker, whether in office or out of it. Mr. Casey, after sixteen successive elections as

G. W. Secretary, was defeated by Mr. Lawless, an old and experienced member. Mr. Nixon was also a candidate. Mr. Barrett, the now G. W. T., has been a member and an office bearer for many years. Mr. Nixon, the now Superintendent of Juvenile Templars, though an old Templar, is new to the Juvenile Templar work, and is expected to make a good report. The General Superintendent and the G. W. V., will be hereafter members of the Executive.

By unanimous vote the Executive were ordered to present Bro. Flagg \$100 and a galia, in recognition of his four years' faithful and efficient services as G. W. C. T., the work having been done without any salary; to Bro. Nixon \$50 and a regalia, were ordered in recognition of his four years' gratuitous services as G. W. T., and to Bro. Casey some substantial recognition his long services as G. W. S.

An earnest discussion took place regarding the organizing work during the coming year, the determination being to "push things" more vigorously than for some time past. An efficient organizer or two will be placed in the field as soon as the season for successful work arrives.

The next annual session will be held in Stratford, commencing the fourth Tuesday in June, 1886.

NEWS AND NOTES.

LOCKE'S WISDOM.—The celebrated John Locke, whose name is so well known and so much venerated by all lovers of English literature, wrote as follows, nearly two hundred years ago. Such remarks have still greater force now when the drink shops have so increased in number and attractiveness. Locke, in 1697, said: "The first step, therefore, towards the sitting of the poor on work ought to be a restraint of their debauchery by a strict execution of the laws provided against it, more particularly by the suppression of superfluous, brandy shops and unnecessary alehouses, especially in country parishes not lying upon great roads."

HIGH LICENSES.—An attempt has been made in several of the American States to reduce the number of liquor sellers by placing licenses at a very high figure. In some localities \$1,000 has now to be paid. In Chicago licenses were raised this year to \$500, we believe. The Chicago Times states that, under this rate no less than 3,287 licenses have been taken out, or but 13 less than last year. This would indicate that the liquor sellers are willing to pay a good deal more than they have paid rather than go out of the business. If licenses are to be continued let them be high priced licenses. The number will be thus reduced, and the amount paid in will go that much farther in helping the tax-payers meet the expenses incurred because of the continuance of the license system.

THE "NATIONAL LIBERAL TEMPERANCE UNION" of this city—the beer and wine-moderation—temperance society, appear to be somewhat hard pressed for supporters and sympathizers. At a recent meeting it was publicly announced that Rev. T. W. Jeffrey, the popular Methodist Minister of Queen street church, would be present and address the meeting. The chairman took occasion to allude to him once or twice during the evening, calling on him to come to the platform if present, and a number of gentlemen attended the meeting on purpose to hear what he would have to say. Mr. Jeffrey has since publicly announced that his name was used without his authority, and that he repudiates any connection with it. It is doubtful if any Methodist minister in the country can be found willing to identify himself with the association as it is now conducted.

TOBACCO OFFENCES.—Doubtless a great many kind-hearted men are unconsciously giving others much more offence by carrying around with them, in their clothing, the fumes of stale tobacco smoke than they are aware of. Not long ago the writer sat in a pew in a Toronto church beside a well-dressed man whose coat was so much saturated with smoke as to make it almost sickening to those beside him. The same writer has frequently visited a business office

here where the windows have to be thrown wide open to rid the place of the stale fumes of a lighted cigar carried in by some business visitor. A correspondent of the Congregationalist writes:—"A young gentleman made, not long ago, a business call on me one evening. We concluded the matter in hand in a few minutes, and he went away. The housekeeper came in soon afterwards, and instantly threw open the windows to rid the house of the odor of old tobacco smoke. Would the young man have felt proud of having made such a purification necessary? He, probably, had never surmised that his presence in the drawing-room is offensive." Now these are the very best cases. There are smokers so far gone as to puff away in any society or anywhere, apparently caring only for their own satisfaction, and regardless of the discomfort and annoyance of everybody else. Reader, do you know any such people as these?

BEER AND POLITICS.—No doubt the question of the liquor interests will be a burning question during the coming election campaign in Great Britain. It will be remembered that the Gladstone Government was defeated on the proposal to increase the revenue tax on beer and spirits. The same Government had been victorious over its opposition regarding the Soudan and the loss of Gen. Gordon, and the bitter attacks in connection with the settlement of the Russian complications, but when it came to increasing the cost of beer, the feather that broke the camel's back was laid on. Parnell congratulated the Irish people that by helping defeat Gladstone he had helped save "the one industry which survives in Ireland,"—whisky making—the very industry which Ireland can hardly survive under. It is said that nearly every beer shop and gin shop in England was illuminated over the defeat. It was said that "Beer and the Bible" was the cry with which the Liberals were last defeated and Disraeli rode into power, and this time "Beer and Blood" may be the cry. Of course there is one side of the story. It is quite probable that Mr. Gladstone preferred defeat on some insignificant question like that, rather than one of great national importance. Having been thus defeated, however, the temperance question will assume a good deal more importance in the campaign than it otherwise would have done.

THE SORCERY OF DRINK.—Archdeacon Farrar, one of the most popular of all the Church of England ministers of to-day, says:—"At the entrance of one of our college chapels, lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising Fellows—ruined through drink. I received, not very long ago, a letter from an old schoolfellow, a clergyman, who after long and arduous labor was in want of clothes and almost of food. I inquired the cause; it was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him? Drink. When I was at Cambridge one of the most promising scholars was a youth who, years ago, died in a London hospital penniless, of delirium tremens, through drink. When I was at King's College I used to sit next to a handsome youth who grew up to be a brilliant writer; he died in the prime of life, a victim of drink. I once knew an eloquent philanthropist who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the cause which was on him, but his friends knew that it was drink. And why is it that those tragedies are daily happening? It is through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which Scripture so often warns. It is because drink is one of the surest of "the devil's ways to man, and of man's ways to the devil."

Grip's holiday number is, perhaps, the best yet issued from the office—and that is saying a great deal. The typography is excellent. There are four well-coloured illustrations and the usual amount of reading, and other illustrations, up to the usual standard. Grip has now become a well recognized Canadian institution, well deserving the excellent success it has attained.

Our Young Folks.

—For Truth,  
VALMAR THE TRUTH-TELLER.

BY MRS. C. JEWETT.

Once upon a time, long and long ago, there lived in a far land a great king. His palace was built of silver, and his treasury was full of gold. His queen was as good as she was beautiful, and as beautiful as she was good. His servants served him faithfully, and his people loved him loyally; in all the world there was naught to trouble him, save one thing only. The royal prince, his eldest son; a well-grown lad and fair to look upon, was grievously afflicted. There was no trace of disease on his ruddy cheeks, and all his limbs were strong and well proportioned. His mind also was as vigorous as his body. No lesson daunted him and no task appalled.

In spite of all this, however, he was a shame to his mother, a disgrace to his father, and a terror to all with whom he came in contact. Every one, from king to page, from queen to scullion, had suffered by reason of his infirmity.

Every one knew his weakness, and thoroughly understood that the little prince could never by any possibility speak the truth; yet daily tumult and discord and ill-feeling clung about him like an evil atmosphere.

The king lost his appetite, and the cooks trembled for their lives. The queen's fresh color faded, and all the dressmakers and milliners shook in their shoes.

To such a pass did things at length arrive, that it was thought necessary to take more vigorous measures than were commonly resorted to for the healing of royal maladies. It was determined, therefore, to seek the advice of the Wizard of the Wind-Mill; an ancient and oft-times inaccessible authority on all diseases of morals and manners. This remarkable personage dwelt in a wind-mill that crowned the highest peak of a lofty mountain, known as Gullible, and lying a day's journey to the east-west of the king's palace.

The court physician suggested the experiment, after all his own drugs and simples had failed lamentably. It was favorably commented on by the chaplain, and hailed with delight by the lath-like whipping boy. The king, glad to catch at any straw of comfort, ordered immediate preparations to be made for the journey; and one pleasant morning in the early spring, the cavalcade set forth.

They rode hard all day, scarcely stopping for necessary rest and refreshment. After a long and breathless climb up the rocky sides of an almost perpendicular mountain they halted in front of gigantic wind-mill, whose arms were whirling swiftly, driven by a stiff cold breeze.

Haunting to them, leaping from one to another, dancing about like a crazy blow-ball, they saw the Professor; but although they hailed him repeatedly, standing bare-headed in the blast, bowing and sneezing with the greatest humility, not the slightest notice did he deign them. If anything, he flew faster, and leaped harder among the flying beams.

At last the king, nearly frozen and quite discouraged, gave orders for the homeward journey. Then, and not till then, the Wizard spoke.

"Leave my fee," he cried shrilly, and his voice falling from so great a height, was like to the sound of bending trees, or the rushing of great waters. "Leave my fee, I will take it when you take your leave; and be assured that the young prince shall be well cured."

The king ordered his servants to place upon the threshold a bag of gold and silver coin; and then through the darkness and the cold the cavalcade rode slowly homeward. The little prince was so weary and so sleepy that he did not once open his mouth, save to yawn dully, and seeing him so silent the king was fain to believe the Wizard.

The next day, however, having eaten heartily and rested well, the boy was quite himself again; and cried out boastfully:

"A fig for the Wizard, and a fig for his wind-mill; I myself could jump as high as he swings, and come down knowing no more than when I went up."

Alas for the little prince! No sooner had the words left his lips than, like a rubber ball, he bounded from the earth. Up! up! up! he went, until his legs and arms and flying curls made but a tiny speck against the blue glory of the sky.

Spell-bound, the people watched him, growing smaller and smaller as he ascended higher and higher; until the queen cried out, in a terrible voice:

"Fools! dolt! I will you see your prince dashed in pieces before your eyes and never lift a hand to help him! Fly quickly and bring beds and pillows before it is too late."

Then they all rushed hither and thither; and from the palace window, big beds, little beds, puffs and pillows, fell like rain; and when presently the little prince began to grow larger on his swift descent, a huge and downy heap awaited the shock of his coming. They picked him up very sick and dizzy, but otherwise none the worse for his unexpected journey. Indeed he was much better, for all the untruth was—for the time at least—shaken out of him.

The king, in his delight, engaged three new cooks; and the queen gave dinner parties every day. As for the whipping boy, he grew so round and fat for lack of exercise that his clothes broke in several places. Perhaps being quite sure as to his cure, made the little prince careless, for one day he quite forgot him-self.

The queen had just returned from a ride, and was praising warmly the grace and beauty of a favorite white palfrey, when the child broke in—quite in the old way:

"Why, the horse is a good beast enough, but nothing uncommon, I myself could out-run him and never stop to rest."

Alas! alas! for even as he spoke the white horse sped through the court-yard gate, his flying hair, his silver shoes, flashing in the sunlight; and close beside him dashed the little prince.

Neck and neck, and away together, the straggled race that over was run. The white horse's flanks were dripping, and the boy's breath came in quick, hot gasps, but neither for a moment slackened speed.

Far behind them, hither-skilter, rode the king and queen, the lords and ladies, the doctors, lawyers, dukes and pages.

All the long summer evening the race continued. The poor queen threw away her crown and tied her apron over her head, while the king tore along in his white shirt sleeves.

But ever further, and further away fled the silver-shod steed and the golden-haired boy.

At last, when every one was drooping and fainting with fatigue, the white horse was seen to shudder, stumble and pitch forward. A moment after the little prince fell beside him.

They picked him up tenderly from beside the poor dead animal and carried him home, laying him, white and speechless, on his own white bed.

Then they all stood about, anxious and fearful, while the court physicians brought their minds to bear upon a case at once so extraordinary and unprecedented. They found the prince quite uninjured, only bruised and shaken, and lame, and tired, whereas everybody else found themselves bruised and shaken, lame, tired, and cross as well. Under the circumstances it was not to be wondered at, and the king couldn't blame them; no more could the queen. A lesson so sharp could not fail to make an impression on the young prince, and for weeks he hardly dared open his lips.

So well did he guard them that he came to be looked upon quite as a model of discretion; and so no one dreamed of the disastrous results to follow, when they began to notice and remark upon the erratic and extraordinary growth of a strange and gourd-like vine, which appeared in the corner of the court-yard.

"I never in my life beheld anything so wonderful," cried Professor Naught, as the vine crept gaily upward; and the little prince, for one evil moment forgetting his boasting sin, cried out:

"Wonderful indeed; I myself could grow as fast as that, if I but minded me so to do."

The words died upon his lips, as he felt with horror his head rise slowly but surely to an unnatural height.

In a little while every one in and about the palace knew that the unfortunate prince was growing against the wonderful gourd. The king, quite overcome, sat down on a saw-horse and cried aloud.

The queen stood on tip-toe and tried to hold her darling down; but presently she swung off her feet, and finding that her position lacked dignity, while it did her child no good, she reluctantly desisted.

Then followed a terrible time. By night the prince was much too tall to be got into the house, and had to be fed from the second story window.

In the morning it was still worse, for the queen—who would let no one else wait upon him—was obliged to climb a ladder and sit upon the ridge-pole while she fed him mouthful by mouthful, for his little hands were yards away from his ever-rising head. By noon worse came to worst, for the queen had to sit on the chimney top; and seeing her boy still a good way above her, she cried so hard and fast that everyone seeing the tears come plashing into the court-yard, said that it rained.

Presently the little prince began to cry also, and he boo-hoo'd with so hearty a will that all agreed it must be a thunder storm.

Just at this time the whipping boy who had been detained in the house for some time sewing on buttons, came into the yard.

"Why don't somebody," said he, in great surprise, "why don't somebody cut down that vine?"

"Why not, indeed?" shouted the king, "I was just thinking of that myself," and seizing an axe the vine soon lay in the dust.

The day was hot and the plant but a feeble growth, that immediately began to wilt and wither in the sunshine. As it withered, all could see with joy that the little prince shrank perceptibly. By night it was a dead dry string, and the prince was himself again. That is in size, but never again did any one find him either a liar or a braggart.

Indeed, he became so honest and so truthful that when in time he sat on his father's throne and ruled in his stead, he was known not as Valmar the Second, or as Valmar the Great, but as "Valmar the Truth-Teller."

EAST DENNARD, Maine.

Out in the Tent.

"Please, mamma dear! please let us!"  
"Now, mamma, please to do!"

Two eager voices begged and coaxed and argued and plead and teased, but still mamma would not consent, and at last Harry and Fred had to go up to bed in their own little room, instead of sleeping out in the tent, as they wanted to do. It was such a pretty tent, and such a new tent, and such a nice, cool place to sleep in on this hot night!

"I don't see why mamma won't let us" growled Harry.

"Less we might get the whooping-cough," suggested little Fred.

"Oh, nonsense! It's just because she's nervous. I heard grandpa tell her so once, and now I know what he meant."

"She says we might get scared."

"But we won't. I tell you, Fred," said Harry, his eyes sparkling with mischief, "if we just slept out there once, she'd let us all the time, 'cause then she'd know it wouldn't make us sick."

"But she told us not to."

"Oh, well, you know, she wouldn't really care if she found we didn't get cold, or rheumatism, or ammonia, and weren't a speck frightened."

"But she said we mustn't."

"Oh, you're afraid!"

"I ain't!"

"Yes, you are. I don't want you to go with me, anyway. I'd have more fun by myself. Good-bye, 'fraid-cat!"

"I ain't a 'fraid-cat, and I'm going to sleep in the tent if you do!" cried Freddie, sturdily. "Only—I—guess you'd better take your pop-gun, Harry."

So Harry armed himself with his pop-gun, and the two boys stole down stairs. Freddie did hope his mother would hear them, and come out to see where they were going; but she didn't.

How dark it was outside! The moon had gone behind a cloud, and somehow the stars looked dim and sleepy.

Harry kept saying the the tent was so pleasant and cool and comfortable, and he

just wished somebody would dare to disturb them, so he could shoot him down dead with his pop-gun. But dear me, how dark it was inside!

Freddie was nearly frightened out of his wits, but he had been playing hard all day, so he just curled himself up and said, "You kill—anything—down dead—that!"—and was off to the land of Nod before he could finish.

"What did he mean?" thought Harry. "There isn't anything that could hurt us really and truly. There ain't any ghosts, and I guess lions don't live anywhere near here."

Then he tried to spy into those dreadful little nooks and crannies all full of darkness, where snakes might hide, or bears, or tigers, or even lions, if they did find their way to the tent.

My, how hard the ground was! Not a bit like a bed with plenty of pillows, but all bumps and sticks and stones and ants and bugs.

He wasn't afraid, oh, no, indeed! but somehow he couldn't get to sleep, and kept sitting up and listening to the queer noises, and wondering whether mamma had gone to bed, and handling his pop-gun.

What was that? Surely he heard something creeping, creeping, creeping softly over the grass!

They had fastened the tent back on both sides to let the cool air come in, and at one of these openings appeared a big black head. It was a lion!

Harry was so terrified that he could not even scream. His heart went pit-a-pat, and his hands grew cold as ice, and he never once thought of his pop-gun.

Then the lion uttered a low growl!

"Freddie! Freddie!" cried Harry.

"What? what?" gasped Freddie, waking from his sound sleep in a great fright.

"Run! Run! There's a lion after us!"

And in a moment the two boys were rushing across the garden screaming at the top of their voices, with the horrible creature close behind them.

Mamma heard the cries, and came running out to meet the two naughty youngsters.

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked, breathlessly. "Where have you been? What has frightened you? Why, surely you can't be afraid of Carlo!"

Then these two brave, brave boys looked at the lion again, and saw that it was Carlo, dear, kind, gentle old Carlo, the big Newfoundland!

Harry burst into tears, and throw his arms around his mother.

"Oh, please forgive us," he sobbed, and mamma just kissed them both, and did not ask any questions, or say another word about the lion. She understood what Harry meant, just the way mamma always do.

A Talk to Boys.

I saw a sad boy this morning. I don't like sad boys. They generally die young. This boy had red eyes. He looked like a little old fellow. He seemed to think it was smart to have red eyes, for he was continually trying to make them redder. He was smoking a cigarette; this was what made him look so old, and this was the way he was trying to make himself have red eyes and look like an old man. He went down the street and into a saloon. He stepped up to the bar like an old toper and simply said, "One beer." He drank it all at one breath, just like an old drunkard, and said, "I'm braced up."

Thinks I to myself: "Yes, you are braced up for becoming an excellent drunkard one of these days. You'll spend the money you ought to save. You'll be blotched in the face and not more than half-grown, and when you die people will mourn principally because you hadn't hurried up and died sooner." It don't pay to try to be a toper. Perhaps some men can smoke, and drink beer and whiskey, and stand it, but boys can't. It kills them every time. Do you say, "I don't believe it!"

How do you know? The men who drink didn't commence when they were boys. Drinking and smoking kill men sooner or later, but they kill boys very quick.

Do you want to try and see? Would you like to try and see what would be the effect of the bite of a mad dog or a rattlesnake?

Boys, if you want to grow up strong, active, large, successful men, don't smoke, and by all means don't drink. Be happy, have just as much fun as you can, but do nothing wrong.

## THE PRIZE STORY.

NO 31.

One lady or gentlemen's Fine Solid Gold Watch is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must be a subscriber for Truth for at least four months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at Truth office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address—Editor's Paris Room, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Canada. The following attractive and well written story has been chosen as our prize story for the present week. The sender can obtain the Watch offered as the prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and registration.

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

SENT BY MISS MARGARET BERTHA BARBER, OF COLLINGWOOD.

Alvarez de Ramciro was the son of a Portuguese marquis by an English lady of great beauty and considerable fortune. The match was particularly obnoxious to the family of the nobleman; and Alvarez, at the death of his mother, found himself heir to her English estates and to the cordial dislike of his Portuguese relations; but he was of a light heart and free spirit, and found an antidote to their coldness and neglect in his contempt for their opinion. It naturally followed, however, that he was often, as much upon compulsion as from choice, left to the society of his own reflections, which, as he possessed a tolerably well-stored mind and a clear conscience, were very endurable company.

In one of the solitary rambles, in which it was his wont to indulge, he found himself in the vicinity of the pleasure-grounds attached to a villa within a league of Lisbon, the country residence of a British merchant. As he approached the garden, which was separated from the road by a deep moat, he perceived, walking on a slight elevation or terrace, a young lady, whose form and countenance were so entirely to his taste, that his eyes followed her with an earnestness, which, had she observed it, might not have impressed her with a very favorable notion of his good manners. Whether he was desirous of quenching the incipient flame in his bosom, by rushing into the opposite element, or arriving at his object by the shortest possible cut (over-looking in his haste the parenthesis of the ditch) it is neither possible nor essential for me to state; but certain it is, that the lady was roused from her meditations by the noise of a sudden plunge in the water, and, on turning round, she saw a portion of a mantle floating on the moat, and immediately afterwards the hapless owner floundering about, either ignorant of the art of swimming, or incapacitated for efficient exertion, by his cloak and appended finery.

The lady did not shriek out, for she knew that the gardener was deaf, and that her cries would not reach the mansion; she did not tear her hair—for, unless she could have made a rope of it, there had been little wisdom in that—but she did better: she seized a rake, and approaching as near to the moat as she could, literally hooked him into shallow water, whence he was enabled to gain the terrace, where he stood before her dripping like a rain-god, and sputtering thanks and duck-wood in great profusion. Nometing between fair lady and gallant knight could, by possibility, be more unromantic; nay, 'twas the most common-place thing conceivable; whatever may have been the cavalier's sensations, she did not fall in love with him; for the first impulse on seeing him safely landed, was to laugh most incontinently; and love, as my friend the corporal hath it, is "the most serious thing in life."

"I pray you, Senora," said Alvarez, as soon as he recovered himself, "to accept my humblest apologies for intruding upon you so extraordinary an apparition." "Apparition!"—nay, Senor, you are encumbered somewhat too pertinaciously, methinks, with the impurities of earth to be mistaken for anything of the kind; unless you lay claim to the spiritual character on the score of your *intangibility*, which I have not the slightest inclination to dispute; and as for your apologies, you had better render them to those unoffending fishes whose peaceful retreat you have so unceremoniously invaded; for you have raised a tempest, where, to my certain knowledge, there has not been a ripple for these twelve months."

"Indeed, fair lady, I owe them no apologies, since but for you I had been their food. Your moat, although not wide enough to swim in, possesses marvellous facilities for drowning."

At this instant the merchant himself entered the grounds, and approached the scene of the interview. His daughter immediately introduces her unbidden guest. "Allow me, my dear papa, to present you to a gentleman who brings with him the latest intelligence from the bottom of the moat. Behold him dripping with his credentials, and the bearer of a specimen of the soil and a few aquatic plants peculiar to the region he has explored, and of which, having lauded on your territories, he politely requests you to relieve him."

"You are a saucy jade," said the merchant; "and but that I know your freaks stop short of actual mischief, I could almost suspect you of having pushed him in." "Nay, papa, that could not be; we were on opposite sides of the moat."

"You go get, lady," rejoined the cavalier, who began to recover his spirits, "that attraction is often as powerful an agent as repulsion, and that therefore your father's conjecture as to the cause of my misfortune may not be altogether groundless."

"I beseech you, Senor," said the daughter, "to reserve your compliments for your next visit to the Naiades of the moat, to whom they are more justly due, and cannot fail to be acceptable to a gentleman of your amphibious propensities. I hope our domestics will be careful in divesting you of that plaster of mud,—I should like the cast amazingly."

During this colloquy the party were approaching the mansion, where Alvarez was accommodated with a temporary change of attire; and it is certain that if the damsel was not captivated by his first appearance, her heart was still less in danger when she beheld him encased in her father's habiliments—"a world too wide" for him—the merchant being somewhat the stoutest, while the fair proportions of his guest were not encumbered with any exuberance of flesh.

Thus originated the acquaintance of Mr. Wentworth and his fair daughter with the most gallant of all Portuguese cavaliers, Alvarez de Ramciro; an acquaintance which, as their amiable qualities mutually developed themselves, ripened into friendship.

It happened, one afternoon in the summer, that the merchant and Alvarez were enjoying their glass of wine and cigar, while Mary Wentworth was attending to some plants in a grass-plot before the window. Mr. Wentworth had told his last story, which was rather of the longest; but as his notions of hospitality, in furnishing his table, included conversation as well as reflection, he made a point of keeping it up, and, with this general object rather than any particular one—for he had great simplicity of heart—he filled his glass and passing the decanter to his guest, resumed the conversation; "It has occurred to me, Alvarez, that your attentions to my Mary have been somewhat pointed of late—fill your glass, man, and don't keep your hand on the bottle; it heats the wine." "Then, sir, my conduct has not belied my feelings; for I certainly do experience much gratification in Miss Wentworth's society, and her father is the last person from whom I should desire to conceal it."

"Then have the kindness to push the cigar-dish a little nearer, for mine is out." "I hope, sir, that my attentions to your

daughter have not been offensive to her?"

"I am sure I don't know, for I never asked her."

"Nor to yourself, I trust."

"No, or you would not have had so many opportunities of paying them."

"They have occasioned you no anxiety or uneasiness, then, sir?"

"Nay, your own honor is my warrant against that, and I have the collateral security of her prudence."

"May I then, without offence, inquire whether your observations tend, and why you have introduced the subject?"

"In the first instance, simply for want of something else to talk about; but now we are upon the subject, it may be as well to know your views in paying the attentions to which I have referred."

"When I tell you honestly that I love your daughter, you will not, with the confidence which you are pleased to place in my honor, have any difficulty in guessing them."

"Guessing is not my forte, and therefore I ever hated riddles; they puzzle the understanding without improving it. Speak out."

"Why, sir, with your sanction, to make her my wife."

"Then you would do a very foolish thing; that is, always supposing that my daughter has no objection to your scheme; and we, both of us, appear to have left her pretty much out of the argument. Pray, is she aware at all with the preference with which you are pleased to honor her?"

"I have never told her, because I know not how she would receive the declaration; and I prize your daughter's good opinion too dearly to desire to look like a simpleton before her?"

"Well, there's some sense in that. By the way, Alvarez, without any particular reference to the subject we are discussing, let me exhort you, whenever you make a declaration of love to a woman, never do it upon your knees."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because it is the most inconvenient position possible for marching off the field; and in the event of a repulse, the sooner a man quits it the better."

"But, sir, I maintain, and I speak it under favor, and with all deference to the sex, that the man who exposes himself to the humiliation of a refusal richly merits it."

"As how?"

"Because he must be blind, if he cannot, within a reasonable period, find out whether his suit be accepted or not, and a fool if he declares himself before."

"You think so, do you? Then he so good as to push over that plate of olives; and, as I said before, in reference to your matrimonial project, I think it a very foolish one."

"In what respect, sir, may I ask?"

"In the first place, it is the custom in England for a man and his wife to go to church together; and you were born a Catholic."

"Only half a one, sir; my mother was a Protestant."

"And a heretic."

"No, sir, my sainted mother was a Christian."

"You do not mean to call yourself a Protestant?"

"I do, indeed, sir."

"Then let me tell you that your religion is the most unfeasible in all Lisbon, and somewhat dangerous withal."

"Have you found it so?"

"Nay; I am of a country which is given to resent as a nation an injury done to an individual member of it; and as a British fleet in the bay of Lisbon would not be the most agreeable sight to the good folks of this Catholic city, I presume I may profess what religion I please, without incurring any personal risk; but you have no such safeguard; and, although my daughter may have no great objection to your goodly person as it is, she might not relish it served up as a grill, according to the approved method, in this most orthodox country, of freeing the spirit from its earthly impurities?"

"You talk very coolly, my dear sir, upon a rather warm subject; but I assure you I am under no apprehension on that score."

"Well, admitting that you are justified in considering yourself safe, do you think that an alliance with the daughter of a merchant, and a foreigner, would be otherwise than obnoxious to your family?"

"Why, as to that, my affectionate brothers-in-law, not reckoning upon the pleasure

of my society in the next world, have not been at much pains to cultivate it in this; and therefore I apprehend I am not bound to consult their wishes in the matter."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Wentworth, and the subject was of course changed. The explanation which had taken place between the merchant and Alvarez was followed by an equally good understanding between the latter and the young lady; and it was finally arranged among them that Mr. Wentworth, who had been eminently successful in his commercial pursuits in Lisbon, should only remain to close his accounts, and convert his large property into bills and specie, for the purpose of remitting it to London, when the whole party, Alvarez himself having no ties to bind him to his own country, should embark for England, where the union of the young people was to take place.

But, alas! "the course of true love never did run smooth," and scarcely had the preliminary arrangements been completed, when the merchant was seized with an inflammatory fever which terminated in his death, leaving his daughter, who loved him to a degree of enthusiasm which such a parent might well inspire, overwhelmed by sorrow, a stranger in a foreign land, and without a friend in the world but Alvarez, whose ability to protect her fell infinitely short of his zeal and devotion to her service. But even he, her only stay, was shortly taken from her. The Holy Office, having gained information of their intention of quitting Lisbon with the property of the deceased merchant, availed itself of the pretext afforded by the religious profession of Alvarez to apprehend and confine him, as the most effectual means of delaying the embarkation, relying on ulterior measures for obtaining possession of the wealth of their victims.

Mary Wentworth's was not a mind to sink supinely under misfortune, for she had much energy of character; but this last blow was enough to paralyze it all. She had no difficulty to guess at the object of the Holy Office, and she knew that if any measure could avail her in this emergency, it must be speedily adopted. But the power of the inquisition was a fearful one to contend with. There was but one man in Lisbon who could aid her, and to him she was a stranger; yet to him she determined to appeal.

The name of Sr. Antonio Joseph de Carvalho, marquis of Pombal, will be familiar to those who are conversant with the history of Portugal as that of the prime minister of king Joseph; to which elevation he appears to have arisen from circumstances of extreme indigence and the humble rank of a corporal. He is represented to have been a man of enlarged mind, uncommon personal courage, and great decision of character. On the other hand, he is said to have exhibited a haughty overbearing spirit, to have executed justice with extreme severity, and evinced a cruel and ferocious disposition. It is, nevertheless, universally admitted, that in the majority of his political acts he had the good of his country at heart, which is evidenced by the wisdom with which he met, and the success with which he alleviated the public calamities consequent upon the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755—by the salutary restraints which he imposed upon an arrogant aristocracy, as well as upon the tyranny of the inquisition—and by the decided measures by which he contributed to overthrow the power of the Jesuits. To this man, whom the boldest would not approach without awe, Mary Wentworth resolved to appeal. It was night when she presented herself at his palace, where she was refused admittance. While, however, she was parleying with the sentinel, Carvalho's steward, who had accompanied his master and his embassy to the court of London, approached the gate, and being interested by her English accent, caused her to be admitted. He inquired the nature of her business with the minister, which she briefly explained to him. "Alas, my daughter, said the old man, 'I fear your errand to Carvalho will prove a fruitless one. I may not safely procure you an interview; but your countryman, while I sojourn among them, were kind to me, and I would peril something to do you this service—follow me.'" He preceded her up a flight of stairs, and, pointing to a door partly open, at the end of a long passage, he said: "there, in that room, is he whom you seek. May God prosper your errand!" With these words he disappeared by a side-door, and Mary approached the apartment which he had pointed out as that of Carvalho. The door was sufficiently open to admit her;

and, entering, she found herself in a spacious and lofty room, from the ceiling of which depended a lamp immediately over the head of the man at whose frown all Lisbon trembled; and when she beheld his gigantic form and ferocious countenance, she felt that nothing short of the stake which depended on the interview, could induce her to persevere in seeking it.

His head rested on his hand; his brow was strongly knit; and his eyes were intently fixed upon some papers. The rustling of her dress, as she drew near the table, attracted his attention. He did not start, but, raising his eyes looked coldly and sternly upon her; and, without uttering a word, appeared to wait for an explanation of so extraordinary an intrusion. Mary possessed shrewdness and discrimination enough to perceive, that with a man of Carvalho's strength and decision of character, nothing was more likely to prejudice her cause than circumlocution. She therefore entered at once upon her story, and told it in the fewest possible words, concluding with an appeal rather to his justice than to his feelings; and in this she did wisely. He listened without interrupting her, or betraying in his countenance the slightest indication of the effect of her appeal. When she had ended, he waited a few moments, as if to ascertain if she had anything more to say. His reply was—"Senora, were I to try my strength with the Holy Office upon every occasion of its oppression and injustice, I should have constant occupation, and gain little by the contest. I am not omnipotent; I have checked the power of the inquisition, but I cannot crush it, or, credit me, not one stone of that hated edifice should stand upon another. You case is hard, and I compassionate it; but I fear I can do nothing to aid you in obtaining redress. You say your father was a British merchant. What was his name?"

"Wentworth, S-nor."

"Wentworth!—I have good cause to recollect him. Of all my political opponents, that man, if not the most powerful, was the most persevering and unbending. I adopted certain measures which he considered to militate against the commerce of his country, and he combated them with all his might; but he did it like a man, boldly and open-handed. In the very heat of this controversy, when the feelings of both parties were at the height of their excitement, I was walking, unattended, in the streets of Lisbon, when a mob collected upon my path and dark looks and threatening gestures were rathring around me. I am not a man to fly from a rabble; I frowned defiance upon my assailants, who continued to press upon me; and some of them unsheathed their daggers. On a sudden and from behind me, I was seized by a powerful hand, dragged into a house, the door of which was instantly closed, and found myself in the presence of your father. 'Carvalho' said he, 'you are my enemy and my country's; but you shall not die a dog's death while I can protect you.' He kept his word in defiance of the threats and imprecations of the rabble, declaring that they should pull his house down upon his head ere they violated its sanctuary. A party of military at last arrived and dispersed the rioters. Your father, parting, said with a smile, 'now, Carvalho, we are foes again'—And is he dead? Then have I lost an enemy, whom to bring back to earth I would freely surrender all who now call themselves my friends. Marvel not, lady, that I am somewhat rough and stern; ingratitude hath made me so. This city was once a ruin; gaunt famine was even in her palaces, and the cry of desolation in her streets. I gave bread to her famishing people, raised her from the dust, and made her what you see; but I sowed blessings, and curses were the harvest that I reaped. I have labored day and night for the good of this priest-ridden people; and, because I have consulted their welfare rather than their prejudices, there is not a man in Lisbon who would not plunge his dagger into my heart, if he had courage for the deed. A sense of gratitude to any human being is new to me, and trust me, I will indulge it. The debt I owe your father, and which his proud spirit would not permit me to acknowledge as I purposed, I will endeavor to repay to his child. Yet how to aid you in this matter I know not. I have to combat the most powerful engine of the church, which on this occasion will have the prejudices of the people on its side."

The minister paced the room for a few minutes, thoughtfully and perplexed; at length he resumed—"The Holy brother-

hood are not wont to do their work by halves, and you will be their next victim. I know of but one way to save you and him for whom you intercede; it is replete with peril, but it shall be dared. Go home to your dwelling; tell no one that you have seen me; and happen what may, I will be with you in the hour of danger, if it be to perish by your side."

Alvarez had been a prisoner three days, during which his treatment was in no respect rigorous, when he was summoned before the inquisitor. The hall of audience, as it was termed, was a spacious chamber, in the centre of which, upon an elevation or platform, about three inches from the floor, was a long table, covered with crimson cloth; around it were placed chairs decorated with crosses; at one end of it, sat the inquisitor, and at the other the notary of the Holy Office. At the extremity of the chamber was a figure of the Saviour on the cross, which nearly reached the ceiling; and immediately opposite was a bench appropriated to the prisoners during their examination. The inquisitor wore a kind of cap with a square crown; the notary and the prisoner were of course uncovered. Alvarez was first commanded to lay his hand upon a missal which was on the table, and swear that he would truly answer the interrogatories which might be put to him. He was then desired to sit down upon the bench which was at the left hand of the inquisitor, who, after a pause, said: "Senor Alvarez, you are doubtless aware of the accusation upon which you have been summoned before this tribunal."

"Conscious of no offence which should have subjected me to the loss of my liberty, I hesitate not to pronounce the accusation false, be it what it may."

"You speak rashly, senor. The Holy Office is not wont to proceed upon slight ground. I pray you, therefore, to examine your conscience, and see if—not recently, perhaps, but in the course of your life—you have never committed any offence of which it is the peculiar province of the inquisition to take cognizance."

"I can only repeat what I have already said: and if any man have sought against me, let him stand forth."

"The Holy Office, for wise reasons, does not confront the accuser and accused, as is the custom in ordinary courts; neither is it our wont to declare the nature of the charge, which we rather refer to the Conscience of the delinquent; but, willing that you should meet, with as little delay as may be, the accusation which has been brought against you, I will read it. It recites, that having been born of an English mother, you have embraced the tenets of the falsely-called reformed religion, to the danger of your own soul and the scandal of the true faith; that you have of late been in habits of close intercourse with a pestilent heretic of the same country, since dead, and that you are on the point of marriage with his daughter, also a heretic, contrary to the canons of our holy church. This, Senor Alvarez, is the charge. What have you to urge against its truth?"

"God forbid that in hesitating to confess what I believe to be the true faith, I should deny its divine Author! You have reproached me with my English parentage; and if the religion of Cranmer, of Ridley, and of Latimer be heresy, then I am a heretic; and, if the cup which was presented to their lips may not pass from me, may God give me grace to drink it as they did, holding fast by the faith to which I have linked my hope of heaven's mercy!"

"Nay, the Holy Office is not willing that any should perish, but rather rejoiceth in the exercise of that mercy which is in its discretion: and, although the offence of which you have confessed yourself guilty hath incurred the penalty of a death of ignominy and torture, we have power, by deferring the execution of the sentence, to give you time to repent; so that, upon a renunciation of your errors, you may finally be pardoned, and received into the bosom of the Church. A law, whereby the goods of heretics are confiscated, those of the deceased merchant, Wentworth, became the property of the church; and as, from your connection with him and his daughter, you cannot but be informed of the nature and disposition of his wealth, I call upon you, as you would propitiate the Holy Office by assenting in securing its rights, to put us in possession of all you know upon the subject."

"Behold," said Alvarez, with a burst of indignation which startled the inquisitor, "The cloven foot of the Evil One! Now listen to me. The robber of the mountains

hath kept faith, and the Lion of the desert hath spared his prey; but with the minions of the inquisition there is neither faith nor mercy. I know that he, upon whom your dungeons have once closed, and that his life is beyond the brink of the grave, and that his life is beyond human ransom. Were I to answer the question you have so inaudibly proposed, I should not only betray the trust reposed in me by a dying father and make his child a beggar, but I should strengthen the hands of an inquisition, which, if its power were equal to its will, would make the beautiful world a howling wilderness. I will neither betray my trust, nor deny my faith: by God's grace, the last act of my life shall not involve the double guilt of treachery and apostasy."

During this speech, the countenance of the inquisitor was gradually losing that hypocritical expression of mildness under which those holy functionaries were accustomed to mask the most cruel and vindictive feelings; his face became flushed with rage, and he exclaims, when Alvarez had finished: "You vaunt it bravely, Senor! We will now try that persuasive power which is wont to make our guests marvellously communicative."

"You may wring the blood-drops from my heart, but you will not rob it of its secret."

"Away with him to the torture!" roared the inquisitor, and immediately quitted the apartment, while Alvarez was conducted by another door, and through a long passage, into a spacious chamber, from which the light of day was entirely excluded. The lamp, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, was just sufficient to render distinct the tribunal of the inquisitor, the instruments of torture, and the familiars who were appointed to apply them, and whose grim pale features and frightful habiliments imparted additional horror to the scene. The remainder parts of the room were involved in darkness. Alvarez looked towards the tribunal, and immediately recognized the inquisitor by whom he had been previously examined, and who now addressed him with a taunting smile, and said, "Well, Senor Alvarez! we have met again; have you brought your boasted courage with you?"

"He who hath laid this trial upon me, and for whose truth I suffer, will give me strength to bear it."

"You will need it all, Senor, when your turn shall come; but we do all things in order: we have one here before you, by whose example you may profit. Bring forward the other prisoner!"

Alvarez turned his eyes in the direction in which the inquisitor looked when he spoke, and, with feelings of agony and horror which no language can adequately describe, he beheld in the intended victim his own Mary! A shriek proclaimed that her feelings at the mutual recognition were not less acute than his, and she fell back, apparently lifeless, into the arms of her terrific attendants.

Alvarez turned to the inquisitor, and addressed him, for the first time, in the tone of supplication. "If," said he, "there be one instrument of torture more dreadful than another, let me be its victim; tear me to pieces, limb from limb; but for the sake of Him whose All-seeing eye is upon you, spare, Oh spare this beautiful work of His hands! Oh, if you have a human heart, you cannot look upon such loveliness and mar it! Oh, if you imago of the blessed Jesus be not set up in bitter mockery of His meekness and His mercy, I beseech you harm her not!"

"Nay, Senor," replied the inquisitor with a laugh of irony, "You drew so captivating a portrait of our mercy in the hall of audience, that it were gross injustice in us to prove it false. Let the torture be applied to the female prisoner!" The preparations to obey the mandate aroused Mary Wentworth from her swoon; and a faint, and, of course, ineffectual struggle was all she could oppose to the first instrument of torture intended to be used, namely, the thumb-screw. It was therefore, soon fixed, and the attendants awaited the word from the inquisitor to draw the cords. This he was in the act of giving, when, from the gloom in which the extremity of the room was involved, a voice of thunder exclaimed "Forbear!" and immediately the speaker advanced to the front of the tribunal, his arms however, enveloped in the folds of his mantle, concealing his face to the eyes. The inquisitor angrily inquired who it was that presumed to interrupt the proceedings of the court, and directed the attendants to seize him. The stranger spoke not a word, but slowly

dropping his arm, discovered the stern and haughty countenance of Carvalho.

The inquisitor started as if a spectre had risen up before him, but immediately recovered himself.

"Senor Carvalho," said he, "this visit is an honor for which we were not prepared; may I beg to be informed of its object?"

"Simply the liberation of these prisoners."

"Upon what authority do you demand it?"

"My own will."

"Much as we respect that Senor, it were scarcely sufficient warrant to us for their surrender. The circumstances under which they were arrested are such as utterly to preclude from according to you the courtesy you ask."

"As for your respect, I know well the standard by which to measure it. The circumstances attending their arrest have been reported to me, and leave me at no loss to account for your reluctance to give them up; and as for your courtesy, I pray you keep it until it be asked. I did not come to sue for their liberty, but to demand it."

"It may not be, Senor; the prisoners must pass to their trial, where they will have justice."

"Oh, doubtless!" said Carvalho, with a bitter smile, "such justice as the wolf metes out to the lamb, and the vulture to the dove."

"I pray you, Senor, to reflect upon the unseasonableness of a jest upon an occasion like this."

"In good sooth, jocularity is not my wont, or a jest within the torture room of the Holy Office, from any other than an inquisitor, would possess too much of the charm of novelty to be forborne. But, credit me, I was never more in earnest than I am now. Be this the proof. Before I ventured to obtrude myself into your reverend presence, I left instructions with the commandant of artillery, in obedience to which, if I be not with him in half an hour, he will open a fire upon your walls. Now I depart not alone; and you, who best know how the light of day will accord with the secrets of your dungeons, will make your election between surrendering the prisoners or seeing this edifice a smoking ruin."

"Senor Carvalho," said the inquisitor, who had witnessed too many awful instances of the minister's veracity, as well as of his power, to doubt, for a moment, that his threat if disregarded, would be fulfilled with a terrible punctuality, "in yielding to this extraordinary exercise of power, I feel it my duty, in the name of the Holy Office, solemnly to protest against this interference with its privileges; and you will not be surprised, if, in our own justification, we find it expedient to appeal to the Pope."

"So did the Jesuits; and in order that their memorials might not miscarry, I sent the appellants after it by ship loads, until His Holiness heartily wished the appeal and the locusts that followed it, in the Red Sea. You will do wisely to profit by the warning which their example should convey to you."

Having said this, he turned towards Alvarez and Mary Wentworth, and, passing an arm of each through his own, took them unmolested through the several gates of the prison. Mary glanced at his countenance, and perceived that the sardonic smile which had marked it while in the presence of the inquisitor had passed away, leaving in its place his wonted sternness, softened, she thought, by somewhat more of solemnity than she had hitherto observed him to assume. He walked on between them in silence until they arrived within a few paces of the principal street in Lisbon when he stopped and said: "Here we part. I have risked my power, and, it may be, my life, to save you. But be that my care; all I ask of you is get out of this city, for it is no abiding place for either of you. There is an English vessel in the bay; this officer" (beckoning to him a person in uniform, whom, for the first time, they observed standing within a few yards of them) "will assist you in getting your effects aboard; follow them with all despatch; for twenty-four hours you are safe; beyond that time I will not answer for your lives. Let me hear of your arrival in England. May God bless and keep you! Farewell." He pressed the hand of each, and they saw him no more.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the advice was followed. Before half of the allotted time had expired they were on their voyage, which proved safe and prosperous,

Tid-Bits.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to open the Tid-bit page to all competitors, whether subscribers of TRUTH or not, the Publisher has resolved to change the conditions to the following:—

A prize of five dollars will be given each week by the Publisher of TRUTH for the best tid-bit sent by any person, whether now a subscriber or not. No subscription money need accompany the enclosure. The name, clearly written, and full address of the sender, must be attached to the tid bit. The neglect of this provision will disqualify the article sent. The tid bit sent should not exceed twenty-five lines. It may be either original or selected, poetry, or prose, but should contain some good point, moral, riddle, puzzle or something well worth the publication in these pages. The prize will be awarded as follows:—Every subscriber of TRUTH is invited to send in a coupon blank (found at bottom of first column, second page of the cover) giving the name and address of the sender and the number of their favorite tid-bit. These will be carefully counted up, and the prize awarded and paid to the number receiving the largest vote. The coupons should be mailed within ten days of the publication of the tid-bit voted on. Let everybody send their best and most pointed thoughts or selections, addressed to Editor Tid-Bits, TRUTH office, Toronto.

THE AWARD.

June 13th.

According to announcement last week, which stands above, we give but one prize of five (5) dollars.

The Tid-Bit that secured the largest number of votes is No. 535, entitled "The Venture," sent by Mrs. J. McDonagh, Box 112, Thorold, Ont.

The five dollars will be paid her on application.

Now that there is no money to be paid by competitors, let there be a good sharp competition. Let every subscriber send something. The publisher wants the editors who attend to this department to earn their money.

(614) —Selected.

Life from the Cradle to the Grave.

Helpless infant, beautiful emblem  
Of all that's good, and pure, and fair;  
Cooling, cheering, loving, blessing,  
Making sunshine everywhere.

Happy childhood, how it gladdens  
Every heart within its reach;  
What a store of wondrous lessons  
Children's innocence could teach.

At sixteen, how bright the colors  
Of the grand castles in the air;  
Oh, how lovely is the future,  
And the present, Oh, how fair!

Wife; earth's happiness complete;  
Loving, loved, "is surely all  
That one could ask of life—  
The sweet without one drop of gall.

Mother; dearest name on earth;  
What can exceed thy tender love?  
Its heights how great, its depths how deep—  
True, firm, impossible to move.

Old age; lean with willing heart  
Thy head upon the Saviour's breast;  
The tolls and cares of life, behind,  
Before thee heaven, peace and rest.

Rockwell, Texas. Mrs. L. I. GRIZZ.

(615) —Selected.

The Hygiene of Kisses.

"Chawley, dear," said a lovely maid,  
As they sat in the house one night,  
"It's unhealthy to kiss, the doctors say,  
So of course it cannot be right.  
Not right."

"Well, darling," spoke the noble youth,  
As the color mantled high,  
"I never thought being kissed to death  
Such a horrible death to die.  
Let's try."

Parkdale Ont. MARY BARR.

(616) —Selected.

The Model American Girl.

A practical, plain young girl;  
Not afraid of the rain young girl;  
A poetical pony,  
A ruddy and rosy,  
A helper-of-self young girl.

At-home-in her place young girl;  
A never-will-face young girl;  
A toller serene,  
A life pure and clean,  
A princess-of-peace young girl.

A wear-her-own-half young girl;  
A free-from-a-stare young girl;  
Improves every hour,  
No sickly sunflower,  
A wealth-of-rare-sense young girl.

Monty-room-in her shoes young girl;  
No indulger-in-blues young girl;  
Not a hang on her brow,  
To fraud not a bow,  
She's a just-who-also-sense young girl.

Not a reader-of-trash young girl;  
Not a cheap-jewel-flash young girl;  
Not a sipper of rum,  
Not a chewer of gum,  
A marvel-of-sense young girl.

An early-retiring young girl;  
An active, aspiring young girl;  
A morning-ariser,  
A dandy despoiler,  
A progressive, American girl.

A lover-of-prose young girl;  
Not a turn-up-your-nose young girl;  
Not given to splutter,  
Not "utterly utter,"  
But a matter-of-fact young girl.

A rightly-ambitious young girl;  
Red-lips-most-delicious young girl;  
A sparkling, clear eye,  
That says "I will try,"  
A sure-to-succeed young girl.

An honestly-courting young girl;  
A never-seen-flirting young girl;  
A quiet and pure,  
A modest, demure,  
A fit-for-a-wif- young girl.

A sought-everywhere young girl;  
A future-most-fair young girl;  
An ever-discreet;  
We too seldom meet  
This queen among queens young girl.

Medina, Tenn. A. F. ROBINSON.

(617) —Selected.

"Persevere and Succeed."

When your plans of life are clear,  
Persevere and succeed;  
But no faster than your brains,  
Haste is always in the rear;  
If Dame Prudence has the reins,  
Persevere and succeed.

Do not ask too broad a test—  
Persevere and succeed;  
Lagging never clears the sight;  
When you do your duty cease,  
You will best know what is right—  
Persevere and succeed.

Never doubt a righteous cause,  
Persevere and succeed;  
Throw yourself completely in;  
Conscience shaping all your laws,  
Manfully through thick and thin,  
Persevere and succeed.

Do not ask what'll go with you—  
Persevere and succeed;  
Numbers I spurn the coward's plea!  
If there be but one or two,  
Single-headed though it be,  
Persevere and succeed.

Though before you mountains rise,  
Persevere and succeed;  
Scale them! Certainly you can;  
Let them proudly don the skies;  
What are mountains to a man?  
Persevere and succeed.

Hlora, Ont. Mrs. H'oo.

(618) —Selected.

Asleep at the Switch.

The first thing I remember was Carlo tugging away,  
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling,  
as much as to say:

"Come, mister, awake! attend to the switch—lives  
now depend upon you!"

Think of the souls in the coming train, and the graves  
you are sending them to;

Think of the mother and babe at her breast, think of  
the father and son;

Think of the lover and loved one, too,—think of them  
doomed every one

To fall as it were by your very hand into yon fathom-  
less ditch,—

Murdered by one who should guard them from harm,  
who now lies asleep at his switch."

I sprang up amazed—scarce knew where I stood, sleep  
had overmastered me so;

I could hear the wind howling, and the deep  
silver dashing below;

I could hear the forest leaves rustling, as the trees by  
the tempest were fanned;

But what was that noise in the distance that I could  
not understand?

I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some  
muffled drum.

Then clearer and nearer it came to me till it made my  
very ears hum;

What is that light that surrounds me and seems to set  
fire to my brain?

What whistle's that, yelling so shrill? Oh! I know  
now; it's the train!

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take  
root to the place;  
So I stood with this demon before me, its heated  
breath scorching my face;  
Its headlight made daylight of the darkness, and  
glared like the eyes of some witch;  
The train was almost upon me before I remembered  
the switch.  
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast  
down the track.  
The switch resisted my efforts, some demon seemed  
holding it back;  
On, on, came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my  
face like a flash;  
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew  
nothing of the crash.

How long I lay there unconscious 'twas impossible for  
me to tell;  
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a  
hell,—  
For then I heard the piteous moaning and shrieking  
of husbands and wives,  
And I thought of the day we all shrink from when I  
must account for their lives;  
Mothers rushed past like maniacs, their eyes glaring  
madly and wild;  
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief  
like a child;  
Children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me  
they sped,  
And lips that could form naught but "Mamma" were  
calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a moment, the river should  
hide me away,  
When under the still burning rafters I suddenly no-  
ticed there lay  
A little white head; she who owned it was doubtless  
an object of love  
To him whom her loss would drive frantic, tho' she  
guarded him now from above;  
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them one  
side;  
How little she thought of the journey when she left  
for this dark fatal ride!  
I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching  
for some spark of life,  
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recog-  
nized Maggie—my wife!

Oh, Lord! Thy scourge is a hard one! At a blow  
Thou hast shattered my pride,  
My life will be one endless nightmare with Maggie  
away from my side.  
How often I'd sat down and pictured the scenes in  
our long, happy life;  
How I'd strive through all my lifetime to build up a  
home for my wife;  
How people would envy us always in our cozy and  
neat little nest;  
How I should do all the labor, and Maggie should all  
the day rest;  
How one of God's blessings might cheer us; how  
some day I perhaps should be rich,—  
But all my dreams had been shattered while I lay  
thorough asleep at the switch.

I fancied I stood on trial, the jury and judge I could  
see,  
And every eye in the court-room was steadily fixed  
on me;  
And fingers were pointed in scorn till I felt my face  
blushing blood red,  
And the next thing I heard were the words, "Hanged  
by the neck 'till dead."  
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand  
caught tight hold of a dress,  
And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim? You've  
had a bad nightmare, I guess!"  
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a soar  
from the ditch;  
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been  
"asleep at the switch."

Mrs. H. INNES,  
378 W. Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.

(619) —Selected.

The Good-Natured Girl.

I do not sigh for the stately maid,  
Though her face be ever so fair,  
For the truth to tell, I'm half afraid  
Of the girl with the haughty air.  
There's a sweeter charm, a rarer grace,  
That homage will always win;  
'Tis found in the bright and smiling face  
Of the girl with the double chin.

Jackson, Mich. JENNIE M. MUCKLE.

(620) —Selected.

A Serenade.

"Come forth to me, my own dear love,"  
He sings at her casement lattice;  
"The stars, like true hearts, shine above,  
The moon beams softly at us."

"Come forth! By the lakelet's beary ware  
We'll stroll in the tender gloaming,  
And kisses sweet from thee I'll crave  
While beneath the trees we're roaming."

He stoops, for the window begins to raise,  
He describes a form in the gloom,  
"I'll come though it's bad for my rheumatism—"  
He's struck her maiden aunt's room!  
Paris, Ont. P. PARRA.

(621) —Selected.

More Than the Bride Could Stand.

"We are off!" cried a fair bride as the  
locomotive puffed away in its endeavors to  
move the train. "Just listen to the 'chew,  
chew' of the engine."

"What bad habits!" exclaimed the  
groom, with a tear in his eye.

"Why, darling, what do you mean?" she  
inquired sweetly.

"Nothing much, angel, except that the  
engine not only 'chews' but smokes."

She got off at the next station and re-  
turned to her parental home.

Caledonia. FANNY SLOCUM.

(622) —Selected.

"A Night of Horror."

The night was dark, and the rain came  
down amidst the loud and roaring wind.  
There stood a man, with look as though  
some heavy weight was on his mind. He  
starts, and from his lips there comes these  
words with anguish wild:

"The deed it must and shall be done."

With hurried steps he onward glided, and  
soon he reached a cottage door. Forth from  
his pocket he drew a key, and enters 'midst  
the thunder roar.

He gropes his way across the room, for  
all inside was dark and gloom. Again those  
fearful words does utter: "The deed it  
must and shall be done." He strikes a light,  
then round the room with stealthy pace does  
slowly creep. He reached the bed, and  
there upon, three little children calmly  
sleep. He fondly gazes on their forms, then  
turns away quite overcome.

"I willingly would yield, but not the  
deed it must and shall be done."

He then drew forth a hideous knife and  
roughly roused the sleeping babies, who  
shriek aloud from fright, yet neither one for  
mercy craved. He dragged the children  
across the room. Again those fearful words  
does utter. He raised the knife—and cut  
for each—"a nice thick slice of bread and  
butter."

Chamberlain, Dak. Mrs. A. D. BARR

(623) —Selected.

If She Could Only Have Believed Him.

A Brooklyn wife lay dying. Her husband  
and children were gathered sorrowful  
about the deathbed, watching the last  
breath of a loved wife and mother, when  
she feebly whispered:

"James, will you promise me not to  
marry again? It's my last wish."

"Yes, dear wife, I promise you," replied  
the sobbing husband.

"Oh! if I could only believe it, James;  
but you are such an awful liar!" and with a  
soft, sweet, placid smile she calmly sank to  
rest.

Toronto. ANNIE FAULKNER.

(624) —Selected.

That's What was the Trouble.

Friend—"I see that your husband is re-  
ported among the missing, Mrs. R."

Mrs. R. (sobbing bitterly)—"Yes."

Friend—"I wouldn't grieve so, my dear  
friend. We must all die some time, and he  
has left you amply provided for. Besides,  
he may have escaped after all."

Mrs. R.—"That's t the trouble; it's  
t-this d-dreadful uncertainty."

Paris. ANNIE BROWN.

(625) —Selected.

A Mighty Silent Partner.

A tall woman with a red face and confi-  
dent manner walked into an uptown bank a  
few days ago and presented a check.

"No good, madam," said the teller briefly.

"The check is not endorsed."

"Never mind that," said the applicant  
for cash, "it's all right; he's my husband."

"It makes no difference. We must have  
his own signature, even if he is your hus-  
band."

"Well, you give me a pen and I'll sign  
his name. I just want you to know, young  
man, that he's a mighty silent partner in  
our combination and I'm the boss!"

London. NORAH MURPHY.

(626) —Selected.

Beauty of Jewesses.

It is related that Chateaubrand on return-  
ing from his travels, was asked if he could  
assign any reason why the women of the  
Jewish race were so much handsomer than  
the men, when he gave the following:—

"Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the  
curse which alighted upon their fathers,  
husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to  
be seen among the crowd of priests and  
rabble who insulted the Son of God,  
scourged Him, crowned Him with thorns,  
and subjected Him to infamy and the agony  
of the cross. The women of Judea believed

In the Saviour and assisted and soothed him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil and wiped them with her hair. Christ on His part extended mercy to the Jewesses; He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law and the woman who touched the hem of His garment; to the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over Him, the holy women accompanied Him to Calvary, brought balm and spices, and weeping sought Him in the sepulchre. Woman, why weepst thou? His first appearance after His resurrection was to Mary Magdalene; He said to her, "Mary." At the sound of His voice her eyes were opened, and she answered, "Master." The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses."

Mrs. J. HOBSON.  
18 Young Street, Halifax, N. S.

(627) —Selected.  
Not so Dangerous as She Looked.

"And this is the sitting-room of your insane asylum, is it, doctor?"

"Yes, madam."  
"Dear me, what a vicious looking lunatic that is sitting over there by the window. I should think you would keep her in a cell with a strait-jacket on."

"She is not so dangerous as you say she looks, my dear madam."  
"But why do you allow her the use of this room?"

"Because she has no other apartment in which to spend her time. She is my wife."

TINA WOODS.  
Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

(628) —Selected.  
A Youthful Logician.

"Are you papa's boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are you mamma's boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"But how can you be papa's boy and mamma's at the same time?"  
(After a pause.) "Can't a nice carriage have two horses?"

Sydney, C. B. M. C. JOHNSTON.

(629) —Selected.  
The Advantages of the Telephone.

"Wife, run to the telephone—run quick, don't lose a minute."

Mrs. Slapjack obeys, spinning over to the opposite side of the room and anxiously putting her ear to the instrument in question while her back is turned to her liege lord.

Liege lord neatly bends from the open window and wags a kiss to a fair one passing, who is mashed on him.

"Robert Slapjack, there is nobody wants your attention now—" snaps Mrs. S.

"No, my love, not now, but there was a moment ago," pensively replies Mr. S., still watching a red feather which is fading far away down the street.

Garden City, L. I. CARMIE BURNS.

(630) —Selected.  
A Mormon Lover's Courtship.

"Well, good night, dearest George; I hope you will reach home safely. Cannot you call again to-morrow ere?"

"No, dearest. To-morrow evening I go to see Ethelinda."

"Well, the evening after?"

"Sorry; but that's Angelina's night. It is a fact, dearest Aurora. Every night in the week is occupied now, and I have three matinees to do besides. But cheer up dearest, we'll have a grand wedding some of these days, when I will be able to clasp you all to my heart, never more to separate."

Then pressing a fond kiss upon his darling's lips the lover takes his departure.

Jersey City, J. C. LISTON.

(631) —Selected.  
A Reliable Domestic.

"Here is a note I want you to hand to Mrs. Lively when you are sure nobody is looking," said a New York society man

to a colored servant at a fashionable Fifth avenue residence.

"Yes, sah," replied Sambo, showing his ivories.

"But, mind you, don't whisper a word to a living soul."

"You kin jess rest easy about dat, boss. Yesterday I foted dat ar same woman a letter from anudder gemman, an' I sin't said a word 'bout it to nobody yit. You kin jess rest easy 'bout my opening my mouf."

Rochester, N. Y. D. M. WHITE.

(632) —Selected.  
She Made Him Take Back His Bad Dime.

"Say, dear," said an Evansville wife to her husband, "that dime you gave me this morning for milk was no good."

"Didn't give you no bad dime," growled Jones.

"Yes, you did, and I want you to take it back."

"I won't."

"Well, you just will now; you see if you don't."

At noon Mrs. Jones was all smiles and waited on her husband so nicely that he felt like telling her that he had given her the dime and was sorry and would give her another, but concluded he would wait till evening. As she handed him a nice piece of pie, she remarked, "William you'll have to eat this in a hurry; it's nearly time to go to the office." William bolted it down, but all of a sudden gagged, and then swallowed something as if it hurt him.

"Mary Jane," said he, "I jist swallowed something that didn't feel right. What do you suppose could have got into that pie?"

"How did it feel, William?"

"Oh, sorter hard and round."

"Well I guess it was that dime. You said I couldn't make you take it back, but I guess you've got it now. You may keep it."

Rhinebeds, N. Y. P. LOGAN.

(633) —Selected.  
What They Will Do in Heaven.

Mrs. Minks—"There it is again. Tobacco, always tobacco. What will you do when you get to heaven, where there are no spittoons?"

Mr. Minks—"Perhaps there will be some there."

Mrs. Minks—"Indeed there won't. The idea. What will you do then, Mr. Minks? Just answer that."

Mr. Minks—"I really don't know, my dear, unless we can get seats near the edge."

Bloomfield, Ind. EDNA CORSON.

(634) —Selected.  
A Poor Dinner.

"Have you dined?" said a lonnger to a friend. "I have, upon my honor." "What a scanty meal you must have made."

S. M. CHAMBERS.

Atlanta, Logan Co., Ill.

(635) —Selected.  
All a Mistake.

A Middletown young lady never tires of relating an occurrence of the sleighing season last winter. She was enjoying a ride in company with two Hartford gentlemen and she was driving. One of the gentlemen slyly inserted a hand in her muff and lovingly pressed her disengaged hand. She blushed and withdrew her hand just as the gentleman on the other side slipped his hand in the muff. She knew by the action of her adorers that the hand pressures were frequent and loving within the silk lining of the muff, for first one face and then the other would bob forward to catch a look at the sweet face and bright eyes which prompted, as they supposed, the tender pressure of the hand. The by-play lasted until the young lady quietly remarked: "If you gentlemen are through with my muff I will trouble you for it now, as my hands are getting cold." And the two gentlemen who had been warm up to this time, suddenly felt an Arctic chill creeping up their spinal columns, and the mercury of their feelings dropped to 180 degrees below zero. The two gentlemen are strangers now.

(636) —Selected.  
"Did He Pin a Ticket on Me?"

We have all frequently read and heard many of what might fitly be termed the unanswerable and philosophical queries of infancy, but I really honestly believe what I have just had placed before me by a merchant friend of mine who is the proprietor of a large retail store on Charles street, Baltimore, certainly caps the climax in this particular direction. He is the fond possessor of a son of an active mind and diminutive frame. Last evening this gentleman, accompanied by his small boy, was in a store on Eutaw street in the Monumental City. He was engaged in purchasing an article from the very pretty young lady who was waiting on him. She was a genuine Baltimore blonde beauty. There are scores of such girls in the retail establishments on Lexington, Charles, Gay, Eutaw, Howard, and other similar streets in Baltimore. God bless their dear hearts! But this is a digression. The minute I begin to speak or write about a bewitching young blonde "I fly the track" and forget the business on hand. To resume and return. While the father was busily engaged in examining the article placed for his inspection on the show case, the young son discovered in the case toy dolls with a card pinned on each one of them marked "twenty-five cents."

"Papa," he suddenly asked, "didn't you say you got me from God?"

"Yes, my son," was the gentle reply, while the handsome saleslady's eyes grew larger in circumference.

"When you got me from God, papa, did He have a ticket pinned on me like that baby there?"—pointing to a doll in the case—was the next query from this youth.

"Hush, hush, Sammy," was the ambiguous answer, while the unwilling blonde listener's cheek grew redder and her large eyes assumed a forced expression which plainly indicated that her thoughts were elsewhere.

"Papa, if He had a ticket pinned on me when you got me, was twenty-five cents marked on it? (This child can read figures slightly when they are large.) Was that what I cost you and mamma?" was the next verbal bombshell.

"If you don't hush, Samuel, I'll whip you when you get home!" was the threatened reply, while the beautiful young lady behind the counter violently bit her full roseate lips to smother naughty laughter.

"Papa, I don't believe I had a ticket pinned to me when I come, for you tell me God loves me, and if He loves me He wouldn't hurt me by sticking a pin in me when I was little!" was the next conversational cyclone.

The boy was at once led by his seemingly angry father from the store, while the pretty saleslady retired to the water cooler, there to restore her shattered nerves by the internal application of ice-water.

Mrs. F. J. PATTERSON.  
Collingwood, Ont.

(637) —Selected.  
Dora's Travelling Bag.

It was a pretty little travelling-bag, one that Dora had been coveting for years; a brown Russia leather with pink morocco linings. Dora thought it the loveliest possession that a girl of fourteen could desire, and valued it accordingly. Now, she said to herself, she had everything essential to a lady's toilet;—a beautiful pearl-handled knife, an elegant pocket book, with real silver clasps, and all the other little accessories that young girls want, and ought to have, if possible.

Dora pitied the girls who had no travelling-bag. She carried hers to school just once, and there is no knowing how many envious wishes it became the object of. Such a beauty! Such a thing and such a thing!

"Dora Lee has every thing," thought poor little Molly Wiston, whose parents were so poor that they could scarcely afford to dress Molly in even the inexpensive suits she wore; "but never mind, mother says my turn will come some day, and I am sure it will."

So gorgeous a travelling-bag, of course wanted an opportunity to air itself legitimately. Dora received an unexpected invi-

tation to visit an aunt living some twenty miles from the city.

"It's delightful to have every thing you need," said happy Dora, surveying her new linen travelling suit and her beautiful bag, as she stepped into the cars. That bag was hung in the most conspicuous place; that bag was petted and referred to, and placed here and there, to Dora's special edification, and, as she thought, no doubt, to the admiration of the other passengers.

The visit to aunt's was a pleasant one. Everything went as happy as Dora wished it to. The cousins were obliging, (none of them owned such a bag,) the weather was delightful, and when the time came to leave them, Dora felt a real regret with every good-by she uttered.

I do not say that the travelling-bag consoled her; Dora was not quite so frivolous minded as that, but it certainly was a great pleasure to find that of all the bags in all the racks none were so pretty as hers, until—

Why, yes, it was as like as two peas, perhaps a trifle nicer.

So Dora thought, as a young lady entered at the next station, and looking about for a place to deposit her bag, placed it, at last, side by side with Dora's. There was no room on Dora's side for the new comer, for a fat man sat next to her, and kept unnecessarily poking her as he turned the leaves of a big newspaper; so the young lady sat opposite.

The time wore away, and darkness came on apace. Dora had studied the way tickets thoroughly, and knew that it would be nine in the evening before she reached home, so she made herself quite comfortable.

By the time it was dark, the opposite young lady, in whose face Dora was very much interested, was fast asleep, and Dora herself felt drowsy. How she got so sound asleep is a mystery to this day. If the conductor had not known her she might have been carried on, but he roused her just in time for her to snatch her bag and hurry out. She had hardly set her foot upon the floor of the depot before the train was off again.

"Well, that was a lucky escape," said her father, who was there to meet her; "the cars don't stop again till they reach Worcester."

Dora arose the next morning refreshed, and eager to distribute a few little presents her aunt and cousins had sent on to the children.

"It seems as if my pretty bag grew more and more beautiful," said unconscious Dora, as she looked it over and proceeded to unlock it.

Then she gave a loud cry—a woful cry. Her bag was lined with pink morocco, this one presented a fresh blue interior, a dainty lace handkerchief, a black portmonnaie, two pairs of kid gloves, a gilded cologne bottle and a little prayer-book.

"O, mother!" she cried in anguish, "I've taken the wrong bag! so nobody has got all my presents!"

There was no help for it. She opened the portmonnaie; there were three or four ten dollar bills and a small photograph inside, a picture of a handsome middle-aged man, and underneath his signature.

Gerold Lacy.  
"Mamma," cried Dora, "the Wistons have an Uncle Gerold away off in India. It seems their people were all angry at Mrs. Wiston's marriage, and she said once that?" his her favorite brother was to come back, they would never let her know.

"Wouldn't it be singular if he had come—if this was his picture! And here on the fly-leaf of the prayer book is 'Lottie Lacy, 45 — Street, Boston.'"

"First, I'll carry this picture over to poor little Molly's, and then I'll write to Boston. We can exchange bags by express."

Strange providences happen. It was not a week before Gerold Lacy stood on the threshold of the Wistons and saw their poverty, and helped them, too.

Molly Wiston's time had come. She did not have all her heart longed for, but among her presents was a pretty travelling-bag, the fac-simile of the one Uncle Gerold gave her wealthy cousin.

Every body was glad for pretty, winsome little Molly, but no one more so than Dora, who declared she owed all her good fortune to her travelling-bag.

MARY T. CALDWELL.  
Rockport, Essex Co., Mass.

**T. EATON & CO.'S**  
**CHEAP DRY-GOODS STORES,**  
 190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE ST.,  
**TORONTO.**

**Great Jersey Sale This Week.**

All Wool Black Jersey in six sizes, bust measure, 30 inch, 32 inch, 34 inch, 36 inch, 38 inch, 40 inch, at one dollar and twenty-five cents each, (\$1.25.)

For \$1.75 you can buy at EATON'S Jersey Sale a nice All-Wool Black Braided Jersey in 3 sizes, 32 inch, 34 inch, 36 inch, bust measure. Price one dollar and seventy-five cents each.

Extra Fine All-Wool Black Braided Cashmere Jersey, in 3 sizes, 32 inch, 34 inch, 36 inch, bust measure, at two dollars each, (\$2.00.)

Handsome Black Cashmere Jerseys, in plain and braided, all sizes from 30 inch to 40 inch, bust measure, \$2.50 each, \$3.00 each. \$3.25 each, \$3.50 each.

A pretty scallop bottom Black Braided Jersey, in all the sizes, at \$3.00 each. This Jersey always pleases the wearer and should you purchase one and find it not satisfactory we will return your money.

For want of space in this column we are unable to give you a correct idea of our Mammoth Stock of Jerseys; if you will write and give us the style and color wanted will send a full description.

Any of the above lines of Jerseys to be had in Navy, Seal, Tan, Garnet, Cardinal, Creme, Bronze and Olive Shades.

In ordering a Jersey by mail, enclose six cents extra for postage, with the price quoted, and give the bust measure.

Children's Jerseys—in three sizes—Sky, Navy, Garnet, and Cardinal, to fit girls from three to ten years of age.

Jersey Dresses, 20 inches, 22 inches, 24 inches, \$3.00 each, \$3.50 each, \$3.85 each. Colors in Plain, Garnet, Seal, and Navy, with kilt-plaited skirt, &c.

Boys' Jersey Suits, in Navy Blue, sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4, for boys 3 to 12 years of age, commencing at \$1.00 a suit to \$3.00.

**T. EATON & CO.**

Ladies' Underclothing Department on the second flat. Ladies' Fine Merino Vests and Drawers, 1 dies' Fine Balbriggan Vests and Drawers, Children's Merino Vests, Children's Balbriggan Vests, Ladies' and Children's White Cotton and Lonsdale Cambric Suits. Order by mail, and enclose 6c. extra for postage, one of EATON'S special \$1.25 suits, consisting of three articles: 1 Night Dress, 1 Chimero and 1 Pair Drawers, all trimmed with Muslin Frilling and Embroidery.

Samples of Laces, Embroideries, Ribbons, Dress Goods, Mualins, Gingham and Prints, sent free on application. Give the Width, Shade and Color Wanted.

**T. EATON & CO.'S**  
**BIG DRY-GOODS STORES,**  
 190 TO 196 YONGE STREET,  
**TORONTO.**

**50 SATIN FINISHED CARDS OR 50** transparent cards, no two alike, with your name printed neatly on them, for 10 cents. O. H. HODDEN, 135 River St., Toronto.

**SPRING MEDICINE!**

Use Sarsaparilla Blood Purifier for all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, prepared only by **MADILL & HOAR**, 356 Yonge St., Toronto.

**A. MEROER,**  
**CARPENTER AND BUILDER,**  
 131 Bay St., Next the Fire Hall.

Orders left at Residence (220 Robert St., near Bloor) promptly attended to. Jobbing of every description done on the shortest notice. Shops, Store Fronts and Fittings a specialty.

**Cabinet Photos**  
**\$2.00 PER DOZEN.**

**MICKLETHWAITE'S**  
 CORNER KING & JARVIS STREETS  
**TORONTO.**

**LADIES PERIODICALLY SUFFER**  
 much annoyance for the want of a proper appliance.

**THE HOLDT SUSPENSORY**  
 and Balance Attachment supplies this want, and ensures comfort, ease, safety; avoiding unpleasant effluvia, etc., etc. Sells to every lady on sight. 60 cents. Ask your milliner for it.

**BRIG-A-BRAG—VOCAL.** 43 Full Size Pages of Operatic and other choice songs, 50 cents.

**BRIG-A-BRAG—INSTRUMENTAL.** 45 Pages of Dance Music and other Gems from most Popular Authors, 50 cents. Both of These Superior Books are Entirely New, containing Latest Popular music of the day. They have Beautifully Illuminated Title Pages Lithographed in three colors. Sent Post-paid for 50 cents. **T. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge Street, Toronto.**

**Wilton Avenue Meat Market,**  
**W. J. CALGHEX,**  
 183 WILTON AVE.

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

Families waited on for orders.

NOTE ADDRESS,  
**183 WILTON AVE.**

**REMINGTON STANDARD**  
**TYPE-WRITER.**  
 General Agency, 31 King St. E., Toronto.

ITS WOND'RFUL DURABILITY  
 London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company, Head office, Toronto Mar. 20th, 1895. Dear Sir:—I am sending you my Type-Writer to be remodelled. As I think you are aware, I have had this machine some seven or eight years; I have done an immense amount of work with it, and have never yet had breakage, nor has it ever been out of order or had a penny expended on it for repairs or anything else. Yours truly, A. Sims, Manager for the Dominion. Circulate on application.

"Cleanliness is the Index of Civilization."

**DOMINION**  
**STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS.**

We wish to call your attention to the fact that we have recently fitted our place with the most complete machinery for the purpose of cleaning carpets, Rugs, Bobes, &c.

This is to certify that I have patronized Messrs. Gawett & Smay, proprietors of the Dominion Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, and also personally investigated their method of cleaning carpets, and have no hesitancy in recommending them to the public. They do their work thoroughly, and without any injury whatever to the carpets.  
**JOHN WRIGHT, Walker House.**

**GAWETT & SMAY, Proprietors**  
 OFFICE AND WORKS:  
 29 ADELAIDE STREET, WEST, TORONTO.  
 TELEPHONE 406.

**QUEEN CITY REVELLE.** A new and beautiful mill-lary polka, by G. Knapp, of Toronto, containing the "Assembly" and "Fall In" calls, and embellished with a magnificent colored title page, representing a Grenadier encampment in the Saskatchewan Valley. Can be had of A. & S. NORDHEIMER, and all dealers.  
 (ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS.)

**S. D. DOUGLAS & CO**  
 (Successors to the late Alex. Hamilton.)

Our Spring Importations of  
**WALL PAPERS, BORDERS**  
 —and **DECORATIONS**

Are constantly arriving, and surpass anything we have ever shown. Give us a call and examine for yourselves. No trouble to show goods. Also in stock, Prepared Paints, Prepared Kalsomine, in all the latest artistic shades. Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Japans, Turpentine, Gold Leaf, Etc.

**PURE WHITE LEAD**  
 Wholesale & Retail.

**183 King Street East,**  
**Toronto.**

**Special Attention Paid**

—TO—  
**All Letter Orders.**

We have now on hand a complete stock of the following goods:—

- Berlin Wools, all colors, 12½ cts. per oz.
  - Shetland Wool, all colors, 12½ cts. per oz.
  - Andalusian Wool, all colors, 12½ cts. per oz.
  - Ice Wool, extra quality, ounce balls, 12½ cts. per ball.
  - Knitting Silks, best imported, 60 cents per oz. ball.
  - Knitting Silks, Heminway make, 50 cents per ball.
  - Embroidery Silks, all colors, 15 cents per dozen skeins.
  - Embroidery Silks, shaded colors, 30 cents per dozen skeins.
  - Filoselle, all colors, 8c. per skein, 90 cents per dozen.
  - Tinsel, very thick, large balls, 10c. per ball.
  - Felt, best quality, 2 yds. wide, \$1.75 per yd.
  - Plush, good quality, 24 inches wide, \$2.50 per yard.
  - Plush, superior quality, 24 inches wide, \$3 per yard.
  - Plush Crescent Tassels, all colors, 50 cents per dozen.
  - Plush Pompons, single drop, 40c. per dozen.
  - Plush Pompons, double drops, very handsome, \$1.00 per dozen.
  - Chenille Cord, (chenille over silk cord,) all colors, 10 cents per yard.
  - Woolen Java Canvas, all colors, 50c. per yd.
  - Darning Net, 36 inches wide, 30c. per yard.
  - Darning Net, 72 inches wide, 50c. per yard.
  - Linen Flosette, 4 cts. skein, 45c. per dozen.
- We can send goods to any part of Canada. A trial solicited.

**HENRY DAVIS,**  
 —DIRECT IMPORTER—  
 232 Yonge Street, Toronto.



**WHAT A PITY**

It is to see so many LADIES disfigured from a disagreeable growth of Superfluous Hair on Face or Arms. The discovery of

**DORENWEND'S**  
**"Eureka" Hair Destroyer**

Has now been greeted by thousands of Ladies. Wonderful cures and results are achieved every day. This preparation is sure to do its work without pain. Sold in bottles at \$2.00 each, or 3 for \$5.00. Sent with full directions enclosed to any address on receipt of price. Address,

**"Eureka" Mfg. Co.,** 106 Yonge Street, TORONTO.  
 A. DOREN WEND, Manager.



# LITTLE DAISY BLOSSOM.

Words and Music by CARL LUDWIG.

Piano introduction musical notation in 2/4 time, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef).

1. There's a maid - en, dear to me, Full of life and joy and glee, Noth - ing fair - er  
 2. But she an - swers with a smile, With a sly look full of guile, "I will keep my  
 8. Yet I know she loves me well, Tho' the truth she will not tell, And I love the

Musical notation for the first three lines of the song, including piano accompaniment and vocal lines.

can there be, Than lit - tle Dai - sy Blossom. Where she steps with fair - y tread,  
 heart a - while," Says lit - tle Dai - sy Blossom. And al - though my suit I press,  
 lit - tle belle, My charm - ing Dai - sy Blossom. Some day yet she will be mine,

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song, including piano accompaniment and vocal lines.

There the flow'rs a - round her spread, When I see her draw - ing nigh, Then my heart must sigh -  
 Still she will not an - swer "yes," Trips a way with laugh - ter gay, When I soft - ly say -  
 My fond arms will her en - twine, And I'll whis - per soft - ly then These fond words a - gain -

Musical notation for the fifth line of the song, including piano accompaniment and vocal lines.

SOPRANO.  
 ALTO.  
 TENOR.  
 BASS.

"Lit - tle maid - en, dear to me, Full of mirth and full of glee,

Musical notation for the vocal quartet, showing parts for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

I would give my heart to thee, Lit - tle Dai - sy Blossom.

Musical notation for the final line of the song, including piano accompaniment and vocal lines.

## Health Department.

### Health and Happiness.

"I can't comprehend," said a teaty old physician to whom the pretty schoolma'am applied awhile back for advice as to how to avoid having cold feet, "why it is that really intelligent people have so little sense about caring for their health. We see wrecks of every kind around us daily for no other cause than ignorance or wilful neglect of the health. The entire well-being of an individual depends upon the normal action of the system, not only the physical, but the moral and mental. The happiest persons are those whose vitality is fullest and most vigorous.

"The first and most harmful abuse of health is in the treatment of the digestion. Often individuals of good digestive powers, who are engaged in occupations that make large demands on the brain, who have every appearance of health, show signs at length of weakened digestion and some kidney or liver difficulty. They are treated for gastric derangement without getting better. They cannot sleep, have symptoms of vertigo, are forgetful, and imagine themselves possessed of all sorts of organic difficulties. These symptoms are usually of a strictly nervous character, although the person suffers quite as much as if they were due entirely to organic causes. In many instances, too, the chief cause is not with the digestion, but connected with it, and of a character that can be regulated by proper attention and understanding of the quality and quantity of food to be eaten. Many persons digest more food than the body can assimilate. Therefore the liver, which is the great strainer of the system, is unable to dispose of all the effete matter carried to it and thus prepare it for its entire elimination by the kidneys, and it is left to circulate as uric acid. This occasions gout with some, but with the majority merely nervous symptoms. The principal relief lies in a well regulated diet. But the liver must be assisted in its duties by mild laxatives. Some saline waters are effective, as are also preparations of mandrake.

"There is still another penalty which the body is called upon to pay when more food is eaten than is assimilated. The deposition of encumbering fat that may undergo chemical changes which inflames the kidneys, congests the stomach and liver, causes apoplexy or softening of the brain. Bless me, sir, bless you, a man or woman either, of high health, ought to live 100 years and keep in good working order!

"But the fortunate possessors of high health are apt to overwork their brains as well as their digestive organs. They cut off their sleep, require physical exercise, undertake mountain-loads of responsibility and care. Or, they allow themselves the indulgence of habits, or surround themselves with influences which tend, eventually, to complete the breakdown of their brains. People say when a man becomes insane or an imbecile, 'what a pity, how sad.' I always say that ninety-nine chances out of a hundred it's all his own fault, and he deserves no sympathy, only those who have to take care of him needing pity because they are burdened with the result of his follies.

"The person will always be happiest, no matter what are the surroundings, whose system is kept in the healthiest working order. Why, the very seat of consciousness is not in the brain—it is in the vital nervous system. The great ganglia of the system lie not in the cerebro-spinal cavities, but in the cavities of the body itself near the stomach and heart. There is the seat of sensation, and it is not sentimentality which has inspired poets to describe feelings of sorrow or joy, hatred or love, as existing in the breast, but a scientific truth which has been demonstrated by a man of genius. Whatever affects the health of the liver affects the circulation of the blood. Happiness is a physical result of a brisk and healthy circulation of the blood through the vessels supplying the ganglia of the great sympathetic system of the nerves. Whatever quickens and frees the flow of blood through these vessels creates the feeling we

call happiness. This fact explains directly the action of many articles of food and medicine. Humanity knows no enjoyment or sorrow, intellectual or physical, which does not affect the cerebral centres.

"If folks want to be happy and behave themselves decently the most important step in that direction is first-class care of the machinery of their bodies."

### Purification of Drinking Water.

The average healthy adult man takes into his system four and a half pounds of water daily, and with it too often a dangerous quantity of foreign matter and disease-producing germs. In very many homes during the summer months, water that otherwise would nauseate the drinker, is made cold by ice, and then is hastily swallowed, the coldness masking its offensiveness. Unfortunately for the health of the consumer, the addition of ice does not render the impurities in water innocuous, but often adds to its own contribution of disease-germs. They who have studied the subject are aware that impure drinking water is the cause of many of the most common diseases. No subject then is of greater importance to the public than how to purify our drinking water. Water, if drawn through lead and tin pipes often becomes contaminated with these metals to a dangerous extent. Where water remains in a lead pipe for twenty-four hours, and is then drawn off and drunk, there is always danger of lead poisoning. It is always wiser to let the water run on for several minutes before using any for drinking purposes. Boiling the water destroys some germs, but does not remove impurities in solution. Analysis of water from city wells have frequently shown it to be so impure as to be utterly unfit for drinking purposes, and dangerous to health. The use of rain water caught in cisterns, with suitable precautions, will obviate most dangers from the present supplies of many cities, but unfortunately, few persons can take these "suitable precautions." A clean roof to collect the rain, clean pipes to transport, and a clean, well ventilated cistern to receive it are essential. Water stored in a close cistern soon becomes unfit for use. Many waters that appear clear are full of impurities, and dangerous to health. Dr. Ezra Hunt says: "There are many waters used for drinking which, if kept a few days in a long glass tube, half full and corked, will, on opening, omit much odor from the change in the suspended or dissolved ingredients they contain." The large majority of people in cities must depend for water on the public supply, hence it is of the utmost importance to the public health that the purest water attainable be secured; this, unfortunately, is often very impure. The only safeguard to the consumer is in giving his personal attention to the filtration of the water used in his household. Water slowly percolated through crushed vegetable charcoal will escape from it not only cleansed of particles held in suspension, but also of organic and other matter. The cheapness of charcoal is such as that it is obtainable by all classes, and when soiled, a fresh quantity can be substituted at trifling cost. The most effective filtration is obtained by placing crushed charcoal in an earthen vessel, so arranged as to compel the slow passage of the water through it, as all efforts at rapid filtration have proved inefficient. Only wooden spigots should be used in drawing off the water. A reservoir for the filtered water with a separate ice-chamber, will permit the water to be sufficiently chilled and keep all ice-impurities out. Such a contrivance requires but very little room, is easily cleaned, the coal renewed, and is efficient in freeing waters from impurities.

The fact that ice may preserve disease germs was painfully proved by the terrible epidemic of typhoid fever which overtook the village of Plymouth in Pennsylvania in the spring. The dejections of a typhoid fever patient were thrown out upon the snow, near a brook, last winter. The snow preserved the germ, and melted; the brook carried them to a storage lake or reservoir,

whence the water was distributed to the village. Families were swept away, and hundreds of people died.

### Tumors.

Tumors are not mere swellings, as the name might suggest, but new growths. We have analogous swellings on trees in the vegetable world. The wart-like excrescences on leaves are generally due to irritation from the sting of an insect and an egg deposited in the incision. The puff-ball of the oak is a similar tumor. Every organ and every tissue in the human body may develop these new growths, or tumors, some of which may assume an enormous size.

Most tumors are not injurious in themselves, though they may do harm by pressing against nerves or blood vessels. Some, such as cancer, with its several varieties, are malignant, with a fatal tendency. Others—as tubercles—are infectious; that is, tend to multiply in different parts of the system.

There is probably no ailment of which people have more dread than cancer. But other tumors are often mistaken for it, and one may long suffer much in mind and health simply from the fear that a benign tumor may be a malignant tumor.

Among the least important and the most easily removed—they can often, after a slight incision, be pulled out by the fingers—are "fatty" tumors. Yet these have been mistaken for cancers, or other tumors of the more serious character, even by the medical experts—the more readily since a cancer may for years be wholly painless and show nothing distinctive.

An aged man, of fine culture and capacity, had a tumor, which was pronounced a sarcoma (one form of cancer) by several surgeons. He at length entered the Massachusetts General Hospital, where, after much deliberation, it was decided to remove it.

"This was undertaken with every precaution to insure the success of what promised to be a dangerous operation." It proved to be only a fatty tumor.

Among other cases mentioned by the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* is the following also: A lady had for twenty-two years a tumor, at first as big as a pea, at last as an apple, on her forehead, just within the hair. Contrary to medical expectation, this also, on its removal, proved a similar harmless affair.

Hence we say, don't let any who may have a tumor live in mortal fear of a cancer. —*Youth's Companion*.

### Conquering Disease.

It really seems as if the effort to control the progress of the cholera in Spain has been at least partially successful. Dr. Farran, in Valencia, was the first to try inoculation so as to induce a mild type of cholera which would check the progress of the disease. Yellow fever epidemics have been successfully treated in the same way in Brazil. Small-pox, as we all know, has been robbed of its terrors by vaccination, and so, as years pass by, one after another of the scourges of the race have been rendered less terrible. Indeed, so much progress has been made that we may reasonably hope the time may come when they will be practically banished from this planet. But there is a vast deal to do yet to bring about this much to be desired consummation. The hopeful feature of the problem is that pestilences are propagated by germs which can either be destroyed or so manipulated as to become practically innocuous. The ravages of typhus and typhoid fevers are very severe even in the most civilized countries, and yet it is known that these fatal disorders come from the propagation of poisonous insect forms that can be destroyed. The town of Plymouth, Penn., has suffered severely recently from a fatal disorder of a typhoid character, which was regarded for a time as a mysterious disposition of Providence, but it was finally discovered that the disease came from one sick man whose excreta infected a stream which emptied into a swampy ground where the germs were propagated that poisoned the water supply of the community. We will never be insured against foul-air and foul-water diseases until both the water and air liable to be drunk or inhaled by human beings is carefully

manipulated and strained or filtered so that all poisonous germs are removed. When that is accomplished all contagions and pestilences will be banished from the earth.

### Training Hints for Girls.

Travellers have observed the exquisite form and the graceful carriage of Hindoo girls. The movements are poetically compared to those of young gazelles. Now these girls are accustomed from children to bear heavy burdens upon their heads. The water supply for the family is brought by them in this way. This exercise strengthens the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. The same thing is true of the peasant girls in Southern Italy. They will carry a vessel brim full of water on their heads, over a rough road, without spilling a drop. And the Hindoo girls, at least, do not touch the water jars with their hands.

An Englishman by the name of Dr. Spry—and a very encouraging name he has, too, for a director of physical culture—proposes to turn these facts to some account. He suggests that in boarding schools the exercise of carrying water upon the head might well be substituted in some cases for the dumb bells, the back-beard, and the skipping rope. The doctor's idea is a good one. Since the straight-backed chairs of our grandmothers have given place to the stuffed easy chair and the lounge, our girls are too much disposed to "curl up," and otherwise endanger the elasticity of their spines.

A difficulty might be found in our cities, where modern plumbing has put the carrying of pails of water out of vogue. But city girls could begin with a hammock, and end with a piano stool. The latter article would give unlimited scope to balancing skill. Or, not to carry the thing to excess, they might do as some of their grandmothers did—practice with a book. But, at all events, American girls ought not to be excelled in grace of movement by young Hindoos.

### Erroneous Notions.

A writer in *Health and Home* remarks: "What is the origin of the popular idea that the finger nails poisonous to a wound? It does not do a wound much good to scratch it, or indeed touch it, but that is no reason why those useful little shields of our finger ends should be so libelled. Whence comes the notion that to pierce a girl's ears and compel her to wear earrings improves the eyesight? Possibly this may have arisen from the fact that medical men sometimes put blisters behind the ears as counter-irritants, to relieve some chronic ophthalmic disorders. Why is a glass of hot rum and water, with a lump of butter in it, not only familiarly prescribed for but familiarly swallowed by catarrh afflicted mankind? Speaking of colds generally, we may remark in passing that treacle posset, hot guel, putting the feet in mustard and water, etc., are all capital things, but that they effect only the one object of inducing perspiration. There is nothing specifically curative about any of them. It is a mistake, however, to give spirits, negus, or any alcoholic fluids in influenza colds where there is much congestion of the mucous membranes, as it increases the incidental headache."

### What to Look For.

Contaminated drinking water is the cause of so much sickness that every man and woman grown should know good water when they see it, and have the means of testing it. Water may to all appearance be clear and sparkling and yet contain the germs of foul disease. The presence of chlorine tells the story. This substance is never found in the soil, and when discovered in water it must come from the human system. In our daily food we use salt—the chloride of sodium. After passing from the human body it becomes separated, and the chlorine makes its appearance in the contaminated water. As much as thirty or forty grains to the gallon is often found in water drawn from wells near where people live. Let it be understood—the more chlorine in the water the more danger, and, also, that no water is really fit to drink which has any of this foreign substance. This is not a pleasant subject to discuss, but people who are too dainty to pay attention to it endanger their health and that of the community they live in.

# LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

For the moment they are overcome by this vision of their master, standing thus openly defying them, with the moonlight shining full upon his white head and his indignant face. "Who among you dares to accuse me of cowardice? What man among you has the hardihood to mention the word; You! who would have come to-night to my bedside to murder an old man, when he lay sleeping and defenceless! Cowards all, I defy you!"

"Take yourself and yer talk to h—!" cries a violent voice from below; and Brian, who has been keenly watching the smallest movement in the excited mob, has barely time to drag The Desmond back into the room, when a loud report is heard, and a bullet whistles past the spot where his head was only a second since.

But to get The Desmond out of danger when his blood is up is one thing; to keep him out of it is quite another; the bullet is an insult that rouses him to even fiercer wrath, if that be possible, and wakes in him no fears at all.

"Let me go, Brian, I tell you," he says, and again rushes to the window.

"Ha! a bad shot, my lads!" he cries. "I tell you my day is not yet come; I regret I cannot say the same for yours. Your friend and fellow-patriot Connor has found me a little too much for him, and is now in safe custody. The rest of you, I have no doubt, will find yourself in company with him again before long."

A groan of angry derision from the crowd follows this announcement to be succeeded by a good deal of low vehement argument. Their fears concerning Connor have now been confirmed, and the news of his capture has no doubt raised apprehensive doubts within their breasts. Will he be true, secret, silent? "Approvers," of late, have been unpleasantly ready to come forward and save their own skins at the expense of their comrades.

As though he can read their thoughts, The Desmond goes on derisively:

"I dare say he will be able to buy his own release by the identification of a few of you. Informers have not been unknown in your ranks during these past few months; but—with a contemptuous laugh—"don't let that weigh with you; there is always the glory, you know—the glory to be derived from the attempted murder of one old man by twenty stalwart fellows like you!"

Here, a dangerous murmur rising in the crowd, he is again hauled back into the room by Brabazon and his nephew. I am here compelled to confess that Mr. Browne has shown a shameless disinclination to assist in his suppression from the first, and has publicly applauded and encouraged him along, and has, during the last two minutes, been prevented by sheer force from joining him at the window and adding his invectives and jeers to those already offered.

"Let me go, you boys; I haven't half done with them yet," says The Desmond, who, on the whole, I think, is enjoying himself.

"Let me say a word more; there's a thing about Parnell that—"

"That they shan't hear," says Brian, with determination; "I shouldn't care if you were my uncle ten times over, I tell you plainly if you go near that window again I shall take you and lock you up with Connor."

At this awful threat they all laugh a little, except Dicky, who is heard to mutter something that sounds like "a beastly shame."

"And you with him, for company," says Brian, turning wrathfully upon Mr. Browne, after which there is no knowing but a civil war might have ensued in doors worse, in its consequences, than the public one without. But for a hurried exclamation from Brabazon.

"What are they up to now?" he asks, curiously.

Following on his words comes a hoarse roar from the crowd beneath, that brings them all to the window. The people are talking and gesticulating violently, and at the last a tall man on the edge of the group, striking a match, sets fire to the log of wood in his hand.

Judging by the rapidity with which this wood takes fire and bursts into a brilliant flame, it must have been soaked in paraffin or smeared with tar some little time before.

A moment later a dozen of those rough torches are ablaze. The men, inflamed with anger and eager for revenge, are no longer mindful of the necessity for caution, and let the flames light up their faces and disperse the gloom that until now has hidden them. High above their heads they swing their blazing logs, and the flames, darting now here, now there, as the light wind drives them, play fantastic tricks with their wild faces, and lend a weird enchantment to the whole scene.

It is an imposing spectacle, but melancholy in the extreme, when one reflects upon its cause, and the cruelty of those who by their specious words and arguments, and promises impossible of fulfilment, have led astray the unthinking multitudes, and urged them to deeds that leave the gallows only for their goal, whilst their own pockets have been richly lined by the hard-earned pennies of their victims. Here, with the few, the safety and the gain; there, with the many, the risk, disgrace, and death.

"Now all the torches are ablaze, their red gleams making pale the tranquil light of the sad 'wandering moon' as she floats above this turmoil in the calm ether of her home. The flames rush wildly over snow and ivied wall, and light up with a flash the shadows of the shrubs beyond, and, darting even further, drag into notoriety the ghastly gauntness of the skeleton trees as they wave their leafless arms to and fro, to and fro, however, as though in sad remembrance of a happy past.

Suddenly a man dashing out recklessly from among the others, and looking back as though to encourage them to follow him, flings his blazing wood against the hall door.

"What is it you hope to do?" says Brian, addressing them before another man has stirred.

"'Tis coward, yer honor; we want to warm ourselves. Ye wouldn't grudge us a fire on Christmas night would ye?" answers some one, with a mocking pretense at servility. As he speaks, a second torch is flung against the door, followed almost directly, by two or three more.

"I understand your meaning," says Brian, in an unmoved tone, "and am prepared to resent it. However, one word; I think it only fair to warn you that the next man who steps forward to lay a lighted torch against my uncle's door will get a bullet in his brain."

"There are more bullets than yours!" yells a voice from beneath, accompanied by a little bit of lead that, missing Brian by the eighth of an inch, sinks deep into the wood-work of the window behind him.

"A near shave!" says Desmond, with a low laugh. It is a dangerous laugh, however, devoid of mirth and full of revengeful possibilities, but without a suspicion of fear. "What scoundrels!" he says between his set teeth. "Now, Dicky, I'll give you a job; fire with me and George and Neil over their heads."

"Over their heads!" says Dicky, with intense disgust. "What's the good of firing over their heads? Did you ever hear such rubbish? Fire into 'em, if you're going to do it at all!"

"No, they shall have one chance more," says Brian, quietly. "I haven't told them I'd shoot the first man who tried to shoot me, but the next man who tried to fire the house. Let us keep to our compact. Now, then, and take care you fire high."

"You're a good fellow, Brian," says The Desmond, regarding his nephew with keen admiration.

They do fire very harmlessly, but for a while the noise, the fire and smoke, and the nearness of the danger subdues the murderous band below. Then a yell of hatred and execration and defiance bursts from them anew, and, though as yet no one makes the forbidden movement toward the house, blazing torches are hurled at it with deadly aim.

"Something will have to be done soon," says Brabazon, stamping his foot with rage.

"Wait—wait," says Brian, in a curious tone. "What is that fellow saying?"

"'Tis slow work, master, surely," calls out a jibing voice. "We ax yer pardon for the delay. Wood is a poor thing, but, if we don't succeed in givin' ye a house warm to night, we'll promise to bring the rale stuff wid us next time."

This elicits a laugh and a derisive cheer from his companions.

"Ay, dynamite's the thing that'll show ye up to the county," says another voice.

"Ay, an blow ye up too, be me troth," says a third, in a savage tone.

"Now I now I will you do nothing!" exclaims Dicky, almost beside himself with passion. But the old squire stands watching Brian's face with a grim smile.

"Yes,—now!" says Brian, quietly. As he speaks, a tall stalwart young fellow, with the frame of a Hercules, steps out from among the others and with an air of insolent challenge advances toward the house. Brian, raising his revolver, takes deliberate aim at him and fires!

A shriek of agony breaks upon the air. Throwing one arm upward, the young man staggers back and falls upon the snow an inert and senseless mass.

Simultaneously with his fall there comes a sound as of the tramp of many horses galloping. Nearer and nearer it comes, seeming to the terrified ears of the insurgents to be almost bearing down upon them.

"The troops from Skibbereen!" cries an elderly man, in a voice full of agitation. "The lad is done for, I believe," glancing at the motionless body. "Run for yer lives while ye may, the rest of ye! Lave him alone, Mick," calling to a man who is bending over the prostrate form. "He's finished I tell ye."

"Thru for ye, I'm thinkin'," says the man Mick, with a groan of dismay, seeing that the wounded figure, as he lays it gently down again, gives not the faintest sign of life. "Tis a bad night's work! Who will tell his mother—an—the girl?"

He has no time, however, for further regrets, and no one to whom to utter them. Seeing his companions have all disappeared, he too girds up his loins and flees with the rest of them.

Soon all that is left of the late turbulent scene is a few smoldering pieces of half-burned timber, some trampled snow, and that awful silent thing lying out there beneath the quiet stars. No quiver runs through its frame, no sigh escapes it. From beneath it a thin dark stream is creeping slowly, slowly, defiling the purity of the carpet winter has spread beneath him.

"Cowardly hounds!" says The Desmond, with a short laugh. "Lightened by a shadow! Those colts broke loose from the paddock in good time. Brian," sinking his voice and pointing to the figure outside, "what is to be done with—with—that?"

"I hope I have not killed him," says Brian, in a low tone quick, with passionate remorse. "Who will come down with me to bring him in?"

"Let us make haste: it is very cold out there,—poor beggar!" says Dicky Browne, eagerly.

"If he can feel it," mutters The Desmond.

"Brian."

But Brian is half-way down the staircase by this time, with Dicky and Brabazon at his heels.

Unfastening the heavy doors, that are somewhat scorched by the blazing logs, but have gallantly withstood their attempts to burn them, they go out into the snow, and, stooping over the wounded man, lift him in their arms and bear him into the hall as tenderly as though he were their dearest friend, instead of a mortal foe.

"Bring more lights, some one," says Brian, and presently the same one, in the shape of Clontarf, who with Gerald Burke has rejoined them, has lit all the hall lamps again, and shed a flood of warm light upon the darkness of a moment since.

Upon a couch in the centre of the hall they lay their senseless burden; and Gerald, who is somewhat of a doctor, proceeds to examine him.

That he is in no danger of dying, but that his arm is shattered just above the elbow, is soon made known to them, to the intense relief of Brian, and (though he would have died rather than confess it) The Desmond also.

"He was born for the gallows," he says, grimly. "It wouldn't do for us to cheat him of his coming fame."

Nevertheless it is he who (with a touch as tender as a woman's) helps Burke to divest the culprit of his coat and restore him to consciousness. However, when this last feat has been accomplished it is of little good to anybody, as their prisoner barely takes time to look around him and recognize the hands into which he has fallen, before he goes off again into a deadlier faint than before, brought on probably as much by fear as pain.

The broad oak staircase is still in shadow, the illuminations below, which are on quite a magnificent scale, being strictly confined to the hall itself. A slight figure, therefore, emerging from the semi-darkness of the stairs is scarcely seen by those beneath. This figure, descending rapidly, precipitates itself upon Brian's neck, without loss of time or the slightest apology. On the whole, he bears the shock with admirable fortitude.

"So it is all over," says Monica, with a sigh that is almost a sob. "I—we—have been half dead with fright! but we kept our words and our room for all that! I stole down now to see for myself if all was right, and left Kit with Doris. Yes, Lord Clontarf, she is really wonderfully well, and has consented at last to go to bed, as this terrible affair is at an end. Oh! poor man!" seeing the wounded enemy for the first time, and growing very pale. "Is he—is he—very much hurt?"

"No," says Gerald Burke. "A smashed arm and a bad conscience,—nothing more!"

"How was he wounded? What did he do?" asks Monica, with a shudder.

"He was trying to set fire to the house, so Brian very considerably argued the point with him," says Mr. Browne.

"Oh, Brian!" says Monica, in tones of deepest reproach.

"Oh, nonsense!" says Browne, with much exasperation. "Look here, now; do you mean to tell me, Mrs. Desmond, that you think, every one of these rascals ought to be let go scot-free?"

"But to try to kill a man!"

"But to try to burn many men,—and women too,—and the baby, for aught they knew! The baby!" triumphant. "Just fancy!—the baby! It was well you sent him to Coole."

"I don't believe it. No one would burn a baby," says Monica, indignantly.

"Oh, wouldn't they? Why, there was a woman in England the other day who—"

"We are not in England now," with lofty disdain.

"No; perhaps it might be as well if we were," says Mr. Browne, with feeling.

"He must be kept here, of course." The Desmond is saying, in a reflective tone: "we can have the sergeant first thing in the morning and deliver him up to his tender mercies, when the doctor has made him all right: in the meantime he must be my guest."

"A delectable one, truly," exclaims Brabazon, laughing. "Yet he doesn't look half a bad fellow, does he? What a handsome profile!"

"I'll see to him to-night; he shall be my charge," says Brian.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HINTS ON HEALING.

"The ear of the wise seeketh knowledge."

1. Turn a deaf ear to slanders; be sure never to mention them again.
2. Feed not the innate desire to hear ill of another.
3. Listen to no tale against another, which you are requested not to repeat.
4. Beware of conversation with a tale bearer, or with one who revealeth secrets. Prov. xi. 13; xxvi. 20.
5. Beware of the busy, self-important messenger; remember that "he that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him."
6. If you should hear ill of another, remember that your informant may be mistaken or deceived; he may be misinformed, or prejudiced by party spirit.
7. In any doubtful case, communicate with the party before forming a judgment.
8. Ask counsel of God before mentioning a report again.
9. Prejudice distorts innocent and even praiseworthy acts: beware of taking even a fact from a person. From other lips matters might appear very different.
10. Charity puts the best, the want of it, the worst construction on what is told us. "Meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips." Prov. xx. 19.

## Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, Express and \$3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators. Restaurants 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.



FIG. 35.



FIG. 38.



FIG. 32.



FIG. 30.



FIG. 37.

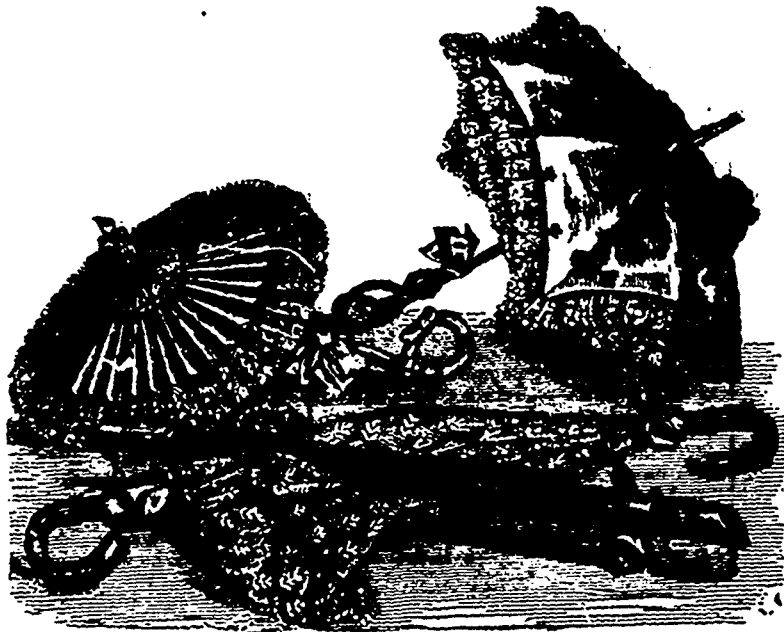


FIG. 39.

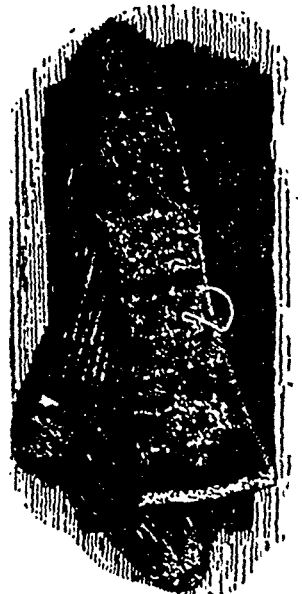


FIG. 31.



FIG. 24.



FIG. 34.

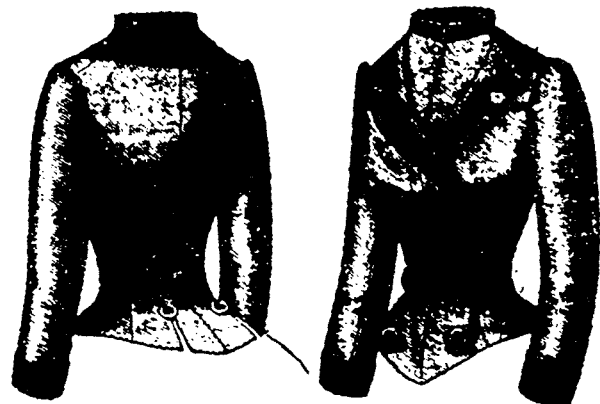


FIG. 15.—No 3245.—LADIES' BODICE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 34 inches,  
3 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 3 1/2  
yards; 40 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 4 yards; 44  
inches, 4 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 4 3/8 yards.

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



FIG. 33.



FIG. 36.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE No. 3.—This simple suit (pattern No. 3250, price 35 cents) can be worn without the jacket if preferred. The underskirt is entirely a sham with the box-pleated skirt sewed in the same belt; a sash of moire ribbon supplies the necessary fullness in the back, while a pointed apron decorates the front. The waist is pointed in front, short and round in the back, and matches the coat sleeves. The jacket is short, round, and cutaway from the front where the high collar meets; an easy spring is given the edge over the sash by opening the seams for a short distance. Any woolen or silk material is stylishly modelled after such a design, with trimmings of buttons and stitching, braid, passementerie and lace.

FIGURE No. 15.—Pattern No. 3245, price 25 cents, furnishes this stylish design, alike suitable for woolen or silk fabrics. The back is short, round, and presents a coat appearance from the side-seams, being opened and finished with buttons; the double-breasted fronts are fitted with a curved seam up the centre, the V-plastron above fitting in the shoulder-seams. The rounding revers form a rolling collar in the back and end with the doubled portion; the cuffs and officers' collar are of the same fabric as the revers.

FIGURE No. 17.—Pattern No. 3233, price twenty cents, furnishes the design for the attractive little dress upon the girl of this group. The skirt is laid in kilt-pleats broken by lengthwise rows of lace; plain blouse with a simulated plastron formed by a strip of insertion edged with lace, which also finishes the edge of the coat sleeves; a sash of the fabric hides the joining, and ends in two loops in the back. The suit is complete without the Zouave jacket of contrasting velvet or velveteen, which is fitted with arm seams and one in the centre-back. Any woolen material, Surah or foulard are suitable for this design. The boy is robed in a dress that is suitable for small children of either sex. Braid or Hamburg embroidery trimming flannel, serge, chevot, pique and other cotton goods in a stylish manner. The belt, collar, sleeve and skirt edges are finished with a braid garniture matching the three tabs on the waist, back and front. The garment is a sacque-shaped blouse, opened in front to the waist only, fastened with bone buttons, and held in shape by the belt buttoned on the left after passing through straps on the sides. Pattern No. 3240, price 20 cents.

Figure No. 24 represents two pins of shell set with Rhine stones, such as are used through the high-dressed coiffures, from two to six appearing on one head.

Figure No. 30 shows a design for ordinary wear with a modified French heel, medium toe, patent-leather tip, buttons, and is made of fine French kid.

Figure No. 31 represents two of the designs seen in spring hosiery. One is of ecru colored silk embroidered in red and brown over the instep, the other shows stripes of gold and brown, with heels and toes of plain gold color.

Figure No. 32 represents a s'out walking shoe, laced for greater ease, kid uppers and goat foxing with a broad heel. This is especially selected for mountain jaunts and country excursions.

Figure No. 33 illustrates a dainty morning cap for a young lady or matron. The centre is of piece net, oval-shaped and filled to a narrow band; the lace edging is pleated to the same band and a rosette of it placed in front, with a bow of ribbon at the right side. Plastrons for pointed basques of cotton fabrics are made of a band of wide insertion edged on either side with embroidery and shaped to a point, or of three bands of insertion sewed on in Breton fashion.

Figure No. 34 illustrates a collar of ecru gauze shirred under white elastic and meeting in front under two bows of satin ribbon. The second collar in the same figure is of ecru-colored quill feathers in three rows above a band of ecru satin trimmed with two rows of gold braid. Jotted fichus are made of piece lace pointed back and front; the edging is pleated on so as to narrow at the points and widen on the shoulders; high collar at the neck, with a lace ruche above.

Figure No. 35 illustrates a jaunty design worn by young ladies and small boys as well. The rolling collar is of linen, and the tie of checked Surah, cut bias, hemmed, and loosely knotted.

Figure No. 36 represents a lace and crepe arrangement suitable for a V-shaped neck.



FIG. 17.—No. 3233—GIRL'S DRESS. PRICE, 20 CENTS. Quantity of Material (37 inches wide) for 18 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 19 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 20 inches, 2 yards; 21 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 22 inches, 2 1/4 yards.



FIG. 3.—No. 3251—LADIES' SUIT. PRICE, 35 CENTS. Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1 3/8 yards; 32 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 34 inches, 1 3/2 yards; 36 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 38 inches, 1 3/2 yards; 40 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 42 inches, 1 3/2 yards. Quantity of Material (22 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3/4 yards; 32 inches, 3/4 yards; 34 inches, 3/4 yards; 36 inches, 3/4 yards; 38 inches, 3/4 yards; 40 inches, 3/4 yards; 42 inches, 3/4 yards.

The collar of crepe is laid in folds, edged with beads and lined with millinette; the fichu folds of crepe are commenced near the back of the collar, meet above the waist with a fancy pin, and the left side continues toward the right hip; narrow lace edges the inner part and wider the outer edge in jabot fashion, ending in a frill at the end, where it is caught with a bow of ribbon, a similar one being placed at the back of the collar.

Figure No. 37 shows a cravat bow of Moreque lace in two gathered ends hanging, and shorter ones strapped with ribbon and placed crosswise at the top, a bow of the ribbon finishing it below; 1 1/2 yards of ribbon two inches wide and 1 1/2 yards of lace five or six inches in width are required for the cravat.

Figure No. 38 illustrates a dressy affair of white lace over lavender and gold satin, with a pimento handle; the upper part is decorated with a spray of velvet violets; the handle has a similar spray and bow of lavender satin ribbon. The second design is of light brown Surah, with chenille pompons of a darker shade; twisted stick decorated with chenille pompon tassels. Natural sticks are the only desirable ones nowadays. Thimble caps of gold or silver, metal nail heads, large, natural rings and separate ones inserted, are pretty styles. Smooth sticks are carved in bold, rough designs. Pimento

wood, with large knobs, holly, bamboo, ebony, and Gorman weicheal or cherry-wood are all seen in so natural designs as can be procured. Shot red and green, blue or brown sun-umbrellas are used for country or common wear, with quaint handles representing cocks' heads, with red combs, birds' heads, large balls, studded onyx or cat's eye knobs, and curled twig handles.

Figure No. 39 represents several designs suitable for dressy and plain wear. The tiny one on the left is for carriage use only, has a reversible handle, which is of white holly, cream satin top, lining and bow finished with Fedora lace. The other opened parasol is of the octagon shape introduced last year; the cover of coral silk, with gold dots is lined with red satin and edged with Oriental lace; handle of naturally twisted cherry-wood. The closed lace design is of lead-colored Surah, with an ebony handle tipped with silver, Oriental lace cover, and a silver ring to hold the cover when closed. The remaining design is a sunshade of dark green twilled Surah, with silver tips and chains on the pilgrim wood handle. Parasols of woolen and grenadine canvas are seen, with trimming of yak lack. Silver and gold embossed handles are used on black satin and broche Ottoman designs. Black lace is chiefly seen over black linings; white lace, flat, or in accordion pleats, is shown over cream, coral, gray, and changeable satin.

—For Truth.

Glimpses of Home Life.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

"There is a great difference in bread," I said this morning at breakfast time, and we should try to find out where the fault is if the "staple of life" is not all that we desire. Some people prefer bakers' bread, on account of its lightness and whiteness, but there really is nothing so sweet as a home-made loaf—if the flour is good. But it is a lamentable fact that millers do not, as a rule, take an active interest in the improvement of the quality of the bread made from their flour; yet the milling is of such vital importance that no subsequent efforts can redeem it. I was therefore surprised lately to see a miller send out with every package of the flour a receipt for yeast, and a method of bread making that is really so good as to be worth reproducing:—

"To one quart of water or milk add two thirds of a teaspoonful of yeast; add flour to the thickness of a batter, and let it rise over night; then add flour enough to knead till it will not stick to the board. Let it rise, then make into small loaves, and rise again. But bread must not stand in the oven with a lukewarm fire after it is done, and the flour must be kept dry. Some good cooks keep a lot of flour that has been dried on the back of the stove, for first setting, and think it a great secret of success."

So much for a miller telling all he knows. In my own family we add mashed potatoes, strained through a colander, to the sponge. It helps to keep the bread moist, and is better than milk, which gives shortness but is apt to sour if too warm. The best and surest yeast is made by boiling a handful of hops in two quarts of water for a quarter of an hour, strain and add six mashed potatoes, half a teaspoonful of sugar, a little salt and flour to a batter. When it is lukewarm add a cup of good yeast and let it rise. I do not mind the fancy dishes so much, but the substantials of every day life must be well cooked and wholesome. A very useful adjunct to the kitchen is a "Common Sense House hold Calendar," by Marian Harland, containing a recipe, sometimes two or three, for every day. I had a letter from the lady this morning, as I claim her friendship, and she writes of this: "It is a comfort to think as I tear off the leaflet for the day, that thousands of my sisters, all over the land, are thinking my thoughts with me." Her cook books have been "household words" in our family, but I think this pretty calendar more interesting, as it gives us hints day by day. This morning we found the recipe for "graham gems" especially nice. It was "one quart water, one cup molasses, one yeast cake, or four tablespoonfuls best yeast, one saltspoon salt, flour to make a thick batter—when light, bake in hot "gem" pans in a quick oven." It certainly is of importance what we shall eat, and as our health and that of our households depends largely on the kind of food we assimilate, it is well to consider and experiment until we attain to pure, healthful bread.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 28 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for its discontinuance.

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letter.

DISCONTINUANCE.—Remember that the Publisher wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid.

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

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

THE COURTS have decided that a subscriber, if newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 100 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada.

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

BRANCH OFFICES.

MONTREAL, QUE.—No. 123 St. James St., O. R. Scott, Manager.

WINNIPEG, MAN.—No. 220 Main St., Wm. C. Bacon, Manager.

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

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

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

Do not advertise till you get our quotations. S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor, Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COCKNEY, London.—Both Granville and Salisbury hold seats in the House of Lords, being hereditary peers.

WM. R., Montreal.—The Marquis of Lorne has no seat either in the British House of Commons or House of Lords.

INQUIRER, Peterboro'.—It is said that the Amer of Afghanistan does actually receive from the Indian Government £30,000 a year in money, besides presents of ammunition and arms.

A. C., St. Thomas.—As far as we are able we try to exclude from our columns the advertisements of unreliable parties.

A. P., Bathurst Street, City.—Your story is doubtless in reserve with a number of others, and should it be used you will receive the proper remuneration therefor.

Character is shaped either from within or from without. The world shapes character from without. It offers moulds of fashion to catch the warm current of young affections, and a coil of iron that soon chills the heart to selfish forms of action.

Character is shaped either from within or from without. The world shapes character from without. It offers moulds of fashion to catch the warm current of young affections, and a coil of iron that soon chills the heart to selfish forms of action.

Character is shaped either from within or from without. The world shapes character from without. It offers moulds of fashion to catch the warm current of young affections, and a coil of iron that soon chills the heart to selfish forms of action.

Character is shaped either from within or from without. The world shapes character from without. It offers moulds of fashion to catch the warm current of young affections, and a coil of iron that soon chills the heart to selfish forms of action.

Character is shaped either from within or from without. The world shapes character from without. It offers moulds of fashion to catch the warm current of young affections, and a coil of iron that soon chills the heart to selfish forms of action.

Character is shaped either from within or from without. The world shapes character from without. It offers moulds of fashion to catch the warm current of young affections, and a coil of iron that soon chills the heart to selfish forms of action.

Character is shaped either from within or from without. The world shapes character from without. It offers moulds of fashion to catch the warm current of young affections, and a coil of iron that soon chills the heart to selfish forms of action.

Character is shaped either from within or from without. The world shapes character from without. It offers moulds of fashion to catch the warm current of young affections, and a coil of iron that soon chills the heart to selfish forms of action.

Character is shaped either from within or from without. The world shapes character from without. It offers moulds of fashion to catch the warm current of young affections, and a coil of iron that soon chills the heart to selfish forms of action.

Character is shaped either from within or from without. The world shapes character from without. It offers moulds of fashion to catch the warm current of young affections, and a coil of iron that soon chills the heart to selfish forms of action.

Character is shaped either from within or from without. The world shapes character from without. It offers moulds of fashion to catch the warm current of young affections, and a coil of iron that soon chills the heart to selfish forms of action.

\$43,535.00

A NEW PLAN.

FINE CITY RESIDENCE GIVEN AWAY

FOR ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

"TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 14.

About two years ago the publisher of TRUTH resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of his paper to the fullest possible extent, and hit on the expedient of offering a large number of splendid premiums for correct answers to Bible questions.

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

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

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

You can compete any number of times in this competition. Send one dollar now, don't delay, with answers to these questions, and you will stand a good chance among the SECOND and THIRD, and more particularly for the GREAT MIDDLE reward, the residence, as the advertisement has been out some time.

Then send one dollar, say one month hence, and another in competition for the Consolation Rewards, and among the lot you are almost certain to strike something well worth having, perhaps even a prize for each dollar sent. Of course your answers to the Bible questions must be correct to secure any reward. Don't lose an hour now by sending off the first dollar. Read the full particulars. For each dollar sent your term of subscription will be extended four months.

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

A GOOD GUARANTEE. Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. Mr. Wilson has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet he has not dissatisfied with the result, as TRUTH has been splendidly established and his own business reputation well built up.

This will, however, positively be the last competition this year, and perhaps altogether, so don't lose the present opportunity of securing a valuable prize with TRUTH. A good guarantee for the future now lies in the fact that the publisher cannot now afford to do otherwise than honorably carry out his promise, as to fail at all would forfeit the result of the efforts of nearly a whole business life time.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible. 2. Give first reference to the word DIVORCE in the Bible.

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

- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin... \$200
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Risch, Toronto 1,650
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs... 800
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services... 600
14 to 18.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-cases watches... 640
20 to 20.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting-cases or open face watches... 830
31 to 70.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches, good movements... 400
71.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold... 100
72 to 200.—One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs... 900
201 to 500.—Three hundred fine solid roled gold brooches, newest designs... 600
501.—Fifty Dollars in Gold... 50

- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold... 200
2, 3 and 4.—Three magnificent grand square pianos... 650
5, 6 and 7.—Three fine toned 10-stop Cabinet Organs... 600
8 to 15.—Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches... 750
16 to 23.—Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches... 170
29 to 40.—Twelve solid quadruple plate silver tea sets... 740
41 to 70.—Thirty gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case watches... 900
71 to 90.—Twenty-nine solid gold gem rings 100. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold... 75
101 to 151.—Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant pattern... 625
136 to 303.—One hundred and seventy-half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons... 650
306 to 500.—Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries... 610
510 to 715.—Two hundred and six fine butter knives... 900
716.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold... 100

- 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rosewood square pianos... \$1,520
4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches... 400
8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold, beautifully engraved watches... 400
12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services... 540
18 to 23.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set)... 600
30 to 38.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches... 300
39.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold... 75
40 to 90.—Fifty one solid gold gem rings... 600
91 to 121.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs... 450
122 to 200.—Eighty-one half-dozen solid silver-plated tea spoons... 445
201 to 400.—Two hundred volumes, well-bound, Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries... 450
401.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold... 150

THE GREAT MIDDLE REWARD OF THE WHOLE COMPETITION, "TRUTH" VILLA,

a fine, well-situated dwelling house, No. 12 Ross Street, in the City of Toronto. The house is a new one, semi-detached, fine mantles, grates, bath-room, marble wash-stand, water closet and bath, and all modern conveniences. It now rents for \$22 per month, so you can judge of its value from the rental. The winner must consent to allow the name "TRUTH Villa" to remain on the house, as a memento of the enterprise of TRUTH.

- FOURTH REWARDS
1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin... \$ 200
2, 3 and 4.—Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Risch, Toronto... 1,500
5 and 6.—Two fine toned, 10 stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm... 600
7, 8 and 9.—Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services... 200
10 to 15.—Six gentlemen's solid gold watches... 600
16 to 21.—Five ladies' solid gold watches... 450
22 to 23.—Nine renowned sewing machines... 800
30.—Ten Dollars in Gold... 10
31 to 40.—Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-cases or open-face, coin-silver watches... 800

- 41 to 50.—Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs... 200
51 to 100.—Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons... 400
101 to 210.—One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries... 300
311 to 610.—Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper... 60
611.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold... 10

- FIFTH REWARDS.
1.—One hundred dollars in Gold Coin... \$ 100
2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos... 2,100
10 to 20.—Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches... 1,000
21 to 32.—Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches 1,000
33 to 50.—Elegant solid quadruple silver plated tea services... 1,440
51 to 70.—Thirty double-barrel, twist, breach loading shot guns... 2,700
71 to 110.—Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopaedia... 2,000
111 to 131.—Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches... 680
132.—Twenty dollars in gold... 20
133.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold... 100
134 to 162.—Twenty-seven Solid Nickel watches... 540
163 to 350.—One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver plated tea spoons... 990
351 to 600.—Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper)... 100

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

- CONSOLATION REWARDS.
1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin \$ 200
2, 3 and 4.—Three fine grand upright pianos 1,600
5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker... 750
8 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services—17 pieces... 800
11 to 18.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-cases watches... 800
19 to 28.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns... 600
30 to 30.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns... 44
91 to 150.—Sixty half-dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons... 330
151.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold... 100
152 to 200.—One hundred and thirty-nine fine German Oleographs... 580
291 to 601.—One hundred and eleven volumes of a most fascinating novel, by a celebrated author... 50

METHOD OF MAKING AWARDS. As fast as the answers come to hand they are carefully numbered in the order they are received, and at the close of the competition (Sept. 30th) the letters will be divided into SIX EQUAL QUANTITIES, and to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, including the consolation rewards, will be given the residence referred to above.

Then to the sender of the first correct answers up to number 501 in the FIRST REWARDS, and up to number 716 in the SECOND REWARDS, and up to number 401 in the THIRD REWARDS, and up to 511 in the FOURTH REWARDS, and up to 600 in the FIFTH REWARDS, and up to 401 in the SIXTH and last, or CONSOLATION REWARDS, will be given the prizes as stated in each of the lists. Fifteen days only will be allowed after the close of answers in competition for consolation rewards to reach TRUTH once from distant points.

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

HOW TO SEND.

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

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

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

course of the year articles from most of the leading and representative men of Canada and the United States, such as Sir Francis Hincks, of Montreal; Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., Metropolitan Church, Toronto; Hon. S. D. Hastings, of Wisconsin; Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska; Hon. Neal Dow, Maine; Dr. Daniel Clark, Rev. Jos. Wild, D.D., G. Mercer Adam, of Toronto; Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, as well as many others; In addition to the Bible competitions which are from time to time offered, the publisher also gives every week the following valuable prizes:—\$20 in gold for the best selected or original Tid-Bit; a lady's or gentleman's solid gold watch for the best Short Story, original or selected; \$5.00 for the best original or selected Poem. This extraordinary liberality on the part of the publisher of TRUTH stands unique and unparalleled in the history of journalism on this continent.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

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

A Testimonial.

Notwithstanding the fact that the publisher of TRUTH has given as prizes in competition a dozen at least of first-class pianos, and twice that number of organs and sewing machines, and hundreds of first class watches, and the names of the recipients, with their address, have been published, there are those who are yet bold to assert that no such prizes are paid. Such assertions are slanders, and the publisher would be justified in prosecuting some of the parties for slander,—for unjustly and wrongfully injuring his reputation and his business. The names of the winners have all been published in these columns, and any of the parties may be written to in regard to what they have actually received.

The following letter has been sent by a well known and respected Presbyterian minister, whose son was a successful competitor last year.

The Manso, Markham, June 5th, 1885.

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The piano won by my son, Benson, in TRUTH Bible Competition, No. 6, came to us about a year ago, and was acknowledged at the time. After a year's service I am able to say that it proves, in every respect, a superior instrument. A "tuner," a Toronto gentleman, says its tone and finish are complete. A large number of people, during the year, have called at the manse and examined and tried it, and are surprised at its excellence. It is just as advertised.

I am convinced that the publisher of TRUTH, Mr. Wilson, has too much at stake to depart in any measure from his offers, which are both numerous and liberal.

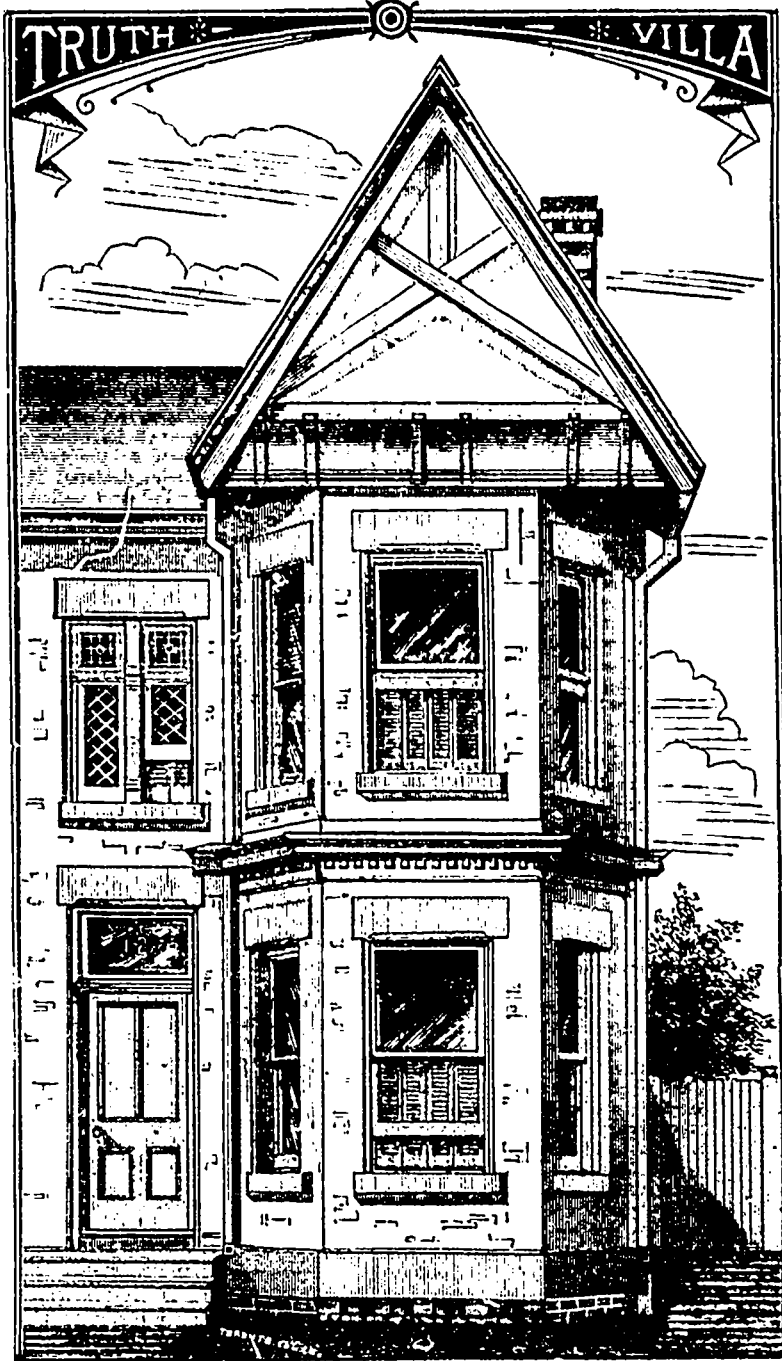
F. SMITH,

Pastor, St. Andrews.

Will other prize owners kindly send in their experience?

Atheism may be consistent with fine taste, and good taste under certain conditions may for a time regulate polished society; but ethics with atheism are impossible; and without ethics no human order can be strong or permanent.

The general hopes and wishes of true friendship need to be infused into our benefactions to make them warm, living, growing influences upon humanity. We need to broaden our sympathies, to expand our powers of affection, to take to our hearts not only a few congenial spirits, but all those who need the warmth of our sympathies and the uplifting hand of true friendliness.



How to Grow Old Rapidly.

Think you are growing old, and you will soon grow old.

Take your place obediently in the groove long made by custom for people of middle age or a little past it. Separate yourself entirely from the young. Regard with undisguised contempt their lack of experience. Scold at their mistakes with no effort at conciliation or making friends with them. This with them will give you your degree as "old fogy." An "old fogy" may be simply a child who has stopped his learning with the idea that he "knows it all." There are "old fogies" at twenty-five as well as at fifty.

Kill all inclination to indulge in what are called "youthful sports." Learn not to run. Cultivate in your limbs dignity, slowness, stiffness. Regard with serenity your slowly escaping vigor, suppleness and elasticity of muscle. Say it's the inevitable way of all flesh, and because this has always been so with past generations so it must always be with the coming ones.

Say to yourself: "It's a law of nature that people must grow old, decay and wither when their time comes." Just as our grandfathers said: "It's ag'in natar' that nows can be carried any faster than horseflesh can carry it, or that ships can cross the ocean any faster than wind and sails can carry them." Say to yourself: "Body and mind

must decay after a certain age, and it's flying in the face of Providence even to question that such decay can be retarded, if not prevented.

Don't recognize that every now interest is as a fresh grip on life and that as we lose interest the grip relaxes its hold. Let a child be so kept that it learns absolutely nothing, not even a game or sport, and note what an old face it will have at twenty-one. Note as to outward appearance of age at thirty five the stolid, stupid day-laborer, little better than an animated muscle for moving heavy weights, and the intellectual man of refined tastes and varied associations and pursuits, and see if in the contrast there be a suggestion how the mind may keep the body young.

Learn nothing new. Say it's now too late and that all your dancing days are over. Be ashamed of taking up any new study or pursuit. Why? Analyze your shame and you may find that the lack of skill characterizing your first efforts puts you on the same footing as the child. But you are not a child. You are grown up, full of years and vast experience in that dignity which assumes to know so much and really knows so little.

There are helps all round you to assist you in growing old. Kind friends from time to time will comment on the appearance of a gray hair or a line in your face, with the expression, in their words: "Time to begin to get ready for the grave." Be convinced by them—that is, as they say.

Cease all attempt at reformation or improvement in any direction. If you have any manner of slipshod or slovenly inclination, whether it extend to dress or address or gait, let it all go "by the run," as they say at sea. Say to yourself: "All that ef-

fort will do for a young man. But it's no use for me at my time of life." What time? Oh, say 60, or 65, or 60.

Prot a good deal and hate a good deal. This will materially assist you rapidly to grow old and ugly.

In your eating and drinking study only your palate. Regard all as cranky or "crotchotty" who talk of eating for health as well as pleasure's sake.

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.

SUPPLIED BY TWO SOUVENIR NUMBERS OF THE "ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS."

As soon as the country is settled down to its usual peaceable pursuits, every Canadian who takes an interest in his country's welfare and history will be looking out for a history of the recent troubles in the North-West which have been the source of so much anxiety to thousands and the cause of untold suffering to many thousands more. Anticipating this demand, the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto have decided to supply the want, and have adopted a somewhat novel and interesting plan for doing so. They propose to issue two grand souvenir numbers of the Canadian Pictorial and Illustrated War News, which will be a complete letter press and illustrated history of the late rebellion. The first of these parts has just been issued and contains a complete history of the rebellion from its inception up to the Battle of Fish Creek. Besides the letter press history, it contains a large number of very fine illustrations, amongst which are the following:—"The Battle of Duck Lake," "The Sacking of Battleford by Hostile Indians," "Escape of the McKay Family through the Ice," "Capture of White Cap's Band by the Governor-General's Body Guard," "How Her Majesty's Mails Travel through the Hostile Country," "The Battle of Fish Creek," "Murder of the Priests by Wandering Spirit," "Heroic Defence of Fort Pitt." Also a grand allegorical two-page Supplement entitled "Canada's Sacrifice."

In addition to these illustrations there is given away with this first part a magnificent plate in three colors of General Middleton and the commanding officers of the different Battalions on duty in the North West. Amongst others in the group are the following:—Major-General Middleton, Major-General Strange, Lord Melgund, Col. Otter, Col. Van Straubenzio, Col. Williams, Col. Montizambert, Col. Ouimet, Col. Grassott, Col. Miller, etc.

The illustrations, which have been made specially for this publication, have been compiled at great expense from the most authentic sources, including sketches from their special artist who is accompanying General Middleton's expedition. The artists engaged in the preparation of the illustrations comprise the best talent available both in Canada and the United States, and include the following:—W. D. Bacheley, J. W. Bengough, J. D. Kelly, J. Humme, W. W. Weabroon, A. Lampert, Wm. Bengough.

The history is from the pen of Mr. T. Arnold Haultaur, M. A., the author of "The War in the Soudan."

There is no doubt that this illustrated history will be by far the most valuable of any that may be published, and when the two parts are bound together they will form a very attractive memento of Riel's second rebellion. In the years to come those who are fortunate enough to possess a copy will have a volume that will be studied with intense interest by both young and old. We advise all our readers to lose no time in securing a copy of Part 1, and giving their order in advance for the 2nd Part, which is in preparation, and will be ready in a short time.

The price of each part is 50c., which we consider is remarkably cheap, as for this price the publishers have compiled a work of which the letter press alone would make an ordinary book of about 150 pages, and in addition give 12 full pages of lithographed illustrations. It is only by a very large sale that the publishers will make any profit, and they are certainly justified in anticipating a great demand for the issue.

We have no doubt their anticipations will be realized.

The souvenir number can be procured of all newsdealers, or from the office of publication direct.

## LAUGHLETS.

A rich young lady—Syndi Kate.  
The silent watches of the night: Those  
not wound up.

"Shoot and blazes" is but a poor substitute  
when a man steps on a tack.

"I care not who makes the breeches of the  
family," said a strong-minded wife, "as long  
as I wear them."

Young housewife: "What miserable little  
eggs again. You really must tell them,  
Jane, to let the hens sit on them a little  
longer."

"You say you know Sallie Jones?"  
"Yes." "Is she homelier than her sister  
Mary?" "Yes; there's more of her; she's  
bigger."

A young lady rebukingly asks: "Which is  
the worse, to lace tight, or to get tight?"  
"Really, we cannot answer the question. We  
never laced."

Georgie: "Do you know, Ethel, old Stokes  
had a perplexity fit the other day?" Ethel:  
"A perplexity fit? You mean a parallel  
stroke."

A man may be ever so firm a believer in  
the theory of evolution, but when he is af-  
flicted with boils he is not always a believer  
in the "furrival of the fittist."

"Evil cucumbers corrupt bananas," is the  
way a little girl repeated the text. She was  
quite right, as her little brother's stomach-  
ache after dinner testified.

"I do think that thirteen is really an un-  
lucky number," said a port young miss who  
had just entered her teens; "it is too old for  
dolls and too young for beaux!"

Wife: "Don't bother me now; will twist  
your own sundries; we surely will be  
late. It's time now for the first dance, and  
I am now only fully have undressed for the  
ball."

To be a yachtsman one must own a white  
flannel suit, some brass buttons, a white cap  
with gold braid and an idea that he owns  
the earth. It is not necessary to own a  
yacht.

"Greek? Do I understand Greek?" said  
a jolly German. "Well, I shoost can schmil-  
ly, ven I vas a leetle poy, I always swim in  
dot greek inshtadt of dot riffer."

"Bas, hab you got any ob dem confound  
cavortie pills?" "Yes. Do you want them  
plain or coated?" "Dunno. I want dem  
ones what's whitewashed." He got 'em.

"The tendency to do wrong increases to-  
wards night," says a well-known clergyman.  
I think this is very likely to be true, for  
when Adam ate the forbidden fruit it was  
near Eve.

"Is the man honest?" asked old Hyson.  
"Honest as the day is long," was the reply.  
"Ye-es," said old Hyson; "but then he  
won't do at a." I want him for a night  
watchman."

"Out of every one hundred and nine female  
school teachers," says an exchange, "seven  
marry every year." How many times do  
the remaining 102 marry? Give us all the  
facts.

A magazine writer says the Indians are in-  
creasing in number. This must be an error.  
Not nearly so many Indians are standing in  
front of cigar stores to day as there were  
twenty-five years ago.

The composer of "Put me in my little bed"  
announces that he got ten dollars for writing  
that interesting lyric, and hints that it was  
not enough. It was not; he ought to have  
got ten years.

Coddlepat used to rave over Miss Hig-  
gins's hyacinthine curls. Since he has dis-  
covered that they are fastened on with hair-  
pins he has chosen a new floral emblem and  
now calls them "lie-locks."

Priest: "Tell me, Murphy, how came you  
by that black eye? Were you fighting, eh?"  
Murphy: "Well, in-lade, I won't deivice  
yer riverence; but sure, if yer riverence  
only seen Nick's eye, now, th'oth you'd say  
there was nothing wrong with mine at all,  
at all."

"I wish you wouldn't go over to Yeast's,"  
said Crimmon to his wife, the other morning.  
"Why not?" inquired the wife. "Well, you  
know, they've got the fever over there, and  
if you catch it, you'll be sure to spread it."  
"Non-sense!" replied the lady. "Well, you  
will; I never knew a woman yet to keep any-  
thing to herself," was the husband's parting  
shot, as he went out of the door.

## Ruins of the Synagogue at Capernaum.

Perhaps the most interesting spot in the  
world to those deeply under the influence of  
that charm which association lends to place,  
hallowed by the ministrations of the Founder  
of Christianity is to be found in a desert,  
rock-strown promontory on the northwest  
shore of the Lake of Tiberias; for among  
these piles of hewn blocks of black basalt  
still remain the ruins of a great synagogue,  
within whose walls, the foundations of which  
may still be distinctly traced, were collected  
the multitudes who flocked to hear the  
teachings of Christ. While modern tourists  
revisit the crowds to Jerusalem to visit the  
mythical sites which are supposed, upon the  
vague basis of ecclesiastical tradition, to be  
identified with episodes in the life of the  
great Teacher, scarcely one ever finds his  
way to this remote locality, lying just out of  
the beaten track along which Cook leads his  
herds of sight-seers; and yet it is probable  
that the greater part of that period in the  
life of Christ, the record of which is con-  
tained in the four Gospels, was spent at  
Capernaum, which the most careful investi-  
gation by the highest authorities in such  
matters has identified with these ruins of  
Tell Hum. Sir Charles Wilson, whose re-  
searches on this spot led him to identify it as  
being the site of the City of Capernaum, be-  
lieves this synagogue was, "without doubt,  
the one built by the Roman centurion (Luke  
vii, 5), and, therefore, one of the most  
sacred spots on earth." It was in this build-  
ing, if that be the case, that the well-known  
discourse contained in the sixth chapter of  
John was delivered; and it was without a  
strange feeling, says the same explorer,  
"that on turning over a large block we found  
the pot of manna engraved on its face, and  
remembered the words: 'I am that bread of  
life. Your fathers did eat manna in the  
wilderness and are dead.'"

Apart from their associations, the ruins  
themselves are not particularly striking.  
They cover an area of about half a mile in  
length by a quarter in breadth, and consist  
chiefly of the black blocks of basaltic stone  
which formed the walls of the houses. The  
traces of the synagogue, however, remain  
sufficently for the building to be planned.  
Built of white limestone blocks, it must  
have formed a conspicuous object amid the  
black basalt by which it was surrounded. It  
was seventy-five feet by fifty-seven, built  
north and south, and at the southern end  
had three entrances. Many of the columns  
and capitals have been carried away, but  
enough still remain to convey some idea  
of the general plan and aspect of the building.  
The capitals are of the corinthian order, and  
there were epistyles which rested upon the  
columns and probably supported wooden  
rafters. There are also remains of a heavy  
cornice and frieze. The exterior was prob-  
ably decorated with attached pilasters.

## "I Know a Thing or Two."

"My dear boy," said a father to his only  
son, "you are in bad company. The lads  
with whom you associate indulge in bad  
habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play  
cards and visit improper places. They are  
not safe company for you. I beg you to quit  
their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," re-  
plied the boy laughing. "I guess I know a  
thing or two. I know how far to go and  
when to stop."

The lad left his father's house, twirling his  
cane in his fingers and laughing at the "old  
man's notions."

A few years later, and that lad, grown to  
manhood, stood at the bar of a court before  
a jury which had just brought in a verdict  
of "guilty" against him for some crime in  
which he had been concerned. Before he  
was sentenced he addressed the court and  
said, among other things: "My downward  
course began in disobedience to my parents.  
I thought I knew as much of the world as  
my father did, and I spurned his advice, but  
as soon as I turned my back upon home,  
temptations came upon me like a drove of  
hycenas, and hurried me to ruin."

Mark that confession, you boys who are  
beginning to be wiser than your parents.  
Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the  
first step on the road to ruin. Do not take  
it.

## Witchcraft.

Towards the close of the seventeenth  
century, considerable excitement was  
created in the West of Scotland by a re-  
ported case of bewitchment. It appears that  
a girl eleven years of age, named Christian  
Shaw, daughter of a gentleman residing at  
Bargarran, in Renfrowshire, gave out that  
she had been bewitched, and attributed  
certain hysterical convulsions and other  
symptoms which she experienced to the in-  
fluence that was being exerted over her by  
her tormentors. For ten months she was  
said to have vomited at intervals egg-shells,  
hair, bones, feathers, &c; and though she  
had been visited by noblemen, clergymen,  
judges, and physicians, no explanation of  
the phenomena appears to have been offered,  
and the case was left to the verdict of a  
superstitious mob, who declared it was a  
clear case of bewitching, and called for the  
lives of the alleged offenders. Three men  
and four women—among the latter being a  
maid-servant, who had given offence to Miss  
Shaw—were arrested, tried, and condemned  
to be hanged and burnt. The decision of  
the court is said to have received the cordial  
approval of the clergy; and as it was be-  
lieved that the execution of the poor  
wretches would be a severe blow to the  
machinations of the enemy of mankind, the  
members of the Presbytery were appointed  
to attend and see it properly carried out.  
One of the women prisoners committed  
suicide in gaol; but on the morning of June  
10th, 1697, the other six were marched to  
their doom in a central part of Paisley.  
They were first hanged for a short time, and  
then, probably before one of them was quite  
dead, cut down and cast upon a pile of peats  
saturated with tar, which having been set  
fire to burnt their bodies to ashes. It is re-  
corded that among the spectators of the  
horrible tragedy were "most of the nobility  
and gentry of the district, who probably  
judged that there could not be much that  
was objectionable in an entertainment which  
was graced by the presence of the learned  
and pious members of the Presbytery.  
Twenty-one years afterwards, Miss Shaw,  
whose family had by that time become  
heartily ashamed of their connection with  
the miserable business recorded above, was  
married to the Rev. Mr. Miller, of Kilmaur.  
She had become an expert spinner of flax,  
and when her husband died, in 1725, she  
sought to forget her troubles by assiduous  
application to her wheel.

## Superstition in Afghanistan.

Medicine among the Afghans is in a crude  
form. It is a jumble of superstition with  
here and there a grain of sense intermixed.  
Even the well-to-do people of the peasantry  
live in mud-houses consisting of one room,  
windowless, and with one small door of exit.  
Here the family, however large, live and  
sleep. Chimneys are unknown, or indeed,  
any kind of smoke-hole, or ventilator.  
Water for drinking purposes is often ob-  
tained from a small rivulet, a branch of the  
canal, generally impure, muddy stuff. Yet  
when the people are sick, they ascribe it to  
the evil influence of malicious jinns who are  
always wandering about ready for any  
wicked mischief.

The people believe that if a man sick with  
small-pox hears thunder, he becomes deaf,  
hence tom-toms (drums) are beaten round  
him during a thunder-storm that he may not  
hear the fatal sound.

Incantations, jugglery and charms are popu-  
lar remedies. If the patient recovers,  
well and good; if he dies, he lacks faith. A  
favorite cure for jaundice is a twig taken  
from a fig tree, cut into forty pieces, breathed  
on by the Korah (wise men) and the pious  
strong and hung about the sick person's  
neck. A seven to ten days' abstinence from  
it is enjoined, and the patient gets well, or  
else he does not.

Occasionally the treatment becomes more  
practical as in the following case of sweating  
a patient.

An only son of one of the better-class  
peasants was taken ill.

"I'm so cold, and then I'm so hot, and my  
head aches!" the lad complained.

His mother, being anxious, went to the  
house of the Moolah (learned doctor) to get

a remedy for her son. The good man  
prayed, and gave her an amulet with strange  
cabalistic figures on it, and bade her go home  
and put it about the sick boy's neck, and it  
would drive away the wicked jinn that was  
troubling him.

The woman did so, but the lad grew worse.  
Then the Koran and a sword were laid on  
the quilt beside the boy, and another amu-  
let, with wonderful exorcising power, was  
hung on the bedpost; and the poor, dis-  
traught mother drove pegs into the grave of  
a buried saint, hung rags on the tree above  
it, and prayed in vain. The jinn wouldn't  
go, but the sick boy grew more feverish.

Then the father determined to try the  
great Pathan remedy, which is practised all  
over Afghanistan. He had a sheep slaugh-  
tered and skinned, and after rubbing oil and  
turmeric upon the skin, wrapped his son in  
it while it was hot. Then he laid the boy  
on the bed and shut the door, so that not a  
breath of air could come in, and covered him  
up with heavy quilts.

At the end of twenty-four hours the lad  
was no better, so the skin was removed and  
a fresh one substituted.

This time it had the desired effect, for be-  
fore ten hours were passed the sick boy said,  
"Father, I have become water."  
"Allah be praised!" exclaimed the par-  
ents.

For several hours longer the lad wore the  
sheepskin, that the cure might be certain;  
and when at last it was removed, the poor  
boy had perspired so freely that he pre-  
sented a general parboiled appearance, but  
the fever was conquered.

In no other medicinal preparation have  
the results of the most intelligent study and  
scientific inquiry been so steadily and pro-  
gressively utilized as in Ayer's Sarsaparilla.  
It leads the list as a truly scientific prepara-  
tion for all blood diseases.

Undressed kid or Swede gloves in tan  
shades remain the favorite wear for dressy  
toilet, but fine silk gloves in tan shades are  
also worn with such dresses, while fine lisle  
thread gloves are considered the correct  
wear with wash fabric frocks, no matter  
how handsome the make and material.

James Cullen, Pool's Island, N.E., writes:  
I have been watching the progress of Dr.  
Thomas' Electric Oil since its introduction  
to this place, and with much pleasure state  
that my anticipations of its success have  
been fully realized, it having cured me of  
bronchitis and soreness of nose; while not a  
few of my 'rheumatic neighbors' (one old  
lady in particular) pronounce it to be the  
best article of its kind that has ever been  
brought before the public. Your medicine  
does not require any longer a sponsor; but  
if you wish me to act as such, I shall be only  
too happy to have my name connected with  
your prosperous child.

American bathing suits are very plain  
blouses with medium length skirts and half-  
long trousers; dark blue and grey are the  
preferred colors, with white or red braid for  
trimming. Serge flannel is the material.

THE REVOLT which is caused in a dyspep-  
tic stomach by a meal digestible by one  
which is in average health, can be perma-  
nently subdued and the tone of the organ re-  
stored by the systematic and persistent use  
of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery  
and Dyspeptic Cure, which imparts tone to  
the digestive viscera, and removes all im-  
purities from the blood.

Baby waists rather d on to yokes and  
belts at the waist line, worn with full  
gathered or pleated skirts, which may be  
tucked and trimmed with embroidery, but  
not flounced, are the features of little girls'  
dresses.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother  
Graves' Worm Extirminator deranges  
worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It  
only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be  
convinced.

The latest fashion in bed ornamentation  
is to put pendant strands of copper or lead  
beads or porcelain imitations of the same  
on red serge and red flannel jackets for sea-  
side wear.

## Unprecedented Success.

For all purposes of a family medicine,  
Hayward's Yellow Oil is the head of the list.  
It is used with unprecedented success, both  
internally and externally. It cures Sore  
Throat, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites; relieves  
and often cures Asthma.



Story of a Postal Card.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble— "For twelve years!" After trying all the doctors and patent medicine I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop Bitters; And I am perfectly cured. I keep it "All the time!" Respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn, May 4, 1893.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 8, 1875. It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in years, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

ASHURNHAM, Mass., Jan. 14, 1880

I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children I should never die in peace till I had tried Hop Bitters. When I had taken two bottles they helped me very much indeed. When I had taken two more bottles I was well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they have cured me, and they used them and were cured, and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made. Yours Truly, Miss JULIA G. CUSHING.

\$3,000 Lost.

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

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

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

MISS S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved.

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

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

The Reconciler of Capital and Labor.

The greatest friend of capitalist and toiler and the one who shall bring them into complete accord, was born on a Christmas night, while the curtains of the sky swung as there moved among them the wings angelic. Owning all the universe the great continents of worlds and the aisles of light, the capitalist of immensity, he crosses over to the poor man's condition, coming into our world not by palace gate, but door of barn, spending his first night among shepherds, and afterward calling fishermen from their nets, to be his chief attendants, with the hammer and adze and saw and axe and chisel of a carpenter's shop, showing himself a brother tradesman, accepting entertainments at the house of one who tanned hides for a living, and though having owned all things, surrendering everything for others on the hillock back of Jerusalem, and without a shekel left to pay for his obsequies, was buried by charity in the suburbs of a city which had cast him out. Assuredly, at the cross and grave of such a capitalist and carpenter all men can afford to shake hands and worship. Here is an every man's Christ. None so high but he was higher. None so poor but he was poorer. At his feet the hostile extremities of society will renounce their animosities, and countenances that glowed in the prejudices and revenges of centuries shall brighten into the smile of heaven as he says to them: "Whatsoever ye would that man should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Nobody knows what it is to come. A great many hours come in between this and tomorrow; and in one hour, you, in one minute, down falls the house. I have seen rain and sunshine at the same moment. A man may go to bed well at night and not be able to stir the next morning; and tell me who can boast of having driven a nail in fortune's wheel,

For coughs, colds, bronchitis and all lung and throat troubles, there is no preparation of medicine can compare with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It never fails to afford prompt and permanent relief. It removes all soreness, and heals the diseased parts. It immediately soothes the most troublesome cough, and by promoting expectoration, removes the mucus which stops up the air tubes which causes difficulty in breathing thereby gives relief to that depressing tightness experienced in the chest. Public speakers and singers will find Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup of inestimable value, as it speedily and effectually allays all irritation, and huskiness in the throat and bronchial tubes, and gives power to the vocal cords, rendering the voice clear and sonorous. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

There is a tendency to retain the pouf and looped skirt drapery by Paris dressmakers.

Prompt Measures.

Prompt means should be used to break up sudden colds, and cure coughs in their early stages. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam does this most splendidly and effectually.

Fancy red bathing suits brought from Paris are occasionally seen on our beaches.

Joseph Rusan, Percy, writes: "I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and found it the best article I ever tried. It has been a great blessing to me." Beware of similarly named articles; they are imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

Tinsel cord is to take the place of tinsel braid in dress and millinery next fall.

A Human Barometer.

The man with rheumatism can feel the approach of bad weather in his aching joints. Hagyard's Yellow Oil cures rheumatism, aches, pains and injuries.

There is a steady tendency to return to the styles of dress of fifty years ago.

One or two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery will purify the blood, remove Dyspepsia, and drive away that extreme tired feeling which causes so much distress to the industrious, and persons of sedentary habits. Mr. W. E. Ellis, Druggist, Fenelon Falls, writes: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well and giving good satisfaction."

The pretty Gretchen dress for little girls is as popular this as last season.

Good the Year Round.

At all seasons, when the system is foul and the digestive powers feeble, or the liver and kidneys inactive, Burdock Blood Bitters are required.

The scarf of gold shot etamine is the favorite seaside hat trimming.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—I will send a Recipe, free to any person desiring the same, that has cured hundreds of cases of drunkenness. It can be given in a cup of tea, coffee, or even in the drunkard's much loved whiskey, and without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Enclose stamp for particulars. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Copper, steel, and lead tinsel braids trim many seaside rambles suits.

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

Red and blue remain the favorite colors for combination in seaside wraps and frocks for ordinary wear along the beach.

Short, Sharp and Decisive.

\$31,000

"LADIES' JOURNAL" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 10

FIFTY CENTS ONLY REQUIRED.

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

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible.
2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

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

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins.....\$100
2, 3 and 4. Three grand upright rosewood pianos. 1,550
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs, \$10
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services..... 600
14 to 18.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches..... 540
20 to 22.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches..... 330
21 to 20.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches..... 400
71.—One hundred dollars in gold..... 700
72 to 80.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen sets fine silver-plated tea spoons..... 780
201 to 500.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) fiction, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers..... 155
501.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

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

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant rosewood upright pianos.....\$1,520
4, 5, 6 and 7. Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 480
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four ladies' solid gold watches..... 482
12 to 17. Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 540
18 to 20. Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set)..... 500
20 to 28. Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 300
29. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75
40 to 90. Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches..... 1,000
91 to 121. Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 450
122 to 200. Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver plated tea spoons..... 615
201 to 400. Two hundred volumes fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 450
401. One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 150

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

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins.....\$ 200
2, 3 and 4. Three fine grand upright pianos..... 1,500
5, 6 and 7. Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker..... 750
8 to 10. Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces..... 300
11 to 13. Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches..... 206
19 to 20. Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 350
20 to 90. Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 412
91 to 150. Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 300
151. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
152 to 190. One hundred and thirty-nine elegant rolled gold brooches..... 800
201 to 400. One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 60

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

letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for these consolation rewards. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, 50 CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.

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

Short jackets, opening over full baby waists, are worn at seaside and country resorts.

Consumption Cured

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

The jersey is worn only for demi-toilet.

Does this Refer to You?

Are you troubled with biliousness, dyspepsia, liver or kidney complaints, or bad blood? If so you will find a certain cure in Burdock Blood Bitters.

Canvas and lace-woven stuffs are all the rage.

KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men.

Tucked skirts are much worn here and in Europe.

The History of Hundreds.

Mr. John Morrison, of St. Anns, N.S., was so seriously afflicted with a disease of the kidneys that dropsy was developing and his life was despaired of. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him after physicians had failed.

Jersey webbing cloth is used for many bathing suits.

No injurious effects can follow the use of Ayer's Ague Cure in the treatment of malarial diseases. It contains, besides a specific and unfailing antidote for miasmatic poison, other remedial agents which unite to expel the poisonous humors, purify the system, and leave it in a healthy and reinvigorated condition.

Bathing suits generally banished from sea son to season.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

Exchange Department.

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

Fancy Book Illustrations (revised edition), by ERA M. NILES, containing over 400 pages, fully illustrated devoted to knitting and crocheting everything, including embroidery, guipure lace work, macramé work, darned lace, cross stitch, outline work, all the different kinds of painting, in fact all kinds of fancy work found in cloth and gilt. Price, \$2, plain edge, \$2.50, gilt edge. Address, Buckeye Publishing Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota. Agents wanted everywhere.

An amateur paper, The Press for any other amateur paper. William Jackson, Box 775, Waterbury, Conn.

Fossil and land ocean shells, for stamps. Send list, correspondence solicited. Ed. FASCHALK, 620 Washington St., San Francisco, Cal.

A nice pair of canaries, for a pug or other small breed dog, rare stamps, or others not in my collection. Ed. BARNETT, 109 Maxwell St., Chicago, Ill.

Correspondence invited from Canada for the purpose of exchanging postage stamps. L. G. F. POOLE, care of West Bergen Steel Works, Jersey City, N. J.

Chinese coins, your name in Chinese, and specimens of gold and silver ore, for coins not in my collection. Only accepted offers answered. DAISY PACKARD, Box 164, Denver, Col.

A fine canvas canoe (12 feet long), a new pair of 10-inch Vinograd roller skates, and a good telegraph instrument, for the best offer of a photographic outfit. Fred C. HANCOCK, 130 Main St. Jackson, Mich.

A 15c Treasury stamp, for an unused 2c Canada registered stamp or a stamp from Prince Edward Island or Newfoundland, a 3 and 6c Treasury, for a 5c Canada registered or any U. S. of 1876 above 3c. F. F. ANDREWS, East Rockport, Ohio.

An Indian arrow-head, 10 advertising cards, some postmarks 125 foreign stamps, an old cent of 1830, some Florida beans, a few papers, and a piece of petrified wood, for a full font of plain long type, tags, coins, cards, and papers, for others. Lewis BISHOP, Sharon, Penn.

All beings have their laws; the Deity has His laws, the material world has its laws, superior intelligences have their laws, the beasts have their laws and man has his law.

What 10 Cents will Do.

A 10 cent bottle of Polson's NERVILINE will cure neuralgia or headache. A ten cent bottle of Nerviline will cure toothache or faciocho. A ten cent sample bottle of Nerviline is sufficient to cure colds, diarrhoea, spasms, dysentery, &c. Nerviline is just the thing to cure all pains, whether internal or external. Buy at your druggist a 10 cent sample of Nerviline, "the great pain cure." Safe, prompt, and always effectual. Large bottles at any drug store, only 20 cents.

Of all things that man possesses, women alone take pleasure in being possessed.

No man ever smoked "Myrtle Navy" tobacco for a fortnight and then took to any other brand in preference to it. It bears its own testimony of its qualities, and it is testimony which is always convincing. The smoker who uses it is never annoyed by getting it sometimes of good quality and sometimes of bad. The arrangements of the manufacturers for keeping its quality equal are very elaborate and complete, and are the results of many years of experience and close observation.

Women love always. When earth slips from them they take refuge in heaven.

The day of small things

Is for or. It is not the great difficulties of life that try us but the small annoyances that ceaselessly wear away patience and good temper. The smallest grain in the eye, or the pricking of a pin, even an aching corn upset us completely, and therefore it becomes our duty to protect ourselves against the lesser evils which grow great by repetition. To remove corns all that is necessary is to purchase Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It will very quickly remove them, and without the slightest pain or discomfort. Putnam's Extractor like other articles of merit has numerous imitators. Be on your guard against such. Ask for and get Putnam's Extractor.

"Fools Rush In, Where Angels Fear to Tread."

So impetuous youth is often given to folly and indiscretions; and, as a result, nervous, mental and organic debility follow, memory is impaired, self confidence is lacking; at night bad dreams occur, premature old age seems setting in, ruin is in the track. In confidence, you can, and should write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the author of a treatise for the benefit of that class of patients, and describe your symptoms and sufferings. He can cure you at your home, and will send you full particulars by mail.

We censure the inconstancy of women when we are the victims; we find it charming when we are the objects.

"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"

Thanks to Dr. Pierce, there is a balm in his "Golden Medical Discovery"—a "balm for every wound" to health, from colds, coughs, consumption, bronchitis and all chronic, blood, lung and liver affections. Of druggists.

The essence of education is the education of the body. Beauty and health are the chief sources of happiness.

Best French Brandy, Smart Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as combined in Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart Weed, is the best remedy for colic, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery or bloody flux; also, to break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks if used early.

The highest mark of esteem a woman can give a man is to ask his friendship; and the most signal proof of her indifference is to offer him hers.

Without publicity there can be no public spirit, and without public spirit every nation must decay.

Catarth—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern ophthalmology has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarth. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is not the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioners are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarth is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarth in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarth. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 207 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarth.—Medical Times.

Everyone loves power, even if they do not know what to do with it.

DENTAL.

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

J. G. ADAMS, D.D.S., DENTIST—OFFICE 346 J. Yonge street, entrance on Elm street. Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

MEDICAL.

REV. J. EDGAR, M.D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN. Chronic Diseases a Specialty. 68 ISABELLA STREET, TORONTO.

D. E. T. ADAMS, 253 KING ST. WEST. SPECIALTY—Diseases of the Stomach & Bowels, in connection with the general practice of Medicine & Surgery. Consultation free.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 A.M., 2 to 5 P.M., Sunday, 1:30 to 3 P.M.

THOMSON & HENDERSON BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS, &c. Office, 13 Wellington Street East, Toronto. D. E. THOMSON. DAVID HENDERSON.

THE ACCIDENT Insurance Co. of North America. Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society of England. MEDLAND & JONES, General Insurance Agents, Equity Chambers and 37 Adelaide St. E.

PIANO TUNING! R. H. DALTON, 211 Queen St. West. Leave orders personally or by post card.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer.—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS, River St., Duckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

50 Lovely Chromo with name, and our new Case of 100 Samples for 15c or 25c. Oral Beauties with name in gold and Jet and Case of 8 miles, 10c. STAR CARD Co., Kewilton, E. J.

USE GOLDEN HEALTH PELLETS AND HYPOPHOSFERINE. The two great specific: Liver, Bilious and Nervous Diseases, will quickly relieve Nervous Debility, Spermatorrhoea, Neuralgic and Nervous Headaches, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Skin and Femal Diseases. Price 25c and 50c. Send for pamphlet D. L. THOMPSON, Homeopathic Pharmacist, 394 YORK ST. TORONTO.

WM. BARBER & BRO Papermakers, GEORGETOWN, ONT. NEWS, BOOK & FINE PAPERS

SEND A POST CARD TO THE Brighton Laundry, 7 Bloor Street East, and have them call for your washing. Best work. Lowest prices. No fluids used. MRS. POFFLEY.

CARDS 50 Lovely new styles, French and Gold Floral Chromo Cards, with name; also funny illustrated book, one Agent's Sample Book, all for 10c. Send 5c. for pocket Sample Book, and special terms. Agent's large Album, 25c. BLANK CARDS at WHOLESALE PRICES. GLOBE CARD CO., ST. THOMAS, ONT.

TYPHOID AND MALARIAL FEVER. Prevent this by having your closets cleaned and deodorized by Marchant & Co. Then have your closets converted into dry earth closets, which we will do free of cost, and clean them monthly at a mere nominal charge by contract. S. W. MARCHANT & CO., City Contractors, 9 Queen Street, East.

\$50 GOLD WATCH FOR 20c. The person sending me the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word "Charlestown" on or before June 15th, will receive a Ladies' Solid 18k Gold Hunting Case Watch, full jewelled, nickel movement, valued at \$50. Each competitor to enclose 20 cents silver, with list. Abbreviations and proper names not allowed. No letter to be used more than once in the same word. Prize will be fairly awarded. Name of winner will appear in "Truth." Try your skill. Address: J. E. FEARSON, Kingsbury P.O., Lunenburg Co., Nova Scotia.

SEND 10c. for 40 Lovely Bath Finish Chromo, 5c. for 100 Lovely Bath Finish Chromo, 1c. for 1000 Lovely Bath Finish Chromo. All over sold. Address: Kingsbury Card Co., Boston, Que.

25 years Test Proves Prof. Hall's Magic Compound has no equal for forcing the beard to grow on the smoothest face of 21 days. Safe and sure. Price 25c. or 50c. per bottle. 10c. per dozen. 10c. per dozen. 10c. per dozen.

Fruit Trees, Roses, Grapevines. Large Stock, Best Sorts. HENRY SLIGHT, 407 Yonge St., Toronto

NEW PATRIOTIC SONG, "Canada the Free." BEAUTIFULLY GOT UP Full Sheet-music size. Pictorial Title Page. PRICE, 10 CENTS. IMRIE & GRAHAM, 23 Colborne Street, TORONTO.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO.

We have advertising space reserved in one hundred and ten of the best weekly papers in Canada, published in towns and villages. The total circulation of these papers is 114,828 copies per week. Rates very low. Send copy of what you wish to advertise and we will promptly return you an estimate of the cost for one line or one year's insertion in our entire list. Our list is suitable for almost every style of advertising, such as "Farms for Sale," "Business Chances," specialties of all kinds merchandise of every sort. In fact anything which goes either direct or indirect to the consumer. Address

S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor Auxiliary Publishing Co., 23 & 35 Adelaide st. W. Toronto.

"Home Exerciser" For brain-workers and sedentary people. Gentlemen, Ladies and youths, the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inch square floor-room, something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Home School for Physical Culture," 19 East 14th Street, N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. DOWD.

LADIES! If you want to buy the Style in Hair, Bangs, Waves, Switches, etc., increase your shade of hair in letter and amount, and I will send you any style or color by return mail. If you have also long hair, send it to me by mail, and I shall send you money what it is worth in return. Address: A. DOREN, 125 West York Hair Works, 125 York Street, Toronto. Get. Circular on a postcard.

LADIES! PILLS-SOLVENE—Only genuine solvent. Permanently dissolves Superfluous Hair, rest and break, in 5 to 10 minutes, without pain, disarrangement, or injury. Particulars, 6 cents. MARY LANE—Develops the Best. Hairless and Certain. Particulars, 6 cents. WILCOX & PETERSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

SNOWFLAKE BREAD CRUMPTON'S BAKERY, 171 King St., East

HEALTH FOR ALL!!! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER STOMACH, KIDNEY AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless. THE OINTMENT A safe infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal. FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, and other Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment, 53 OXFORD STREET, (into 533 OXFORD ST.) LONDON. and are sold at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is no 53 OXFORD STREET, London, they are spurious.



\$ 9.00.

GENUINE WALTHAM WATCH!

Men's Size, In 3 oz. Solid Coin Silver Cases.

INDIAN CLOCK,



PALACE JEWELLERY ESTABLISHMENT.

Sent per mail, prepaid, to any address on receipt of price, or will send by express, C. O. D., on receipt of Fifty Cents, allowing the privilege of examining the Watch before paying. Accompanying each watch will be our full guarantee for Twelve Months.

Kent Bros., Wholesale & Retail Jewellers, 168 Yonge Street, Toronto.

THE IMPROVED

Model Washer and Bleacher.

(See Advertisement on Page 2.)



"Well, I never would have believed it had I not seen it. Washing all out; not half the labor; never looked so nice before. Just as Mrs. Moore said. 'The Improved Model Washer and Bleacher' is worth its weight in gold."

"What! Dinner not ready yet? Don't see why you can't have your work done as early as Mrs. Tucker. Her washing is all on the line."

"So I could, John, if you would buy me an Improved Model Washer and Bleacher, as Mr. Tucker did for his wife. They only cost \$3.00."

ADDRESS

C. W. DENNIS,  
213 YONGE STREET,  
TORONTO.

# BOATING SHAWLS.

We are offering Special Bargains in

- Boating Shawls, Kid Gloves,
- Lace Gloves, Silk Gloves,
- Taffeta Gloves, Silk Hose,
- Cashmere Hose, Cotton Hose,
- Merino Hose, Underwear,
- Lace Goods, Jerseys,
- Millinery, Etc.,

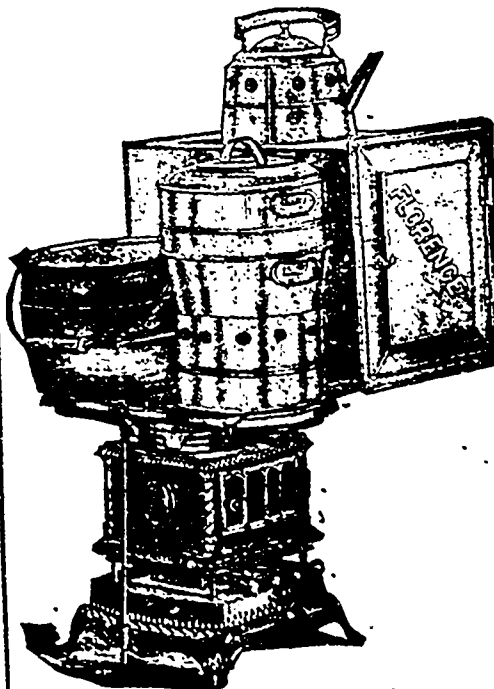
—ALL THIS MONTH AT—

## PETLEY & PETLEY'S,

King Street East, Opp. the Market,

### T O R O N T O .

# FLORENCE OIL STOVE!



A Perfect Working Oil Stove which we guarantee as satisfactory in every respect, for Baking, Roasting, Boiling, etc.

THE E. & C. GURNEY CO.  
(LIMITED.)  
91 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.