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OLD SERIES-17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., FEBRUARY 14, 1885.

NEW SERIES-VOL. V. NO 228.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

From and after this date the subscription rice of Thurn will be increased to \$3.00 r annum, in advance.

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

In the past the publisher, in his zealous deavors to make Thurn the best family ckly on the continent, has been just a tle too generous. So much is this the case at the paper in its present form and at the esent price is issued weekly at a decided

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

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 But to do this several of e most popular departments of the paper ould have to be withdrawn.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

The next method, and the one it has been scided to adopt, is to raise the subscription ice. From this date, therefore, the anal subscription to Tetth will be \$3.00. stead of \$2.00, as formerly. To those who we already paid in advance, the new arngement will not apply, but henceforth I new subscriptions and renewals will be ceived only at the \$3.00 rate.

We have taken this step only after mature eliberation, and with the interests of our raders constantly in view. The extra del ar will not be much to the individual, but n the aggregate will be very considerable our. It will enable the publisher to carry at some long-cherished improvements. It more than probable that the paper will hortly be enlarged, new and attractive atures will constantly be added, and the igh moral tone and literary excellence will origidly maintained.

We believe our readers will appreciate or efforts to place Thern still farther in he van of family journals, and will continue second us that encouragement which they are so generously given us in the past.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

Those young people of both sexes who Relight (much to the disgust of the letterarriers) in sending one another missives, entimental or otherwise on or about the lith of February, may not perhaps be genrally aware that the origin of these obserrances on St. Valentine's Day is supposed to to very ancient, though it is veiled in some obscurity. The saint himself, who was wiest 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, beyoud 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 June, whence the latter deity was named Februata, Februalis, and Februalla. 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. le would seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had beca much accustomed-a fact which it were easy to prove in tracing the origin of And. various other popular superstitions. accordingly, the outline of the ancient cere monies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose t' at 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

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 Febru ary, 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 learn oil traveller in the early part of the eightcently century, the ceremonial observance in England and Scotland bore a stronger resemblance to that mentioned by Dones 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 truggr feigned upon separate billets, which they roll up and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's hillets and the men those of a weaver's comb, which, as soon as she is large number of good and loyal people the maids, so that each of the young men reated she brings out, asking the girl's moth heaved a sigh of relief and remarked, "Tha ing the men's hillets and the men those of

lights upon a girl that he calls his relentine, 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 hillets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little aport 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

One body of men at least will be thankful when St. Valentines 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 lovelorn sighings of amorous swains, and the nonsensical jokes of would-be "funny peo-

A civil word is the cheapest thing in the werld, and yet it is a thing which the young and happy rarely give to their fancied inferiors. See the effect of sivility 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 rag-ged and freekled. 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 freekled boy looked up in blank amazement for a moment, then taking off about three quarters of a cap, he howed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile and and answered 'Yer can hev my parding an' welcome Miss, an' yer may run agin me an' knock me clean down an' I won't say a word." After the young lady passed on he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically, "] 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, tude, silent, contradic 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. The 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 gitl is like when at

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 M dica 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 se, on foot. The inventory of the girl's possessionschiefly hous, and body ligen 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 ti ne and form

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 ntelligence 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. Tho friends of Ireland who are trying to terriy the English government by setting off dynamite under railway trains in London, an I getting up explosions in places frequent ed 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 home, and to find out the dower likely to be Ressa had been shot, and when the report given with her. She hides under her shaul spread that the wound had proved fatal, a

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 uncasiness by wondering how they would ever find fuel to unable 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 do s 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 shead, 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, seat 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 mattrees from beneath a sleeper on more than one occasion, and it certainly looks as if such a feat would not he an out-of-the-way one for some of our Occidental "knights of the jimmy" to perform. Those who dwellin 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 iren safe.

Everybody has heard of Julius Chear's brief despatch "Veni, I'idi, I'ici," but it is by no means as short as that of Sir Charles Napier's punning announcement of the capture of Scinde, namely "Peccari," (I have sinned) and which is not so familiar as that of Cavar. 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 "Cantharides," 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,

Admirors 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 be "felta kindness for him, but instinctively to the scramble of a competition when marknew 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 idol-makers of Erhesus bestowed on the the philosopher, but numbers, doubtless, share Mr. Hawthorne's opinion.

Though TRUTH by no means agrees with all that the Rev. Henry Ward Beccher 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 Jenar in India. perhaps since the loss of Calais corrolled 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 audscity 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 prophe y is hazarded. This jest now proves bitter carn est . "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 cumbrous 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 beiting 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 Conscrvative, 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 gins of profit came out of the pockets of the public, has earned from those interested a double portion of the hatred which the innovated 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 in terests 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

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 be

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 repreach 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 reise and the good that we should pursue; it hide. Sisters, betrothed girls and wives, is the right that we should seek, and to which we should payour homage, wherever found. Truth never foreskes 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, wriths in pain, And dies amid its wershippers.

Cramming.

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How comes it to pass that with all the improvements made in the educational ar rangements of this country there should still be so much force work, or cramming! Everywhere almost the same thing is to be met. From infant classes up to the Unversity 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 : ass of undigested pieces of so called knowledge, and to force boys and girls to make a pretouce of learning far more than they can as similate. 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 had 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 thomselves? Do they know anything about education? Can they wonder that children become disgusted by the very right 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 prige. Boarding-schools for young ladies are specially noticeable for this sort of work and in some classes of University College the same cvil is as bad as bad can be. In these latter there is not an attempt to educate. It is a mere contemptible, lary grind. No attempts to awaken interest. No desire to indicate felicities of language, or to direct attention to peculiarities of id-10m. A mere dreary, mindless listening to bold translations to be hurried over within the hour in some way or other, with all the stund 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 pro gramme i slurred over in some way or other, it i 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 courtest with which the fair sex were treated in by gone times. Not only have many ceased to pay the homage which was once deemed roman's due, but they are very stinted in ontward expressions of respect, and even & the length of ridiculing the weaknesses which it should be their pride to shield and perhaps, fair best, for none but the basest would speak coarsely or disparagingly of one who called him brother, lover, or hasoand. But the woman who has, possibly from necessity, but equally likely from choice, passed the meridian of life without entering the married state is slightingly spoken of as an old maid, while the vener able old lady who has lived to fondle ber children's children with trembling hand, is only "grainy." But worst of all is the

treatment to which the mother-in-law is subjected. Her relationship to others is the butt of every witling; 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 ernel 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 Lewented not do or allow to be said of or Jone 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.

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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 desue 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 carly wifehood, and the pride with which she regarded her home sovereignty. She is not likely, recalling tins, to willfully encreach on her daughter's domain, much less on that of her daughter's hasband. Here and there one may meet with a mother-in-law whose instinct for controling 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. Experierce is, in this respect, almost wholly in favor of the mother-in-law, and for every enem this relation who can be charged with encreaching on the rights of the young people there certainly can be found a dozen who can with reason complain of encroachments apon theirs. Most married men, were the question plainly put to them, would be forced in candour to acquit their own mothers-in-had 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 letter 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 themwhes passed through the experience can form an estimate of what a mother gives up when a daughter leaves her side to become a wale. 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 mother ly training are to be put to a severe test, the result of which may redound to her honour or bring her the greatest mortification !

ice; for if the wife fulfil the expectations of the husband-prove to be the helpineet 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 domineered over in his own house by his mother-in-law or anybody elso, succring 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 reilsh. 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 dis tressing 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 gross ly abused for the very worst purposes. But so have many things, which in them

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 carclessly away, and the wind are ried 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." But so have many things, which in them selves are praiseworthy enough. For children in a family, or with a few young friends, is there anything more objection able in a dance, than in those charadesdumb 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 Te in the ascendant? Is there anything so

We might also mention the right of ser- 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. 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 'opar out of their coasts, unless it was felt that that sort of proceeding was scarcely in ac cordance 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 ala 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 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!"

"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." to me."
The woman did as directed and returned,

anxious to know the meaning of so singular

an injunction.

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 ags had told him that he would never drink the wine of the grapes growing in his vine-yard; and added . "if these words do not come true, you may claim me for your And besides all this sho is parting with her dearest treasure, the joy of her soul, her second self. Can one begrudge her the privilege of advising?

The 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 of encountered, and how they may be best borne of exercione. Would it not be unkind of her circles and the way of relaxation which pass to stand aloof from them, leaving them to struggle on through difficulties enhanced by their inexperience.

Let a me accadance. As ence anything so that the with the title-tattle that is as in much of the title-tattle that slave. When the wine was made, Chaleas have for the fellow to sea, and sent for the fellow to sea, and sent for the fellow to sea, how his predictions had failed. When he slave. When the wine was made, Chaleas have. There of trays, and sent for the fellow to sea, and sent for the fellow to sea, how his predictions had failed. When he slave. When the wine was made, Chaleas, and sent for the fellow to sea, how his predictions had failed. When he special a pentific are in a barrel. There shaled a feast, and sent for the fellow to sea, how his predictions had failed. When he said so instands in the shape. There we have do it as, and sent for the fellow to sea, how his predictions had failed. When he slave. When the wines was made, Chaleas have for the failed and sent or the slave. When the wines was made, Chaleas have in a barrel. There shaled have. When the wines had failed. When he slave. When the side of the same the whole had failed. When he said so for in killed him. Crassus died of laughter on secting a monkey pulling on his charged the sooth-sayer laughed so immunderately at the would be prophet that it the store? Wo think not It may look absurd the sooth-sayer laughed so immunderately at the would be prophet that it.

Each of the costumes had a sink tands to the short of the sooth-sayer laughed so immund

Wife-Selling.

The custom of selling and purchasing wives in England, cortainly 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 were geld, 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.

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 1841 for half a crown, and it is recorded that the purchaser frequently congratulated himself on his "bargaiu." Even in a commercial sense he could well afford to be jubilant, for the "lot" was attired in a new white beanet and a black gown, the usual ornament in the way of a halter being included, which was not bad consideration for his money, let alone the lady's charms.

charms.

In the year 1859 anoth r instance of this moral degradation was f raished 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 halfpen e, 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. claim upon him.

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 audicient for a man's

helpmate.

The tariff would seem to be on a down-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, 1882, 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. 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, withincrutstations of pearls and, rubics and cm-ralds. In another from he saw two cashets, even more magnificent, studded with rabies 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 escritaires lay on the table. The o descritaires 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 live saucers, for ink dying powder and other odds and ends used by the writers. are also several curious instruments made of

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 folinge 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. II. S.

Girry to God.

Christ Church,
Founded in 1743,
Destroyed by fire, 1766,
Refounded on an enisrate plan, 1803.
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, 1838.

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 Monu mental 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; 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 vines and mosses. vines and mosses. The branches of these 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 everpresent Spanish moss. Death's banner is there in its mournful fall. We took the Sea Island Route from Savannah to Fern andina, and had a charming sail among the thousand islands and legoons along the scaloord 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. Atthemouth 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 examer 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 definent 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 op-posite shore, two men would then land to him.

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 the a rope around the notched end, the other stood upon the the snore; 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 sue coeded 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 out of sight. And so we made the most of our delays. The last evening on board the Chattaborchie, we had an improvised con-cert, the musical portion of the passengers uniting with the members of the operatic company in making a very choice entertain-ment. The prima donna of the band render ment. The prima donna of the band render ng 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 lymns of Zion. The entire journey was hymns of Zion. The entire journey was made most agreeable by the geneality 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 refugeed 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 agure, the atmosphere hazy, dreamy and their azure, the atmosphere hazy, dreamy and their azure, the atmosphere hazy, dreamy and golden, like Southern California, and the oreeze gentle and tender, as the zephyr of Ceylon. The their momenter 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 diverses. ging 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.

Wo reached Fernandina in the evening and spent the Sabbath in this charming lit the city on Amelia Island, the very north cast corner of Florida; it lies on the South ank of the St. Mary's River, which separ stes Georgia from the land of flowers. The town is well laid out; the principal atreet is called Centre and those running at right angle's to it have numbers, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, angle's 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 cleams 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 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 threat. The Gardens of Fernanding are abreast. The Gardens of Fernandina are very heautiful; roses of many kind are blooming in the open air; bananas are ripening. oranges hang golden on the trees, and

"Stately palho-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 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 Oueen Civ. It is the dread

swamp to the Queen City. It is the dread of tramps. I'ut one off between the stations and he is in mortal terror of his life, for let a train overtake bim and he has nothing for it but to sink in the bog, or awim for dear tife. A ride of an hour and a half, and we reach Jacksonville, the Floridan Meeca of John's River, the health and business centre of the State—the Newport of the South.

Decollete diceson have a knot of ribbons almost at the shoulder, and the long gloves

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

Early Newspapers.

BY COL. D. WYLIE, 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 Sydserpe, 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, 1663, 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 Hudi brus, 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." diserves 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 chain, 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. Coke, minister and preacher of the Word of God in the parish of St. Alkmum, Darby," giving a sick woman leave to eat desh because of her dislike to cat fish, but his permission to eat flesh was only to last while her sickness continued.

In the same year a most important char-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 gools and almost four of them in Newgate, under sentence of death. Notwithstanding this, he had influence to obtain his freedow and retitioned the king to an withstanding this, he had influence to obtain his freedem, 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 supress free thought and free printing. One of the clauses is and free printing. One of the clauses is worth reciti g: "Let to press or printing, house be erected or let, and let no joiner, carpenter, smith, or letter-founder work for to the late act." The Archbishop of Canter bury and the Lord Bishop of London were authorized to license printers to print hooks on divinity, physique, philosophy, science or a.t. Any one acting contrary to this mandate was liable to be punished in the

mandate was liable to be punished in the stocks, pillory, by whipping, casting, standing against the gallows with a rope around the rack, 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 and arms, which were under the care of the people thus thoughtlessly mar the song Earl Marshal. He was also granted the monopoly of printing the matters controled by his position as surveyor. He commenced his monapoly by printing the Intelligencer as difficult to please others as ourselves.

and the News-the one being printed on and the News—the one being printed on Monday, the other on Thursday. These two papers were continued till Junuary, 1660, 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 second that, supposing the press in order, the peo-ple in their right wits and news or no new to be the question, a public Mercury should never have my vote, because it makes the public too familiar with the actions and 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 Land. press, at his office at the Gun in Ivy Lane, and he shall have forty shillings for his pains, with what assurance of secrecy him-self shall desire!" Such were the mean used to keep down public sentiment and trammel the greatest bulwark of English liberty -a free press.

them

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will

in ages past inquiring men, no lettered page codi tell

How feeblo nations rose to power—how possess
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 goot by, In deep recess of cloister'd cell, hid from the peasars

eye,
The knowledge of a thousand years, in damp and
dusty dreas
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 forgen 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 liabitial writing. Lines show more of nervousess llow apparent in thoughtless or habital writing. Lines show more of nervousess and hesitancy, while the whole construction of the writing is more exact and formal; and, besides, every different handwriting abounds in well-nigh numberless habital peculiarities, of which the writer himselfs 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 ties of the writing he would simulate; and second, to note and avoid all the habital characteristics of his own hand. Habitin writing becomes so fixed and arbitrary (not to mention the great artistic skill required to the control of the cont 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 consider able quantity, as to defy detection through a really skilled expert examination.

Ohnrch Manners.

The majority of congregations might asily improve their manners and add to the impressiveness of the services. It is a com mon habit, when the audience are to stand during the singing of a hymn, to wait until the first line is begun, and then rum the verse by the confusion of the rising. Agun, during the latter part of the last verse the clattering of books into the pew-rarks be fore 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 cleans contended of a prayer; why should it be sentences of a prayer; why should it ke done during the ascription of praise to Golf Hundreds, yea, thousands of Christian people thus thoughtlessly mar the song worship in the sanctuary.

Tid-Bits.

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GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

BE SURE AND READ THIS.

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

TRUTH.

Every week a prize of twenty dollars in gold will be given to the actual aubscriber sending in for this page the best tid-bit, containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or paredy, either original or selected. Cut it from any paper, copy it from any book, or coin it out of your head. A single sentence, if pungent or pointed, will do, but don't let it exceed thirty lines. Besure and send with each fifty cents for two months' subscription to TRUTH. If not now a subscriber TRUTH will be sent regularly to you for that time; if already a subscriber you for that time; if already a subscriber your time will be extended. In any case you get the full worth of your investment in TRUTH itself.

The best of these tid-bits will be published in this page every week and numbered, and every subscriber is invited to inform the pub-

every subscriber is invited to inform the pub-lisher which number of the week is his or her favonte. The number receiving the larg-est vote will be awarded the premium.

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-eard, or put it in an un-sealed envelope and send to Tauth office at once. It will only cost you one cent of postage in either case.

To prevent others than subscribers from

postage in enter case.

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

27 You are invited to send in your

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

Original She Did Not Prevaricate.

She gazed upon the wreck of that Which Webster thus defined, ~ "A cushlon worn by ladies To expand the skirts behind."

It ne'er would do to wear again, Ne'er be like 'twas of yoru Ere Edward had so fondly pressed Her whose strong love he bore.

She looked about her in despair Till, suddenly she spled Her favorite weekly magazine, To which a string she tied.

Then fastened it about her waist, And clapped her hands in gice. As in her French plate hocking glass The improvement she did sec.

Then swept into the drawing room
With air like any queen,
And Edwar clasped her to his heart;
liut, on his face was seen

Amazement, and perplexity: White o'er her face so fair, A rosy blush suffused itself, As on the evening air

Was waited out a rustling sound; Then whispering, he said. "Is that where you keep newspapers And things you haven't read?"

She shook her head but still she saw That she was not believed— That still he doubted what she said, And wished his doubte relieved.

He asked, "What else would rustle so?"
Then pouted presty Rush,
"I wish to be believed," she said,
"I te', you its the TRUTH,"

ADDIE HOUSE.

Wishing "Truth" Luck.

Wishing Tarus luck—In circulation,
I n every home soon to be found,
I nevery home soon to be found,
I reading Tarus to all the nation,
Il reading Tarus to all the nation,
I noter languages let it be taught,
be ever letting it be forgot,
to od's Son to Illis disciples taught—Taurs.

Tavin-1 shining light to all;
It cad by the aged also, the small,
I nto each home it brings cheer to all;
The magazine for queen or king.
H awing in it the watchword ring—Taure.

Luck to editor and each subscriber; Il nto all whom Taurn bringscheer, C an't they help to increase its circulation, K nowing their money not wasted in—Taura.

Sobourg. Onk

Man. II. Punture.

An Acrostic.

T RUTH EARS, and surely Tauth cannot tell lies I f you would win a golden prize, I olay not, but sond in time, I olay not, but sond in time, I flank vorse, rhyme, or prose in a single line I f just the lucky point you make T wenty gold dollars it will take.

MRS. J. R. PECK. lintfield, Minnesota.

[20]

-Selected.

A Puzzle by Bishop Wilberforce. All pronounce me a wonderful piece of mechanism, and yet few people have numhered the strange medley of which I am composed. I have a large box, two lids, two caps, two musical instruments, a number of weather cocks, three established measures, some weapons of warfare, and a great number of little articles carpenters cannot do without. I have about me a couple of esteemed fishes, and great many of a small kind, two lofty trees, two gaudy flowers, and the fruit of an indigerious tree, a handsome stag, two halls or places of worship, two students or rather scholars, the stairs of an hotel and half a score of Spanish wartening to attend. I have what is measures, some weapons of warfare, and a ish gentlemen to attend. I have what is the terror of the slave; also two domestic animals and a number of negatives.

ANSWES TO EISHOP OF OXPORD'S RIPDLE.

ASSWES TO EISION OF OXYORD'S RIPDLE.

Mayhap this bishop fain would be A greater than plain, you and me, yet we'res box yelept a chest:
Two lids, two eyes that roam or rest;
Two drums to cars that hark to hear;
A foot, ele two, of right appear;
A soore of nalls must workman use,
Good fish, the soles, are hid in shoes;
As smaller fish, the muscles play;
Yer lotty treets, the palus, make way;
As gaudy flowers, two lids may glory;
While Adam's apple tells astory;
Two peacetul calvesskip in and out,
And hairs are springing all about:
A noble heart, bereit of hind,
Eye-lashes that no handle bind;
Ewe lashes that no handle bind;
Two temples man may worship in,
While arms and balls make warfare's din;
The linestep point us to hote!;
As weather cocks the velus may swell;
The House of Commons, we suppose,
Dividing, takes the ayes and nocs.
The pupils meet as scholars stand
To wait upon them teu-dons grand;
Ah 1 "wonderful" this man, and high:
But just as wondrous, you and I.

Lena, 111.

[21]

Courting in a Cutter.

Utiling in a critter,

If your hears with love is laden
For the girl across the way,
And you wish to win the maiden,
Take her riding in a sleigh,
It will put her in a flutter
And you'll make an easy mash,
For within a dashing cuttor
Hou can surely cut a dash;
Realdes, in a sleigh wherever you go
You needn't have fear of the beautiful's "no."

Simcoc, Ont.

---Selected

M. A. C.

VIOLA F. ACKER.

The King's Ruse.

The King's Russ.

The King's Russ.

Solomon, wheat king who e'er held sway, With all his gorgeous court made holiday. To greet a royal guest; for that day came. To visit him the Queen of Sheba. Fame. Of her great beaut. wondrous to behold, liad reached the .g. To him thad been told flow sparkling were her eyes; her face how fair; liow thick and glossy was her raven hair; if it from how rounded, graceful, delicate; liut most of all, admirers would dilute. Upon her dainty feet and ankles round. In them they swore perfection had been found. The king, consumed by curiosity. Resolved those feet and ankles ho would see. His throne he placed beyond a running brook' Bridged o'er with glass. His seat the monarch took, Ready to meet his guest. She came, in state liciting one so beautiful and great. Gaurds, courtiers, slaves, made up her royal train. She halted them upon the open plain, Descended from her causel, and, alone, Advanced she to the King of Israel's throne, the found. When not the highly mon roll's throne, she found. When not the mighty mon roll's throne, she found. That she a shallow brook would have to pass, And, being for her costly robes airsid, She lifted them, and then prepared to wade, Blodly advanced, and thought it very odd. That she should pass a flowing brook dry shed. The king was joyous, as you may suppose. At his success. This thus the legend goes. Thousands of years have passed since then; of king or Queen, save faire, remains not anything:
But still that very narrow streamle flows, And to the traceler the Arab shows. A bridge of glass, and, in the prophet's name, Declares to yout it is the very same.

And little progress makes the world, alas i—When lady touriste chance that brook to pass, By those with dainty feet is never seen.

Ness Ry La Austanpps. Maa, R. L. Alexander.

Runtersville North Carolina

Original.

Only a Sprig of Holly. IL C. HAYDRY,

Only a sprig of holly That he had sent to me, With two red shining berries; No gift could simpler be.

But as my cheeks were blushing The happy Christmas morn, My heart revealed the accret; My love for him was born.

I wore it at my bridal, And when he klassi me there, I found one helly berry Had fallen from my hair,

My heart said, 'tis an omon, And thus it proved to be; He lies in youder churchyard Beneath a holly tree.

And I the gift of holly
An wearing on my breast,
With only one red berry
I need not tell the rest.
Mrs. McDonald.

Dartmouth, N. S.

—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, after which it could be replaced in the patient's head in im proved working order. The delicate surgical operation by means of which this was accomplished need not be described, but it used to prove of incalculable benefit to literary men and others whose brains are apt to give way from overwork. One day a dejected looking individual called on the surgeon and informed him that, from domestic and pecuniary troubles, he felt him mind giving way, and that unless it had rest for a short time he dreaded the consequences. He thought the safest thing therefore, would be to have it removed for a week or so. This was accordingly done the brain was taken out, frozen, labelled with the owner's name and placed on a shelf containing a number of others. Upwards of a month had passed, but still the brain remained unclaimed, and the physician was getting uneasy, when, meeting with his friend one day, he begged of him to come back for his property without delay, as no one knew what might happen—the label might fall off and then substituted, in which case the man would assuredly forget his own name and identity even. "Oh!" said the man, "you may keep my brains; they are of nouse to me now. I've got a situation in the Civil Service!" apt to give way from overwork. One day in the Civil Service !"

Stonewall, Man.

-Selected

Punctuation Puzzle.

The following paragraph, extracted from the Portland Transcript, is a capital illustra tion of the importance of punctuation. There are two ways of pointing it one of which makes the individual in question a monster of wickedness, while the other converts him into a model Christian. Let our readers exercise their ingenuity on the prob lem, and see whether they can discover its two-fold solution:

He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of the neighborhood he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommenly dilligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no price in laboring the cause to promote Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatise all public teachers he makes no exertions to subdue his ovil passions he strives hard to build up Statan's kingdom he lends no aid to support the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversity he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed He is an old experienced man in vice and tention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to Heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of Reward,

Rewburg, Ont.

JENNIE PRIOR,

1261

—Selected.

Selected. Names in Novels.

- Selected.

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. In the course of time the novel drafted into that particular part of the country, and when it was therein written that the respectable lawyer had had several years' penal servitude in his youth; that the proprietor of the most rowdy public house in the town had been in the Balaclava charge; that the chief cheese monger was the illegitimate son of a duke, and that the consumptive ritualist curate had wound up a London career of hideous crime by nobbling the Derby favorte—why, the words that we have at our command are not strong enough to express a tithe of the sensation that was caused.

LAURA KERR. course of time the novel drafted into that LAURA KERR.

Hamilton.

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. Being an swered in the affirmative, the patient man said, "Then give me chloroform." That was one to the customer, just as the next is one to the barber. An English gentleman, somewhat bald, entered a hairdresser's in Paris to operated upon, and was thunderstruck to find himself charged 10f. "Ten trancs!" heexclaimed, "forcutting my hair?"

'Oh, no, Monsieur; not for cutting your hair, but for finding the hair to cut."

Toronto.

- Selected.

A Bird in the Hand. "Well," the happy bridegroom said to the

ninister at the conclusion of the ceremony, how much do I owe you?"

'Oh, I'll leave that to you," was the reply;

"you can better estimate the value of the service rendered."
"Suppose we postpone settlement, then, say for a year. By that time I will know whether I ought to give you \$100 or nothing."

"No, no," said the clergy an, who is a married man himsel, "mak' it \$3 now."
N. S.

-Selected. All a Mistake.

Au Euglish 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 ceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Parmems used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the curious impertinent, the English gentleman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice. He concluded writing his letter in these words: "I would say more, but a stupid tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder overy word I write."

"You lie, you scoundre!" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

-Selected. A Showman's Stratagem.

There is an aucient anecdote of a shownan who announced an exhibition of two strango beasts, the gyascutas and the prock, the former being remarkable for prock, the former being remarkable for strength and ferocity, and 'so latter for agulty and grace. When the audience had assembled a dreadful roar was heard to proceed from behind a green curtain, and the showman appeared in a dishovelled state, shouting: "Ladies and gentlemen, save yourselves by flight; the gyascutas has broken loose, and has already devoured the prock." Thereupon the audience dispersed with marked precipitation, and without stopping to den and its money back. The showman packed up his stock in-trade, consisting of a green curtain and a tin trumpet, and proceeded to the next town.

Col. D. Wile, COL. D. WILLE,

Brockville, Ont,

THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER XLL+(CONTINUED.)

"There was no light in the window," she moaned to herself, having at once guessed the whole truth Blyth would so fain have spared her. "Oh, fate! fate!— Magdalen so ill, yet why could not! have roused myself to do that one act, if even I had been dying!

She reemed mable to stand as she snoke and a horrible fear came over both, as they saw her so ill; they suspected why she had been unable to guard over the ford last night, for the first time these many years. Blyth would have held her up with his strong arm but she motioned him away, and sank back, as if atterly broken down. Hannah cried out.

Hannah cried out.

"Oh, Miss Rachel, did he hart you?"

"Hush! It was an accident. He did not know—" said Rachel, with a dignity that awed them. Then added, heavily, "Blyth, do you know who this man was?"

"I do. He was the father of the girl I law hart in all the world and he had a law hart and he had a law hart and he had a law had he had a law had he had a law had he had he

or I do. He was the lather of the girl i love best in all the world, and who, I am proud to say, has just promised to marry ine," said Blyth stoutly.

A gleam of joy flashed in the dark caverns of Rachel Estonia's eyes.

"And this makes no difference to your feeling near."

feelings nout!

"What difference can it make, but that I wish with all my heart to help you the more Miss Rachel? I believe you like mewill you not ask . oy's mother to look on me as her son-ask her to give me the right to help you both :"

indeed I will. None could

better deserve her; our child—Joy!"
Alas? poor Rachel. But a few, short days ago and Blyth's news would have given her what she had not tasted for so long— pure happiness. It would not have been a glorious sunburst through the dark clouds of her lives. But now !- not even this could gladden her in the old way any more. She might verily have bewept her own fate for the pity of it, but she could not pause to to think of herself, and only asked, with

painful anxiety.

"Must the prison authorities be told that—that the body has been found?"

'I fear they must. But why are you so anxious now?" replied Blyth, not com-

anxious now?" replied Blyth, not comprehending.

"They will take his body back to the jail, and bury it in a pauper's grave, in that dreadful prison, without even a stone, perhaps, to mark his resting place, "said Rachel, desperately. "Oh. Blyth, indeed he was once a gallant gentleman, before ill fate and evil ways and associates brought him to run. Believe me, he was! Oh, try, try to have him spared this last indignity!"

She was weeping. Blyth was greatly moved.

"If I can by any means prevent it-if we, my father and I, have any influence in such a matter, it shall not happen," said he, warmly. "There is a quiet erner of our own in the church yard, just where the path comes down from the moor, and there we can make room for Joy's father. I can remise nothing of course but I swent I'll promise nothing, of course, but I swear I'll

"That 'is enough. And, meanw' "I, where will you bring it?"

She looked, shivering, towards the window, and away out at the river where the green-wood of trees and bushes hid the something she dreaded, yet almost craved to behold

Will you have him carried to the farm,

or-or here? Shall I go and see"

She tried to rise, the strong woman who had never spared herself, but for once her power failed her, and her trembling limbs refused to obey.

"Don't go. dear-don't try," cried Hannah, soothingly, with a gush of tears, though Rachel was quite dry eyed. "I'll

see to it all, trust me."
"And trust me, too," said Blyth. "There is the old corpse-house beside the church, you know. I thought that would be best.

This was a tiny building meant to shelter the coffins which often had to be brought a

long distance across the moors, and in olden days, when roads were fewer and worse, sometimes over-night.
"God bless you Blyth Berrington." said Rachel, solemnly.

And then-then only, she fainted.

CHAPTER XLIL

'She came not, no, the came not home,
Though cold the night, and black,'
They looked out long, and looked out late,
A-down the forest track.
They wanted iong and wearily,
Dear saints' where can she be!
Just for one hour she rambled forth,
But never back came she."

Rachel Estonia's strength always seemed

sufficient for the day."
She had kept up her energies till her last ly loved were taken from off her feeble shoulders by Blyth's intervention. Then she seemed to slip away from earth, for a short time, into the gray land of know-nothing. nothing
Blythcarried kerintethenextroom, and laid

her on the truckle bed. Hannah chafed her cold hands, and sprinkled water on her cold hands, and sprinkled water on her face. Presently, as they watched her, while looking at each other and whispering their wondering fears as to what had passed between the convict and these helpless woman, a little flutter of re-awakening life moved Rachel's eyelids.

Then she stirred as her spirit was heavily returning to take the stirred as her spirit was heavily returning to take its wonted duties in command of the

"Raise me a little. My head is so heavy--my neck is sore; the pain goes down to my heart. What is the matter" she heavy-my next to my heart. What is the matter?" she muttered. Then—"Where is the money? Did he take it all? Gold that brings all evil! Al.! only for that he might have gone in peace."

The others started and met each other:

eyes with the same questioning glance.
"Lid he take the money from you, Miss Rachel Did he rob you then of your little savings, after all "asked Hannah, in a caressing, pitying voice in her car.

But Rachel turned from her shuddering

and in anger; she that was almost never so.
"He had the best right to it! We gave ti—no, we meant him to have all he needed. Go home, Hannah go back to the farm. You are very good, the both of you, but I cannot talk and am best left alone, indeed! I am used to it."

At that moment there was a quick foot-fall, and Joy, with her eyes shining and her checks flushed with excitement, appeared in the door way of the inner room.

"Yes, they may go back to the Red House, but I will stay and nurse you," she said, hearing Rachel's last words. Then she came and knelt down by the bed, putting her strong young arm under her aunt's head, who, turning, bid her face on the girl's shoulder with an utterly weary, yet now restfully satisfied air, that in her touch-

"Where is your mother? Child, you don't know all. Hannah will tell you."

My mether has told me all? She came herself and desired me to go to you and nurse you. She wanted freshair for a little while—and said I was to stay with you till she contained." returned.

After a few minutes. Rachel being sooth-After a few minutes. Rachel being scothed, Joy, obeying Hannah's accret singale, slipped into the other room a moment. Blyth was waiting there, alone. He held out both hands to her and drew the girl towards him, looking pityingly into her eyer.

"Darting I could not hear to leave you without one word, though I am going now. But there is something I must tell you that your mother does not know. Your father last night was—well, he was—"

"He was drowed down there "said does

"He was drowned down there !" said Joy, hastily. And Blyth now perceived that the flush on her checks burned still in scarlet feverishness, that her lips were perched, and her big, dark eyes dilated with a look of standing horror. "No, do not kiss me now, Blyth. I can hardly hear you to touch me. I feel such an outcast. My brain is on fire; my heart is like a coal. I have no pity for him yet; but still, to die in his sins, almost a murderer!"

sins, almost a murderer !"

"Judge not." muttered Blyth, awkwardly. Then—"How did your mother know

ly. Then—"How out your momer know he was dead?"
"She had gone down to the river for water, then she saw it. She came flying down to the farm to find me, so terribly excited she had not even put down her can, or emptied it, but ran with it full, and splashing over her all the way. How she frightened mo!"

"My poor dear, you heard it all too suddenly indeed! Tell me—how did sho take his death? Is she grieved, or only greatly shocked?"

Joy turned away her face, and almost wrung her hands out of Blyth's detaining

grasp.

"Don't ask me, Blyth. At least I can tell you only this, that she was terribly excited and very strange in her manner but there! the cannot help herself. Then we somehow spoke of you, and said you would help us, and told of our engagement. Oh, Blyth, Blyth, she was so angry at that! It was too painful, and you who are our best except your father our only friend."

Breaking down, solbling, Joy hid her face

Breaking down, sobbing, Joy hid her face in her hands, but this time did not repulse Blyth, who put his arms round her slight form, shaken with violent weeping, but beyond a nurmured word or two of brave hope of tenderness, thought it best to leave hei to herself.

In a very short time the sudden storm of gricf was over, as was Joy's nature. Dashing away her tears she whispered,

Now, it is no time to include my nerves,

is it? I must go back to that dear saint in there. I hope she hasn't heard me crying. Good by, for the present, Blyth. You will Good by, for the present, Blyth. You will go and do all that you can for him now, and I for her."

She slipped from his hold and was gone into the sick-room next moment, while Hannah, as promptly hurried out and catching Blyth by the sleeve before he could leave the kitchen, they held a short consultation in broken whispers.

The old nurse, who was in the secret of the hiding-place for the sisters' money, got Blyth's help to raise the hearth-stone, which was lying all unevenly in its bed. As they expected, the hollow underneath was empty; the nest-egg vanished.
"How much was there?" asked Blyth, expected.

low.

"About three hundred pounds in sovereigns. They had it so, because it was easier
to change in this part of the country that,
notes. Besides, Miss Magdalen will tear
up any paper she sees when the fit is on her,
while she likes seeing gold; so it was safer.
The, kept it in an old satin bag—their
mother's reddycule, they called it, that for
old sakes sake Miss Rachel never parted
with."

'It may be on the body still," said

Blyth, with a momentary shudder of aversion. "I will go and see."

But he found nothing after nerving himself to the necessary task. The coarse canvas jacket was half pulled from off the large way had been seen to should be a seen as a contract of the large way the seen as the seen dead man's shoulders, perhaps had been caught or the rocks in his last struggles for life.

Blyth then waded into the dark pool, under the trees, and began a hasty search there in spite of the cold and rushing strength of the river. The glitter of steel under the water, river. The glitter of steel unter the water, cless to whe e he had found the corpse of Da Silva, stuck fast, caught his eye. He pulled out the object. It was an old knife; the one Gaspard had taken from the cottage. one Gaspard had taken from the cottage. Finding this loose, Blyth therefore concluded that the money had likewise been washed out of Gaspard's pockets by the current and force, and the position of the bod; But he could not find the bag, although he warded all round the pool and probed its depths with a long alder bough he tore offorce of the trees. one of the trees.

The sides and bed of the Deadman's

Pool were all fissured with cracks and cran-

nics among the rocks.
'No matter," thought Berrington. "If I can't find it now, no other persons are likely to do so. Only that it is Miss Rachel's little fortune, I would never grope more in this accursed spot."

As Blyth got out of the river, he saw two men at a little distance, coming down from the hills. They were shepherds, but were evidently s'unning the accustomed ford and directing their way down the other bank of the Chad, which meant a long road to the village. to the village. As Blyth hailed them, they seemed alarmed, and took to their heels, to his surprise. He started in pursuit, but only after a hot chase down a long meadow,

thrashing for their behavior. "What did you run like a couple of hares for, ch?"

They explained in a half-shamed but deged way that there was a hue and cry depolice over the moors. A desperate contient had escaped from the prison up on the hills. He had knocked down a warder with a big stone, and had nearly murdered him, when so the shepherds had felt scared of meeting so the shepherds had felt scared of meeting such a desperato man; while also one of the sister women at the ford was said to be gone mad and ready to murder anybog-that passed.

"Who dared say such foolish lies." askel

Berrington sternly.

The men looked at each other askance.

The men looked at each other askane, but stuck to their belief.
Young Mr. Hawkshaw, it was, who ha warned them the night of the great stern, when he mot his father at the Ball" where they were sheltering. He has atood them a glass all round and told then of his chase after the lunatic, who ought to be shut up, he declared, and not allowed to run loose like a mad dog through the courtry. And so he ought—he was wight—both repeated. try. And so he ought—he was whoth repeated.

Blyth ground his teeth in silence.

Then he began to speak. Afte tellin, them there was no longer any fear of the escaped prisoner, for that he himself haj just found his body in the Chad, he ordered them to take a gate off its hinges and help him to carry the dead man down to the Rel House.

They demurred at first, but Blyth's tenper was up; and he threatened to knot down whichever of them, or both, that dared oppose him—calling shame on them. if they would leave the corpse of any huma-being, prisoner or free exposed to the a-decency of being attacked by flies in the wood there, before the police could come. As to the mad woman, whom they also seemed to imagine lurking in the bushs seemed to imagine lurking in the bushs ready to spring out "like a wild cat and claw them," as one muttered, he reasoned and expostulated. Had not she and her sister lived in his father's cottage for years, he said; a little dazed at times, maybe, the was still as harmless as he had known he from boyhood; and her sister was the best, the most gentle of women.

It was all in vain.
Only when he stroke of the lauternit

Only when he spoke of the lanternia every night for the past fourteen years or so, to guide wayfarers safely over the ford, ex-

The other struck in like enough it was doing good that evil might come. All folk knew witches were powerless to cres running water; The cold-home lanten might only be to entice wanderers over to the

might only be to entice wanteressectings side of the Chad.

Blyth became hopeless of persuadity them; indeed, his blood boiled so that is felt too savage to use soft words in winning the blood boiled. It is the control of the contr the men to his view of the matter. He had a rough temper, that only a good deal of self control and hard work most days kept under. But he made the men obey his orders, nevertheless; and so, helping to place Gaspard da Silva's poor body on the improvised litter, he covered it reverently with his own coat.

Then grimly remarking that he would carry for his own share as much as both the two other men, so there need be no grambling, he made them praise the gate till be took up the deadman's head and shoulden on his own strong shoulders, and started for the farm at such a stout pace that the faint hearted couple behind him who were breath-ing hard and wishing to stop and wipe their faces, only did not call out for grace because of their manhood.

of their manhood.

Blyth was proud, perhaps too proud, dhis strength, and liked feeling superior thereby, which was better, after all, that purse-pride, that accepts being fawned upon the was bent on hurrying the body away from the cottage vicinity, in order that the sight of the police authorties and gaping rustice should not you the wayner there. rustics should not vex the women them. Avoiding the hay-field, he succeeded in carrying his burden unseen into the farm yard, and placed it, with the men's help, in the empty apple-room, that was all clear swept, and, flagged, was cool and weet, then he brought a deal table from the kitchen for a bier.

After this he gave some beet to the

only after a hot chase down a long meadow, and when finding he was gaining on them, did they stop and face round.

"Why, it be young Master Berrington surely," said one to the other, slowly, breathing hard as Blyth came up with them; "us had our run for nought."

"Well I won't have my run for nought, I promise you," said Blyth, who was cross and disposed enough to give them both a mong the mowers, and to break his news.

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Farmer Berrington, though a man of such 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

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his 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 cuttagers around whom he had some ado to keep from getting into the apple-room after the prison-warders to 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 looked the read-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 swine trough; after which, the rebels determination and that of his fellows vanished speedily. Murmurs reached plyths cars, that young Berrington was not to be crossed since he had come back from sustralia; "that he was stronger than any two men, and for very little would up we has hist and knock any man's two eyes as olack sea marnin coach!"

"Turk or no luth, responded a matronly female admirer, "he was twee the reachest."

eyes as stack so a martin coach?

"Turk or no Turk, responded a matronly female admirer, "he was twice the man his father was, although old George Bermington had been no fool neither in his

Where apon, the tide of opinion turning tespecially swelled by the farm-men, who were being sent back to work by their stern the action basing described the young master, after having deserted the day utthout 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

strength were whispered round and much exaggerated.

And thus the hours passed, so that it was fully evening before Blyth could again set forthfor the cottage up he 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 sontiment stopped short there, or rather rovolted at his own last resting place being contaminated by such an inwished for neighbor. Only Blyth's private entreattes and the remembrance of Joy had reluctantly provailed with the old farmer, after all.

clustrates 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-carned rest to go steadily, though not slowly, and feel the sweet evening air blow on his brow as he trudged through the field. I jeth was meditating what was lest to see done, bacause there was little blow on his brow as he trudged through the fields. I jth 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 about 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 pressure timer. presence there

As high 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 swittly towards him. He had recognized Jey, and the very flutter and lines of her gown, he thought, before he could really desert her face or outline; likewise she had guesed who he was.

Sta came flying up to him light as a weedhying in, flushed, but only breathing a little more quickly than usual.

"On, 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 looked till she returned. She was Aunt lacked till she returned. She was wearied of yesterday's nursing, of staying in the extrage, she said; she must ramble a a little, but she would surely come back

antic, but she would surely come back soon, and she made me promise to stay with my aunt, and take great care of her meanwhite."

"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 not him again, still more anxious. Inclut was so ill and faint, she knew nothing of the anxieties, and the poor girl dared not leave her. Old Hannah hezl gone scarching 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. directions.

Some hours later he rode up, after mid

night, to the cottage.

Before he could call softly, Joy herself Before he could call sortly, Joy hersen 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 whinned in greeting; then she softly cried.

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 the said what to say. "I see you 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 he easier to hear! But you will try your hest 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 usclessly.

Magdalen never came back to the cottage.

She had utterly vanished.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"They made a bier of the broken bough, The saugh 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-atane Burn, And they cover d him o'er wi' the heather-flower, The moss and the lady fern."—Scottub Ballad.

Blyth Berrington had proved true to his

The evening sun was sinking, three days later, when a little group stood in a corner of the moorland churchyard round a freshmade grave, beside the sheltered spot under the lee of the hill where the Berringtons had been taid 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 bareheaded there and motionless in the golden low light. They could hear the sheep low light.

churches around were being ruthlessly demolished by rurthen 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 moorchapel from his own larger church, some
miles away.

emaper 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 solenn service for the dead.

There was a clump of yellow, waving broom thick on the brac, 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. Handin-hand, like

voung birch-tree These were Joy and her faithful old nurse. Hand-in-hand, like spirits ovoked 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, peor child, came and knelt lowly by the fresh-turned carth with her hands clasped in carnest prayer. Whatover 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 soll on which her warm tears fell, only hidden by that and a wooden coffin from her gazo, lay the father whom she could not remember, whose face after death they would not let her see, in spite of her entractes entreaties.

"Best not; I can tell you, dearie, how handsome he once was," Hannah had murnured.
"Oh, the nity of it all!" thought the girl

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 wes dearest and nearest in heart to her neice 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 evasious to the sick woman—that her sister Iney had only dared to tell sootning evasious to the sick woman—that her sister had promished to return very shortly; that she wished 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 Gasyard 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 her-

now, shaken with pity, not so much for her-self, 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; tale.) But the later years vose 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

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 intermeddleth 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 houset 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 her 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 arc 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-

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sheep."

Everything has its literature. Around the most proasic 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 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 intinitely older by the terrible experiences that had so suddenly assalled her in such a short time, all come like thunderbolts failing from a smiling sky, when her young happiness was at its height! literature of airy fancies; no rule of iron can be prescribed. The Bohemians, the Green-landers, "our brothers in black," primitive dduted reading matter prepared for the little ones, but the literature of their first loves and friendships, and thoughts and un] 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 exeming prayer at mother's knee:

"Now I lay me d wn 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 escribed 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 culogize the Lord's Prayer as most touching and sloquent in its diction. He concluded by offering to betten dollars that his brother could not repeat it. The ten-dollar lill was covered, and the man began: "Now I lay me down to sleep, 'and repeated that'prayer me down to sleep, 'and repeated that'prayer to the end. "I am amazed," the other said; "I really didn's think you could do it. The money is yours." Perhaps the recurrence of the word Lord is what led to this ignorance. 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 anthlogy before me no name is attached. Here it

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

"Down to sleep." "to sleep," she murmined, And the curly head dropped low: "I pray the Lord," I cently 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 child hood. The last hour of his life was peculiarly impressive. He lay on his bed blind and apparently unconscious. His wife aat by his bedside, and, upon his request, sang the songs of his youth. He was hushed to repose by them, like an mfant on its pillow. Watts' cradle hymn, "Hush, My Dear, Lie Still and Shamber," 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 hay me down to sleep." They waited 'or him to continue. His wife was first to discover that he had fallen into the sleep that knows no waking, The sketches of the life of the Rev. Dr.

Temperance Department.

TRUTII desires to give, each week, information from every part of the Temperance work. Any infor-mation gladly received. Address T. W. Casre, G. V. S., Editor, Napanee, Ont.

PROHIBITION IN IOWA.

BY HON, S. D. HASTINGS.

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

"Regrots have been received from the Mayors of eighteen of the principal cities of Iown, as to the working of the prohibitory law. Fifteen pronounce it a failure, and three regard it as 'doubtful,' Drunkemess

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 no ofereed, and cannot be inforced even with the aid of a standing army. They are contrary to the principle of therty and can not be expected to prevail."

It is, withou' doubt, true, that the prohibitory law is not enforced in quite a number of the cities of Iowa, and possibly drunk culless may be on the increase in some of

these cities.

While this may be true it is equally true 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 readts. The reason why the law is not enforced in the cities referred to is be cause 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 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 don't deserve a serious reply in view of the fact that the law has en 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 en-

forced, is simply to assert that civil govern-ment is a failure. I do not imagine that wither 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 com-bined for its overthrow are by far the most powerful, and they will prevail at the

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 rightcous 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 then many imagine. Madison, Wisconsin.

Cardinal Manning on Abstinence.

Cardinal Manning, the highest dignitery 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 I do. I then consulted the first of the great historians of the Christian church—I mean of these 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 and behind me, it would seem as though I were going to impose upon you a polysyallabic 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 Husself for their total abstinence, and they were commended not for their fidelity to a Divine commandment to abstain total

they were communatured not to rither industry to a Divine communaturent to abstain total ly, 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 commel of charity, which St. Paul gives when he says, 'It is good neither to cat meat not to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother is offended, or scandalised, or made weak.'

"I have always been in the habit of in terpreting 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 the state of the said the state of the said the said to the said to the said the s

those days when meat and wine were offered in heathen temples to idols, and having been officed to idols they were partaken of by the worshippers- if a Christian were to eat that meat or drink of that wine, he might give an impression, though a false impres-sion, that he was of the same faith or unbesion, that he was of the same fath of these heaf 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 scknowledge that do not eat or drink it for fear you give a false impression. Now I acknowledge that I have ditherto 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 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 com panion of San Phillipe Neri, the great Bar onius; he says that the reason for St. Paul in this was that the practice of total abstinence was so wides 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 abilinence are prove twis, that those who in this day are practising and preaching total abilinence are not only introducing no novelty, no imagination, no fanaticism but they are only doing and trying 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 subscance is the result. Now, the human stomach is lined with such a similar tiesue, 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 simil-

eler int, and its permanent fixution in the blood, must vitiate the condition of every organ, vessel, and tissue containing water as an integral portion of their substance, and scriously 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 thenormal 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 is 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 timber and readers his a reserved units. red blotches which advertise the perpetual tippler, and render his appearance to 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 alcoholacted 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 activation of early prior wild was from the lungs. tion of carbonic acid gas from the lungs. The researches of Dr. Edward Smith proved The researches of Dr. Edward Smith proved that under alcoholic stimulus there is a marked dimmutton 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 thus distinguished from the come of aponlexy, in which there is a rise of temperature. plexy, in which there is a rise of tempera-ture. It thus appears that a glass of hot ture. It thus appears that a guass of not brandy and water is a very poor protection against cold and an equally poor remedy when a cold is contracted.—From Cassel's "Science for All."

Francis Murphy in the Slums.

"God bless you, Bob, my dear old boy. ou 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 professiona 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 ush, Misther Murphy; I'sh no

ush.'
"Oh, but there is use, my old friend. Be "Oh, but there is use, my old friend. Be a man now and say no. Only pesterday 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 the 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.

as he pleaded.
"I'sh no ueh, Mr. Murphy; i'sh no use,"
he reiterated irresolutely. "I can do
nothin; best let me ge to the devil."
Behind the bur stood the owner of the

Behind the bar stood the owner or and 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 however, took no notice of these, but still pleaded with the old man, uztil 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.

Nor FROM GENEVA. - In the phrase "best ful 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 then I shall have a rule by which I know how to guide myself in what I say and in the substitution of aloohol for that the substitution of aloohol for the substitution of aloohol for the substitution of aloohol for that the substitution of aloohol for the s Millions In It.

Millions of drunkards. Millions of paupers. Millions of criminals. Millions of needless taxes.

Millions of wasted lives, and wasted dol. lars, and lost reputations and characters.

Millions of desolate homes and broken

hearts and discouraging vows.

Millions upon millions of unhappy cres tures, all made so by the use of rum, and the system that mixes poisonous concections the system that mixes poisonous concoction, distributes them over the country, put them into the reach of everyone, present them into the hands and lips, protects and empowers the infernal trailie in all it 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 Interriety gives the results of Dr. Napier's inquiry into the nature of duet, the object of which was to solve the question of how far certain foods encouraged or provented the craving for drink. He concluded that maccaroni, beans, dried pas and 'nt's antagonize in a marked degree the __re for alcohol. In the treatment for alcoholism, farinaceous food should be used in preference to all others.

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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 homi-cides per mouth 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 warmay be ntly characterized as, the vineyard venus the home.

PUNCH AND PIETY. -The London Graphic has ro far changed views as to see a god deal of humor in the following item:— Rev. Dr. Paxton observes that the Scoth Nev. Dr. Payton observes that the Scotal
"are the only people who ever successfully
solved the problem on this little planet of
how to combine punch and piety." That
pretty well put. Their punch, like their
piety, is strong and genuine. The remains
recalls the reproachful commentary of a
Canadian Episcopal bishop of Scotch bith
when his treatment at the children with 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" horso

TEMPERANCE IN INDIA,-Speaking at TEMPLIANCE IN INDIA,—Speaking as Simla, India, recently, Sir Donald Stewart gave a very encouraging account of the pregress of the temperance cause in the Amp. Formerly, he said, the Judge Advocate General used to bring him every week case of soldiers sentenced to different periods of nemal servitude, but now the reportages penal servitude, but now the reports were not so numerous, being about one a month. He attributed this decrease in crime very He attributed this decrease in crime very largely to the influence of temperace. On looking over the returns he found that there were 7,390 abstainers in Bengal, 215 in Madras, and 1,485 in Bombay. In 153 and 1879 the amount of beer drunk in the Army in Bengal was a little more than 130,000 gallons, but now the amount we about \$2,000 gallons. He would be glad to see this reduced also. see this reduced also.

VERRING ROUND .- It is encouraging notice indications of the growth of public opinion almost everywhere on the temperance question. The Hamilton Time, a merly a bitter opponent of the adoption of the Scott Act, closes an article in egard by recent viet ries with the following sensible

remarks:—
"We are not among those who think well of prohibitory legislation as a means of re-forming drunkards, or keeping men whear accustomed to drink liquor from getting their horn, but the young men, who has not learned to teste intoxicating drink, will have been accustomed to test the state of the sta doubtless be preserved from some of the temptation which the open bar throws their way. Thus, in the course of a left time, a more temperate population wolk bo created by the act, aupposing it to be continued in force long enough to complete the experiment. Undoubtedly the national drink bill is a tax which reduces the armage of comfort of the country.

Our Young Kolks.

Happy Children.

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

His task was then anow begun, To kneel before the willtest one, once more the the little maid sought he, And bent him down upon his knee. Sno turned hereyes upon the floor; I think sho thought the game a bore.

He circled then, his sweet beheat To his theone he loved the best; For all she frowned, for all she child, He kissed that little maid, he did. And theu—though why I can't decide— The little maid looked satisfied.

Philadelphia Resord.

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN. BY CHARLES CARRYL

CHAPTER XI.

RODINSON CRUSOB'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 hir. As it cames in sight sailing toward hir as ail to amer, it proved to be the clock with a sail beach-trees, you know; I planted 'em my self. I had to have some place to go shoot in of course." in the stern. .

" How d' ye do, Gobsy ?" said Davy.

"Prime!" said the Goblin, enthusiastically.

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

'I haven tany board," said the Goblin ın 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 ex-

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 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 q tally as possible, and saw to his dismay that the clock had been turned completely around by the shock and was randly driften out to see again. 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?" we in the clock was carried out of bearing distance and soon

disappeared on the horizon.

The beach was covered in every direction The beach was covered in every direction with little hills of sand, like 'ay-cocks, was kept chained to a small with seraggy busches of sea-weed sticking out of the tops of them; and Davy was woncering how they came to be there, when he cigo of the was an walking along the chain in one hand they could be the strain off his belt, he wo about the main-deck, going and gazing carnestly out to sea. As the man drow nearor, Davy saw that he was where he pleased, after all,

dressed in a suit of brown leather and wore 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, white a parrot was perched upon his shoulder. They all wore large standing linen collars and black cravats, which gave them a very serious appearance. serious appearance.

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 k. wing a serious expression on his face as he well ed up to Robinson and handed him the Holekeeper's letter. Robinson looked at him suspiciously as he took it, and the animals eyed him with evident distrust. 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

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: "Ho has left out the greatest lot of comical 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 any-

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

ing 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,

"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-pow-

der."

"Bat 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 CONTINUE".)

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 foud 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

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. Sceing 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, how-ever, he plucked up courage enough to open

it was possessed by goblins. Frally, 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 1. niding place into the hammock, which the boy would drop instantly, for the menkey 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 neatling 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 blach fluid that he looked like a young negree. set the ink, and so daubed his fur with the blach fluid that he looked like a young ne-gro. Discovered at this, and knowing what he deserved, he fled to the leftiest rigging, and could not be persuaded to come down

for a long time.
Sambo's anxiety all the time was to keep samoo sankety at the time was to keep bimself 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 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 heing dragged through the coop bars.

through the coop bars.

By and by the great ship became engaged in the battle of Schastopol. In the midst of the hombardment a shell came through 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.

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

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 overy 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 pessants, who think that this water will cure all their pains and sicknesses botter than any medicine, rush in to fill their jugs and pots, and very often the water gets spilled in the scuille and the jugs get broken, and so (like many other people) they lose what they want through overcagerness to get it.

Some say that this festivel 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 but 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 feetival, 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 waldling along in blue coats reach-ing down to their heels, and so thickly wad-ded as to make their 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 stufled 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 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 granito 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 ralace 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 shoutfor this was the Czar himself—and then

for this was the Czar himself—and then all was still again.

At the edge of the gramte quay in front of the palace a litle 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 the passage was kept clear by two ranks of soldiers, who, standing motionless in their

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 matched off, the crowd broke up and molted away, and the great broke up and molted away, and the great

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THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 13.

One is 'y or gentlemen's Solid Gold Watch, valued at about \$75, is offered every arck as a prize for the best stor, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—lst. The axory need not otherwork of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pumphled wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must become a subscriber for Taurn 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 tena-x-bended an additional half year for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at Tauru office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fail to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (8) will be paid for such story when used. Address—Enror's Pairs Story, "Tauru" 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 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 the medical men I have consulted say it be believed, had hardly been well a day must be the lungs, others the liver, others throughout her life, certainly not for one again, say it is the heart. I say it is all during the last twenty years. She walked three. They cannot find out any organic 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 suf-ferer 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 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 created incomfort for themselves? Some do it. One will seek it in fretfulness, another in jealousy, a third in retuiness, another in jealousy, a timer 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 least the That is you understand in the lack 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 crops never seemed to fail, and whose house was filled with plenty, Aunt Mona had every substantial good, in their plaia 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 Batterfield would have become morose cre this. Mr. Whale, the parson, talking of it one evening to my father, when he had called in and atayed to supper, and they became confidential over their whiskey and water, declared he should have shaken her long ago were he him the work of the supper. she his wife, and been tit to turn her out of doors afterwards.

Aunt Mona did not sit patiently down

Aunt Mona did not air jamenny 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 mani

find not heard the dismal atory of her mani-fold ever-increasing ailments.

She had tried allopathy, homeropathy, hydropathy; she had consulted various kinds of practitioners: botanic celectic, magnetic, and mesmeric. She once trat-elled to London to consult a renowned spriened to hondon to consult a renowned spri-tual medium. She had fully tested all the patent medicines of the day, including Holl-way's continent, and Cockle's pills, and Mrs. Winslow's medicing syrup, and somelody's chest expanders; and yet here she was a "....t cured; worse than ever. Vapa would call her on the sly, "My sister Moaner."

2 4

But now a wonderful thing occursal.

There came into the village hard by a man of molicine, and he set up his tent there for a day or two. He called himself the great "Physio-Edectic-Magnetic Healer," and he came he railed 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 was coming, and she took me with her. Her own children were not old enough, and Uncle Batterfield would as soon have paids

The great Magnetic Healer was a tall man, with a black board. Hoseolemnly bowed aunt into a big chair, and me to a

"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

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. 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 preased for breath, as my niece here, Miss Arkright, can testify to. That, of course, must be the heart."

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

netic 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 gallop doubt. One minute the blood will gallop 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 shiverings, 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

"Madam," said the great Magnetic Heal-er, pompously. "that particular form of hear disease has been of frequent occurrence in my practice, and I have been invariably successful in its treatment. Scientifically speaking, your complaint is mal-formation of the right auricle, and—there mny be—something amiss with the left ventricle. I think perhaps there is. You feel out of spirits, now don't you, often; expecially in damp, gloomy weather; and a

"Why, doctor, no one before told me this!" exclaimed Aunt Mona, in centacy. "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 ur appetite?"
"Well, it is not to be relied on; but it

mostly very poor. Some days I cat well enough; others I can't touch a thing, and I

chough; others I can't touch a thing, and I live then upon strong green tea, or perhaps coffee, and toast and butter."

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

"Good gracious, no, docter? 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 chosts of my two deal brothers who were drowned ten years ago. They were beckening 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 ten?"
"Well, no. That night I had managed to cat a morsel of supper and drink a drep of our old ale. Hot pork chops and apple fritters we had, I remember."

The doctor coughel.
"Yes, they beckened to me distinctly, continued in Mona, returning to the ghoats of her two brothers. "It was asign, 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. Limplore "Good gracious, no, doctor? No: as

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 was an inclined to hysteria. In simpler avail, even for you. I fear, n you are inclined to hysteria. phrase, that you are nervous." In simpler

"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. Ho will realise then that I know better. Ho will remove more was the patientest, uncomplainingest more that over breathed. Reing so tal woman that over breathed. Being so hearty himself, he cannot understand that nearty 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 alasis he scales in

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 rehance in the cure of disease is my wonderful mesmeric and magnetic power vet, in addition to these. I am possessed of yer, in addition to these, I am possessed of "unrivalled medicine, the secret of whose paration was communicated to me while in the spiritual-trance state, by the great Galen himself. Take heart. It shall cure

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

"It is called the 'Elixir of Life an iniversal 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 mortal disease, and-

"My good lady, it will last you your life-time. 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."

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 unrecession was he had been

of him. My impression was, he had been it to burst out laughing all the time; but it would not do to say se.
"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

—l'aregone Elixir, much diluted and flav
ored; 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 mather 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 determine. Our illness had not not proposed. 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 Monasat on the hearthrug, solding. sobling.

"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 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!

And the old ailmentadid return—as Annt Mona said : and she made life a burden to

Aunt Mona's. We lived nearly half a mile Aunt Mona's. We lived nearly half a mile distant, in the old Manor House. As I tripped lightly over green meadows, last 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

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

Lassing 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 blithesme of soft melodies. The cat lay in the warm sunshine, purring with satisfacthe warm sunshine, purring with satisfacthe warm sunshine, purring with satisfactaction; the canary chirruped gleefully in his cage, and httle 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 happeness found an sale in my our heart

found an echo in my own heart.
"Where is your mistres?" I said to
Sarah, who sat in the best kitchen for I

had gone in the back way.

"Groaning and meaning 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

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 betitting January than June.

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

She turned towards me a face of despair and wee. Really it was enough to give one the blues only to look at it.
"Ah, my dear, don't ask. I am must

alde "But what makes you so?"

Aunt Mona gave a deep sigh and bent over the fire again. On the trivet stood a porcelain saucepan, whose contents she was languidly stirring with a spoon.

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

"It is a deception of heries to be taken.

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

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

This aroused Aunt Mona. "Maria, Low any sou talk so, when nothing but medicine has kept me alive these twenty years ashe exclaimed, in righteous indignation.

"You have lived in spite of medicine, and Many alives are selected."

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 rune; even when I was a child he'd hurs 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 tire this lovely Juno day?"
"I am cold, Maria."
"I'll a to then a put and run about out of

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

"It's crucl of you to talk so," she whited.
"How can I stir that awful spine in my back? I can stand it from your uncle. talks to me so, like your paper uncil and talks to me so, like your paper but I can't from you. Men are so hard hearted! Hon't you over marry one of them, Maria."

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

"There's your uncle, Maria, with that widow Berrow as usual! If he is settling up her hysband's property, it's no greater.

shorts of her two loothers. "It was a sign, learning to the look of her two loothers. "It was a sign, learning that I must soon I know, doctor; a warning that I must soon to go the morning of one of those perfect willow licrrow as usual! If he is settling follow them. I feel that I am not long for this world."

"My dear lady, do not despair, I implore" I look my sewing, and started over to my always. If I wasn't the most unuspecting

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

A burst of clear, ringing laughter at this nument reached us. It was soon followed moment reached us. It was soon followed by that most comely woman's entrance, "fair, fat, and forty." As she stood by Aen's Mona's side, rosy-cheeked, bright. "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 Every now and then she had these

words. Every now and then she had these mountal fits, and liked to talk them out.

"And when I'm gone, Thomas, you can marry some strong, healthy woman, whose allments won't trouble you. One that's got money too," she added, significantly and spitchully. "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, unsafish nature, in providing, even before you death, for your husband's second marriage."

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. has time you have made game of my timess. 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 new! asked uncle gravely, "anyone you

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 unde followed her. Presently the two girls came in. Aunt Mona was then grow ing historical.

ing historical.

"Listen, children," she cried—and proceeded to tell them what had passed. "Xor see, your father is so anxious on your account," she added sarcastically, "that he can teven 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 thatk she is just as good, and sweet, as she can be!" cried Louisa. "Mamma, I like Mrs. Berrow allmost as well as I like was. But I suppose this is all nonsense." sec. Your father is so anxious on your ac-

breke off the girl, laughing.

'In tell you the truth Mona," interposed my uncle, who had again come in, "I have thought of Caroline Berrow. It is impossible to keep such ideas away when could is in your state of health," he ad with depression. "She would make a most evellent 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."

dred years if I can, just to spite you."

With the tears streaming down her still pretty face, Aunt Mona, leaving ther decoction of herbs to its fate, sailed away. I felt meet meemfortable. The young girls must have been jesting, but for the first time I thought my uncle heartless. Mrs. Berrow, standing new mutable the open window, had 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 could not live a week," and said about the live a week.

The kirsed the last Sunuay when I was a Light echurch and said she should not live to see abother," spake uncle.

"he-, and she has not yet bought us new drawer, or hats, or ribbons this summer," chancel in Kate. "She said it would be Seles, we should so soon have to go into meaning for her. It is too had for mamma to be sometaneholy."

"And near she as going to live a hundred year," sighed Mrs. Berrow, in anything but a plausable tone. "But I must wish you all good morning. I have not ordered my dinner at heavy yel." "To be Bustefield." I will feeling in.

"Under litterfield," I said, feeling in-"Under litterfield," I said, feeling in-dignate as the tehn of her light footaters

right has the tehn of her light lootaters seamled on the path and the two girls fan after her, "1-I have no right, I know, to speak so; but do you not think you are leastless to Aunt Mona-unfecting?" "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 Butter-

field."

"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.

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 argured anything but in her face, which augured anything but well for the prospects of the Widow Ber-

row.
"I've heard every word you have been saying below," she exclaimed engrily, 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 havied, and she came as Thomas's wife, I'd mother of mychildren! II I were buried, and she came as Thomas's wife, I'd buried, and she came as Thomas's wife, I'd buried, and she baunt her. But, I'm not dead yet, no, and I don't intend to be, while that mis-rable jade walks the I'm not dead yet, no, and I don't intend to be, while that mis_rable 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,

"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

snapped Aunt Mons. "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."

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 do in the effort, and be as young as she is."

"Aunt—Aunt Monn—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 real; your natural nervousness has rendered you an easy prey to quack doctors and patent medicine veadors, 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 mo I have no organic disease." asid she saddy.

discase," 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 husband and children. Thin 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 aervants are tired. Think how long it is since you had a cheer-ful word upon your lips or a smile upon your face I If you would only be the loving wife and mother again, things would com

"All the same, Maria, you cannot deny that Caroline Berrow has turned out a de-ceitful erocodile. Think of her display of Triendship for me, up to this very merning I Think of her setting her ugly widow's cap at your unclo before I am dead I"

"Ent you know, aunt, you have been as

good as dead in speech. Telling thom, week in, week out, that you shall be in your collin 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 beauti-ful hair, paused. A flush stolo over her

"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. Unclo Butterfield was there, sitting beside Mrs. Berrow. My mother, all un-conscious of the treason, crossed the room to sit with them; I went to Aunt Mona. We all went home together as far as our see the widow home, aunt did not begin

moaning again.

How wonderfully from that time her appearance and manner changed, you would appearance and manner changed, you would hardly believe. She grew young again; she grew cheerful. Cherrful 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 decoc

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, nunt, 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

"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 hereelf in Aant Mona's parlor, a smile on her ever-pleasant face. I was there, helping aunt with the things intended for the Christmasstree. She had not had a tree for years mas-tree. She had not had a tree for years. Not been "able" to have one, she used to

And there along to have one, and used to say. Uncle Thomas had told her laughing-ly 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.

a tea party?" questioned Aunt

"Is it a tea party?" questioned Aunt Monn, stiffly.
"No: a breakfast. And I hope you will attend me to church beforehand—and see me married."
"Married!" I cried, staring at her.

Married!" I cried, staring at her.

"Narried! I cried, staring as ner,
"Ves, my dear. I have been engaged
these many months past," she answered
with equanimity. "It is to my courin
Stanton—a very distant cousin as you
know. We should have been married beore, but for that business which took him to Spain. And when he got there, he found he was obliged to go on to Valparaise. There he was detained again. Altegether 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 tegether shout

about your succeeding me a joke?" other, and he is more at "Why, of sourse it was, you silly thing. up than he who drags it.

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 vife, 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 mixth. 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 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

eyed, in the exuberance of health, and the prime of a beauty which time had improved rather than im ired, the contrast was too painful. I think my uncle must have felt it, for he sighed as he turned away. "Mrs. Batterfield," said the widow, in her soft, musical voice—that 'excellent thing in woman'—"I was hoping, upon this heartiful manning to find you better."

beautiful morning, to find you better."

Aunt Mona gave no immediate reply, savo

Aunt Mona gave no immediate representation 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 some to be anything of the sort;"

"My wife seems to be growing wo. e," said Uncle Butterfield. "That two-soverdye-call-him, a month ago, did't seem to do you much good, d'id it, Mona? It had better have been put into the church poor-

better have been put into the church poor-box."

"A kind, loving husband ought not to speak of money paid to relieve the suffer-ings and to save the life of his poor, dying wife," replied Aunt Mona, reproachfully. You know that Johnny, dreadful child, drank the clixir 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 Tuscarors, 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 follage 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 suffer at light to make the control of the c while in its immediate vicinity it emits sufficint light to enable a person to read the finest print. Its foilage is extremely rank, and its leaves resemble somewhat, in size, ahape, and color, those of the aromatic laytree of California. The luminous property is evidently barasitic, and consists of a sort of gummy substance, which, upon being transferred by rubbing to a person's hand, invarts to it the same apparently phosphoimparts 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 tiled roof, with closet leaking apartments in the corners for sleeping rooms. There is a sliding window on the roof, made of cut oyster shells, arranged in roots, while the side windows are mere wooden shutters. The floor is the lane earth, where at night-fall there often gathers together a uniscellaneous family of dirty children, fowls, ducks, pigeons, and a litter of pigs, all living together in delightful harmony. In some districts infested by marauding lands houses are strongly fortined with high walls, containing anertures for fire-arms, and protect. taining apertures for tire-arms, and protected by a most, crossed by a rude draw-

Every mon has leachain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man on another, and he is more at ease who takes .

The Zoet's Zage.

_For Truth.

Out In the Cold. BY ALBE, E. MARRIY.

Out in the street, the white-winged blast, With manlae howling, hurried past. Across the face of the stormy moon, The dark clouds sped, to the wild wind's tune.

Bitterly cold was the cruel air, Tauntingly bright, the gas-light glare. Mockingly snug looked the gentleman's coat, That the blast and cold unavailingly smote.

Pressed on the street, the hurrying throng, Borne with the storm's wild rave along; Brightly the lights in the windows gleamed, As the storm in its fur; wildly screamed

Out in the cold stood poor wee Jack, With tattered coat on his upraised back, The fierce wind played with his curly locks, Midnight pealed from a toore of clocks.

On the cheek, by his blue, thin hand concealed, The hig drope rolled, but quick congested, As trembling, freezing, there he atoci, As past him pressed the human flood.

Lond came the hiting blast again,— Out on its yell, went his moan of pain. Over his features, pinched and wan, The fitful giare of the gaalight shone.

Was there one, in the crowd that passed Who one kind look at the orphan cast? Was there one whose pitting heart Gave, at the sight, a generous start?

Was there one whose home was warm, Whe feit no cold nor pitliess storm, that gave one thought to the home cas child, By wind and snow and frost raviled?

No, not one. For how can the proud Stop in the cold, 'midst the common crowd, Or waste a thought on a freezing boy, And mar their p'easure and noble joy?

How can the rich, so warmly dressed, Feel the pain that pierced theorphan's breast? How can the proud and rich ones care? Well they know their child is not there.

God of the opplent, God of the poor, King of the Land whereskies are thuer, Therich have no time to waste on these W".o know what it is to starre and freeze

l'nto Theo are left such cases below The rich and high, for the sight of woo Stems the tide of their cultured pleasures, And Jare their feeling like uncouth measures.

Thou, O God, must their servant be,— They leave the vulgar work to Thee. And plously mutter, as they pass by the side, "The good Lord is merciful, He will provide." Toresto.

-For Truth.

Burns.

et ool n. will

Our monarch's h'odmost year but ane, Was fire and twenty days begun, Teas then a Mask o' Januar' win' Islew himsel' in on Robin—Burns

Frac then till noo, naclad o' Kyle, Or ony ither British igle, Can maten the heatry honest style O' oor ain rovin' Robin.

An' a' wha thole in porritch auld,— Ken naching o' a gowden fauld, Leel honret men can ac be bould; An' so says rovin' Hobin.

Wha like tae stroll by burn and brac, An' po' the bonnie flowers o' May, Or by the bankso' Doon to stray, Will think o' Rorin' Robin.

(ir mourain' o'er unbappy lot, Wi' puir bairn's tottering roun' the cot, Will thank kind heaven Rob was a Scot— Oor grand, proud rovin' Robin.

Fien should some Gaddy audd conderno, Riad Robin as the warst o' men, Just tell the carie—ye dinna ken II he'il compare wi' Robin,

Hypocrist he hated sair. An' cowardice a great deal mair, An' a' the tricks o' such made hare Did ayo our ravin Robin.

He lik'd to see a boonle lass, An' albiins lik'd a social gias, But yet I dinna think this class Hae deed in routs' Robin.

He crack'd wi' nature every day, An'watch'd in' keen the mus's last ray, Then strong his thechts in many a lay That glorified our Robin.

lik thing God made he liked week, Had plty even for the deek, Fron though at hime he made men whenl: For very kind was Robin,

Just read his heavally-seemled lay— Faither and baltnes met to pray (in the zioht o' featuriay— Including rovin Robin,

The hig He' Pible—family price,— The Scottleb present's heavely guide, The on in Crushe to heavelytes— Was seezed to by Robie.

Whate'er was honest, guld and pure He was its champion firm and sure, Falschood or cant could not endure, Bo honest was oor Hobia.

The throule whustling in the wide, The laverock sittin' mid the clude. The folly beggar in his duds, Were a' beloved by Robin.

He taught the puir to lift their helds, To measure men by their ain deeds, To tak' the life and no the creeds, Was aye the test of Robin.

He mourn'd for the pulr pirplin' hare, When starti'd frac its grassy lair, Or t sigl'd in the peacher's snare Lid oor ain rovin Robin.

He age was couthie, kind and free, When "g and Allan met to pree, E'en wi' a chappy in his e'e, 'Canty was rovin Hobin.

Scan a' the warl' roun' and roun'. Frae cottage up to nation's croun, There isna and o' mair renown Than oor ain rovin' Robiu.

He sang in sonnet, claer and loud, In coals cot or city crowd, The honest man's the only gowd,— Did manly rovin' Robin.

An' Robin will remembered be, In Scotia auld and 'cross the sea, An' never till the day we dee, Will we forget oor Robin. Brockville, Ont.

> A Glow-Worm. FRANK D. SERREMAN.

Close by the margin tules of grass
Welghed down with dew and damp.
I found you as I chanced to pass,
Your trimmed and shining lamp Hour trimmed and soming samp Illuming with greenish light The dusky road with dusky light.

A velvet ring set round with gems
That sortly shone below
The pale blue chicory's sail stems,
As if the path to show
To some beisted beetle who
Went stumbling homeward in the dew,

A phosphorescent beacon there,—
A solitary guide
For insect ships that sail the air
On breaths of fragrant tide;
Or were you from some ros' on high—
A star dropped from th; ___mer sky?

A valentine.

FROM THE "CESTORY."

Awake, awake, O gracious heart, There's someone knocking at the door; The chilling breezes make him smart, His little feet are tired and sore.

Arise, and welcome him before Adown his cheeks big tears start; Awake, awake, O gracious heart, There's someone knocking at the door.

Tis Cupid come with loving art
To honor, worship, and implore;
And lest, unwelcomed, he depart
With all his wise, mysterious lore,
Awake, awake, O gracious heart,
There's someone knocking at the door!

The Frosted Pane.

She stood and wrote, "I do not love;"
She stood and thought—perhaps the same;
Yet while her hand the sentence weve
Her blushes went, and came.

Her breath came sweet and warm and fell Upon the hopeless words that swept The glamour from an olden spell That o'er my boyhood crept,

I looked, and lo I the hopeless words, Cold as the frost whereos they lay, That pierced my startled beart like swords, Themselves were swept away.

"And shall those words remain effaced?" I saked, "I cannot write again The words my hand alone has traced Upon the frosted pane."

Nature's Nobleman. ME CHORGE ARTINGALL,

Room for a noblemen to pass In costly robes? in trappings gay! A for tricked out before the glass? Noticed in solver gray. A nobleman in Acurt is he, With mead for his nobility.

His crest, a soul in virtue strong; His arms, a heart with cander bright, Which gold bribes not to what is wre Nor blind to what is right; The yearnt of his courtly race— Behold it in his openface!

He oringes not on those above.
Nor tramples on the worm below.
Misfortunes on not cool his love.
Or flattery make it grow;
Staunch to his friends in woe or weal
As is the magnet to the stock.

He envice not the despert sage; He woods not at the meaners wight; And all the war that be dothwage Is in the same of of right; For broad orate and waring lend He has the poor man's willing hand.

He is not rich, and yet, indeed, lias wealth; nor poor, harstock, though small; Nor rich, he gives so much to need; Not poor, for on him fall Such blessings from relieved distress, To crown his path with happiness.

Room for a lord, ye truckling crew, Who round earth's great ones fewn and whine Fall back I and gaze on something new: A lord, at least, in mind— That bravest work in Nature's plac, An upright, independent man?

Mariana.

STUART STREND, DI THE "CENTURY." " He cometh not ! she said."

He never came whose step and loving call I waited long to hear, But thou hast come, last Messenger of all, A friend well-nigh as dear!

Peace if not joy i—yet peace itself were gain, That must supremely bless The soul sore travalled that in vain, in vain Hungered for happiness!

Draw closer, ob, thou voiceless Guest and pale, Whose drooping torch burns low:
Thy face is hid, but through the sombre vell Thine eyes dark light I know i

Nay, closer still i—I yearn on brow and hears Thy cool, strong hand to feel; Feered with wounds, and throbbing with a smart Thy touch abone can heal.

I go with joy! Lead me to him at last — How dim the path and lone— Him, whose far footsteps, echoing through the past, Path never met mine own.

"The Riddle of the Elves."

The elves they sat in the rocky shaft, And chatted away all night and laughed.

They asked these riddles one by one. Winch if not gold, have a golden tore -

And when the morning breezes blew, Away flew the circs or melted into dew.

"What gold in no mine may ever lie?"
"The gold of the sun, that comes from on high."

"What borrows her silver from foreign gold?" "The silver moon that o'er us rolled."

"What tear wells up from the hardest breast?"
"The spring that hathlain in the rock at rest."

"What's the widest bridge that can span a lake?"
"The ice bridge—built of a single cake."

"What flood may no'er from the home depart?"
"The dream that flows through the human heart."

"Who is it mourns in his gayest gown?" "The tree when in autumn its leaves fall down."

"The snail, the inside of his own home?"
"The snail, the "Gb he never departs therefrom."

"Where hat a they made the smallest king?" "The kingfisher is but a small, weak thing."

"When does the weak triad down the strong"
"Man crushes the earth as he walks along."

"What is stronger than firm set ground?"
"The plough, that tears it with many a wound,"

"What is stronger than iron or brass?"
"The flery flame that melicib the mass."

"What is stronger than the flercest fire?"
The watery stream that can quench its ire."

"What is more strong than the waves that flow?"
"The wind that driveth them to and fro."

What is stronger than wind and air?"
The thunder—they fremble when it is there." 'Why does not water flow up hill?'
'Hecause to flow downward is easier still."

"Why are the fishes dumb alway?"
"Hocause they're no clever things to say,"

"Who can answer these riidles true?"
"Whoerer knoweth a rhyme thereto."

"And wherefore do I now give o'er?" "Because I wish to hear no more."

--- Sunday Republican

The Chrysanthomum. PROM CODEL, S PUDI, 9 SOOF

When shous the moon, brightest, Upon the garden led, I raw the maken, whitest, Uplit her dainty head.

Cold lay the frost and paler The check that felt his kiss, As a white bride doth yell her, She welled her brows with this,

Silent the withered garden, Strewed with the Frost King's polt, Sare where the oul, his warden, Hooteth to cheer himself.

Testing the high and lowly, Seeking for one most pure; Only a virgis holy The frost kies might endure.

All the imparatoned flowers Fanned by his blighting breath, Blackened within their howers In the embrace of death.

Passionate kisses, killing. Fell on each glowing breast Of the frail beauties, stilling, Lulling them into rest.

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Saintly and still and queenly
Stands the white maden there,
Wearing his gifts, errenely,
As maids their jewels wear.

She and the Frost, her lover, In the wan, waning light Of the mild moon above her, Watch through the quiet night,

The Spairow's Fall.

Wild rocked the leafy dell,
On east wind's cruel crest,
The trembling fledgling fell
From out the shelterd nest,
Flutterd - larth, one sparm,—dead,
Ah, who can bind that broken thread?

Wild swept the storms of life,
Was heard no passing knell;
Yet midst flerce passion's strile,
One human fledgiling fell.
Fell to earth's dust to grovel there
In stain and soil, and dull despair.

Fell from a dream of bliss,
A hope of rapture blest,
The sweetness of youth's kies,
The shelter of a nest.
Noone to care, to warn, to call,
Save He who notes the sparrow's fall,

The drooping eyes looked up,
Was comfort in that thought,
Was sweetness in the cup,
With bitter cell fraught.
"God knows," and grouned, "God knows," well. How wild that storm wherein I fell.

He heard the chill wind blow,
He sent the storm and snow,
The blitter pain, the wee,
He careth for each one;
His car is opened, let me call
On Him who marks the sparrox's fall

Jennie's Eacrifice.

MENS I ASAR TE

Twas Christmas time in eighty-three.
And the children were together.
Each one was merry as could be,
As merry as the weather.
The Christmas tree Lnd all been planned,
Anderery present too,
The children now acre at a stand
About what they next should do.

Then up spoke gentle Allie Lee;
"Let us do something new,
We'll begin this very Christmas tree.
We'll all be in it too."
"It can guess your p'an," said Mable Ma.'
"It is fiannels for the poor."
"No, no," quoth black-cycl fielts Fay,
"It must be something nower."

Allie smiled and looked at eager Bers Affire minician footcal a carr fee
"The nothing you can give,
I'm sure you all could never gurse
As long as you should live.
It's this: let's all be very kind
To our schoolmate, Jennie Papt.e.
And let us recen to better mind
When she is cross again."

"She's the crossest girl that's in my e'ass, said the girl by Allie's side.
"I know I shall not take her "rass""
Slangy Harry Endon erfed.
And Margie said: "She's always mad.
If we chance to get above her,"
"Never mind," And Allie's eyes were said.
"Let's show her that we love her,"

"The nut which has the sweetest most Hides neath the prickless terr.
And, examades, would it not be sweet, To win a smile from her?"
"Well, let us try," said Helen Moud, "Tis really semething new,"
And at length the children all agreed To see what they could do.

The year passed by with silent feet.
Twa Caristman, eighty-four.
Again the children were to meet
Abtre thair free core more.
Tonight they meet with Mable May.
Allo Lee and Jennie Fayne
Werecoming up the alippery way.
Ne'er thinking of the train
That was coming withy o'er the ties.
Eight on with might and main.
A glance? A verrible unryase!
God help thee, Jennie Fayne,
Up in her arms and Caught her friend
And threw her far away,
With rirength God given to the end,
Outdo her, ye who may!

Poor Allie jumped upon her feet
As swift the train sped by,
An officer from the zeerest street
Came hurrying swiftly nigh.
And Jennie, erunhed and biceding child,
Was carried to her home.
And Allie hushed her sobbling wild
As through the bloody foam
Lyon her lips poor Jennie spake:
"I'd gladly die, you see,
For one who coaxed her irlends to make
Life pleamnter for me."
Do you think the friends of Allie Lee,
As they think of it again.
Were sorry that they tried to be
Kind to green Jennie Payne?

— Wererly Mayn

-Warerly Xszestin.

The First Forty Years of the Lufe of Thomas Carlyle.

BY J. A. FROUDE, M.A.

PART II.

Carlyle had now gained a recognized position in the first rank of English writers. His aircady 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 (Anno) who, however, had to be paid good wages and would not be fed, as the roughest sort of Scotch demestics 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 ten table, and it was remarked that from their style officing 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 buffy, 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."

weib

Carlyle's next important publication was the "Latter Day Pamphleta." In this he tokup in unmistakeable language, the johtkal doctrines to which he had adhered all through life, and of which everything he wrote and taught is the outcome. Hitherto, behad been regarded as a Radical. In the int of the "Latter Day Pamphlots" he "declared war against modern Radical-"This objection was against the cat of Radicalism," the cant that negro cat of Radicalism," the cant that negro emacquation would of itself work the well bing of the colored race. As Froude puts it, "he did not mean that the 'niggers' the did not mean that the 'niggers' the did not been kept as cattle and sold as cattle at their owners' pleasure. He did munthat 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 side but them. sotallowed to be idle, but cared for them sotallowed to be due, one carea to steller, their wives, and their children, in labe in sickness and in old ago." (A seret, their wives, and their children, in sickness and in old ago." (A smewhat difficult task, and one which no English government has yet achieved for the white pauperism at home). Othersof the "Latter I by Pamphlets" attacked, the cuttal belief of Radicalism, the ballot and Expresentation by Population. This he calcula system under which "St. Paul and Jadas Iscariot would each have an equal vote that when a ship was roing on a voytote; that when a ship was going on a voy-aground the world, the crew were to be burght together to elect their own officers, ad role to course which was to be followed? Bulliant rhetoric, and teaching not without use, inaumuch as it goes to teach the true lesson that in no potach the true lesson that in no po-litial system is there absolute accurity or recise of a januacea for all evils. But if a cytuned the ship must in some way be chosen, whether is it better that he be those the series of the series of the series are table as a company or by all the trat! It seems to me that the better thance of a competent commander would be lance of a competent commander would be I the latter method.

ly the latter method.

Thirty years ago, with he age of milways, fire train, and the great diffusion of walth and luxury, there prevailed, especially in fingland, a tendency to laud the gruent age; to represent the various extensions of the Franchice as so many steps to a political paradise, which was to Carlyle estectilly unbelievable and hateful. He resuled, with probably just dread, the beasted national prosperity which had its basis

solf-denial. He saw no safety in the sovereignty of a vast democracy, under the away of orators and wire pullers, as both the great parties were under the away of Disgreat parties were under the away of Disracli and Gladstone. Against these ovils, and against all manner of "cant, lies, and unveracities," 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 terrent of sulphurous denunciation. No one could check him. If any one tried contradiction the cataract trees against the obstacle till traphed over 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 traordinary torrents of denunciation simply amusing, just as the nobless of Paris found amusement in the prophets who forefold 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 Wel lington pass from room to room. (He was to lington 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 faculty and gentality than 1 had lanced before; the face wholly gentle, wise, valiant, and venerable." Carlyle has been accused of writing harshjudgments, as of Wordsworth for prosy disquisitions, of Charles Lamb for drinking gin, of Cardinal Nowman and of the Anglican sacred poet, Keble. But it is notorious that Wordsworth did prose, oftenest with his own writings for text; as to Lamb's drinking gin, Carlyle might have been less censurous had it been Scotch whiskey! Ho had no sympathy whatover with what was good in the High Church movement, and could not judge fairly of the great Catholic or of the small Anglicau movement, and could not judge latily 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 speechilies (in Italian) to the Glasgow mob, he could have no feeling but contempt. Striling, in 1851, saw the publication of Ca.lyle'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 amisble, sincere youth, without a backbone and "infirm of purpose." But Carlylo's life of him, is, in spite of want of interest in the central figure, one pose." But Carlylo's life of him, is, in spite of want of interest in the central figure, one of the most vivid and picturesque of biographics. The picture of Coleradge and his phies. The picture of Coleridge and his "mighty regurgitation of words tending no whither," is inlimitable, 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 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. Carlylo's health much anuquarian research. Carifles 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 bals at German hotels were small and uncomfortable, all manner of animal cries and noises made sleep impossible. When he reable, all manner of animal cries and noises made sleep impossible. When he returned to London the same ovils beech him. Neighbors, had to be bribed (a sum of \$25 in one case) to give up keeping rossters. 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 1858, the two first volumes of "Frederick the Great" were approaching completion.

completion. All these years there is a continual series

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 wo atter their decease. But without this wo could not have the complete picture of the man and his inner life which Mr. Froude he set before us. Mrs. Carlyle was bright, conscientious, and anxious to do her duty. As is seen in a very funnily travested state paper on domestic finance in their home, she could urge her points with no ordinary woman's wit. But she was too ordinary woman's wit. But she was too self-conscious, too critical of the rough and self-conscious, too critical of the rough and suffering Titan sho had married, too much the spoi ed 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 write that his biographer might publish them to the world, an idea as foolpublish them to the world, an idea as fol-ish as it was unwifely. But in 1861, when a serious and painful accident befel his wife, she had hereyes opened, henceforth and to the end as to her husband's devoted tenderness. 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 Jeane. 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 bough as carriage for Jeanic, and indulged and pet-ted her to the end. The end came when Carlyle was absent receiving one of the crowning evations of his life, his reception as Lord Rector of Edirburgh University. It came suddenly, as she was driving in her brougham, his so cherished gift.

Carlyle's life, prolonged for fifteen years Carlyle's life, prolonged for inteen years after this, was one long regret for her whom he had so loved. Honors were he-sped on him. A baronetey, 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. Ero that came, some of the old faith of early days came back, life closed with prayer to God and hope of the

Harper & Brothers, New York.

CHARLES CHEERYBLE'S CHATS.

The Old Gentleman Introduces Hiraself and Explains his Intentions. A Few Remarks about Dobt

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 dan. gers 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

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

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 deld, but Thelieve they are very few, and in nine out of ten the only thing required to keep clear of tho evil, is a little self-de inl.

The habit of running into debt, like all other had habite, only grows the atrenger the more it is encouraged; and, also like all other had habits, it frequently leads to many more, the first of which is that of recally unbelievable and hateful. He reficially unbelievable and hateful. He re
ficially unbelievable and hateful.

ficially unbelievable and ha

But we believe Carlyle's reputatation comes a little respite from the "dunning" of his out if this ordeal without less. That brilliant creditor: he will promise as boldly as if 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 ho is, there's no getting out of it. A man who gets the name of making pic-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 der as the debter is put to in order to partially satisfy his creditors; he will borrow money at ruinous interest to "stave off" the impending crush 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 incossant strife to appear as well to do as their neighbors. Vauity 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, whese opinion is worth heeding, despises a man who has been brought to poverty through misiortane; 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

In my simple way I have endeavored to show that dobt is, with the debter, the forerunner of broken faith, lies, deceit, and the contempt of others, all of which might be avoided by the determination to buy noth ing without paying for it or to do without, The credit system is a poor one in every respect, for honest debtors who do may 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 under going a course of instruction at her h nde, en much the better. Should any or my young realers he 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 CHLERTILE.

No one who has made fame his ideal has attained his heart's dealer while there is an ignoramus in the world who does not know him and his works; who confounds him with his namerake, who muddles him up with the statesman who rectured a boundary; Important,

Important,

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Our 121 Cent Table.

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

Our 20 Cent Table.

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

Our 30 Cent Counter

Just next to the ailk department will be found. The doubt comes in again at how these were made for the price, but they are a bargain; some of them solding forty-five cents a yard, most of them at forty, a few of them at thirty-five, but not all of them at thirty cents a yard.

In Spite of the Cold

Our ladies' neckwear corner is running busy all the time, increasing our staff in this department to meet the wants of the rush of customers. We have opened up two cases of new American Mantles, on show to-day.

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

To the Centre of Left Side of Store.

The popularity of our Glove Counter is evident from the fact that it is always crowded, and the reason of the crowd is that no matter what kind of a glows wanted it is always found at Exton's, and especially at this season when stocks at low and shades in gloves are hard to get. We solden lose a case. The species glove for the season is the evening glove, to be had in all shades. 2, 4, 6 anil button Josephine gloves in evening shades, 25, 35, 50, 75c. 6, 8 and 10 butter monsquetaire gloves, in evening shades, 755, \$1, \$1.25. 2, 4 and 6-button link gloves, 75c, \$1. Special prices in ladies' chamois gauntlet gloves, 50c. a pair

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Evils of Mouth Breathing.

Many people sleep with the meuth open, and thus make this organ perform a duty which should be transacted by the rese 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 tempera ture 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 larynz, and an irritating cough may be caused. Then, again, the nose breathing the air is moistened by the natural score tions which cover the turbinated bones in a condition of health, and the short, bristly hairs at the entrance of the nestrils act as a filter to arrest imparities and reduce the likelihood of laryngeal, bronchial, or pul monary disease. Intants, athletes, savages, and animals breath through the nose—the ordinary civilized man employes the mouth to an unnecessary and often to a very i jurious extent.

The causes of mouth breathing are myriad. Complete or partial closure of the passages, polypus, congenital bony closure, enlarged tonesis, protriculing teeth, adheson of the soft palate to the posterior wall of the pharynx—all those are sufficient causes of mouth breathing. The indications are not so suitle as not to be readily recognized. Retracted lippen mouth, receding guns, protruding teeth, shrunken also, decreased size of the neetrils oriber, wrinkles at the eyes onter angles, and lines extending from the also to the mouth angles, are the predominant signs. The effects of mouth breathing upon the pharynx are often most The causes of mouth breathing are myriad. breathing upon the phary nx are often most deplorable. The inucous membrane becomes much irritated. A chronic engorgement of the blood vessels may take place, until permanest dilatation of the vessels is produced, and so until the disease known as dergy man'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. It all snorts were to adopt it one of the most disagreeable noises of the night would be a leneed, for people who breath through their nose habitually while sleeping rarely snore, a d when they do it is because of some abnormal condition of the nucous membrame that interfupts the flow of air — Phrendogical Journal. manent dilatation of the vessels is produced

Poisoning.

In the year 1881 there were 539 deaths recorded in England alone from poisoning, while the ye - 1882 shous a record considerably in excer- this, viz., 509, er one in every 868 of the total deaths registered. Fully two-fifths of there 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

the 78 deaths from lead poisoning which follow do surprise us, in view of the fact IA certain space in each number of this journal will be devoted to questions and answers of correspond. 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 do partment should be as brief as possible and clear in expression. They should be sattlessed to the entire of this journal and have the words "Health Department written in the lower left corner on the face of the envelope.—Ez.] that the conditions which p. nduce as well as the conditions which initigate or countered the effects of this subtle poi on are now so well known. Lead is followed by the four strenger acids—hydrochloric, nitric, surpluste, and carbolic—which among them have caused 34 deaths under the same category. Arsenic, again, caused 9; phosphorthat the conditions which p. nduce as well us, 11; chlorodine, 6; chloral, 14; chloro-form, 4; soothing syrup, 4, with a host of casualties from substances of minor in-Reading between the lines of the portures. According netween the lines of the Registar-General's report, which it is not difficult to do with the help of the medical journals, we will find that there are two rollific curses of these accidents-first, giving or taking of overdoses of certain remedics containing poison, and, second, the substitution of one bottle or substance for another, as, for example, where a numher of substances are congregated togother, as in the case of the domestic cupboard. In the first class may be instanced the giving of overdoses of opiates or soothing preparations. of narcotas or ophaces of soluting preparations to children; the taking of overdoses of narcotas or soothing compounds, such as chloral, by habitual drinkers, and the general fauntiarity which the handling or using of these powerful agents frequently begots in those habitually using them. In the second class may be instanced such mistakes as the substituting of one bottle containing, say, a poisonous himment for a mixture in-tended for internal administration; the tended for internal administration; the hasty and foolish practice of quaffing of a draught from any jug, botte, 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 futureuse.—Chambers

Tobacco-Smoke.

M. Zulinsky has recently published, says the British Medical Journal, in a Polish medi al paper, the result of a large series of experiments on men and animals, made for the purpose of ascertaining the physiological a tim of tolecco sincke en 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 alklaoid-collidine. Carbonic oxide, hydrocyanic acid, and other noxious principles are also contained in to bacco-smoke. The bad effects of excessive smoking depend very much both on the Lind of tobacco consumed and on the manner of consuming it. In cigar smoking the greatest amount of poison is inhaled, in eigarettes much less, in pipes still less, while those who include in the nargilch, or any similar luxury where the smoke is any similar luxury where the smoke is drawn through water take tobacce in its teast mischievous form. Such are M. Zulin-sky's conclusions. There can be little doubt that many of the light-colored tobacces have been partially bleached in order to give them that pale tint which moderate smokers be-lieve to be an infallable indication of mildnees. The discolerising agent is suspected to be in many places a delecterous chemical compound. Some of the light tobacces smeke exceedingly hot, owing to the quantity of woody fibre which they contain. 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 peasons, we find that the well-known preparations of epium, laudanum, and morphio—oppum itself being included—head the list, having caused \$57 doubts through societant or negligence. This might have been expected from p eparations to largely used in demection remedies; but

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 cintment 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 vascline was shown by anointing other animals with the vascline alone, which produced no affect whatever. He considers that the disease is spread by his dressers, who employ combs and brushes on their customers, one after another, without any regulur cleansing of these articles after cach 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 of-ten 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 commence to prevent as far as possible the commenco-ment of alopecia prematura, 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 fitteen minutes firmly. The head is then to to be drupphed with first rubbed in for fifteen minutes firmly. The head is then to to be drenched with first warm water, and then gradually colder water. \$\frac{1}{2}\$ 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\frac{1}{2}\$ to 2 per cent. of earbolic or salleylic oil is to be used on the head. This treatment has now in on the head. This treatment has now in many cases brought the ducase 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.

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, whe died a few years age in New York at the age of one hundred and cleven, also died prematurely from a cold caused by imprudent exposure.

Dr. Slms 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,

Suddenly the aze dropping wood.
Suddenly the aze dropped from his hands, and he was paralyzed. The long ride in the sun had over-heeted 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

imprulent and soncessary act," says Dr. Sims, "I am justified in saying that father died prematurely at the ago 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 Scare.

Scars on the face are always uneighly, 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 it cut out.

serts that scars may be removed or mode altered by manipulation, which he direct to be made as follows: Place the ended two or three fingers on a scar, if it be a small one, and on the margin, if it be larger and vibrate the surface on the tissues to neath. The surface itself is not to tend jected to any friction; all the motion mut be between the integument and the depresent and the depr parts. The location of the vibratile motion should be changed every ten or fifteen ter onds until the whole scar has occurrental if it be of moderate size. If the scar bette result of a large scald or burn, the margin only should be treated at first; the st vances towards the centre should be de vances towards the centre should be deferred until the nutrition of the margins he been decidedly improved. Only a little treatment should be applied to any ore set at the same time, but the vibrations should be repeated as many as twenty times 2 dr. but hever with sufficient frequency a severity to cause pain. If the scar become irritable, suspend treatment until it sulsida. In the course of two or three weeks, of fairly ful of treatment, the surfaces of the sen moderate size become more movable, and will begin to form wrinkles like true this 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 versions. in the cicatricial tissue.

Precautions in Taking Stimulants.

Never take stimulants in moments of g. treme exhaustion. That is precisely the time and state when there is especial pel of discharging the last remains of energ and leaving the nervous centres to ehausted and powerloss to recuperate. Then is in nervous action, as in mechanical retion, a dead point at which inertia become imminent. Never take more of a stimile 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 rouse him. If more than this be desistength will be exhausted by irritain Never forget that stimulants are excitant and only when they excite to recuperation i. e., to the formation of new reserved strength, as well as to the consumption of the strength in the hand-can they be as ful or even safe. Nover porsist in the me of stimulents for the alleviation of feding of mental or muscular weakness or war ness, if the relief obtained if followed h "depression of spirits," "coldness of the "depression of spirits," "coldness of the fee," or "prostration" either of minds body : because when these consequences sue after a temporary revival of tone a power it is manifest that the recupration faculty is either not properly atimulated as itself exhausted, and harminstead of god is being done by the stimulation.

MEDIOAL OUERIES.

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

BATAVIA. - My wife is troubled with ache in her atomach at intervals of from to 36 hours, no regular, time and not alma in the same place. She says that she go not explain it better than to say it is the jumping toothache. We would like have your opinion on the matter, while you think it dyspepsia, neuralgia, or is cles it could be, as well as the remedy. I In all probability it is dyspepsia. It safest plan would be to consult some remedy hopement hist new intent delay. hommpathist physician without delay.

S. SALINSCHOVE, Pa.—lat Q. Canyonia me best remedy for a broken-down, zeros system, both through excesses in jouth dyspepia, weak urinary system, both through excesses in yosh ad dyspepia, weak urinary system, and it ranged liver, and weak digestive orgalist A. A sea voyage, or a season at ariable watering-place, such as Sarateza Ballston, Spa. Take a tablespoonfel of following mixture three times daily the your meal: Tincture of nux vomes, dr. liluto phosphoric acid, dr. 2; infusions quassia, oz. 8. 2nd Q. I have a reliming the has much pain in he lower lip. The are many small red and blue veins in the lip. Is it cancer? if so, what should used? If not, what is it? Sore is not qui so n inside. 2nd A. It is probably care Should consult a surgeon. If cancer, in it cut out. Zn

dass of w dull m m who are. and brigh appear to being suc cate, or re soning. As a lack of r minds. W quested o

with a clo fish, and " Dear m belong to plate! S have, for Now, h grasp the are excel set mutt unpalata! the over which p you with it was c were so o is useless eloquenc reasonin: they nor Still a ing to 1 marked: sympath their tro imprude vet this that foll expects. in her at to pity, so small knowin: naturo i fashion tingly ; inevital

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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 shrowd 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 rea soning.

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." is useless to argue with such people. Your elequence is thrown away on them, for ressoning faculties of a certain kind have they none.

Still another example. A lady in speak ing 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 inher 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 sufferingknowing 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 inchrinte 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 brocch, 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 ot 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 ustil recently, but little attention has been pieces.

paid to teaching girls to reason upon anything, and hence the large number of cloudy-minded individuals, upon whom hardly any kind of explanations, however simple, make a sensible impression. Of late, however, this matter has been receiv ing greater attention, and it is to be hoped that before long young ladies will be found able to offer a more substantial reason for cortain effects them 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; some rainy Saturday, when "time and the hour" do not run swiftly for them, remind them of the leaves, and al low 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 c n improvise something which will answer the pur pose; 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 lot them pass the old book through the wringer: if not, let one stand upon the book for a few min utes; if soft book paper is used for taking the impressions, and if it is previously dampered a trifle, it will be an almost cer tainly 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 frequent-I mands one pin-cusinous are now irequently 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; 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 hraid sewed to the upper edge.

"A Constant Reader" asks how to cook

heef steak and mushrooms. Several rules are given by authorities on cooking, and the 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 odges, and certainly not burned. Just before broiling the stoak, 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 mush-rooms in; add mushrooms to your tasto; half a pint will answer for this quantity of gravy. When they have simmered for ten minutes, pour over the steak, which is sup-posed to have been broiled while the sauce posed to have been bruled while the sauce was cooking. If you have no gravy it will be necessary to make some; put a lump of hutter 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 bare, at some time or other, come under the butter, season with pepper and salt, and add a toacupful of water; let it boil until it is a 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, but little attention has been videous.

A pretty dish for desert is made of orangos 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 puice of three oranges and one layers and four ounces of sugar, one of the state made thus; to the juice of three oranges and one lemon add four cunces of sugar, one gill of sherry wine, and the white and shell of one egg. Beat this altogether until the roughly mixed, let it come to a boil, and then set it on the back of the stove, where it will summer 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 golatine to this syrup, and make a jolly 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 caten, 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 even of bread crumbs. Put a layer in the bottom of a pudding dish, and then a layer of jolly; current or raspborry jolly is best; continuo putting in these al-ternate 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

Sweethreads boiled and served with canned peas, and with a white sauce, or s cup of cleam poured over make an excellent dish. Sweethreads and mushrooms and mice; the sweethreads should be parbolled; nice; the sweetbreads should be parbolled; about eight to one can of mushrooms is the proport proportion after parbolling, cut them into small pieces and then stow 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

inmp of outcor the size of a interruit, 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 disposition of the size 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 tor hall an hour, then strain and add water enough to go over the raint with use a flannel cloth, and wipe the paint dry. Avery bright polish will be given, and all traces of finger marks will be re-

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

Economy counts in the coarse of a year, and the care of the kitchen utensils, the wash tubs, etc.. is by no means lost or use:

wash tubs, etc., is by no means lost or use-less; it is wise also to look after the fruit less; 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 am monia put into them and be filled with water, and allowed to stand for an hour or two, then they should he 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 crast adhering to the plate when laked.

Mrs. Langtry's Clothing.

M. Worth has been busy making some dozen or so stage costumes for Mrs. Lang try. The richest meterials 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

consists of a skirt of largo gold leaves on a white volvet ground; the hodice, train, and sash are pale pink velvet, trimmed with toses and pearl fringe.

There are two outdoor costumes that should be recorded. The skirt of the first

should be recorded. The skirt of the first is mouse-grey velvet, with lines of gold braid round it, the doth tunic is likewise trimmed with gold braid, which plays an important part on the velvet bodice, with its pabot of old lace. A green velvet costume is totally different in style; round its skirt there is a wide band of Impeyan pheasant's feathers, the waistcoat and revers 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 lights of faucy in which M. Worth indulges, and generally succeeds. The trimmings are gold and black passementeric and largegold coins, and there are gold epaulettee on the plak poplin bodice.

For the Window.

A very protty 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 fil with water. In a short time sprays will sprout forth, and completely cover wit 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 plantand 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. pedestal, and the ivy, b 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 boquets 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 caurses perforce did not change color, but 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 and now they do not speak. She returned this gift as an insulting suggestion to her that her mails 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 itavana, three shades of eern, 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 ulece beside open fires, come in all manner or pretty designs. One seen is made of and visite volvet; the satin tablier is studded with violets and pansies applique, so that they stand in high relief; the satin panels are lined with viole elvet, while a wide velvet ash crosses the hips and falls on the satin train; the vet bodice is trimmed with pansies, a scond ball dress or pretty designs. One seen is made of twigs, intricately twisted and covered with gold varnish; another is of common vicker 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 unrimmed, and may be trimmed with pansies, a scond ball dress

LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER IV .- CONTINUED.

Described the opportunity offered him by The Desmond (who is an old friend of his father) of coming over to Ireland to oursue the sub-Dicky, who is evidently full of mirth, ad won't like it. Design (who is an old friend of his latter) of coming over to Ireland to pursue the subject, or rather subjects, and decide upon who should be "the proud possessor of the priceless treasure of his love." This is how he put it.

"After all, Kit, I think it will be you."

he had said to her only yesterday

"I beg you won't hurry your decision,"
Miss Beresford had replied. "Re ca'm,
Very little excitement would serve to eter nally unhings the thing you are pleased to call your mind."
"" My mind to me a kinedom is." re-

My mind to me a kingdom is,"" torted Mr. Browne, with dignity, where upon Miss Beresford had given way to un-

seemly mirth.
"I don't think any one will try to disposes you," she had said, with a faint gri-

"After that, Katherine," said Mr. Browne, soverely, "I don't think it will be

you!"
"Here we are again—like the clown, says now, with the utmost geniality. "Don't be frightened, Mrs. Desmond; Brian, though not with us, is in very safe hands; no inte nal injury, I am happy to say; with a little care and good nursing, I should think in about six weeks' time—"

"Dicky ! I wish you wouldn't jest on such horrid subjects," says Mrs. Desmond. "Well, I won't then. I'll adhere to the

strict truth. We're all here,—every one of us,—not even an arm or a leg missing, though, to do Mannering strict justice, he

though, to do Mannering strict justice, he did all he knew."
"Poor Mr. Mannering: what has he done now?" says Kit, with all theair of one taking the part of an absent lover.

"Nothing, fortunately," says Mr. Browne.
"If he had only so much as changed the position of his gun, we should have waked in the morning to find ourselves all dead men; but he brought it home as he started with it, on his left shoulder."

"Did you ever see such a fellow to shoot?"

"Did you ever see such a fellow to shoot! says Mr. Brabazon, with glad disgust. wonder why he goes in for it. In my opin-ion, even if he tried—which he certainly wouldn't—he couldn't hit a haystack fly-

"Could you?" asks Dicky Browne, with praiseworthy promptitude. "I have no-ticed that all the old remarks, and saws, med that all the old remarks, and saws, and similes culled from our grandfathers are tinged with imbecility. I'm perfectly certain if I were to see a hayetack sailing majeatically through the air I should be so paralyzed by fear that I should miss with both barrels." both barrels.

"Ah! but you are such a sensitive crea ture, you know, Dicky," says Miss Beres saucily.

"At all events," says Brabazon, with a faint yawn, "Mannering isn't in it at all. He can't shoot, he can't fish, he can't ride, He's rather a fool all round, I think. Don't

"No," says Monica, gently, but decidedly, "I do not. He is, I am sure, bn'', a gentlemanly and an aniable young man." As she says this she is almost afraid to look at Via

"You needn't say another word, "You need to say another word," says Dicky, enthusiastically; "such praise is not to be surpassed. To be an 'amiable young man' one must be dull and ill-favored, but rich in the grander qualities—good-natured to a fault, and a regular beggar to fetch and carry. I know all about it. I'm an amiable young man." an amiable young man.

"I won't dispute the dullness or the ill vor," says Kit. "But I don't believe you favor

would fetch and carry for any one."
"Wouldn't I? You just try me," say

lie is at present in the bil-

nering.

The second pause is even more cruel. Again Brabazon looks at her. He might perhaps have even said something, so wrathful is his glance, but that just at this moment Manuering himself, with Brian Desmond, comes round the corner and advances toward them.

"Ah' Mr. Mannering, we were just won-dering where you were," says Kit, brightly. The brightness is all meant for the exterand originates is an ineart for the exter-mination of Brabazon (with whom she had had a most sanguinary quarrel early in the day), but Mr. Mannering accepts it grace-fully as a tribute to his charms.

"At least we were saying something about you," says Monica, gently, though in her heart she feels coldly toward him, in that he has been so slow to join his "ladye

love."
"Yes, we were all declaring how much "The Disky Rrowne, with a we liked you," says Dicky Browne, with a sweet smile—sweet enough, indeed, to suggest the existence of treachery beneath. But not to Mr. Mannering. He takes all gest the existence of treachery behaving. But not to Mr. Mannering. He takes all the pretty speeches as his just due.

"Ah! that was very good of you all," he says, beniguly.

"More than I deserve, I

He is a very English young man, heavy, solid, stolid, and generally unupsettable.

"Oh, don't say that!" entreats Dicky, with tearful entreaty; while Mr. Brabazon stands glaring at his rival with savage medi-tation in his eye.
"Do you know what Brabazon is doing?"

asks Mr. Browne of Kit, in a confidential whisper. "I'll tell you. He's deciding about the best place to begin at when he gives Mannering that kicking he has in store for him."

I hope, when he does give it, he will make it a sound one," returns she, with unlooked for vivacity.

CHAPTER V.

"I may you not decise all her beauty, But thus much of her beauty tell I may; That she was like the Lright morrow of May Fulfilled of all beauty and pleasance."

"And where have you been all day, you doy?" say's Monica to her uncle, The bad boy ? Desmond, at whose right hand she always sits. He is only her uncle by marriage, but he is never a bit the less her uncle for all

"Why, you forget it is court-day, my beauty," returns the old man, patting her white hand softly. "There were one or two cases on, more than usually dis-graceful,"

"Were there? Tell them to us," says

"Agrarian?" asks Brian, from the foot of the table. As he says this, the footman, who is helping him to some aherry, twists which is helping than to some shelly, twice his hand awkwardly, and spills some of the wine upon the cloth.

"How stupid of you!" says Brian, in a low tone, glancing up at him. "One would

think you were nervous.' "Oh, yes,—agrarian, of course," says the Squire. "That fellow Casey was up for the murder of the bailiff O'Donnell. You remurder of the bailiff O'Donnell. You remember?—man left lying on the roadside, with a bullet through the right lung, last May? Tim Casey was arrested for it yesterday. Like all others he swore peristerday. terday. Like all others he swore persis-tently that he never handled a gun or re-volver, or any other sort of weapon in his life. It is sickening the way they perjure themselves. The police, however, brought forward a man, called Larry Regan, whose evidence, if proved reliable, will certainly hang Casey. He swore in turn that the hang Casey. He swore in turn that the night before the murder was committed, Mr. Browne.

"Well, fetch me—Mr. Manuering."
Brabazon starts, and for an instant lets his cost, and asked him if it wasn't 'a nate tool,' and if it wouldn't do 'to settle O'Donnell. 'An' I tould him, sir,' said the re the representate," she says to Dicky Browne.

"An you heritate," she says to Dicky Browne.

"Far be it from me," replies that youth, I hut, to tell you the truth, I'm afraid he

Everybody laughs except Mr. Mannering, who, being a stranger to Irish soil, doesn't understand its laws.

"How?—I don't quite see about the ruination of the barony. How does that come in?" he asks anxiously. He is indeed one of those people who are always domanding information, yet never seem to know anything.

know anything.
"Here in Ireland," says The Desmond, good-humoredly, "when on agrarian murder is committed a tax of so much in the pound is levied upon the barony in which the crume takes place. This tax added to the usual county rates makes the whole amount rather

rough on the farmers."
"Why has this Regan betrayed him?"
asks Kit suddenly. "I can't see his reason

Five hundred pounds is a very sound reason," says The Desmond, dryly; "so much was offered by government for the apprehension of the murderer.

apprehension of the murderer."

"Ah! blood-money!" says Kit, with a shudder of disgust. "What thing is there on earth I wonder so vile as an informer?"

'At heart Kit is a rebel," says Brian, laughing. "Come, confess now, Kit, that you think Regan a far worse man than

Casey."

"Indeed, yes," says Kit, stoutly. "One killed his man,—inquitiously beyond doubt, but without hope of personal gain; the other seeks to kill his man for the sake of a paltry

five hundred pounds."
"Well done, Kit!" says Dicky. "I agree with you. You are as sound as a bell." with you. You are as sound as a bell."
"Our bell in the cathedral below is cracked," puts in Monica, mildly.
"All frish conspiracies have fallen vic-

tims to the lust of gain that is ingrained in our lower classes, any Brabazon. "I wonder these so-called patriots of ours don't

Matters grow worse every day," says Desmond. "You remember what that The Desmond. "You remember what that Kerry fellow said who was implicated in the death of poor Arthur Herbert? It hap-pened at the last Cork assizes; I was there myself and heard him. He swore he was in myself and heard him. He swore he was in Tralee at the time the crime was perpetrated, —a town"—to Mr. Mannering—"about nine miles or so from the scene of the murder; then, looking calmly round the courthouse, he said, 'Why, there isn't a poorer spirited county in Ireland than Kerry; if it would be discussed. wasn't for Castle Island, it would be dis-graced intirely!' Now, Castle Island, be-sides Mr. Herbert's, has been the chosen sides Mr. Increeres, has been the chosen spot for three or four other most atrocious murders. This little incident will give you some slight idea of the spirit of the people among whom we live."

"Very unpleasant indeed," says Mr.

Mannering, shifting his glass uneasily from

one eye to the other.
"I'll tell you what we'll do after dinner," says Monica, gayly, with a view to changing the conversation. "We'll all walk up to Kilmalooda and see Doris; she and her hus-hand came yesterday, you know. It is a heavenly night, and the distance only about

'A capital thought," says The Desmond "And I'll go with you. I want to see Clon-tarf to tell him about the scandalous poison-ing of those hounds last week. It must be brought home to somehody."

"You have a cold, Uncle George; it will

be too late for you to venture out, -won't it, now?" says Monica, with a sudden alteration of manner from extreme vivacity to a sort of suppressed anxiety.

"Oh, no, my dear, not at all," says the Squire, pleasantly.

For an instant Monica looks as though she would still argue the point, then she

she would still argue the point, then the checks herself abruptly.

"Very well," she says. "Will you come too, Brian?" She leans forward as though to catch her husband's eye, but fails in her attempt, as his gaze is at this moment bent meditatively upon the footman who had been so awkward with the sherry a little time ago. He is a tall, cadaverous-hooking young man, with deeply-sunken eyes that are now fixed with curious intentness upon The Desmond, as though their owner while digesting his last speech is careful not to him, when she has greeted the others. digesting his last speech is careful not to miss his next. So lost in thought has he become that he is totally unconscious of

become that the Brian's scrutiny.

Brian's scrutiny.

"He has not heard you. Monics," says the bas not heard you. Monics," says to Brian.

"Throw something to Brian." Throw something to Bleep. Kit, alluding to Brian. "Throw something hard at him; te has evidently gone to sleep

your entire satisfaction, Connor, we should again be glad of your services.

The man starts as if struch, and, going hurriedly to the sideboard, pretends to buy

himself there, with such an over-exces of zeal as betrays agitation.

Leaving the room after dinner, Moeks stops by her husband's chair, and whipen to him in a low tens.

to him, in a low tone,—
"I think you should prevent him, if pe"I think you should prevent him, if pesible, from coming with us to night," the says. "Is is late, and..."
"I'll see to it," says Brian, hastily, loating up at her with a carefully carelessmile.

The Desmond, though the dearest old mas in the world, is one who, at times, require

in the world, is one who, at times, require a good deal of managing.

Brian, however, is as good as his word Just at the very last, when they are all ready to start on their moonlight expedition, he says some little thing to his unck that has the desired effect of keeping him at

"Why wouldn't you let him come?" ask Dicky Browne, curiously, as they all gorp

the avenue together.
"Because he has had so many threatening letters of late; and he was fired at and at-verely wounded, you may remember, about eighteen months ago. He is what they call a marked man hore, and is in worse old than ever with the people now, on account of these late evictions."

"He is, too, ve. strict on the bench in never lets any one off," says Monica, win a limit sigh.

"He is quite right to do his duty, what ever comes of it," says Brian, stardig, apologizing for thus daring to differ will her, by drawing her hand lovingly through his arm.

"I know that," says Monica, with a side even more profoundly miserable than the last. "I only mean—that is, I wish-there wasn't any duty to do."

"If any one repeats that immoral schi-ment," says Mr. Browne, sternly, "I shall be under the painful necessity of depring you of my society. I shall have to go

As they draw near to Kilmaloods, they can see that the drawing-rooms are all ablar with light, and that the windows opening from them on to the balcony are thrown wide open.

So nice to be able to do that,' enviously. "At Coole we are obliged to keep the shutters fastened, or we should have somebody blowing off The Demonia

"Yes,—at dinner, for example," say Dicky. "Fancy The Desmond's feeling when he saw his own head in the sorp

Nobody takes any notice of this rash speech, except Miss Beresford, who say, in a thoughtful tone, "it wouldn't fit."
"Wait until the March rents fall da

"Wait until the March rents fall da and Clontarf asks for his own; then wil see how he'll manage about the window," says Brian, with a little sniff.
"Let us race up to the baleony, and this wheever is in the drawing-room by st prise," says Kit, eagerly. This propositie meeting with approbation, they all with one consent make a rush for it, and, with some vague delightful sense of the old school days about them, scamper noisily up the stone steps and present themselves.

days about them, scamper noisily up the stone steps and present themselves in a boy at the middle window.

Inside, Lady Clontarf is sitting aloce reading by the light of a softly-shaded large "Don't he afraid, munn," calls out their repressible Dicky, in a terrific voice. "Ye as safe as a baby with us; all we wants yer jools! We wouldn't hurt a hair o'ye purty head, for all ye could offer,—baris' it wasn't goold!"

Lady Clontarf maturally starts and the

to him, when she has greeted the others.
"You are a surprise.
you safe at The Court. What brought me to this benighted land."

"Three trains, a bont, and a carriage replies Mr. Browne, with all the promptude that distinguishes him.
"I know that; but what inducement,!

with his eyes open."

If so, he now awakens. Addressing the mean."

"I know that; but what have have here that," says Dicky.
"I think it's awfully unkind of you to that," says Dicky. footman, he says, quietly, "I think it's awfully unkind of you."
When you have solved that problem to ask me such a question as that," says Diely.

with tearful aren't you?"
"Yes; wel
"And Mrs.

ask me, and beastly all bodies So." ing, looked o Alien, adiet dessant drait

found my self
"Very craping, who dete
"I wonder Clontarf, presto you; she liget the wishe is."

The door h

is looking to stands a little tionle ... gers, she has wkwar Incis the unconscio gizes at them walks straigh Dorle in sp

them she was derially youth never dream age or that, distinct (due, short curls of

tumble in a c white for chea And there is in her soft sm She is dies

Mort nanteri are bigh patis terra cotta sa her waist, and looks hal the reaches I filingly into I Moniea : and dearest, to t made know r equal friendli On entering level by Lor

young man very carnest; 28 "Gerald" Mannering, 1 Every one is langhing Kit is saying cious nay to listening to h Barke, nou

"Who is ! looking into carionity in h Dicky Brown rather puzzle where in E there." 'He look

Vera quaintl a brother nor "He does lession either sweetly.
"No. He some money, his father die

Mozah for D "And it d ing poor, if e Youngest this "No, inde ror, and an

vor, and an area of think," says her lips to a shoulder, "Is he :" a "I've ongle cent glame, "Why?"

"Because that a very

that's a very little question

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

rent you: "Yee; well, go on," unfeelingly, "And Mrs. Desmond was good enough to

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Dicky.

ask me, and town was good enough to leastly all smoke and smells, and no-lookes so airily "I got up one morning, looked out of my back window, said 'Alien, alien, my mative sower' to the un-Alien, adieu, my native sewor' to the unpleasant drain beneath it, and after a bit feural my self here."

"Very craphie," murnurs Mr. Mannering, 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. We with a glad, pleased smile, "here she is."

The door has opened and

The door has opened, and now every one is looking toward it. On its threshold stands a little, slight, childish figure, motionles. Seeing so many unexpected strangers, she has naturally come to a standard with his without has included. gers, she has naturally come to a stand-still, but, without showing any signs of sawkwar hiers or embarrassment, rather with the unconscious curiosity of a child, she gizes at them in a friendly fashion, and then walks straight up to her sister. Ports in speaking of her had often told

Porls 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 eves are large, and blue—a very distinct thee, without the slightest tinge of volet. Her head is covered with little shotteris of "haire, sheen as gold," that tumble in a careless fashion over her low white forchead.

white for chead. "Her mouth is short, and shut in little space, Faming 8 the deal, not over red I mean,"

And there is a charming touch of innocence

in her soft smile She is deesed in a little white frock rather

short wanted and with no sleeves; there are high pads on her shoulders, and a big terra cotta such of Indian silk is tied round her wast. She is as pretty as an ang', and looks half a baby, half a woman. As the reaches Poris she slips her hand con-

the reaches Poris she slips her hand confilingly 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 epal friendliness on all.

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

Every one is in the gayest spirits; Monica

Every one is in the gayest spirits; Monica is laghing merrily with Lord Clontarf; kit is my ing something in her bright vivacious way to the little fair beauty who is littening to her, with her eyes new on Mr. Barke, now on Dicky Browne, now on Neil

"Who is Mr. Browne!" she says, at last, looking into Kit's eyes with the frankest

"Dicky? I-rea "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 them."

"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

"No. He alles generally. He will have sme money, and the place, and that, when his father dee, but it isn't much, I think," says kit, regretfully. "Still, it will be month for bloke." aozah for Dicky."

"And it doesn't matter a bit about be

ing poor, if one is nice, does it?"says Vera, with a little gay laugh that is one of the yearseet things about her.
"No, indeed," says Kit, with much fer-

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

"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.

Somothing elso, 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 ter-rified 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 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

No sooner said than done. The words have scarcely passed Mr. Browne's lips, before they are unanimously acted upon. Pellmell 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. Hero and there are dotted garden-

round. Here and there are detted gardenscats.

"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 scaled!
He is henceforth love's slave! He has said
all this to himself about fifty times before, 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

"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."

\cra opens her large eyes.
\cra opens her large eyes.
\cra opens her large eyes.
\cra it would be a little slow, don't you
think! "she says, with a placid smile.
\cre 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 Lir. 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

"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, "Then Dorrs wrote me of her marringe, and said I was to come to her. I hked the thought of that, too—when I was there. The journey was very long. Mr. Burko 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

"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 talk in the about the servants. ing in a desultory fashion to Brian Des

mond.

"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 taying not to look surprised. "I confess," langhing, "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 and Mr. Brabazon have withdrawn to a considerable distance, which jerhaps accounts for Mr. Munnering'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, dar-

ling," 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

should like to try one, she says, honoring at the eigarette-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. rette from his case.

rette 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 entirely expressive of amazement. Not that a woman should smoke, he has known many a good and pretty woman who took mild de-light 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 Browne, anxiously. like it, I'm sure."

"No?" says Vera, simply; with her first

"No!" says Vera, simply; with her first and second tingers 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 childlish determination to get through a cigarette—just because he offered it to her, dear little thing will cause her umpleasantness; "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 bicky, hopefully, seeing she still holds on, and shows no deadly symp-toms, "perhapsit won't hart you; it is an excellent brand, at all events."

executing braind, at all events.

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

"I think I have smoked be.t.r!" she
says, with a little confidential fool.

of the way. He was very kind,"

Nr. Brahazon is very handsome, I think," says Vera, leaning forward to press let lips to a sprig of heliotrope on Kit's ahalder,

"Is he." says Kit, indifferently.

"Is he." says Kit, indifferently.

"I've ought to think so," with an innocent glame, "ought to think so," with an innocent glame, "ought to think so," with an innocent glame, "ought not you?"

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

Here Mr. Brawsery kind,"

Here Mr. Burke appearing with the shawl, she turns her beautiful little face up to his she turns her beautiful little face up to his she turns her beautiful little face up to his she turns her beautiful little face up to his she turns her beautiful little face up to his she turns her beautiful little face up to his she turns her beautiful little face up to his she turns her beautiful little face up to his she turns her beautiful little face up to his she turns her beautiful little face up to his she turns her beautiful little face up to his she turns her beautiful little face up to his says, with a little contential nod.

Tal-leau! Lavy one stares a little, and Lady Clontari grows rather pink.

"Did Madame allow yeu to smoke?" she saks, just a little sectorly.

"No; ch, no! But whenever I went to Paris, with my f.iend the Contessed Poligic Paris, in a large paris and large Paris, make an little courterly.

"No; ch, no; the large paris, make any loca

"What a sweet little affair, she says, ab-

sently.

"Do you like it? Will you have it? Please do," says Dicky, eagerly,
"Oh, may 1? 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 protty teeth, Vera, if you smoke too much," he says.
"Yes? I should hate that," says Vera. She plances at him thoughtfully. "You

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

"I give in," says Cloutarf, laughing again,

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

Kit and Brabazon having reappeared be fore this, Mr. Mannering 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—and everything!"

This, it must be confessed was a lame end ing to what was meant to be a good begin

ing to what was meant to be a good begin ning. Plainly, every one thinks so, as dead silence follows his remark—broken, however,

"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

"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 ns. 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 hy pocritical desire to please Kit, who is an advanced patriot, but from a settled conviction that it must be so because she belongs to it.

to it.
"It's not bad," says Mr. Mannering, drawlingly. This kindly concession is received by Mis Beresford in extremely bad

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

about it!"

"Eh?" says Mannering. He is not a quick young man, and, though sincerely and indeed mistrably 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 11." all.

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

pleasantly; "you never do! I wronged you."

"It's cleven 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. "I 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 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 en tered 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. TRUTH, WEEKLY, 23 PAGES, Issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year. Advertising rates:—30 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months \$2.00 per line; aix months, \$4.00 per line; tweire months, \$7 per line.

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

and all payment of arrowingor which all payment of the payment of arrowingor with a polymer or livelstered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

DISCONTRIVANCE.—Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrowings must be bald.

paid.

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

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

paid.
THE COURTS have decide, that all subscriber, tonewspapers are held responsible until arrearages
are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, 56 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken allow

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 165 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading putlishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of three papers and supplements. Rates:—60 cents per cingle line; one month, \$1.85 per line; three months, \$5.25 per line; six months, &0 per line; twelve months, \$10.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

EXT Estimates given for all kind of newspaper work.

S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 23 and 35 Adelade St. West, Toronto, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES.

MONTREAL, QUE.—No. 162 St. James St., C. R. Scott, Manager. WINNIPEO, MAN.—No. 820 Main St., Wilsex Baos.,

WINNIPEO, MAN.—No. 220 Main St., Wilsen Bros., Managers.

25 Business in connection with any of our publica-tions, or the Auxiliary Publishing Company, can be as well transacted with either of our branch establish ments as with the head office in Toronto.

THE AUXILIARY ADVERTISING AGENCY.

Manufacturers, Wolesale Merchants and other large advertisers will advance their own interests by getting our estimates for any advertising whether for long or short dates.

Advertisements inserted in any paper published in Canada at publisher? lowest rates. As we pay "spot" oash for all ordernsent to publishers, and the class of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other. any other.
Publishers will kindly send their papers for fyling

regularly
Do not advertise till you get our quotations.
8. FRANE WILSON,

Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W Toronto.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

T. A. Harver, Cobourg.—Please accept thanks for Chambers' Dictionary, won by Gertic Harvey in Bible Competition. It ar-rived to-day in good order.

ARTHUR READE REVELL, 206 Ontario St. Toronto.—I must write and thank you for the butter knife received. I am more than pleased with it, having no idea they were so good.

Mus. Bruck, Luther, Ont. - I Received my prize, a World a Cyclopædia, and I am much pleased with it.

N. B. RUSK. Nisgara Falls, Ont.—I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the silver butter knife, with which I am much pleased.

Mr. W. A. RICHARDSON, South Bar, Syd ney, Cape Breton, writes :-- I love TRUTH, and when I did not receive it (because of an and when I did not receive it (because of an irregularity) I missed it greatly. You deserve the highest praise for publishing auch a high tened paper. I hope to get it regularly hereafter and promise to continue a aubscriber so long as it does.

MER. T. LAIDLAW, Yates Centre, Kansas.—I like your paper splendidly. We are taking several weekly journals, but I think yours ir the most somplets weekly family journal I ever saw.

The B'sek, Toronte, says:—Toronto Trum is making vigorous efforts to push itself into prominence. Various new departments have been added recently, and a "new suit" of tempharmond of the public statements and the same suit." of tempharmond of the same said. "new suit" of type has wonderfully assisted in improving the general appearance of that family journal.

Bible Competition. Also the World's Encyclopudian warded in Lantes Joons Al. com position. The book is all that could be de sired, and contains a large amount of in-formation. I think Taurii the most inter-esting, rich, racy, newsy weekly journal pub-lished in Canada, and it ought to be patronized by every intelligent family in the country irrespective of prizes.

S. J. GRAHAM, Lindsay.—Accopt my ac knowledgment and thanks for the hand some watch awarded me in TRUTH competi-

MARTHA KELE, Hamilton, Ont.-I just received my prize, a gold gem ring, for correct answers to TRUTH Bible competition. Please accept my best thanks, as I think it is very pretty.

WM. DAWSON, Credit Forks, Ont.—Please accept my thanks for the very pretty butter knife awarded me in competition No. 12. It is much nicer than I over expected. I with TRUTH a world wide circulation.

G. T. BARBARA McLean, Cannington, O.—Please accept my thanks for the butter kmfe received. It is better than I expected.

GRO. F. BELL, 42 James St. North, Hamil ton.—1 beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt by me of a fine copy of Chambers' Dictionary, being prize No. 403 in Trurn competition.

MRS. WM. MARSHALL, Whithy, Ont.-I have much pleasure in acknowledging the re ccipt of a nice silver watch awarded me in TRUTH Bible competition.

W. HAY, Montreal. - TRUTH is one of one of the most welcoline journals I receive. I send you a selection, It will be a pleasure to me to add to your interest or value in any way I can.

MRS. B. KAILL, Vankoughnent, Muskoka, Jut.—It does one good to read a paper like Тирти.

J. W. Mole, Nappau, N.S. - I am very much pleased with TRUTH, and especially with its late improvements. I think it a first class journal in every respect.

MR. MARKS, P.M., Marksville, Ont.—I received the rolled gold brooch, and was much pleased with it, and also with the silver butter knife, for which please accept my thanks.

Mrs. John Robinson, Prescott, Ont.—
Thank you very much for the prize watch
you kindly sent me. I did not acknowledge
it sooner as I wanted to see if it was a good time keeper. It has proved itself to be su and I am therefore well pleased with it.

The Oswego Daily Palladium says :- John The Oswego Daily Palladium says:—John Henderson, an employe of the Kingsford starch factory, received a prize of an elegant gold watch worth \$90, from Thuth, a literary journal published in Toronto, Ont., for the best selected story. The story selected was "An Extraordinary Case," by George Augustus Sala, the great English journalist, who has recently been lecturing in New York city.

An Ugly Brute.

A young man living in a small, remote country village went to live for some time with his friends in Glasgow. While there he learned to ride a bicyle, this machine being quite unknown in his native place. Returning home, and taking with him a bicycle, he determined to astonish the villagers. Procuring a goat's skin, he throw it over his shoulders, covering his face with the head and horns. Mounting his bicycle he rode round the village, causing the greatest consternation among the villagers. An old woman seeing him approach, ran into the house, barring the door, and peeping through a corner of the window, saw him run swiftly past. Opening the door, she ran into the house of her neighbor, and wringing her hands, cried—'Oh, Mrs. Gibb! Mrs. Gibh! did ye see the deil fleein' by the roo, riding on a girr, wi' the pint o' his tail turned roon, like a ring, trailn't on the grun'? Oh, sirce the day! What can he be seekin' here, the ugly brute?" country village went to live for some time

A Testimonial.

CUTLER'S POCKET INHALER I have COTLER'S POCKET INHALER I have thoroughly tested, and can heartily recommend to any minister or public speaker as the best remedy for tired throat or hourseness. No colds in the head, no parched throats, is my experience with this valuable instrument—with Cutler's Inhalent.

NORMAN LAMARSH,

OUR GREAT COMPETITION.

NUMBER 13.

CLOSING FEBRUARY 16th

\$50,000.00!

We have decided that instead of giving large sums of money and valuable articles in the way of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Silver Tea Sets, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, Gold and Giavo.
etc., etc., to agents, to give all these things
direct to subscribers for answering Bible
matters in the following manner: To the questions in the following manner: To the twenty-four hundred persons who correctly answer the two following

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Is husband mentioned in the Bible ? 2. Is write mentioned in the Bible? Cne reference or answer to each question

Will be given in the order mentioned be-low, the following valuable and costly list of First, Middle, and Consolation Rewards:— FIRST REWARDS.

First great reward will be given the sender of the rat correct answer to the foregoing Bible questions. \$1,000 in gold.
2, 3 and 4. Three Magificennt Grand Square

2, 3 and 4. Three Magificennt Grand Square Planes
5, 6 and 7. Three tine toned 10 stop Cabinet
Organs
8 to 15. Eight Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting Genuine Elgin Watches.
16 to 23. Thirteen Ladies Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches.
16 to 72. Thirty Canada Setting genuine Elgin Watches.
17 to 10. Thirty Gentleman's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches
17 to 10. Thirty Gentleman's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches.
101 to 135. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Plate Cake Backets, new and elegant pattern
156 to 305. One hundred and seventy dozen sets of heavy Solid Silver Plated Teaspoons
150 to 509. Two hundred and Your eleganty bound volumes of Shakspere's Poems.
150 to 715. Two hundred and six fice Silver Plated Silver Plated Suzur Spoons and Butter

780

525

510 Poems. to 715. Two hundred and six fice Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives.

All these seven hundred and fifteen rewards will be given out strictly in order the correct answers to those Bible questions are received an West to those bible questions are received at TRUTH office. The first correct answer taking number one (\$1,000 in gold) the second correct answer taking number two, (one of the pianos), and so on till they

Then after this list will follow the Middle Rewards which will be given in this way:—
At the conclusion of the competition, (Feb'y 16th.) all the answers received will be carefully counted by three diameterated parties, fully counted by thre disinterested parties, when to the sender of the middle correct answer will be given number one, a fine stylish trating-horse and curriage. The next correct answer following the middle one will take number two, (one of the pianos). The next correct answer, number three, and so on till all these rewards are given away. Here you have the list in full.

MIDDLE REWARDS

MIDDLE REWARDS.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

Number one. A fine stylish trotting horse and Carriage

2. 3, 4 and 5, Four Square Grand Planos, by a celebrated maker

5, 7, 8, and 9. Four fine toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker.

2, 100

10 to 20. Ten fine Solid Gold Stemwinding and Stem Setting genuine Eight Watches

21 to 52. Ten Ladies' fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Eight Watches

32 to 50. Fighteen Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services.

1, 140

51 to 70. Thirty Double-larrel English Twist breach-loading Shot Guna.

2, 700

71 to 710. Forty sets (10 voia to set) Complete Chamber's Encyclopedia.

2, 700

71 to 110. Forty sets (10 voia to set) Complete Chamber's Encyclopedia.

3, 100

135 to 162. Twenty-seven Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches.

540

165 to 350. One hundred and clipty-cliptic documents of beavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons.

510 to 70. Three hundred and fifty silk copies of Million's or Tonnyson's Poens.

601 to 340. Three hundred and fifty-six copies of Million's or Tonnyson's Poens.

61 to 1234. Three hundred and four toen Solid Silver plated Sugar Spoons or Butter Knives.

61 After these will follow the Consolation Processed for the last compare. So even if your Poens.

After these will follow the Consolatio Rewards for the last comers. So even if you that family journal.

JOHN WADDELL, 231 Richmond St., Toinstrument—with Cutler's Inhalent.

NORMAN LAMARSH,
beautiful butter knife awarded me in Truyer

Pittsfield, Maine. Paster M. E. Chtrch,

The plan is this,

Annurus for the last comers. So oven if you
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your letter must be post-marked where we ed not later than the closing day of the competition which is F-bruary sized (fifteen days allowed after date of closing the control of the c for letters to reach us from distant places so the more distant you are the better you oppportunity for securing one of theed gant and costly

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

CONSOLATION REWARDS,

1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood
Bquare Planes

5, 6, and 7. Four Gentleman's Solid Gold
Stem Winding and Stem Setting geauine Elgin Watches

8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladles' Solid Gold
Stem Winding and Stem Setting geauine Elgin Watches

12 to 17. Six Solid Quadruple Sirer
Plate Tes Services

18 to 29. Eleven sets Chamber's Encyclopadia (10 vols. to set)
80 to 39. Ten Solid Coin Silver Hunting
Case or Open Face Watches.

40 to 90. Fifty-one Aluminum Gold Hig.
Case Watches

ver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant dearn,
122 to 200. Elgeby-one dozen Solid Silver Plated Tea Spoons

201 to 400. Two hundred volumer Tempson's Roems, elegand's cound.

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the piece ab and
M. STEGGES M.
Pirme" company a fitting close to the affair. Hear in a every one competing must send one dis-with their answer for which Tarra, it cheapest and best weekly for the way will be sent six months. You therefore gizement on Sat a good one, an the witty Irishn nothing extra for the privilege of compa nothing extra for the privilege of compa for these costly rewards, as one dollar in regular subscription price of TRUTH for all year. You cannot fail to be well plan arily funny Ti way of variety, I Cabin." with your dollar investment even if year with your dollar investment even if year not succeed in gaining any one of these wards, as TRUTH is extra good value for money as thousands of our subscribes in testified. Long lists of winners in print Exchang

money as thousands of our suscender, in prince competitions appear in nearly every like. TRUTH, and full lists of winners in this tire competition will be published is tissue of TRUTH immediately after the do of the competition on sixteenth Februs with the full name, street and number, which the full name, street and number, with in cities, and in fact all the address completely as possible, in order that all be satisfied that there is no fraud at label but this matter. In order to prefer fraud, the proprietor of TRUE serves the right to deny appears on or persons the privilege of expring for these rewards. We have any done exactly as promised during this partoon ducting these competitions, and or putation for fair and honorable deship too well established now to risk oreting ing it. Look up these Bible quences. Mrertisements united twenty-five obserbers to Terring they may wish his be distinctly a great to himself a technique shall applies any responsibilities of the guestan podents or the guestan podents or the stricks offered for distanding or disc Exchangers to write from before sending

one of the most widely circulated and rular weekly magazines you may har, at tend to it now. Don't delay All me must be sent through the post office of express. None can be received by teleparty to be a composite of the composi

acknowledgement of your subscripts, your letter will take its place in there is received at this office. There is no itism, and all are treated alike, fair

S. FRANK WILSON,

33 and 35 Adelaide 2t, - - Teresta (*

There scarcely can be usued ere that is amiable in a woman which

becoming in a man, not excepting modesty and gentleness of nature.

Proprietor TRUE

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Address.

Meertische einbewas Laufe E.

Amara antern tine nicklesplat

putation for fair and honorable desling too well established now to risk overlaying it. Look up these Bible question will do you good apart from anything in These competitions have done, we are ed, a great dual to promote the study if Bible among all classes. Now this may your last opportunity to secure an expiano, a gold watch, a fine horse and carry in addition to a half year's subscripts one of the most widely circulated and pular weekly magazines you may hare. time ban, on gi toughfer a tatter the in three week A2c, Sanlanh 1 mus, and a 2 and of Portugal of the Socia of the 1 and 1 Falls, Mirm.

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Music and the Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. - The patrons of the Grand had a sarfest of comedy last week. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday ovenings Dan's Tribulations" drew good audiences, and was thoroughly enjoyed. The play is inesistibly funny, and was produced by a good company.

On Thursday evening the smatcur Christy minstrels occupied the boards. The theatre was filled to overflowing, many being conpelled to stand in the aisles and passages dunag 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 songe 1227 were new, and the local hits and jokes of the end men abounded with true and origeat wit. There were between thirty and juty people upon the stage and where al-dd so well it would be impossible to men ton names without appearing partial. As a minstrel performance it was in many re-

and only occasionally was it possible to discover that the performers were amateurs.

"A Cold Day when we get Left," producted Friday and Saturday, is a new comedy of theridiculously funny order. Some of the emedians are very talented, and make the mut of the humorous situations with which

the piece ab unds.

M. STEGER - MUSELM.—The "Muldoon's Finic company closed a six night's en agement on Saturday. The company was a good one, and Mulloon and Mulcahey, the witty Irishmen, were more than ordin arily funny This week, Mr. Montford, by wer of variety, has brought in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Exchange Department.

Mretisements under this head are inserted at the nicel twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual sheriber to Therm may advertise one time, any suggests has wish to exchange, free of charge. It little distinctly understood that the publisher rewrite himself the right of deciding whether at Enhance shall appear or not. He does not under the any responsibility with regard to transactions detailed by many of this department of the paper, ardoes he guarantee the responsibility of corresponds of the accuracy of the descriptions of sticks offered for exchange. To avoid any minunchanding or disappointment, therefore, he addressed from before sending the articles called for.

Mertianz cards and foreign stamps, for foreign

Amaze canteen with 12 stides, for the best offer of second hard type. G. H. HAGES, 42 Hancock St., P. Mand J.e. I fine nicklesplated telegraph sounder and key, all

race more episted telegraph sounder and key, all since has, on this battery far, almes and copper couplifers that or jars, all as good as new forcest first three week. G. L. Smith, Wallcott, Ioan, A2c. Sai hach Island stamp, a 1 and 8 c, of Denner, and a 2 and 1 kr. Austria, for 10-reis (sellow) of Pottural of the 1-71 issue and a 1-c (black) of Nova Social of the 1-71 issue and a 1-c (black) of Nova Social of the 1-71 issue and a 1-c (black) of Nova Social of the 1-71 issue and a 1-c (black).

tag, men.

Lypod fittle wite aliver-plated keyn and bands, for 1200d pr. lim. presenting on these than 3½ by fither table with type and cutfit, a colored advertable and for every preceded lift, satin, or plant not be than 200 2 meters. Frank Coleman, Prinches, E. Co., Me.

io. Co., Mail.

Opper usual, of selecte, of the Maratime Provinces, here exact. A mickels without the word cents, 1900 ft.7, and 100, unused Dept. of State, Rec Treasers and a quantum of other good stamps for the old feer issue is made attamps of N. F., N. B., N. S., P. E.-L. and Br. Columbia. Free Green, Brantford, Oct.

topaz, Amazon stone, moss agate, garnet, petrified wood, chalcedony, pink sain spar selenite, jaspar, and other specimens all properly labelled, from mines in New Mexico and Colorado. A. A. Willia, Dening, New Mexico

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

Mis. A. E. D., Kettleby.—Thanks for tory. Trust it will find favour with com-

G. A. G., London.-Many, many thanks for your favors. They will always be ap preclated.

FORTUNE CARDS, Stratford. - Thanks; we ould, perhaps, find a place for the MS. sent, f vou so desire.

L. L. Charman. - 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 entererd into. We may be glad to do so at

ART Pun. 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. Possiby 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 ortunate 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 ineanity, as well as other disc ses. You had better consult a good reliable physician, and lay your case plainly before him.

Florence,-We have more literature on hand of the kinds you refer 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 unclosed.

enclosed, S. ', Pinkerton, Ont.—Please tell me in y x correspondents' column in The the how twelve oz. of beautiful dark brown hair, now twelve oz. of beautiful cark brown nair, fine quality, twenty six miches long, and cut from the head when in perfect heal h, 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.

Miss J. E. W., Guelph.—I 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 a large as a to require we have the product of the could be serviced. 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 or 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 Thi thi 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.

that they hardly get a fair chance with those at a distance. The middle and after revolves are for description see Stark's catalogue for this evenue for a seroll saw, foot power; one priested that turning talthe attached, or for a park mark laster with slews in good order. Will not lost in evenue. Addens, kinesee, Eden Mills, Ont.

After ollection of foreign stamps, made within 5 far and aumbering over 800 varieties, representing an aumbering over 800 varieties, representing an aumbering over 800 varieties, representing and aumbering over 800 varieties, representing and undering over 800 varieties, representing and aumbering over 800 varieties, representing and undering over 800 varieties, representing and undering over 800 varieties, representing and undering over 800 varieties, representing and under the state of the laternational aloum (cloth-bound) for some and article. No stamps ore rims desired in a bowl, and working them together in a bowl, and working them together in the same manner you would mix the whites 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 size of a work of a silver watch in good running coltra, work 800. Some drum, full size, 100 and in first-class condition.

Mireria, orea, perincations and Indian curosaties for offers or on receipt of two dollars, will send 20 fee speciment of yeld, silver and copper ores, smoky

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 much since I became a subscriber, and I think one of the best improvements in TRUTH is the correspondents' column. I see 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 atraid, unless endorsed by one or more of the city members of Parliament.

The Dominion Alliance.

To the Editor of The Mail.

-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 columnsof the proceedings of he 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 charitles of speech towards those who have the great comfort at not being on his side. ance 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 dia bolical devil." The belief has been pro duced and strengthened by the lying literature of this party, retailed as it is through the country by reckless and ig norant sponters. But whatever the origin, let the public remember that religious fanacicism is not a power to be des-pised. It is in itself most potent, and for this aubsidiary reason too, that its strong current gathers the unenthusiastic, he indolent, the ignorant, the goody goody, who think it nice to go in with a vaunted philanthropic movement-till the momentum of this social conglomer ate becomes irresistible. But those who care for freedom, reason, morality will have to bestir 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 Licei sed Victuallers; who cares for it! Nor will it do tor 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 tenacionaly, 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 paying stones in spite of a prohibitory law, he would still re-ligiously 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 tineture of onlightened freedom where such a barefaced attempt at tyranny was made on the liberty of reasonable human beings. Woro it successful in this, my adopted country, I protest before all the world 1 G3 ADELAIDE NT. I should feel it an indignity to live in it, and 22 SEND FOR SATALOGUE.

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 yoko. The trade may be easily enough crushed between the upper mill stone of aggressive prohibition and the neither mili-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 acriously to be considered that the grievous disorders of many liceused houses should not be all laid on the publicans' shoulders. In honest truth the whole community must share the blame. Petitioners, electors, magisstrates, councillors, have cared too little for the characters of persons licensed; and the temperance people have and the temperance people have thought it too insignificant a matter o put the existing laws in force, flaunting their bold motto—Aut Cresar aut nihil! But a any rate Professor Foster, the prohibitionist Mercurius, has laid all parties under obligation by his plain and honest speech. He tells pro-hibitionists they must, if successful, pro-pose to make up the deficit of the revenue by direct taxation—that is, as Sir Leond Tilley calculates, \$15,000,000. 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. hould it pass, to which a large portion if the country will be irreconcilably hostile, and to which the best citizens will yield but the merest passive obedience.

I would add, on my own private convicion, to the costs, a larger amount of food consumed, and much harder work for many a poor atomach. Well, the cost, if fairly stated, will become a test of sin-cerity. We have heard of the Carleton armers as ready to withdraw their mames from the Scott Act petition when he brewers refused to buy their barloy. If they were really in earnest would they -ell it? Would they grow it? Is not Would they grow it? Is not power? Another reflection has been uggested by the late successes of the Scott Act. How can this be considered a drunken country when majorities, ome of them so large, can be obtained for a prohibitory law? Were the sentiment and practice of the majority in hose cases quite inefficacious without mechanical r. straint? 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 despo-ic rule, and when it is clearly perceived I am of opinion there will be some sorrous covulsion 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 systemarically evade any answer to facts and figures, and of such my letter will mainly

Yours, &c., JOHN CARRY.

Port Perry, Jan. 24.

DOMINION SHOW CASE M'F'G. CO.



63 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO.

Gems of the Orient.

The history of the genre 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. The traditional diamond in the East is the Great Mogul. The original weight of this stone was 787 carats, but by cutting it was reduced to 207 carats. The stone disappeared at the last Tartar invasion, when treasures to the value of \$350,-600,000 were captured by the Nadir Shah. It is believed to be at present hidden away in some obscure fortress in Asia Minor, and it may be recovered at some future time.

Some idea of the abundance of precious stones in the East may be gained from the fact that when Mahmoud, in the cleventh century, captured Sumnat, an idol statue was broken open and found to contain three bushels of diamonds, rubles, and em-Ala ud-deen obtained from the Rajah of Mahrattas fifty pounds of A monds and rubies, and 175 pounds of pear. Shah Jehah, the greatest of the Mogul sovereigns, left a treasure of incalculable value at his death, a throne valued at \$30,000,000 and a crown worth \$12,000,000. The throne was the cetobrated peacock throne, so called from the images of two peacocks which stood before it such made of precious which stood before it, each made of precious stones so matched in color and in position as to resemble the natural colors of the as to resemble the natural colors of the bird. The throne was six feet long and four feet wide, of solid gold and crusted with diamonds, rubles, and emeralds. Steps of silver led up to it, while a campy of gold fringed with pearls, supported by twelve pillars emblazoned with gems, surmounted the whole. On each side was a sacred umbrella made of velvet, embroidered with pearls, the handle being of solid gold inlaid with diamonds. It was the most cestly work of art ever made. Its only infaid with diamonds. It was the most costly work of art ever made. Its only rival was the cerulean throne of the house of Bahmeneo in the Nisam. This was built in the seventeenth century, was nine

built in the seventeenth century, was nine teet long by three feet wide, was made of ebony covered with plates of gold crusted with gems, and was valued at \$20,000,000.

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 treas ures valued 1, \$25,000,000, among them they jewels. In the jewel room he found treas ures valued _t \$35,000,000, among them the crown, a mass of dianonds surmounted by a ruby as big as a hea's egg. The King's bolt is a wonder of barbarre magnificence, weighing about twenty pounds, and composed of a solid mass of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. As Persia is the native land of the turquois, it is but natural that the finest stone of this description is to be the finest stone of this description is to be found in its collection. This royal specimen is four inches long, perfect in color, and without a flaw. When the Shah was in Europe, some years ago, he wore a variety of diamonds and other precious stones that kep! the detectives in a constant fever of fear leat he should be robbed of some of them, for one, even of the smallest, would them, for one, even of the smallest, would have been a fortune for a half dozen thioves. The buttons of his coat were five in number, and each button was a diamond larger than the Kohinoor, while every part of his clothing seemed to be useful, not as a covering for his body, but as places to hang diamonds on.—[Augustus Hamiin.

" 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. On the western wa'l, and op. posite the eastern portal, was a splendid representation of the sun, the god of the nation. It consisted of a human face in gold, with innumerable golden rays emanating from it in every direction; and when the early beams of the morning sun fell upon this brilliant golden disk, they were reflected from it as from a mirror, and again reflected throughout the whole temple by numberless plates, cornices, bands and im-ages of gold, until the temple seemed to glow with a sunshine more intense than that of nature.

"LADIES" JOURNAL"

Bible Competition No. 9.

CLOSING FEBRUARY 16th.

\$20,000.00.

Durin, 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. We are sure that the Pianos, Organs, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sots, Books, etc., etc., have given great satisfaction. A good deal of excitement has been caused by the advent of some of these costly prizes into the towns and villages of Canada and the United States. They have been sent to all parts almost, of the two countries, quite a number even going to England, and other distant places. Full lists of the winners are always published in the Ladies' Journal immediately at the close of each competition, names of winners are given in full, together with the care tand number, where possible, so inquiry can readily be made by those who are doubtful. There can be, therefore, no fraud. We can positively testify to the farness of the matter ourselves, as we know everything is carried out exactly as promised. For the benefit of those of our readers who desire to compete, we give the plan in detail. readers who desire to compete, we give the plan in detail.

To the fifteen hundred persons who cor-To the fitteen hundred persons who correctly answer the following libble questions will be given, without extra charge, except for freight and packing of goods, boyond the regular half dollar yearly subscription, the beautiful and costly rewards named below. We will give the Bible questions that require to be answered first:

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

Where are nonzers first mentioned in the Bible? Where are carrier first mentioned in the Bible? 2. Where are carrie first mentioned in the Bible? They are not very difficult, but require a little study to look them up. So don't delay; the somer you answer them the better. Here you have the list of first rewards. Now or one in this list will be given to the sender of tre first correct answer to these two Bible questions. Number two to the sender of the second correct answer, and so on till all this series of first rewards are given out

THE FIRST REWARDS.

2. One trand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker
3 and 4 - Tw Cond Square Pianos
5 and 0. - Tw Five Touch, 10 Stop Cabinet
Orgon, a Lebrated firm
7, 5 and 1. - To Fine Qualtruple Plate Silver
Tea organizes—six pieces and One Five
o'cleck Tea Service.
10 to 15. - ax Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stemwin up and Stem-setting Genume Figin
Wat ics...
10 to 29. - Five Ladles' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-setting Genume Eigin
Watches
21 25 30. - Ten Ronowned Williams' Singer
Sewing Machines

21 25 30.—Ten Ronowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines 5 301d Hunting-case or Opened-faced, Coin-silver Watches 20 41 to 50.—Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant designs 51 to 100.—Fifty Pozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons 101 to 310.—One Hundred and Thirty Elegant by Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Posms 300 311 to 500.—One Hundred and Minety well-bound volumes of World's Cyclopedia a library in itself 570 Then follows a series of middle reterrors which will be given in this way: At the

which will be given in this way: At the close of the competition all the answers re-ceived will be counted by three disinterested ceived 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. To the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two, the next correct one number three, and so on till all these middle rewards as enumerated below are given away. Here is the list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1. Soven hundred and Ofty dollars in gold 1. Soren hundred and fifty dollars in geld coln.
2. 3 and 4.—Three magnificent Grand Square Fiance, by a celebrated maker.
5. 6 and 7.—Three Fine-toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker.
6. 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies Solid Gold stein winding and stem setting Watches.
12 to 17.—Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea Urns
13 to 30.—Thirteen Elegant, Heavy Black Slik Bress Patter?

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

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS

Patterns.

Patterns
Pat

110 This altogether forms one of the most atractive 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 coes on 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 dishoust 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.
Ande from the rewards offered you are sure to be pleased with your half dollar investment, as the Ladies' Journal consists of twenty pages of the choicest reading matter, tweny pages of the endecatreating maccer, and contains the sum and substance of many of the high priced fashion papers and magazines published in the States, and all for the low price of half a dollar, or one years' subscription. It also contains two pages of the newest music, short and zerial stories, household hints, fashion articles by the best authorities, finely illustrated. best authorities, finely illustrated. In short it is about the best monthly publication we know of anywhere for fifty cents, and is as good as many at a dollar. Be sure to re member that everyone competing must send with their answers fifty cents by postoffice order, scrip, or small coin. They therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rowards, as fifty cents is the regular yearly subscription price to the Journal. The competition remains open only till sixteenth February next, and as long as the letter is post marked where mailed either on the day of closing (16th February) or anytime between now and then, it will be in time and eligible to compete. You answer this promptly now, and you may doubtless secure one of the first rewards. If you answer anytime between now and fifteenth of February, you may secure one of the middle rewards, and even if you answer on the last day (16th Feb.) and you live a goo! distance from Toronto, fifteen days being allowed after date of closing for letters to reach the office from distant points, you are almost certain to secure one of the consolation rewards. At all events we most heartily recommend it, and trust many of our readers will avail it is about the best monthly publication we scure one of the consolation rewards. At all events we most heartily recommend it, and trust many of our readers will avail themselves of this excellent opportunity of securing at once an excellent publication and a possibility of a piane, organ, gold watch, silver tea set, when the many rewards offered. The address is Editor of the Latter Journal Toronto, Canada. Don't delay attention to this but Canada. Don't delay attenting to this but do it now, and you'll not regret it, you may

Consumption Cared

Onsumption Oured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an Eeast India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarth, 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; owers in thousands of cases, har felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering tellows. Actuated by this metive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and usine. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Nors, 160 Power's Elock, Rochester, N. Y.

Livery 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.

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Apropos of the present disturbed stated Spain by carthquakes, Truth gives the following sketch of Mount Vesuvius inq "Picturesque Europe" A little men than eighteen centuries since the form d the mountain was totally different; in hight was probably some hundred park less than it is at present; its outline : blunt truncated cone, having a wide crater at the summit. No oruption in the momory of man had disturbed the district; scarce a tradition of such an occurrence appears to have lingered. The floor of the crater was overgrown with brushwood and trees; its walls were festooned with iry and with a constant of the control wild vine. Once only does it become re-minent in history; when 'the Capuan gld iators sheltered there eives for a while in this natural hill-fort from which, under the command of Spartacus, they escaped to bega command of Spartacus, they escaped to kga the servile war. In the year 70 of the gresentors there was a change; cartquaku agitated the neighbouring districts and a last the imprisoned fire broke forth. From the crater of Vesuvius a huge dark clost rose into the air, spreading itself outlike a great pine-tree; presently a hail of reduction of the mountains, and as night fell the loud grew layer and darker and the cloud grew larger and darker and the shower of stones became thicker, heaviered and more widely spread. All night longly darkness for many a mile was readent blacker still by this thickly falling scoria, though illuminated at inter als by the lurid gleam from the mountain and readed yet more awful by the incessant carthquit shocks. Morning dawned at last and his still the air cleared; half the an lent cate wall had vanished, leaving the fragact that now bears the name of Somuna, will beneath its ruins Herculaneum Pempeii; all Stabiac lay buried, and the graund creat Misenaum was white as snow with falles. Misenaum was white as snow with faller

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes "Alta-taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyma's egetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Co vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had bee troubled with Dyspepsia for a number dyears, and tried many remedies, but of m avail, intil I used this celebrated Dyspepsic Cure." For all impurities of the Blood, Set, Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaint, Costiveness, etc., it is the best medical known.

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

To our Readers.

If you suffer from headache, dizzines, backache, biliousness or humors of the hol-try Burdock Blood Bitters. It is a guna teed cure for all irregularities of the block, liver and kidneys.

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

The Face Wears a Yellowisi Ht pimples appear upon it, sick headads vertigo, morning neusea, and pairs in back side and shoulder blade, are experient when bile enters the system and poisons is blood. Expel it from the circulation, and direct it into its natural channel, the bowlet with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Es-covery and Great Blood Purifier, which is widely superseded mineral drugs having a dangerous reaction. Indigestion, Compation, Impurity of the Bood, and hiller Complaints are entirely overcome by itses.

Ridley's plaided and plain flamel suitsiz carly spring wear are already on the form in the suit department.

No other medicine is so reliable as Aya's Cherry Pectoral for colds, coughs, and il derangements of the respirator organs tol ing toward consumption. In all ording eases it is a certain cure, and it affordst relief for the asthmatic and consumpting even in advanced stages of disease.

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

A Good Record.

Among the many thousand Lottles of His-yard's Yellow Oil zold annually in Canada not one has ever failed to give satisfaction. It cures rheumatism, colds, and all painti complaints and injuries.

He Had Made the Round Trip.

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

The nurse looked at the doctor with a ignificant glance and whispered:

"His mind wanders!"

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n Canada, tislactica il painful

Presently he lifted his feverish head from

tspillow.

"Any betters from the house?" he in-pared. "There ought to be letters here."
Then he slept, and in his sleep he was a or again, babbied of fishing streams where te trout played, of school hours and romps the has mates. At 12 he suddenly rakened.

rakened.
"All right," he exclaimed in a strong love, "I'm ready."
He thought the porter had called him for nearly train. The Doctor laid a soothing and nhim, and he slept. In his sleep he

"Show you samples of our goods. I'm sag off the road now. This order closes at The house has called mo in. Going to are my first vacation, but I shall lose time—

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

"Give me a letter from home. Ellen al rays writes to me here. She never dis-ippontal me yet—and the children. They all forget me if my trips are too long. I are only a ten more towns to sell—pro-tact to be home Christmas—I promised to be home—troumsed—" _promised-

He slept again, and again awakened with

"No word from the house yet?"

He was going home fast now. The other best over him and repeated, in a conforting voice, the precious words of romise; "In my father's house there are many

minons. If it were not so I would have

ollyon."
"Yes—yes," said the dying traveller unity. "It is a clear statement. It is a cod house to travel for. It deals fair and pure with its men."

The chill December morning dawned— head was very near. The sick man was greaching the undiscovered land from ose bourne no traveller returns.

or the first train—I am going to make the mad trip and get home for Christmas."
They laid his headback on the pillow. He ad made the round trip He had gone one for Christmas.—Detroit Free Press.

What a Cent Grows To.

Acent seems of little value, but if it is ely doubled a few times it grows to a mar ellous sum. A young lady in Portland arght her father in a rash promise by a mowledge of this fact on her part. She codestly proposed that if her father would ire her only one cent on one day and stile the amount on each successive day wjust one month she would pledge here's never to ask of him another cent of toney as long as she lived. Not stopping orn over the figures in his head, and not procing it would amount to a large sum, t was glad to accept the offer at once, inking it also a favorable opportunity to scale a possible marriage dowry in the start. On the twenty-fifth day he bears greatly alarmed lest if he complied ith his own acceptance he might be light to be "declared a bankrupt on his an petition." But on the thirtieth day to young girl demanded only the pretty stlesum of \$3,363,706.121! The astonical acceptant was only too happy to candithe claim by advancing a handsome cash symeat for his folly in allowing himself to trea bond—for his word he considered as odd as his hond—without noticing the counderation therein expressed, and by promistore turn to the old custom of advancing maller sums daily until otherwise ordered. The old gentleman had fulfilled his profite, his daughter would have had, upon he receipt of the thirfeenth payment, the anglittle sum of \$10,436,517.43. e was glad to accept the offer at once,

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant Irain that is taking from your system all its former clasticity; driving the bloom from your checks; 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 re-lieved 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 Troublo-

"For twelve years!"
After trying all the doctors and patent medicines 1 could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop "Bitters;"

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

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as ner ousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles. etc. I have not seen asick 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. Bloomingville, 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. BOONE.

Baby Saved.

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

— The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

AT None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the whitel abel. Shun all the vile, poisonous atuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

The taking of an excessive amount of food leeds not only to disturbances of digestion, but also to injury of the power of absorpbut also to injury of the power of accorp-tion; and this may become a serious matter. Moderation in eating and drinking should be the rule of life. To cat too little is in-jurious; it leads to poverty of blood, emaci-ation, and weakness. Too cat too much is in some respects better than to cat too little; but. if the excess be considerable, the injury but, if the excess be considerable, the injury will be considerable also.

If a well be poisoned, woe 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 stream 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. Hagyards 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. G. Goodridge, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:—"I cannot express myself in sufficient praisworthy terms of Burdock Blood Bitters which I have used for the past two years with great bruefit,"

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 many it is only when the monster disease has fastened its fangs upon our lungs that we awaken to cur 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 efficients medicines plaint. One of the most efficious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lunes, is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine is composed of several medicinal herbs, which exert a most wonderful in fluence in curing consumption and other diseases of the lungs and clest. It promotes a free and tasy expectoration, sootlies 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-

Lottic 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 over.

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

THE THIS CANNOT GAIN IN WEIGHT IF THE THIS CANNOT GAIN IN WHICHT if they are troubled with dispepsia, because the food is not converted into the due proportion of nourishing blood which alone can furnish the element of fierly. 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 peerles remedy also for Constipation, Liver Complaint, Kidney troubles, and roots out all impurities from the blood.

Green mastic and gold are the admired

Green mastic, and gold are the admired combination in many dressy spring hats and honnets.
Useful to Know-

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

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

Mr. T. C. Wolls, Chemist and Druggist. Port Colliorne, 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 taf-

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weighing less than 140 you can't expect to do much crowing over it.

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Perhaps the most extraordimy success that has been achieved in motorn science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent, have been cured of this stubborn mailedy. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent, of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patient medicines and other advertised cures sever record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence. It living parasites in the disease, Mr. Dixon at mose adapted his cure to their extermination; this scoomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is uncestimpted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured estarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Mesers. A. H. DIXON & SON, 30 Kin' street West, Toronto, Canada and enclose fram 15g their treatise on catarrh.—Mostreal Start.

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. - [Taylor.

to to-morrow.—[Taylor.

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

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Disappointments of one kind and another crop up all along life's pathway, for infortunately it is the unexpected that always happen. There is at least one article of acknowledged merit that never disappoints. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN
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A hotel-keeper in New York State has forty-two trunks belonging to actors which he is holding for board bills. Nothing succeeds like success.

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How many women there are working to-day in various branches of industryto say nothing of the thousands of pa-tient housewives whose lives are an unceasing round of toil-who are martyre to these complaints to which the weaker sex is liable. Their tasks are rendered doubly hard and irksome and their lives shortened, yet hard necessity compels them to keep on. To such Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" offers a sure means of relief. For all female weak nesses it is a cortain cure All druggists.

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