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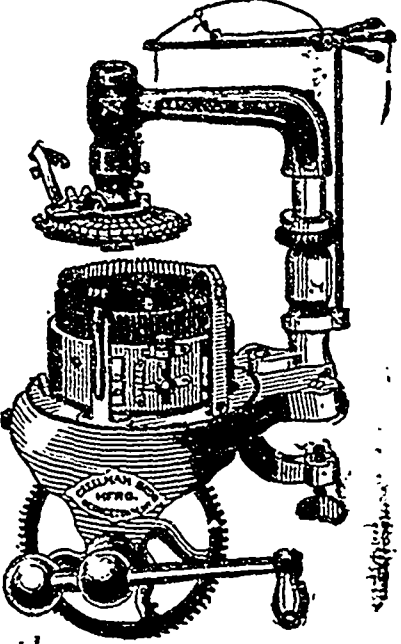


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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17th YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MAY 8, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 292.

CONCERNING POETRY.

We receive all sorts of verse at this office, and usually a private note with each contribution, couched in terms somewhat like this:

"Dear Sir, I send you a poem which I hope you will think fit for publication. I would like very much if you would tell me whether you think I have any poetical gifts; and whether it would be desirable for me to devote myself to the writing of poems."

Of course life is too short to enable us to write a critique upon every piece of verse that comes to us; therefore, we take an opportunity like this of working off our long accumulating and highly pent-up feeling upon the point. Now ninety-eight persons out of every hundred think that poetry means the arrangement of certain words into lines, in metrical form, the lines rhyming in couplets or otherwise. A poet living near one of our lakes brought out a "book of poetry" some time ago, and he describes our common country in these lines:

"This is a land of inland seas
Whose waters seldom, if ever, freeze,
They are filled with incalculable fish
Which you may pull out if you wish."

We now and again get a "poem" of much the same kind as this; and likewise a request to criticise it. The best way of course would be to publish such sublimity that people could take a look at it. The same poet we believe of whom the above quatrain was born, also turned his gifted pen to an eulogy upon Percy Bysshe Shelley. Shelley, as our readers know, was drowned while sailing in a small boat in the Gulf of Spezia; and his body was burnt upon the sands where it had been cast by the sea. Therefore the Canadian bard to whom we refer, thus summed up the fate of the English poet:

"Glided, young and ill-fated
So early drowned and cremated."

We frequently are called upon to express our opinion of "poetry" resembling these two lines; but we never do it. Then at far distant places we hear them whisper, "What is the odds. In newspaper offices they have no taste for poetry. Best to try the magazines." A very prominent marsh poet down in New Brunswick has given a couple of volumes of verse to the public; and his writings are always spoken of as poetry. The following passage from his gifted pen lingers upon the writer's memory. It describes a hero clearing off with his true love. The waters are those of the Bay of Fundy:

"He saw the moon away up in the skies,
And the wind being calm, it made no noise,
—Says he of a sudden, 'we're sinking!'"

Mr. John Reado, of Montreal, a few days ago, had a paper on hereditary genius in America; and he quoted the author of the above lines as an example of transmitted genius.

There is another form of poetic expression, the lofty, the amazing kind, which young writers deliver from the fulness of their burning souls. When a certain prince was about visiting Ireland, a shoemaker bard dropped his half-finished slipper, and composed a couplet. It was this:

"O princely offspring of Braganza,
Eris greets thee with a stanza."

Another poet, about the same time, was de-

alrous of apostrophizing the ocean in a way "that the thing" had never been done before. This was his starting line

"O thou reservoir of immortal dampness."

Poetry of this sort, we beg to say again, we do not criticise, or write opinions upon. It is not in our line; and we must ask our correspondents, from parts rural or otherwise, to excuse us.

Then there is a class of poets who utter mighty poems while beseeching the muses to come and touch their lips with her lyre-springs. One person everpowered with poetic anguish, with the yearning to sing, cried out in these glorious and tremendous lines:

"O for a lay loud as the surge
That lashes Lapland's scounding shores."

But we cannot pause to give any more examples; neither shall we attempt a definition of poetry here; because to say what poetry is would be about as difficult as to say with strict scientific accuracy what light is. But light we can recognise when we see it; poetry is just as unmistakable.

Once more, it is just as presumptuous for a person who has the barest knowledge of English grammar, and who knows nothing about the laws of prosody or the methods of the masters of song, to sit down to write verse, as it would be for one who never studied navigation to undertake to steer a ship across the ocean. To TRUTH office, and to the office of every journal, come scores of "poems," out of metre and out of tune, showing that the writers know nothing about the art of verse-making. As a rule where such illiteracy exists there is almost invariably a poverty of thought; for a man with a message to deliver, and with proper understanding, approaches a high art like verse-making in his stocking-foot. It is only

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

It would perhaps take away the breath from those who without any preparation rush into the making of verse to hear that it must take from five to ten years actual writing, before you can reach a mastery of your style; that is become master of the boat, the most direct, the clearest and most forcible way of presenting your thought. We hear a lot of stuff about Scott writing resonant, rolling verses when ten years old; but the verses he could write at twenty would not be worth putting upon paper. This is all that we have to say in this issue upon the poetry question.

EDUCATION IN ONTARIO.

The condition of education in Ontario has been so often referred to in these columns that to make it the subject of a lengthy article again would almost need an apology. But we are constrained to take the matter up because we find that the leading party newspapers have given much of their space of late to a discussion of educational topics; and they have looked upon the question from a party point of view, rather than from the grounds of patriotism. Let us suppose that in the administration of affairs the Hon. George W. Ross does sometimes commit a blunder;—but does that justify a wholesale

condemnation of his policy when his acts are nearly always right, and his intentions always proper?

The immediate occasion of the recent attacks upon the Hon. Minister of Education was the publication by the department of certain books bearing upon the general work of the schools. The work upon school architecture and Hygiene, by the well-known and capable educationist Dr. Hodgins, was singled out as a special object of attack. We feel ashamed to think that a newspaper so able as the MAIL is, should allow itself to sink so low as to make an attack upon a work which it well knew to be admirable, and of exceeding value, for the sake of having a blow at its political opponents. The MAIL we repeat, must, if the writer of the articles referred to had any understanding at all, have seen how wise, and timely, and practicable were the suggestions and plans in that book; and supposing that he could not see these plain facts for himself, if he had looked into his exchanges, those from abroad as well as from distant points in Canada, he would have seen that the book was welcomed and approved everywhere; that in many parts of the United States it was recommended as a chart to the directors of schools by thoughtful and prominent men; and that copious extracts from its pages were reproduced in the leading press. One does not mind what party papers of the minor stripe say; but a great newspaper like the MAIL ought not to impair its reputation for the remote chance of a small gain.

The entire "text-book" question has been raised, and nearly all the works chosen or prepared under the minister's directions have been sneered at; the gentlemen who compiled or adapted them have been compared with certain eminent authors in England whose works have been superseded, and a loud guffaw has gone up as the result of such comparison. This is extremely unfair; and we cannot believe that it is the result of ignorance.

When the Hon. George W. Ross came to the Educational Department, things were topsy-turvy owing to the ill health of the minister responsible for educational management. The newspapers, trustees, inspectors, teachers, pupils and parents everywhere over the country were complaining about the lack of uniformity and the frequent changing of text books; in Toronto the publishers were brawling; and everywhere the demoralizing spectacle known as the "battle of the books" prevailed. Ring after ring was formed, one in the interests of this publisher, and another in that; and under a half promise from the Minister of Education, three sets of school readers were made at great expense to the publishers. Then arose the question as to which set should find favor with the Educational Department. It is not necessary to recount all the writtings in newspapers and pamphlets that was done to prove that such a set was the acme of perfection, and that its rivals were worthless. In this way the matter stood when the present gentleman as-

sumed charge of the Department of Education. He rolled up his sleeves promptly and set at work, and it became plain soon that both his heart and his will were in the undertaking. As our readers must know affairs were in a state of the densest confusion;—and his first act was to clear the ground and see exactly how matters stood; to ascertain what claims the publishers had upon the Government, and how far the Department could go towards giving justice to all concerned. Calm, careful, patient consideration soon showed him a way out of the difficulty; then rising, with that energy of character for which his career has been conspicuous, he seized the text book difficulty by the throat, and promptly made an end of it. And in this way he did it: instead of trafficking with rival publishers, he announced that under the supervision of his department one set of readers would be prepared for the schools; that henceforth the project of producing a book for the schools must emanate from the Education Department. In this way was the difficulty ended; and instead of the rude and shallow criticisms to which the Minister has been subjected he has merited the thanks of every member of the community.

With respect to the many new text books prepared under the direction of Mr. Ross, this much is to be said: that if he has not attracted to him geniuses in the preparation of some of these books, that he has done the best that he could with the tools at his hands; and all his exertions have been in the direction of making our system of education harmonious. We regard that book either published or about being published, containing a history of Canada and of Great Britain, as inadequate from the Canadian standpoint. What is needed is a history of Canada, containing about 250 pages, written in the lucid, narrative style of the books of Charlotte Young which are so popular in the English schools. Unimportant events and dates, and all that dry, valueless matter which always repels, and is never worth knowing, should be dropped; and the history of the past should be presented in a series of epochs connected by light, running, deft links. We trust that the Minister may some day see his way clear to procure such a work for our schools. But for heaven's sake let none of the D.-as-Dusts touch it.

Before concluding we cannot refrain from saying a word respecting a low-bred and impertinent article which appeared some time ago in the MAIL respecting Mr. Ross. He declared that he at one time failed to obtain a second-class certificate. Well, what did he do? He did not fail however to obtain a capable, industrious and prudent contractor of education. There are many university graduates who might fail on examination for a second-class certificate, and among that number honor might be found. We do not know whether it is a fact or not, but we are sure that love is blind.

LITERARY NOTES.

ANNETTE THE GREAT SPY: A Heroine of the North-West Rebellion. By Edmund Collins, Toronto: Ross Publishing Company.

Among all the excellent books which have been issued by the Ross Publishing Co., we have not had for many a long day anything so attractive as the little volume before us. Annette, the heroine, is one of those bright refreshing characters whose individuality stands out from the pages of the book like the flashing gold amid a mass of incongruous base metal. Not that all the other characters are either incongruous or base, but Annette is invested with such a vital personality, she is so singularly distinct, so intensely vivid and so lovable that the reader intuitively finds himself judging every one harshly or approvingly by the manner in which they treat the heroine. The other characters introduced are Julie, Annette's maid; Edmund Stephens, Annette's lover; Louis Biel, the late rebel chief; and a number of the officers in command of the forces which took part in the late expedition against the insurgents. Captain Beaver is evidently intended for Col. Otter, and the Indian Chief, Little Poplar, is quite clearly meant for Poundmaker, but we have outgelled our brain in a vain endeavor to discover who on earth, the "staroohy" Captain Unworthy is. Mr. Collins has written much excellent romance but in this latest effort he has given us something which transcends even his best work. The story is admirably told, it is strong, human and life-like. There is no straining after effect, for the style is well controlled and quite unaffected. The scenes and incidents are numerous and change swiftly, carrying the captivated reader impetuously forward to the climax. No one can read the book without being deeply stirred by the heroic elements involved on both sides in the late rebellion, but it is quite clear that the author regards Colonel Denison as an ideal soldier, an officer of superior judgment, good executive capacity and great discernment. We would have wished, had space allowed, to give a few specimens of the charming descriptions which the work contains, but we will have to content ourselves with a single one relating to the wonderful auroral spectacle:—

"In the south the light was soft, and seemed unconnected with that of the east and north. The whole would remain for a few seconds quiescent, save for some slight, erratic pulsations, but all would at once un-erringly undulate and quiver from end to end. It seemed at such times like a mighty cloth woven of the finest and softest fleec, being violently shaken at both ends by invisible hands. But the most curious part of the phenomena was the noise, like the cracking of innumerable whips, which accompanied the pulsations in the auroral flame. The serrations were produced in the valleys, among the bluffs, and far out over the face of the prairie. To lend terror to the stupendous and awful beauty of the scene, a ball of fire came out of the southern sky, passed slowly across the belt of agitated flame and disappeared over the crest of a distant hill. Above, the heavy masses of auroral cloud now began to assume the shape of a mighty umbrella, the enormous ribs of weird light forming in an apex above the heads of the party, and radiating towards all points of the compass. Sometimes these ribs would all shake, and then blend; but they would speedily rearray themselves in perfect and majestic symmetry. It was a most weirdly beautiful sight, riding along the still and boundless prairie, when the merry dancing ceased for a moment to see this stupendous dome of fluff, ghost-like light suspended over their heads. For an hour they continued looking upon it; upon the yellow of the level prairie, and the yellow and gloom of the knolls and hollows. Then there was a universal flash so sudden as to be terrible; then a darkness equally as sudden. Not the faintest glow was anywhere in all the wide heavens. It seemed as if God had blown out the mysterious light."

H. M. HUNT.

Be not slow in common and usual acts of devotion and quick at singularities; but having first done what thou art bound to, proceed to the extraordinaries of religion as you see cause.

stance between the Colonies and the Mother Country in case of war. A resolution expressing deep regret at the death of the late Hon. W. E. Forster was adopted.

The Mayors of Toronto and Parkdale have commenced a correspondence on the annexation question.

The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise will return to London next week from a Italy.

The Marquis of Ripon supported Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy in his address at Manchester.

Justin McCarthy says the feeling in favour of Mr. Gladstone's measure is distinctly improving.

Hamilton's assessment return shows a population of 41,260.

SOBER MOMENTS.

The fear of man will make us hide sin, but the fear of the Lord will make us hate it.

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world next to the might of the Spirit of God.

We have too many resolutions and too little action. The Acts of the Apostles is one of the books of the New Testament. Their resolutions have not reached us.

Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion; and no man can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—[Ruskin.]

There may be a furlough from our customary work; there can never be any lawful vacation from doing good. There may be change of place and scene and fellowship. There must be none in the spirit of self-sacrificing beneficence.—[A. L. Stone, D. D.]

The practical life of the Christian comprehends three distinct elements. We have to do the will of God in our business; this is working. We have to oppose our sin and resist temptation; this is fighting. We have to endure with cheerfulness and submission whatever cross the Lord Jesus lays upon us; this is suffering.

Sin is decifical; we know this by experience. We see it raise a great barrier between the soul and God; we see it hide God's countenance and shut away from our life every desire that is pure and noble and lovely and heavenly, and leave us amid the pollutions of evil, a slave to habits that speak of shame, of corruption, of moral disease and ultimately of a moral death.

Some are being led gently by soft flowing streams, and under the pleasant shadow of the trees or through gardens where rich fruits hang ripely and the roses bloom; while others are driven up the misty mountains among rugged rocks, or across the stormy billows of the sea toward unknown shores. But what matters it, if God be our leader and Christ our guide.

Where you are, whatever your station, there, and in that station, serve God. Establish in your own heart the principles of a Christian life and in your home the atmosphere of a Christian household. Be regular in your habits of prayer, search the Scriptures daily, resist temptation courageously and do good gladly.

"Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him." In Hebrew, be silent to God and let him mould thee to the right shape. Whosoever can earnestly, from the heart, humble himself before God and acquiesce in His chastening has already won the victory. David, for instance, was a wonderfully gifted man, and he had to be ploughed and crushed. But such a man is dear to God.—[Martin Luther.]

Music and Drama.

The wonderful play of "Fedora" will be produced for the first time in Canada at the Grand next week. There will be four performances, three nights and Wednesday matinee. The company to present it here is the same that has been playing it the past three seasons in the States; and came direct from the Star theater, New York.

Blair Government has been sustained. A very feeble article upon this election appeared lately in the Globe, the argument of which was that the triumph of Mr. Blair was the triumph of the Liberals in that province. This is not true at all. Federal politics have little or no weight in determining an election in New Brunswick; and the Grit and Tory line has never been drawn yet in the Legislature.

The Liberal Temperance people have besought the license commissioners to permit the sale of lager beer on the Island, at Toronto, this summer.

The visit of the great sensational preacher, the Rev. Sam Jones, is looked forward to with keen interest.

Our marine patrol-police have prevented several American fishing schooners from taking bait within the prohibited limits. But the schooners can sail away and get bait somewhere else on the coast. It would take a hundred preventive vessels for the one that we possess to prevent the Americans from taking either fish or bait if they were disposed to persevere in such dishonest and dishonorable work.

Chicago is a veritable city of flame. It has just had an \$800,000 fire. If the scourge continues we shall not be able to say of it as Matthew Arnold did a few months ago that "it is too boastly prosperous."

Oscar Wilde thinks it is a great pity that certain stretches of flat, marshy, and cheerless country through which he rode in America were not "clad with lilies and sun-lowers."

Some enterprising journalist circulated the story recently that Mr. Gladstone was about to join the Catholic Church. The grand old man at once arose and said that he wasn't. We do believe that if some one said that Mr. Gladstone was in the habit of prowling about during dark nights robbing hen roosts, he would indignantly deny the accusation.

The Canadian branch of the Imperial Federation League held a meeting in Ottawa on Saturday. Mr. Dalton McCarthy, M. P., was chairman, and among the gentlemen present were Messrs. C'Brien, Allen, Tyrwhitt, Macmillan (Middlesex), McNeill, Baker, and Townshend, members of the House of Commons. Mr. J. G. Beauriot acted as secretary. The chief object of the meeting was to make arrangements for the mass meeting to be held in Toronto about the 27th of the present month. It was decided that Sir Alexander Galt should be the principal speaker at the Toronto meeting, with Sir Adams Archibald, Mr. McCarthy, Professor Clark, Mr. George Hague, Mr. Walter Shanly, M. P., Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, and others as movers and seconders of resolutions. Sir Alexander Galt, and Messrs. Peter Redpath and R. R. Dobell were appointed to represent the Canadian branch on the Committee of the General League in London and Messrs. Henry Lyman, Dr. Johnson, Archd. McGoetz, Montreal; G. A. Parkin, of Fredericton; and Dalton McCarthy, and A. Coburn, of Toronto, were chosen to represent Canada at the general meeting which comes off in London on 2nd and 3rd of July next. Among the recommendations which it is proposed to make at the meeting will be the adoption of a penny postage system for Great Britain and the Colonies; the establishment of closer commercial relations between Great Britain and her colonies, giving the Colonies an advantage over foreign States in British markets; and the adoption of a system of mutual as-

few of them that shone at the examination desk. But what happened when Mr. Ross was a lad, is one thing; what he is now, as a scholar, as an educationist, and as the administrator of our great and thorough educational system, is another thing; and that with which the country is alone concerned. It is Hon. George W. Ross who is Minister of Education; not a lad who obtains or does not obtain a certain certificate of license. We trust the testimony of inspectors, and of capable masters, as to Mr. Ross's capabilities in preference to a person who reasons without knowledge and writes like a cad. There is a story told that in a school competition Charles Dickens failed to take the prize, though the subject was a "flottious narrative." That would be a strong reason in the mouth of a person who avers his ignorance in the Mail for answering at "David Copperfield," and all the other books from the pen of Charles Dickens.

Mr. McMullen, M. P., is the gentleman of the House of Commons who asks all the small questions. One might not be surprised to find upon the order file a slip in Mr. McMullen's hand-writing praying that His Excellency "do order to be laid before this House all papers relating to the disappearance, from the public grounds, last year, of a large gardener's spade." One paper declares that during the taking of the votes on the Landry resolution Mr. McMullen retired to the woods. It gives him, generally, a bad character although he is a Reformer, and a supporter of Mr. Blake. It describes him as "effensively personal," and declares that his references are "gross." Another paper calls him a "narrow-souled, ignorant note-shaver;" a man who "would skin a . . . for his hide and tallow;" and it says that he "runs a poisonous little grocery store." It goes further and says that "he is too mean to pay a decent price for his board; and goes trying to beat down the figures of the coffee-house keeper." This same malignant and contemptible personal newspaper, by way of "revealing the true character of this low-souled creature" says that "he is too mean to keep himself warm;" and that "he has often lived in his room a whole day on ten or fifteen cents' worth of provisions." Mr. McMullen we do not believe guilty of all this; nor is it the function of decent journalism to give it to the world.

We regret to hear of the serious illness, at Ottawa, of Dr. Tachs, Deputy Minister of Agriculture. His brother, the Archbishop of St. Boniface, has been telegraphed for. For a long time he has been in delicate health.

The Shelburne Free Press has just completed the first eleven years of a vigorous and successful existence. The Free Press is ably conducted, and an ideal local newspaper. We are glad to know that Shelburne and community thoroughly appreciate the services of their local journal as evinced by the generous support given both in advertising and in the large and increasing circulation.

The Indians, as we surmised when all the rumors were abroad, have been found that they will remain peaceful against certainty. — Speech by Peter testimony.

Alm has presented His Holiness with a golden cross. How much better would be to expend the money in his plodding

Truth's Contributors.

CANADIAN CITIES.

BRANTFORD.

BY "SWIZ."

If people, instead of rushing off, loaded with hot haste and indignation, to the great cities of the "continuing des yuroep," as they call it upon their return, or dashing off to the far corners of a world said to be the shape of an orange, in quest of something new, were to calmly pay a visit to some of our own Canadian cities, they would—well, they would be astonished;—they would, indeed;—especially if the city councils of some of the aforesaid municipalities chanced to be in session at the time of their visit; then they would be more than astonished,—and small blame to them. The Civic Corporation of the city of Stratford for the year 1895 may be said to have eclipsed the efforts of all other Canadian cities in turning a bevy of municipal rulers into a set of howling bedlamities, and to prove that it is not at all a necessary thing for an alderman to have four legs in order to be qualified as an A. 1. Superfino John A. —i. e., not the Premier, but a JACEASS.

However, it is not of these that I am desirous of speaking at present. I may refer to them in the sweet soon. I wish to state, however, that TRUTH became impressed, a short time ago, with the idea that there was a long-felt want in Canada to be filled, and that, acting upon this idea, it immediately proceeded to fill the want. Wants are queer things, and some of them are as easy to stuff full as a woman's trunk when a man peeks it; others are very different, however, and can no more be filled than a twenty-year toper in good standing.

TRUTH's idea was to provide for its readers some brief, strictly veracious, historically correct and well-written description of some Canadian city, every now and then. It was a good idea. TRUTH then cast about for a historian who could do the subject justice and let in solid, two-for-a-quarter facts along with a piece of humor and geniality. They found such a man; they found me; they selected me. It was a good selection.

I was soon made acquainted with the duties required of me and at once proceeded to work as TRUTH's Own And Only Unparalleled Historian of the Cities of Canada. I concluded that the subject of my first sketch should be

BRANTFORD,

principally on account of the historical associations connected with the place, and partly because its inhabitants are a fierce and warlike race and might object to some of my remarks; accordingly I judged it better to spring the matter on them before they knew what was coming, and before they could at all realize that any bare historian could talk about their beloved city in the way I am going to do. I am about as bold and fearless a writer as any there is existing, but I don't see the force of attacking a foe openly and foolishly when I can get behind him safely and prod him in the rear.

But to commence my

HISTORY OF BRANTFORD.

In the year 1066, at about the time when the William, alias the Norman, alias the Conqueror, was settling his differences on the broery downs at Hastings with Harold, surnamed Harafoot, Brantford was a place of but little commercial importance. It was chiefly inhabited by bears, wolves, and the ancestors of some of the present in-

habitants, though at that time they were quite wild and wore their tails in the way we see them depicted in old books on Zoology. You would not at all recognize the Brantford of to-day by looking at pictures of the Brantford of William the Conqueror's time any more than you would imagine that the portrait of an old maid of sixty-five was supposed to represent the original. The Brantford of 1066 was, in fact, a mere germ; and the people of course being Germans, from whom the present mayor, Mr. Charles B. Heyd, is a lineal descendant. There are other Germans in Brantford, whose names, however, would incline a stranger to the belief that they are of Scotch lineage. There are the Klinkenboomers, the Dunderstaffbomsels, the Schneiders, the Smiths and others, whose names proclaim that when their feet are on their native heaths their names are no more McGregor than yours or mine are.

Space will not allow to lead my readers, as a true historian should, step by step up from the time of William of Normandy to now, and moreover I don't know any thing about what happened during that period. Suffice it to say that from the long-tailed denizens in the forest on the banks of the Grand River evolved or evolved a tribe of red men with a leader whose name was a terror to his foes. That man was Jo Brant, spelt Thayandaneyga for short; from him again Brantford took her name, for in the days of which I write this Brant used to make a practice of going down to a shallow part of the river where the water was about eight inches deep and there divesting himself of his gorgeous robes, and dabbling about in the water. This astounding performance, now called bathing, so astonished the followers of Brant or Thayandaneyga that they named the ford in his honor. There is to this day one man in every Indian tribe whose duty it is to wash his face once a month at least, this ceremony being a relic of Jo Brant's performance, but which is not observed by any other man, woman or child in the tribe except the individual solemnly invested with the office.

So much for the origin of the name of Brantford.

This city of course is vastly changed since the days when Thayandaneyga went about washing himself in his ford and terrifying his followers by his reckless use of the deadly elements, and but little of interest now exists that was interesting then. I may, however, mention the city clock which is now placed in the steeple of the city hall tower. This marvellous piece of workmanship is said to have been made by Thayandaneyga's head medicine man whilst suffering from the effects of a prolonged debauch. It has never yet been known to indicate the right hour nor to go for a week without stopping, but it has been known to ring out 39 in the middle of the night with a shamesfacedness and disregard for veracity that says very little for the morals of the Brantfordites who have stood it so long. This and the late chief—now sergeant of the police force of two officers and one man, comprise about the only antiquities that flourished in the time of Thayandaneyga; the sergeant alluded to, appears to be blessed with some perennial fount of youth, for from being a pale, gray-haired, elderly gentleman eight years ago, he has blossomed forth into a sprightly young fellow with a coal-black moustache and cheeks that rival the roses of June. In another twenty years the good people of Brantford expect to behold him a skittish lad of ten or so, and many a fair damsel sighs for his secret of retaining his beauty for all time.

THE CLIMATE.

It is the proud boast of Brantford that its climate is unexcelled in salubrity throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion of Canada. I have nothing to say against this, but I must remark that if all the doctors settled in the city are kept fully employed, professionally, there must be something very prolific of sickness in the Telephone City, probably the doctors: there are lots of 'em—not dead lots, though—that is left for those whom they have attended.

It is now just about fifty years since the village became the town of Brantford. At that far distant date there were three females to every male in the place, and this state of things still exists;—and what is more, many of the gushing young creatures of the fairer sex who were just such giddy gushers in 1835 are yet in the sweet hey-day of their youth, and exercise their fascinations on the sterner sex at the present day with all the deadly effect of the days gone by.

Brantford is excellently well supplied with churches and hotels, and on Sundays the visitor within the city's gates has ample room for choles as to which kind of spirit he will fill up with, as one would hardly believe a license law existed, so open are the violations of it. An occasional case of illegal liquor selling serves to show that a license law exists, but an idiot could see what liquor is sold almost everywhere in the most happy go-lucky fashion on Sundays. I say an idiot could see this; so he could; I saw it, quite soon, too, and what's more, I wished, on the Monday following, that I had gone to church instead. Salubrious as the climate of Brantford is, it seems to produce headaches on Monday mornings in those who stray from the paths of rectitude. This is a meteorological fact that I have never heard satisfactorily explained.

WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON?

In addition to the City clock, Brantford boasts of still another colossal and stupendous attraction. This is no less than the person to whom attaches an impenetrable mystery. Brantford is the home of Billy Patterson, the identical man who was struck by some one, though who the dastardly assailant was is a secret that for years has defied penetration. It is utterly vain and futile to inquire who struck Billy Patterson. The affair was placed in the hands of the Toronto police at the time it occurred, but even they failed to find so much as a clue to the identity of Billy Patterson's striker. They found that Billy had been struck and Billy himself declared that he had been struck, but there all reliable information dropped. Billy, however, not wishing to be struck again, joined the Grits and became an M. P., in 1879, since which but little has been heard of him. Verily he followed a wise plan to bury himself in oblivion! An 1879 Grit is as dead to the world as a last year's icicle.

I must now give one or two dry figures in conclusion. The population of Brantford is about 13,000, mostly women and politicians; it is said to be quite a lively place compared with what it was fifteen years or so ago. Well, people have different ideas of liveliness. I have been boaled for three weeks at a stretch on the Equator; I have been quarantined off Malta for the usual period; I have spent a night in a church yard all by myself. None of these things are generally supposed to be bewilderingly exhilarating; but if Brantford was not so gay and festive and lively fifteen years ago as she is now, all I can say is I wonder how she escaped crawling along to the present year without six feet of moss on her back,

and that a three weeks' sojourn in Lat. 1° would be hilarious festivity compared to a two weeks' sojourn in Brantford fifteen years ago. Bless my heart! it compares favorably with it now!

However, the Telephone City, as Brantford is called, because—I forget why—is not without its pleasures, and owns about as cozy and enjoyable a looking cemetery as any city on this continent; a cemetery that is nearly as quiet as the rest of the city and whose inhabitants give very little fuss or trouble indeed.

Brantford abounds in all kinds of manufacturing and turns out an immense number of agricultural implements, bologna sausages engines and fish-liars every year. I should like to give some of their names, but as it is obvious that if I mentioned the manufacturers I should also have to introduce the fish squabblers, perhaps the least said the soonest mended. I do detest a fish liar, and fancy no mere contemptible character ever existed, but there are really some very fine fish in the Grand River. Last summer I caught twenty nine eight-pound trout in one after—but stay, I think I had better stop there.

I really don't know that I have much more to say about the city of Brantford; you will not find many places like it—which is something to be thankful for, certainly; but this is only a kind of negative praise; at any rate I would like to give the names of a few of the principal residents of the place, but I can't because I don't know what they are. There is a Smith or two, I believe, in the city, and also a Jones and a Brown; these with the Cockshutt family, the Watts and Watt clans, the Elliotts and one or two more comprise, with myself, the *creme de la creme* of the society of the place. You can, however, buy a Directory for \$1 50, and that will tell you all about it, and save me a world of trouble.

TORONTO, ONT.

INDUSTRIAL MORAL WORTH AS THE BASIS OF VALUES.

BY W. H. STEVENS.

Labor and goodness are the parents of Industrial Moral Worth. Industrial Moral Worth is the "child of the future."

The God-like principle, "do unto others as ye wish others to do unto you," is the safety-valve of this wonderful mechanism called "humanity."

Christianity is the great Engineer.

Industrial Moral Worth is called the child of the future as Christ was called the "Child" who "trod behind at Jerusalem and astonished the Doctors at the Law" by the questions which he asked of them.

The fact is, Industrial Moral Worth is more than a child in size and knowledge. And he is giving every indication of a giant in stature. And if Christian influence has not the moulding of his character, so much the worse for Christian teachers.

The writer has much to fear from the source. Undoubtedly there are thousands who have not bowed their heads unto Baal.

"Labouring men and labouring women
Have one glory and one shame,
Everything that's done in heaven
Hurt's all of them the same."

"Come, let us reap. . . .
prophet Isaiah. This . . .
well as a turbulent on . . .
shown it to be . . .
corned. The . . .
the . . .
love is blind.

of this reasoning together be for the well-being of both parties concerned.

May Industrial Moral Worth rise to the top.

Good men and true are coming to the front just now. Some learned and some large-hearted men are beginning to recognize Industrial Moral Worth as the necessary head-light in every country.

Industrial Moral Worth is a pretty high qualification, and I think the Rev. Mr. Stafford will say that it is not too high for a Christian citizen to attain.

"If any will not work neither shall he eat" is the negative of such a qualification. It has been too long the custom of weighing life in a false balance.

Wealth instead of Worth is worshipped. The "golden calf," over which Moses got angry, instead of God, has gotten hold of the hearts of the people.

It is the old saying over again, "The heart is deceitful above all things and most desperately wicked."

Industrial Moral Worth don't recognize shoddy! Life is too serious a matter for this young giant to have anything to do with "shoddy!"

A healthful, happy, useful life is the pre-eminent desire in such a soul. Civilization in all the higher qualifications, is the predominant feature exhibiting itself in every word and act of Industrial moral worth.

To lead people up higher into God-likeness necessitates certain conditions.

The first step into this condition is the exemplifying of Christ in the one who leads, for "he that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

The second step into this condition is on the part of him who is led, who is to live a "righteous and a sober life."

But against this it is said that "the rich man's wealth is his great city, the destruction of the poor is their poverty."

Not by his title, nor by his gold Will common-sense measure his worth; He is only a thing of life, I am told.

Not by his title, nor by his gold Will common-sense measure his worth; He is only a thing of life, I am told.

The poor have been led to believe that wealth and titles are things worthy to be honored. Pampered pride and idleness, rather than industrial moral worth, have been the ideal of life.

Wage-earners will be made the better, I hope, for this interest taken in them. The Labor World wants a juster basis upon which to build.

The second new commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," need be studied and carried more forcibly into every day life.

Good men need no laudation, nor any expensive mass for their souls, for their lives are in the hearts of all lovers of justice and equity.

Industrial Moral Worth emphasizes "comes let us reason together." "It is not by might, nor by my power but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

"His aims are high, so like his God! And meekly hath he born the rod So long! so long! so long!

Industrial Moral Worth has meekly borne the rod so long; Right and Wrong have ruled with a rod of iron; Mammon has had its fascinating influence; and what lies, what deceit, what knavish trickery and what terrible crimes has this "Mammon of unrighteousness" been the cause of.

after all Jacob had to "steal away" for fear this very selfish Laban would rob him of the worth of twenty years of faithful servitude.

This is but an epitome of the world's history over since, and there has been many a Laban in the Christian world, and from my own experience, and from knowledge that has come to me, there are men who would lead people to believe that they were the followers of Christ, who are so selfish that they allow no room for an equitable treatment of those under them, even exact, unfeeling and regardless, often causing sorrow, pain and misery to their unfortunate wage slaves; they profess to believe in God and yet their hearts are far from God.

They forget that "Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant that is poor and needy whether he be of thy brethren, or of the stranger that are in the land within thy gates."

Good and true men have lived in the church, who have stood out as bright and shining lights of their Master, Christ. Men whose industrial moral worth has not only leavened the age in which they lived, into good deeds, but whose worth has been handed down to us as precious heir looms.

But alas! alas! has the world forgot of those deeds of love?

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

BY HENRY W. LUCK.

It is the pleasant custom of Her Majesty's ministers to celebrate the happy occasion of the recurrence of the Queen's birthday by a series of barquets. It may be noted that the distinction between a sovereign and ordinary people, always desirable to be maintained, is observed in so small a matter as birthday keeping.

Her most gracious majesty Queen Victoria was born on the 24th of May, 1819, and it might reasonably be looked for that the recurrence of that happy event would always be celebrated on successive 24ths of May.

The Queen selects her own birthday, generally the Saturday following the real anniversary; and all people more or less nearly connected with the court make believe that this is truly the birthday, and are merry and congratulatory accordingly.

The Premier and his principal colleagues are so very glad that nothing will do but each of them must give a dinner to which, amongst them, they manage to bid all the principal political personages of the day. Thus, the Prime Minister gives a dinner, and selects his guests. The Chancellor of Exchequer and the Foreign Secretary do the same, and so on down to the attorney-general.

After the dinners there are receptions. The Prime Minister holds one at his official residence in Downing Street, and the Foreign Secretary has his at the Foreign office.

very one who is any one makes a point of being there.

It is familiarly called "a birthday crush," and it justifies its name. In addition to ambassadors, there are bidden to the reception the whole of the supporters of the Government in the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

These of themselves, when doubled by their wives and sometimes quadrupled by their daughters, would suffice moderately to fill up the accommodation at the Foreign office. But they are only a part of the great throng through which men struggle, and women are sometimes dragged out half fainting.

It is customary on these occasions to appear in court dress, though that is not essential. Ministers and their guests compulsorily dine in court dress on birthdays, and subsequently appearing at the crush, they largely leave the general assembly with that apparel.

In addition to this quaint clothing and the brilliant dresses of the ladies, more magnificence is supplied from the circumstance that the Queen's birthday is a "collar-day."

It will be understood that reference is not here made to the ordinary linen collar, much less to the humbler paper collar. It means that all knights of any of the orders established in England must wear the collars of their orders when present at any court ceremonial that falls upon a collar-day.

Collar-day is solemnly announced in the Gazette, and these things are looked after with a minuteness and an earnestness surprising to busy people.

The birthday crush would be best seen if there were a musician's gallery in the big room at the Foreign office where one might look down on the moving throng. It is too crowded to get the full effect from the floor. One's vision is pretty much limited by the back view of the head-dress of the lady immediately in front, or by the bald crown of some personage renowned in politics, literature, science, or art.

It is said that the only man who gets anything like a coup d'oeil of the scene is Count Munster. It is an enormous advantage for Germany that she should be represented at the British Court by one of the tallest men in the empire. Wherever he is seen, and wherever he be, he cannot fail to be seen, Count Munster attracts attention. He is a Saul among the ambassadors, standing head and shoulders higher than any.

Next to him in power of attractiveness on this occasion are the representatives of China and Japan, some of whom are invariably about on the Queen's birthday.

A figure negatively attractive is that of the American minister, who, whilst representing one of the most powerful nations of the earth, is conspicuous by total absence of trappings which other ministers delight to wear, and lavish upon themselves on this special occasion.

Of course the more than possibility is that the American minister will pass unnoticed in the throng. He is only one among five hundred men in claw-tailed coats and white neckties. But, owing to moderately prolonged residence, and to untiring assiduity in attendance on social duties, the face of the late minister, Mr. Lowell, used to be more widely known than that of any other minister at the court.

There is always on these occasions a large attendance of members of both Houses of Parliament. All the supporters of the Government are asked, and few of them fail at some time of the evening to look in. This makes the crush more crowded than ever.

That it was so great is a matter of personal satisfaction to an honorable member who attended a few years ago. Arrived at the Foreign office, he wandered about delighted with the brilliant throng of the music and the flowers. After a while he thought he noticed that he attracted a good deal of attention. People seemed to stare at him. This was right enough. It only showed his constituents had done themselves honor, and sent to Parliament a man who even in this brilliant throng attracted attention.

At the end of a blissful hour, when he had been in every room, had seen and been seen by a thousand persons, one of Lord Granville's secretaries came to him, and taking him on one side, whispered in his ear:

"I'm afraid your servant has forgotten to take the paper off your buttons; allow me," and the courtly gentleman, untwisting two bits of tissue paper off the two buttons at the back, revealed them in all their glory.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha,

By the Author of "NINA, THE Nihilist," "THE RED RIDER," "THE RUSSIAN Spy," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LVII.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN IN THE HAREM OF THE WAR MINISTER.

Whilst the first victory upon Egyptian soil has thus been gained by her husband, Nellie is half guest and half captive within the pink walls of Arabi Pasha's palaces at Cairo.

The war minister had kept his word by dispatching her and her parents thither, exactly as he had promised he would do, and here she has been during the whole of the five intervening weeks, leading a dull and sadly monotonous life behind the harem curtain, seeing her mother daily, but her father never once, for he might not enter into that supposed sanctuary of female love-fulness though it obtrudes screens female hideousness as well.

So Mr Trezarr is the guest of the war minister's only son, a pleasant gentlemanly youth, who does his best to make the banker's enforced imprisonment bearable to him, and never lost an opportunity of informing him that if he were to venture forth into the street he would assuredly be killed, and who has always some wondrous tale to tell of the slaying of British ironclads, or the annihilation of British armies, or that the Sultan was on his way to help them, for the Egyptian leaders were quite clever at the spreading of false reports as were the Russians.

Very similar tales were told to Nellie by Arabi Pasha's wife, only to her account was always added something of the miraculous, as was to be expected from a lady who believed in sorcery and always kept a dream interpreter in her employ in whose predictions she placed the most implicit confidence.

Nellie felt very uncomfortable in this lady's presence at first, lest she might know or guess the future that was intended to be in store for her and feel angry or hurt thereby. But she before long broached the subject of her own accord, and it did not appear to be at all a sore one.

"When you are my sister we shall love each other very much," she murmured gently.

"When I am your sister? I don't exactly understand?" answered Nellie; nor did she.

"Why, when you are Ahmed's wife we shall be sister, shall we not? That is what all wives of one man call each other in this country, and they generally love each other like real sisters as well. That is to say, when they have so good and kind a husband as Ahmed, you know."

"Then I must be your sister already, for the pasha believes that he has married me."

"Believe, little one? If he has done so he must know for certain, I should say."

"Well, he thinks so then," rejoined Nellie, patulantly, "but I am quite sure that he has not, first, because I was no consenting party, and secondly, because I was another man's wife at the time."

"Ah, but, little sister, if any one has made a mistake in the matter it must be yourself, for you are young and doubtless foolish, whilst Ahmed Arabi has the wisdom of more than double your years, and beside, he would not do wrong to the meanest thing that breathes. A good and blessed thing it is to be the wife of such a man, for she never hears an angry word drop from his lips. He is really one in a thousand, and now that he has sunk all the English ships and taken the English King prisoner he will doubtless be made the sovereign of all Egypt and will be almost as great as the Sultan himself."

His taking of the English King prisoner amused Nellie, despite the sorrows of her heart. After that she saw it would be a vain and foolish thing to pump the Valide Khanoum as to how the war was going on, since her replies would be very untrustworthy indeed.

From that date Nellie felt that she should know no rest until she was possessed of better information concerning affairs of moment outside her gilded prison.

Mrs. Trezarr accommodated herself to her changed position wonderfully well.

She felt a keen interest in the most trivial themes of harem gossip, and would roll her eyes and clap her hands at any marvelous narration as though to the manner born. As to Mr. Trezarr, she seldom even inquired after him, such conduct marking the difference between living with a husband twenty years and two hours.

One day the Valide Khanoum came into Nellie's little room with an open letter in her hand and a face that was very cheerful and bright, and addressing the fair girl by her usual affectionate epithet of "Little Sister," said to her in excited tones:

"I am the bearer of good news. I have received a letter from our lord and husband."

"And what news does his letter contain and how is he?" said Nellie, desirous as much for information on several points as she was anxious to put a stop to this indiscriminate praise of one whom she was firmly resolved should never be any more to her than he was at the present moment.

The Valide Khanoum quickly made answer:

"Praise be to Allah and his only prophet, he could not be better and he writes in the highest spirits. Hear what he writes, little sister, for though he writes in Arabic, as a true believer ever should. I will do my best to turn it into, I hope, understandable French."

Nellie nodded her head, for she was too agitated to speak when of necessity.

"Our lord and husband is a great man, but I need not trouble you with the commencement of his letter, since it mostly consists of compliments addressed to myself. I will dip into the middle of it at once, where he declares that he has at last got the Feringhee invaders in the hollow of his hand and has had to close it in order to utterly crush them. He next pays many compliments to their courage and the generalship of their chiefs, but says that their graves, nevertheless, await them at Tel-el-Kebir and that in another sun and moon, by which he means a day and night, they will have occupied them and Egypt be free. And now comes the all important part of our lord's letter, little sister. He goes on to say that the very hour in which he is crowned with victory he shall hurry hither and change from conqueror to slave in your presence, but he hopes my kind heart, quick sympathy and good counsel (what sugar plums of speech for the both of us!) have ere now taught us to yield freely and without regret to the inevitable (there you see, little sister, he says the inevitable and so there is no getting out of it,) though, if not, it will not much matter, he adds for it will only leave him the task he had intended for me, that of teaching you yourself to bless the inevitable and to thank Allah that he had not given you to a Ghilour."

At this point the Valide Khanoum glanced up off the letter at her auditor, to note what effect it had made upon her and she uttered a little cry of mingled pity and consternation upon perceiving that her "little sister," as she delighted to call her, had sunk down upon a softly pillowed divan in a dead swoon.

CHAPTER LVIII.

FRANK DONNELLY AT LAST CROSSES SWORDS WITH ARABI.

When Captain Donnelly fell back with his little force on the main body of his regiment, carrying his wounded and the captured Egyptian battery, he received some praise from the colonel for the success which had attended his reconnoissance, and upon his representations and at his request Pat Monaghan was given a corporal's chevrons on the spot.

It was not the time to rest on a mere handful of laurels, however, for the war upon which they had entered was to be one of the sabre and the spur far more than of the cannon and the rifle.

Within twelve hours of this brush at El-Maghar Sir Garnet Wolseley felt strong enough to press on towards Cairo, for he

knew that against an Oriental foe dash and daring were everything. With General Drury Lowe's splendid cavalry brigade, Graham's fire-eating Irish and Scottish infantry and the stolid English guards, under the Queen's third son, the Duke of Connaught, who, if not very quick in the advance, would at all events, be a devoted deal slower in running away, he prepared to carry a strong position at El-Mahula, ten miles nearer to the capital.

But the Egyptians found out that they only doubled in number the British and so retreated precipitately directly they came in view.

Thereupon, Drury Lowe's cavalry, comprising the Irish dragoons, the Life Guards and an Indian lance regiment, made a sweeping flank movement on Mahameh station and the railway, hoping to get in their rear and out them off to sea, but the Egyptians were so swift footed and the ground so bad for cavalry that he failed in this.

By midnight the British vanguard, consisting of General Graham's brigade of 1,800 bayonets, a Bengal lance regiment and our friends, the Irish dragoons, were at Khassassin, with their nearest supports half a dozen miles in their rear and the slow moving guards just as far to the rear of them again.

The British van had thus accomplished a quarter of the distance to Cairo with no loss at all to speak of, but now intelligence was gathered that at Tel-el-Kebir, some dozen miles in advance of them, Arabi Pasha had formed a perfect desert Gibraltar, with its lines of defenses, all defended by heavy batteries of Krupp guns, and that there he had displayed the green standard of the prophet and had called together the ulemas to bless his cannon and his cause, all this that his soldiery might be brought to consider defeat impossible.

Such a formidable position, defended by so many heavy cannon and manned by five times as many soldiers as the British could bring up against him, formed ample grounds to authorize such hopes and fill him with such convictions.

But at the last moment he had not sufficient patience to wait for the hated foe to immolate themselves in front of the grinning muzzles of his cannon, but on learning how far the British vanguard had pushed ahead of its supports, and its paucity of numbers as well, he resolved to attack it at once with overwhelming odds, roll it up and have done with it.

So he quitted his trenches and advanced on Khassassin in force during the night, hoping to catch General Graham napping, but that gallant commander slept with one eye open, wessel fashion, and his out-pickets were too tried soldiers to sleep at all, so the sea-like murmur of the advancing Egyptians was challenged in three different places at once by the wasp-like "ping-ping-ping" of British rifles, and the out sentries retiring on the pickets the alarm spread like lightning, and within five minutes the infantry brigades were falling in at the double and the cavalry trumpets were sounding "boots and saddles."

By this time the Egyptians' shells were whistling into the British camp, fired point blank like cannon balls, and knocking over the red-coated infantry like ninepins.

But before they had done much damage a battery of horse artillery ran their guns up to the top of a sand hill and began to give them cold iron in turn, so that for a little while it was "bowl devil, bowl baker," and when the British infantry deployed as steady as an parade and peppered the dusky foe with their Henri Martinis, the seasoning was so hot that it seemed to turn their stomachs for fighting.

But hark to the screeching of the railway engines as they bring up long lines of open cars, all crowded with soldiery, to the support of their comrades, and behold away to the left the dark clouds of Egyptian cavalry sweeping across the plain with the evident resolve of outflanking the small British force, even if their further aim is not to drive every mother's son of them into the narrow Fcrch Water Canal.

An aide-de-camp at this juncture galloped up to the First Dragoons and saluting the colonel, says tersely, as he points his drawn sword towards the advancing horse:

"The general looks to you to account for those fellows, I am sure I need say no more."

"Not a word, sir, to either me or my men," was the proud retort as the veteran drew his sword.

Its brandish in the air was sufficient signal for every trumpet to blow out, for every knee to grip the pigskin, for every foot to turn in and every heel to drop.

Obedient to each brazen sound the regiment formed by the troops, changed into serrated squadrons and then advanced out into the plain at a rapid trot in a glittering column of squadrons at wheeling distance.

It was a grand sight to see a body of men so coolly advancing to engage a force that outnumbered them by at least five to one, and who were evidently the elite of the enemy's cavalry.

Then, suddenly, a fearful shell fire was opened upon them from a battery on the railway bank, and many a man and horse was rolled over.

But not the slightest apparent confusion in their ranks was occasioned thereby, and Pat Monaghan presumed on their long close intercourse to observe to Captain Donnelly, whose horse's tail twitched the newly made corporal's charger's nose,

"Bedad, an' this is a hard pounding, yer honor; but the laugh will be to them who pound the longest."

"Right, my brave fellow, and my heart pounds against my ribs more joyously than it has done for weeks, for he who has stolen my young wife leads that cavalry in person, and I will soon discover whether either his sword or his vaunted talisman can guard his life," responded Frank, as he looked back at Pat with flashing eyes and grinning teeth.

At this moment the gray-haired colonel shouted in clarion like tones:

"Close up! Close up! At them like an iron wedge, my lads! Gallop! Charge!"

A young ringing shout, a momentary flash of sword blades in the air, the neighing of the war horses rushing to the battle, the blast of trumpet, the clattering of empty sword scabbards and the jingling of chain bridles was succeeded the next instant by the shock of the charge (or, inspired by their great leader's presence among them, the Moslem cavalry came to the scratch for once), and then steel rang on steel and horse bit at horse, and there was the horrid noise of cloven skulls and the thud of falling men, all intermingled with shrill British cheers, the demon-like Arab toobir or battle cry, curses, shrieks and groans, and now and then a pistol shot, but, strange to say, this latter few and far between.

Amidst the tumultuous sea of swaying human forms and tossing horse's heads it was some little while before Frank Donnelly could discover in whom he especially sought, but suddenly, in the very thickest of the strife, he found himself face to face with him.

The recognition was mutual, and the next instant their blades were crossed.

Both had been previously whetted, and both Briton and Egyptian was full of the blood lust that is ever born of such deadly strife.

This, added to the private animosity that each bore unto the other, made them fierce indeed, and they attacked each other so furiously that sparks of fire flew from the tempered steel, and almost immediately they were engaged to the very hilt.

Both were superb swordsmen and each horse knew how to aid its rider by rear, demi-volt and courvet, but the Damascus steel had for once succumbed to the well forged Sheffield blade—for Damascus forging is not what it once was—and Arabi Pasha found himself all in a moment grasping little more than the hilt of his weapon, for nine-tenths of the blade had been whirled into the air.

There was no time to draw a pistol from his holster, for his rival's sword was at his throat, and there was death in that rival's eyes, if it was expressed by human orbs.

"Strike," gasped Arabi in French, "strike! Do I look as though I was afraid to die?"

For a moment longer Frank Donnelly striking aspect of one who could not help nettero, but then he suddenly lowered his sword point, at the same instant hissing between his teeth:

"Shall a Christian be outdone in generosity by a Moslem? Never. Retain your life, at whatever cost to me (and mine) cannot take it," and as though fearful he might still be tempted to do either he wholed his charger sharp round and galloped away.

But by this time the battle was over. The Egyptian infantry were in retreat and a second or two later the Irish cavalry also broke and fled, while Irish dragoons, now reinforced by swarthy Bombay cavalry, pursued across the desert plain to almost unbroken guns of the Tel-el-Kebir batteries.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Who's love is blind.

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel—By DORA RUSSELL,

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

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE NIGHT AFTER THE TRIAL.

Late the same evening, Sir Alan Lester was sitting alone at his hotel after dinner, for he had quietly escaped the company of Colonel Doyne, which the friendly Colonel had been very anxious to force on him. Alan was sitting alone, thinking curiously and uneasily about the trial, for Laura's declaration of innocence had strangely disturbed him, when a waiter appeared and inquired if he would receive a lady who was very anxious to see him.

"Certainly," replied Alan, and a minute later a woman entered the room, whose appearance was so striking that Alan rose to his feet with a sort of pre-knowledge that he was looking on the once beautiful face that had wrought his dead brother such bitter ill.

"Do you guess who I am, Sir Alan?" she asked in a strangely sweet, ringing voice, fixing her large, melancholy eyes on Alan's face.

"Are you—the—"

"I am the unhappy woman of whom you have heard; the unhappy woman who blighted your brother's youth, and for years believed she had destroyed his young life. You know now—I am—Laura Lovat. You drop your eyes, and turn away; you will not listen, then, to such as I?"

"I hope," answered Alan, in a tone of grave compassion, "that there is no one to whom I would not listen. In this hour—which must be one of such bitter distress to you—can I help you in any way?"

"They say you are a good man, so I came to you; I know all the hard things you have heard of me—the hard things you must think of me; but you were in the Court to-day, let this plead my justification, for I am her mother!"

Her voice faltered and broke as she said the last two words, and heavy tears rolled down her pale face.

"Yes, I know," said Alan feelingly. "I was in Court to-day; and if I can do anything—"

"And you heard my girl, my poor child, condemned to a cruel death! She is innocent, Sir Alan; she never lifted her hand against James Lester's life; she loved him too much! It is all so dreadful, so dreadful for me, I feel as if I had murdered her young life, as I murdered your poor brother's, John Lester's, long ago!"

The unhappy woman here burst into heart-rending sobs, and Alan's sensitive and generous heart was deeply moved.

"I entreat you not to distress yourself thus," he said earnestly. "What is past and gone cannot now be recalled. We must try what we can do. Have you any reason for supposing her innocent of poor Jim Lester's death, except your own conviction?"

"The strongest reason," answered Mrs. Davis, trying to compose herself. "Have you heard the dreadful story—the dreadful story that the kind man to whom I am now married kept from me until to-night? Last night then my darling in her despair tried to destroy her miserable life—tried to strangle herself in her cell! I had seen her—"

—and she kissed me then—I—I—think she meant that she forgave me—and when she was found all but dead. She left a letter for me—and they sent it to-night—and I have brought it—you are a rich man, Sir Alan Lester, will help the most miserable woman upon earth. And the unhappy creature fell on her knees, and lifted her hands in passionate entreaty.

"I will do all I can to help you—if you money you are perfectly welcome to rise, and do not distress yourself—every reason to believe that at all events she will be commuted—I can see I may possibly do so—"

"Will you read her letter? It is here," and Mrs. Davis drew a little half-note sheet from her breast. "She thought these were her last words, my darling. And Sir Alan, will you believe her miserable mother—I never knew my Laura tell a lie—she is warm-tempered, quick and passionate, but always true. She was too true to that cruel young man who broke her heart."

As Mrs. Davis sobbed forth these words, Alan held out his hand for the paper on which Laura had written what she believed to be her dying declaration. It was written in pencil, but was written with a firm hand and a courageous heart.

"Mother,—When you receive this" (read Alan) "I shall be far away from the bitter misery of the world. I am going to die to-night, for I can bear no further shame and pain, but I thought one thing might comfort you, might make you think better of me after I am gone—I never lifted my hand against Jim Lester's life."

"It is quite true," threatened him, and that I bought the pistol. I took it down to Roden with me in my little black leather bag, and hung it round my waist under my cloak, so that you might not see it when I went away. I meant to tell him I would kill myself if he would not marry me, but he made me so angry with his hard and cruel words I forgot all about the pistol until I was outside the house. Then, in my great misery—for, mother, I loved him so, he had already killed all the life that was worth living for me—in my great misery I determined to end my wretchedness and my shame. I ran, half-mad, half-blind with passion, into the woods. I drew out the little pistol—and then I got frightened. I dare not fire it. I thought I would try to kill myself some other way, and I laid it down and left it there, lying under the great trees."

"It would take too long to tell you how I passed that dreadful night—wandering alone in the darkness, afraid to think, afraid to die. At last when I was quite worn out I found shelter in a little wayside inn, and the next morning a man who was driving past to market agreed to take me to the railway station, and the first thing he told me on the road was that some one at Roden Court had been murdered. You know how I reached home more dead than alive—from the hour, mother, that Jim told me he had ceased to love me I have never wished nor intended to live. I have nothing to live for—only shame and pain, and I can bear no more. I have more courage to-night than I had in the dark woods; they shall not stare at me to-morrow and talk of my disgrace: only I want you to know and to believe that I never shot poor Jim."

"LAURA."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE CONDEMNED CELL.

As Alan Lester read these miserable words—the last Laura Davis thought ever to write on earth—the strongest conviction stole into his mind that she was innocent. Her mother eagerly watching his face as he finished the letter, went nearer to him, and caught hold of his arm.

"What do you think, Sir Alan?" she asked, in trembling accents. "They are not lying words, are they? Anyone can see they are true!"

"They certainly read very like truth." "People don't lie when they are dying," continued Mrs. Davis, eagerly and passionately. "The bitter shame of the world don't count then. My darling thought she had done with earthly things when she wrote these words. She wrote them to comfort me, and they do comfort me! All the shame and pain that may come will be nothing to me now, if they spare her life!" "I think her life will undoubtedly be

spared; but she is innocent—if some wretch has stood by and let a young girl stand in his place—our plain duty is to try to trace this out. I will see your daughter, if I may!"

"Oh! will you do this, sir? You are a good man—they say you were—you do not despise the miserable and unfortunate!"

"I will do what I can; I was impressed in court to-day by her manner when she denied her guilt, but I shall see her. I shall be better able to judge them, and learn more particulars about the night she spent near Roden than her letter tells us. I will see her to-morrow."

"I—I cannot thank you," faltered Mrs. Davis, tears again filling her eyes and stealing down her cheeks; "when I remember what you must feel to me—how you must despise me—when I think of your poor brother—"

"And you remember my brother John?" said Alan, looking curiously at Mrs. Davis. "How beautiful she must have been," he was thinking, noting the low, broad brow, the distinctly marked eyebrows, and the clear out features. It was a perfect face—remarkable for a sort of grandeur and dignity of expression, which, strange to say, she has not a need all through the dimmed pages of her chequered life."

"Remember him!" repeated Mrs. Davis. "When have I forgotten him, do you think, all through these bitter years? That dreadful day changed my whole life. I shall never forget it—when they brought me his last letter. When I thought of his sweet, boyish face, and I thought he was dead, it nearly killed me, and this is the miserable end."

"It is a sad and tragic story," said Alan Lester. "Strange," he mused, after she was gone, thinking not unnaturally of the dark, beautiful woman who just had left him. "Is it fate, this grim Nemesis which has so relentlessly pursued her? She spoke of John's sweet, boyish face as if she had cared for him, and yet she ruined him. Ah, poor fellow, no wonder he loved her—she has a strange thrilling attraction still—and she loves her child. God help her! her sin has cost her very dear!"

The next day Alan Lester sought and obtained an interview with the unhappy condemned prisoner, Laura Davis.

She was in a state of extreme and even dangerous physical depression, and Alan had some difficulty in obtaining admission to her on account of her condition. She was lying on her narrow bed when he went into her cell, with her white, clammy face raised on a pillow, and one shapely arm flung above her head. A female warder was sitting watching her, and she never opened her large weary eyes when Alan and the Governor of the goal entered the cell, until the governor addressed her.

"Here is a gentleman who wishes to see you, Laura Davis," said the Governor, and then Laura lifted her heavy eye-lids and looked in Alan's face.

"I will leave you together," said the Governor, "the warder will wait outside," and presently Alan found himself alone with the unhappy girl whose heart Jim Lester had broken.

"You do not know who I am?" said Alan, very gently, looking at her with great pity. "I am Alan Lester—the uncle—of poor Jim."

A quiver passed over her white lips but that was all, at the mention of her dead lover's name.

"I have seen your letter to your mother," went on Alan, in a tone of grave kindness, "and I heard you yesterday deny your guilt in court. This is why I have come to you. I wish to ask you some questions—will you answer me?"

"It will do no good, sir," answered the unfortunate girl, with dreary hopelessness.

"We cannot tell that. We may yet be able to discover something."

"But I don't wish to live, sir," interrupted Laura, with some of her old impatience. "It is very good of you to come, but I would rather be left alone."

"My poor girl, you are too young to die—you are already so die. Do not talk so hopelessly. Your life, I trust, at all events, will be spared, and you must try to make the best of it."

"There is nothing but misery for me!"

"And do you think you are the only one in all the teeming world, Laura, who is miserable? Do you think there are not thousands who only endure as best they can, and as bravely as they can, the great bur-

den of pain and sorrow they are called upon to bear?"

"Yes, pain and sorrow," said the girl quickly, and for a moment a burning flush came over her pale face, "but there is something worse!"

For a minute Alan was silent. He was thinking what she could mean.

"You have at least had great pain and sorrow, my poor child," he said presently, in that ringing sympathetic voice of his, so like his mother's. "But there is, as you say, something worse, something infinitely harder to bear, the knowledge of our own guilt or sin."

"But I am not guilty of Jim Lester's death, sir!" said Laura with sudden animation and passion, and lifting herself up on the pillow. "They may hang me—I tried to hang myself for that matter—but they won't get me to say I did what I had no hand in. No one believes me, I see that very well, and the judge said I was lying, but for all that I am not! If there's another world, as the chaplain talks about, they'll find out there."

"Laura Davis," said Alan, raising himself up, and speaking with strange solemnity, "as you and I shall one day stand before the Throne of God, to Whom all things are open, are you truly innocent of James Lester's death?"

"I am," she answered steadily and firmly; "whoever killed him, I did not, I never saw him again, I swear it on my soul, after I left the house at Roden."

Alan was impressed with the truth of her words. He looked in her face, and her eyes met his without quailing; he felt sure the poor girl had been condemned for a deed she had not done.

"I believe you," he said quietly. "And now will you answer all the questions I ask you? If you are not guilty why are you so anxious to die?"

Again that burning flush rose to her face. "For your mother's sake, who is bowed down with grief and pain, will you tell me if there is anything you are keeping back? Have you any idea who did shoot poor Jim? Any knowledge that anyone had a grievance against him but yourself?"

"No sir, I know of no one—he—he was cruel to me—more cruel than I can tell."

"He is gone to his account, Laura. He was only a youth, a little upset perhaps with the sudden change of fortune that had come to him, but I always thought he had a kind heart. How was it that he changed to you?"

"He was tired of me," said Laura, bitterly.

"And he would not marry you?"

"No; he said it was about poor mother—and—he thought nothing of me, nothing of my pain and shame!" And the poor girl burst into tears.

"And after you parted with him you ran out into the park?"

"I did not know where I was going, I was blind and mad with rage and pain. I ran under some trees, I remember that, and I took out the pistol I had brought down with me, and I cried out I would kill myself, that he should find me dead. But I got frightened. I did not know how to fire a pistol for one thing, and my hands were trembling so, and I laid it down. I swear I laid it down just as the young man in the shop gave it to me in the morning. I asked him to load it, and he said I was to be very careful; and I just laid it down as I got it, and left it lying there on the ground."

"And did you hear any shot as you ran on through the woods after you left it?"

"No I heard nothing. My head was throbbing and burning, and I thought if I could see any water I would drown myself. I just ran on and on. I don't know yet where I went to, but at last I was worn out. I could scarcely crawl, and I fell down on the ground. But it was icy cold: I was half frozen; I remember that, and so I tried to stagger on, and somehow I got out of the woods, and came on the road, and there was a little wayside inn standing at one side of it."

"I think I know the place you mean."

"I went to the door and asked if I might go in. I said I had lost my way, because the old woman stared at me, and I went in and she gave me some whisky, for I was nearly dead with cold, and they made me up a bed by the fire. The husband of the woman looked like an old labourer; he told her to pull off my boots and stockings and rub my feet with the whisky, for I was perishing with cold. He seemed a kind old

man—I remember he had blue eyes and white hair."

"It is old Joe Davidson," said Alan; "now tell me what next you remember?"

"The whisky and the heat must have stupefied me, for I had never taken any spirit before, and I fell into a heavy sleep I remember nothing else until the morning, and then all my misery came back to me, and I saw the old woman watching me anxiously, and she asked me where my home was. I told her Plymouth, and said I would go back. I asked about the trains and just then a man in a tax-cart drew up to the door, and came in, and when he heard I wanted to get to a station, he offered to drive me to one he would pass on his way to some market-town. I went into the inner room then with the old woman, and I wanted her to take a pound and she said it was too much, and would only take ten shillings, and when we went back into the little parlour the two men were talking of some murder, but I took no notice, and presently left the little inn with the man in the tax-cart. He seemed a respectable kind of small farmer, and the first thing that he began to talk of was that a dreadful murder had been committed during the night at Roden Court. 'Some say it's the young baronet, and some say it's somebody else,' he said. I was in a dreadful state, thinking it might be poor Jim, but then I thought it could not be. I felt half dead with misery, but I seemed to care for nothing—Jim had given me up, and my life was done. I got home somehow, and that night they came for me, and now, sir, I have told you all I remember."

"Then someone else must have murdered poor Jim—had the old woman at the little inn a white cap with a black band round it, like a country woman, and a fresh-looking, pleasant face?"

"Yes, she was like that."

"Then it must be old Davidson and his wife—they have a little wayside public house—a pretty little place in summer, and he rents some land, and as there is a trout stream near he takes in lodgers during the fishing season. I know the place well—you must have walked a long way—it is quite five miles from Roden."

"I don't know how far I walked, I went on and on; I scarcely know what I did."

Could she have been actually mad with grief, thought Alan, and unconscious when she shot poor Jim? But he only said:—

"Then you did not tell your solicitors all this?"

"I told them nothing; I did not care; I did not mean to live to be tried."

"But you thought it would comfort your poor mother to know you were innocent, did you not, and so you wrote to tell her so?"

"Yes," said Laura, and heavy tears stole from under her dark-fringed eyelids.

"And it did comfort her," said Alan earnestly: "she came to me last night, and said no shame or pain would be anything to her now, if only your life was safe."

Laura did not speak.

"You will try not to give her any fresh pain, will you, Laura? She loves you very dearly. After all poor Jim's love was not really worth so much as your mother's!"

"You don't know all," said Laura, with a sob.

"I know quite enough. Now my poor girl, will you trust me? Whatever happens to you, you shall have a firm friend in me. If we can trace poor Jim's real murderer, you won't be left forsaken in the world. There are other countries, you know, Laura, where all this need never be heard of; where you can begin your young life afresh. But if we can't discover who did this most extraordinary crime, will you try to endure your life as bravely as you can?"

She hesitated, and then looked up in his face.

"They watch me too close, sir, don't be afraid."

"I will trust you without any watching," said Alan kindly. "And now good-bye. I am going to London to-day, but before I go I shall see your mother, and tell her you are going to be very good and very brave for her sake."

He shook hands with her, and Laura turned her head weeping on her pillow after he was gone. But these tears did her good; his kind words did her good; they seemed to pierce through the dark cloud of despair that had fallen on her desolate heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—AT THE RECTORY.

We must now return to our friend Lily Doyno, and see how she has been faring under the Squire of Kimal's hospitable roof.

On the morning after Mr. Harford's dinner party, which took place two days before the trial at Exeter of the unfortunate girl, Laura Davis, Colonel Doyno (as we have seen) left Kimal early in obedience to his wife's unexpected command.

He announced at breakfast, to the surprise of his son and daughter, that he was obliged to return home at once on a little business, but that he did not wish to interfere with anyone else's amusement.

"Miss Lily has promised to go with me to see the view from Brooklynhill," said the sprightly Squire, "and then we are going to have lunch with my cousin Elizabeth at the rectory."

"That will be very nice for you, my dear," said the Colonel, looking at Lily with a well-pleased smile. "And are you going too, Frank?" he added to his son.

Major Doyno hesitated. An idea had occurred to this young man during the last few days regarding his young sister and Alan Lester. There was something in Lily's manner that he had noticed; a reserve when she spoke of, or to, Alan, that had induced Frank Doyno to think that she cared for his friend more than she would like to own. And this thought was very pleasant to Frank. He had been grieved and annoyed at the manner in which his mother and Annette had treated Alan, and if Lily and he were now to make a match of it, it would put everything right. And Lily was the prettiest and best of the two girls, Major Doyno had also lately decided.

Therefore he did not approve of Mr. Harford's evident admiration of Lily, though he was quite quick enough to see that his father and mother did. "Absurd," a man more than twice her age," thought the smart little soldier, eyeing the portly Squire, who was happily unconscious of Major Doyno's reflections, and was looking exceedingly well pleased with himself and everyone around him.

"Lester asked me to go over to Roden this morning," said Major Doyno presently, in answer to his father's question.

"Humph!" nodded the Colonel reflectively, who knew he was going over to Roden, too.

"He wants to see me about something," continued Major Doyno, "and as he leaves to-night for that girl's trial to-morrow, I would not like to disappoint him."

"Well, if I may make a suggestion, and Miss Lily will allow me the honour," now said Mr. Harford, "I propose to drive her over to Brooklynn, and then we had better get out and walk up the hill, and we'll have lots of time to be at the Rectory before two—they have lunch there at two—and if you will join us there, Major Doyno, I know Lady Elizabeth will be delighted to see you, and you can pay your visit to Alan Lester in the meanwhile."

They settled it thus. Major Doyno was to return to Kimal, and to take Lily home during the afternoon. In vain the hospitable Squire urged the two young people to remain his guests at least for another day. In the interest of his friend Alan the little Major was firm. And the Colonel knowing that his wife had unexpectedly returned, and that he had to start to give his evidence at the trial at Exeter, also thought that Lily had better go back to Kingsford, as her mother would not care to be left there alone.

The Colonel left immediately after breakfast, and Frank Doyno went over the Squire's stables and kennels before he started for Roden, and saw his young sister and the Squire off on their little expedition, ere he mounted the chestnut mare that his host had placed at his disposal. The did not quite like leaving Lily, but on the other hand Alan Lester had seemed so wishful to see him, he thought he must have something of importance to say to him.

Mr. Harford felt very happy as he drove through the country lanes, of which he the owner, with the pretty girl, whose love he wished so much to win, seated by his side. It was a fine February day, and already the tender breath of spring seemed to be stealing over the grassy fields and giving fresh life and pleasantness to everything around. The bitter winter months were gone, when the snow buried the food for the shivering birds and the frost starved the pinched poor. It is beautiful, that white incense covering that falls so softly and carelessly on the earth, but to

bring its inhabitants such bitter woe! The winged creatures must surely shudder as they see the flakes falling, falling, carrying them death and misery under the white pall. The cruel snarcs lie concealed by the hedgerows, and the sweet singers of the springtime fall by thousand. Yes, wonderful and beautiful are "the treasures of the snow," but to my mind full of images of suffering and pain—of patient horses straining and slipping, of meek sheep huddled under the white undulating masses to die, and in the great cities of starving children, when the breadwinners can find no work.

As the last patch dies away between the furrows, or sinks silently into molature for the fresh springing grass, does not every heart rejoice? And it was on one of these glad days that the Squire of Kimal drove Lily along the country lanes; drove her in the phaeton with the two handsome piebald ponies, which had been especially bought for the use of his cousin, Lady Elizabeth Claxton, because Lady Elizabeth chose to fancy piebalds were lucky, and the Squire was always ready to buy her anything she had set her mind on.

He was a very generous man this, though he made little of his generosity, and gave away a great deal of money of which no one but the recipient ever heard. True, he was a rich man, but to give was a pleasure to him, and Lily noticed as they drove along the women standing by the cottage doors all had a ready smile and a curtsy for the Squire.

"He has his faults," an old country-woman once said of him, "but all men-folk have, and I'll say this for the Squire, he's not one who grinds the poor, and when trouble comes to the door most often as not the Squire comes too."

Certainly on this bright spring morning Mr. Harford himself did not look as if trouble had ever come to his door. He looked what he was—a prosperous, happy, self-contented gentleman. And yet, who knows? He, too, may have had his days of disappointment and humiliation, perhaps remorse. But this, at all events, was not one of them. It seemed to him a very pleasant world just then, with this pretty girl by his side, and the sun shining on his wide green pastures, and fresh-ploughed land.

His favorite dog, a black-coated pointer with white stars on his forehead and broad chest, ran somewhat heavily by the carriage side, for Fluke was old, and his days of work were done, but Mr. Harford did not change to a tired friend. And in the back seat of the phaeton a tiny little black and tan terrier sat beside the groom with an air of self-satisfied impudence. Lily asked if she might take this pretty creature on her lap, and Tobias allowed himself to be carried, and looked up with his deer-like eyes into the fair face bending over him, as much as to say that he decidedly liked it.

"So you are fond of dogs," said Mr. Harford smiling.

"I like nothing so well," answered Lily. "You mustn't always say that, though!"

"I think I would like horses as well if I had one."

Here was an opportunity for the Squire, and a proposal trembled on his lips! He who had horses to offer in abundance, and so many good things, cleared his throat for the purpose of doing so, and then found that the words—the right words at least—would not come forth. It was not such an easy matter after all for a middle-aged man to offer to a very young girl, who looks you straight in the face with large, serious eyes, and who evidently has no idea of the middle-aged man as her lover. Mr. Harford was conscious of his inability at the moment to say what he wanted to say, so he wisely left it alone.

"I'll find a better opportunity," he mentally decided; "after all it would not be quite fair to begin such a subject just now, when she is in my charge as it were, and it might put her out."

Again he therefore cleared his throat, but this time it was only to point out the view. They were gradually approaching the point on the estate known as Brooklynhill—the summit of a long undulating stretch of rising ground, round which lay a fair, rich country picture of fields, and woods, and scattered hamlets, and the grey square tower of Kimal church standing out against the bright blue sky.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The pay of a second Lieutenant in the French army is but \$37.80 per month, and his sword knot costs \$5.

The New Gold Mines in Asia.

The new gold mines discovered in the valley of the Djalguto river are called New California. The valley is upon the Chinese bank of Amoor, opposite the Russian colony of Tschachino, and as the soil is very marshy, and there are no roads it is only accessible in the winter. Gold was first discovered there in May, 1884, and it soon attracted a great many adventurers, the earliest comers being Russian deserters and escaped convicts from Siberia, and by the month of January in last year there was a colony of 9,000 Russians, the total having been very much increased since, while there are also about 6,500 Chinese and 150 adventurers of different nationalities, the last named of whom have joined the Russians, the organization of the colony being altogether Russian.

The goldfinders are divided into 722 small groups of workmen, all of whom are absolutely equal. These groups elect twelve elders, who did not work themselves, but superintend the digging, and receive a salary of 200 roubles a month. They are selected from among the dozers in gold and tavern keepers, and form a sort of district police corps. They do not meet with any interference from the Chinese authorities in this remote valley, the laws of which are very simple but severe, the penalty of death being inflicted for cheating at play, for adulterating the gold dust, or for theft; while flogging is inflicted for drunkenness during the hours of labor or for bringing females into the colony.

Since the foundation of the colony there have been only three murders and two inflections of the death penalty; a Russian having been hung for adulterating the gold dust, and a Jew flogged to death for having spread false news as to the approach of a body of Russian troops, hoping thereby to send down the price of gold owing to the panic. There are twenty-seven taverns in the colony, and, owing to the competition, the prices are not high, except for spirits. The gold fields which are twenty-five miles in length by three miles broad, are said to be very rich, and 7 pounds of gold are obtained from 32 cwt. of gravel, even with the primitive mode of washing adopted there.

SPRING SPARKLES.

"Did you ever see anything like this?" said a young lady at a church fair, when raffling was in progress. "Only once," replied he. "When was that, dear?" "Once on a train out West, when it was robbed by bandits," was the gentle response.

One little girl was heard to say to a playmate: "When I grow up I'm going to be a school-teacher." "Well, I'm going to be a mamma, and have six children." "When they come to school to me I'm going to whip 'em." "You mean thing! What have they ever done to you?"

A lady said to her Japanese etiquette for a gentleman caller never to leave the house of a lady friend until she has given him the signal for departure. There are a great many young men in this country who never leave the house of a lady friend until she gives the signal, but it is not etiquette. And it is not healthy, either. It deprives both parties of too much sleep. Sometimes the signal is so long delayed that the old folks are compelled to give it. And that is not very healthy either—especially for the young man.

Chicago Damsel (to New York dude who has been talking about "dear old London, doncherknow?")—"Are you a relation of the Browns, of London, Mr. Brown?" Mr. B.—"Now, fact is, you know, Miss Bonton, my name is Van Duzen-Brown—with a hyphen, doncherknow; and I prefer to be called Mistah Van Duzen-Brown." Chicago Damsel (sympathizingly)—"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Brown; but we're so particular in the West, and really I haven't been your ducced to the Van Duzen half of you yet."

Two newly-fledged physicians met on another day, and the following highly-interesting conversation ensued: "Ah! good morning, doctor." "Good morning, doctor." "And how are you to-day, doctor?" "All right. Got a good case of meningitis your hospital, doctor?" "Yes; come and take a look at it, doctor." "An special up your way, doctor?" "Ah! from scaffolding and broke his neck days ago; still alive; may get better. Please to have you call, doctor." "You; I will, doctor." "Good-day, doctor."

The Household.

Housekeeping in Japan.

A lady writing from Japan says: "Housekeeping here has no trials. The worn and vexed spirits of American chateaux ought to rest in Japan after death. Capable and faithful servants are plenty and cheap. Our establishment boasts five, and for these we pay about what two would cost in New York. I do not visit my kitchen once a month, never give an order outside of a spoken wish, yet the domestic machinery moves with an ease and perfection unattainable at home by almost any effort on the part of the mistress. The manners of the servants are amusing, not to say startling, to an American accustomed to the cheerful familiarity of her native help. Every night at bedtime our five retainers appear, prostrate themselves in succession to the earth, and retire. This is to wish me good-night and to renew their testimony of profound respect and pleasure over the privilege of serving me. It was difficult at first to preserve the necessary dignity for the ceremony, but now I am as majestically gracious as any other potentate. The other day, on one of my rare visits to the kitchen, a hair-pin became loosened and dropped without my notice. I had been seated in my own room only a few moments when my houseman entered, bearing a small salver, which he presented to me with many genuflections. Fancy my surprise to see a little hair-pin upon it, and to learn from my proud but embarrassed servant that it had fallen to the kitchen floor from my head. Afterward I found there had been a discussion as to who should pick it up, and almost a quarrel as to whom belonged the inestimable honor of bearing it to its owner!"

Household Hints.

Everybody has a cure for sore throat, but simple remedies appear to be more effectual. Salt and water is used by many as a gargle, but a little rum and honey dissolved in sage tea is better. An application of clothes wrung out in hot water and applied to the neck, changing as they begin to cool, has the most potency for removing inflammation of anything we ever tried. It should be kept up for a number of hours; during the evening is usually the most convenient time for applying this remedy.

A small piece of resin dipped in water which is placed in a vessel on a stove will add a peculiar property to the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with a cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin, and gives the same relief that is afforded by a combustion of resin. It is preferable to combustion, because the evaporation is more durable. The same resin may be used for weeks.

If you wish to clean your spice mill, grind a handful of raw rice in it. The particles of spice and pepper, or of coffee, will not adhere to it after the rice has passed through it.

Half a teaspoonful of common salt dissolved in a little cold water and drunk will instantly relieve "heartburn," or dyspepsia. Dr. Vigorous recommends a glass of hot lemonade every hour or half-hour as an easy, agreeable, and efficient treatment for diarrhoea. Never wash the feet in warm water except just before retiring cold water with a little ammonia or salt dropped in is much pleasanter and more healthful. Coarse brown paper soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead is good for a sick headache. If the eyelids are gently bathed in cool water the pain in the head is generally allayed.

Although it is a good plan sugar to canned fruit at time of sealing it is not necessary to keep it from spoiling. The essential thing is to exclude the air. Where this is done the fruit will turn sour and the additional sugar will not make the fermentation more active and thorough. The cans should be examined frequently, but without being much handled. That show loose corks or any mold on top should be used before spoiling.

House-Cleaner Notes.

Wash the glass of pictures by dipping a white alcohol and water and then hot water and then into whitening. Wipe it, and wipe dry with a soft

The cleanest and most polished floors have no water used on them at all. They are simply rubbed off every morning with a large flannel cloth which is steeped in kerosene oil once in two or three weeks. Shake clean of dust, and with a rubbing brush or stubby broom go rapidly up and down the planks (or across). In a few rubbings the floor assumes a polished appearance that is not easily defaced by dirt or footprint.

Straw matting should be washed with warm salt and water; wring out a soft cloth in it and apply quickly, not wetting the matting much, only enough to take out the dust and stains.

Lemon juice and salt will remove ordinary iron rust. If the hands are stained, there is nothing that will remove the stains so well as lemon. Cut a lemon in half and apply the cut surface as if it were soap.

The smell of paint may be taken away by closing up the room and setting in the centre of it a pan of lighted charcoal on which have been thrown some juniper berries. Leave this in the room for a day and night, when the smell of paint will be gone. Some persons prefer a pail of water in which a handful of hay is soaking. This is also effectual in removing the scent of tobacco smoke from a room.

The best way to brighten a carpet is to put a half tumbler of spirits of turpentine in a basin of water and dip your broom in it and sweep over the carpet once or twice.

Silver that is not in frequent use will not tarnish if rubbed in oatmeal.

Clean cane chairs by saturating the cane with a sponge and hot water, using soap if necessary, then put it in the open air or in a good current of air, and as it dries it will tighten and become as firm as when new.

A cheap paint for a floor can be made with five pounds of French ochre and a quart of a pound of glue dissolved in two quarts of boiling hot water, then apply enough boiled linseed oil to make the paint flow easily from the brush. Any man can paint a kitchen floor and save the women work by so doing.

May the day hasten when the good wife shall be more afraid of dust upon her intellect than on her pantry shelves, and have a greater horror of cobwebs in her brain than on her parlor floors!

Choice Recipes.

Plum Pudding—Five cups flour, one cup sugar, half a cup of raisins, half a cup currants, one cup well-chopped nut, one tea-spoonful baking powder, one nutmeg. Mix with milk to a stiff dough. Baked three hours. Serve with a sauce or with cream and sugar.

BAKED EGGS—Grease well an individual vegetable dish with butter; into it break two eggs, sprinkle a little salt and pepper over them, and place them in the oven a few moments. With tomato sauce poured over them, the fancy name for them is "eggs in sunshine"; with a little grated cheese over them, "eggs in moonshine."

PICKLED CHICKEN—Boil four chickens until tender enough for meat to fall from bones, put meat in a stone jar, and pour over it three pints of cold, good cider vinegar and a pint and a half of the water in which the chickens were boiled; add spices if preferred, and it will be ready for use in two days. This is a popular Sunday evening dish; it is good for luncheon at any time.

Every-day Doughnuts—One egg, one cup of buttermilk, one and one-half cups of sugar, a teaspoonful of soda, and a half-teaspoonful of salt; flour as for biscuit, roll to half an inch in thickness, cut into strips, and form into "twisters." The "youngster" thinks a good, fluffy, fat twister is more than twice as good as the little rings and balls, "cause there are several monthfuls in one." Fry in hot lard.

Suet Pudding—Three-fourth pound suet, three-fourth pound of fine bread crumbs, four ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, three eggs, one lemon. Chop the suet up until very fine and add the bread crumbs, the sugar, the salt, the grated zest of the lemon together with its juice (strained), and the eggs, beaten. Mix all the ingredients well together and tie in a cloth, allowing sufficient room for the pudding to swell. Then plunge it into boiling water and let it boil briskly for from four and a half to five hours or until done.

ROASTED PORK—Separate each loin of the joint and make an incision into thick part of the meat in which to place the stuffing, made as follows: Mix one cup of bread-crumbs with one clopped onion, pepper, salt, sage, or summer savory, and one-fourth of a cup of hot water. Press into the meat, sew the edges together to keep it in place, and bake it in a quick oven.

A delicious soft gingerbread is made by pouring on a piece of butter the size of a walnut a half-teaspoon of hot water, adding, when the butter is well melted, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one tea-spoonful of ginger, and sifted flour to make a thin batter. Bake in flat tin in slow oven. Is very nice eaten warm with butter.

RAISED GRAHAM LOAF—Half a cup of yeast, one pint of water, one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of sugar, three cups of graham flour; beat up well. Cover and set where it will be warm till quite light, then turn out into a well-greased basin or deep baking tin. When light again put in to a brick oven. Bake one hour. The last half hour turn a tin over the loaf to keep it from getting too brown and hard a crust. When done turn out and wrap in a damp cloth. It is good either cold or warm.

A FARM DINNER IN FEBRUARY—Boiled ham, boiled potatoes, hot corn bread, pickles, celery, buttermilk or cold water; no butter, no dessert. Rule for corn bread: One quart of buttermilk, three eggs beaten thoroughly, three spoonfuls of melted shortening, a good pinch of salt, soda to neutralize the acid of the buttermilk (the quantity must be learned by experience), one cupful of flour, and cornmeal enough to make a rather stiff batter. Now I cannot say two or three cupfuls, for I do not know the size of the cups or the kind of meal you will use. By making corn bread of one kind several times in succession one learns how to proportion everything. Bake in a quick oven.

The chief difference between Utah Mormons and New York Mormons is that one provides for his own wives; the other for some other fellow.

Servants in India.

"In India," said a gentleman with an Oriental tan on his face, "the customs with regard to the servants are somewhat peculiar. When a man is invited to a dinner party, or is sitting at the table in his boarding-house, his own 'bearer,' or body servant, stands behind his chair to wait upon him. The exigencies of the feast often make it necessary for a bearer to serve somebody other than his master, but on such occasions the guest is expected to overlook any shortcomings of which the attendant may be guilty; for in India the rule, 'Insult my servant, and you insult me,' is acknowledged everywhere. Once at a boarding-house on the Chourang road, in Calcutta, I saw a bearer who was serving a stout, choleric Englishman with curry, spill a little of the copper-colored mixture on his trousers. Furious turning around, the angry Briton found that the delinquent was not his own bearer, but the employee of a gentleman sitting at the other side of the table. 'Well, sir,' he said this *vis-a-vis*, 'I won't kick your servant, but, by gad, sir, I'll kick my own!' and an astonished and innocent bearer, who was twenty feet away when the offence was committed, was ignominiously kicked out of the room."

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.

An Alabama newspaper seriously tells its readers that 4-year-old Dillie Welsh and a small Jersey calf are great friends. One day Dillie went to an unused well and peeped over the low curb. The calf saw her, and asked her dress in its mouth. The little girl lost her balance and fell over the curb, but the calf hung on, and for half an hour held her thus suspended until the child was rescued. Then the calf was very happy.



"TAE OOR WEE JOHNNIE!"

BY JOHN INBIE, TORONTO.

We has had a happy time,
Since hame cam Johnnie;
Wi' a face like angel sweet,
Stealin' ab' for kisses sweet,
Creepin' 'round on hame an' feet,
Was oor wee Johnnie.

Langest day maun ha its close,
Alas! pair Johnnie;
Death cam in me gize an' canld,
CHIEF the lamble in the fauld,
Then the young and let the auld,
Fair deed was Johnnie.

Then awa' in M'ie's spring-time,
Oor wee Johnnie;
Mither's heart in anglish wild,
Father grudge sair his child,
Yet tae God bath reconciled;
We'll gang tae Johnnie.

Ain't the light o' a' oor hoose,
Oor ain wee Johnnie;

Noo the light is taen awa'
Darkness seems tae cover a'
Name can comfort us awa'
Bit oor wee Johnnie!

'Neath the souchan willow tree
Lies oor wee Johnnie;
Just beneath a hillock green,
Whaur the daisies may be seen,
Wi' the buttercups between,
Sleeps oor wee Johnnie.

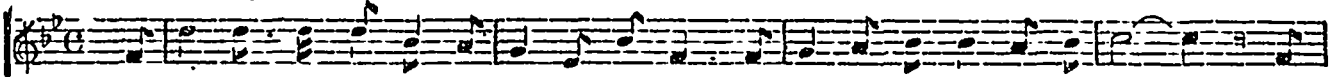
Aft we shed the bitter tear
For oor wee Johnnie;
Then look up wi' faith abuin'
Whaur tae sorrow creepeth in,
There, secure frae death an' sin,
Bides oor wee Johnnie!

*Lines written on seeing the above epitaph on a tombstone over a child's grave in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto.

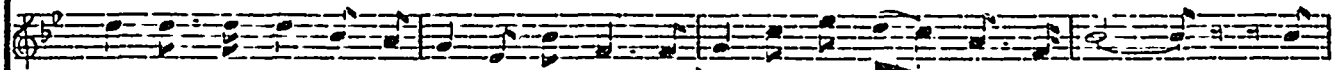
THE OLD RUSTIC BRIDGE BY THE MILL.

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

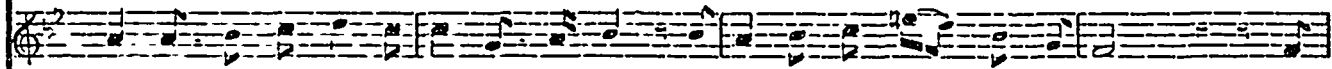
Andante Moderato.



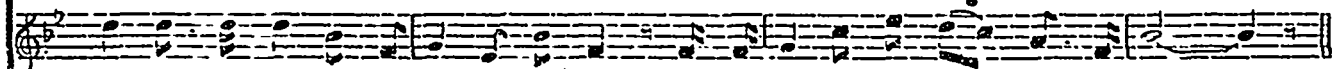
1. I'm think - ing to - night of the old rus - tic bridge, That bends o'er the mur - mur - ing stream, 'Twas
 2. How of - ten, dear Mag - gie, when years pass'd a - way, And we plight - ed lov - ers be - came, We
 3. I keep in my mem - ry cur love of the past, With mo 'tis as bright as of old, For



there, Mag - gie dear, with our hearts full of cheer, We stray'd neath the moon's gen - tle gleam..... 'Twas
 ram - bled the path to the bridge, day by day, The smiles of each oth - er to claim,..... But
 deep in my heart it was plant - ed to last, - in ab - sence it nev - er grows cold,..... I



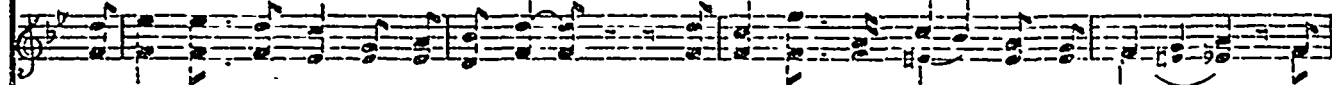
there I first met you, the light of your eyes A - woke in my heart a sweet thrill. Tho'
 one day we part - ed in pain and re - gret, - Our vows then we could not ful - fill. Oh!
 think of you dar - ling when lone - ly at night; And when all is peace - ful and still, My



now far a - way, still my thoughts fond - ly stray To the old rus - tic bridge by the mill.....
 may we soon meet and our fond love re - posit On the old rus - tic bridge by the mill.....
 heart wan - ders back, in a dream of de - light, To the old rus - tic bridge by the mill.....

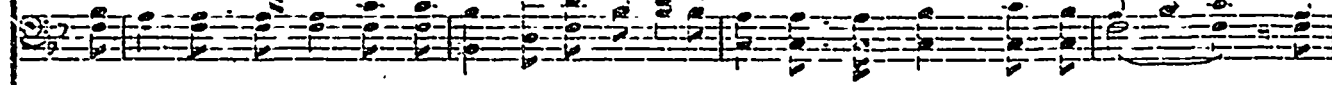
CHORUS.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

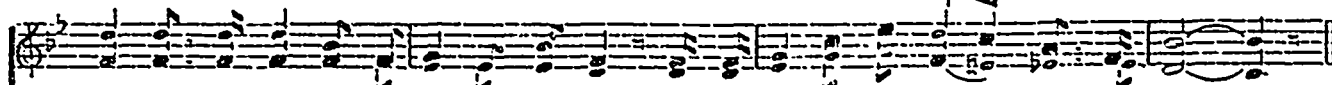
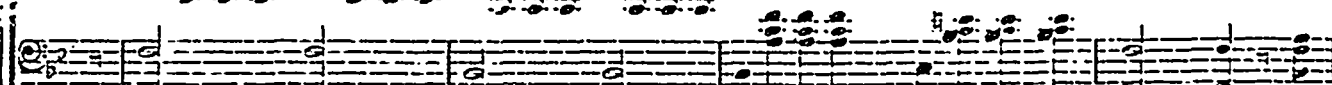
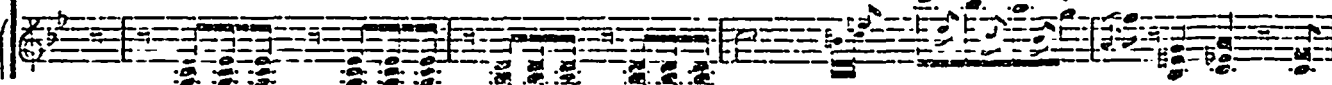


Be - neath it the stream gent - ly rip - pled, A - round it the birds lov'd to trill,..... Tho'

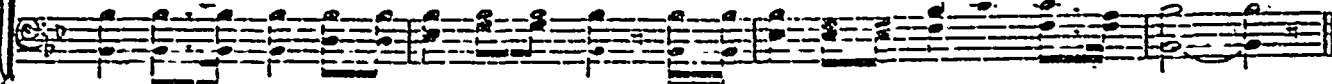
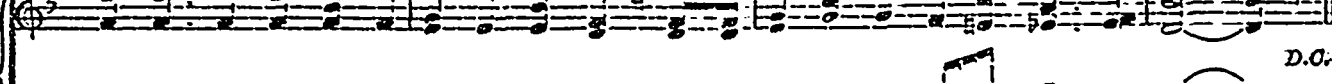
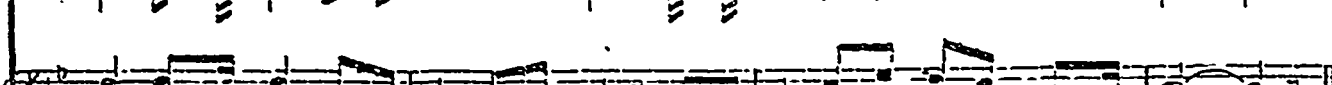
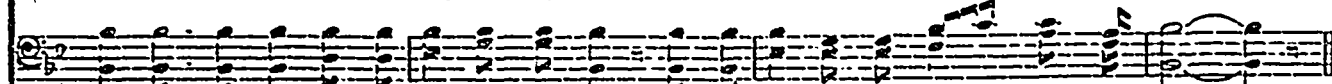
TENOR AND BASS.



PIANO.



now far a - way, still my thoughts fond - ly stray To the old rus - tic bridge by the mill.



D.C.

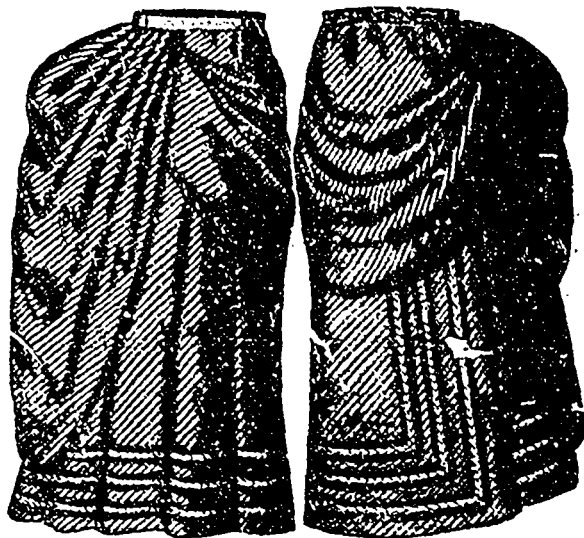


FIG. 14.—No. 3417.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for

20 inches, 5½ yards; 22 inches, 5½ yards;
24 inches, 5½ yards; 26 inches, 5½ yards;
28 inches, 5½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards.



FIG. 15.—No. 3407.—LADIES' TRIMMED SARAT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for

28 inches, 10 yards; 30 inches, 10½ yards.
Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for
20 inches, 4½ yards; 22 inches, 4½ yards;
24 inches, 4½ yards; 26 inches, 5 yards;
28 inches, 5 yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards.

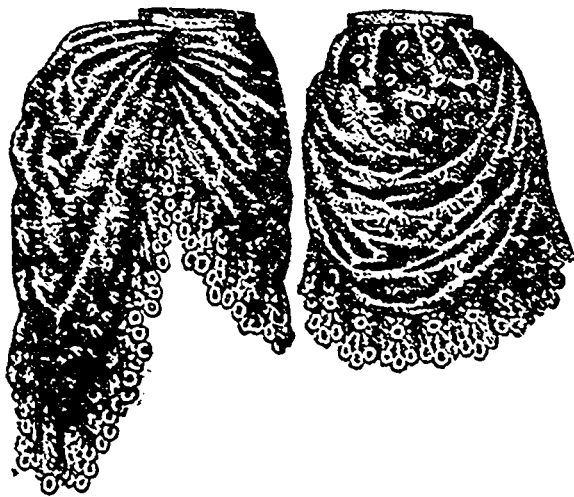


FIG. 16.—No. 3412.—LADIES' OVERSKIRT. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (30 inches wide) for

28 inches, 3½ yards; 22 inches, 3½ yards;
24 inches, 3½ yards; 26 inches, 3½ yards;
28 inches, 3½ yards; 30 inches, 3½ yards.

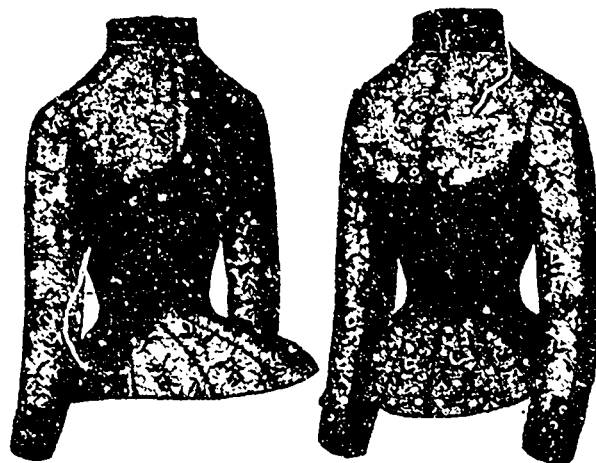


FIG. 6.—No. 3408.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for

42 inches, 3½ yards; 44 inches, 3 1-2 yards;
46 inches, 3 1-2 yards.

30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards;
34 inches, 2 7-8 yards; 36 inches, 2 ¾ yards;
38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 3½ yards;

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1½ yards;
34 inches, 1½ yards; 36 inches, 1½ yards;
38 inches, 1½ yards; 40 inches, 1½ yards;
42 inches, 2 yards; 44 inches, 2 yards;
46 inches, 2 yards.



FIG. 20.—No. 3421.—GIRLS' ARBOR. PRICE, 15 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for

20 inches, 1½ yards; 21 inches, 1½ yards;
22 inches, 1½ yards; 23 inches, 1½ yards;
24 inches, 1½ yards; 25 inches, 1½ yards;
26 inches, 1½ yards; 27 inches, 1½ yards.

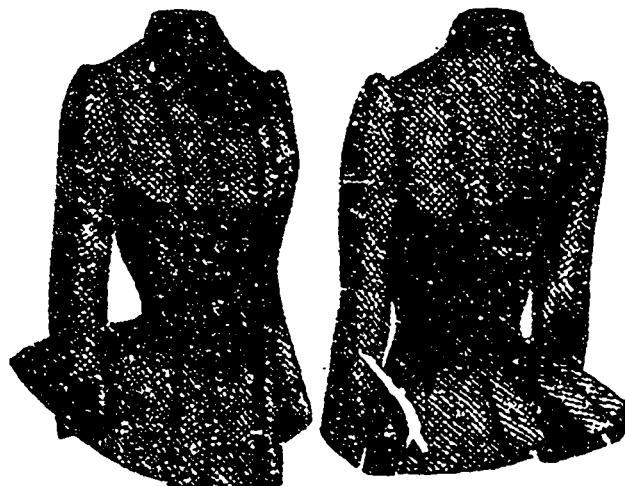


FIG. 10.—No. 3409.—LADIES' JACKET. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for

42 inches, 4 5-8 yards; 44 inches, 5 yards.

30 inches, 3½ yards; 32 inches, 3½ yards;
34 inches, 4 yards; 36 inches, 4½ yards;
38 inches, 4½ yards; 40 inches, 5½ yards;

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for
30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards;
34 inches, 2 1-8 yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards;
38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards;
42 inches, 2 5-8 yards; 44 inches, 2½ yards;

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE No. 3.—Short visites and costume wraps bid fair to rage this spring. Our illustration (Pattern No. 3409, price 25 cents) furnishes a stylish design appropriate for silk, lace, or woolen fabrics, to be trimmed according to the goods, the represented jet garniture being exceedingly rich and fashionable. An inside belt holds the close fitting back, which ends in a short, pointed tab; the sleeve pieces are fitted in dolman style and the pointed fronts fit snug, though not tight; a high collar completes the graceful little garment.

FIGURE No. 6.—Pattern No. 3403, price 25 cents, is a perfectly plain cuirass basque, fitted with the usual number of seams, coat-sleeves, turn over cuffs and a straight collar. Any material is suitable for the design, and many changes can be made by simply varying any trimmings upon it.

FIGURE No. 8.—Woolen or silk goods are appropriate for Pattern No. 3416, price 25 cents. The square postillon is laid in a hollow box-pleat, sides sloped high and fronts pointed. The upper part of the fronts is cut wider than usual and gathered in the shoulder and again near the waist, forming shou drapery over a contrasting vest, which is laid plainly over the lining; the lower parts of the fronts extend from the darts and button over simulating a corselet. Collar, cuffs, and vest of velvet.

FIGURE No. 10.—Any cloth like heavy sulting, English cloths, etc., are selected for Pattern No. 3420, price 25 cents, which is double breasted with a pleat laid in the goods, and stitched on either side; the back has similar pleats and is tight fitting. The rolling collar, revers, cuffs and outside pockets are of velvet, or may be of the cloth stitched and finished with fancy buttons.

FIGURE No. 14.—Pattern No. 3417, price 30 cents, furnishes the design for this stylish skirt. The sides and back are laid in broad side pleats with a square falling tabler under a short, round apron. The drapery is bouffant over the tournure, pleated thickly in the belt and round below. Braid is a handsome garniture for woolen goods, any flat trimming showing to the best advantage. Diagonal serge is the material shown in the illustration.

FIGURE No. 15.—Pattern No. 3407, price 30 cents, showed an underkirt of striped goods with a pointed apron, draped higher on the right side, and bouffant drapery of plain material. A tiny paucier is formed on the left side, while the right of the drapery hangs in jabot style with a facing of the stripes. Two fabrics are necessary for such a design and the trimming on the apron is a matter of taste, only. Moire, silk, velvet, or figured woolen goods will answer for the skirt, with a drapery of plain woolen material.

FIGURE No. 20.—Osmbric, lawn, or nain-sook with embroidery or lace compose most of the aprons worn by little ones. Our design (Pattern No. 3421, price 15 cents) has a low, round neck, loose back buttoned to the waist, fabric strings from the side-seams tied in the back, and a narrow, graduated front, which is of insertion. The arm-sizes, edge, pockets, and strings are finished with Hamburg embroidery; coquetish bows are placed upon each shoulder, and many mothers have such aprons worn as dresses with separate gumpes and sleeves.

FIGURE No. 23.—This overkirt is made crosswise of double-width goods in one piece. It is especially suitable for wash fabrics, as the sides can be shirred on draw-strings, and easily let down for ironing. The drapery hangs full and somewhat short, jaunty draperies being again in vogue. Hamburg or lace form a pretty finish around the entire edge. Pattern No. 3412, price 25 cents.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

A crocheted shoulder scarf, shown in Figure No. 34, is made of black mohair or any fine wool, and a five hook. The wool is taken double. The scarf consists of four bands of gimp crochet two and a half yards long, which are connected by rows of crocheting and surrounded by a shell edging. The gimp is done on a metal or wire fork, shaped like a hairpin, with the prongs two and a half inches apart. To begin the work, form a loop with the crochet hook in the usual manner, withdraw the hook from the loop, and hold it between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand; take up the fork in the same fingers the closed end down-

FIG. 3.—No. 3409.—LADIES' WRAP. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
 38 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 1 1/2 yards.
 Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
 30 inches 3/4 yards; 32 inches, 7/8 yards;
 34 inches, 7/8 yards; 36 inches 7/8 yards;
 38 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 1 1/2 yards;
 42 inches, 1 yard.

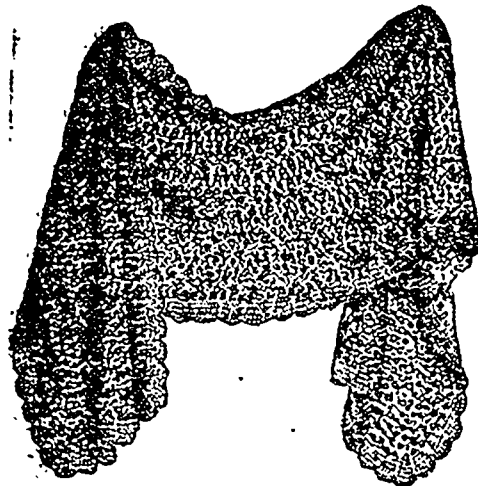
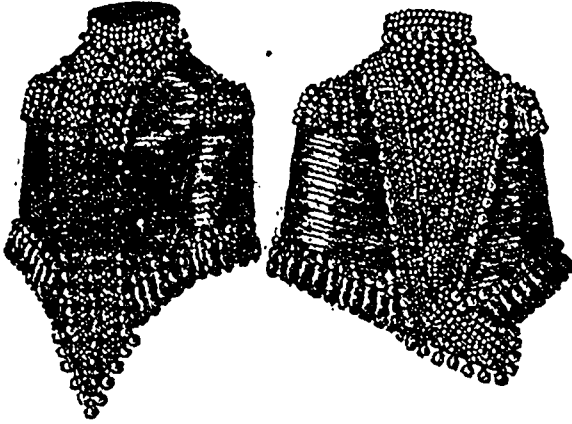


FIG. 34.

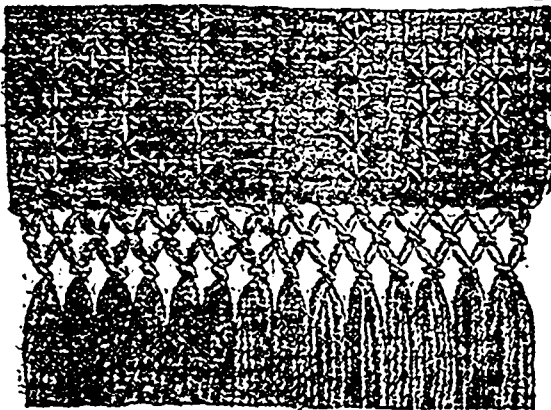


FIG. 30.

ward, placing it so that it lies upon the end of the wool below the loop; bring the wool between the two prongs, around behind the one to the right, and then around the fingers of the left hand, as in ordinary crochet.

Insert the hook into the loop, put the wool around it once and pull it through, turn the fork from right to left, so that the wool will now lie on the right prong; put the wool around the hook and form a new loop, work a single crochet around the upper coil of the loop on the left prong, turn the fork from right to left, and continue to repeat from *; work the single crochet stitches very tight. After completing the four lengths of gimp, work in rows around them as follows: 1st row. A single on the stitch before the first loop, 5 chain stitches, catch the next 16 loops together with a single, 5 chain, 1 single around the stitch before the following loop, 5 chain repeat from *; at the end of the gimp, work 5 chain, and catch the first 5 loops on the other side to-

gether with a single, so that the pattern will alternate with that on the first side, then continue the pattern. The crochet must be quite loosely worked. 2d row. 3 chain, 1 single on 2d of the first 5 chain, 3 chain a single on the following 2d stitch 3 chain, a single on the 2d of the next 5 chain, 3 chain, a shell on the next single (for the shell 4 times by turns put the wool around the needle, and take up a loop through the single, grasping over the wool with the needle, pull a loop through all the loops on the needle, and then work a single around the coils of the shell) twice by turns 3 chain and 1 single on the middle one of the next 5 chain; repeat from *, but across the ends of the strips work chain scallops instead of shells. 3d row. Along the sides only, not across the ends, work by turns a shell on the middle chain of the next three, and 5 chain. To connect the bands of gimp crochet, catch together the middle one of every 3 chain of both with a single, and work 3 chain between the singles. Having connected the four bands

work the edging around the outside as follows: 1st row. By turns a single on the middle of 3 chain, 3 chain—2d row. A single on the middle of the next 3 chain, 2 chain, 4 double on the middle of the following 3 chain, 2 chain, repeat.—3d row. A single on the next single, 2 chain, 4 double between the middle 2 of the next 4 double, 2 chain, repeat.—4th-6th rows. Work as in the preceding row, but in the last row work 6 double instead of 4.

Figure No. 30 represents tricot bands for a cradle or baby carriage. Each band alternating in color, is worked with a bone crochet-hook and Bulfin wool. Cast on about 14 stitches and work a strip one yard long; then, with arrasene or filoselle, work the key pattern in Holbein stitch. Join all of the strips together, and finish the cover with a fringe at both ends.

Latent Beauty.

A woman famous as one of the most kindly and lovable among leaders of the best American society once said,—

"If I have been able to accomplish anything in life, it is due to a word spoken to me in the right season, when I was a child, by my old teacher. I was the only homely, awkward girl in a class of exceptionally pretty ones, and being also dull at my books, became the butt of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, withdrew into myself, and grew daily more bitter and vindictive.

"One day the French teacher, a gray-haired old woman, with keen eyes and a kind smile, found me crying.

"Qu'as tu, ma fille?" she asked.

"O madam, I am so ugly! I sobbed out. She soothed me, but did not contradict me.

"Presently she took me to her room, and after amusing me for some time, said, 'I have a present for you,' handing me a scaly, coarse lump, covered with earth. 'It is round and brown as you. 'Ugly,' did you say? Very well. We will call it by your name, then. Now you shall plant it and water it and give it sun for a week or two.'

"I planted it and watched it carefully; the green leaves came first, and at last the golden Japanese lily, the first I had ever seen. Madam came to share my delight. 'Ah! she said, significantly, 'who would believe so much beauty and fragrance were shut up in that little rough, ugly thing? But it took heart and came out into the sun.' It was the first time that it ever occurred to me that in spite of my ugly face, I too might be able to win friends, and to make myself beloved in the world."

Beauty nowhere helps its possessor so much or so unfairly as among very young people, who are able to appreciate pink and white tints and harmonious features, but have not yet learned to feel the higher and stronger power of more subtle charms. Ugly girls may find some consolation in the fact that the women who have exercised the most potent influence in the world were in very few cases beautiful.

Beatrice Portinari, whom Dante worshipped all his life, and made immortal as the fairest saint in heaven, was, after all, we are told, a homely, insignificant-looking woman. Mary Stuart found her most devoted adherents when she was "wan and haggard in face, her limbs drawn and racked with rheumatism." Shakespeare dwells but little on the mere beauty of his her oines, but urges on our notice their more powerful charms. The "voice, ever soft, gentle and low;" the "innocence that dignifies arch jest;" "laughing eyes;" the "infinite" the wit, the wise gentleness.

Petrarch sums up the chief given to woman in the "ardor" the high soul, the pure heart," and man's experience tells him how beautiful souls shine on the world; dull eyes and homely features never fall of recognition. If lily is there, it will make its the coarse husks of its cover.

THE UNJUST JUDGE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

It was an old lady who related to me the following incident. As it supplies evidence how strong a moral may be inculcated by a picture, I will endeavour to record it in her own simple words. When I knew her she was very aged; her sitting-room was adorned by paintings, generally of the higher class; but sometimes the sentiment, the conception of a subject, was so superior to its execution, that I imagined she had more feeling than knowledge with regard to works of art. She moved about her apartment, leaning on the arm of her grand-niece, and pointing out her favourite pictures by a motion of the large old-fashioned fan that dangled from her arm: she was in truth a chronicle of the past—had sat to Sir Joshua when quite a child—and been the companion of West, and Opie, and Northcote, and all the great men of ancient times; seen David Garrick; and been patted on the head by Dr. Johnson; laughed at and with Oliver Goldsmith; and spoke of Queen Charlotte and George III as a handsome young couple. She was both rich and benevolent, and, despite her age and the infirmity of deafness, she was the best physician that ever entered the close atmosphere of the pale student's chamber: the ease, and grace, and gentleness with which she developed truth, added to its beauty, but did not lessen its power. She was a sound orific—yet a kindly judge. Sir Thomas Lawrence used to say of her, that her very look at ninety was inspirational!

Her general sitting room was in admirable keeping with its mistress: old chairs, old carvings, old china, old bits of tapestry—with here and there a drapery of golden yellow—a cushion or chair covered by rich deep-toned crimson velvet—and when the sun shone through a little painted window, illuminating an angle of the apartment with its fine tints, it threw a sort of halo over these silent but sure indications of pure taste, and made the artist feel at once at home. Then the delight with which, when she found an attentive listener, she would draw forth from an old cabinet some cherished and exquisite miniature—the gem of her treasure-house—and have a little tale to tell of everything she possessed. Latterly she had, as I said, become deaf; but this did not diminish the cheerfulness of her well-tuned mind: set her talking, and it was like a happy voice from the grave of these mighty ones who now live but in their works.

"You said, my dear madam, you would tell me the story of that picture yonder," I observed one evening.

"Ah, yes!" she replied; "that, my dear, was painted by a young man! Poor fellow, I shall never forget what old Northcote said to me about him; but that does not matter now. It was April—a few days before the pictures went in for exhibition to Somerset House, and I was sitting in this very chair, as I have done for the last five-and-forty years! About noon—when Nancy—(Ah, we have no such servants now-a-days!)—Nancy told me that an artist, she was sure from the country, wanted to show me a picture. I admitted him immediately. He placed his production in the best light, and appealing briefly for his intrusion, stood opposite to that very picture whose 'story,' as you call it, you wish to hear. Young man, my dear, in those days were more ambitious of painting than dressing, like Raffaele; they did not wear their hair over their shirt-collars—cultivate a moustache, and smoke of cigars; and yet I never saw any human being look more like a creature of glorious inventions than the poor pale boy—for he was little more—who painted 'The Unjust Judge.' His orb-like brow would have well become a crown of laurel; and though he was so singularly handsome, that for a few moments he was the picture which I looked, I felt sorry at heart what was stamped upon his features."

"What?" I inquired.

"What?" she answered. The old lady then her seat, and, taking the arm of the young man, who sat beside her, she said, "Observe, my dear, the hard stern countenance of that man, who, seated at the table, has decided that the young widow of an old and rich man has no further claim on the

land, which she imagined secured to her by virtue of a letter, the fragments of which are upon the ground. Observe the look of pure-proud satisfaction the new tenant casts upon the friendless woman, whose faded mourning evinces that she has no money to apply to a higher court. Note how full is the leathern purse he has ostentatiously placed upon the table; do you not see the convulsed clenching of the widow's fingers, as she stretches forth her hands to implore mercy where she might demand justice? the veins of her small white throat are distended by suppressed emotion; her eyes are heavy with unshed tears; and observe also how indignant the boy looks; he has just ceased to grasp the crumpled shawl that has nearly fallen from his mother's shoulders; his little fists are clenched, as much as to say, 'See how I will be revenged when I become a man!' The necessities also are well, yet not too strongly developed. The fat and insolent cat has driven the widow's timid little dog into a corner; his eyes in utter helplessness are raised to his mistress's face, whose agony is too great to heed the distress of her puny favorite! I do not often look upon it, she added, returning to her seat, "though it conveys a fine moral; yet whenever I do, I turn my eyes into my own breast, lest I also may have been an unjust judge!"

The old lady paused, and her last observation found an echo in my heart. Great God! how true this is: how apt are we to sit in judgment on each other—how apt to pronounce sentence on a sister's frailty, on a brother's crime—without a knowledge of the temptations which led either to the one or the other; without even inquiring whether what we have heard be true or false! How outrageous we become if we are judged—how careless in judging!

"But the story!" I said at last. "It is not ended!"

"Hardly commenced," she replied, and then continued.

"I expressed my approbation in a few words, for the subject touched me. There were faults in the coloring; but the moral was so true that I saw at once the youth had the elements of high art within him. It is an admirable thing to do justice to nature, to copy faithfully the immortalities amid which we live; but it is still more glorious to embody the workings of the mind, to create, to lead as it were the inventions of our fellow-creatures into a higher world. The avarice of the unjust judge is stamped upon that face for ever, and the supplication of the widow seems bursting from her lips. After looking at it for some time, I inquired what value he put upon his production. He said 'he had never thought of that, he only wished it to be exhibited.'"

"And why, then, did you bring it here?" His pale cheek flushed, while he replied "that he resided in Northumberland; was not acquainted with any one in London; and feared that if he sent in his picture it would not be exhibited, unless some one were good enough to speak for it; so that it might obtain a place—a place where it could be seen, particularly by one person."

"I told him I would purchase it. He thanked me; but that, he said, was not what he wanted. He wished it to be seen at the Royal Academy. He had heard that I knew a great many of its members. Would I, if I liked the picture, say a kind word for it to those who had power? His only wish was to see it hung where one person would be sure to see it. The request was so strange, the picture and the youth both so interesting, that I desired much to unravel the mystery. I soon gained the young man's confidence, and his story was quickly told.

"His father had been one of those upright God-fearing tillers of the soil from whom our greatest men have sprung. His life was the last in the lease he held of his land, but he had received a letter from his landlord promising, in case of his death, a renewal of it on the old terms. His father died, and in less than a week after his father's death, the landlord died also. His mother had so firm a dependence upon the letter, that she never thought of the lease. Indeed, as the young man said, she was too much absorbed in her own grief to think of worldly matters, until a notice to leave what had been so long her home was served upon her. It was in vain she endeavoured to see the landlord: he would not admit her. she wrote—no notice was taken of her application. 'Beat down,' he said, 'by circumstances, she would sit day after day looking at a small defaced water-colour drawing of my father, which had been done by some itinerant ar-

list, and seemed her only consolation. I was too young to share her griefs, but not to observe them; and I remember the desire I felt to make a picture like the one she loved, that it might be careased by her. One morning she had been weeping bitterly; and urged as it were by some sudden resolution, she took my hand, and we walked together in silence to the hall, regardless of the rebuffs of the servants. My usually gentle mother forced her way into the squire's library, and discovered, what I afterwards know she expected from the information she had received, her landlord in the very act of signing the lease that was to deprive us for ever of the cherished dwelling of our ancestors. Roused by a sense of his injustice, she placed before him the letter from his father to mine; in an instant he tore it into atoms, and flung it on the floor. Stung still more deeply, she clasped her hands and uttered a prayer of few words, but deep import, that he might never die until he acknowledged his injustice. Had I known how to curse, I would—how though I was—have cursed him from my soul; but my mother had taught me naught but blessings. We returned home; she knelt opposite to where my father's picture hung, as if it had been a shrine, and poured out her soul to God in prayers for patience. I stood by her side. 'Kneel with me,' she desired. I obeyed—but she observed the stubborn spirit that roused within me, and while tears streamed down her cheeks, she made me repeat words which for the first time found no echo in my heart. The softness of the child had altogether departed from me. I felt as if my spirit had sprung at once into manhood. We arose from our knees, I put my hand in hers, kissed her cheek, and said, 'Mother, do not weep, I will protect you.' I shall never forget the music of the sweet blessings she poured upon me then, while hot, hot tears chased each other down her cheeks. From that time I saw her weep no more, though I knew she wept. For me, I grew hard and stern. I shunned my playmates during the few days we remained in our old dwelling; I could neither eat nor sleep; my soul swelled with indignation and revenge. We left our pleasant dwelling; the shadow of the trees fell no more upon our paths; the hum of my mother's bees, which had been as the music of the sunbeams, wounded no more in my ears, the willow, planted by my father on my birthday, which had grown to be a tree while I was yet a child, no longer waved above my head. We lodged in a small room of a small house in a neighboring village; a small clean room, furnished out of what seemed our abundances; the window-sill crowded with plants such as my father loved—those perishable yet sweet records of affection. Our dog, our household friend, shared our exile; but even that I had little sympathy with; my mind was bent upon things above my reach, but not beyond my desire. My mother worked at her needle, and taught a little she knew, and every halfpenny I could procure, could earn—for I was no beggar—by little acts of usefulness, I laid out in purchasing paper and pencils. I did not know then what being an artist meant; but I knew that I should like to copy my father's picture, to draw the scenes of my early childhood, to depict the one particular scene that was burnt into my heart, to grow by some means to be rich and powerful, that so I might be avenged on the unjust judge. This last resolve I dared not impart to my mother, from a consciousness that it was one she would disapprove the most. And yet that man bought pictures and hung them on his walls; and people delighted his liberality, and praised his taste; and that he had taste I cannot doubt, but he had no heart. Is it not strange," inquired the young painter, "that a man can tell what is excellent on canvas, and have no appreciation for what is excellent in life; can understand what is natural when delineated by the painter's art; be touched by painter's tears, and yet be utterly incapable of feeling and combining the sensations which spring from nature? Is not this strange and contradictory?"

"I told him he would not think so when he had seen more of the world, and understood how many contending currents meet and struggle within the heart of man. Perhaps you are already tired of the young artist's tale? I like, old as I am, to hear of struggles, of difficulties overcome, of mountains scaled by hardy enterprises, of seats upon their pinnacles; and I spoke words of hope to him, which fell like rain upon a fertile soil—for his mind was one large treasure-house of poetry. And then he related

much of the past: of his own privations he evidently did not think; but his mother's sorrows, lessened as they must have been by cheerful industry, and lightened by the knowledge of his innate talent, dwelt upon his memory. Yet he confessed to moments of most keen enjoyment; the calmness of the Sabbath evening, when the music of the bell had ceased, and the voice of the preacher, or the melody of the choral hymn, chanted by infant voices, mingled with the perfumed air; when the worship was over, and playing with a pencil which his mother kissed him "not to use on Sunday," she read within her little room the scenes from Holy Writ, which, praised be God, have taught many painters the road to immortality! And, when obliged to labour in the fields, his eye drank in the magic hues of cloud and rainbow, sunshine and shadow; in truth, he said, the more he saw of nature the weaker grew his purpose of revenge towards 'the unjust judge.' The beauties of the beautiful world softened his spirit; but when he looked upon his mother's hands, hardened by labor, or saw her feeble frame bending with more than woman's weakness, his purpose revived, the agonizing scene swamped upon that canvas rose before him, and he determined, "as that he lived to be a man," to do what you see he did achieve. Several years before (for an artist's talent is long budding before it blossoms), while his was yet in its infancy, the man who had acted so cruelly left his neighbourhood, and came to reside near London. He paid a visit to his property but once, and then offered his patronage to the boy artist he had so injured; by whom, I am proud to say, it was indignantly refused. The gentleman was bitterly hurt at this, for he would have greatly enjoyed the notoriety of 'bringing out' such extraordinary talent. How different from the warm and noble zeal which makes and bears the torch to light the path to genius! But I grow prosy," said my old friend, "and will hasten onward: the desire of the young artist was, that his picture might be placed where it could be seen to advantage; he had grown out of the memory of his mother's persecutor, and had resolved to stand where he might watch by it, to see the effect it would produce—not upon the world, but upon him whose injustice he had depicted with so powerful a pencil. 'If,' he said, 'I could but see him change colour; if I could perceive the least indication that he felt the reproach, that the circumstance was recalled; that the power he had crushed into the dust had risen, and stood before him to reprove his injustice; if I could only make him feel I should be satisfied; it know all the revenge I covet.'"

"But his mother?" I inquired.

"She still lives," was the reply; and then my old friend informed me, that his (the artist's) resolution on this subject almost amounted to insanity; he fancied his picture would work a miracle; soften a hard heart; change the current of a man's blood; alter his nature. Like all those who live alone, and who judge of mankind from themselves, his information, his conception of human character, seemed as contracted as his imagination was vast and vivid; and, in addition to this, he was suffering from a constitutional sensitiveness, which made him far more susceptible than rational men are supposed to be.

"His picture went at the appointed time to the appointed place. I studiously kept the secret that the persecutor—the unjust judge—was intimately known to me; and feeling as I did the utmost anxiety for the young painter, I made him consider my house his home. But his spirit had all the restlessness of genius. As a boy at school counts the days, the hour, that must elapse ere he returns to his home, so did this creature—composed as he was from the finest essences of our nature—count the moments until the academy would open. It was almost irritable to witness his fits of anxiety as to where the picture would hang—if it would have a good place—if it (purchase) might be killed by some glaring sunset, or as if on sunrise when the artist, 'mad with glory,' departs the house wherein Almighty God thinks best to steep His landscapes. It was positively fearful, after such agonies of care, to see the avidity with which he drank in the inspirations poured by the old divinities upon their canvas. It was wonderful to observe how his mind, taught by nature, distinguished at a single glance the gold from the dross; and how he spurned whatever was common or poor.

He would, after such excitement, return to his calculations touching his own picture. Sometimes depressed at its inferiority when compared with what he had just seen; at other times full of hope, calculating on the probable result—repeating the difficulties he had encountered—recalling the tears which stood trembling in his mother's eyes when some simple villager would express such natural wonder as to "how he learned it all!" Then he would picture the rich tyrant acknowledging his injustice, and confessing shame; calculate as to the probability of his picture, the first-born of his brain, being extolled by the critics: portray his mother, her thin fingers trembling, and her emaciated form bent over the column where her son's name was marked with praise; hear her read his commendation, and then fall upon her knees in gratitude to God, remembering in the hour of triumph, as well as in the hour of sorrow, that it is He who gives or taketh away as seemeth best. Then, poor fellow, in the fullness of his heart he would describe such pictures as he was to paint; he did not care for poverty—not he! he knew it well! he never could be as poor as he had been. He felt his power, like the infant Hercules strangling his foes without an effort—his fortune in his hand—his patent to immortality made out! He and his mother could live in a garret—say, and die there! But he would make a name that would defy eternity—he would! Poor—poor fellow! repeated my old friend mournfully; and yet there was nothing boastful in this; it was pure enthusiasm.

"Those who had seen the picture here were delighted and astonished, and more than one assured me the placing would be cared for. I felt so convinced that the composition would stand upon its own merits, that I did not desire to lessen the dignity of my new favorite, by requesting as a favor that I thought he had reason to demand as a right. A foolish thought! said the old lady, taking a fierce pinch of snuff—"a foolish thought for those who want to get on in the world, but a wise one for those who prefer the jewel of existence—self-respect—to aught else."

"The first Sunday in May arrived, to be followed, of course, by the first Monday. He sat with me till late, not here, but at Richmond, where I reside occasionally. He was looking out over the river, floating in the glory of the setting sun, speculating as usual about his picture, and the chances that by that time next night it would have been seen, and its merit acknowledged by its unconscious author, to whom he wished to show the moral of a picture. He was literally wild with hope and excitement, speaking of his mother, wishing for her, and then saying what glory it would be to see some of those mighty masters of his art who had lived and moved among us. Like a young eagle, he panted for the rising sun, towards which he longed to soar. Poor, poor fellow!"

There was a pause, and I longed to hear what was to follow, yet feared to inquire.

"The next morning," she continued, "I ordered the carriage so early as to drive under the gateway at Somerset House about a minute before the hour at which the doors were to open. There was the usual crowd—the earnest, intense-looking students, some more pale than usual, others flushed by anxiety—mixed up with critics, and poets, and persons wishful to be the first to see the national exhibition, whose quantity, quality, and arrangement indicated the nature, and progress, and power of British art. But few of the academicians were there, though one or two were recognized; and notwithstanding the density of the crowd, room was made for them, and a murmur ran, "Do you see Stothard?" or, "There is Westall," or, "That's the young artist, Wilkie," intimating the current of the people's thoughts. My young friend recognized me, bowed, and then the doors were opened. I saw him rush forward with the rest; and, just as he was about to enter, he turned his face toward me; it was lit with a light which disappointment would quench in death. He waved his hat, and disappeared. I waited until the crush had entered, and proceeded to obtain a catalogue. It is rarefactions how quickly a crowd disperses; all had passed up stairs. Suddenly my way was pressed; I turned round; there stood the young painter, his face shewn of its beams, his whole aspect changed from that of a living man to an almost breathless corpse. He forsook me to the spot, while in a tone, the character of which I cannot describe, he muttered, "My name is not in the

catalogue." There were doubtless many others that day doomed to the same disappointment—many who, perhaps, deserved the annual oblivion which overwhelmed the industry and hopes of the past year; but, unhappily, there were also many others who were condemned to the same suffering, merely because there was not space in wealthy England to display the treasures of that genius which confers honour upon the land that calls forth its existence. Many worn and anxious faces—many whose hearts were crushed—passed beneath that portal; yet I heeded but the one. I knew the boy could not survive it long. He had never anticipated its rejection, nor indeed had I. I insinuated there might be some mistake; but, sadly depressed as excited, he only clenched between his hands the doom-book of so many, and shook his head. I ordered the carriage to be recalled, and taking his arm, led him toward it. As we descended the steps, I felt him start and shudder. I looked up—the unjust judgment before me! The coincidence was strange. On the instant I invited him to dine with me the next day in town; the invitation was accepted. My footman assisted the lad into the carriage as if he had been a child; he shrunk into the corner, his noble spirit totally prostrated by his disappointment, while he turned his face away to conceal the agony he had not deserved. "I think," said the good old lady, "I suffered almost as much. After many efforts I succeeded in turning the current of his thoughts; I assured him the picture should be seen the next day, and that he should witness the effect it produced. I insisted on his remaining entirely at my house; but he had been lessened in his own esteem, and suddenly his manners had become lofty and severe. I let them remain so for a little; but, assured that nothing would so much relieve his overcharged heart as tears, when we were quite alone on the morning of the next day, I spoke to him of his mother, of the scenes of his youth, of her piety, her tenderness, her love; the boy conquered the Stoic—I left him weeping. I had undertaken a most painful task, but it was my duty to complete it."

"As the dinner hour advanced, I placed the picture, which I had reclaimed, in the best possible light, but drew a curtain, so as to shade it from observation till the time of trial arrived; the artist was in the room, and at last my guest came. After a few minutes had elapsed, I arose, as I do now, and stood there, the painter remaining in the embrasured window. Suddenly I displayed the picture, and asked him what he thought of the story? "Do you read the story clearly, sir," I said; "perhaps, as it is mine, you will help me to a name for it? A widow, sir, a poor widow, believed in her landlord's honor, and trusted to him a promissory letter for the renewal of the lease which expired with the breath of her dead husband. You see her there; beauty and sorrow are mingled in her features. He has taken the letters; and behold you how men, ay, and rich men too, value their honour; its fragments are on the carpet—the weighty purse of the rich farmer has outweighed the woman's righteous cause. Can you name my picture, sir? Her child, her boy feels though he does not understand the scene; he has dropped his mother's shawl; his hands are clenched; if God spares him to be a man, he will devise some great revenge for that injustice." I thought the gentleman turned pale, and I knew that my young friend was crouching in his lair. "Look you, sir," I continued, "out of the pictured window; is not the landscape pleasant? The tree is remarkable; a famous tree in Northumberland; the—the—something elm. And within, as you observed, the accessories are well made out: the fierce cat pouncing on the little dog; the elk's horns stand out from the panelling; and the emblazoning of the shield and arms upon the wall—the arms are distinct—"

"Madam!" he exclaimed, in a voice hardly audible from agitation, and then paused.

"The scene took place," I continued without heeding the interruption, "some ten or twelve years past. It is not so, Edward Gresham?" I added, appealing to the youth.

He came forward, pale, but erect in the comeliness of his own recollection, and satisfied that the great object of his existence was attained.

Although I was much agitated, I saw the eagle eye of the artist look down the hurried glance which the unjust judge cast towards him, and I almost pitied him, hum-

bled as he was by the conscious shame that overwhelmed him. He was stricken suddenly by a poisoned arrow; the transcript of the unhappy story was so faithful, the presence of the youth so completely fastened the whole upon him, and there was no mode of escape; and his nature was too stolid, whatever his disposition might be, to have any of the subtle movement of the serpent about him.

"And you," he said, turning away while he spoke; "you whom I have known for twenty years have subjected me to this!"

"Do you acknowledge its truth, its justice?" demanded the young painter; "do you acknowledge the fidelity of my pencil? I have toiled, labored, suffered, to show you your injustice in its true colors: but I see you, the proud landlord, turn from the orphan-boy whom, in open defiance of every righteous feeling, you sent homeless, homeless, fatherless, friendless, upon the world. I see you cannot meet my eye for shame. Ay, ay, proud gentleman, that will live when you, ay, and I too, are in our narrow graves."

"I offered you reparation," said the landlord, overpowered by the energy of the painter, and the truth of his picture; "I offered you reparation."

"You offered me patronage!" retorted the indignant boy; "insult with injury." The landlord turned to me; he was greatly agitated. "Has the patronage I have extended to many, madam, even within your knowledge, been injury?" he inquired.

I could not but acknowledge that he had purchased many pictures; and replied his collection would prove that he highly appreciated art.

"I will," he added, "even now give him any sum he chooses to name for that picture."

"It is sold," replied the artist.

The old gentleman's countenance changed; he walked up and down the room; once or twice he paused and looked at the sad history, which he would then have given much to obliterate.

"I confess," he said, "the faithfulness of the portraiture; but there were palliating circumstances. Still, I confess I acted wrong—I confess it! I will make retribution; we cannot tell what our acts may produce." "Injustice," said the youth calmly, "is the parent of misery to the injured and the injurer; it was a cruel act, God can judge between thee and me! My mother, a delicate fragile woman, myself almost an infant: and your father's promise, your own father's promise, that you scorned; oh, sir, how could you sleep with the consciousness of such injustice haunting your pillow?"

"You have your revenge, young man, your revenge," murmured the gentleman; "I acknowledge my injustice; I will make reparation."

"You cannot cancel the past, my mother's years of suffering, my own of labor; but enough. I see you feel I have conquered; my feeble hand has sent conviction to your heart; and I—" He staggered to a chair, and became more pale than usual. I thought he was dying, but it was not so; the heart does not often give way in the moment of triumph—for it was triumph. I must do the landlord justice: he repeated his regret, he even entered into the young man's feeling, and commended his art; he did all this, and the next morning remitted me a large sum "as a debt due by him to those he had injured."

"How apt are the rich to think that money can heal all wounds. My poor young friend only survived sufficiently long to see his mother, though but for half an hour. It was almost in vain that, kneeling by his bedside, she implored him to think of the world to come. He believed he was too young to die."

"I triumphed, mother, I triumphed," he repeated, his eyes glittering with unnatural brightness; "I triumphed: I made his heart quail and his cheek blanch, and he begged my forgiveness, but it was altogether too much for me; first the disappointment, and then the triumph; it fermented my brain, though I found another mother who taught me that the just and the unjust are mingled together; but now that the turmoil is past, you are with me—really, really with me. I will sleep on your bosom, my own mother, as I used when a little child, and to-morrow I will tell you all I mean to do."

"Then all is peace," she murmured.

"Ay, mother, all is triumph, and peace, and love," he replied. "I wonder how I could have hated him so long." He layed his head down with the tranquillity of a

sleepy infant, and it was in vain she tried to repress the tears that fell upon the rich luxuriance of his hair—he felt them not. "He has slept more than an hour," she whispered me. I saw he would never wake. I could not tell her so, but she read it in my face. It was indeed a corpse she strained in her arms, and long, long it was ere she was comforted. I never saw my old acquaintance afterwards; but he requested, as I would not yield him up the picture, that I would never suffer it to pass from my possession, or mention his name in connexion with it. He died many years ago, and proved his repentance by providing, in a worldly point of view, for her who had been so long the victim of his injustice."

SOBRIQUETE ENIGMA.

NO XVI.

1. The son of Abraham.
2. The country whose queen came to see Solomon.
3. The oldest son of Jacob.
4. A king of Judah who had a disease on his feet.
5. The servant of Elijah.
6. The father of Raobel.
7. One of David's mighty men, who was of the children of Benjamin.
8. The dwelling place of Abraham.
9. The mother of Cain and Abel.
10. What did Moses tell the children of Israel to offer to God?

The initials give the people whom God brought out of Egypt, and the Finals give the people whom God drove out before them.

ANSWER TO NO. XIII.

RAVENS AND LILIES.—LUKE XXII. 24-27

1. R-ache Gen. xxix. 17.
2. A Josh. viii. 19.
3. V-al Ex. xxxiv. 33.
4. E-l 1 Sam. iv. 18.
5. N-azarit e Judges xvi. 17.
6. S ong s Psal. cxxxvii. 3.

The following have answered No. XIII. correctly.—A. E. Livingstone, Portland, St. John, who is awarded the prize; M. E. Servis, Mrs. D. Caldwell, Mrs. F. Wright, Wm. Stafford, E. A. Heming, Dolly Downey, Jas. Waddell, Walter McMillan, Lily Young, Samuel Coyne, Janet Smith, Wm. Ramsay, Jennie McDonald, E. Graves, Chas. H. Wilson, Jas. McGregor, Alice Falls, M. MacLennan, J. H. Henderson, Bart Carruthers, J. McKroher, Mrs. D. W. Page, M. E. Wilson, Maggie Rogers, D. O. C. Maddon, J. S. McCaul, W. A. Garnet, Mrs. J. A. Downey, Mrs. F. Buttram, Mrs. O. Hinch, Mrs. C. Johnston, Lucy McOlland, Jennie H. Fraser, L. Anderson, S. Acheson, E. M. Wiley, H. R. Atkins, Mrs. D. P. Bogart.

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

Celestials in British Columbia.

The Victorians have a very sharp way of dealing with the cheap labor difficulty. No vessel is allowed to bring to port more than one John Chinaman for every hundred tons of its size. Consequently a ship of four thousand tons would only be allowed to carry fourteen of the heathen ones. We have just seen in a file of Victorian papers that a vessel of that size was found to have fifty Chinamen on board, and the captain was mulcted in a penalty of \$500. Every Chinaman coming to Victoria has to take out papers of naturalization and pay a poll tax. But the cute Celestials port their naturalization papers to their friends in China, who come over with them, and escape the tax.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, take Express and 33 Carriage Hire, the Grand Union Hotel, opposite G. Depot, 100 elegant rooms fitted up at a million dollars, \$1 and upwards per plan. Elevators, Restaurant, Supply, Horse cars, stages and elevated rail cars. Families can live better for less at Grand Union Hotel than at any other in the city.

Young Folks' Department.

"CHIP."

"Cheep! cheep!" Where did it come from—that plaintive little cry?
John heard it in the conservatory, and going out into the garden found a wee baby bird, evidently too young to fly, and much frightened at being left alone.

Kind-hearted John gathered the fluttering creature up in his hands, and carrying it into the warm conservatory set it gently down under a fragrant lemon tree. Then, finding some cracker-crumbs in his pocket, he soaked them in the watering can, and strewed them before the birdling, which was at first too frightened to touch them, but as John quietly resumed his work at a little distance at length began to feel more confidence, and soon was busily picking up the crumbs with contented little chirps.

It had such a wide awake, self-satisfied air as it grew comfortable and more at home, smoothing its wisps of feathers in such comical imitation of bigger birds, that John's honest heart warmed toward the little thing, and soon boy and bird became the best of friends. He called it "Chip," and never tried to cage it, but gave it the whole conservatory for a play ground, with which arrangement the little guest seemed perfectly satisfied, never trying to escape, even when the windows were open, probably not knowing the difference between clear space and transparent glass.

After the first day Chip never showed the slightest fear of John, alighting on his shoulder with perfect confidence, and after a little even taking food from his lips. As time passed he learned many cunning tricks; as, for instance, when John would say sternly, "Naughty Chip!" he would droop his little head as if ashamed, and when he cried, pleasantly, "Good Chip!" "Pretty Chip!" would raise it again with a merry "Peep!"

He had too, a cunning way of playing hide-and-seek with John. Placing himself under the drooping leaf of a calla, or palm, he would keep very still, while John hunted up and down the terraces of plants, calling "Chip! Chip!" till at last with a queer little chuckling noise, he would hop into sight as delighted as a child. The people who employed John often brought visitors into the conservatory, and all admired his pretty pet.

Once, a gentleman, whose only son was a little cripple, saw the cunning bird, and, thinking it would amuse his poor child, asked John what he would take for it.

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," he answered, modestly. "I never thought of selling Chip, and I'm afraid he wouldn't be so playful anywhere else. You see he's used to me, and knows I never hurt him in my life—that's why he's so tame."

"Yes," said the gentleman, looking thoughtfully at John, "I see—unvarying kindness will tame almost anything. But will you let me take him home and try? I don't live far away, and if Chip will do as he does here I'll give you thirty dollars for him."

This seemed a great sum to John, who was poor, so he reluctantly consented, and, for the first time putting Chip in a cage, let the gentleman take him away; but when released in the cripple's beautiful room, though there were almost as many plants as he had been used to, poor Chip only flew about with sharp cries of fright till quite tired out, then hid himself under a begonia leaf, where he sat in sulky silence, refusing to eat, and pecking at every hand that came near him.

The next morning the gentleman went after John.

"It's as you feared," he said, "and Arthur is so disappointed! Will you come and see what you can do with the little thing? Your master said you were at liberty now."

Always glad to please others, John at once consented, and soon was in the great hall, where so much sorrow dwelt, for its mistress was dead and her boy a cripple.

John had spoken with the pale-faced man, who looked slowly about the room with a peculiar sound with his lips—between a whistle and a hiss. The begonia leaf stirred. He repeated it, and came from under it a quick, "Chip!" and out flew Chip, straight as an arrow, almost hiding himself in the folds of John's coat, he fluttered clear

around his neck in the sunniest little dance of joy you ever saw!

At this the little lame boy laughed so heartily that he had to lean back in his chair, while, looking up, John saw the happy tears spring to the father's eyes.

"It is the first time he has laughed aloud in weeks," he explained to John, as, after putting the now good-natured bird through all his tricks, he was about going away. "John, I know you have a kindly heart, from the way you have tamed this little, wild creature. If your master will consent, would you like to come and be a companion to Arthur—wheel him about, amuse him, read to him? You can read, John?"

"Oh, yes, sir," his eyes sparkling at thought of the books he had pored over by night, and the opportunity this would give him to read more; "and if my master's willing I'll gladly come."

So John and Chip went to the great house and both made the little cripple very happy, but when, in his mercy, God at length took Arthur home, John had become well enough educated to be private secretary to the gentleman, so he remained at a good salary.

And Chip? Alas, that I must tell it!—a cruel cat ate him up! But we hope his end was sudden and painless, for he had richly repaid his kind protector's care.

A Sleeping Car Incident.

In a sleeping car, just at the time when the seats were being turned into beds, I happened to be lazily eyeing a bridal couple on their honeymoon tour. How did I know? Because for an hour her head had been laying on his shoulder. Might they not have been married several years? No; her manner did not have the confident, proprietary air of an accustomed wife. Then why was I sure that they were not an enamoured pair, unjoined by wedlock? Because the girl was neither ashamed or defiant. Nobody ever makes a mistake in picking out honeymoon tourists. Therefore, the negro porter of the car announced me when he said to the young husband:—"Wouldn't yo' sistah, sah, like to have her berth let down?" She lifted her head from the marital shoulder, smiled sweetly, and murmured, "Yes."

"This is my wife, your usual," said the man, but with what seemed to me singular amiability; "you needn't make up the upper berth in this section. The lower one will be enough."

"Beg pardon, sah. Yes, sah;" and the porter went at the job with the kind of vim and alacrity never seen in a darkey who isn't sure of a special fee.

The incident puzzled me, and I sought an early opportunity to get the porter's explanation.

"It's dis way, boss," he said, "de brides don't like to be spotted. Course dey is eb'ry time, but dey flatter demselves dat dey can't be told from odder ladies. Sperience teaches me dat dey is tickled mightly if you mistakes dere husbands fo' brudder. I does it eb'ry time now, an' hits 'em fo' a dollah abuah."

The secret was plain once it was out. The gentle bride is delighted to think that her

bridal fondness looks like sisterly affection and familiarity.

FOREIGN ECHOES.

A missionary's wife writes from Jaffa that there is nothing in the missionary boxes that more delights them than dressed dolls for the little girls in their schools. They can never have too many dolls.

An English dean, at the close of a sermon in which he warned his hearers of the speedy end of all things, asked for a liberal contribution to rebuild the tower of the church in which he was preaching.

There is something exquisite in an American's reply to the European traveler when he asked him if he had just crossed the Alps—"Wal, now you call my attention to the act, I guess I did pass risin' ground."

Count Leon Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, has, it is reported, abandoned literature to become a shoemaker. As a deeply religious man he has determined to carry out to the letter the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount.

"Chambermaids" in Mexican hotels are male Indians, termed mazos. They are dolt and quiet, and will hire themselves to a stranger in the capital for \$3 a week, giving their employer undivided and very welcome service.

A German scientist Herr Luders, of Gortitz, has invented a "photographic hat." It is a hat which contains a small but complete photographic apparatus. There is a minute opening in front of the hat in which is a lens. By pulling a string the wearer can at any time take an instantaneous photograph of any object he wishes.

The Presbyterian Church at Loch Kanza, Arran, Scotland, finds it hard to get the kind of a minister it wants. The last candidate was dismissed in short order because he walked with a frivolous gait. The elders said that his conversation was all right, but his walk was decidedly heretical.

A royal battle took place between a bull and a buck, the latter weighing over 200 pounds, on the farm of the Hon. Oscar Turner in Ballard county, Kentucky. The two were found dead. The bull had received three thrusts from the horns of the buck, the last being through the heart.

A very interesting discovery is said to have been made by the experts who are now examining the collection of papyri consisting of many thousand rolls which were found at El Fayoum, in Egypt, and were acquired by the Archduke Ralher. The experts declare that among the rolls are several autograph letters of the Prophet Mahomet.

Justice of Peace Kurganowski, of the Province of Perm, in Russia, while holding court, was twice interrupted by his wife, once with the announcement that dinner was ready, and again that the soup was getting cold, whereupon he fined her three roubles for disturbing the dignity of his court, and then paid the money from his own pocket.

Sir Richard Garth, the chief justice of

Bengal, has left India. Ill health has compelled him to retire from the department a year before the completion of the usual term. Sir Richard Garth was held in high esteem. He was regarded as an able and excellent judge, and it is proposed by some leading native noblemen of his service to provide a prominent memorial of him in Calcutta.

Sealing-wax was quite the rage with fashionable letter-writers six months and even three months ago, but ultra-fashionable women use it no longer. The rage for decorating the backs of envelopes with huge blots of red, blue, black, or green wax, in which was impressed a monogram or initial, spread among women generally. So fashion has now tabooed it and has returned to the habit of using ready gummed envelopes.

Of late years many valuable products have been got out of coal-tar. Sir Lyon Playfair announced lately in Liverpool, that it has been discovered that a crystal can be extracted from it, an almost imperceptible amount of which will fully sweeten a considerable quantity of solid or liquid food, and that this new sweetener has the advantage over sugar of passing so rapidly away from the digestive organs, that it neither fattens those who take it nor encourages rheumatism. This will be good news to the disciples of fasting who still have a hankering after sugar.

In acquiring Burmah, England has got possession of vast forests of teak, which, never plentiful in India, was becoming commercially very rare. Of all the woods grown in the East this is the most valuable. It is neither too heavy nor too hard; it does not warp or split under exposure to heat and dampness; it contains an essential oil which prevents its rotting under wet conditions, and at the same time acts as a preservative to iron and repels the destructive white ants; it is, withal, a handsome wood, of several varieties of colour and grain and takes a good polish.

The Lancashire pit-brow girls do not want to be forbidden from working at the pit-brow. They say that they wear trousers because they are more convenient, that they are more healthy than factory girls, and that their work does not demoralize or unsex them, because they are neither demoralized nor unsexed. The Vicar of Pemberton, who has taken up their cause, threatens to bring up 500 of these girls in a special train, and put them in evidence before the House of Commons. If the girls like their work, why should they be legislated out of it?

He said: "Gentlemen of the jury, charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence, as well as myself; you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them have said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do. Constable, take charge of the jury."



PRESENT ATTITUDE OF LABOR TO CAPITAL.

The Poet's Corner.

The Indian's Grave.

BY G. FROST.

There stands the vice-sad wigwam, low
Amid the tangled brushwood pent.
Uncared, the flowers that round it grow
Send forth their scent.

The poles with time decaying fast,
Apart and downward soon will fall,
Needing but one more wintry blast
To finish all.

Where is the owner? where is he,
Whose hand upraised that tottering roof?
His grave beside the wall you see—
His bones a proof.

How different once those limbs! when grace
Of freedom charmed their varied ways,
Thrilled by the war-whoop, or the chase
Of bygone days.

How oft he humbly leaped, he stream!
The forest roamed, so wild and free,
Which seemed a but a transient dream
Of ecstasy.

But now behold him where he lies!
Behold the chaos of his state!
Nature has failed, while Art supplies;
The change—how great.

Yet Nature, balm, yields for his wounds—
A solitary mourner's trust;—
His soul is in the Hunting-Grounds,
His body—dust.

A Medley.

BY A RAMSAY.

here was a found of revelry by night
On Lyndon when the sun was low;
A voice roared, far up the height,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

Under a spreading chestnut tree,
For hours together sat,
I and my Annabelle Lee;
A man's a man for a' that.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
The child is father to the man;
He is my car, he still and slumber,
They can conquer who believe they can.

The stag had drunk his fill,
The toper had likewise;
The toper kept on drinking still,
A thing I do despise.

What if the rain should say,
I have not loved the world, nor the world me
Ah, well-a-day!
Woodman spare that tree.

Night came on but not to soon,
Westward the star of empire takes its way,
Ye banks and bras of Bonnie Doon,
Blue spirits and whites, black spirits and grey.

Life is but a fleeting dream,
Whatever is, is right;
Many things are not what they seem,
My native land, Good Night.

I am Bald! Oh, I'm Bald!

BY A. MCCORMACK.

I am young and fair looking, so at least I've
been told
By people who had no real object to lie,
Been welcomed at table, at social and ball,
As a man on whom people could always rely;
But the bane of my life is wherever I go,
Be it spite or poor tact whatever 'tis called,
To hear people say, "Why I'm sorry to see
Mr. M.—that you're getting to be really quite
bald."

My brothers have said, "You are thin at the
top."
My sisters have said, "You are out growing
your hair."
My neighbors all say with a good-natured grin,
"You are showing your age, you are bald, I de-
clare."
My enemies say, as they look in my face,
And glance at some chum with a sly little
wink,
"Mr. M.—I should think you would polish your
head
And give the poor flies a 'free for all rink?'"

One night at a ball, by a beautiful girl,
I sat merrily laughing at wit she displayed.
When a hooked nose, urbane put his hand on
my head,
And these words of grim eloquence really ce-
sated:
'Poor old man! 'Tis too bad; for he's kind and
he's good;
And 'tis seldom he's beaten when at ought he
is matched;
But he'll soon have his head out on top to the
world,
'Less he buys him a wig or has his hair patch-
ed.'

Half astonished, half angry, I pushed the lad
back,
And turned to the lady who bowed to me
to speak;
And saw a smile creep from her pouting red
lips,
Till it rippled with dimples each round rosy
cheek.

Then a frown dimmed her brow, 'tis thus that
she spoke,
Words meant in true kindness; but oh, how
they galled,
"On his brother's behalf 'twas an insult to us;
For he heard me say once you were very near
bald."

One day on a teacher, a lady, I called,
Found a picture of me in my hat when I left,
Her brother had drawn it with my hand on my
head
Feeling for beauty of which I'm bereft.
Underneath were these lines: "You a courtin'
have come,
With love and my sister your deeply enthralled;
But she's gone on the Squire, you'd better go
home,
For he's young, rich, and handsome, and then
he ain't bald!"

Had I lost for my country a leg or an arm,
I know I should then be a true hero called;
Had an accident made me a crippled for life,
I'd been plighted, a pensioner too been installed;
Had an Indian removed superfluous hair,
By his scalping knife then I swear I'd be called
A hero, a brave man, who was "in at the
death."
I could have my head patched, but I wouldn't
be bald.

Sincerity.

Sincerity! ah, what is all
The wealth of land or sea,
Or the proud boast of high renown,
When once compared with thee!

Never Satisfied.

A little, with content, is much
To him who'll not refuse it.
Who takes it as the Lord has sent
And then does rightly use it.
Most men, with nothing, have a thought
That life would be a pleasure
If they could share, in smallest part,
with those who have the treasure.
But is this true? Experience shows
That, in this world of sorrow,
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

He vows he does not want the earth;
His thoughts are far above it;
The gold of India and of Oer,
It's simple tastes don't covet.
A very little meets his wants;
Enough to furnish living;
He says, is all a man should ask,
And thank the Lord for giving.
But, is it true? Well, if it be,
The truth you'll have to borrow,
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

Of wealth, fraction's all he asks,
With smallest numerator
Set out in unit bold, above
A large denominator.
That makes the sum of all his joys,
Of all his hopes and blisses;
'Tis all he needs, 'tis all he prays;
'Tis bread and cheese and kasee.
But, is it true? You bet it ain't,
For in this world of sorrow,
The man who fights for bread to-day
Will fight for pie to-morrow.

The Human Heart.

Tough I've travell'd far and wide,
And have waited time and tide,
I never knew Dishonesty to win,
Or a heart however hard
From all sympathy debar'd
Or that kindness could not touch and enter in.

The Angelus.

BY FRANCES L. MACE.

Ring soft across the dying day,
Angelus!
Across the amber-tinted bay,
The meadow flushed with sunset ray;
Ring out, and float, and melt away,
Angelus.

The day of toil seems long ago,
Angelus!
While through the deepening vespers glow,
Far up where holy lilies blow,
Why beckoning bell-notes rise and flow,
Angelus.

Through dazzling curtains of the west,
Angelus!
We see a shrine in roses dressed,
And lifted high in vision blest,
Our every heart-throb is confessed,
Angelus.

Oh has an angel touched the bell,
Angelus?
For now upon its parting swell
All sorrow seems to sing farewell,
There falls a peace no words can tell,
Angelus!

Dr. Mary Patnam Jacobi told the Nineteenth Century Club that woman has become "discursive and superficial" in her habits of mind, because she has always three things to think of, the pot on the fire, the baby and the expected husband coming home in a stew. Whereupon one of the fashionable ladies, of whom the audience was chiefly composed, whispered to her neighbor: "Neither the pot, the baby nor the husband ever trouble me. Do they you?"

PEOPLE.

Mark Twain is talked of for Mayor of Hartford.

Henry Ward Beecher is out West on his "last" lecturing tour.

Dr. Barney Yeo, of London, reports the curious observation that there are persons who usually drink tea without injury, but in whom, when in a depressed mental condition, it occasions indigestion and palpitation of the heart.

Baron Tennyson has been in great distress over the sickness of his second son, Lionel, who contracted the Indian fever during his recent visit to Earl Dufferin, but at latest accounts the young man was in a fair way to recovery.

It is admitted that the receptions offered by Secretary and Mrs. Whitney at Washington have been the most interesting gatherings of the season there, although Miss Cleveland's luncheons have had the striking merit of originality.

Oscar Wilde's mother, a particularly bright woman who writes stories and poems, and from whom Oscar derives his little literary ability, has completed the compilation of what is considered an important collection of Irish legends.

Physiologists who hold that the race is deteriorating should remember that Miss Kitty Austin walked the other day from Clarksburg, Md., to Rockville, fourteen miles, and expressed herself as being lively as a cricket. Miss Kitty was 83 last birthday.

Mr. C. F. Gunther, of Chicago, has one of the largest and most valuable collections of autographs in this country. Mr. Gunther is a baker, but he prides himself particularly on his rolls of original manuscripts, which include Payne's manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home," and many other unique specimens.

Hereafter women deaconesses of the Church of England are to be specially consecrated to the work by the laying on of hands by the Bishop. This is according to the recommendation of the Dean of Ghester, who, in a report from a committee appointed to investigate the question, considers their work of peculiar value.

Lampasas Jake, the cowboy revivalist, who is doing successful work in New Mexico, was, it is said, never in church in his life. He is described as a tall, loose-jointed fellow, with a full beard covering sunken cheeks, a big mouth, a high forehead, and a voice that might be heard a mile if the wind was right.

Frank R. Stockton insists that the strange characters in his stories are drawn from real life, and that the odd Pomona in his "Rudder Grango" was actually a young servant girl in his family, while his latest, "Mrs. Null," was a Virginia tomnagant, whose husband killed himself rather than live with her.

The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar has entrusted several of the most distinguished grammarians and philologists of Jena, Weimar and Eisenach with the work of correcting the German vocabulary, studying the necessity of introducing into the language foreign words and deciding whether such words should be Germanized.

Queen Victoria has decided to visit Liverpool some time during May in connection with the International Exhibition to be opened in that city. Her Majesty's last visit to Liverpool took place October 9, 1851, when she was accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princesses Alice and Helena.

The Prince of Wales is said to be troubled with chronic dyspepsia. Too much high living will bring a prince as well as a plebeian to grief. The stomach of royalty differs in no way from the stomach of every day life. As the Prince sets the fashion in England, dyspepsia should be very popular there just now. In fact, no real "swell" can afford to be without it.

The number of suicides at Monaco appear to be increasing at an alarming rate. One of the noblest families of Austria has been thrown into mourning by the death of a son at Monte Carlo, who, after losing over \$20,000 at the gaming table, blew his brains out in the doorway of Monsieur Bianco's establishment on the 20th February last. It is announced on good authority that the Italian Consul of Monaco has just been arrested at Rome for falsifying, and in some cases totally suppressing, the reports of the deaths by suicide at Monte Carlo of Italian subjects.



SYMPATHY.

POOR THINGS! HE'S SO DREADFULLY THIN I'M AS THERE'S 56 ENOUGH TO GO AROUND.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 24 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$5.00 per year. \$1.00 for 3 months. Advertising rates:—30 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months, \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 8 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

WHEN AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 124 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—10 cents per single line; one month, \$1.88 per line; three months, \$5.55 per line; six months, \$9 per line; twelve months, \$16.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

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CIRCULATION:
HIGH WATER MARK,
28,882!

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

EPPE'S COCOA—LIFE-GIVING AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around ready to attack wherever there is a weak system. We may escape many a fatal shaft by a properly nourished frame."—*Lancet* & *Medical Service Gazette*. Made simply with water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins, labelled—"JAMES EPPS & CO., THE CHEMISTS, London, Eng."

"TRUTH" Bible Competition, No. 16.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

Where are the following three words first mentioned in the Bible?
1st. **PRY.** 2nd. **INK.** 3rd. **PAPER.**

Each person competing must send with the answers one dollar and eighteen cents, for which *Truth* will be sent to any desired address for three months, and also one half dozen extra silver plated teaspoons, free of postage and other charges.

In addition to the spoons, which are given to all competitors, whether their answers are correct or not, there will be distributed the prizes named in the three following lists in the order the correct answers come to hand. To the sender of the first correct answer will be given number one of these rewards; to the sender of the second correct answers number two, and so on till these rewards are distributed.

- THE FIRST REWARDS.**
- 1. One fine square rosewood Piano by a celebrated maker..... \$500
 - 2. One fine cabinet 12-stop Organ, by Bell & Co. 5 to 7. Five fine extra silver plated Tea Services, four pieces..... 250
 - 3 to 12. Five fine Gold Watches, ladies' or gentlemen's, may be preferred..... 250
 - 13 to 16. Five gentlemen's coin silver hunting or open face Watches..... 125
 - 17 to 21. Seven Family Bibles, beautifully bound in Morocco, with places for portraits, family registers; contains Croxson's concordance, weights and measures of Bible times, also the old and new version of the New Testament side by side; 2000 pages about the size of *Truth*'s..... 160
 - 24 to 26. Two Eclipse Family Knitting Machines..... 120
 - 27 to 31. Five fine Waxer Sewing Machines..... 200
 - 32. One fine English breech-loading double barrel Shot Gun..... 75
 - 33 to 40. Eight extra quadruple Silver Plate Teaspoon..... 50
 - 41 to 44. Two gold neck chains, with lockets complete, and one silver neck chain..... 40
 - 45 to 50. Five Alarm Clocks; one walnut clock..... 25
 - 51 to 62. Twelve extra silver plate crust stands..... 120
 - 63 to 179. One hundred and eighteen fine extra silver plated Napkin Rings..... 500
 - 180 to 225. Forty seven fine solid gold Gem Rings, size to fit winners..... 470

After this list the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last, will receive the first reward in the following list of middle rewards. The sender of the next correct answer, following the middle one, will receive number two, and so on till they are all distributed.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... \$100
- 2 to 5. One Cabinet Organ, 15 stops, by Bell & Co. 6 to 9. Four fine extra silver plated Tea Services, 4 pieces, newest design..... 200
- 10 to 15. Six ladies' fine Gold Watches, hunting cases, handkerchief engraved..... 420
- 16 to 18. Three sets Chambers' Encyclopedia, 10 vols. to set, well bound..... 180
- 19 to 21. Four English breech loading Double Barrel Shot Guns..... 220
- 22 to 24. Thirty-five extra fine imitation Morocco cases, containing complete desert set of half dozen extra silver plated knives, forks and tea spoons..... 425
- 27 to 30. Thirty-five beautiful extra silver plated butter coolers..... 150
- 31 to 155. Forty-six elegant extra silver plated crusts..... 124
- 156 to 200. Sixty-four fine silver plated Butter Saucers & Sugar Shells..... 64

So as to even the most distant persons an opportunity, the following list of consolation rewards has been arranged. To the sender of the last correct answer in this competition, envelopes post-marked not later than the 30th June, (the closing date,) will be given number one of these rewards; the next preceding the last one will get number two, and so on, counting backwards, till all these rewards are given out.

- THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.**
- 1. One rosewood square Piano, by the Dominion Piano & Organ Co. of Bowmanville, or Piano equally as good..... \$500
 - 2 to 4. Three ladies' fine gold hunting case Watches, extra good movements..... 120
 - 5 to 7. Three extra silver Tea Services (6 pieces)..... 150
 - 8 to 21. Fourteen fine extra heavy silver-plated Cake Baskets (new design)..... 162
 - 22 to 24. Fifteen extra silver-plated Crusts..... 120
 - 25 to 31. Seventeen fine heavy silver plated Teacups, china design..... 170
 - 32 to 151. One hundred extra fine solid gold Brooches..... 200
- Fifteen (15) days after closing date, 30th June, will be allowed for letters to reach *Truth* office from distant points, that is if letters bear the postmark of 30th June, they will be eligible to compete.
- THE EXTRA PRIZES.**
Five thousand, or more if required, half dozen extra silver plated teaspoons..... \$600
These extra prizes are the spoons that are

to be given to every person competing, whether their answers are correct or not.
You will be wise, no matter where you live, if, the moment you read these offers, you at once send in your answers, enclosing in the same envelope, one dollar and eighteen cents for postage and packing of spoons. You will not regret the investment, as you will get the value for your money in *TRUTH*, and to say nothing about the spoons or any of the larger prizes. Address, S. FRANK WILSON, TRUTH OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA.

SPECIAL.
For two dollars I will send you, per express, an elegant butter cooler, extra heavy silver plated, and mail *Truth* for three months.
For Five dollars I will send you, per express, one elegant satin lined imitation Morocco case, about 9x12 inches, containing half dozen each extra silver plated knives, forks and teaspoons, and mail *Truth* for three months. A very choice present for any lady and a dessert set that would adorn any table.
For seven dollars and a half I will send you a magnificent Family Bible, (and *TRUTH* for three months), superbly bound in Morocco, beautifully embossed and gilt, containing over 2,000 fine illustrations of Bible History, Cruden's concordance, (a very useful addition, as it enables anyone to find any word referred to in the Bible as easily as you can find a chapter or page in any book.) This Bible has never retailed under twenty dollars. You will regret it if you let these opportunities go by.

Those who avail themselves of one or all of these special offers, and who answer the Bible questions correctly, are also entitled to all the privileges which pertain to those who send only the dollar and eighteen cents. That is, their names are placed among those who are eligible for the prizes enumerated in the foregoing lists of First, Middle and Consolation rewards. But whether answers are correct or not, the Butter Cooler, Morocco Case, or Bible, as the case may be, will be forwarded at once on receipt of money for same.

A FEW SAMPLE TESTIMONIALS.

Among Thousands in the Possession of "Truth."
I have received by express this morning the Silver Ice Picker. It is very handsome and far surpasses anything I had anticipated.
E. BARKER, 19, HAZARD STREET, Montreal.
I beg to acknowledge the receipt of my prize for correct answers to Bible Questions, a Gold Watch. I am very much pleased with it.
THOMAS W. CRAIGHEAD, Campbellford.
I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Cabinet Organ you kindly sent me as my prize for Bible answers. I am highly pleased with it and return you my sincere thanks for such a handsome instrument.
W. S. WALKER, Galt.
Rev. S. H. DYKE, late Publisher Canadian Baptist, Toronto, acknowledges receipt of two Gold Watches won by himself and wife in a recent competition.
W. J. TURNBULL, Paris Mount. Co., Paris, Ont., acknowledges receipt of his handsome square, rosewood Piano of magnificent tone and compass.
E. K. PHILLIPS, St. Catharines, acknowledges receipt of one hundred dollars, gratefully, &c., &c.
The piano won by my son Benoni in Bible Competition No. 6, and which came to us a year ago, proves to be in every respect a superior instrument. The Tuner, a Toronto gentleman, says its tone and finish are complete. A large number of people during the year have called at the manse, examined and tried it, and are surprised at its excellence. It is just as advertised. Mr. Wilson has too much at stake to depart in any measure from his claim, which are both numerous and liberal. T. BURR, Pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Markham, Ont.
Jennie R. Smith, Cape Town, South Africa, acknowledges receipt of Solid Gold Watch.
MARRIOTT, Man. — S. Frank Wilson, Esq., Toronto: you shipped me six weeks ago a beautiful Cabinet Organ. I received the same yesterday; it came without a scratch. Thanks also for the five years' warranty sent along with it. MARRIOTT JACKSON.
Geo. Zinkler, Cape North, Nova Scotia, thankfully and delightedly acknowledges receipt of an elegant Gold Watch.
Kingston Wh'y says:—Among the winners of prizes in this locality under the Bible competitions are: J. Galloway, Jennie Galloway, E. Wilson, Mrs. W. Small, E. M. Wiley, Kingston; Stanley Grant, Collinsby; Viola Hunt, Birmingham; Jennie Price, Newbury.
J. Brydon, Okanagan Mission, British Columbia, sends thanks for beautiful Gold hunting case watch.
Kiddville, Pelly, Barrenvold, Scotland.—I most anxiously for not acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful Gold Watch which I won in the Consolation Rewards in competition No. 8.
JOHN HERRINGTON, Owego, New York, says: Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a gold hunting case Elgin watch for prize story No. 9 in *Truth*. I have shown it to a good number and they all pronounce it fine, "a daisy C." I wish *TRUTH* the best of success.
C. M. STARR, New Haven, Conn. JAMES GORDON, Lancaster, Pa., also wonderfully and delightfully acknowledges receipt of ladies' solid gold Kilda Watches; also, in the same state, Mr. Loren, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Marshall, Ada, Ohio, acknowledges receipt of elegant Silver Tea Services. C. GROVER, Seattle, Washington Territory, L. EDDIE, Kansas City, and G. ROZENCZ, 414 Clay St., San Francisco,

Cal., received gentleman's fine gold hunting case watches, with which they were very much pleased.
SOME BIG PRIZES.
The Bowmanville Statesman, of Dec. 4th, says:—Our citizens have been very successful in the *TRUTH* and the Ladies' Journal Bible Competitions carried on by Mr. S. Frank Wilson, Toronto. In addition to the list below several others have received valuable gold and silver watches, handsome silver cake baskets, gold rings and brooches, books, &c.—Mrs. A. L. Vanstone, Organ, 10 stops; M. Moseola James, Silver Tea Service. Ladies' Gold Watches.—Mrs. Joe. Van Ness, W. J. Heard, Fred Bray, Amanda Bond, Theo. Sheridan, Sylvia Watchers—Mrs. W. R. Bond, Mrs. Theo. Sheridan, Minnie Watry, Mrs. W. Hildeman, Mrs. Scilla, Mrs. J. H. James, Mrs. Wm. Jewell, Mrs. M. Dezman, W. W. Tamblin, M. A. The total value of above prizes amounted to \$7,100. Address in all cases, S. FRANK WILSON, Truth Office, Toronto Canada.

A Snake Story.
For six months a young man named Ferguson, who resided at Great Falls, has been in failing health, despite the care of his physicians. Among many odd symptoms was that of a peculiar choking sensation, which was not understood until one day a snake thrust its head out of the young man's mouth. The sick man called his sister, and she, wrapping a cloth around her hand, when next the hissing head appeared, seized it, and with a quick pull landed the venomous reptile at her feet. Her action killed her brother. The tail of the snake had grown into the young man's body, and in tearing it away a blood vessel was broken, and the young man bled to death.

Four Years of Faithful Service.
"Patrick, are you sure you can handle a pair of horses if they're a little vicious?"
"Be gorra, I can, sur."
"How long were you in your last place?"
"Four years, sur."
"That speaks well for you. You don't drink?"
"Whisky, do you mean? Sure, niver a drop passed my lips darin' all that time, sur."
"Good for you, Patrick. Oh, by the by, where were you during those four years?"
"I was in jail, sur."

What Would the World Do
without woman? asks the essayist who starts out to say something new on this oft-treated subject. Of course, the human element of the world would not exist without woman, so the question is gratuitous. It would have been far more sensible to ask: What would the world do without the salvation of woman, without a panacea for her physical ills and cure for her peculiar diseases. In a word, what would the world do without Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," the great remedy for female weaknesses? It is indispensable for the ills of woman-kind.
More than four thousand devices for coupling have been patented, and yet thousands of bachelors and maidens go it alone in this country.

Nightmare,
sick headaches, depression of spirits, and want of ambition are symptoms of a diseased liver. The lungs, stomach, and bowels are all in sympathy. Life is only a living death. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" acts upon the torpid liver, and effectually removes all these difficulties and disorders. Nervous feelings, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper all disappear.

In every community or family it will be found that the merely beautiful woman are never the most beloved or honored.
Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ingersoll's sweeping assertion "that nothing is ever lost" staggers our faith in him. If he excepts umbrellas he can restore the religious harmony between us.
To break up a cold or cough or its ill results there is no better remedy than Hagerd's Pectoral Balsam.
That was a cautious old tramp who said, being asked whether he would have a drink of whisky, as he was beginning a job of carving wood, or would have it when he had finished it, answers: "Well, mum, I think I'll take it now. There has been a pile of sudden deaths lately."

LADIES' JOURNAL BIBLE COMPETITION.

No. 11.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. One elegant Square Piano, by a celebrated firm \$500
2. One fine toned 12-stop Cabinet Organ 250
3. 4 and 5. Three fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 160
6 to 9. Four Ladies' fine Gold Hunting case watches, elegantly engraved, first-class time-keepers 230
10 to 15. Four celebrated Waver Sewing Machines 24
14 to 20. Seven extra fine quadruple silver plated Cake Baskets 100
21 to 25. Sixteen fine quadruple silver plated Ornate Stands 16
26 to 50. Sixteen ladies' fine extra heavy rolled gold neck chains, with lockets 240
51 to 75. Twenty solid gold Gem Rings, sizes to fit winners 500
76 to 89. Fourteen half dozen sets extra heavy silver plated Table Spoons 84
90 to 100. Eleven solid gold chased or fancy Rings, sizes to fit winners 150
101 to 155. Fifty-seven solid rolled gold Brooches 110

Number one of the above rewards, the piano, will be given the sender of the first correct answers to the Bible Questions given below. The sender of the second correct answer arriving at LADIES' JOURNAL office takes number two, the organ, and so on till all the above rewards are given away.

A PRESENT FOR EVERYBODY.

All persons competing must send with their answers one dollar, for which they will receive by express one elegant silver plated Butter Dish, set on a silver plate with silver plated cover, and figure of a cow on top, (the dish itself being of glass,) and the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year, free of postage. Butter dishes not as good as these have been retailed at \$2.00. This butter dish will be sent you whether your answers to these Bible Questions are right or not.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. SPARROW.
2. DOVE.
3. HAWK.
4. EAGLE.
Where are these four words first mentioned in the Bible?
These four questions must be answered correctly to secure any of the larger rewards named in these lists.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. A complete outfit for the lady winner of this prize, consisting of one extra fine black Silk Dress pattern, one fine black Cashmere dress pattern, a good print dress, newest style, and three pairs of Kid Gloves, of size and color to suit winner, all from Peley's; also one pair Kid Slippers and one pair French Kid Button Boots, from Toronto Shoe Co., or if preferred, cash. \$75
2 and 3. Two fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 100
4 to 7. Four ladies' fine gold hunting case watches new designs 800
8 to 21. Fourteen fine extra quadruple silver plated Cake Baskets 140
22 to 28. Seventeen extra fine quadruple plated Ornate Stands 170
29 to 57. Nineteen sets of heavy Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Forks, and Tea Spoons, Half Dozen of each 223
58 to 90. Thirty-three finely bound volumes of Poems, extra value 90
101 to 119. Twenty-nine solid Rolled Gold Brooches newest Designs 87

The first prize in the Middle Rewards, the \$75 or the outfit, will be given the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last. The sender of the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two—one of the tea sets—and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. One Cabinet Organ by Bell & Co., 12 stops, beautifully finished \$250
2 to 4. Three fine solid silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 180
5 to 9. Five ladies' solid Gold Watches elegantly engraved 450
10 to 12. Three fine celebrated Waver Sewing Machines 180
13 to 29. Seventeen pairs fine lace Curtains 204
30 to 51. Twenty-two dozen sets solid heavy silver plated Dinner or Dessert Knives, put up in plush lined cases 220
52 to 90. Thirty-nine half dozen sets of extra silver plated Teaspoons 78
101 to 151. Forty-two fine half dozen sets solid silver plated Teaspoons 84

The sender of the last correct answer received in this competition, which closes 30th June next, will secure number one—the organ—of these consolation rewards.

The sender of the next to last one, number two—one of the gold watches—and so on till all these are given out. Fifteen days after date of closing are allowed for letters to reach this office from distant points.



THE EXTRA PRIZES.

Five thousand (or more if required) extra silver plated Butter Dishes. These are the Butter Dishes that are spoken of above, one of which will be given to every competitor, whether the answers are correct or not \$250

This is the most liberal offer ever made by any publisher in the world—and the sooner you take advantage of it the better. As such an offer will not likely be made again. You pay nothing for the privilege of competing, as one dollar is the regular yearly subscription price of the LADIES' JOURNAL. Address S. Frank Wilson, LADIES' JOURNAL Office, Toronto, Canada. Send money by Post Office order or registered letter.

Pineapple lawns are to be very stylish the coming season for young girls' costumes.

One Dollar Against Five Hundred

Isaac Brown, of Bothwell, Ont., was afflicted with chronic humor in the blood. He says one dollar bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters was worth more than \$500.00 paid for other medicines. It is a real blood purifier.

The pointed waistcoat front is the marked feature in young girl's spring frocks.

What Toronto's well-known Good Samaritan says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for over 20 years, and I have tried many remedies, but never found an article that has done me as much good as Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Digestive Care." CLARA E. PORTER

Plaid buttons of ivory and mohair come among old novelties in big buttons.

A letter from P. O. Sharpless, Druggist, Marion, Ohio, in writing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, says: one man was cured of sore throat of 8 years' standing with one bottle. We have a number of cases of rheumatism that have been cured when other remedies have failed. We consider it the best medicine sold.

White velours is the most elegant of the new materials for bridal wear.

A Modern Miracle.

In a recent letter from R. W. Dawson, of Deloraine, Ont., he states that he has recovered from the worst form of dyspepsia, after suffering for fifteen years; and when a council of doctors pronounced him incurable he tried Burdock Blood Bitters, six bottles of which restored his health.

The Lenox jacket is a pretty novelty in white cloth.

Mr. Laist, warehouseman for Lutz Bros, Buffalo, N. Y., says he had a swelling on his foot which he attributed to chilblains. He used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and is troubled no longer. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil may be imitated in its appearance and name, but not in its virtues.

Colored straw sailor hats will be worn by children.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

Brown and gray blue are to be leading colors.

A Severe Trial

Those who endure the torturing pangs of neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and similar painful complaints are severely tried, but there is a speedy relief in Haggard's Yellow Oil as thousands who have used it joyfully testify. It banishes pain and lameness quickly.

Just to Hand!

A LARGE STOCK OF BRASS for Fancy Work GOODS

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

- Brass Stars, 3 sizes 10c per dozen
Brass Bangles, 3 sizes 10c
Brass Croissants, 3 sizes 10c
Brass Croissants, 2 sizes, Hammered 10c
Brass Toy Balls, 3 sizes, 10, 15, 20 cents per dozen.
Star Croissant, 25 cents per dozen.
Bangle Croissants, 2 large sizes, 75c & \$1.00 per doz.
Brass Chain, 3 sizes, 15 and 25 cents per yard
Banner Rods, plain brass, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100 inches long, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45 & 50c. each.

Also in stock a Complete Line of Berlin, Shetland and Andalusian Wools, in all colors, at 10c. per oz.

- Ice Wool, best quality, 10c per ball.
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 15c per doz. skeins.
Filicelle, best quality, 8c per skein, 85c per doz.
Fine Embroidering Chenille, all colors, 5c per skein, 50c per dozen.
Silk Arrasans, large skeins, 15c per skein, \$1.65 per dozen.
Tinsel, large balls, very thick, 10c per ball.
Macrame Cord, 1/2 lb balls, all colors, 10c per ball.
Fitch fine quality, 2 1/2 inches wide, \$2 per yard.
Furish Pompons, new styles, very pretty, in all colors, 50c per dozen.
Furish Pompons, large tassel, quite new, in all colors, 85c per dozen.
Fitch Pompons, large double drop, very handsome, \$1.00 per dozen.
Chenille Cord, in all colors, 10c per yard.
Chenille & Tinsel Cord very handsome, 15c a yd.
Woolen Java Canvas, 18 in. wide, all colors, 50c a yd.
Brussels Net, for darned work, 36 and 72 inches wide, 30 and 50c per yard.
Linen Flossette, all sizes, 1/2 a skein, 40c per doz.

New Goods constantly coming to hand, as we daily receive the Novelties in

FANCY WORK.

LADIES should write for our Price List, as they will save 25 per cent. by ordering from it.

Letter orders receive prompt and careful attention, and goods can be sent to any part of Canada.

HENRY DAVIS,

-DIRECT IMPORTER,- 232 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

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

A great reduction in the amount of drapery is the most obvious features of the new designs just received.

A Pleasing Duty.

"I feel it my duty to say," writes John Borton, of Desert, P. Q., "that Burdock Blood Bitters cured my wife of liver complaint from which she had been a chronic sufferer. Her distressing, painful symptoms soon gave way, and I can highly recommend the medicine to all suffering as she did."

Lace will not be much used on cotton dresses this summer, embroidery having taken its place.

Faces as yellow as that of the "Heathen Chinee," in consequence of bile in the blood, grow fair and wholesome-looking again when Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier is used to relax constipated bowels and expel the billious poison from the circulation. Rheumatic and blood impurities are also given out by it, digestion restored, and the system benefited in every way by its use.

The tendency is to broad laces instead of the narrow ones of the past few seasons.

A Double Benefit.

Harry Ricardo, of Toronto, certifies to the benefits received from the use of Haggard's Yellow Oil as a cure for rheumatism and deafness, his affliction with these combined troubles being a severe one.

Light French blue is much favored. Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

CARPETS.

- IN -

- Wilton
Brussels
Tapestry
All-Wool
Union
Dutch
Hemp

At Wholesale Prices,

Made and Laid

in First-Class Style

CURTAINS

-AND-

CORNICE POLES

-: AT :-

WHOLESALE PRICES.

THE GREAT

LEADER LANE

Dry Goods HOUSE Dry Goods

R. Simpson & Co

36 & 38 Colborne St.



KENSINGTON EMBROIDERY WITH STITCHING
SILK OR SATIN.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

ITS DEVELOPMENT AND ADAPTATION TO ART
NEEDLE WORK.

The Sewing Machine is a marvelous invention, and its development and adaptation to the various kinds of work has carried it to a degree of perfection never dreamed of by its early and most sanguine friends.

How crude and cumbersome the old machines of twenty years ago appear, when placed beside the product of to-day. How wonderfully rapid has been the progress of the past few years in extending its range of work and perfection in execution. In short, it would seem that it could be made to respond to any demand for any kind of work. A few years ago, a person who should have asserted that the family sewing machine could have been made as practical for the production of all kinds of Art Needle-work as the ordinary lines then accomplished by it, would have been set down as an enthusiast, and the assertion scoffed at as impracticable. We now have not only the assertion that it can be done, but are confronted with the veritable product itself, and the question of practicability has been answered by the most satisfactory productions from comparatively unexperienced hands. The conclusion is therefore forced upon us that the sewing machine is destined to occupy as prominent and practical a place in the production of home-made art needle-work, as it now holds in the lines of so-called practical needle-work. This fact having been established apparently beyond all controversy, we have felt that this publication would not properly fill the place of a home magazine without recognizing this important factor in the field of home work.

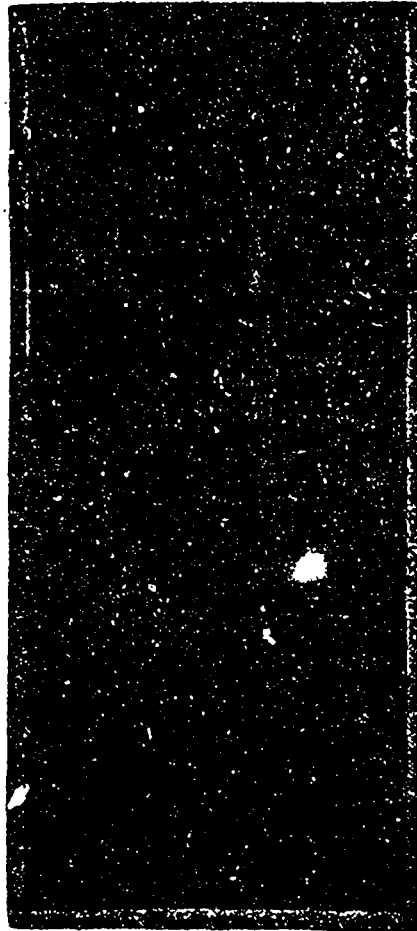
It should be borne in mind, however, that the standard of excellence is the skilled product of the hand, and that patient application with thoughtful study will enable its production on the sewing machine at a great saving of time, labor, and material; also that the knowledge, judgment, and skill in blending colors required in hand-work is necessary for producing it by the machine.

WHAT CAN BE DONE ON THE SEWING MACHINE?

The whole line of Art Needle-work on every kind of fabric with every kind of material.

The following are the principal classes of work, but each is susceptible of a great variety of combinations and applications. Also Etching, Couching, Couching Applique, Braiding, Braiding Applique, all kinds of Silk, Arzene, gold Thread, Tinsel, and Embroidery, Kensington Embroidery and Solid Etching.

Amongst the work produced may be named doilies, tidies, various kinds of scarfs, table, stand and piano covers of all kinds, panels, banner-boards of window and door draperies, etc., etc. Also most kinds of flowers, etc.



DESIGN ON SATIN IN JAPANESE GOLD THREAD.

We have seen imitations of Oriental and other foreign work that was simply marvelous, both in effect and execution; also various kinds of work in the latest styles of home art needle-work which show beyond all question that the sewing machine is practically adapted to its production.

What are the requisites in a sewing-machine to fill the requirement for the satisfactory production of this class of work? The inquiry is a pertinent one, and in its application to particular kinds of machines would require an intelligent discrimination, no matter what suggestions might be made here, but in general the machine must combine simplicity, range of work, and practicability.

Simplicity, as evidenced in its adaptation to the work with the fewest possible changes, so that any person could readily understand and manage it successfully.

Range of Work to cover the entire field of Art Needle-work in the home to the satisfaction of the intelligent and well-informed operator.

Practicability as shown by the ease with which the work is taken up and executed by inexperienced persons.

SUGGESTIONS TO BEGINNERS.

First of all the beginner must be familiar with the machine, understand the tensions, the effect of different length stitches, and know what changes might be made in order to handle properly various kinds of material. The use of the vibrating presser-foot, if the machine has one, should be thoroughly understood. In short, the machine, to be used successfully, must be controlled and directed by an intelligent judgment. Its capabilities are wonderful when thus managed.

In selecting the first design for working on the machine let it be one that would be simple and easy for hand work. Do not attempt too elaborate or extensive work at the outset. Do not be discouraged if the degree of success expected is not at first attained. Remember that "There is no excellence without great labor;" that excellence is only the result of continued effort; and that skill is only a familiar knowledge coupled with dexterity in practical application. Avail yourself of all the information possible in reference to art needle work, have confidence in your own ability, persevere in your efforts, and success will crown your labors.

Do not be satisfied with your attainments until your work is equal or superior to the skilled product of the hand. In some kinds of work the machine will far excel the hand, both in effect and durability, at a great saving of labor and material.

GENERAL HINTS ON ART NEEDLE-WORK.

The question of material, designs, and colors is usually a perplexing one, but especially so to persons with a limited knowledge and experience in decorative work. What kind of material will be best adapted to the intended use? What colors will answer the proper harmony? What kind of a design will look well and at the same time be easily and quickly executed? Varily, these are primary questions and require the exercising of personal judgment. General suggestions may aid, but cannot decide. There are always certain general laws, but their application is contingent upon so many local surroundings that the individual must determine as to fitness. There is now the most perfect liberty in the choice of materials. Anything can be used that would be suitable for the place, or purpose for which the article is intended. Color should always harmonize with surrounding colors.

The prevailing colors to-day are subdued and are capable of the closest harmony. Avoid a gaudy display of contrasting colors. Study artistic effects. Nearly all lovers of art work possess a natural eye for colors, which will in a great measure guide them. Bold and showy designs are suitable only for large pieces of work, such as portieres, curtains, etc. Designs should always as far as possible harmonize with intended use. The fundamental law governing all art works should never be lost sight of, viz.: "Fitness and absolute Truth are essential to all real art." Mistakes will be made, but each mistake is an experience which could not be obtained in any other way. Experience begets confidence and skill. It is surprising how rapidly ideas develop and mature when concentrated in any given direction.

In nothing is this truer than in art needle-work on the sewing machine, because of the rapidity and ease of execution.

Mr. Eljah Lane, of Keene, weighing 210 pounds and standing six feet eight inches high, is the tallest man in New Hampshire, and describes himself as "one of the lances that has no turn."



KENSINGTON EMBROIDERY WITH
FLOSS ON BOLT
ING CLOTH.

Marriage-Made Men.

"Let him marry, then," was the crusty reply of an old bachelor, on being told that a friend had gone blind: "let him marry, and if that doesn't open his eyes, then his case is indeed hopeless."

The sneer has been confuted by the experience of scores of blind scholars, whose wives have been eyes to them. Huber, the great authority on bees, was blind from his seventeenth year, and conducted the observations which gave him the facts for his studies through the eyes of his wife. He declared that he should be miserable were he to regain his eyesight, adding, "I should not know to what extent a person in my situation could be beloved; besides my wife is always young, fresh and pretty, which is no light matter."

Blind Henry Fawcett became professor of political economy at Cambridge, an effective debater in Parliament, and a most successful postmaster-general, by using the eyes of his cultured wife.

The crusty old bachelor's sneer falls flat, when it encounters such wives as these—and they are but a trifle out of the many who have made their husbands men of good repute.

Sir Samuel Romilly, the leading lawyer and law-reformer of his day, illustrated the experience of successful men when he said that nothing had more profited him in his public life than the observations and opinions of his wife.

The biographer of Sir William Hamilton, commenting upon the helpfulness of Lady Hamilton, says: "The number of pages in her handwriting still preserved is perfectly marvellous."

When he was elected professor of logic and metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, he had no lectures in stock. He began at once to write them, but though he worked rapidly, and far into the night, he was often only a few hours in advance of his class.

Lady Hamilton sat up night after night to write out a fair copy of the lectures from the roughly written pages he had scrawled in the adjoining room. He would take her legible sheets, and read them that morning to the students, who knew not that their professor's success was due to his being a marriage-made man. When paralysis, brought on by mental overwork, had stricken him, she became even more helpful, and by her assistance he was enabled to perform his professional duties until death removed him from his chair.

The belle of Bath, M. T., wears a shoe fourteen inches long and has been named the captaincy of a base ball nine.

Health Department.

Cautions for the Aged.

Age works great physical changes, many of which are generally recognized. Some of them involve dangerous liabilities, and impose the need of constant caution.

One is to guard against undue exertion. The tough, elastic coat of the arteries is apt to become, on the one hand, chalk-like and brittle, or, on the other hand, fatty and weak. Nature seeks to guard against the consequent danger by rendering older persons less inclined to effort. But a little extra exertion put forth suddenly, may cause the weakened vessels to give way, from the increased force with which the heart throws the blood into them. Hence may result apoplexy or fatal aneurism—the latter being a sudden bulging out of arteries.

So, too, the heart itself (or its aorta—the great curved trunk which first receives the blood from the heart) may be in a similar condition, and suddenly fail because of undue exertion, when it might have been equal to the ordinary work of years. Such no doubt was the last case, when an elderly gentleman hurried to reach a railroad train, and fell dead on entering it. The aged should firmly refuse to hurry.

A like caution applies to whatever quickens the action of the heart. Every one knows the power of violent emotions in this respect. No one wishes to fall dead in a fit of anger. Undue eating, especially of stimulating food, is almost as dangerous. All the appetites need to be kept under good control.

A special caution is needed in descending the stairs. In our normal voluntary movements there are certain nice adjustments affected by unconscious mental acts. But age effects such a change in the brain substance that mental activity is lessened. An old man can no more think as quickly as a young man he can run as fast, or jump as high. Hence the missteps of the aged in descending stairs. Aged persons, therefore, should form the habit of taking their bearings, so to speak, at the top of the stairs, and keep their mind on each step down by a conscious voluntary effort.

The aged should also most carefully guard against a chill. It is more dangerous for an old man to catch cold than for a young man to catch a fever.

Pack the Lungs with Air.

Deep breathing and holding of the breath is an item of importance. Persons of weak vitality find an uninterrupted succession of deep and rapid aspiration so distressing that they are discouraged from persevering in the exercise. Let such persons take into the lungs as much air as they can at a breath and hold it as long as they can, and they will find a grateful sense of relief in the whole abdominal region. Practice will increase ability to hold the breath and the capacity of the lungs. After a time the art may be learned of packing the lungs. This is done by taking and holding the long breath and then forcing more air down the trachea by swallows of air. The operation may be described by that of a fish's mouth in water. To those who have never learned it will be surprising to what extent the lungs may be packed. Caution at first is needful but after practice will warrant large use of the treatment. The whole thoracic and abdominal cavities will receive immediate benefit and continuance and temperance in eating, good air and right exercise, will bring welcome improvement.

Palatable and Pure.

Distilled water is not essential to good health. It is "flat, stale and unprofitable." Unless well erated it is unpalatable. The process of distilling separates the mineral matter, but not the volatile substance. The one pound of nitrogen and sulphur may reappear in the distilled water, and the peculiar odor so repulsive to delicate tastes. If clean soil-water cannot be obtained, make a large, deep and clean cistern, and keep it clean. Take a sound oak or ash barrel, put a false bottom (perforated) 3 inches from the bottom of the barrel; place three inches of clean washed gravel on the top of the perforated bottom; on this twelve inches of granulated charcoal, made from hard maple; on this 4 inches of clean washed sand, and then place a perforated false top over the sand, so that water poured into the barrel will not disturb the filtering materials be-

neath. Insert a wooden faucet in the side of the barrel, close to the bottom, and you will have a filter which will make good rain-water filtered through it as clean and palatable as can be desired.

Bad Effect of Pickles.

The influence of acid in retarding or arresting salivary digestion is further of importance in the dietetic use of pickles, vinegar, salads and acid fruits. In the case of vinegar it was found that one part in 5000 sensibly retarded this process, a proportion of one in 1,000 rendered very slow, and one in 500 arrested it completely; so that when acid salads are taken together with bread the effect of the acid is to prevent any salivary digestion of the bread, a matter of little moment to a person with a vigorous digestion, but to a feeble dyspeptic one of some importance. There is a very widespread belief that drinking vinegar is an efficacious means of avoiding getting fat, and this popular belief would appear from these experimental observations to be well founded. If the vinegar be taken at the same time as farinaceous food it will greatly interfere with its digestion and assimilation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. G. R., Tyrone.—Yes, certainly. Will be glad to hear from you.

SUBSCRIBER, Collingwood.—Man is published at Ottawa. It is edited by Dr. Playter, and is devoted, in about equal proportions, to hygiene and literature.

INQUIRER, Boboygon.—The Wiman Baths at Toronto were a gift from Mr. Erattus Wiman, a former resident of the city, but now a wealthy New Yorker.

H. A. J., Kintore.—The manufacturers have not been able to keep us supplied with the prizes you refer to. A large consignment is now to hand, and yours will be forwarded immediately, if not already sent. 2 Any or all of the members of the same family may compete upon the same terms as you did.

HUNTER, City.—A good day's shooting for a pair of sportsmen, with a light boat, where there are long stretches of wild rice, and plenty of mallard or wood duck, would be about 12 brace. Sometimes it might exceed this. (2) Heaviness, or clumsiness when the bird finishes is fatal.

Do not take Pills or Powders containing Calomel, for, at this time of the year, the result may be serious. If you require a dose of physic take Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters; it acts gently on the bowels, purifies the blood, improves the circulation, stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and speedily cures Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion. Search the Drug stores from one end of Canada to the other, and you cannot find a remedy equal to it. Try it and use it in your families. Sold everywhere in large bottles at 50 cents.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for completion of Custom House, London," will be received at this office until THURSDAY, 15th May next, for the several works required in the completion of an addition to the

CUSTOM HOUSE

LONDON, ONT.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of Messrs. Durand and Moore, Architects, London, Ont., on and after Friday, the 20th April last.

As the plans and specifications provide for the whole of above works, and a portion of same having been executed, intending contractors are required to personally visit the site and make themselves fully cognizant of the work remaining to be done, according to the said plans and specifications, before putting in their tenders.

Persons tendering are further notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. G. ELL, Secretary.

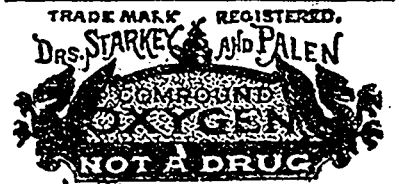
Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 27th April, 1886.

Heart Disease



Master John Meade, whose cut is presented to the public this day, resides at 128 1/2 Malcolm street, Toronto; he formerly lived in London, England, and while there had rheumatism; was doctored by five of the Great Reputables there, and all failed to help, relieve or cure, so he was shipped out here as a last hope. We took the case 17th day Feb., 1886, his pulse then was 120, irregular, and there was enlargements of the great artery leading from the heart; his eyes wore an intensely anxious expression, the arteries in his neck throbbled as if they would burst from their moorings, and the heart itself could be seen lifting out, at each pulsation, the whole side of the chest; his face and lips were also blue. This boy's pulse now ranges from 85 to 87, and he is enjoying excellent health. Reader, there are hundreds of people all over Canada who have been told by medical men with more sheepskins than brains, they must and will soon die, who can be cured as this boy has been. Palpitation, pain about the heart, a rapid pulse, a jerky pulse, a pulse that misses every few beats, a violent beating heart, does not necessarily mean heart disease. Don't be taken in by licensed, but ignorant Quacks. Next week we commence publishing a series of cases that we have cured after the Professors at the General Hospital failed to cure them. If these Professors kept abreast of the times we would not be called upon to make this expose, but we owe it to suffering humanity to expose ignorance and experiment wherever it is met with. Remember we treat and cure all chronic diseases and deformities in male and female, in young and old, and remove every description of tumor and cancer. Mention this paper. Address

Edward McCully, M.D., Medical Director Medical and Surgical Association of Canada. 283 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.



1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. CANADA DEPOSITORY:

E. W. D. KING, 38 Church St., TORONTO.

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

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

Treaties on Compound Oxygen free on application to E. W. D. KING, 38 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

Senior asks professor a very profound question. Professor: "Mr. W., a fool can ask a question that no wise man could not answer." Senior: "Then I suppose that's why so many of us flunk."

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, Fever-sores, Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetor, Eoso Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip Joint Disease, White Swellings, Gout, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections. "THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES OF THE

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Consumption, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Sold by Druggists.

PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Pierce's LITTLE Pleasant LIVER Regulative PILLS.

ANTI-BILIOUS and CATHARTIC. Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

\$500 REWARD

is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of smell, taste, or hearing, weak eyes, dull pain or pressure in head, you have Catarrh. Thousands of cases terminate in consumption. Dr. Sage's CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," and Catarrhal Headache. 50 cents.

Ladies' Fine French Kid

BOOTS

Take The Lead, as Sell at Very Close Prices

W. PICKLE 328

Eating Lemons.

A good deal has been said through the papers about the healthfulness of lemons. The latest advice is how to use them so that they will do the most good, as follows: Most people know the benefit of lemonade before breakfast, but few know that it is more than doubled by taking another at night also. The way to get the better of the bilious system without the blue pill or quinine is to take the juice of one, two, or three lemons, as appetite craves, in as much ice-water as makes it pleasant to drink without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning, on rising, at least a half-hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humor and bile with efficiency, without the weakening effects of calomel or congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear.

Exchange Department.

Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual subscribers to TRUTH may advertise once time, anything they may wish to exchange, free of charge. It is to be distinctly understood that the publisher reserves to himself the right of deciding whether an Exchange shall appear or not. He does not undertake any responsibility with regard to transactions effected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of correspondents or the accuracy of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misunderstanding or disappointment, therefore, he advises Exchangers to write for particulars to the addresses given before sending for the articles called for.

A beautiful morocco album, cost \$6 75 three weeks ago, as good as new, for 150 three cent stamps. H. J. Kennedy, care "Truth," Toronto.

Send me 10 cts. in silver and I will send a pamphlet containing plain rules for knitting and crocheting many articles. 50 illustrated pages. Address, Mrs. Eva M. Niles, East Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Coccolic beans and a fine sea-egg, both from the West Indies, for a cluster of quartz-crystals; minerals for the same. Harry G. Watson, W. M. College, Westminster, Md.

A pair of all-clip nickel-plated roller skates in good condition, for an Edison electric-light scaplin with battery, etc., a good printing-press, a good 3-draw up-glass, or a good bagatelle board. Geo. W. Shaw, North Wales, Montgomery Co., Tenn.

A collection of 500 rare foreign and domestic stamps and an album for the best offer of a watch. William Martin, Hartwell, Ohio.

All Humpbacks Set at Defiance.

The Masterpiece of Holding the Largest Scrotal Hernia or RUPTURE.



Under a sure guarantee, and not to be imposed on by a cheap penny humpback. Having made a new discovery in the shape of applicator the Spiral Pad in cases of very large Scrotal Hernia I hereby invite the suffering public to correspond with me and have a day set for themselves to be at my office in Toronto, and I will guarantee to hold these Ruptures under any circumstances, or no charge. The trial shall be:—I will sit on a common chair; I weigh 175 pounds; the patient shall lift me up with the chair in a bent position, which is the severest test known. As a proof that this effort is genuine and not thrown out to the public as a decoy duck, I do not ask a cent until the Truss has performed its work during this severe trial. Note.—This applies to hopeless cases that have tried all manner of trusses without success. Send 5 cent stamp for book on Erupture and Human Frame; valuable information. Address CHAS. OLUFSE, 118 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

these Ruptures under any circumstances, or no charge. The trial shall be:—I will sit on a common chair; I weigh 175 pounds; the patient shall lift me up with the chair in a bent position, which is the severest test known. As a proof that this effort is genuine and not thrown out to the public as a decoy duck, I do not ask a cent until the Truss has performed its work during this severe trial. Note.—This applies to hopeless cases that have tried all manner of trusses without success. Send 5 cent stamp for book on Erupture and Human Frame; valuable information. Address CHAS. OLUFSE, 118 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

L. D. SAWYER & CO., HAMILTON ONT.,

MANUFACTURERS OF "L. D. S." ENGINES.

Awarded FIRST PRIZE, 1885, at Provincial Fair, Ontario Fair, Hamilton, and Northern Walkerton.

"Rain-Saver" and "Peerless" SEPARATORS.

"Horse-Powers" for 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 Horses.

"Horse-Powers" for 1, 2 and 3 Horses.

Separators for Road and Sweep Powers.

"I've run a piece of wood under my finger nail," said an old married man to his wife, "Ab," she sneered, "you must have been scratching your head."

A. H. WELCH, DIAMOND MERCHANT AND JEWELRY MANUFACTURER. Gold, Silver and Nickel Plating. Ordered Work & Repairing a Specialty. 31 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, NEAR RAY ST. TORONTO.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK FOR YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN ONLY \$1 BY MAIL, POST-PAYED.

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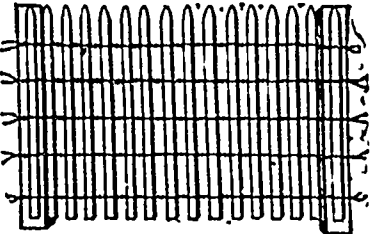
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