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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

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PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

From and after this date the subscription price of TRUTH will be increased to \$3.00 per annum, in advance.

The many and extensive improvements which have followed each other in such quick succession during the past year, has added to the cost of publication as to make this step absolutely necessary.

In the past the publisher, in his zealous endeavors to make TRUTH the best family weekly on the continent, has been just a little too generous. So much is this the case that the paper in its present form and at the present price is issued weekly at a decided loss.

To meet the exigencies of the case there are two courses which might be pursued.

The first, and perhaps easier method, would be to increase the quantity of advertising. The circulation of the paper is now such that advertisers are clamoring for space, and if it were so desired no trouble could be experienced in adding several pages of advertisements. But to do this several of the most popular departments of the paper would have to be withdrawn. This the publisher would never permit.

The next method, and the one it has been decided to adopt, is to raise the subscription price. From this date, therefore, the annual subscription to TRUTH will be \$3.00, instead of \$2.00, as formerly. To those who have already paid in advance, the new arrangement will not apply, but henceforth all new subscriptions and renewals will be received only at the \$3.00 rate.

We have taken this step only after mature deliberation, and with the interests of our readers constantly in view. The extra dollar will not be much to the individual, but the aggregate will be very considerable to us. It will enable the publisher to carry out some long-cherished improvements. It is more than probable that the paper will shortly be enlarged, new and attractive features will constantly be added, and the high moral tone and literary excellence will be rigidly maintained.

We believe our readers will appreciate our efforts to place TRUTH still farther in the van of family journals, and will continue to accord us that encouragement which they have so generously given us in the past.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

Those young people of both sexes who delight (much to the disgust of the letter-carriers) in sending one another missives, sentimental or otherwise on or about the 14th of February, may not perhaps be generally aware that the origin of these observances on St. Valentine's Day is supposed to be very ancient, though it is veiled in some obscurity. The saint himself, who was a priest of Rome, martyred in the third century, does not appear to have had much to do with the peculiar observances which take place at this season of the year, beyond the fact, (accidental, perhaps) of his day being used for the purposes.

The following particulars are gleaned from some remarks to be found in Mr. Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare: "It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februa, Februalis, and Februa. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who, by every possible means, endeavored to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions and chiefly by some commutation of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women; and as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's Day, for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. It would seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed—a fact which it were easy to prove in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions. And, accordingly, the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose that the above practice of choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes and that all persons so chosen would be called Valentines, from the day on which the ceremony took place."

The Rev. Alban Butler, the compiler of the "Lives of the Saints," agrees with Mr. Douce in the greater part of his remarks. The festival nowadays seems to be much degenerated, the only observance of any note consisting merely of the sending of sentimental, jocular or satirical missives to parties whom the senders wish either to receive such testimony of their regard or to "quiz." In many cases the designs of the senders are more reprehensible, being evidently to hurt the feelings of the recipients of the "valentine." This, with the chronicling in the newspapers of the number of letters passing through the post office on the 14th of February, is nearly the whole extent of the observances now peculiar to St. Valentine's day.

At no very remote period it was very different, and, according to Misson, a learned traveller in the early part of the eighteenth century, the ceremonial observance in England and Scotland bore a stronger resemblance to that mentioned by Douce in the passage already quoted. These are the words of Misson: "On the eve of St. Valentine's Day the young folks, an equal number of bachelors and maids, get together; each writes their name, either true or feigned, upon separate billets, which they roll up and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets and the men those of the maids, so that each of the young men

lights upon a girl that he calls his *valentine*, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love."

So much for our observances, such as they are, of St. Valentine's Day, and which observances, like many others of old time customs, are gradually growing less and less.

One body of men at least will be thankful when St. Valentine's day is observed no longer, and that is the letter-carriers, who fail to see any sentiment or fun whatever in being compelled to drag through the streets a heavy bag of missives containing the lovers' sighings of amorous swains, and the nonsensical jokes of would-be "funny people."

A civil word is the cheapest thing in the world, and yet it is a thing which the young and happy rarely give to their fancied inferiors. See the effect of civility on a rough little street boy! The other evening a young lady turned a street corner abruptly and ran against a boy who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said, "I beg your pardon, indeed, I am very sorry." The small, ragged, and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for a moment, then taking off about three quarters of a cap, he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile and answered, "Yer can hev my parding an' welcome Miss, an' yer may run agin me an' knock me cleau down an' I won't say a word." After the young lady passed on he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically, "I never had anyone to ask my parding, and it kind o' took me off my feet."

Sicilian courtship differs from the Canadian article in some material points. When conditions are equal and there are no objections to the desired marriage, the mother of the young man takes the thing in hand. She knows that her son wants to marry because he is sullen, rude, silent, contrary to yand fault-finding; because last Saturday night he hitched up the ass to the hook in the house well instead of stabling it as he ought; and himself passed the night out of doors, or because—in one place in Sicily he sat on the chest, kicked his heels and stamped his feet, so that his parents hearing the noise might know that he was disturbed in his mind and wanted to marry as soon as convenient. Then the mother knows what is before her and accepts her duties as a good woman should. She dresses herself a little smartly and goes to the house of the Nina or Rosa with whom her son has fallen in love to see what the girl is like when at home, and to find out the dowry likely to be given with her. She hides under her shawl a weaver's comb, which, as soon as she is seated she brings out, asking the girl's moth-

if she can lend her one like it. The latter answers that she will look for one, and will do all that she can to meet her visitor's wishes. She then sends the daughter into another room and the two begin the serious business of means and dowry. In the olden times the girl who did not know how to weave the thread she had already spun had before her a very small chance of finding a husband, howsoever great her charms or virtues. In Media the young man's mother er sets a broom against the girl's house door at night, which does the same as the weaver's comb elsewhere; and if all other things suit the young people are betrothed the following Saturday. After they are betrothed the girl's mother goes to a church some distance from her own home, where she stands behind the door, and according to the words said by the first persons who pass through foretells the happiness or the unhappiness of the marriage as, on foot. The inventory of the girl's possessions—chiefly house and body linen is made by a public writer, and always begins with an invocation to "Gesu, Maria, Giuseppe"—the Holy family. It is sent to the bridegroom elect wrapped in a handkerchief. If considered satisfactory it is kept, if unsatisfactory it is returned. If accepted as sufficient there is a solemn conclave of the parents and kinsfolks of the two houses, and the marriage ceremony in due time and form follows.

On opening a head of cabbage the other day, the cook of a hotel in Toronto found a document that the world would come to an end towards the end of next week. We have always had the profoundest respect for the superior intelligence of the cabbage head but we shall go on accumulating great thoughts for our next editorial just the same.

It is observed that when the Nihilists of Russia or the Anarchists of Prussia desire to express their emphatic disapproval of the systems of government in vogue in their respective countries, they make a direct assault upon a Czar, assassinate a Police Chief or plot to blow up an Emperor. The friends of Ireland who are trying to terrify the English government by setting off dynamite under railway trains in London, and getting up explosions in places frequented by women and children, cannot hope to gain the respect of the civilized world. An explosion in the Tower of London any day of the week would be more likely to kill Americans than Englishmen. The residents of London do not visit the Tower. It is a place of sacred interest to Continental and American visitors. If the dynamiters have a point to make in secretly killing the representatives of fancied British tyranny, they should direct their operations against people who have assumed responsibilities.

When it became known that O'Donovan Rossa had been shot, and when the report spread that the wound had proved fatal, a large number of good and loyal people heaved a sigh of relief and remarked, "The

knocks Fenianism on the head in America," TRUTH ventures to think that these people were vastly mistaken. Rossa was and is no more the main prop of Fenianism than the mythical man in the moon is. Were Rossa put out of the way, much of the money which has been subscribed to further "his cause" as it is called, and which has gone into that very windy patriot's pocket, would be applied to the purpose for which it was intended by the donors. So far from Rossa's death proving a fatal blow to Fenianism and dynamite outrages, it would act in a direct opposite manner. O'Donovan Rossa is a talented wind-bag and — very little more.

If people would only pay more attention to that passage of Scripture which says that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," they would save themselves a great deal of unnecessary fretting and trouble. Many were the lamentations last fall when it was predicted that the present winter was to be a very severe one, and poor people gave themselves much uncalled for uneasiness by wondering how they would ever find fuel to enable them to live through it. As it turns out the winter has been exceedingly mild, with the exception of a few cold snaps, and those people now see that they made themselves needlessly miserable.

Of course, it is well to be in such a state that cold weather will be deprived of many of its terrors — when it comes — but, still, it does not do one bit of good to "yell before you're hurt." The moral of all, which is: — lay something aside for a rainy (or cold) day, and, if it doesn't come, so much the better. Pay no attention to weather prophets for the talk of what they understand not. Keep straight ahead, doing your best, and, when that terrifically cold weather does come, you'll be prepared to meet it. This is the sort of prophet TRUTH is.

Not long ago a negro thief walked off with a stove, fire and all, from a house in the States, which he had surreptitiously entered; and now comes the news of burglars coolly forcing their way into a Montreal hotel and departing thence with an iron safe, weighing over a quarter of a ton. Things are coming to such a pitch that, before long, it will be hardly safe to go to bed, lest some enterprising burglar should take a fancy to that useful article of furniture and abstract it from beneath us whilst we wander through the Elysian fields of the Land of Nod. Adept thieves in the East Indies have been known to steal the mattresses from beneath a sleeper on more than one occasion, and it certainly looks as if such a feat would not be an out-of-the-way one for some of our Occidental "knights of the jimmy" to perform. Those who dwell in frame houses will lose all feeling of security before long, for it seems that a small frame house would not be much more difficult to steal than a heavy iron safe.

Everybody has heard of Julius Caesar's brief despatch "Veni, Vidi, Vici," but it is by no means as short as that of Sir Charles Napier's punning announcement of the capture of Scinde, namely "Peccavi," (I have sinned) and which is not so familiar as that of Caesar. But an equally brief, and much less widely known despatch, was that of Sir Walter Raleigh to Queen Elizabeth, in which he made known his victory over the Spanish fleet. The single Latin word he used was "Cantabrida," which signifies, "The Spanish fly!" Very few people are aware that such a despatch was ever sent, and, possibly, Sir Walter himself may be included in the list.

Admirers of the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" will be shocked at the opinion that such a man as Hawthorne entertained for Martin F. Tupper. He confesses that he "felt a kindness for him, but instinctively knew him to be a bore. I liked him and laughed in my sleeve at him and was utterly weary of him for, certainly, he is the ass of asses." This is rather rough on the philosopher, but numbers, doubtless, share Mr. Hawthorne's opinion.

Though TRUTH by no means agrees with all that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, it thinks that there is a large amount of sense in what he told his congregation from the pulpit a few Sundays ago. Mr. Beecher, after asserting that every man was free and no man is master of another man's freedom, concluded by saying: "If any man in this church wants to go into the Roman Catholic Church, and I think he is good enough, let him come to me and I will give him a letter. I have done it before, and I did right. I think that there are a great many in this church that would be better if they would go and listen to some other preaching. I have been preaching here for nearly forty years to some men, and — without being personal — I may say that I don't see that they are any better for it." There are men in churches nearer home than Brooklyn who appear to derive very little benefit from the sermons they hear week after week in the one church they attend, though whether they would derive any benefit by going elsewhere is a question.

Since the hour when England awoke to the horror of the Mahometan Jemar in India, perhaps since the loss of Calais corroded the hard heart of Mary Tudor, no blow has fallen on the pride of England comparable to the fall of Khartoum. That this dreadful reverse will be avenged tenfold, no one doubts. It is to be hoped that the eyes of the military authorities will be opened to the folly of attempting with a handful of brave soldiers to garrison a desert inaccessible to communication, and with only the audacity of an "inspired madman," who goes into battle with a bamboo-cane, would undertake to hold against the myriads who take horse and lance in its defence.

In the *Referee* (sporting and dramatic), for Dec. 22, 1884, the following prophecy is hazarded. This jest now proves bitter earnest: "1885, Fall of Khartoum and death of General Gordon." It is to be hoped that the last clause may prove an untrue weird!

The Report of the Minister of Education, now before the Ontario Legislature, does not contain a single measure against which exception can be taken by any but the most small-minded bisector of controversial straws. It simply consolidates and puts in a clear light the school age, the machinery for making education compulsory, and provides much-needed aid for the weaker school sections. It abolishes, with due regard for vested rights, the cumbersome and unpopular system of superannuation. Still more important, it follows the long expressed wish of the public, often voiced in the columns of TRUTH, by enacting that the election of school trustees shall in future be decided by ballot, and on the same day with the other municipal elections.

More purposeless than usual is the chronic baiting of the Minister of Education in Parliament by the Ontario Opposition and its organ. "Twas ever thus from childhood's hour." More shame for the party politicians on both sides! Ryerson, who was a Conservative, was worried and maligned all though his beneficent career; Mr. Crooks, an able, cultured, and

well-meaning public servant, was badgered by the Conservatives and the book publisher's Tammany in Toronto; Mr. G. W. Ross, by preferring one good series of text books to the scramble of a competition when margins of profit came out of the pockets of the public, has earned from those interested a double portion of the hatred which the idol-makers of Ephesus bestowed on the innovator who had taken away their means of living. Faugh! we are tired of these discords, and desire what in musical language is termed a rest!

The winter is nearing its end, and it will be a sad day for the young man who has posed on the streets, during the cold weather, as a Hercules in build and with shoulders two feet across, when he is compelled to lay by his padded overcoat and figure in his proper shape, which is strongly suggestive of a long-necked claret bottle, supported by a pair of very unstable and unsatisfactory looking legs.

The True Freedom of the Press.

There is no country in the world where there is more talk about the freedom of the press than in our own Dominion, and no one, perhaps, where less of it is enjoyed. The fetters come not in the shape of arbitrary law, or the prohibitions of absolute censorship, but in a form little less effective. The fear of giving offence, or of saying some thing that may possibly clash with the interests of a subscriber, exerts a more paralyzing influence than any mandate of regal jealousy, or of despotic sway. There is no antagonist so difficult to contend with as a man's own fears. Against this foe he has no heart, no resolution. He has not even that little courage which resentment can impart.

Let the press yield to these fears, and the greatest sufferers would be they who create them. They would hear the language of commendation and flattery, but rarely that of impartiality and truth. It is often the most unwelcome sentiments for which we should feel the most grateful. We get into the right by being told that we are in the wrong. But this lesson comes from those only who respect us more than they respect our prejudices; who would sooner censure and correct, than flatter and betray.

We do not propose to establish in our paper any claims to praise for independence of thought, speech, or opinion, but we wish to escape the humiliation of the opposite. There is no merit in exercising all the freedom which we claim, but there would be a reproach in surrendering it. We claim no freedom of speech which we shall not allow in others, and in our own columns too. Any man who sustains this press, differing with us in opinion on any point, may here, frankly, fearlessly, express his dissent. He may combat our opinions, he may assail our arguments, and, if he can, overthrow our conclusions. It is the conflict of mind with mind that discovers moral truth, and reaches those great social and political principles on which the honor and happiness of communities repose. It is the wise and the good that we should pursue; it is the right that we should seek, and to which we should pay our homage, wherever found. Truth never forsakes its friends, never disappoints the confidence it has won. It may at times be overpowered, but it lives on still, and will yet assert its unconquerable energies, while error will inevitably cover its votaries with dismay.

Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid its worshippers.

Cramping.

How comes it to pass that with all the improvements made in the educational arrangements of this country there should still be so much force work, or cramping! Everywhere almost the same thing is to be met. From infant classes up to the University it would seem as if the one desire was not so much to develop the intellectual faculties and really educate the soul, as to cram with a strange heterogeneous mass of undigested pieces of so called knowledge, and to force boys and girls to make a pretence of learning far more than they can assimilate. If enough of ground is gone over, then all is right, and the wretched little victims are driven by every possible means through all the ologies and all the sciences with a smattering of everything, and a satisfactory acquaintance with nothing. In some cases, this crying iniquity is not so bad as it was, but even yet it is no uncommon thing for poor creatures of ten and twelve to get up in a single night three or four reigns of English history, four or five sums in arithmetic, each covering the side of a slate, five or six pages of French translation, a dozen pages of "philosophy" with other odds and ends too numerous to mention. Were the people who give such lessons ever children themselves? Do they know anything about education? Can they wonder that children become disguised by the very sight of a book and look upon school as a prison-house, from whose bondage they sign for deliverance? No wonder that there are so many dull children, and so many who are foolish, disagreeable prigs. Boarding-schools for young ladies are specially noticeable for this sort of work and in some classes of University College the same evil is as bad as bad can be. In these latter there is not an attempt to educate. It is a mere contemptible, lazy grind. No attempts to awaken interest. No desire to indicate felicities of language, or to direct attention to peculiarities of idiom. A mere dreary, mindless listening; to hold translations to be hurried over within the hour in some way or other, with all the stupid indifference of a gin horse going its rounds. In any reasonable sense, all this cannot be called education. But it is all that is going, and if the program is slurred over in some way or other, it is thought to be all right. The teachers are satisfied, and sleep the sleep of the just. But the scholars — what of them. We sometimes are tempted to think that for all the practical purposes of life, the education in the poorly-equipped schools of twenty or thirty years ago was really better than what is so much bepraised to-day.

Mothers-in-Law.

If Burke went too far in pronouncing "the age of chivalry" past, there can be no doubt of a serious waning in the courtesy with which the fair sex were treated in bygone times. Not only have many ceased to pay the homage which was once deemed woman's due, but they are very stinted in outward expressions of respect, and even the length of ridiculing the weaknesses which it should be their pride to shield and hide. Sisters, betrothed girls and wives, perhaps, fair best, for none but the basest would speak coarsely or disparagingly of one who called him brother, lover, or husband. But the woman who has, possibly from necessity, but equally likely from choice, passed the meridian of life without entering the married state is slightly spoken of as an old maid, while the venerable old lady who has lived to fondle her children's children with trembling hand, is only "granny." But worst of all is the

treatment to which the mother-in-law is subjected. Her relationship to others is the butt of every wittling; her endeavors to do what she considers to be her duty are resented and hindered. She is looked upon as an interloper and a trouble-maker, and one whose feelings may be played upon with impunity. It is the wife's mother who is most amenable to this unfair and cruel treatment. The woman who fills a similar relation on the husband's side is comparatively exempt from it, for there is hardly a man so base as to expose his own mother to ridicule or suffer her to be exposed to slight and contumely by others. But what he would not do or allow to be said of or done to his own mother he is often quite willing to say of or do to or allow others to say of or do to his wife's.

The burden of all these poor puny witticisms at the expense of the mother-in-law is her propensity to interfere in the affairs of the rising family. In many cases she is a widow, lonely and without means, and has thankfully accepted the shelter of her children's roof; or if in easier circumstances had, to enjoy their society, consented at their desire to make their house her home. In doing so she had no desire to assume the reins of domestic government; nothing was farther from her mind or wishes, for she well remembers her own early widowhood, and the pride with which she regarded her home sovereignty. She is not likely, recalling this, to willfully encroach on her daughter's domain, much less on that of her daughter's husband. Here and there one may meet with a mother-in-law whose instinct for controlling others and the affairs of others may obliterate these early recollections, and betray her into the folly of undue interference, but such instances observation will show to be extremely rare. We encounter them as we do exceptions in every class, and these are very exceptional indeed. Experience is, in this respect, almost wholly in favor of the mother-in-law, and for every one in this relation who can be charged with encroaching on the rights of the young people there certainly can be found a dozen who can with reason complain of encroachments upon theirs. Most married men, were the question plainly put to them, would be forced in candour to acquit their own mothers-in-law of this hackneyed charge of needless interference.

What is called interference is generally nothing more than advice, which ought, in this case to be respectfully and gratefully received, instead of being resented. Who has a better right to advise a young married couple than the wife's mother. She has a twofold right to tender her counsel. There is the right which springs from natural affection. None but those who have themselves passed through the experience can form an estimate of what a mother gives up when a daughter leaves her side to become a wife. How large a gap in her daily round! How sure a prop removed! How large an accumulation of new anxieties! How oppressive the feeling that her years of motherly training are to be put to a severe test, the result of which may redound to her honor or bring her the greatest mortification! And besides all this she is parting with her dearest treasure, the joy of her soul, her second self. Can one begrudge her the privilege of advising?

She has also the right of matured experience. She is familiar with most of the difficulties which her child and her husband have to face, know how they ought to be encountered, and how they may be best borne over. Would it not be unkind of her to stand aloof from them, leaving them to struggle on through difficulties enhanced by their inexperience

We might also mention the right of service; for if the wife fulfil the expectations of the husband—prove to be the helpmeet he has hoped to find in her, to whose credit does this chiefly redound? It is to that of her mother, to whom she owes her housewifely skill, her industrious habits, and in most cases her patience, gentleness and truthfulness of character. No husband can reflect on this and treat his wife's mother with disrespect, especially when he reflects on the keen suffering which he must needs inflict upon his wife by such conduct.

There is the further consideration that if a man be so weak as to be dominated over in his own house by his mother-in-law or anybody else, sneering is very ineffective either in the way of defence or revenge, and as pitiful as it is ineffective.

Dancing.

It is not necessary to define what most of our readers know so well as dancing. Whether we call it the "poetry of motion," or characterize it in any other way we please, it is undoubtedly an amusement very generally resorted to and engaged in by many with infinite relish. But if we do not need to define dancing, or to describe its varied peculiarities, it is very necessary to settle whether or not it be an amusement in which wise men and decent women may with propriety take a part. About some dances there can be no doubt at all, for they are as indelicate and indecent as anything done in public possibly can be. How husbands can ever tolerate their wives, or brothers their sisters, or fathers their daughters, in such exhibitions is a mystery, though they do it, and seem pleased with the performance all the same. It is of no use to reply with the stale—"Evil be to him that evil thinks," for the evil is not a matter of thinking at all, but of right. Even among what are called decent and proper people, it is simply shocking to see how delicate and modest girls are, as one has phrased it, "pawed" by every Tom, Dick and Harry with whom she "will be pleased, &c." The shocking results of such dancing, all fashionable and endorsed as it may be, are too distressing to think about, and far more so to specify.

But apart from these dances, which to be sure are the most popular in most dancing parties, and would have made our grandmothers, however little prudish they might be, hold up their hands in amazement and disgust, is there any thing essentially wrong in dancing itself, when rightly ordered and taken in moderation? We cannot see that there is. It is no doubt exceedingly liable to be abused. It has in all ages been grossly abused for the very worst purposes. But so have many things, which in themselves are praiseworthy enough. For children in a family, or with a few young friends, is there anything more objectionable in a dance, than in those charades—dumb and otherwise—which with some serious people are so popular? Is there any thing worse than those games where forfeits, generally involving any amount of kissing, are in the ascendant? Is there anything so bad as in much of the tittle-tattle that passes for conversation, and is not so careful as it ought to be of other people's characters? We think not. It may look absurd enough to see people capering about like lunatics, but, after all, as a mere amusement, is there any thing in it more foolish than fifty things in the way of relaxation which pass unchallenged as mere matters of course? Can a Christian with any degree of consistency dance? We don't pretend to say. Only a Christian has liberty to do anything that is not sinful. Can a clergyman with

propriety take a turn at the polka? If any Christian can, so can he, for there are not two laws of conduct, one for the clergyman and another for the private Christian. If it is right for the one, it is not wrong for the other. Can a clergyman dance and fiddle and drink until three or four o'clock in the morning? He may if he likes, but how comes it to pass that both saints and sinners would unite in a suggestion to an clergyman of that type that he had better "part out of their coats, unless it was felt that that sort of proceeding was scarcely in accordance with being servants of Christ in any capacity whatever? What lots of people in Toronto and all over Canada have dancing parties, at which they would not care to see their "clergyman" leading off *a la* the Governor-General, or calling the company to prayers at three o'clock in the morning! And yet, why not? If Miss Echo were bound to answer the question, we rather guess she would say, "Pon my word, I don't know."

Injurious Talking.

A Frenchman speaking of a person known to his comrades, said: "His mouth costs him nothing, for he always opens it at the expense of others." There are multitudes of persons to whom that remark will apply. Exaggeration and defamation are two fertile sources of social mischief.

But perhaps the most injurious talk is that which detracts from the character of another—that which openly or in disguise strikes at the reputation of a brother pilgrim—that which "cuts men's throats with whisperings"—that which is adopted by the envious rival who seeks to build "his name on the ruins of another's fame."

A lady visited Philip Neri on one occasion, accusing herself of being a slanderer. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" he inquired.

"Yes, very often," replied the penitent. "My dear child," said Philip, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is greater; I now bid thee do as follows: Go to the market and purchase a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers; then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go. Your walk finished, return to me."

The woman did as directed and returned, anxious to know the meaning of so singular an injunction.

"You have been faithful to the first part of my orders," said Philip; "now do the second part and you will be cured; Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have traversed and gather up one by one all the feathers you have scattered."

"But," said the woman, "I scattered the feathers carelessly away, and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my child," replied Philip, "so it is with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now if you can. Go and sin no more."

These Died of Laughter.

Chalcas, the sooth-sayer, died of laughter at the thought of his having outlived the time predicted for his death. A fellow in rags had told him that he would never drink the wine of the grapes growing in his vineyard; and added "if these words do not come true, you may claim me for your slave." When the wine was made, Chalcas held a feast, and sent for the fellow to see how his predictions had failed. When he appeared the sooth-sayer laughed so immoderately at the would-be prophet that it killed him. Crassus died of laughter on seeing an ass eat thistles. Margutte, the giant, in the Morgante Magutte, died of laughter on seeing a monkey pulling on his boots. Zeuxis, the Grecian painter, died at sight of a hog he had just depicted. A peculiar death was that of Placut, who dropped dead in the act of paying a bill. There are many men to-day, however, who would probably die of surprise if they found themselves doing the same thing.

Wife-Selling.

The custom of selling and purchasing wives in England, certainly can claim a very respectable antiquity, and probably is based upon the ancient laws of the Anglo Saxons. If a freeman took away the wife of a freeman, he was to pay his full wergeld, to buy another wife for the injured husband, and deliver her at his home. In the reign of Canute the law received some modification; no guardian could compel his ward to marry a man she disliked, and the money paid for her was to be a voluntary gift, and not a compulsory payment. It is not unnatural to suppose that the commodity thus obtained by money was transferable to another for a similar consideration whenever it may have become useless or disagreeable to its original purchaser. It seems, however, not impossible that the commencement of the custom would be found even in times antecedent, when women guilty of unfaithfulness were either put to death or sold as slaves.

The value of a wife seems to have been mostly held in light esteem, for one was sold at Gloucester market by auction in 1811 for half a crown, and it is recorded that the purchaser frequently congratulated himself on his "bargain." Even in a commercial sense he could well afford to be jubilant, for the "lot" was attired in a new white bonnet and a black gown, the usual ornament in the way of a halter being included, which was not had consideration for his money, let alone the lady's charms.

In the year 1859 another instance of this moral degradation was furnished by the town of Dudley, where hundreds of people were assembled in Hall street one evening to attend a wife sale. The first bid was three halfpence, and ultimately reached sixpence. Her husband, in his ignorance, thought that after the ceremony had been repeated three times she actually had no claim upon him.

In 1861 a wife was sold at Sheffield for the paltry consideration of a quart of beer, and in 1862 a similar purchase was made at Selby market at the cost of only one-half that amount, merely a pint of beer, which was thought sufficient for a man's helpmate.

The tariff would seem to be on a downward-sliding scale as we advance in the century, for a case occurs, recorded by the South Wales Daily News, May 2, 1862, at Alfreton, where a woman was sold by her husband for a still lower valuation in a public-house. The modus operandi had the charm of simplicity; in a room full of men he offered to sell her for a glass of ale, and the offer being accepted by a young man, she readily agreed, took off her wedding ring, and from that time considered herself the property of the purchaser.

Gorgeous Treasures.

A French traveller has just returned from Stamboul with a wonderful story of the sights he saw. He is eloquent about two thrones of enamelled gold, with incrustations of pearls and rubies and emeralds. In another room he saw two caskets, even more magnificent, studded with rubies and diamonds, in which the hairs from the prophet's beard are religiously preserved. There are also several curious instruments made of gold and thickly studded with gems on the back, which were used as portable scratching posts. Another room was hung with armour and sceptres; caskets and escartraires lay on the table. The odd escartraires are all shaped like a pistol; the inkstand is placed at the spot occupied by the trigger, and the reeds and a penknife are in a barrel. There are also inkstands in the shape of trays, each containing five saucers, for ink dying powder and other odds and ends used by the writers. In another room are the costumes of all the Sultans down to Kaimoud II. Each of the costumes has a silk scarf attached, together with a magnificently chased dagger and a diamond cigarette. Then heaped pell mell are the keys of the fortresses of the empire, and finally come the sacred treasure, consisting of the relics of Islam: the mantle and standard of the prophet, his sword and bow, the swords of the first Caliph, and the oldest manuscripts of the Koran.

Truth's Contributors.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

SAVANNAH TO JACKSONVILLE, THE NEWPORT OF THE SOUTH.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M. A., PASTOR METROPOLITAN CHURCH, TORONTO.

We did not reach Savannah until nearly midnight, as we had to take the top of the tide to carry us over the bar at the mouth of the river. For a distance of twenty miles we saw the gleaming electric lights of this famous city of the South, for it is lighted by electricity, set upon towers sixty or seventy feet in height—an elevation far too great to be of service to the city, for the light with difficulty struggles down through the luxuriant foliage of the tree-covered streets and squares and gives but a feeble illumination. Nearly twenty miles we followed the wanderings of the lazy, muddy stream, its banks densely covered with vegetation, with rice and cotton fields dipping into its waters, until we reached the city, perched upon a bluff, beautifully located. It is the chief port of the South, and yet it has not the aspect of thrift of one of our Northern towns. The town still bears the mark of General Oglethorpe, who laid it out so handsomely in grassy quadrangles. Wherever the streets cross is a lovely park in the gorgeous display of the foliage of the live water oaks, orange, laurel and magnolia. The old town is fragrant with the memories of John Wesley, who came out with Gen. Oglethorpe. I visited the church on the spot where he first preached, Christ Church. What an eventful history it has had. It bears this inscription—

I. H. S.
Glorry to God,
Christ Church,
Founded in 1733,
Destroyed by fire, 1766.
Re-founded on an enlarged plan, 1800.
Partially destroyed in the hurricane of 1804.
Rebuilt, 1810.
"Surely the Lord is in this place I knew it not
Surely this is none other than the House of
God. This is the gate of Heaven."
Rebuilt, 1833.

What a failure Wesley made of this mission! After his return to England he wrote "I went to Georgia to convert Indians, but oh, who shall convert me?"

Another place of interest is the Monumental Church, erected to his memory. It is a fine structure, but still incomplete and needing a few thousands more to be worthy of the object for which it has been reared.

The market place is also of absorbing interest, for here in the days of slavery, that "sum of all villainies," stood the block where men, women and children, God's image carved in ebony, were set up and publicly sold to the highest bidder. About 2 1/2 miles out of the city, in a place called Bonaventure, an old plantation, is the cemetery of the city. It is a venerable grove of massive oak, whose forms are barely discernable in their wreaths of trailing vines and mosses. The branches of these stately trees form grand cathedral isles, adorned with pendent evergreens and flowering shrubs. The cypresses are there, but it is fitly draped by nature for the ever-present Spanish moss. Death's banner is there in its mournful fall. We took the Sea Island Route from Savannah to Fernandina, and had a charming sail among the thousand islands and lagoons along the seaboard of Georgia, ever and anon within sight of the ocean, but always close to the land, through Romley river and marsh, and over the Cumberland Sound to Amelia Island. At the mouth of the St. John's River, we had rather a novel experience, being left in the mud of the river for 12 hours. The journey is usually made by steamer in 20 or 24 hours, but we were 36 hours in making it, from the fact that owing to two hours delay in starting we were caught by the deficient tide in the narrows and bends of the river. Our captain made noble efforts to get us through. One of the expedients, when the vessel ran aground, was to strike out in a little boat to the opposite shore, two men would then land

with a long plank having a notch cut in one end and sharpened at the other. The darkies would then struggle through the mud up to their arm pits to get the plank's length on the shore; one would tie a rope around the notched end, the other stood upon the sharpened end; the rope would then be pulled in, when the plank would sink to its full length and thus become a holding place to draw the vessel into the centre of the stream. By this means we succeeded in reaching the last bend where we were caught. No darkey would venture upon that shore, for to set foot upon the treacherous mud would have been to have sunk at once out of sight. And so we made the most of our delays. The last evening on board the *Chattahoochee*, we had an improvised concert, the musical portion of the passengers uniting with the members of the operatic company in making a very choice entertainment. The prima donna of the band rendering with exquisite taste and feeling the air "Way down on the Swannee River." On board the *Florida* we went below to hear the dusky sons of the south render their weird melodies accompanied with the banjo and the guitar, and for myself I must say that I preferred the plantation songs and hymns of Zion. The entire journey was made most agreeable by the geniality and the attention of the purser, Mr. Dozier, of Atlanta, Georgia, a fine specimen of the Southerner. His father was an officer in the confederate army; his family refuged in Florida during the Rebellion, and he gave us many thrilling incidents of the war. The last day spent upon the boat was truly glorious. The skies were soft and Italian in their azure, the atmosphere hazy, dreamy and golden, like Southern California, and the breeze gentle and tender, as the zephyrs of Ceylon. The thermometer ranged between 70° and 80°, and I sat with my friends at the bow of the boat amusing myself, as we came every half hour to two or three diverging channels, by guessing which one we would be likely to take. All this warmth and comfort while the dear ones at home are shivering with the temperature down to 10° to 12° below zero.

We reached Fernandina in the evening, and spent the Sabbath in this charming little city on Amelia Island, the very northeast corner of Florida; it lies on the South bank of the St. Mary's River, which separates Georgia from the land of flowers. The town is well laid out; the principal street is called Centre and those running at right angles to it have numbers, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, etc. The climate is superb—the sea breezes being delightful. The great attraction of the place is the magnificent sea beach, which extends for twenty miles or so in beauty of shore line. It is reached by a long, smooth shell road of two miles, that gleams in snowy whiteness like the roads in southern Italy, and is terminated by the white surf of the Atlantic. Here is a sea beach, the finest I ever saw, finer than Old Orchard by far, finer than the Pacific beach drive which runs from Sea Cliff for miles and miles away, a hard-beaten, smooth-surface, level as a floor and solid as granite, where for 20 miles a thousand teams could drive abreast. The Gardens of Fernandina are very beautiful; roses of many kind are blooming in the open air; bananas are ripening, oranges hang golden on the trees, and

"Stately palm-trees lift their heads on high
And spread their feathery plumes along the sky."

In Southern travel admirable hotels are a rare qualification. We were charmed with the Egmont House, one of the most elegantly-furnished and perfectly appointed houses in the land. The rooms are very clean and elegant, the table unsurpassed.

From Fernandina we take train for Jacksonville. The road lies across the St. Mary's River to the mainland, then through swamp to the Queen City. It is the dread of tramps. Put one off between the stations, and he is in mortal terror of his life, for let a train overtake him and he has nothing for it but to sink in the bog, or swim for dear life. A ride of an hour and a half, and we reach Jacksonville, the Floridian Mecca of tourists, on the banks of the beautiful St. John's River, the health and business centre of the State—the Newport of the South.

Decollete dresses have a knot of ribbons almost at the shoulder, and the long gloves nearly meet it.

When we know a man has deceived us, we appear more ridiculous to ourselves than to him.

Early Newspapers.

BY COL. D. WILIE, BROCKVILLE.

All interested in the newspapers of the present day, (and what intelligent man is not) may be curious to know something respecting the ancient newspapers of the old land. The first produced in Scotland appeared in 1661, under the title of *Mercurius Caledonius*. It was printed by a society of stationers at Edinburgh, in 4-to form of eight pages, and appeared weekly. The editor of this paper was Thomas Sydeserpe, son of the Bishop of Orkney, whom Mr. Chambers describes as one "who thought he had the wit to amuse, the knowledge to instruct, and the address to captivate." But he was only able, with all his powers, to extend his publication to ten numbers, which Chambers says "were very loyal, very illiterate, and very affected." In the same year *Mercurius Publicus* appeared. In fact the first number of the latter was issued only two days later than the former, the first being dated January 8, while the latter bears the date of January 10, 1661.

On the 5th of January, 1693, the *Kingdom's Intelligencer* of the affairs now in agitation in England and Scotland and Ireland, came out. In this paper many regular advertisements appeared, one of which, Timperley says, is worth noticing. It begins thus: "There is stolen abroad a most false and imperfect copy of a poem called *Hudibras*, without name of either printer or bookseller, as fit for so lame and spurious an impression. The true and perfect edition, printed by the author's original, is sold by Richard Marriott, under St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street; that other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer as well as the author, whose poem deserves to have fallen into better hands." Also another advertisement announcing "that the faculties for granting licenses by act of Parliament to eat flesh in every part of England is still kept up at St. Paul's churchyard, near St. Paul's churchyard." With respect to this liberty of the citizens to eat flesh, there is a document in existence signed by "H. Coko, minister and preacher of the Word of God in the parish of St. Alkmun, Darby," giving a sick woman leave to eat flesh because of her dislike to eat fish, but "his permission to eat flesh was only to last while her sickness continued."

In the same year a most important character made his appearance in the person of Roger L'Estrange, who was appointed "Surveyor of the Imprimery and Printing Presses." This person had spent more than twenty years in the Royal cause, nearly six of them in goals and almost four of them in Newgate, under sentence of death. Notwithstanding this, he had influence to obtain his freedom, and petitioned the king to appoint him to the office. What he submitted to his majesty was a document containing "considerations and proposals in order to the regulation of the Press; together with divers instances of treasons and seditious pamphlets, proving the necessity thereof." The considerations submitted contained a most daring attempt to suppress free thought and free printing. One of the clauses is worth reciting: "Let no press or printing-house be erected or let, and let no joiner, carpenter, smith, or letter-founder work for a printing-house, without notice, according to the late act." The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Bishop of London were authorized to license printers to print books on divinity, physique, philosophy, science or art. Any one acting contrary to this mandate was liable to be punished in stocks, pillory, by whipping, casting, standing against the gallows with a rope around the neck, condemned to work in mines, plantations, or houses of correction, &c.

Hard times for printers these "considerations" contemplated, but he succeeded in securing the appointment, and, under his authority had the sole licensing of all ballads, charts, printed pictures, books, and papers, except books concerning common law, affairs of state, heraldry, titles of honors and arms, which were under the care of the Earl Marshal. He was also granted the monopoly of printing the matters controlled by his position as surveyor. He commenced his monopoly by printing the *Intelligencer*

and the *News*—the one being printed on Monday, the other on Thursday. These two papers were continued till January, 1666, when they were superseded by the *Gazette*. L'Estrange held that he, above all other men, knew what the country wanted in the way of newspapers, for in his prospectus he says: "First, as to the point of printed intelligence, I do declare myself, that, supposing the press in order, the people in their right wits and news or no news to be the question, a public Mercury should never have my vote, because it makes the public too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors, too pragmatical and censorious, and gives them, not only an inch, but a kind of colorable right and license to be meddling with the Government." In order to make his monopoly more secure, this tyrannical surveyor ordered, "If any person can give notice, and make proof, of any printing press erected and being in any private place, hole or corner, let him repair with such notice, and make proof thereof, to the surveyor of the press, at his office at the Gun in Ivy Lane, and he shall have forty shillings for his pains, with what assurance of secrecy himself shall desire." Such were the means used to keep down public sentiment and trammel the greatest bulwark of English liberty—a free press.

In ages past inquiring men, no lettered page could tell
How feeble nations rose to power—how potent
Nations fell,
Then, was the poor man's night of mind—for teacher
There was none
To trace the printed pages, or tell what wonders had
Been done;
For in those mind-mist centuries of ages long gone
By,
In deep recess of cloister'd cell, hid from the peasant's
Eye,
The knowledge of a thousand years, in damp and
Dusty dress
Lay, known to few, till light burst forth, all glories,
From the press.

Personality in Handwriting.

Persons writing naturally do so without thought regarding the peculiar construction of their writing. The hand operates the pen as it were automatically through the sheer force of habit, by which all the innumerable personalities are unconsciously imparted to writing. Learners and forgers think respecting their writing, and hence, the more stiff and formal style of their work; there is wanting the easy, graceful flow apparent in thoughtless or habitual writing. Lines show more of nervousness and hesitancy, while the whole construction of the writing is more exact and formal; and, besides, every different handwriting abounds in well-nigh numberless habitual peculiarities, of which the writer himself is unconscious, and cannot, therefore, avoid. Thus, two other insurmountable difficulties are placed in the way of the forger—first, to observe and imitate all the characteristics of the writing he would simulate; and, second, to note and avoid all the habitual characteristics of his own hand. Habit in writing becomes so fixed and arbitrary (not to mention the great artistic skill required to exactly imitate an unpractised hand), that I do not conceive it to be possible for any one to simulate the writing of another, or to so dissemble his own writing, in any considerable quantity, as to defy detection through a really skilled expert examination.

Church Manners.

The majority of congregations might easily improve their manners and add to the impressiveness of the services. It is a common habit, when the audience are to stand during the singing of a hymn, to wait until the first line is begun, and then run the verse by the confusion of the rising. Again, during the latter part of the last verse the clattering of books into the pew-racks before the close of the song is a serious interference with all devotional effect, and especially so when that opportunity is seized for the putting on of wraps, rubbers, etc. No one would do this during the closing sentences of a prayer; why should it be done during the ascription of praise to God? Hundreds, yea, thousands of Christian people thus thoughtlessly mar the song worship in the sanctuary.

Without content, we shall find it almost as difficult to please others as ourselves.

Tid-Bits.

GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

BE SURE AND READ THIS.

The publisher of TRUTH is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power.

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

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

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

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

You are invited to send in your vote. Also to send in your Tid-Bits and subscriptions. Please also invite your friends to try their skill.

[19] Original. An Acrostic. TRUTH says, and surely TRUTH cannot tell lies...

[20] Selected. A Puzzle by Bishop Wilberforce. All pronounce me a wonderful piece of mechanism, and yet few people have numbered the strange medley of which I am composed.

ANSWERS TO BISHOP OF OXFORD'S RIDDLE. Mayhap this bishop (ain) would be A greater than plain, you and me...

[21] Selected. Courting in a Cutter. If your heart with love is laden For the girl across the way...

[22] Selected. The King's Ruse. Solomon, wisest King who'er held sway, With all his gorgeous court made holiday...

[23] Selected. Only a Sprig of Holly. H. C. HAYDEN. Only a sprig of holly That he had sent to me...

[24] Selected. No Brains Needed. A witty member of the Civil Service sends us the following: A story is told of a famous surgeon—never mind where—who was able by some extraordinary process to extract a man's brain and keep it for any length of time in a frozen state...

[25] Selected. Punctuation Puzzle. The following paragraph, extracted from the Portland Transcript, is a capital illustration of the importance of punctuation.

[26] Selected. Names in Novels. What curious mistakes female novelists sometimes fall into with regard to the naming of their characters. A female novelist once took all her names out of a subscription list in a provincial paper.

[27] Selected. At the Barber's. A man took his seat in a barber's chair. He asked the barber if he had the same razor he had used the day before.

[28] Selected. A Bird in the Hand. "Well," the happy bridegroom said to the minister at the conclusion of the ceremony, "how much do I owe you?"

[29] Selected. All a Mistake. An English gentleman (says Mr. Edgeworth, in a story cited from Joe Millar) was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Parmenius used with his friend Alexander...

[30] Selected. A Showman's Stratagem. There is an ancient anecdote of a showman who announced an exhibition of two strange beasts, the gyascutas and the prock, the former being remarkable for strength and ferocity, and the latter for agility and grace.

ed on These nary, by the orwall wabled pro- dnt of nyself, e peo news should es the is and natical uly an it and gvern- nopoly rveyor ce, and irected or cor- e, and of t's Lane, for his y him- means nt and English ge could potent r teacher lers had ng goes peam's ump and glorkes, without irection tes the igh the the in- scionally forgers hence, of their graceful abutual ouzness irection formal; writing abutual meell is avoid. faculties r—first, acten- e; and, abutual habit in ry (not ired to , that I any one or to so nder through it easily the im a com to stand nit until ruin the Again, crse the rks he us inter- ct, and is seized vers, etc. eading lid it be to God? Christian ic song t almost liza.

[17] Original. She Did Not Prevaricate. She gazed upon the wreck of that Which Webster thus defined,—"A cushion worn by ladies To expand the skirts behind."

[18] Original. Wishing "Truth" Luck. Wishing TRUTH luck—in circulation, I in every home soon to be found, S'preading TRUTH to all the nation.

[19] Original. An Acrostic. TRUTH says, and surely TRUTH cannot tell lies. I if you would win a golden prize, D delay not, but send in time, B blank verse, rhyme, or prose in a single line I if just the lucky point you make T twenty gold dollars it will take.

[20] Selected. A Puzzle by Bishop Wilberforce. All pronounce me a wonderful piece of mechanism, and yet few people have numbered the strange medley of which I am composed.

[21] Selected. Courting in a Cutter. If your heart with love is laden For the girl across the way, And you wish to win the maiden, Take her riding in a sloop.

Hamilton, Toronto, Belleville, Newburg, Ont., Brockville, Ont., Runterville—North Carolina, MRS. J. R. PECK, VIOLA F. ACKER, MRS. R. L. ALEXANDER, JENNIE PRICE, COL. D. WYLLIE.

Farmer Berrington, though a man of such calm mood, was a good deal moved by the intelligence, owing to his age and state of health. Blyth did not like to put seeing after what was needful upon the old man alone, by going up the glen himself again like a love-sick swain. Besides, in another hour or so, his message had reached the searchers, and the farm-yard was presently full of a small gaping crowd of the cottagers around whom he had some ado to keep from getting into the apple-room after the prison-warden's stare at the sight; failing this, they began gossiping with the servant-maids and farm-men, till Blyth turned all the intruders out, nock and crop, and locked the road-gate upon every one of them.

One big idler, who did odd jobs at the Barton for the Hawkshaws, tried to resist authority, till Blyth, suddenly catching him by a neat little wrestling trick, laid him low in the swim-trough; after which, the rebel's determination and that of his fellows vanished speedily. Murmurs reached Blyth's ears, that young Berrington was not to be crossed since he had come back from Australia; "that he was stronger than any two men, and for very little would up with his fist and knock any man's two eyes as black as a marmalade coach!" "Lark or no Lark," responded a matronly female admirer, "he was twice the man his father was, although old George Berrington had been no fool neither in his day."

Whereupon, the tide of opinion turning (especially swelled by the farm-men, who were being sent back to work by their stern young master, after having deserted the day without leave), the latter found himself looked on as a sort of Samson, feared as much as admired; whose late feats of strength were whispered round and much exaggerated.

And thus the hours passed, so that it was fully evening before Blyth could again set forth for the cottage up the ford.

He went slowly now for the last half-hour and more had been spent in a difficult and long parley, in which he had to use all his wits and weightiest arguments, both with his old father and the authorities, in order to carry out poor Rachel's wishes respecting the convict's burial. Old Berrington's feeling of sentiment stopped short there, or rather revolved at his own last resting place being contaminated by such an unwished-for neighbor. Only Blyth's private entreaties and the remembrance of Joy had reluctantly prevailed with the old farmer, after all.

It was weary work, but Blyth won the day, he believed, at last. So now it was a well earned rest to go steadily, though not slowly, and feel the sweet evening air blow on his brow as he trudged through the field. Blyth was meditating what was best to be done, because there was little room for four women in the Cold-home cottage, yet he could not think of leaving Joy alone there with her crazed mother, and Rachel so helpless; therefore must Hannah stay till some better counsel came to his mind, or the farm was freed from the dead presence there.

As Blyth neared the cottage which lay hidden under the shadow of the cliff, a figure came out from the porch, hesitated, looking back as if divided in mind, then ran swiftly towards him. He had recognized Joy, and the very flutter and lines of her gown, he thought, before he could really discern her face or outline; likewise she had guessed who he was.

She came flying up to him light as a wood-pigeon, flushed, but only breathing a little more quickly than usual.

"Oh, Blyth, Blyth, where is my mother? Have you seen her?" was her first query.

"I have never seen her all day. Has she not come home?" Blyth retorted.

"No, no, not yet. Her last words to me were that I was to wait for her with Aunt Rachel till she returned. She was wearied of yesterday's nursing, of staying in the cottage, she said; she must ramble a little, but she would surely come back soon, and she made me promise to stay with my aunt, and take great care of her meanwhile."

"I will go and search for her up the glen to the waterfall," said Blyth, dreading evil in his heart, but speaking cheerily.

An hour later he returned—alone. Joy met him again, still more anxious. Rachel was so ill and faint, she knew nothing of the anxieties, and the poor girl dared not leave her. Old Hannah had gone searching down the river's bank to the farm and back by the fields—in vain.

Magdalen had not returned. Blyth Berrington, now thoroughly alarmed, hurried back to the Red house, got all the farm-men together as they were leaving the work for supper, excepting Dick, who had gone to Moortown, and, with liberal promises of reward, raised a search party that dispersed in various directions.

Some hours later he rode up, after mid night, to the cottage.

Before he could call softly, Joy herself slipped out into the porch and looked at him in the summer starlight. Before he could speak or dismount, she came and laid her head against good Brownberry's neck, who whinnied in greeting; then she softly cried.

"Don't get off, Blyth," she said, laying her hand on his knee, as he would have alighted to comfort her, if possible, though not knowing what to say. "I see you have no news. Something tells me we shall have none. If I could only go and search too—oh, it would be easier to bear! But you will try your best still, dear, for my sake, if not hers. It is all you can do for me."

Blyth did search his best that night with his men. He searched till the next day's sun was high, still uselessly.

Magdalen never came back to the cottage.

She had utterly vanished.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"They made a bier of the broken bough,
The gaugh and the aspen gray;
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day,

"They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Nine-stane Burn,
And they covered him o'er wi' the heather-flower,
The moss and the lady fern."—*Scottish Ballad.*

Blyth Berrington had proved true to his word.

The evening sun was sinking, three days later, when a little group stood in a corner of the moorland churchyard round a fresh-made grave, beside the sheltered spot under the lee of the hill where the Berringtons had been laid to sleep for many generations.

How still it was!

The service was over; the earthly body laid in the earth; the grave covered in with the last sods. Yet old Farmer Berrington and his strong son remained standing bare-headed there and motionless in the golden low light. They could hear the sheep cropping on the furzy hill rising steep behind the little lonely church, while the wild bees flew droning past them on a last homeward journey, honey-laden, to their hives.

Down one of the paths leading through the yew-darkened old, old wood—that had long ago hidden the little place of worship safe in its shelter, when the larger churches around were being ruthlessly demolished by Puritan emissaries—a vehicle could be seen driving away. It held the two jail officials come from the great convict prison away up in the heart of the moors.

Down the narrowing perspective of another path a solitary rider was departing. That was the hunting parson, who did hard work riding to this solitary little moor-chapel from his own larger church, some miles away.

"They're all gone safe now, boy. 'Twere no good to have raised gossip before," said old Berrington, quietly, to his son as he stood leaning on his staff, a massive, immovable figure.

Blyth nodded; then, moving a step or two, he looked steadfastly up at the hillside above them, towards which his eyes had several times stolen unseen glances during the late solemn service for the dead.

There was a clump of yellow, waving broom thick on the brae, just where the path sloped most steeply down. Out of this thicket two figures now rose, one short and very stout, the other tall and slender as a young birch-tree. These were Joy and her faithful old nurse. Hand-in-hand, like spirits evoked from the heart of the hill at Blyth's signal, they rose and now stole down together; both dressed in decent black, but yet in no mourning that would attract notice.

Joy, poor child, came and knelt lowly by the fresh-turned earth with her hands clasped in earnest prayer. Whatever her creed might teach, whether it was too late or not for intercession, she never thought, but, following her feelings, prayed for the dead; the others, in reverence for her filial devotions, drew a little away.

A strange mingling of shame yet pity filled the young girl's heart for the dead so

near her knees, yet so far away now. Who knows where? A few feet below this red, broken soil on which her warm tears fell, only hidden by that and a wooden coffin from her gaze, lay the father (whom she could not remember, whose face after death they would not let her see, in spite of her entreaties).

"Best not; I can tell you, dearie, how handsome he once was," Hannah had murmured.

"Oh, the pity of it all!" thought the girl, shuddering. She was so pale and altered in the last few days that the change was startling. She seemed not so much suffering from grief as looking infinitely older by the terrible experiences that had so suddenly assailed her in such a short time, all come like thunderbolts falling from a smiling sky, when her young happiness was at its height!

Her father an escaped convict, his chase, and Magdalen's wild hints of the terrible night in the cottage, that she could not keep from her child; the horror of his death; next, and worst of all, her mother's disappearance—the agony of suspense as to her fate; lastly, that Rachel Estonia, who was dearest and nearest in heart to her niece of all women-souls she had known, lay still too ill even to guess at the cause of Magdalen's absence!

They had only dared to tell soothing evasions to the sick woman—that her sister had promised to return very shortly; that she washed Joy to do the sick-nursing in her stead. And this last seemed so natural to poor Rachel, in her long habit of unselfish devotion, which asked and expected no return, that she lay dreamily imagining Magdalen at the Red House, well cared for. But she roused herself to bid Joy, in a weak whisper, leave her to attend the funeral of the girl's father. And Hannah must go too; all respect must be paid. (Perhaps the inability to follow Gaspard da Silva to his grave herself seemed the last bitter expiation to the sorrowful woman of her great trial of life, which at times, looking back, seemed so terribly like a sin!)

So Joy covered her face with her hands now, shaken with pity, not so much for herself, but imagining the sorrows of those two women who had so long lived up yonder in the glen. Her mind, with pure daughter's instinct towards all three, as it were, glanced away from the early history of their lives (though guessing something of that troubled tale.) But the later years rose before her; the unhappy madness on one side, the life sacrifice on the other. The fears; the hard, poor manner of living; the loneliness, with so few or no other human souls of cultured mind or kinship in birth near—

It was all true. Yet whatever her sympathy, her own true grief for them, Joy could never equal, or even enter greatly into, the feelings of the two elder women for whom her young heart mourned with such aching pity.

What could she tell, this young, bright girl, of the days when they also had been young, and her father like a strange bright, if baleful, star on their life-horizon? What could she guess, even with help of love's imagination, of their secret pain and sorrow?

So little, it was almost nothing! Each heart truly knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddled not with its joy.

A voice startled Joy. Looking up she saw Blyth standing over her, strong and tall, with the living love in his honest blue eyes that gave her consolation and the sense of support even as her troubled gaze met his.

"My father and Hannah have driven away in the gig, dear. She could not walk back to the cottage. I will stay with you here as long as you like; but—do you not think the living needs you now more than can the dead?"

"You are right, Blyth; your are always right. Yes I will go back to Aunt Rachel now. It was best for Hannah to drive, so I mean, to walk back myself over the moor-path."

"I thought you would do that; and so I meant to walk with you."

Silently Joy rose, checking a small smile that half broke on her lips; checking too an embrace that Blyth, suddenly moved by strong pity as he looked down at her bright beauty, so dimmed and downcast, would have bestowed upon her. It was no fit time or place. But she thought forgivingly to herself that after all a man was not expected to know better; so she softly nestled her hand into his large palm, and they went away over the hills together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

Everything has its literature. Around the most prosaic duties of life the factors of civilization, the sports of ancient and modern times, a literature gathers, as crystals gather around a central star. It may be a literature of prophecies or a literature of memories, a literature of solid facts or a literature of airy fancies; no rule of iron can be prescribed. The Bohemians, the Greenlanders, "our brothers in black," primitive man, the man in the moon, war, peace, home, skies and oceans have clustered around them a peculiar literature profound, pathetic, puzzling and peculiar. The literature of children, by which is meant not the diluted reading matter prepared for the little ones, but the literature of their first loves and friendships, and thoughts and moods, conventional ways, is voluminous. Literary men delight to write of their early years, when the trail of the serpent had not yet appeared on their hearts.

Perhaps one of the tenderest recollections any man can have is that of the evening prayer at mother's knee:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The literature which has gathered around this prayer has its burlesque as well as its pathos. The following instance has been ascribed to too many men for us to say positively it was such a one: Two men were conversing, and a freak of mind utterly inexplicable led them to refer to religion. Forthwith one of them began to eulogize the Lord's Prayer as most touching and eloquent in its diction. He concluded by offering to bet ten dollars that his brother could not repeat it. The ten-dollar bill was covered, and the man began: "Now I lay me down to sleep, and repeated that prayer to the end. 'I am amazed,' the other said; 'I really didn't think you could do it. The money is yours.' Perhaps the recurrence of the word Lord is what led to this ignorance.

A large number of poems have been written on this prayer—from twelve to twenty lines being taken for each line of the prayer. The shortest and one of the cutest has gone the rounds anonymously. In the anthology before me no name is attached. Here it is:

"Now I lay me—say it darling;
"Lay me," hopped the tiny lips
Of my daughter kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep" "to sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head drooped low:
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"my soul to keep,"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And a dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

The sketches of the life of the Rev. Dr. Nott relate that he sank into second childhood. The last hour of his life was peculiarly impressive. He lay on his bed blind and apparently unconscious. His wife sat by his bedside, and, upon his request, sang the songs of his youth. He was hushed to repose by them, like an infant on its pillow. Watts' cradle hymn, "Hush, My Dear, Lie Still and Slumber," seemed especially soothing. Visions of home floated before him, and the name of his mother was often on his lips. "Let us pray," he said, and all the family and friends present knelt. He clasped his hands and began, "Now I lay me down to sleep." They waited for him to continue. His wife was first to discover that he had fallen into the sleep that knows no waking.

Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

Temperance Department.

TRUTH desires to give, each week, information from every part of the Temperance work. Any information gladly received. Address T. W. CASEY, G. V. S., Editor, Nanapanee, Ont.

PROHIBITION IN IOWA.

BY HON. S. D. HASTINGS.

A telegram has been going the rounds of the papers to this effect:

"Regrets have been received from the Mayors of eighteen of the principal cities of Iowa, as to the working of the prohibitory law. Fifteen pronounce it a failure, and three regard it as 'doubtful.' Drunkenness has greatly increased."

The London *Free Press* in commenting on this telegram, says: "There is something more than merely voting for them needed to ensure the success of such measures. They must be enforced. In nine cases out of ten they are not enforced, and cannot be enforced even with the aid of a standing army. They are contrary to the principle of liberty and cannot be expected to prevail."

It is, without doubt, true, that the prohibitory law is not enforced in quite a number of the cities of Iowa, and possibly drunkenness may be on the increase in some of these cities.

While this may be true it is equally true that the law is enforced over a large part of the territory of that State, and with the happiest results. The reason why the law is not enforced in the cities referred to is because the officers charged with the duty of enforcing it, refuse to do their duty. There is not a city in that State where the law could not be fully enforced if the officers of the law would simply do their sworn duty. The fault is with unfaithful officers and not with the law. The statement that the law is "contrary to the principles of liberty," and that it "cannot be enforced," is simply arrant nonsense, and does not deserve a serious reply in view of the fact that the law has been enforced in thousands of places, and in view of the fact that the highest courts in Canada, and in our country, have again and again sustained the principles upon which such laws are founded.

To assert that such laws cannot be enforced, is simply to assert that civil government is a failure. I do not imagine that either your people or ours are yet prepared to take this position. The contest in which we are engaged is a desperate one. The interests at stake are mighty.

The liquor traffic will contest every inch of the ground. It will not yield a single position until it is forced to do so.

But in spite of all the capital invested, in spite of all the influence it can exert, it must succumb, for the influences that are combined for its overthrow are by far the most powerful, and they will prevail at the end.

The contest will doubtless be long and bitter, but the Lord reigns and victory will surely come.

Unfaithful police officers, backed by the influence of the liquor interest, may resist the enforcement of righteous law, but it will only be for a season; the time will come when the people will see to it that the places of such unfaithful officers are filled by men who will be true to their official oaths, and who will see that all laws upon the statute book are faithfully enforced. That time may be nearer at hand than many imagine.

MADISON, Wisconsin.

Cardinal Manning on Abstinence.

Cardinal Manning, the highest dignity in the Roman Catholic Church in the British Empire, and one of the best known theologians in any church, is a personal total abstainer and a very active and earnest advocate of legal prohibition. In a recent able speech in London he made these statements. They are well worthy of careful reading:—

"What did the early Christians do in the beginning? If I can find out what the first Christians did in the beginning of the faith that I shall have a rule by which I know how to guide myself in what I say and in

what I do. I then consulted the first of the great historians of the Christian church—I mean of those later ages. I won't quote his name, for though it is very well known to those who sit on the right and on the left, and behind me, it would seem as though I were going to impose upon you a polysyllabic name of a learned man in the Middle Ages. Therefore I won't quote the name of the historian, though it is well known. What do I find? In giving an account of the life of the early Christians, he says that 'God, both under the Old Testament and the New, always honored total abstinence from intoxicating drinks.' He quotes the sons of Jonadab, the Rechabites, and he says that they were commended by God Himself for their total abstinence, and they were commended not for their fidelity to a Divine commandment to abstain totally, but out of fidelity to the will of their father. He then goes on to quote the example very well known to you of John the Baptist and others. These I will leave.

"The same historian goes on to say, 'And St. Paul himself was a total abstainer, for we have it on the evidence of one of these authorities' (whom he quotes); and he goes further than all this. I then, in speaking to you, quote those wonderful words, the counsel of charity, which St. Paul gives when he says, 'It is good neither to eat meat nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother is offended, or scandalised, or made weak.'"

"I have always been in the habit of interpreting that verse in a narrower sense. I have often said in speaking to you that in those days when meat and wine were offered in heathen temples to idols, and having been offered to idols they were partaken of by the worshippers—if a Christian were to eat that meat or drink that wine, he might give an impression, though a false impression, that he was of the same faith or unbelief of these heathen; therefore St. Paul said, 'Though it is perfectly safe for that meat and that wine to be used, nevertheless do not eat or drink it for fear you give a false impression.' Now I acknowledge that I have hitherto adhered to that interpretation and I will tell you why; because I was afraid of going further. I was told that if I gave it a larger interpretation some wise and critical person would have risen up and said, 'That is going beyond what the passage ought to bear, and you have no right to give it that meaning.' Now, I find that this great authority, and for fear anybody should not know why he is, I believe I must break through the rule that I had laid down, and say that he is the greatest of the historians of the church, the one who laid the foundation of history—I mean the companion of San Philippe Neri, the great Baronius; he says that the reason for St. Paul in this was that the practice of total abstinence was so widely read amongst Christians, and that they prized it so much that in some places scandal was given if a Christian were seen to depart from it, and therefore that the rule of charity was much more searching than the interpretation which I have hitherto given.

"Now, I will say I think this is quite sufficient to prove this, that those who in this day are practising and preaching total abstinence are not only introducing no novelty, no imagination, no fanaticism, but they are only doing and trying to get others to do that which Christians did in the beginning."

The Effects of Alcohol.

One of the characteristics of alcohol is its powerful affinity for water. Placed in contact with an animal membrane, it immediately withdraws the water which is an essential component of the structure, and partial or complete destruction of its substance is the result. Now, the human stomach is lined with such a similar tissue, distinguished as the mucous membrane; and upon its healthy condition depends the due performance of the function of digestion. In the confirmed dram-drinker, this membrane is mottled with inflamed patches; and the intemperate use of the stronger wines is sooner or later followed by a similarly diseased condition. As pure water forms the weightiest constituent of the human body—a man weighing 154 lb. having 111 lb. of water in his composition—it follows that the substitution of alcohol for that

colorant, and its permanent fixation in the blood, must vitiate the condition of every organ, vessel, and tissue containing water as an integral portion of their substance, and seriously interfere with the due performance of their functions. The great centre of the circulation—the heart—participates in the disturbance. Its action is intensified, and it is called upon to perform one-fourth more work than is ordinarily expected from it; in other words the rate of its pulsation is increased from the normal number of 100,000 to 125,000 per day. The effect is that the blood is driven with greater force into the minute circulation, when there is insufficient resistance to propel it through the minute veins or capillaries. These little vessels consequently become enlarged and gorged with blood; hence the suffusion and red blotches which advertise the perpetual tippler, and render his appearance so uninviting, especially as the nose is the part usually selected for their display. Till a comparatively recent period, the opinion was universal amongst physiologists that alcohol acted as a respiratory food, that is to say, it was burned in the body like fat or starch, with the production of heat and the evolution of carbonic acid gas from the lungs. The researches of Dr. Edward Smith proved that under alcoholic stimulus there is a marked diminution in the quantity of carbonic acid respired, so that alcohol must be decomposed in the body without any of the phenomena which accompany the decomposition of heat givers. Dr. Richardson has further shown, in opposition to the generally received opinion, that there is a reduction of temperature in the advanced stage of alcoholic poisoning from 98° to 96°; and that the narcotism of alcohol may to this distinguished from the coma of apoplexy, in which there is a rise of temperature. It thus appears that a glass of hot brandy and water is a very poor protection against cold and an equally poor remedy when a cold is contracted.—From *Cassell's Science for All.*

Francis Murphy in the Slums.

"God bless you, Bob, my dear old boy. You must not stay here. Come with me now. Just think how happy your wife and children were only three nights ago when you took the pledge. Come with me now, dear old friend."

The speaker was Francis Murphy. He stood in a liquor shop on Grant-st., where he followed a tall, strongly-built old man, whose face still showed marked traces of intellectuality, although sadly marred by years of dissipation. He was at one time a prominent professional man, standing high in public and in his calling. He is now a total wreck and social outcast. He has made frequent attempts at reform only to fall again to the old ways. He had evidently been drinking, for his voice was thick and incoherent as he said:

"I'sh no use, Misther Murphy; I'sh no use."

"Oh, but there is use, my old friend. Be a man now and say no. Only yesterday the old wife said to me, 'I'll be so happy, Mr. Murphy, if he can only keep the pledge. He's a noble man when he's not drinking.' You are bringing that woman to her grave, Bob, with trouble and sorrow. Come with me out of this place, do."

Mr. Murphy's hand was on the old man's shoulder now, and tears came into his eyes as he pleaded.

"I'sh no use, Mr. Murphy; i'sh no use," he reiterated irresolutely. "I can do nothin'; best let me go to the devil."

Behind the bar stood the owner of the saloon. A crowd of lookers-on in various stages of seediness and degradation watched the scene, and were affected in proportion to the manhood left in them. Mr. Murphy, however, took no notice of these, but still pleaded with the old man, until finally he led him away, and the last the reporter saw of them they were going arm in arm toward the old man's home.

NOT FROM GENEVA.—In the phrase "best Geneva gin," the word "Geneva" has no more to do with gin than has Jerusalem with artichokes. The word "Geneva" is a clumsy corruption from the French for juniper—genievre—and the reading ought to be "best juniper gin."

Millions In It.

Millions of drunkards.
Millions of paupers.
Millions of criminals.
Millions of needless taxes.
Millions of wasted lives, and wasted dollars, and lost reputations and characters.
Millions of desolate homes and broken hearts and discouraging vows.
Millions upon millions of unhappy creatures, all made so by the use of rum, and the system that mixes poisonous concoctions, distributes them over the country, puts them into the reach of everyone, presses them into the hands and lips, protects and empowers the infernal traffic in all its hideous phases? This is the system which great masses are contentedly perpetuating, that delusive phantom, the license system.

NEWS AND NOTES.

DIET AND DRINK.—The *Journal of Inebriety* gives the results of Dr. Napiet's inquiry into the nature of diet, the object of which was to solve the question of how far certain foods encouraged or prevented the craving for drink. He concluded that macaroni, beans, dried peas and other articles antagonize in a marked degree the cure for alcohol. In the treatment for alcoholism, farinaceous food should be used in preference to all others.

CALIFORNIA WINE GROWING.—California, with a wine yield of 14,000,000 gallons, only three and a half millions of which are exported from the state, averages two homicides per month in its chief city, San Francisco, while its suicides mount up to ninety-three, twelve of whom are women. Three hundred and ninety-two divorces have been granted by San Francisco courts during the past year, largely on account of intemperance. In this state the liquor war may be truly characterized as, the vineyard versus the home.

PUNCH AND PIETY.—The *London Graphic* has so far changed views as to see a good deal of humor in the following item:—Rev. Dr. Paxton observes that the Scotch "are the only people who ever successfully solved the problem on this little planet of how to combine punch and piety." That is pretty well put. Their punch, like their piety, is strong and genuine. The remark recalls the reproachful commentary of a Canadian Episcopal bishop of Scotch birth upon his treatment at the table of a certain rector in Boston: "They were all good people and most kind, I am sure; but do you know, my dear," said the old gentleman, "they gave me water to drink at table and upon going to bed, as if I had been a horse."

TEMPERANCE IN INDIA.—Speaking at Simla, India, recently, Sir Donald Stewart gave a very encouraging account of the progress of the temperance cause in the Army. Formerly, he said, the Judge Advocate-General used to bring him every week cases of soldiers sentenced to different periods of penal servitude, but now the reports were not so numerous, being about one a month. He attributed this decrease in crime very largely to the influence of temperance. On looking over the returns he found that there were 7,300 abstainers in Bengal, 2,145 in Madras, and 1,485 in Bombay. In 1870 and 1879 the amount of beer drunk in the Army in Bengal was a little more than 130,000 gallons, but now the amount was about 82,000 gallons. He would be glad to see this reduced also.

VEILING ROUND.—It is encouraging to notice indications of the growth of public opinion almost everywhere on the temperance question. The *Hamilton Times*, formerly a bitter opponent of the abolition of the Scott Act, closes an article in regard to recent victories with the following, sensible remarks:—

"We are not among those who think well of prohibitory legislation as a means of reforming drunkards, or keeping men who are accustomed to drink liquor from getting their horn, but the young men, who have not learned to waste intoxicating drink, will doubtless be preserved from some of the temptation which the open bar throws in their way. Thus, in the course of a long time, a more temperate population would be created by the act, supposing it to be continued in force long enough to complete the experiment. Undoubtedly the national drink bill is a tax which reduces the average of comfort of the country."

Our Young Folks.

Happy Children.

They sent him round the circle fair
To bow before the prettiest there;
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed;
Although, I can't say what it meant,
The little maid looked ill content.

His task was then anew begun,
To kiss the one he loved the best;
Once more the little maid sought he,
And bent his down upon his knee.
She turned her eyes upon the floor;
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then, his sweet delight
To kiss the one he loved the best;
For all she frowned, for all she chid,
He kissed that little maid, he did.
And thou—though why I can't decide—
The little maid looked satisfied.

Philadelphia Record.

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARRILL.
CHAPTER XI.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

"This is a very sloppy road," said Davy to himself, as he walked along in the direction taken by the turkey; and it was, indeed, a very sloppy road. The dust had quite disappeared, and the sloppiness soon changed to such a degree of wetness that Davy presently found himself in water up to his ankles. He turned to go back, and saw, to his alarm, that the land in every direction seemed to be miles away, and the depth of the water increasing so rapidly that, before he could make up his mind what to do, it had risen to his shoulders, and he was carried off his feet and found himself apparently drifting out to sea. The water, however, was warm and pleasant, and he discovered that instead of sinking he was floated gently along, slowly turning in the water like a float on a fishing-line. This was very agreeable, but he was nevertheless, greatly relieved when a boat came in sight sailing toward him. As it came near, it proved to be the clock with a sail hoisted and the Goblin sitting complacently in the stern.

"How d'ye do, Gobsy?" said Davy.
"Primo!" said the Goblin, enthusiastically.

"Well, stop the clock," said Davy; "I want to get aboard."

"I haven't any board," said the Goblin, in great surprise.

"I mean I want to get into the clock," said Davy, laughing. "I don't think you're much of a sailor."

"I'm not," said the Goblin, as Davy climbed in. "I've been sailing one way for ever so long, because I don't know how to turn around. But there's a landing-place just ahead."

Davy looked over his shoulder and found that they were rapidly approaching a little wooden pier standing about a foot out of the water. Beyond it stretched a broad expanse of sandy beach.

"What place is it?" said Davy.

"It's called Hickory Dickory Dock," said the Goblin. "All the eight-day clocks stop here," and at this moment the clock struck against the timbers with a violent thump, and Davy was thrown out, heels over head, upon the dock. He scrambled upon his feet again as quickly as possible, and saw to his dismay that the clock had been turned completely around by the shock and was rapidly drifting out to sea again. The Goblin looked back despairingly, and Davy just caught the words, "I don't know how to turn around!" when the clock was carried out of hearing, distance and soon disappeared on the horizon.

The beach was covered in every direction with little hills of sand, like rye-cocks, with scraggy bunches of seaweed sticking out of the tops of them; and Davy was wondering how they came to be there, when he caught sight of a man walking along the edge of the water; and now and then stopping and gazing earnestly out to sea. As the man drew nearer, Davy saw that he was

dressed in a suit of brown leather and wore a high-peaked hat, and that a little procession, consisting of a dog, a cat, and a goat, was following patiently at his heels, while a parrot was perched upon his shoulder. They all wore large standing linen collars and black cravats, which gave them a very serious appearance.

Davy was morally certain that the man was Robinson Crusoe. He carried an enormous gun, which he loaded from time to time, and then, aiming carefully at the sea, fired. There was nothing very alarming about this, for the gun, when fired, only gave a faint squeak, and the bullet, which was about the size of a small orange, dropped out quietly upon the sand. Robinson, for it was really he, always seemed to be greatly astonished at this result, peering long and anxiously out to sea, after every shot. His animal companions, however, seemed to be greatly alarmed whenever he prepared to fire; and scampering off, hid behind the little hills of sand until the gun was discharged, when they would return, and after solemnly watching their master reload his piece, follow him along the beach as before. This was all so ridiculous that Davy had great difficulty in keeping a serious expression on his face as he walked up to Robinson and handed him the Hole-keeper's letter. Robinson looked at him suspiciously as he took it, and the animals eyed him with evident distrust.

Robinson had some difficulty in opening the letter which was sopping wet, and took a long time to read it, Davy meanwhile waiting patiently. Sometimes Robinson would scowl horribly as if puzzled, and then again he would chuckle to himself as if vastly amused with the contents; but as he turned the letter over in reading it, Davy could not help seeing that it was simply a blank sheet of paper with no writing whatever upon it except the address. This, however, was so like the Hole-keeper's way of doing things that Davy was not much surprised when Robinson remarked: "He has left out the greatest lot of comical things!" Then picking up his gun, he said: "You may walk about in the grove as long as you please, provided you don't pick anything."

"What grove?" said Davy, very much surprised.

"This one," said Robinson, proudly pointing out the tufts of sea-weed. "They're beech-trees, you know; I planted 'em myself. I had to have some place to go shooting in, of course."

"Can you shoot with that gun?" said Davy.

"Shoot? Why, it's a splendid gun," said Robinson, gazing at it proudly. "I made it myself—out of a spy-glass."

"It doesn't seem to go off," said Davy, doubtfully.

"That's the beauty of it!" exclaimed Robinson, with great enthusiasm. "Some guns go off, and you never see 'em again."

"But I mean that it doesn't make any noise," persisted Davy.

"Of course it doesn't," said Robinson.

"That's because I load it with tooth-powder."

"But I don't see what you can shoot with it," said Davy, feeling that he was somehow getting the worst of the argument.

Robinson stood gazing thoughtfully at him for a moment, while the big bullet rolled out of the gun with a rumbling sound and fell into the sea. "I see what you want," he said, at length. "You're after my personal history. Just take a seat in the family circle and I'll give it to you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Adventures of a Naval Monkey.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

One of the great British war ships in the Crimean war between England and Russia was the *Bellerophon*. On board of this ship there lived an ape named Sambo, who made a great deal of fun for both officers and men. He also got himself into numberless scrapes, and "smelt powder" oftener than monkeys like to do.

Sambo was so fond of mischief that he was kept chained to a small house, or kennel; but this was not a heavy structure, and seizing the chain in one hand, so as to take the strain off his belt, he would drag it all about the main-deck, going pretty much where he pleased, after all.

A favorite spot with him, because of its warmth, was the galley, or ship's kitchen. One day, finding the galley quite clear, he tried his hand at cooking, and in about half a minute nearly succeeded in producing a dish of boiled monkey, by spilling a kettleful of hot water over himself. It was a long time before he recovered, and ever afterward, whenever he got in the cook's way, they had only to show him a kettle, filled or empty, to make him scamper off, yelling with terror.

Though he remembered the scalding so well, yet he tried another experiment in the galley, this time at baking. Seeing an oven door open one cold night, and thinking himself in great luck to hit upon so snug and warm a berth, he crept in, and went to sleep. By-and-by the cook came, shut the oven door, and lighted the fire. It was not long before strange noises—scratching and faint squealing—began to issue from the stove, so that the cook made up his mind it was possessed by goblins. Finally, however, he plucked up courage enough to open the oven door, when out leaped the well-warmed Sambo, grinning and chattering at a tremendous rate over his narrow escape.

To some of the youngsters on board he took a dislike; perhaps they had plagued him. He was well able to return the compliment. When one of them would be folding up his hammock in the morning, Sambo would suddenly leap from his hiding-place into the hammock, which the boy would drop instantly, for the monkey could bite if he cared to. There Sambo would sit, growling and making faces, until he got tired of the fun, and gave up his prize. Still he was on good terms with nearly everybody. In the evening he especially enjoyed nestling under the overcoat of some officer, and getting whiffs of his tobacco smoke. Once he broke his chain, stole into the clerk's office, tore papers to pieces, upset the ink, and so daubed his fur with the black fluid that he looked like a young negro. Discovered at this, and knowing what he deserved, he fled to the loftiest rigging, and could not be persuaded to come down for a long time.

Sambo's anxiety all the time was to keep himself warm at night. At last he hit upon a novel way. Discovering that he could reach the poultry coops, which were hung to a beam, he watched until a hen put her head out between the bars. At once Sambo made a grab, and pulled the unfortunate fowl out by the neck. Holding her firmly, he dragged his kennel back to its place before the galley fire, where he lay down, and slept all night with the chicken in his arms like a baby. Next morning he partly led and partly drove her back to her coop. Every cold night after that he provided himself in this way with a warm bed-fellow, never hurting the fowls beyond their unpleasant experience in being dragged through the coop bars.

By-and-by the great ship became engaged in the battle of Sebastopol. In the midst of the bombardment a shell came through an opening in the deck, and exploded among the sheep pens and poultry coops, to which Sambo had been consigned when preparations for the battle were made. The shell knocked the coops to pieces, killed most of the hens and turkeys, and smashed things generally. Out of the smoke and sulphur and shower of splinters and feathers came Sambo, frightened almost to death, but otherwise unhurt, and leaped with one bound into the arms of an officer standing near by. He trembled with fear, and in tones of the strongest indignation began to tell in the most rapid way the story of the outrage he had suffered.

Though shot and shell hurtled thickly through the rigging and about the hull all day long, Sambo remained untouched; and at night the officer of the deck reported him to the admiral as having behaved with great gallantry during the action.

There are three friendships which are advantageous, and three which are injurious. Friendship with the upright, friendship with the sincere, and friendship with the man of much information are advantageous. Friendship with a man of spacious airs, friendship with the insinuatingly soft, friendship with the glib-tongued—these are injurious.

A Russian Festival.

BY DAVID KER.

The 18th of January is a great festival in Russia, called the "Christening of the Rivers." On that day a priest goes down to every great river, dips a cross in it through a hole cut in the ice, and pronounces a blessing which is supposed to make the water holy. Then the poor ignorant peasants, who think that this water will cure all their pains and sicknesses better than any medicine, rush in to fill their jugs and pots, and very often the water gets spilled in the scuffle and the jugs get broken, and so (like many other people) they lose what they want through over-eagerness to get it.

Some say that this festival is in memory of one of the first Russian Czars, a very savage and wild-looking fellow, very much like an Indian or a Zulu, who, instead of wearing fine clothes and having a grand palace to live in, dressed in bear-skins, and lived in a log hut floored with mud. When this man became a Christian, he and his warriors were baptized in the river Dnieper by an old Christian priest, who held a cross over them and blessed them and their river; and so, it is said, the custom began.

I was at St. Petersburg once on the morning of this festival, and a strange sight it was. The wide frozen river, the snowy streets, the houses of all colors—red, yellow, green, blue, or white—the great golden domes and spires standing out against the cold, clear blue sky (all Russian church towers are plated with gold), made it look quite like a fairy city in a picture. And the crowds that came to look at the show, what a sight they were!—smart young officers all silver lace and shining buttons, with long swords clanking at their heels; stout merchants, whose great red faces, half buried in huge fur caps and collars, looked like a sunset in a pine forest; round-faced children waddling along in blue coats reaching down to their heels, and so thickly wadded as to make them seem like cushions set up on end; long-haired priests in dark robes and high black tumbler-shaped caps; blue-frocked hackmen; nurses with paste-board crowns; and peasants in greasy sheep-skins, with knee-high boots stuffed with hay, and "shined" with tar instead of blacking.

The Winter Palace itself was not very pretty, for, with its yellowish-brown color and the ornamental turrets and pinnacles stuck all over its roof, it looked just like a huge cake of gingerbread. But half-way across the great square behind it stood one of the finest monuments in Russia, a pillar of polished granite eighty-four feet high, in honor of the Czar Alexander I. The very night it was set up, a tremendous thunder-storm came on, and the lightning struck it down; but it was soon restored.

Just as twelve o'clock struck, bang went a gun. Then the palace gate swung open, and out came a tall man in a dark green uniform trimmed with gold lace. Up into the frosty air went a tremendous shout—for this was the Czar himself—and then all was still again.

At the edge of the granite quay in front of the palace a little blue pavilion had been built, with a plank stair leading down to the frozen river, and here the Russian priests were awaiting the Czar. Between this building and the palace gate a carpet had been spread for him to walk on, and the passage was kept clear by two ranks of soldiers, who, standing motionless in their long overcoats of gray frieze, looked just like granite walls set with spikes of steel.

As the Czar entered the pavilion, the chief priest—a tall, fine-looking man in a richly embroidered robe, with long hair flowing over his shoulders—took the cross in his hand, and going slowly down the stair to the spot where the ice had been cut, dipped the cross into the dark waters, and spoke the words of blessing. Then the Czar went back to the palace as he had come, the soldiers marched off, the crowd broke up and melted away, and the great show was over.

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 13.

One of the gentlemen's Solid Gold Watch, valued at about \$75, is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must become a subscriber for Truth for at least six months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their terms extended an additional half year for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at Truth office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address—Editor's Prize Story, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Canada. The following attractive and well written story has been chosen as our prize story for the present week. The sender can obtain the Gold Hunting Case, Stem-Winding Elgin Watch offered as a prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and registration.

AUNT MONA.

SENT BY GEORGINA DOUGALL, SHERBROOKE STREET, MONTREAL.

My Aunt Mona, if her own words might be believed, had hardly been well a day throughout her life, certainly not for one during the last twenty years. She walked the earth a bundle of unstrung nerves, an incarnation of aches and pains, a living sufferer of all the disorders that poor mortals are liable to, a specimen of utter misery and living martyrdom. From the crown of her smooth brown head down to her pretty feet, there was no sound health in her. So she would assure us ten times a day.

How is it, I wonder, that people who have every essential good in life to make them comfortable, must create discomfort for themselves? Some do it. One will seek it in fretfulness, another in jealousy, a third in wearing anxiety about nothing. I suppose that, as a certain amount of suffering is, and must be, the lot of all, while they inhabit this world, those upon whom Heaven has not inflicted it, must needs inflict it on themselves. Aunt Mona found hers in health. That is, you understand, in the lack of health.

And she might have been so bright and happy! The wife of Thomas Butterfield, substantial yeoman and farmer, whose crops never seemed to fail, and whose house was filled with plenty, Aunt Mona had every substantial good, in their plain way, that she could have. Her children were hearty, her friends true. But that health of hers ruined everything. Any husband less sunny-tempered than Uncle Butterfield would have become morose ere this. Mr. Whale, the parson, talking of it one evening to my father, when he had called in and stayed to supper, and they became confidential over their whiskey-and-water, declared he should have shaken her long ago were she his wife, and been fit to turn her out of doors afterwards.

Aunt Mona did not sit patiently down and endure her suffering; she had too much spirit for that. I don't believe there was a doctor within a hundred miles who had not heard the dismal story of her manifold ever-increasing ailments.

She had tried allopathy, homoeopathy, hydrotherapy; she had consulted various kinds of practitioners: botanic, eclectic, magnetic, and mesmeric. She once travelled to London to consult a renowned spiritual medium. She had fully tested all the patent medicines of the day, including Holloway's ointment, and Coddle's pills, and Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, and somebody's chest expanders; and yet here she was, not cured: worse than ever. Papa would call her on the sly, "My sister Moaner."

But now a wonderful thing occurred. There came into the village hard by a man of medicine, and he set up his tent there for a day or two. He called himself the great "Physio-Electro-Magnetic Healer," and he came heralded by a mighty flourish of trumpets, and by bills as large as life, professing to cure everything. Aunt Mona was in a flutter of hope; she wrote to him to say she was coming, and she took me with her. Her own children were not old enough, and Uncle Butterfield would as soon have paid a visit to the moon.

The great Magnetic Healer was a tall man, with a black beard. He solemnly bowed aunt into a big chair, and me to a smaller one.

"I have enjoyed poor health for twenty years," began Aunt Mona in a sighing tone, while the great doctor, sitting before her, looked and listened attentively. "Some of

the medical men I have consulted say it must be the lungs, others the liver, others again, say it is the heart. I say it is all three. They cannot find out any organic disease, they tell me, and they only recommend proper diet, air, and exercise. One of them went so far as to say that all I wanted was cheerfulness. I know better. And so would they if they felt as I feel! I told old Stafford so, our doctor, the other day. My opinion is, that I have a complication of diseases; my lungs are weak, my liver does not act, and I am often terribly pressed for breath, as my niece here, Miss Arkright, can testify to. That, of course, must be the heart."

"Of course," murmured the great Magnetic Healer. "Go on, Madam."

"I am troubled perpetually with rheumatic and neuralgic pains, and I have something dreadful in my back. The spine, no doubt. One minute the blood will gull up and down my veins like a streak of lightning, the next it seems to freeze as if it were so much ice. I have shivering, and I have bad nights, and I have headache—and altogether I am sure no poor woman was ever so afflicted. Can you do anything for me, sir? I believe the heart's the worst."

"Madam," said the great Magnetic Healer, pompously, "that particular form of heart disease has been of frequent occurrence in my practice, and I have been invariably successful in its treatment. Scientifically speaking, your complaint is malformation of the right auricle, and—there may be—something amiss with the left ventricle. I think perhaps there is. You feel out of spirits, now don't you, often; especially in damp, gloomy weather; and a sort of distaste to everything?"

"Why, doctor, no one before told me this!" exclaimed Aunt Mona, in ecstasy. "It is exactly how I do feel."

"Yes, yes, my dear madam, I could describe your every sensation just as well as though I myself were the sufferer. How is your appetite?"

"Well, it is not to be relied on; but it's mostly very poor. Some days I eat well enough; others I can't touch a thing, and I live then upon strong green tea, or perhaps coffee, and toast and butter."

"A most deleterious practice, my dear madam. 'Order is nature's first law,' and it behoves us to be regular in our diet. This capriciousness of appetite arises from the derangement I speak of, and can be easily remedied. Do you sleep well?"

"Good gracious, no, doctor! Not as a rule. How can you expect it? And if I do sleep, I dream. The other night I had a dreadful dream—I thought I saw the ghosts of my two dead brothers who were drowned ten years ago. They were beckoning to me. I awoke in the worst fright possible, screaming and crying."

"And had you gone to bed supperless that night—upon nothing but green tea?"

"Well, no. That night I had managed to eat a morsel of supper and drink a drop of our old ale. Hot pork chops and apple fritters we had, I remember."

The doctor coughed.

"Yes, they beckoned to me distinctly," continued Aunt Mona, returning to the ghosts of her two brothers. "It was a sign, I know, doctor; a warning that I must soon follow them. I feel that I am not long for this world."

"My dear lady, do not despair, I improve

you. A life, valuable as yours, must not so early be lost to the world; a sun so brilliant must not go down ere it has attained its meridian splendour. In the hands of an ordinary physician your case would indeed be hopeless; but my skill may perhaps avail, even for you. I fear, madam, that you are inclined to hysteria. In simpler phrase, that you are nervous."

"No, doctor, I cannot say that I am. I should be, if I gave way to my feelings, but that is what I never allow myself to do. My husband at times tells me I am hysterical; but, when I'm dead and gone, he'll know better. He will realize then that I was the patientest, uncomplainingest mortal woman that ever breathed. Being so hearty himself, he cannot understand that other people have ailments; and so—and so—all I know is, that I am frightfully ill and get no sympathy." And with the last words, Aunt Mona covered her face with her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud.

Much affected, the great Magnetic Healer turned away, as if to conceal his emotion. Then, returning to his chair, he spoke in a consoling tone.

"Dry your tears, dear lady; I have the gift of prescience, which assures me that you will live and not die. Although my great reliance in the cure of disease is my wonderful mesmeric and magnetic power; yet, in addition to these, I am possessed of an unrivalled medicine, the secret of whose preparation was communicated to me while in the spiritual-trance state, by the great Galen himself. Take heart. It shall cure you."

"Oh, if it could!" cried Aunt, dropping her handkerchief. "What medicine is it?"

"It is called the 'Elixir of Life and Universal Panacea.' This small bottle of medicine which I will give you," he added, producing a little white phial filled with a lemon-colored liquid, "is sufficient to cure any mortal disease, and—"

"It don't lock much of it," interrupted aunt.

"My good lady, it will last you your lifetime. You may take one drop on rising in the morning, one drop at noon, and one drop before retiring at night. Continue this course for a fortnight, then one drop only every other day, until you are cured, will be sufficient."

Pocketing his fee of two guineas, the renowned Magnetic Healer bowed us out, my aunt clasping the treasured bottle.

"What a mercy I went to him!" she cried. "If he had but come here a few years ago! What do you think of him, Maria?"

"Now the truth was, I did not think much of him. My impression was, he had been fit to burst out laughing all the time; but it would not do to say so."

"If it cures you, Aunt Mona, it will be a good thing."

Uncle Butterfield took an opportunity of tasting the "Elixir," and privately assured his friends, amid bursts of laughter, that he could testify to the truth of its being Elixir—Paregoric Elixir, much diluted, and flavoured; but that, and nothing else.

But now, a dire misfortune befel this golden remedy. Some few days later Johnny, the youngest of the little ones, aged seven, saw the phial on his mother's dressing-table, got hold of it, and drank the whole at a draught.

No evil ensued to Johnny; but his mother was frightfully put out, and Johnny got a whipping. This wonderful Elixir could not have failed to cure her; and now it was gone! The great Magnetic Healer was also gone, which made things the more distressing. Our village had not patronised him as he might have expected, considering the wonderful announcement bills, and he had packed up his traps and started, the good genius that presides over travelling quack doctors alone knew where. For three days Aunt Mona sat on the hearthrug, sobbing.

"It would have been the saving of my life! I see it; I feel and know it. I had confidence in that Elixir. And it must be next to a miracle that that wicked Johnny is not dead! I was so much better for the few days I took it! And now I must bear the return of my old ailments and die! Woe's me!"

And the old ailments did return—as Aunt Mona said; and she made life a burden to herself and everybody about her.

Upon the morning of one of those perfect days, cloudless, serene and balmy, which only the month of June can bring to earth, I took my sewing, and started over to my

Aunt Mona's. We lived nearly half a mile distant, in the old Manor House. As I tripped lightly over green meadows, past fragrant orchards and blooming gardens, laden with the perfumes of "incense-breathing June," I said to myself—"Surely, upon such a day as this, even Aunt Mona must be well and happy."

Ah, vain delusion! The idea of health and happiness connected with Aunt Mona was simply ridiculous. "Mamma is never happy unless she is perfectly miserable," said her eldest daughter one day, saucy Kate; and no words of mine could better express the state of things.

Passing through the garden, I found Louisa and Kate, sitting under the arbor of roses and honeysuckles, shelling a dish of early green peas for dinner, and chatting and laughing very merrily. Phillis, the dairymaid, was churning in the out-house, and keeping time to the rise and fall of her churn-dasher with the most blithesome of soft melodies. The cat lay in the warm sunshine, purring with satisfaction; the canary chirruped glee-folly in his cage, and little Johnny came running to meet me with sparkling eyes and a merry laugh, and a handful of June roses. All this peace, this rural content, this bright happiness found an echo in my own heart.

"Where is your mistress?" I said to Sarah, who sat in the best kitchen—for I had gone in the back way.

"Groaning and moaning somewhere about—as she always is, Miss Maria," replied the old nurse, who had lived with them for years, and had a habit of saying what she pleased.

In a little room opening from the dining-parlor I found Aunt Mona, an old woollen shawl around her shoulders and crouching disconsolately over the grate, in which roared a fire more befitting January than June.

"How do you do, aunt?" I said. "Are you any worse than usual?"

She turned towards me a face of despair and woe. Really it was enough to give one the blues on / to look at it.

"Ah, my dear, don't ask. I am *awful*."

"But what makes you so?" Aunt Mona gave a deep sigh and bent over the fire again. On the trivet stood a porcelain saucerpan, whose contents she was languidly stirring with a spoon.

"Why, aunt, what are you doing there? Is that a witch's cauldron?"

"It is a decoction of herbs, to be taken inwardly," meekly sighed she. "I got a recipe from the old herb doctor. I sent for him here yesterday, and he gave it me. I am going to try it," she added resignedly; and if it does not cure me, I shall just give up medicine, and lie down and die."

"Give up medicine, and arise and live," I answered. "I firmly believe, aunt, that medicine is killing you; medicine and groaning together."

This aroused Aunt Mona. "Maria, how can you talk so, when nothing but medicine has kept me alive these twenty years?" she exclaimed, in righteous indignation.

"You have lived in spite of medicine, Aunt Mona, and because your constitution is so thoroughly good. Papa says—"

"I don't want to hear what your papa says, Maria. Brothers always choose to be rude; even when I was a child he'd hurt my feelings. He is so healthy himself that he has no pity for me."

"You have no pity for yourself, Aunt Mona. Who, but you, would sit over a fire this lovely June day?"

"I am cold, Maria."

"Get up then, aunt, and run about out of doors in the sunshine."

"It's cruel of you to talk so," she whined. "How can I stir that awful spine in my back? I can stand it from your uncle & talks to me so, like your papa, but I can't from you. Men are so hard-hearted! Don't you ever marry one of them, Maria."

She tapped her foot on the ground, and stared on, and sighed. Chancing to look out at the window, I saw Uncle Butterfield coming down the garden path with that pretty widow, Mrs. Herrow, who was one of aunt's great friends and had no patience with her. Aunt looked up also.

"There's your uncle, Maria, with that widow Herrow as usual; if he is settling up her husband's property, it's no reason why she should be running after him always. If I wasn't the most unsuspecting

woman on earth, I should be jealous. But I shall not be in the way long; that's one comfort."

A burst of clear, ringing laughter at this moment reached us. It was soon followed by that most comely woman's entrance, "fair, fat, and forty." As she stood by Aunt Mona's side, rosy-checked, bright-eyed, they have been numbered ever since I knew you," smiled uncle. "The days of all of us are, for that matter."

His wife did not condescend to notice the words. Every now and then she had these momentary fits, and liked to talk them out.

"And when I'm gone, Thomas, you can marry some strong, healthy woman, whose ailments won't trouble you. One that's got money too," she added, significantly and spitefully. "Yes, money to make up for all you've had to pay for me."

"I am glad to see you in so desirable a frame of mind," said Mrs. Berrow, laughing merrily. "You show a truly noble, unselfish nature, in providing, even before your death, for your husband's second marriage."

"Now Caroline Berrow, I think you had better not say more," spoke aunt. "I know how unfeeling you can be. It is not the first time you have made game of my illness. As to you, Thomas, you can be looking out for somebody to replace me. I and my sufferings will soon be released from this world of trouble."

"Have you any particular person in view?" asked uncle gravely, "anyone you would like as a mother to your children? Of course I should have to think a little of them in choosing a second wife."

"I don't much think Aunt Mona expected the ready acquiescence; she looked startled. Mrs. Berrow ran out to Kate and Louisa, who were coming in with the basin of peas, and uncle followed her. Presently the two girls came in. Aunt Mona was then growing hysterical.

"Listen, children," she cried—and proceeded to tell them what had passed. "You see, your father is so anxious on your account," she added sarcastically, "that he can't even wait for me to die before providing you a step-mother. I will let you choose. How would you like Mrs. Berrow?"

"Very much indeed," said Kate.

"I think she is just as good, and sweet, as she can be," cried Louisa. "Mamma, I like Mrs. Berrow almost as well as I like you. But I suppose this is all nonsense," broke off the girl, laughing.

"To tell you the truth, Mona," interposed uncle, who had again come in, "I have thought of Caroline Berrow. It is impossible to keep such ideas away when one's wife is in your state of health," he added with deprecation. "She would make a most excellent step-mother."

"Yes, I see you have been thinking of her," returned Aunt Mona, rising from her chair in a fever of hysterical anger. "You have got your plans well laid out, husband, and you have infected the children with them. Oh, that I should live to be insulted like this! Maria, you are a witness to it. It is cruel, cruel! And I will live a hundred years if I can, just to spite you."

With the tears streaming down her still pretty face, Aunt Mona, leaving her deprecation of herbs to its fate, sailed away. I felt most uncomfortable. The young girls must have been jesting, but for the first time I thought my uncle heartless. Mrs. Berrow, standing now outside the open window, had partly heard what passed.

"Mona only told me yesterday that she could not live a week," quoth she.

"She kissed me last Sunday when I was going to church and said she should not live to see another," spoke uncle.

"Yes, and she has not yet bought us new dresses, or hats, or ribbons this summer," lamented Kate. "She said it would be useless, we should soon have to go into mourning for her. It is too bad for mamma to be so melancholy."

"And now she is going to live a hundred years," sighed Mrs. Berrow, in anything but a pleasant tone. "But I must wish you all good morning. I have not ordered my dinner at home yet."

"Uncle Butterfield," I said, feeling indignation at the echo of her light footsteps rattled on the path and the two girls ran after her. "I—I have no right, I know, to speak so; but do you not think you are heartless to Aunt Mona—unfeeling?"

"I am sorry for it, if I am," replied my uncle, "but I'm only taking your aunt at her word. For years she has been telling me she was going to die, and that I had

better be looking out for a second wife. I don't see that I could choose a nicer one than Mrs. Berrow."

"Has she bewitched you, Uncle Butterfield?"

"I don't think so, my lass. All the world recognizes her as a delightful woman. The children must have a mother, if their own is taken from them. What should I do without a wife in a house like this? As to planning-out beforehand—you must thank your aunt for that."

He set off down the garden with his long strides to overtake Mrs. Berrow. Sending the girls back, he accompanied her home. I could have beaten them both.

Upstairs ran I, somehow not caring to face the girls, to Aunt Mona's room, expecting to find her in hysterical tears, and sorely in need of consolation. Not a bit of it. She sat before a mirror, arranging her still abundant and beautiful hair, which, during these years of illness, real or imaginary, she had worn plainly tucked under a cap. There was a fire in her eye, a flush upon her cheek, and a look of determination in her face, which augured anything but well for the prospects of the Widow Berrow.

"I've heard every word you have been saying below," she exclaimed angrily, glancing at the open window. "I thank you for taking my part, Maria. You seem to be the only friend I have. The idea of that mean, low-lived, contemptible Widow Berrow being here in my place, and the mother of my children! If I were dead and buried, and she came as Thomas's wife, I'd rise from my grave and haunt her. But, I'm not dead yet, no, and I don't intend to be, while that miserable jade walks the earth. I suppose she paints and powders to make herself look young and fair, for she's every day as old as I am; and, when we were girls together, she was not half as handsome as I was. Mark you that, Maria."

"She does not paint or use powder, aunt; I am sure of that; though she does look so fresh and young."

"She is eight-and-thirty this summer, and she does not look eight-and-twenty," snapped Aunt Mona. "And I, with my years of suffering, look eight-and-forty."

"Yes, aunt, and your perpetual sufferings have brought on the look of age. If I were you I'd throw them off and look young again. You might if you would. I remember how fresh and pretty you used to be, and how proud Uncle Thomas was of you."

"I will be again," cried aunt resolutely, in an excess of temper—"if it's only to disappoint that upstart woman. I'll throw off all my ailments, though I die in the effort, and be as young as she is."

"Aunt—Aunt Mona—I want to ask you not to be offended at some plain truths I am going to tell you. Your illness, during all these years, has been more imaginary than real; your natural nervousness has rendered you an easy prey to quack doctors and patent medicine vendors, who have had no regard to your health, but only to your husband's money. You have given way to your fancies and gone about like an old woman, the greatest figure imaginable. Look at your gown this morning; look at the cap you have now put off! You might be well if you would."

"Perhaps, after all, old Stafford may be right when he tells me I have no organic disease," said she sadly.

"Yes indeed he is; and now I want you to promise me never to take another drop of medicine unless prescribed by him."

"I never will."

"And oh, Aunt Mona, try to be cheerful, and to make home a happy place for your husband and children. Think how terrible it would be to lose their love."

"It seems to me that I have lost their love," was the despairing reply.

"No, I hope not; no indeed Aunt Mona. They are just a little tired of your constant complainings—and I must say I don't wonder at it. Even the servants are tired. Think how long it is since you had a cheerful word upon your lips or a smile upon your face! If you would only be the loving wife and mother again, things would come right."

"All the same, Maria, you cannot deny that Caroline Berrow has turned out a deceitful crocodile. Think of her display of friendship for me, up to this very morning! Think of her setting her ugly widow's cap at your uncle before I am dead!"

"But you know, aunt, you have been as

good as dead—in speech. Telling them, week in, week out, that you shall be in your coffin the next!"

"Well, child," she said rather faintly, "I have been ill, I have suffered."

"Put your sufferings off, aunt; you can, I say, if you like; and circumvent—pardon the word—the widow and her cap-setting. Think how much you owe to God for all the many blessings He has showered down upon you—and how ungrateful it is to return Him nothing but repinings."

Aunt Mona, brushing out her still beautiful hair, paused. A flush stole over her face.

"I never thought of it in that light, Maria," she softly said. "I will think of it; I will try."

And she began forthwith. That very evening she dressed herself up and went to the penny-reading concert, taking Kate and Louisa. Uncle Butterfield was there, sitting beside Mrs. Berrow. My mother, all unconscious of the treason, crossed the room to sit with them; I went to Aunt Mona. We all went home together as far as our several ways led us; and though uncle did see the widow home, aunt did not begin moaning again.

How wonderfully from that time her appearance and manner changed, you would hardly believe. She grew young again; she grew cheerful. Cheerful and more cheerful day by day. Her dress was studied, her servants, household, and children were actively cared for. She took to visiting and going to church on Sundays; she invited friends to little parties at home. The pills and herbs and physics and decoctions were pitched away, and the bottles sold by old Sarah. Uncle Thomas was charmingly sunny-tempered in the house, as he always had been—but he did not give up his visits to the Widow Berrow.

"But he will in time, Maria," said aunt privately to me, a world of confident hope in her voice. "Only yesterday, he smoothed my hair down with his gentle hand and said I looked as young and pretty in his eyes as I did the day we were married."

"Yes, aunt, you are winning him back, you see. I knew it would be so."

"And oh, child, I am so much happier than I used to be, with all my pains and my nerves and my lowness of spirits gone!"

It was a month or two after this, all things having been going on in the nicest possible way, that Mrs. Berrow one cold morning, for December had come in, presented herself in Aunt Mona's parlor, a smile on her ever-pleasant face. I was there, helping aunt with the things intended for the Christmas-tree. She had not had a tree for years. Not been "able" to have one, she used to say. Uncle Thomas had told her laughingly this year not to spare the money over it.

Mrs. Berrow, coming in, I say, with her bright face, went straight up to aunt, and kissed her. Aunt Mona did color a little at that.

"I am come to ask you to my house for the 6th of January," she said. "You, Mona, and your husband, and the two girls. Your mamma has already her invitation, Maria, and yours too," she added, nodding at me.

"Is it a tea party?" questioned Aunt Mona, stiffly.

"No: a breakfast. And I hope you will attend me to church beforehand—and see me married!"

"Married!" I cried, staring at her.

"Yes, my dear. I have been engaged these many months past," she answered with equanimity. "It is to my cousin Stanton—a very distant cousin as you know. We should have been married before, but for that business which took him to Spain. And when he got there, he found he was obliged to go on to Valparaiso. There he was detained again. Altogether it is nearly six months since he left England, but he is back now."

"And—you have been engaged to marry him all that while?" gasped aunt in her surprise.

"All that while and longer. Since last April. Your husband has known it from the first."

"Oh, Caroline!"

"And has been transacting all kinds of business for us both, preparatory to the marriage."

"Why did you not tell me?"

Caroline Berrow laughed.

"Then was that—that nonsense that you and Thomas talked together about about your exceeding me a joke?"

"Why, of course it was, you silly thing.

As if your husband could have cared for me, or I for him—in that way. He has never cared, he never will care, for anyone but his wife, Mona."

Aunt Mona burst into happy tears, and put her face down upon her old friend's neck to sob them away.

We all went to the wedding on the sixth, and Uncle Butterfield, looking so bright and sunny, gave the bride away. But neither of them told Aunt Mona what I learnt—that the plot was concocted between them to bring her to her senses.

And it did it, as you have seen. And there never was a woman more free from "nerves" and imaginary aches and pains than Aunt Mona is now. "I thank God for it every day of my life, Maria," she whispers to me sometimes. And I think we all do.

eyed, in the exuberance of health, and the prime of a beauty which time had improved rather than impaired, the contrast was too painful. I think my uncle must have felt it, for he sighed as he turned away.

"Mrs. Butterfield," said the widow, in her soft, musical voice—that "excellent thing in woman"—"I was hoping, upon this beautiful morning, to find you better."

Aunt Mona gave no immediate reply, save a glance that was not a friendly one. It said as plainly as glance could say, "You don't hope anything of the sort; you want me to die and be out of the way."

"My wife seems to be growing worse," said Uncle Butterfield. "That two-sovereign fee, paid to the great magnetic what-d'ye-call-him, a month ago, didn't seem to do you much good, did it, Mona? It had better have been put into the church poor-box."

"A kind, loving husband ought not to speak of money paid to relieve the sufferings and to save the life of his poor, dying wife," replied Aunt Mona, reproachfully. "You know that Johnny, dreadful child, drank the elixir up. But I shall not be a trouble or expense to you long, Thomas; I feel that my days are numbered."

A Luminous Tree.

A most remarkable tree or shrub is said to grow in a small gulch near some springs about twelve miles north of Tuscarora, is about six or seven feet in height, with a trunk which, at its base, is three times the size of a man's wrist. It has innumerable branches and twigs, and resembles somewhat the barberry tree. Its foliage at certain seasons of the year is so luminous that it can be plainly distinguished in the darkest night for a distance of more than a mile, while in its immediate vicinity it emits sufficient light to enable a person to read the finest print. Its foliage is extremely rank, and its leaves resemble somewhat, in size, shape, and color, those of the aromatic bay-tree of California. The luminous property is evidently parasitic, and consists of a sort of gummy substance, which, upon being transferred by rubbing to a person's hand, imparts to it the same apparently phosphorescent light, while that on the leaf entirely disappears.

A Chinese Farm House.

A Chinese farm house is a curious looking abode. Usually it is sheltered with groves of feathery bamboo and thick-spreading banyans. The walls are of clay or wood and the interior of the house consists of one main room extending from the floor to the tiled roof, with closet looking apartments in the corners for sleeping rooms. There is a sliding window on the roof, made of cut oyster shells, arranged in rows, while the side windows are mere wooden shutters. The floor is the bare earth, where at nightfall there often gathers together a miscellaneous family of dirty children, fowls, ducks, pigeons, and a litter of pigs, all living together in delightful harmony. In some districts infested by marauding bands houses are strongly fortified with high walls, containing apertures for fire-arms, and protected by a moat, crossed by a rude draw-bridge.

Every man has his chain and his dog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another, and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

The First Forty Years of the Life of Thomas Carlyle.

BY J. A. FROUDE, M.A.

PART II.

Carlyle had now gained a recognised position in the first rank of English writers. His already published books had a regular, though not extensive yearly sale, an increasing minority listened anxiously for every utterance of his teaching. His home in Cheyne Row (London) was a modest, yet sufficiently comfortable establishment, with one well trained servant (Auno) who, however, had to be paid good wages and would not be fed, as the roughest sort of Scotch domestics had been content to fare, on the "scraps," but demanded good substantial board. Mrs. Carlyle had a talent for sorting and suiting the guests at her tea table, and it was remarked that from their style of living it was impossible to guess whether the Carlyles were rich or poor. In June, 1819, Carlyle, projecting a book on Ireland, republished since his death, took a tour through that country, his annotations on which, with their graphic, touching description, gives a vivid picture of the steamboat and railway travelling of that age. Carlyle was the guest of Charles Gavan Duffy, then editor of an advanced Nationalist paper, now ex-minister of a great State in Australia, and a Colonial knight. Ireland was then in the depression following the famine, the collapse of O'Connell, the abortive insurrection of the year before. Carlyle's "Solution for Irish Difficulties" was characteristic, "to cease generally from following the Devil."

Carlyle's next important publication was the "Latter Day Pamphlets." In this he took up in unmistakable language, the political doctrines to which he had adhered all through life, and of which everything he wrote and taught is the outcome. Hitherto, he had been regarded as a Radical. In the first of the "Latter Day Pamphlets" he "declared war against modern Radicalism." "This objection was against the cant of Radicalism," the cant that negro emancipation would of itself work the well being of the colored race. As Froude puts it, "he did not mean that the 'niggers' should have been kept as cattle and sold as cattle at their owners' pleasure. He did mean that they should have been placed in a position suited to their capacity, like that of the English serfs under the Plantagenets, not allowed to be idle, but cared for themselves, their wives, and their children, in health, in sickness and in old age." (A somewhat difficult task, and one which no English government has yet achieved for the white pauperism at home). Others of the "Latter Day Pamphlets" attacked, the central belief of Radicalism, the ballot and Representation by Population. This he called a system under which "St. Paul and Jesus Iscariot would each have an equal vote; that when a ship was going on a voyage round the world, the crew were to be brought together to elect their own officers, and vote the course which was to be followed." Brilliant rhetoric, and teaching not without use, inasmuch as it goes to teach the true lesson that in no political system is there absolute security or promise of a panacea for all evils. But if a captain of the ship must in some way be chosen, whether it is better that he be chosen by a few lords and fine gentlemen who are cabin passengers, or by all the crew? It seems to me that the better chance of a competent commander would be by the latter method.

Thirty years ago, with the age of railways, free trade, and the great diffusion of wealth and luxury, the "cant" prevailed, especially in England, a tendency to laud the present age; to represent the various extensions of the Franchise as so many steps to a political paradise, which was to Carlyle especially unbelievable and hateful. He regarded, with probably just dread, the boasted national prosperity which had its basis in a pauper proletariat; he feared the decay of the ancient virtues, thrift, simplicity,

self-denial. He saw no safety in the sovereignty of a vast democracy, under the sway of orators and wire-pullers, as both the great parties were under the sway of Disraeli and Gladstone. Against these evils, and against all manner of "cant, lies, and unvarieties," Carlyle was never weary of outpouring the vigorous invective of his conversation. "Many an evening about this time, have I heard him pouring out, for hours together, a torrent of sulphurous denunciation. No one could check him. If any one tried contradiction the cataract rose against the obstacle till it rushed over it and drowned it." Nor did this make the new political prophet unpopular with statesmen, bishops, High Church or Broad Church social lights. They found the extraordinary torrents of denunciation simply amusing, just as the noblesse of Paris found amusement in the prophets who foretold the revolutionary cataclysm of 1793. Carlyle was asked out everywhere. His comments on the people he meets are often most amusing. He meets Sir Robert Peel, "the last of the line of great English statesmen." He receives marked politeness from the prince of clerical diners out, "Soapy Sam," the High Church pet bishop. "Ah, Sam," is Carlyle's comment, "he is a very clever fellow. I do not hate him near as much as I fear I ought to do!" At a ball at Bath House he sees the venerable Duke of Wellington pass from room to room. (He was to die that year, 1850.) "Eyes of beautiful light blue, full of mild valor, with infinitely more faculty and geniality than I had fancied before; the face wholly gentle, wise, valiant, and venerable." Carlyle has been accused of writing harsh judgments, as of Wordsworth for prosy disquisitions, of Charles Lamb for drinking gin, of Cardinal Newman and of the Anglican sacred poet, Keble. But it is notorious that Wordsworth did prose, oftentimes with his own writings for text; as to Lamb's drinking gin, Carlyle might have been less censorious had it been Scotch whiskey! He had no sympathy whatever with what was good in the High Church movement, and could not judge fairly of the great Catholic or of the small Anglican writer. But Carlyle always seems to have intended honest judgment. For popular cries and sensations he had an aversion. For Prince Albert's pretentious Palace of Aladdin in Hyde Park in 1851; for the ugly vulgarities of the great Duke of Wellington's public funeral in 1850: for the rant of a renegade friar, "a blockhead named Gavazzi," who speechifies (in Italian) to the Glasgow mob, he could have no feeling but contempt. Sterling, in 1851, saw the publication of Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," a young disciple of Coleridge and Frederic Maurice, who took orders in the Anglican Church, but relapsed into doubt. Sterling seems to have been an amiable, sincere youth, without a backbone and "infirm of purpose." But Carlyle's life of him, is, in spite of want of interest in the central figure, one of the most vivid and picturesque of biographies. The picture of Coleridge and his "mighty regurgitation of words tending no whither," is inimitable, although Frederic Maurice and the Coleridge's Broad Church school could not forgive it. As early as 1851 Carlyle had formed the idea of writing the greatest of his works, if we except his "History of the French Revolution" the "Frederic the Great." This would amount to a history of the eighteenth century, would involve endless work, travel and explanation. In 1852 he traveled over the localities connected with events in Frederic's life, explored libraries, and went through much antiquarian research. Carlyle's health had become very much changed for the worse. The dyspepsia gave him daily torments, for which there was no remedy. Want of sleep, insomnia, the peculiar malady of brain workers afflicted him. The beds at German hotels were small and uncomfortable, all manner of animal cries and noises made sleep impossible. When he returned to London the same evils beset him. Neighbors had to be bribed (a sum of £25 in one case) to give up keeping roosters. At last a room impervious to sound was built at the top of his house: it had a double wall and was lighted by a skylight. By 1855, the two first volumes of "Frederic the Great" were approaching completion.

All these years there is a continual series of letters from Carlyle to his wife, Jane Welsh Carlyle. The judgment of Carlyle's critics was for the most part to condemn the publication of many of them, and of most of Mrs. Carlyle's own letters and diary.

But we believe Carlyle's reputation comes out if this ordeal without loss. That brilliant writer, Frederick Harrison, in a late essay on this subject has objected to this "washing of domestic dirty linen" of great men in public after their decease. But without this we could not have the complete picture of the man and his inner life which Mr. Froude has set before us. Mrs. Carlyle was bright, conscientious, and anxious to do her duty. As is seen in a very funny travestied state paper on domestic finances in their home, she could urge her points with no ordinary woman's wit. But she was too self-conscious, too critical of the rough and suffering Titan she had married, too much the spoiled child of Laird Welsh who had scandalized Edinburgh society, by marrying the son of a peasant. She was foolishly jealous of her husband's blameless friendship for a lady of rank, and leader in London society (the first Lady Ashburton.) If the husband wrote tenderly affectionate letters, she thought he did so with that his biographer might publish them to the world, an idea as foolish as it was unwisely. But in 1864, when a serious and painful accident befel his wife, she had her eyes opened, henceforth and to the end as to her husband's devoted tenderness. Never did a husband so value and cling to his wife, as did Carlyle all through their married life to his Jeanie. It is true, indeed, that he was much absorbed in his great literary work, that he failed to see many domestic difficulties which beset his wife in their early struggles. But when success as well as fame was achieved, of their money no one could be more liberal; then he bought a carriage for Jeanie, and indulged and petted her to the end. The end came when Carlyle was absent receiving one of the crowning ovations of his life, his reception as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. It came suddenly, as she was driving in her brougham, his so cherished gift.

Carlyle's life, prolonged for fifteen years after this, was one long regret for her whom he had so loved. Honors were heaped on him. A baronetcy, the "Grand Cross of the Bath," were declined. His niece tended him with a daughter's care. Mr. Froude's friendship and companionship were true to the very end. Ere that came, some of the old faith of early days came back, life closed with prayer to God and hope of the life to come.

C. P. M.

Harper & Brothers, New York.

CHARLES CHEERYBLE'S CHATS.

The Old Gentleman Introduces Himself and Explains his Intentions. A Few Remarks about Debt.

Now, it is far from my intention to pose before my readers as a preacher, but in the course of my pilgrimage through this world, many things have come under my notice, good, bad, and indifferent, and of some of those I intend to say a few words. I have observed that many apparently well-meaning people fall into error in a great measure because they were never warned of the dangers that lay in their path, and I should like, in my homely fashion, to mention a few of the pitfalls that are placed in the way of folks, and into which they walk before they fully realize what they are about.

In the first place I should like to have a little chat about

DEBT,

and the numerous evils, I may say, sins that follow in its train. There may be some cases where it is almost impossible to avoid getting, more or less, into debt, but I believe they are very few, and in nine out of ten the only thing required to keep clear of the evil, is a little self-denial.

The habit of running into debt, like all other bad habits, only grows the stronger the more it is encouraged; and, also like all other bad habits, it frequently leads to many more, the first of which is that of making promises when there is no certainty that those promises will be fulfilled. A man, a debtor, will often make promises he feels that he cannot keep, merely to obtain

a little respite from the "dunning" of his creditor; he will promise as boldly as if his income was unlimited, but when the day appointed comes round, what has he to give his creditor? More promises, generally, and anxious creditors soon weary of that game. Should you tell such a man as I allude to that he is nothing more nor less than a liar he will be highly indignant, and possibly you might have cause to repent having spoken so plainly; but a liar he is, there's no getting out of it. A man who gets the name of making pie-crust promises may just as well leave for some other part of the world; nobody will trust him, and, when he does speak the truth, few will believe him; he had, of course, better pay his debts before he goes, but it's his best plan to go, in any event.

Then what does the debtor do when put to it in order to partially satisfy his creditors; he will borrow money at ruinous interest to "stave off" the impending crash as long as possible, thus jumping from the frying pan into the fire, or something very much like it; he borrows from Peter—that is, if Peter is innocent enough to lend him anything, and he often is—to pay Paul, and poor Peter suffers.

Perhaps one great cause of people running into debt is the incessant strife to appear as well-to-do as their neighbors. Vanity is at the bottom of a great deal of it, and a vain person is generally a foolish one, and consequently goes ahead as long as his creditors will allow him, and then the crash comes. If people would only be content with what they have and can pay for, this would be a happier world; but they won't, and never will. No one, whose opinion is worth heeding, despises a man who has been brought to poverty through misfortune; but the man who is poor and strives to make a show by borrowing and going in debt deserves all the contempt he is sure to get, sooner or later, and no one is sorry for him.

In my simple way I have endeavored to show that debt is, with the debtor, the forerunner of broken faith, lies, deceit, and the contempt of others, all of which might be avoided by the determination to buy nothing without paying for it or to do without. The credit system is a poor one in every respect, for honest debtors who do pay their quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly bills may be very certain that they are helping to pay the debts of others who are not honest, as it is well-known that they are charged at a much higher rate than they would be if they paid for what they bought at the time of its purchase.

I am not aware that I have said anything strikingly novel in the course of these few remarks, but a truth cannot be too often repeated if its repetition has the effect of producing good fruit.

Experience is certainly the best teacher, but she is a terribly hard mistress, and if a man can be taught a simple fact without undergoing a course of instruction at her hand, so much the better. Should any of my young readers be so unfortunate as to become involved in the clinging meshes of the net of debt, they might see for themselves that nothing but the truth has been told in this letter from their friend,

CHARLES CHEERYBLE.

No one who has made fame his ideal has attained his heart's desire while there is an ignorant in the world who does not know him and his works; who confounds him with his namesake, who muddles him up with the statesman who rectified a boundary; with him, the engineer who planned a bridge—him, the artist who painted that picture, with him, the author who wrote that book.

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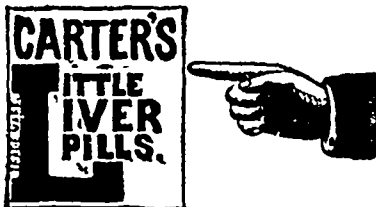
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No doubt but these goods are cheap. Nobody doubts it. The doubt is that the goods were ever made for the money, and look at it what way you will, they will be a doubt in the matter. But, however, the goods are cheap, and that is what the people want.

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The goods on this table are down to one line only of thirty pieces, and to be had in Grey, Bronze and Brown Colors only.

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Just next to the silk department will be found. The doubt comes in again as to how these were made for the price, but they are a bargain; some of them sold for forty-five cents a yard, most of them at forty, a few of them at thirty-five, but most of them at thirty cents a yard.

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In our embroideries we are offering big inducements; Embroidery at one cent a yard and at forty different prices above that. The selection of Embroidery is very large, and includes a choice assortment of King's trimmings, a very showy and cheap trimming, suitable for all white work. This department is just at left entrance of the store.

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 2. Now in lands far a - way, I've heard peo-ple say, That dia - monds like
 3. Now in roam - ing a - round, there can nev - er be found, The com - forts we

aw - ful - ly elev - er,..... If you heed what they say you may go the wrong
 stars can be found,..... And that dia - monds like stars are in the ground hid a -
 find when at home;..... Then why do we leave friends be - hind us to

way, Don't be led by your friends in the fu - ture..... Some say, go a -
 - way, With thousands of searchers a - round..... If it's gold you would
 grieve, And wan - der a - way all a - lone?..... My ad - vice now to

- broad, and a for - tune you'll make, While oth - ers have roam'd to their loss,..... So you
 seek, you must first per - so - vere, For the o - cean's a wide one to cross,..... So you
 you, and be - lieve me, 'tis true, If you wan - der, 'twill be at your loss,..... So

may just as well now re-main where you are, For a roll - ing stone gath-ers no moss.....
 may just as well now re-main where you are, For a roll - ing stone gath-ers no moss.....
 mind what I say, stay at home don't go 'way, For a roll - iag stone gath-ers no moss.....

Health Department.

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

Evils of Mouth Breathing.

Many people sleep with the mouth open, and thus make this organ perform a duty which should be transacted by the nose. There are many objections to this, and Dr. Wagner clearly points them out. The air in passing through the channels of the nose, for instance, is raised to the temperature of the body before it reaches the larynx. Thus breathing, no matter how low the temperature may be, the sense of cold is never felt below the border of the soft palate. But when a person breathes through the mouth on a cold day the sensation proceeds as far as the larynx, and an irritating cough may be caused. Then, again, the nose breathing the air is moistened by the natural secretions which cover the turbinated bones in a condition of health, and the short, bristly hairs at the entrance of the nostrils act as a filter to arrest impurities and reduce the likelihood of laryngeal, bronchial, or pulmonary disease. Infants, athletes, savages, and animals breathe through the nose—the ordinary civilized man employs the mouth to an unnecessary and often to a very injurious extent.

The causes of mouth breathing are myriad. Complete or partial closure of the passages, polypos, congenital bony closure, enlarged tonsils, protruding teeth, adhesion of the soft palate to the posterior wall of the pharynx—all these are sufficient causes of mouth breathing. The indications are not so subtle as not to be readily recognized. Retracted lip, pen-mouth, receding gums, protruding teeth, shrunken alae, decreased size of the nostrils' orifices, wrinkles at the eyes' outer angles, and lines extending from the alae to the mouth angles, are the predominant signs. The effects of mouth breathing upon the pharynx are often most deplorable. The mucous membrane becomes much irritated. A chronic engorgement of the blood vessels may take place, until permanent dilatation of the vessels is produced, and so until the disease known as clergyman's sore throat is produced. The writer devotes a part of his space to showing the bad results of sleeping with the mouth open, and suggests an appropriate remedy. If all snorers were to adopt it one of the most disagreeable noises of the night would be silenced, for people who breathe through their nose habitually while sleeping rarely snore, and when they do it is because of some abnormal condition of the mucous membrane that interrupts the flow of air.—*Phrenological Journal.*

Poisoning.

In the year 1881 there were 539 deaths recorded in England alone from poisoning, while the year 1882 shows a record considerably in excess—this, viz., 559, or one in every 868 of the total deaths registered. Fully two-fifths of these cases are classified under the heading "Accident and Negligence;" the remainder are suicides, and as it is not too much to assume that in nearly every instance such cases are preventable, we purpose calling attention to some of the more common causes of the fatalities, in the hope that the suggestions and warnings thrown out may not be without their influence in producing more care in the handling and use of these dangerous substances. Glancing over the various poisons, we find that the well-known preparations of opium, laudanum, and morphine—opium itself being included—lead the list, having caused 55 deaths through accident or negligence. This might have been expected from preparations so largely used in domestic remedies; but

the 78 deaths from lead poisoning which follow do surprise us, in view of the fact that the conditions which produce as well as the conditions which mitigate or counteract the effects of this subtle poison are now so well known. Lead is followed by the four stronger acids—hydrochloric, nitric, sulphuric, and carbolic—which among them have caused 34 deaths under the same category. Arsenic, again, caused 9; phosphorus, 11; chloroform, 6; chloral, 14; chloroform, 4; soothing syrup, 4, with a host of casualties from substances of minor importance. Reading between the lines of the Registrar-General's report, which it is not difficult to do with the help of the medical journals, we will find that there are two prolific causes of these accidents—first, the giving or taking of overdoses of certain remedies containing poison, and, second, the substitution of one bottle or substance for another, as, for example, where a number of substances are congregated together, as in the case of the domestic cupboard. In the first class may be instanced the giving of overdoses of opiates or soothing preparations to children; the taking of overdoses of narcotic or soothing compounds, such as chloral, by habitual drinkers, and the general familiarity which the handling or using of these powerful agents frequently begets in those habitually using them. In the second class may be instanced such mistakes as the substituting of one bottle containing, say, a poisonous liniment for a mixture intended for internal administration; the hasty and foolish practice of quaffing off a draught from any jug, bottle, or dish without examining the contents, and, lastly, mistakes caused from accumulating within easy access powerful medicines in the hope that they may come of future use.—*Chambers Journal.*

Tobacco-Smoke.

M. Zulinsky has recently published, says the *British Medical Journal*, in a Polish medical paper, the result of a large series of experiments on men and animals, made for the purpose of ascertaining the physiological action of tobacco smoke on animals. He has found that the smoke is a powerful poison, even in very small quantities. In the case of man, tobacco-smoke, when not inhaled to freely, is deleterious only to a limited extent. M. Zulinsky declares that the poisonous character of the smoke is not entirely due to the nicotine which it contains. Tobacco smoke rendered free from nicotine remains poisonous, though not to so great a degree as before. The second poisonous principle is alkalioid—collidine. Carbonic oxide, hydrocyanic acid, and other noxious principles are also contained in tobacco-smoke. The bad effects of excessive smoking depend very much both on the kind of tobacco consumed and on the manner of consuming it. In cigar smoking the greatest amount of poison is inhaled, in cigarettes much less, in pipes still less, while those who indulge in the nargileh, or any similar luxury where the smoke is drawn through water take tobacco in its least mischievous form. Such are M. Zulinsky's conclusions. There can be little doubt that many of the light-colored tobaccos have been partially bleached in order to give them that pale tint which moderate smokers believe to be an infallible indication of mildness. The discolorizing agent is suspected to be in many places a deleterious chemical compound. Some of the light tobaccos smoke exceedingly hot, owing to the quantity of woody fibre which they contain. This is especially the case with "birds-eye," which is cut near the stalk of the leaf, the slices of the mid-rib, thick in this part of the leaf, giving this variety of tobacco the characteristic appearance whence it derives its name. "Bird's-eye" is apt to cause slight inflammation of the tongue, on account of the irritant character and heat of its smoke, and, together with other light tobaccos, must act very prejudicially in elderly smokers, who may be prone to cancer of the tongue or lip. Dark tobaccos are readily adulterated; but, when pure, they are probably the most healthy for pipe-smoking.

Premature Baldness.

O. Lassaa has continued his observations on the nature of premature baldness, and has further convinced himself of the communicability of at least the form associated with dandruff. When the hairs which fall off in such cases are collected, rubbed up with vaseline, and the ointment so made is rubbed among the fur of rabbits or white mice, baldness rapidly makes itself visible on the parts so treated. That this is not due to the vaseline was shown by anointing other animals with the vaseline alone, which produced no effect whatever. He considers that the disease is spread by hair dressers, who employ combs and brushes on their customers, one after another, without any regular cleansing of these articles after each time they are used. During frequent visits to the hair dressers it can scarcely fail that brushes are used which have been shortly before dressing the hair of one affected with so common a complaint as scaly baldness. Females, he thinks, are less often affected with this form of baldness, because the hairdresser more frequently attends to them at their own homes, and their uses their combs and brushes. In order to prevent as far as possible the commencement of alopecia premature, the hair should be cut and dressed at home, and with one's own implements, and these thoroughly clean. When it has begun, the following mode of treatment is suggested; The scalp is to be daily well soaped with tar or fluid glycerine potash soap, which is to be rubbed in for fifteen minutes firmly. The head is then to be drenched with first warm water, and then gradually colder water. A two per cent. corrosive sublimate lotion is next to be pretty freely applied. The head is then to be dried, and the roots of the hair are to have a one-half per cent. solution of naphthol in spirit rubbed into them. Finally, a pomade of 1 1/2 to 2 per cent. of carbolic or salicylic oil is to be used on the head. This treatment has now in many cases brought the disease not only to a stand, but the hair has been to a considerable extent restored.

Premature Deaths.

Strong men lose their lives by imprudent acts, while the weak, compelled to take care of themselves, often live to old age. Few men live as long as they should, because few abstain from violating some law of health. The late Dr. Marion Sims, the founder of the Woman's Hospital in New York, said that most men die prematurely, even when they die of old age. Among these premature deaths he mentions that of Peter Cooper, who imprudently exposed himself at the age of ninety-three, took cold, and died of pneumonia. Capt. Labouche, who died a few years ago in New York at the age of one hundred and eleven, also died prematurely from a cold caused by imprudent exposure.

Dr. Sims says that his own father died prematurely at the age of seventy-eight, because he did what he ought not to have done. One hot day in July, he rode thirty miles in the saddle. Having stabled his horse, he began chopping wood. Suddenly the axe dropped from his hands, and he was paralyzed. The long ride in the sun had over-heated and fatigued his body. The violent chopping overtaxed heart and lungs, and threw the blood too forcibly to the brain. A blood-vessel in the brain gave way, letting out the blood, which, forming a clot, produced paralysis.

"As all this occurred as the result of an imprudent and unnecessary act," says Dr. Sims, "I am justified in saying that father died prematurely at the age of seventy-eight; for I am sure that without this he would have lived to be ninety-five, as his grandfather did before him."

The strength of the strong is often their weakness, while the feebleness of the weak is their strength.

How to Remove Scars.

Scars on the face are always unsightly, and may occasion pain or inconvenience on account of their propensity to contract as they become older. The pressure on the nerves of the neighboring tissues by their constriction is sometimes an occasion of severe pain. Dr. Wark, of New York, as-

serts that scars may be removed or much altered by manipulation, which he directs to be made as follows: Place the ends of two or three fingers on a scar, if it be a small one, and on the margin, if it be large and vibrato the surface on the tissues beneath. The surface itself is not to be subjected to any friction; all the motion must be between the integument and the deeper parts. The location of the vibratile motion should be changed every ten or fifteen seconds until the whole scar has been treated, if it be of moderate size. If the scar be the result of a large scald or burn, the margins only should be treated at first; the advances towards the centre should be deferred until the nutrition of the margins has been decidedly improved. Only a little treatment should be applied to any one spot at the same time, but the vibrations should be repeated as many as twenty times a day, but never with sufficient frequency to severity to cause pain. If the scar be very irritable, suspend treatment until it subsides. In the course of two or three weeks, of faithful treatment, the surfaces of the scar moderate size become more movable, and will begin to form wrinkles like true skin when pressed from side to side. All these changes are due to improved nutrition, consequent on better blood circulation—the development of new sets of blood-vessels in the cicatricial tissue.

Precautions in Taking Stimulants.

Never take stimulants in moments of extreme exhaustion. That is precisely the time and state when there is especial need of discharging the last remains of energy and leaving the nervous centres to exhaust and powerless to recuperate. Then is in nervous action, as in mechanical action, a dead point at which inertia becomes imminent. Never take more of a stimulant than will suffice to stir the energies gently. If you want to incite a horse to action you must not whip him more than will suffice to rouse him. If more than this be done strength will be exhausted by irritation. Never forget that stimulants are excitants, and only when they excite to recuperation, i. e., to the formation of new reserves of strength, as well as to the consumption of the strength in the hand—can they be useful or even safe. Never persist in the use of stimulants for the alleviation of feelings of mental or muscular weakness or weariness, if the relief obtained is followed by "depression of spirits," "coldness of the feet," or "prostration" either of mind or body; because when these consequences ensue after a temporary revival of tone and power it is manifest that the recuperative faculty is either not properly stimulated or is itself exhausted, and harm instead of good is being done by the stimulation.

MEDICAL QUERIES.

A. McG., St. George.—Q. I have had a running ear for over twenty years, caused by scarlet fever. Could you recommend a cure? The hearing is entirely gone. There is no hope, I fear, for your case.

BATAVIA.—My wife is troubled with ache in her stomach at intervals of from 1 to 30 hours, no regular time and not always in the same place. She says that she cannot explain it better than to say it is like the jumping toothache. We would like to have your opinion on the matter, whether you think it dyspepsia, neuralgia, or what else it could be, as well as the remedy. In all probability it is dyspepsia. The safest plan would be to consult some reliable homoeopathic physician without delay.

S. SALISBURY, Pa.—1st Q. Can you give me the best remedy for a broken-down nervous system, both through excesses in youth and dyspepsia, weak urinary system, and enlarged liver, and weak digestive organs? 2d Q. A sea voyage, or a season at a desirable watering-place, such as Saratoga or Ballston, Spa. Take a tablespoonful of the following mixture three times daily before your meal: Tincture of nux vomica, dr. 1; dilute phosphoric acid, dr. 2; infusion of quassia, oz. 8. 2nd Q. I have a relative who has much pain in the lower lip. There are many small red and blue veins in the lip. Is it cancer? If so, what should be used? If not, what is it? Sore is not open on inside. 2nd A. It is probably cancer. Should consult a surgeon. If cancer, it will cut out.

It would class of dull in who are, and bright appear to being succate, or rsoning. As a lack of r minds, w requested o with a ch fish, and "Dear m belong to plate! S have, for Now, h grasp the are excell yet mutt unpalat! the over which p you with is were so c is useless eloquenc reasony they nor Still a ing to t marked: sympath their tre imprude yet this that foll expects l in her at to pity, so small but reb knowing; naturo i fashion tingl; inevental Yet, be generall she fail for the but con the cau An a paper n had be wanted applied dividu; a brace someth presun did n which is not: was c may e want c and ye femini every. Such have, notice The n come: lectua subject until:

Ladies' Department.

Irrational Women.

It would seem as if there existed a large class of women who are most extraordinarily dull in intellect on some few points, but who are, at the same time, perfectly shrewd and bright in all other matters, those which appear to be beyond their comprehension being such subjects as are in any way intricate, or require a consecutive train of reasoning.

As a commonplace illustration of this lack of reasoning powers in some feminine minds, we will suppose that we have requested our amiable landlady to oblige us with a clean plate, as we have finished our fish, and would like some roast mutton. "Dear me!" she will exclaim (that is, if she belong to the class in question), "a clean plate! Surely you can use the plate you have, for, you know, you're so fond of fish."

Now, here is a woman who utterly fails to grasp the fact that, though fish and mutton are excellent articles when eaten separately, yet mutton with a fishy flavor is decidedly unpalatable. Again, you protest against the overwhelming odor of boiling cabbage which pervades the house, and she meets you with the retort: "Why, Mr. So-and-so, it was only yesterday that you said you were so extremely partial to cabbage." It is useless to argue with such people. Your eloquence is thrown away on them, for reasoning faculties of a certain kind have they none.

Still another example. A lady in speaking to us of the evils of intemperance remarked: "I really cannot pity or feel any sympathy for those people who bring all their troubles on themselves by their own imprudent and reprehensible habits," and yet this very lady is a victim to all the evils that follow in the train of *tight lacing*, and expects her friends to sympathize with her in her afflictions. Is she any more entitled to pity, when she compresses her figure into so small a space that her vital organs cannot but rebel, and cause her internal suffering—knowing full well that she is outraging nature in complying with the mandates of fashion—than the individual who unwittingly gives way to intemperance and its inevitable consequences? We think not. Yet, because tight lacing is not looked upon, generally, as a vice whilst intemperance is, she fails to see why she should not be pitied for the sufferings she brings upon herself, but condemns the poor inebriate for being the cause of his own misery.

An advertisement appeared in a certain paper not very long ago stating that a ring had been found, for which an owner was wanted. The advertiser was immediately applied to by several ladies who had individually lost jewellery. One had dropped a bracelet, another a brooch, and a third something else. Now, these women, though, presumably, sensible enough in most matters, did not possess that quality of intellect which could have told them that one thing is not another—that a bracelet or a brooch was of a ring. Absurd as this incident may seem, it is an excellent example of a want of causality, as phrenologists term it, and yet people, more especially those of the feminine gender, do equally silly things every day of their lives.

Such women as these mentioned, must have, at some time or other, come under the notice of every reader of these remarks. The most charitable conclusion that can be come to respecting them, is that their intellectual faculties have never been made the subject of methodic culture. Unfortunately, until recently, but little attention has been

paid to teaching girls to reason upon anything, and hence the large number of cloudily-minded individuals, upon whom hardly any kind of explanations, however simple, make a sensible impression. Of late, however, this matter has been receiving greater attention, and it is to be hoped that before long young ladies will be found able to offer a more substantial reason for certain effects than the truly feminine and essentially Canadian one, "Because."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Many children gathered and pressed autumn leaves, and have now forgotten that they did so; so, on rainy Saturday, when "time and the hour" do not run swiftly for them, remind them of the leaves, and allow them to find solace in printing or copying them; take plain unruled paper, provide them with a little can of printers' ink; and a small leather dabber, which can be bought for a few cents, or you can improvise something which will answer the purpose; take a very little ink, a drop about the size of a small pen, rub and smooth it with the dabber, on a piece of glass or a broken slate, until it is perfectly smooth; if it resists your efforts add a drop of linseed oil; give the leaf a thin coating, taking great pains to have the coat of equal thickness; then lay the leaf, ink downwards, upon the paper; put this between the leaves of a thin, old book, and if your children are old enough to do so let them pass the old book through the wringer; if not, let one stand upon the book for a few minutes; if soft book paper is used for taking the impressions, and if it is previously dampened a trifle, it will be an almost certainly successful operation. If the leaf is too dark it may be used for the second time without inking it again, or if any part of the leaf is too thick and so gives an uneven look, it may be shaved down with a sharp penknife. Pretty little books can be made of these after a little practice. Cut pages of uniform size of thin drawing paper and after the impressions are made, and are dry, make two incisions in each leaf and tie all together with a narrow ribbon or bit of bright worsted.

Handsome pin-cushions are now frequently made long and narrow rather than square. A very pretty one of blue satin had one corner of blue plush, on the corner opposite was a bow of satin ribbon of the same color; embroidery may be substituted for the bow. Another pretty one is made of several strips of different colored satin, with gilt cord covering the seams, or has a box pleating of ribbon around the edge with a narrow gilt braid sewed to the upper edge.

"A Constant Reader" asks how to cook beef steak and mushrooms. Several rules are given by authorities on cooking, and the most deserving appears to be this: Broil the steak in the usual way, taking care to have it cooked uniformly—not raw at the edges, and certainly not burned. Just before broiling the steak, if you fortunately have some nice beef gravy, take half a pint of it and put it into a saucepan, flavor it with a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup; thicken the gravy with flour, and let it cook slowly for a few minutes before putting the mushrooms in; add mushrooms to your taste; half a pint will answer for this quantity of gravy. When they have simmered for ten minutes, pour over the steak, which is supposed to have been broiled while the sauce was cooking. If you have no gravy it will be necessary to make some; put a lump of butter the size of an egg into a saucepan, take some small pieces of beef and a little bacon also, if convenient; cut a small onion into small slices, fry these brown in the butter, season with pepper and salt, and add a teacupful of water; let it boil until it is a nice brown color; then remove the meat and onions, add another cup of water; let it boil up once or twice, skim and thicken, and it is ready to have the mushrooms put into it. If they are large, it is best to cut them in two or three pieces.

A pretty dish for dessert is made of oranges and bananas; slice the oranges across so that you will have thin, round slices; use an equal quantity of bananas, also sliced; put the fruit into a salad bowl in layers, then pour over them a mixture made thus: to the juice of three oranges and one lemon add four ounces of sugar, one gill of sherry wine, and the white and shell of one egg. Beat this altogether until thoroughly mixed, let it come to a boil, and then set it on the back of the stove, where it will simmer gently for five minutes; strain it and pour it over the fruit; let it stand where it will cool rapidly. If you choose, you may add gelatine to this syrup, and make a jelly which will look well when turned out of the bowl upon a platter. A heaping tablespoonful of gelatine will be sufficient for the quantity of syrup here mentioned.

A good way to dispose of the dressing which is sometimes left after the turkey is eaten, is to cut it into thin slices and fry it until it is a delicate brown; use just a little butter to fry it in.

A delicious pudding is made of crumbs of stale cake, or oven of bread crumbs. Put a layer in the bottom of a pudding dish, and then a layer of jelly; currant or raspberry jelly is best; continue putting in these alternate layers until the dish is nearly full; the pour over it a custard and bake. Serve with a thin wine sauce or a sauce of boiled custard flavored slightly with vanilla.

Sweetbreads boiled and served with canned peas, and with a white sauce, or a cup of cream poured over make an excellent dish. Sweetbreads and mushrooms are also nice; the sweetbreads should be parboiled; about eight to one can of mushrooms is the proper proportion after parboiling, cut them into small pieces and then stew them in a little water; add the mushrooms after slicing them, and let them simmer gently for an hour; add a coffee cup full of cream; a lump of butter the size of a butternut, and pepper and salt to your taste.

"R. S." asks how varnished paint may be cleaned. Save the tea leaves from the teapot for a few days, then put them into a tin pan, with water enough to cover well; let them simmer on the back of the stove for half an hour, then strain and add water enough to go over the paint with use a flannel cloth, and wipe the paint dry. A very bright polish will be given, and all traces of finger marks will be removed.

In Germany certain substances may be legally used for coloring confectionery or eatables. To color red, cochineal, carmine, madder, the juice of cherries and of carrots; yellow may be colored by using saffron or turmeric; green, the juice of spinach. A chemical journal in this country recommends as preferable to spinach for coloring green an acid which is easily obtained by steeping raw coffee, which is coarsely bruised, in the white of an egg.

Economy counts in the course of a year, and the care of the kitchen utensils, the wash tubs, etc., is by no means lost or useless; it is wise also to look after the fruit cans; when the fruit is taken out they should be washed in warm, not hot suds, and should then have a little soda or ammonia put into them and be filled with water, and allowed to stand for an hour or two, then they should be rinsed in clear water, and the rubbers and tops all be taken equally good care of, so that when they are needed, the next autumn no loss may occur.

Scatter a little flour on the pie plates, and there is no danger of the crust adhering to the plate when baked.

Mrs. Langtry's Clothing.

M. Worth has been busy making some dozen or so stage costumes for Mrs. Langtry. The richest materials go to compose them, as beauty unadorned is no longer the rule on the boards, but rather adorned with much splendor and magnificence. There are two beautiful ball dresses among the number. One is composed of white satin and violet velvet; the satin tablier is studded with violets and pansies applique, so that they stand in high relief; the satin panels are lined with violet velvet, while a wide velvet sash crosses the hips and falls on the satin train; the velvet bodice is trimmed with panes. A second ball dress

consists of a skirt of large gold leaves on a white velvet ground; the bodice, train, and sash are pale pink velvet, trimmed with roses and pearl fringe.

There are two outdoor costumes that should be recorded. The skirt of the first is mouse-grey velvet, with lines of gold braid round it, the cloth tunic is likewise trimmed with gold braid, which plays an important part in the velvet bodice, with its jabot of old lace. A green velvet costume is totally different in style; round its skirt there is a wide band of Impayan pheasant's feathers, the waistcoat and covers being entirely of these metallic plumes, that shine out with such brilliant lustre in blue, purple, and green hues.

A reception dress in pink poplin and satin is extremely original, and is one of those flights of fancy in which M. Worth indulges, and generally succeeds. The trimmings are gold and black passementerie and large gold coins, and there are gold opalettes on the pink poplin bodice.

For the Window.

A very pretty decoration can be made by scooping out a sweet potato, leaving a wall of moderate thickness, suspend it by cords passed through holes in the sides, and fill with water. In a short time sprays will sprout forth, and completely cover with green tendrils this rather homely vegetable basket. Grass growing in pine cones that have been sprinkled with soil gives a cheerful look to a room in winter. Parlor ivy is a very desirable climber for indoors; place in a small pot a few sprays of this plant and set the pot in a wooden or metallic basket, fastened by the side of a window, or near a pedestal, and the ivy, before midwinter, shows a luxurious growth.

"A Pink Dinner."

A pretty fancy called "a pink dinner" was recently given by a young married lady to eighteen guests. The large round dining table was lighted by candelabras holding pink candles. In the centre of the table was a large bed of pink roses, three feet in diameter, that dissolved at the close of the dinner into bouquets for the ladies. At each plate was a knot of pink roses. The menu cards were pink. Even the bread was tied up in pink satin ribbons. The various courses perforce did not change color, but the climax of this well-appointed meal was reached when the Roman punch was served in pink pond lilies of enduring shape.

How She Took It

A young man presented to a girl of his acquaintance one of those pretty and elegant little cases containing a nail polisher, scissors, cosmetics and other implements for keeping the hands and nails in good order; and now they do not speak. She returned his gift as an insulting suggestion to her that her nails needed cleaning. He then sent the case to another young lady, who was not so sensitive, for she kept, and made acknowledgment by forwarding him a cake of scented soap. And now, strangely enough, his feelings are very similar to those of the first young lady.

The Color of the Spring Bonnet.

The colors ordered for spring bonnets are six shades of brown, from deep to light Havana, three shades of ecru, several shades of bluish drabs, a decided straw yellow, Leghorn yellow; cardinal, cherry, and coquelicot; a new shade, abointhe, said to be an exact imitation of the intoxicating beverage when mixed with water. The light pinks, blues, and staple shades of spring are included in all assortments.

Wood Baskets.

The wood baskets, now so fashionable to place beside open fires, come in all manner of pretty designs. One seen is made of twigs, intricately twisted and covered with gold varnish; another is of common wicker ware and has a flap of crimson plush placed over one side, on which is embroidered in gold metallic braid, "Heap on the wood; the night is chill." The baskets can be purchased cheaply untrimmed, and may be easily ornamented at home.

with tearful reproach. "You are here, aren't you?"

"Yes; well, go on," unfeelingly.

"And Mrs. Desmond was good enough to ask me, and town was getting quite too beastly all smoke and smells, and no bodies so" airily "I got up one morning, looked out of my back window, said 'A-lieu, a-lieu, my native sewer' to the unpleasant drain beneath it, and after a bit found myself here."

"Very graphic," murmurs Mr. Mannerling, who detests Dicky Browne.

"I wonder where Vera is," says Lady Clontarf, presently. "I want to show her to you; she left me only a moment since, to get—Ah—" with a glad, pleased smile, "here she is."

The door has opened, and now every one is looking toward it. On its threshold stands a little, slight, childish figure, motionless. Seeing so many unexpected strangers, she has naturally come to a standstill, but, without showing any signs of awkwardness or embarrassment, rather with the unconscious curiosity of a child, she gazes at them in a friendly fashion, and then walks straight up to her sister.

Doris in speaking of her had often told them she was seventeen, or perhaps nearer eighteen but there is something so wonderfully youthful about Vera that when one looks her age is forgotten. One would never dream of saying "she must be this age or that," but only "how young she is!"

Her eyes are large, and blue—a very distinct blue, without the slightest tinge of violet. Her hair is covered with little short curls of "haire, sheen as gold," that tumble in a careless fashion over her low white forehead.

"Her mouth is short, and shut in little space, frowning some deal, but over red I mean,"

And there is a charming touch of innocence in her soft smile.

She is dressed in a little white frock rather short waisted and with no sleeves; there are high puffs on her shoulders, and a big terra cotta sash of Indian silk is tied round her waist. She is as pretty as an angel, and looks half a baby, half a woman. As she reaches Doris she slips her hand confidingly into hers.

"This is Vera," says Lady Clontarf to Monica; and "this is Mrs. Desmond, dearest," to the girl. Then every one is made known to her, and she smiles with equal friendliness on all.

On entering the room, she had been followed by Lord Clontarf, and a tall dark young man of about twenty-six, with a very earnest face. This latter is addressed as "Gerald" by all in the room except Mannerling, who calls him "Mr. Burke."

Every one is in the gayest spirits; Monica is laughing merrily with Lord Clontarf; Kit is saying something in her bright vivacious way to the little fair beauty who is listening to her, with her eyes now on Mr. Burke, now on Dicky Browne, now on Neil Brabazon.

"Who is Mr. Browne?" she says, at last, looking into Kit's eyes with the frankest curiosity in her own.

"Dicky?—I—really, except that he is Dicky Browne, I don't know," says Kit, rather puzzled. "He has a home somewhere in England, but he never stays there."

"He looks as if he hadn't a mother," says Vera, quaintly.

"Well, he hasn't, either," says Kit, "nor a brother nor a sister, only a father."

"He doesn't look as if he had any profession either, does he?" says Vera, smiling sweetly.

"No. He idles generally. He will have some money, and the place, and that, when his father dies, but it isn't much, I think," says Kit, regretfully. "Still, it will be enough for Dicky."

"And it doesn't matter a bit about being poor, if one is nice, does it?" says Vera, with a little gay laugh that is one of the youngest things about her.

"No, indeed," says Kit, with much fervor, and an unconscious glance at Brabazon.

"Mr. Brabazon is very handsome, I think," says Vera, leaning forward to press her lips to a sprig of heliotrope on Kit's shoulder.

"Is he?" says Kit, indifferently.

"You ought to think so," with an innocent glance, "oughtn't you?"

"Why?"

"Because he thinks you so handsome; that's a very good 'why' isn't it?" The little questions at the end of each speech

are becoming so constant that now Kit absolutely looks for them. There is a monotony about them that is ridiculously attractive.

"I don't suppose he does think that," she says, amused in spite of herself.

"Oh, yes, he does. One can see," says Vera, and again the soft rippling laugh makes itself heard.

Something else, too, at this moment makes itself heard, something that strikes every soul in the room dumb. They all turn and look at each other in a sort of terrified doubt. Then comes the sound again—the sound of a harsh feminine voice—and the doubt resolves itself into a painful certainty.

"It is!" murmurs Clontarf, in a ghastly whisper.

"My aunt!" continues Doris, faintly.

"Let us run for it!" exclaims Dicky Browne, energetically, fired with a noble desire for the public good—to say nothing of his own private weal, Mrs. Costello being the one woman in the world who regards him with a settled loathing only second to that she entertains for the Marquis of Dun deady.

No sooner said than done. The words have scarcely passed Mr. Browne's lips, before they are unanimously acted upon. Pelemell they rush for the windows, and never cease their flight until the house, and the jarring discord of Mrs. Costello's voice, are left far behind.

Presently they come to anchor in a little soft shady nook of a place, all over which the moonbeams are running riot. Some beds of flowers are cut in the closely shaven turf; tall shrubs of many sorts inclose it round. Here and there are dotted garden-seats.

"Now we are safe," says Lady Clontarf, sinking breathless into one of them, with a sigh of relief.

"I am cold," says Vera, suddenly.

"I'll get you a shawl," says Mr. Burke, directly she says it, and is gone before she can even tell him where to find one.

"You've been abroad so long, I suppose you feel the climate here rather miserable," says Dicky Browne, who can't take his eyes off her. Now, at last, he tells himself, he has found his fate! His doom is sealed! He is henceforth love's slave! He has said all this to himself about fifty times before, but that makes no difference. His nature is of the fond and trusting order.

"I don't know; this was a charming day, wasn't it? such a warm sun, and such a dear little chill!" says Vera. "The flowers last longer here than I should have thought likely."

"You are fond of flowers? You ought to be," says Dicky, rapturously. "You are a perfect one yourself. You look as if you were only born to live among them."

Vera opens her large eyes.

"It would be a little slow, don't you think?" she says, with a placid smile.

"Listen to Dicky! he is going fearfully mad," says Brian Desmond, at this moment. "He is growing poetical; he is making the most thrilling remarks about flowers. Positively, his hair is beginning to stand on end."

"Here will, if he isn't soon removed," says Mr. Brabazon, prophetically.

"Well, so it would," says Dicky to Vera, totally unabashed by her last speech. "Awful rubbish, I think, you know, going in for solitude, and sentiment of that sort. Give me the world. How did you like being in Switzerland, by the bye?"

"I wasn't there all the time," says Vera. "I made some friends at Berne, who took me to Paris with them a good deal. I," with a tranquil glance at Dicky, "liked that."

"You would, you know," says Mr. Browne, appreciatively.

"Then Doris wrote me of her marriage, and said I was to come to her. I liked the thought of that, too—when I was there. The journey was very long. Mr. Burke met me in London and brought me the rest of the way. He was very kind."

Here Mr. Burke appearing with the shawl, she turns her beautiful little face up to his with a tender smile.

"I am telling Mr. Browne how good you were to me all the way from London here," she says, with a flush of childish gratitude.

Gerald Burke's hands tremble slightly as he wraps the soft white shawl round her slender shoulders.

"That journey will always seem to me like a happy dream," he says, in a clear pleasant voice, but with an earnestness underlying the carelessness not to be mistaken.

"Dreams are charming because they are so idle," says Vera, with an airy laugh.

Monica and Lady Clontarf have strolled away together a little distance; somebody has gone to tell one of the servants where their coffee will find them; Clontarf is talking in a desultory fashion to Brian Desmond.

"It was such a deuce of a bore having to be away all last month," he is saying, "and I hear the shooting was exceptionally good. However, a honeymoon is a sort of thing that must be done, I suppose."

"Different fellows think differently, of course," says Brian, knocking the ash off his cigar, and trying not to look surprised.

"I confess," laughing, "I was rather sorry when my wedding-trip came to an end."

"Well, catch me doing another!" says Clontarf, with a shrug.

"My dear fellow, I hope you won't have the chance," returns Desmond, lightly. Seeing Lady Clontarf and Monica drawing near again, he changes the subject. Kit and Mr. Brabazon have withdrawn to a considerable distance, which perhaps accounts for Mr. Mannerling's dark mood; Dicky Browne, as usual, is in the gayest spirits.

"Try a cigarette, Miss Costello," he is saying just now to Vera, holding out to her a very pretty case made of Panama grass. Doris laughs.

"You mustn't mind Mr. Browne, darling," she says, caressingly.

"I don't," says Vera, sweetly. Then she glances plaintively at the already stricken Dicky. "As you offer it to me I think I should like to try one," she says, nodding at the cigarette-case.

"Oh no, dearest," says Doris hurriedly. "It will make you feel so ill."

"Will it! Let me try," says the little beauty, with a capricious persistency that somehow suits her. She turns to Dicky and with her slender white fingers draws a cigarette from his case.

"Will you light it for me?" she says to Mr. Burke, and, having placed the cigarette between her rosy lips, turns her face up to his. Silently he obeys. Removing his cigar from his mouth, he applies it to her cigarette, and watches her, as she contentedly inhales the fragrant smoke and sends it forth again in little curling rings. His face, as she does so, is a study, it is so entirely expressive of amazement. Not that a woman should smoke, he has known many a good and pretty woman who took mild delight in that masculine enjoyment; his surprise arises from the fact that Vera looks so awfully unlike that sort of thing.

"Throw it away soon," says Dicky Browne, anxiously. "Do now; you won't like it, I'm sure."

"No?" says Vera, simply; with her first and second fingers she removes the cigarette to ask the question.

"No, you won't, I'll be bound," says Dicky. "My first cigar brought me to the point of death; I'll never forget it."

"Happy cigar," says Brian.

"The first of anything is always a mistake, isn't it?" says Vera, replacing the cigarette between her pearly teeth.

"They're very mild, certainly," goes on Dicky, still absorbed with the fearful thought that Vera's childish determination to get through a cigarette—just because he offered it to her, dear little thing will cause her unpleasantness; "a little of one can't do you much harm, I think," he says. "But do throw it away now. I should never forgive myself if it gave you a headache."

"Still, as I have begun, perhaps I may as well finish it," says Vera, prettily, lifting her large, blue, baby eyes to his for an instant.

"Well," says Dicky, hopefully, seeing she still holds on, and shows no deadly symptoms, "perhaps it won't hurt you; it is an excellent brand, at all events."

Vera shakes her head; and as she does so all her pretty silken curls shake too.

"I think I have smoked better!" she says, with a little confidential nod.

Tableau! Every one stares a little, and Lady Clontarf grows rather pink.

"Did Madame allow you to smoke?" she asks, just a little sweetly.

"No; oh, no! But whenever I went to Paris, with my friend the Comtesse de Polignac, we, she and I, used to smoke a little, to—keep away the flic," she said. Near Paris! she smiles involuntarily, as at some happy recollection, and turning again to Mr. Browne, puts out her hand and runs her fingers caressingly over the case he is still holding.

"What a sweet little affair," she says, absently.

"Do you like it? Will you have it? Please do," says Dicky, eagerly.

"Oh, may I? Really? You are sure? Oh, thank you," she says, rapturously. She actually laughs with pleasure at the gift.

Hearing her, Clontarf laughs too.

"You will spoil your pretty teeth, Vera, if you smoke too much," he says.

"Yes? I should hate that," says Vera. She glances at him thoughtfully. "You haven't spoiled yours," she says; "they are quite white."

"I give in," says Clontarf, laughing again, and shrugging his shoulders.

Kit and Brabazon having reappeared before this, Mr. Mannerling now sees fit to come from behind his cloud.

"What a romantic little spot this is," he says, with his very best manner, glancing sentimentally at Kit—"with its moon, and the distant glimpse of the sleeping sea down there in the hollow, and—everything!"

This, it must be confessed was a lame ending to what was meant to be a good beginning. Plainly, every one thinks so, as dead silence follows his remark—broken, however, by Dicky Browne.

"Sort of place where a murder would be committed, I shouldn't wonder," he says, with the utmost cheerfulness.

"Oh, Dicky, don't!" says Monica, edging a degree closer to her husband. "It's horrid of you! Nobody, I am sure," glancing nervously over her shoulder, "wants to shoot any of us. There is no danger to-night, is there, Brian?"

"No more than at any other time," says Brian. "One never knows when a bullet may find its home nowadays."

"What a charming country this is!" says Mr. Browne, with enthusiasm.

"Well, I really think it is, you know," says Brabazon—"the most charming country in the world, in many ways." He makes this questionable assertion, not with a hypocritical desire to please Kit, who is an advanced patriot, but from a settled conviction that it must be so because she belongs to it.

"It's not bad," says Mr. Mannerling, drawlingly. This kindly concession is received by Miss Beresford in extremely bad part.

"Ah! there you are wrong," she says, purposely misunderstanding him, with a view to his future confession. "It is about as bad as it can be. If you don't call a country bad that is literally swarming with murderers, I can't think, I'm sure, what you would call it. But you needn't be satirical about it!"

"Eh?" says Mannerling. He is not a quick young man, and, though sincerely and indeed miserably in love with Kit, there are moments when she surprises him to the verge of terror. "I assure you," he says, anxiously, "I meant nothing—nothing at all."

"I know," returns Kit, nodding her head pleasantly; "you never do! I wronged you."

"It's eleven o'clock," says Brian, suddenly. "I'm going home. Any one coming with me?"

"They all rise.

"We'll see you as far as the gate," says Doris. "It seems a pity to go in this lovely night. I suppose," with a sigh, "it is our last memory of summer."

"There will be other summers" puts in Neil Brabazon, quickly.

"But never this one again," says Doris (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Enthusiasm is one of the most powerful engines of success. When you do a thing, do it with a will, do it with your might, put your whole soul into it, stamp it with your own personality. Be active, be energetic, be enthusiastic and faithful, and you will accomplish your object. Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

The Port Hope Weekly Guide has now entered on the fifty fifth year of its existence, and is therefore one of the oldest journals in Canada. The Guide has long been an influential paper, but it never gave better indication of prosperity and success than it now does. It begins its new volume enlarged and much improved in other respects. Under the management of its present publishers, Messrs. George Wilson & Son, the Guide has proved very successful. They have one of the best appointed publishing offices in Canada.

Music and the Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The patrons of the Grand had a banquet of comedy last week. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings "Pan's Tribulations" drew good audiences, and was thoroughly enjoyed. The play is irresistibly funny, and was produced by a good company.

On Thursday evening the amateur Christy minstrels occupied the boards. The theatre was filled to overflowing, many being compelled to stand in the aisles and passages during the entire performance. The audience was composed of the elite and fashion of the city, and was most appreciative, as the number and frequency of the encores fully demonstrated. A great many of the songs were new, and the local hits and jokes of the end men abounded with true and original wit. There were between thirty and forty people upon the stage and where all did so well it would be impossible to mention names without appearing partial. As a minstrel performance it was in many respects much ahead of professional troupes, and only occasionally was it possible to discover that the performers were amateurs.

"A Cold Day when we get Left," produced Friday and Saturday, is a new comedy of the ridiculous very funny order. Some of the comedians are very talented, and make the most of the humorous situations with which the piece abounds.

M. STODOL'S MUSICAL.—The "Muldoon's Picnic" company closed a six night's engagement on Saturday. The company was a good one, and *Muldoon* and *Mulcahey*, the witty Irishmen, were more than ordinarily funny. This week, Mr. Montford, by way of variety, has brought in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

topaz, Amazon stone, moss agate, garnet, petrified wood, chaledony, pink satin spar, solonite, Jasper, and other specimens all properly labelled, from mines in New Mexico and Colorado. A. A. WYLLIE, Deuling, New Mexico.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. E. A. O., City.—Thanks; hope you will be successful.

Mrs. A. E. D., Kettleby.—Thanks for story. Trust it will find favour with committee.

G. A. G., London.—Many, many thanks for your favors. They will always be appreciated.

FORTUNE CARDS, Stratford.—Thanks; we could, perhaps, find a place for the MS. sent, if you so desire.

L. L. CHAPMAN.—The Bible questions you suggest are good, and we may yet use them, but cannot do so just now.

E. P., Dixon, Ill.—Thanks for your suggestions and offer. Just now our engagements are such that no new ones can be entered into. We may be glad to do so at some time.

ART PUB. Co., Warren, Pa.—The lists you refer to would not be of any service to us. Will be glad to advertise for you on a regular business basis. Possibly your art supplies could be utilized.

H. D. J., Vandalia, Ill.—It is not possible to keep trace of the prize stories after they pass into the hands of the committee. The fortunate ones are handed in for publication, but the rest are not kept.

E. M.—The evils of the practice you refer to are of a very serious character, and lead to many cases of insanity, as well as other diseases. You had better consult a good reliable physician, and lay your case plainly before him.

M. E. W., Florence.—We have more literature on hand of the kinds you refer to than we can make use of for some time to come. Thanks for your offer, but it is not worth the while to send them here, under the circumstances.

Mrs. C., Coldwater.—If I send another tid-bit and another fifty cents will it be open for competition and my own time extended beyond the three months for which the enclosed will pay? Yes; anyone can send any number in competition, provided the necessary half dollar for extending term is enclosed.

S., Pinkerton, Ont.—Please tell me in your correspondents' column in TRUTH how twelve oz. of beautiful dark brown hair, fine quality, twenty six inches long, and cut from the head when in perfect health, is worth? How much should I get for it, to send it to the manufacturers in hair goods in Toronto? About \$4.50, or more still if it is of uniform length.

Mrs. J. E. W., Guelph.—Our story received all right, and much regret that your "Winning Card" did not win. The Committee use their best judgment, but cannot manage to please all. The book you refer to is familiar to us, and would do good service for temperance if we could use it, but it is so large as to require much more space than can be given for some months to come.

SUBSCRIBER.—The people of the country have just as good a chance to obtain any of all of the prizes as those of the city. So far as the first prizes are concerned, the questions are first published in the papers at a distance, and TRUTH itself is mailed to country subscribers a day or two in advance of its distribution in the city. The fact is the Toronto people complain a good deal that they hardly get a fair chance with those at a distance. The middle and after rewards are open to all on equally fair terms.

D. B. G.—Kindly let me know through TRUTH how to make French cream candies.

Ans.—A leading confectioner in Toronto supplies us with the following recipe:—Mix the finest powdered sugar with glucose and a little extract of vanilla in a bowl, and working them together in the same manner you would mix the whites of eggs and sugar for making icing, only these must be worked in sufficient to form a softish paste or dough that can be rolled into small balls with the hands. These are to be afterwards dipped in melted chocolate and laid on paper until the chocolate concentrates.

It is impossible, however, to make really good candies of any kind without a good deal of actual experience.

J. H. A. asks:—I am a subscriber to your valuable magazine, TRUTH, and I have also received a prize in No. 11 Bible Competition, for which I return many thanks. I feel a great interest in reading your valuable magazine, as I think it has improved very much since I became a subscriber, and I think one of the best improvements in TRUTH is the correspondents' column. I see people asking questions from time to time, and I have one also to ask, which I trust will receive your consideration: To whom should application be made by a young man wishing to get position as letter-carrier in Toronto, and what pay do they get? State if references would be required.—Apply to T. C. Patterson, Postmaster. Your application would be of no avail, we are afraid, unless endorsed by one or more of the city members of Parliament.

The Dominion Alliance.
To the Editor of The Mail.

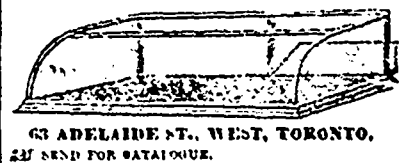
Sir,—Your readers may by this time be convinced that I feel no sluggish interest in the prohibition movement, and though I have neither money or votes wherewith to oppose it, I am not without hope that my words may stir up to a more active opposition those who have both. The report in your columns of the proceedings of the Dominion Alliance gathering in Toronto lately suggests some reflections, which I present for the consideration of all who are concerned in this matter one way or the other. I will candidly confess that I was not drawn to reading the report by observing the presence of a personality which will be sufficiently described as the embodiment of "sweetness and light," and who failed not in his accustomed charities of speech towards those who have the great comfort at not being on his side. The alliance meeting may convince the public that the prohibitionists are animated by a fanaticism that will not easily be foiled. This fanaticism has sprung apparently from the religious conviction that alcohol is, in se. "a veritable diabolical devil." The belief has been produced and strengthened by the lying literature of this party, retailed as it is through the country by reckless and ignorant spotters. But whatever the origin, let the public remember that religious fanaticism is not a power to be despised. It is in itself most potent, and for this subsidiary reason too, that its strong current gathers the unenthusiastic, the indolent, the ignorant, the goody-goody, who think it nice to go in with a vaunted philanthropic movement—till the momentum of this social conglomerate becomes irresistible. But those who care for freedom, reason, morality will have to bear themselves if they would anticipate such a result. It won't do to say, Oh, it is a fight between the crazy prohibitionists and the Licensed Victuallers; who cares for it! Nor will it do for easy-going people to say, It is a craze; it will wear itself out. It may, but it is likely to do no small mischief in many directions ere that consummation be reached; and on the other hand, it is no matter of conjecture that fanaticism, once it is hallowed by religious conviction, does not so readily die out. The most perverse and fantastic beliefs live on, are clung to tenaciously, and long work a full measure of mischief. After 30 years, for example, prohibition is made a part of the constitution of Maine, in spite of ample reason against, as we shall presently see. No, if a prohibitionist saw drunkards in our streets as thick as paving stones in spite of a prohibitory law, he would still religiously believe in prohibition. I expect no hearing from such; but one may hope to warn those who are not yet caught in that true maelstrom of intoxication—the Dominion Alliance. Surely there never was a country with the least tincture of enlightened freedom where such a barefaced attempt at tyranny was made on the liberty of reasonable human beings. Were it successful in this, my adopted country, I protest before all the world I should feel it an indignity to live in it, and

were I a younger man would abandon it with scorn. I say, then, to my fellows, do not heedlessly abandon this conflict to the prohibitionists and the trade. It is your battle—the battle of your freedom; the resistance to an ignominious yoke. The trade may be easily enough crushed between the upper mill-stone of aggressive prohibition and the neither mill-stone of non-prohibitionist inertia, and many of the retailers, the tail-end of the trade, well deserve it. It is their evil arts and their disorderly houses that have provoked this determined assault. This must be admitted, while fair people regret the unjust and unmitigated reproaches heaped on the whole class, many of whom are as worthy as any other class, and yet have been along told in the most charitable way and by the most charitable people, to go to the devil. It is no great wonder if some of them have been influenced by the exhortation or the command. I think it ought seriously to be considered that the grievous disorders of many licensed houses should not be all laid on the publicans' shoulders. In honest truth the whole community must share the blame. Petitioners, electors, magistrates, councillors, have cared too little for the characters of persons licensed; and the temperance people have thought it too insignificant a matter to put the existing laws in force, flaunting their bold motto—*Aut Caesar aut nihil!* But at any rate Professor Foster, the prohibitionist Mercurius, has laid all parties under obligation by his plain and honest speech. He tells prohibitionists they must, if successful, propose to make up the deficit of the revenue by direct taxation—that is, as Sir Leonard Tilley calculates, \$15,000,000. But Mr. Foster omits other items which even a poor country priest can see; for example, the municipal licenses, and, above all, the cost of an immensely increased machinery for the execution of a law, should it pass, to which a large portion of the country will be irreconcilably hostile, and to which the best citizens will yield but the most passive obedience.

I would add, on my own private conviction, to the costs, a larger amount of food consumed, and much harder work for many a poor stomach. Well, the cost, if fairly stated, will become a test of sincerity. We have heard of the Carleton armers as ready to withdraw their names from the Scott Act petition when the brewers refused to buy their barley. If they were really in earnest would they sell it? Would they grow it? Is not prohibition very much in their own power? Another reflection has been suggested by the late successes of the Scott Act. How can this be considered a drunken country when majorities, some of them so large, can be obtained for a prohibitory law? Were the sentiment and practice of the majority in those cases quite inefficacious without mechanical restraint? But this point needs elucidation, which I fancy it will have before long. Already it may be guessed what a mere handful of votes have usurped the power of a most despotic rule, and when it is clearly perceived I am of opinion there will be some serious revulsion of feeling. I end now with the promise of a shorter letter the next time, but one which will have cost me more trouble than any I have written, and one which it will cost the alliance more trouble to answer than usual, for they systematically evade any answer to facts and figures, and of such my letter will mainly consist.

Yours, &c.,
JOHN CARRY.

Port Perry, Jan. 24.
DOMINION SHOW CASE M'F'G. CO.



63 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO.
225 SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Exchange Department.

Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All contracts to TRUTH may advertise one time, any further 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 advertisement 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 address given before sending the articles called for.

Advertisements in and foreign stamps, for foreign stamps, Lewis E. BIRD, Huron, Beadle Co., Dakota.

A watch with 12 shades, for the best offer of \$100 and up. G. H. HARRIS, 42 Hancock St., Portland, Me.

Three nickel-plated telegraph sounder and key, all in good condition, glass battery jar, zinc and copper electrodes, and letters jar, all as good as new, for best offer. G. E. SMITH, Walkcott, Iowa.

A set of three 1/2 inch stamps, 4 and 8 c. of Denmark, and a set of four Austrian, for 10 cents (yellow). A set of the 1871 issue and a 1/2 (black) of Nova Scotia of the 1861 issue. WILBUR CHOLAR, Redwood Falls, Minn.

A good little white silver-plated keys and bands, for \$100 and up, for best offer. Not less than \$1 by 1/2 inch bands with type and suit, a colored advertisement card for every piece of silk, satin, or plush not less than 2 1/2 inches. FRANK COLEMAN, Truckey, Va., Va.

Copper coins of the Maritime Provinces, including a nickel without the word cents, proof 6 c. and 10 c. unissued Dept. of State, 10 c. Treasury and quarters of other good stamps for the old postage issue of Canada stamps, 3 and 10 c. Canada envelopes and stamps of N. F., N. B., N. S., P. E. I. and Br. Columbia. ERIC GREEN, Brantford, Ont.

Willcox's "Standard" revolver, 22-calibre, 7 shot, newly new, for description see Stark's catalogue for 1910 exchange for a new saw, foot power; one preferred with turning lathe attached, or for a pair of magic lantern with views in good order. Will be sent if necessary. All offers answered. Address, Litchford, Eden Mills, Ont.

A fine collection of foreign stamps, made within 5 years and numbering over 500 varieties, representing nearly every stamp-issuing country in the world, and all shown in mounted on pieces in the latest edition of the International album (cloth-bound) for some excellent article. No stamps or coins desired. J. H. KILPATRICK, Box 567, Whitby, Ontario, Can.

To come, put light action piston valve, with case and cross, worth \$25.00. Some drum, full size, good case, worth \$10.00. After watch in good running order, worth \$12.00. I would prefer to exchange all for a good one of Parker breech loading shot gun, but will accept offers for articles singly or together. These articles are all good and in first-class condition. Address F. K. STANTON, Quakerstown, Ind.

Mineral, ores, petrifications and Indian curiosities for offer, or on receipt of two dollars will send 20 specimens of gold, silver and copper ores, smoky

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Gems of the Orient.

The history of the gems in the East is the history of the governing Princes, for so often has the course of history in the Orient been affected by intrigues about precious stones that they assume a state importance.

Some idea of the abundance of precious stones in the East may be gained from the fact that when Mahmoud, in the eleventh century, captured Sumnat, an idol statue was broken open and found to contain three bushels of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds.

A late traveller in the East, Mr. Eastwick, has recently given a graphic account of the magnificence of the Persian Crown jewels. In the jewel room he found treasures valued at \$35,000,000, among them the crown, a mass of diamonds surmounted by a ruby as big as a hen's egg.

"The Place of Gold."

At Cuzco, in Persia, is a Temple of the Sun called Coricaucha or "The Place of Gold," one of the most magnificent edifices of the East.

"LADIES' JOURNAL"

Bible Competition No. 9, CLOSING FEBRUARY 10th. \$20,000.00.

During the year ending with September last, the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL has given a very large and valuable lot of rewards to his subscribers aggregating an immense amount of money.

To the fifteen hundred persons who correctly answer the following Bible questions will be given, without extra charge, except for freight and packing of goods, beyond the regular half dollar yearly subscription.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Where are horses first mentioned in the Bible? 2. Where are cattle first mentioned in the Bible? They are not very difficult, but require a little study to look them up.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1 Six Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$ 600 2 One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker. 600 3 and 4 Two Grand Square Pianos. 1,000 5 and 6 Two Fine Toned, 10 Stop Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker. 500 7, 8 and 9 Three Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Services—six pieces and One Five o'clock Tea Service. 300 10 to 15 Six Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches. 600 16 to 20 Five Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches. 450 21 to 25 Ten Honoured Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. 600 26 to 30 Ten Gentlemen's Solid Hunting-case or Open-faced, Coin-silver Watches. 300 31 to 35 Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant designs. 200 36 to 40 Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons. 400 41 to 50 One Hundred and Thirty Elegant Bound Volumes of Tenison's Poems. 300 51 to 60 One Hundred and Ninety well-bound volumes of World's Encyclopedia a library in itself. 670

Then follows a series of middle rewards which will be given in this way: At the close of the competition all the answers received will be counted by three disinterested persons, when to the sender of the middle correct answer (of the whole list) will be given number one of the middle rewards.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1 Seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold coin. \$ 750 2, 3 and 4 Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker. 1,650 5, 6 and 7 Three Fine-toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker. 750 8, 9, 10 and 11 Four Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-setting Watches. 400 12 to 17 Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea Urns. 800 18 to 20 Thirteen Elegant, Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns. 620 21 to 30 Twenty Elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns. 240 31 to 35 Ten Pairs Fine Lace Curtains. 100 36 to 40 Thirty Quadruple Plate Cruet Stands.

91 to 257.—One Hundred and Sixty-seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches. 600 258 to 300.—Three Hundred and Forty-three beautifully bound volumes, Shakespear's Poems. 1,020 After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS

- 1.—Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$ 500 2, 3 and 4.—Three Fine Grand Square Pianos. 1,000 5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker. 750 8 to 10.—Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Services. 300 11 to 14.—Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-case genuine stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watches. 800 15 to 20.—Eleven Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns. 500 21 to 30.—Forty-one Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns. 442 31 to 40.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated Tea Spoons. 360 41 to 50.—One hundred and forty elegant rolled gold brooches. 660 51 to 60.—One hundred and ten fine silver-plated butter knives or sugar spoons. 110

This altogether forms one of the most attractive and reasonable plans we have ever seen. The aim of the proprietor of the Ladies' Journal is of course to increase his circulation. In fact, he says so, but adds that he also hopes to encourage the study of the Bible, but frankly states that this part of the plan is not his sole aim, and goes on to explain that he has lost so much money by dishonest agents, and has spent so much in valuable premiums to encourage them to send large lists, that hereafter he has decided to give all these things direct to subscribers, for answering these Bible questions.

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men.

Every master has found his materials collected, and his power lay in his sympathy with his people and the love of the material he wrought in.

About Mount Vesuvius.

Appropos of the present disturbed state of Spain by earthquakes, Truth gives the following sketch of Mount Vesuvius from "Picturesque Europe." A little more than eighteen centuries since the form of the mountain was totally different; its height was probably some hundred yards less than it is at present; its outline a blunt truncated cone, having a wide crater at the summit.

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this celebrated Dyspeptic Cure."

New styles of putting on braids this spring mark the difference between last and this season's cloth and flannel suits.

To our Readers.

If you suffer from headache, dizziness, backache, biliousness or humors of the blood, try Burdock Blood Bitters. It is a guaranteed cure for all irregularities of the blood, liver and kidneys.

Mastic and gold are combined in spring hats, the straw being in mastic shades, the trimming of mastic and gold braid.

THE FACE WEARS A YELLOWISH tinge pimples appear upon it, sick headaches, vertigo, morning nausea, and pains in back, side and shoulder blade, are experienced when bile enters the system and poisons the blood.

Ridley's plaided and plain flannel suits for early spring wear are already on the forms in the suit department.

No other medicine is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for colds, coughs, and all derangements of the respiratory organs leading toward consumption. In all ordinary cases it is a certain cure, and it affords relief for the asthmatic and consumptive, even in advanced stages of disease.

Braid is no longer worn in floriated or inflated patterns on dresses, but in geometrical forms of simple but ingenious design.

A Good Record.

Among the many thousand bottles of Hays's Yellow Oil sold annually in Canada, not one has ever failed to give satisfaction. It cures rheumatism, colds, and all painful complaints and injuries.

He Had Made the Round Trip.

"I have taken my last order. I am going home," he said, as the clock struck the midnight hour.

The nurse looked at the doctor with a significant glance and whispered: "His mind wanders!"

Presently he lifted his feverish head from his pillow.

"Any letters from the house?" he inquired. "There ought to be letters here."

Then he slept, and in his sleep he was a boy again, babbling of fishing streams where he trout played, of school hours and romps with his mates.

At 12 he suddenly awakened.

"All right," he exclaimed in a strong voice, "I'm ready."

He thought the porter had called him for an early train. The Doctor laid a soothing hand on him, and he slept. In his sleep he murmured:

"Show your samples of our goods. I'm going off the road now. This order closes out. The house has called me in. Going to take my first vacation, but I shall lose time—time!"

He dozed off, and the Doctor counted his pulse. Suddenly the sick man started up.

"Give me a letter from home. Ellen always writes to me here. She never disappointed me yet—and the children. They will forget me if my trips are too long. I have only a few more towns to sell—promised to be home Christmas—I promised to be home—promised—"

He slept again, and again awakened with a start.

"No word from the house yet?" He was going home fast now. The doctor bent over him and repeated, in a comforting voice, the precious words of promise:

"In my father's house there are many mansions. If it were not so I would have sold you."

"Yes—yes," said the dying traveller faintly. "It is a clear statement. It is a good house to travel for. It deals fair and square with its men."

The chill December morning dawned—the end was very near. The sick man was approaching the undiscovered land from these bourne no traveller returns.

"I have changed my route," he murmured faintly. "The house is calling me—write to Ellen and the children that I'm home—my way—its in my sample case—without money and without price—a good house—fills all its orders as agreed. Call me for the first train—I am going to make the round trip and get home for Christmas."

They laid his head back on the pillow. He had made the round trip. He had gone home for Christmas. —Detroit Free Press.

What a Gent Grows To.

A cent seems of little value, but if it is only doubled a few times it grows to a marvellous sum. A young lady in Portland caught her father in a rash promise by a knowledge of this fact on her part. She thoughtfully proposed that if her father would give her only one cent on one day and double the amount on each successive day for just one month she would pledge herself never to ask of him another cent of money as long as she lived.

Not stopping to run over the figures in his head, and not supposing it would amount to a large sum, he was glad to accept the offer at once, thinking it also a favorable opportunity to decide a possible marriage dowry in the future.

On the twenty-fifth day he became greatly alarmed lest if he complied with his own acceptance he might be obliged to be "declared a bankrupt on his own petition." But on the thirtieth day the young girl demanded only the pretty little sum of \$5,368,706.121! The astonished merchant was only too happy to cancel the claim by advancing a handsome cash payment for his folly in allowing himself to be a bond—for his word he considered as good as his bond—without noticing the consideration therein expressed, and by promising to return to the old custom of advancing smaller sums daily until otherwise ordered.

The old gentleman had fulfilled his promise, his daughter would have had, upon receipt of the thirteenth payment, the big little sum of \$10,436,517.43.

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system, are relieved at once while the special causes of periodical pain, are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful, and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

A Postal Card Story.

I was affected with kidney and urinary trouble— "For twelve years!"

After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop Bitters.

And I am perfectly cured. I keep it "All the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Salsbury, Tenn.—May 4, 1883.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them,

MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

\$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me \$3,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."

R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

So. Bloomington, O., May 1, '79.

Sirs—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and it done me more good than all the doctors.

MISS S. S. DOONE.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.

The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

Beware of those who without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

The taking of an excessive amount of food leads not only to disturbances of digestion, but also to injury of the power of absorption; and this may become a serious matter. Moderation in eating and drinking should be the rule of life. To eat too little is injurious; it leads to poverty of blood, emaciation, and weakness. To eat too much is in some respects better than to eat too little; but, if the excess be considerable, the injury will be considerable also.

If a well be poisoned, we be to those who drink thereat. It is worse to poison the fountain of life for one's self, and for posterity. Often by carelessness, or misfortune, or inheritance, this has been done. Ayer's Sarsaparilla frees the blood, the vital streams, and restores appetite, strength, and health.

Dress collars are worn very high, cut on the bias, and are stiffened with wigan or buckram.

Danger in the Air.

In the chilling winds, the damp atmosphere and suddenly checked perspiration, colds are lurking. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures colds, coughs, asthma and bronchitis, and all complaints tending towards consumption.

Denning is bringing out "lots" of new spring goods every day.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

I will send a receipt free to any person sending me their address, that will effect a permanent cure, whether you are a moderate drinker or confirmed drunkard. It can be given in a cup of tea, if so desired, without the knowledge of the person taking it. Send 3 cent stamp. For full particulars address M. V. Lubon, 128 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

Gold-threaded wide braids are used in spring millinery.

An Excellent Report.

Hon. Jos. Goodridge, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:—"I cannot express myself in sufficient praiseworthy terms of Burdock Blood Bitters which I have used for the past two years with great benefit."

Millinet horse-hair, and wigan bustles in two, three, or several rows of double box pleats, are next to the hair cushion bustles, most in favor.

Dangers of Delay.

If we were allowed to look into the future and see the fatal consequences that follow a neglected cold, how differently would our course be; could we realize our danger, how speedily we would seek a cure; but with many it is only when the monster disease has fastened its fangs upon our lungs that we awaken to our folly. What follows a neglected cold? Is it not diseases of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthma, consumption, and many other diseases of like nature. It is worse than madness to neglect a cold, and it is folly not to have some good remedy available for this frequent complaint. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs, is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine is composed of several medicinal herbs, which exert a most wonderful influence in curing consumption and other diseases of the lungs and chest. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, soothes irritation and drives the disease from the system.

Judging from the display on the counter plaids will be more worn in the spring than for years past.

Well as Ever.

Lottie Howard writes from Buffalo, N. Y.: "My system became greatly debilitated through arduous professional duties; suffered from nausea, sick headache and biliousness. Tried Burdock Blood Bitters with the most beneficial effect. Am well as ever."

Among new cotton dress goods are found China crapes, that imitate silk China crape remarkably well.

THE THIN CANNOT GAIN IN WEIGHT if they are troubled with dyspepsia, because the food is not converted into the due proportion of nourishing blood which alone can furnish the element of flesh. But there is no reason when this wearing, attenuating disease is conquered by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, why there should not be an appreciable gain in weight, which indeed is usually the case. It is a peerless remedy also for Constipation, Liver Complaint, Kidney troubles, and roots out all impurities from the blood.

Green mastic, and gold are the admired combination in many dreszy spring hats and bonnets.

Useful to Know.

Everyone should know that Hagyard's Xcelloil will give prompt relief; applied externally will stop any pain; and taken internally cures colds, asthma, croup, sore throat and most inflammatory complaints.

The grays of this season are not in the cold tones of those of the fall.

Mr. T. C. Wells, Chemist and Druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood." It never fails to root out all diseases from the system, cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, etc., purifies the blood, and will make you look the picture of health and happiness.

For the incoming season China silks bid fair to take precedence of foulards and tafetas.

50 Fine Chromo Cards, no two alike, or 40 Transparent Cards for 10c. CHARLES R. PATTIE, Bridport, Mich.

\$75 TO \$200 per month can be made by agents and others out of employment, selling our New Reversible Map of Canada and the United States, and Pictorial Map of the World, showing belts of Standard time. Size 53 x 42 inches. Price, \$3.50. Send address for circulars or \$1.50 for sample map and outfit. C. R. PARISH & Co., 10 King St. East, Toronto, Canada.

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE,

HAMILTON, CANADA.

NEXT TERM WILL BEGIN FEBRUARY 2ND, 1885

This is the oldest of the Ladies' Colleges. It has graduated over 180 ladies, and educated in part over 2,000. It will graduate a large class this year. It is entirely unencumbered and very complete in its equipment. Its system of instruction is in harmony with the most advanced modern methods. No institution in the Dominion has a better health record. The building has over 150 rooms, and is by far the most commodious College in the Dominion. The Literary course is very liberal and practical, while our facilities for Music and the Fine Arts are pre-eminently valuable.

Terms are, we think, lower than those of any other College in the land offering city privileges. We have abundance of accommodation for a large addition to our numbers, and, as we are out of debt, and the times are hard, we give a SPECIAL DISCOUNT to those entering this term. Address the Principal,

A. BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

60 ELEGANT CHROMO OR FIFTY transparent cards, no two alike with your name printed neatly on them, for 10 cents. C. H. HOIDEN, 135 River St., Toronto.

DENTAL.

J. G. ADAMS, L.D.S., DENTIST—OFFICE 346 Yonge street, entrance on Elm street. Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

D. R. E. T. ADAMS,

253 KING ST. WEST.

SPECIALTY:—Diseases of the Stomach & Bowels, in connection with the general practice of Medicine & Surgery. Consultation free.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 P. M., Sunday, 1:30 to 3 P. M.

REV. J. EDGAR, M. D. Electric Physician, Chronic Diseases a Specialty. 68 ISABELLA STREET, TORONTO.



Biggest Offer Ever Made

On receipt of price (\$9.00) we will send by mail, prepaid, safe delivery guaranteed, a GENUINE WALTHAM WATCH, men's size, Solid Coin Silver Dust-Proof Cases, guaranteed for one year.

Send for our 125-page Catalogue, illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary Jewelry Stores.

CHAS. STARK

32 Church Street, (near King) Toronto.

Advertisement for BRUCE'S SEEDS, FRESH AND GENUINE. For the Farm, Vegetable and Flower Garden. Have been used by the Canadian Public for thirty-four years, and we claim that they are unrivalled for purity, vitality & general excellence. Our Descriptive Pictorial Catalogue, beautifully illustrated, containing much useful information, is now published and will be mailed free to all intending purchasers. JNO. A. BRUCE & CO., Hamilton, Ont.

The Electric Light

Is a matter of small importance compared with other applications of electricity. By this agency Polson's NERVILINE is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficial power.

The largest gold nugget ever found weighed 145 pounds. If you pick up one weighing less than 140 you can't expect to do much crowing over it.

Catarrah-A New Treatment. Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrah.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly, for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday and are not born to to-morrow.

Young Men!-Read This. THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELKO TRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days.

Twenty different Americans are just now engaged in trying to invent flying machines. It must tickle the blizzards to see a man fooling away his time in this way.

No Disappointment. Disappointments of one kind and another crop up all along life's pathway, for unfortunately it is the unexpected that always happen.

A hotel-keeper in New York State has forty-two trunks belonging to actors which he is holding for board bills.

The only variation in quality which will ever be found in "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is in the degree of moisture which it contains.

"Work, Work, Work!"

How many women there are working to-day in various branches of industry-to say nothing of the thousands of patient housewives whose lives are an unceasing round of toil-who are martyrs to those complaints to which the weaker sex is liable.

When is a girl like a greenhouse? When she has her ash on.

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure.

A man never knows how keenly happiness can strike him until his wife makes up her mind to "give over talking to him."

A Bargain in Corner Lots in what most men desire, but to keep from filling a grave in a cemetery lot ere half your days are numbered, always keep a supply of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" by you.

A.P. 215.

50 ACRES-COUNTY HURON-IMPROVED-unequitable value. Particulars, FORMAN'S HURON.

FREE. By return mail. Full description Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. PROP. MOULRY Toronto, Ont.

RUBBER STAMPS. All kinds of metal stamps made to order. Divers, Self Inkers, Railroad, Banking, Notary and Society seals etc. Agents wanted. COOK & BUNKER, 36 King St. West, Toronto.

R. W. PRITTE. Real Estate Agent. Commission, Valuator, Trustee, & Financial Agent. Rooms 6, Arcade, 100 St. Tom. St. Money to loan. Estates Managed, Properties Exchange.

SMOKED SAUSAGES. The most convenient meal for farmers in their own season. Three meals are cooked and ready for use.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships. Selling during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Toronto, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at London.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Ballinmore; Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John; N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John; N. B. Allan & Co., Chicago; Lyle & Alden, New York; H. Hourlier, Toronto; Allan, Rae & Co. Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

Dominion Line of Steamships. Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co. 100 Grey Nun St., Montreal. Importers of Portland Cement, Water Lime, Fire Bricks, Borax, Plaster of Paris, Koman Cement, China Clay, Fire Bricks, Whiting, Fire Clay, China Clay.

Clapperton's Spool Cotton. Warranted FULL Length, and to run smooth on any sewing machine. See that Clapperton's name is on the label.

The Mutual Marriage Endowment Ass'n. It has been a successful operation since September, 1883. Endowment claims to the amount of \$15,000 have been settled since the 1st of December, 1884.

Compound Oxygen. H. LINDSAY, GROCER, 60 KING STREET West, Toronto, writes: "I have suffered for years with Dyspepsia; felt great distress after eating."

Files. DON'T WASTE THEM SHIP OR BUY TO THE CHYAPIO FILE CO. 10 Front Street, East, Toronto.

New Co-Operative Sewing Machine. PRICE \$25 CASH. Our new machine is now ready, and is as good as any sold by Agents at \$60.00.

New Attachments, New Furniture, New Stand. Send stamp for samples of sewing and our elegant descriptive photographs of the machine before buying from agents.

Co-Operative Sewing Machine Co. 21 James St. South, Hamilton, Ont. HONUB: From now until March 31st, 1887, we will give to any person sending us \$25.00 cash in advance for one of our machines.

Hand Stamps. METAL & RUBBER DATERS, SELF-INKERS & BANKING STAMPS. NOTARY SEALS, &c. AGENTS WANTED. KENYON, TINGLEY & STEWART MFG. CO., 72 KING ST. WEST.

Consumption. I have a medicine for the cure of Consumption, by the use of which I have cured many cases of the disease.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lurillard's Climax Pills. Having a red flag, that Lurillard's Navy Pills are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. It is the only preparation of the kind which takes all the nutritions, together with the essential properties of beef, and the only one which is power to supply nourishment for brain and...

F. E. DIXON & CO. MANUFACTURERS OF LEATHER BELTING. 78 King Street, East, Toronto. Large Double Driving Belts a specialty. See for Price Lists and Discounts.

RUPTURE. SEVEN YEAR OLD BOY CURED. I am pleased to inform you that my little boy, now over 7 years old, is entirely cured by wearing your Truss, though we tried others without success.

CAUTION. EACH PLUG OF THE MYRTLE NAVY IS MARKED T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE EVERY FARMER.

Especially Those Living on Rented Farms, should send me postal cards, with address. Sectional maps and particulars of the special offer made by the Government Land in the Red River Valley.

Turtle Mountain and Devil Lake Districts, North Dakota. Particulars from H. F. McNALLY, Gen. Trav. Agt. St. Paul, Min. & Manitoba Railway. (Mention this Paper.) TORONTO, ONT.

SEEDS. RENNIE'S SEEDS are THE BEST. Illustrated Catalogue for 1887. Containing description and prices of the choice FIELD, GARDEN & FLOWER SEEDS.

YORKSHIRE CATTLE. FOR Fattening and bringing into condition. CATTLE FEEDER is used and produces early and heavy crockers.

HUGH MILLER & CO. AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTS. 107 King St. West, Toronto. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. It is the only preparation of the kind which takes all the nutritions, together with the essential properties of beef, and the only one which is power to supply nourishment for brain and...