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# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

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NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 238.

## EVERY READER!

Every reader and every subscriber to TRUTH should not fail to read our great BIBLE COMPETITION announcement, to be found in the Publisher's Department. As the advertisement has now been out some time, and the middle prize is a fine city residence, the questions should be answered, and with the dollar, sent in at once. We would like some old subscriber to get the residence in question. The middle correct answer of the whole competition will take it. Many other large and costly prizes are also offered, the smallest of which are well worth the dollar, even if the matter of a four months' subscription to TRUTH were left out of the question. You can't help being pleased anyway. Prizes will go to some one. Why not you?

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

President Cleveland seems determined to carry into practice at Washington the much talked of and much longed for policy of Civil Service Reform. For years and years it has been the practical cry of each great party in the United States that "to the victors belong the spoils." It happened, in consequence, that whenever there was a change in the party triumph there was a sweeping change made in nearly all the offices of the country. Under such a system every office holder became necessarily a deeply interested worker in each election; his official existence depended on the result. There are some hundreds of thousands of office holders in the United States, and the state of things at an election where all of them combined, and all their friends were at their backs, can well be imagined. President Cleveland has not given the old Republican office-holders notice to quit in order to make room for the hungry ones of his own party. Of course the party wire-pullers are disappointed and indignant, but the men hungry for the sweets of office clamour in vain. Probably this is the most important step for the political well-being of the country that has been made in this generation. Let U. S. office-holders but know that the result of an election will not affect their tenure of office, just as office-holders in Canada and England know, and one-half of the worst features of a U. S. national election will at once pass away. The American people are to be congratulated on the election at last of a President possessing sufficient firmness of purpose to act on his convictions. Several former incumbents of the White House would gladly put a bar to the spoils system, but they did not appear possessed of sufficient courage to resist the clamour of their political friends.

Nearly all the reliable information from the North-West goes to show that for the past eight months Riel and his fellow-agitators had been openly at work stirring up

dissatisfaction and insurrection. Evidently the Dominion officers in the Territory have been caught napping. Is it possible that they were in the performance of their actual duties and were not aware of what was going on? Is it possible that they know these things and were too indifferent in regard to them and in regard to their duties to give the necessary alarming information to their superior officers at Ottawa? Is it possible that the Ottawa officials received such information and kept the country in ignorance of the facts of the case? There was a great deal of laxity somewhere, and the results of all this are now of the most serious character to the whole country. The Hon. Minister of the Interior and his colleagues owe it to the country that the real blame for all this should be laid bare; otherwise they can hardly expect the country will repose the same confidence in their safe guardianship in the future. It is now as clear as noon-day that had one tenth the effort and expense been made half a year ago that is now being made in the North-West much of all the bloodshed, and pillage, and disaster befalling the people there could have been averted.

El Mahdi seems to be pattering out. His audacious presumption worked for a time, but even the people of his own professed religion have come to regard him as a charlatan and robber. The British are already preparing to evacuate the Soudan, and this most unpopular war may now be said to be practically at end. In the event of trouble with Russia all the British forces will be withdrawn, and Suakim, Cairo and other places will be garrisoned by Italian troops.

England is fortunate in having a man like Lord Dufferin as its representative in India at this important juncture. Few men possess such skill as diplomatists, and probably no other man is in possession of so much information necessary to success in a time like this. Lord Dufferin was for years the British Ambassador to Russia, and also the Ambassador to Turkey, and in these important positions he must have obtained an amount of information in regard to both these countries of incalculable value to Britain at a time like this when her relations to both countries have assumed the very important character they have. We may rest pretty well assured that their will, probably, be no diplomatic blunders committed, so far as Lord Dufferin is concerned in the present complications with Russia. Gladstone, as a lover of peace, will not consent to war so long as there are hopes of any peaceful settlement, and Lord Dufferin, as a well informed and skilled diplomatist, will not allow the nation to be out-generaled in the matter of diplomacy. There may not be war between England and Russia just now, but should it unfortunately come it is evident that England will engage in it only after all efforts have failed.

The weak point of all British military expeditions is the commissariat. The reputation of the nation in this respect is not

likely to suffer in the prosecution of our own little war. Already Gen. Middleton has experienced several vexatious delays through this service going at fault, and if the providing of supplies is not placed in the hands of reliable and experienced parties, the movements of the troops toward the besieged points will be seriously impeded.

Acting upon the example set them by that ardent hater of newspaper correspondents, Lord Wolseley, the several officers in command of the forces now in the North-West, have inaugurated a system of severe military supervision over all dispatches sent from the front. Every precaution will be taken to prevent a repetition of the error which Capt. Crozier made in giving an account of the Duck Lake affair, who gave a truthful report of his own loss, but made no mention of that sustained by the rebels.

A respected correspondent, who has spent many years of the best portion of his life among the people of the North-West, hands TRUTH the following information about the race to whom Riel belongs: The term "Halfbreed," having of late occupied the public mind pretty extensively, it has become a question, with some of the more erudite, as to whether the euphonious sobriquet, "half castes," might not be substituted, and thus the refined portion of our race be spared the humiliating surroundings of mere animal life. Be that as it may, however, the aforesaid designation has been for more than two centuries employed in the Great North West, to define, principally, the descendants of the French Canadian *voyageurs*, as such have, from time to time, been allied to the natives, and thus a distinct race has been perpetuated. These have been, and still are, Romanists; and, so far as observation and experience goes, may at any moment give trouble to the constituted authorities, especially when subject to the chieftainship of a Riel, whose name and nationality will be handed down to posterity as immediately associated with the present rebellion. *Méti* is a synonymous term. It is true that there have been mixed marriages amongst other nationalities; but the term, "Halfbreeds," appears to have been, to a very great extent, confined to the French-Canadian element, though occasionally used in regard to others.

TRUTH notices with satisfaction that the ministers of Philadelphia have arranged, by special request, to preach a sermon each on the duty of cleanliness. This is done in view of a threatening indication of a visit of the cholera next summer. Sermons on such a subject are always timely. Much of the sickness and consequent misery in the large cities especially, is the result of the non-observance of the proper rules of cleanliness and health, either on the part of the victims themselves or of those with whom they are nearly associated. A great deal of all this could be easily avoided. In many cases the sufferers are not well acquainted with sanitary laws, and suffer in consequence. Surely the pulpit ought to instruct the pew in regard to the laws of God regarding the health

of the body as well as the health of the soul. It ought to be much more generally taught than it is that the wages of sin against nature's laws are disease and pain, as verily as the wages of sin against moral laws are punished. A proper knowledge of sanitary laws ought to be a part of the education of every minister. Indeed, without such an education he ought not to pass his necessary examination.

The question of the future of the Indians of the North-West is, just now, one that must occupy a very large share of attention in Canadian politics. Every precaution must be taken to secure the peace and safety of the pioneer Canadians in the Great Lone Land. They have a large number of hardships and privations to endure without being exposed to danger from disaffected Indians. The letters of Rev. E. R. Young, now being published in TRUTH, give some of the important reasons why the Indians are disquieted. Probably the writer's suggestion of providing a large and suitable Indian Reserve beyond Lake Winnipeg is the best practical solution of the future Indian problem. Mr. Young was for many years a resident Methodist missionary in the North-West, and he is familiar with the country and of the habits and wants of the Aborigines. It can hardly be expected that the Indians will look with quietness on the continued inroads of the whites on their soil so long as they well know that all such immigration means the destruction of their buffalo and other means of subsistence. It is a well understood fact that if these Indians can be taught agriculture at all it must be done very slowly, and during all the intervening years they must have a fair chance of securing their food by their former hunting methods, or else be fed at the expense of the Government. It may as well be fairly understood that the North-West Indians need not be expected to starve in their own territory and remain contented and quiet while doing so.

The Arabian papers publish the full text of the manifesto which the Mahdi has issued in reference to his claims to the Caliphate. In this document the Mahdi says: "I testify before God and the Prophet that I am drawing the sword, not for the purpose of founding an earthly empire for myself, nor to amass wealth, nor to live in a magnificent palace, but in order that I may afford help and consolation to the faithful, with a view to their liberation from the slavery imposed on them by the infidels, and in order that the power of the Moslems may be restored in all its ancient splendor. I am therefore resolved to carry my sword, first from Khartoum to Berber. Thence I shall proceed to Dongola, Cairo, and Alexandria, restoring Moslem rule and government in all these cities. From Egypt I shall march to the land of the Prophet to drive out the Turks, whose Government is no better than that of the infidels, and I shall restore the land of Arabia, with its two sacred cities, to Islam. Sons of Ismail, you may depend upon my soon making my appearance in your midst with the sword of faith."

## Truth's Contributors.

## THE PROVINCE OF P. E. ISLAND.

BY HON. D. BROUSSEAU, PROVINCIAL SECRETARY.

The Legislature of Prince Edward Island was prorogued on the 10th instant. The most important subject which engaged its attention was that of communication with the mainland during the winter season. Prince Edward Island, which is one of the most fertile Provinces of the Dominion, is separated from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick by the Straits of Northumberland. At the narrowest place, viz., between Cape Traverse and Cape Tormentine, the distance is 8½ miles. The harbors of the Island are closed from four to five months in every year, and the Straits are more or less filled during that time with floating ice. One of the conditions on which the Island entered the Union was, that the Federal Government should "establish and maintain efficient steam service for the conveyance of mails and passengers between the Island and the Dominion, winter and summer, thus placing the Island in continuous communication with the Intercolonial Railway and the railway system of the Dominion."

The Islanders complain that faith has not been kept with them in this matter, and that the Dominion Government have regarded their applications with indifference. Evidently these complaints are not without foundation. A party of twenty-two men attempting to cross the Straits in January last, in small boats—the only means of communication provided for the service—were detained on the passage for two days and one night, suffering most severely from exposure, from which many of them will never wholly recover. The Legislature of the Island, wearied with patient waiting and ineffectual complaints, resolved during the session just closed, to appeal to the Queen, with the hope of securing a redress of their grievance, and an address to Her Majesty on the subject was on the 27th of March agreed to unanimously by both Houses. In this document the case of the Island is set forth with much vigor. It embraces a claim for compensation for the loss sustained by reason of past delay and a demand for the fulfilment of the terms of union. The reasonable and loyal spirit which animates the people of the sea-girt Province may be inferred from the fact that on the last day of the session the Provincial Legislature passed a resolution recognizing the paramount obligation of the Federal Government to suppress lawlessness and rebellion in the North-West, and declaring the unwillingness of the Island to importune the Federal Government while they are engaged in matters of such weighty moment to the Empire; and, therefore, postponing, until some suitable time within the present legislative recess, the carrying out of the constitutional means by which they seek to obtain a redress of their grievance.

The want of a national feeling in Canada, which should cause us to place the unity and general welfare of the country above all other considerations, is often felt and commented on. This last action of Prince Edward Island shows that, in the Island Province at least, this feeling of loyalty to the Dominion is not wholly absent. We are sure that this graceful action will be duly appreciated wherever it is known, and that the case of the Island will not suffer in consequence of it. Surely the question of communication between Prince Edward Island and the mainland is one which the General Government can settle with that Province without necessitating an appeal to

the British Government. While providing at vast expense the means of communication between all the other Provinces, and building a railway to the Pacific, the Dominion cannot afford to continue a breach of faith with the loyal people of Prince Edward Island.

## THE FENIAN RAID IN 1866.

## A REMINISCENCE.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, ESQ.

The scene witnessed in Toronto on Monday, the 30th March, must have brought to the minds of many similar scenes that occurred not only here but in other parts of the country in the fore part of June, 1866. The excitement was more intense probably then than now. The trouble was closer at hand. There was no doubt felt as to the result, yet no one could forecast the end. Happily for Canada so far there have been but a very few times in her history when her sons have been called upon to take up arms either in her defence or to crush out a rebellion, and we hope that the time may be very far off in the future when she shall be called upon again to do so. But when the call has been made, it has been responded to in a way that has thrilled every patriotic heart. People there have been in the past, and it may be there are some still in existence, who have said we were not patriotic; a vile and malicious slander. Who that remembers the past, or witnessed the departure of our gallant young fellows a few days ago, or have read the reports that have come to us from all parts of the Dominion of the readiness, nay the anxiety of thousands to assist in stamping out this rebellion, will have the temerity to say that Canadians are not patriotic.

The recent event in this city brought to mind a similar one that occurred on Sunday, the 3rd of June, 1866, nearly nineteen years ago, in the town of Picton, where I then lived. I made some notes at the time, and thinking that they might possess some interest just now, I give them pretty much as then written.

About three o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the shrill notes of the bugler's horn. Presently the fire bell began to ring, then the church bells joined in. What was up? I sprang out of bed, hurried on my clothes, and made for the street. The sun had not risen, but the day was breaking in the east. Already men were rushing along the street, women and children were swarming out of every door, excited and alarmed. With others I made for the telegraph office, where a large number had already assembled. There we learned that our battalion, the 16th, had been ordered to the front at once. Couriers were dashing away in different directions with orders to bring the men in. The news from the scene of action, though not discouraging, was alarming. There had been one encounter, and a number of our men killed. Report after report flashed along the wires, and as they came were read to the excited and rapidly increasing crowd. Now it was, "The Fenians are being strongly reinforced at Fort Erie." Then, "A large body of Fenians are ready to cross at Sarnia." Again, "A large number of Fenians are concentrating at St. Albans," and so on. People in the vicinity of the town soon found their way in and, as the morning came on more and more followed. Between nine and ten, red coats from the country could be seen making their way to the rendezvous, and at twelve every man was in his place. At this time the town was crowded from end to end. Wives and children, brothers and sisters, with sad and

anxious faces, passed through the throng to get a chance to bid loved ones good-bye. Telegrams continued to come, and the later ones were more assuring. It was remarkable to notice how quickly the anxious crowd of people that passed around the office were hushed into a silence so intense that you could hear them breathe whenever the reporter came out to read a message; and though, as I have said, later reports were more cheering, yet the fact remained, our men must go, that they were now awaiting the order to march. A meeting was held in the street, in front of Chapman's building. There were several speakers, and a number of volunteers, whose names I took down, my desk being the head of a flour barrel. About one p.m. the band struck up and the men moved off to the boat. An immense crowd had collected on the dock and along the bank. A few encouraging speeches were made, cheer after cheer was given. The boat moved off amid shouts and waving of handkerchiefs, the band playing "The girl I left behind me." It was a scene not soon to be forgotten, and a call met with a promptness and dispatch difficult to surpass. A few short hours ago many of the men were scattered about the county, not one of whom, it is safe to say, dreamed of being called out, and before two p.m. they were off. One old man, well-known, but dead some years ago, shouldered his rifle and came a distance of ten miles, but was not allowed to go on account of his age. He was so mortified over it that he sat down on the dock and wept like a child. Just before the boat steamed away, and while sad and hasty adieus were being said, a fair young wife stood at some distance holding her child and pointing to its father, a fine young fellow who stood by the rail on the upper deck watching them; the child saw him, reached out its hands and called "papa." In a moment it was caught out of the mother's arms and passed along over the heads of the people and handed to the father, who caught it. There was a quick embrace, a shower of kisses, then back it came to the anxious mother. For some time the people stood and watched the receding steamer, and then turned away. Many of us now found our way to the gymnasium, where a meeting had been called at three o'clock to make arrangements for our own protection. At it an arrangement was made for a home guard, which was at once enrolled and officers appointed. A committee was appointed to look after the families of the volunteers and render any assistance that might be required. A deputation was also appointed to go at once to Kingston and, if necessary, to proceed to Ottawa for arms and ammunition. The home guard met again in the evening, when patrols were sent out and guards placed at different points in town. These precautions appeared necessary from reports received that two or three propellers were in readiness to leave Oswego with a body of men to make a raid at some point on Bay Quinte. During the early part of the afternoon news came that the Fenians had surrendered. Later that the most of them had escaped to the American side, and that but fifty had been captured, and were under a strong guard at Port Colborne; and later still, the authorities did not know there was a Fenian on Canadian soil. This was good news, and we hope the reception the scoundrels met with will end any further attempts to disturb us.

The sun had gone down behind the western woods. The streets were empty, and after the noise and confusion of the day it, for the first time, seemed like a Sunday. I had not been at church, indeed I do not know whether there were any services held

in any of them or not. I was terribly weary and can safely say that I never put in such a Sabbath day, and have no desire to pass another like it again.

## THE NORTH-WEST TROUBLES.

## NO. II.

BY REV. ECKERTON R. YOUNG.

In a previous article in TRUTH I made reference to the great herds of buffalo in the North-West years ago, and the grand success of the Indian hunts in those days. In consequence of the great abundance of the good buffalo meat, hunger was then unknown to the thrifty Indians.

So great was the quantity of meat secured, that it was often a drug on the market, and the Indians who dwelt in the forests, where the buffalo roamed not, could get all they wanted at cheap rates, in exchange for the rich furs, which they trapped. Everybody who lived there in those days had abundance. I remember once when I had come down from Norway House to the Red River Settlement in a canoe or boat, having a conversation with Rev. Geo. McDougall on the subject. When I regretted the cost of my necessary supplies for my northern mission he laughed and said, "Why, last fall when my sons and I wished to get in our winter's provisions, two of us went out on our horses, and in an afternoon's run we killed fourteen fat buffalo cows. That afternoon's sport furnished us with all the meat we required for that whole winter."

All this has changed. The buffalo have gone, and in a measure, the white man's coming is the cause of it. In their old days the Indians regarded the buffalo as the special gift of the Keche-Muneto, the Great Spirit. They had their regulations in reference to killing them. Wanton slaughter was discouraged. They had laws in reference to them, which corresponded closely to our present game laws. The introduction of fire-arms, and the visits of white hunters, who would shoot and kill at all times, in spite of Indian customs to the contrary, and the increasing demands for buffalo robes, have brought about their extinction. When good for their robes they were almost worthless for food, being thin and tough. When this flesh was in prime condition their robes were worthless, hence the double slaughter.

We are now, I am well aware, in a trying position. These Indians are the "Wards of the nation." They are on our hands, and we must do the best we can for them. A thorough revision of our method of dealing with them is in order. Something must be done, and that quickly. What is five, or even ten, dollars a-head per annum, with a little twine and ammunition, and a few rations, as a substitute for what they have had. Those in the prairie regions chafe and feel imprisoned on their reservations. There is hardly any game, and there are none of the excitements of the chase. To make farmers out of these old "buffalo hunters" is an impossibility.

Then these little reservations, around which the waves of white emigration are surging, are very great mistakes. The lesson of a century, both in this Dominion and in the United States, is that the Indian cannot stand close contact with our Anglo-Saxon civilization. The Indian tribes in the Indian territory of the U. S. are doing well; all others are degenerating. We have in this great Dominion a vast area of country, where an Indian Province, large enough for all our Indians, can be formed. It will suit them vastly better than do their present reservations. Its lakes and rivers abound in fish; there is a good deal of game; there are vast hunting fields, where

fur-bearing animals abound; there are immense forests of wood for fuel; there are fertile sections where villages could be formed; where all the farming they can be induced to do will be done; where they can keep cattle, raise potatoes and turnips, and some grain, and where their hunting instincts can find ample play.

This vast area, which would make a first-class Indian territory, lies north and north-east of Lake Winnipeg. It is a very healthy region. Eight years spent there as a Methodist missionary taught me that.

Of course, for long years substantial aid will have to be given to the Indians, if sent there, but will that not have to be done, no matter where they are?

Then when settled together in that country, and well cared for by the Government, vastly better would it be for them morally.

It is dreadful to see the degeneracy of an Indian tribe, along whose reservation a railroad is built. The nameless diseases and diseases of the unprincipled white man work terrible havoc among them. Then, again, let it be known among the overcrowded nations of Europe, from which we hope to get thousands of settlers to fill up and cultivate those broad fertile prairies, and found "cities yet to be," that all the Indian tribes have been removed, and that what they have read and heard of the terrible war and loot, and the midnight attacks by blood-thirsty Indians is an absolute impossibility, from the very fact that the Government, by honorable treaty, had removed all these people to a distant Province of their own; how marvellous would be the effect. The stream of emigration would deepen and widen, and the dreams of the most sanguine in reference to our great North West, would soon be realized.

Of the Halfbreed difficulties I cannot now write. They must first be conquered, for their rebellion, and their every grievance must be attended to. They are as much to be pitied as punished. Riel is a dreamer, an egotist and a coward. His education has made him dangerous, on account of the influence it gives him over his ignorant, and just now suffering, hungry Metis companions. I question very much if he ever comes into battle, and would not be surprised to hear that long ere the troops reach Prince Albert he has ignominiously fled away. And when this happens the whole rebellion will collapse. May our rulers have all the wisdom needed to rightly manage; that all wounds may be healed, and that such wise and permanent arrangements may be made that our fair Dominion may enter on a new career of over-increasing prosperity.

## THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

BY J. B. ASHLEY.

We know that the Loyalists were conspicuous for charity, morality, and a fidelity to purpose, but they were especially conspicuous for

### THEIR PATRIOTISM.

It is true, we admit, that some of the more impetuous and vindictive (traits of character found in any community) allowed their patriotic impulses to blind them to reasonable allowances in judging the motives and actions of the rebellious colonies. They suffered from what they considered unjust persecution after a conscientious discharge of duty, and without admitting any extenuating circumstances on the side of the rebels, they showed an unrelenting hatred of the American people and institutions. But these were exceptions to the general class of Loyalists. The majority could reason the question of right and wrong, and freely admitted that, while proud of the part they had taken in

the rebellion, they could sympathize to a certain extent with the primal cause of the revolt. They did not consider the tea tax a *casus belli*, but freely admitted that the Americans were justified in peacefully resisting any encroachment upon chartered rights. When, however, the Philadelphia congress framed the covenant of non-intercourse with the mother-country, the Loyalists no longer hesitated in their action, and at once risked their all in defence of British connection. They believed that, whereas the home government had abandoned all the colonial taxes except a nominal duty on tea, which could not be said to effect the price, the dissatisfied colonists were rash and unwise in resorting to unlawful means in enforcing their views. Having espoused the loyal cause, they refused to compromise their honor by submitting to coercive measures when the "fortunes of war" turned against them. It must be considered, too, that persecution drove even those who were disposed to make the most of adverse circumstances from the republic. We cannot wonder, then, that the Loyalists entertained an antagonistic feeling towards the United States, and this feeling very naturally intensified their adhesion to British institutions. Soon after settlement had been begun militia companies were organized and preparations made for defending their adopted country against any aggressive movement. Every man old enough to be enrolled offered his services, and competent instructors were not wanting. This spirit was especially manifest during

### THE WAR OF 1812,

when nearly all the original settlers were still living. The first intimation of hostilities with the United States called forth such a defiance from the pilgrims and their children as could be born only from fervent loyalty to the old flag. When volunteers were asked for, the response was general and enthusiastic. Old men and boys joined eagerly with the stalwart militiamen in offering their services to the Provincial authorities. The plow was left rusting in the furrow, the plane and saw hung unused in the shop, and even the "gray goose quill," that indited words and figures in the accountant's office, had a season of rest. The women, too, showed an equal patriotism, and urged their fathers, brothers, husbands, and friends forward in the defence of their homes and the principles they honored. And the old patriarchs—the hoary-headed veterans of the rebellion, though excluded by age and infirmities from taking an active part in the campaign, caught the inspiration of the hour, and "Shouldering the crutch showed how fields were won."

During the disturbance that ensued, these pioneer settlers had ample opportunities to demonstrate how sincere was the loyalty they professed, and there is not wanting evidence to establish this sincerity. Dr. Canniff relates an instance that may be taken as an illustration. A couple of American armed vessels sailed across the lake from Oswego on what they considered a kind of naval reconnaissance. They entered the Bay of Quinte at the "Upper Gap," between Amherst Island and Indian Point, and with a light breeze from the west proceeded down the bay towards Kingston. Their appearance was the signal for a general muster of the settlers along the shores, resistance to the death being the watchword. Old muskets and "fusils," that had been rusting in the cabins, were oiled, and furnished with surprising alacrity, the flint locks adjusted and the ramrods straightened. With these, and other improvised weapons, nearly every male settler started for Bath, then a growing hamlet of some

importance. It is related that not a few of the volunteers carried pitchforks and sickles, the supply of fire-arms being limited, and they determined to "meet the Yankees with something better than the bare fists." The little village was filled with an excited and determined people before the enemy's vessel appeared in sight, and when it was seen that the saucy visitors were disposed to form a closer acquaintance,

"There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time."

The strongest and best armed of the home-guard formed a line near the shore with their muskets double charged and well primed. Behind, them as a willing support, stood the old men and boys, each ready to die if need be in resisting the landing of the Americans. Their heroism and devotion were not put to the test. The visitors took a leisurely view of the place, weighed anchors and continued their cruise, taking a small "merchant trader," the "Benjamin Davy," with them. As they sailed away the Loyalists gave hearty cheers for the King, and many of them followed the vessels to Kingston. Later-day moralists may smile over this episode in the early history of our country, and intimate that the American vessels had no intention of molesting the inhabitants of a rural hamlet, but our forefathers reasoned differently. They and their descendants maintained with conscious dignity and becoming pride that the firm stand taken and formidable front offered to the enemy, on that summer day at Bath saved the country from an invasion that might have resulted disastrously to the people and Government. Perhaps they were right. We need not indulge in casuistical problems to determine the effects of their action. The mere fact that they voluntarily offered to do what the most reckless among them must have regarded as akin to an impossibility, is sufficient to establish all we have claimed for their loyalty.

## SIGNIFICATION OF THE WORD TORONTO.

BY REV. HENRY SCADDING, D. D.

I observed among the answers to correspondents in TRUTH of the 14th of March, the response given that "Toronto is an Iroquois term denoting oak trees rising from the lake." I beg to offer one or two considerations which, I think, when thoughtfully examined, will induce the persuasion that the very widely received interpretation of "Place of Meeting" is a rendering having better foundations in the facts both of language and of history. I have discussed this point in "Toronto of Old," p. 73, 74; and more recently in the Semi-Centennial Memorial volume, after acquiring a good deal of additional information bearing on the subject. As few persons have as yet had access to the last named work, I will transcribe for the benefit of readers of TRUTH, the contents of its second chapter with some improvements, simply adding that in the preceding chapter also, there is much carefully collected matter relating to the appellation Toronto, and its migration from the Lake Simcoe region, the headquarters of the Hurons formerly, to where it is now fixed. It seems very desirable that there should be a unity of conviction among the people of Toronto in regard to the origin and true meaning of the name of their noble city.

As to the signification of the term "Toronto"—one very definite tradition which has come down to us, is that it is "Place of Meeting"—place of concourse or rendezvous. That this is a near approximation to the sense of the expression may be gathered

thus: Gabriel Sagard, a Franciscan missionary, who collected his information in the neighborhood of Lake Simcoe just before the time of Denouville's despatches (1690) gives in his "Dictionary of the Huron Language," published at Paris in 1632, the word "Toronto" as signifying in French "beaucoup," in English, "much or plenty," and the instance of its use which he adds shows that it was applied to men as well as things.

The word "Toronto" probably first struck the ear of voyageurs and traders, uttered with energy by their Huron guides and companions, when on their way to the interior Huron country, repeated again and again to denote the great populousness of that region. The sonorous term would be caught up by the French and converted by them into a local name.

A second traditional interpretation of the term "Toronto" must now be noticed. "Trees rising out of the Water." When in the course of events the name Toronto was transferred, as we have seen, from the Lake Simcoe region to the spot to which it is now attached, a fancied resemblance in sound to a Mohawk word having some such sense as "trees rising out of the water," led persons acquainted with the Mohawk dialect to imagine an allusion in the word to the peninsula in front of Toronto, with its dwarf trees, as seen at a distance on the lake. This was manifestly an afterthought and mere guess-work, like so many other explanations of Indian words offered us by interpreters and others, especially by those of them who were familiar with only one of the aboriginal modes of speech. It is sufficient to say that the name Toronto did not originate in our peninsula or anything connected with it. It originated up north in the Lake Simcoe region, as history and the ancient maps testify. The word Toronto as we now have it, *verbatim et literatim* in official documents dated nearly two hundred years back, as in Denouville's despatch above mentioned, seems to have suffered a loss at both ends. Not only has a final *n* dropped off, but an initial *o* has disappeared. In Sagard's dictionary of the Huron language, besides the instance already given of Toronto in the sense of "Beaucoup," we have O-toronton, also, with exactly the same meaning; as in the expression "O-toronton dachenequoy," *J'en mange beaucoup*, "I eat much of it." The name Ouentaronk, applied to Lake Simcoe, preserved in D. W. Smyth's Gazetteer of 1799, and appearing also on the old maps, probably shows traces of the loss at the beginning and the end of the present word Toronto.

In the word Niagara, it may be remembered, as in Toronto, an initial Indian *o* has been dropped off. The word was formerly Oniagara. In like manner Chippeway used to be Ochipway, which it has again become. In Alexander Henry's "Travels," Tessalon river running into Lake Huron is the Otesalon. So Choueguar, at the mouth of the Oswego river, is, in the Jesuit Relations, Ochoueguen, where doubtless we have the full form of the word "Oawego" itself, from which the *n* at the end has been dropped, as in Toronto. And again; our Consecron, in Prince Edward County, I am informed, ought properly to be written Oconsecron.

In his "Subaltern's Furlough," Lieutenant Coke makes it to be a corrupt form, in some way, of the French *Ronde d'eau*. "It is so called," he informs his readers, "from the circular bay upon whose margin the town is built." Sir Richard Bonnycastle, in his "Canada in 1840," will have it to be the name, as it is supposed, of the Italian officer of engineers who built the fort, there being no word of this kind, he says, in any Indian language now understood in Canada." It is

sufficient to say "that no officer of that name is mentioned in any of the ancient records relating to Canada. Losing, in his "Field-Book of the War of 1812," accepting probably the guess of some interpreter unacquainted with any dialect but his own, says that the word is correctly Tarontah—"Trees in the water," and so, he asserts, the French called the fort when they built it;" which is quite wrong, as the official name of the fort was Fort Rouille, as the early documents show, and Toronto, exactly as we spell it now, became a popular designation of the post subsequently. None of these writers were aware that the name originated in the Lake Simcoe region, and travelled down from that quarter to the banks of Lake Ontario, as is shown in the Semi-Centennial Memorial Volume, and elsewhere.

THE CANADIAN REBELLION OF 1838.

REMINISCENCES OF AN EYE WITNESS.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.  
NO. 5.

Sunday morning, the 11th of November, 1838, found us still safe on board our little steamer at the Cascades. The morning was bright and clear, and the day turned into one of those warm Indian summer days. It was the first time in the lives of most of us to realize that no breakfast was awaiting us. We resigned ourselves philosophically to our fate, just because we could not help it.

We knew nothing of what had taken place at Beauharnois during the night, nor did we know where our Glengarry friends on the opposite side of the river were. However, we resolved to get up steam and feel our way down the river.

In due course Beauharnois was reached. We noticed clouds of smoke rising here, there and everywhere around, giving evidence that some work was going on. As we approached the shore it was quite perceptible that the town had changed hands since the previous afternoon. The uniform of the Glengarries and the red coats of the 71st Regulars along the shore satisfied us of our safety in steaming direct to the wharf alongside of the captured mail steamer "Henry Brougham."

The sight of our little steamer making direct for the town attracted the attention of the whole force on the shore. They were as curious to know who or what we were, or whence we came, as were our friends, the patriots, of yesterday. As we neared the wharf, the staff officers of the Glengarries and the officers of the 71st were congregated on the deck of the "Henry Brougham" to meet us, to get what news we had. Our story was soon told. We knew nothing of the advance on Chateaugay by Captain Campbell, having left Lachine on Saturday before the force crossed to Caughnawaga. They were anxious to know the fate of Chateaugay—just eight miles from them. We found ourselves among old friends in the staff of the Glengarries, not only friends, but kindred of the nearest ties. Those grand old men, the Colonels of the Glengarries, Alexander Fraser, the two Macdonnells, and Alexander Chisholm, in short, half of their officers, were old veterans, having served their King and their country on many a hard-fought field on our country's frontier—at Lundy's Lane, Queenston Heights, Chippawa, and Chrysler's Farm, during the war of 1812. Colonel Fraser, of the 1st Regiment, was well known in Montreal; he was every inch a soldier, just such another, and of the same height and build, as our own old landmark, Colonel John Hyde.

We stole away from our steamer for half

an hour to see the sights in the town. Fires were still burning, and the greater part of the place was in ashes. The streets were crowded with armed men. They had been on the march since the previous Monday, and were spattered with mud, bearing evidence of the roads they had passed over. These Glengarries were grand men; fully one-half of them stood over six feet, and well built in proportion. They were nearly as efficient in drill as the Regulars, having been in barracks on the frontier at Napierville and Phillipville most of the previous winter.

There were none but Highland bonnets there—the Glengarries and the 71st Regiment; and had there been any real work to do they would have proved themselves worthy sons of Old Scotland—of that storied land where a Fingal fought and an Ossian sang. The language that morning in Beauharnois was altogether Gaelic, our mother tongue, though we did not understand it. As for music, there was none save the soul-stirring notes of the pibroch, "Which Scotland's hills have often heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes." And right royally did the pipers do their duty! Take it all in all, Beauharnois presented a strange, wild scene on that Sunday morning. The fires were not the work of the Glengarries; they were started by the loyal inhabitants of the place in revenge for what they had suffered. It must, however, be admitted that several hundred of the Glengarries returned home as "cavalrymen," mounted on stray French ponies which they said they found loose and untied by the wayside.

We had not much time to ramble before the order was given to collect us on board, to leave with despatches for Montreal. This was a great disappointment; we should have preferred remaining. But, hark! A wild cheer is heard from the Chateaugay side; it is taken up and continued by the armed men through the town. All eyes were turned in that direction—what is it? The tramp of advancing horse is heard. Yes, there they come, as the well known bearskin helmets of the Lachine troop appear in sight, at a full canter, and draw up right in front of the wharf where our steamer lay. There were only four of them, with a guide, who had led them through the woods from Chateaugay with news from Captain Campbell's force.

We recognized our troopers from Lachine and they us, but we could not leave our position to speak to them. Their horses and themselves were covered over with mud; they had been in their saddles for over twelve hours, over hard country roads. But how they came there was a mystery to us, as we had left them at Lachine the previous morning. Our position was equally puzzling to them. Had we fallen into the hands of the rebels yesterday and were now being released?

We learned that Captain Campbell, after reaching Chateaugay that morning, wishing to communicate with the Glengarries to find out where they were, called for four troopers to ride through the woods to Beauharnois. Four of them, all young men of about nineteen years of age, stepped to the front, and volunteered to go. It was a perilous ride, the woods were swarming with the scattered patriots from the two camps of Chateaugay and Beauharnois.

We could select one from that little band of four young troopers as he proudly sat on his noble charger in front of the assembled staff of the Glengarry Highlanders. He afterwards figured prominently and successfully in commercial circles in Montreal. He has long since been gathered to his fathers; not one blot remaining on his commercial integrity and honesty. But his living relatives—the noble men of Glengarry, one of whose proud names he bore, will ever point the withering finger of true, biting, Scottish scorn—Nathan-like—"Thou art the man!" to the head of that body of "five profane Christians" in Montreal for the wreck of that young trooper's estate, and the ruin of his family! Silence has a tongue!

Having handed over the arms and clothing to the Glengarries, we bade them farewell, and then started on our homeward

trip. The Chateaugay shore, as we steamed down, was all on a blaze; or rather, clouds of smoke rising from the burning homesteads, as described in our No. III. article. These burnings were actually going on when we were on our return. We were ignorant of the advance on Chateaugay until we reached Lachine that Sunday afternoon, except what we saw and heard at Beauharnois.

As we neared Lachine, the whole shore was alive with people; large numbers had come out from Montreal. They were all excitement to learn the news we brought. It soon spread round that Beauharnois was in the possession of the Glengarries. We were not allowed any time to rest, being immediately ordered to proceed to Pointe Claire, to guard the lake shore above Lachine to prevent the escape of the patriots to the northern districts. Carts were provided to convey us. The roads were in a horrid state. Some of us were so used up that we actually fell asleep in the carts on the road. We were kept for a week picketed by twos and threes in the farm houses along the lake shore.

It was fully three weeks before the scattered fragments of the brigade had returned to headquarters, without one accident occurring, full of stories and little incidents connected with their different movements and various positions since the morning of Sunday, the 4th.

Here endeth the 5th chapter of our little notings of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837 and 1838. "And what is writ is writ; would that it were worthier."

WOMAN'S VOCATION AND REFORMATION.

BY MRS. E. J. JARVIS.

It is strange that so much should be said and written upon the subject of woman's rights and vocation, when they are so clearly marked out for her by nature and revelation, and in the physical and mental laws which govern her being, but the frenzied attempts of some women to secure for themselves those privileges, which, if they could obtain, but few would or could enjoy, make one tremble, lest by persistence they might gain the day, and with it the suffrage. Co-education, a place among the learned professions, and a reign of Bloomerism ensue, the consequences of which would be disastrous in the extreme.

For the higher education of woman, who does not pray? It is by such means that she is rendered a fitting companion to a father, brothers, husband and sons, whilst, if her tastes be literary she may write that which shall move the world to tears or laughter, or which, having read, mankind shall be the better; and although it is true that no woman has made a great invention, composed an oratorio or opera that has lived, and that only Ross Bonheur and the artist of the "Roll Call" in painting, and Mrs. E. B. Browning and George Eliot, in poetry and prose, have risen to the level of masculine excellence, still, so many have made valuable contributions in both these departments, as to show that intellectual gifts and even genius are not uncommon in the sex.

It is well that man's generosity allows to woman the fair field for which she craves, and the applause which is due to her success, but there it should end. "So far shalt thou go and no further," is the superscription of the seal which the Creator has put upon her, and if she could but see the importance of the work which is hers by inheritance, she would rest, and therewith be satisfied.

Great improvement has been made in girls' schools within the last quarter of a century, but there is still room for much more, as many things are taught but superficially, and others of vital importance not taught at all. "Should there not be a common sense preparation for the commonplace duties of every day life to begin with, or in conjunction with the usual course of study? Before a girl has learnt a Latin declension

or a line of French, should she not be taught to do plain sewing, the rudiments and essentials at least of cookery, which are of even greater importance to the wealthy than to those who have to do their own work, as, in the latter case, experience and necessity are the teachers, but with the former the requisite knowledge has often to be imparted by those utterly incapable of doing so! How advantageous would be a systematic course of training in order to meet emergencies and accidents with presence of mind! How many lives might be saved, for instance, if those upon the spot knew how to apply a tourniquet, tie an artery, resuscitate the drowned, treat the burned or scalded or a case of apoplexy, epilepsy or syncope. The more highly educated a woman is, the more intelligent will be her nursing of the sick, practice and theory of cooking, and work of all kinds. Fewer lives would be sacrificed to the ignorance of the sick nurse if a good, solid education were made *de rigueur*—not the "little learning," which "is a dangerous thing," not the smattering of Latin which just enables her to read a prescription—*wrong*, but that tuition which goes deeper than the surface, supplemented by medical and surgical teaching, clinical, and otherwise.

Surely, there is a vast field for woman's work, and that too, of the noblest description, without infringing upon that of man, and if it be true that all great men owe their greatness to their mothers, how careful should be the training of mind and body to attain so stupendous a result as to reach from the present, down to future ages of the world's history. Home is her proper sphere, and domestic affection her highest attribute. Who does not prefer the picture of Andromache upon the walls of Troy, her only distinction, that she was the wife of Hector, her only ambition, to see her husband alive and victorious, to that of Boadicea, leading her barbarian hordes to battle, or of Cleopatra, renowned for learning, wit, wealth, and beauty, floating down the Cydnus in her glittering galley?

If women want to distinguish themselves there is a matter awaiting great reform and which requires a revolution in the existing state of things. There is, in what is termed "Good Society," so much that is, if not really bad, at least radically wrong, hollow and rotten at the core, that every lady (that word should be expunged) should look to herself, and see if there be not some habits of life which need correction. In the first place let her treat the shopping business less as a fine art, or *sine qua non* of her existence, and more as a something to be got through with as quickly as possible, and only with a view to buying that which is required; the purchases, if very small, might also be carried home by herself, especially if the distance be great. Then, with regard to "making calls," there is so much that is insincere in the *parade* of her existence, so much valuable time wasted in calling upon those who would not care if they and their visitors never met again, and vice versa; the "not at home" falling as sweetest music on the ears of those who only come to be bored, even though the shadow of the mistress of the house be outlined upon the window curtain. Will the recording angel set down the falsehood against the name of the poor maid or butler who would lose their situation if they did not tell it? I trow not.

Let each lady learn to enter a room with out taking stock of the furniture, etc., and meet an acquaintance without that sweeping glance from head to foot which makes another woman faint to exclaim:

"Here take an inventory of all I have, (on) 'To the last penny it'—was bought cheap for such!

The mistress of a household should also extend her consideration to her domestic servants, remembering that they (as she) have limbs to ache and hearts to break for that matter, and she will, perhaps, then treat them with something of the same courtesy which marks her intercourse with those between whom and herself does not arise the "pale spectre of the salt."

Finally, let her cast aside the weakness of purpose, slavish following of fashion and supreme silliness, which too often characterize her, with some few feathers, frills and furbelows, and she will step out of these hindrances to a true nobility transformed.

Let woman, in all she does, aim at the highest, even though it be only to fail, and she will have no need to ape the man. Because Ursa Major occupies a larger and more prominent space in the heavens than the gentle Pleiades, is their "sweet influence" the less?

The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

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

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

A SPECIAL PRIZE.

The publisher of TRUTH will give a prize of ten dollars gold for the best original poem having reference to her Majesty Queen Victoria, suitable for publication for May 24th, the length not to exceed a hundred lines. Any person may compete and the Publisher reserves the right of using any sent, whether awarded the prize or not. All competitions to be sent in not later than May 14th. A prize of ten dollars will also be given for the best original poem suitable for Dominion Day. (July 1st) to be sent in not later than June 15th.

The proper name and address to accompany each poem sent. Address all directly to Publisher of TRUTH, Toronto.

THE AWARD.

The piece for this week is awarded to the touching little poem, "A Year Ago," from the pen of A. D. Stewart, Esq., Chief of the Police of Hamilton, Ont., to whom the money will be sent on application to this office.

A Year Ago.

BY A. D. STEWART.

A year ago the bells were ringing Across the hills and o'er the sea; A year ago the birds were singing, And all their song brought joy to me.

A year ago the ship was sailing, The gallant ship so tried and true, That left me sobbing here and wailing, And bore my darling from my view.

Ere many moons had waned, he told me, Home homeward on a flowing tide, Close to his heart again he'd fold me, And wander near from my side.

But ah! whilst I was waiting boldly, And dreaming of his love for me, The moon was looking coldly, coldly, And he was drowning in the sea.

The birds are singing now as lightly As when we parted on the shore, The sun is shining just as brightly, But joy to me comes nevermore!

Fair Canada.

BY JOHN INEIS.

Tune—"God Save the Queen."

God save our native land, Free may she ever stand, Fair Canada!

Long may we ever be Sons of the brave and free, Faithful to God and thee, Fair Canada.

From every hostile band, Free us at thy command, God save our land;

We who are sons of toil, We will defend our soil, From they who would despoil Our own dear land.

Fair as an opening flower, Planted in Heaven's bower, Fair Canada, Stretching from sea to sea, Great will thy future be, Land of the brave and free, Fair Canada!

28 Colborne Street, Toronto.

The Song of the Thirsting.

(Rev. 21, 6.)

BY MRS. FENHALL.

The Honey-birds We are thirsting, golden dowers, Give us of your honey. St. Luke, xii., 6.

The Flowers Drink, pretty birds, in sunny hours, Without toll or money. St. Matt., vi., 20.

The Dew We are thirsting, pearly dew-drops, For your kiss of love. Job, xxxviii., 20, 23.

The Dew We are coming, beautiful flowers, Sent you from above. St. Luke, xii., 27, 28.

The Earth I am thirsting, clear blue heaven; Droop the golden grain. Pr. lxxv., 9.

The Heaven Tender showers God hath given, He sends the gracious rain. Job, xxxvii., 11, 13.

The Son Lo! I thirst for man's salvation, Dying on the cross. St. John, xix., 28.

The Father Their salvation, Son beloved, Thou hast won by love. Heb. ii., 9.

The Christian I am thirsting, O my Saviour, For true righteousness. St. Matt., v., 6.

Jesus He that hungereth thus, and thirsteth, I will surely bless.

All Creation We are thirsting, heavenly Father, For thy gracious love. Isa., xli., 17, 18.

The Creator Blessing, mercy, never-fading, I pour down in love.

Canadian Spring

(An Englishman's opinion of the deceitful Sir.)

BY R. L. U., LONDON, ECT.

Of changeable spring's delusive charms beware! How bright 'ere the day, the balmy air is but the fickle beauty's half-fair breath, With dire disaster fraught, disease, and death.

Beware! If thou thy faith upon her pin, She will thy faith betray, and take thee in, With blandishments to-day she tempts thee out, To-morrow strikes with rheumatism and gout.

Even sagacious birds she will deceive, Tempted on the bay breeze, to leave Their hibernating haunts in southern clime, She for their songs provides a hoary rhyme.

The mavis in the leafless woods, is singing Lays sweeter far than strains of Orpheus' lute; By gone at sun enticed, wild flowers are springing, Adventurous buds allured easy to shoot.

Could I but warn the unsuspecting bud Of harm o'er hanging its devoted head, For, dipped by frost (who holds enchanted the floods) 'Twill 'neath to-morrow's sun be blackened, dead.

The squirrel, the robin, and the rook, she brings To listen, while the frost-proof robin sings The dying winter's dirge, but half in doubt, Whether 'twould be wise to venture out.

A sad coquette is our Canadian spring, Let not her wily wiles disaster bring, Nor matricious charms, nor tender smiles These from thy winter's safe retreat beguile.

Above, the sky is blue and clear and bright, The vernal equinox is here, with shortened night, The sun's envenomed beams their warmth disperse— These are the fascinations she will use.

Unhappy wight! who bows in homage there, The fair enchantress is as false as fair, Thou'lt flit to be, as thousands were before— Resist the Circe's wiles or rue it evermore.

Holding in cold embrace the woods, the streams, Mocked by smiling Sol's illusive beams, Relentless monster frost, with folded arms Bids defiance to the Siren's charms.

xi.

Yet she is harbinger of summer still, Her part in Nature's drama she must fill, To sing her praises I would fain essay, But swift-winged Pegasus has borne my muse away.

Nothing is Lost.

MARY A. HUNTER.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew, Which trembles on the leaf or flower Is but exhaled to fall anew In summer's thunder shower; Perchance to shine within the bow That fronts the sun at fall of day; Perchance to sparkle in the flow Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost—the tiniest seed By wild birds borne or breezes blown, Finds something suited to its need, Wherein 'tis sown and grown. The language of some household song, The perfume of some cherished flower, Though gone from outward sense belong To memory's after hour.

So with our words; or harsh or kind, Uttered they are not all forgot; They have their influence on the mind, Pass on but perish not. So with our deeds; for good or ill, They have their power, scarce understood, Then let us use our better will, To make them rise with good.

The Old Bard.

BY S. MOORE.

It happened in the olden time Ere it was deemed a sin to rhyme— Or canting critic learned the art Of torturing the poets heart— A lonely minstrel on his way Sang to himself a rustic lay. The people caught the soothing strain And listened to the bard's refrain, And begged that he would stop awhile And sing, their sorrows to beguile. The bard attended his much-loved lyre, And ran his fingers o'er the chords; Slow, soft and sweet, then higher, higher, And soon his thoughts got vent in words. He sang of lavished beauties spread Beneath, around and o'er his head, The blessings of the fertile soil, The honest men of cheerful toil. He sang of chaste, self-blushing love, Pure as the light that shines above, The maiden fair, the modest youth Whose bosoms glow with love and truth. He sang of virtuous love matured, The choicest balm of life secured— The sweets of matrimonial bliss, The love revealed in every kiss. O happy state, divinely sweet With every hallowed joy replete; Where man and wife in heart agree, A love-united family. Beneath this great o'er arching dome The fair spot on earth is home. Home, where our Eden is complete, Where all the social virtues meet. Home! Sweetest spot to mortals given, Falst type of that loved home in heaven. A shadow dimmed the poet's face While singing of our ruined race— Two cold dark deeds of wickedness, Oppression, sorrow and distress, The tyrant's frown, the suffering slave, The traitor, thief and painted knave; The savages of alcohol Destroying body mind and soul; Drink with its twice ten thousand woes To rob the soul of its repose; Accursed drink earth's greatest blight, Thy fruits our moe't revolting sight, On I say when shall the world be free From this degrading misery? The poet breathed a softer strain, And sang his dulcet notes again; And looking upward to the skies, While tear drops glistened in his eyes, The meed of patient faith's reward, And pointing to the pilgrim band, He sang the glories of that land O'er stretched beyond the misty gloom Which mortals see around the tomb, And then he soothingly addressed the poor, Who meekly, patiently endure; These noble heroes in a strife Who triumph o'er the ills of life; Who onward urge their rapid course And even take the crown by force. The poet raised his gleaming eyes, Which seemed to penetrate the skies, When musing as if lost in thought; But what he saw he told us not. For suddenly he ceased to sing; His muse had dropped her weary wing, And then he bowed his hoary head, And then was numbered with the dead; And with his lyre upon his breast, They laid the dear old bard to rest.

The Unheard.

BY W. J. CROW.

Many the songs that are sung but as many sweet songs that are voiceless; Silent yet throbbing for life, and their essence is sweeter than singing; Sweet as the music of birds when the morning awakes and yet noiseless; Sweet as the hymns that are heard when the great wide cathedral is ringing.

Music of words and of sounds, there's a music, a rhythm of motion; Music too grandly sublime for humanity's heart to approve it; Sweetness we can't comprehend, there's a vastness of love and devotion, Faithless the world cannot see, heartless the world does not love it.

Many a poet has lived—lived and died without penning, inditing Songs that arose on his soul—songs of sweetness beyond earthly things; Gazing with rapture and faith as the vision from heaven was lighting— Lighting his soul till all nature with melody sweetly was singing.

Many a poet has lived—lived and died without breaking the silence, When if the song had been sung—had been given, the world all would praise it; Men would break out in one voice, throughout earth, to its farthest islands; Whom they call mad ere he sings; and the song not another can raise it.

Thus is the praise of the world, and its judgment as likely to err. Merit, if clamoring on, will at length give a measure of praise; Silence, though ever so sweet, and expression brings not the need nearer; Crowned though the singer may be, yet its after he's under the daisies.

Voiceless and silent, alone; there is many a noble heart breaking, Bearing with pain and with alight, that the world puts on them: unthinking; Creatures above common clay, with their faults and their virtues partaking, Less of the earth that is earthly; man nearer to deity linking.

Not in the tear drop alone, nor in mourning is seated deep sorrow. Loud is the scream of the eagle, the song of the thrush is diviner; So, in the heart that is silent, hope may be dead for to-morrow, Sorrow may heavier lie than is shown mirrored from the heart of repiner.

To these, the unheard and unknown, is the song that I raise dedicated. Nothing is given in vain, even sorrow will bring the heart nearer— Nearer to heaven than joy; to the Creator bring near the created 'Till He lifts up the cross from the heart, of our load becoming the bearer.

A Friend For Me.

BY MRS. A. TODD.

The friend who with a flattery tongue Pretends so true to be, But is a false deceitful one, Is not the friend for me.

The friend who, in the hour of grief, A comforter will be, And strives the mourner to relieve, O that's the friend for me.

The friend who when distresses come, Will then in terror flee, Again in search of pleasure roam, Is not the friend for me.

The friend who long will true remain, Through want and poverty; Through storm and sunshine still the same, O that's the friend for me.

Our Volunteers.

BY MRS. J. STRAZZ.

When snow falls white and chill, o'er prairie wastes at will, And storms press thickly down, As far from homes' red fire, fond mother and proud sire

O sweet wife, manhood's crown; When years his spirit bold, for sounds from love's star fold To soothe his straining ears, Then Jesus—tender, kind, speak to his inner mind, Comfort our volunteers.

When slow marching on, praise silvery echoes gone, Duty his guiding star; Bearing hunger and thirst, with long roads at their work, The battle scent afar.

Of present joys bereft, and many a bright scene cleft, And framed in stony tears; Then, O spirit divine, into life's grimness shine, Gladden our volunteers.

When the moving columns halt, and form with scarce a fault Firm 'neath their leader's eye, While thro' each living line, runs the awful thought, the time

Draws near when some must die, If with hearts fierce and hot, they should meet the raining shot, And the enemy appears, Then, God of might and right, amid the cruel fight, Cover our volunteers.

Should one, the thought is woe, be wounded, bleeding, low, Crushing each feverish moan, Suffering the pitiless pain, longing, tho' all in vain, For one hour's rest at home

When earth has floated past, and death with iron cast Into his presence nears, Then Saviour, who didst bleed, to thy pierced bosom lead, O save our volunteers.

'Twas to their country's call, they answered, one and all, Nor hate—nor empty fame, To defend the scattered, weak, to faint hearts, courage speak.

Check slaughter, plunder, fame, So as their cause is just; if meet the foe they must This thought our spirit cheers; Trusting we look to Thee, the God of victory, To crown our volunteers.

# IN AN EVIL MOMENT.

BY HARRY BLYTH.

Author of "A Wily Woman," "The Bloom o' the Heather," "When the Clock Stopped," "Magic Moments," &c.

## CHAPTER II.

### OLD FRIENDS.

As Rhode Axon sat with agonised brain, maturing her terrible scheme, a horseman, whose saddle bags appeared to be unusually heavy, galloped from Christchurch towards her homestead. Some fifteen miles from the town he pulled up before a rough, wooden building that stood by the roadside. The erection was low-pitched. Its clumsily-constructed, overhanging roof, and its irregular walls, formed with logs, no two of which were of the same length or thickness, gave it a reckless, defiant air, in strong contrast with the severe order of most of the other houses the traveller has passed.

Over the clumsy door the name "STIVEY BLEND" had been scrawled in grotesque characters. Looking at the reeling, crooked letters, you could not help thinking that there was a curious affinity between the quaint appellation and the eccentric cabin. None but a Stivey could have possibly constructed that wall and the roof suggested that Mr. Blend was a gentleman of much airiness of demeanour, whose spirits were volatile, and whose soul revolted against conventionalities.

These thoughts did not occur to our traveller, for he only glanced hastily at the building. Without noticing the name, he concluded that it was a roadside inn, or, as it would be called here, "accommodation house."

He dismounted, but before he reached the ground the door opened, and Mr. Stivey Blend stood in the entrance. He looked as much like an English ostler as possible. His legs were long and thin, and tightly encased in riding trousers. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his hands were thrust deeply into his pockets. A whisk of straw was between his lips. His face was clean shaven, and long and thin; and his red, spiky hair stood erect from his queerly-shaped head.

Mr. Blend regarded the stranger's movements with considerable nonchalance, at the same time gravely chewing, with infinite relish, the straw dangling from his mouth.

No sooner did the rider turn his face towards him, and advance to where he was standing, than Mr. Blend's composure disappeared. The straw dropped to the ground, and his hair glowed with a richer hue.

"Mr. Walter!" he cried, "Mr. Walter Barr! Who'd have thought of seeing you here? Why, it beats 'Batawing pulling off the double event, and cockfighting isn't in it."

The one addressed as Walter Barr was a slightly built young gentleman of some twenty-two years of age. His hair was almost white; he wore spectacles, and he had that subdued nervous manner so frequently observed in short-sighted people.

A little startled at Mr. Blend's abrupt exclamation, he looked inquiringly into his face.

"Dear me," he said, incredulously; "surely it cannot be Stivey Blend."

"If there's another," said Stivey, sententiously, "I'm sorry for him. A man with such a name is pretty heavily handicapped, I can tell you, sir."

"But what on earth has brought you out here?" demanded Walter, still with the same look of wonder upon his face.

"Double events," replied Mr. Blend, gloomily. Then with an air of profound mystery he added, "and double events 'll perhaps take me back again."

Mr. Blend led the horse under cover and secured it, and Walter Barr, as he stood watching him, rubbed his hands together with great satisfaction. He smiled in a soft pleasant way as a child might smile when it met with some unexpected treat.

"And what may a 'double event' be?" he asked cheerily, as he followed his host into the rude hut.

Stivey turned and regarded his questioner with an air of supreme pity.

"I allus knew that you was tenderly reared, sir, but I did think they'd taught you that."

The innkeeper's visage grew so long and solemn that Mr. Barr became nervous lest he had seriously hurt his feelings, and he begged to assure him that he had no intention whatever of offending his sensibilities.

"A double event, sir," said Stivey, with the air of a sage, and not heeding the apology, "is when you backs one horse to win two races."

"Oh, it's betting, is it?" said Walter, easily, still washing his hands in "invisible water."

"No, sir," cried Blend, with the most pronounced contempt, waving his gaunt arm in the air, "it is not what you would call common vulgar betting." He spoke as though the words nauseated him. "Double events, Mr. Walter, is a science, and the greatest achievement of which the human mind is capable is to bring one off; the man who spots one is a honour to his country. There ain't nothing in the whole range of learning to be compared with a double event."

"I'm afraid," said Walter, with a propitiatory smile, "that I am sadly ignorant. Have you got anything good here?" he continued, looking round the bare apartment. "I suppose you don't call fifteen miles any distance in this country? But I'm not very strong you know; the ride has made me terribly thirsty."

"I'll tell you what I've got here, Mr. Barr," said Stivey, with the air of a man unfolding a ghastly secret. "I've some of the best stout in the whole island."

"Open a bottle, there's a good fellow, and then you shall tell me how you came to venture out here."

While Stivey was procuring the refreshment, Walter observed that the internal arrangements were as primitive as the outer aspect was rough and unfinished. The only seats in the place were unpainted cumbersome boxes, bristling in unexpected places with rusty nails. The corners were jagged, and designed apparently for the sole purpose of gashing an unwary hand, of ripping any cloth of merely ordinary strength. These cracked and splintered cases served also as tables, and Stivey, with a good deal of solemnity, placed the beer and some cold wutton on one of them by the side of his visitor, and then dropped upon the other end of the chest himself.

After watching Walter for a little time as he sat there eating and drinking with considerable relish, Mr. Blend thrust that monstrously large hand of his into a deep pocket cunningly-made inside his waistcoat, and brought from it an ancient, dropical-looking pocket-book.

One of the compartments of this book was filled with cards of various colours. One card, more thumbed and dogeared than the others, he took out and threw upon Walter's plate.

"That's what brought me here," he said defiantly. "If it hadn't a' been for that I should a' been in England now."

His visitor picked the card up and examined it with considerable curiosity.

Stivey watched him with a contemptuous curl of his lips: Walter could make nothing of it.

"That there," said Stivey, pecking with his long bony finger at a spot more dirty than the rest of the card, "is eleven hundred and fifty pound; that there," moving a little to the right, "is two pound, and these here," travelling down the card, "is the name of a horse, and the name of two races."

Walter peered at the card very intently; but though he assumed a very wise expression, he could decipher nothing. Mr. Blend's constant pecking had effectually destroyed all trace of the original writing.

"Now," Mr. Blend continued, with an air of triumph, "if that there horse had won them there two races, I should have had eleven hundred and fifty pound. Eleven—hundred—and—fifty—pound," he repeated slowly, dwelling with greatunction upon each word.

When he thought he had given his guest sufficient time to grasp the immensity of his statement, he continued in a low whisper—"And all for two pound."

"Dear me," said Walter, munching the mutton; "you don't say so! All for two pounds?"

"All for two pound—that's the beauty of it. All for two pound."

"And didn't you get it? By George, this is capital stout of yours, Stivey."

"I did not get it, Mr. Walter (here the speaker struck the box with his clenched fist, and sent one of the bottles rolling on to the floor); I lost that fortune by a fluke—the merest fluke in the world, and that's how I come out here."

It was very evident that Mr. Blend, just at this moment, wished to monopolise the conversation. When he paused Walter Barr waited silently, and with some humility, for him to proceed.

"I was never so sure of a double event before in my life," he continued presently. "I looked upon it as a 'moral.' There, I made that sure of it that I commenced to spend my winnings before the second race came off. The first was as right as the mail, and I didn't fear a little bit. I borrowed every bit of money I could, and me and the missis had a fine high old time of it, I can tell you."

The recollection of this "fine high old time," brings a placid smile to the speaker's face and he picks up the greasy ticket and fondles it affectionately.

"Well, sir," he went on, the smile slowly fading from his lengthening face, "for the whole week afore the second event it rained pitiful. My horse was no good on heavy ground—of course he wasn't." Mr. Blend, by his manner, evidently wished his listener to understand that no well-constituted animal, with a proper respect for itself, would have the smallest connection with heavy ground—"and—well the long and short of it was the double event didn't come off, and I was in a pretty deep hole."

Mr. Barr expressed his sympathy.

"Oh it wasn't the first disappointment of the kind by many a score, but I'd never made such a fool of myself before. I was what you may call properly boxed up, sir."

"Why did you not ask my father to help you? I am sure he would not have refused you."

"That's just it, and that's why I would rather have cut my hand off than have gone to him. It was quite enough for him to do to put me in a snug little public-house after a few years' service—it wasn't likely I was going to him for money. When I got rid of the public-house I couldn't have looked him in the face to have saved my life. How is the old gentleman, sir?"

"Dead," Walter answered in a low voice; "he has been dead now more than two years."

"Poor old gentleman! he was a good sort if ever there was one."

There was a trace of emotion in Blend's voice, and Mr. Barr, anxious not dwell upon the unpleasant theme, roused him saying—

"Well, what did you do at last?"

"I'll tell you, sir. When my missis knew the truth, she just took the reins, sir, and I had to be satisfied with a back seat. 'Stivey,' she says, 'these double events will be the ruin of you. You've have lost all your own money, and you've got very heavily into debt. I can see it all before me,' she says, 'like a book. You'll never rest satisfied until you've spent my bit of money too. But it shan't be, Stivey,' she says, 'I'm going to pack up all my belongings, and draw my money out of the bank, and off I'll be to my brother in New Zealand.' Then she softened a bit, and looking kinder coaxing like she said, 'if you like, Stivey, you can come too. But stay with you here I will not. Them double events is just worritting my life out. It didn't take me long to decide. 'You don't think we're going to part, do you, old lady?' I says, 'It ain't likely. I'll go with you, and that's a double event you can bet your last halfpenny upon.'"

"It was the best thing for you to do."

"Well, I don't know, sir. The climate somehow didn't suit the poor old soul, and six months after being here she gave me her last kiss, and went away for ever."

"Death, death!" murmured Walter. "Wherever I go I hear of nothing but death."

After a pause he continued—

"Have you done well here, Stivey?"

"I was doing great things up at the town, sir, but them double events got hold of me again, and—Well, sir, you see me here, and can guess how I came down to it. However I'm safe. There's no papers here, and no one to bet with, and so, Mr. Walter, unless something very queer turns up, I've done with double events for ever."

## CHAPTER III.

### DEMONSTRATED.

With a briak whistle Mr. Blend set about removing the empty bottles, and the mutton and the bread that Walter had left.

"I suppose," said the latter, "that I must now let you into the secret of my appearance here?"

"Aye, sir. Bless if you couldn't have knocked me down with a feather when I first recognized who you were."

"My story is no brighter than your own," was the reply, given with a faint sigh. "I have already told you that my father is dead—"

"One of the best—one of the best," Stivey broke in.

"Just before his unexpected decease I had married, and within a year of his death my little baby girl was born."

"Good."

"Unhappily for me my darling wife died in giving it birth—"

"You've had a double event, sir, to make your life wretched, just like me."

"And I was left a widower. The loss of my father, followed so closely by that of my wife, completely prostrated me. For a little time it was thought that I should join the m. However, I recovered, but my system was so shattered that I was compelled to seek health and distraction in travel. I found a kind home for my little pet, and set off for New Zealand."

"It's queer you should have pitched upon this spot."

"Noc at all. I have some old friends not very far from here."

Stivey opened his eyes inquiringly.

"Don't you know the Axons?"

"There's nobody about this part of the country that does not know Gregory Axon," was the reply. "Like your father, sir, one of the best—one of the very best."

"Gregory and I were friends as boys, and, what is more curious, I was at one time engaged to be married to his present wife."

Stivey Blend started, and regarded Walter with a queer, frightened look.

"And you are going there?" he asked.

"Why not?" Walter rejoined, observing, with much amusement, his companion's astonished expression. "Gregory and I never quarrelled over the affair, and, to confess the truth, my loss did not occasion me much unhappiness. It was a boyish fancy, and that was all. Surely, Stivey, you don't think that we're likely to fight a duel about the lady?"

The mere suggestion of such an encounter made Walter laugh with more heartiness than he had hitherto exhibited.

"I assure you," he added seriously, seeing that Stivey was in no way disposed to treat the matter humorously, "that we are the best of friends."

"Oh, he's right enough," said Stivey, in a dogged tone.

"Of course he's right enough. Gregory Axon is one of the best fellows in the world."

"Still, for all that, Master Walter, if you'd take my advice you wouldn't go."

Stivey spoke earnestly and with great decision.

Walter, Barr, being naturally of a nervous disposition, was, notwithstanding all self-efforts to conceal it, considerably discomposed by Mr. Blend's persistence.

"If you have any real reason for giving me such advice, Stivey, you should tell me what it is."

"Perhaps I haven't got any reason," said Stivey, apologetically, nodding his head, "and perhaps I have; but I don't see, Mr. Walter, husband and lover in the same house is one of them double events to be carefully avoided."

Walter looked relieved, and again laughed.

"But I am not her lover," he objected.

"He's all right," said Stivey, his voice sinking to a mysterious whisper; "but she's as hard as a nail."

"Impossible! She had one of the sweetest dispositions I ever met."

"Then she left it behind her when she came out here. She is as cold as marble and as heartless as a rock. There's not a man or woman for miles around that does not pity Gregory Axon. He got his double event when he married, and you were well out of it, sir."

"You amaze me!" cried Walter. "In England we all thought them the happiest couple in the world. Rhode was beloved by every one, and Gregory—well, you can guess how popular he was."

"It's queer," said Stivey, gravely shaking his head; "but the kinder Gregory is the worse she gets. He can't do anything to satisfy her, and that's a fact."

"Poor Rhode!" Walter sighed. "Something very strange must have happened to change her so. But it can't be Gregory's fault, I'm sure of that."

They sat silent for some little time, Stivey watching with some uneasiness the troubled expression upon Walter's face.

At length the younger man rose. "Your tidings have pained me very much," he said. "I expected to find everything so bright here, but it seems as though I could not fly from misery. Of course," he went on, "I must go and see my old friends. You must dismiss your fears, Stivey; no harm is likely to come to me. I may, indeed, by the means of restoring peace in that unhappy house."

"Now you've come so far," Blend answered, regretfully, "I suppose you must go on; but unless you want another 'double event,' sir, you'll get out of that house as quickly as you can."

As Walter rode thoughtfully toward Axon's homestead, some little time after this conversation, he murmured more than once—

"I must try and help Gregory—I must try and help him."

When he reached his destination it was early evening—a clear, exhilarating New Zealand evening—and not yet, spite the season of the year, too cold. All around was curiously still. Not even a dog barked at his approach. This was most unusual; but it occurred to him that possibly servants and dogs had been suddenly called away to make some place secure for the night. Evidently something of this kind had happened, for not a soul came out to greet him.

"I'll put my horse up myself," he said, "and then wait calmly for them in the house. Gregory will be surprised to find his old school-fellow in his easy-chair."

He had no difficulty in gaining admittance to the house. As he was ascending to the upper chamber, he heard the barking of dogs outside and men approaching.

"They are coming back," he said; "I must be quick and put myself into a striking position."

He pushed open the door of the room leading on to the verandah. It was almost dark here, but he could just distinguish the figure of a woman standing in the centre of the room.

"That's Rhode, I expect," he thought; "I'll surprise her."

Imitating her husband's voice, he cried, "Rhode!"

To his inexpressible horror and consternation, her reply was a wild piercing shriek. Then she ran towards him and seized his coat, crying the while—

"Help, help, he is murdering me! Help! Murder! Help!"

As she cried with frantic fierceness, he felt a hot, thick fluid spurt upon his face and hands. There was a sound of hasty feet upon the staircase. As a small body of eager men rushed into the room, the woman rolled upon the floor.

Here she clutched his trousers, and with a last effort cried—

"He has murdered me—he has murdered me!"

As her grasp relaxed, rough hands seized him, and Gregory Axon's voice was heard crying loudly for lights.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Intrusiveness.**

There are some duties, negative as well as positive, which are too subtle and delicate for rules, or even for much analysis. They must be felt in order to be comprehended, and in proportion to the keenness of perception and the sensitiveness of feeling will be the degree to which they are fulfilled. Prominent among these is the duty of non-intrusion. There are other rights which we are bound to respect besides those of life, liberty, and citizenship. The right that a man has to himself, to his own time, his thoughts, his opinions, his individuality, is not so thoroughly admitted as it deserves to be. Persons who would shrink with horror from the very thought of stealing a shilling from a business acquaintance will, without a shadow of compunction, rob him of time that is perhaps worth to him many shillings. We all know how an intrusive visit at an unreasonable time will sometimes compel us to choose between serious loss and inconvenience on the one hand and a breach of politeness on the other. And, although good judgment teaches us that the latter is the right course, and that the intruder has forfeited his claim to courteous treatment, it is still a painful position to occupy, and one in which he had no right to place us.

**England in Egypt.**

"Why is England interfering in Egypt? What right has she there? What interests of her own is she thereby securing? How came the English to be fighting in the Soudan?" These and similar questions are being asked by many correspondents. Although they have been more than once answered, it is well, perhaps, to repeat the information.

The reason why England has not only interfered in the affairs of Egypt, but has for several years practically assumed control over them, are two: One is a political, the other a financial reason.

The political reason arose when the Suez Canal was completed, running through the territory of Egypt, and connecting by a water-way the Mediterranean and the Red Seas. This great canal was opened in the autumn of 1869. England found that it shortened the voyage from her own shores to her great Indian Empire by more than one-third.

Inasmuch as that Empire has long been threatened by Russia, it became necessary that England should see that the Suez Canal was so guarded as to enable her to command and use it in time of need; and the only way for England to do this was to acquire a commanding influence over the Egyptian government.

The financial reason why England is in control of Egyptian affairs is the fact that Egypt is a debtor to a large body of English holders of her bonds and other securities; and it became necessary that the finances of Egypt should be managed so as to pay her creditors their interest, and at the same time, if possible, preserve the Egyptian treasury from hopeless bankruptcy.

The late ruler of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, spent enormous sums of money on public works and improvements. He sunk large sums in the Suez Canal, and thereby at last reduced his treasury to the verge of bankruptcy. He was dethroned by English influence, and his son, Tewfik, was made Khedive in his place.

Then England united with France in the effort to adjust the Egyptian finances. A system called the "dual control" was established, by which an English and a French commissioner took charge of the collection and expenditure of the Egyptian revenues.

After a time France withdrew from this arrangement, and England was left to the sole control of the Egyptian administration. The government under Tewfik was feeble and inefficient, and it soon appeared that English influence had become paramount, and was really the ruling power.

But now a revolt against this state of things took place in Egypt. Arabi Pasha, Minister of War, headed a large native party, and the greater part of the Egyptian army, in resisting foreign interference with Egyptian affairs. He took possession of Alexandria, the chief port, and seemed on the point of overthrowing the feeble Khedive.

Then the English resolved to keep their hold on Egypt, and maintain the Khedive they had set on his throne, bombarded Alexandria, drove Arabi Pasha from it, followed him up with an army, and overwhelmingly defeated him, scattered his forces, and took him prisoner, at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

Scarcely had Arabi's overthrow been achieved, when a fresh revolt broke out far to the southward, in the vague, desert region called "the Soudan." This region was conquered by the Egyptians sixty years ago; and its chief towns, scattered far apart from each other along the Nile and in the deserts, were garrisoned by Egyptian troops.

The people of the Soudan had always been oppressed and ill-treated by their Egyptian conquerors, and were ripe for revolt. An Arab named Mahdi Mohammed had already made his appearance in the Soudan, proclaiming himself the prophet of Islam, the successor of Mohammed, commissioned by God to restore Mohammedan power throughout the world. This was the man so well-known as the "Mahdi," or "The False Prophet."

The revolt of the Mahdi in the Soudan was thus of a two-fold nature. It had the double aim of throwing off the Egyptian yoke, and of beginning a new Moslem

crusade. The Mahdi began to attack, capture and massacre the Egyptian garrisons with his wild Arab hordes; and soon the revolt grew so formidable that it seemed to threaten Egypt proper itself.

Great Britain, resolved both to retain its hold on Egypt and to maintain the existing government, now "advised"—the advice really being a command—the Khedive to give up the Soudan, and to withdraw his garrisons from it. But this proved a task too difficult for the weak Egyptian administration. So England, to help Egypt out of the difficulty, herself undertook to relieve and to withdraw the garrisons in the Soudan.

This is how Gordon came to be sent to Khartoum, and how it is that English troops have been operating in the Soudan. It is the reason why General Graham has been and is still fighting Osman Digna, a lieutenant of the Mahdi, near Suakin; and why the troops of Lord Wolseley are encamped on the Nile.

In a word, England maintains her grasp on Egypt, because she must control the water-way of the Suez Canal, and because she must guard the interests of the English creditors of the Egyptian Government. And she has been operating in the Soudan because she wishes at the same time to rid Egypt of the burden of ruling that large hostile territory, to get away from it the Egyptian garrisons, and to protect Egypt from the conquering advance of the Mahdi into her territory.

**How to Make a Good Wife.**

No apology is necessary for giving the following rules. Every married lady will at once see our object. Cut the piece out, and some morning before he gets up, paste it in your "old man's" hat. It will no doubt prove the coup de grace to your marital happiness:—

Don't fail to give her words of approbation whenever you can conscientiously approve.

Be attentive and courteous to her. Be cheerful when you enter your house. Don't be afraid to praise the neat room and bright fire.

Don't be afraid to praise her mending and her skill in fashioning and making.

Let your conduct be such that she will be proud of you.

Be so upright that she will be happy in teaching your children to honor you.

Give your family some of your attention. Tell them of the amusing things that have brightened your day's labor.

Speak kindly to your children.

Play and talk with them a few moments after supper.

Interest yourself in your wife's employment.

Encourage her when she is down-hearted. Be glad with her when she is happy.

Don't wait to tell the world upon marble that which will be so grateful to her loving heart to hear from your lips.

Share with her your good fortune as unselfishly as you do your ill.

**Esteem.**

Many persons who most earnestly crave for approval are for ever disappointed, because they fall into the common mistake of thinking that they ought to have what they intensely desire. Nothing is ever gained in this way. No one ever grew rich or famous, or superior in any art or achievement, by idly longing to become so; so no one ever gained the esteem of his fellow men by merely wishing for it, even never so ardently. He must acquire the right to be esteemed before he can reasonably hope to be so. He must cultivate qualities worthy of admiration; he must form a character that shall command respect; he must pursue a line of conduct at once honorable and self-respecting. This alone is the road to the esteem of those whose esteem is worth having. The direct efforts which weak-minded persons make to gain favor by suppressing their real selves and pretending to be what they suppose will be admired by those whom they flatter are worse than futile; they merely earn the contempt and failure which all deceit and hypocrisy deserve.

**Time Not Measurable.**

The successive changes in finite things as they begin and end give us an idea of time, and if these things were taken away we would have no idea of time whatever. "If all created things were taken away, all possibility of any mutation or succession of anything to another would appear to be removed. Time is nothing but the existence of created successive beings. So that unless the things did exist we would have no time. Time, therefore, is the changes in finite successive things. Time is present, past, and future; the change in a thing is called the present; but this is succeeded by another change which become the present, and the change that preceded is now called the past; the future is a change predetermined to succeed the present, but has not yet taken place. Time is said to be measured by seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, &c. But this is a deception; time cannot be measured, it is only the changes of the duration of things that is measured. All our ideas of time and its measurement are originally drawn from the changes in the heavenly bodies. The revolution of the earth round the sun is called a year, and that of the moon round the earth is called a month, and that of the earth round its own axis is a day. But the relative changes of earth and sun during the day called hours, minutes, are indicated by the shadow of an object caused by the sun. Thus it is the changes in finite things that are measured, and it is the duration in relation to these changes that is called time. But, strictly and philosophically speaking, time is not measurable, for it has no parts; you cannot divide time, so that between the parts, there is no time. Time having no parts, is therefore a whole, a unit, and that unity is eternity; so that what we call time is the partial consideration of eternity in relation to the duration of the existence and the changes in created finite beings.

**Mad as a Hatter.**

"Mad as a hatter" is usually held to signify, or to have once signified, that, in popular estimation, the manufacturers or dealers in hats were madder than other people when madness afflicted them. This error—like most vulgar errors—has a marvellous tenacity of life, but possesses not the slightest foundation in fact or in common sense. Slang words and phrases, however modern they may appear to be, are, in reality, the oldest words in the English language, and date from the pre-Saxon period, when the inhabitants of these islands spoke either Kymrio or Gaelic, the two principal divisions of the widely diffused Keltic that formerly pervaded the whole of western and central Europe. In the Keltic—still spoken in Ireland and the west highlands of Scotland, and known as Erse, or Gaelic—at signifies to swell, to bluster, to rage; whence stair and aireachd—swelling, raging, blustering. The word was applied in Bardic poetry to a cataract of foaming and raging waters. The phrase remained in English long after its original meaning was lost, and English philologists, ignorant of the Keltic, endeavored to explain it from a Teutonic or Saxon root, and so laid the foundation of the popular error: that still finds favor with the dictionaries. "Mad as a hatter" merely means mad as a person like a torrent in a blustering rage or fury.

**A NATURAL DESIRE.**—To desire the approbation goodwill and esteem of others is a natural and perfectly legitimate feeling, and one which largely conduces to the welfare and morality of every community. It is folly to try to banish it as a motive power, to depreciate it as being an unworthy source of action, to despise those who are influenced by it; all this is simply fighting against nature, and in every such battle defeat is certain. While men and women are woven together in the web of social relations, and dependent upon one another for their happiness, and even their very existence, so long will the desire of enjoying the esteem of one another continue to form a strong and a valuable influence in their lives.



Temperance Department.

The Tobacco Habit.

This, habit when thoroughly fixed upon an individual, is scarcely less difficult of abandonment, in many cases, than the use of opium. Some persons are able to renounce their accustomed pipe or cigar at once, even after the habit has been indulged for many years, while others are only able to succeed after repeated attempts.

Treatment.—The secret of success in the treatment of the tobacco habit, is in relieving the system entirely from influence of the drug as quickly as possible. This is best done after the patient has discontinued the habit, by the use of hot-air, vapor, Turkish and Russian baths, or by the use of the wet-sheet pack. The last-named remedy is quite as effective as any of the others. The odor of nicotine can be distinguished in the perspiration of a patient long accustomed to the use of tobacco, for several days after the habit has been discontinued. Electricity, preferably in the form of galvanization of the spine, fomentations to the spine, leg baths, with cold applications to the head, fomentations over the stomach and liver, and frequent dry-hand rubbing are very effective measures of allaying the nervousness from which many patients suffer, after dispensing with their usual pipe or cigar. We have treated hundreds of patients for the tobacco habit, and have rarely failed to obtain complete success by the above measures, well backed up by the co-operation of the patient, within a week or ten days. Substitutes for tobacco are utterly worthless. As was remarked with reference to substitutes for alcoholic drinks, anything which would produce the same effect would be equally detrimental, and nothing else would be accepted by a tobacco-user as a substitute. The so-called substitutes which are now sold quite extensively, undoubtedly contain a considerable proportion of tobacco. At least, this has been the case with those we have examined.—Good Health.

The Work-Ours For Sleeplessness.

John B. Gough says that work is the best cure for sleeplessness. He relates that the celebrated Lyman Beecher used to keep a wagon-load of sand in the cellar, and after his evening sermon he used to go down and shovel it from one side to the other. The vigorous exercise coaxed the blood away from his brain into his muscles, so he was prepared for healthful and refreshing sleep. Sometimes, when unusually wide awake, the old gentleman would take down his violin, and work himself into a sleepy mood by amateur fiddling. The narrator does not mention the effect of the fiddling upon the other members of the household. "Amateur fiddling" does not usually exert the most somniferous influence imaginable. The exercise prescription we can endorse without qualification. The persuasive effects of fiddling upon the sleepy god, Morpheus, would probably depend upon circumstances.

Such methods are much more natural and much safer than the many resorts to alcohol or tobacco to soothe disquieted nerves.

IT DON'T PAY.

It don't pay to have ten smart, active, intelligent boys transformed into thieves to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling them liquor.

It don't pay to have fifty workmen ragged, to have one saloon-keeper dressed in broad-cloth and flush with money.

It don't pay to have one citizen in the county jail because another citizen sells him liquor.

It don't pay to have one citizen in the lunatic asylum because another citizen sells him liquor.

It don't pay to hang one citizen because another citizen sells him liquor.

NEWS AND NOTES

Temperance readers of TRUTH desiring any leading temperance book, pamphlet or tract mailed to them will do well to communicate with this office. The editor of TRUTH will always be happy to accommodate any of its friends by selecting and purchasing such books as may be desired. There is a very large variety to select from in Toronto book-tories. In all cases please send the money

with the order, as it is not possible to open accounts of that class in the office.

TOBACCO AND DIVORCE.—A Michigan female physician has found the cause of many divorces to be tobacco. She reasons that tobacco affects the sympathetic nerves which control the heart; that these nerves become paralyzed, and the husband is estranged from his wife. But when the wife becomes estranged from the husband, what paralyzes the sympathetic nerve then?—[Detroit Post.

AT LAST.—Public Opinion, a leading English weekly journal, publishes the following. It is the history of hundreds:—

The reeling drunkard homeward turns From drinking at the wayside inn; His brow is hot, and fevered burns His dense benumbed brain within. His coils are gone, for which he wept; To drown his sorrows hard he strives; The cease of shame within has slept, And drink he must—the devil drives.

His wife and children starve at home, No ray of hope illumines his sight; For work around his vain to roam He finds that "Might is always right." The river's dark and rolling tide Is all for him that now survives; He plunges on his bosom wide— The helpless wretch the devil drives;

FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.—An exchange gives the following:—"A father who had been using tobacco from the early age of five years, was challenged by his oldest son to take the triple pledge. He came forward with the boy and said: 'This is one of the hardest battles I have ever been in—'nigh life, but I can't go back on my boy.' Both put on the badge: 'Total abstinence from liquor and tobacco.'" There are a good many fathers to whom a word ought to be spoken about the example they are setting before their sons regarding tobacco using. Tobacco using is an expensive habit, an offensive habit, an unnecessary and injurious habit, and the young boys whose habits are not yet formed ought not to have their fathers setting a questionable example before them regarding it. Who need be surprised when a young boy begins to use tobacco when he sees his father using it every day?

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTION.—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the United States has been working hard for some time past towards having provision made for scientific temperance instruction in the common schools, with a view of properly educating the children in regard to the danger of intoxicating liquors. Writing of the success of these efforts, Miss Frances E. Willard says:—"Much has already been accomplished in this direction. Every one of the admirable normal schools of the State of New York is obliged to make a speciality of drilling the teachers in hygienic physiology with special reference to the effects of alcoholic stimulants and narcotics. The same is true of Michigan, Vermont, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. Every child in those States must be equally instructed in this branch of study. This area comprises one-seventh of all the school children in the nation. Missouri's Legislature has adopted the same law, and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania are almost sure to follow before their sessions close. Nor is there a State or a territory in the nation wherein we are not making strenuous efforts to secure a similar law.

THE NORTH-WEST.—The Marquis of Lorne, who is a contributor to the Boys Own, tells the boys of England how prohibition works in the north-west, in very entertaining fashion. Writing of the transition from the provinces to the north-west territory and what may be seen on crossing the line he says: "You will soon observe at one of the stations a fine-looking trooper, clean, soldier-like, with white helmet and brass spike on head, scarlet jacket and broad yellow-striped trousers, boots, spurs, and carbine in hand. This is a member of the north-west mounted police—a force now five hundred strong, and having charge to keep order throughout the country between this and the Rocky Mountains. This cavalry regiment is well horsed and well officered, and woe to any whisky trader whose barrels may come within their sight, for, owing to the trouble which spirituous liquors are sure to produce amongst the Indians, as well as amongst the white settlers in the initial stages of a country's development, none are allowed. Entertaining traders bring them in carts from the south, and often an exciting race occurs between the horses of the traders and the police, who have perhaps a long stern chase to undertake, but who finally ride up with pistols presented and make

our friend disgorge his goods, which are forthwith flung upon the ground."

HOW THE BEDOONS CONQUER THIRST.—In the "Waterless Land," water is the paramount question. If it be asked how a large body of Bedouins, like the ten thousand who nearly destroyed the British squares at Tamai, manage to subsist, the reason is plain. In the first place, they do not need so enormous trains required for an European army. They are the most abstemious of men. Each man carries a skin of water and a small bag of grain, procured by purchase or barter from caravans. Their camels and goats move with them, supplying them with milk and meat, and subsisting upon the scanty herbage and the foliage of the thorny mimosa, growing in secluded wadies. These people could live upon the increase of their flocks alone, which they exchange readily for other commodities; but being the exclusive carriers and guides for all the travel and commerce that cross their deserts, they realize yearly large amounts of money. As to water, they know every nook and hollow in the mountains, away from the trails, where a few barrels of water collect in some shaded ravine, and they can scatter, every man for himself, to fill their waterkins. On my first expedition, near the close of the three year's drought, I reached some wells on which I was depending, and found them entirely dry. It was several days to the next wells. But my Bedouin guides knew some natural reservoirs in the hills about six miles off. So they took the water camels at nightfall, and came back before daylight with the water-skins filled. An invading army would find it hard to obtain guides, and even if they did they must keep together and could not leave the line of march to look for water. Besides, the Bedouins, accustomed from infancy to regard water as most precious and rare, use it with wonderful economy. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. As to washing, they never indulge in such wasteful nonsense. When Bedouins came to my camp water was always offered them. Their answer would frequently be: "No, thanks; I drank yesterday." They know too well the importance of keeping up the habit of abstemiousness. No wonder they can subsist where invaders would quickly perish.—Century.

INSANITY FROM INTEMPERANCE.—On this highly important question Dr. J. B. Johnson, of Washington, has recently written as follows:—

"It is a well ascertained fact among those scientific physicians who have given special attention to the causes most prolific in the production of derangements of the mind, that of all single causes of insanity drunkenness is not only the most powerful but more than any other single cause incites the operations of other causes of insanity, and will at an earlier age develop sooner or more frequently any hereditary tendency to insanity than all other exciting causes combined, and that almost one-half of the idiotic children born are of parents who are habitual drunkards. Modern writers have the evidence that these facts were observed by ancient authors. Plutarch says that one drunkard begot another, and Aristotle taught that drunken women bring forth children like themselves; and the fidelity of these observations has been confirmed by the experience of centuries. If the drunkard does not always transmit insanity to his children, he surely entails upon them a propensity to drunkenness and frail constitutions. Such children are commonly delicate, weak, and nervous, bearing a visible absence of strength and vital energy; and this bodily frailty is accompanied by apparent mental waywardness, and the development of scrofulous diseases. It may be stated, without an exception, that a healthy condition of mind and body cannot co-exist with drunkenness, and that the habitual use of alcoholic drinks will sooner or later cause imbecility, insanity, or death. No truth should be more repeatedly and emphatically impressed upon the popular mind than that of the unmistakable and indubitably disease-producing character of drunkenness, and if the mind of one portion of the community more than the other should be sincerely impressed with the truth of the hereditary nature of drunkenness, the female claims pre-eminence, for upon her well being falls the greater force of the direct and reflected torture and misery of the sin of drunkenness."

GOOD TEMPLARS.

OTTAWA.—Regarding Cameron Lodge, Rev. E. Starr writes:—When several members of Cameron Lodge started "No Surrender" a few months ago, some fears were entertained that it might militate against us, but it seems that new life has been infused in our old members. Every meeting during this quarter, so far, we have had initiations. At last meeting we had five proposals for membership and one initiation. We have just got a new set of officers' regalia, costing \$37.00, and have a balance in the treasury. We made up \$75 in aid of Scott Act expenses in Carlton Co. We believe in showing our faith in God, and in the principles of our Order, by works. The new Lodge is also doing well. In fact I think there will be an increase from every Lodge in Carlton County.

A Temperance Acrostic.

Ishmael and Hagar were driven from home; Daniel and David prayed much when alone; B was suddenly killed by a fall; Titus and Timothy preached with St. Paul. E abas was proud, immodest and mean; S orah paid homage to gods that were mute.

S olomon's wisdom no one can dispute, N abal and Nimrod were men of renown; U riah, the King, was marked with God's frown. F estus unwisely sold Paul was it true? F ellix wrought actions deserving some.

T ertullus a servant of Jesus accused; O g a slight favor to Israel refused. B aliam, when angry, ill-treated his ass; A braham's faith 'twould be hard to surpass. C alia's ill behaviour no one can defend; C hedersloemer was slain by God's friend. O rpha loved idols as well as her home.

A hab's misdeeds caused Elijah to roam, N amin, by washing in Jordan, was healed, D avid, when tried, to his Maker appealed.

L ezer by Job was cruelly slain; L amech's ideas were foolish and vain. L uccifer fell in the midst of his pride;

I srael, in trouble to Moses applied. N aboth, the Jew, had a resolute mind. T obias was base, a scoundrel unkind. O nri wrought actions unworthy a king; N erres an army to Europe did bring. I saac, through fear, once uttered a lie; C aleb, we read, was a most faithful spy. A dam soon yielded when tempted by Eve; T hemis was slain 'orn a' slow to believe. I saiah, by faith, saw Jesus expire; N adab was slain by Jehovah with fire; G ollath, of Gath, was slain by a youth;

D emas, one time, was a lover of truth. B euben committed a terrible deed; I mmmanuel's death the sinner has freed. N echoh, the monarch, descended from Ham; G oth was wife to a God-fearing man. S ome monarchs were godly, David was one

Music and Drama.

Miss Minnie Palmer's visit to this city after an absence of three or four years, was received with very great favor. Coming almost direct from the scene of her London triumphs, and with the English press still sounding her praises, her return to Toronto had awakened considerable interest. The Grand was filled at every performance with large, fashionable, and appreciative audiences. Miss Palmer herself is as beautiful, piquant, vivacious, and natural as ever, and her playing was received with marked evidences of approval. "My Sweetheart" is not a very powerfully built play, but the part in which Miss Palmer appears is eminently suited to her, and enables her to display her peculiar faculties of girlish naturalness and excessive exuberance of spirits to such an extent that the hearts of the audience are at once captured, and henceforth the little woman is mistress of the situation.

The attraction at Montford's Museum last week was unusually strong. Manning & Drew's company is composed of some of the best variety actors on the continent, and the large audiences at the Museum at every performance testified to the excellence of the entertainment. This week "The Bad Boy" is playing his pranks.

John C. Friend, the editor of "Friend's Music and Drama," the bright and new dramatic paper of New York, has written a play entitled "True Nobility," which Manager McVicker, of Chicago, has secured to open his new reconstructed theatre about July 1st. The play is spoken of as being unusually strong in dialogue and situations, and very original in plot, and Manager McVicker—who is perhaps the shrewdest man in the profession, and knows a good thing when he sees it—expects to make a big success with it.

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**Our Young Folks.**

**CANOE AND RIFLE ON THE ORINOCO.**

**IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.**

**OUR FIRST CROCODILE.**

"Hurrah! There's the northeast corner of South America! Come up here, Ben!" A cheery young voice shouted these words down the companion-way of a vessel just entering the Boca Grande, or "Grand Mouth," which connects the Carribbean Sea with the Gulf of Paria. The vessel was the American brig Golden Fleece, Capt. Armstrong, sixteen days from New York, bound for Port of Spain, Trinidad; and the time was early morning in February, not very long ago. The sun was just rising; the breeze was light but steady, and the vessel was carrying every sail to catch it. Viewed from the stern, the low, dark hull was covered by a huge pyramid of motionless milk-white canvas. She seemed to be sailing over the dark blue water with outstretched wings, as an eagle sails, without a flap of his pinions.

In response to the invitation to "come up here," Ben came up with more haste than ceremony.

"Where is your South America?" he inquired, eagerly.

"There it is," answered the first occupant of the deck, pointing westward across the heaving waves toward a chain of hazy blue mountains that seemed to rise abruptly from the sea.

"That's really South America, is it?" said he who came when Ben was called.

"Yes, sir. That's the land of big game!" cried the younger man, with enthusiasm. "Big boa constrictors, big crocodiles and ant-eaters and pumas and jaguars!"

"Hold on! hold on!" "Coffee's ready, gemmen," said the dusky steward, protruding his woolly head from the hatchway; and with merry laughter and jokes the two friends went below for an early breakfast.

Both were young men, full of youthful enthusiasm, bound for the Orinoco River on a hunting expedition. The younger of the two, David King, was not quite twenty, but the other, Benjamin Chester, was six years older. Both were enthusiastic travellers, but they preferred the wilds of nature to all the attractions of cities. The forests and streams of the tropics lured them with irresistible power; this was their second hunting and exploring trip together. David was an ardent amateur naturalist as well as hunter and traveller, and had learned how to pay the expenses of each trip by the collection and sale of natural history specimens. In the city where he had been a college student there was a large scientific museum, in which he not only learned how to collect specimens successfully, but had learned the mysterious art of taxidermy as well.

The director of the museum, Prof. Howard, who was himself a great traveller and collector, took much interest in the schemes of "his boys," as he playfully called the young naturalists, who looked to him for advice, sympathy and assistance; and he had taken great pains to teach David the market value of plants, birds, reptiles and fishes.

It seems almost strange that such things should have a market value, but they have; and like precious stones, the rarest and finest objects are worth the most money. Specimens which are not well preserved are generally worthless; but those which have been selected, prepared and preserved with skill and care are nearly always salable. For example: Prof. Howard had advised David and Ben that the skin and skeleton of a large manatee, or "sea-cow," is worth one hundred dollars; a great ant-eater, fifty dollars; the skin of a large jaguar, thirty dollars, and a copy bone skeleton, twelve dollars. When properly prepared, crocodile skins are worth about three dollars per foot, and rough skeletons the same price.

**EQUIPMENTS.**

The two hunters were well equipped for work in the tropics. Their outfit included a carefully selected stock of skinning knives and instruments of various kinds, arsonical soap in cans, powdered alum, a barrel of alcohol, and a large scrow-top collecting can. They did not carry salt with them, for that can be bought in nearly every village of civilized inhabitants on the globe.

Benjamin Chester was a man full of ideas and experiments, and his gun was the result of his thirst for improvements. None of his friends had ever seen anything like it, nor had he either for that matter, until it came home from the gun maker, it having been made expressly for him. It was a double-barrelled breech-loader, of which the right-hand barrel was for shot, and the other a rifle. As a weapon for general use in a country of large and small game, it certainly had its advantages.

David had a beautifully accurate Maynard rifle, calibre .40, and a double breech-loading shot-gun, No. 12. Both hunters were also provided with revolvers, hunting-knives and a fine stock of ammunition. They went with the intention of making a collection which could be sold on their return for enough money to pay the expenses of their, to them, very expensive trip. Their personal means were slender, as those of most western boys are apt to be; and it was really quite necessary that the trip should pay, if they ever wished to take another.

The *Golden Fleece* sailed proudly through the Boca Grande, with the bold, rock cliffs of Trinidad rising perpendicularly out of the deep water three miles to eastward, and the mountains of Venezuela looming up only seven miles distant toward the west. Three hours later the vessel came to anchor in the harbor of Port of Spain, the pretty capital of the island, and the passengers hastened ashore.

In the sights to be seen at Port of Spain alone the travellers could have found enough to interest them for several weeks. Just then, however, they had only time for a quick, absorbing glance at the beautiful coconut groves and the gardens full of wonderful palms, orange and banana trees, cacti, ferns and oleanders: at the gaily-dressed, much-bejewelled and comely coolies from far-off Calcutta, the homely, hard-working Chinese from Hong Kong, and the wonders of the fish market—sharks, turtles and curious smaller fry. For the mysterious Orinoco lay near their feet, and beckoned them on. No one could tell them what they would find there, nor how they would find it.

"There is a boat called the *Heroe* which plies between this port and the city of Bolivar up the Orinoco, and it starts day after to-morrow, late in the afternoon. The fare is twenty dollars." Such was David's report to his friend after a tour of inquiry.

"All right!" answered Ben. "We can send our luggage aboard of her from the *Fleece*, and save the trouble of bringing it ashore."

"And the captain of the *Heroe* says," continued David, "that we ought to take enough provisions from here to last us while we are in the jungle; for everything is very dear in Bolivar, and a great many things cannot be bought at all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**TIED TO THE MAST.**

BY DAVID KER.

"Tell us a story, Papa," chorused half a dozen voices. "We must have a story."

"Oh, you've heard all my yarns already," answered Captain Martingale laughing. "If you want a story, this gentleman will tell you one."

"This gentleman" was a tall, broad-chested man, with a thick black beard which was fast turning gray, who had come in just before dinner, and had been warmly welcomed by the Captain. A very grim fellow he looked as he sat in the great oaken chair, with the fire-light playing fitfully on his dark, bearded, weather-beaten face; and Robert, the eldest boy (who was very fond of books of travel and adventure) whispered to his brother Dick that "this man looked just like one of the pirates who used to haunt the Gulf of Mexico."

"Am I to tell you a story?" asked the visitor, in a deep, hoarse voice, quite as practical as his appearance. "Well, then,

listen: There was once a poor boy who had no father or mother, no friends, and no home except the wet, dirty fore-castle of a trading schooner. He had to go about barefoot in the cold and rain, with nothing on but an old ragged flannel shirt and a pair of sail-cloth trousers; and instead of landing on beautiful islands, and digging up buried treasures, and having a good time all round, like the folks in the story-books, he got kick and cuffing from morning till night, and sometimes had a sound thrashing with a rope's end into the bargain."

Bob's bold face grew very blank as he listened. He had privately a great longing for a sailor's life, and this account of it (given, too, by a man who seemed to know what he was talking about) was very different from what he had dreamed of.

"All the sailors were very rough and ugly to him," went on the speaker, "but the worst of all was the Captain himself. He had been very badly treated himself when he was a boy, and so (as some men will) he took a delight in ill-treating somebody else in the same way. Many a time did he send the poor little fellow aloft when the ship was rolling and the wind blowing hard, and more than once he beat him so cruelly that the poor lad almost fainted with the pain."

"Wicked wretch!" cried Bob, indignantly. "I hope he got drowned, or eaten up by savages!"

"Or taken for a slave himself, and well thrashed every day," suggested Dick.

"Oh no, Bob," said little Helen, who was sitting on a low stool at her father's feet; "I hope he was sorry for being so cruel, and got very good."

The strange guest stooped and lifted the little girl into his lap and kissed her. Helen nestled close to him, and looked wonderingly up in his face; for he bent his head toward her, something touched her forehead in the darkness that felt very much like a tear.

"Well," resumed the speaker, after a short pause, "the schooner, heading eastward across the Indian Ocean, came at last among the Maldivo Isles, where it's always very dangerous sailing. The coral islands, which lie in great rings or 'atolls' all around like so many strings of beads, are so low and flat that even in the daytime it's not easy to avoid running aground upon them; but at night you might as well try to walk in the dark through a room full of stools without tumbling over one of them."

"Of course the Captain had to be always on deck looking out, and that didn't make his temper any the sweeter, as you may think. So that very evening, when the cabin-boy had displeased him in some way, what does he do but tell the men to sling him up into the rigging and tie him hand and foot to the mast."

"But the cowards were soon paid for their cruelty. They were so busy tormenting the poor lad that none of them noticed how the sky was darkening to windward; and all at once a squall came down upon them as suddenly as the cut of a whip. In a moment the sea all round was like a boiling pot, and crash went the ship over on her side, and both the masts went by the board (fell down into the sea, that is,) carrying the boy with them."

"It was just as well for poor Harry that he had been tied to the mast, otherwise the sea would have swept him away like a straw. Even as it was, he was almost stifled by the bursting of the waves over his head. He was still peering into the darkness to try if he could see anything of the ship, when there came a tremendous crash and a terrible cry and then dead silence. The vessel had been dashed upon a coral reef and stove in, and the sea, breaking over her, had swept away every man on board."

"But storms in those parts pass away as quickly as they come; and it was not long before the sea began to go down, the clouds rolled away, the moon broke forth in all its glory. Then Harry, finding that the rope which tied his arms had been a good deal strained by the shock that carried away the mast, managed to free one hand and unbind the other arm and his feet. Just then a face rose from the water within a few yards of him and Harry recognized his enemy, the cruel Captain."

"There he was, the man who had abused, starved, and beaten him, dying, or just about to die, almost within reach of safety. Though barely twice his own length divided him from the floating mast, so strong was the eddy against which the Captain was battling in vain that he had no more chance of reaching it than if it had been a mile

away. A few moments more, and he would have sunk, never to rise again; but the sight of that white, ghastly face, and those wild, despairing eyes were too much for Harry. He lunged out the rope that he held; the Captain clutched it, and in another minute was safe on the mast, rescued by the boy he had been so cruel to."

"Oh—oh!" said Bob, drawing a long breath.

"I'm so glad!" piped Helen's tiny voice. "I was so afraid he would let the poor Captain drown."

"About sunrise," continued the guest, "Some natives, who were out fishing in a small boat, caught sight of them and came to the rescue. The Maldivo islanders are much better fellows than the Malays, farther east, and they took good care of them both for a month or so, till at last an outward-bound English brig that had been blown out of her course touched at the island where they were, and took them off."

"And what happened to them after that?" asked all the children at once.

"The little cabin-boy," answered the story-teller, "became as smart a seaman as every walked a deck, and got the command of a fine ship by-and-by; and now" (laying his hand upon their father's shoulder) here he sits."

"Papa!" cried the amazed children. "Were you the little boy?"

"But what became of the Poor Captain who was so cruel?" asked little Helen, wistfully.

"Why, here he sits," said her father, grasping the story-teller's hand, "and he's the best friend I have in this world."

**He Would Rather not Tell.**

Children, as a rule, do tell the truth in situations which are often very trying to their elders. The *St. Paul Globe* gives an illustration of an embarrassing position, and the way in which it was mastered. "For long time," said a pretty society lady, "I used every Sunday to teach a class of little boys at the Mission School, which was a branch of our church."

"There was quite a large number of scholars, ranging from eight to fourteen years old, and they were just as bright and good-natured as I could have wished. But the first day of my taking the class I was amused. I wanted to know the names of the children, where they lived, and all about them."

"I questioned each in turn, and found the answers quite satisfactory, until I came to a bright little fellow about ten years old. He told me his name and where he lived, but when I asked his father's business, he did not at once reply."

"I reassured him with my brightest smile, but he still insisted that he 'guessed he couldn't tell me that.'"

"My curiosity was roused, and I made up my mind to know all about it. Thinking of dynamiters, burglars and all sorts of dreadful people, it was with some trepidation that I insisted on the truth. His confession came in a whisper—

"My papa is the bearded lady twice a week at the Dime Museum!"

**The Dancing Pea.**

Push a pin half-way through a green pea, making the two ends as nearly as possible the same weight; i. e., let the point come a little more than half-way through. Then break off the stem of a common clay pipe, and the toy will be complete.

To make the pea dance, put it on top of the pipe stem, the point of the pin sticking down the bore. Throw your head back, so that the stem may be held vertically, and blow gently. This will make the pea rise; keep blowing harder, until the pea rises entirely from the pipe and is supported in the air. It will now begin to spin round and round and turn over and over, all the while bobbing up and down, as long as the current of air is kept up.

The dance may be changed by pushing the pin up to its head. The pea will now rise to the top of the pipe, and dance slowly and with great dignity around the edge; or, if the blast is a little stronger, it will spin rapidly, unless the blower stops to laugh, when it is apt to fall into the open mouth below.

# THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 22.

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

The following attractive and well written story has been chosen as our prize story for the present week. The sender can obtain the Watch offered as the prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and registration.

## A TALE OF THE SEA.

SENT BY JANE LOGAN, PERTH, SCOTLAND.

We were sitting one sunny morning on the esplanade at Weymouth, my dear old friend Colonel Ramsay and I, watching with interest the movements of an unusually large vessel at some distance from the land. Accustomed to see vessels of all sizes and builds, I knew at once that she was no mere merchantman; and for some time, as she approached little by little, and showed a lofty side and a forest of spars, both the colonel and I were inclined to think her a large ironclad, probably detached from the Channel Fleet. But as her distance lessened, and we saw that her lofty sides were painted white, and were scored along their whole length with small square ports, we knew that she was one of those great Indian troopships employed by the Admiralty for the special purpose of carrying our soldiers in safety and comfort to and from our Eastern dependency. Presently she rounded the Breakwater, headed for the anchorage in Portland, and in doing so, passed behind the Nothe Fort and out of our sight.

"Ah, my dear madam," said the colonel, as he removed and wiped his glasses, "they take more care of the British subaltern now-a-days than they did when I joined the service. Nobody had ever heard of a troopship in those days; we just took a passage in any vessel that was available, no matter if she was fit for the work or not; and where these ships take weeks, we used to take months, and regard it as a matter of course."

"Yes," said I; "I have often read of difficulties, and even dangers, incurred by our troops on their Indian voyage; but I used to think them probably greatly exaggerated."

"Exaggerated, madam!" quoth the colonel hotly. "Say, rather, not a tenth part was told. I once, on my first voyage, encountered perhaps the most bloodthirsty pirate that then sailed the seas."

"How terrible!" I cried. "A pirate! I thought a vessel carrying troops would be certainly safe from such an attack."

"Stay!" interrupted the colonel. "I have not said that the ship was full of armed troops; though even in that case she might be unequal to the task of driving off a determined pirate. But the case I am speaking of was very different, and if you care to hear it, I will tell it to you."

"I should like it very much," I said; "the attraction of a story of real life is too great to be resisted."

"Very well," said the old colonel; "then you shall have it, whether worthy of your interest or not. You must know," he continued, "that when I joined the army—more than fifty years ago—I was gazetted to a regiment then quartered in the West Indies; and on making inquiries as to my passage, I was informed that a vessel would shortly sail for that station and that some other officers, belonging to my own and other regiments, would take a passage in her. She was a barge of about seven hundred tons, called the *Alfred*, and I joined her at Gravesend. A smart, trim, little craft she was; and her captain prided himself on her appearance, and inspired his men with the same feeling. I found two or three young fellows going out like myself to join their regiments; a married major with his wife and his child and his water-in-law; and two other ladies going to join their husbands abroad. As usual, we were short-handed enough as regards the crew, who barely numbered twenty all told.

"Just before I went down to join the ship, a terrible tale of outrage upon the high seas had occupied the minds of all in England, for the papers were full of the horrible story of the discovery of the *Morning*

*Star*, and of the tragedy that was revealed when that unhappy vessel was boarded as a derelict. If I remember aright, they who were to'd off to examine the deserted ship found, on entering the saloon, her ill-fated officers and passengers sitting back to back around the long table, closely lashed in pairs, each with his throat gashed from ear to ear! And there were fair and delicate girls among them too—none spared—not one! And the fiends who had done this deed had attempted to scuttle the ship, that she might sink, and carry all evidence of the awful crime down to the bottom of the sea, to join the sad list of vessels that are posted as "missing," none know how or where. But Providence willed it otherwise.

"Well, as I say, it was this story that was in the minds and mouths of us as we gathered first around the table in the *Alfred's* saloon, and the weaker expressed strong apprehensions of a similar fate befalling us on our lonely voyage; and some who were strong of heart tried to laugh down the notion; and others even made as if they would desire such a meeting, that they might wreak vengeance upon such demons. Our good little captain said nothing, or at anyrate but little; but, as we afterwards found, he made every inquiry that was possible as to the appearance, size, armament, and habitat of the pirate-ship to which this deed was ascribed. Then we sailed; and for the first time I experienced the delicious pleasure of sweeping down Channel with a fresh and fair wind, the English coast spreading out before us from the Foreland to the Start, as we rushed along hour after hour, bright sun overhead, tight little ship underfoot, young blood in my veins, and all the world before me. What wonder, then, that ere we were clear of the Channel, the ghastly mystery of the *Morning Star* was pretty nearly erased from my memory, crowded out by the thousand new sensations consequent upon this new departure in my life.

"All went well with us; no hurricane came down to drive us struggling in the wild whirl of waters; the wind was not always fair, nor the sky always bright, but the monotony of the voyage was disturbed by no menace of disaster. At last a day came when our little captain at breakfast announced to us that if the wind held fair and strong, we might hope to reach our destination in another forty-eight hours; and to us, more than satisfied as we were with our experience of the sea, weary of being cooped up in so small a vessel, and full of eager desire to see the wonders of a foreign land, the announcement was delightful; and often and anxiously did we pop up from below and cast a glance around to see if the wind still held fair. On one of these occasions, when I had for the twentieth time in the last hour put my head up the hatchway to see if all was well, I noticed the skipper standing aft with his glass to his eye looking long and hard at some distant object; and following the direction of his telescope, I saw a speck that could be nothing else but a ship.

"Hillo! captain," said I, "a stranger in sight?"

"Yes," said he quietly; "she is coming up with us fast. She must be bringing up a breeze with her, or we are running out of the wind, which she still holds. A short time ago, we could only see her topsails, and now her hull is rising. Take a look at her," as he handed the glass to me.

"I looked. She seemed a small brig or brigantine, with very square yards, and she was, as he said, overhauling us fast; but other than that I could not tell.

"The wind is falling fast," said our skip-

per; "I am afraid it will end in a dead calm."

"I did not answer; I merely rushed down below with the eagerness of youth. "I say, a sail! you fellows—that looks like nearing land, eh?—Miss Dash! a sail! You'll see it right aft; the captain thinks the wind is falling;" and away I rushed on deck again to inspect anew the interesting stranger.

"I was surprised not to see the skipper anywhere about the deck; but following the eye of the man at the wheel, I looked aloft, and saw him settling himself down in the cross-trees and levelling his glass once more. He too, was interested in her, that was evident. Presently he closed his glass, came down from aloft, and said to the first mate: "Mr. Brown, stunsails!"

"How glad we were! We loved to see the stunsails set, and to feel that the little ship was doing her best to bring her long voyage to an end, and our captain was evidently anxious to be in port. The extra canvas pulled her along considerably faster than she had gone before, but it was evident that the breeze was fading away both with us and with the stranger, for the glass showed that she too had set stunsails. As the evening came down, the wind fell to almost nothing, and in its place an exceedingly heavy ground-swell got up, on which our little ship rolled and squattered in a most restless and uncomfortable manner.

"As it was impossible to remain comfortably on deck, the ship rolled so incessantly and wildly, I went below, turned in, and tried hard to sleep, but the motion of the ship made it almost impossible. Again and again I woke through the hot night, and in the occasional intervals of noise, fancied I heard the skipper's voice giving orders on deck, but this I supposed was merely imagination. At last, at about five a.m., I could stand it no longer—my bunk was intolerable; and, tossing on my clothes, I scrambled as best I could up the ladder and staggered cautiously aft.

"Good-morning, captain. Not a breath of wind, eh? and she is rolling worse than ever, I think.—Ah, there's our friend!" I added, as I looked in the direction of the strange vessel. "Seems nearer than last night, after all. What do you make of her?"

"I don't like the look of her at all," said he, very gravely and in a low voice. "I don't wish to alarm you unnecessarily; but I never saw a craft of more suspicious appearance. She is showing no colors, though ours were hoisted at daylight; she carries a great number of guns for a vessel employed in trade; she has a perfect swarm of men on board; and what is more," added he, sinking his voice so that not even the man at the wheel could hear him, "she is terribly like the description of the craft which is supposed to have taken the *Morning Star!*"

"For an instant my blood seemed to rush back to my heart and congeal there; but I mastered my excitement and concocted it as best I might.

"What can we do?" said I in a low voice.

"Not much, I fear," returned he calmly. "We have two guns, carronades, but a very small supply of shot and powder, and if it came to fighting in that way, he could lie off and sink us at his leisure. But he won't do that; that is not his business—he must take first and sink afterwards; and if it comes to boarding—God help us!—Say nothing about it down below to the ladies," he added. "They will know it, if it is true, far too soon as it is; but you might give a hint to your brother-officers."

"With a heavy heart, I made my way to the hatchway to whisper dismay and terror to my friends below. What a terrible breakfast that was! To sit with the ghastly secret weighing down my heart like lead, and hear the gay chatter of the ladies; as they anticipated a speedy arrival, laid out their plans for the future, and rallied me and the other men on our want of spirits. We tried after breakfast, by various excuses, to keep them down below; but they laughed us aside; and gaily scrambled up the hatchway to renew their acquaintance with the stranger, full of eager hope that she might be within speaking distance. How they laughed to see her roll till her copper showed bright and radiant halfway to her keel; how they plied the skipper with questions about her; ventured to imagine that she might have friends of theirs on board, and finally waved handkerchiefs to her in their gullestancies!

"At last the captain made some excuse for requesting the ladies to retire; and having succeeded in his object, he called all into his counsel and laid the matter forous.

"If, as I have every reason to fear, gentlemen," said he, "the craft astern of a pirate, we must act and try and some plan of escape. At present, I believe we are safe from him as long as this and this tremendous ground-swell lasts; cannot come any nearer, there being no wind; he cannot hoist out his boats to us in so heavy a roll. My idea is that he will wait for the roll to go and the breeze to spring up, and then us at his ease, knowing that we can escape now. But there are one or two things in our favor: he cannot have been waiting for us, for our cargo would be worthless to him. He has probably crossed us by accident, and he will not know what we are before he attacks. Vessels of his trade have occasionally a tarter, and they learn to be wary, thinks we are worth taking, he will not he might, stand off and play at long-bow because that would result in the sinking of the ship and loss of her crew. On the other hand, he will be very wary boarding, should he anticipate a determined resistance from a large number of men; and in that case, the best thing we can do, as it seems to me, is to let him lieve that we have troops on board, that any attempt on his part to board meet with a warm reception. What do you think, gentlemen?"

"The captain was undoubtedly correct in his reasoning, and his opinion was acted upon. All of us who held a commission in the army put on our uniforms and appeared in them on the upper deck; some of the hands forward were rigged in mess jackets, &c., supplied by the ship for the purpose, and were instructed show themselves at intervals on the fore-deck, multiplying themselves as much as possible; while a soldier-servant of the ship was ordered to do sentry-go with a musket. Moreover, our two twenty-four pound carronades were loaded each with a shot and a large bag of musket-balls; and the men, with a cutlass apiece, were who had swords and sporting-guns pistols made them ready for use.

"But all this preparing of arms and packing of uniforms could not be done out the knowledge of the ladies of course, and the apprehensions of the major were first aroused, and gradually spread terrified whispers to the whole of the crew until at last it was necessary to take partially into our confidence and let them know that there was danger.

"As night fell, we fancied that the vessel was somewhat less in bulk, but it was only fancy; anyhow, the captain would hear of us all keeping watch all night, which was what we youngsters especially proposed to do. "No, gentlemen," said he, "Go and turn in, and get what rest you can while you have the chance."

"I went below, and turned in at last, ding, and weary with excitement watching, I fell asleep, a troubled, uneasy factory sleep, it is true, but not the sleep; and from this troubled rest I aroused by hearing my name whispered feeling a gentle touch upon my arm started up, and saw by the dim light of a lantern the figure of our old quartermaster. "Beg pardon, sir," said he; "but the sent me down to say the brigantine is the more, and he'd like you to know."

"I jumped up, seized my arms, and ran on deck. It was about ten o'clock in the morning; the swell had gone down somewhat, though still very great; the stars were all over the sky. The captain pointed in the direction of the stranger, I looked, but at first could see nothing; then she rose upon the swell, and I clearly saw her. She was much nearer than I had supposed.

"But how—how?" I asked. "The still no wind, and"—

"The captain grasped my arm, and me silent, and whispered: "Sweet! "Intently I listened, and for some seconds without result; but, the skipper's moment in her trembling not following a momentary cessation to her and groans, I heard faintly and as if in a dream, the smothered cry of sweeps (long oars) as the unknown strove to work herself forward by means.

"What can they do?" I whispered.

"Nothing yet, while this roll lasts, expect come closer up and make a nearer inspection of us. When the day dawns, we must change our tactics," replied the captain. "Go down again; there is nothing you can do."

"But I was wrought up to too high a pitch to go down again; and the captain said I remained up all the rest of the night until daylight dawned discussing the situation, and racking our brains for a method of escape."

"And now the man sprang up and glorified the trembling ocean, whose troubled bosom was certainly heaving with less violence than before; and there, not half a mile away from us, on our larboard quarter, the brigantine, still rolling heavily as if she were dead, her row of guns, eight on each side, gleaming brightly in the morning sun; her bulwarks thickly lined with heads; and her gaff, admitting of no doubt any longer as to her character—a coal black vessel! We could see that we were the object of eager examination by her crew; and as they scanned their benefactor a little contemptuously, which the captain and I had planned the night before. No uniforms were now to be seen upon the deck; but, as we know from their glasses were upon us, intent on covering our force, those in uniform were attracted to appear occasionally at the ways both fore and aft, as if about to be ordered below by one of the brigantine's people were puzzled, hardly knew whether to leave us alone or not. All that day and all that night we stood about half a mile apart, courtesying to each other as we rose and fell on the swell of the sea, so incident to cause us fresh apprehensions, save that at night they again got up and swept out, and actually swept her round us, in order, I suppose, to keep us in a state of panic and anxiety."

"Again the day dawned, again the blazes of the morning streamed over the waters. What that is making such a stir in the swarm of the brigantine? Why are they again sweeping out their sweeps again in such haste? They are going at last to attack us? Are they?—But no! their stern is towards us. They are moving in the opposite direction. Is help coming to us? Are they in our rear? Our captain rushed up the mainmast with his glass, and even before he had reached that height, the shout "A sail!" came from his lips, and his eyes pointed over our larboard quarter. We strained our eyes in that direction, and far away, hull down beneath the horizon, in the very quarter to which the brigantine was steering, we saw the gleam of a vessel under sail."

"A large merchantman, homeward bound, I should say," the captain shouted to the top. "That villain must have been waiting for her when he fell in with us. We hope she will get away from him. It seems to have a breeze, at any rate."

"What a relief it was to see that swarm of vessels moving off by their own exertions! How we followed them with our eyes and glasses as hour after hour their bows rose and fell upon the now subsiding swell of the sea! By-and-by, her sails filled, she heeled slightly to one side, her sweeps were no longer to be seen, and she was gone."

"Shortly after this, an exclamation from the skipper attracted my attention. 'I see it so,' he said; 'there are two of them.' And as we looked, just clear of the horizon on the other side we saw a small-looking schooner. The brigantine hoisted a signal and fired a gun, which could be seen by the white smoke; and the two evidently engaged upon the merchantman. She, too, saw them, and was evident for she piled up canvas to woo the too sluggish breeze. The schooner was nearing her, and all disappeared white thrown aside, for puffs of white smoke darted from their muzzles, and we were glad to see, by longer intervals from hers; and at the morning breeze we caught the report of the explosions. But closer still we crept; the foe, and every eye was fixed upon the desperate fight, and all at once, when 'All make sail!' shouted the captain: 'The breeze is right on top of us!' and there it was, coming down crisp

and fresh almost before we were ready for it. Quickly our good fellows covered the good ship with a cloud of canvas; and as she felt the gentle power of the young breeze and heeled over to it, and the bubbles began swiftly to course atern, a terrible load fell from our hearts, and we felt that we were saved."

The colonel paused a moment, his eye fixed on vacancy, as if he saw himself once more upon the deck of the *Alfred*.

"And what became of the merchantman?" I asked, when silence had lasted for some moments.

"Don't ask me—don't ask me!" he replied in agitated tones. "Poor souls! murdered—every one of them—and the ship scuttled."

"And was no vengeance exacted for so terrible a crime?"

"Before an hour had passed after our arrival, a thirty-six gun frigate had sailed on our information to capture or destroy these miserable villains wheresoever they might find them, and the intricate passages and keys of the West Indies were better known to such outcasts of land and sea than to His Majesty's officers."

"And they escaped?"

"Within a month from the time of our encounter, these vessels were caught in a furious West Indian tornado; were dismantled, and, after tossing about for days at the mercy of the storm, were wrecked on one of the islands, where most of their crew miserably perished in their efforts to swim through the surf. Their leader, however, and one or two more, managed to reach the shore alive, where the natives had come down to render what help they could; but, being immediately recognized, they were seized and hanged without mercy to the nearest tree. There, madam! that is one of the experiences of a rebeltern in the old days, and you will agree with me in thinking it by no means a pleasant one."

"I do, indeed," replied I. "But did you ever hear the name of the man who commanded those two vessels?"

"His name! Yes, of course. I used to know his name well enough once; but my memory is getting weak. What on earth now was that scoundrel's name! Gessott? Gaston? Gaspard?—Yes, that's it! I think his name was Gaspard, as far as I can recollect; but I won't be certain. Gaspard! yes; that's the name, I believe."

PEOPLE WE TALK ABOUT.

In a letter to the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia Secretary Bayard wrote: "Those who worthily celebrate the birthday of St. Patrick will not forget that he drove out of Ireland the reptiles that creep and sting."

Mr. Froude, while in Australia, has been the object of much curiosity, but to the reporters he steadfastly denied that he had come on a mission connected with the annexation question, or that he intended to write a book on Australia. "I may say something about you," he replied, "but will never take the trouble to write a book specially on you."

The Rev. Dr. S. Irenaeus Prime entertained a pleasant company at luncheon in the editorial rooms of the *New York Observer* on the 2nd of April, in honor of his completion of forty-five years of work on that journal. Dr. Prime bids fair to run the figures up very much higher. He was presented with a series of complementary resolutions and a gold-headed cane.

When Dickens had an interview, by command, with the Queen at Buckingham Palace in 1870, her Majesty asked him his opinion on the servant question. Could he explain the fact that "we have no good servants in England, as in olden times?" The novelist expressed his inability to grapple with the subject. A thousand housekeepers in this country constantly find themselves in a similar predicament.

For many years (says Dr. Holmes) Longfellow was very constant in his attendance at the monthly dinner of the Saturday Club, where he took the chair at the head of the long table, with Agassiz for his neighbor. He never presented a finer appearance than in this position; for, though not under-sized, he had not the procerity—to borrow Dr. Johnson's word—from which some early ancestor of his obtained his name, and he was in his right place sitting at the head of the goodly company, as Napoleon was in his when he sat in the saddle and looked along his line of battle.

## THE SPHINX.

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

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

**NO. 91.—A CHILD OF LIGHT.**  
Antiquity doth claim me for her own;  
I was born on the day that the first light shone,  
And through the long ages of time I have been  
A witness (though mute and blind I may say—  
Yet active and lively throughout every day),  
Of every personage and of every scene,  
I glide o'er the earth with a noiseless tread;  
I dwell midst the living, I dwell midst the dead;  
I sail on the ocean, and run on the land,  
And encompass all nations on every hand  
I have cast a dark pall over many a home,  
Yet the wanderer greets me and ceaseth to roam;  
I've been the sad cause of numberless scandals,  
Still I romp with the children and their innocent gambols;  
I have created much mirth with my comic distractions,  
And whilst you are reading I copy your actions.  
If constant companionship and long patient waiting  
Constituteth a friend, then I'm far above rating.  
Toronto, Ont. S. I. B.

**NO. 92.—OUR NEIGHBORS.**  
Cold winter, dread winter is with us again,  
Making work for the togs and the poker;  
But shun I we of bracing cold weather complain  
If we can have wood and a stoker?  
We've a set of tough neighbors well posted in wood,  
If their odd name is not a misnomer;  
Who would handle our fuel, or night if they could,  
In a way that would cheer the chilled moaner.  
They would ask, I am sure, not much but their board,  
They are furnished already with raiment;  
Not misers are they, though they hide and and they hoard—  
For to eat is their chief entertainment.  
They sleep in their cellars, eat cabbage and beans;  
Will they leave their warm berths and good eating?  
With nothing to do, but to eat, and in dreams  
Live over the feasts they are keeping?  
They have cousins abroad with a name, *nom de plume*,  
Whose meaning is somewhat provoking;  
In this Frenchified way they politely assume  
To mar all our puns and our joking. S.

**NO. 93.—AN ANAGRAM.**  
"Cut sin's nice nooses" ere they lace  
Your being in their close embrace;  
Though better far to shun sin's lair  
Than venture near its luring snare.  
A strict regard for what is right,  
With justice kept in constant sight,  
A firm resolve to always do  
What duty's call shall prompt us to,  
Will keep us from those nooses nice,  
The dangerous coils of sin and vice,  
NELSONIAN.

**NO. 94.—A CHARADE.**  
A painter o'er the fields did stray,  
He had no first by night or day,  
A cruel jilt had stolen away  
His heart, by false deceiving.  
Of English verbs he conned but one,  
And with my second that begun,  
And he would ponder thereupon,  
With sad incessant grieving.  
One face alone smiled from his cell,  
One shadow passed him on the wall,  
One girlish voice to him would call,  
Till fancy was believing.  
JOE AMORY.

**NO. 95.—AN ENIGMA.**  
Alas, alas, slack the day!  
My evil genies led astray!  
Like Bonaparte of daring mind,  
I'm to an island small confined.  
I hear the surgo in Pazzler's Bay,  
That limits now my little sway.  
A thousand guards are placed before,  
Behind, five hundred more.  
Vaulting ambition's bubbles burst,  
Reflect that I, though not the first,  
Yet may not be the last,  
For by the magic of my rhyme  
You're doomed like me this time.  
JACQUES.

**NO. 96.—A SYLLABIC ACROSTIC.**  
INITIAL SYLLABLES.  
I reigned, with undisputed right,  
A famous king of old;  
But force itself oft yields to might,  
And soon my day's were told;  
O'erpowered and driven to the wall,  
I showed the hero's trait  
By bravely giving self and all  
Unto a wretched fate.  
CROSS-WORDS.  
1. Please read my initials; you'll find I'm the same;  
A beaten, unfortunate sovereign's name.  
2. I led the Venetians who joined the crusade;  
Mid Saracen warriors I fought undismayed.  
3. A warrior of old, in the heroic ages,  
My deeds yet survive in Homer's bright pages.  
4. You may find me in history's book, if you will,  
A Corsican, famous for bravery and skill.  
5. I'm not found in history no: history's relation;  
I'm merely to purify, purification.  
CLEW V. W.

**CONTRIBUTORS' PRIZES.**  
1. A cash prize of five dollars will be presented for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.  
2. A prize of two dollars will be awarded for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time, the winner of prize No. 1 to be excluded from the competition.

**TIME FOR ANSWERS.**  
Answers in competition for the month's prize should be mailed each week within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

**ANSWERS.**  
78.—Ink.  
79.—Goose-berry fool.  
80.—Tergiversations.  
81.—Cares, cares.  
82.—Needles.  
83.—The hermit crab.

**THE MARCH AWARD.**  
The best lot of answers to the "Sphinx" for March—a little more than ninety per cent on the whole—came from Mrs. E. Glidden, 457 Princess St., Kingston, Ont., to whom the prize, *The World's Cyclopaedia*, is awarded. The competition was quite close, and many excellentists were received which deserve honorable mention, their senders being: D. Forsyth, Berlin, Ont.; C. H. A., London, Ont.; Arg., London, Ont.; Mrs. Morse, Lawrence town, N. S.; Geo. Adams, Belleville, Ont.; Elise, Toronto, Ont.; K. S. Cheafe, York, Ont.; Alonzo B. Collis, Walca, Mass.; Evergreen, Manchester, Iowa; D. E. Clark, Montreal, Quebec; Mrs. Baxter, Thorold, Ont.; Minnie Brunette, Velp, Wis.; Mrs. A. J. Rowley, Albion, N. Y.; M. Cranley, Kingston, Ont.; Billy Kid, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. W. H. Sewell, Hinsdale, Ill.; James Orr, Hamilton, Ont.; Jerome Fitch, London, Ont.; James Farnell, Shelby, Ohio; Mary E. Porter, Exeter, Ont.; and Mary Francis, Montreal, Que.

There is no escaping the mill that grinds slowly and grinds small; and those who refuse to be living stones in the living temple, must be ground into mortar for it.

Tid-Bits.

GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

BE SURE AND READ THIS.

The publisher of TRUTH is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power. He cheerfully shares with them the profits of the publication of TRUTH.

Every week a prize of twenty dollars in gold will be given to the actual subscriber sending in for this page the best Tid-bit, containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or parody, either original or selected.

Put it from any paper, copy it from any paper, copy it from any book, or coin it out of your head. A single sentence, if pun, point or pointed, will do, but don't let it much exceed thirty lines. Be sure and send with each fifty cents for two months subscription to TRUTH. If not now a subscriber TRUTH will be sent regularly for that time; if already a subscriber your name will be extended; in any case you get the full worth of your investment in TRUTH itself.

The best of these Tid-bits will be published in this page every week and numbered, and every subscriber is invited to inform the publisher which number of the week is his or her favorite. The number receiving the largest vote will be awarded the premium.

A printed form of coupon will be found in the last column of page 27 of this issue. Cut this out, fill up your favorite number and paste it on a post-card, or put it in an unsealed envelope and send to TRUTH office at once. It will only cost you one cent of postage in either case.

To prevent others than subscribers from voting the coupons only will count.

You are invited to send in your vote. Also to send in your Tid-Bits and subscriptions. Please also invite your friends to try their skill. This page is the subscriber's page, and it ought to be the most interesting of all.

THE AWARD.

The largest number of votes for tid-bit in TRUTH of April 4th, was sent for No. 253, "The Staymaker's Strain," sent by Maud Murphy, Parkdale, Ont., to whom the \$20 gold prize will be paid on application to this office. No. 255, "Boil it down," came but one short of the prize, and No. 242 stood next in popularity. The Small Boy of the office wanted to see "The Family Buckaw" come in a good way ahead, but there were so many mothers and sisters voting to more than counter-balance his vote and influence. All the boys voted for it.

Please send your votes in promptly each week, so that they may be in good time. Every person, whose name is on TRUTH subscription list, is entitled to vote in these competitions. We would like to have an honest expression of the entire constituency.

As it sometimes happens more are received than can find place in these two pages, several excellent ones have been necessarily crowded out by the printers on that account alone. This will account for their non-appearance. In order to give all a fair chance please avoid sending long ones. Any thing over quarter of a column runs the worst risk in case of a crowd.

(321) -Selected-

What is Home?

Home is not merely four square walls, Though hung with pictures nicely gilded; Home is where affection calls, Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.

Home is go watch the faithful dove, Sailing 'neath the heaven above us; Home is where we've eyes to love, Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room: Home needs something to endear it; Home is where the heart can bloom— Where there's some kind heart to cheer it!

What is home with none to meet, None to welcome, none to greet us? Home is sweet, and only sweet, Where there's one we love to meet us.

Port Elgin, Ont. NELLIE GALLOWAY.

(322) -Selected-

False Love and True.

What is redder than the cherry, Sweeter than the sugar-line? What will make the heart grow fatter, Sooner even than the vine? But love true love.

What is deadlier than the laurel? What more bitter than the rue? What more terrible in quarrel Still to linger all his through, Than love, false love.

Port Elmer, Ont. N. W. HERRICK.

(323) -Selected-

Compensation.

We sleep and dream of joys Too sweet for earth; We wake, and sighing, say, O life, What art thou worth?

Who liveth to the Lord, He lives indeed! Who loveth fellow-man, He sows Most precious seed!

Oh, recompense most sweet! With willing heart, We take the cross of love! O life, How fair thou art!

Winnipeg, Man. J. L. DICK.

(324) -Selected-

She Referred Him to Her Pa.

Her fairy form, Her modest face, Her charming air, And winning grace Each a note of all The lads in town, And each one loved James a Brown. She oft was called The village pride, And for her love I long had sighed. I said I'd know No joy in life till she'd Consent to be my wife. She blushed quite red and said, "Oh, no," and then referred me to Her pa. His manner was both rude and rough, and when he spoke his tones were rough. I asked him then in accents Bleed to give to me his daughter's hand. For answer he gave me his foot encased Within this cowhide boot!

Toronto. M. H. D.

(325) -Selected-

How Named.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind Old Adam called her woman, But when she woo'd with love so kind, He then pronounced it woman-kind; But now with folly and with pride There husband's pockets trimm'd in, The ladies are so full of whims That people call them whim-men.

Caledon, Ont. R. DAWSON.

(326) -Original-

The Dreary Winter March.

The elements of heaven, combined With winter's piercing breath To daunt the hearts of that brave band, And lay them low in death.

Like some Leviathan monster Speeds on the iron horse, Till now they reach the ice-bound plain, Where hoof-beats echo back again! As foam-flecked steeds, with might and main Go rushing o'er the course.

And now they're on their dreary march; At, dreary; the so bravely borne: Beneath them lies the frozen snow, Around them surges the savage foe; They reel and stagger to and fro, But onward still—nose moore.

The tempests rage, and blizzards roar Around their dreary trail; The snowflakes falling thick and fast Are caught again by every blast, And in eddying circles o'er them cast To stay their march—in vain.

They press through Arctic storm and floods, Where the mountain's torrent runs, Though blanched the cheek, yet bright the eye, As they look on earth, then up to sky, Reaching now to do, or die! Canada's noble sons.

Well may this nation's laurels Proudly rest on every brow Of those who answered to its call, And well redeemed their vow— To stand loyal to their country, Our laws and rights protect— And teach those traitorous rebels That our flag they must respect.

"E" Co., Royal Grenadiers. 71 Hackney St., Toronto.

(327) -Selected-

English for Foreigners.

A pretty deer is dear to me, A hare with downy hair; A hare I love with all my heart, But barely bear a bear.

The plain that no one takes a plea To pare a pair of peas, Although a rake may take a rake To tear away the tares.

Robertson is not Robert's son, Nor did he rob Bert's son; Yet Robert's son is Robin's son, And everybody's son.

Beer often brings a bear to man, Coughing a coffin bears, And too much ale will make us all, As well as other things.

A person lies who says he lies, When he is not reclining; And when someone lies tells decline, They all decline declining.

Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died, And trust to him who there was crucified. Peterboro', Ont. MRS. T. E. FITZGERALD.

(328) -Selected-

Your Age.

There is a great deal of amusement in the following magical table of figures. It will enable you to tell how old the young ladies are. Just hand this table to a lady, and re-

Qualia do not quail before a worm, A bough will bow before it: We cannot redden the rain at all, No earthly power reigns o'er it.

The dyer dyes awhile, then dies— To dye he's always toiling. Until upon his dying bed, He thinks no more of dying.

A son of Mars mows many a son, All Dews must have their days: And every knight should pray each night, To Him who weighs his ways.

'Tis meet that men should mete our meat To feed misfortune's son: The fair shall fade on lone alone, Else one can not be won.

Alas, a lass is sometimes false; Of faults a maid is mad; Her waist is but a barren waste— Though staid she is not staid.

The buds spring forth each spring, and shoots Shoot forward one and all: Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves The leaves to fall in fall.

I would a story here commence, But you might think it stale; So we'll suppose that we have reached The tail end of our tale.

Riverdale, Napanee, Ont. MRS. F. C. MCGARRA.

(329) -Selected-

Alone With My Conscience.

I sat alone with my conscience, In a place where time had ceased, And we talked of my form r living In the land where the years increased;

And I felt I should have to answer The question it put to me, And to face the answer and question, Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions, Came floating before my sight, And things that I thought were dead things, Were alive with a terrible might,

And the vision of all my past life, Was an awful thing to face, Alone with my conscience sitting In that solemnly silent place;

And I thought of a far away warning Of a sorrow that was to be mine, In a land that is the future, But now is the present time.

And I thought of my former thinking Of the judgement day to be; - setting alone with my conscience - A mad judgment enough for me, And I wondered if there was a future, To this land beyond the grave,

But no one gave me an answer, And no use came to save. Then I felt that the future was present, And the present would never go by, For it was just the thought of my past life Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming, And the vision passed away, And I knew the far away warning Was a warning of yesterday— And I pray, that I may not forget it, In this land before the grave, That I may not cry in the future, And no one come to save.

And so I have learnt a lesson Which I ought to have known before, And which though I learnt it dreaming, I hope to forget no more.

So I sit at me with my conscience, In the place where the years increase, And I try to remember the future, In the land where time will cease; And I know of the future judgment, How dreadful soever it be, That to sit alone with my conscience, Will be judgment enough for me.

Peterboro', Ont. MRS. E. BROWN.

(330) -Selected-

The Cross.

Elsest they who seek Waive in their youth, With spirit meek The way of truth.

To them the sacred Scriptures now display Christ as the only true and living way, His precious blood on Calvary was given To make them heirs of endless bliss in Heaven And 'e'en on earth the call of God can trace The glorious blessings of his Saviour's grace.

For them He bore His father's crown; For them He wore The thorny crown; Nailed to the cross, Endured its pain, That His life's loss Might be their gain.

Thus haste to choose That better part, Nor 'e'en dare refuse The Lord thy heart, Let Him declare, "I know you not, And deep despair! Should be your lot."

Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died, And trust to him who there was crucified. Peterboro', Ont. MRS. T. E. FITZGERALD.

(331) -Selected-

No Payment.

"Good mornin', Mr. Smith. It's a foine day." "Yes, Pat; but we'll pay for this by and bye." "The divil a cint will the good Lord charge for it, sur; and if He did, 'tis not the loikes of you that would be payin' for it."

Ayr, Ont. MRS. W. D. WATSON.

(332) -Selected-

Bound to Squawl.

While a colored man and his family were engaged in prayer a kettle of water fell over and scalded the old man's wife. The woman arose with a "scuffling" alacrity and howled. The old man arose, and casting on his wife a contemptuous glance said: "Ain't yer got no respect for de Lawd? Aint yer got no moah humiliation den ter holler when I see handin' up petitions?" "I doan mean to insult de Lawd," yelled the woman, "but when a pot ob bilin' water falls on me, it 'can make no difference if I see gwine through de gate ob de New Druselem, I see gwine to squall; does yer heah me?"

Racine, Wis. LILLIAN CURTIS.

(333) -Selected-

Worth a Licking.

Some years ago, in Georgia, the band of Christians known as the Ascensionists, were having a grand revival. One day when the meeting was in full force, a storm came up and a young gentleman who was out hunting with his servant, took refuge in the church door. Being curious to see the service, the two hunters crept up into the gallery, and there hid in a place where they could observe without being observed.

"Come Lord, come; our robes are ready. Come Lord, come!" cried the preacher, while all present gave a loud Amen. "Name Gabe," whispered Cuffy, lifting his hunting horn to his mouth, "Let me gib dem just one toot." "Put that horn down or I'll break your head," replied the master in a whisper. The horn dropped by Cuffy's side and again the minister cried: "Come Lord, come; we are all ready for thy coming. Come Lord, come." "Do, Massa Gabe—

quest her to tell you in which column or columns her age is contained, add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found, and you will find the great secret. Thus, suppose her age to be seventeen, you will find that number in the first and fifth columns; add the first figures of these two columns. Here is the magic table:

Table with 5 columns of numbers (1-32) and 5 rows of numbers (1-32) for a magic square.

Waterdown, Ont. LENA E. CROOKER.

(331) -Selected-

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Waterdown, Ont. LENA E. CROOKER.

(334) -Selected-

Some riding to separate.

"Do y 'Yes, cause, to God" "Neit God love This a his frien as if one the kies the grea love God

(335) -Selected-

Social serious or thoug to many insolitu permits track. he temp do not fi sels or c idenr thi in his br bids su inists t manner for viva sible, wi interest accustion ing over of stron these an play of i terests, with ot subjects invigora into ere by a ger to resist Cobou

It wa before n give out other a reading order, a future / med in baptism Sunday thir ch names t vicar w ate's voi the orde so he re like to r cure son the vica with ext Catan

let lemme gib em one little toot," pleaded Cuffy, wetting his lips and raising the horn. "If you don't drop that horn, Cuff, I'll whip you within an lurch of your life," whispered the exasperated master. "Blow, Gabrill, blow, you are now ready for his coming. Blow, Gabrill, blow," pleaded the minister. Cuffy could no longer resist the temptation and sent a wild peal ringing from end to end of the church; but, long before its last echo had died away, his master and himself were the only occupants of the building. "Ise ready for de licking, Massa Gabe," said Cuffy, showing every tooth in his head. "For I care to gracious its worf two lickings to see the way common farm cattle can get ober the ground wid skeared Scensionists behind dem."

MARY C. ROOP.  
Springfield, Annapolis Co., N.S.

(334) **He First Loved Us.** —Selected.

Some two years ago two gentlemen were riding together, and as they were about to separate, one addressed the other thus: "Do you ever read your Bible?" "Yes, but I get no benefit from it, because, to tell the truth, I feel I do not love God." "Neither did I," replied the other, "but God loved me." This answer produced such an effect upon his friend that, to use his own words, it was as if one had lifted him off the saddle into the skies. It opened up to his soul at once the great truth that it is not how much I love God, but how much God loves me.

MRS. J. CAMPBELL.

Peterboro, Ont.

(335) **Sociality.** —Selected.

Sociality is the best corrective of that serious and prolonged absorption in business or thought or cares which is so detrimental to many of our busy people. Therestaken insulitude, after working hours are over, permits the mind still to pursue one beaten track. The easy-chair and blazing fire may be tempting to the weary toiler, but they do not force his thoughts into other channels or compel him to lay aside the train of ideas that has for long hours been working in his brain. Society, on the contrary, forbids such unwholesome indulgence. She insists upon a total change of mind and manner during her short reign. She calls for vivacity, variety, imagination—if possible, wit and humor, or at least a cheerful interest in that of others. She banishes the accustomed seriousness of mind, the brooding over familiar topics, even the earnestness of strong emotion. For a short time all these are forced to give way to the lighter play of fancy, the excitement of popular interests, and the development of sympathy with others upon unfamiliar and varied subjects. Thus the mind is refreshed and invigorated, unused faculties are brought into exercise, and the lost balance restored by a gentle compulsion that no one desires to resist.

Cobourg, Ont. ROSE MAUD WRIGHT.

(336) **A Cheap Supply.** —Selected.

It was in a country church, and the vicar, before morning service, told the curate to give out a notice about baptisms, and another about some new hymn-books. In reading the notices the curate reversed their order, and gave them as follows—"For the future *Hymns Ancient and Modern* will be used in this church."—"There will be a baptism of infants held in this church on Sunday next. All parents wishing to have their children baptised must send in their names to the vicar before Wednesday!" The vicar who is somewhat deaf, heard the curate's voice cease, but did not observe that the order of the notices had been reversed; so he rose and said, "And I should further like to mention that those who wish to procure some of the latter can on applying at the vicarage obtain them for one shilling, or with extra strong backs, for eightpence."

Catarqui, Ont. H. NORTHMORE.

(337) **A Ventable Ass.** —Selected.

A man sent a note to a rich neighbor whom he was on friendly terms with, to borrow an ass for a few hours. The worthy old man was no scholar, and happened to have a guest sitting with him at the time, that he did not wish to expose his ignorance to. Opening the note, and pretending to read it, after reflecting a moment, turning to the servant, "Very good," says he: "tell your master I'll come myself presently."

MRS. WM. ROWDEN.  
Box 48, St. Catharines, Ont.

(338) **"G. O. D."** —Selected.

An Irish shopkeeper, having ordered a quantity of haddock fish, by the express, was somewhat indignant upon the delivery of the fish, to find on them the letters, C. O. D.

"An sure, man," said Pat, "I didn't order oodfish!"

The expressman examined the fish and pronounced them haddocks.

"Well," said Pat, "cod won't spell haddock!"

"O, no," the expressman replied, "c-o-d spells cod."

"An," said Pat triumphantly pointing to the fish, "them's fish!"

"Yes—you are right there."

"Well, that makes cod fish, don't it, ye spalpeen?"

"But where do you get the 'cod' from?" returns the expressman.

"Look there!" says Pat, pointing to the pretentious C. O. D., "that's cod to be sure!"

"O ho," replied the expressman, "that's C. O. D., which means, 'Collect on Delivery.'"

"Ah, bedad, sir, I didn't think o' that," cried Pat, scratching his head with one hand and feeling for his purse with the other,—"but, young man, let me give you a bit of advice. When yez bring any bundles for me, don't put on any thing mysterious again; but jist reverse the big letters, D O. C., and then yez can deliver on collection, which any fool can understand!"

MRS. LAYLAND.  
Queen St., Hamilton, Ont.

(339) **A Close Call.** —Selected.

The people of a little town in Warwick county have been hanging right over the brink of a fragrant church scandal, but are not aware of the fact, nor will they be until they read it in the newspapers. Just before the close of the services last Sunday, a good brother walked forward to the pulpit, handed the minister an announcement, as he thought, and asked him to read it to the congregation before he dismissed them. Just before time was called on the doxology the minister said:

"Brother Bramley has handed in the following," and in a clear voice he read the note, which ran as follows:

"My Own Pet Bram: Are you never coming to see me again? I am dying to see my darling once more and gaze into his beloved eyes. The old mummy that calls herself your wife will never find it out. How can you endure her? Come, darling, to one that tru y loves you."

"Your own and only MARY."

The good brother had handed in the wrong announcement. At the close of the reading the minister looked horror-struck, the congregation stared at Bramley with cold, hard faces and his wife stood up in her seat and glare at him like a tigress. He was equal to the occasion, however, and rising calmly, with a look of perfect resignation on his face, he said:

"Brothers and sisters, it may seem strange to you that I should ask our beloved pastor to read such a terrible thing from the pulpit; but the best way to fight the devil is to fight him boldly, face to face. The writer of that note is unknown to me, but it is evidently some depraved child of sin, who is endeavoring to besmirch my Christian character, and ruin my, I trust, spotless reputation. I shall use every endeavor

to ferret out the writer, and if discovered will fearlessly proclaim her name, and hold her up to the contempt of all good Christian people."

He sat down amid a murmur of approbation and sympathy, and his wife wanted to hug him right before the congregation. That evening he told the writer of the note what had occurred, and remarked, with a grin, that it was the closest call he ever had in his life.

MRS. LETITIA HANDIN.  
Beech, Kentucky.

(340) **Credit Good There.** —Selected.

This fact called to the mind of Assistant Treasurer Graves an amusing incident during Treasurer Spinner's administration:

"One day," said Mr. Graves, "a letter was received with a Confederate note inclosed. The sender wrote that as the United States had confiscated the assets of the late Confederacy, he supposed the liabilities would be assumed, and he trusted that the bill would be promptly exchanged. The Treasurer was in one of his gouty moods that day, and in answer to my request for instructions in replying he growled, 'Tell him to go to h—.' In obedience to the order I wrote a letter in which it was stated that, as the headquarters of the concern which issued the note had been removed to the place of inception, the infernal regions, the Treasurer advises you to present the note there for payment in person. Mr. Spinner laughed dryly as he signed the letter, and remarked that he supposed this would close the correspondence. We heard nothing from the writer for some time and had about forgotten the incident, when one day a letter was received from him again, in which he apologized for the delay in answering, and said it had been due to the time consumed in complying with the advice of the Treasurer. He added:

"I have been to the place indicated, and was so fortunate as to find the Old Boy himself behind the counter. Much to my surprise he cashed the note at once, with the remark that old Spinner's indorsement was good there at any time."

May, Michigan. JNO. F. TURNER.

(341) **The Best Lecture.** —Selected.

A young man called, in company with several other gentlemen, upon a young lady. Her father was also present to assist in entertaining the callers. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spirituous liquors, for he had wine to offer. The wine was poured out, and would soon have been drank but the young lady asked:

"Did you call upon me, or upon papa?"

Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer, we called upon you."

"Then you will please not drink wine; I have lemonade for my callers."

The father urged the guests to drink, and they were undecided. The young lady added: "Remember, if you call upon me, then you drink lemonade; but if you call upon papa why, in that case I have nothing to say."

The wine glasses were set down with their contents unstarted. After leaving the house, one of the party exclaimed, "that was the most effectual temperance lecture I ever heard."

Indeed, it was seed sown in good ground. It took root, sprang up, and is now bearing fruit. The young man, from whom these facts were obtained, broke off at once from the use of all intoxicating drink, and is now a clergyman, preaching temperance and religion. As he related the circumstances to me, tears came into his eyes. He sees his former dangerous position, and holds in grateful remembrance the lady who gracefully, and still resolutely, gave him to understand that her callers should not drink wine.

Virgil, Ont. EVA GURTON.

(342) **How a Woman Corners a Hen.** —Selected.

When a woman has a hen to drive into a coop she takes hold of her hoops with both hands, shakes them quietly towards the delinquent, and says, "Shew! there." The hen takes one look at the object to con-

vince herself it's a woman, and then stalks majestically into the coop, in perfect disgust of the sex. A man don't do that way. He goes out doors and says, "It is singular nobody in the house can drive a hen but myself," and picking up a stick of wood hurls it at the offending biped, and observes, "get in there, you thief." The hen immediately losing her reason dashes to the opposite end of the yard. The man straightway dashes after her. She comes back again with her head down, her wings out, and followed by an assortment of stove-wood, fruit-cans and coal-clinkers, with a much-puffing and a very mad man in the rear. Then she alights upon the stoop and under the barn, and over a fence or two and around the house, and back again to the coop, all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for handling, and by a man whose coat is on the ground, and whose perspiration and profanity appear to have no limit. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate, and help dodge the missiles—and then the man says every hen on the place shall be sold in the morning, and puts on his things and goes down the street, and the woman dons her hoops and has every one of those hens housed and contented in two minutes, and the only sound heard on the premises is the hammering of the oldest boy as he mends the broken pickets.

Barrie, Box 117. MRS. L. H. KRATING.

(343) **A Whiskey Miracle.** —Selected.

A Scotch lairdie went to the squire with his man Sandy, and they got to drinking whiskey from night until morning.

The next morning, on their way home on horseback, Sandy following the lairdie, both very drunk, they came to a little bit of a burn, and the lairdie, pulling on the bridle pulled himself over the horse's neck, over his ears, splash into the water.

"Sandy, Sandy, something has fell off."

"Oh, no; there's nothing fell off."

"Sandy, I heard a splash."

Sandy got off his horse, and said: "It is yourself that has fell in the water."

"It can't be me, for I am here."

Sandy got his master on his horse again, but wrong side before.

"Now," said the lairdie, "Sandy, gimme the bridle! Gimme the bridle, Sandy."

"Lairdie, you must wait until I find the bridle."

"I must have a bridle, Sandy."

"Lairdie there isn't any bridle, and there isn't any place for a bridle. Lairdie, here's a miracle; the horse's head's off and I can't find the place where it was, and there isn't nothing left but a piece of his mane."

"Gimme the mane, then, Sandy. Whoa! He is going the wrong way!"

Jarvis-st., Toronto. H. H. MASON.

(344) **Pat's Mistake.** —Selected.

Pat, after working several weeks on a farm, thought he understood everything in connection with farming; but one day he and his master went to work to cut wood.

They found to their disadvantage that they forgot the cant-hook.

Pat, with his usual bravery, said: "I will go for it; but where shall I find it?"

His master replied: "You will find it around the barn somewhere."

Now, Pat did not want to let his master see that he did not know what a cant-hook was, so off he started for the barn, all the time wondering what a cant-hook was, but thinking he might see something that would indicate a cant-hook. After reaching the barn inside and out, high and low, he resolved to give up the search. Just then a thought came into his mind that he would bring out the old black muley cow.

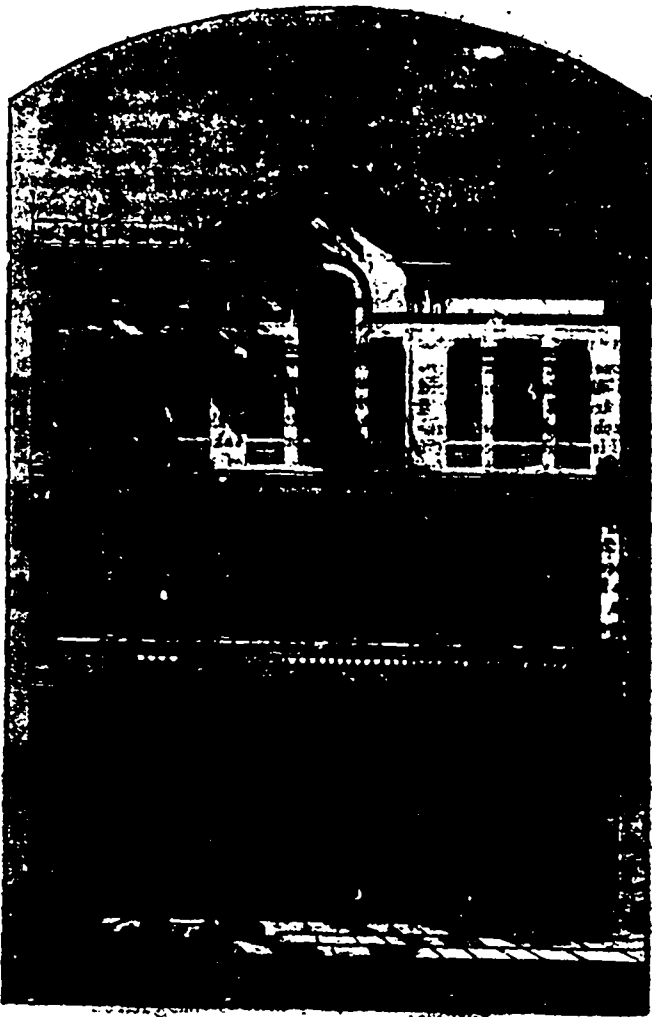
When Pat got to the bush his master asked him what he brought the cow for.

"Your lord, sir," it is the only thing I can see about the barn that can't hook."

Lavender, Ont. HENRY DIXON.

# T. EATON & CO.

190, 192, 194, 196 Yonge Street, Toronto.



## Gloves

This department has been brought to a state of perfection. To say it is large would give you no idea of its extent; to say the stock is immense conveys no idea of its immense variety, when you consider the different qualities, styles, lengths, colors and prices. Take the "ALEXANDRA" glove, manufactured for ourselves. In it there are nine sizes; each size has fifteen shades. This glove we have in four prices; that gives us 540 pairs of this one make of gloves before our stock is complete; and then to have in stock from six to ten duplicate pairs of each size, color, length and price. Besides this make we have some fifty to sixty other different makes, all equally perfect as regards stock of colors, sizes, lengths and prices; so when the stock is aggregated, it becomes simply something immense in Kids alone, to say nothing of Silk, Tulle, Cashmeres, Lisle, Thread and Cotton.

The prevailing styles in Kids are the  
**FRENCH KIDS**, in 2, 3, 4, 6, 8 and 10 button lengths, 25c., 35c., 50c., 65c., 75c., 90c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75.  
**MOUSQUETAIRE**, in 6, 8, and 10 button lengths, 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00.  
**LACE**, in 5, 7 and 10 hooks, 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25.  
**Undressed Kids, Embroidered Back Kids, Gauntlet Kids.**  
 A special 4 button French Kid, in Black or Color, 50c.  
 Your special attention is called to the **ALEXANDRA Kids** for excellence of quality and wear, in 4 buttons at \$1.00, 6 buttons, \$1.25, 10 buttons, \$1.50, in both button and Mousquetaire style.  
 In sending for gloves, send sample of goods they are to match or go with. Two pairs of Kid gloves can be mailed for six cents postage.

## Mantles.

Delicacy this season made pretty much of Ottoman Cord, in Silk and Black Cloth, trimmed with Lace, Bead Trimming or Chenille Fringe. Prices in Cloth, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00, \$15.00. Prices in Silk, \$5.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$11.00 to \$35.00.

## Jackets.

Prevailing goods are Jersey Cloth, Ottomans and Tweeds. Styles—short, close-fitting, with plaited skirt. In Tweed, \$3.00, \$3.75, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00. In Ottoman, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00. In Jersey Cloth, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00 to \$18.00.

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  - Baldwin's best merino wools all colors... 10c. "
  - Berlin fingering wools, all colors... 12½c. "
  - Peacock fingering wool, all colors... 12½c. "
  - Saxony wool, best quality, all colors... 12½c. "
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  - Pompadour wool, large balls, all colors... 25c. "
  - Knitting silk, best imported oz. balls, all colors... 60c. "
  - Knitting silk, Florence make, all colors... 50c. "
  - Tinsel, best quality, very thick, all colors... 10c. "
  - Felt, extra quality, two yards wide, all colors... \$1.75 per yard.
  - Plush, superior quality, ¾ in. wide, all colors... \$2.50 "
  - Roman satin, 54 in. wide, all colors... \$2.50 "
  - Plush crescent tassels, small size, all colors... 40c. per dozen.
  - Plush crescent tassels, large size, all colors... \$1.00 "
  - Plush spike tassels, 3 in. long, all colors... \$1.00 "
  - Plush round tassels, all colors... 40c. "
  - Woolen Java canvas, 18 in. wide, all colors... 50c. per yard.

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**A. DORENDA,** - - - - -

# KATY'S LETTER.

LADY DUFFERIN.

*Andante con espressione.*

1. Oh, girls dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al - though he can - not  
 2. I wrote it, and I fold - ed it, and put a seal up - on it; 'Twas a seal al - most as

read, sure I tho't 'twas all the bet - ter, For why should he be puz - zled with hard spell - ing in the  
 big as the crown of my best bon - net; For I would not have the Post - mas - ter make his re - marks up -

mat - ter, When the man - ing was so plain that I love him faith - ful - ly? I  
 on it, As I'd said in - side the let - ter that I loved him faith - ful - ly?

love him faith - ful - ly, And he knows it, oh, he knows it, with - out one word from me.

3

My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in,  
 The neigh - b'rs know I love him, and they're very fond of chaffing ;  
 So I dared not write his name outside for fear they would be laughing,  
 So I wrote " From little Kate to one whom she loves faithfully."  
 I love him, &c.

4

Now, girls, would you believe it, that Postman so consated,  
 No answer will he bring me, as long as I have waited ;  
 But maybe—there mayn't be one, for the reason that I stated,  
 That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully,  
 He loves me faithfully;  
 And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.



## Health Department.

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

### Colors of Dress Fabrics and Health.

It is not generally known, or if known not fully appreciated, that the colors and hues of the clothing exert a very considerable influence on the health of the wearer. With many, and especially with the fair sex, the color of the garment to be worn is much more a question of fashion than of health. So much is this the case that there are many ladies who to-day are suffering from chronic diseases of one nature or another, who, if they were a little more careful in wearing clothing made from materials the colors of which are known to be beneficial, would be strong and healthy. It is a well known fact that a white surface throws back or reflects heat which comes in contact with it. For this reason, white or light-tinted garments are better adapted for summer wear, as they reflect the sun's rays and, to a degree, ward off heat. But whilst this fact is well known, as regards white for summer clothing, it is not so universally conceded in reference to light colors for winter wear. There is a tendency to make black for both summer and winter wear too much of a standard. There is an influence exerted upon the health by white or black clothing of far greater importance than that relating to heat.

The practice of wearing black as a symbol of mourning is to many attended with serious results. Everyone knows that black absorbs or extinguishes all the rays of light, and reflects none. Now, all should know that light is absolutely essential either to the preservation or restoration to health. A lady clad in black is surrounded by an atmosphere destitute of light by just as much as is absorbed by her black dress, and the long-continued wearing of black deprives the wearer and all who come near her of certain elements necessary to physical and mental health. This fact soon declares itself by a debilitated condition of both mind and body. In short, it will engender physical conditions which have for their sequence unpleasant thoughts and feelings, born of the lack of light. If people would only consult common sense and duty the senseless practice of wearing sombre colors for months and years after the death of a relative, would soon be discontinued. It does not necessarily follow that because one does not indulge in a public display of grief and sorrow that grief and sorrow are not felt. It would be paying quite as much respect to a deceased friend of those left behind would endeavor, by every means in their power, to preserve the health of their own bodies and those under their care, as if they for an indefinite period clothed themselves in sackcloth and gave way to a passionate, nerve-exhausting season of mourning.

### Sanitary Rights of Tenants.

The frequency with which people go to court for redress from injury suffered through poor plumbing, makes the following comment of one of the New York City judges quite appropriate.

"It would seem, however, from the number of cases which come before the court for determination, that plumbing is deemed exceptional in its character.

"The roof may leak, the plastering give way, the doors and windows be broken, and other misfortunes incident to housekeeping may occur, and no claim is made that an eviction has been established, or a right of action has accrued against the landlord for the tenant's ill health; but if a pipe becomes filled up (by neglect or otherwise), or if the solder becomes loosened, or the pipe itself becomes deranged, or the main sewer is in such a condition as to empty the traps, the tenant for some reason claims that a different rule applies.

"Now, if a tenant elects to hire a house which empties into a sewer, with ramifications through his sleeping apartments, he does so with all the liabilities that such a selection engenders, and with full knowledge that no plumber has yet been able to keep out the gas or prevent the smell.

"The repairs of a sewer-pipe are not different from the repairs of a window or a door, and the distinguishing injury arising from such neglect is not only incidental and remote, but, as a matter of fact, is the result of the tenant's own election. He hires the premises with full knowledge of these connections, and the landlord is not chargeable with such consequential injuries as may arise from any defect that time and use produce. Under such circumstances, smells and even sickness are not only not extraordinary, but are inevitable; and I fail to see how this furnishes any ground of action against the landlord.

The charge of concealment and deception in this class of cases is undoubtedly an outgrowth of anger, which has its source from the painful effects of such defect; but the law in its present state furnishes no remedy to the tenant that I know of, and it rests with the legislature to make landlords and builders liable in such cases, for the common law throws the responsibility upon the tenant, and I know of no provision which exempts the plumbing or the sewer fixtures from these well-settled provisions."

### Take Care of Your Eyes.

A very important but extensively neglected branch of school education is, how to use the eyes in reading and study without abusing them. This bit of physiological training should commence early and be pursued intelligently, both in school and at home, till the pupil is thoroughly trained into the best mode of economizing and preserving eyesight. The common school slate with its scratching pencil is a very objectionable piece of school furniture on account of the indistinctness of its markings and the effort often required to discriminate them. The modern use of plaques and pads of paper with lead pencils is greatly to be preferred for convenience, cleanliness, permanency of record, and ease to the eye.

The pupil should be early and persistently taught to read and study by day, with his back to the light. School-rooms are usually as badly constructed for light as for ventilation, and important rooms in county buildings, legislative halls, and church pulpits, are equally faulty. We have seen churches where the preacher encountered a blaze of light full in his eyes from a huge ornamental window in the end of the building opposite the pulpit, and other churches where the lights of the sacred desk were placed in such position in the rear or at the side of the speaker as to throw his features into shadow and thus deprive the discourse of all the power derivable from the play of facial expression.

Architects have much to learn in the way of lighting homes, school-rooms, churches, and public buildings generally. The best light is that from above. Pupils should be taught to use shaded lights by night, and, above all, steady lights, such as do not flicker. In this the German student lamp and other forms of Argand burners are superior as steady lights to gas, which is apt to be unsteady.

Certain studies should be pursued by daylight only: Greek and algebra for instance; and fine print should be avoided by night lights. No individual can judge for another. Some eyes, like stomachs, will bear anything. Other eyes will complain, and eye complaints should be instantly heeded and assiduously attended to. If the eyes itch at

the corners, water and blur with certain kinds of strains, that strain should be seasonably taken off. Pocket bibles, pocket Shakespeares, and pocket dictionaries should be replaced by books of larger print, and should be consulted under proper lights.

Probably one of the worst habits of the day is reading in the cars, especially the finer printed columns of the newspaper. The cars usually have the advantage of strong daylight falling upon the page at the right angle, but the swaying and tremulous motion must keep the sensitive retina in a state of unhealthy agitation, and end in impairing its usefulness. The habit of car-reading should be indulged with moderation and discretion.

### Epithelioma.

This word—now so sadly familiar from the case of our great fellow-citizen, General Grant—is one of the names of carcinoma, or cancer. It is used because most cases of cancer are connected with the epithelium, the membrane which lines most of the internal organs and cavities of the body,—or with the epidermis (scarf skin), which covers the outer surface and is essentially of the same nature.

All our tissues—muscles, membranes, nerves, fat, bones, etc.—are built up by, and consist mainly of cells. These cells select from the blood, transform and assimilate the elements essential to their activity, growth and perpetuation. They multiply by division. Tumors result from a morbid multiplication of cells.

Benign tumors simply crowd—as they grow by the multiplication of cells—against the adjacent parts. In malignant tumors the multiplying cells infiltrate into the adjacent parts, and thus constantly enlarge their deadly area; or the are taken up by the bloodvessels and lymphatic vessels, particularly the latter, and borne to distant glands, where they set up the same deadly action.

A cancer, of whatever kind, is always malignant, though a hard cancer, of which an epithelioma is one, is not so malignant as a soft cancer, in which the cells preponderate over the fibrous tissue. What is now called a sarcoma, which was once thought to be a cancer, is a benign tumor generally, but may be malignant. It differs from a cancer mainly in having its cells separated from each other by intervening substance. In the latter the cells lie against each other—several hundred of them perhaps—in (other wise) empty spaces, or nests. The microscope alone distinguishes between the two—the cancer and the sarcoma.

A cancer may long remain simply a hard, painless tumor, with its true character unknown. If it can be cut out then, it may never recur. This, therefore, is the time for its extirpation.

A cancer due solely to local irritation is quite likely to be cured when operated on early. When due to hereditary taint, it is more like to recur under some new irritation.

The age at which cancers appear is generally after forty. Hence the occurrence of a hard tumor, say from forty five and onward, should awaken attention. But comparatively few tumors are cancerous.

In cases where extirpation is impracticable, medical treatment may still do much for the general health, the relief of distressing symptoms, and averting the progress of organic disease.

### Catarrh.

Catarrhs should receive careful consideration, instead of the neglect which they generally meet with until they have fastened on the part affected so much as to excite the attention, and perhaps alarm, of the sufferer. Here, however, we propose to say a few words about the causes of chills.

A person in good health, with fair play, easily resists cold. But when the health flags a little, and liberties are taken with the stomach or the nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and accordingly to the weak spot of the individual, assumes the

form of a cold, or pneumonia, or, it may be, jaundice. Of all causes of "cold," probably fatigue is one of the most efficient. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week, a young lady, "heavily doing the season," and young children at this festive season overfed, and with a short allowance of sleep, are common instances of the victims of "cold."

Luxury is favorable to chill taking. Very hot rooms, soft chairs, and feather beds create a sensitiveness that leads to catarrhs. It is not, after all, the "cold" that is so much to be feared as the antecedent conditions that give the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst colds happen to those who do not leave the house, or even their beds; and those who are most exposed to changes of temperature, and who, by good sleep, cold bathing, and regular habits preserve the tone of their nervous system and circulation.

Probably a good many chills are contracted at night or at the fog end of the day, when tired people get the equilibrium of their circulation disturbed by either overheated sitting-rooms or overheated bedrooms and beds. This is especially the case with elderly people. In such cases, the mischief is not done instantaneously, or in a single night. It often takes place insidiously, extending over days or even weeks. It thus appears that "taking cold" is not by any means a simple result of a lower temperature, but depends largely on personal conditions and habits affecting especially the nervous and muscular energy of the body.—*London Lancet.*

### Poison on the Floor.

It is not always expedient to lie low, especially in a bed-chamber, where a poisonous gas rests upon the floor. A writer makes this fact the basis of an appeal to the charitable. She writes: "Of the air we breathe there are two kinds—the breath we take in which is, or ought to be, pure air, composed of the whole, of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic acid, and the breath we give out which is an impure air, to which has been added among other matters which will not support life, an excess of carbonic acid.

"This carbonic acid gas when warm is lighter than the air and ascends. When at the same temperature as common air it is heavier than that air and descends, lying along the floor, just as it lies often in the bottom of old wells or brewers' vats, as a stratum of poison, killing occasionally the men who descend into it.

"Hence a word of admonition is addressed to those who think nothing of sleeping on the floor.

"The poor in all great cities are too apt in times of distress to pawn their bedsteads. Those who go about doing charitable work among them should never let this happen. Keep the bedstead, whatever else may go; save the sleeper from the carbonic acid stratum which lies close on the floor in cold weather."

### The Therapeutics of "Horizontal Position."

Dr. R. H. Gunning, of Edinburgh, tells us that it is enough to look at the veins on the back of the hand or inside the leg, to see the effects of hydrostatic pressure. The limbs being perpendicular, the veins swell; placed horizontal, they become again normal. If so in the limbs where the veins have valves, more so in the veins where there are no valves, as in the lower intestine and in the reproductive parts. How easy to prevent varix, varicocele, piles, and leucorrhoea, by reclining sufficiently; or to develop them by over-standing or over-walking. This is what he thinks is not sufficiently estimated in books nor in practice. Too much is expected from local applications or operations of one kind or another, and too little is trusted to the help of position, or physical law.

Then we must not forget that the force of the heart and general circulation is also diminished by the recumbent position. The pulse increases in frequency by sitting up, and more by standing up.

# LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Now, one last word, Brian," says the marquis, taking his foot off the step of his brougham as he is about to leave. He is very friendly with Desmond, having known him even a little longer than he has known his son. "Remember what I said about moderation, and repeat it to your uncle. I know even more of how things lie than I choose to say. It is the better part of valor to humor, or at least to pretend to humor, these wretched bores that surround us, until brighter days dawn."

"I fear they lie behind the horizon," says Donat, who is standing beside him.

"The whole thing is so absurd!" says the marquis, with his customary shrug. "A shilly-shally government will never do for a hot-headed peasantry such as ours. What they want is a thorough acquaintance with the effects of a cavalry charge and the touch of cold steel. But, as we may not teach them that, why, moderation, my dear Brian, moderation is the word."

"I am afraid I shall find it difficult to convince The Diamond of that," says Brian. "I shall give him your message, my lord, nevertheless."

"Make him take it to heart," says the marquis, quite earnestly, for him, "or he will be making us a present of Coole as a bonfire one of these dark nights. Tell him from me—affably—that, cold as the weather grows, I should object to warming my hands at such a fire as that."

"I hope you won't have the chance," says Brian, laughing. "Oh, I dare say we shall get off."

"I don't know. They expect so much, you see. It isn't master and man now; it is man and master. A very well-to-do tenant of mine, McCarthy, came to me the other day to tell me he could by no means produce his rent. 'I'm broke,' said he. 'Good heavens!' said I, 'how distressing! Where?' He was good enough to explain. 'All I want,' said he, 'is your consideration. You shall have it, and instantly rang the bell for whisky and water. 'All I want,' said I, 'is my rent.' I got it—after a while, you know; after a while. Yes, they require a great deal."

He sighs profoundly, smiles benignly upon the two young men, and finally stepping into the brougham, is soon out of sight.

"There is a man who has got in all his rents, has steadily refused to make a single statement, and is still on excellent terms with his tenantry," says Desmond, staring after the departing carriage with admiration in his eyes.

"The governor is certainly always there," says Donat, nodding his head. "He is as clever as you like."

"It is getting late. I wonder if they have finished their gossip," says Brian, standing presumably to his wife and her friends in the drawing-room.

"I'll go and see. Go on you to the billiard-room again," says Clontarf. "If they haven't, you may as well have another cigar with me before you go."

## CHAPTER XIV.

"To stoiche slightest and subtleties  
In women lie. For eyes as busy as bees  
Are they, usually men to deceive.  
You love I best, and shall, and other none."

In the drawing-room it is now growing dusk, but the fire is so glad of heart that it is making the very walls of the room blush with the rosy warmth. Mrs. Costello, finding her "occupation o'er," with the departure of her foe the marquis, has taken herself off to the myotic recesses of her chamber and the companionship of her low-suffering maid.

Utterably relieved by her welcome absence, the four girls (for, in spite of that most beautiful boy in the nursery at Coole, Monica in appearance may still be classed as one) are sitting chattering gaily over the fire.

All troubled thoughts seem to have slipped from the mind of Doris. She is sparkling with animation, and is entering into the discussion on hand with an esprit most admirable. She is half-sitting, half-lying on the hearth-rug, in a position full of careless grace, with her head against Monica's knee—she is very fond of Monica—and is altogether as unlike her usual calm, cold self as it would be possible to imagine.

"I think I never saw Gerald look so handsome as he did last night," she is saying. "His eyes were so dark, so full of that most blessed of all things—hope. Generally he looks too melancholy."

"Mr. Burke? Oh he is delicious," says Vera, in her soft cooling voice, now ripening with laughter, as though over some irresistible recollection. "He takes life so altogether au grand sérieux that he turns it into a comedy for the rest of us! As the 'Glaour' or the 'Corsair,' his appearance alone would insure him a fortune on the stage."

"He may surely be considered in a more kindly light than that," says Lady Clontarf, some carefully-suppressed disappointment in her tone. "He is both earnest and reliable. When I look at him it always occurs to me how easy a thing it would be to learn to love him."

"Yes; he is very lovable," says Monica. "Is he? One hardly knows. I don't say," says Vera lightly. "I don't think I shall know what love is at all—at least that kind of love," shaking her lovely blonde head. "Do you, Dody?" This to Doris, who is looking somewhat thoughtful.

"I don't know, darling. I"—sadly—"hope so."

"Why, Dody, what a look! Are you an advocate of love? It must be a horrid thing, I think, because the very thought of it has made you grave."

A second later, as though some knowledge has come to her too late, she flushes crimson all through her perfect skin, and tears (unwonted indeed) spring to her eyes. Surprisingly she leans forward until her fingers can close upon a ribbon that adorns Doris's pretty gown. Having secured it, she holds it tightly, though why, she hardly knows; but all that evening, and ever afterward, her manner toward her sister is tinged with a deeper tenderness.

"It should make no one grave," says Kit, with sudden warmth. "It should only make one happy. To love, to feel that one is loved in return, is life indeed."

"If one loves wisely," says Monica, making a feeble effort to support her cause.

At this Vera laughs irreverently.

"To love wisely is to love to order. Is that 'life indeed'?" she asks, artlessly.

"After all, where lies the magic in this mighty love? 'Lookers-on,' says they, 'see most of the game.' I should think the knowledge gained by their eaves-dropping would cure them effectually of ever playing at love! Lovers, as far as I can see, are the most miserable class of beings extant. Now, I ask you all, who is the most wretched-looking person you know?"

"Mr. Mannering, I think," says Doris, laughing, led to this answer by the remembrance of a conversation that took place last night between her and Vera.

"Ah! And I'm sure he is a victim to the untender passion," says Vera, lightly. "Neither she nor Doris is aware of the unhappy man's predilection for Miss Beresford. 'He is stupid enough for that or anything. And he can't dance, no, not a bit. How I hate a man who puts his name down on one's card and then knocks one to pieces! A mean take-in, I call it.'"

"He knows as much about waltzing as the man in the moon," says Kit, with keen appreciation of his demerits.

"He is quite too beyond everything," agrees Vera, with a dainty shrug.

"Poor man! Well, yes—really, I think he is," says Doris, reluctantly, yet with a latent sense of amusement in her tone.

To Monica this was terrible. She had said a sweet word or two for Mr. Burke a moment since to please Doris, yet now Doris has gone over to the enemy (albeit unwittingly) and has given her vote against Mr. Mannering. Are they all bent on knocking her pet schemes about her ears and reducing her Kit to poverty?

She sighs forlornly. Of course Doris does not understand how it is with her; she wishes now she had made her a partner in her design, and had let her see how essential it is to Kit to secure a *bon parti*, and how impossible it is she should be allowed to wed a man without a penny. She glances at Kit, and can see that she is reveling in the unanimous verdict returned against her English adorer, and that her face is wreathed in smiles. The whole scene is of course

very palatable to her, an absolute feast of cakes and ale.

"It's his chin, I think," says Doris, breaking the momentary silence, and speaking in a tone of deep compassion. Monica cannot avoid knowing she is alluding to Mr. Mannering, who certainly does recede in that direction.

"No, it is not," says Kit.

"It is his legs," says Vera, solemnly; whereupon they all give way to laughter. Even Monica, after a short but decisive battle with her inclinations, gives way too, and laughs as merrily as the rest.

It is at this moment that Clontarf comes to the door, and a standstill. The different sounds of merriment reach him, but one is clearer to him than all the rest. It is sweeter, more musical—stranger! More by instinct than by knowledge, he knows it is his wife's laughter to which he is listening.

The room, except where the fire penetrates, is sunk in darkness; his tall form, standing in the door-way, is lost in shadow. Silently he stands and gazes on the group before him, or rather on its central figure. Doris is still stretched in a languid graceful fashion upon the rug, her head leaning against Monica. The bright flashes of light from the fire are playing among the gold brown threads of her hair, and lighting up her pure and perfect profile. One hand is thrown negligently above her head, the other toys idly with a gigantic Japanese fan; and still, as he watches her, the low sweet laughter issues from her lips.

To others she can talk! With others she can laugh! To, and with him alone she is ever the same—an emotionless, if beautiful, statue. Anger that is almost akin to hatred, rises in his heart as he watches her; and yet—

A great longing to hear her laugh in his presence makes him approach them somewhat abruptly; but as the light of the fire, falling upon him, reveals his tall figure, the mirth dies from her face, and with a soft exclamation she springs hastily to her feet.

To any ordinary woman of his acquaintance he would have said, "Don't let me disturb you," or something like that, and would probably have pressed her back again smilingly into her comfortable position; but t. Doris he cannot say it. He is indeed both wounded and indignant at the manner in which she has acknowledged his coming. It is terrible to him that he should be treated as a bugbear, a wet blanket, one whose presence must perforce put an end to gayety of any kind.

He is about to explain why he has come, when the other men, following him, save him the trouble.

Sir Watkyn Wyld, shuffling cautiously up the room in the semi-darkness, has two or three providential escapes from a sudden death. Every chair and table in his way is as a pitfall laid for his destruction, and over each and all he stumbles heavily, in spite of the juvenile glass he has screwed into his left eye. "Why the deuce can't I see 'em?" he asks himself, indignantly, when he has just saved himself from falling over a *prie-dieu* by clutching wildly at a Queen Ann cabinet. The strongest glasses are of little use without some sight behind them, and Sir Watkyn's vision is by this time worn to a thread. With a suppressed curse upon the fools who prefer fire-light to the honest glare of lamps, he totters feebly up the room to where Vera is sitting, and sinks into a lounge beside her with an aged groan, which he vainly endeavors to pass off as a sigh.

Gerald Burke, whose younger sight has conducted him with safety through the furniture quicksands with a swiftness not to be attained by all the double eye-glasses in Christendom, is leaning over the back of Vera's chair as Sir Watkyn arrives, and now stares down upon the dilapidated remains of that old beau with a sufferance born of a noble deference for age.

"What light can be compared to the tender glow emitted by pine logs?" says Sir Watkyn, with a burst of feeble enthusiasm meant to carry off the remembrance of the tottering and the groan, and to make the listener understand that the difficulties encountered during his journey up the room were due to haste, not to want of sight. It is so soft, yet so brilliant. It seems to add even a deeper beauty (if that be possible) to a complexion such as yours."

He says this, leaning in an impressive manner toward Vera, with what he fondly but erroneously believes to be a sparkle of passion in his withered eye. The general effect of this maneuver is so mournful as

almost to reduce one to the verge of tears. The poor old man thinks he is looking into Vera's lovely orbs as he makes his little compliment, but, in the gentle dusk of the fire-light he has so kindly lauded, he has missed his aim, and is staring with senile adulation at a marble knob upon the chimney-piece instead. The mistake, to the lookers-on, is ghastly.

"Ah, Sir Watkyn, I doubt you are a sad, sad flatterer," says Vera, smiling prettily. "Her mouth full small, and thereto soft and red," is parted, until all the little oven tooth within, pale as pearls, can be seen—alas, alas! but not by Sir Watkyn! His glassy gaze has now wandered from the chimney-piece to the oak carving on the back of her chair, which, being of a shiny description, he again mistakes for her eye.

"No, no. No, really," he says, quite delighted by the little touch of reproach in her tone. If she had said he was a "sad, sad flirt," he might, perhaps, have been even a degree more enraptured still.

"But yes, indeed, and it isn't very kind of you; you shouldn't try to turn our heads," says Vera, letting her fan close with a tiny snap, that she may touch him with it on the back of his hand lightly, delicately.

Her manner to him is just a little different from what it is to others. She does not say, "Am I?" "Do you?" "Is it?" in the childish, helpless fashion that suits her so wonderfully; she treats him rather with a tender gayety that somehow suits her too—a playful sweetness, that has in it just the barest *souçon* of coquetry.

"Some people it is impossible to flatter," protests the old man, making a futile dab at her fan, as though to retain it, (and perhaps the hand that holds it), trying meanwhile to look as if he had said something hitherto unuttered.

"Sir Watkyn," says Doris at this moment, in her pleasantest tone. He is to her an object of positive aversion, but anything is better than seeing him next to her pretty *Bede*. "Sir Watkyn, come to me. I really must have your opinion about this subject."

Thus entreated, the ancient baronet perforce rises once more, and, after a terrible encounter with a tall footstool that nearly precipitates him into Monica's arms arrives at the side of his hostess.

"It is awfully good of you to be so kind to that old man," says Gerald Burke, bending over Vera; "but—but I think I would not flatter him quite so much if I were you; it will make him troublesome."

"It was he flattered me, wasn't it?" says Vera, mildly. "He said something pretty about my complexion, didn't he?"

"You should not have listened to him." "Why?" with grieved uplifted brows.

"Was it untrue?" "His compliment was such a finished one, and so original, you cannot want me to pay you another," says Burke, a little on edge in spite of himself.

"No—oh, no!" says Vera, tranquilly. "But what you say is right. He did put that little speech about my being impossible to flatter, very nicely, I thought too."

An overpowering desire to look into her face seizes Burke. He accomplishes it. Nothing can be calmer, sweeter, than her expression, nothing less suggestive of hidden meaning of any sort.

"Little speeches of the sort you mean should at least possess the merit of being one's own," he says, shortly.

"Of course,"—thoughtfully: "that was what you meant just now, when you said he was 'so original,' wasn't it?"

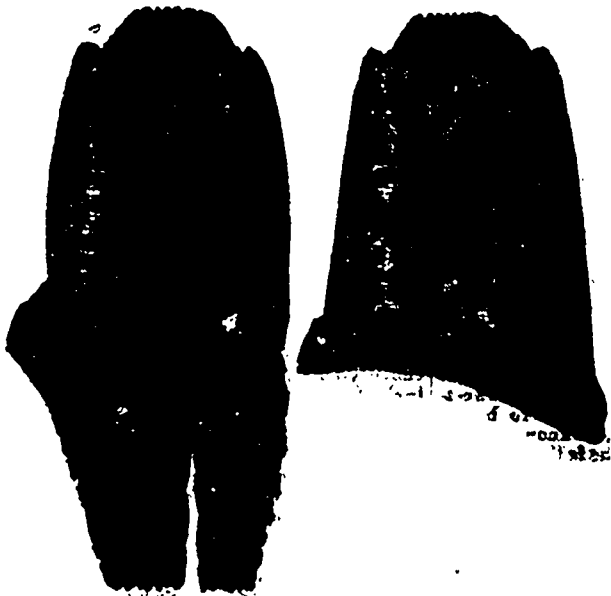
"I am afraid it wasn't," said Gerald, slowly. "One ceases to be original so very early in life that I fear even Sir Watkyn hasn't a chance of being so now."

"If he can't be that, he can at least be agreeable," says Vera, ever so sweetly, with a frank uplifting of her eyes to his. "You cannot deny that. If you do,"—smiling—"I shall say you are jealous of him."

"Jealous of a galvanized old mummy like that! No," says Mr. Burke, c.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Minister Lowell says of his successor, Mr. Phelps: "He is a gentleman of high character and marked independence. He is most agreeable in his manners, and has fine social qualities. None but a distinguished and agreeable man could have been chosen to be President of the American Bar Association. Both countries are to be congratulated on Mr. Cleveland's wisdom as shown in selection of Mr. Phelps as my successor."



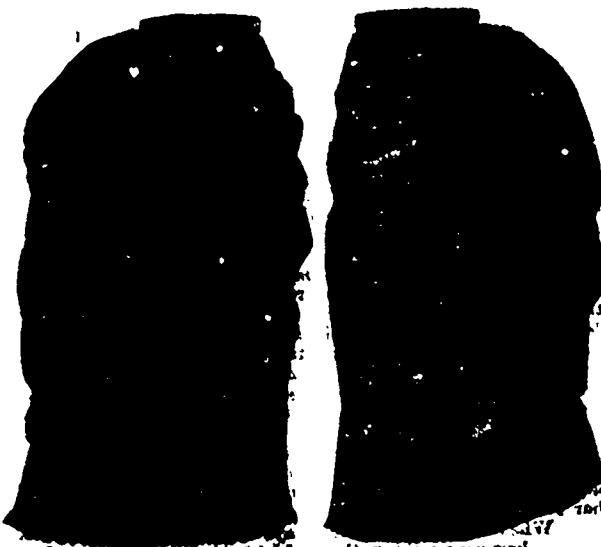
No. 3210.—Ladies' Wrap, Price, 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (22 inches wide) for

30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards; 34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 3 yards; 38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 3½ yards; 42 inches, 3½ yards; 44 inches, 3½ yards; 46 inches, 3½ 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, 1½ yards; 40 inches, 1½ yards; 42 inches, 1½ yards; 44 inches, 2 yards; 46 inches, 2½ yards.



Quantity of Material (22 inches wide) for

30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards; 34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 3 yards; 38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 3½ yards; 42 inches, 3½ yards; 44 inches, 3½ yards; 46 inches, 3½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

30 inches, 6 1-8 yards; 32 inches, 6 1-8 yards; 34 inches, 6 1-8 yards; 36 inches, 6 1-8 yards; 38 inches, 6 1-8 yards; 40 inches, 6 1-8 yards; 42 inches, 6 1-8 yards; 44 inches, 6 1-8 yards; 46 inches, 6 1-8 yards.

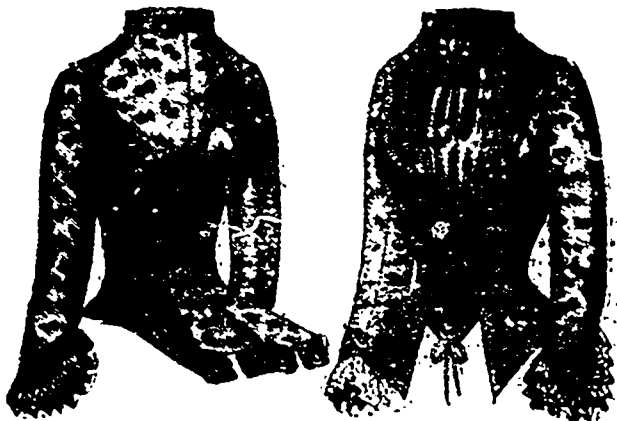


No. 3220.—Ladies' Wrap, Price, 25 cents.

For quantity see figure 15.



No. 3202.—Ladies' Gathered Skirt, Price, 25 cents.  
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide).....3½ yards.



No. 3213.—Ladies' Basque, Price, 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (22 inches wide) for

30 inches, 3 1-8 yards; 32 inches, 3½ yards; 34 inches, 3½ yards; 36 inches, 3½ yards; 38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 3½ yards; 42 inches, 3½ yards; 44 inches, 3½ yards; 46 inches, 3½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1½ yards; 34 inches, 1½ yards; 36 inches, 2 yards; 38 inches, 2 yards; 40 inches, 2 1-8 yards; 42 inches, 2½ yards; 44 inches, 2½ yards; 46 inches, 2½ yards. Lining for front (cambric, 27 inches wide), 1 yard.



No. 3212.—Ladies' Wrap, Price, 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (22 inches wide) for

30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards; 34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 3 yards; 38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 3½ yards; 42 inches, 3½ yards; 44 inches, 3½ yards; 46 inches, 3½ 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, 1½ yards; 40 inches, 1½ yards; 42 inches, 1½ yards; 44 inches, 1½ yards; 46 inches, 1½ yards.

Pattern No. 3069, price 35 cents, furnishes the design for this costume of blue gingham, embroidered with red and white arrow heads. Nine yards of the embroidered goods and seven of the plain are given in each robe, both fabrics being twenty-four inches wide. The skirt is composed of the usual number of pieces, and covered with a deep side-pleating of the plain goods. The fronts of the polonaise are fitted with darts, as usual, and draped to form a long, round apron; the back is cut with extensions, and looped in a bouffant manner, the sides falling in jabots, that may be faced with the plain material; rounding collar and turned-back cuffs. Either woolen or cotton goods can be fashioned after this neat design.

The attractive wrapper here represented is shown in Pattern No. 3203, price 30 cents. Any woolen or cotton fabrics are prettily made after such a style, with trimming to correspond. The decoration given is a handsome soutache of silk cord. The wrapper is fitted with tight fronts and back, the latter being cut off below the waist, and the necessary fullness added in two triple box-pleats. Ordinary coat-sleeves and a rolling-collar finish the garment, which may button down the front or fasten with cord ornaments.

Pattern No. 3210, price 25 cents, is the design from which this illustration is taken. The back is short and plain, the fronts form long, narrow tabs, and the dolman sleeve turns up *a-la-Chinese*. Any suit, silk or velvet goods are suitable for the design, and may be trimmed with lace, jet pendants or chenille fringe.

This dressy wrap is taken from Pattern No. 3220, price 25 cents. The fronts are in long, square tabs, the back in two pieces held by an inside belt, and the high dolman sleeves square at the lower edge, being turned up in Chinese fashion.

These drawers are from Pattern No. 3201, price 15 cents, and are carefully fitted to a band opening on the side. The lower edge is gathered to a band large enough to slip over the feet, and finished with a ruffle of lace or Hamburg embroidery.

Pattern No. 3206, price 15 cents, furnishes the design for this misses' corset cover. Cambric and muslin are the fabrics selected, with trimmings of Hamburg or lace. The fronts are fitted with one dart in each, side forms, and a seam down the centre of the back finishing the garment. The neck and arm sizes should be finished with a bias facing.

The plain, full skirt so often spoken of is well shown by Pattern No. 3202, price 25 cents, and is appropriate for any goods, to be trimmed according to the taste. It is fitted in the belt by numerous gathers, throwing the principal fullness in the back.

Pattern No. 3213, price 25 cents, is responsible for this stylish design, which has a postillon back, is short on the hips, long, pointed, and cut away in front, with a border-like revers, cuffs and high collar of velvet. The novel girdle is sewed in the side seams and laced in front; is also of the velvet, with brass tipped laces. The plastron may be of lace, Surah or woolen goods, and is slightly full in at the neck and waist line, where it ends.

Pattern No. 3214, price 30 cents, furnishes the design for this simple skirt. The skirt consists of the usual number of pieces, with a protective pleating and several bands of braid. The apron is full and pointed, with a band of the braid on one side only. The back drapery rounds and drapes high, especially on the left, where the underskirt has a panel-like effect. Other trimming can be used, if preferred.

The Zouave jacket here represented can be made of velvet, woolen, or silk goods, and trimmed with balls, beads or braid. The back has a seam down the middle; the fronts are short and rounding and the collar of the curate style. Pattern No. 3212, price 20 cents.

The wrap here illustrated is especially comfortable to wear, as it is fitted with the side seam so far back that no drawing effect is felt about the arms. The fronts are turned up to form the sleeves, having a cape effect, and the back fitted with two pieces, laid in a tiny postillon, and worn with an inside belt. Any goods usually selected for wraps are pretty for such a design, with trimmings of chenille fringes, lace, jet pendants, etc. Pattern No. 3209, price 25 cents.

Any of these patterns may be obtained by enclosing the price and addressing S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH office, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.



No. 3203.—Ladies' Wrapper, Price, 30 cents.

Quantity of Material (22 inches wide) for

30 inches, 8½ yards; 32 inches, 8½ yards; 34 inches, 8½ yards; 36 inches, 8½ yards; 38 inches, 9½ yards; 40 inches, 9½ yards; 42 inches, 9½ yards; 44 inches, 10 yards; 46 inches, 10½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

30 inches, 4½ yards; 32 inches, 4½ yards; 34 inches, 4½ yards; 36 inches, 4½ yards; 38 inches, 5½ yards; 40 inches, 5½ yards; 42 inches, 5½ yards; 44 inches, 6½ yards; 46 inches, 6½ yards.



No. 3201.—Misses' Drawers, Price 15 cents.

Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for

8 years, 1½ yards; 9 years, 1½ yards; 10 years, 1½ yards; 11 years, 1½ yards; 12 years, 1½ yards; 13 years, 1½ yards; 14 years, 1½ yards; 15 years, 1½ yards.

No. 3067.—Ladies' Suit, Price, 35 cents.

Quantity of Material (3½ inches wide) for

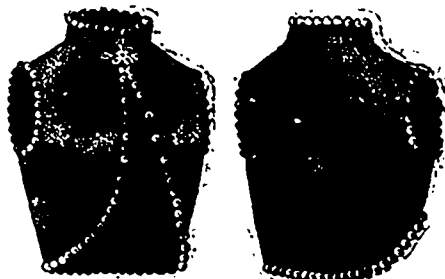
30 inches, 9½ yards; 32 inches, 10 yards; 34 inches, 10 yards; 36 inches, 10½ yards; 38 inches, 10½ yards; 40 inches, 10½ yards; 42 inches, 11 yards; 44 inches, 11½ yards; 46 inches, 11½ yards.

Quantity of Material (45 inches wide) for

30 inches, 4½ yards; 32 inches, 5 yards; 34 inches, 5 yards; 36 inches, 5½ yards; 38 inches, 5½ yards; 40 inches, 5½ yards; 42 inches, 6½ yards; 44 inches, 6½ yards; 46 inches, 6½ yards.

Material for plain skirt (cambric 22 inches wide), 5 yards.

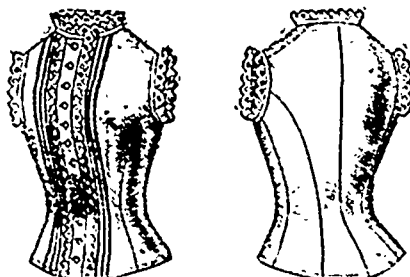
Material for pleating for the skirt (45 inches wide), 3 yards.



No. 3212.—Ladies' Zouave Jacket, Price 20 cents.

Quantity of Material (22 inches wide) for

30 inches, 1 1-8 yards; 32 inches, 1 1-8 yards; 34 inches, 1 1-8 yards; 36 inches, 1 1-8 yards; 38 inches, 1 1-8 yards; 40 inches, 1 1-8 yards; 42 inches, 1 1-8 yards; 44 inches, 1 1-8 yards; 46 inches, 1 1-8 yards.



No. 3206.—Misses' Corset Cover, Price, 15 cents.

Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for

25 inches, 1 yard; 26 inches, 1 yard; 27 inches, 1 yard; 28 inches, 1 yard; 29 inches, 1 yard; 30 inches, 1 1-8 yards; 31 inches, 1 1-8 yards; 32 inches, 1 1-8 yards; 33 inches, 1 1-8 yards.

—For Truth.

Glints of Home Life.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

"The bread will go lively this week, its so good," said one of the hungry boys at breakfast, and as I do not believe that new bread, however good, is the best thing for the digestion of even hungry lads, I thought it best to make some Graham bread as a go-between. I may as well give the receipt here, and promise all who try it that the children will cry for it:—"To three quarts of Graham flour add a cup of molasses, a little lard, about a small tablespoonful, melted in the molasses, or, if preferred, use mashed potatoes instead of any fatty substance for dyspeptics, mix with the usual quantity of water and yeast. Set it to rise over night, and in the morning knead slightly, put in pans, let it rise well, and bake rather slowly. It is more healthful than bolted flour bread, containing more of the phosphates.

When the meat came to the table little four-year-old pushed back her plate, "Mo not like hash," she pouted; "It's good, mother made it," said a seven-year-old connoisseur after tasting, and a guest who seemed to relish it, asked how it was made. I told her it was only a bit of corned beef left over, which, however, makes the very best hash, and had been chopped up fine with a row cold potatoes, an onion and a little dried parsley and summer savory with a small piece of butter, and some soup stock added. I let it simmer for ten minutes, then turned it out upon some toasted bread. But to be palatable it must be served hot and seasoned with salt and pepper to a nicety. So very much in household cooking depends on doing things exact, in the matter of flavoring and seasoning.

As the April days near on we feel the "cares of the world," heavy on our shoulders. But it is well if we remember that time is required for everything to bring it to perfection. "First the blade," it is not all done at once; there is a great deal of work before we reach the "full corn in the ear." I do not wonder that women often grow peevish and narrow. They have to suit their thoughts and brains to the requirements of their children, and the lack of out-door exercise in inclement weather keeps them from the freshness and vigor they require. For the exercise of household duties over the kitchen stove is quite a different thing to a brisk walk in the bracing out-door air. The one is wearisome, the other invigorating to body and mind. If we could only throw aside care for awhile, and enjoy the present, for when we look back upon it as the past, it will only seem like a troubled dream.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS

- Doughnuts fry best in deep lard.
- In making soups put the meat in cold water.
- Corned beef and ham should be put in boiling water.
- Cut warm bread or cake with a warm knife.
- A tablespoonful of corn-starch is equal to one egg.
- One teaspoonful of baking powder and an egg improves dressing.
- Allow one tablespoonful of coffee for each person and one for the pot.
- Allow one teaspoonful of tea for each person and one for the pot.
- Bake custards in cups set in a pan of cold water.
- Bake crackers till crisp to be eaten with oysters.
- All vegetables should be put in boiling water.
- Beef for roasting should not be salted, as it extracts the juices. Simply sprinkle with flour.
- Anything mixed with water requires a hotter oven than anything mixed with milk.

What is poverty that a man should whine under it? It is but the pain of piercing the ears of the maiden, and you have precious jewels in the wound.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 28 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year. Advertising rates:—30 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LADIES JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 15th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 165 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of those papers and supplements. Rates:—30 cents per single line; one month, \$1.50 per line; three months, \$3.75 per line; six months, \$6.75 per line; twelve months, \$12.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimate given for all kind of newspaper work. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES.

MONTREAL QUE.—No. 163 St. James St., C. R. Scott, Manager. WINNIPEG, MAN.—No. 100 W. in St. Wilson Bldg., Managers.

Business in connection with any of our publications or the Auxiliary Publishing Company, can be as well transacted with either of our branch establishments as with the head office in Toronto.

THE AUXILIARY ADVERTISING AGENCY Manufacturers Wholesale Retailers and other large advertisers will advertise in our columns by getting our estimates for advertising whether for long or short lists. Advertisements inserted in our paper published in Canada at publishers' lowest rates. As we pay "front" cash for all orders sent to publishers, and the price of advertising is based on all of the best publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other.

Publishers will kindly send us papers for trying regularly. Do not advertise till you are satisfied. S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor Aux. Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

ABOUT RENEWALS

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS.

TRUTH subscribers whose terms have expired, or are about to expire, are respectfully requested to renew at once. We do not like any such cut off the list. Don't part company with TRUTH.

As a special inducement for immediate renewals, the Publisher has resolved to make the following special offer, which is the best he has ever made:—

To all subscribers sending in \$3 for a year's renewal, a FREE GIFT will be made of Canada Under Lord Lorne, a splendid Canadian volume of 700 pages, well printed and well bound; or Shakespeare's Complete Works, neatly printed and well bound.

To all subscribers sending \$1.50 for six months' renewal, a free gift of Elihu Buritt's great work Chips from the Block, 300 pages, or Poems and Songs by Alexander McLachlan, a favorite Canadian poet.

These books will be delivered free a TRUTH office, or sent by mail if the extra postage is sent, viz:—12 cents on the present to yearly subscribers, and 9 cents on that to half yearly.

This offer holds good for one month only. Please send in at once, therefore. Subscribers whose terms have not yet expired, may also avail themselves now of this offer, and full credit will be extended to them. Don't let the chance slip. It is seldom such a liberal offer is made, and it may not be made again. In sending in be sure and mention it is for a renewal. Renewals may also be made by the Bible Competition scheme, in another column, but those competing will not also be entitled to one of the gift books above referred to.

\$43,535.00

A NEW PLAN.

FINE CITY RESIDENCE GIVEN AWAY

FOR ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

"TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 14.

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

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

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

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

READ THIS CAREFULLY.

You can compete any number of times in this competition. Send one dollar now, don't delay, with answers to these questions, and you will stand a good chance among the SECOND and THIRD, and more particularly for the GREAT MIDDLE reward, the residence, as the advertisement has been out some time. Then send one dollar, say one month hence, and another in competition for the Consolation Rewards, and among the lot you are almost certain to strike something well worth having, perhaps even a prize for each dollar sent. Of course your answers to the Bible questions must be correct to secure any reward. Don't lose an hour now in sending off the first dollar. Read the full particulars. For each dollar sent your term of subscription will be extended four months.

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

Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. Mr. Wilson has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet he is not dissatisfied with the result, as TRUTH has been splendidly established and his own business reputation well built up. This will, however, positively be the last competition this year, and perhaps altogether, so don't lose the present opportunity of securing a valuable prize with TRUTH. A good guarantee for the future now lies in the fact that the publisher cannot now afford to do otherwise than honorably carry out his promise, as to fail at all would forfeit the result of the efforts of nearly a whole business life time.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible. 2. Give first reference to the word DIVORCE in the Bible.

THE REWARDS. In order to give every one, living anywhere, a fair chance to obtain one of these rewards, they have been distributed equally over the whole time of the competition, in seven sets as follows:—

- FIRST REWARDS 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$200 2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Hinch, Toronto. 1,650 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs. 800 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services. 500 14 to 18.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-case watches. 540 20 to 24.—Seven solid gold silver hunting-case or open-face watches. 330 31 to 35.—Eight fine nickel silver case watches. 400 36 to 40.—Nine solid gold rings, elegant designs. 730 41 to 45.—Ten solid gold rings, elegant designs. 730 50 to 54.—Twenty-five solid gold rolled gold brooches, newest designs. 900 55 to 59.—Fifty Dollars in Gold. 50

- SECOND REWARDS 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold. \$200 2, 3 and 4.—Three magnificent grand square pianos. \$1,650 5, 6 and 7.—Three fine-tuned 10-stop Cabinet Organs. 800 8 to 12.—Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches. 750 13 to 17.—Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches. 1,170 18 to 24.—Twenty-five solid quadruple silver-plated tea sets. 730 25 to 30.—Thirty gentlemen's solid gold silver hunting-case watches. 900 31 to 35.—Twenty-five solid gold rings. 600 36 to 40.—Twenty-five solid gold rings. 75 41 to 45.—Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant pattern. 535 46 to 50.—One hundred and seventy half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons. 850 51 to 54.—Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionary. 510 55 to 59.—Two hundred and six fine hunter knives. 300 60.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold. 100

- THIRD REWARDS 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rose wood square pianos. \$1,520 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches. 400 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold, beautifully engraved watches. 400 12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services. 510 18 to 24.—Eighteen sets Chambers' encyclopedias (10 vols. to each). 600 25 to 30.—Nine solid gold silver hunting-case or open face watches. 300 31.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold. 75 32 to 35.—Fifty one solid gold rings. 600 36 to 39.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs. 450 40 to 50.—Eighty-one half-dozen solid silver-plated tea spoons. 415 51 to 60.—Two hundred volumes, well-bound, Chambers' Etymological Dictionary. 450 61.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold. 150

THE GREAT MIDDLE REWARD OF THE

"TRUTH" VILLA,

a fine, well-situated dwelling house, on a good residence street in the City of Toronto. Street and number, plan of the house and all particulars will be given in TRUTH in the course of a few weeks. The house is semi-detached, fine mantles, grates, bath-room, marble wash-stand, water closet and bath, front and back stairs, and all modern conveniences. The winner must consent to allow the name "TRUTH Villa" to remain on the house, as a memento of the enterprise of TRUTH.

- FOURTH REWARDS 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$200 2, 3 and 4.—Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Hinch, Toronto. 1,600 5 and 6.—Two magnificent 10-stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm. 600 7, 8 and 9.—Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services. 300 10 to 15.—Six gentlemen's solid gold watches. 600 16 to 20.—Five ladies' solid gold watches. 450 21 to 25.—Nine crown and sewing machines. 600 26.—Ten Dollars in Gold. 10 31 to 40.—Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-case or open-faced, coin-silver watches. 900

- 41 to 50.—Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets elegant designs. 200 51 to 100.—Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons. 400 101 to 210.—One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionary. 300 311 to 510.—Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper. 80 511.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold. 100

FIFTH REWARDS.

- 1.—One hundred dollars in Gold Coin. \$100 2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos. 2,100 10 to 20.—Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches. 1,000 21 to 32.—Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches. 1,000 33 to 50.—Eighteen solid quadruple silver-plated tea services. 1,440 51 to 70.—Thirty double-barrel, twist, breech-loading shot guns. 2,700 71 to 110.—Forty sets (10 vols. to each) complete Chambers' Encyclopedias. 2,000 111 to 131.—Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid gold silver hunting case or open face watches. 600 132.—Twenty dollars in gold. 20 133.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold. 100 134 to 162.—Twenty-seven Solid Nickel watches. 540 163 to 250.—One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated Tea Spoons. 990 331 to 600.—Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper). 170

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$200 2, 3 and 4.—Three fine grand upright pianos, by a celebrated maker. 1,300 5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker. 750 8 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services. 300 11 to 18.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches. 800 19 to 19.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns. 600 30 to 30.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns. 415 31 to 150.—Sixty half-dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons. 300 151.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold. 100 152 to 190.—One hundred and thirty-nine German Oleographs. 660 191 to 201.—One hundred and eleven volumes of a most fascinating novel, by a celebrated author. 50

METHOD OF MAKING AWARDS.

As fast as the answers come to hand they are carefully numbered in the order they are received, and at the close of the competition (Sept. 30th) the letters will be divided into SIX EQUAL QUANTITIES, and to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, including the consolation rewards, will be given the residence referred to above. Then to the sender of the first correct answers up to number 501 in the FIRST REWARDS, and up to number 716 in the SECOND REWARDS, and up to number 401 in the THIRD REWARDS, and up to 600 in the FOURTH REWARDS, and up to 401 in the FIFTH REWARDS, and up to 401 in the SIXTH and last, or CONSOLATION REWARDS, will be given the prizes as stated in each of the lists. Fifteen days only will be allowed after date of closing for answers in competition for consolation rewards to reach TRUTH Office from distant points.

Each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least four months for which one dollar must be sent with their answers. As this is the regular subscription price, you therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards.

HOW TO SEND.

Don't lose a day about looking up these bible questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good anytime between now and 30th September next. Send in each case a money order for one dollar, or registered letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clearly and plainly, with your full name and correct address. Bear in mind, every one must send one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for four months. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended, or the magazine will be sent to any other desired address.

This competition is advertised only in Canada, and Canadians therefore have a better opportunity than residents of other countries. The rewards, however, are so distributed over the whole term of the competition that anyone, living anywhere, may be successful.

TRUTH is a 28-page weekly magazine, well printed and carefully edited. A full size page of newest music each week, two or three fascinating serial and one or two short stories, Poet's Page, Young Folks, Health, Temperance, and Ladies' Fashion Department Illustrated. In the contributors' pages may be found during the

course of the year articles from most of the leading and representative men of Canada and the United States, such as Sir Francis Hincks, of Montreal; Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., Metropolitan Church, Toronto; Hon. S. D. Hastings, of Wisconsin; Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska; Hon. Neal Dow, Maine; Dr. Daniel Clarke, Rev. Jos. Wild, D.D., G. Mercer Adam, of Toronto; Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, as well as many others.

In addition to the Bible competitions which are from time to time offered, the publisher also gives every week the following valuable prizes:—\$20 in gold for the best selected or original Tid-Bit; a lady or gentleman's solid gold watch for the best Short Story, original or selected; \$5.00 for the best original or selected Poem. This extraordinary liberality on the part of the publisher of TRUTH stands unique and unparalleled in the history of journalism on this continent.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

You are sure to get TRUTH for four months for the dollar sent, and that alone is well worth the money. You also have a good opportunity of securing one of the above costly rewards, as everything will positively be given as offered, so in any case the investment is a good one. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present readers assuring the publisher that they would not be without TRUTH for many times the subscript price. Address, S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada.

THE WINNERS. — IN — OUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION, NUMBER 13.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

The persons named below have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards named:—

BROOCHES.—(CONTINUED)

403, Miss Shapeland, Palermo, Ont.; 407, James Keira, Luther, Ont.; 408, Frank Manchee, 114 Blecker St., City; 409, Gertrude Harvey, Cobourg, Ont.; 410, D. A. Coudie, Smith's Falls, Ont.; 411, Mrs. T. C. Hill, Sydney, C. Breton; 412, Wm. Nichol, Haliburton, Ont.; 413, Mrs. Susan Nash Sadler, Gooderham, Ont.; 414, John E. Howatt, Arthur, Ont.; 415, James Clark, Renfrew, Ont.; 416, L. Wright, 271 Ontario St., Chicago, Illa.; 417, J. S. Vandervoort, Picton, Ont.; 418, Mrs. E. S. Vandharicon, Picton, Ont.; 419, Mrs. Eda Nash, Walkerville, Ont.; 420, Mrs. J. S. Webster, Cobourg, Ont.; 421, Arch. Cameron, Palmyra, Ont.; 422, Lambert Fusler, Fort Lewis, Colo.; 423, J. W. Stinson, Rockport, Maine; 424, Miss L. J. Hornet, Hornet's Ferry, Pa.; 425, Mrs. Ella Potter, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.; 426, Mattie Satterlee, Coon's Coraers, Pa.; 427, B. Hollister, East Concord, N. Y.; 428, Mrs. L. L. Greene, Rockwall, Texas; 429, D. I. Ellis, Bee Heights, Dak. Terr.; 430, Thos. D. Hoy, Twin Mountain, N. H.; 431, M. V. Kelly, Sandwich, Ills.; 432, John J. Hayes, Ogdensburg, New York; 433, George W. Clay, Wildwood, New Hampshire; 434, Spencer J. Jupp, Lambton, Ont.; 435, Mrs. F. Young, Buttenville, Ont.; 436, Edith Rogers, Springville, Nova Scotia; 437, Wilbur J. McKenzie, Nerepis, N. B.; 438, Mrs. W. H. Wright, Cowansville, Que.; 439, J. A. Teskey, Odell Town, Que.; 440, C. D. Noyce, Brompton, Que.; 441, Jennie O. Scott, Como, Que.; 442, Heber C. Bennett, Bury, Que.; 443, Mrs. Sarah A. Snowden, Somerset, N. Y.; 444, Geo. H. Howland, G. overaville, N. Y.; 445, Miss Maggie Laidlaw, Rossie, N. Y.; 446, E. R. Atkinson, Brunswick, Ga.; 447, Thomas McGuire, Fort Lewis, Ont.; 448, Mrs. Thos. Haggerty, Allamuchy, N. J.; 449, Mrs. Lottie A. Neil, St. Thomas, Ont.; 450, Miss R. A. Lowry, Sydney, Cape Breton; 451, Charles Stephens, Berlin, Ont.; 452, Mrs. R. Sutherland, Parkhill, Ont.; 453, D. R. McKenzie, Lucknow, Ont.; 454, M. McHendrie, 7 Stuart-st., Hamilton; 455, Leonard Dell, International Bridge, Ont.; 456, Annie Stephens, Berlin, Ont.; 457, Mrs. A. Libert, Rodney, Ont.; 458, Maggie Graham, Askin P. O., London S.,

Ont.; 459, Sarah Baldwin, Eagle Place, Brantford, Ont.; 460, Mary Fisher, Dalhousie-st., Brantford; 461, Henry D. Jerrard, Vandallin, Illinois; 462, W. H. Thompson, Lealville, Ontario; 463, Mrs. W. D. Norris, 20 Alexander-st., city; 464, Mary McAllister, Duart, Ont.; 465, James Davies, Westville, Ont.; 466, Charles W. Smith, San Beach, N. Scotia; 467, W. F. Eddy, Regina, N. W. T.; 468, Benjamin V. Stafford, Gorrie, Ont.; 469, D. McLachlan, Shoal Lake, Man.; 470, Eben W. Phelps, Waterloo, Que.; 471, Jacob Struthers Trenton, Ont.; 472, J. Blount, Campbellford, Ont.; 473, Mrs. Colinetta Kirkwood, Mnden, Ont.; 474, James Willey, Durham, Ont.; 475, Euphemia Munro, 58 Wellington St., City; 476, Mrs. William Down, Glen Oak, Ont.; 477, W. F. Phelps, "Enterprise Office," Dutton, Ont.; 478, Sergeant Andrew Heale, Lancelot, Ont.; 479, Jacob M. Belyea, Norepis Sta., N. B.; 480, Jennie L. Michel, East Durham, N. Y.; 481, Charles U. Thompson, Merced, New Haven, Conn.; 482, Mrs. John Armstrong, South Valley Otsego Co., N. Y.; 483, T. M. Bruce, Poquiock, N. B.; 484, Maggie K. Smith, Blain, Maine; 485, A. Dutter, Saginaw City, Mich.; 486, J. Milton Murphy, West Webster, N. Y.; 487, S. Crawford, Thorold, Ont.; 488, W. McLaughlan, Owen, Ont.; 489, Mrs. J. George, 38 Nelson St. City; 490, Mrs. E. Wright, Richmond Hill, Ont.; 491, Jerrien Debrics, 250 Rebecca St., Chicago, Illa.; 492, Maggie Lee, Beeton, Ont.; 493, J. H. Wood, Delta, Ontario; 494, Ada R. Wintler, Sago, Ohio; 495, Annie Henderson, Alpena, Dakota; 496, Florrie Taylor, Rochesterville, Ont.; 497, Mrs. F. B. Strong, Castleton, Ontario; 498, Mrs. T. Freeborn, Topping, Ontario; 499, Nathaniel Johnston, West Field, Ont.; 500, Tom Williams, Niel's Harbor, C. B.; 501, Robert W. Watson, Renton, N. S.; 502, Martha E. Hall, Stoketon, P. Q.; 503, Thos. A. Givens, Oberon, Man.; 504, Mrs. W. H. McKenzie, Antigonish, N. Y.; 505, Elizabeth H. Kebler, Oswego, Ind.; 506, N. W. Elmer, Fish Creek, Montana; 507, Mrs. George F. Harrison, Schoolcraft, Mich.; 508, L. E. Smith, West Fairlee, Vt.; 509, Mrs. L. B. Lake, Newtown, Conn.; 510, Will L. Bullard, Lincoln Centre, Me.; 511, Mrs. W. P. Reader, La Grange, Ind.; 512, M. Wallace, Clarksburg, Mich.; 513, Susio Brice, Baltimore, Ind.; 514, Levi Grant, Ligonir, Ind.; 515, S. Forsyth, Lenox, Ont.; 516, Annie L. Hotfield, Brockville, Nova Scotia; 517, Osborn Batchler, Loyton, Que.; 518, William Lockwood, Indian Head, N. W. Territory; 519, Emma L. Home, East F. zabeth, Pen.; 520, C. G. McPeters, West Jrent Works, Me.; 521, Amos Cox, Garfield, W. Ter.; 522, Hattie Holbrook, Elmwood, Mich.; 523, M. J. Conley, Conley, Ohio; 524, Thos. Ratcliffe, Lewiston, Me.; 525, J. C. Whilaker, Cornish; 526, Mrs. P. H. Smith, Mechanicsville, Vt.; 527, Jesse Marden, Jr., 12 E. Baltimore st., Baltimore, Md.; 528, M. L. Fields, New Annan, N. S.; 529, G. V. Grant, Green Mount, P. Q.; 530, J. C. McDonald, Georgetown, P. E. I.; 531, J. B. Henderson, Winnipeg; 532, Annie McIntyre, Tyno Valley, P. E. I.; 533, Mrs. W. J. Macbeth, Craighurst, Ont.; 534, R. H. Abraham, Burlington, Ont.; 535, William Wray, Schomberg, Ont.; 536, Mrs. Thos Stewart, Brockville, Ont.; 537, Geo. Thos. Waddell, Orono, Ont.; 538, Mary Nichol, Smith's Falls, Ont.; 539, Mrs. R. Benoit, Arichat, N. S.; 540, Kate Morrison, Arundel, Que.; 541, W. A. Barry, Loganville, N. S.; 542, Nellie Williams Robinson, Que.; 543, Jane S. Hayball, 118 Blecker St. Toronto; 544, Jacob Doupe, Longlake, N. W. T.; 545, E. Dinsmore, 12 Carile St. City; 546, Wesley Weeso, Albury, Ont.; 547, Mrs. Pethick, Amigari, Ont.; 548, O. A. Hager, Highgate Ctr., Vt.; 549, Lon Goodrid, Petersburg, Ind.; 550, E. W. Davis, Batavia, Ont.; 551, Hiram Udell, Urban, Ont.; 552, F. W. Rich, Bangor Maine; 553, Mrs. M. H. Mallett, Rockport, Maine; 554, Mrs. F. M. Baker, Snelling, Cal.; 555, Mrs. J. H. Shay, Bristol, N. Y.; 556, Mrs. J. Boyer, South Whitley, Ind.; 557, Drusilla Shingler, Erin, Ont.; 558, W. R. Hall, 43, Rupert-st., E. Winnipeg; 559, Maude Ralance, Vankoughnet, Ont.; 560, Mrs. A. L. Gee, Brantford, Ont.; 561, Ida Huntingdon, Kempville, Ont.; 562, Mrs. Jane Deegan, Brockville, Ont.; 563, Mrs. John Crowe, St. Lawrence, N. S.; 564, Mrs. Wm. McDonald, Dartmouth N. S.; 565, Emma Grant, Millard Station, Mo.; 566, Grace A. Harkin, Latimore, G. F. Co., Dakota; 567, Mrs. J. S. Cook, Edmore, Mt. Calm Co., Mich.; 568, Mrs. B. Gregory,

Kent Bridge, Ont.; 569, Richard Allen, Violet Hill, Ont.; 570, Stewart Anderson, South Lake, Lot 47, P. E. I.; 571, Thos. Brown, Holland, Walters Falls, Ont.; 572, Andy. T. Irvine, Gasperau, Kings Co., N. S.; 573, Mrs. H. Best, Cullodon, Ont.; 574, Carrie Otto, Manorville, Pa.; 575, Emma S. Davis, Marlboro, Mass.; 576, M. Conroy, Arpen, Colo.; 577, Mrs. Henry O. Whitney, West Canada, N. H.; 578, Carrollno M. Wainwright, Washingtonville, Ohio; 579, H. Atkinson, Salem, Ills.; 580, A. J. F. Edwards, Arnboj, Ills.; 581, E. P. Davie, Trumensburg, N. Y.; 582, A. C. Harloy, Whithoff, Ont.; 583, James Fraser, Campion, Ont.; 584, Nellie Redpath, Effingham, Ont.; 585, W. W. Grace, Griffin's Corner, Ont.; 586, Wm. Ritchie, Battersea, Ont.; 587, Mrs. Samuel Madge, Elmville, Ont.; 589, Sarah Jones, Newcastle, N. B.; 589, Walter Davis, L. earned Plain, Que.; 590, Louisa Burgess, Grahamsville; 591, Mrs. Wm. Fisher, Osgood, Ont.; 592, Mrs. Jos. Lemmons, Battersea, Ont.; 593, W. R. Coop, Morley, N. Y.; 594, B. W. Wiley, Enterprise, Fla.; 595, Mrs. A. Stevenson, Hillery, Mo.; 596, Ernest Toothaker, New Vineyard, Maine; 597, Mrs. E. Jarvis, Roxbury, N. Y.; 598, Jas. Thomas, St. Johns, Nfld.; 599, Mary Jones, Alleghany City, Pa.; 600, Alice Lealey, Hodge, Me.

PRIZE-WINNERS, PLEASE NOTICE.

The lack of ordinary courtesy amongst prize winners in the TRUTH competitions is most remarkable, though we have on more than one occasion requested, as politely as we knew how, those parties who won prizes to kindly acknowledge their receipt. Our very reasonable request has been complied with in an astonishingly small number of cases, as will be seen by turning to our published lists of acknowledgments. One of our stipulations in these competitions was that the receipt of prizes should be acknowledged by the recipients, and those entering these competitions tacitly bind themselves to comply with our request, but nine-tenths of the prize-winners appear to be gifted with most peculiar and feebly tenacious memories, as, though they never forget to send for their prizes, all recollection of what is expected of them in the way of acknowledgment thereof appears to fade from their mnemonic tablets. Common courtesy, at least, requires that when an individual receives a present, he or she should say "Thank you" for it. A great many of our prize-winners don't do as much.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

ROLLED GOLD BROOCHEE.—H. Bu'ge, Breadalbane St., Toronto; Annie F. Campbell, Picton Island; M. Estes, Alexandria Bay, New York; M. Brown, Donaghadee, Co. Down, Ireland; R. W. Hodgson, Lumas, C. C.; Mrs. H. J. Sargo, 17 Ossington Ave., Toronto.
CNET STAND.—Isabella E. McNaughton, Vellore; Mrs. J. T. Simpson, 55 Portland St., Ottawa.
TORONTO, PAST AND PRESENT.—Mrs. F. Wilson, Byron, Ont.
SILK DRESS.—S. Kate Banting, Cookstown.
SEWING MACHINE.—Mrs. Mallaby, Carleton Place.
SILVER TEA SET.—Lucy Sinclair, Beeton, Ont.
CAKE BASKET.—Thos. Wilty, Vellore.
SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.—Mrs. W. T. Dakley, 83 Sackville St., Toronto; Thomas Stephens, Aurora; J. C. Moore, Hamilton.
BUTTER KNIFE.—E. Elerhardt, McGilivray; Lizzie Moyness, Linden Valley; Chas. Brighton, Berlin; M. Karkuff, Oakville; Mrs. Thos. Stevenson, Stratford.
VOLUME OF POEMS.—Lou Sallwan, Bothwell; Will O'Neal Port. Arthur; G. H. Desmond, Bowmanville; Mrs. James Pickering, Toronto; James McGowan, Ravenna; M. M. Tucker, Orono; Mrs. W. H. Clarke, Toronto.
CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA, 10 VOLS.—Mrs. Thomas Peters, 59 St. Andrew St., Toronto.
SILVER-PLATED TEA SPOONS.—W. H. Johnston, Whatby; James Delgaty, Centralia.
GOLD WATCH.—Mrs. B. New, Thorold; E. McKowan, Bowmanville.
SILVER WATCH.—A. W. Baker, Oakwood; Mary Ann Watts, 359 King Street West, Toronto.
Mary Lamb, Rathbun P.O., Ont., writes: I have received the Williams Sewing Ma-

chine awarded me as a prize in your competition. I was very agreeably surprised when I saw what an excellent and handsome machine it is, and it works splendidly. I have shown it to a number of my friends, who imagined that your prizes were not paid, or not as represented. We all wonder how you can really afford to give such valuable prizes as you do.

Rev. C. E. Stafford Palmerston, Ont., writes:—The gold watch awarded me for prize story came duly to hand, and I am much pleased with it. It is a very handsome present. Many thanks for it.

COMPLIMENTS.

E. S. Doty, Allegan, Michigan.—We think TRUTH is one of the very best papers printed in the country—so full of good, sound, sensible reading matter.

Eugenio Sturtovant, Weybridge, Vermont, writes: "I enjoy TRUTH better than any other journal I ever knew of, and would not be without it as long as I can get it."

Mrs. B. B. Dibben, Deland, Florida, writes: "I am doing all I can to get people to subscribe for TRUTH here, as I think it is such an excellent journal for both old and young."

RUTH FOWLER, Mapleton, Dakota, writes.—TRUTH is always a welcome visitor to our house. I hope you may long live to write as well as you now do, to the amusement and benefit of both old and young.

Addie House, Delhi, Iowa.—We think more of TRUTH every time we receive it. There are but three families in the town who take it, but I think the number will soon be increased, for we have plenty of chances to lend our copy.

JAMES ROSAMOND, Almonte, Ont.—The leading woolen manufacturer of this Province, sends two full yearly subscriptions to TRUTH, so as to have a copy each week to hand to a friend. He gives tangible evidence of his admiration of our journal.

REV. W. J. SANDERS, Cloyne, writes:—My wife has been for some time a subscriber for TRUTH and I am reading with interest its valuable articles contributed by some of my most esteemed ministerial brethren. We very cordially welcome its weekly visits to our home.

Mrs. R. Redmond, Toronto, writes: "I received the handsome prize of the silver spoons. I do not see how you can afford to give away such splendid presents; those are standing the test of use and wear splendidly. I would not be without the cheering weekly visits of TRUTH for a good deal. It seems to be improving every issue."

The Napanco Beaver, one of the most popular country papers in the Province, kindly alludes to TRUTH as follows: "We are in receipt of a copy of TRUTH for this week, and its general excellence is so apparent that we cannot help referring to it. Though we have carefully read every issue of this journal for the past two years, this is decidedly the best number that we have yet seen, fully establishing the fact of its constant improvement. It is now the most successful and the best publication of its kind ever attempted in Canada. The series of special articles from prominent men in the literary world are being received with great favor. In this issue they have contributions from Dr. Wild, Rev. Hugh Johnston, A. M., C. J. Wylie, J. B. Ashley, Rev. D. V. Lucas, W. Burgess, John Fraser, of Montreal, and others, all written specially for TRUTH. Besides they have original poetry and stories of the highest merit, fully warranting our expression in regard to it."

Who Wants to Swap?

Attention is called to the "Exchange Department" of this journal, which must prove a most valuable medium for those having articles they wish to exchange in which to make known their wishes. Large numbers of our subscribers and others have already availed themselves of this department as a means of announcing their wants, and it is evidently a very popular one. Subscribers have the privilege of making use of the Exchange Department free of charge, and other's the small fee of twenty-five cents is required for inserting each announcement.

TRUTH readers in any part of the country, desiring specimen copies of this journal sent to their friends will kindly send the names and addresses of such to this office and samples will be sent free of charge. A post card full of such names will receive prompt attention.



PEARLS OF TRUTH.

No man can expect to live with the virtuous and mingle with the vicious and keep pure.

The only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill comes on.

Calumny is like the brands flying from a large fire, which quickly go out if you do not blow them.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners.

Intelligent people make many blunders, because they never believe the world as stupid as it is.

Many people take no care of their money till they come nearly to the end of it; others do just the same with their time.

Whenever the good done to us does not touch and penetrate the heart, it wounds and irritates our vanity.

Adversity, like winter weather, is of use to kill those vermin which the summer of prosperity is apt to produce and nourish.

He who holds loosely the love of a friend or a brother is unworthy to take upon himself any obligation more sacred or binding.

It costs no more to look pretty than to look dowdy and plain, and those who prefer the latter show an uncommon and reprehensible neglect of their looking-glasses.

He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

I have seen respectability and amiability grouped over the air-tight stove; I have seen virtue and intelligence hovering over the register; but I have never seen true happiness in a family where the faces were not illuminated by the blaze of an open fireplace.

All, from the humblest to the highest, need to cultivate a careful and accurate method of thought in all things. The cause of things and their true relations to each other do not lie on the surface waiting to be picked up, but are often far down out of sight, and must be dug for to be discovered. We shall find them, if at all, in the nature of things themselves, not in some chance coincidence having no bearing but that of association. Prejudices, when sifted to their real origin, will often disappear, fears will dissolve, rooted aversions be pulled up as weeds.

People who have no tact deserve pity. They are almost always doing or saying something to get themselves into trouble or which does them an injury. They make enemies where they desire friends, and get a reputation for ill-nature which they do not deserve. They are also continually doing other people harm, treading on metaphorical corns, opening the cupboards where family skeletons are kept, angering people, stamping people, saying and doing the most awkward things, and apologizing for them with a still more terrible bluntness. If there is one social boon more to be desired than another, it is tact, for, without tact, the career of the richest or most beautiful is often utterly marred.

There is a meanness which will grovel in the dust for gain; and there is also a pride that will not bend gracefully to receive a favor. There are people who dread to be under an obligation, and cannot rest until they think they have repaid it. Yet it is not one kind of selfishness that withholds from a friend the pleasure of giving; true generosity is freer and broader than this; it accepts with gratitude what is offered in kindness, while it stands ever ready to bestow what is possible upon those who may need it. It is a great mistake to think that kindness consists only in giving. Quite often and as pleasingly it is shown by receiving in a glad and grateful manner the kindness offered by others.

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had need in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men, and to relieve suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who will fill this receipt, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, addressed with stamp, naming this paper, to A. NORTON, 129 FOWLER'S BLOCK, BOSTON, N. Y.

Short, Sharp and Decisive.

\$31,000

"LADIES' JOURNAL."

BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 10

FIFTY CENTS ONLY REQUIRED.

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers. The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before. If you can correctly answer the following Bible questions, and you answer quickly, you are almost sure of a valuable reward.

- BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible. 2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

The publisher will strictly adhere to his old plan. All therefore may be sure of fair and impartial treatment, from the Governor-General down to the humblest citizen in the land. The letters are carefully numbered in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office, and the rewards will be given exactly in the order the correct answers come to hand. Look at number one reward in the first series for the first correct answer received.

- FIRST REWARDS. 1.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$100 2, 3 and 4. Three grand upright rosewood pianos, 1,550 5, 6, 7 and 8. Four fine ten-top cabinet organs, \$10 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services, 500 14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches, 540 20 to 25.—Seven solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches, 330 26 to 30.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches, 400 31 to 40.—One hundred dollars in gold, 100 41.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen sets fine silver-plated tea spoons, 750 42 to 50.—Three hundred five volumes (bound in paper) fiction, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers, 125 501.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold, 100

- AFTER THESE FOLLOW THE MIDDLE REWARDS, when, to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, will be given a number one of these rewards, the next correct answer following the middle one, a number two, and so on till these 401 costly rewards are all given away. THE MIDDLE REWARDS. 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant rosewood upright pianos, 91,520 4, 5, 6 and 7. Four gentlemen's solid gold watches, 400 8, 9, 10 and 11. Four ladies' solid gold watches, 462 12 to 17. Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services, 540 18 to 23. Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set), 600 24 to 28. Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches, 300 29. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold, 75 30 to 40. Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches, 1,000 41 to 42. Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs, 450 43 to 50. Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver plated tea spoons, 415 501 to 600. Two hundred volumes fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers, 450 601. One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold, 150

AFTER THESE FOLLOW THE CONSOLATION REWARDS, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

- THE CONSOLATION REWARDS. 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin, 200 2, 3 and 4. Three fine grand upright pianos, 1,500 5, 6 and 7. Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker, 750 8 to 10. Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces, 300 11 to 15. Eight ladies' solid gold hunting case watches, 600 16 to 29. Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns, 590 30 to 50. Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns, 442 51 to 150. Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons, 360 151. One Hundred Dollars in Gold, 100 152 to 200. One hundred and thirty-nine elegant rolled gold brooches, 900 201 to 400. One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers, 60

Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points. The

letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for these consolation rewards. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE. The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well-filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but especially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music, (full-size), large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c., &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large and well established circulation (52,000) that we can afford to place the subscription at this low price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. Large lists of prize-winners in previous competitions have appeared and are appearing in every issue of the JOURNAL, any one of whom maybe referred to as to the genuineness of these offers. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and the publisher has been in business nine years. He can therefore be depended upon to carry out all his promises. He has always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, Editor "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

A Great Mistake.

It is a great mistake to suppose that dyspepsia can't be cured, but must be endured, and life made gloomy and miserable thereby. Alexander Burns, of Cobourg, was cured after suffering fifteen years. Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

None but brides wear white kid gloves nowadays.

The enervation and lassitude of spring time are but indications of the sluggish action of the blood, over-loaded with carbonates accumulated by the use of heating food in winter. This condition may be remedied by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier known.

Dinners are fashionable entertainments this month.

The Secret Out.

The secret of success of Burdock Blood Bitters is that it acts upon the bowels, the liver, the kidneys, the skin and the blood; removing obstructions and imparting health and vigor.

Woollen lace is used even for trimming undergarments.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

Undressed Swede gloves remain the favorites for greasy occasions.

If you have a cough or cold do not neglect it; many without a trace of that hereditary disease have drifted into a consumptive grave by neglecting what was only a slight cold. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. Mr. A. W. Levy, Mitchell, writes: "I think Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the best preparation on the market for coughs and severe colds. About six years ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and for three months I had a cough. I had a physician attending me, but gradually grew worse until I was on the verge of Consumption, and had given up hopes of being cured, when I was induced to try Bickle's Syrup. Before I had taken one bottle I found myself greatly relieved, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I was completely cured. I always recommend it for severe colds and consumption."

Home Items and Topics.

"—All your own fault. If you remain sick when you can Get hop bitters that never—Fall.

—The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around with Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be made almost now by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people—Methodist Clergyman.

—Ask any good doctor if Hop Bitters are not the best family medicine on earth!!!

Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—Ed. Oswego Sun.

—Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness."

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!!!

{—"At the change of life nothing equals Hop Bitters to allay troubles incident thereto."}

"The best periodical for ladies to take monthly, and from which they will receive the greatest benefit is hop bitters."

—Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop bitters daily.

—Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop bitters.

—Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist when hop bitters are used.

A timely use of hop Bitters will keep a whole family in robust health a year at a little cost.

—To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop-bitters on retiring.

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

Wool, canvas or sail cloth is the newest fabric for seaside dresses.

Waterloo News.

Walter Linton, of Waterloo, writes that Hagyard's Yellow Oil has done great good in his family, his wife being cured of Callosae lumps that other medicines failed to remove, he also states that a neighbor was promptly relieved of Rheumatism by the same remedy.

Seaside and country dresses are now in the hands of dressmakers.

Mrs. A. Nelson, Brantford writes: "I was a sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia for eleven years. Always after eating, an intense burning sensation in the stomach, at times very distressing, caused a drooping and languid feeling, which would last for several hours after eating. I was recommended by Mr. Popplowell, Chemist, of our city, to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and I am thankful to say that I have not been better for years; that burning sensation and languid feeling has all gone, and food does not lie heavy on my stomach. Others of my family have used it with best results."

New silk and lisle thread gloves come in all the fashionable kid colors.

Henry Clement, Almonte, writes: "For a long time I was troubled with chronic rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit, until a gentleman who was cured of rheumatism by Dr. Thomas Electric Oil, told me about it. I began using it both internally and externally and before two bottles were used I was radically cured. We find it a household medicine, and for cramp, burns, cuts and bruises it has no equal."

More and more fashionable grows tinsel braid.

A Good Test.

For over sixteen years G. M. Everset, of Forest, has sold Hagyard's Pectorial Balsam, and its sales are steadily increasing. It cures coughs, colds and all lung complaints; is pleasant to take and always reliable.



### Exchange Department.

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

A brass B-flat trombone (piston valve, shank for orchestra) in good condition, for a steel-spoke, rubber-tire bicycle. Mr. Lock Box O, Rochester, Minn.  
Four ounces of iron ore, for a king-crab or a skate egg; stalactites, for minerals and curiosities. ASSISTANT POSTMASTER, Merrill, Powell Co., Ky.

Five different foreign stamps, for every one of South America and Japan. Not less than 5 taken and duplicates. UROKOR A. HURTT, St. Thomas, Ont.

Four carnelians and 4 garnets, for a good one or a nose-peg. All correspondence answered. H. DANIELS & Co., 13 Railroad St., St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Twenty foreign stamps, for the best offer of curiosities. Must be labelled. EDGAR TAGOART, Hartwell, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

All kinds of curiosities, such as arrow-heads, pottery, star-fish, skates' eggs, sea-urchins, sand-dollars, sea-beans, corals, etc., for minerals by the quantity. J. E. JONES, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Shells from China and the West Indies, star-fish, razor-shells, corals, etc., for crystallized specimens of minerals, and trilobites and arrow-heads. Correspondence desired with collectors of shells. S. A. HOWES Battle Creek, Mich.

A perfect Indian arrow head, a piece of petrified wood, a piece of lava from Mount Etna, and a specimen of white coral, for the Youth's Companion of April 15 and 21, 1881, in good condition. GRACE A. TINKERMAN, Branchport, Yates Co., N. Y.

I have a magic lantern with views, a pair of ice skates, new, a pair of roller skates, and a good foot-power screw saw, to exchange for a good printing-press (cheaper not less than \$50) with type and fixtures. Correspondence solicited. Please send cut of type. Address F. H. BEAN, Farmer City, Ill.

I am desirous of obtaining a few copies of the "Key Note," a music book by Bradbury. Second-hand copies in good condition will answer my purpose. To any one sending me a copy of above book I will send by mail a recently published music book and standard sheet music to estimated value of the book by the sender. I will also exchange eggs from pure-bred brown Leghorn eggs for cash. Write A. R. MARTIN, Gavers, Col. Co., Ohio, U. S.

I have 10 acres of beautifully situated land, sloping very gently to the south, splendidly situated for fruit raising. Land on the opposite side of the road sells at \$1,000 per acre. My land adjoins the corporation of Clinton, near the new cemetery. I have also an elegant new extension top, double seated American road carriage, with pole and shafts complete. I will exchange this land, unencumbered, and carriage for a good house in the city of Toronto, with about 20 feet of land, and give mortgage for difference, if any, in value. Box 8, Tarron Office.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**INQUIRER.**—The celebrated Light Brigade mustered 673 mounted men before their charge at Balaclava. Only 195 responded to the roll-call after the battle.

**MAGGIE K.**—The phrase "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" was first used by John Wesley in a sermon on Dec. 4, but then he quoted it as an old English proverb.

**BROTHER JIM.**—Great Britain declared war against Russia on the 27th of March, 1854. The British troops landed in the Crimea on the 18th Sept., and the battle of the Alma was fought on the 20th.

**KNOWNOTHING.**—General Wolsley is a Liberal in politics, but of course the expression of political opinions is not allowed on the part of any officer or private while on active service. Wolsley does not hold the Victoria Cross.

**AMATEUR, Orillia.**—The following is one of the methods used by those who understand the tanning of sheepskins with the wool on: Wash the pelts in warm water and remove all fleshy matter from the inner surface; then clean the wool with soft soap, washing well. When the pelt is perfectly free from all fatty and oily matter, apply the following mixture to the flesh side, viz.: For each pelt take common salt and ground alum, one-quarter pound each, and one-half ounce borax; dissolve the whole in one quart of hot water, and when sufficiently cool to bear the hand, add rye meal to make it like a thick paste, and spread the mixture on the flesh side of the pelt. Fold the pelt lengthwise and let it remain two weeks in an airy, shady place; then remove the paste from the surface, wash and dry. When nearly dry, scrape the flesh side with a crescent-shaped knife. The softness of the pelt depends much upon the amount of working it receives.

### Important

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, Express and Carriage Hire and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 42 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Bustles of stuffed hair attached to the waistband of each separate dress are more in favor than steel bustles, and 'tis pity, but 'tis true, that bustles grow larger.

**THOUGHT AND ACTION.**—Just as the seed that is sown in the earth reproduces its own kind, not merely once or twice, but a hundredfold, so every thought and act tends to repeat itself and bring forth a harvest of its own. This is a consequence which, if for evil, never can be escaped, and, if for good, never will disappoint. A fraud may escape detection, but no art can keep it from sullyng the character and degrading the man. A generous sentiment or an heroic deed may pass unnoticed, unheard by human ear, unseen by human eye, but no privacy can prevent it from entering into the very texture of character and helping to make it true and strong.

### Sure Pop.

**Polson's NERVILINE**, the great pain cure, is sure pop every time. No need to spend a large sum to get prompt relief from every kind of pain, for 10 cents will purchase a trial bottle. Go to any drug store for it. Large bottles only 25 cents, at all druggists. Nerviline the pain king, cures cramps, headache, neuralgia. An aching tooth, filled with batting saturated with Nerviline, will cease aching within five minutes. Try Nerviline for all kinds of pain. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

The boy whose hair is cut by his mother seldom takes off his hat when there are any girls around.

Few people have any idea of the care with which tobacco has to be attended after it is grown. It will imbibe odors of almost any kind if placed near the source of them. A pig sty, for instance, near the place where the planter stores his crops will impart a disagreeable flavor, which no care afterwards will divest it of. Among the many precautions taken to obtain a faultless leaf for the "Myrtle Navy" brand, is to ascertain carefully the methods which every farmer adopts with his crops in the sections of Virginia where the "Myrtle Navy" is grown.

A man is often called a bartender when in reality he is a bar tough.

### What an Englishman Wants.

LEEDS,  
25 Norwood Crescent,  
Victoria Road, Leeds,  
21 January, 1884.

Gents: Kindly send me the price of PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR. I have tried it and found it an admirable remedy. I call every three months upon the best boot dealers in the north of England. I will, if I can profitably, buy and sell it.

Yours truly,  
S. DUNN.

Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, props.

Full jabot ruffles of black lace are placed down the fronts, around the bottom, and on the neck and sleeves of dressy black silk street jackets.

### Well to Remember.

A stitch in time saves nine. Serious results oft follow a neglect of constipated bowels and bad blood. Bardock Blood Purifiers regulate and purify the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and the blood. Take it in time.

Woolen lace of the color of the garment trims many mantles and costumes.

Most excruciating are the twinges which rack the muscles and joints of the rheumatic. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, by promoting increased action of the kidneys, by which the blood is more effectually depurated, removes through the natural channels certain acid elements in the circulation which produce rheumatism and gout. The medicine is also a fine laxative antibilious medicine and general correctiva.

Small girls' dresses are made shorter, and they define the form more closely in the back.

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

Flat turbans and conical-crowned, narrow-brimmed hats are equally fashionable for little girls.

### Can Deafness be Cured?

Mr. John Clark, of Millbridge, Ont., declares it can, and that Haggard's Yellow Oil is the remedy that cured him. It is also a specific for all inflammation and pain.

Superimposed waistcoat fronts of pleatings of moire, Surah, or lace are seen on imported Paris wraps.

Quantity in medicine is no indication of value. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is concentrated and powerful; requires a smaller dose, and is more effective, dose for dose, than any other Sarsaparilla. It is the best of all blood medicines.

Bead embroidery on the collars, cuffs, and waistcoats of dressy jackets are among other decorative fancies.

Mr. W. R. Lazier, Bailiff, &c., Belleville, writes: "I find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the best medicine I have ever used in my stable. I have used it for bruises, scratches, wind puffs and cuts, and in every case it gave the best satisfaction. We use it as a household remedy for colds, burns, &c., and it is a perfect panacea. It will remove warts by paring them down and applying it occasionally."

Red silk jerseys are prettily worn over skirts of printed sateen or percale figured with a red for house dresses.

**EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.**—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by grocers, labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

### NEW PATRIOTIC SONG.

"Canada the Free."  
BEAUTIFULLY GOT UP.  
Full Sheet-music size. Pictorial Title Page.  
PRICE, 10 CENTS.

INRIE & GRAHAM, 28 Colborne Street, TORONTO.

Fruit Trees, Roses, Grapevines.  
Large-Stock, Best Sorts.  
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### DENTAL.

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

J. C. ADAMS, D.D.S., DENTIST—OFFICE 246 J. Yonge Street, entrance on Elm Street. Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

### MEDICAL.

REV. J. EDGAR, M.D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.  
Chronic Diseases a Specialty.  
68 ISABELLA STREET, TORONTO.  
DR. E. T. ADAMS.

285 KING ST. WEST.  
SPECIALTY—Diseases of the Stomach & Bowels, in connection with the general practice of Medicine & Surgery. Consultation free.

OFFICE HOURS:  
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 P. M., Sunday, 10 to 2 P. M.

MASON'S WONDER SOAP. ALL PERUNES.—First class; 6 oz under 2c. a lb.; no machinery. Anyone can make it at home. Price reduced. Send 2c. currency for receipt to Box 8, Crosshill, Ont.

60 ELEGANT CHROMO OR FIFTY transparent cards, no two alike, with your name printed neatly on them, for 20 cents. C. H. HOBBS, 135 River St., Toronto.

WANTED LADIES or GENTLEMEN to take light, pleasant employment at their own homes; work sent by mail (distance no objection); \$2 to \$5 a day can be quietly made; no canvassing; no stamp for reply. Please address Globe Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass. Box 5344

### IT LEADS ALL

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so copiously injects the veins of physicians and the general public as

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system. For constitutional or hereditary Catarrh of the true remedy. It has cured hundreds of cases. It will stop the most obstinate catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

**ULCEROUS SORES**—At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on the face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful cathartic medicine should be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. Its evidence has since appeared in the instances of any scrofulous tendencies; and no means of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly,  
B. F. JOHNSON.  
PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists; 3¢, six bottles for \$1.

SEND 10c. for 40 Leafy Hair Brush. Send for more. Address Carleton Card Co., Boston.

### PIANO TUNING!

R. H. DeWolfe, 211 Queen St. West. Take orders personally or by post card.

**THE ACCIDENT Insurance Co.** North America. Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society of England. MEDLEY & JONES, General Insurance Agents, 37 Chambers and 37 Adelaide St. E.

### USE GOLDEN HEALTH PELLETS AND HYPOPHOSFERINE.

The two great specifics in Liver, Bile and Blood Diseases, will quickly relieve Nervous Debility, Spasmodic, Neuralgia and Nervous Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Skin and Face Diseases. Price 25 and 50 cents. Send for pamphlet. D. L. THOMPSON, Homoeopathic Pharmacist, 204 VONDER STRAIT, TORONTO.

### TO THE AFFLICTED.

During the past twenty-eight years I have seen many cases of acute and chronic diseases which old plans had failed. I have been enabled to do so by a superior skill, but by following a plan of treatment, (the Physio-Medical), excluded from the aid by unjust laws!

### TYPHOID AND MALARIAL FEVER.

Prevent this by having your closets cleaned and disinfected by Marchant & Co. Then have your closets converted into dry earth closets, which will do free of cost, and clean them monthly at mere nominal charge by contract. W. W. MARCHANT & CO., City Contractors, 9 Queen Street West.

### WM. BARBER & BRO. Papermakers, GEORGETOWN, ONT. NEWS, BOOK & FINE PAPER JOHN R. BARBER.

### VIOLET'S CELEBRATED PERFUMED FACE POWDER

Is the finest and most exquisite powder ever made. Makes the Skin Smooth, Soft and Velvety. 50c. and \$1.00 a Box.

Violet's Cold Cream ICE TABLETS prevent chapping, roughness of Skin and Pimples. Try it. Only 25c.

Violet's Medicated GLOVES whiten, soften and beautify the hands. Nothing equals them. \$1.50. For any or all of above address.

### TOMBSTONE

IN MARBLE, GRANITE OR STONE.  
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131 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO  
Send for Designs and Prices