

TRUTH

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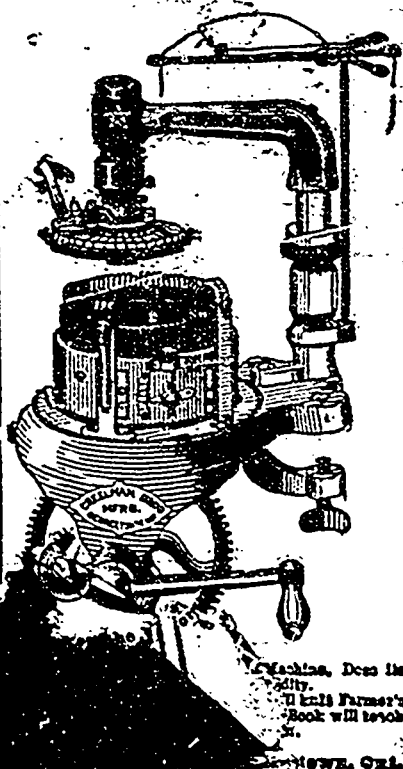
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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17th YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JULY 3, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 300.

THE LAST YEAR OF OUR TEENS.

In another year Canada will be twenty. Although not yet out of her teens she has a development to show of which every Canadian may well be proud.

What the history of Confederation has been our readers know, but a brief review of the part may not be uninteresting now that we have reached the nineteenth anniversary of our existence.

After many bitter years of strife and strain between the French Province on the St. Lawrence and the English Province to the west it became at last plain to every Canadian statesman that the union of Upper and Lower Canada, effected in 1641, could not much longer be maintained. The year 1866 dawned amidst a wrangle of newspapers and a din of platforms. Mr. John A. Macdonald was at the head of the English Parliamentarians and M. George E. Cartier led the French. But it was not between these two diplomatic men that the strife subsisted. Their hands were fast locked in political friendship, for the success of the one was involved with the fortunes of the other. Upon the one hand were the Reformers of Ontario with George Brown at their head crying out for Representation by Population; while upon the other stood the French in a solid phalanx trembling for their privileges as a peculiar people and a peculiar Province. Macdonald acknowledged that Ontario had justice in her cry, but it was not to his interest to break with Cartier. So for many years this Province had good reason to say that her neck was under the heel of the French Province. In 1868 affairs had reached a deadlock and one politician looked helplessly at the other. But when the situation became at its worst, inspiration came from the Provinces down by the sea.

About this time New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island began, each, to feel its insignificance and political isolation, and resolved to form themselves into a Maritime Confederacy. Delegates from each Province met at Charlottetown, in the little meadow-land, to discuss a plan of federation; when suddenly there descended upon them a number of representatives from the Province of Canada. In effect these delegates said: "You maritime people have shown us the way out of disputes which have distracted us, and we therefore propose that you extend your scheme of a Maritime Union by joining us in forming one grand Confederation of all the Provinces on Newfoundland to Vancouver Island." The proposal was enthusiastically received, and during the Autumn the delegates assembled in conclave in the City of Quebec, and there drafted a measure which, a few months later, was declared by royal proclamation to be the Constitution of a new English Dominion in North America.

Immediately after the proclamation establishing the Dominion had been published, Lord Monck, the Governor General, called upon Mr. John A. Macdonald to form an Administration, and in the name of

the sovereign conferred upon him the Order of Knighthood. It was hoped that under the new regime the old parties, Conservative, Liberal and Clear Gilt, which had maintained bitter strife for so many years, would disappear from the scene. With a view to accomplishing a result so desirable, the Administration was composed of men of all shades of political opinion, a just representation being given in the Council to every race and religious body. But among the Reformers of English-speaking Canada, and the *Young* or *Liberal* of the French section, were some ambitious and able men who believed, and not without good reason, that in the new Administration the old Conservative party would follow its own inclinations and somewhat of its traditions. These men had patriotically desisted from obstruction or giving aid to the Coalition Government while it was engaged in bringing the Union about; but no sooner had the wheels of the new system begun to revolve than they commenced a vigorous onslaught upon it. As rigidly as in the days of William Lyon Mackenzie was the line between Reformer and Conservative drawn; nor was the political feud which was now engendered less bitter, less ferocious or less implacable than the party hatred which divided the people in the stormiest days of our history. Mr. George Brown, rugged and impetuous of character, uncompromising in principle, and heavy-handed and relentless as an opponent, began a crusade against the new Administration; and he was zealously seconded by *Confederes Rouges* in Quebec. But Sir John came into the world under a luckier star than shone over the cradle of Mr. Brown. He had more tact, more shrewdness, and more patience. All his life long he had studied human nature, especially the weaker side of it. He never held aloof from his followers but affectionately hid his hand upon the shoulders of one or cracked a friendly joke at the expense of another. His followers loved him and his will or his ward were always a law. But a storm was gathering under which the head of Sir John was to bend. Our readers know what the storm was. The Conservative Government were charged with having corruptly given the Pacific Railway Charter to Sir Hugh Allan in consideration of an enormous sum of money, nearly \$250,000—advanced by Sir Hugh to Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Laframboise and other ministers to aid them in carrying their elections. The charge never was disproved, and Sir John said that in the election his "friends subscribed like gentlemen," while the Reformers went "snaking about private drawers to see what they could steal." This referred to the incriminating telegrams pilfered by McMullen, and sold by him to the opponent of the Government. The public was aroused to indignation at the disclosure, and Sir John said his administration fell.

Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, the Liberal leader, was now called upon by Lord Duf-

ferin, to form an Administration. The new Premier was supported by a large following of old Liberals, and Conservatives who had crossed the lines when they believed their leader guilty of the edious corruption laid to his charge. It was not long before it was plain, however, that the stars were fighting against Mr. Mackenzie. Bid harvests came, followed by evil times, and although it lay in no man's power to compel the corn to spring or the sun to shine, he was held, by needy men, to no small account for the bitter days that had fallen upon them. The Administration had an able Finance Minister, Mr. (now Sir) Richard J. Cartwright, but he professed himself unable to kindle life in dead industries, or to set the wheels of commerce revolving any faster than the laws of trade willed that they should go. Civil Government had to be maintained, but year by year income was less than the expenditure, till at last it was whispered that the Finance Minister proposed resorting to direct taxation to meet his annual deficits. Toward the close of the Parliamentary term thousands of workmen who could obtain no employment, and who had not sufficient means to take them out of the country to seek bread, gathered about the Ministry and besought aid. Sir Richard assured them that his heart bled for their plight, but he informed them that, confronted with the task of removing such a sore depression, Government was only as a fly on the wheel.

Now had arrived Sir John S. Macdonald's time, and he was not slow in turning it to account. He called together the suffering workmen, and assured them that if they would reinstate him in office he would establish a "Broad National Policy," under which home industry would be fostered and native labor utilized. He explained to them that he would effect this by putting a duty which would amount to prohibition upon all imports which could be manufactured in the country. They took him at his word, and in 1876 sent him back to office with overwhelming numbers to support him.

Four years trial, in a measure, vindicated the predictions of the veteran Conservative, and at the end of that time, appealing to the people bear witness that his promises had been redeemed, he was re-elected and again with a handsome following. His opponents affirmed, when heads had been counted, that too many supported him; and said that too large a following is little better than a bare majority, because it is in greater danger of splitting. But Sir John retorted with an anecdote: "No; a political following may be described in the words of the squaw respecting her whiskey, 'a little too much is just enough.'" The chieftain is yet in power and his followers affirm that the reins will remain in his hands as long as he lives to hold them. This it would be hard to settle; for the followers of Mr. Blake predict a glorious triumph next autumn for Reform, public

purity, and wise and economic administration. Sir John is now in his seventy-first year, and although weak and ill during the greater portion of the late session, is now said to be in perfect health. His faculties, seem as acute and vigorous as they ever were; and we may be sure that he takes solid food, else the *Globe* would have announced it in jocular capitals: "The Premier reduced to the exclusive use of liquids!"

But many a page might be written about what Canada has achieved in Education, in manufacture, in agriculture, in art, literature and science since entering into wedlock. We shall give a few of our most conspicuous gains as they show by figures, since 1867. We have nearly 11,000 miles of railways in operation, and no important section is without an iron road. We have increased our floating tonnage from 160,000 to 600,000; in paid-up bank capital we have increased from \$28,000,000 to \$109,000,000; and we have in operation 2,384 miles of canals. In 1868-69 our total exports were \$57,000,000; in 1872-73 they were nearly \$100,000,000. Our debt is heavy, but the annual interest upon it *per capita* is only \$1.77. In time of domestic tumult or invasion we shall not be found defenseless. We have a force of nearly 60,000 well-disciplined volunteers. In every portion of the country factories engaged in the manufacture of almost everything needed in civilized life are in operation. We possess forests of enormous value, and the worth of our fisheries and minerals is great. We have a total area of 3,470,257 square miles, and in our Northwest territories alone, the testimony of eminently practical scientists reveals, we have grain-land sufficient to maintain over a hundred millions of souls. It is this region, fruitful in soil and temperate in climate, that the Pacific Railway Company is throwing so rapidly open to Europeans. Upon that territory, in the year 1882 alone, there settled from abroad 120,000 persons. Who shall say what measure of greatness and glory Canada may not one day achieve?

But we have to learn to be loyal to one another, to have faith in the possibilities of our young nation and not threaten wreck and ruin because the weevil comes into the wheat, or the Government for the time being, is unable to produce sunshine by legislation. We should regard ourselves as sufficient unto ourselves; and when we have a dispute as to which end of a bonnet is largest we ought to be above running to the judicial committee of the Imperial Privy Council to settle the matter.

We shall have to see orange cries and sub-Franco, and join hands with the Canadians, as the arbiters of a future generation, but make our steps aright.

It would be so much to expect men who have done discredit to political life to become good and hour in the day; but surely and a useful public life.

the ambition of the best of our younger men!

NOVA SCOTIA OUTSIDE THE TRAVERS.

The local politicians in Nova Scotia were exceedingly sore-put for a cry at the recent general election for the Legislature, and they adopted one that promised considerable turmoil and high feeling. They went before the constituents with the question "Shall we remain a portion of the Canadian Confederation?" Before waiting for the yes or the nay they set about to prove to the people that stagnation in trade, increased burdens of taxation, and an arrest of provincial development had been the fruits of the union. The people seem to have taken the demagogues at their word,—swallowed the fabrications—for the returns show an overwhelming majority for the secessionists.

We do not exactly know what the shallow politicians who brought on this issue expect to achieve; but we are unable to believe that they are imbecile enough to imagine that they can effect a separation of Nova Scotia from the Dominion. The only result will be a further alarm from the central treasury which by courtesy the politicians will designate an "additional instalment of better terms."

It is well to bear in mind, however, that so important a step as separation is not one with which the provincial authorities can finally deal. It is a matter for the federal representatives of Nova Scotia in Parliament assembled; and not alone for those representatives, but for the Commons of Canada at large. Now in spite of all the wind that prevailed through the sea-girt Province during the late elections, the decision of Canada will be this, *Nova Scotia must remain in the Union.* The consolidation of all these Provinces into a nation spreading its arms from the Atlantic to the Pacific was an achievement too great and of too much importance to be at the mercy of a band of incapable and small-souled politicians without public spirit, patriotism or breadth of view. For the past eight or ten years the two miserable factions called "parties" in Nova Scotia have had no policy upon which to argue or "go before the people." It has been a selfish, personal struggle between the Ins and the Outs. Sometimes indeed one party has come to the polls declaring that the "stampage" should be 80 cents per M feet of logs, and that the policy of the other party which fixes the rate at 85 cents per M "is infamous and subversive of the best interests of this country." In the Speech from the Throne the most important announcement that His Honor has been able to make is the statement that "during the past year my government, with a view to giving a stimulus to the propagation of a superior grade of cattle has imported several Leicester rams and a number of ewes." And because they are incapable of bringing forward any more important or more worthy project upon which to place in public life, they have gone so far to undermine the work of high magisterial quarters. One's indignation at first is somewhat lulled by the conduct of the Ins, but when they have committed the crime of secessionism and their conduct becomes too serious for

been the gainer in many respects is patent to everybody. For the simple purpose of stimulating her coal production a tax has been imposed upon fuel against which all the rest of Canada has been crying out. To the Dominion of Canada is the Province indebted for the Intercolonial railway and for assistance in the maintenance of other roads as well; and it is well known that Nova Scotia has been almost constantly receiving "better terms" from the Dominion in some fashion or other. The timber lands in that Province are almost entirely exhausted; shipbuilding has waned its wing since steam has become the motive power upon the ocean, and because Nova Scotia has suffered from these causes Confederation is to be trampled from stump to stump, and eventually shattered to its original elements.

Our rebellious sister by the sea now wants to be alone, to be a nation unto herself. Well, suppose that been given to her. She would have the same markets for her fish and timber that have hitherto been open to her. She would not have the same coal markets because Canada would then invite competition, and in the contest with Pennsylvania the distant Province of Nova Scotia would go to the wall. Therefore in the matter of export trade she would lose instead of gaining.

No doubt the stump orator in the late local election declared that his Province would flourish through the importation of cheap goods. But one question arises, namely, How is the province to make up a revenue unless by imposing taxation? If she gets her cottens and her weollens cheaper it could only be by reducing the duty to a nominal figure. But no duty, no revenue; and the Province has now but a scant extent of timber lands from which to draw income. The truth of the matter is, if Nova Scotia were now to get out in the cold, losing her 80 cents per head from the Dominion, with her exhausted forests and exterminated ship-building business, she would starve. She would have neither income nor credit, and her bonds in the market would be no better than waste paper. But to no such pass, however, will this absurd sister come. Too much labor, too much care have been expended in the fashioning of these colonies into a young nation hood to allow our unity, and our fortunes to be made the sport of a band of ignorant, violent and unpatriotic men. We are glad for the credit of the Province to see that the *Herald* and some other organs of opinion are true to their country and their Province. As a whole the Conservative party in Nova Scotia has set its face against the policy of Smash-Up.

"TRUTH'S" WEEKLY BUDGET.

Readers of the present number of TRUTH will find that the promise of excellence which we made has not been falsified. In this number we publish further instalments of "The Broken Seal," a story of much vividness and remarkable insight into the human heart. Wherever the work of Dora Russell is seen it is sure to find appreciative readers. Our Canadian story, "Four Canadian Highwaymen," has now reached a thrilling point; and the manner of living adopted by the robbers in the heart of the swamp, and the various crimes committed by the atrocious band will occupy three or four immediate issues. In connection with this story we may mention that a case came up a few days ago in Osgoode Hall in the hearing of which certain testimony was given bearing upon some of the crimes perpetrated by the band at Markham Swamp, and which are dealt with in our story. We present a

of events in Canada since the confederation of the provinces, together with a brief historic reminiscence of the causes which paved the way towards Union. The attitude of Nova Scotia in seeking separation from Canada is discussed. From our contributors we have received good things for this number. Among them we may mention "A Quaint old City" by J. A. L., a writer of much grace and power, who gives us a vivid picture of old Antwerp. "Lollings in England" is the title of a capable sketch by J. A. Kerr, and we commend it cordially to our readers. Likewise we have a South American letter from the pen of O. H. Fewler which is a contribution of much thought. "Observer" supplies many observations that will please and provoke; and he answers two or three first letters which persons interested in his department have sent to him. The selections in this number are made with the usual good taste and knowledge of the reader's desires; "Health," "Young Folks," "Poe's Corner" and "Household" will all well repay perusal. To the lovers of music we commend "Papa's Baby Boy."

All those desirous of seeing a happy settlement of the question now disturbing the heart of the empire will regret sorely the breach that has come between the two noblest men of our time, namely, John Bright and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Bright does not believe that Mr. Gladstone has weighed thoroughly the plan to which he is desirous of committing the nation; and he has therefore become rather severely critical of the course of his old and revered friend. Mr. Gladstone seems to feel the rupture keenly, and in an address to the electors of Manchester, in referring to the many losses which the Liberals had sustained, spoke these words: "Of all these losses none gave him more acute pain than the loss of John Bright. Although Mr. Bright's conscience had led him to place himself in opposition to the sentiments of the nation on this question he had shown no eagerness to be first in the ranks of the dissentients. Of course the Government's opponents would not now let Mr. Bright alone. He was too valuable a man. Hence people had seen Mr. Bright giving Mr. Cairne a testimonial of character, and Mr. Cairne had already deplorably misrepresented this testimonial, just as he had the Liberal party which elected him but recently to the House of Commons. This testimonial made it appear that Mr. Gladstone had once condemned the principle of Home Rule. Mr. Bright knew that he (Mr. Gladstone) had never condemned the principle of Home Rule. However, the audience would hear no criticism of John Bright from him. "I have taken a resolution," said Mr. Gladstone, "never to be Mr. Bright's critic. I will never utter a word to disparage the man whose integrity I revere, whose character I love and who has centered upon his country services which cannot be forgotten." In reading the controversy between the great statesman of Great Britain one has to pause and admire the dignity, the moderation and the courtesy with which the contending parties refer to one another. How humiliating it is turning from such discussion to read a page of our Canadian *Herald*, or the report of a batch of stump speeches. For the greater part our public men seem utterly ignorant of what courtesy is; dignity there is never to be seen, and all the laws of discussion as well as those of good manners are trampled under foot. We have, however, in justice to Mr. Blake to say that he has never offended in the manner which we condemn; Sir Leon-

ard Tilley, in his day likewise furnished a standard of discussion which might with profit be imitated; and we have reason to believe that Mr. Thompson, the Minister of Justice, will likewise prove creditable in this respect. It is only fair, likewise, to say that Mr. Mackenzie deserves no censure upon this score.

The *Mail* prints a long article wherein it shows that Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. M. O. Cameron have had extensive dealings in the North-West lands. One would gather from the article that the transactions were immoral; but we confess ourselves unable to see the matter in this light. It is just as moral and as lawful for Sir Richard Cartwright or Mr. Cameron to apply for a section of land as it is for any other citizen, of the Dominion of Canada to do so. Indeed it might seem as if it were much more proper when we come to consider that these gentlemen are opponents of the Government would not be likely to obtain departmental favours. The cases of Sir Richard and Mr. Cameron are altogether different from those which the *Mail* has been seeking to defend. The case of a Prime Minister as king for a slice of the public domain is a different spectacle from that of a bitter opponent of the Prime Minister as king for a grant. We do not say that young Macdonald and Tupper was a bad one; all we do say is that it was very different from that of Sir Richard and Mr. Cameron.

There is a bill upon the question of British Copyright now before the House of Lords. It provides that Copyright secured by an author or publisher in any part of the British Empire, shall hold good for Great Britain or Ireland or for any colony that chooses to accept the Imperial act. This is at least one step in the right direction. But International Copyright is the only measure that can completely meet the case.

The poor Orleans princes have been packed out of France. The Comte de Paris has arrived in England, and was met at Dover with great demonstrations of welcome. We think it very silly that the French nation should have made such a fuss over these poor harmless gentlemen.

Sir John Macdonald laid the foundation stone of a Methodist church at Fallowfield, a small place in his own county. In the course of a speech in which he reviewed the great strides that religion had made he said that "clergymen were the moral police of the world, without bayonet or baton, preaching good-will among men." The Reformers are of the opinion that notwithstanding all the clergy have done for the people that they have not gone far enough with Sir John himself.

We congratulate Mr. James Fletcher, of the Parliamentary Library, Ottawa, on his election to the Mansel society of London, England. Mr. Fletcher is one of our most studious and distinguished Canadian scientists.

The Knights of Labour, seem determined to maintain the bus service. Their struggle certainly has been a stubborn one, and if persistence merit reward they deserve to win.

The pastor of an Independent Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia has been getting himself into trouble by making improper advances to the wife of one of his congregation. He is now held for appearance in \$2000 bail. He declares that the thing is a conspiracy hatched by persons jealous of his influence and popularity. But the Rev. Waldo Meares will find that the courts will take a different view from that.

Truth's Contributors.

A SOUTH AMERICAN CITY.

BY G. H. FOWLER.

Montevideo greets one like a North American city. It is clean, well-built, with wide streets and tall buildings, compared with the buildings which characterize nearly all the cities in this country. In the business part of the city there are many three-story buildings. Most of the business houses, however, are only two stories, while a little out of the business sections the houses drop down to the South American standard—one story. The city stands on an arm of land reaching out between the bay and the sea, and inhales freshness at every breath. The site of the city is rolling down toward the water on three sides. It thus lies up the eye of the coming stranger as if it had nothing to conceal. Its topography furnishes the best possible conditions for drainage, conditions which have been well utilized. The old city near the sea was closely besieged from 1842 to 1851.

In those hard years a new city sprang up around the besieging encampments, with shops and stores and churches and factories. After the coming of peace the intermediate space was laid out by the best French engineers, and the two cities rapidly grew into one, on the best ground and after the most improved models of modern times. This space between the combatants is now the most beautiful and desirable part of the consolidated city. It is suggestive that cities, homes, and farms thrive so well on fields where human hearts have been broken and emptied. When wheat thrives on the field of Waterloo, it ought not to surprise us that Montevideo should grow well over the Cordón. The 724 blocks of the old city are now augmented by the 1,293 blocks of the new city. As in many another case, submission secures transformation and translation. Blessed with a climate the best in South America, sitting by the side of the sea and on the bank of the La Plata, looking over her right shoulder across the river to the Argentine bank, sixty-five miles away, and over the left shoulder across the sea to Europe, 8,000 miles away, intrusted with the key to South Temperate America, thus favored by nature, Montevideo must become a great city or make answer at the bar of public opinion.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

Founded by Zavala, governor of Buenos Ayres, on the feast day of the Saints Phillip and James (now the patron saints of the city), May 1, 1717, as a menace to the Portuguese, it has had the life of a pugilist and a brigand. At first only a military post, and then a colony whose emigrants were brought in from the Canary islands, and subsidized in the interest of Buenos Ayres as against Brazil, it has had too much of this blood and spirit to secure the thrift of peaceful industry. Its early growth in commerce was nevertheless marvelous. It sprang up to the first importance almost as soon as it was made a free port in 1774.

Independence from Spain brought troubles as well as blessings. In 1818 Buenos Ayres claimed her independence and competed for the commerce of the La Plata. Situated about 120 miles up the river, she had certain advantages in controlling the trade with her own territory. This checked the rapid development of Montevideo. Her commerce which was \$7,144,000 in 1792, was only \$10,620,000 in 1836. But the heaviest millstone bound around her neck has been her periodical, semi-periodical, habitual revolutions.

Government out here is a game of wolf and sheep, named from the sheep side but practiced from the wolf side. The wolves show this forecast. They do not suck all the blood. They allow the sheep to produce successive supplies of nourishment. Each ruler is expected to place his credit large sums of money in foreign banks or safety vaults. Then when events forsake him he can forsake his country, fly to his treasures, and leave the flock to the next wolf in order.

The last president, Gen. Santos, whose successor is his own brother-in-law, is said to have passed \$700,000 to his personal credit a week before the inauguration of his relative. As he retains command of all the armies, it is not necessary for him to seek other shores till the army shall have chosen other leaders. Such changes are publicly made and quite generally believed. One finds an excuse for these things in the fact that a people who will submit to such government are incapable of being governed by any better system.

PERILS, IMMUNITIES, AND NEEDS.

It does not inspire public confidence to have a prominent candidate for popular support stabbed to death in the hall of the president's dwelling house and then see the assassin imprisoned for a few weeks in elegant apartments of the same house, and immediately after that promoted to high authority in the army. As one looks at the door against which the poor victim was held while being repeatedly stabbed, and at the window where the assassin barked in the sunlight, it is hard not to shrug the shoulders and wonder why the sheep wait so patiently for their turn. It is not strange that nearly all the business of Montevideo is done by foreigners. There is another power which the rulers have learned to respect, that is the power bank of the foreign ministers. A certain English ship chandler of the city had a steamer and her cargo of coal seized by the government in some freak of fear or greed. But the English minister called the attention of the government to the "mistake," and it was rectified in part. The steamer was returned, though the coal stands charged up to profit and loss.

Next to a steady government and security for property, Montevideo needs a harbor. The immense width of the river makes this a necessity. Schemes are now on foot and contracts are let for the completion by 1890 of an adequate breakwater. If this proves a success it will add greatly to the importance of the city. The public buildings, or buildings in which the public is interested, are of a good order. Clambering up the spiked pole from the storm-tossed tug, we made our way through a company of smiling friends, with Dr. T. B. Wood at their head, who had waited for some hours at the mole to meet us. It was refreshing to receive the hearty greetings of these people whose names as Christian workers had long been familiar in the mission offices at home. We were never more grateful for small favors than for our knowledge, less limited than we feared, of the Spanish language, which enabled us to catch the kindly heart-thrills of these strangers.

A careful and most gentlemanly custom-house officer soon sent us, wet and weary, on our way to the Hotel Oriental. I wish to say that I paid my bill at this hotel with a relish. It is large, with airy rooms, good cooking, gentlemanly management, respectful service, and very moderate charges. Especially moderate as compared with other hotels we encountered in South America.

ARMY, PRESS, AND PRISONS.

The Cabildo, on the Plaza Constitución, is a good building, used for a senate cham-

ber, court, and prison. The machinery of a condensed government is also compact. As we first passed this plaza we saw a regiment of armed soldiers marching ever toward the senate house. The representatives, chosen by the president and presented to the different electoral districts and backed by his governors and political chiefs (a sort of sheriff and chairman of election committees combined), were assembling that day to vote for the president's brother-in-law, whom the president had placed in nomination to be his successor. This regiment was made up of every color and apparently of every race, but the men were well armed and officered. The colored men filled a full share of the line. There is no prejudice shown here against color in the line. We have not found here any other color line.

The Uruguayan army has some popular features. One is found in the fact that not long ago it had 1,000 officers and 1,000 privates. Now, when it is recruited for active operations, it has 6,000 men and eighteen generals. It is no wonder that the army costs the country more than \$500 per man. Prisons are needed for political offenders. It is not always convenient to have them killed on the way to headquarters because they are said to be thinking about escape. Then more than one prison is convenient. If the obnoxious party does not think of escape, or is not supposed to think of it, on his way to the headquarters, and so survives that trip, it sometimes becomes necessary to remove him from one prison to another. This is nearly always fatal. He is sure to be reported as killed in attempting to escape.

A man connected with one of the newspapers not long ago offended a political chief. He was arrested and sent to a certain prison quite out of the ordinary center for imprisoning. It was back of the house of the offended political chief. There was a gateway between his yard and the prison yard. This chief came into the prison yard and with his own hands whipped the man till he was tired out and then told him that Montevideo air would not be healthy for him. The man fled to Buenos Ayres. This is a little rugged. One wonders how such a chief could survive a month. It is proper to remark here that the press of these South American cities is as free as the air. The government is criticized with the greatest freedom and fierceness. It is a part of the status quo. Thus the sword and the pen carry on the old-time strife. The ages are rolled together. The tenth and the nineteenth centuries stand face to face.

MONTAVIDEO.

A QUIANT OLD CITY.

BY J. A. L.

Within the limits of this strange old commercial city one has fine opportunities for observing the progress which has been made during the past few centuries. In some of the narrow, crooked streets in the old portion of the town still stand quaint old buildings which were completed before the Spanish conquest. Many of the inhabitants of these ancient neighborhoods have a venerable appearance as well as the houses. They seem to enjoy few more advantages than did their predecessors in the dark ages. But in the new portions of Antwerp and on the site of the old fortifications which once defended the city there are now wide, handsome, boulevards which greatly resemble those of Paris and Brussels. On either side of these new boulevards are palatial residences, the fortunate possessors of which enjoy all of the modern luxuries and conveniences. And

yet it is only a few minutes' ride between the old-fashioned homes where people live as they did in the dark ages, and the palaces where abound the conveniences and other advantages of the nineteenth century. The cross-town horse cars will convey you for 3 cents from one to the other of these sections of the city which so widely contrast with each other. These cars somewhat resemble the average American or Canadian street car. The windows, however, are so completely pasted over with advertisements that it is difficult to look out of or into them. The conductor wears a uniform and has a little satchel slung over his shoulder something after the manner of the British dude. This satchel is his purse. He is obliged to give each passenger who pays his fare a printed receipt, which he tears out of a little coupon book. This arrangement prevents many of those embarrassing differences of opinion as to whether or not the fare has been paid, which in Toronto results in the "firing off" from the car either of one of the passengers or of the conductor himself. The Antwerp street cars sometimes amble along at a fair rate of speed, but at other times they stop short in the street, evidently for no other purpose than to allow every one, including the horses, a chance to rest. When the conductor tugs violently at the bell the tourist imagines that the driver is being signaled to start up. But this is an error. The bell is sounded simply in order to warn the people in the next street that the car will start up before long and will leave them behind if they neglect to hurry. Cabs in Antwerp are very cheap. The fare fixed by law is 1½ or 30 cents for any course in the town or for an hour. Although this is the legal fare the cabman here as in all other Continental cities will murmur loudly if he does not receive some additional gratuity. The cabs contain seats for four persons, but they are not as a rule elegant affairs. A few more springs would add to the passenger's comfort. The cab horses do not rush madly over the pavements. There seems to be a tacit understanding between the cab horse and its driver that life is to be taken easily.

There are a great many dogs in Antwerp, and as a rule these animals are forced to earn an honest living for themselves. They are made to drag along little market carts, garbage conveyances, and other vehicles of limited size. Sometimes the dogs are hitched three abreast to a cart. Frequently the dog has the cart all to himself. The dog is often hitched immediately under the cart, where the danger from collision is the least. The dog who works alone usually expects the pilot or two-legged attaché of the cart to aid with an occasional push. Sometimes the dog is attached to a rope fastened to one side of the cart, which he tugs along in the same fashion that the mule tugs the canal boat. The dogs who work in teams seem more socially inclined than those who tugs alone. The work, as a rule, removes the dog that love of sport which characterizes the idlers. When on dog carts are finishing the market place the dog tugs under their respective positions and their two dogs of great size together in the market place. An interchange of hostilities which mixing up not only so of the carts and contain. Inst

former slung under their vehicles, which, although, as a rule, are quite large, cannot always boast of more than two wheels. The majority of the cart horses are large, strong limbed animals of the Flemish breed. These beasts of burden do not, however, monopolize the carrying business here. There are a number of small ponies and donkeys also connected with the industry. It is not unusual to see side by side in the street a small cart lightly freighted, but drawn by a huge Flemish horse, and a huge, heavily laden wagon dragged by a very small pony or a donkey of inferior stature.

Many of the honest citizens wear heavy wooden shoes, which render their gait laborious and ungraceful. A number of the belles of the lower classes drag these heavy shoes along with them. The children seem to be able to manage their wooden shoes much easier than the grown people. When a dozen or more little wretches indulging in a romp in the street they set up a clatter which can be heard for blocks. The mother who wishes to find her naughty child who has left its task for street play does not at first use her eyes in the search for the juvenile delinquent. She quietly sticks one ear out of the window, and when she hears a loud clatter which suggests the tearing down of houses in the neighbourhood she rushes toward this sound, guided by her ears. When at length, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter, she leads home her shrieking offspring, the cries of the latter are drowned by the music of its companions' feetfalls. The great advantage of the wooden shoe is its staying powers. Every one does not require a new pair of wooden shoes in his or her lifetime. When the honest citizen is informed by his blooming daughter that she would like to have a new pair of wooden shoes he frowns and says: "My child, what is the matter with that pretty pair which your grandmother received as her wedding gift. They are still neat, although not gaudy. You must remember that times are hard and that the family expenses must be kept down." The common people here seem to understand how to live cheaply. Many of the laboring men earn but 60 cents a day, and yet manage to support families and at the same time lay up enough money to give a decent burial to these members of their families who find themselves unable to keep up the task of trying to live.

The sidewalks, which as a rule are quite narrow, are paved with cobblestones exactly like the street doors. The latter are always on a level with the sidewalk. Every street door has a little section of railing fastened to it. This railing is spoken of by some as a handle to be used in opening and shutting the door. It serves, however, still better as a place for the fastidious citizen to cling to while he searches for the errant keyhole. The wealthy citizen as a rule ornaments his front door with a large handsomely decorated lantern, the assistant of the sort described, while the poor man contents himself with one which, although plain of pattern, is calculated for use. Antiquaries are in the habit of being a very particular in the fact that the commerce of the city on the increase, and the fact that the South Candel had to be re-erected in a new room for additions which were built by the city. The fact that the Rubens belongs to the great masterpiece, the Cross, which is as familiar as daylight. There

are Rubens saloons and cafes without number in Antwerp, and the thorough manner in which these are patronized by the honest citizens shows how dear to them is the fame of the great artist. Antwerp has many churches and wealthy religious houses, all of which are rich in art treasures. The walls of her great museum of paintings are lined with the works of old masters. Her squares abound with statues of the great dead whose fame has added to her glory. Among the men who first gave fame to Antwerp were two worthy giants whom the average citizen of historical taste now loves to tell of. The first of these giants was named Antigonus. Notwithstanding a long list of virtues, this amiable giant was addicted to an inordinate love of collecting tells from those who passed Antwerp on their way either up or down the Scheldt. Whenever a traveller refused to pay tolls, Antigonus chopped off his hands and thereby convinced him that in refusing to pay toll he had indulged in false economy. The hands which had been chopped off were flung into the Scheldt, and their late owner, who had by their loss become unfitted for so many of the every-day duties of life, was allowed to go on his way. This throwing of hands into the Scheldt gave the town its name. Ant, signifying hand andwerpen, to throw, make up the name Antwerpen, or Antwerp, as it is called in English. At the present day the city arms of Antwerp are the hands. Antigonus, however, did not go on flourishing until the end of the chapter. Another worthy giant came along. This giant, who was named Brabo, was, if anything, even more amiable than Antigonus. These two genial giants had a violent encounter on the banks of the Scheldt. The good natured Antigonus was totally vanquished by the sweet-tempered Brabo, who gave his name to the province of Brabant.

Among the historical paintings in the Antwerp Museum is one of the celebrated siege of that town. In the foreground of the picture are the figures of the defenders of the town, men and women, who are struggling bravely against the invaders. Above the smoke of battle, which hides many of the old red tiled roofs of the old town, there looms up the tall cathedral tower, which seems to look down gloomily on the scene of battle. The lofty tower of the cathedral looks today just as it must have looked at the time of the siege. Apparently it has lost none of its old-time Gothic grandeur. It still stands in the heart of the old portion of the town which once rang with the shouts of the Spanish conquerors. And it still casts its shadow down upon the quaint old Flemish streets over which for five centuries it has kept its sphinx like watch.

ANTWERP, Belgium.

LOITERINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY J. A. KERR.

The English sky has cleared once more after a three days' crying fit of unusual energy, and the wooded hills around us are looking as bright and beautiful as the "Delectable Mountains" of Bunyan, although happily free from those insupportable sheep herds who put the tired and feeble pilgrims through such an exhausting course of sight-seeing. It must be owned that the showers of May are a priceless addition to the beauty of English scenery. When the trees stand thick with living green and the glad carol of the birds fills the air, and the lately shrunken brooks rush downwards with a joyous gurgle from the shadowy thickets to dance and sparkle in the sunlight, and the parched, yellowish

grass springs up again fresh and bright in the fullness of a new life, with a tiny rainbow upon every blade, then, indeed, every one may well rejoice in nature's holiday, except the thick skulled clothoppers who have lost what little feeling they ever had, and the tasteless excursionists who have never had any to lose.

Who would remain pent up between four walls on a day like this, when one has only to pocket one's writing materials and plunge at once into the fragrant shadow of the fir-woods—a better studio than hand of man has ever built? Away we go, past snug little cottages embowered in twining creepers and all alive with the merry voices of the children whose rosy faces peep from every doorway—past broad brown ponds still haunted by the spirits of the "fine old British farmers" in the appropriate shape of fat geese—past quaint old country houses half buried in trees, with the tall slender chimneys, peaked roofs, and deep shadowy porches of the last century—past wide, green, sunny meadows, dotted with grazing sheep and bright with golden cowslips. It is pleasant to see as we pass the door of yonder queer little lizenge-paned school house thrown open and a flood of red-cheeked boys and flaxen-haired girls peep from forth with shouts of glee; for on such a morning these restless little bodies will be better employed in gathering wild flowers, climbing trees, paddling in the brook, or running races across the village green than in sitting boxed up in a hot schoolroom upon hard benches, studying the interesting but somewhat unpractical statement that "A Butcher who had a big Pig."

And now comes a steep winding path up a bold curving ridge, on either side of which, through a green mist of clustering leaves, the taper stems of the silver birches rise tall and slender and shining as the columns of some fairy palace. Beyond this we come out upon a vast breadth of plowed land, in which several burly fellows are working manfully in the blazing midday sun, while a small white dog, with his fore-paws planted firmly on the jacket which his master has set him to guard, greets us with a shrill little bark of defiance as we go by. Then a sharp turn to the right, and all in one moment the dazzling sunshine melts into the rich purple twilight of the woods, in the deep, dreamful stillness of which all the cares and troubles of the outer world are blotted out as if they had never been.

As we seat ourselves on a soft cushion of moss at the foot of a mighty fir and take out our pipes and paper, a strange gleam of sunshine, filtering through the overarching boughs, makes a dim rainbow on the glistening back of a small lizard which pauses doubtfully in front of us for a moment and then scurries away into the tangled undergrowth, which is still thickly strewn with the leaves of last Autumn. A squirrel darts like an acrobat upon the nearest pine, and then having reached a safe height, salutes us with a snaky whick of his bushy tail, and a quick, sneaking glance of its small bright eyes. A tiny bird, perching on a slender branch a few feet overhead, twitters merrily as the swaying bough swings it to and fro. And now a splendid butterfly, gorgeous with all the richest hues of purple and gold, hovers above us for a few seconds with expanded wings, and then flits away into the deeper shadows, seeming to carry with it through the gleam a ray of that cloudless sunlight from which it has come. But it will not do to linger here too long for the day is wearing on, and while others go Maying we must go a-marching on. So away we tramp again through shadowy

glade and bushy dell, up steep banks slippery with fallen pine needles, down into gloomy hollows where the woodman's axe has been busy, and the felled giants lie strewn like the dead upon a hard-fought battlefield. Many a slip do we meet with, and more than one awkward tumble.

The chime of falling water suddenly strikes our ears, and a tiny waterfall, swollen by the recent rains, is seen skipping from ledge to ledge of a moss-grown cliff in successive spurts of glittering spray, which are outlined very effectively against the background of dark green leaves, till it sinks at length, as if exhausted, into the deep, still, shadowy pool below, like some wayward genius who, after a brief and troubled career on earth, has found in death that peace which life denied him. Just beyond it we plunge suddenly into a dismal hollow, upon which the shadows of the trees fall darkest and deepest, making it as black and ghostly as that gloomy spot in Kingsley's famous poem, where

"The black, sour haunth covered over
The blood of a murdered man."

A little further on comes a still more unpleasant phenomenon, viz., a vast patch of puddle water and half-liquid mud, which, like Apollyon in Bunyan, spreads itself across the whole breadth of the way, and is not to be avoided by any strategy. So through it we go as best we may, at first plunging our way coolly and carefully, getting gradually excited as we plunge ankle-deep into puddle after puddle, and at last tramping savagely through the very sloppiest part with a stern satisfaction in the consciousness that nothing can befall us worse than what has happened already.

But this labor is amply repaid a few minutes later, when the wood ends as suddenly as if swallowed up by an earthquake, and we pass at one stride into a new world. From the spot where we stand the ground falls away in one great plunge (now a sheet of living green) down to a broad, smooth lake, sentinelled on either side by a line of giant oaks, bright with all the leafy richness of early Summer. Far down the valley stands a solitary house, a large, gloomy mansion of hewed stone, which, in its cold and lonely dignity, seems a type of some proud but poverty-stricken noble secluding himself from a world where he can no longer lord it among the best.

One sound alone breaks the stillness. From a far distance comes a dull, strange noise, half rattle and half rumble, warning us that even here we are not quite beyond the reach of the unresting railway. In truth, go where one will, it is not easy to escape from the haunting presence of the world's rush and roar.

SURREY HILLS, Eng.

A wise self-discipline in the maturest of us is not so easy or so common that we may reasonably expect the young to be exemplary in that respect.

It is inevitable that he whose vision has leaped over the horizon of self and taken note of here and there, a sun, among the million suns that gleam eternal in the universe, must feel the awful majesty of creation and the humiliating insignificance of man.

There may be prodigies in man; in eyestars of gigantic mold; in dainty bits of fork-broiled steak; in the punch that fills—but these shall henceforth be to me all that poetry has been. On these was built my second life—the life I am living now in gratitude and joy—happier for having died, happier (O! inexpressibly happier!) for having lived again to learn that larger human love which reckons tireless devotion a privilege and consoling ministrations a kingdom.

THE OBSERVATORY.

THE SILENCE OF CHAPERONS—HOW IT AIDS INSTEAD OF PREVENTS FLIRTA-TION—HOW THE YOUNG PEOPLE "PAIR OFF" ON REACHING THE WOODS—THE CHAPERON NEEDING TO BE CHAPERONED—CONFIDING MOTHERS—A LETTER FROM MAY ON THE SUBJECT—RE-FLECTIONS ON CANADIAN LITERATURE.

BY OBSERVER.

I have derived no small amusement during the past week in listening to the various criticisms offered upon my first contribution to the Observatory; and I have been asked by fully a dozen young ladies if I really could guess who the writer was. "I am sure," one sweet girl with ears like sea shells and hair "darker than night, more soft than sleep or tears," said to me, "that it was written by one of the young gentlemen in the Bank of Montreal. I heard him say the very thing about the new building that Observer says." Another pretty Miss from a private school on John Street said that she knew; but she wasn't going to tell. I have likewise met a gentleman with long, weak legs, watery eyes, a student of divinity, by the way, who is anxious to take the credit of the contribution; and his mother who had listened to his insinuation with maternal pride whispered in my ear, "It's awfully clever; but so close about anything he does!" I may say that I heard very little hostile criticism.

I have received two or three short letters from young persons interested in this column; and this has suggested to me the idea of soliciting correspondence. I shall be very happy to answer any questions, of a proper nature sent to me, or to use in my columns any reflections of a suitable nature. Letters addressed "The Observatory," Toronto Office, Toronto, will be sure to get into my hands.

The following letter is written in a pious, upright hand, in which there are many right angles.

"TO OBSERVER:

"I have a word to ask you about chaperoning. What do you think is the duty of a chaperon at a large party or at a picnic? I have an idea of my own; but I am afraid to offer it lest I may be set down as prude.

"Yours truly,
MAY."

I think that my fair correspondent raises a very pertinent question; for if my observations have not played me false the chaperon has come to be rather a screen for flirtation and improprieties than a guardian and guide for young women. Now I attend about three picnics in each week, and every such outing party is under the care of a chaperon. This chaperon is usually pretty and a young married woman; mothers resign their young daughters into her keeping with as wide a faith and as happy a heart as if she were the abbess of a convent. What happens then? Well, after you have got to High Park or Mimico or wherever else the chosen ground may be, you will discover that the real object of having a chaperon is not to prevent flirtation but to give it an opportunity. The woods are no sooner reached than the young people pair according as their heart of fancy may dictate, and each couple seeks some quiet nook, screened from sun with summer leaves and

"Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife—
The chaperon does not concern herself any more about the pair; and she thinks that she has done her whole duty if she has succeeded in making them enjoy themselves.

I now state, upon my credit as a gentleman, that I have never known it to be different from this at any picnic party, with a chaperon at its head, that I have ever attended. But this is not all. It frequently happens that the person most in need of a chaperon is the chaperon herself. For this sweet creature is sure to have admirers, since the fashion nowadays is for every pretty married woman to have a retinue of beaux at her feet. Stimulated by the example of the fascinating wife, the interesting young married man begins to breathe new sighs, although they say in the Mikado that "married men never flirt." I speak, however, without feeling; my own "withers are unwrung;" for I have not yet taken to myself a wife.

Once more, as to the chaperon. When she has helped her guests to the edibles, and discharged all her duties as a hostess, she smiles sweetly on the most favoured one in her train of admirers, and goes away to watch grackles bickering in the alders, or to gather pink or chocolate-coloured stones along the shore of Lake Ontario. Some of her flock roach town on foot, some in traps, others by the train; and when the tired maidens reach their homes their mothers think this: "What charming customs belong to social life. My daughters have been enabled to enjoy the beauties of the wood, dell and river, at the same time that there was watching their actions the careful, proper eye of a chaperon! Ah me but this is a world of shams!

Another letter has come to hand and it runs in this fashion:

"Have we, Mr. Observer, in your judgment as many poetic and other geniuses in this country as now and again we hear about. For a month I heard nothing but "Tecumseh." TRUTH gave away four columns to it; and Col. Denison made it the subject of a eulogistic paper at the late meeting of the Royal Society of Stupids. I have several other books in view, but I was most nauseated by the fulsome eulogy of Mr. Mair's book. I think there are several good passages in the book; and I think it nowhere falls below the level of common sense. But there is a vast amount of pretentious commonplace on the subject of loyalty; and this has a pet metal sound about it. There are, as the Editor of TRUTH says, many able passages, but as a literary friend of mine said to me, the poem is on the whole, stiff, uninteresting and pragmatic.

"Yours truly,
"UNDERGRADUATE"

Undergraduate writes cleverly, but I think too severely. There is something in what he says about "Tecumseh," and I think there was quite too much of a bullo raised about it. Naturally enough Col. Denison admires it; because the ideal of Mr. Mair is the ideal of our righteous police magistrate.

How Some Women Began Life.

The sweet poetess, Lucy Larcom, was a mill-hand.
Sarah Bernhardt was a dressmaker's apprentice; so was Matilda Heron.
Adelaide Neilson began life as a child nurse, and Lady Hamilton as housemaid.
I remember Maude Granger, with the gold tresses and shapely form, first earned her livelihood by running a sewing-machine.
Miss Braddon, the well-known novelist, was a utility actress in the English provinces, performing principally in pantomime.
Christine Nilsson was a poor Swedish

peasant, and ran barefoot in childhood. Jenny Lind, also a Swede, was the daughter of a principal of a young ladies' boarding school, and beyond rather narrow circumstances had no especial difficulties in order to gain celebrity.

Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a country parson of small means, but the old proverb of her face being her fortune proved true in her case. Nevertheless, the standing Mrs. Langtry has acquired upon the boards entitles her to rank among the self-made women of the day.

The mother of Clara Louisa Kellogg strained every nerve to give Clara a musical education, and at one time was professional spiritual medium. Miss Kellogg failed three times. Each time she retired, not discouraged, but to devote herself to the still further development of her voice. Finally she took the public by storm. Her first failures were her last.

Mme. Roland—who, by her impassioned and eloquent harangues, had so much to do with bringing about the French revolution—was the daughter of a bookseller, and sold books over the counter. She was one of the most gifted and learned women of that terrible period. She became a victim of the feud she had helped to stir up, and perished on the guillotine. She was the originator of the famous phrase, "O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

We have had two great female astronomers, Miss Herschell and Miss Mitchell. Both were single women, and both took up the study of astronomy in order to assist their brothers. Miss Herschell's pathway to fame was over a smooth road, but Miss Maria Mitchell had everything to battle with. She was the daughter of a small farmer in Nantucket, who was obliged to eke out his income by teaching school at \$2 a week. Maria was constantly occupied with household duties, and she describes her childhood as "being an endless washing of dishes."

Clara Morris' mother was a cook in a restaurant in Cleveland when Clara was a lanky girl of 15 years of age. Manager John Ellsler advertised for some extra girls for the ballet in a pantomime he was getting up. Clara applied for a place in the extra ballet. She wore an old, faded calico dress, much too short for her long legs, a thin shawl, and a ragged woolen scarf wrapped around her head. When the extra girls were no longer required Clara was retained for small parts. That was the beginning of the career of the great emotional actress, Clara Morris, who, by the way, is of English, not American, birth.

Anna Dickinson began life as a school-teacher. Wearying of this, she one day went to Mrs. John Drew, manageress of the Arch Street theatre, Philadelphia, and entreated her to give her an opportunity to go upon the stage. Mrs. Drew heard her recite, told her that she had a very bad accent, that she did not think she would ever make an actress, and advised her to go back to her school-teaching. The war broke out soon afterward, giving Miss Dickinson an opportunity to emerge from obscurity. She still secretly cherished histrionic aspirations, but years were destined to elapse before she was enabled to test whether Mrs. Drew had been a true prophet or not.

As a rule, literary women have had less severe struggles to gain distinction than their sisters of the stage. Many of them have had to battle with poverty, but few with neglected education. Mrs. Somerville, the only woman who has become renowned as a geologist, was one of the exceptions to the rule. As a child, she was allowed to run wild, and at the age of 11 did not know how to spell. As she grew up she was kept helping in the family housework until marriage seemed to offer her deliverance. In this hope she was doomed to her most bitter disappointment. Her husband was a narrow-minded man, who hated clever or even educated women. He considered them inferior men-

tally to his sex, and if a case appeared where a woman proved herself of superior intellect he was horrified and frowned her down as "unwomanly." He thought that his wife unsexed herself by pursuing her geological studies, and made her keep strictly to her domestic duties. His death happily left this gifted woman free to follow the bent of her genius. Her second husband encouraged her in her chosen pursuit until she became the most distinguished scientific woman of her day. She died as recently as 1872, having nearly completed her 100th year. She made intricate astronomical calculations when in her 92nd year.

No Wonder the Shippers Kick.

"Do you know, I never until recently felt the iron hand of a gigantic monopoly close on my throat, and so realized how slowly it was tightening its constricting folds, like the deafening up's tree, over whose blighted valley there flies no living bird and comparatively few dead ones, as it were, upon the life of the nation? (Applause, and loud cries of 'go on.') Needless is it to say that I refer to the railroad. I live in a small village on the line of the Pennsylvania Railway. We have no competing line. We lie at the feet of the monopoly that hauls us in and out of town; we are passive and helpless. The other day I had two boxes of freight to send west by this monopoly. I went crawling into the office of the freight agent. When I told him I had two boxes of stuff to send to Chicago, a distance of about 800 miles, I saw his eyes light up with the keen glare of savage greed. He said he would ask Harri-burg for rates, which I knew was a mere subterfuge to gain time while he could guess how much money I could raise this side of the grave, and then the grasping tool of a soulless corporation charged me 60 cents for carrying two big boxes 800 miles. What's more he made me pay it. It's no wonder that shippers kick. I am only surprised that they don't boycott the railroads. Let us return to the days and the quiet ways of our good old fathers, when, by paying only one-half of the price of the boat, I could have sent my boxes to Buffalo by canal and the rest of the way by lake boat, and got them through to Chicago or the bottom the same year."

Too Sarcastic.

First Dude—"O's fellah, what do you think of Miss Commencense?"
Second Dude—"Well, ma deah boy, ma opinion of her is not vewy fwattwing."
First Dude—"Thath bad. Wat a the weason you don't wike her?"
Second Dude—"Too denood sarcastic, den't ye know. Wy, the other day we were out widing, she and I, and we passed by one of these donkeys, a miswable animal, you unnerstan, and I asked her the difference between that beast and myself. I thought she would say she didn't know, and I would tell her that the donkey drew loads and I drew picturus. You know I am a sowl of an artist, and that would be a fwine joke, bah Jova."
First Dude—"And what did she say?"
Second Dude—"She said the owl dif-wence she could see was in the length of the ears."

Stepping-Stones to Success.

Learn your business thoroughly. Keep at one thing—in nowise change. Always be in haste, but never in a hurry. Observe system in all you do and undertake. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. One to-day is worth two to-morrow. Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on your self. Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the eye. Never be idle, but keep your hands and mind usefully employed, except when sleeping. Use charity with all, and be generous in thought and deed. Do not long life's thorny path. Make no gains be rich; remember that sharp gains give competency and not a sound mind. He that ascends a steep hill by the lowest round. All who are once below.

Revolvers and mine plots should be handled with care, and how the things should be done.

FOUR CANADIAN HIGHWAYMEN;

—OR—

THE ROBBERS OF MARKHAM SWAMP.

A STORY OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN FOR "TRUTH" BY EDMUND COLLINS.

Author of "Annette, the Metis Spy," "The Story of Louis Riel," "Nancy, the Light Keeper's Daughter," &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE ROBBERS OF MARKHAM SWAMP.

After proceeding a few paces the robber chief tied the horse to a tree and then bidding Roland follow made his way through the dark and silent mazes of the wood.

Several times our hero, despite his experience of forest travel, was tripped up by tree-shores, or a tangle of underbrush; and once his forehead struck a sturdy limb with such force that he became for several seconds stupefied. The voice of the highwayman recalled him.

"Hallo, Master Duellist, are you trying to escape me?"

"I gave my word," replied Roland, "touching that matter. But I am not experienced in such travel as this."

"No," sneered the robber "you great

"Here; let me take your hand. We shall never reach home at this rate." It was with a feeling akin to a shudder that Roland felt the touch of his guide's hand; but the arrangement proved successful, and the two got over the ground at a rapid pace. Every maze and tree in that dismal swamp seemed to be known to the guide: and he swerved to right and left, some times so changing his course that it seemed as if he were retracing his steps—with such astonishing swiftness as completely bewildered our hero.

"I wonder," observed Roland, "that the law does not reach you here by the aid of bloodhounds; they filled the wood with dogs this morning for my benefit."

"They tried that trick, but it didn't turn out profitable," replied the robber.

Our hero shuddered at the recital; but the robber heeded not his emotion.

"Then came indisputable proof that only persons living in the jelly swamp could have stolen the girl, taken the money, and cracked the few numb-skulls; so they resolved, in the words of the newspapers of muddy York, to 'clear out the edacious nest.'"

A force of twenty constables with about an equal number of citizens turned out and approached the swamp. The force here numbered ten in all. Ah! but we were a sturdy band then. Well, as I said they came the intrusive damned fools, to the swamp and scattered their forces all about. They found nothing; and this is the only fact they ascertained; that when they assembled at Rynlod's Inn, of the force of twenty-one that entered the swamp, only nine had returned. They waited till the morrow for their missing comrades, but they came not. Yet no cry was heard, though there was no wind among the leaves, and when murders are done the people say, 'Ye hear thrill screams.' Neither was a pistol shot heard, or so much as the clang of a dagger. Ah, but it was the sport to see how discreetly the thing was managed! I see young man, you would like to find out the modes. Well, mystery not infrequently repeats itself in this dark wood; and I have little doubt that you will have an opportunity of discovering how we accomplish our ends, and way the silence."

"Strange to say," the robber went on, "the good people of York took the matter fairly enough, and many declared their belief that these men who never came back

a member of our family. He plucked his man to-day in a duel, and was clearing off in a devil of a hurry when I offered him our poor hospitable titles."

"Pinked his man, ay!" exclaimed one of the gang, a hideous looking ruffian with small eyes, bushy eye-brows and dragged red hair. "He seems better out out to pink trade."

"If we want your opinion upon such matters we will ask for it," the captain observed, looking sternly upon the insulting ruffian.

"We are to live together, so we may as well commence by getting acquainted with one another, youngster," the captain said. "This fellow whose tongue has just wagged is Joe Murfrey a famous black-guard in his own particular line. You respectable Saxon person," pointing to a villainous looking rascal with a greenish skin, and flaxen hair, and an unsteady, treacherous eye, "give moral tone to our little household. He, on occasion, devotes himself with much ardour to religious exercises. For the sake of being familiar we call him Ned Sykes."

The hateful looking scoundrel bowed and said:

"I am happy to welcome you to our poor abode." And as he drew near: "As so young and so fair, to stain his soul with the blood of a fellow creature! O my poor young man, repentance, repentance with us here in nature's sanctuary, where the grandeur of God's works, without any of the disfigurements of man, is all that remains to you now. I welcome you my



"MUDDY YORK" AT THE DATE OF OUR STORY.

heroes of the city and level field, are mighty as travellers only upon the open road."

"Your opinion as to that gives me no concern," our hero replied. "But I have eaten nothing since yesterday save some beech-nuts and a few rowan berries. Besides I have lost much blood."

"Are you wounded?"

"Yes."

"Where?" Roland inquired him.

"It is bleeding still?" He likewise inquired upon that point.

"I am not such a calf after all;"

and heard him mutter some words of acquiescence to the band.

"The matter clear enough?"

"Yes. This ruffian had not

because he had shot Ham, but

wanted an addition to his force.

"There was a price upon Ro-

land, and he believed that he would find

himself, him to his in-

"How did you elude them?"

"Why we simply posted ourselves at convenient points and caught the intruding brutes. Out of a pack of twelve only one got out of the swamp alive."

"Have the constabulary ever sought you here?"

"O, frequently. Once they were permitted to roam about through the swamp without molestation. They found nothing for all their searching but a shed built on the lake's edge, and evidently used by fishing parties. They then returned and declared that the story of the swamp being infested was all fudge. A couple of years passed during which many a blasted butcher and cattle dealer was relieved of his purse; and a few who were foolish enough to dispute about the coin were relieved of more than the money. A girl also disappeared, a buxom lass, with yellow hair and blue eyes, about whom half the country bumpkins had gone nearly wild."

must have fallen into shaking bags, or hollow swamps. Ha-ha!" the fellow chuckled, "they were not very far away! The 'hollow swamp' was almost an inspiration. Well, youngster, we have been frequently visited by parties since; but for the greater part we permit them to roam our labyrinth unmolested. Now and again, however, one or two or three intruders are missing; but considering what a wonderful man-trap the swamp is these small matters do not make very much commotion in the outside world. But we are almost at our journey's end. As he spoke the ruddy glare of a fire could be seen a short way off.

A huge rock lifted itself in the wood and behind this the gang had assembled. Their manner as each became changed upon the approach of the captain; but they could not conceal their astonishment at the sight of our hero; for they had read in their leader's eyes that he was not destined for harm.

"I bring a friend, lads, who is beneath

poor fallen son;" and he stretched out his hand. But our hero simply gave the blasphemous vagabond a look of scorn, and turned away.

"There is one other, the fourth and last of the male members of our humble dwelling, to whom let me also present you. This is a young gentleman of a very meek and unobtrusive disposition. He never raises his voice to a high pitch, or makes a noise when performing any little job that requires skill. It would seem as if his good parents were inspired in bestowing a name upon him. They called him 'The Lifer.' We have slightly varied the name; took a small grammatical liberty with it, as you speak. We call him 'The Lifer.' Let me, Mr. Gray, introduce you to 'The Lifer.'" Roland bowed with the same air of haughtiness and disgust. But now that he was among the unholy crew he felt that he must make the best of the situation, conformably, of course, with his sense

of honour. The description given of this miscreant by the robber chief indicated his appearance. He was somewhat below the medium height, and though not stoutly built revealed strongly knit shoulders, and muscles enduring as twisted steel. He had a frowning air, a dark, rolling eye, and most villainous brows.

"These young women attend to the domestic portion of our labors," the chief said. "This one is our Nancy, and this is Silent Poll." Roland bowed to each of the girls in turn; and he perceived that while both were handsome, they had that bold, free stare, which must always repel a man of refined or proper feeling. The handsomer of the two was Nancy; and Roland imagined that he perceived behind the forwardness of her manner a kind of reckless despair; that indescribable sort of vivacity which arises when hope, and honour and everything that is dear are dead, and only what is worst remains to live for. This girl had evidently at some time moved in a society different far from this; for her speech was somewhat refined, and her bearing that of a woman more or less well-bred.

From the moment of Roland's arrival she seemed to be more thoughtful; and the melancholy in her eyes became more pronounced. He seemed—if one could judge of the varying expressions in her face—to call back within her a thousand memories long dead; to bring before her mind again a world which she had forgotten. Her eyes were almost constantly upon him; and when he spoke she listened with eagerness to every syllable that he uttered.

One of the first to perceive this was Joe; and a hideous light gleamed in his dull and sunken eye.

As for Silent Poll; not one word could be said in her favour. What she once might have seen God alone can tell; but she seemed well content with the vile lot to which she had fallen. Indeed, when Roland saw her flaming eyes, and heard her speech, he doubted if companionship differed from this had ever been vouchsafed her.

Preparations for supper had been progressing for some time before the captain's arrival. In front of the bluff of rock blazed a fire made of birch and maple, and on a spit before this a huge piece of venison was roasting. A hideous old woman, with eyes like a rattle-snake, and dragged hair, colored like the moss upon an aged fir, stood by the spit, which every few moments she turned. Silent Poll had some lard in a cup, and a small quantity of this she put upon the meat each time that she turned the spit. Nancy extended a sort of camp-table and upon it placed the drinking vessels; and Roland perceived that these lawless persons lived in a very sumptuous manner. Nor can it be said that the white bread, the butter, the large mealy potatoes, and other vegetables, together with the juicy haunch before the fire were indifferent to his stomach after his long fast.

"I'll get the grog," growled Murrey; and turning he disappeared, seeming to sink directly into the earth. In a few seconds he returned with a small keg which he placed beside the table.

The rays of the fire enabled our hero to get an indistinct view around; and he perceived that they were surrounded by dense tangled forest, with the face of the rock forming an immediate screen from outside intrusion.

"You wonder, I presume, youngster," the chief observed, "why our good company runs the risk of building a fire at night in this wood. Well, such an indiscretion we are not guilty of when the moon is out; but to night no foot save a practised one could make its way through the under-wood."

"But might they not carry lanterns?" "I grant you; but a light is an object that we as well as they can see. Besides, coming here in the dark is about the last thing in this wide world that the guardians of order would think of doing. Their visits were too fatal in the open day for that."

At the table the liquor circulated freely, and as it was consumed, twenty years ago, as the robber chief swore, it soon brought up the spirits of the gang. The hideous miscreant Roland perceived that the chief drank as freely as the rest. Nancy had quaffed a couple of glasses, the cheerful which the robber chief had a little while before noticed as she had been drinking. She had noticed that the chief had been drinking, and she began to mark attentions upon the robber chief, and looked straight. Not a word of her conversation was lost; the eye of Murrey; and as the miscreant

able girl was in the act of passing something to Roland, the robber gave her a violent blow upon the arm.

"You are too d—d ready with your attentions," he growled, and then swore a terrible oath. Nancy turned and looked upon him with flashing eyes; and resolute and bloody as the man was she did not fear him. A little later she raised her horn and looking the stranger in the face, said,

"I pledge you welcome, sir; will you drink good-will and long friendship with me?" Roland, as we have seen, had from the first resolved to make the best of the deplorable set, so with easy courtesy and good nature he raised his horn and said "I drink with pleasure." But before he had swallowed his sip Joe had risen from his seat and reached his side; and without word or warning dealt him a severe blow on the head. Roland's blood boiled in his veins and was his life the issue ten times over he would not submit to the indignity. He sprang from his chair, weak though he was from his wound.

"Infamous ruffian," he thundered, "how do you dare?" and striking the desperado once, twice, upon the temple felled him like a beast upon the turf. For a moment the villain lay as if he had received his death blow; then he moved, raised himself, and was upon his feet again. At first he reeled and staggered, though not from brandy; and putting his hand to his hip he drew his knife. Roland saw the reflection of the glittering blade flash upon the front of the sombre forest, but he did not move. The miscreant approached him with his weapon raised; but our hero was prepared. Drawing his pistol he cocked it. "One step forward and I blow your brains out." Further mishap was prevented by the chief who sprang between the two.

"Enough," he cried raising his hand "replace your weapons; and reserve them for other uses. You have my congratulations, youngster: You are the right stuff; just such metal as we want here. As for you, Joe, you got what you deserved richly. Not another word." No other word was spoken; but the robber glared upon the victor like a felled beast.

As for the robber himself whose appearance I have not sought to describe so far, his stature was certainly a splendid one. He stood not less than six feet two inches high; his chest was full, and his neck and limbs such as a sculptor might take as a model for a Hercules. His face was not unhandsome, but it was marred by an ill prevailing expression of cruelty. In his eye there was no room for pity or remorse; nor was there a feature in his face that could harbor a generous or kindly impulse; or one of honour. His hair was dark, but tinged with grey; and the cruelties of the man's career had left wide and horrible furrows extending from the corners of his mouth into his cheek. It would be too generous to say that the man had been born under an evil star; that some great crime had come to him and turned his being to evil. For there was no trace of any good; the face, the voice, the look on his countenance, all were evil. Roland simply shuddered as he looked upon him; and he shuddered too when he reflected that the monster had set his heart to turning him into a highwayman.

The gang lighted their pipes when the supper was ended, and the girls cleared the board. Poor Roland, with the cold heavy hand of despair squeezing his heart walked a few paces away from the camp fire, and sat upon a tree-belt. In a little while the fire had grown so low that no light came from it save the scarlet glow from the smouldering embers. A deep gloom was everywhere; but it was not darker than the shadow that had fallen upon his life. Suddenly the gates of the dusk seemed to open, and a flood of silvery light fell upon the world. Looking he perceived that the clouds were breaking, and through a rift in the pall the moonlight shone down upon the darksome swamp. With the light came a stirring of hope at heart; and for a minute he turned himself to the sweet thought that a time might come when he, with his own untarnished, could issue from the den, and take his place in that world from which he had banished him.

"I will be forgotten in two or three years," he mused, and at the end of that time she may still remember me. And then divers avenues of escape from the

hideous tells were open to his imagination. Why could he not, after the lapse of a few months, disguise himself, go boldly out of the wood and cross the frontier. In a republican city he could engage in some honorable occupation; and perhaps his beloved might care to bear something of his fortunes. His dreams had become very rosy when he heard the voice of the chief asking him if he did not want to "go to bed to-night."

He saw no camp, no blankets, no dwelling, and he marvelled as to where they slept, or found shelter from the storm. One by one his companions seemed to sink into the bowels of the earth as the robber before supper seemed to have done, till at last nobody remained but the Lifter.

"I am waiting to show you to your bed," the fellow said in a voice as soft as the ripple of an oily stream.

"Why, where on earth does your company sleep?"

"Nowhere on earth," returned the soft-voiced Lifter.

"Come; we go under the earth;" and taking our hero's hand he led him to what looked like the mouth of a pit. A faint light beneath revealed a sort of step-ladder, and by this Rowland, following his guide, descended into what seemed a cavern. The air was so foul as one might suppose, but there was an easy small which at first was disagreeable enough to the nostrils of our hero. Taking a paper which was left burning below, the Lifter led the way for a considerable distance, and then turning to the right entered a sort of aperture or pocket in the clayey wall to his right. The flickering of the light here revealed a small bed; and setting down the candle the Lifter said:

"This is to be your room while you stay with us; good night." In spite of the sickening sensation that came over Roland as he entered this underground lair, and the feeling of pain and shame at the part he was compelled to act, he was soon asleep and dreaming once again of days that held no evil.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WAYS OF ROBBER LIFE.

During the night a violent gale blew, rain fell in torrents, and many a proud tree received its death blow when lightning sprang from the low-brooding cloud.

But the face of nature was as bright next morning as a child's face after its own little tempest and its tears have passed, and joy takes possession once again. The sky seemed so clearly blue, that one might think, as I myself, often, when a child imagined, that in some unaccountable way the rain in falling had washed the sky, and hence it looked upon the morrow clearer.

White clouds, like frail, wide tangles of thistle-down drove across the sky and helped to form a vast congregation to leeward.

Overhead, and for a considerable way upon their journey these clouds are white, but when they begin to form away beyond the reach of the wind, they immediately turn to a pearl-grey. Sometimes you will notice a flush of rose, and often little patches of violet; and if to these hues be added no other save the semi-universal cumulus or neutral, you have little cause to fear that the tempest will renew itself. But beware of the purple and the sulky indigo. The purple sometimes cloaks up, and disposes itself in joyous crimson, or fair-weather pink. I have hardly ever known indigo to relent. When it rolls, or steals into the heavens, its purpose is tumult; and if you miss its fury, be sure that some one else, some other where, will not.

Roland's heart arose as he stood once more under the pure honest heavens; the wholesome air filling his lungs, and the sunshine, despite his lot, creeping into his heart.

And although the bush that clad this swamp was hateful as woods could be, it revealed here and there to our hero's ken a touch of beauty; for among the evergreens several maple, beech and oak trees had thrust their roots. The dull bronze of the oak, the pale gold of the beech, and the flushed crimson of the maple contrasted richly and often gorgeously with the myrtle of the evergreens.

"Smitten by the beauty of our woods, says?" the robber enquired.

"Yes, I was looking at that flaming maple."

"We are not so God forsaken here as you might imagine, young man. A capital fishing stream runs through the swamp."

"Are there fish in that lake which I see gleaming through the bush?"

"Plenty of them. Well fished too, ha ha." There was something in the tone of the man's voice that made Roland's blood run cold.

"Oh yes; you will get reconciled to our ways of living sooner than you imagine; and by the time that your wound is healed you will be longing for exercise. But we will give you plenty of it."

"In what manner, may I ask?"

"Now how innocent you seem Mr. Duellist. Why, have I not told you, have you not heard, what the occupation is of the gang of Markham Swamp. Well, you will assist us in keeping up the reputation of the place. But you will not at first get work which only trained hands can do. I shall be considerate enough not to require you to go abroad while the sun is up; but you will bear a hand at night when no moon is to be seen; and when the storm kindly helps to conceal suspicious noises. Now and again, young man, if I must be so plain, I will need you to aid in breaking houses, and gagging noisy fools. Sometimes I will require you to crack a skull, if easier methods fail in the prosecution of our enterprises. I take a fancy sometimes for carrying folk away to our curious quarters; some of which it suits my humor to retain for a time, others [whom I allow to sink into the mysterious, hollow swamp. We have not carried away a pretty lass for many months now; and it is quite desolate here sometimes when one has not handsome female eyes to look into his and give him cheer.

"But I have had my eye upon a girl distant far from here. Over a year ago I saw her in her father's orchard, gathering peaches. Looking up her eye; met mine which were burning upon her through the hedge. She gave a shriek of horror and ran away. Never young man, had my eyes before rested upon a being so fair as this. I might have gone away and strove to think no more about her, but the look of loathing as well as terror with which my face filled her, decided my course. I resolved to have her. Before the spring buds are on the trees she shall be here; and one of the offices I shall reserve for you is to assist me in bringing her hither. I may be able to use you as a decoy; for your face, curse it, seems to find more favour with women than mine."

"And you brought me here, then, that I might aid you in such works of infamy?"

"Precisely."

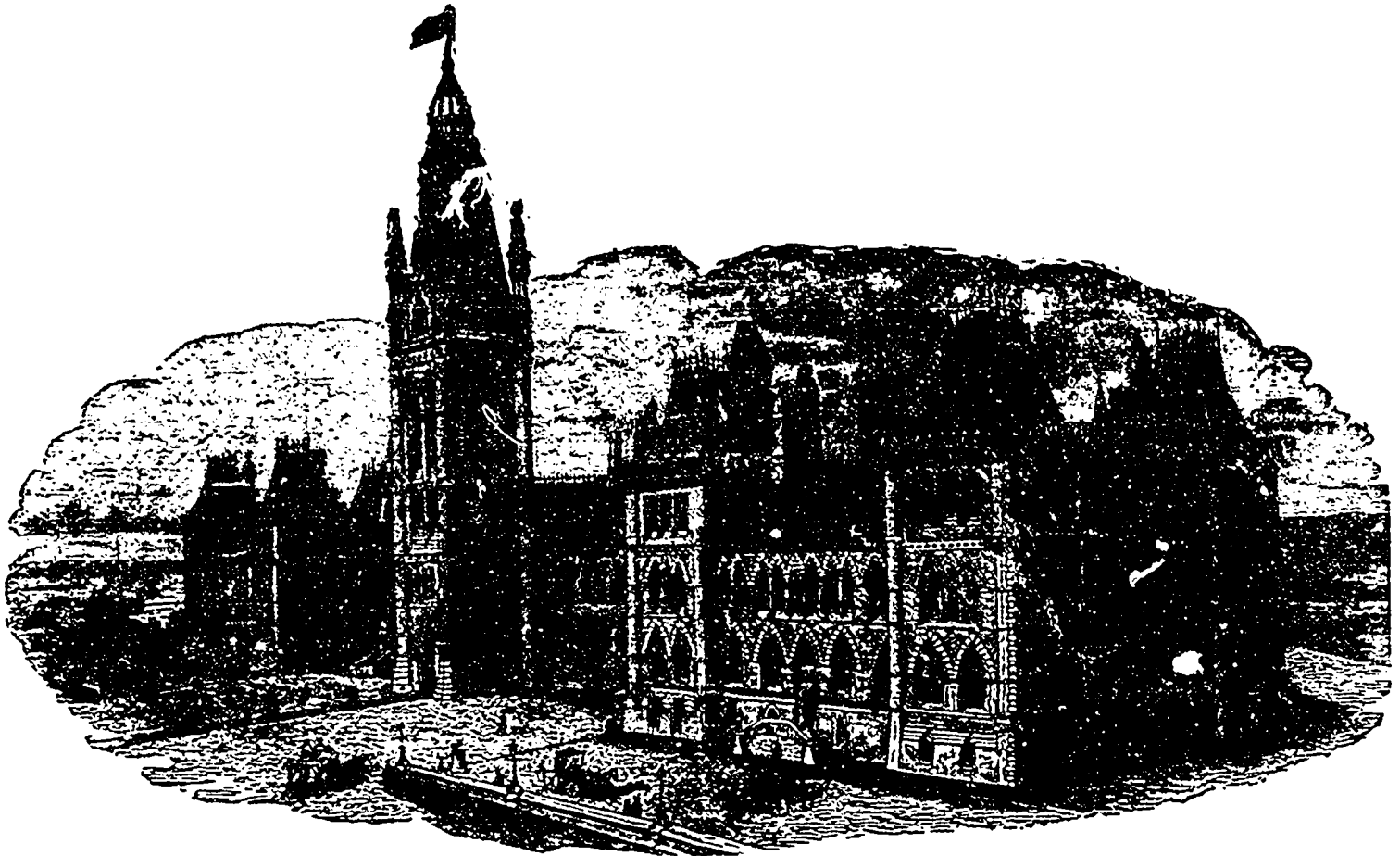
"Then hear my answer once for all. Death shall be mine before dishonor. Rather than aid you in carrying out the least of your evil deeds; I will give myself up to justice." The robber's face grew as dark as a thundercloud, and a devilish light flashed in his eye. For a moment his hand rested upon the haft of his knife; but only for a moment.

"We shall see," he replied. I have bent more stubborn wills than yours. You will have some time to make choice of my two alternatives. This only have I, now, to say. If you have any hope of being able to escape hence and get into sheltering territory, put it from you. While you stay in this wood watch will always be upon you. Should you manage to escape those who guard you here, I myself will lead the mischief of the law upon your track. Now get these words down into your craven heart."

"I perceive, miscreant," Roland retorted, his eye flashing, "that you understand my code of honor, and take advantage of it. You are aware that falsehood and insolence from such lips as yours convey no insult. But despite your stature, and your hungry knife and your three villain associates here even in this den I would not hesitate to inflict chastisement if I could but do it upon grounds of honor. Now, ruffian, you know my will. But defend myself, save from arm of lawful authority, I always do. And he faced the robber who prepared for the first time in his evil life. Turning upon his heel the chief fled away.

"You have my word," Roland then perceived in a stern voice gave out when he joined the group, a dogged countenance, the respectable Mr. S. and a little later he observed himself disapp.

"I was ill-nodded," the Captain, the Lifter in a smooth, even prison he



DOMINION PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

Strange Weapons.

Many of the weapons of strange shape and character to be found in India deserve special notice on account of their appropriateness to the district in which they have originated, their historical associations, or their individual peculiarity of shape and quality. The kukri, the national weapon of Nepal, is about 19 inches in total length, with an unguarded hilt. Its blade, generally of bright steel, is incurved, heavy, and widening toward the point. It has more the qualities of a good bill hook than any thing else, and this, indeed, was its original function, for the Gorkha required it not only for fighting purposes, but also to clear his way through the jungles of the Terai. In his practiced hands the kukri is the handiest of tools and the most formidable of weapons—how formidable those who have been in action with the Gorkha battalions in our service can well testify. Like the kukri of the Gorkha, the big knife of the Cooriff mountaineer derived its shape from the daily necessities of life in dense jungles. The tremendous monsoon rains which break on the mountains of the west coast of India develop an extraordinary luxuriant vegetation in the district, and the inhabitants found the constant want of an implement to open their way through the thick underwood and clumps of bamboo. The Cooriff knife, the syda katti, is about the same length as the kukri also with blade incurved, but still wider and heavier. One of its most remarkable characteristics is that it has no sheath, but it is carried, slung naked, across the hips, through a slit in a steel belt. The belt is called a todunga, and is made generally in either brass or silver of a solid plate behind, fastening in front with massive and handsome chains. It is suspended to the rear from the occipital protuberance at the back. This spike is of definite use, but it was recommended as a means of defence at the battle of the Marston who were there in the rear of the arms of their backs were not incumbered by the weight of their arms.

The only colored skin in the United States to be seen, has been obtained from an American to take a walk in New York.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY JOHN IMBIE, TORONTO.

"Only a few acres of snow!"
 Our country first was styled,
 By French explorers long ago,
 In winter bleak and wild.
 An hundred years rolled on apace,
 Again they sought our shore,
 As summer beamed with smiling face,
 Inviting to explore.
 The noble Champlain and his band,
 On Quebec's height did raise
 The flag of France, with eager hand,
 'Mid thankful prayer and praise.
 They fought and tilled for many years,
 And tilled the virgin soil,
 Till happy homes dispell'd their fears,
 And fortune sweeten'd toil.
 But war again changed peaceful scenes
 To carnage and dismay,
 Till British prowess intervened,
 And finally holds sway.

Then, hand-in-hand, a peaceful band,
 The Briton and the Gaul,
 Agree to sub-divide the land,
 Together stand or fall!

May peace and honour ever keep
 The brothers thus entwined;
 With patriotism—pure and deep—
 Fidelity enshrined!

At last, like fair unfolding flower,
 The New Dominion stands,—
 Upper and Lower Canada
 Embrace with loving hands!

Thus July first of every year,
 Our great Dominion Day,
 Her loyal sons hold ever dear,
 In honour and display!

The fairest flower on this fair earth,
 The freest of the free;
 Whose sons are proud to own their birth,
 And claim their homes in thee!

Cork Irishmen.

The diet of the Irishmen in this part of the country is, of course, potatoes and milk. As he himself puts it, he has potatoes 21 times a week. In the event of a blight, such as the historical one, the result in certain parts of Ireland could scarcely be less disastrous than at any former period. If one may judge by the physique of its consumers, the diet requires no recommendation of the medical faculty, for a mere stalwart race it would be difficult to find. In this corner of the county, so long "preserved," we should expect to find the natural Irishman, and we certainly found him. The native Irish is almost universally spoken, but at the same time the majority of the younger generation speak English with a brogue of the most exquisite flavor. Here, also, we have the Irishmen in the

typical attire to which caricaturists have accustomed us. To the visitor from the other island it is a ludicrous picture to see him in tall hat, blue tailed coat and knee-breeches at work in his wretched plot, like a philosopher out for a little recreation. It is not much the style of his garments; however, that makes their picturesque quality is their positively miraculous raggedness. We feel that this raggedness has just passed the stage of disreputability, and has actually become ornamentation. But it is above all the hat that fixes the attention. We have often closely inspected it, and our wonder never ceased how, in the course of a single day, any hat, however weather beaten and worn, could be so utterly used, could attain that preposterous look. It is the great charm of travel in Ireland that one can become acquainted with its

people in so short a time and on such easy terms. The Irishman is the most approachable of human beings, and as the very Irishman the stranger wishes to know is in most cases his own lord and master, intercourse is thus made doubly easy. If in the course of a solitary walk you should desire the solace of a little conversation you have but to take your seat on one of the turf walls that form the fences in these parts of the country. If you are a smoker and produce your pipe, you will present an additional inducement. Before you are well seated you will be saluted with "A fine day, sir, God be praised!" and a careless figure will be seen approaching with spade and pickaxe over his shoulder. Sharing your tobacco with him it will remain with yourself to conclude the interview. Before ten minutes have passed you will have had the outlines of his family history, and his views on things in general, not even excepting his priest. At the end of as many hours' conversation as you please, he will speed you on your way with a fervent "God preserve you long!" and part with you as if you had been his lifelong friend.

The managing editor looked at the applicant sadly, for he was an earnest young man. "I am sorry," he said at last, "but there is really no place vacant that would pay you any salary." "O," said the applicant hopefully, "I don't expect a salary, I am willing to work on shares." And then the manager knew he had turned away the leading American humorist.

For stuffing purposes fine shavings are now largely used, there being at Pesth, in Hungary, an extensive factory devoted exclusively to the production of such shavings, and these, by the aid of machinery, are reduced to such a degree of fineness that the product closely resembles tow. Shavings of this kind are superior, it is asserted, to every other substitute for horse hair in our saddles, with upholstery purposes, alike as regards elasticity, softness, and durability; for bedding they are recommended on account of the fine particles of wood being an effective preventive of vermin, the utility of this material for bedding, especially for hospital and hospital purposes, having been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the German Government. Shavings have been used as stuffing for some five or six years, the shavings can be renewed by being exposed to the sun or a high-temperature.

The Household.

Removal of Spots and Stains.

The following concise rules are extracted from a German journal:

Matter Adhering Mechanically—Beating, bruising, and currents of water, either on the upper or under side.

Gum, Sugar, Jelly, etc.—Simply washing with water at a hand heat.

Grease—White goods, wash with soap or alkaline lye. Colored cottons, wash with French chalk or fuller's earth, and dissolve away with bonsize or ether.

Oil Colors, Varnish, and Stains—On white or colored linens, cottons, or woollens, use rectified oil of turpentine, alcohol lye, and their soap. On silks, use benzine, ether, and mild soap, very cautiously.

Stearine—In all cases, strong, pure alcohol.

Vegetable Colors, Fruit, Red Wine, and Red Ink—On white goods, sulphur fumes or chlorine water; colored cottons or woollens, wash with lukewarm soap lye or ammonia; silks the same but more cautiously.

Alizarine Inks—White goods, tartaric acid, the more concentrated the elder the spots; on colored cottons and woollens and on silks, dilute tartaric acid is applied cautiously.

Bleed and Albinoid Matter—Steeping in lukewarm water. If pepper or the juice of carica papaya can be procured the spots are first softened with lukewarm water, and then either of these substances are applied.

Iron Spots and Black Ink—White goods, hot oxalic acid, dilute muriatic acid, with little fragments of tin. On fast-dyed cottons and woollens oxalic acid is cautiously and repeatedly applied. Silks, impossible.

Lime and Alkalies—White goods, simple washing. Colored cottons, woollens, and silks are moistened, and very carefully dilute citric acid is applied with the finger-end.

Acids, Vinegar, Sour Wine, Must, Sour Fruits—White goods, simple washing, followed up by chlorine water if a fruit color accompanies the acid. Colored cottons, woollens, and silks are very carefully moistened with dilute ammonia with the finger-end. In case of delicate colors it will be found preferable to make some prepared chalk into a thin paste with water and apply it to the spots.

Tanning from Chestnuts, Green Walnuts, etc., or Leather—White goods, hot chlorine water and concentrated tartaric acid. Colored cottons, woollens, and silks, apply dilute chlorine water cautiously to the spot, washing it away and reapplying it several times.

Tar, Cart-Wheel Grease, Mixture of Fat, Resin and Acetic Acid—On white goods, soap and oil of turpentine, alternating with streams of water. Colored cottons and woollens, rub in with lard, let lie; soap, let lie again, and treat alternately with oil of turpentine and water. Silks the same, more carefully, using benzine instead of the oil of turpentine.

Scorching—White goods, rub well with linen rags dipped in chloric water. Colored cottons, re-dye, if possible, or in woollens raise a new surface. Silks, no remedy.

Hints.

An improvement on making rag carpet: Measure your strips exactly the length of the room, then take to the sewing machine and stitch through the middle of each rag until you have stitched through four rags in succession. Then cut between the middle stitching. It will not require binding, and saves work and carpet and looks so much neater.

If one ounce of powdered gum tragacanth be mixed in the white of six egg wall beaten, and applied to a window, it will prevent the rays of the sun from penetrating.

Articles of a delicate blue that must be washed are often ruined in the process; this may be avoided by adding an ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of water and letting the article lie in this for an hour and a half or even for two hours; let it dry then, after which it may be washed without injury. This is said to be a perfect remedy for the trouble referred to.

Never put a particle of soap about your silver if you would have it retain its original luster. When it wants polishing take a piece of soft leather and rubbing and rub hard. The proprietors of one of the object

silver establishments in the city of Philadelphia says that "housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap-suds, as it makes it look like pewter."

A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

To remove ink stains, wash the cloth thoroughly in milk, then in hot water with soap, and the stains will disappear.

Something for Desert.

As the weather becomes warmer, puddings, custards and creams, take the place of rich pastry, and the making of these light, fanciful dishes is a pleasure to most cooks. A few receipts are given below which have become favorites with all who have tried them. Never add to or take from a receipt given for trial, and then pass unjust criticism upon the same.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Make a cake with one cup of sugar, one cup sweet milk, a well beaten egg, a piece of butter size of an egg, little salt, teaspoonful cream tartar and one teaspoonful soda sifted in two cupfuls of flour. Beat all well together and pour the batter half an inch thick into a common long tin. Bake quickly. Make a soft boiled custard by heating four cupfuls of milk in a pail set in a kettle of hot water or in a double boiler; when scalding hot, pour a cupful on to three eggs beaten with a cupful and a half of sugar and three teaspoonfuls of corn starch; then pour all together, and cook till it begins to thicken, pour through a thin strainer, and flavor with lemon. Lay the cake, cut in small squares on a platter, sift over powdered sugar, and put a slice of jelly on each piece. Serve by filling a saucer half full of custard and laying on a slice of the cake.

MINUTE PUDDING.—One pint of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one pint of flour. Boil the milk after adding the salt; when the milk begins to rise, stir in the flour and as soon as it is well mixed, the pudding is done. This should not be made until after the sauce as it should be eaten as soon as made.

SAUCE.—One coffee cup of sugar, one scant half-cup of butter, one egg, one lemon and a small nutmeg and three tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the egg well beaten, all the juice and half the grated rind of the lemon and the nutmeg; beat ten minutes and then add the boiling water, a tablespoonful at a time. Keep the sauce hot over steam or in the top of the teakettle, but do not allow it to boil.

LEMON JELLY.—A little less than one quart of boiling water, one-half box of gelatine, one cup of sugar, two lemons. Pour the boiling water over the gelatine and when it is dissolved add the sugar, juice and grated rind of the lemons. Strain it into moulds that have been dipped in cold water and set away where it is cool or in the refrigerator. When the jelly is perfectly cold it will be stiff. One half of this recipe fills a small mould which is often sufficient for a desert. Measure a pint of water and then take out one tablespoonful; this will make the proportion about right for one kind the other ingredients.

SPANISH CREAM.—Take one box gelatine, one quart milk, beaten yolk of three eggs, one small cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of flavoring, and a pinch of soda. Soak the gelatine in the milk for two hours. Stir in the soda, and beat, stirring often. When scalding hot, pour upon the beaten eggs and sugar and return to the farina kettle. Boil one minute, stirring constantly. Strain through muslin, and when cold flavor and put in a mould. Set on ice or in a cool place.

PURE PREPARED CORN.—The British American Starch Company's make will be found absolutely pure and of delicious flavor.

Parson Gray, who is at the head of a congregation of colored folks in Denver, has been preaching sermons that reflected so severely on the morals of some of his people, James Hawkins thought the coat fitted him, and not only put it on but talked back bravely to the pastor. Then Parson Gray got a pistol and put it in his pocket, and the next time he and Hawkins met there were more high words and the pistol went off and Hawkins was hurt. And now the pastor is on trial, charged with assault against this black sheep.

Young Folks' Department.

Some Remarkable Parrots

History and tradition tell us of some most remarkable parrots. In the seventeenth century, during the government of Prince Maurice in Brazil, he had heard of an old parrot that was much celebrated for answering like a rational creature many common questions. The parrot was at a great distance from his residence, but so much had been said about it that the prince's curiosity was aroused, and he directed the bird to be sent for. When pretty Polly was introduced into the room where the prince was sitting in company with several Dutchmen, the bird immediately exclaimed in the Brazilian language,

"What a company of white men are here!"

They asked, "Who is that man?" pointing to the prince.

The parrot answered, "Some general or other."

The prince was ignorant of the language, and when the attendants carried the bird to him, he asked it through the medium of an interpreter,

"To whom do you belong?"

The parrot answered, "To a Portuguese."

He asked again, "What do you there?"

The bird answered, "I look after chickens."

The prince laughed, and exclaimed, "You look after chickens?"

The parrot in answer said, "Yes, I, and I know well enough how to do it!"

clocking at the same time in imitation of the hen to call together her young

Early in the present century, there died the celebrated parrot of Colonel O'Kelly, who lived in Half Moon Street, Ploccadilly, London. This wonderful parrot sang a number of songs in perfect time and tune. She could express her wants and give her orders very much like a human being. She could repeat a number of sentences and answer many questions put to her. When singing she beat time with all the appearance of science, and she would often correct her mistakes in singing. This parrot died at the age of thirty years. Parrots frequently live to the age of one hundred.

In a bird-store once open a time, the keeper of the shop taught his birds to say cute things, and when a young lady called to buy a parrot he brought out a green parrot that was small and meek-looking. The dealer asked the bird to "Say something sweet to the pretty lady." The bird, to the surprise of all, rolled one eye knowingly and croaked out, "I ain't as green as I look."

A common gray parrot having been brought from Guinea by a sailor with a coarse, rough voice, and afflicted with a cough, the parrot learned to imitate the exact tones of his master, even to the cough, so closely that the sound of his voice was often mistaken for that of the sailor. The bird was afterward taken in hand by another instructor and taught a softer tone, but it never forgot the harsh voice of its former master, and often amused bystanders by relapsing into sea-lang. Interspersed with the cough of the sailor.

While Dean Stanley was a canon at Canterbury, a gentleman who had been invited to breakfast with him found all the servants assembled in the garden, where the master's parrot was at large in a tree. The master came out at that moment. The parrot looked down at him, and said, in a low but distinct voice—exactly like the dean's—"Let us not pray." The bird was eventually captured by the aid of a fishing-rod.

A gentleman in Yorkshire was attacked with a fever about Christmas time, and his parrot was removed from the dining-room to the kitchen, where its voice was less likely to disturb its master. It remained there for several weeks, during which time it stole the rubins intended for a plum pudding. The cook in anger threw some hot grease at it, and scalded its head. When the gentleman got better the parrot was removed to the dining-room. The master came in with his head newly shaved, whereupon the parrot turned one eye upon him, and slowly said, "You bald-headed ruffian! So you stole the cook's plum, did you?"

A parrot belonging to a hotel in Philadelphia walked about on the window ledge one night. The window was open and the bird lost her balance and fell on the pavement below. A policeman picked up the bird, and as he carried Polly into the hotel, she said,

"Polly's sick." Blood trickled from its green feathered head, and as the officer handed it to the clerk the bird said again, as it closed its eyes,

"Polly's sick." While its wounded head was being washed and bathed, the parrot repeated several times,

"Polly's sick." For an hour it lay perfectly quiet with its eyes closed, and then suddenly repeated again,

"Polly's sick." A moment later the parrot fell over dead.

AN ANCIENT TOWN.

Where Thirteenth Century Fortifications Still Exist.

It is written in olden records that Julius Cæsar had a beautiful breastplate, made of gold studded with British pearls, which he dedicated to the Venus Genetrix. One of the pearls in the English crown is said to have been found in an English river, but the halmy days of English pearl fishing are over. Few and far between are the rich pearls found in English rivers now. One of the most famous rivers in all Britain for pearl mussel is the Conway, in Wales. Here were great fisheries, and it was doubtless from the Conway that Julius Cæsar drew his fine pearls for the breastplate of the Venus. The Conway rises in a little dark tarn among the Welsh hills, and winds its way for 30 miles through a smiling country to the Irish Sea, where its waters mix with the briny flood.

THE TOWN OF CONWAY

stands on the river's bank, about four miles from the sea and about forty five miles from Liverpool, and is one of the quaintest of mediæval towns. It is almost incredible that there should exist such an ancient, sleepy, romantic, little walled city near a great, bustling, nineteenth-century place as Liverpool. In two and a half hours, the steambot carries the traveller from Liverpool to Llandudno; and a few minutes in the train takes one away from this modern watering place to the peacefulness of a thirteenth century fortified town. The castle of Conway is one of the most beautiful in a country of beautiful castles, towering grimly and grandly over the ragged little town that nestles beside it. Very odd it seems to stand on the crumbling battlements and look down on the town which is enclosed within the battlemented stone walls of the same age and fashion as the castle. Six long centuries have come and gone since the First Edward conquered Wales, and built his strong fortresses to keep the wild Gynry in subjection; but every hill-top and valley is full of suggestions of the ancient and little known race. A few names have come to us from the mists, such as Caractacus, Llwllyn, and Owca Glyndwr; but few to-day have any idea of the fierce bravery of this ancient race or how desperately they fought for their fatherland. On every mountain-side and hill-top there are remains of

ANCIENT FORTRESSES.

of a rude type, built for defence in the long past time; of cromlechs, built for worship or for sepulture, of traces, in one form or another, of a brave and home-loving race. There is a saying among the Welsh that "Wales was Wales before England twas born look you"; and an old Welsh family had written, in the midst of their family records, "About this time, the world was created." How old these ancient Britons were when Wales was first peopled, no man can say. Certain it is that the little principality has borne a brave part in the world's history, and its people have been true to their traditions. Centuries have passed since Edward conquered them, but they still speak their own language. Many a change has come over the fashions of the bry but the frugal and industrious Welsh still fears God, an lifts his voice in praise on the Sabbath day. The walls of Conway are now crumbling ruins, the ivy and flower have taken possession of the grass grows green in the places of the forgotten great

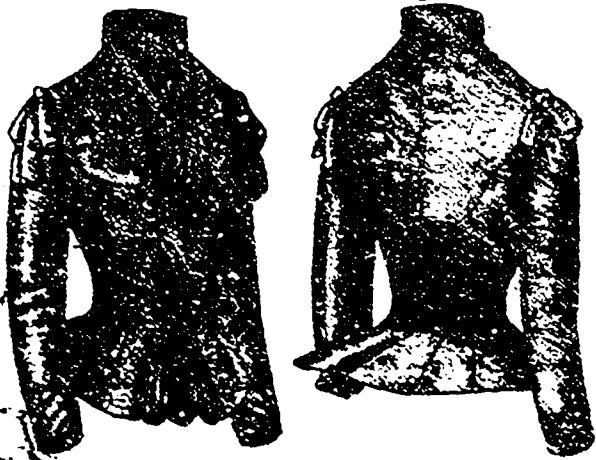
Mamma "Why, Nellie, look. Here's been a returned from an unpar." "Yes, but I'm better."



FIG 14.—No. 3455.—Misses' Suit. PRICE 25 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
27 inches, 8½ yards; 28 inches, 8½ yards;
29 inches, 8½ yards; 30 inches, 9½ yards;
31 inches, 10½ yards; 32 inches, 11½ yards.
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
27 inches, 4½ yards; 28 inches, 4½ yards;
29 inches, 5½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards;
31 inches, 6 yards; 32 inches, 6½ yards.



FIG 3.—No. 3513.—Misses' Suit.—PRICE, 25 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for
25 inches, 2½ yards; 26 inches, 2½ yards;
27 inches, 2½ yards; 28 inches, 2½ yards;
29 inches, 3 yards; 30 inches, 3½ yards;
31 inches, 3½ yards; 32 inches, 3½ yards.
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
25 inches, 1½ yards; 26 inches, 2½ yards;
27 inches, 2½ yards; 28 inches, 2½ yards;
29 inches, 2½ yards; 30 inches, 2½ yards;
31 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 3½ yards.
Material for ruffles, 36 inches wide, 1½ yards, 43 inch wide, 1 yard.



No. 3452.—LADIES' BLOUSE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
30 inches, 4½ yards; 32 inches, 4½ yards;
34 inches, 4½ yards; 36 inches, 4½ yards;
38 inches, 4½ yards; 40 inches, 4½ yards;
42 inches, 4½ yards; 44 inches, 4½ yards;
46 inches, 4½ yards.
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1½ yards;
34 inches, 1½ yards; 36 inches, 1½ yards;
38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards;
42 inches, 2½ yards; 44 inches, 2½ yards;
46 inches, 2½ yards.

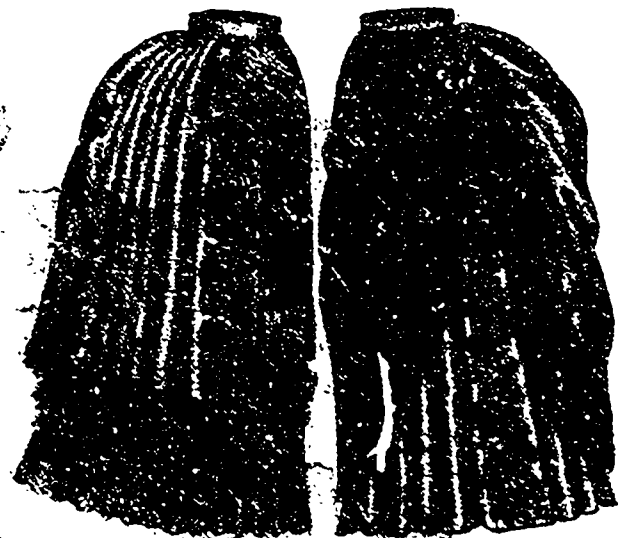


FIG 5.—No. 3644.—LADIES' TROUSERS. PRICE, 30 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), 11½ yards.
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) 6 yards.
Quantity for underbirt, 5 yards.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS'

FIGURE No. 8.—The misses' costume here shown is especially suitable for white goods as represented. The skirt may be composed of two or more flounces of Hamburg embroidery; the round basque is of cotton goods trimmed with ruffles on the neck, sleeves, edge and fronts, to simulate a vest, or it may be of piece-embroidery, edged. Sometimes the basque is fastened of a wide flounce with the scallops turned towards the front. Handsome ribbon bows and sashes add materially to the attractive appearance of such toilettes. Pattern No. 3413, price 25 cents.

FIGURE No. 6.—A kilt-pleated skirt is shown here with a box-pleated panel of contrasting goods on either side; a short drapery of the two fabrics, edged with lace, fills the back, the lace crossing right side, and then draped to form a deep apron caught high on the left with a plaque of beads and cord; wide flouncing, or piece-lace can be used for the front drapery. Pattern No. 3441 price 30 cents.

FIGURE No. 8.—A lace ruche, beaded, edges this skirt, Pattern No. 3445, price 30 cents, and beads appear again in the pointed panels on either side. The lower part of the tablier is covered with a deep puff, the full back is a mixture of plain and brocaded goods in a box pleat on the left, jabot on the right and gathers between; the apron drapes under the right panel, falls into a point below, and is then caught over on the left with a bead ornament quite a distance below the belt, displaying the panel above and below the pleats.

FIGURE No. 12.—Any ordinary fabrics are stylishly worked into such a design as Pattern No. 3542, price 25 cents. The back is cut with a box pleat; the fronts round down from the neck, widen below the waist, and dispense with one dart on either side; the lining extends across the front as usual, while the plastron is shirred at the neck, again at the waist, gathered on the lower edge and turned up to the lining where it fastens. The plastron is fastened in Breston style, viz., sewed down on one side, and hooked over on the other. The sleeves are finished with cuffs and epaulet bows.

FIGURE No. 14.—Pattern No. 3455, price 25 cents, shows a practical suit, appropriate for any ordinary fabric, which may be trimmed with flat bands of velvet, braid, galloon, or left plain. The narrow flat tablier is bordered on either side with a narrow and wide kilt-pleat, the remainder of the skirt hanging in the latter, with a round drapery in the back only. The cutaway basque has a short puffed back and those fronts cut wider than usual from the chest down, the extra fullness is laid into pleats, and the joining hidden by a strap of the trimming; high collar and vest of the contrasting material, which may also form cross-straps on the panels, and a sash on one side, if preferred.

FIGURE No. 15.—The misses' suit shown in this cut is taken from Pattern No. 3446, price 25 cents, and offers a stylish combination for embroidery or lace, and velvet or silk. Two gathered flounces form the skirt, with a Mollere plastron of the same goods; the Eton jacket with a pointed back is of velvet, decorated with buttons, with a pointed girde and side-sash to match. If Ottoman or surah silk is selected for the jacket, it may be trimmed with lace jabots on either side, and the skirt should then be of lace flounces with the Mollere of piece-lace. The child's dress is appropriate for light woolen or silk fabrics with lace finishing, or heavier goods with velvet bands. The gathered skirt is trimmed with a flat band of lace, and sewed on the edge of the plain, tight fitting waist, which is decorated with a silken scarf passed diagonally across the front, fastened on the left with a clasp, then passed around the waist and tied in a bow at the back; turn-over collar and cuffs of lace. Pattern No. 3454, price, 20 cents.

FIGURE No. 16.—Pattern 3455, price 25 cents, offers a serviceable design for any woolen goods. The narrow tablier is bordered on either side with a wide box-pleat, the remainder of the skirt hanging in kilt pleats, with a short round drapery in the back. The cutaway basque has a short, puffed back, long fronts cut wider than usual and the fullness in two pleats, giving the appearance of a yoke. The vest and collar are of velvet matching the pointed tabs on the sleeves,



FIG. 15—No. 3446—MISSER'S SUIT. PRICE 25 CENTS

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 27 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 29 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 31 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 6 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 27 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 29 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 31 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 3 1/2 yards.

Embroidery for flounces, 5 yards. No. 3454.—GIRLS' DRESSES. PRICE, 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 20 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 21 inches, 3 yards; 22 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 23 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 24 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 25 inches, 4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 20 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 21 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 23 inches, 2 yards; 24 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 25 inches, 2 1/2 yards.

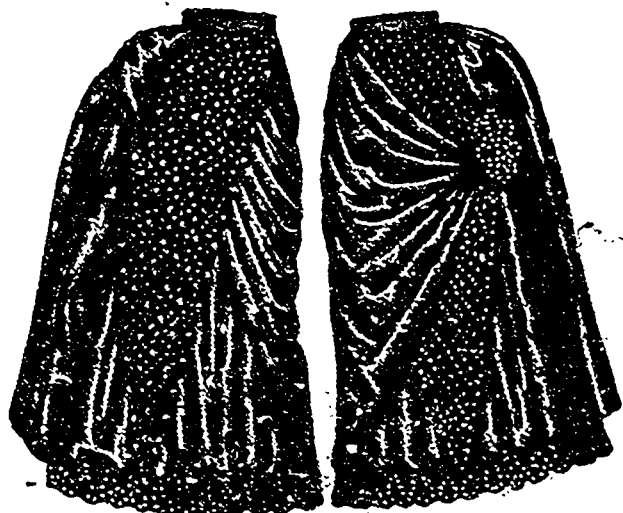


FIG. 8.—No. 3448—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), 11 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), 6 1/2 yards.

fronts and panels, all of which are caught down with fancy buttons.

Interesting experiments are now in progress at the German Pavilion, in Fairmount Park, in the breeding of silkworms from American seed; that is from the eggs of worms bred in this country. Heretofore more care has been given to the production of good cocoons than the preservation of the seed, but some of the experienced members of the Woman's Silk Culture Association, who have the experiments in charge, believe that a better quality of silk can be produced from American seed than from the imported.

Mr. Sylvester Sidley, the oldest resident of Belleville, died the other day at the patriarchal age of 87 years, 1 month and 8 days. Mr. Sidley, who was a native of Cork, Ireland, was for many years a pilot on the Bay of Quinte and River St. Lawrence, and had lived in Belleville for upwards of sixty years.

A small boy who had been much interested in church going for the first few Sundays became weary at length and showed his disapproval in various ways. In the middle of a long sermon he suggested an end with much emphasis: "Pa," he said "It's time for the contribution-box to go round. Arns' they going to have the contribution-box?"

A Prairie Settlement.

One autumn day in the year 1880 a small emigrant train came to a halt on the bank of a stream in Manitoba. The train consisted of a large canvas-covered "prairie-schooner," drawn by four horses, two ordinary farm-wagons heavily loaded, and drawn by mules, and a small herd of cattle. A man of about forty-five, evidently the father of this travelling family, drew up his horse on a little grassy knoll near the stream, and got down from the high seat of the "prairie-schooner;" the young fellows who were driving the mule teams followed the example of their father, while the hired man, leaving his cattle grazing near the bank lower down, approached the group of wagons. The father was saying:

"This is the spot, I am sure, from the agent's description; this is to be our prairie-home."

They looked about with considerable satisfaction. On the western bank of the small river was a large strip of timber-land, and toward the east and south lay the undulating prairie. To the north could be seen a low range of hills stretching away until they joined the prairie level in the eastern horizon. Mr. Benly, with his wife, his two sons, Jack, aged twenty, and Will, eighteen, and his daughter Cora, sixteen years old, had left their stony eastern farm to try their fortunes with the many who were seeking a western home and western wealth. Joe Astley, a faithful farm-hand, had followed his old employer to this new life.

Little Mike was lost in admiring the new land, however, for it was growing late, and much must be done before dark. The river was successfully forded, and the party at last stood on their new farm.

Long experience on the trail had taught father and sons lessons in camping out, and Mrs. Benly had not been slow in adapting her cooking methods to their changing mode of life.

The horses and mules were quickly unharnessed, and turned out to graze. Mr. Benly and Joe unloaded the "schooner," while the boys went to the woods in search of fuel. They soon returned loaded down with dead branches, and a fire was quickly made in the sheet-iron camp-stove, while a second and larger fire was kindled a little distance away from the wagons.

During the preparation of supper, a tent was stretched, and the farm implements, seed, provisions, etc., were unloaded from the wagons and the "schooner."

At last supper was announced, and the hungry wanderers sat down on boxes, blankets, or whatever they could find, to a meal of smoking hot biscuits, tea, crisp broiled salt pork, and canned peaches. As soon as the "edge was taken off their appetites," as Will put it, they began to talk over their plans for the future.

Mr. Benly intended to raise wheat, and ship it from the nearest railroad station, twenty miles away. He meant to begin modestly, and hoped to increase his production of wheat considerably each year. His farm was a whole section, as it is called, 640 acres, and he could add to this if he was prosperous.

The first thing to do was to build a house, and at the same time, if possible begin breaking the prairie for winter wheat. All retired early, and were soon sleeping soundly or dreaming of the prosperity and happiness in store for them in the future. The next few days saw a small log-cabin built near the edge of the woods, and not far from a spring, which supplied the newcomers with cool drinking water. Mr. Benly and Joe left the finishing of the house to the two boys, assisted by their mother and sister, while they plowed and planted as large a field of wheat as they thought they could manage. When the winter came, it found the Benly family ready, plenty of provision in store, their stock provided with shelter and fodder. To-day they are happy and contented and rapidly becoming rich.

PURE PREPARED CORN.—The B. American Starch Company's make was found absolutely pure and of delicious quality.

TORONTO SHOES

Just Received
BOSTON TENNIS
In White, Tan and
Just the thing for
144 to 145 King St.

The Poet's Corner.

Mary.

BY JOHN B. TARR.

Maid-mother of humanity divine,
Alone thou art in thy supremacy,
Since God himself did reverence to thee
And built of flesh a temple one with thine.

Child of the Sun; The Silent Artise.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The silence of dead centuries
That lie entombed on yonder hills
Is hushed. These dreary pines
Wave on; the hills are silent.

The Rose Over the Door.

BY CLARENCE KETTING.

A cottage all fitted and furnished,
Stands daintily over the way,
And here a young pair to housekeeping
Came promptly the first day of May.

-For Truth.

Manliness! Freedom! Brotherhood!

BY WILL VALENTINE.

MANLINESS, Freedom, Brotherhood, those like
Master chords
Thrill thro' the soul and emulate each noble
 deed and thought;

FREEDOM, grand impulse of the mind, which a
 tide of daring brings
 Godlike with power of will, endurance, and
 calm locality;

BROTHERHOOD is the bond that clasps all
 within a bond of unity,
 This the vital principle cementing every
 country, tongue, and station.

BROTHERHOOD is that feeling which woos man
 unto his fellow; that secure
 That friendship by kindly sentiments and
 noble generous deed.

Liberty's Gate

BY L. A. MORRISON.

"The Truth shall make you free." - John. 8. 32.
Oh glorious freedom from sin!
From its bondage and thridom and hale,
What a wonderful gladness comes in
To my soul! As at Liberty's Gate

The Dear Little Wife at Home.

The dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do,
Stitches to set, and babies to pot,
And so many thoughts for you.

The Farmer's Boy.

I know my face and hands are brown,
But I am strong and spry;
You cannot find in all the town
A happier boy than I.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

As to the relative merits of hard and soft
steel rails, the investigations in Germany
seem to leave the matter of wear indeter-
minate, with the conclusion that the wear of
rails depends more upon the impurity of the
steel than upon its hardness or softness.

Companies that insure against loss by
wind storms are being organized in the
West. One of them has this advertisement in
a Kansas City newspaper: "The black
monster of the air has already appeared in
1886. Take out a tornado policy in the
Pioneer Cyclone and Windstorm Company.

At a fireman's picnic in Chitopee the
other evening three young men called for
lemon bear at one of the stands, and in the
darkness the bartender gave them three
cups of kerosene oil. They drank half of it
before discovering the mistake, and then
thought they were poisoned. A doctor gave
them an emetic and they recovered.

George Fullmer of Saubury, Pa., on Sun-
day after church took a book, and seating
himself in a swing in his yard, read and
jolly swung. The swing, made of an upright
post and a heavy crossbeam resting on a
tree, was old; the upright gave way and
the crosspiece came down, and striking
Fullmer on the head, killed him.

Little John Alexander and a companion
of Newport, Va., thought to have lots of
fun by scaring a clerk who slept in a store.
So they scraped on the door with a bit of
iron, and the clerk thought burglars were
trying to get in, and fired his revolver, and
a ball went through the door and entered
Johnny's head, hurting him very badly.

It is difficult to get a drink in Minn-
neapolis on Sunday, but a shrewd fellow got
one the other evening. He went into a
drug store with a big bag in his hand, asked
the clerk what it was, went into raptures
over the rare specimen he had found, and
bought ten cents' worth of alcohol to pre-
serve it in. Then he went out and had his
drink.

The big timber raft now being built in
Halifax, and destined for New York city,
is nearly done. It will be 410 feet long,
50 feet wide, 35 feet deep, and will contain
2,240,000 superficial feet. The timbers will
be held together by an elaborate system of
chains. It is thought that if this monst-
er succeeds in getting to New York safely
from Halifax it will revolutionize the lumber
carrying trade.

Louis Wilson of Cameron, Mo., 8 years
old, was knocked down and run over in the
street, and a heavy wheel passed over his
chest, breaking the cartilages that connect
the ribs and the breast bone. He never
uttered a cry; but when his playmates
thronged around him in great excitement he
said: "Geewhiz! Why, you all run as if I
was a slide show." Louis will get well, the
doctors say.

A negro who borrowed money enough of
a Raleigh merchant to get a marriage license
explained his action by saying that he had
a pretty good sized cotton crop, and had
heard that the farm hands talked of demand-
ing more wages. He had therefore looked
about and having found a healthy widow
with three able bodied children would marry
her next Sunday and put the children at
work on the farm on Monday.

Charles Hatch, of St. Joseph, Ill., penned
some hogs belonging to Grant Glascock
which were trespassing. Then he told Glas-
cock about it, and demanded \$2 damages
before he would deliver the hogs. Glascock
objected. A quarrel arose. Hatch dared
Glascock to go out in the road and fight it
out. Both started for the road, but before
they got there Glascock struck Hatch in the
head with a club and killed him. Both
were well to do farmers.

Thomas J. Perkins, of Tallahassee, is a
man of regular habits. He has lived in that
one town 49 years; been in one business 34
years; occupied one office, desk, and chair
34 years; worn one watch 36 years; been
superintendent of one Sunday School 40
years; subscribed to one paper 42 years;
been a member, and trustee, and kept the
records of one church 44 years; lived in
one house 45 and with one wife 46 years.

The three-year-old daughter of Mrs. Kir-
ley, of Frankfort, Mo., fell into a well con-
taining nine feet of water, which was about
ten feet from the surface. With much
heroism Mrs. Kirley jumped into the well,
seized the child, fixed the little one's feet
firmly in the walls, and then waited for a

rescue. It came after long waiting, and
mother and child were both saved.

An Indian funeral procession in eastern
Oregon is thus described: "The defunct
had been set upon a horse, and a stick had
been lashed along each side of his body to
keep it in an upright position. The head
was not supported in any way, and as the
horse trotted along the body seemed bow-
ling in every direction and the head shaking
in a horribly grotesque manner. The widow,
dressed in her mourning paint, trotted along
behind on a lazy mule, to which she kept
vigorously applying the whip."

A Nova Scotia bear, not succeeding in
getting through two-inch planks that formed
five feet of the base of a sheepfold, reach-
ed above them, where lath boards were
used, and chewed and clawed there until he
made a hole big enough to scramble through.
The farmer heard the bleating of the flock,
jumped from his bed, and rushed to their
aid, clad in one garment and armed with a
three-tined pitchfork. The ghastly figure
was too much for the bear, who went out
the way he came in and escaped.

A private letter published in a Kansas
paper tells of a party of hunters and geo-
logists who were camped in southwestern
Kansas one night when a meteor fell near
them. In the morning they found a huge
mass buried in the ground, and still quite
warm. They managed to break off a chunk
of about a pound and a half weight, carried
it to Denver, and had it assayed. It panned
out about 20 per cent. of gold, 64 per cent.
of iron, and 11 per cent. nickel, with copper
and other metals. The party are going back
with dynamite and tools to get the rest of
the meteor, which they calculate weighs five
tons. If the assay holds out they'll get a
ton of gold.

Fair Evidence for Everybody.

No one can doubt the great merit of Pol-
son's NERVILINE, for it has been placed in
the market in 10 cent bottles, just to give
you the opportunity of testing its wonderful
power over all kinds of pain. This is the
best evidence of its efficiency, for every
person can try for themselves. Polson's
Nerviline is a positive (it cannot fail) cure
for cramps, headache, colds, neuralgia, and
the host of pains that flesh is heir to. Good
to take, good to rub on. Get to any drug
store and buy a 10 cent sample bottle.
Large bottles, 25 cents.

PURE PREPARED CORN.—The British
American Starch Company's make will be
found absolutely pure and of delicious flavor.

Welcome rational pleasures, but regu-
late their cost with intelligent reference to your
cash income, and lay your dearest devo-
tions on the altar of healthful and abundant
alceop.



Charles Hatch, of St. Joseph, Ill., penned
some hogs belonging to Grant Glascock
which were trespassing. Then he told Glas-
cock about it, and demanded \$2 damages
before he would deliver the hogs. Glascock
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Glascock to go out in the road and fight it
out. Both started for the road, but before
they got there Glascock struck Hatch in the
head with a club and killed him. Both
were well to do farmers.

(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.)

THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel—By DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW," "THE VICAR'S GOVERNNESS," "OUT OF EDEN," &c.

(THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.)

CHAPTER XLVII.—(CONTINUED.)

"My dear, don't be so silly; Sir Alan is not the man to behave badly to a young girl, you may take my word for it. He's uppish and all that kind of thing, but everyone knows how honorable he is. Just look how he behaved when that poor lad was cast up? If you saw him sitting with his arm round Lily, before this week is over you'll have her asking our leave to marry her, I'm quite certain."

"I did see him sitting with his arm round her," asserted the Colonel positively.

"Then I consider them as good as engaged," said Mrs. Doynes in a tone of great elation. "Dear me! in what a strange way things have turned out. I'm sure it seemed a dreadful thing for that poor young fellow to be shot, and all that, yet you see it's just been like providence. Of course, Sir Alan is a most superior man in every way—and to think my little Lily will be Lady Lester after all!"

"You had better not reckon upon it too soon, but unless they are engaged I'll soon make short work of his levelling."

"You needn't doubt your daughter, Richard, Lily has been so well brought up, though I say it myself, to allow any man to take a liberty with her, unless he was got to be her husband. I feel as much convinced as if I had heard the words, that she is engaged to him at this minute, and I think we have every reason to be delighted with the match, though I feel quite sorry for Mr. Harford, poor man!" And Mrs. Doynes laughed.

"Perhaps she's refused Harford, I wouldn't wonder!"

"No, Richard, no child of mine, I am quite sure, would keep such an important thing from her mother as a good offer of marriage, and of course Mr. Harford would be a good match for anyone. He is a little old for Lily, certainly; Sir Alan is a mere suitable age, but I like Mr. Harford, and I believe it was Lady Elizabeth alone that prevented him offering to Lily before, and now you see he has missed her."

"Well, my dear, have it your own way, only I must have Sir Alan or anyone else making love to my girl unless it's all right, and I'm sure I wish she was all settled, for it's given me a confounded head-ache, all this worry. Have you the keys, Lydia, and would you get me a drop of brandy, for I declare it's quite upset me, seeing that child sitting there as she was."

Mrs. Doynes produced her keys, and the Colonel went to sit in the garden with his newspaper and a fresh cigar, and presently fell asleep, while Mrs. Doynes returned to her household occupations with a proud and elated heart. And while her mother was thinking of her, planning everything in her own mind, the trowers, even the wedding dress, Lily was still lingering near the lake by the side of her lover, little guessing that the parental eye had beheld her from afar!

Alan looked at his watch, and sighs in mock dismay when he

gradually recollected Lily! Do you

every have been here two hours, and

able thinking you are lost at home."

to attack who?" said Lily with a little

may

and you away in a few min-

proper: Lily do you not want to know

Gazette to give you in return for

make

metion, Alan's smiling, kind—the kiss of a man who was not in love! Yes he was very fond of her—"dear little girl!" he called her, smoothing back her fair soft hair.

They parted, and Lily returned home, and sat down to lunch between her observant parents, and was merry and bright, but, to her mother's disappointment, said not a word about Alan Lester. Suddenly, however, Mrs. Doynes's eyes fell on the hoop of large beautiful pearls that Lily's hand had never worn before.

"Where did you get your grand new ring from, Lily?" she asked, smiling, and the deep blushes that instantly dyed her daughter's face were a sufficient answer to the happy mother.

"It's a secret," said Lily, nervously and coquishly, and Mrs. Doynes discreetly said nothing more, but gave one look at her husband, who was smacking with excellent appetite on the remains of the unaccustomed luxuries of the day before.

Alan also returned home, and though he did not actually tell his mother of his engagement to Lily, he made up his mind to do so very shortly, believing that Lady Lester would be pleased to hear the news, and that she would learn to tenderly love the young girl whom he had asked to be his wife.

It was such a beautiful afternoon that he persuaded Lady Lester to go out in her bath chair on the terrace, and there the mother and son sat in the bright sunshine, for nearly an hour; Lady Lester looking up from time to time in the beloved face, and noticing the expression of content, of placid happiness even, that had come to Alan, which her eyes keen with love had missed so long.

"These fine days make one very lazy, mother, don't they?" he said at last, rising and stretching out his arms.

"You were not lazy in the morning; you were out walking for a long time, were you not, dear?"

"Yes," and a peculiar smile stole around Alan's lips, "I'll have something to tell you about that, mother, some day soon."

Lady Lester glanced quickly at her son.

"What have you got to tell me, Alan?"

"I'll tell you to-day," he answered smiling. "I'll keep you in suspense."

"Well, dear, I will wait till you please to tell me."

"That shows what a superior woman you are! A vulgar woman would have been curious, when I tell her that I was sitting all the morning with a young lady in the park, to know who the young lady was."

Lady Lester's delicate complexion flushed while in her beautiful eyes shone the tenderest love, and she held out one of her slender white hands and put it in Alan's.

"I am not curious," she said, "only anxious and hopeful for your happiness."

"I will tell you to-morrow. I shall have to get leave first!" answered Alan, with a little laugh, and Lady Lester asked no further questions, but when she returned to the house she sat with clasped hands thinking of and praying for her son.

Alan in the meanwhile had retired to the library and remained there reading, and sometimes thinking of Lily, and sometimes of the days long gone.

Yes, he would make her happy, he thought, Lily's sweet loving face rising before him, and yet he sighed restlessly, and rose, and walked up and down the room, and as he did so, Parker, the butler, rapped at the door, and asked, rather mysteriously if he would "see a lady who had called."

"Yes," answered Alan, his thoughts instantly recurring to Mrs. Davis, the mother of the unfortunate girl, Laura Davis.

"Show her in here," said Alan, and he

ed to the door to receive her, but it

not Mrs. Davis," he entered.

h figure, enveloped in

and though she was

closely veiled in a thick black gauze veil, with a little start, Alan recognized her.

"Annette!—Lady Miles," he faltered. Annette glanced around to see if the butler were gone, and the door was closed and then advanced holding out both hands to Alan.

"Alan," she said, in a deeply agitated voice, "I have come to you to save me. You alone can save me from that madman, my husband!"

CHAPTER XLVII.—A TERRIBLE MOMENT.

While Alan listened to these startling, ominous words, the most overwhelming emotions surging in his heart, let us go back for a little while and see how it occurred that Lady Miles should forget herself so far as thus to seek the protection of her old lover.

From the day that her husband, Sir Rupert, had read her brother's letter—the letter that told him so much, that told him his wife had never loved him, that she had loved Alan Lester, that she was unhappy under his roof—the most intense bitterness and the darkest passions had swept by turns through Sir Rupert's heart.

He was afraid of himself and the evil propensities that constantly pursued him. For days after he read Major Doynes's letter he shrank from being alone with Annette, and drank heavily, glaring at her at times with his blood-shot eyes, and behaving in so extraordinary a manner that she was absolutely afraid of him; she believed in fact he was going mad.

Then he suddenly decided to go to Scotland, and on their arrival at Carran Castle his mother's kindfolk in the neighborhood naturally gathered round Annette, and the change of scene, and being forced to be civil to his relations to have a good effect on Sir Rupert's excited brain.

Annette's relatives also, the Highland Doynes, came to see them, and Annette for her pride's sake—remembering how she had left this place so hurried, apparently so happy—hid the bitter experiences of her married life, and never spoke of her husband's peculiarities, of which she had been ferewarned.

After they had been in the Highlands for a few weeks she had a short, though serious illness, and during this time his anxiety for her seemed very great, and some of his old passionate love apparently returned.

But she had scarcely recovered when the dark, jealous spirit again overshadowed him and some trivial offence having been given him by one of the Doynes, or perhaps the restless desire for change which he could not restrain coming upon him, he left Scotland towards the end of May, and Annette came mere found herself in the gorgeously furnished, but, to her, inexpressibly gloomy mansion in Grosvenor-square.

The very air of this house, too, seemed to have a most unhappy influence on Sir Rupert. Twice during the first week of their return he burst into unmanageable passions, and used such threatening language that Annette's heart died within her.

With savage taunts he upbraided her for having married him for his money, "and got his money too"—the words he had overheard and which had never been forgotten—and he then also told her for the first time of her brother's letter, which had produced such a terrible effect upon his heart and life.

"Don't lie to me!" he shouted out, his face distorted with rage. "I knew you hate me. I guessed the truth in that cursed letter! You wanted to marry that man, Sir Alan Lester, when I caught hanging about here! But look, Annette, if ever you speak to him—if ever you see him again—I'll kill you! Do you hear?" and he caught both her hands, and gazed in her face with such a terrible expression that Annette shuddered and grew pale. "I'll kill you—I'll kill you!"

"You ought to be ashamed to speak thus to a woman!" she said, yelling her hands away, and looking with some defiance and courage in his face, and Sir Rupert's wild staring blue eyes fell from her back.

"Oh! ought I?" he said, with cruel savagery. "To a woman who had to me, and deceived me from the first; who was in love with one man and married another—your humble servant—when her first lover lost his fortune, no doubt would be ready to fall in love with him now, if I would let you! But, remember, I have warned you!" And with the ominous words he let her, and Annette sank down and covered her face after he was gone.

What should she do? she asked herself. She was afraid of him; afraid of his threats, of some sudden violence; and the same night a terrible incident occurred, which made her feel sure that her life was no longer safe.

She had gone to bed early, and Sir Rupert had stayed out late, for he often played highly now, and still more often drank deeply; and when in the small hours of the morning Annette heard him go into his dressing room, which adjoined her room, she determined to effect to be asleep, as she she was afraid that the discussion of the morning might be renewed.

Presently he walked into the room, and approached the bed where Annette lay with her closed eyes, and her lips a little apart, as if asleep. She was conscious that for the next few minutes he stood looking at her intently, and then to her infinite horror she felt his fingers begin to steal round her uncovered throat!

With a great effort of will she suppressed a cry, moved slightly and opened her eyes, and looked in his face as if he had just awakened her. His expression at this moment was so terrible, so evil, that Annette's blood seemed to freeze in her veins. He muttered something, and turned away, and Annette drew a long gasping breath, but never spoke, enduring through the rest of the night such mental terror that the memory of it could never again fade from her mind.

Yet the next morning Sir Rupert seemed just as he usually was. But Annette could not forget what she had gone through. She believed that the temptation to strangle her had entered his heart, and she determined on the first opportunity to escape from his house. But to do this was surrounded by a hundred difficulties. She was constantly watched she was conscious, and she was conscious also that some secret was kept hidden under this roof.

She had not forgotten when she was a bride, the mysterious adventure that had occurred to her, and she never passed the green balustrade or glanced at the landscape by Gerald Dow without thinking of it, and wondering what the mystery could be. She dare not speak of it to her husband, and twice when she had inquired of her maids—of her own maid and the head housemaid—both women, she could see evaded her questions.

"The men-servants have that wing, my lady," the housemaid has said after a moment's consideration.

Annette had also once tried the handle of the door as she passed downstairs, but it was locked inside; and stranger still, since their return this time from Scotland, she had seen Sir Rupert enter the green balustrade with a key he drew from his pocket, after glancing carefully round to see if any one were watching him.

But Annette was watching him. She had stolen to the door of their bedroom, and from this she could see down the entire staircase, and into the hall below. She wished to know if Sir Rupert were going out, but he stepped as he went along the corridor, drew out his key, opened the green balustrade door, and disappeared.

Why did he go there? Annette naturally thought, when the very mention of the night she was dragged into this passage seemed nearly to drive him to madness! She sat down and tried to think, and came to the conclusion that some insane member of the family must be confined in this suite of apartments; and she noticed that during the same evening on which she had seen Sir Rupert disappear behind the green balustrade, that he was more gloomy than usual, and this visit had evidently had a most depressing effect upon his mind.

She thought she had now solved the mystery, and that the hapless maniac confined there had by some means escaped, and seized her hand and dragged her along, probably towards his own apartments, on the evening when she had been so greatly frightened.

And now she felt sure her husband was going mad! All the day after the dreadful night when she had felt the grip of his fingers on her throat; when she had looked up and seen madness in his eyes, she was determined to leave him. She thought over the whole position, and believed that her own family would prove no protection to her from Sir Rupert Miles. They would say she had done things, as they had said before, and she dare not sleep another night under his roof.

She would go to Alan Lester! He who

had loved her so deeply would protect her now; would save her from that miserable life of dread and horror. She would tell him how her mother deceived her; how she was forced into this marriage from which her soul now revolted. Frank had shown her but cold pity, and to her mother she owed his misery. But how to escape? All day Sir Rupert hung about the house, and she dare not make any suggestion to him about going out lest he should suspect her. It was a wet day, and he had a headache, and so he dawdled from room to room, yawning and occasionally swearing, and Annette saw the day closing, and the dusk stealing around, and she knew the night was coming on that she dare not spend at home.

She grew sick with fear and terror, and at last said that she would go to dress for dinner, and Sir Rupert then announced that he meant to look into his club for half-an-hour. This then was her opportunity. She went quickly upstairs; she gathered some money together, and pushed it into a little bag, and then stole to the door of her bedroom hoping to see her husband leave the house, and thus give her a chance of escape, as of course the servants would not prevent her going, however much they might privately comment on her conduct.

As she kept looking down the broad stately staircase, now lit up for the evening, her eyes happened to fall on the green baize door beneath the picture by Garrard Dew. As she looked at it she saw it cautiously opened, and for an instant a face peeped out, and then as quickly vanished. Excited and trembling she crept a little nearer the glided banister, and as she did so, again the face appeared, and seemingly again cautiously looked round, and then the form emerged, the face and form, and Annette saw them—saw her husband, Rupert Miles! Not as she parted with him half-an-hour before, but mad, utterly mad. He was dressed in a long, grey, dressing-gown, his hair disordered, and his eyes glittering and glaring; and as Annette watched him, fascinated, horrified, he began a kind of maniacal dance, flinging his arms up in the air with a sort of eldritch glee, inexpressibly terrible to behold.

But two of the footmen now appeared in the hall below, and in a moment, as their voices fell on his ears, the madman stopped, listened, and then vanished. Annette rubbed her eyes—no they had not deceived her—and then rose from her stooping posture, and shuddering, horrified, returned to her room, and hastily caught up a cloak and bonnet and prepared for instant departure.

This was the secret then, as was mad. She had married a madman who, when the power of control utterly left him, retreated to these hidden chambers to indulge his hideous gambols!

She never doubted this, and as she shivered and shuddered, thinking of the frightful risk she had run the night before, her mind rapped at the door and entered the room, starting in the utmost astonishment when she saw her lady dressed to go out, as, of course, it was well known in the household that Sir Rupert never permitted his wife to go alone.

"It's past eight, my lady," said the maid.

"I know," answered Annette briefly; "I am going out for half an-hour; just to see a friend in the Square. If Sir Rupert inquires for me, say I shall be back in half-an-hour."

She quitted the room without another word, and with a sinking heart, full indeed of fear and dread, went along the corridor, and passed the green baize door, that hid the dark secret of the house, and then descended the staircase, and walked through the hall where two of the footmen were standing.

One of the men advanced to open the door for her when he saw she was going out, and she spoke to this man also.

"Tell Sir Rupert I shall be back shortly," she said, and a moment later she was out in the Square, hurrying along as fast as her trembling feet could carry her.

The first cab she saw she stopped and entered, and ordered the man to drive to Paddington Station. She would escape at once, she made up her mind, before any search could be made for her, and she actually did this. She left London three-quarters of an hour after she had quitted her husband's house, but she stayed one night on her journey, for if she had travelled direct to Midlands she would have

arrived at so early an hour in the morning that she could not have gone unexpectedly to Redon Court.

We know how she arrived there, and found Alan Lester alone. She went forward, holding out her hands to him;—

"I have come to you to save me. You alone can save me from the madman, my husband!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.—MAD!

When Alan heard these words there passed through his heart a thrill, a shock, of inexpressible pain.

"What do you mean? What has happened?" he asked.

"I have left my husband," answered Annette, "because he is mad; because my life was not safe a single day; because the night before last—Alan! Alan! he had his fingers on my throat to strangle me!"

"Oh! my poor girl, this is too terrible!" "It is true; my life has been one long scene of misery of late. I cannot tell you all I have gone through since the miserable day, Alan, when we parted, I little thought not to meet again."

Annette's eyes were full of tears, and the hands with which she held Alan's were cold and trembling; but as she said the last few words, he drew away from her, and a quiver passed over his lips.

"It is useless to speak of that now," he said, almost coldly.

"No, it is not, Alan! Did Frank tell you how mother deceived me? I never knew until Frank came to town a month or two ago, that you had written to her in Scotland before my marriage! Had I known this I would never have married Rupert Miles! I thought our marriage was impossible. Mother said it was impossible, that you were penniless, and we were very poor, and I was in debt, and in no end of trouble, and I just let mother have her own way, and that way ended for me in the bitterest misery that I think a woman ever bears!"

"And do you mean to tell me," said Alan sternly, "that Mrs. Doyne did not actually show you this letter I wrote to her, the moment it was in my power to offer you an income sufficient to marry on? The poor boy who had supplanted me had settled an income of one thousand a year on me, and I wrote this at once to Mrs. Doyne, and received her answer declining my proposal before you were married to Sir Rupert Miles?"

"She not only never showed it, but she never hinted to me that she had received it. They hurried on my marriage—she and the unhappy man I have left—and—and I was very miserable even then, Alan, when I thought of you! I wrote you a little note of farewell; you would get that?"

"Yes, I got that," answered Alan bitterly.

"Don't think I do not blame myself; I should have held out against mother, for—I loved you Alan, whatever you may think."

"It was a strange love, Annette!" "It was true though, Alan! Yes, you may not believe it, but it was so, and from the first my marriage was utter wretchedness. He was insanely jealous, but poor wretch, he did care for me—until he learned about you."

"And how did he learn this?"

"You remember when Frank came up to town in February? He called one afternoon when Rupert was out, and told me I should try to learn to care for my husband, and that he thought I could not dislike him when I might have married you. It was then he told me about the letter you wrote to mother in Scotland before my marriage—and—and—I was very much distressed—and we talked about you, Alan, and Sir Rupert overheard."

"He overheard?"

"Yes; there were heavy curtains between the two drawing-rooms, and Frank and I were in the inner room, and he must have listened in the large room. He taunted me a hundred times afterwards with what Frank had said about my having married him for his money—and he taunted me about you! He began to hate me then, and he has hated me ever since; and he got hold of a letter of Frank's to me, and in that Frank had written that you and I were to be married once; and when he learned this, I think he made up his mind to kill me."

"And you believe him to be mad?" "I know he is mad, but he hides it." And then Annette told Alan what she had seen

the evening before, assuring him that she was quite certain that this grotesque maniac was her husband.

"But are you sure?" said Alan. "There is a tale about here—a tale about the family of Rupert Miles—a tale about the family of his was mad from his infancy, and that the poor mother extorted a promise from her husband and son that this unfortunate being should always be kept at home. This was most likely the madman whom you saw."

"A twin brother?" "Yes, I only heard the story lately, and the person who told me wondered if this poor creature were yet alive, and if you had any knowledge of his existence."

"I never heard of it. I began to think someone was hidden in these rooms from the manner of the maids in the house when I questioned them—and it might be—"

"No doubt the likeness deceived you; this unhappy being was Sir Rupert's twin-brother. I was told, and twins are generally extremely alike."

"At all events I was not deceived when he was going to strangle me! That was Rupert, and I would die a thousand deaths rather than sleep another night in the house!"

"Then what are you going to do?" Annette lifted her beautiful eyes to her old lover's face as he asked this cold question with a look of strange, surprised reproach.

"We had better telegraph for Frank," continued Alan beginning to walk up and down the room with restless steps and knitted brows.

Again Annette looked at him; she hesitated; and then in the sweet, low-toned voice, every accent of which awoke a throb of pain in Alan's heart, she said:—

"And can you not forgive me, Alan?" "What has my forgiveness to do with it?" he asked, with a ring of suppressed feeling in his voice.

"This," said Annette, and she went up to him and laid her head upon his arm, and looked up with sweet wistfulness into his face; "I once did you a cruel wrong—was deceived, as I have just told you, into doing you this wrong—and now—now, Alan, I am ready to give the world for your sake! Don't send for Frank—Frank can't help me—only you can help me to break this hateful tie! This is why I came to you. I know you would help me never again to look on the face of Rupert Miles!"

"Hush! hush! you know not what you are saying!" cried Alan, with inexpressible emotion.

"Yes I do—you loved me once, Alan—"

"Shall I tell you how I loved you, Annette?" said Alan, looking in her face, and speaking in hoarse and broken accents. "I loved you with a love that it is madness to give—a love that is never returned! You left me, and you spoilt my life—and now—now it is too late!"

"No, Alan—let me alone—"

"It cannot be!" interrupted Alan, the strong feeling in his heart almost overpowering him. "Don't tempt me, Annette; don't look at me like that. I am bound by honor. I—I can be nothing to you!"

Annette shrank back, pale and trembling.

"What!" she said, "I am nothing to you then?"

"Did I say that? When could I say it? Such love as I gave you is not easily forgotten—but we must never speak of it now."

"But why, tell me why? You care for no other woman, surely?"

For a few moments, he did not answer her. He stood there, pale and deeply moved, looking at the woman he had loved so well, now pleading for his love! Then with a restless sigh his eyes fell; he turned away, and once more began to pace the room.

"You do not tell me," said Annette, in a trembling voice, her eyes following his tall slender form. "Have you forgotten me, then—have you found some other love?"

"And you have heard nothing?" asked Alan, stopping, and once more looking in her face.

"About you? No, I have heard nothing."

"Your sister has told you nothing?"

"Lily! what could Lily tell me?" "Something that will seem strange to you. I have asked Lily to be my wife."

"Asked Lily to be your wife!" repeated Annette, in the utmost astonishment. "You are not in earnest—you cannot be in earnest! She is only a child."

"But I am in earnest, Annette. Do you think I will be in earnest?"

the last few days I have become engaged to Lily. She wished no one to know of it for a little while, but I told her to-day this was not right."

Annette did not speak. She turned away, she clasped her hands, and bitter, bitter tears began to roll down her cheeks. "It is best to tell you," said Alan, also greatly agitated.

"Yes." And then Alan heard a choking sob.

"But remember, if I can do anything, anything in the world to help you, Annette, I will do it. If your life is so miserable—if you are actually afraid of Sir Rupert—you must never return to him. Something must be arranged."

"I will never return to him!"

As Annette said these words in a sob-choked voice, Parker the butler rapped at the door, and Alan went to it to speak to him, as he did not wish Parker to see Annette so deeply agitated as she was at this moment.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Alan," said Parker, "but Sir Rupert Miles has called to enquire for Lady Miles, and I told him she was here."

"Fool!" muttered Alan, under his breath, and then he turned to look at Annette who had overheard the butler's words, and with a face blanched with sudden terror stood with clasped hands and lips apart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sam Small compares church lotteries to fare games. If he had ever paid two dollars for one chance on a cloth dog that had lived on an exclusive diet of cotton, he would say it was more like highway robbery than fare.

PURE PREPARED CORN.—The British American Starch Company's make will be found absolutely pure and of delicious flavor.

To The Ladies

STOCK-TAKING SALE

OF Berlin Wools & Fancy Goods.

Everything Reduced in Price FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS.

Berlin Wools, Shetland Wools, Andalusian Wools, Baldwin's Fingering Wools, Baldwin's Fleecy Wools, Best Quality Ice Wools, ALL AT 10 CTS. PER OZ., OR 8 OZ'S FOR 75 CTS.

- Embroidery Silks, all colors, 15c per dozen.
- Flosses, best imported, large skeins, 50c per skein, 85c per dozen.
- Fine Embroidery Chenilles, all colors, 50c per dozen.
- Silk Arrasene, large skeins, all colors, 15c per skein.
- Silk Arrasene, American, all colors, 50c skein, 50c doz.
- Tinsel, best quality, large balls, 10c per ball.
- Macrame Cord, large balls, all colors, 10c per ball.
- Felt, very best quality, 2 yds wide, \$1.75 per yard.
- Finest, fine quality, 24 inches wide, \$2.37 per yard.
- Finest, superior quality, 24 inches wide, \$2.00 per yard.
- Brass Fanned Rose pins, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 inches wide, 20, 25, 30, 35 each.
- Brass Fanned Rose pins, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 in. wide, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45 each.
- Brass Croissants, plain or hammered, all sizes, 10c per dozen.
- Brass Bangie Croissants, newest goods, very hand some, 75c and \$1 per dozen.
- Mush Pompons, new style, all colors, 5c each, 50c per dozen.
- Mush Pompons, large size, very soft, 85c per dozen.
- Finest Pompons, large double, 2 by 3 inch, 10c each.
- Chenille Cord (Chenille over Silk) rose-quartz, 10c per yard.
- Stamped Kidies (figures or return) 10c per pair.
- Stamped Kidies 2 1/2 (6 inch silver) 10c per pair.

Special Offer Letter orders received can be sent to any goods for price list, etc. a good card—write ANY.

HEE... will be... and then...

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 16 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. \$1.00 for 3 months. Advertising rates:—20 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrears is made, as required by law.

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

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

ALWAYS GIVE TRUE 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.

WHEN COURTESY has decided that all subscribers, newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

ADIES JOURNAL, monthly, 30 pages, issued about the 15th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 8 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 168 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—50 cents per single line; one month, \$1.88 per line; three months, \$4.25 per line; six months, \$7 per line; twelve months, \$12.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kind of newspaper work.
A. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 23 and 25 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

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 publisher's 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.

Advertisers will kindly send their papers for trying regularly.
 Do not advertise (2) you get our quotations.
A. FRANK WILSON,
 Proprietor, Auxiliary Advertising Agency,
 23 & 25 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

CIRCULATION:
 HIGH WATER MARK,
28,882!

Notice to Prize-Winners

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize-winners neglect to send our charges for packing, postage, &c., we would remind those interested that the following sums must accompany applications for the prizes:—Pianos, \$10; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Services, \$1.50; Gold Watches, and Silver Watches, 75c; other Watches, 50c; Silk Dresses, \$1; other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Breeches, and other Small Prizes, 20c.

EPPS'S COCOA—CAREFUL AND COMFORTABLE.—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. Epps has provided our families 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 defy every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack us if we have only a weak and nervous system. No doubt there is a weak point in every constitution which is fortified with pure Borden's Cocoa. Made simply with the finest milk. Sold only in packets. Prepared by **JAMES EPPS & CO., Boston, U.S.A.**

The Value of Advertising.

The Rev. Mr. Scudder preached at Jersey City on a recent Sunday from the text that the children of this world and in this generation are wiser than the children of light, the truth of which saying of Scripture, he thought, was now strikingly exemplified in the better understanding of worldlings of the advantages of advertising.

He would have the Church take a lesson from the men of business, and be vigorous in advertising the Lord's work, so that the things of heaven should be brought before the public as prominently as the things of this world. Accordingly he suggested "the distribution of religious circulars and the annex of every house in the city in order that people might be brought into the fold."

But that is a very expensive and a comparatively ineffective method of advertising. Nor is it at all new. For generations religious tracts have been distributed from house to house by pious people, who have also stood at street corners handing them to such passers by as would take the gift, and yet the impression produced has been trifling so far as the awakening of an interest in religion is concerned. The effect has rather been to encourage ridicule of religion among the flippant and impious, and to lead others to regard the tract distributors as busybodies or as simple and rather silly men and women who did religion more harm than good.

But they are not more foolish than the men who think to advertise their worldly business to advantage by adopting all sorts of odd devices which attract attention merely. Walking advertisements are sent through the streets in fantastic costumes. Carts are fitted up with glaring transparencies. Dead walls are covered with multi-colored signs and announcements. Stereopticons are put into use at night. Lithographs of women in scanty apparel and questionable attitudes are hung up in the windows of shops. Street and elevated car panels are filled with trade announcements. Boys and men stand along the street handing out bills, which are at once dropped to the pavement. Every household is bored and irritated by the receipt of great numbers of circulars, many of which are produced at large cost. And in endless ways thousands of advertisers are spending their money without getting any adequate return for it. They do not understand that it is not enough to advertise, but that they must so advertise as to command respect for their business and to secure serious attention to what they offer.

The best place for an advertisement is in a new paper of large circulation, and of character and interest; and nine-tenths of the money spent otherwise for advertising is wasted, whether it is put in hard bills, lithographs, or in circulars. The public read the newspaper, and an important part of its news is its advertisements. Almost invariably they throw away unread the handbills and circulars.

There Were Elephants in Those Days.

The Pyramid Lake region has for ages and ages been the favorite haunt and home of the Pinto Indians. They have many traditions concerning the fantastic reefs in the lake, its finny inhabitants and the caves and canons of the surrounding mountains; also, of great earthquakes and volcanic eruptions that caused the ground to spout water to an immense height. They have a tradition that the country was infested many generations ago by huge animals that tore down and rooted up the trees of nut pine orchards, and in other ways made themselves obnoxious. These animals were of the size of the elephant or mammoth. The Indians constantly made war upon them, and finally the last herd was driven into Pyramid Lake and drowned. To this day when there is a heavy storm, and big black waves are seen rising and sinking out toward the centre of the lake, the Pintos say it is the backs of the great beasts that were driven into the lake in the olden time. The many tracks of elephants found in the State Prison stone quarry at Carson City would seem to show that there is some foundation for the tradition. At the same quarry are found the tracks of tigers, wolves, deer, large birds, and also tracks supposed to be those of a prehistoric man clad in moccasins of untanned hide. All these tracks are in one stratum, under about

Rebuking Chatterers.

Theodore Thomas, the famous orchestral leader, has on several occasions administered a public rebuke to these ill-bred persons who talk and laugh during a concert. Once in Washington, where a large and fashionable audience had gathered to hear his renowned orchestra, he rapped to the musicians to cease playing. Turning to a part of the room where several distinguished ladies and gentlemen were loudly talking, he said,—

"The music will not be played until the disturbance ceases."

The persons who had committed the offence were indignant, but the rest of the audience applauded, and during the rest of the evening silence reigned.

Paganini, the renowned violinist, once administered a rebuke to Voltaire for his rudeness. A company had gathered at the house of a leader to hear Voltaire recite some of his verses, and to listen to Paganini's violin.

Voltaire's recitation enchanted the violinist, and he loudly expressed his pleasure. But when he began to play, the poet, who had a contempt for bad playing and was indifferent towards good, began a loud conversation.

The artist played for a few minutes, but as Voltaire continued to interrupt him, he suddenly placed his violin in its case, saying,—

"Monsieur Voltaire makes very good verses, but he understands as much about music as the devil does, and no more."

It was the custom in London, a hundred years ago, to serve the audience at a concert with tea throughout the evening. An Italian violinist once gave a concert in that city, and while playing a concerto, was much annoyed by the conversation of the audience and the clattering of the tea-cups and saucers.

The Italian stopped the orchestra, saying to them: "These people know nothing about music. I will give them something better suited to their taste. Anything will do for drinkers of warm water."

He struck up a jolly French air, "I have some good tobacco," and was overwhelmed with applause. The audience evidently took the hint, for during the second piece the circulation of the tea-cups was suspended.

"Second to None."

Upon the colors of the Coldstream Guards appear the names of "Lancelot," "Egypt," "Talavera," "Barrosa," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Inkerman," and "Sebastopol." It also bears as its motto *Nullo Secundus* (Second to None), which it gained by its singular firmness at the restoration of Charles II.

The colonel of the regiment, General Monk, assisted the restored King to mount his throne, who, when firmly seated thereon, paraded the troops to swear allegiance to him. Among those present were three regiments, who, having grounded their arms in token of submission, were ordered to take them up again as the First, Second and Third Regiments of the Footguards.

The First and Third Regiments obeyed, but the Coldstreamers stood firm, their muskets remaining upon the ground.

"Why does your regiment hesitate?" asked the King of General Monk.

"May it please your Majesty," answered the stern soldier, "my Coldstreamers are your Majesty's devoted soldiers, but after the important service they have rendered to your Highness, they decline to take up arms as second to any other regiment in your Majesty's service."

"They are right," replied the King, "and they shall be second to none. Let them take up their arms as my Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards."

Monk rode to his regiment and announced the King's decision. The arms were raised and shouts of "Long live the King!"

While Bismarck, in a recent debate in the German Reichstag, was speaking with his accustomed vehemence, the president of the Berlin Academy, Herr von Werner, was smuggled in among the members, and rapidly sketched him in the heat of oration. The Prince caught sight of the artist, and the moment he had finished his speech, made straight for Herr von Werner. Various wary members, however, buttonholed him on his way and closed about him. The artist had safely retreated before the Prince could catch him.

Blasting coal is sometimes done by caustic lime, powdered, made of mountain limestone. Cartridges two and a-half inches in diameter, with a groove along the side are packed in air-tight boxes and sent to the mine, where they are treated in such a manner as to act as generators of steam which cracks the coal into large pieces.

An anti-insect fabric has been patented by Mr. John P. Regan, of New York city. It is made by first steeping the fabric in a solution of tobacco and cascarrilla bark macerated in benzine, then drying and steeping in tobacco, cascarrilla bark and hot water, the fabric to be used in trunk linings, etc., as a protection from moths or other insects.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER!

THE VOLTAIO BELL CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated VOLTAIO Bells and Electric Appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars, mailed free. Write them at once.

Cruse ribbons in all fancy designs and colorings are among the most elegant bonnet trimmings.

KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle aged men.

Flowered fustian and plaid and checked Summer silks are made up into little girl's frocks.

A Growing Evil.

Scrofula, or king's evil, an enlargement of the glands of the neck, termed, may be called a growing evil in more than one sense. Mrs. Henry Dobbs, of Berridale, was cured of enlarged glands of the neck and sore throat by the internal and external use of Hagar's Yellow Oil.

Cream and beige are the favorite colors for Egyptian lace, but they come also in colors.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winklow's SCORPION SYRUP is old and used for children's ailments. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

Picturesque short-waist, full skirt frocks are in favor for both large and small girls.

A Fair Proposition.

There could be no offer more fair than that of the proprietors of Hagar's Yellow Oil, who have long offered to refund every cent expended for that remedy, if it fails to give satisfaction on fair trial.

Piquos for children's wear come in clustered cord repped, and sprigged effects.

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 all 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 hoarseness 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.

Woven trunks in woolen robes are among the attractive novelties of the season.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

The fashion of making short mantles of two stoffs is almost universal.

Quinins and Chills.

Quinine is the popular remedy for chill fever, but it does not always cure. Equire Patten, of Grass Lake, Michigan, took in all 680 grains of quinine for chronic chills and malarial fever. After that and various other remedies had failed, five bottles of Burdock Blood-Purifiers cured him.

Velvet will be used on some of the most elegant Summer costumes.

THE WATER FEAST.

A Strange and Ludicrous Festival in Upper Burma.

The Burmese year 1248 commenced on the 15th of last month. On the three preceding days the Water Feast, the great annual festival, which is observed throughout all Burma, was celebrated with the customary formalities and with usual boisterous merriment. It is needless to give any lengthened description of the Water Feast. Every writer on Burma or the Burmese has devoted some space to discussing the meaning and origin of and to describing the festivities with which the Water Feast is celebrated and the new year ushered in. In both Lower and Upper Burma during the three days preceding the new year the towns and villages are filled with

CROWDS OF LAUGHING GIRLS

and young men engaged in throwing water over each other and the passers-by. The children are armed with large syringes, which they use with great accuracy. Under Burmese rule it was scarcely safe for Europeans to be seen in the streets of Mandalay during the three days the Water Feast lasted. They ran great risks of being drenched with the filthiest water that could be found, although among themselves the Burmese only use the purest water available. Many a grudge was paid off during the Water Feast, and it was impossible to obtain any redress. On the present occasion the Burmese did not throw water on Europeans until they had asked and received leave to do so; permission was usually freely given, especially by the European soldiers. Tommy Atkins appeared to thoroughly enter into the spirit of the thing and to enjoy engaging in a watery combat with half a dozen Burmese girls. On the other hand, the Sepoys did not appear to at all relish the attentions with which they were favored. During the Water Feast it is advisable for Europeans who do not understand Burmese well to observe considerable caution in replying to any questions which may be addressed to them. An affirmative reply given to a question in the belief that it is

A DEMAND FOR CLARITY,

or some similar request, will not probably result in your having a few bowls of water thrown over you by the person who addressed you and by the bystanders, the question having been a request for leave to throw water on you. I experienced this fate myself. All the principal pagodas are redecorated and the images of Gautama in them are regilded during the Water Feast. Enormous sums are spent in this way. One of the most interesting sights in Mandalay during the new year's festivities was a visit to the Arrakan Pagoda. The great brass Gautama there, weighing 14 tons, was, with the exception of the face, plastered all over with thin layers of gold, brought by devout worshippers who visited it from all parts of Burma.

SUMMER SMILES.

Two heads are better than one on a freak in a dime museum.

Jaehne has been put to work in the laundry. There is a sad-irony about this.

The Anarchist movement appears to be composed principally of bombs and bams.

Speaking of flies, a base ball player says: "They come high, but we must have them."

James Warder, of Nokesville, Va., insists that the following is a true snake story: "My wife's old turkey hen was sitting beside the garden fence on thirteen eggs. About a week ago a large black snake came along and ate the turkey, curled himself on the eggs, and stayed there until they hatched out, and then ate the whole brood at once."

From the Hartford Courant: The Canaan News tells of a man who began work on a barn 30 years ago and who finally got the frame raised on Thursday. For 30 years it has been a conundrum often asked: "When is Tompkin's barn going to be raised?" and for 30 years the invariable answer has been: "Next Thursday afternoon."

"Why, Mary, have you come back to be a hired girl again? I thought you left us to get married and have a house of your own?" "So I did, mum." "Well, what have you come back for?" "Well, you see, mum,

John's done purty well, an' we kep' a hired girl, too, an' I'm kind av tired o' the way o' life. I thought I'd like to come back an' be boss agin for a while."

"Amanda, I wish you to put the large Bible in a prominent place on the centre of the table, and place three or four hymn books carelessly around on the sofas. I have advertised for a young man to board in a Christian family, and I tell you what, if you girls don't manage, either one of you to take him in, why I'll never try anything again, for I'm tired out."

Lawyer—"May it please the Court, the defence does not care to cross-examine the witness as testimony coming from him is not worthy of belief." Judge—"Has the witness ever been convicted of any criminal offense?" Lawyer—"Not that I know of, your Honor." Judge—"Has he the reputation of being a falsifier?" Lawyer—"Not exactly that, your Honor; but he has been employed two seasons as a baseball umpire." Judge—"Ah! (To the witness) You can step down, sir. (To the clerk) Call the next witness."

"Fannie," he said to her, "I love you with my whole heart, and I want you to be my wife. It is true I'm only a department clerk with \$1,400 a year; but, Fannie, money does not buy happiness. Do you love me, darling?" "O-o-o," she cooed, nestling her head on his new coat front. "And you do love me!" he exclaimed, with confidence. "You love me with your whole soul and being?" "May be not quite that much," she gurgled, "but I love you \$1,400 worth, George, and that's \$400 more than I ever loved any living man."

Important.

When you visit New York City, save baggage, Expressage & 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 Home-made steaks and clarified butter to all hotels. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A Complicated Case.

Harry Ricardo, of Meaford, Ont., testifies that he suffered from rheumatic gout and chronic trouble of the stomach and liver, which Burdock Blood Bitters effectually cured, after all other tried remedies had failed.

Matelasse, Spanish, is an improved imitation of the Escurial lace.

A cure for drunkenness, opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and kindred habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Send 6c in stamps for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Labon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Out this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

A child's dress may be becomingly grotesque, but a lady's never.

Mr. Peter Varnet Hochelaga, P. Q., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured me of Rheumatism after I tried many medicines to no purpose. It is a good medicine." Just think of it—you can relieve the twinges of rheumatism, or the most painful attack of neuralgia—you can check a cough, and heal bruised or broken skin, with a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, costing only 25 cents.

White mink forms a part of many bridesmaids' dresses.

High Fraise.

Mrs. John Neilsen, writing from the Methodist Parsonage, Adelaide, Ont., says: "I have used Hagar's Pectoral Balsam in our family for years. For heavy colds, sore throats and distressing coughs no other medicine so soon relieves."

Velvet neck-bands with throat bows are much worn.

Mr. Alexander Robinson, of Exeter, in writing about one of the most popular articles, and one that has done more good to the afflicted than any other medicine has during the short time it has been in existence, says: "I have used four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and have been cured of Dyspepsia that troubled me for over ten years. Part of that time I had it very bad, and was at considerable expense trying to get relief; but this excellent medicine was the first and only relief I received."

A Woman's Age.

A woman, it is said, is no older than she looks. Many women, however, look double their actual age by reason of those functional disorders which wear upon the nerves and vitality, and which, if unchecked, are liable to change the most robust woman to a weak, broken down invalid. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will positively cure every irregularity and weakness peculiar to the sex, and requires but a single trial to prove its surpassing merit. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

"What's in a name?" a recent traveller was heard to exclaim. "Why, about the hottest country on the globe is Chili."

The Nineteenth Century Club is an organization that will consist of an equal number of men and women. It is hardly to be expected that they will agree on all subjects; but it can surprise no one to learn that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is unanimously pronounced the most successful remedy extant, for pulmonary consumption, as has been demonstrated in hundreds of cases; it positively arrests this disease and restores health and strength, if administered in its early stages. By druggists.

The ear easily catches the heart's whispers.

Young or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address with 10 cents in stamps for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mighty deeds are incompatible with many words.

People who read and reflect, after reading, upon the many published testimonials regarding Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, can scarcely fail to perceive that evidence so positive and concurrent could not be adduced in behalf of a remedy of doubtful efficacy. The facts proven by such evidence are that it roots out impurities of the blood, restores digestion, enriches the circulation, and regulates the bowels and liver.

The power to earn is a boon. The will to save is a virtue.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

A party of forty police have left Battleford by the Cyprus trail with a month's forage and provisions for patrol duty.

Thomas Myers, Braconbridge, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, &c., immediate relief has been received by those who use it."

Those delights of the senses to which we abandon ourselves in youth become the unspeakable humiliations of age.

Declared Incurable.

E. C. McGovern, of Syracuse, N. Y., who is a well-known resident of that place, was declared incurable by his physician, the disease being a complication of kidney and liver complaint. In two days he found relief in Burdock Blood Bitters, and in one month he entirely recovered.

The man of concise speech is a treasure. He who knows when to be silent is grounded in wisdom. The drowner is intolerable.

Habit has made gruff old Pilot Destiny careless of rocks and bars, and wreck has become to him so common a thing that sunken ships have little power to move him.

There is beauty and exhilaration in high animal life. The ponderous tumbling of puppies are the natural expression of the joy that puppies feel in being. Colts kick up their heels. It is their plan of thanksgiving for life.

If you think much you are sure to generate ideas. Those will find expression in their proper place, and be clothed as good taste demands. The cut of their garments will not be big or under a mass of verbal furbelows and jacob feathers.

Philosophers and counsellors of wisdom are luxuries with which the boy could dispense without a very depressing sense of life's incompleteness; but grandmothers are indispensable.

PURE B. KING'S CHOCOLATE. The American found also at story this of a delicious flavor.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXIV.

The initials of the subject will give the name of one who escaped from a terrible slaughter, and became the friend and companion of a king; yet ended his days in banishment, barely escaping the death of a traitor.

- 1 Paul's fellow-prisoner on his voyage to Rome.
- 2 The scene of the murder of Amnon by his brother Absalom.
- 3 A city in which Paul and Barnabas "long abode, speaking boldly in the Lord."
- 4 A besieged city that was saved by the advice of a woman.
- 5 Jeroboam's beautiful palace.
- 6 King David's first capital.
- 7 A city of refuge, the last home of a traitor prince.
- 8 The place from whence King David took a very precious jewelled crown.

ANSWER TO NO. XXI.

ESTHER.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. E-vo | Gen. iv. 1. |
| 2. S-arah | Gen. xxiv. 67. |
| 3. T-irzah | Num. xxvi. 33. |
| 4. H-annah | 1 Sam. i. 13 |
| 5. E-l-zabath | Luke i. 57-63. |
| 6. R-uth | Ruth iv. 13-17. |

The following have answered No. XXI. correctly:—Mrs. Warner Tedder, Nashville, who is awarded the prize; J. McMonie, junr., Frank Carruthers, Eva Stringer, Miss F. Shipley, Eliza Haytor, M. MacLennan, Samuel Cayne, J. Mann, Maggie Rogers, M. A. Jamieson, James McGregor, Emma Harding, Dolly Downey, Mrs. J. A. Downey, Mrs. H. H. Nellis, E. G. Kittson, Sarah McConn, Margaret Melkilejohn, Fannie Shipley, R. J. Minty, Mrs. F. G. Bushey, Mabel Mulholland, E. A. Heming, Mary Astell, Mrs. John Hays, Minnie Maudsley.

A prize, a beautiful volume of the choicest poetry, is given each week to the party first correctly answering the enigma. The book is forwarded to the winner immediately on receipt of 12 cents postage for same.

When boyhood has merged into youth and youth into young manhood, it is timely to inquire about the value of moderation.

If we really must be great, do not let us lose sight of the truth that the greatest man is he of greatest power who uses power least.

How abject and pitiful a thing is the dyspeptic with abnormal appetite. Had he always eaten wisely he had always eaten pleasantly.

Exchange Department.

Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual subscribers to TRUTH may advertise one time, anything they may wish to exchange, free of charge. It is to be distinctly understood that the publisher reserves to himself the right of deciding whether an exchange shall appear or not. He does not undertake any responsibility with regard to transactions effected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of correspondents as to 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 below sending for the articles called for.

Five day-formation goods, a 2 1/2 lb of Chinese in case, with a sea curiosity, for every 2 by 3 inch specimen of quartz, mica, schist, apatite, rose-quartz, prase, alabaster, iron ore, asbestos, dolomite, staurolite, with locality. Persons sending must close a 2-cent stamp to help to pay return postage. Leslie Silver, Box 514, Okaloosa, Iowa.

A specimen of either shot-hole silver, prisms, crystal quartz, steel gallium, copper, rock copper, volcanic glass or manganese, silver, silver of shell or mineral. W. Silver, Ohio, Colo.

Indian bead work, moosehairs, etc., for corals, minerals and crystals. A great deal. Frankie Southwick, New York.

Sight European, 8c. U.S. 10c. New York, N.Y. Good Hope St.

At story this of a delicious flavor.

"PAPA'S BABY BOY."

W. H. BRAY.

♩ Tempo di Valsa.

1. What hap - pi - ness there is each night, When toil and cares are done,..... To
 2. When the lit - tle one is tired out, You place him in his bed;..... How
 3. And when the com - ing morn ar - rives, And break - fast ta - ble set, You

meet a dar - ling ba - by boy, Who's the sun - shine of your home,..... And as you
 proud and hap - py you do feel, When his eve - ning prayer's been said, Then see h'm
 then place him on his high chair, Your dear ba - by boy, your pet, And when the

put him on the floor, Just to see him romp and play,..... You take him up so
 close his lov - ing eyes, When to sleep he's laid a - way,..... You then a - wait the
 time does come for work You kiss him good - by, day - day, Still long - ing for the

REFRAIN.

lov - ing - ly— Thus sing to him, and say:..... } You're mam - ma's lit - tle dar - - - ling,
 com - ing morn, That you may sing and say:.....
 night to come, So you can sing and say:.....

Pa - - pa's ba - - by boy!..... The hap - pi - ness of home, his sun - shine
 and their joy;..... I see you roll - ing on the floor, in mer - - ri - ment and
 glo:..... Come, my dar - - ling ba - - by, Pap will jump you on his knee.....

CHORUS.

Hip - po hip - po hoy,..... Pa - pa's la - by boy!..... Hip - po hip - po hoy,..... What
 Oh, you are my joy!..... Pa - pa's la - by boy!..... Yes with you I'll play,..... Hippe
Sua *Sua* *Sua*

do you say?.. Hip - po hip - po hoy,.... Pa - pa's ba - by boy!.. Hip - po hip - po hoy, Ba - by dar - - - ling!
 hip - po hoy,.. You are Pa - pa's boy,.... Yes, his on - ly joy!.. Oh, how I love you, Ba - by dar - - - ling!
Sua *Sua*

PERSONAL.

Prince Bismarck's physician says the German Premier takes altogether too much beer.

The Washington fund collected for the purpose of buying Mrs. Hancock a house now reaches \$10,000.

Mr. Winston, the American Minister of the Persian Court, will return to Chicago this summer on a visit.

Julius Verne is still suffering from the pistol wound inflicted by his crazy nephew, and has not yet been able to leave his bed.

Prince Henry, of Battenberg, has left his wife in care of his royal mother-in-law and has gone to visit his parents in Germany.

Lord Lansdowne, the Governor-General of Canada, is expected in London soon, where he will make a visit of two or three months.

The eyes of the Empress of Austria are giving her much trouble, and she has been obliged to resort to surgical treatment for them.

The sword hilt which once belonged to Marshal Murat was recently sold in London for \$1,200. It was set with precious stones and gold.

The Queen Regent of Spain will maintain and educate at her private expense the children of those who perished in the recent tornado at Madrid.

The Misses West, daughters of the U. S. British Minister, are going abroad this month for three month's travel in England and on the continent.

Prince Bismarck, with an eye to future German acquisitions in the East, has founded in Berlin a school for the teaching of living Oriental languages.

Mlle. de Brazza, sister of the famous explorer, will accompany her brother to the West of Africa, where he will go to take possession of his new post of Governor of Congo. They will leave Paris in September.

Mrs. Yung Wing, formerly Miss Mary Kellogg, of Hartford, who died recently, was a few years ago the subject of extensive comment on account of her marriage with the Chinese Educational Commissioner.

John W. Young, the oldest son of Brigham, is the leader of the Mormon lobby at Washington, and is said to possess many of the personal characteristics of his father. His mother was the first of Brigham's seventeen wives.

Miss Adel Grant, at a wedding in Paris wore as one article of adornment a watch, the back of which was of a sapphire cabochon, surrounded with diamonds. It was a recent gift from her future husband, Lord Cairns.

M. Lockroy, the French Minister of Commerce, and Industry, has been in London studying the English trade union system, and has prepared a bill providing for arbitration in trade disputes, which he will introduce in the Chamber of Deputies.

Savanyu Jool, the last of the Hungarian brigands, has been captured and placed on trial, like any common criminal. He was a notable rascal in his palmy days. When Mme. Adam visited Hungary, recently, he sent her a letter of greeting and his photograph.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who lives at Meriden, Conn., is very fond of horseback riding. While out taking her exercise on her fiery steed the other day the animal took a fright and ran away, but the plucky postess kept her seat and came in winner, so to speak.

Gen. James H. Wilson, who has been prospecting in China with a view of building some railroads in the valley of the Yellow River, was one of the men who captured Jefferson Davis at the close of the war, the others being Gen. Byron D. Fritchard and the Fourth Michigan Cavalry.

The Boy to Succeed.

A few years ago, a large drug firm in New York advertised for a boy. Next day the store was crowded with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said: "Can't take him; places all full; besides he is too small." "I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful." There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes that made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted of such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of oil." But after consultation the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store and presently discovered his youthful protégé busy soldering labels. "What are you doing?" said he. "I did not tell you to work nights." "I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages" for he is willing. Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid and after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he staid behind to watch when others quit their work, the reply was, "You told us never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay." Orders were immediately given once more: "Double that boy's wages he is willing and faithful." To day that boy is getting a salary of \$2,500, and next January will become a member of the firm. Young men, imitate his example.

Two Kinds of Suspense.

A murderer under sentence of death had a number of influential friends who were exerting themselves to secure a respite from the Governor. The Sheriff believed in capital punishment, but he was a charitably disposed man and had been doing a good deal of running around for his doomed guest. One morning he returned from such a trip and went to the prisoner.

"Well," said the man eagerly, "what did the Governor say?"

"My dear sir, he hasn't said anything yet; he wants time to think."

"Great heavens, man! This suspense is terrible," exclaimed the criminal, dramatically.

"Don't mention it," responded the Sheriff in a cheerful tone; "it ain't anything to what it will be if the Governor doesn't interfere."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROCKY, Buffalo.—We have since or twice before given the supposed meaning of the word "Canada." The term is Indian and is believed to signify a collection of huts, a town or village.

INQUIRY, Brighton.—The city of Peking is distant from Canada about 8,600 miles. The nearest route is by the C. P. R. across the continent, thence by the new line of steamships to be established by the Canadian Pacific Company.

P. B. B., Grosse Ile, Mich.—The figures "299" on your label indicate the time at which your subscription expires. The number in the right hand corner under the heading is changed every week, and at "No. 299," which was June 26th, your subscription was up.

A Morning Call.

Male guest—"I'd like to be called at four to-morrow morning; I'm going fishing."

Female domestic (stupidly)—"Eh?"

Male guest (desperately)—"I'm going fishing to-morrow morning, and I wish to be called early; not later than four."

Female domestic (stupidly)—"Will you ring?"

POLYPUS CURED.



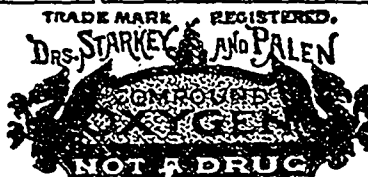
No Twisting, No Knife,

And no tearing of the mucous membrane of the nose. This polypus was as large as a large fig, and had grown so as to force the bones of the nose and roof of the mouth out of shape, producing decided deformity of the face. We killed this polypus root and branch, and when dead we then removed it from the nose. The name of the young man is Geo. Waite, of 123 McNeal Street, Toronto. The cause of this polypus was catarrh. Catarrh causes polypus in nearly every instance. Polypoid growths close up the nostrils, one or both, causes foul secretions, alter the voice and cause frequent bleedings of the nose. A good average regular frequently manages to let people bleed to death from polypus, not knowing what is the matter.

One of our patients was stopped on the street last week and invited into the office of a medical ethics professor, examined, and asked to "again take treatment," after he was informed that Dr. McCully had the case. That man is better known as the "Reputable Sun-baker"—the first medical beggar we ever met—don't do it again, Tommy. We treat and cure chronic diseases of male and female of every part of the body. Reader, if you are troubled with such a disease write to or call on

DR. McCULLY,

Medical Director of the Medical and Surgical Association of Canada. 283 Jarvis Street, Toronto.



1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. CANADA DEPOSITORY:

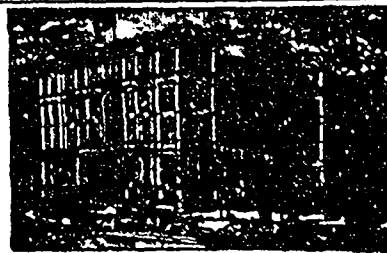
E. W. D. KING, 53 Church St., TORONTO.

No HOC—Treatment of Compound Oxygen genuine which has not this trade mark on the bottle containing it.

A Well-Tried Treatment for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

Treatise on Compound Oxygen free application to E. W. D. KING 53 Church St., Toronto.

A sweet stomachic, of medicinal value in North Carolina, and elsewhere.



Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Organized with a full staff of eighteen Experienced and Skillful Physicians and Surgeons for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Bladder Diseases, Diseases of Women, Blood Diseases and Nervous Affections, cured here or at home, with or without seeing the patient. Come and see us, or send ten cents in stamps for our "Invalids' Guide Book," which gives all particulars.

DELICATE DISEASES. Nervous Debility, Impotency, Nocturnal Losses, and all morbid Conditions caused by Youthful Excesses and Pernicious Solitary Practices are speedily and permanently cured by our Specialists. Book, post-paid, 10 cts. in stamps.

RUPTURE. Rupture, or Hernia, radically cured, without the knife, without dependence upon trusses, and with very little pain. Book sent for ten cents in stamps.

PILE TUMORS and STRICTURES treated with the greatest success. Book sent for ten cents in stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 603 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DISEASES OF WOMEN. The treatment of many thousands of cases of these diseases peculiar to WOMEN at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, has afforded large experience in adapting remedies for their cure, and

DR. PIERCE'S

Favorite Prescription

is the result of this vast experience.

It is a powerful Restorative Tonic and Nervine, imparts vigor and strength to the system, and cures as if by magic, Leucorrhoea, or "whites," excessive flowings, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the uterus, weak back, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, internal heat, and "female weakness."

It promptly relieves and cures Nausea and Weakness of Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, and Sleeplessness, in either sex.

PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated.

World's Dispensary Medical Association.

603 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.



SICK-HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion and Bilious Attacks promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills, 25 cents a vial, by mail.

Ladies' Fine Fragrance

BOO

Take It

AN OLD TIME MARINER.

Incidents in the Life of Brock Grant, Engineer, Aged 69 Years.

A recent notice of the sudden death at Erie of Brock Grant, an old lake engineer, recalls some circumstances of his history connected with the early navigation of the lakes. With the possible exception of John Leonard, he was the oldest of the remaining lake engineers. Brock Grant was the engineer of the little steamer, Pioneer, which plied between Buffalo and Dunkirk about the years 1828, '30 and '32. He was engineer of the steamer Washington, which was burned off the mouth of Silver Creek about the year 1837, or '38. I should think. When the boat was found to be on fire the pilot beaded her for the shore under extreme pressure of steam, with the hope that the passengers might be saved. Brock Grant, the brave engineer, had his newly married wife on board. He strapped her to her large wedding trunk, threw her overboard, and returned to his engine. The wind was off shore and the passengers crowded forward, but all in vain. The engineer remained at his post until the pipes and steam connections melted off; the wheels stopped and the boat began to float to leeward. The whelmsman struck to his post until so badly burned that he could not escape. Not until then did the engineer desert his dangerous post. He was the last upon the boat except a few who hung by the braces under the guards. Wrenching off a door he escaped from the burning boat and was picked up nearly exhausted twelve hours later. His wife was also happily saved, having been picked up by a boat from the shore. A number of years afterwards he was engineer of a steamer in Saginaw Bay which was in great danger of being blown ashore, and, realizing that there was little chance between being blown up and going ashore he seated himself upon the lever of the safety valve, and the vessel clawed off the shore and was saved. Early days, when Brock was a cabin boy, he excited the admiration of sailors and the terror of landmen along the Buffalo creek by mounting the top mast of his vessel and balancing himself upon his stomach, and swimming like a fish, or even standing erect on the round top and coming down by the jibstays, or some other "acrobatic or monkey-like performance." I knew him well over fifty years ago and loved him as a brother. He once saved my life at the risk of his own by rescuing me from drowning. We were playmates and schoolmates together, both living on the light-house side of the harbor, and I knew him always as gentle, generous and brave. This man may have died old, discouraged and poor, as the newspaper accounts state; he may have fallen into habits of dissipation, but he was a hero, faithful and true.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received a copy of "A Martyr; or a Victim of the Divorce Law," a novel, by Adolph D'Emery. The book is from the press of the Rose Publishing Company and the translation is by Mr. Aristide F. diastreant. With respect to the novel itself we may say that it is well, vivid, powerful, and full of dramatic force. It is not marred by any of the pretentiousness which so often accompanies such pages. As for the translation it is done with remarkably good taste, and such ability. The English is very pure and Mr. F. diastreant has very ably rendered the idioms of the original. We have entered thoroughly into the spirit of the original; and this is no small thing, he has given us such a good...

Children - Almost everyone is fond of children, and will be glad to see them. We have just received from the publisher "Sons of Fun Things for Children," which contains a number of humorous and clever stories for the amusement of the young. It is a book that will be found in every home. It is published by J. S. Rose, 21 Rose Street, Toronto.

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL.—Everybody who goes to New York city by rail, and who wants the best and most handy hotel to stop at, should try the Grand Union. It is located on Park Avenue just opposite the Grand Central depot, and all one has to do is to step across the street, leave his baggage checks on the office counter, and in ten minutes his trunk is in his room, free of expense, and without trouble or annoyance. When he gets there he will find the very best of beds, the cleanest of linen, the most courteous attention, and as good a table as can be found at any hotel in the country—and by this we mean as good as the Windsor in New York, the Continental in Philadelphia, or Young's in Boston; and prices fully a third lower than either. Baggage is returned to the station free of charge, and special attention is given to ladies who may visit New York without escort. The Third Avenue elevated road has a station at one corner of the house and the horse-cars pass the door. The manager is Mr. W. D. Garrison, who spares no pains to make every guest feel satisfied with his accommodations. We give this commendation of the Grand Union on the strength of the personal experience of a Lowell party of seven who recently tested it, and who, having tried some of the best hotels in the country, agreed that in the particulars referred to this hotel was superior to any of them.—Lowell Daily Courier.

"Are we going to have a picnic this year?" inquired a youngster of his Sunday-school teacher. "Why, what do you want of a picnic?" "Nothing much; but I can get six new scholars in a hurry if you are going to have one." Rebble, returning from school after a history lesson: "Mamma, was Charles II. an Episcopalian?" "No, my son, why do you ask that?" "Well, the history says he did things he ought not to have done and left undone things he ought to have done, and so I supposed he must be."

A daughter of James Young of Nashua, N. B., was unable to walk for several years. Hearing that all medical remedies had failed to cure her a faith healer, Dr. Baker, visited her and succeeded in relieving her so that she could walk without crutches. Having done this the Doctor offered to marry her, and the two recently wedded.

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the Bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine Co.

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DR. G. DORENWARD'S GREAT GERMAN "HAIR MAGIC" IS THE ONLY HAIR CURE EVER DISCOVERED FOR Baldness, Thin Hair, Grey Hair, Falling Out of the Hair, Dandruff, Etc. The "Hair Magic" is a perfectly harmless preparation; it contains no injurious properties whatever; it is not a dye, and will not soil the skin, but is a powerful restorer and vigorous tonic. The "Magic" has made hair grow on bald heads, where every other remedy has failed. As an eradicator of Dandruff the "Magic" cannot be equalled. For restoring the original color to gray, faded and discolored hair, it has never been known to fail. For sale by all druggists. Ask for Hair Magic and take none other. DORENWARD, Sole Manufacturer for U. S. and Canada, Toronto, Canada. Not procurable through druggists; will be sent on any address on receipt of 25 cents per bottle, or 50 cents for 2 bottles.

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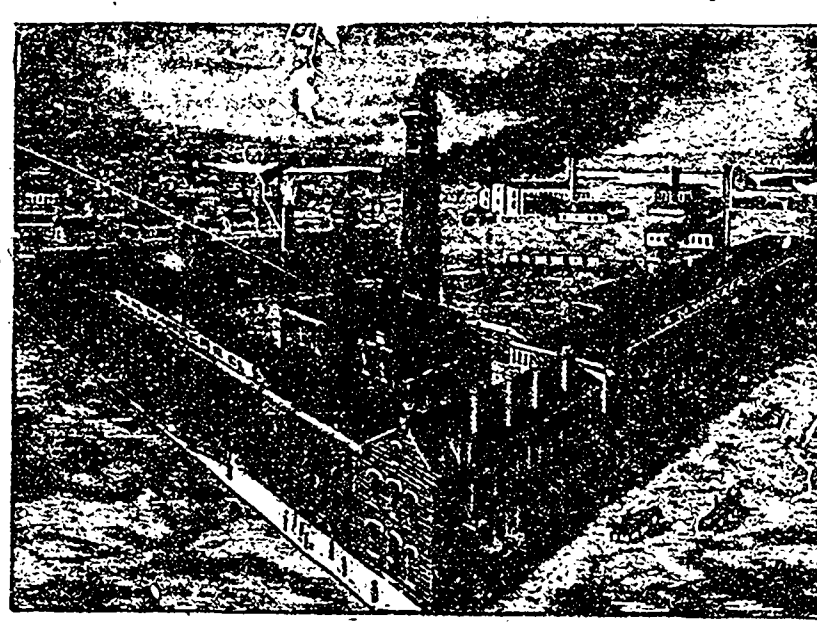
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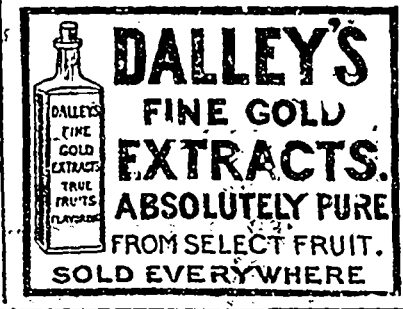
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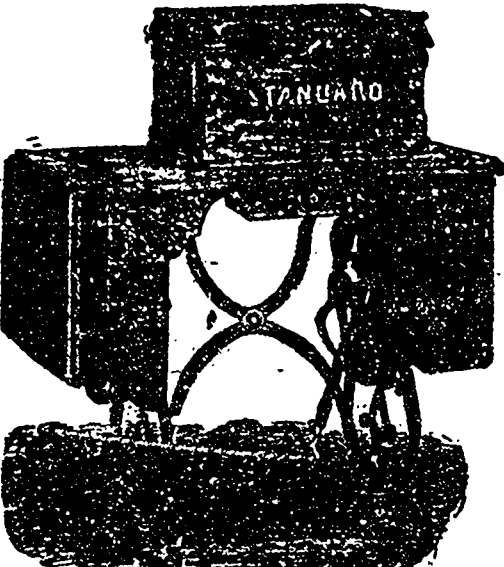
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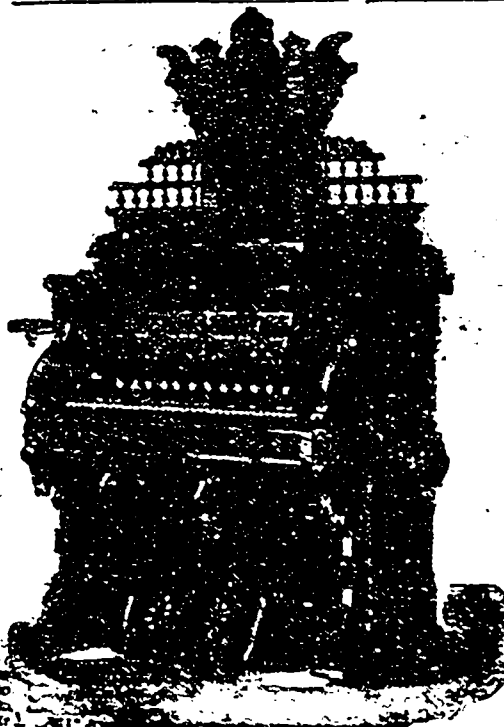
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