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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., AUGUST 30, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 204.

TO OUR READERS

But a fortnight now remains in which to compete in the Bible Competition No. 11, which closes on the 15th prox. It is scarcely necessary for us to remind those who have not already done so, that if they intend to compete they should delay no longer in sending in their answers. The list of prizes offered is a very valuable and extensive one, and very many more are likely to secure prizes this time than in any former competition, the number of prizes being so much larger. Read the announcement of the competition carefully, answer the questions correctly, and see what prize you may secure.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

We have seen letters in one of the daily papers complaining of the indecency shown in some of the bathing suits worn on the island beach. We have already referred to this, and do so again to express the strong hope that vigorous measures will be resorted to to prevent such shamelessness. Any man or boy appearing in unseemly costume should be made such an example of that he will never repeat the offence.

Everyone who visits the Horticultural Gardens is loud in their praise. They are looking their very best just now, and great credit is due to those whose skill gives such delight to the sight and the sense of smell. We trust it will not be long before steps are taken to improve the south west corner of the Gardens. The condition of that spoils to a certain extent the fine effect of the whole. A few more benches or single seats would also be a great improvement.

In spite of several warnings already given this summer, the custom of newsboys and other youngsters jumping on and off the street cars while in motion, seems still to prevail to an extent that is not at all desirable. Perhaps it cannot be prevented altogether. The poor little fellows in their eagerness to do business will persist in running risks. Many of them however jump on merely for the ride of a block or two, and that should be stopped as far as possible.

Some of the complaints made about the incivility of street car conductors are, we fear, only too well justified in some cases. Of course there is another side to the question, and great allowances must be made. The annoyances to which these men are sometimes subjected by captious, ill-natured passengers are almost too much for human endurance. We can hardly wonder, in this hot weather especially, if their temper sometimes gets the better of them, and they are not so bland and decorous as some of their passengers would like them to be. Of course we are not excusing positive incivility, but the sensibilities of some people are so ex-

tremely delicate that in more brusquerie or shortness of speech, they see rudeness for which they think themselves entitled to some compensation. At any rate don't let anyone be persuaded by letters appearing in the papers now and then, that the conductors and drivers of street cars are, as a rule, uncivil in their behaviour, for such is not the case. There are, no doubt, exceptions, though these we are inclined to think are extremely rare.

Brockville papers complain that great quantities of fish are being killed in that neighbourhood by miscreants who explode charges of dynamite in the water. These fellows, if caught, should suffer condign punishment. Such deeds are atrocious, and need to be dealt with by the strong hand.

What is to be done with those people who will not return what we in our good nature have lent them? Friends of TRUTH recently lent waterproofs and umbrellas to mutual friends with a long walk, and a threatening thunder storm before them. Earnest expressions of thanks, of course, were tendered, and protestations made that everything would be returned the very next day. But day after day passed and no word of them. The umbrella was needed for sun as well as rain, the waterproof might be needed at any moment, but no sign of their return. Finally the people who lent them had to ask them back again, or they might have been with the borrowers even yet. How is one to characterize such actions? The excuse, of course, is that the things were forgotten. The thoughtless forgetfulness shown in such cases is simply indecent. It is just such conduct as this that prevents many little acts of kind consideration that would otherwise be gladly rendered. No one likes to lend an article feeling that there are nine chances to one of his needing to subject himself to the unpleasantness of asking the return of his own property.

The sort of weather we have had a good deal of this summer would tan any complexion in spite of all efforts to prevent it, one would think, and so faces showing every degree of the sun's effect, from lobster-like redness, to a darkness that is all but black, are met with constantly. But aside from this all but inevitable result of ordinary exposure, there seems to be a sort of ambition among the men to have these sun-dyed complexions. An observer at any summer resort cannot have failed to observe the assiduity with which the aspiring youth courted the warm attentions of old Sol. Instead of broad-brimmed hats they sported altogether brimless caps of the most approved pattern or bright colored handkerchiefs fastened picturesquely round the head so as to expose as much as possible the manly forehead to the bronzing influence of a midsummer sun. The craze, if it is

a craze, is much more commendable than some that have had their day. There is nothing weak or effeminate about it at any rate, though there may be a little affectation. And a nicely bronzed face is a pleasant thing to look on after all. Much more manly than a pink or white would be. If the boys never do anything worse than seek to be sunburned, they will do.

If any reader of TRUTH can concoct a drink guaranteed to cool off the hottest mortal that ever panted under a blazing sky, instead of leaving him hotter, thirstier, and more uncomfortable generally than he was before, as most "summer drinks" do, a fortune surely awaits him or her as the case may be.

By the way what a multitude of those "summer drinks" there are! Their names is truly legion. We would never attempt to name them. It would take us all night. Each has its strenuous advocates who make the strongest, and as experience testifies, the most unfounded, claims for their favorite beverage. Now there is cold tea for instance. If there is really a nasty drink on this earth, nauseous in fact, and instead of cooling one's temper more likely to inflame him to fever heat with sheer disgust, it is this same cold tea. But there are people who like it, and who will recommend it as the best possible drink for hot weather, being so refreshing, so exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and so unrivalled for reducing temperature to the degree of delicious coolness. People like these are about as near the truth as the other people who tell us it is never cold in Manitoba, at least that they never feel it cold, or those who assure us they thoroughly enjoy camping out on the island.

One thing has puzzled us for a long time past, how it is that people apparently sane, and generally regarded as having cut their high teeth, can cross to that sank bank—we call the island, and pitch tents in the full glare of the sun, away from even a suspicion of shade, and in many cases remote from the water itself. It must be awfully hot, and surely there ought to be some compensation for such frightful sufferings as must be endured there. To sleep, cook and eat one's meals in such a situation would be punishment enough for our worst enemy. We should hardly wish to try it ourselves. If there were a tree, or a bush, a big rock, or even a broad fence, into whose welcome shadow one might creep and forget his sufferings for a moment, the case would be altered. But there are none of these, and perspiring mortals are left to the tender mercies of their imaginations to help them conjure up the full romance of the situation. We remember the time when we ourselves "camped out" for a week or two in mid-summer. We built our fires and tried

hard to keep them in when the rain came down. We fried bacon, and made pancakes, and boiled dried apples, and did great wonders in the way of cooking generally. We dressed ourselves in a negligé costume and tried to look as romantic as possible as we stood in the tent door, or lolled about on the ground outside, trying to look perfectly unconscious, though wishing with all our heart that the girls on the passing steamer or yacht would take special notice of us. We did all these things we say, and by dint of thinking hard on Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, as well as more modern worthies, who have had a free and easy and withal independent existence in tents, we managed to feel somewhat romantic in our own estimation. We were a great deal more callow then than we are now, however, and are not likely to repeat the experiment. But we had a nice shady place to pitch our tent, and could at any moment retire into delightful shadow. We did not expose ourselves under the canvass on an arid sandbank to a scorching heat, mounting high in the hundreds. However, it is possible of course, that there may be human beings so constituted that they can do all this, and find any amount of fun in it.

There is said to be quite a little flutter of excitement among the leading reformers of the city over the approaching return of Mowat the triumphant. Meetings of the faithful have been held, and arrangements made to secure an imposing expression of enthusiastic good will. Committees have been nominated such as the Reception Committee, the committee on Badges we believe, the Procession and Park Committee, etc., etc. A very select committee has also been appointed to go to the Bridge and welcome the little hero to the land he has so bravely defended. It is said that several thousand badges are to be prepared and sold as mementoes or what not to those desiring them, at ten cents each.

A great deal of unnecessary talk has been indulged in over the reports of cannibalism by members of the starving Greely party. Pity for the awful sufferings to which human beings must have been subjected before they could be forced to the horrible necessity of feeding on the dead bodies of their comrades, seems to have been forgotten altogether amid the horrified hand-raising at the thought of the impious sacrilegious committed on the corpses. We cannot feel that all this opening of caskets and examination of remains to see whether the bodies were buried whole or not, has been altogether creditable to those concerned. We sincerely trust that none of the aggrieved friends or relatives are meditating action for damages against Greely or the others survivors of that ill-fated expedition. Let the dead rest in peace, and let suffering as far as possible make amends for any impiety.

Reform in ladies' dresses is very much needed, both on the score of health, ease, comfort, and even appearance. It is a matter of wonder how women can move about so well as they do. They have not a fair chance. Nothing could be more abominably cumbersome than these long trailing dresses which seem intended to sweep up all the filth that is going. Then these stiff unyielding corsets are out of the question. They are better than they were, but they are bad enough still. TRUTH goes for women wearing trousers, or what is called divided skirts, with all earnestness. It would be better every way and is sure to come. When it does everybody will be astonished that women could have stood the abomination so long.

When so many are poking in the ash barrels of our back lanes and picking among the garbage they find there, mustn't things be in a pretty bad state? It does not look much like "booming."

Is this world getting worse rather than better? TRUTH hopes not, yet a good many things point in that direction. The struggle for life is said to be getting always harder, and the condition of women workers, especially in large towns and cities, seem to be perfectly deplorable. What wonder is it that in their recklessness they go to the bad. One almost wonders that men don't. Would all be put right if only the land were arranged as as Henry George would have it? Pahaw! It is moral remedies that are wanted, not merely material ones. Think of people having the face to offer a woman five cents for making a dozen shirts! Think of snug go-to-meetin' drygoods men offering salaries to lady clerks on which they cannot possibly exist, and then they coolly telling them that, like the rest, they could eke out their incomes by the way of iniquity! Such things are done though, both in London and New York, ay, and a great deal nearer home. In Toronto matters have not got to that pass in which they are in too many other places. Still things are tending in that direction. Life is a pretty hard struggle any way, but girls, don't make it worse by taking the downward way.

It is rather too much of a good thing for Matthew Arnold to be drawing a pension as a pauper or at least a poor literateur. He has a salary of six or seven hundred pounds a year as school Inspector and he gets well paid for anything he chooses to write. In the circumstances it seems rather beggarly for him to take such a thing as a hundred pounds a year from any literary fund. More like the thing for him to help some of his poorer brothers out of his abundance.

In Britain those who are not yet sexagenarians can well remember the time when it was thought a matter of wonder, nay almost for horror, that any one should wear his beard, while in those days Punch had his little joke to the effect that if one found a solitary mustache he could not be wrong in coming to the conclusion that it belonged either to a military man or a fool. How different it is now in England need not be said. At the same time the

beard has as yet never invaded the sacred Episcopal Bench in the House of Lords till the irrepressible Ryle, Bishop of Liverpool has broken through all use and wont by appearing with a full hirsute appendage to his face in the very presence of the Lord Chancellor, and on the bench where shavelings hitherto had exclusively been wont to congregate. Who shall say what will be the end? Perhaps all their Episcopal Lordships will yet be bearded like the pard and all their priests and deacons ditto. Shaving, after all, is said to be but a monkish innovation.

It would be curious if in their jealousy of England, Germany and France should join hands. Quite as strange things have happened. If it would serve his purpose Bismarck would go for such an alliance tomorrow. The man of blood and war is not wedded to one way. Nor does he fancy that it is compatible with high statesmanship to keep up enmities. He clearly recognises the propriety of the advise, treat your friends as if they have one day to be your enemies, and your enemies as if they have one day to be your friends.

What is to be done with the Federation of the British Empire? Is the House of Commons to become a mere local Parliament for England, and there be a grand new Federal affair got up for the whole empire? In the last degree unlikely. We shall see by and by what is proposed.

What is the right kind of dress for women? Who shall say with anything approaching to authority? Why should women have hard, stiff, stays? Why should they have long dragging skirts to sweep up any quantity of dirt and dust? What is there in the nature of things to prevent a woman with perfect propriety and womanliness wearing what are called "divided skirts?" As far as onlookers can judge there is no reason whatever. Is there anything offensive or indecent in a girl say of 12 or 15 having short skirts reaching not far below the knees and more or less ornamented trousers or drawers or call them whatever is preferred? We could never see that there was. On the contrary a girl of that sort with a nice broad brimmed hat and a becomingly made jacket with all the other accessories, has always struck TRUTH as specially comely. She used to walk with a free innocent step, all her movements natural and agile, a real thing of beauty and a joy to the beholder. Why that should be graceful in a girl of 15 and thought to be ungraceful or indecent when she has become three years older has always appeared something which no fellow could understand. As to trains a yard or two long there is no use speaking of them. They are too absurd and indefensible for a single word to be said in their defense.

TRUTH does not pretend to be a great champion of what are frequently called women's "rights," but it does claim to be a great champion of women. It will go as far as any in saying nice things about the sex. A misogynist is a poor fool and any man who affects to sneer at women is

no man at all. He will be found to have always but a small head and a still smaller heart. Of course he will pretend to be a great believer in man's superiority in every way, but if man's superiority depended upon his achievements it would be in a bad way. In many respects TRUTH thinks that women have not got fair play in the past. In many cases they are not getting it yet. But they are getting more of it, and will do. Their education has been neglected. Absurd laws and usages have hampered and depressed them. They are the weaker vessels and have in too many instances to go to the wall. Men have made all the laws and too often have made them for their own advantage. It is all right that women should look forward to being wives and mothers, and happy wives and mothers at that. But there is no use in saying that wifehood is the one great glory and ought to be the one great ambition of women. Many necessarily can never be wives, but they may lead honoured, honourable and useful lives for all that. Multitudes have to make their own living, surely they ought in that to have, at least, a fair field. Why should this, that and the other thing be called "unwomanly?" Of course the great danger with women is falling from virtue. The snares laid for them are so many. The power of resistance is often so small, and a fall with them is so infinitely more disastrous than with man. He can go in spite of his immorality. Alas! she can't. It tells upon her so dreadfully. The ruin is so complete. If woman could only be coaxed in to being more self-respecting she would have secured a very large portion of her "rights." Why will she be such a fool as to believe the lies that designing knaves whisper in her ears? Women who talk of the right of her sex should dwell especially upon the fact that unsullied virtue lies at the very foundation of all the respect and of all the rights women can ever secure. They can't dwell upon that with too great emphasis. TRUTH has tens of thousands of women among its readers. If all of them could be persuaded of the truth that unsullied virtue is the first thing, a great advance would be made. If men are allowed an inch they will take an ell. If women would all teach the other sex that they were neither fools nor toys, what a mercy it would be!

Why is the regulation at the Wiman baths forbidding bathers promenading the pier when vessels are leaving or coming in, disregarded in the way it is? It is not seemly to have boys and young men diving off the piers and the steamers, and in other ways posturing and making exhibitions of themselves in the way too many of them do. The regulation referred to should be enforced, or the Wiman baths will deteriorate even further than they have already done. Neither the Wiman baths nor those at Hanlan's Point are anything like what they ought to be or easily might be in point of water accommodation. At the Wiman the spot where the children go in is really nothing more than a mud puddle scarcely deep enough to cover the body of any one lying at full length. Nor does there seem to be any means of changing it. It is

dirty and apparently unchangeable, so when the breakwater is finished it will be a wonder if the sand does not fill it up altogether.

When the bathers enter the bay, the water is better of course in point of cleanliness, but there is no depth to it except alongside of the piers, precisely the place where the bathers have no business to be and where they would never be permitted if matters were properly looked after.

At the new baths, the water where most of the boys and girls go in is little, if at all, better than at the Wiman. It is simply stagnant water, and one wonders how any child with fair ideas of cleanliness could ever bring itself to go in.

In other respects, however, both bathing houses are quite well fitted up. Apparently they are well provided with bathing suits, though we would advise intending patrons to provide their own, and the dressing room accommodation is all that could be desired.

As to the bathing suits, however, complaints have been made in our hearing that boys have been seen in some which were the very reverse of decent. Care should be taken to prevent anything of this kind. The tendency always is where institutions, so sure to be popular as bathing-houses, are quite free or very nearly so, that the ruder classes practically gain complete control, and hinder more refined people who would gladly avail themselves of the benefits, from doing so. Therefore, it should be an object of very special care, and we have no doubt it will be, on the part of those who have the management of those baths, to prevent any conduct that might affect sensibility.

Far too few people know how to swim, and every opportunity should be given to all classes of the community to learn an art at once so useful and delightful.

Indeed we are of opinion that if it could only be managed a sort of swimming school for children should be established. The facilities already established in the shape of baths could be made use of, and regular classes could be formed, and meet on certain days at either Hanlan's Point or the Wiman baths. We are sure that many parents in the city would be glad to see such classes established. Professor Andrews, we understand, gives instructions at the Wiman baths, but not that we can discover in any systematized way. If swimming as well as some other not more useful accomplishments were looked upon as essential parts of every child's education, it would be a good thing.

We have been speaking most particularly of Toronto, but the same thing applies, with equal force to every part of the Dominion. Parents leave the acquisition of the art of swimming far too much to hap-hazard. As a general thing if a boy ever learns to swim he does so without any active co-operation on the part of the parents, sometimes in spite of quite active opposition. As for the girls, it seems never to be thought of. Now if matters in this respect were properly attended to, we might be known as a nation of swim-

mors. What with lakes and rivers there is certainly water enough. Let parents look to this and try to appreciate the gravity of the situation. In these days of universal travel no one knows when the ability to make but a few strokes in the water may be instrumental in saving his life. And besides this swimming is one of the most delightful and health-giving exercises.

If we are to believe telegraphic despatches to the daily newspapers there is anything but cordial feeling towards Germany in the hearts of the Austrians. We were told the other day how that at a congress of school principals and children held in Silesia, a letter was read from a well-known member of the Austrian Parliament, which in some unaccountable way ended with the words "Cheers for Bismarck." A storm of hisses showed that the German chancery's name was anything but popular, and it is said that since that no one in the Congress ventured to mention Bismarck or Germany. Little things like that are significant certainly, but it is quite possible to attach far too much significance to them. Newspaper telegraphic despatches are often so unreliable as to be almost useless for forming true opinions.

Even the London Times, it would seem, is sometimes made the victim of correspondents gifted with more imagination than love of truth and loyalty to existent fact. Witness its late flaming dispatch about the breaking out of war between France and China, in which plausible accounts were given of the movements of troops and the respective arrangements of the belligerent forces. So little truth was there in the rumour thus set afloat by authority so dignified and august that even the London Stock Exchange and the Paris Bourse were quite unaffected.

TRUTH does not see why reformed drunkards should not speak on temperance platforms. Still it is as well that they should walk softly. We have heard some of them tell their experiences in a way that looked very like bragging, as if they would say with Topsy, "Laws me, you are all sinners, but none of yer is a sinner like me." Especially ought those who have a knack of breaking out every now and then to "lie very low." They may be thankful that they are as they are, but like those dispossessed of demons long ago they had better "go home" and by quiet consistent sober lives tell their neighbors that the Lord has done for them and had mercy.

What ought to be done to any firm or company that pays enormous dividends out of capital and pretends that they are from profits? TRUTH don't pretend to say. Only some who hold their heads pretty high are doing this without apparently much ado being made about it. Bank shares that pay 10 or 12 per cent go away up to 200 or more for every 100 dollars of stock. Other concerns pay 20 or at least 16 per cent and never get above par or up to it. How is this?

Next year the oldest son of the Prince of Wales begins to draw a yearly allowance from the government. TRUTH does not

know the amount of it, but doubtless it will be on the same liberal scale on which Great Britain testifies its admiration of the principle of monarchic government. Certainly if the excellence of a thing is to be judged by its expensiveness, there can be no doubt of the transcendent excellence of hereditary monarchic rule. The most stupid radical might see reason in a very generous allowance being given to the reigning sovereign, but why every member of the family, to the third generation, should live in the same parasitic way, is far from being equally clear.

Some American newspapers are circulating a story to the effect that Sir John Macdonald began life as a bootblack in Glasgow. All the more to his credit of course that he has risen so high, if the story is true, which we are inclined to disbelieve.

Curious is it now how rumours get abroad in this world. The newspapers, for instance, had it that Abbe Franz Liszt the famous pianist had become quite blind, owing, it was alleged, to the injudicious use of tobacco. The only thing that spoiled the interest of this little story was unfortunately its want of truth. The Abbe sent an autograph letter to some of his friends denying most positively anything of the kind. He was quite able, he said, to attend to his work.

Some of these people, no doubt, who never can tell a straight story, had got hold of some trifling fact, and by dint of twisting and magnifying had got it into the shape in which it was finally given to the world.

They are awful nuisances sometimes, these same people, who seem possessed with a perfect demon of incapacity for giving a right version of anything they see or hear, even the simplest. They are worthy enough people often enough, and nothing is farther from their thoughts than deliberate untruth, but all the same they are grievous thorns in the flesh. Tell them some unimportant fact about yourself, or some of your friends, that so-and-so's mother-in-law has a bad temper, or that X's brother is going to marry a sister of Y's, and lo and behold the very next day you are congratulated on your own approaching marriage, or have some stupid joke thrown at you as to the best way of dealing with cross grained mothers-in-law. Everyone ought to try, at least, to give the real facts of the story he wishes to tell. What an amount of heart breaking and heart burning must have been caused simply by stupid, inaccurate, well-meaning enough, though terribly ill-doing folk who are perpetually getting the wrong bull by the horns.

A sum of £300,000 has been put in the British estimates to meet the expedition to be sent for the relief of General Gordon. Nobody thinks that sum will meet all the outlay incurred. It is only the beginning of what will follow.

It is now fifty years since the slaves in the British Dominions were set free by the payment to their owners of £20,000,000. In one sense the great act

of justice has not been very successful, but in other respects it has been. It has not made those beautiful islands prosperous. The planters were too deeply sunk in debt and in old-fashioned prejudices and immoralities to be raised up by anything that could be done for them. They have never taken kindly to freedom, and have never made even a feasible pretence of a wish to do justice to the colored laborer. They never accepted the situation and the consequences have been pretty deplorable. If slavery had continued they would have gone down all the same, only more rapidly and more completely. The talk is at present about getting these Islands joined to the Canadian confederacy. No more foolish or more knavish proposal could be thought of. It would be a source of continual vexation, expense and corruption. TRUTH is confounded at any Canadian at any rate having the audacity to make such a proposal.

The French have for some time past been busy revising their constitution so that things may move more smoothly, and the Republic have a better chance of not going on the rocks and not going in pieces. The French are excitable Colts and so no one need be surprised at anything any of them either do or say. It would be a pity after all the blood and treasure expended if confusion would again come round and all that work have to be done over again.

We are glad to learn that the project for an Industrial school is taking practical shape. It is greatly needed and will be liberally supported. Let anyone examine the streets of Toronto and say if we are not growing our own waifs. But we are not only going to provide for these poor things. We manufacture them by the whiskey shops we license, and by the drinking habits we patronize. We are like those who would keep pot tigers walking about our streets, killing and mangling at their will, and then getting up an hospital for the victims that were not quite dead. Nobody in his senses believes that there would be one of these boys where there are ten of them, but for drink and the selfishness which drink engenders, and yet we go on and maunder like moon-light calves about the liberty of the subject and the uselessness and dishonesty of sumptuary laws. The Chinaman that burnt his house to roast his pig is a perfect Solon compared with such wonderful Anglo-Saxons as we are. A man or a woman drinks away any little brains they ever possessed. Neglect the poor children, beat, abuse them, and so forth. We say all right. Go you on. Drink and be mad and we shall take care of your unfortunate children. Oh such dolts!

Bismarck's friends have had rather a hard time of it lately. The great man is as tyrannical in his private social relations as he is in the Rathhaus. The latest lifelong friend who incurred his enmity and whose life he has consequently tried with all his might to make disagreeable is Dr. Struck, formerly his physician. The doctor refused to meet in consultation a homeopathist for whom Bismarck had taken a fancy, and as the result of his

temerity, he has not only been deposed from the position of the Chancellor's physician, but has been retired from the Imperial Board of Health, of which he was President.

Queen Victoria has a large amount of money, and yet she will need it all before she gets all her progeny fairly portioned. A good many of them have claims or are supposed to have claims, upon the tax-payers of Britain, but not all, and the grandmother's purse will have to be heavily drawn upon to make due provision. They say that every Presidential contest costs the States at least a million of pounds sterling. In that case, monarchy is cheaper after all.

Lovers of biography are likely to have unusual pleasure in reading Julian Hawthorne's account of his father's life, advance sheets of which have been seen by some of the leading English critics who pronounce the work exceptionally able.

Sporting circles have hardly recovered from the shock of Hanlan's defeat. Of course there are some dissatisfied ones who hint at dishonorable things, and with many wise headshakings point out the greatness of the temptation to Hanlan to sell the race. The coolest heads, however, do not take this view. They are disappointed of course, grievously so, but until some evidence is forthcoming of crookedness on his part, they intend to believe that he was beaten by a really better man. And certainly Beach must be a phenomenal oarsman to beat Hanlan by seven lengths.

The weather prophets who were busy with their predictions of a hot August, had to wait a long time and undergo a good deal of chaff. At last, however, they have been happy. The heat was quite decided at last, but whether these poor men knew any more about the matter than their neighbors, is quite another consideration. It is to be feared that they didn't. Their role is a very different one from that of old Probs.

The contest over the Scott Act in Halton is very lively and both sides are very sanguine of success. It was a dishonest trick to bring up this contest at all on the petition that was got up, and it will be a shame if the whiskey interest is successful. But though this should be, the Scott Act will not be killed. Nor will the agitation for its adoption in other places fall off; very much the reverse. But temperance people must understand that they have a powerful, interested and unscrupulous enemy to fight, and they must go at it poker and tongs.

When will men cease to be knaves or fools. Here is a man who wooed a lady with charms in abundance to the sum of \$250,000. He wished to have the control of all her fortune. She preferred to have the marriage settlement such that all the money should be secured to herself and her children. He insisted, and she, thinking wisely that he was after the money, and not herself, broke off the affair. And now the wretch sues her for breach of promise.

Moses Oates took all the credit for having foretold this last spell of hot weather, though his prognostications were considerably "out" in point of time, fully a fortnight at any rate. Everyone who knows Moses however, says he remained perfectly confident the hot spell would come, until a day or so before it actually made its appearance. He was somewhat dubious in giving an opinion then on being chaffed on the non fulfillment of his prophecy. He explained matters by calling to his aid an unexpected "cold wave" which had been lurking among the "unusual quantities of ice," away among the northern seas. One aggravating thing about Moses, by the way, is this, he is continually trying to dispose us of our most cherished convictions. As for example witness this very spell of hot weather which he foretold but which forbore to appear on time. When we were all sweltering in anguish of body and mind, drinking iced tea, and oatmeal water, wiping the torrents of perspiration from our faces, and otherwise conducting ourselves as if we really were uncomfortably warm, he blandly assures us we only imagine it is so terribly warm, and that had it not been for the preceding cool weather we should have been agreeably surprised at the moderation of the temperature. He then presents an array of figures to prove to us that 84° and 86° and 87° and 88° in the shade is really nothing compared with what we already have had in summers past, and had a perfect right to expect in the present one. If there is one thing more exasperating than another it is when shivering with cold, or undergoing combustion from overpowering heat, to have someone assure us with all the arrogance of superior knowledge that we are to a large extent victims of hallucination. Now that is just what Moses Oates does. We might have forgiven him had his hot weather "shown up" at the proper time, but to be calmly told when it appears with vengeance in its eye, and grim determination to make up for lost time, that it was not so very hot after all, is quite too too much for midsummer philosophy. Moses, after all, we very much fear is a fraud.

The fuss that is sometimes made over the wrongs of Irishmen in Ireland is largely rot. Irishmen are wronged by being taxed more heavily and bonused out of the public purse more liberally than Englishmen or Scotch. But some folks are proverbially like the horse leech that never has enough. Every child at school in Ireland costs the Imperial Exchequer £1.11.1½ each; in Scotland, £0 17 8½ and in England £0 15 10½, while of every £100,000 granted for such purposes England pays £78,000, Scotland £11,000 and Ireland £10,000. These wretched Saxons that are everlastingly blamed for oppressing and robbing the angelic Irish Celt have a curious way of going about their work. Ireland left to its resources and to the management of the mouthing ranters that call themselves patriots, would be bankrupt in two years and far more so than even Quebec.

Minnie Hauk beats Jumbo all to pieces. She landed in England the other day with forty-six trunks, and Jumbo will do it with only one

THE WRECK OF THE "THOMAS HYKE."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.
(CONCLUDED.)

About daybreak, the grinding and rumbling down below began again, and the bow of the *Thomas Hyke* kept going down more and more; and it wasn't long before the forward bulkhead of the cabin, which was what you might call its front wall when everything was all right, was under our feet, as level as a floor, and the lamp was lying close against the ceiling that it was hanging from. You may be sure that we thought it was time to get out of that. There were benches with arms to them fastened to the floor, and by these we climbed up to the foot of the cabin stairs, which, being turned bottom upward, we went down in order to get out. When we reached the cabin door we saw part of the deck below us, standing up like the side of a house that is built in the water, as they say the houses in Venice are. We had made our boat fast to the cabin door by a long line, and now we saw her floating quietly on the water, which was very smooth, and about twenty feet below us. We drew her up as close under us as we could, and then we let the boy Sam down by a rope, and after some kicking and swinging he got into her; and then he took the oars, and kept her right under us while we scrambled down by the ropes which we had used in getting her ready. As soon as we were in the boat we cut her rope and pulled away as hard as we could; and when we got to what we thought was a safe distance we stopped to look at the *Thomas Hyke*. You never saw such a ship in all your born days. Two-thirds of the hull was sunk in the water, and she was standing straight up and down with the stern in the air, her rudder up as high as the topsail ought to be and the screw propeller looking like the wheel on the top of one of these windmills that they have in the country for pumping up water. Her cargo had shifted so far forward that it had turned her right up on end, but she couldn't sink, owing to the air in the compartments that the water hadn't got into; and on the top of the whole thing was the distress flag flying from the pole which stuck out over the stern. It was broad daylight, but not a thing did we see of the other boats. We supposed that they wouldn't row very far, but would lay off at a safe distance until daylight; but they must have been scared and rowed farther than they intended. Well, sir, we staid in that boat all day, and watched the *Thomas Hyke*; but she just kept as she was, and didn't seem to sink an inch. There was no use of rowing away, for we had no place to row to; and besides, we thought that passing ships would be much more likely to see that stern sticking high in the air than our little boat. We had enough to eat, and at night two of us slept while the other watched, dividing off the time, and taking turns to this. In the morning there was the *Thomas Hyke* standing stern up just as before. There was a long swell on the ocean now, and she'd rise and lean over a little on each wave, but she'd come up again just as straight as before. That night passed as the last one had, and in the morning we found we'd drifted a good deal farther from the *Thomas Hyke*, but she was floating just as she had been, like a big buoy that's moored over a sand-bar. We couldn't see a sign of the boats, and we about gave them up. We had our breakfast, which was a pretty poor meal, being nothing but hard-tack and what was left of a piece of boiled beef. After we'd sat for a while doing nothing, but feeling mighty uncomfortable, William Anderson said, "Look here, do you know that I think we would be three fools to keep on shivering all night and living on hard-tack in the day-time, when there's plenty on that vessel for us to eat, and to keep us warm. If she's floated that way for

two days and two nights, there's no knowing how much longer she'll float, and we might as well go on board and get 'he things we want as not.' 'All right,' said I, for I was tired doing nothing, and Sam was as willing as anybody. So we rowed up to the steamer, and stopped close to the deck, which, as I said before, was standing straight up out of the water like the wall of a house. The cabin door, which was the only opening into her, was about twenty feet above us, and the ropes which we had tied to the rails of the stairs inside were still hanging down. Sam was an active youngster, and he managed to climb up one of these ropes; but when he got to the door he drew it up and tied knots in it about a foot apart, and then he let it down to us, for neither William Anderson nor me could go up a rope hand over hand without knots or something to hold on to. As it was, we had a lot of bother getting up, but we did it at last, and then we walked up the stairs, treading on the front part of each step instead of the top of it, as we would have done if the stairs had been in their proper position. When we got to the floor of the cabin, which was now perpendicular like a wall, we had to clamber down by means of the furniture, which was screwed fast, until we reached the bulkhead, which was now the floor of the cabin. Close to this bulkhead was a small room which was the steward's pantry, and here we found lots of things to eat, but all jumbled up in a way that made us laugh. The boxes of biscuits and the tin cans, and a lot of bottles in wicker covers, were piled up on one end of the room, and everything in the lockers and drawers was jumbled together. William Anderson and me set to work to get out what we thought we'd want, and we told Sam to climb up into some of the state rooms, of which there were four on each side of the cabin, and get some blankets to keep us warm, as well as a few sheets, which we thought we could rig up for an awning to the boat; for the days were just as hot as the nights were cool. When we'd collected what we wanted, William Anderson and me climbed into our own rooms, thinking we'd each pack a valise with what we most wanted to save of our clothes and things; and while we were doing this, Sam called out to us that it was raining. He was sitting at the cabin door looking out. I first thought to tell him to shut the door so's to keep the rain from coming in; but when I thought how things really were, I laughed at the idea. There was a sort of little house built over the entrance to the cabin, and in one end of it was the door; and in the way the ship now was the open doorway was underneath the little house, and of course no rain could come in. Pretty soon we heard the rain pouring down, beating on the stern of the vessel like hail. We got to the stairs and looked out. The rain was falling in perfect sheets, in a way you never see except round about the tropics. 'It's a good thing we're inside,' said William Anderson, 'for if we'd been out in this rain, we'd been drowned in the boat.' I agreed with him, and we made up our minds to stay where we were until the rain was over. Well, it rained about four hours; and when it stopped, and we looked out, we saw our little boat nearly full of water, and sunk so deep that if one of us had stepped on her she'd have gone down, sure. 'Here's a pretty kettle of fish,' said William Anderson, 'there's nothing for us to do now but to stay where we are.' I believe in his heart he was glad of that, for if ever a man was tired of a little boat, William Anderson was tired of that one we'd been in for two days and two nights. At any rate there was no use talking about it, and we set to work to make our-

selves comfortable. We got some mattresses and pillows out of the state-rooms, and when it began to get dark we lighted the lamp, which we had filled with sweet-oil from a flask in the pantry, not finding any other kind, and we hung it from the railing of the stairs. We had a good night's rest, and the only thing that disturbed me was William Anderson lifting up his head every time he turned over, and saying how much better thus was than that blasted little boat. The next morning we had a good breakfast, even making some tea with a spirit lamp we found, using brandy instead of alcohol. William Anderson and I wanted to get into the captain's room, which was near the stern, and pretty high up, so as to see if there was anything there that we ought to get ready to save when a vessel should come along and pick us up; but we were not good at climbing, like Sam, and we didn't see how we could get up there. Sam said he was sure he had once seen a ladder in the compartment just forward of the bulkhead, and as William was very anxious to get up to the captain's room, we let the boy go and look for it. There was a sliding door in the bulkhead under our feet, and we opened this far enough to let Sam through; and he scrambled down like a monkey into the next compartment, which was light enough although the lower half of it, which was next to the engine-room, was under the water-line. Sam actually found a ladder with hooks at one end of it, and while he was hanging it up to us, which was very hard to do, for he had to climb up on all sorts of things, he let it topple over, and the end with the iron hooks fell against the round glass of one of the port-holes. The glass was very thick and strong, but the ladder came down very heavy and shivered it. As bad luck would have it, this window was below the water-line, and the water came rushing in in a big spout. We chucked blankets down to Sam for him to stop up the hole, but 'twas of no use: for it was hard for him to get at the window, and when he did the water came in with such force that he couldn't get a blanket into the hole. We were afraid he'd be drowned down there, and told him to come out as quick as he could. He put up the ladder again, and hooked it on to the door in the bulkhead, and we held it while he climbed up. Looking down through the doorway, we saw, by the way the water was pouring in at the opening, that it wouldn't be long before that compartment was filled up; so we shoved the door to and made it all tight, and then said William Anderson: 'The ship'll sink deeper and deeper as that fills up, and the water may get up to the cabin door, and we must go and make that as tight as we can.' Sam had pulled the ladder up after him, and thus we found of great use in getting to the foot of the cabin stairs. We shut the cabin door, and locked and bolted it; and as it fitted pretty tight, we didn't think it would let in much water if the ship sunk that far. But over the top of the cabin stairs were a couple of folding doors, which shut down horizontally when the ship was in its proper position, and which were only used in very bad, cold weather. These we pulled to and fastened tight, thus having a double protection against the water. Well, we didn't get this done any too soon, for the water did come up to the cabin door, and a little trickled in from the outside door, and through the cracks in the inner one. But we went to work and stopped those up with strips from the sheets, which we crammed well in with our pocket knives. Then we sat down on the steps, and waited to see what would happen next. The doors of all the state-rooms were open, and we could see through the thick plate-glass windows in them, which were all shut tight, that the ship was sinking more and more as the water came. Sam climbed up into one of the after state-rooms, and said the outside water was nearly up to the stern; and pretty soon we looked up to the two port-holes in the stern, and

saw that they were covered with water; and as more and more water could be seen there, and as the light came through less easily, we know that we were sinking under the surface of the ocean. 'It's a mighty good thing, said William Anderson, 'that no water can get in here.' William had a hopeful kind of mind, and always looked on the bright side of things; but I must say that I was dreadfully scared when I looked through those storn windows and saw water instead of sky. It began to get dusky and dusky as we sank lower and lower, but still we could see pretty well, for it's astonishing how much light comes down through water. After a little while we noticed that the light remained about the same; and then William Anderson he sings out: 'Hooray, we've stopped sinking!' 'What difference does that make?' says I. 'We must be thirty or forty feet under water, and more yet for aught I know.' 'Yes, that may be,' said he; 'but it is clear that all the water has got into that compartment that can get in, and we have sunk just as far down as we are going.' 'But that don't help matters,' said I; 'thirty or forty feet under water is just as bad as a thousand as to drowning a man.' 'Drowning' said William; 'how are you going to be drowned? No water can get in here.' 'Nor no air, either,' said I; 'and people are drowned for want of air, as I take it.' 'It would be a queer sort of thing,' said William, 'to be drowned in the ocean and yet stay as dry as a chip. But it's no use being worried about air. We've got air enough here to last us for ever so long. This storn compartment is the biggest in the ship, and it's got lots of air in it. Just think of that hold; it must be nearly full of air. The storn compartment of the hold has got nothing in it but sewing-machines. I saw 'em loading her. The pig-iron was mostly amidships, or at least forward of this compartment. Now, there's no kind of a cargo that'll accommodate as much air as sewing-machines. They're packed in wooden frames, not boxes, and don't fill up half the room they take. There's air all through and around 'em. It's a very comforting thing to think the hold isn't filled with solid with bales of cotton or wheat in bulk.' It might be comforting, but I couldn't get much good out of it. And now Sam, who'd been scrambling all over the cabin to see how things were going on, sung out that the water was leaking in a little again at the cabin door, and around some of the iron frames of the windows. 'It's a lucky thing,' said William Anderson, 'that we didn't sink any deeper, or the pressure of the water would have burst in those heavy glasses. And what we've got to do now is to stop up all the cracks. The more we work, the livelier we'll feel.' We tore off more strips of sheets and went all around, stopping up cracks wherever we found them. 'It's fortunate,' said William Anderson, 'that Sam found that ladder, for we would have had hard work getting to the windows of the storn state-rooms without it; but by resting it on the bottom step of the stairs, which now happens to be the top one, we can get to any part of the cabin.' I couldn't help thinking that if Sam hadn't found the ladder it would have been a good deal better for us; but I didn't want to damp William's spirits, and I said nothing.

"And now I beg your pardon, sir," said the narrator, addressing the Shipwreck Clerk, "but I forgot that you said you'd finish this story yourself. Perhaps you'd like to take it up just here?"

The Shipwreck Clerk seemed surprised, and had, apparently, forgotten his previous offer. "Oh, no," said he, "tell your own story. This is not a matter of business."

"Very well, then," said the brother in law of J. George Watts, "I'll go on. We made everything as tight as we could, and then we got our supper, having forgotten all about dinner, and being very hungry. We didn't make any tea, and we didn't light the lamp, for we knew that would

use up air; but we made a better meal than three people sunk out of sight in the ocean had a right to expect. 'What troubles me most,' said William Anderson, as he turned in, 'is the fact that if we are forty feet under water, our flag-pole must be covered up. Now, if the flag was sticking out, upside down, a ship sailing by would see it and would know there was something wrong.' 'If that's all that troubles you,' said I, 'I guess you'll sleep easy. And if a ship was to see the flag, I wonder how they'd know we were down here, and how they'd get us out if they did?' 'Oh, they'd manage it,' said William Anderson; 'trust those sea-captains for that.' And then he went to sleep. The next morning the air began to get mighty disagreeable in the part of the cabin where we were, and then William Anderson he says: 'What we've got to do is to climb up into the storn state-rooms where the air is purer. We can come down here to get our meals, and then go up again to breathe comfortable.' And what are we going to do when the air up there gets foul?' says I to William, who seemed to be making arrangements for spending the summer in our present quarters. 'Oh, that'll be all right,' said he. 'It don't do to be extravagant with air any more than with anything else. We've used up all there is in this cabin we can bore holes through the floor into the hold and let in air from there. If we're economical there'll be enough to last for dear knows how long. We passed the night each in a state-room, sleeping on the end wall instead of the berth, and it wasn't till the afternoon of the next day that the air of the cabin got so bad we thought we'd have some fresh; so we went down on the bulk-head, and with an auger that we found in the pantry we bored three holes, about a yard apart, in the cabin floor, which was now one of the walls of the room, just as the bulk-head was the floor, and the storn end, where the two round windows were, was the ceiling or roof. We each look a hole, and I tell you it was pleasant to breathe the air which came in from the hold. 'Isn't this jolly?' said William Anderson. 'And we ought to be mighty glad that that hold wasn't loaded with codfish or soap. But there's nothing that smells better than now sewing-machines that haven't ever been used, and this air is pleasant enough for anybody.' By William's advice we made three plugs, by which we stopped up the holes when we thought we'd had air enough for the present. 'And, now,' says he, 'we needn't climb up into those awkward state rooms any more. We can just stay down here and be comfortable, and let in air when we want it.' 'And how long do you suppose that air in the hold is going to last?' said I. 'Oh, ever so long,' said he, 'using it so economically as we do, and when it stops coming out lively through these little holes, as I suppose it will after a while, we can saw a big hole in this flooring and go into the hold, and do our breathing, if we want to.' That evening we did saw a hole about a foot square so as to have plenty of air while we were asleep, but we didn't go into the hold, it being pretty well filled up with machines; though the next day Sam and I sometimes stuck our heads in for a sniff of air, though William Anderson was opposed to this, being of the opinion that we ought to put ourselves on short rations of breathing so as to make the supply of air hold out as long as possible. 'But what's the good,' said I to William, 'of trying to make the air hold out if we've got to be suffocated in this place after all?' 'What's the good?' says he. 'Haven't you enough biscuits, and canned meats, and other things to eat, and a barrel of water in that room opposite the pantry, not to speak of wine and brandy if you want to cheer yourself up a bit, and haven't we good mattresses to sleep on, and why shouldn't we try to live and be comfortable as long as we can?' 'What I want,' said I, 'is to get out of this box. The idea of being shut up in here down under the water is more than I can

stand. I'd rather take my chances going up to the surface and swimming about till I found a piece of wreck, or something to float on.' 'You needn't think of anything of that sort,' said William, 'for if we were to open a door or a window to get out, the water'd rush in and drive us back and fill up this place in no time, and then the whole concern would go to the bottom. And what would you do if you did get to the top of the water? It's not likely you'd find anything there to get on, and if you did you wouldn't live very long floating about with nothing to eat. No, sir,' says he, 'what we've got to do is to be content with the comforts we have around us, and something will turn up to get us out of this; you see if it don't.' There was no use talking against William Anderson, and I didn't say any more about getting out. As for Sam, he spent his time at the windows a-looking out. We could see a good way into the water, further than you would think, and we sometimes saw fishes, especially porpoises, swimming about, most likely trying to find out what a ship was doing hanging bows down under the water. What troubled Sam was that a sword-fish might come along and jab his sword through one of the windows. In that case it would be all up, or rather down, with us. Every now and then he'd sing out, 'Here comes one!' and then, just as I'd give a jump, he'd say, 'No, it isn't; it's a porpoise.' I thought from the first, and I think now, that it would have been a great deal better for us if that boy hadn't been along. That night there was a good deal of motion to the ship, and she swung about and rose up and down more than she had done since we'd been left in her. 'There must be a big sea running on top,' said William Anderson, 'and if we were up there we'd be tossed about dreadful. Now the motion down here is just as easy as a cradle, and, what's more, we can't be sunk very deep; for if we were, there wouldn't be any motion at all.' About noon the next day we felt a sudden tremble and shake run through the whole ship, and far down under us we heard a rumbling and grinding that nearly scared me out of my wits. I first thought we'd struck bottom, but William he said that couldn't be, for it was just as light in the cabin as it had been, and if we'd gone down it would have grown much darker, of course. The rumbling stopped after a little while, and then it seemed to grow lighter instead of darker; and Sam, who was looking up at the storn windows over our heads, he sung out, 'Sky!' And, sure enough, we could see the blue sky, as clear as daylight, through those windows! And then the ship, she turned herself on the slant, pretty much as she had been when her forward compartment first took in water, and we found ourselves standing on the cabin floor instead of the bulk-head. I was near one of the open state-rooms, and as I looked in there was the sunlight coming through the wet glass in the window, and more cheerful than anything I ever saw before in this world. William Anderson he just made one jump, and, unscrewing one of the state-room windows, he jerked it open. We had thought the air inside was good enough to last some time longer; but when that window was open and the fresh air came rushing in, it was a different sort of thing I can tell you. William put his head out and looked up and down and all around. 'She's nearly all out of water!' he shouted, 'and we can open the cabin door.' Then we all three rushed at those stairs, which were nearly right side up now, and we had the cabin doors open in no time. When we looked out we saw that the ship was truly pretty much as she had been when the captain and crew left her, though we all agreed that her deck didn't slant as much forward as it did then. 'Do you know what's happened?' sung out William Anderson, after he'd stood still for a minute to look around and think. 'That bobbing up and down that the vessel got last night shook up and settled

down the pig-iron inside of her, and the iron plates in the bow, that were smashed and loosened by the collision, have given way under the weight, and the whole cargo of pig-iron has burst through and gone to the bottom. Then, of course, up we came. Didn't I tell you something would happen to make us all right?

"Well, I won't make this story any longer than I can help. The next day after that we were taken off by a sugar-ship bound north, and we were carried safe back to Ulford, where we found our captain and the crew, who had been plucked up by a slap after they'd been three or four days in their boats. This ship had sailed our way to find us, which, of course, she couldn't do as at that time we were under water and out of sight.

"And now, sir," said the brother-in-law of J. George Watts to the Shipwreck Clerk, "to which of your classes does this wreck of mine belong?"

"Gents," said the Shipwreck Clerk, rising from his seat, "it's four o'clock, and at that hour this office closes."

Gen. Todleben's Death.

A very curious account is given by the Russian *Norosti* of the cause of Gen. Todleben's death. According to this, the defender of Sebastopol died of too good an appetite. It says: "As soon as Prince Bismarck heard of the indisposition of the late count he sent his medical man to Soden. Dr. Swoninger examined the patient and pronounced his condition serious, but in no way hopeless—in fact he believed that the patient might live for several years, if he were strict in his diet and ate only with the greatest regularity, in order not to impair his weak digestion. For this purpose the daily meals of the count were divided into six periods, and the hour was fixed when to take each meal. But Todleben, who never in his life had listened to the advice of doctors, laughed at Doctor Swoninger's instructions. 'The doctor is mistaken,' said he; 'my organism is weakened, and needs strengthening; my good appetite is clear proof of this.' The six meals were taken, but at each of them he ate all the six portions assigned for the whole day. Thus three weeks went by. The condition of the patient did not grow worse, and the day was fixed for him to start for Russia, when he fainted suddenly during a walk. He had hardly reached his residence after recovering consciousness when he asked for the bill of fare. When it was given to him he expressed his astonishment at having received a blank sheet of paper—he had lost his sight. His feet had for some time past shown signs of dropsy, but curiously enough, the count had hidden this from those around him. He fought indomitably against the disease, but in vain. Two days before his death he lost consciousness, and died on the day he had fixed for his return to Russia."

Gossip.

What is the cure for gossip? Simple culture and education. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because—and only because—they have nothing else to talk about. Gossip is always a personal confession of either malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but should with the most careful watchfulness guard themselves against every temptation to indulge in it. It is low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease practically incurable.

A census of a boarding-school of forty-eight girls showed that one could make bread, one know how to fry oysters, three know how to broil beefsteak, forty-eight could embroider, and forty-seven dance.

THE GREAT LINTON MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DIARY CONTINUED.

We dined at an hotel quite close to the beach; and, oh, how delicious the look and the sound and the smell of the sea were to my senses! A great many boats lay in the harbour; but I distinguished at once the dear old boat that had brought me from Normandy, and pointed it out to my husband.

"Ah, we shall have to re-christen her, Gertie!" said he. "The *Tub* was good enough for Diogenes; but, now that Diogenes is an altered man—"

"It shall keep its old name all the same, if only to warn you from falling again into the folly of thinking like Diogenes," I replied.

Then we laughed and talked nonsense—at least I did—and we were exceedingly happy.

After dinner we walked upon the pier, and I was so excited with pride that my feet seemed scarcely to touch the earth; for my husband was the finest man of all the fine men who were there, and everybody looked at him with admiration; and, when I said to myself, "They can see I am his wife," I felt that I too was more to be envied than any of the grand ladies. My husband—oh, it makes tears of pride and joy come into my eyes to repeat those words "my husband"—looked to my eyes handsomer than ever I had seen him; and, being happy, he held up his noble head, not with his former look of defiance, but rather with an air of exultation—it was the difference, I thought, between a soldier going out to the battle and him who returns triumphant.

It was just such a morning as I hoped for on the night before, when we left Dover—such a day as that in which I first saw the sea, and had since recalled to mind so frequently as the most memorably beautiful. There was the same clear atmosphere, the same white luminous clouds scattered over the blue sky, the same vigorous breeze that filled the sails and carried us with joyous bounds over the nimble waters. All was sparkling and gay and beautiful and quick; and it did one good to breathe deeply the salt air. It was like some grand strain of music that makes one think how beautiful it is to live. As I stood, holding my dear husband's arm, it seemed to me that the sea and sky promised us a future of happiness as pure and boundless as theirs; and I told him this, for I was full of courage, and my heart could have no secret from him, no pleasant thought that I would not have him share. He pressed my arm to his side, and then, his smile turning to a laugh, he said—

"Peter says there's bad weather brewing."

Peter is the old seaman who had been so kind to Mero Lucas, and he had come to the hotel on the night before to pay his "respectful dooty" to my ladyship and to inform Gilbert that the orders he had telegraphed were executed, and that the *Tub* was ready to put to sea.

I should have but very little to write about our voyage, one moment being as happy as the other, but for a chain of circumstances that seemed to give my husband great displeasure, and which consequently troubled me. It was when we came upon deck after luncheon that I first saw a look of annoyance upon my husband's face; he was looking over the sea in our rear.

"What is the matter, dear?" I asked.

"Is the storm Peter foretold gathering?"

"Oh, I don't care a straw for Peter's cmen!" he answered.

"Then what annoys you?"

"I don't know that I'm annoyed yet. Do you see that sail out there?"

"The ship with two masts?"

"That's it. Well, she has followed us ever since we started. When we shook out our canvas, she shook out hers, and

she has kept in our track and at the same distance all the morning."

"Perhaps she can't help it?"

"Oh, she could have passed us and gone out of sight by now if she chose!"

"Maybe her captain isn't so bold as you, and is afraid to go too quick," said I; and he laughed.

"Of course it may be purely accidental," he said. "On the other hand, it mayn't."

"What purpose could any one have in following us?"

"The purpose which impels a fool to make himself unpleasant. The owners of yachts are not all gentlemen; a linen-draper may keep one if he likes. That sort of person, having a very feeble kind of wit, finds pleasure in giving annoyance, like stupid boys who break windows or ring bells."

I knew that there were such people, for many times when I was going from granny's to Miss Fletcher's, and even when I was walking out with granny in the evening, young men who looked like linen-draper's had followed me for no possible reason but to make me uncomfortable.

"However," added Gilbert, "we will soon see whether we are followed by accident or design." And then he called Peter, and gave him some directions as to the management of the ship.

Soon afterwards the shadow of the sail fell upon the other side of the deck, and I perceived that we were taking a new course. We sailed on for half an hour, and then it became clear that the strange yacht was following us intentionally, for it stood apparently at the same distance in our track, as my husband pointed out to me with gloomy anger.

"If they see we take no notice of them, dear," said I, remembering what granny used to say with regard to the young men, "they may perhaps grow weary of following us."

He nodded. But again he had the course altered, watching the result with evident anxiety. The yacht followed us still.

I did my best to divert his attention from the thing which annoyed him, and so far succeeded that he did not again refer to the subject; but more than once I saw his brows bent as he looked over the waters at our pursuer.

Towards night the clouds thickened and the wind grew stronger.

"We can run into shelter, if you like, Gertie; but, if you are not afraid and don't mind a shaking, we'll keep out," said my husband; and he glanced towards the ship behind us.

I told him I had no fear, and should prefer to keep out; and so, when it grew dark, he put me in my hammock, tucked me up, and, kissing me sweetly, said good night. Then he went on deck, and I was alone.

It was a terrible night; the ship gave such lurches that I trembled lest my dear husband should be thrown from the deck. Sometimes a wave struck the side and burst with a fearful noise over my head, and all the boards and beams creaked with the strain. Many times he awoke down to see me, his oil-skin suit glittering with wet in the light of the swinging lamp, and it gave me great joy to see that he was safe; but I kept my eyes closed that he might not be concerned on my account. Nevertheless I was very much afraid, and never lost consciousness in sleep until a faint gray light appeared through the little round window, and the comparative stillness showed me that we had come into smooth water. Then, when my dear came down, I kept my eyes open and held out my arms, and drew his darling face down and kissed it again and again, and again.

"We're in harbour now, sweet," said

he, "and I'm about to turn in. Close your eyes again."

And so I did, and soon fell asleep with a happy heart.

It was late when I got up. Breakfast was waiting in the cabin, and I found my husband reading a book.

"Have we got away from our enemy?" I asked, when at length I got up from his knee and we proceeded to seat ourselves at the table.

"Not a bit of it!" he replied, with an impatient laugh. "She's lying not a hundred yards off."

"Of course you have said nothing?"

"Oh, no? That would be too gratifying to them."

"I don't see why we should mind what stupid people do, while we are free to do as we like."

"That's the philosophic way of looking at it; but unfortunately we can't always conform with logic. Peter says we are to have fine weather now; that's cheering."

After breakfast I went up, and with some curiosity looked at the yacht which had chased us so persistently. There was nothing remarkable in its appearance. It was longer and more elegant than our boat, and had two masts instead of one. A man was lounging over the side with a pipe in his mouth. He did not look like a linen-draper, so I supposed that he was one of the crew. That he was there to watch us was evident, for no sooner did our men begin to carry out Gilbert's order to leave the harbour than he quitted his place and called out to the people down-stairs. Directly afterwards five or six men came on deck and set to work; and we had not passed the head of the pier five minutes before our enemy did the same. And she followed us steadily just as on the day before. Once, when my husband had left me, I took up the glass he had left, to see if I could distinguish any one on deck. To my astonishment, I perceived that the scarlet speck which had excited my curiosity was a woman's jersey, and that the wearer was also looking through a glass. Just then my husband came upon deck.

"Gilbert dear," said I, "there is a woman on that boat."

He must have already found that out, for he was not surprised.

"Does that astonish you, Gertie?" he asked. "I thought you had learn. that women can be as objectionable as men. Don't bother your little head about the contended thing!" said he, taking the glass from me.

And thenceforth it was he who sought to make me forget the "enemy"—as I accustomed myself to calling, in my mind, the pursuing yacht; and, when I looked about for the glass later in the day, I could not find it.

It seems to me now that I was absurdly agitated by the senseless persecution of these stupid and vulgar people. This was no more than a practical joke, and, unpleasant for the most part as practical jokes are, sensible people, one thinks, should not suffer more than irritation from them. But indeed there was something almost terrible in being constantly pursued, to know that, if you turned your head, you would see the following ship just where you had last seen it, that, as we flew before the wind in the darkness, she was flying behind us, that, if we changed our course, she would change hers, that, when we stopped, she too would stop. It seemed almost as though our enemy was an enemy indeed, and had some fell motive in tracking us. It was the cause of a kind of reciprocal discomfort between my husband and me.

He saw that I was uneasy, and that made him more concerned, and seeing that increased my uneasiness, so that it seemed as if our distress grew out of each other. A source of absolute distress it eventually became to both of us, and, when, having put in at Cherbourg, my husband said to me, "Take Peter with you, Gertie, into the town, and purchase the things I have put down in this list," I felt sure that he intended to board the

yacht, which, as usual, had anchored quite close to us, and remonstrate with the people on board.

I went into the town, and purposely lengthened my errands. Gilbert was walking on the quay when I returned. He said nothing concerning what had happened in my absence, and I dared not question him, for I saw that there was no change in his manner, unless it were that he was more uncomfortable than ever. The only reference he made to the subject was on the following morning, when he gave Peter his orders.

"We will run round to *S. Malo*," he said. "If we don't shake *S. Malo* bugbear by running, we must slip away by stratagem."

The enemy followed us to *S. Malo*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DIARY CONTINUED.

It was a lovely morning when we left Cherbourg. A light breeze favoured us, and the motion of the sea was not too great to allow of our sitting on the deck or moving about with ease. After a glance behind us had assured him that we were still followed, my husband set our chairs to face the bow of our boat, and seated himself with a sombre expression of determination in his face, as though he had resolved to think of the yacht no more. He was unhappy—I could see that. It was with difficulty that he found matter for conversation.

For my part, I felt so grieved to think that he suffered, and so perplexed to understand why he took the annoyance so deeply to heart, that I was even more silent than he. It was a great relief when he proposed that I should read to him.

"Anything will do. It doesn't matter what words go to the music of your voice," he said. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a volume. "Ah, here's the Autocrat! That's pleasant reading at all times."

I read. I know that his eyes were upon me, and that made me happy. I don't think I gave much attention to the matter; my only care was to look out for the marks of punctuation. Now and then I looked up and encountered the soft sweet gleam of his gentle eyes; when I had found my place again and subdued the fluttering in my heart, I continued.

I was holding the book in my right hand, and he took my left hand from my lap and held it in his. That made me stop again, and, seeing happiness and love on his dear face, the tears started to my eyes—such joy was in my heart to think I was a comfort to him. I held out my hand to be kissed, and, after a tender little embrace, I composed my feelings as well as I could and went on again. He still held my hand, and I went on reading, though my arm ached with holding the book so long in one position. I wouldn't for the world take my hand from his, though I perceived after a while that his thoughts strayed from me, and he perhaps was unconscious that he held it. My arm seemed to hang like a heavy leaden weight from my shoulder; there was a piercing sensation in my wrist and fingers, and this was followed by a numbness, while the pain in my shoulder grew so intolerable that at length I was forced to alter my position so that I could have the book on my knees and read it. He did not notice my movement, but still held my hand. And now I continued for a long while, and did not pause until my back ached and my head grew dizzy with being bent down. Then I had to change my position again.

"Go on, Gertie, unless you are tired," he said. "You can't tell how sweet your voice is."

That gave me new strength, and I forgot all about my stupid little aches and pains. It was only the sound of my voice he heard, for when I asked him to explain a line of Greek that brought me to a stand, he turned abruptly, as if he had been awakened from a sleep, and asked me what it was I said.

It was time for dinner when we reached St. Malo. I had read, with very few pauses, since luncheon, and neither of us had ever looked at the ship behind us; yet I feel sure it had been in his thoughts, and I know it had occupied my mind far more than *The Autocrat at the Breakfast-table*.

What had taken place during my expedition through the town of Cherbourg? My fears took a rather absurd form, yet not an unnatural one perhaps. I dreaded lest my husband, in his interview with the people on board the yacht, had lost his temper and challenged some one to fight. I could only by this wild supposition explain his distress. I thought that possibly he was wondering what would become of me if he fell. I know now that it was excessively stupid to imagine such a possibility. When I came upon deck, after making my toilet, I found my husband standing with his arms folded and his chin upon his breast, looking at the yacht, our enemy, which was stationed so near that I could almost distinguish the features of the men who were moving upon it.

"What is it, darling?" I said, slipping my hand under his hand.

"Ah! You there, Gertie?" he said, turning to me. He took my two hands in his, and held me at a little distance from him, looking at me with great love.

"Have I ever seen you in that dress before?" he asked.

"Yes, two or three times."

"Then it is you who improve, and not your dress, for I never saw you look so pretty before," and he drew me to him, and lifted me off my feet in his embrace. "What should I do without you, my love?" he murmured.

"And what should I do without you?" I asked.

"Ah," said he, putting me down and moving towards the side of the ship, his arm about my waist, "that is a question! What do you think would become of you without me?"

I detected, or thought I detected, a serious thought under the pleasantry, and at once my imagination flew to that absurd possibility of an impending duel. It seemed to me that he was still calculating upon the chance of being separated from me for ever. I could not move—a tremor seized me—I looked up at him in speechless terror.

"Why, Gertie," he exclaimed, catching me closer with his strong arms, "do you think I had a serious meaning in the question?"

"Tell me you had not, dear," I said. "You sweet soul! Would I let anything on earth part us now that I have made you mine?"

"Tell me that—only tell me that!"

"I will now, if you like."

"You will let nothing tempt you to—to jeopardise your life?"

"Why, what do you mean, you poor fluttering dove?"

"You are not going to fight any one?"

"Now you puzzle me more than ever. What can you be thinking about, Gertie?"

"You—you went to see the linendraper last night, while I was in the town, and I thought perhaps—"

He burst into a loud laugh, and happily there was no need for me to finish my faltering sentence.

"You're right in one respect," he said, when he ceased to laugh. "I did go on board that confounded boat last night; but there was no linendraper to fight—more's the pity perhaps. But how came you to think of such an unlikely thing?"

"It seemed to me that you were thinking to-day what would become of me if—"

"I could not continue."

He looked at me with wondering gravity.

"Good Heaven! Who would suspect you had it in you?" he said, in a low tone that was not addressed to my ear, then, with a changed voice and a lighter air, he added, "Appose your troubled spirit, sweet; I shall not fight, and no power that is shall separate us in this

world." He kissed me passionately again and again, and I clung to him in the utmost happiness that any soul can feel.

I suppose there was no one upon deck or near enough to see us, or he would not have taken me in his arms at first; yet, had all the world been looking on, I should have been unconscious of them, all my faculties being so completely centred upon him I loved.

He led me up and down the deck—I had regained my strength—and, as we walked, he spoke.

"I have been upset, and 'till uncomfortable a good deal, Gertie, I admit," he said. "Perhaps my depression results from too much happiness, perhaps the state of my digestion makes me morbidly sensitive. Whatever the primal cause may be, the fact is that the confounded yacht over there, following us about in this insane fashion, worries me beyond endurance. The sea makes me asperitious; it has that effect upon many men, you know."

"Then why should we stay on the sea if it causes you to be unhappy?" I asked.

"That's just what I was 'hinking of, talking to you about, dear. I thought that perhaps if we went to Paris for a week I might shake off this stupid feeling."

He spoke with embarrassment—not at all in his usual manner, but as if he were ashamed of his own weakness and his yielding to it.

"We will start this very moment?" I said.

"I wish you would raise some objection, Gertie, so that I might play the hero by overcoming my own inclination, or the tyrant by overcoming yours, or any part rather than this of a sneaking coward."

"Oh, Gilbert!"

He regarded me with a strange expression on his face; I could not tell whether he pitied or admired me.

"Tell me," said he, "that you have grown tired of the sea, and that you would be highly delighted to abandon the plan we made for a cruise of six weeks."

He must have read my thoughts, for indeed what he bade me tell him was in my mind. But I feared now to say so, lest he should think me a fool to change so quickly.

"Tell me," he continued harshly, "that you would rather by half dwell in a noisy city than drift along the sunny coast."

"The sweetest place in all the world is where I see you happy," I said.

The harshness was no longer on his face when he spoke again, but only the expression of love unalloyed.

"What a big soul you have, little sweetheart!" he said. "Will you always love me so fully, I wonder?"

I nodded with confidence and joy, and kissed his shoulder, which was near my lips.

We were gay at dinner; he talked about Paris, which seemed to be not at all a murky city from his description, and I became quite eager to see the Champs Elysees and the Boulevard, and the wonderful shops.

"When shall we start?" I asked.

"To-night, if we succeed in shaking off the enemy."

"I had better pack up my things directly after dinner then."

"Oh, no; a valise would betray us! We have to make our escape, you know. What is indispensable you must put on your back, or I will put it in my pocket. The rest can be bought at Paris. By-the-by, have you any strong affection for that dress?"

"No."

"Good! Now look up another that you like better to take with you. I shall want you to change your dress when we get on shore, and let me have that you wear now. That astonishes you, Gertie—"

"—ch!" he said, laughing at my perplexity. "Ah, you have yet to see the subtle side of my character!"

"Shall I have to change my hat as well?" I asked.

"Yes. I didn't think of that. If you can find a veil so much the better."

I did as he desired; and he put the dress and hat I had selected into the canvas bag with which Peter used to fetch stores from the shore; then, when I had finished all my preparations for departure, we left the dear old ship in the small boat, Peter rowing us to the land.

It was still light, and, before we reached the shore, I perceived that a small boat had put off from "the enemy." The distance between us was great, yet I fancied that I could see a woman's figure in the boat. Gilbert saw the boat also, and, as we landed, he said—

"Go to the big hotel over there, Gertie; Peter shall accompany you. I will be with you in a little while."

He then walked away to that point which "the enemy's" boat was making for, while I, with an uneasy feeling of apprehension, went, attended by Peter, to the hotel. It was some time before Gilbert arrived. It was no longer light; the lamps were lit in the street.

"Have you changed your dress, Gertie?" he asked.

"Yes; here are the things."

"Good. We shall want them presently."

He thrust his hands into his pockets, went to the window, and looked down into the court-yard of the hotel. He took no notice of me. Suddenly he drew in his head, and said, in a tone of relief—

"Ab, here they are!"

Then he went to the door and held it open. Shortly afterwards Peter came into the room, followed by Hutchins, the man who served on board the *Tub*, and Joe, the cook's boy, both on the broad grin. Peter carried a bundle under his arm.

"Here are the things," said my husband, pointing to my dress; "take them into the next room. Come with me, Gertie."

We went down to the *salle-a-manger*. Gilbert bade the *garçon* bring some Chartreuse and the note. His silence and obvious inquietude frightened me.

"It's nearly all over," he said, in a reassuring tone, as he pressed my hand.

He paid the *garçon*, giving him rather more for himself than the note amounted to; then we went upstairs again. There was a deal of giggling and suppressed laughter audible as we drew near the room; and, on opening the door, I perceived, to my utter amazement, Peter arranging my bonnet on the head of a young woman, and a gentleman with a beard like my husband's helping with his advice; but, as I soon found, the lady was only the cook's boy Joo in my dress, and the gentleman was Hutchins in my husband's jacket, with a false beard—which, as I was told afterwards, they had much difficulty in finding. It was laughable to see Joe take Hutchins's arm and lean towards him, as I suppose he had often seen me do, and the men seemed to think it was a fine joke. Only Gilbert looked angry and stern.

"Obliged to me by remembering that I am here," he said. "Come, Peter, look sharp!"

There was no more tittering after that. Peter stuffed Hutchins's and Joe's jackets into the canvas bag, and, having touched his little black ringlet to us, went downstairs. Two minutes afterwards, Hutchins, with Joo in his arm, followed.

My husband had thrown himself into a chair with his back to the men, and sat in gloomy silence. When they were gone, I went to him and put my hand on his shoulder, and said—

"They are gone—it's all right now, dear!"

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured, drawing me down upon his knees and kissing me.

We waited only a few minutes, then he lifted me, and rose to his feet.

"Come along, Gertie; we'll go and see if the *docteur* has succeeded. If it has, we'll breathe again, and to-morrow we'll see our escape with the best luncheon we can get in Paris."

At that moment the *garçon* opened the door, and, seeing us, stopped short in bewilderment. Then, with stammering apologies, he explained that he thought he had seen us leave the hotel five minutes before.

"*Tant mieux*," said Gilbert.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

M. De Laveleye on English Life.

This gentleman writes thus in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"Whence comes it, then that with such imperfect laws the English are a great nation? I have already stated that this is due, I think to their religious principles, which teach them to aim at perfection and to do good each man to his neighbor. Orthodox economy and materialistic sociology tell me that mankind is urged by one motive, and that that motive is self interest. In England I am surrounded on all sides by churches and schools of all denominations, hospitals, asylums, almshouses, and public parks, all testimonies of a universal devotion to abstract ideas, and constructed for the general well-being. I examine the life of the people I meet, and I see that all, from the laboring man to the peer of the realm, devote a great portion of each day to the fulfilment of duties in connection with the different societies or associations of which they are members. This is to be met with to such an extent in no other country, the United States, perhaps, excepted.

I passed two days with a Quaker family at Darlington, and there I remembered that Voltaire's first three letters on England are in praise of the virtues of this sect. They number only 18,000 in all; but who can say how much not only England but humanity in general owes to these apostles of peace, of justice, and equality, these rigid adversaries of slavery and of worldly vanity? How is it that their philanthropy is at once so active and so efficacious? Because as a rule they follow more nearly than others the Gospel teaching.

See, too, all over the country that marvellous institution—the Sunday Schools of every sect, with 5,200,871 children or one in every five of the entire population, and 593,427 teachers. Six hundred thousand persons who willingly give up several hours of their Sunday every week gratuitously for the purpose of instructing poor children! Is not this a proof, if further proof were needed, of the power of religious sentiment in England? If Board schools have been built all over the land, destined in the space of two generations to completely transform the working classes, and if to attain this object the ratepayers have voted 7d. or 8d. in the pound, it is because here Altruism in Christian charity. If a judicial system which delivers over defenceless honest people on the one hand to rogues, and on the other to lawyers, does not end in a general pillage, it is because religious convictions prevent many from enriching themselves by turning the terrible imperfections of the laws to account. Look into the life of the nation and into that of each individual. Nearly all acts of general utility are inspired by the Gospel spirit, even among those who have ceased to believe in Divine Revelation. In England, and more especially in Scotland, there reigns in families so religious an atmosphere, and the habits in this respect are so different to what they are on the Continent, that one would imagine oneself transported to another planet. As, at the same time, both men and women devote more of their time and of their money to objects of general interest and for the general good than here, I think that this second marked difference from us may be attributed to the fact. I may, then, safely tell you to reform as soon as possible your bad laws, but to carefully maintain and strengthen your religious principles, for they are the cause of your pre-eminence."

Wagners' music—Geo! Whoa! Haw! Git up there, darn you!

Temperance Department.

EDITED BY G. W. SECRETARY.

TRUTH contains each week full and reliable news from every part of the Good Templar work. Any information in regard to work gladly received. Address all such to T. W. CANNY, G. W. S., Napanee, Ont.

NEWS FROM LODGES.

NORTH RIDGE, ESSEX CO.—Blooming Rose Lodge has been successfully at work since 1867. It now reports 53 members, with 3 initiations last quarter. Horatio Hopgood W. C. T., Nellie Hill W. V., Lewis Williams W. S., Herbert Gilbow F. S.

SEAR'S MILL, NEAR OTTAWA.—Rainsey Lodge was reorganized a few months ago and it has since been making good progress. It now reports 50 members, with 6 initiations last quarter. James Scobie W. C. T., Carrie Kennedy W. V., Wm. Cole W. S., W. McRae F. S.

SEAFORTH, HURON CO.—Huron lodge has now a membership of about 150, with continued additions. There were 20 initiations last quarter. Few lodges are doing better work for temperance. J. S. Kent, W. C. T., A. C. Derrance, W. V.; John McIntosh, W. S.; Alex. Dewar, F. S.; R. M. Brett, W. C.

HALEY'S STATION, RENFREW CO.—Ebenezer Lodge was instituted in 1872 by Bro. Johnston and has been successfully at work ever since. There were 7 initiations last quarter. James Peover, Jr. W. C. T., Sarah Jane Wall W. V., Thomas Chrozar W. S., Ellen Guest F. S., John Rose W. T.

NAPANEE.—Napanee Lodge continues to meet with excellent success. It reports 119 members, with 13 initiations during the past quarter. There are, among the members, some excellent and highly respected workers. W. I. Thompson W. C. T., Addie Sinpoy W. V., Edward Fennell W. S., James A. Aylsworth F. S., Rev. M. L. Pearson W. C.

Love Star Lodge, No. 41, Barrie, is progressing favorably. They intend having an excursion to Toronto on the 29th of this month and arrangements to that effect have been made with the N. & N. R. R. The excursion will leave Barrie at 7:12 a. m., on the 29th, arriving at Toronto about 10 a. m. G. E. Scroggie W. C. T., S. Whitell L. D.

RICHMOND HILL, YORK CO.—Richmond Hill Lodge was reorganized a few months ago, having been dormant for some time. It has doubled its membership since that time. The Lodge owns an excellent hall, and numbers among its members some of the most active temperance workers of the locality. C. Rutherford W. C. T., Miss Switzer W. V., Geo. McDonald W. S., S. Agar F. S.

ST. JOSEPH'S ISLAND, ALGOMA.—Lorne Lodge, though it is much isolated, appears to be meeting with fair encouragement. Bro. Joseph Hyland, L. D., reports "The work is progressing favorably, there were seven initiations during the last quarter, and we have good prospects of more to come. People in this locality are in sympathy with temperance people and temperance work." John McQueen W. C. T., Miss Sunnions W. V., Bro. Sunnions W. S., Marksville P. O.

GALT.—Evening Star Lodge reports 15 initiations during the last quarter. Bro. W. Philip, L. D., reports "We intend to visit Paris Lodge in a week or two. We had the pleasure of visiting Beaver Lodge, Guelph, last Monday evening, and our members returned home well pleased and stronger temperance workers. We are making arrangements to have a temperance lecture for two evenings next week. Our meetings are well attended." E. R. Burns W. C. T., Jessie Bell W. V., Bro. Montgomery W. S., G. W. Williams W. C.

TORONTO.—Albion Lodge reports an increase of five members during the past quarter. Bro. A. R. Scobie, L. D., thus

reports "I am glad to report that Albion Lodge is doing well, and the prospects for this quarter are encouraging. We are endeavoring to make the programme for each meeting interesting and instructive. We are also trying to create a taste for essay writing, which has, so far, proved successful, two good ones have been read before the lodge already. We intend to hold our annual ice cream festival next Tuesday and hope then to secure additional candidates for admission." David Rose, W. C. T., Miss L. Harvey W. V., Joseph Kelley W. S., James Geddes W. C.

SEAFORTH, HURON CO.—The members of Huron Lodge gave another of their popular entertainments in Cardon's Music Hall, on Tuesday evening, August 12th. It was the most successful of any yet held. The evening being fine, fully two hundred people were present, which is evidence of a lively interest being taken in the cause of temperance in our town. The musical part of the programme was sustained by Messrs. J. E. Kent, Geo. Scott, J. A. Wilson and F. Pillman; Misses J. Ewing, H. Williams, T. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pyper, J. H. Flagg, Esq., G. W. C. T., was present and delivered an address; he had only a few days since returned from a visit to the county of Halton, where the Scott Act is in force; he said from what he learned from observations and conversations with business men and others of the county, that the Act was in every respect a success. Rev. Jos. McCoy of Edmondville Presbyterian Church also addressed the meeting in his usual earnest and able manner. Mr. M. Pillman, our Dutch orator was as usual on hand and delivered one of his humorous and pleasing speeches. The chair was occupied by John Beattie, Esq., ex-Mayor and Vice-President of the Scott Act association. The proceeds were applied to the funds of the Scott Act association.

Prohibition in Maine.

BY HON. NEAL DOW.

The prohibitory law has been in force for over thirty-three years in the State of Maine and it is a pertinent inquiry, what has been the result of it? Within five years all the New England States, with New York and several others, had adopted the policy of prohibition. It remains to-day in New Hampshire and Vermont, as well as in Maine, and Kansas and Iowa have adopted it. More than half of Maryland, Georgia, and Tennessee have it, with many counties and towns in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, Kentucky, Missouri, and in other States, including Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and an active and exciting agitation is now in progress in every State in the Union for the adoption of the same policy. A large part of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the western part of the Dominion of Canada have prohibition by local option, while Prince Edward Island with 100,000 people has absolute prohibition.

In England there are two thousand parishes under prohibition, with large districts in London, and Birmingham, and the large manufacturing towns, Saltire in Yorkshire and Bessbrook in Ireland, with a district of country containing sixty-two and a half square miles in County Tyrone. Scotland, Wales, and Ireland have absolute prohibition for one-seventh of each week, and the question of suppressing the liquor traffic is now engrossing the thoughts of a large majority of the people of the United Kingdom more than any other question of public policy. All this and much more, coming from the act of the Legislature of Maine in June 1851, and yet the friends of the liquor traffic declare the Maine law to be a "failure." Among these, I am sorry to say, are many excellent men, church members, clergymen, doctors of divinity, who inspire some of our religious papers, so-called, to join in

that cry, and to favor the policy of license to the dreadful traffic, which no intelligent man will deny to be "a greater mischief to society than war, pestilence, and famine combined."

So far as I know, there is no ground for opposition to prohibition, except in the false cry that it has been, and is "a failure in Maine." From that memorable day in June, 1851, to this day there has transpired nothing in Maine even to give the color of truth to it. The law has been a great success from the first. It has driven out every distillery and every brewery. It has reduced the volume of the liquor traffic to at least one twentieth of what it was. From the poorest State in the Union, Maine has become one of the most prosperous. We used to consume our full share of strong drink in proportion to our population, and more, spending in that way the entire valuation of all our property of every kind in every period of less than thirty years. Our share of the national drink-bill would be now about thirteen million dollars; but under prohibition one million will cover the cost, and more, of all the liquors smuggled into the State and sold in violation of law. Our annual savings, direct and indirect, as the result of the prohibition cannot be less than twenty-four millions a year; and it is this which has made the State so prosperous, and changed our people, their habits, surroundings, and way of life so wonderfully for the better that Maine cannot be recognized as the same. In the old rum time indications of poverty, unthrift, dilapidation, and decay were seen everywhere; now they are seen nowhere, while proofs of industry, thrift, and prosperity abound on every land.

Temperance in England.

Rev. Geo. H. Vibbert, of Massachusetts, one of the best known temperance workers in the state, is now on a visit to England, and he writes as follows to the American Reformer, of New York:—

LONDON, JUNE 14, 1884.—I arrived here on April 7, and have been constantly occupied in attending temperance meetings or in lecturing. The more I see, the more powerful the drink curse seems to me to be. I will not quote the statistics any further than to indicate the magnitude of the evil. Nearly twice as much money is spent for drink as for bread, four times as much as for butter and cheese, four and a half times as much as for milk, five times as much as for sugar, seven times as much as for tea, coffee and cocoa, more than for rent of farms and houses, twice as much as for woolen, cotton and linen, and for poor and police rates, insanity, crime, vagrancy, accidents, disease, loss of labor £100,000,000 are required yearly! One person in every nine dies in London, the richest city in the world, in the workhouse, and counting in door and out-door relief, one person in every seven dies in England and Wales in the workhouse, a pauper!

One realizes more, however, if he walks through London streets. On well nigh every corner a drink shop and the swinging doors reveal glimpses of men, women and children drinking or buying drink. And this until midnight every week day and part of Sunday day and night. Many ragged, wretched, as well as comfortable looking children, hurry through the streets until late at night carrying jugs and bottles of beer, learning by occasional sipping to like liquor and becoming familiar with the disgusting, demoralizing sights and sounds of the drink shops. The drunkenness among men and women too is distressing, and yet seems to excite little emotion save of laughter or of repugnance, not at the sin, but at the victims. I frequently see well dressed women drinking brandy, wine and beer in the railway stations and restaurants. Abstaining clergymen of the Established Church are in a small minority I think, and great multitudes of respectable and

nominal Christian people think of total abstinence with contempt.

At Windsor Castle yesterday, I mentioned to my guide a most intimate friend of the Queen, I was told, the name of a very much loved clergyman who is President of the Church of England Temperance Society, and for years Vicar of Windsor, and suggested that he should have remained longer and been made Dean of Windsor. "Oh" was the reply, "he was a teetotaler," as if that were a bar to promotion in the church at Windsor.

I can see little hope for this country unless the sale of liquor is prohibited to children, and public opinion shall look upon women frequenting drink shops as disreputable. Sunday closing and local option also must be secured, and the wicked, heartless indifference of great numbers of the ruling classes to the Temperance reform be broken. Local option cannot be passed at this session of Parliament, though many influential members are heartily in favor of it. It will be a long time before the power of the drink traffic can be destroyed. This is a besotted nation. The effects are in the short stature and signs of demoralization of the workmen, in the ragged, forlorn looking women, and in the brutal faces of multitudes of well-dressed people, but more clearly in the apathy of those who might and ought to help to destroy the drinking customs.

But there is a hopeful side to this dark picture. A grand fight is being made by the United Kingdom Alliance Temperance Society, the Church of England, and Woman's Union, and other Christian temperance societies, by the Bands of Hope, Blue Ribbon clubs and Good Templars, Rechabites and British Women's Association, while many men and women among the working classes are profoundly interested and do valiant service. I have attended and spoken at workingmen's meetings, and I find that the poor and hard working men and women well understand the question and are longing to shut the drink shops. Their stories of suffering and horrors and of their reformation are very thrilling and eloquent. When they can vote they will be found on the right side. They are not at all satisfied with half way and moderate measures. Only total abstinence and prohibition of the drink traffic will satisfy the intelligent working people, who seem to understand the temperance movement better than very many of the educated and rich men and women whose example and opinions do so much to strengthen the drink curse.

Good Templars' Directory.

- SOUTH WOODLEE, ESSEX CO. HOPE of Rochester Lodge No. 157, meets Friday evenings. W. C. T. J. A. Smith; W. S., Frank Fair; L. D., E. J. Smith. 150-332.
BURLINGTON, YORK CO., UNION STAR Lodge No. 254, meets Wednesday evenings at Templars Hall. W. C. T., S. J. Douglas; W. V., A. J. Brown; L. D., Wm. Norris. 152-235.
SARNIA—OJIBEWAY (INDIAN) LODGE, No. 310, meets on Monday evenings at the Indian Reserve Church. Visitors welcome. W. C. T., PETER RUDD; W. S., J. THOMAS; Sarnia P. O. 152-203.
GUELPH, ONT.—BEAVER LODGE, NO. 56, meets every Monday evening in Good Templars Hall. Visitors from other lodges always welcome. W. C. T., R. McDONALD; W. S., HENRY MOULDER; L. D., J. J. MAHONEY. 151-201.
HUMBERTSTONE, WELLSLAND CO.—IUMBERTSTONE Lodge, No. 574, meets every Saturday evening at Good Templars Hall. Good Templars visitors always welcome. W. C. T., D. H. CROW; W. V., MISS H. WEAVER; W. S., MISS A. NEFF; L. D., JAMES FINN. NEAR Port Colborne, P. O. 152-236.
ALDERVILLE (ROSENATH P. O.) Northumberland Co., Mississauga Lodge, No. 324, (Indian) meets Tuesday evenings at the Mission School House. W. C. T., Miss Hyndman; W. V., Sister J. Marada; W. S., Wm. Luke; A. S., A. Salt; W. T., Sister M. Chubb; W. S., Thos. Marada; W. M., Wesley Blaker; J. G., Miss M. Jack; O. G., E. Conroy; W. C. N. Black; L. D., M. Luke. 152-246.
LONGFORD MILLS, SIMCOON CO., KENNEDY LODGE (Indian) meets at Good Templars Hall, Rama, every Saturday evening. W. C. T., Mrs. Ann Sandy; W. V., Fanny Sandy; W. S., Sarah Sandy; W. F. S., Joseph Yellowhead; W. C., Chief Joseph Benson; W. T., Lillian Williams; W. M., John Westry; L. G., Mary Yellowhead; O. G., Sam Rocks; L. D., Guber Williams. 152-220.

Our Young Folks.

THE STORY OF A RING.

BY LUCY O. LILLIE.

I.

It was a broad hoop of gold curiously studded with gems. Selina had only once or twice caught a glimpse of it, and these occasions were when her aunt Margaretta opened what was known as the "lavender chest" in the Red Room at Colonel Greene's house in Lennox.

The fascination it had for the little girl may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that everything in the Red Room had a charm of its own, a peculiar air of mystery and romance and dignified seclusion. The parlor of the general character of the house in being large and stately, and furnished in old-fashioned woods and colors. There was a huge four-poster bed between the two doors hung with red damask curtains. The windows had a little swell to them, and what used to be called "box seats," and these were cushioned with red damask, a trifle faded, perhaps; but they were so different from anything Selina ever saw anywhere else that they always captivated her. The bureau, with its brass-handled drawers, the little shining satin-wood tables, the fire-place, and tall mantel, with a row of quaint adornments, all seemed to belong just to that room and no other.

But the chief delight of the room was its alcoved recess. There stood the "lavender chest," above which were two long and narrow windows, with no curtains save what a tall fir-tree outside cared to give.

No one had ever told Selina much about that old chest, but she knew that it had been brought from India for her great-grandmother, the same whose picture hung opposite the fire-place in the wide hall down-stairs. As one of Selina's first impressions in life had to do with this picture, it made her think all the more of the quiet closed chest of drawers in the rarely used old room above.

Selina was about five years old when she came to live at Colonel Greene's in Lennox. Her parents had died in the Sandwich Islands, where Dr. Greene, her father, had done noble work, and the little girl was sent home to her only near relations, her grandfather, the old Colonel, and her aunt, Miss Margaretta.

With the first days of her coming, Selina's memory has very little to do. There is on her mind a general impression of a fine, dim old house, with wide halls and curving staircases, with little windows here and there, and steps going up and down in unexpected places; of warmth and tenderness, and a great many good things to eat, and a pretty, soft bed to sleep in. She recalls a small old gentleman who cried over her sometimes, but had little to say, and a very beautiful lady, with shining dark hair, kind eyes, and long sweeping satin or silk dresses. This was Aunt Margaretta; and then, as I say, came the first clear impression.

It must have been a winter's day, for the hall fire-place was bright with logs that burned and crackled cheerily. Selina was lying on the rug before the fire with one arm around the dog Fido's neck, and her little lazy glance wandered to the picture opposite the fire.

She can always remember the vivid impression it made. It represented a very pretty young lady in a queer little white crepe gown, with a short waist and short sleeves, and her hair in a puff, but with some curls on her forehead; and on one of her fingers, which was held up near her chin, was a curious ring. It was studded all over with stones which in the picture looked dull enough except when the fire-light danced on them.

"Aunt Margaretta," said Selina, "who is that lady in the picture?"

Miss Rotta, as she was called, looked up from her work, and answered:

"Oh, Selina, didn't you know, my

dear? That was your great-grand-mamma."

"And was that her ring?" asked Selina, who thought she would like to have one for herself very much. She held up her little fat third finger, and tried to poise it near her chin like her great-grandmamma in the picture.

Miss Rotta laughed. "Yes," she said. "Come, my dear, if you like, and I will show you the ring. I have to get something out of the lavender chest." And so Selina skipped along at her aunt's side, up the wide curving stairs, down the hall, and a side corridor, to the door of the Red Room. Miss Rotta took out her keys and pushed one into the lock. It was rather hard to turn.

"Why do you lock this door?" little Selina asked, holding her aunt's hand a trifle tighter, for it frightened her a very little to go into a room that was kept locked.

"Because your great-grandmamma wished us to, dear," was the answer; and then Selina remembers the awe struck sensation she had when the door was pushed open and her aunt led her in.

The bed-curtains rustled a little, and it was chilly, but from that hour the Red Room held Selina's fancy captive. She was perhaps an imaginative child, but she enjoyed making up stories about the old room, and never asking its secret. It had one, she felt very sure, but it was far more delightful to imagine about what it might be than to hear the facts.

Miss Rotta walked directly over to the alcove, and taking out her keys again, fumbled among the drawer locks, opening one after another.

The drawers were full of all sorts of old-fashioned things. There were some carefully folded dresses, some yellowish muslins and laces, some long gloves and mitts; a pair of funny little high-heeled black satin slippers, and a long yellow silk parasol with a deep fringe.

The last drawer was pulled out, and in it the first thing that caught Selina's eye was a sandal-wood box, with the cover off, and in it lay a shining circlet like the one of the great-grandmamma down-stairs.

"Oh, there it is!" Selina said, with a jump.

Miss Rotta took out the ring, and slipping it over one of her own slim white fingers, held it up in the window for Selina to see.

It was dull gold, and the gems were of shining pale green, with a red stone in the centre.

"It is Oriental," Miss Rotta says; "that means, it came from the far, far East. When Grandmamma Livingstone was in India one of the princes there gave it to her husband, and there was a strange story connected with it, but you wouldn't be old enough to understand it."

Selina gazed with silent admiration. The lights in the stone flickered and danced with little points of flame, and it almost seemed like a real live thing to the child.

"When I am older and large enough," said Selina, gravely, "I shall always wear it, and try to hold my hand like the great-grandmamma down-stairs."

Miss Rotta only laughed. She slipped the ring back into its place, locked up the lavender chest, and presently led the little girl down-stairs.

II.

One day, when Selina was about ten years old, a cousin of her mother's came to take dinner at Lennox on Thanksgiving-day. They were talking about India, where this Captain Livingstone had spent two years, and Miss Rotta asked him some question about a famous precious stone which had been stolen.

Selina listened eagerly as the young man described the great value which the Orientals place upon stones.

"You see," he said, "they are so superstitious about them. They guard the diamonds, or rubies, or jaspers set in the heads of their idols night and day, believ-

ing something terrible will happen if they are lost; and we in this country know very little of the various kinds of precious stones to be found in India. They are many in number and in name which we never hear of."

He went on to tell two or three stories that made Selina shudder; but all the more interest had she in the ring called the "Calman" in the family, because of its origin, and which, so far as she knew, had not been disturbed for three years.

Selina's school life was very busy for a year or two after this; then came her dear grandfather's long illness and death, and Miss Rotta, who with her little niece was left quite alone in the world, started out for a year of Western travel.

When they returned to Lennox it seemed a most delightful change. The rooms and halls were aired and cleaned, and in some instances newly furnished. But when anything was to be altered or made over, Miss Rotta would sit down and sigh, and wonder if by any possibility they could not "get along" without disturbing the old fashion of things; and in Selina, who was now a tall girl of fourteen, she found a warm ally.

"No matter if the Livingstones are coming to spend the summer, Aunt Rotta," she exclaimed one day, "I wouldn't change the dear old house. I'd leave everything as it is. Make it clean, of course."

To this Miss Rotta had replied:

"Very well, Selina. I don't know but you are right. We will have the house cleaned and made comfortable, and not try to buy these new wall-papers or furniture, but"—Miss Rotta spoke decidedly—"we won't open the Red Room at all. There is no need of it."

So sweepings and dustings and airings went on. Doors stood open for the June sunlight to pour in. The big blue vases in the halls stood full of summer flowers, and Selina went hither and thither, glad to make life a holiday. The unknown cousins came—a whole troop of them; and during the summer they held a sort of happy sway over everything, playing in-doors and out, going to picnics and to clam-bakes, rowing on the river, and watching the summer boarders as they came and went.

At last they themselves went away.

During all this time all that little Selina had thought of the Red Room was to hint once or twice to her cousin Effie Livingstone about its secret, and just a word or two about the ring. But this had been said after a long, warm day's boating, when Effie and Selina were resting in the hammock near the barn.

"Oh, what funny little windows!" Effie said, suddenly. "I never saw that room, Selina."

"Of course you haven't," Selina answered. "They belong to the Red Room, and it's never opened. I don't know why; I believe our great-grandmother wished it kept locked; but oh, Effie"—and here Selina's memory warmed with thought of the "Calman" lying in its box just inside those sun-lit windows—"there's such a wonderful ring in there! all shining over with precious stones, but no one can have it—at least Aunt Rotta doesn't like to be asked about it."

Selina's cheeks grew red. She felt she had perhaps been imprudent. "Let's go and see if the horses are put up," she said, suddenly jumping up; and the two children sauntered off to the stables, where old Jim Neggott was grooming the ponies.

This might be very enjoyable, but in Effie's mind lingered a desire to know more of the "Calman"; if possible, to see it. She did not dare ask her cousin Rotta, nor had she much more courage with Selina, who, for all her love of fun, was upright and honorable to a degree that sometimes puzzled Miss Effie. She feared just a little the flash of Selina's eyes in case she should suggest their stealing their way into the Red Room.

Once Selina had said to her, "Oh, Effie, could you do a mean thing?"

And that had only been because she had suggested to Selina to take the bait off the boys' hooks. So she decided it was wiser not to test her cousin's ideas about honor any further.

III.

"When Effie got back to New York she often thought of the Red Room, hidden, locked away, with its one shining treasure lying in the darkness of the drawer away in the corner. Oh! if only she could see it!

Before long the opportunity came. In February of that year there was capital skating and sleighing at Lennox, and during the early part of the month an invitation came for the cousins to go to Lennox.

The two Livingstones, Virgil and Effie, arrived early in the morning, and Effie and Selina were soon closeted up in the latter's room, talking over every recent event in either life, and planning for the morrow. There was to be a tea party, and some grown-up friends were expected from New Haven. Altogether the day promised much that was delightfully exhilarating even in prospect.

The elderly company began to arrive about three in the afternoon. Selina and Effie had talked so much to each other, and they and Virgil had skated so long, that there came a sort of lull in each other's society.

Deborah, the cook, was busy making cake, and Selina said, suddenly, she thought she would run down-stairs and see if it was ready.

The children were all in the hall, sitting on a lounge before the fire. Miss Rotta's work-table was at the left of them, and as Selina spoke, Effie's sharp little black eyes had wondered toward the stand.

On top of a strip of embroidery lay Miss Rotta's keys—a dozen or more hung on an old-fashioned silver hoop.

When Selina asked her cousins if they cared to go down-stairs with her, Effie only shook her head.

An idea had occurred to her mischievous little brain, and she only longed to be alone to put it in operation.

Virgil and Selina started. Effie glanced about her cautiously; then feeling like a conspirator against the peace, she rose, stole over to the basket, and with one more swiftly careful glance, seized the keys, hid them in the folds of her dress, and darted up the stairs. She was determined to see the Red Room for herself.

So far as the success of her scheme went, she could not have chosen a better opportunity. Miss Rotta was with the newly arrived guests down in the library. Selina and Virgil were in the kitchen. Not a person nor a sound disturbed the solitude and stillness of the long hall and little corridor as Effie flew down them. She felt sure she would not soon be followed, and quite enjoyed finding the right key and fitting it into the lock.

The door creaked open, and Effie stood still a moment on the threshold, even her careless mind fluttered by what she was doing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To Be Kept Alive.

A peasant, whose father was taken suddenly ill, started off to the cure's house late at night and remained at the door nearly three hours knocking every now and then so gently that nobody heard him. When the priest at length came down, "What are you here for?" he asked, "And why did you not knock louder?" "My father was dying when I left him," was the reply, "but I did not like to disturb you." "Then he must be dead by this time," observed the cure, "and it is too late for me to be of any use." "Oh, no, monsieur, not at all," eagerly answered his visitor; "my neighbor, Pierrot, promised me faithfully that he would keep him alive until you came."

The Poet's Page.

—Written for Truth.

Clouds and Rain.

BY ARTHUR M. MANLY.

Hand in hand two lovers walked
Along a shady road, and talked
Of joy to be when married they
Should pass through life o'er pleasure's way,
From sorrow free, and pain and care,
And every ill which might impair
Their blissful lot and render less
The measure of their happiness.
As on they walked dense clouds o'er spread
The azure heavens overhead;
And stopping suddenly their talk,
They halted in their slow-paced walk
To view the gloomy clouds above,
O'er heaven's surface quickly move.
At length the maiden said, "I fear
You clouds may teach a lesson, dear.
A while ago the sky was free
From every cloud which now we see;
But while we heedless passed along,
Silent and swift the gloomy throng
Appeared, and covered all the sky,
Shrouding the orb of day on high.
E'en so the sky of life may be
With troubles covered suddenly,
And fortune's sun be wrapt in gloom,
While we expect not such a doom."
The youth made no reply, but stood
And o'er what she had said did brood,
Till warned by a few drops of rain
The shelter of a tree to gain.
The pair beneath an oak, which spread
Its foliage densely overhead,
Found some protection from the shower,
Which lasted hardly half an hour.
Gladly they quitted their retreat
The reappearing sun to meet,
Who dried the tears which had bedewed
Sad Nature's face in solitude.
How fresh and fair the earth appeared!
How pleasing was the song they heard
Northcoming from a covert near,
In joyous tones both loud and clear!
How sweet the sight, how sweet the scent
Of flowers by rain-drops slightly bent!
Tree, meadow, hill and murmuring stream
Rejoice beneath the solar beam;
The face of Nature, far and near,
An aspect of delight did wear.
While on the scene before them spread
The lovers gazed, the youth thus said:
"As after cloud and storm and rain
The heavens and earth are bright again,
So if it happen that life be
Ombadowed by adversity,
I will soon again be bright and fair,
And free from every cloud of care.
Fine weather coming after foul
Is more delightful to the soul;
And bliss contrasted with distress,
Is more abundant happiness.
And as the clouds which gloomily
Covered heaven's azure canopy
Refreshed with rain the earth below,
So from adversity may flow
A stream the heart corrupted by
Prosperity, to purify."

—Written for Truth.

The Lament of Carlyle.

JAMES F. FOSTER.

[On reading Mrs. Carlyle's Reminiscences
of his wife, and of his remorseful feelings at
her death, when he remembered his neglect
of her while living.]
My Bonnie wee bird thou hast gone and left
me,
On bright waving wing to thine own nat-
ive skies.
The stern hand of fate of thee hast bereft
me,
And severed forever the fondest of ties.
My poor lonely heart laments its lost treas-
ure,
And sits all alone amidst its anguish and
tears
Recalling thy patience and love without
measure,
A thousand times shown in those wedded
years.
Thy smile was my light when gloom over-
took me,
Thy bright sunny mirth shone as sunbeams
of grace,
Inspiring with hope when courage scarce
me
And when my heart languished in midst
of the race,
I knew not the light thy life had around me,

Its radiance in silence dispelling my gloom
But since thy collapse the terrors confound
me
And fall o'er my path like the shades of
the tomb.

Existence is mine since thou hast departed.
But bright sunny skies can no longer be
mine,
My spirit bemoans thee sad, broken-hearted,
Desperately clinging to all that is thine.
Thou, a n. sheds his rays of glory above me.
And birds fill with music the shades of the
grove,
But my lonely heart thou hast no one to love
thee,
And no one on whom thou canst lavish thy
love.

Alas thou hast gone and what shall befall
me!
Deep are the woes of this lone stricken
heart,
Dear Bonnie Jeanie sweet memories recall
thee
And unite yet in one, the souls now apart,
I loved thee in life and death cannot sever.
The feelings immortal that throb in my
breast,
Though dead be my loved one, love liveth
ever,
All is immortal that is noblest and best.

I mourn I left thee in those days of toiling
While my sulen spirit was shaded in
gloom,
Yet thou wast cheerful, courageous and
smiling
But now my loved treasure lies cold in the
tomb.
O that thine ear now could hear love be-
wailing,
In penitence sorrow the days long ago
But alas now my tears are all unavailing
And for past cold neglect can never atone,

Could I but tell thee the tide of devotion,
That foams like a sea in this troubled
breast,
There this laden heart should hush its com-
motion,
And find in the thought consolation and
rest.
Thy heart never knew how much I admired
thee,
This love it was tongueless and never ex-
press'd,
Yet, Bonnie Jeanie thy presence inspired
me,
And kindled an undying flame in my
breast.

Best, gentle heart, thy loved one shall meet
thee,
Mid scenes far removed from this sad lone-
ly sphere,
And in the unknown his spirit shall greet
thee,
And unbosom the love expressionless here.
My loved one; farewell, but not that forever!
O grant Great Supreme, that we may meet
again,
In bright shining spheres, where death can-
not sever,
Or sting the fond heart with bereavement
and pain.

The Little Cloud.

BY L. C. H.

I saw a tiny, little cloud, no bigger than my
hand;
It seemed to kiss the deep blue sky, that
arches sea and land;
The breeze, its downy fringes tossed, its
cheeks then glowed with light,
As on it sped with wild delight the path-
less aerial height.
I looked again, its glow had gone, and fright-
ened seemed to be!
While on its track, with rapid stride, a
foe it strove to flee;
In plaintive tones, was heard a plea, "O let
me e'er be free,"
'Twas muttered back, "You little wail,
what right have you to be?"
Then said this timid little cloud, "I'm out
to warn mankind,
That you in all your pomp and pride would
follow close behind;
Though I'm a part of one great whole, yet
let me now be free
Fulfill the mission of my birth, and claim
the right to be."
With fiery tongues, and angry words, soon
aroused in deadly strife,

Gray locks were shook in maddened rage,
and plunged the gleaming knife!
All nature then, with baited breath, beheld
the strife with fears!
The heavens retired in silent awe, and
earth was drenched in tears!

And when the fearful strife was o'er, and
tears had ceased to flow,
The curtain rose, the scene had changed,
all nature seemed to glow;
Then angry words were heard no more, a
quiet silence reigned,
The "bow," in all its prism'd glow, a wel-
come peace proclaimed.

MORAL.

If right and might were utilized and made
to help the weak,
If wrathful storms would end in tears, and
mankind wisdom seek,
If weak and strong would o'er combine and
speak each other free,
If each to each were ever true, the world
would better be.

—Written for Truth.

The Indian Girl's Farewell.

A Song of Niagara Falls

BY GEORGIA HOUGHTON.

I steer my barque to the mighty Falls,
Of the grand Niagara river,
I hear the echoing waters call,
My soul from earth to sever,
Good-bye my waves forever, good-bye my
waves forever,
Good-bye my waves for ever, and ever,
and ever, and ever,
Sweeter the sounds, than mortal songs,
Of the whispering waves, and pines
While my dark-eyed lover sang to me,
With the anthem of their chimes,
Good-bye my waves forever, good-bye my
waves forever,
Good-bye my waves forever, and ever,
and ever, and ever!

But I've lost the heart of the bounding
roe,
I have entered grief's valley of cloud,
And grand were the grave of the Indian
girl,
If the foam of the falls were her shroud.
Good-bye my waves forever, good-bye my
waves forever,
Good-bye my waves forever, and ever,
and ever, and ever!

Ah, woe to him who wins to break
A loving heart and true!
From the bridal veil of the glorious Falls,
Farewell my love to you.
Good-bye my love forever, good-bye my
love forever,
Good-bye my love forever, and ever,
and ever, and ever.

—Written for Truth.

The Editor's Chair.

BY J. R. RAMSAY.

From the wool of our destiny braided
How soon the bright tints are withdrawn,
Like a stream by a storm overshadowed,
Or a beautiful beautiful dawn.
But the light of the Press bath pervaded
The kingdom of darkness and, there
In a palace of glory has made it
The throne of the Editor's Chair.
There the powers of creation hold session
To disburse whatever shall bless;
There the Platform renews its impression,
And the Senate gives place to the Press,
Augmenting triumphant progression,
Both Law and the Gospel are there;
For the world has no throne in possession
That reverts not the Editor's Chair.
For the world's like the Press in its motion,
And each day's an edition of night,
And each issue diurnal with ocean,
Embellished in shadow and light.
From Cathay, or the realms of Eretion,
All the nations and nature are there,
And their legions in war and devotion
Reviewed from the Editor's Chair.
Far scenes that our feet may not wend to
Behold them at dawn's produced
With comments that monarchs attend to
Or suffer for morals advised;
What flooded in Islam lent to?
Will Mehdi to Cairo repair?
Is Russia the Afghan a friend to?
Or a friend to the Editor's Chair?

But its glory surpasses the praises
That a world full of warriors earned;
And its temple of freedom displaces
The red stakes whereto martyrs were
burned,
And as one with pure Science it raises
This orb from sin's desolate lair;
Even Faith assumed lovelier phases
When proclaimed from the Editor's Chair

Poor Tired Mother.

They were talking of the glory of the land
beyond the skies,
Of the light and of the gladness to be found
in paradise,
Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-
ceasing songs,
Of the wand'rings through the golden streets
of happy white-robed throngs;
And, said father, leaning cozily back in his
easy-chair,
(Father always was a master-hand for com-
fort everywhere):
"What a joyful thing 'twould be to know
that when this life was o'er
O'er would straightway hear a welcome from
the blessed shining shore!"
And Jenab, our eldest girl, glanced up-
ward from the read
She was painting on a water-jug and mur-
mured, "Yes, indeed."
And Merian, the next in age, a moment
cropped her book,
And "Yes, indeed!" repeated, with a most
ostatic look.
But mother, gray-haired mother, who has
come to sweep the room,
With a patient smile on her thin face, lean-
ed lightly on her broom—
For mother I no one ever thought how much
she had to do—
And said, "I hope it is not wrong not to
agree with you,
But seems to me that when I die, before I
join the blest,
I'd like just for a little while to lie in my
grave and rest."

MARY.

A WANDERER.

Acushla I do not deem me false!
Nor dream that I forget
Thy fair young face, thy native grace,
The morn when first we met.
My priceless pearl! my glorious girl!
Thou'rt true as truth to me.
And where thou art throbs my heart
With love alone for thee.
I know not where thy lot is cast:
But this I know full well;
To me always, where'er I stay,
Thy name's a nameless spell.
My fancy's fairy! wondrous Mary!
While ebbs and flows to sea,
And sunshine streams and morn'g beams
I love no love but thee.

Heed not what venom'd tongues may say,
Dread not the world's decree;
But dry thy tears to fright thy fears,
And trust, my love, in me,
My beauty, bright! my heart's delight!
When startled eyes shall see
June roses blow mid winters snow,
Then I'll be false to thee.

From mountain eyrie, myetic Mary!
At night, 'neath starry dome,
To lowland glen, mid haunts of men,
By day, I've sought thy home.
If hope has fled—if thou art dead—
Come, love, with angel kiss.
In crown of Light and robes of white,
And bear my soul to bliss!

In the centre of the dining room of the
Khedive's sister, the Princess Mansouf,
when Lady Brassy breakfasted there, was
a large circular velvet carpet embroidered
with gold, on which stood an octagonal
table, covered with an embroidered vel-
vet cloth, holding the breakfast service,
including napkins worked with gold thread.
The breakfast was composed of soup, tur-
key, calf's head stuffed with force meat,
macaroni, ciccose, pillau of rice and raisins,
asaragous a la huile, pancakes, cream rice
tarts, pastry and jam, milk of almonds in
a bowl, pistachio nuts cater with toroise-
shell spoons, ices, cakes, coffee, champ-
agne, and other wines. The meal occu-
pied forty minutes, and silver basins of
water were then brought to the guests,
with wondrously wrought Turkish towels.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Some Thoughts About the Distribution of this World's Goods—Not Such a bad World! After all—A Contented Man—Echoes of the Grimby Guns—&c, &c

Is it really coming to this, that JACOB has to devote a part of each of his weekly epistles to personals and to thank his friends and sympathizers for their kind words and their encouraging commendations? It is all very pleasant. I blush in spirit as figuratively I raise my old shabby hat and say thank you all.

It is sometimes not the worst thing in the world to have one who will come blab out with what he thinks, whether it will please or the reverse. If such utterances are honest and not too stupid they come right enough in the long run, though the owner of some corny toes may limp a little and may even be tempted occasionally to swear. JACOB knows not how to use flattering words, but he is not a cynic, either, snarling at everything and with nothing very much better or more significant than a growl. When one is bent on taking a gloomy view of things Heaven knows he will not find much difficulty in gathering together reasons for his gloom. It is a strange but, dispirited world this, and no mistake, with the wicked great in power, riding in carriages, flourishing like a bay tree, and all the while the righteous, like JACOB and his readers, are

TRUDGING ON FOOT

and finding it hard scratching to get along even in a moderate way. This, of course, is bad and in a sense discouraging as well. But after all the shield has another side. There are lots of people pretty happy and comfortable and not bad folks as things go after all. Of course there is always the opportunity for repeating the old hard, bitter remark about the best way of getting a vivid idea of the low opinion that God Almighty has of money being to look steadily at them to whom He gives most of it. That may be all true and yet not altogether. There are a good many wealthy scamps in the world and no mistake. I don't believe any man owns either fifteen or twenty millions of dollars honestly, to say nothing of two hundred millions. All such are robbers, who don't steal now, as the robber barons did long ago, by force, but by lying and fraud. If they had their due they would be in the penitentiary picking oakum for dear life and getting their energies over and anon quickened by an honest and effectual application of the cat with all her tails. But while all this is true, come now let us be honest and fair, there are those who are pretty wealthy as things go, who are yet honest as the day. They have deceived no man, they have defrauded no man. The money they have is clean, every quarter of it, and there is no use of saying nasty things about them, simply because they have been industrious, patient, intelligent and successful. Whoever is inclined that way JACOB is not. He has not himself made a great fist at the money making. Somehow it has not been his gift and so others have stepped in before him. But he is comfortable, contented with little though catty wa' mair, and he envies no one. He has to walk while others ride, but

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER,

whether called envy or jealousy, does not look out of his eyes, and discontent does not spoil either his sleep or his digestion. He can manage a guinea and a clean shirt twice a week, and as things go this is not bad. Come, come, have done with envying and grieving at the good of your neighbours. Take what you have with grateful hearts and you will

be in the highway to get more if that more would be really good for you. By the way, isn't it commonly said that the wicked generally get the lion's share of the good things of the earth that are going? There again I put in my oar and "object." It is not the fact. Christianity understood, believed, and practised, tends mightily to making men comfortable and prosperous even for this world. Some say that there is too much cheating and lying going. That if a man persistently speak the truth and do the right he will find he cannot live, far less make a fortune. Bad as the world is I don't believe a word of it. If that were the fact JACOB would get out of that world as fast as possible. Just look at your acquaintances. Who are the most comfortable and upon the whole the best clad? Decent religious people, by a long way. And it is not wonderful that they should be so. The virtues that religion inculcates and develops are just those that help to prosperity, honesty, thoroughness, kindness, attention to business, truthfulness and so on. Come now, a pretty comfortable prosperous man is

NOT NECESSARILY A RASCAL.

Neither is a poverty stricken lozel necessarily a saint or an angel. A sober, steady, intelligent, reliable man is not so much at a disadvantage in the life race after all. Those that are constantly crying out that they have never had a chance and bragging of what they would have done had the golden opportunity come, had better shut up. There must be something wrong somewhere. If everybody were to give up the use of intoxicating liquors, for instance, there would be vastly more prosperous people and happy homes.

Now that is JACOB's little preachment and it is as true as truth. A good many of my friends have far more money than I have, but I bet none of them sleep sounder or have fewer wrinkles on their brows, or fewer cares tugging at their heart's strings. Yes, I am rather, if anything, shabby in my apparel and my hat I acknowledge is simply shocking. But after all there are few lots in Toronto with which JACOB would change. So good bye, grumbler. Go thou and feel likewise and you will recognize the improvement. It will keep you wonderfully forward toward realizing the remark of the poet:

"An honest man close buttoned to the chin. Broader o' the without and a warmer heart within."

I was at Grimby and heard the guns. Hush! After all the foregoing optimism I shall surely transgress the law of charity if I say a word. Thomas went for the current theology. Wild went for Thomas and Talmage had a good shie at Ingersoll, for which no doubt he got \$200. Not a word more, you don't catch me tapering off with a growl.

I am a modest man, at least I persuade myself that I am. But though I be, I cannot get up any great indignation at boys bathing in open *puris naturalibus* at places where it is possible that a stray female may come within eye shot. This maudlin affectation of horror at the sight of bathers even in bathing suits is unhealthy, a clear illustration of the remark that a nice man or woman is one of nasty ideas. What is the use of talking when naked statuary is all the rage, and when very scantily clothed statuettes figure profusely in King street stores? Some women are more indecent when in full dress than any statue of Eve in her figleaves or of Venus in her scantiest attire.

The Wiman Baths are of course a dead failure. The breakwater has effectually killed them, and if Wiman does not wish his gift to become a laughing stock he had better instruct his representatives to do something. Why not transfer them to the lake side of the island? As it is the thing is absurd, the poor children have to sport themselves in a dirty stagnant puddle.

By the way, when are we going to have bells and fish criers abolished? They are both nuisances and ought both to be put upon as sure as my name is

JACOB.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

For Bible Students

No Money Required. Try Your Skill.

NO. XXVIII.

Solution for No. XXV: Comparatively few have tackled with this Enigma, and not one who has done so is absolutely correct. At the same time there are two who are so nearly accurate, and who have evidently expended so much care, and shown so much intelligence in finding the answers that we give them prizes.

1. R. Griffith, 2 Oxford Street, London.
2. W. A. Wingfield, Oshawa, Ont.

We should have been happy to have been able to give a prize also to Francis A. Yates, Chatham, for the care and attention which his answers exhibit, but he must recognize the necessity for our not doing so in his case. As far as we can see, there is just one little slip in each of the successful answers, and these are so small as scarcely to be called such. Indeed, they may be said to be correct, though the answers are not those which we prefer.

The answers are as follows:

- YOUR REASONABLE SERVICE, Rom. xii. 1.**
1. Yield yourselves unto God. Rom. vi. 13, 19.
 2. Owe no man anything but to love one another. Rom. xiii. 8.
 3. Use hospitality one to another without grudging. 1 Pet. iv. 9.
 4. Rejoice in the Lord always. Phil. iv. 4.
 5. Renounce hereunto Caesar the things which are Caesar's. Matt. xxii. 21.
 6. Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. 2 Tim. ii. 3.
 7. Abstain from all appearance of evil. 1 Thess. v. 22.
 8. Shine as lights in the world. Phil. ii. 15.
 9. Overcome evil with good. Rom. xii. 21.
 10. Neglect not the gift that is in thee. 1 Tim. iv. 14.
 11. Abide in me. John. xv.
 12. Be not weary in well doing. 2 Thess. iii. 13.
 13. Look not every man on his own things. Phil. ii. 4.
 14. Ever follow that which is good. 1 Thess. v. 15.
 15. Stand fast in the Lord. Phil. iv. 1.
 16. Exhort one another daily. Heb. iii. 13.
 17. Repent ye, for the Kingdom of God is at hand. Matt. iii. 2.
 18. Visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction. James i. 27.
 19. In all thy ways acknowledge Him. Prov. iii. 6.
 20. Call upon Me in the day of trouble. Ps. l. 15.
 21. Evening and morning and at noon will I pray. Ps. lv. 17.

In reply to No. XXVI, we have very many more answers, and a goodly number correct.

The answers are as follows:—

1. Bar' Jesus Acts xiii. 6.
2. Acts i. 12.
3. Ezek. xvi. 43, 50.
4. Luke iii. 33.
5. 1 Chron. xxi. 6 & xxvii. 23.
6. Gen. xviii. 14.
7. Gen. xviii. 52.
8. James i. 27.
9. 2 Chron. xx. 5, 6, 20.
10. Jeremiah vi. 16.

Those who upon the whole are to be reckoned as prize winners this time are the following:

- S. Acheson, Stamford P. O.
Elizabeth Chapple, Newcastle P. O.
John A. Davidson, Burlington P. O.

There are two or three friends who have been especially regular in sending in correct answers. Among these we cannot help mentioning Wm. Jamieson, Moorfield, who has gained several prizes and has in many other cases answered correctly, though for one reason or another, oh may not have in each instance succeeded in getting a prize.

As we have said we do not finally drop the prizes. By no means. Only for a while. We have tried to be fair in apportioning them and if some have not been so successful in securing them as they think they ought to have been, they will please put it down to an error of judgment on our part, not of intention.

For No. XXVIII, the following may be taken:

1. The city of Jason.
2. The name which signifies, "My delight is in her."
3. E. Kanah's grandfather.
4. The Ethiopian monarch who was the means of postponing the Assyrian invasion.
5. The soldier to whom David said "Thou art a stranger and a sojourner."
6. The brother-in-law of Orpah.
7. The ancient name of Bethleh' m.
8. The fifth son of Leah.
9. The King who was slain by his son.
10. The son of Biahri who conspired against David.
11. The place where Absalom was born.
12. The son of Peleth.
13. The Ro, al city of the Ammorites.
14. The father of Bechadad.

The initials of the above names form a text which should exhort us to be watchful and diligent.

We shall be glad also if some of our readers try to make what some have called a "Bible clock." Construct it on this principle:—Make a diagram like the face of a clock. Outside of this, mark a larger circle like a wheel. Divide this into twelve portions by lines drawn from the outside of the Clock's face, like the spokes of the wheel—each inclosed portion from half-past to half-past of each hour. In the first of these which incloses I. of the Clock put in a single word, for instance PRAISE. The second space from half-past I. to half-past II. would naturally include II. Find then a text of two words containing the word "praise." The next space would enclose III. Find a text also containing the word praise having three words and so on, till the whole face of the clock is gone round and the last text will be one of twelve words containing of course the word praise like the rest. Each division must have the exact number of words represented by that hour, and the sentence must be a clear statement whether formed by a single verse or part of one or of two or three. Take the word PRAISE and see what you can do.

P. S.—We cannot help printing the accompanying letter. It is but a specimen. We greatly prize such communications. Our Enigma Column has brought us nothing but pleasure, though a few have blamed us for not being fair:—

To the Editor of Truth.

SIR.—I find according to this week's TRUTH that the quarter hundredth Scriptural Enigma is reached and also the last one that will be awarded a prize for some time to come. Allow me to embrace this opportunity of thanking you for having kept up the column so well and successfully, and being the means of doing so much good, both to myself and many others.

Ever since I took notice of the column, I have found, that besides being an amusement, it has also been a very profitable one. I really was unaware before I commenced to study for the answers, how excessively ignorant I was of the Scriptures, and my experience, in this particular but coincides with many. Although I have not always sent my solution, I have invariably made one, and out of three answers I have received one prize and a commendation, both of which I feel proud of.

Although for the future there are no prizes to be offered for successful competitors, I shall still make the column a weekly study and occasionally send my answers in, at which time I hope you will always class me in my proper order of merit, as usual.

Sincerely trust the cessation of prizes will not damp the ardour of hitherto Bible students, but that they will continue to study with renewed vigor, and interest. Such, my dear Editor, will be the course I shall pursue.

STILL I LOVE THEE.

C. T. LOCKWOOD.

Andantino.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

1 What should make thee sad, my dar.... ling? Why those pear-ly tears I see?
 2 O'er the bo-som of the o.....cean Shall the sea-bird cease to rove,
 3 Joy - ful - ly when first I found thee, Bow'd my soul at love's be - hest;

Musical notation for the first vocal line, consisting of a single treble clef staff.

Have I caus'd one thought of sor.... row? Have I not been kind to thee?
 Sun and stars shall cease their mo.... tion, Wind and clouds for - get to move,
 Now when sor-rows ga-ther round.. me, Thou a - lone canst make me blest,

Musical notation for the second vocal line, consisting of a single treble clef staff.

By the stars that shine a - bove us, By their wond'rous mys - te - ry,
 Ere my love for thee shall fal-ter, Or my faith for - got - ten be,
 Be my heart thy throne for - e - ver, Let all tears for - got - ten be,

Musical notation for the third vocal line, consisting of a single treble clef staff.

ad lib.

By this heart that beats with - in me, Still I love thee, love but thee.
 All things else on earth may al - ter, Still I'll love thee, love but thee.
 Weal or woe estrango us ne - ver, Still I love thee, love but thee.

Musical notation for the fourth vocal line, consisting of a single treble clef staff.

CHORUS.

Solo. What should make thee sad, my dar..... ling? Why those pear - ly tears I see?

Alto. What should make thee sad, my dar..... ling? Why those pear - ly tears I see?

Tenor. What should make thee sad, my dar - ling? Why those pear - ly tears I see?

Bass. What should make thee sad, my dar - ling? Why those pear - ly tears I see?

Pianno.

Have I caus'd one thought of sor - row? Have I not been kind to thee.

Have I caus'd one thought of sor - row? Have I not been kind to thee.

Have I caus'd one thought of sor - row? Have I not been kind to thee.

Have I caus'd one thought of sor - row? Have I not been kind to thee.

Pianno.

Pianno.

STILL I LOVE THEE.

S. & Co., 321-2.

EATON'S

BIG

CLEARING SALE.

As the month of August is nearly over, and with it our *Big Summer Sale*, we have decided to clear all odd lines at a price, and also to mark our regular stock at still lower prices than ever.

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Clearing Ohtaron's Summer Hose, fancy and plain colors 5c. pair.
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As strange as it may appear, beer is not the reigning drink at a fashionable german.

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FASHIONABLE HAIRDRESSING.

Country Costumes.

There is an almost infinite variety in country dressing in this country, the difference in temperature requiring clothing light as gossamer in some places, in others, up north and by the sea, woollens and undergarments as warm almost as those worn in winter. On the Massachusetts coast, in New Hampshire and Maine, flannel suits are the rule, and cotton or thin summer silk the exception. Two flannel dresses, a dark silk for Sundays, a nun's-veiling for a possible dance, and a Mother Hubbard wrapper, red or gray with velvet tufted yoke or sleeves, is a sufficient outfit for the season, so far as dresses are concerned, and the nun's-veiling may be a left-over, or kept good for the winter in town, if need be, for it will not be much in demand. Young women have taken to boating much of late years, and a good deal of taste is displayed in boating costumes. At one of the seaside resorts in Massachusetts, a "Review" in August displayed fifty boats in line, the majority of which were manned by women, two to each boat. Some of the costumes were very striking; one of orange flannel was accompanied by a dark blue jersey, and an orange cap with dark blue band; another was striped red and dark green, dark green blouse waist with red collar and cuffs, and very dark green straw hat with red pompons. A navy blue made over a plaited red skirt, was accompanied by a jacket with red vest, no cuffs, but a

little nickel horn was fastened by a chain at the left of the jacket. All the flannel dresses are made with straight plaited skirts, sometimes trimmed round the bottom, several inches from the edge, with velvet or braid, but usually with tucks in a cluster. The bodies form a plaited blouse, belted in with the skirt, or a Garibaldi more closely cut than formerly, or jacket with vest, but the latter style is better suited to tailor-made cloth costumes. A favorite style is the belted-in waist, tucked in upright fashion back and front. Some very pretty white and navy blue flannel boating suits have the tucks, collars and cuffs stitched with leather-colored silk, and worn with a broad, undyed leather belt, very soft. At the review before mentioned, the occupants of one boat wore costumes of this kind, precisely alike, except that one was white and one navy blue. Some of the prettiest dresses worn in the country this year are a mixture of plain and spotted batiste, the latter "wafered" with velvet in peacock blue, maroon or dark green, and trimmed with ecru lace and velvet ribbon. The large hat is of manilla straw, and is trimmed with cream mull lace and cherries, or velvet. Another stylish mixture is current-red silk with ecru ponce, or batiste with trimming of ecru lace and embroidery on the batiste. The hat is ecru straw and is trimmed with ecru lace and red currants. White dresses were never more used than this season, the handsome

embroidery which now forms a part of the dress proving most effective as drapery, side panels, and for the complete busque. The production of white lawn, accompanied by four yards of deep trimming embroidery, for such prices as those at which they have been offered, certainly puts a very pretty white summer dress within the reach of any one who can make it up for herself. The most elegant black dresses that have been seen this season are of hand-run lace, made up over satin surah and Rhadames, and in conjunction with figured velvet, grenadine or Hernani. Black lace skirts, and cream lace skirts have been common enough, with silk or velvet bodices, but the combination mentioned is a special summer product, expensive and very handsome, the jotted trimming, when used, very fine and expensive; but real lace is preferred without jet.

In white and light tinted dresses, the finest are of embroidered Japanese crepe over satin or satin surah, the lace a beautiful imitation of Mechlin, and the ribbons for decoration of satin the shade of the surah. The bridal dress at a summer wedding in Newport was white satin, the lower part of magnificent point Venetian lace, the upper front an apron-composed entirely of pearls, with fringe of orange blossoms falling over the lace. The sleeves were three-quarter length and also of pearls in the same fine work with fringe of orange blossoms, the

bodice outlined with Venetian lace and having a corsage bouquet of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids' dresses were pink surah with overdresses of white Japanese crepe embroidered with apple blossoms. A pretty dress worn on the same occasion was of Nile-green crepe over Nile-green silk, the former embroidered with shaded red carnations and displaying full lace vest and lace sleeves somewhat full and reaching midway down the upper part of the arm. A band of the embroidered crepe extended over and was met by the gloves, which were in the most delicate shade of tan. The hat was an upright white chip, with wide band laid in folds of Nile-green velvet, and a bunch of red carnations on the front. Another charming dress was of violet silk, striped with velvet on the front, plaited straight at the back. A fichu of violet crepe was knotted in front with velvet, and trimmed with a double row of lace, and the lace bonnet, small and fine, was ornamented with violet velvet ribbon and a half wreath of wildwood violets.

The following testimonial of a certain patent medicine speaks for itself:—
"Dear Sir: Two months ago my wife could scarcely speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Restorer,' and now she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I wouldn't be without it."

Health Department.

Insomnia.

The immortal Sancho Panza says: "While I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope; neither trouble nor glory; and blessing on him who invented sleep—the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst; the fire that warms, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly the general coin that purchases all things; the balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the king and the simple to the wise." Cervantes, like all great brain-workers, evidently understood the value, the comforts, the delights of sleep which are not fully appreciated by any one until he suffers the pangs of wakefulness. One of the most exquisite forms of torture devised by the tyrants of Europe and of modern China was to inflict death by preventing sleep. A case is somewhere recorded of a Chinese criminal who suffered for nineteen days before he succumbed. Food, drink and raiment are more easily dispensed with for a considerable period than is rest for the brain. Insomnia or inability to sleep is a common enough symptom of man's nervous and mental diseases, and deprivation of sleep, if kept up long enough, invariably results in loss of reason. The poet Southey laid the foundation of the mental malady which clouded his later years by watching at night at the bedside of his sick wife after the continuous mental labors of the day. Many a mental wreck dates from such over-taxation of the brain.

Wakefulness is generally owing to something that irritates the brain through the feelings. Prolonged or excessive intellectual effort, so long as the emotions are not stirred up, does not naturally produce loss of sleep, but rather predisposes to slumber. When the emotions, especially those of a depressing character, are aroused, the brain is kept in a state of irritation, and sleep will not come no matter how earnestly it may be sought. In fact, anxiety to sleep, like any other form of anxiety, hinders the obtaining of it. Worry is, therefore, worse than work, and wears out the instrument of the mind more rapidly than anything else. The hard-worked soldier or sailor may sleep soundly in spite of noises or confusion or tempestuous winds, while the officer may remain sleepless, when the night is peaceful and everything would seem to favor rest of mind and body. Care and worry over duty unperformed or to be done effectually prevent the advent of slumber.

Nutritive Value of Bran, Foods.

At a recent meeting of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia a valuable paper on this subject was presented by Drs. N. A. Randolph and A. E. Rousel. The following are their conclusions: The experiments of Rubner leave no doubt that a white bread contains more assimilable nutriment than one made from the whole wheat does, but this does not render it a desirable food-stuff for exclusive use. On the contrary, a weaned but still quite young omnivorous mammal thrives better upon an exclusive diet of bran bread than on white, and, presumably, because the earthy and alkaline salts are present in greater abundance in the former, and also because the indigestible constituents tend to give to the intestinal contents that bulk and consistence which are essential to the hygiene of the digestive tract. But, as has been shown by Edward Smith and others, the branny scales are needlessly irritating, and unduly hasten the passage of food but partially digested. The end which popular hygiene attempts to effect by the retention of bran in breadstuffs can be better attained by other means. Thus, the nutritive salts of food so frequently lost in ordinary methods of preparation are readily restored by the concentration of the liquor in which

meats and vegetables are cooked into a soup stock, as is practiced in almost every French kitchen. Again, the various fresh green vegetables used as salads yield in abundance these inorganic food-stuffs, the presence of which we have seen is indispensable to normal tissue activity. A further advantage of these and other succulent vegetables lies in the fact that their cellulose, while efficient in giving proper bulk and consistence to the stools, is, as compared with bran scales, soft and unirritating to the digestive tract.

From the facts, old and new, which have been presented, the following deductions appear to us justifiable:

I. The carbohydrates of bran are digested by man to but a slight degree.

II. The nutritive salts of the wheat grain are contained chiefly in the bran, and, therefore, when bread is eaten to the exclusion of other foods, the kinds of bread which contain these elements are the more valuable. When, however, as is usually the case, bread is used as an adjunct to other foods which contain the inorganic nutritive elements, a white bread offers, weight for weight, more available food than does one containing bran.

III. That by far the major portion of the gluten of wheat exists in the central fourth-fifths of the grain, entirely independent of the cells of the fourth bran layer (the so-called "gluten colls"). Further, that the cells last named, even when thoroughly cooked, are little if at all affected by passage through the digestive tract of the healthy adult.

IV. That in an ordinary mixed diet the retention of bran in flour is a false economy, as its presence so quickens peristaltic action as to prevent the complete digestion and absorption, not only of the proteids present in the branny food, but also of other foodstuffs ingested at the same time.

V. That inasmuch as in the bran of wheat as ordinarily roughly removed there is adherent a noteworthy amount of the true gluten of the endosperm, any process which in the production of wheaten flour should remove simply the three cortical protective layers of the grain would yield a flour at once cheaper and more nutritious than that ordinarily used.

Healthy Furniture.

In a lecture lately delivered at the Health Exhibition in London by Mr. Robert W. Edis, F. S. A., he held that it was not enough to see that a house was properly drained and that the water supply was pure. The arrangement and style of the furniture had a great influence upon its healthiness. Wardrobes and chests of drawers were a great source of unhealthiness on account of the dust that would accumulate on the tops of them, and he would recommend that cupboards should be used instead. Venetian blinds, heavy curtains, and everything that collected dust, were objectionable. He disclaimed treating the subject from an aesthetic point of view; but he could not refrain from some rather caustic remarks in reference to certain patterns of wall-paper, such as those representing cherubs tied together with bunches of roses, birds over on the wing and never coming to rest and similar devices which must be very annoying to invalids especially. He also deprecated the use of flock papers as being necessarily unhealthy. With regard to floor-coverings, he recommended especially in bedrooms, that the floors should be well painted; then a rug or two should be quite sufficient.

Bone as Food.

Dr. Bonnet writing in the *New England Medical Monthly*, attributes the early dental decay which seems now to be the rule to the fact that bone is never eaten by civilized people. All carnivorous animals, guided by their instincts, gnaw

the bones of their prey. Man is carnivorous, but has in this respect abandoned instinct, while his reason has not stepped in to help him. Clean tooth will decay as well as dirty ones when vitiated acid saliva, caused by improper diet, acts upon the lime of which they are composed. Several years ago the lions of the zoological gardens of London were fed upon the tugs of horses. They could not break and eat the large bones, and their young were born with cleft palates and died soon after birth. The diet was changed to one of deer and small animals, and the young, born with well formed palates, lived and thrived. The same thing has been noticed with dogs. Even a cow will gnaw bone to make up for the drain upon the lime salts of her body consequent upon having a calf every year. A continued experiment upon a family, for whose use healthy bones were finely granulated and mixed with soups, gravies, bread, etc., has proved the claims of bone to be regarded as food. In bone the lime salts required by the human body exist ready-made, and no administration of lime, or even of lime phosphate, is likely to be assimilated as thoroughly as the substance which has already been properly prepared for use.

Sleeplessness.

This most annoying and exhausting symptom may be greatly relieved by attention to the following suggestions:—

1. Retire early, having taken, an hour or so before, sufficient muscular exercise to induce slight weariness.
2. Eat nothing within four hours of bed-time. If "faint at the stomach, drink half a glass of hot lemonade; if this does not suffice, a mellow sweet or subacid apple may be taken an hour before retiring, unless fruit occasions pain or acidity.
3. If feverish, the skin being hot and dry, taking a light hand bath with tepid water upon retiring.
4. If troubled with cold feet and hands, employ the means suggested for the cure of cold feet.
5. Sleep in a cool room, but take care to see that the bedding is well aired and dry, and the room well ventilated.
6. When nervousness causes loss of sleep, there are various methods of inducing slumber, one of the most efficient being slow, deep, and steady breathing. By this means the lungs are filled with blood, and the brain is thus relieved of the congestion which causes wakefulness.

Epilepsy.

The causes of epilepsy are various. It is a functional disorder, the disease being in some cases the result of hereditary predisposition. In the majority of cases, however, it is a functional disturbance of the nervous system, due to a disorder of the stomach, or liver, or both. It is frequently the result of excess of various sorts. In some cases the disease is the result of organic changes of the brain. Such cases are of course incurable. When due to other causes, with the exception of marked predisposition, it is usually amenable to treatment. An attack can sometimes be avoided, when the patient has sufficient warning, by a vigorous effort of the will, by repulsive applications to the head, and by the use of certain remedies which are well known to the profession, and have long been in use for this purpose. Nitrate of amyl is the most efficient of these remedies. One or two drops may be inhaled at the time the symptoms of an attack make their appearance.

Mouth-Breathing.

Few persons are aware that this practice, so very common, is specially harmful, and may be surprised when we say that it is exceedingly detrimental to health, even dangerously so. It is generally due to obstructions in the nasal cavities, either through thickening or

elling of the mucous membrane, or the existence of polypi or other morbid growths. Sometimes it is due to habit merely. A child catches cold. The nasal passages become obstructed, necessitating mouth-breathing during sleep, when respiration is involuntary, and hence less forcible than during the waking hours. The cold is soon recovered from, but the habit has been contracted, and is continued even to adult years, or during an entire life time. Enlargement of the tonsils is also a common cause of mouth-breathing.

Habitual mouth-breathing ultimately results in serious disease of the throat and larynx. It is also the cause of the peculiar malformation of the chest known as "pigeon's breast."

The remedy consists in the application of such measures as will remove the obstructions, if present. Polypi must be removed or destroyed. Catarrh, if present must be cured. If mouth-breathing is a habit merely, as is often the case, especially with children, care should be taken to instruct the child to breathe through the nose, and when it goes to sleep, the lips should be gently closed. By perseverance, the habit may be cured.

A Cholera Incident.

A correspondent sends the *Poll Mall Gazette* the following: "Now that very general interest prevails respecting the cholera and its remedies, permit me to relate an incident that occurred to me when spending a year in western France in 1875-6. I happened to be the guest of the late lamented Mme. Hippolyte Monnier, at Pornic, in July, 1876, when an acquaintance of my hostess, who had seen her name in the visitors' list, called upon her. On being introduced to her English guest, the visitor, a young French doctor lately returned from India, seized both my hands and said with *empressement*. 'How glad I am at any time to see an English face! You will not wonder at it when I tell you that to one of your countrywomen I owe my life.' We begged him to tell us the circumstances, and he went on to relate that, during his professional sojourn in India, a cholera epidemic set in, he was attacked with the disease in a violent form, and, after having received every care from the medical staff of the hospital to which he had been taken, was at last given up as a hopeless case. At this juncture, an English lady, who had volunteered as nurse on the outbreak of the epidemic, begged to be allowed to try what she could do to save the patient's life. The permission was accorded, and she at once applied heated irons to the soles of his feet, with the result that an immediate reaction set in. The sick man recovered, with feet sadly blistered, it is true, but, as he said to us, unmitigatedly grateful to the savior of his life. An additional interest is added to the circumstance by the fact that the patient was a doctor, stricken down while himself ministering to others."

Sleeping after Eating.

The general supposition that sleeping after eating is a natural condition, is erroneous. The observations of physiologists show that digestion goes on very much more slowly during sleep than during waking hours. The horse, cow, and dog usually lie down after eating; but our observation is that they seldom sleep soundly. The dog lies behind the stove after eating dinner, and closes his eyes in a sort of after-dinner reverie, but seldom gives the appearance of sleeping soundly. If the animal falls into a sleep, it is a troubled, dreamy doze, as is indicated by groans, growls, and other marks of disturbance.

According to the *Lancet*, the vapors of chloroform and ammonia are capable of preserving animal substance suspended in them. The addition of coal gas preserves the color of blood.

Current Events.

Canadian.

The Manitoba crops are now being cut and they are in splendid condition. There is scarcely any damage by frost.

Mr. Morris, head master of the Markdale school shot Miss Ford, second teacher, on Monday last, and then shot and killed himself. The young lady is very low, but conscious, and hopes are entertained of her recovery.

The Windsor Street Car Company has not yet served an injunction on the corporation to prevent the pavement of Sandwich-street. It is not certain that the company can obtain an injunction, as they will have to show a just cause therefor. The company will serve a notice of restraint on the corporation until they succeed in obtaining an injunction.

The district Assembly, 61, of the K. of L., Hamilton, has issued a circular to the various trades-unions calling for a mass meeting of workers to express their indignation against the present Government's policy of assisted Chinese emigration, and to protest against the unjust treatment received from those whose duty it was to treat them otherwise.

London East was visited on Saturday night by a party of burglars. At Westbrook's hotel they entered the proprietor's bedroom, taking his revolver from the bed, with \$50 in cash and a gold watch worth \$150. The house of Esther Forsyth was visited and \$400 worth of jewellery carried away. George Lumby's hotel and a store were also visited, but the amount of booty secured could not be ascertained.

United States.

The will of the late Henry C. Lewis, of Coldwater, Mich., gives \$10,000 for missionary purposes, \$30,000 for books to the public library of Coldwater, and his splendid art gallery to the State University.

The Michigan state commissioner of insurance has applied for the appointment of a receiver for the Michigan Mutual Fire Insurance Company, which has ceased to pay any attention to its obligations.

The survivors of the Greely expedition, who are now at home have adopted the following:—"We desire to publicly thank the officers and crew of the relief ships for their untiring energy in reaching us and their kindness after we were saved."

Alfred Fallman, a printer in the employ of the Bible Society, New York, and who acts as organist in a church at Flushing, was arrested there Saturday on a charge of abducting Emma Bibbee, a pretty fourteen-year-old girl who sings in the choir. The pair were found together in the city early that morning.

At San Francisco a few days ago a Chinaman drove rapidly down to the wharf, jumped out of his wagon and went through a series of physical contortions, and then turning to the vehicle seized a huge turtle, which he threw into the water. Four turtles were thus successively cast into the sea, after which the Celestial got into his wagon and drove off. A bystander familiar with Chinese superstitions said that the turtles were supposed to carry with them the sins of the man who cast them into the ocean.

Great Britain.

The stowaway landed at Waterford from the *Oranmore* has died. No one could be induced to bury the corpse although a reward had been offered.

The town council at Queenstown has taken action to prevent the American mails from going via Southampton in the German steamer instead of from Queenstown as now.

Earl Spencer, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, has informed the Archbishop of Tuam that Casey's statement that the

Crown Solicitor had forced him to swear falsely is untrue.

The Liberal committee of Dunoon, Argyllshire, has notified Lord Colin Campbell, youngest son of the Duke of Argyll, that it will not support him for re-election for Parliament next election.

Ireland is reaping a considerable harvest from tourists who have been frightened away from the Continent by the cholera scare. The crops in Ireland are said to be superb, and more noblemen and other rich landlords are spending the autumn on their Irish estates than during many years past. This materially improves business of all kinds.

James Pillar who pleaded guilty to scandalous felonies and conspiracies in Dublin, has been sentenced to twenty years penal servitude. The jury were unable to agree to a verdict in the case of ex-Secretary Cornwall and Captain Kirwan, who were tried jointly on an indictment for conspiracy and soliciting. The second trial has been postponed till the next commission, and the prisoners set at liberty on providing suitable bail.

Mr. Jno Gillot, the millionaire pen manufacturer of Birmingham, recently placed a weak-minded son in charge of a guardian whose duty it was to see that he came to no harm. During the temporary absence of the caretaker, Sunday, the young man suddenly and rather mysteriously died. He was perfectly harmless, and his dementia amounted to nothing more than an uncontrollable desire to continually dance and sing. Mr. Gillot is overcome with grief at his loss.

The charges against Lieut. Greely have started a lively controversy in London as to the morality of cannibalism. "Why should not Lieut. Greely's sailors," asks a correspondent of the decorous and conservative *Standard*, "eat their dead comrades? Apart from murder, what was the harm of it?" The flighty and irreverent Labby is still more outspoken. "Were I starving," he writes, "with the corpse of a friend by me, I should regard myself as very foolish were I to allow myself to die of hunger."

Adverse criticism of the Government's plan of a relief expedition to Khartoum by way of the Nile is daily becoming stronger. Many reasons are shown for believing that the expedition will be a failure. It is spoken of as a make-shift, and is claimed to be miserably inadequate and they urge the dispatch of Indian acclimated troops to Khartoum by way of Saoukin and Berber. Sir Samuel Baker is out with another of his gloomy diatribes, in which he inveighs against the Government's cheese paring policy, which is sure to result in disaster to the British.

Foreign.

The trial of bank burglars at Neuilly has resulted in the conviction of four. Carnot was condemned to death, Marquetel to penal servitude for life, and Delbarry and Berenger respectively to eight and ten years' imprisonment.

Stanley has written advising Germany to recognize the Free States, which would be of advantage to German trade, instead of effecting an agreement with Portugal. This, he says, would expose Germany to Customs tariff chicanery. Stanley declares that the Congo must be free of the coast.

The bitterness against Jews in Russia is increasing. An outbreak occurred at Kutais, owing to the report that the Jews had stolen a Christian child. The mob assaulted the Jewish quarter and made threats of a general massacre. The rioters only desisted when the child was found. Further outrages are feared.

The *Novoski*, reviewing the strained relations between England and Germany, cordially acknowledges England's recognition of the right of Russia to reap the fruits of her sacrifices in Central Asia. England, the *Novoski* says, is enjoying a similar right in Egypt. Nothing has been done by Russia to humiliate England for the benefit of Germany, as the humilia-

tion of England would disturb the balance of power in Europe.

A report is being freely circulated in Russia that the Nihilists promised the Czar immunity from danger during his promised visit to Warsaw on condition that two of their imprisoned leaders should be released. To this proposition, it is said, the Czar consented, and although the report is absolutely incredible it is freely believed by the public.

It is hoped that the Chinese trouble may yet be arranged under the auspices of Prince Bismarck. It is a noteworthy fact Mr. Courcel, French ambassador to Germany, was summoned to Paris on Friday, and returned to Berlin on the same train with Li Fong Pao. Mr. Courcel was overheard to remark to a member of the Chinese Legation at the depot, "Let us hope that this journey will be favourable to each of us."

Cremation is making great strides in France, where the project of the Seine means to establish Siemens furnaces in several of the cemeteries in Paris, and proposes to cremate all persons whose remains are not claimed by their friends. If this experiment proves successful, the government will probably introduce a general bill on cremation in the chamber, and the council of health is now considering the different ways of detecting traces of poison.

A daring landlord in Berlin has introduced paper plates. Bread and butter, cakes, and similar articles are served on these papier-mache plates, which have a border in relief and closely resemble porcelain. The landlord likes them because they are so cheap they can be thrown away after once using, waiters like them for their lightness and because they are neither to be washed nor broken, and guests are delighted to take them away as souvenirs.

An extraordinary elopement is reported from Wales. A clergyman's daughter, a confirmed cripple, who is entitled to a large fortune in her own right, was regularly wheeled about the grounds of her father's house by a groom of rather prepossessing appearance. They fell in love and eloped to Liverpool, where the fugitive lady was conveyed to the registrar's office and married to the groom. They then took passage on an Allan steamer lying in the Mersey, and are now on their way to America.

In the year 1870, while Alsace-Lorraine was still under French administration, the proportion of recruits from that province who were ignorant of how to read was from 6 to 8 per cent., and the number unable to write was, of course still greater. Under the German government the percentage of illiterate persons has been gradually diminishing every year until at the present time the number of recruits ignorant of reading and writing, is less than one in a hundred. To speak with accuracy, the proportion is now precisely three-fifths of 1 per cent.

Personal.

Dr. Johnson's centenary will be celebrated in London in December.

The hours of recreation of Max Muller, the Oriental scholar, are spent in carpentry.

Prince Henry of Prussia is devoting himself to oil painting, in a villa which he has taken near Potsdam. He is also in love with photography.

Professor Villari some time since negotiated with Lord Ashburnham for the repurchase of two thousand manuscripts for something more than a hundred thousand dollars. They were stolen from the Italian libraries.

Miss Alice Fisher, of Birmingham, England, who has been chosen superintendent of the School for Nurses at the Philadelphia Hospital, has rendered important service in leading English hospitals for the past nine years.

It is said that Lieutenant Greely has declared that he will accept no promotion

over the heads of senior officers, which course is highly appreciated by them, as it would have delayed their own promotion for several years, perhaps.

Mr. W. W. Story, of Rome, is at work on a "Miriam" clad in a simple tunic and resting a timbrel against her left side, while her right is outstretched toward an audience and her mouth opens in a song of triumph at the deliverance of the Jews from captivity.

Mr. Gladstone is enjoying Parliamentary recess at his home at Hawarden. He takes long walks or drives every day, and is looking stronger and healthier. The date of his departure for Scotland is not yet fixed. It is certain, however, that he will be received with enthusiasm.

Alpine ascents are now in full vigor. A recent dispatch from Cermatt states that four caravans have already reached the top of Monte Rosa. Mr. Sevon, an Englishman, led the first party, occupying sixteen hours in the ascent, which was accomplished without accident. Another Englishman proposes to climb Mon-Corvin shortly, which will be an exceptionally dangerous undertaking this year on account of the looseness of the snow.

Religious.

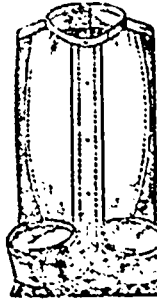
Indiana has formed a branch of the Church Temperance Society, with the Bishop as President and the three Deans of Convocation as Vice-Presidents.

The Archdeacon of Essex, the Ven. J. G. L. Carey, in charging the churchwardens recently, spoke of the demand for the free use of churches as one which had grown out of zealous efforts, which, if not now so supplemented, might cost the Church the loss of many. It could now, he said, no longer be considered a clerical whim, but it was distinctly a popular claim.

The International Camp Grounds, Clifton, have been opened with a large missionary meeting lasting for three days, in which a number of returned missionaries took part. Rev. W. H. Porter, Baptist Missionary at Jamaica, delivered the first address, followed by Rev. J. T. McMahon, Methodist Episcopal, of North India, and Rev. K. F. Junor, assistant of Rev. Dr. McKay, the well-known Canada Presbyterian missionary to Formosa. Rev. D. Butler spoke on both Mexico and India. The last speakers were Dr. Witney, Medical Missionary of the American Board in Foo Choo, China, and Rev. J. E. Scott, of the North India Conference.

The prosecutions, or, as some say, persecutions, of ritualistic clergymen in the English Church have had but one effect, viz., that of making them far more influential and acceptable to their people than before. The Rev. S. F. Green, who was in prison, as well as his *locum tenens*, Mr. Cowgill, have both been inducted into clerical charges. Mr. Mackonochie is, in all but the name and outward accessories, again Vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn; and now we learn that the last of the legal recusants, the late Vicar of Pressbury, who was deprived of his living, has been appointed by the Bishop of Winchester to assist Mr. Wagner, the High Ritualist at Brighton. Thus it appears that those who subscribe to the funds for the Church Association are indirectly promoting Ritualism.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

(CONTINUED.)

Four more days go by, and the week of grace is nearly spent, when one evening a knock comes at Armstrong's study door, and his wife enters, pale and wild-looking, her hair blown about, and the skirt of her dress wet, as if she had just been trailing it through damp grass.

"She has had another interview with Jamie, and now for the upshot!" he thinks grimly. "I must try to tune my nerves for hysterics, I suppose. My wife's emotions are always dished up hot."

"You wish to speak to me?" he asks gravely. "Won't you sit down?"

"I want to know if you can give me five hundred pounds," she says, in a clear mechanical voice, as if she were repeating a lesson.

"Five hundred pounds?" he echoes blankly.

"Yes, five hundred pounds; can you give it to me to night? That is all I want to say to you."

"I can give you a cheque for that amount, which you can cash in any of the banks in Kelvick to-morrow. Will that do?"

"Yes, that will do."

He fills in the cheque, signs it, and hands it to her without a word.

"Thank you," she says huskily. "It is a big sum. I—I may be able to repay it; but I don't know when."

"Pray don't mention it. I consider the money well laid out," he says shortly.

"I understand you—oh, I understand you! The money has brought you your freedom—that is what you mean," she says, fixing her wild heavy eyes on his face.

"Any lingering spark of affection, of esteem, of pity you still had for me is gone now. Yes? I thought so—I thought so; but I could not help it! The pressure brought to bear on me was too strong. I could not help it! Oh, if you knew—if I could only tell you—"

"Pray don't offer any explanation. I assure you I seek none. I am quite satisfied that you wanted the money badly, or you would not have applied to me."

He busies himself stamping some letters for the post; while she stands by staring at him helplessly, the cheque lying under her nerveless hand.

He looks up at her after a moment, a grim elation flooding his soul—looks at her standing mute in her utter abasement before him, cowering, shrinking, a thing too mean for pity, too despicable for wrath.

"And to think that I wasted the best wealth of my life on such a woman as she," he mutters, turning away in burning self-contempt—"to think that I lay awake at night thirsting for her love, treasuring her every wanton smile, gloating over every kind word she gave me—to think that in this very room scarce ten days ago she almost tricked me into believing in her again, a woman who could stoop to sponge on me, her much-enduring husband, to sponge for the lover who comes cringing around my gates, his craven hand outstretched to rob me of my substance as well as my honor! They are a noble race, these Lefroys! It was a lift in the world for me, Tom Armstrong, the founding, to take one of them to my bosom! Faugh!"

"What do you want? Can I do anything more for you?" he says stornly, turning round, to find her standing by his side.

"No, nothing—nothing," she pants, dry-eyed. "I only want you to say something to me—it does not matter what—to abuse me and mine, to give voice to your contempt, to tell me what you feel."

"What good would it do you or me?" he asks roughly. "You can guess pretty well what I feel; my emotions are not very complex at this moment, I can tell you."

She wrings her hands, and tries to

speak; but only a gurgling sound comes. He looks on, smiling slightly.

"Oh, if it could only turn out a dream—all a dream!" she whispers hoarsely. "If this year could be blotted out, and you could find yourself coming home one May evening, and see me lying in the wood, you would drive on and leave me there, would you not, Tom?"

"No," he says, after a short pause. "On consideration, I think I should stop and send you home to your aunt in my trap."

"You would not bring me here?"

"Certainly not—that is, presuming the panorama of this happy year had been foreshadowed to me in sleep. And you—surely you would not have me do so, eh? Your present feelings tally with mine, do they not?"

"My present feelings! Will you let me tell you what they are? If—if I had this year to spend over again, if we had, as we so futilely presume, lived through it in a painful sleep, its every pang, its every troubled experience—"

"Yes, I follow you."

"And you were to bring me here and ask me to be your wife again, my answer would be 'Yes.' I would marry you, Tom, if you had not a penny in the world to tempt me with—marry you if I knew you to be a vagrant, a homeless vagrant, as they say you once were, wandering through the streets of Kelvick, and that I had to share a garret with you until the day I died! You don't believe me—ah, you don't believe me?"

She approaches, and lays a shaking hand on his arm. He turns with a fierce oath, his face blazing with scorn, repulsion, contempt unutterable, and hurling her from him, strides from the room.

"Believe you? Believe you! By Heaven, I don't!" are his hot parting words.

Her head strikes rather sharply against the woodwork of the window, she remains for a few moments with eyes closed, struggling against nausea, then lifts her handkerchief to her mouth, from which a thin red stream is issuing slowly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Get up, Miss Pauline, get up quick!" "What is the matter, Sally?" cries Pauline, rubbing her eyes. "How funny you look! Has anything happened?"

"Hush! Yes; your sister—Miss Addie—is missing! She is not in her room, and her bed has not been slept in all night."

"Addie—Addie missing? I—I don't understand! What do you mean, Sally? Missing—where?"

"Heaven knows—Heaven knows!" cries the old woman, wringing her hands.

"I believe she had words with her husband after dinner last night. She went to her room, saying she had a headache, and no one has seen or heard anything of her since."

Pauline, now thoroughly awake and startled, springs out of bed.

"But her husband, Sally? He—he knows where she is? What does he say?"

"I told him, and he said nothing—absolutely nothing. He didn't seem surprised or startled, but just went into his study, locked the door after him, and has been there ever since."

"I—I don't think there is anything to be alarmed about," says Pauline, her teeth chattering nevertheless; "it is a sudden quarrel, I suppose. She—she is very hot-tempered, you know, and has gone off in a huff for a couple of days to Aunt Jo. Give me a bit of paper, Sally. I'll scribble a telegram to Leamington, and we'll have an answer in half an hour, and—wait—wait—I'll send another to Bob—he'll be wanted on the spot to patch up matters. Now, Sally, I'll depend on you to keep it as dark as possible."

Don't let Lottie know on any account, or let other servants, if possible. We'll have it all right before the evening, over fear!"

Three hours later Robert Lefroy, warm, dusty and excited from suspense—for the telegram has told him nothing but that he is wanted immediately—arrives at Nutsgrove, and is received by Pauline with scared white face in the dining-room.

"What is it? What has happened! Any one ill—hurt?" he asks breathlessly.

"No, no! Speak lower, and keep—keep composed as I am. It's Addie—she's missing! Since last night nobody knows what—what has become of her. Listen, listen—don't speak yet! She had a row with her husband after dinner, and must have gone away soon after, and—"

"Yes—aunt Jo? Have you tele—"

"I have, and she's not there, or has not been there. I've made cautious inquiries at the farm; but no one saw her there either; and—I don't know what to do, I'm so frightened!"

"Her husband—Tom—what does he say? What is he doing?"

"He has been locked up in his study all the morning, and I—I was afraid to go in to him. I thought that I would wait until you came, that you would—would manage better than I should."

"I will go to him at once. Give me a glass of wine, sister."

"But, Bob darling, listen—listen to what they say! Oh, it's dreadful—dreadful to have such—such vile suspicions about!"

"What suspicions? What d'ye mean?"

"Sally heard in the kitchen, half an hour ago, that one of the maids, seeing off a friend by the 10-30 up-train last night, is sure—sure she saw Addie at the station, going off in the train with—"

"with a stranger, who—who took her ticket for her!"

"A stranger! What stranger? What the deuce do you mean, Pauline?" cries the boy fiercely, shaking off her clinging arms.

"Oh, I don't mean anything! It's only what they say, the wretches! And that is not all; they say she—she was heard two or three times out in the grounds last week talking to some man and crying bitterly. The cook's little sister and brother heard her one night, and saw her distinctly."

"Pauline! How could you degrade yourself by listening to such low, vile slanders? It is infamous!"

"It was Sally who told me—told me in order that her husband might know at once and take some measures to stop these scandalous lies. He has not stirred from his study to-day."

"I will go to him at once. I'll stir him pretty quick, I can tell you! My poor little sister! I'll see you avenged," says Robert fiercely.

He knocks at the door boldly. After a few seconds he is admitted, and stands facing his brother-in-law, who greets him gravely.

"Tom, Tom," he bursts out at once, "what—what is the meaning of all this? What is there between you and Addie? Where has she gone to? What does it mean?"

"Your sister has left me, Robert. I know nothing more about her movements than this note will tell you. I found it this morning on my table, her wedding-ring enclosed."

Robert takes up the note and reads slowly the following—

"This is to tell you I am going. I see it is all over at last. I could not live with you again after your words to me this evening. You have done your best, but have failed. Heaven reward you and keep you all the same! Do not ever think of me again; I am going to him who has brought this ruin on me; it is his duty to be with me now for the few short years I may yet have to drag on my wretched life. "ADBLAIDE."

Robert raises a bloodless face and stares stupidly at his brother-in-law.

"I—I don't understand. What can she mean? For Heaven's sake, Armstrong, can't you speak? 'I am going to him who has brought this—this ruin on me.' She—she must be mad—stark staring mad! Whom—whom does she mean? Tom, Tom, for Heaven's sake, tell me!"

"She means that she has gone to the man," says Armstrong, with contemptuous sternness, "whom you forced her to jilt in order to marry me."

The boy's expression of bewilderment is so genuine as to impress him for a moment.

"The man we forced her to jilt to marry you! The mystery thickens. She jilted no man to marry you, Armstrong; I'll swear it on the Bible, if you like. You were the only man who ever asked her in marriage; there was no one else—we knew no one, she went nowhere. You must be mad yourself to say such a thing!"

"There was not this cousin—Edward Lefroy—the casual mention of whose name disturbed her so much a few evenings ago that she had to leave the room in your very presence?"

"Edward Lefroy—Teddy Lefroy!" he retorts impatiently. "Why, he was only a boy, a schoolboy, whom we looked on as a brother, whom—whom Addie has not met since she was a child! Teddy Lefroy? Your suspicion is absurd, below contempt, Armstrong! I—I am ashamed of you!"

Armstrong only smiles very bitterly.

"You will not think my suspicions below contempt when I tell you, my boy, that I myself saw your sister a few evenings ago crying in this man's arms, bemoaning her fate, struggling weakly against the temptation into which she has now fallen, urging—"

"You saw her—you saw her, you heard her! Armstrong, I don't believe you!" he bursts out impulsively. "I don't believe you! You were dreaming, drunk—"

"No, Robert, no," he answers drearily.

"I was quite sober, and I was standing within a few yards of them both. There was no mistake—I heard and saw her distinctly."

"And—and you did not interfere?"

"No. Why should I? Your sister and I had lived for many months in a mere semblance of union, her actions were quite free. Besides, I thought that worldly consideration, her affection for you, would prevent her from taking the extreme step she did."

"I don't believe it, I don't believe it!" cries Robert, his voice struggling with rising sobs. "I don't care what you saw or what you heard, Thomas Armstrong! I have known my sister for twenty years, and you for one, and I'll stake her honor, her virtue, her truth against your word any day, and maintain it before the world too! How dare you say such things of her, you—your cowardly low-bred upstart! Oh, Tom, Tom," pleads the poor lad, hot tears raining down his cheeks unchecked, "look me in the face and tell me you don't believe it! You don't, you can't, you dare not believe it! Think of her as you saw her daily amongst us here—so light-hearted, careless, impulsive, so quick to resent injustice, so tender with suffering, so anxious to please you, to entice you into her innocent girlish pleasures, so dainty in her speech, in her actions—dainty even to prudishness! You—you have seen her in society among men; but you have never detected a light word, a flirting glance. No, no! She was voted slow, heavy in hand, full of airs among our fellows. Men never dared try to flirt with her as they do with other young married women, I tell you. Tom, Tom, think of all this, and say—say you don't believe it—say you will put your shoulder to the wheel and help me to clear up the mystery, find her, and bring her home to us again! Addie, Addie, the best of us all, the sweetest, the most unselfish, the truest-hearted! She would go through

fire and water for any one she loved. You don't know her as I do. Listen, Tom, listen! A few years ago, when I had scarlet-fever, and they said I could not recover, she ran away from the farm to which they had all been sent, climbed into my room through the window, hid under the bed when the doctor came, and remained to nurse me until I was well. And you think—you think that she—"

He stops and looks imploringly into Armstrong's sad stern face; but he answers only by laying a pitying hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I tell you, I tell you," he continues passionately, shaking off his hand, "that she was nearer heaven than any of us, all her life through—the best of us all, whom every one loved, whom every one turned to for help, for pity, for affection—the best of us all—the best of us all! You know that yourself—you, her husband. I have seen it in your face—ay, twenty times! And you believe that Heaven would let such as she become a—"

The harsh word dies on his lips, his head falls forward on his outstretched arms.

"Robert," answers Armstrong, after a short pause, "you plead well. There is much truth in what you urge; but I, alas, can convince you in your own words! Your sister was hot, impulsive, warm-hearted, and—and would go through fire and water for any one she loved? She is doing so now, Heaven help her!"

"I don't believe it, I don't believe it! Give me proofs!"

"Proofs!" he repeats impatiently. "Great Heaven, boy, what surer proof could I give you than her own words? Read her confession again. You—you don't suppose it's a fraud? What motive could I have in forging the record of my dishonour?"

"I can't understand it, I can't understand it!"

"I can, and you will also, when I tell you that the villain, in my hearing, threatened to take his own life if she refused to listen to him! Judge the effect of such a threat on any one of her impulsive nature!"

"I—I wish I had killed him that day I met him! Oh, if I had only known, only guessed! Even now, Armstrong, I tell you I cannot realize it—I cannot! He was utterly penniless too; he asked me to lend him a five pound note, and told me, if he could manage his passage-money, he would sail in the *Chimborazo* for Melbourne on the seventeenth."

"He has managed his passage-money. Your sister got five hundred pounds from me last evening."

The words seem to have slipped out unconsciously, for the deep flush of shame that spreads over Robert's face is reflected as warmly in the speaker's the same moment.

There is a pause, broken only by Robert's hot panting breath; then Armstrong speaks again.

"The *Chimborazo*, you say? She sailed from Gravesend on the seventeenth, and takes in passengers at Plymouth two days later. To-day is—let us see—the nineteenth. Yes, they would be just in time, leaving here last night, to sail in her."

"Tom," says Robert, rising to his feet, "will you grant me a last request? Come with me now at once, and see if—if your suspicion is correct, if we can find any trace of them on board—I—I mean at the shipping-agents', among the list of cabin-passengers. Will you, will you?"

"Yes, my boy, if you like," he answers wearily. "But, if my suspicion is verified to-day, you must never allude to this subject again before me. I do not object to let you and yours continue to look on me as a friend, but you must forget henceforth that you ever called me brother-in-law."

"Yes," Robert answers, his handsome head downcast, his burning eyes painfully averted—"yes, I—I can easily do that, because—because I shall forget I ever had a sister. Armstrong, Armstrong, you—you understand what I feel, if—if this

should prove true. I—I may not be able to speak to you again; but you understand, don't you, that the pain, the disgrace, the wrong that we—that she has brought on your life can never, if I live to be an old man, be entirely wiped from mine? You understand," he continues, with flashing eyes, the veins in his neck swelling with suppressed emotion, "that, if—if either of them crossed my path this moment, I should have as little compunction in striking them dead at my feet as I should have in crushing out the life of the meanest, most harmful insect that crawls on earth? You—you believe me, don't you?"

"Yes, Robert, I do," he answers, grasping Robert's outstretched hand, feeling for the first time in his life a sense of respect, of esteem almost, for the unfortunate boy.

CHAPTER XXV.

The next morning, when, ill with crying, Pauline opens her swollen eyes, she finds a letter from Robert lying on the table by her bedside. Its contents bring on a fresh outburst of grief that lasts far into the day.

"You are to forget," he writes, "that you ever had an elder sister; you are to blot her out from your life as if she had never been, to remove all traces of her existence from your sight, never to sully your lips by uttering her name, if you wish still to call me brother."

Then he tells her that among the list of passengers that have sailed that morning for Melbourne in the *Chimborazo* they have seen the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lefroy."

When, late in the afternoon, Pauline creeps down-stairs, she finds the stillness of the grave shrouding the house.

Armstrong has not returned; he does not cross the threshold of Nutsgrove again. Lottie has been sent up to Sallymount Farm to spend the day, and most of the servants, with Mrs. Turner's approval, have leave granted during the absence of the master and mistress, who, she elaborately explains, have gone to the seaside for a few weeks' change of air. A futile explanation! They all know, as well as if the news were published in that morning's *Times*, that the establishment is broken up for good, and that they will never gather again in cheerful circle round the roomy hearth of the servants' hall, discussing the goings on of the folk upstairs, laying jocular bets as to which of Miss Pauline's lovers will win the day, and as to how long the master will stand Mr. Lefroy's imperious ways, *et-cetera*, and other topics of a like personal but highly interesting nature.

When the long spring day is coming at last to a close, Pauline dries her eyes, rings for a cup of tea, and then, drawing her desk to the couch on which she is lying, after some troubled deliberation writes a note, which early next morning is put into the hands of Mr. Everard, then smoking a cigar on the deck of the *Sea-Gull*, lying at anchor between South-sea and Ryde.

"Nutsgrove, Thursday.
"I am alone, and in deep distress. All day long I have sighed for the sound of a true friend's voice, for the clasp of a comforting hand on mine. I thought of you—I don't know why. Can you come to
"PAULINE?"

"No, Pauline, I can't come! Sorry to disoblige a young lady; but I can't come to you. Certainly not!" he mutters stoutly, pacing the deck with hurried step, the letter fluttering in his hand. "Certainly not, Miss Pauline! You've signalled too late—too late, young lady; you must get some other hand than mine to clasp you in your distress. Saunderson's paw ought to do the business; it's big enough, at any rate. Alone and in deep distress." By Jove, I wonder what it means? She must have quarrelled with her sister, or with Armstrong. Well, well, it's no business of mine; I won't

bother any more about it. Ah, here's the morning paper! I wonder if Carleton has won his race? Hang it, I've thrown away my cigar! Let me see—Cambridgeshire meeting. Ah, here it is!"

But, alas, Everard can extract no information from the sporting-column this morning, for all up and down the page the words are dancing in letters of fire—

"Can you come—can you come—can you come to Pauline?"

He throws down the newspaper in disgust, and exclaims irritably—

"I can't, I can't, I tell you—I can't!"

Half an hour later two sailors are pulling him as hard as they can to Portsmouth Harbour, whence an express bears him northwards to Pauline in her distress.

Long before he arrives, the first half hour after he enters Nutsgrove, he knows the reason of her hurried appeal, and the news of the scandal—with which the whole of Kelvick is ringing—stupefies the young man almost as much as it did poor Robert. He sits staring blindly at the flying landscape, trying to realise the startling truth; but he can only picture Addie as he last saw her but one week before, standing under the big magnolia, her hand clasped in his, smiling up into her husband's placid face.

"They're a bad lot—a bad lot!" he mutters weakly. "What's bred in the bone comes out in the flesh! A bad lot, those Lefroys! Thank Providence, I've had nothing to say to them! Poor Armstrong, what an—"

"Jack—Mr. Everard—won't you say good morning to me? My hand has been outstretched for the last two minutes."

He turns quickly, to find a young lady seated opposite to him, a young lady with whom he has been on terms of almost brotherly intimacy since he was a long-legged youth in knickerbockers and she a chubby-faced child in stiff tucked skirts—Miss Cicely Deane, his Rector's model daughter.

She is a small, prim little person, with pretty brown eyes and a soft drawing voice that makes very sweet music in her father's church, and draws many wandering spirits from things of earth, from contemplation of their neighbors' bonnets, to thoughts of Him whom they have met to praise in concert.

"Saint Cecilia, you here?" he exclaims in surprise. "You must have got in at Kelvick. I was looking out of the window, and never heard you."

"Yes, Jack, you were wrapped up in a 'referee,' as Mr. Weller would call it—I hope it was a pleasant one. I went over to Kelvick early this morning to consult Miss Challice about the children's school-feast on Thursday; it is to be a great affair this year."

"Ah, indeed! And how are you all doing since I saw you last, Cicely? Father, mother well? Sisters and brothers ditto? That's right. I needn't ask about the rest—the sick, the old, the maimed, the grumbler, the impostor; they—"

"We always have them among us. Yes, Jack, I thank you on their behalf for kind inquiries, and also for the cheque you sent me before leaving; it is that which has enabled me to invite four hundred little Kelvickites to enjoy the green fields and woods of Broom Hill on Thursday with our own flock. But tell me—what has brought you to this part of the country again? I thought you intended spending the summer yachting with your—"

"And so I do. I only ran up to-day on a matter of—of urgent business. I'm returning to the *Gull* in the morning, and we sail for Norway at the end of the week."

"You will dine with us this evening, won't you, Jack? I dare say you won't find things very comfortable at Broom Hill, returning so unexpectedly."

"Thank you, Cicely; I'll dine with you with much pleasure. Seven o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes—here is our station. Hand me those parcels—tenderly, please. What—are you not getting out too?"

"Ah, yes—no—yes! By Jove, I'm

too late! Returning by next train!" he shouts.

The carriage door is banged, there is a shrill whistle, and the train is moving smoothly to the next station, Nutsgrove.

"I—I meant to have got out," he mutters blankly—"of course I did. Hangod if I know what came over me. However, I suppose I had better go on now, after having come so far. Who's afraid? I'll pretty soon let her understand the light I view her distress in, let her know she can't make a cat's-paw of me to get back to respectability, comfort, and position! Who's afraid? Not I!"

Thus plumed with self-confidence, his doughty arm braced to meet Miss Lefroy's hand in the cool Platonic grasp of friendship and vague sympathy, Mr. Everard reaches Nutsgrove. There is not a sound of life about the place; the blinds are all down, and old Sally Turner, the erst dignified housekeeper, opens the hall door for him and bids him enter.

"You wish to see Miss Lefroy, sir? Yes, she is at home. To the left, in the schoolroom, sir, she will receive you."

He finds himself standing in a darkened room, and for a few moments, after the glare of unshadowed day, can distinguish nothing; then he sees a tall willowy figure dressed in black advancing toward him. Pauline, pale as a ghost, her starry eyes full of unshed tears, her mouth quivering and uplifted, looking more beautiful in her abashed woe than she looked crowned with diamonds, flushed with triumph, as he saw her last, lays her hand timidly on his shrinking shoulder.

"You have come, my friend, my friend!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Beetle's Forest.

Have you ever paused for a moment to consider how much man loses for want of that microscope eye upon whose absence complacent little Mr. Pope, after his optimistic fashion, was apparently inclined rather to congratulate his fellow-beings than otherwise? What a wonderful world we should all live in if we could only see it here as this little beetle sees it, half buried as he is in a mighty forest of luxuriant tall green moss! Just fancy how grand and straight and slender those majestic sprays must look to him with their wavy feathery branches, spreading on every side a thousand times more gracefully than the long boughs of the lovely tropical palm-trees on some wild Jamaican hill-side. How quaint the tall capsules must appear in his eyes—great yellow seed-vessels nearly as big as himself, with a comical pink-edged burr which pops off suddenly with a bang, and showers down unnumbered nuts on his head when he passes beneath. Gaze slowly into this moss forest as it grows here beside this smooth round stone, and imagine you can view it as the beetle views it. Put yourself in his place and look at it towering three hundred feet above your head, while you vainly strive to find your way among its matted underbrush and dense labyrinths of closely-grown trunks. Then just look at the mighty monsters that people it! The little red spider magnified to the size of a sheep, must be a gorgeous and strange looking creature, with his vivid crimson body and his mailed jointed legs. Yonder neighborhood beetle, regarded as an elephant, would seem a terrible wild beast in all seriousness with his bronze-burnished armour, his huge hook-ringed antennae and his fearful branched horn, ten times more terrible than that of a ferocious rhinoceros charging madly through the African jungle. Why, if you will only throw yourself honestly into the situation, and realize that awful life-and-death struggle now going on between an ant and a May-fly before your very eyes, you will see that Livingstone, and Serpa Pinto, and Gordon Cumming are simply nothing beside you; that even Jules Verne's wildest story is comparatively tame and common place in the light of that marvellous miniature forest.

Publisher's Department.

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WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

OTTAWA, A. 11th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the watch awarded to me in TRUTH Bible Competition No. 10. It is all it was represented to be. Please accept my thanks for the same, and best wishes for your success.

Yours respectfully, J. B. SPENCE.

TOTTENHAM, Aug. 12th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—Please accept my thanks for butter knife, being my prize in Competition No. 10. I am very much pleased it; but I am much better pleased with TRUTH. It is an excellent paper and well worth the money.

Yours truly, Mrs. GEORGE WALLS.

ENNISKILLEN P. O.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the Teaspoons which I received on the 3rd inst. I think they are worth the money. We like your books very much. Wishing you much success,

I remain, yours truly, HENRY FITZ.

AYR, Aug. 7th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I received the butter-knife for my prize, all right. It is very neat. Thanks.

A. BELLINGAL.

PALMERSTON, Aug. 6th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I received the copy of Tennyson's poems, and I am very much pleased. Accept thanks for the same.

Yours truly, A. KNOWLES.

SOUTHAMPTON, Aug. 9th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I herewith acknowledge receipt of gun, being prize won in Com-

petition No. 10. Accept my thanks for same. Wishing TRUTH every prosperity. I am, yours truly, A. ZURKAN.

CLEAR CREEK, Aug 12th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I received Tennyson's poems, my prize in Competition No. 10, for which please accept my thanks.

Yours truly, A. H. SMITH.

BEETON, Aug. 12th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of silver butter-knife, awarded me in TRUTH Competition No. 10. It far exceeds my expectations. Wishing TRUTH every success.

I am, yours truly, LILLIE LOWERY.

CHICAGO, Aug. 11th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON,

DEAR SIR,—The nickel hunting-case watch awarded me in Competition, No. 10, has been received.

Yours truly, Mrs. Wm. GILMOUR.

WARDSVILLE, Aug. 12th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—The watch won by Eva L. Beamer, in Competition No. 10, in TRUTH, came duly to hand, with thanks.

CHARLESTOWN, Aug. 7th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—The Waterbury watch awarded to me in Bible Competition No. 10, came to hand on Saturday. I am much pleased with it, also your promptness in sending. Probably you will hear from me again.

Yours truly, NETTIE DREW.

HALL'S GLEN, Aug. 4th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I received the copy of Cowper's poems safely, and I am very much obliged to you for it. It is a nice, handsome volume and I am delighted with it. Thanking you for your generosity,

I remain yours truly, HERBERT BRYSON.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I have just received the butter knife you sent me as a prize in No. 10 Bible questions. My wife is very proud of it. She thinks it very fine. When she is pleased I may well be. I thank you very much and wish you every success.

Yours respectfully, JOHN. T. KERR.

BOWMANVILLE, Aug. 5th, 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—Please accept my thanks for the watch I received, and I must apologise for not acknowledging the receipt of it before. It is very nice and keeps good time. I like your paper very much. It contains more useful reading matter than any magazine I ever had. Wishing you success in extending the circulation of your valuable paper.

I am, yours truly, Mrs. N. S. MINA.

119 Slater, st. OTTAWA, Aug. 9th. 1884.

Mr. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—With much pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of the watch by post yesterday. It keeps good time so far, and promises to be very useful. Accept my thanks, and only hoping that the cheerfulness with which you handed it over exceeded the promptness with which it reached me. Believe me,

Yours truly, E. A. HAWKES.

\$15,000.00.

'Truth' Bible Competition.

NO. ELEVEN.

THE FINAL ONE.

Closing September 15th.

ANew PLAN.

For Persons Residing Anywhere in the World Outside the City of Toronto.

The Largest List, and Most Valuable Ever Offered by Any Publisher.

Residents of Toronto Inadmissible.

A SMALL FARM FREE.

Special Club Offer.

Four Pianos, Three Organs, Silver Tea Sets Sewing Machines, Gold Watches, Silver Watches, and Innumerable Other Valuable Rewards.

Don't Delay Sending in Your Answers.

At the solicitation of many friends TRUTH announces one more—the final—Bible competition. Owing to the fact of so many valuable rewards going to citizens of Toronto, this competition will be open only to persons living outside the city of Toronto. Any one residing in any other part of the habitable world will be eligible to compete for these magnificent rewards.

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS.

- 1—Where is GOLD first made mention of in the Bible?
2—Where does it first state in the Bible that there are ONLY ONE LANGUAGE AND ONE SPEECH on the whole earth?
3—Where is Ixar first referred to in the Bible? (By the word Ixar is meant a place of rest or retreatment commonly known now as a hotel.)

Every one competing must send one dollar with their answers, for six months' subscription to TRUTH. And aside from the rewards themselves, they will find that they have made the best investment of one dollar they ever did. TRUTH is full and big value for the money. Bear in mind that you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, and you will get TRUTH for six months in any case for your one dollar, which is the regular subscription price, and will also get one of these rewards, provided your answers are correct, and reach TRUTH office in time. Don't delay. Read the great list of

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1 and 2.—Two Elegant Grand Square Rosewood Pianos, by the celebrated makers, Stevenson & Co. \$1,100 00
3.—One celebrated "Bell" Organ, the finest organ makers in Canada. 250 00
4.—One beautiful quadruple-plated Silver Tea Set. 100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Stem-winding and Stem-setting, latest style, Solid Gold, Hunting Case Watch. 120 00
6.—One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watch, latest style. 85 00
7 to 18.—Ten renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. 650 00
17 to 22.—Ten Gentleman's beautiful Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case Watches. 280 00

- 27 to 31.—Five Ladies' beautiful Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case Watches. 150 00
32 to 34.—Twenty Waterbury Watches. 100 00
35 to 103.—Fifty-two volumes Universal Cyclopaedia. An excellent work. 166 00
104 to 200.—Ninety-seven Ladies' Beautiful Solid Rolled Gold Brooches latest style patterns, splendid value. 194 00
201 to 232.—Fifty-two Elegant Triple-plated Butter Knives. 62 00

The above magnificent list of awards will be given to the first two hundred and fifty-two persons who send correct answers to each of the three Bible questions given above. Then follows the big list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. FIVE ACRES OF BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED LAND, adjoining the corporation of Niagara Falls, free from all incumbrances, clear title, splendidly situated for fruit raising, sloping gently towards the south, overlooking the town, and within sound of the great cataract; not a stump or an uneven foot of ground in it; land on opposite side of road held at \$1,000 per acre. \$3,000 00
2.—One Beautiful Square Grand Rosewood Piano, by Stevenson & Co. 550 00
3.—One Elegant Cabinet Organ, by the celebrated firm of Bell & Co. 250 00
4.—One Beautiful Silver Tea Service best made, quadruple plate, six pieces. 100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Watch, Stem-winding and Stem-setting, b. o. 100 00
6.—One Lady's Hunting-case Watch Stem-winding and Stem-setting. 95 00
7 to 12.—Six beautiful heavy black corded Silk Dress Patterns. 500 00
13 to 18.—Five celebrated Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. 325 00
19 to 26.—Eight Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case Watches. 163 00
27 to 32.—Four quadruple-plated Silver plated Teapots, latest designs. 60 00
31 to 41.—Eleven Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case Watches. 231 00
42 to 52.—Eighteen Solid Nickel Silver Watches, American Movement. 270 00
60 to 111.—Fifty-two volumes Chambers' Etymological Dictionary. 153 00
112 to 333.—Two hundred and forty-seven Ladies' Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, new and elegant designs. 491 00
334 to 503.—One hundred and forty-five Silver-plated Butter Knives. 145 00

These five acres of land above described will be given to the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last. The five hundred and four costly articles, beginning with the piano, that follow No. 1 of the middle rewards, will be given to the five hundred and four persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or centre reward that takes the farm. The land mentioned above could be divided into building lots and sold to great advantage, as there are no vacant houses in the town of Clifton or Niagara Falls, as it is now called. Then, that even the last may not feel that they are to be left out, TRUTH will give a series of

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Beginning with any one of these fine pianos, by Stevenson & Co. which have been received with so much satisfaction by prize winners in previous competitions. \$500 00
2.—Then follows another Bell Organ. 250 00
3.—Another Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces, best quadruple plate. 100 00
4.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch. 100 00
5.—Lady's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch. 95 00
6.—One celebrated "New Home" Sewing Machine. 65 00
7 to 11.—Five Beautiful heavy Black Silk Dresses. 250 00
12 to 23.—Eighteen Solid Gold Silver Watches. 163 00
24 to 31.—Twelve Ladies' Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case Watches. 310 00
32 to 37.—Sixteen Solid Nickel Silver Watches. 240 00
38 to 71.—Forty-four renowned Waterbury Watches. 70 00
72 to 223.—One hundred and thirty-eight elegantly bound volumes of Universal Cyclopaedia. 411 00
210 to 311.—One hundred and two Ladies' Fine Rolled Gold Brooches. 284 00
312 to 401.—Ninety-nine Triple Silver-plated Butter Knives. 90 00

The further you live from Toronto the better you can compete for these last or consolation rewards. Bear in mind that it is the last correct answer received at the office of TRUTH that gets number one of these consolation rewards. The offer is open till the 15th September, and as long as your letter bears the postmark, where mailed, of the date of 15th September, it will take its place in the order received at TRUTH Office. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters from distant points to reach Toronto, but don't forget that your letter must not bear a later postmark than Sep-

tambor 15th. All competing must send with their answers one dollar for six months' subscription to TRUTH, which will be sent to any desired address. Whosoever you live, outside Toronto, you can compete at any time between now and the closing day for either the first or middle rewards, and as well as, of course, for the consolation rewards. Some one will get those five acres of land—why not you? Look up your Bible now and see if you can find the answers to these questions. It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to TRUTH, which alone is good value for the one dollar. It consists of 28 pages of choice and pure reading matter for the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. The publisher could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless he was certain of your patronage in years to come, and you are almost certain to become life subscribers to TRUTH if you take it for six months, it is such a splendid weekly (not monthly) magazine.

SPECIAL CLUB OFFER.

If twenty-five persons join and send \$50, each one of the twenty-five whose answers are correct will get their choice of solid-rolled gold brooch, now and elegant design, worth at retail two dollars; a Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, worth about same amount; a World's Universal Cyclopaedia, or a volume elegantly bound of Shakespeare's Complete Works. Of course each of the club will have the same opportunity of gaining one of the rewards in the regular list (in addition to the certainty of one of the prizes aforesaid), as though they had sent in singly. This is simply an extra inducement to clubs.

The rewards in last competition were very widely scattered over Ontario and Quebec. In fact, every province was represented in the list, not excepting British Columbia. A great many also went to the States.

No information will be given to any one beyond what has above been stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money now. If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward, and that is where the biggest ones are. TRUTH directs special attention to the fact that persons are not permitted to compete, neither are persons who in previous competitions won prizes exceeding one hundred dollars in value, and as no Torontonians are allowed to compete, the field is now open for a fair and square race for these rewards to any one, on the habitable globe, outside Toronto. No money will be received by telegraph, or in any way but through the postoffice or by express. One dollar only required. Try your skill. You are sure of good value for your money any way. Address S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide street, Toronto, Canada.

Three hundred silver coins bearing the effigy of Queen Elizabeth have just been found by six men while walking on Crawshaw's Cray, Peutypridd, Wales. The coins, which were discovered concealed in a stone mountain wall, bear dates ranging from 1510 to 1666, those of the later date having inscribed the effigy of King James I., the profiles being clear and distinct. The collection has been given up to the police.

M. Rouire has identified the recently explored Wed Margell and Lake Kelbiah, in Tunis, with the ancient River Triton and Triton Gulf. Lake Kelbiah, which still communicates intermittently with the sea, between Carthage and Hammamet, (Hadramentum), appears to be the largest in North Africa, with a circumference of nearly 50 miles at low water and a length of 12 miles.

Not another pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen. "When I can get such pleasant pills for my stomach ailments, such as Dr. Casson's Stomach Bitters, I never get the blood pure and cool and I have a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

Music and the Drama.

The Passing Show.

"This world is all a passing show For man's illusion given." Moore.

DEAR TRUTH:—It was too bad of you, just when I was thinking of taking a much-needed holiday, to ask me to write you a column or so of theatrical chit-chat. But business is business, self-abnegation is the order of the day, and I sacrifice myself to the welfare of your constituency. The theatrical season is now at hand, and there are engagements and rumors of engagements. Mr. Sheppard, of the Grand, has announced a partial programme for the coming season. It is an interesting one, so far as it goes, but there is nothing strikingly new or specially attractive about it. It is chiefly made up of re-engagements of the most popular companies of recent seasons, with, of course, a few novelties thrown in. The programme being, as I have said, a merely partial one, it is difficult to say at present how the season will pan out, but it strikes me Mr. Sheppard might have done better in the way of novelties. Meanwhile, in Kiralfy's "Excelsior" which opens Monday next, he has a first-rate attraction, and one that is sure to draw large audiences, the Kiralfys and their spectacles being well and favourably known to all Toronto theatre goers.

The most noticeable feature in the coming season, at the Grand, judging from present appearances, will be the predominance of melodrama, and the conspicuous absence of opera. Melodrama, sensation, and spectacle, with a soupçon of the legitimate, in the shape of Irving, Rhea, and Keene, will form the principal bill of fare. Opera will find its sole exponent, apparently, in the French Opera Co. of Mlle Aimee—a brilliant, but somewhat *passer* artiste.

At the People's Theatre we have already had a taste of what we may expect. Mr. Conner has made no announcement for his coming season. He has, however, as I happen to know, made some engagements that will surprise some folks who affect to believe that "no respectable company would come to such a place." The two engagements already played at this little theatre are a sufficient answer to such cynics. The Pauline Markham Co. was as fine an all-round, as evenly balanced, and as thoroughly artistic a company as ever trod the boards of a Toronto theatre, and the John A. Stevens Co. is not altogether a stranger to the Grand Opera House stage. The Company at present playing here is of a different nature—not so "high-toned," nor so artistic, but—popular; and, between ourselves, I have seen worse performances by considerably more pretentious companies. If Mr. Conner during the season provides such companies as he has already provided, neither he nor his patrons will have any reason to complain. The house has been considerably altered, improved and renovated.

In matters musical, the season will, I fear, be somewhat dull. Last season was exceptionally brilliant, and the reaction will, doubtless be felt all the more. We will, of course, have the usual concerts by our Philharmonic and Choral Societies; we may possibly have some *malines musicales* by some of our local artists, and we are certain to have the thousand and one concerts at which Messrs. Smith, Brown and Jones, and the Misses Jones, Brown and Smith appear with painful iteration; but, from an artistic point of view, compared with last season, the musical season of 1884-5, from present

appearances, will be a particularly dull one.

Of the New York Ideal Opera Co., now playing at the Horticultural Pavilion, I shall have somewhat to say in my next. For the present I may say that I have heard good accounts of it. It includes some admirable talent—Louise Scarlo, Hattie Richardson, Harry Allen, (all well known to Torontonians)—among the rest. The chorus is very large, and—a word in your ear—good looking and lively; the orchestra is good, the scenery made especially for the company, and the costumes magnificent. This, you understand, is what I hear; but I have no reason to doubt Dame Rumor in this case.

By the way, a novel attraction in connection with this Opera Co. is the production—out door of course—of the great Chicago fire in a highly realistic manner, with real fire engines, hooks and ladders, hose and reels, and fire brigade. This in itself, will doubtless prove a very "drawing card" to the Gardens during the next three weeks.

At the Summer Pavilion Miss St. Quentin and her company are still drawing fairly good houses. This bright little artist has scarcely had a fair chance since she came to Toronto; but she has worked hard and energetically, and has really done wonders with the material she had at hand. "Olivetto" as now presented is by far the most satisfactory performance the company generally has given, showing careful and conscientious rehearsal and a desire all round to do their very best.

SEMPRONIUS.

Notes of the Week.

It is to be hoped the agitation in favor of a suitable music hall for Toronto will be renewed and kept up this winter. For a city of its size, increasing so steadily, such a hall is a necessity. The sooner definite steps are taken to secure one the better. Let some of our wealthy men take the initiative and show laudable zeal and public spirit in this matter.

The heart of the small boy is warmed by the sight of the Circus posters, for which he has been pining all the summer. Better late than never is his thought, as he gazes on all the wonders so vividly portrayed in the window bills, and to be seen in all their reality in Forepaugh's famous Circus and Menagerie on the 12th and 13th prox.

Minnie Maddern has made an immense hit in "Caprice," at the New York Park Theatre, where she has just closed a two weeks engagement, the profits of which will, it is estimated, net her \$12,000. "Standing room only" has been the rule every night.

The Mustayer Comedy company has ready for production an entirely new, novel and original musical comedy called "We, Us and Co.," by the author of "The Tourists." It is a neat production, totally void of offense to the most critical taste.

Patti is to be one of the great musical attractions in America this winter. It is reported that she and Mapleson have signed an agreement, though the terms of it are not made public.

Gilbert and Sullivan will, it is said, produce a new opera simultaneously in London and New York in December. It is said to be another "Pinafore," only of a higher order.

It is said that when her suit is finished Miss Fortescue will come to America, having been secured by a well known New York manager.

Florence St. John, the well known English favorite, will be seen this side the water this season.

Mimo Theo opens at New York (Wallack's) on the 8th prox in "Madame Bonifacio."

Rhea has arrived in New York, and commences her American season Monday next.

A good offer is certainly. A better market may only be hoped.

Writes Letters in Her Sleep.

The Montreal Star tells strange stories of a young lady living a short distance from that city. It appears that within the last few months she exhibited all the symptoms of somnambulism. While apparently asleep she would rise, and, with her eyes tightly closed, could walk down stairs with perfect safety. It was found that after performing these singular feats she would return to her bed, and on awakening in the morning, could never recall the circumstances to mind. A short time ago her friends, who regard her present state with great anxiety, tried an experiment. One evening recently, when she was found walking in her sleep, a gentleman, procuring pen and paper, requested her to write a letter. She obeyed mechanically, and sitting down, wrote a note to an absent friend, correct in every respect, although her eyes at the same time were closed. A singular fact was that the writing throughout was excellent, the words being written precisely along the lines. At times she converses while in this state quite freely and correctly. Recently, though, exhibiting the same symptoms, she has kept her eyes open, which, however, only give a vacant stare. On another occasion, while starting out for a drive, she became unconscious, and the next moment revived, only to be found in her old state. She was asked to drive, and, at the bidding of a friend, took the reins. On returning home, she became herself again, and when acquainted with her strange actions, felt greatly surprised. The young lady is very prepossessing, and is about 18 years of age. About a year ago she had a serious attack of brain fever, and her medical attendant ascribes her strange conduct to that cause. She feels the position in which she is placed very keenly. Several doctors have expressed themselves as puzzled with the case, and she will be taken to Boston shortly to visit some of the lights of the medical profession there to see if any relief can be afforded her.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Trust a known knave and suffer thereby.

Due deliberation is half accomplishment.

The friendship of the artful is mere self-interest.

Modesty and civility are primo factors of common sense.

A fool's character only can be discovered at one interview.

The really able are not so conceited as to be above advice.

Discover your peculiar weakness, and be ever suspicious of it.

Let none overload you with the insufferable burden of favors.

Do what good you can, but leave room for promises and engagements.

Avoid many obligations. You may incur debts impossible of payment.

Happiness is not so much in absence of pain as in patience under affliction.

Endeavor to reconcile your enemy, rather than to conquer and to incite his inclination to injure you.

In our journey through life we expend much more uneasiness upon apprehension than reality.

Never ask a favor by letter. That may give your correspondent opportunity of declining handsomely.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Casson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. It is a large bottle 50 cents.

BELFAST LINEN WAREHOUSE

M'KEE BROS.,

391 Queen Street West, Importers of Irish Linen from Belfast; Double Damask, Table Cloths and Napkins to match; Sheetings, Hollands, Shirtings, Towels, and everything else belonging to the trade, wholesale and retail.

Ladies' Department.

Hats for Housewives.

So much information about everything is now so easily obtainable that there is little excuse for enduring many of the small domestic worries to which housekeepers and others are often subjected. Why, for instance, need any one be inconvenienced by damp cupboards, when we read that a bowl of quicklime placed therein will speedily absorb the moisture? Some of us are nervous about beds not being well aired, and yet we have only to fill a large stone bottle with boiling water and put it into the bed, pressing the bolster and pillows round it in a heap. By this simple contrivance, it is comforting to learn, no one need fear giving a friend a damp bed, even if this is done only once a fortnight.

Flies are a familiar nuisance; but we are told of a remedy in laurel oil, which better than glass fly-catchers and others, will not only rid us of these pests, but preserves looking-glasses and picture-frames when coated with it. Jane, the "help," should derive satisfaction from the assurance that beetles may be effectually got rid of by sprinkling once or twice on the floor a mixture of pure carbolic acid and water, one part to ten.

It is not frequenters of restaurants only who wonder why the simple precaution of throwing red pepper pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pan—said to prevent odors from boiling ham, cabbage, etc.—is not oftener observed. Cooks are further reminded that in roasting meat, salt should not be put upon the joint before it is put in the oven, as salt extracts the juice; and that lime-water will improve the condition of old potatoes in boiling.

Eggs could be purchased with greater confidence if the German method of preserving them by means of silicate of soda was generally followed. A small quantity of the clear syrup solution is smeared over the surface of the shell. On drying, a thin, hard, glassy film remains, which serves as an admirable protection and substitute for wax, oil, gums, etc.

Economy in housekeeping would be facilitated by the better observance of what are known in common parlance as "wrinkles." For example, why purchase inferior nutmegs, when their quality can be tested by pricking them with a pin? If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture. It is worth recollecting that bar soap should be cut into square pieces and put in a dry place, as it lasts better after shrinking. If we wish to keep lemons fresh for some time, we have only to place them in a jar of water and change it every morning. In selecting flour, we are advised to look to the color. If it is white with a yellowish straw-color tint, we should buy it; but if it is white with a bluish cast or with black specks, we should refuse it.

Broken china can be mended with a useful glutine made with a piece of old cloth mixed with lime; and the wooden paintings of the garden may be preserved from the weather by coating them with a composition of boiled linseed-oil and pulverized charcoal, mixed to the consistency of paint. In this way wood can be made to last longer than iron in the ground. If we consult our health, we should plant the garden with odoriferous plants such as wall-flowers, mignonette and other old-fashioned flowers and herbs, which have a remarkable power of developing ozone and purifying the atmosphere from miasmatic poisons.

Amateur joiners may derive comfort from the knowledge that nails and screws, if rubbed with a little soap, are easily driven into hard wood. The same household commodity, of a fine white quality, if rubbed over new linen, will enable it to be more easily embroidered, as it prevents the threads from cracking.

A deal of breakage among glass and crockery can be prevented by the simple precaution of placing lamp chimneys,

tumblers, and such articles in a pot filled with cold water to which some common table salt has been added. Boil the water well, and then allow it to cool slowly. When the articles are taken out and washed, they will resist any sudden changes of temperature.

Crapo may be renovated by thoroughly brushing all dust from the material, sprinkling with alcohol, and rolling in newspaper, commencing with the paper and crapo together, so that the paper may be between every portion of the material. Allow it to remain so until dry.

A better plan for removing grease spots than by applying a hot iron is to rub in some spirit of wine with the hand until the grease is brought to powder, and there will be no trace of it. Every school-boy is not aware that ink spots can be removed from the leaves of books by using a solution of oxalic acid in water; nor does every house-maid know that "spots" are easily cleaned from varnished furniture by rubbing it with spirits of camphor.

Marks on tables caused by leaving hot jugs or plates there will disappear under the soothing influence of lamp-oil well-rubbed in with soft cloth, finishing with a little spirit of wine or eau-de-Cologne rubbed dry with another cloth. When the white piano-forte keys become discolored, we should remove the front door, fall, and slip of wood just over them; then lift up each key separately from the front—do not take them out—and rub the keys with a white cloth slightly dampened with cold water and dry off with a cloth slightly warm. Should the keys be sticky, first damp the cloth with a little spirit of wine or gin. Soap or washing powder must not be used. It is worth while keeping a supply of ammonia in the household, in case we wish to remove finger-marks from paint, or require to cleanse brushes or grease pans. A tea-spoonful in a basin of warm water will make hair-brushes beautifully white; but care must be taken not to let the backs of the brushes dip below the surface. Rinse them with clean warm water, and put in a sunny window to dry.

Egg-shells crushed into small bits and shaken well in decanters three parts filled with cold water will not only clean them, thoroughly, but make the glass look like new. By rubbing with a damp flannel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discolorations may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked. Again, are all of us aware that emery powder will remove ordinary stains from white ivory knife handles, or that the lustre of morocco leather is restored by varnishing with white egg?

Nothing, it is said, is better to clean silver with than alcohol and ammonia, finishing with a little whiting on a soft cloth. When putting away the silver tea or coffee pot which is not in use every day, lay a little stick across the top under the cover. This will allow fresh air to get in, and prevent the mustiness of the contents familiar to hotel and boarding-house sufferers.

How to Cook a Beefsteak.

Procure from the butcher a good fat sirloin steak with the tenderloin attached; cut an inch thick.

Cut out the tenderloin, trim off the extra fat, split into four parts, so you will have four steaks one-fourth of an inch thick.

Take a sheet of foolscap paper, spread out to full size on a smooth surface; with sweet butter give the paper a thin coat all over the exposed side of the paper.

Salt and pepper the steak to taste, not too much; lay your steak on one side of the paper, turn the other half over the steak; then beginning at the corner of the fold in the paper, crimp from each corner until you reach the centre; fasten with pins, so that the paper will not lose its folds, and you have your steak in a tight paper bag.

Have a light broiling fire; place your steak as above prepared on a gridiron;

hold over the fire, retaining hold of the handle, and watch carefully that the paper does not scorch or burn.

The steak will cook thoroughly in four or five minutes. Serve on a hot dish, garnished, with sliced lemons. Cooked in this way the meat retains all its juiciness and is free from all taints of smoke or fire, and will be accepted by the most delicate stomach and retained.

FASHION NOTES.

Red never goes out of fashion.

Yellow flowers are very fashionable.

Felt will be revived for fall hats and bonnets.

Sleeves are to be worn lower on the shoulder.

Round turbans are the novelty for early fall wear.

Iron rust browns are the rivals of gray and mushroom.

Astrakhan jersey cloth comes among the new wool stuffs.

Lace dresses are worn in the streets of Paris.

Velvet, satin, and lace costumes will be all the rage in the early fall.

Kanzy feathers will be more worn than ostrich tips on the first fall hats.

Motifs of embroidery and beads will be much used for dress decorations.

Fine and beautiful dress stuffs are selling at Ridley's at "August prices."

Half long Turkish jackets of velvet broche will be the first dressy fall wraps.

Molier fronts of all sorts are tabooed by women of fashion on the other side.

Cockadea of owl feathers sprinkled with gold dust appear among fall millinery goods.

Velvet leaves veined and edged with gold will be used for bonnet trimming and dress motifs.

Jet and chenille will play an important part in dress trimmings, decorations, and motifs next season.

Brown and pale pink is the favorite combination for millinery and accessories of the toilet at the moment.

Percalo and sateen suits are the correct outdoor wear in the country for the months of August and September.

Velvet brocades with beadings on the edges of the figures and flowers are among the new goods not yet opened for the fall trade.

Many skirts are being made with one deep flounce extending almost to the waist. Over this falls a skirt over-skirt, scant and slightly draped.

The small capote is the most favored bonnet, but for those ladies who will have big bonnets, "fish wife" and Mother Hubbard shapes are shown.

Polarian is a new woollen stuff for jackets, ulsters, and trimmings. It comes in smooth, curled, fleecy pile surface, imitating the skins of the Persian lamb.

The fashionable colors are, or will be, iron-rust browns, grays, ashes of roses, dark greens, mignonette, and mushroom shades, punch blue, fawns, and beiges.

Curious woven, chevron, armuro, Venetian, birdseye, and other fanciful weavings are the features in the new mohair and cheviot wools of the incoming season.

Short jackets made of Jersey webbing will be in high favor to wear with skirts of half worn dresses or with accordion or box pleated mohair and light wool skirts.

Dark blue and red calicoes, with large anchors, bars of music, and cards, and dominos, printed in white, black colors, are the fan-fiful wear at seaside and watering places this fall.

The new woollen goods, mohairs, chevrons, flannels, camel's hair, and jersey cloths are already in the hands of our merchants, and show new weavings, new colors, and new mixtures.

Pale blue brocade, pale blue feathers, and diamonds were worn by the Baron-

ess Burdett Coutts-Bartlett at a ball lately given by the German Embassy in London. The Baroness is in her seventieth year.

Woollen velvet stuffs with uncut velvet flowers and figures on prunella twilled grounds, are to be worn as skirts of suits that will have polonaises or redingotes or jackets of plain twilled, or jersey web cloth.

The sashes worn with autumn dresses by young girls at watering places are very broad, made of silk or surah, not ribbon, and arranged in plaits which pass around the waist, tying on one side, with the ends falling the full width almost to the bottom of the skirt. Red surah is the favorite stuff for these sashes.

Women and Wine.

I notice that women drink a great deal more wine, and drink it more publicly, than they used to. At Delmonico's, at Wormley's in Washington, and even at Young's, in proper Boston, a lady lurching alone does not hesitate to order a bottle of good wine, and, in consequence, I have been told, the noonday snack of a woman of fashion never costs less than \$10, and as it has become quite the thing lately for married women to take young men to lunch or supper and pay the bills, the caterers regard them with profound consideration, for they order more extravagantly than men.

It is said that when women do drink they can out-drink men and show the effects less. An instance in favor of this theory occurred a few days ago. Mrs. M., a young married lady of New York, whose name is known in connection with the grand balls and the flower parties at Delmonico's, made a wager with a young bachelor of the Union League, who was staying at the same hotel, one not far from the Ocean Pier, that she could "drink him down."

Mrs. M. is a fine looking blonde, and, attired in an evening dress of white brocade, appeared on the scene of the refined contest, where Mr. W. awaited her, also in evening costume. The champagne was ordered, and, according to the waiters, "the fun began." It ended by the gentleman being assisted from the room before his third bottle could be uncorked, while the lady, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, drank his health in the first glass from her third bottle, and swept from the table with a firm tread.

Diamond Dyes will Color Anything any color, and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2 cent stamp.

Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like a star new born, that drops into its place, and which, once circling in its placid round, not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

THE BEST WAY TO REPAIR STRENGTH and increase the bodily substance is to invigorate the stomach and improve the circulation with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Simultaneously with the disappearance of indigestion it relieves that morbid dependency, and the nervousness which are as much the product of dyspepsia as the weakness of the stomach and loss of vigour and flesh which proceed from it; as a blood purifier it has no equal.

"I like hot weather the best," said a Philadelphia girl, "because it makes me and me so sleepy that they don't come bothering around the parlor the nights I have company."

Mr. Henry Harding, of Toronto, writes: My little daughter, 7 years of age, has been a terrible sufferer this winter from rheumatism, being for weeks confined to her bed, with limbs drawn up, which could not be straightened, and suffering great pain in every joint of limbs, arms and shoulders. The best physicians could not help her, and we were advised to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which we did, and the benefit was at once apparent; after using two bottles the pain left, her limbs resumed their natural shape, and in two weeks she was as well as ever. It has not returned.

"Painting the Town Red."

"Painting the town red" it seems is a slang phrase among foolish featherheaded nucom poops for going on a bust. One who seems to know the true inwardness of this kind of brainless but most ruinous folly described it in the following feature: "Painting the town red" is carried out in this way. A number of young men some of them, dressed in the latest fashion, others looking rough, owing to slouched hats worn well drawn down over their eyes, so as to shield their faces from the public gaze, most of them leaving happy homes and the dearest faces, in fact everything which tends to make pure and sweet our domestic ties, to go on this disgusting detour. We will follow them. It is now after nine o'clock and there is not much fear of meeting acquaintances. So off starts this little group, walking in most jocular and to all appearances harmless manner. Presently they approach a screened door, whose front is illuminated with a red lamp upon whose sides is engraved some most respectable word followed by Hotel. Well might we ask, where is the accommodation awaiting the convenience of travelers? Why even tavern-keepers themselves refrain from giving these drinking booths the proper designations.

Here the misguided ones enter, after first casting a hurried glance up and down to see if the coast is clear. Then the bar is approached, and one standing at the end calls out, What will you have, boys? As he throws down sufficient cash to pay for the drinks and each of his comrades names to the bartender his favorite beverage, the glasses are emptied, and immediately refilled at the expense of another. This goes on generally until each has paid for himself and his friends. Out they bang through the green or shuttered door as the case may be into the street. Our young men are not satisfied with what has been accomplished, but immediately make a rush for the next tavern, where the same performance is repeated. Now the liquor begins to show itself on some of the party who are less accustomed to its effects. They become more boisterous as they pass along the street. It is now near midnight, and a knowledge of this, together with the alcohol drives away all fear of meeting relations, employers, or acquaintances. The only thing which seems to annoy them is the stately figure of a policeman who keeps a guardian eye on them and their actions. Down the street from tavern to tavern this continues until some of these foolish fellows, quite drunk, assisted by their associates in not quite so bad a condition, are compelled to turn their steps towards home to rest their heated frames and inflamed heads. But morning tolls tales. You can pick each of these young men out by their bloodshot and worn out looking eyes, their breath bearing signs of a disordered system, and in fact their whole appearance showing the evil effects of last night's debauch. When remonstrated with by those who see they are entering on the road to ruin they are indignant, and reply that they are only sowing their wild oats now and will straighten up all right in a little while. Indeed they are sowing seeds of which the fruit will be disgraced and degraded manhood.

Just fancy any one so utterly and so stupidly animal as to call this enjoyment, and yet it seems Toron'o has not a few such.

An Englishman entered a barber's shop at Madras and addressed the Hindoo—"I am delicate about the skin. Shave me without cutting me and I will give you a sovereign. Cut me and here are two loaded pistols." The barber, nothing daunted, shaved the delicate skin with admirable skill. "Humph," said the Englishman, "then my pistols did not alarm you?" "No, sir." "And why not?" "If my razor had slipped," said the barber, "I should have finished by cutting your throat." The Englishman disappeared.

Vital Questions!!

Ask the most eminent physician Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always? And they will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu."

Ask the same physician

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:

"Mandrake! or Dandelion!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail women, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients 'Almost dead or nearly dying'"

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of Rheumatism,

Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail.

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

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

Twenty-five Per Cent. Stronger than any Other Butter Color.

BURLINGTON, VT., May 31, 1882

I hereby certify that I have examined the Butter Color prepared by Wells, Richardson & Co., and that the same is free from alkali or any other substance injurious to health; that I have compared it with some of the best of the other Butter Colors in the market and find it to be more than twenty-five per cent. stronger in color than the best of the others.

I am satisfied that it not liable to become rancid, or in any way to injure the batter. I have examined it after two months free exposure to the air in a place liable to large changes of temperature, and found no trace of rancidity, while other kinds similarly exposed became rancid. A. H. SABIN, Prof. Chemistry, University of Vermont.

Smith met Jones on the deck of an ocean steamer one calm morning, after several days of very rough weather. "Why, I declare, Jones," said Smith, "you look years older than when I last saw you!" "No wonder," answered Jones, "I've had several berth-days lately."

Depositor—"Where is the cashier?" Bank Boy—"Gone to Canada." "And the President?" "Gone to South America." "Mercy save us! But the directors, where?" "Nobody knows." "Is any one left?" "Yes, me and the watchman." "Well, why didn't you go also, and make a clean sweep of it?" "There wasn't nothing left when our turn came."

Health is Wealth.

It is worth more than riches, for without its riches cannot be enjoyed. How many people are without health who might regain it by using Kidney-Wort. It acts upon the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys, cleansing and stimulating them to healthy action. It cures all disorders of these important organs, purifies the blood and promotes the general health. Sold by all druggists. See advt.

Adam is said to be the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way his mother used to cook."

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunville, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness and Constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation."

If an untruth is only a day old, it is called a lie; if it is a year old, it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old, it is called a legend.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

The preacher was rather cynical than charitable who took for the text of a wedding sermon, "Let there be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

He who has reined in and curbed his pleasures by temperance has procured for himself much greater honor and a greater victory than when he conquers an enemy.

Why suffer from weak nerves, want of appetite, and general debility? Letting the loss of sleep and rest impoverish the system and thin the blood, when such a really meritorious remedy as Northrop & Lyman's Quinine Wine may be had at any drug store. This article is recommended by the highest members of the medical faculty in cases of indigestion, general debility, loss of appetite, and nervous affections of all kinds. It is also specially beneficial to children and delicate females, and to business men, students, and those who have much brain work. We would say, Never be without it. It will strengthen you, keep your system in regular order, and enable you to successfully grapple with the work you have to do. It is pleasant to the taste, and contains nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Remember to ask for the Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, and we are sure you will be satisfied that you have full value for your money. Druggists sell it.

Nearly every newspaper we pick up nowadays contains some new horror. In a paper before us is a poem, the author of which says in the first line, "I will not die." Rev. J. McLevin, Canadian Baptist Missionary to India, writes: During our stay in Canada, we have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil with very great satisfaction. We are now returning to India, and would like very much to take some with us, for our own use and to give to the discarded heathen.

Parson—"Rather drowsy weather, this, Farmer Jones." "Ay, parson, so it be; 'minds one of sermon time, doesn't it?"

THE FAMILY MEDICINE—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

A fellow of the name of Araxary visited Bay St. Louis, Miss., last week. He is supposed to be a woodchopper by profession, and a pretty good one at that.

SORE EYES—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

An American woman has secured a patent for an ash zifter, and now all that is wanted is a patent contrivance to make a servant girl use it.

What is it makes me hale and stout, And all my friends can't make front, I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

"What wud Oi want wid a bicycle?" said the ancient Irishman to the boys who had been chaffing him. "Bojaj, I'd as soon walk afoot as ride afoot."

STARCEMENT—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, amp glasses, chimney ornaments, picture

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.
IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR
A NEW DISCOVERY.
For several years we have furnished the Dairy-men of America with an excellent artificial color for butter so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.
But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. **It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and the Cheapest Color Made.**
And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid. **Beware** of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.
If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (65)
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT
DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS. Why?
Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.
Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Yellow Fever, Jaundice, Constipation, Bile, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM.
By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby **CLEANSING THE BLOOD** restoring the normal power to throw off disease. **THOUSANDS OF CASES** of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time **PERFECTLY CURED.**
PRICE, \$1. LEMON OR LIME FLAVOR. Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt. Send stamp for Dairy Abstract for 1884.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

A silly-bub—The dude.
For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Sittler's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

The letter of the law—A writ.
So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill, Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill, But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

Has an optician an eye to business?
Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough, which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

Measures of precaution—Verifying a survey.
A RUN FOR LIFE—Sixteen miles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

Good at figures—A dancing master.
HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

A deep laid scheme—An ocean cab's.
Frames, Jewellery, trinkets, toys, etc. What makes you laugh when others sigh? Not tears can't o'er-bow mine eye? It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

Catarth--A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Catarth. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally beloved by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarth is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarth in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarth. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarth.--Montreal Star.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. 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.

A rolling stone gathers no moss. Neither does a paving stone for the matter of that.

Young Men! Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

To count but few things necessary is the foundation of many virtues.

Make a Note of This.

Pain banished as if by magic, Polson's NERVILINE is a positive and almost instantaneous remedy for external, internal, or local pains. The most active remedy hitherto known falls far short of Nerviline for potent power in the relief of nerve pain. Good for external or internal use. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists.

Happiness is like the statu. o. Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.

Carrying War

Into the enemy's country. This is verified in the case of Putnam's Corn Extractor, so favorably known throughout Canada. The large demand from the United States for this great corn cure has induced the proprietors to put it up there, and boldly push it to the front as the leading article in its line. From England also a demand has arisen. This is the reverse of the usual methods, as a large portion of the proprietary goods sold here emanate from the countries. This speaks highly in favor of Putnam's Extractor, the great corn cure. We advise sufferers from this disease to test its merits.--Exchange.

Russia on several occasions sent expeditions to the Poles and got around them very successfully.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the stomach all the time, who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Casson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. All Druggists 50 cents.

A. P. 102.

FARM FOR SALE 15 ACRES IN GOOD order, easy terms. H. C. PYLE, Toronto

PHRENOLOGY. EXAMINATIONS GIVEN WALLACE MASON, 12 Queen St. W. Toronto.

THOMAS GALLOWAY & CO. Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Carpet, and Waxed Kettle Makers, Dundas, ON. SAW MILL PROPERTIES FOR SALE--STAVE machinery included if desired. Send for circular. H. J. LEAFORD, Niagara.

FOR SALE--STOCK OF NO. 1 GENERAL STORE goods and good brick store for sale or to rent, possession given immediately if required. J. A. TOLP, (corner) Street.

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE above 12 ft. long, 4 ft. deep, with office size 60 inches, 2 1/2 ft. high, 12 ft. long, and 12 ft. wide. Two wheel and with driving horse seat and for two small families, two extra, collar, and well fitted at 12-15-20-25-30-35-40-45-50-55-60-65-70-75-80-85-90-95-100-105-110-115-120-125-130-135-140-145-150-155-160-165-170-175-180-185-190-195-200-205-210-215-220-225-230-235-240-245-250-255-260-265-270-275-280-285-290-295-300-305-310-315-320-325-330-335-340-345-350-355-360-365-370-375-380-385-390-395-400-405-410-415-420-425-430-435-440-445-450-455-460-465-470-475-480-485-490-495-500-505-510-515-520-525-530-535-540-545-550-555-560-565-570-575-580-585-590-595-600-605-610-615-620-625-630-635-640-645-650-655-660-665-670-675-680-685-690-695-700-705-710-715-720-725-730-735-740-745-750-755-760-765-770-775-780-785-790-795-800-805-810-815-820-825-830-835-840-845-850-855-860-865-870-875-880-885-890-895-900-905-910-915-920-925-930-935-940-945-950-955-960-965-970-975-980-985-990-995-1000-1005-1010-1015-1020-1025-1030-1035-1040-1045-1050-1055-1060-1065-1070-1075-1080-1085-1090-1095-1100-1105-1110-1115-1120-1125-1130-1135-1140-1145-1150-1155-1160-1165-1170-1175-1180-1185-1190-1195-1200-1205-1210-1215-1220-1225-1230-1235-1240-1245-1250-1255-1260-1265-1270-1275-1280-1285-1290-1295-1300-1305-1310-1315-1320-1325-1330-1335-1340-1345-1350-1355-1360-1365-1370-1375-1380-1385-1390-1395-1400-1405-1410-1415-1420-1425-1430-1435-1440-1445-1450-1455-1460-1465-1470-1475-1480-1485-1490-1495-1500-1505-1510-1515-1520-1525-1530-1535-1540-1545-1550-1555-1560-1565-1570-1575-1580-1585-1590-1595-1600-1605-1610-1615-1620-1625-1630-1635-1640-1645-1650-1655-1660-1665-1670-1675-1680-1685-1690-1695-1700-1705-1710-1715-1720-1725-1730-1735-1740-1745-1750-1755-1760-1765-1770-1775-1780-1785-1790-1795-1800-1805-1810-1815-1820-1825-1830-1835-1840-1845-1850-1855-1860-1865-1870-1875-1880-1885-1890-1895-1900-1905-1910-1915-1920-1925-1930-1935-1940-1945-1950-1955-1960-1965-1970-1975-1980-1985-1990-1995-2000-2005-2010-2015-2020-2025-2030-2035-2040-2045-2050-2055-2060-2065-2070-2075-2080-2085-2090-2095-2100-2105-2110-2115-2120-2125-2130-2135-2140-2145-2150-2155-2160-2165-2170-2175-2180-2185-2190-2195-2200-2205-2210-2215-2220-2225-2230-2235-2240-2245-2250-2255-2260-2265-2270-2275-2280-2285-2290-2295-2300-2305-2310-2315-2320-2325-2330-2335-2340-2345-2350-2355-2360-2365-2370-2375-2380-2385-2390-2395-2400-2405-2410-2415-2420-2425-2430-2435-2440-2445-2450-2455-2460-2465-2470-2475-2480-2485-2490-2495-2500-2505-2510-2515-2520-2525-2530-2535-2540-2545-2550-2555-2560-2565-2570-2575-2580-2585-2590-2595-2600-2605-2610-2615-2620-2625-2630-2635-2640-2645-2650-2655-2660-2665-2670-2675-2680-2685-2690-2695-2700-2705-2710-2715-2720-2725-2730-2735-2740-2745-2750-2755-2760-2765-2770-2775-2780-2785-2790-2795-2800-2805-2810-2815-2820-2825-2830-2835-2840-2845-2850-2855-2860-2865-2870-2875-2880-2885-2890-2895-2900-2905-2910-2915-2920-2925-2930-2935-2940-2945-2950-2955-2960-2965-2970-2975-2980-2985-2990-2995-3000-3005-3010-3015-3020-3025-3030-3035-3040-3045-3050-3055-3060-3065-3070-3075-3080-3085-3090-3095-3100-3105-3110-3115-3120-3125-3130-3135-3140-3145-3150-3155-3160-3165-3170-3175-3180-3185-3190-3195-3200-3205-3210-3215-3220-3225-3230-3235-3240-3245-3250-3255-3260-3265-3270-3275-3280-3285-3290-3295-3300-3305-3310-3315-3320-3325-3330-3335-3340-3345-3350-3355-3360-3365-3370-3375-3380-3385-3390-3395-3400-3405-3410-3415-3420-3425-3430-3435-3440-3445-3450-3455-3460-3465-3470-3475-3480-3485-3490-3495-3500-3505-3510-3515-3520-3525-3530-3535-3540-3545-3550-3555-3560-3565-3570-3575-3580-3585-3590-3595-3600-3605-3610-3615-3620-3625-3630-3635-3640-3645-3650-3655-3660-3665-3670-3675-3680-3685-3690-3695-3700-3705-3710-3715-3720-3725-3730-3735-3740-3745-3750-3755-3760-3765-3770-3775-3780-3785-3790-3795-3800-3805-3810-3815-3820-3825-3830-3835-3840-3845-3850-3855-3860-3865-3870-3875-3880-3885-3890-3895-3900-3905-3910-3915-3920-3925-3930-3935-3940-3945-3950-3955-3960-3965-3970-3975-3980-3985-3990-3995-4000-4005-4010-4015-4020-4025-4030-4035-4040-4045-4050-4055-4060-4065-4070-4075-4080-4085-4090-4095-4100-4105-4110-4115-4120-4125-4130-4135-4140-4145-4150-4155-4160-4165-4170-4175-4180-4185-4190-4195-4200-4205-4210-4215-4220-4225-4230-4235-4240-4245-4250-4255-4260-4265-4270-4275-4280-4285-4290-4295-4300-4305-4310-4315-4320-4325-4330-4335-4340-4345-4350-4355-4360-4365-4370-4375-4380-4385-4390-4395-4400-4405-4410-4415-4420-4425-4430-4435-4440-4445-4450-4455-4460-4465-4470-4475-4480-4485-4490-4495-4500-4505-4510-4515-4520-4525-4530-4535-4540-4545-4550-4555-4560-4565-4570-4575-4580-4585-4590-4595-4600-4605-4610-4615-4620-4625-4630-4635-4640-4645-4650-4655-4660-4665-4670-4675-4680-4685-4690-4695-4700-4705-4710-4715-4720-4725-4730-4735-4740-4745-4750-4755-4760-4765-4770-4775-4780-4785-4790-4795-4800-4805-4810-4815-4820-4825-4830-4835-4840-4845-4850-4855-4860-4865-4870-4875-4880-4885-4890-4895-4900-4905-4910-4915-4920-4925-4930-4935-4940-4945-4950-4955-4960-4965-4970-4975-4980-4985-4990-4995-5000-5005-5010-5015-5020-5025-5030-5035-5040-5045-5050-5055-5060-5065-5070-5075-5080-5085-5090-5095-5100-5105-5110-5115-5120-5125-5130-5135-5140-5145-5150-5155-5160-5165-5170-5175-5180-5185-5190-5195-5200-5205-5210-5215-5220-5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"LADIES" JOURNAL.

BIBLE COMPETITION.

No 7.

CLOSING SEPTEMBER 11.

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GREAT CLUB OFFER.

The Leading Rewards are Lot 50x150 at Toronto Junction, Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, &c.

The proprietor of the Ladies' Journal now announces a magnificent list of rewards for correct answers to Bible questions. It is surprising how little is known of the Bible. The questions are not so difficult this time as last, and there should be a hearty response. It was announced in the June issue of the Ladies' Journal that the competition which closed last month would be the last for the present, but it has been decided to try one more.

All money must be sent by post office or express. No information will be given to any one more than is stated here. So send on answers and don't waste time writing. Do not send postage stamps unless six cents is added for the discount. Remit by postoffice order, script or small coin.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1st.—Is DIAMOND referred to in the Bible? If so, state first reference. 2nd.—Is EXPRIS made mention of in the Bible? If so, state first reference. 3rd.—Is SATYRIKA spoken of in the Bible? If so, state first reference. These all refer to the previous stories.

Now, any one having a knowledge of the Scriptures ought to be able promptly to answer these questions with a little study, and so secure one of those rewards. Bear in mind every one competing must send FIFTY CENTS with their answers, for which the Ladies' Journal will be sent one year to any address. If you answer each of the questions correctly and your answers are in time you are sure to secure one of these costly rewards.

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The above two hundred and twenty-seven costly rewards will be given to the first two hundred and twenty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above. Then come the

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3 to 10.—Eight celebrated Williams Sewing Machines. 500 00
11 to 13.—Three Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watches.

The lot at West Toronto above described will be given to the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, and the five hundred and thirty-one rewards following the middle one will be presented to the five hundred and thirty-one persons sending the next correct answers following the middle one. So you can compete any time and be almost sure to get something in addition to the Ladies' Journal, which is great value for the half dollar subscription. Then follow the

CONSOLATION REWARDS

- 1.—One gentleman's solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watch. \$100
2.—One fine quadruple plate Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces. 180 00
3.—One ladies' solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watch. 50 00
4 to 7.—Four fine, heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns. 240 00
8 to 19.—Twelve quadruple plate Ice Pitchers finely chased. 300 00
20 to 31.—Twelve Genuine Coin Silver Hunting-case Ladies' Watches. 390 00
32 to 50.—Nineteen Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns. 500 00
51 to 60.—Nineteen fine quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets. 280 00
70 to 100.—Thirty-one beautiful bound volumes Hood's Poems. 50 00
101 to 127.—Fifty-seven fine rolled gold Brooches. 171 00

The list of consolation rewards will be given to the last one hundred and fifty seven persons who send correct answer to the Bible questions given above. But bear in mind, your letter must bear the postmark where mailed of the 11th September, the closing day of the competition. Fifteen days will be allowed after closing day for letters, from distant points to reach the Ladies' Journal office. But you can, of course, send in any time between now and the 11th of September and your letter will take its place at the publication office in the order it arrives there. All letters are carefully numbered as they arrive, and there can be no mistake. If your answers are correct, and they reach there in time, you will surely get some reward in addition to The Ladies' Journal, which alone is big value for the half dollar. If you don't get anything but the Journal you will be well pleased with your investment, as it consists of 20 pages of fashions, illustrated short and serial stories, poetry, newest music, household hints, etc., etc.; in fact, just the paper, to suit every lady.

By subscribing in a club with your neighbors you will secure some considerable advantages—that is, there must be least thirty of a club, and all who send correct answers to the Bible questions may have their choice of a handsome ring, heavily gold-plated ladies' gold brooch, which retails at about one dollar and a half, or a triple-plated butter knife. Either of these you may wish will be sent postage paid. You will thus secure to certainty one or other of these two presents, and in addition will have as good an opportunity of gaining some one of the other large rewards. Let us give above just as well as though you had sent in singly. This is simply an inducement to get up clubs. We are sure our reader could not do better than to try their skill in hunting up these questions and competing for these rewards. Every thing will be carried out exactly as promised.

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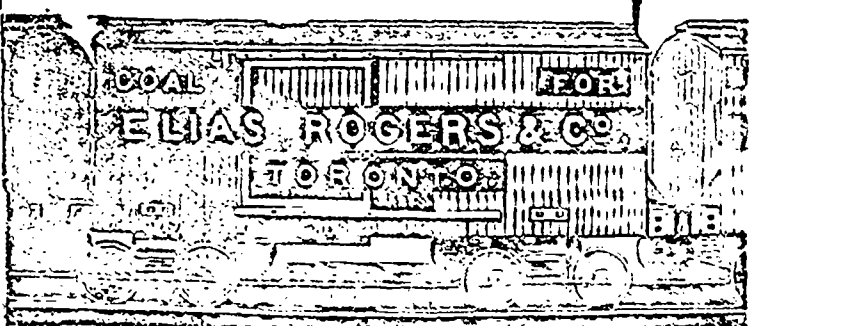
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