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EASTER LILLIES.

BY MARGARET E. BANG-YER.

We wreath the lillies, salutely white,
Round fount and crest to-day;
"Rejoice we cry, for sorrow's night
Hath fully passed away.
The watchful hours were long, but bright
shall be the world's new day."

"The Lord is risen," our lips repeat,
"Behold the empty tomb!"
Where the pure lillies cluster aet.
Shall come no thought of gloom.
O, hark! the falling of his feet:
O hearts! prepare him room!

With voices of mirth, with eyes that shine,
With spirit comforted,
We keep the feast, we pour the wine,
We break the heavenly bread.
He lives! He reigns! the Man Divine,
— And death itself is dead.

And here more in utter loss,
What ill so e'er may come,
Shall we, close clinging to His cross,
Despair of rest and home,
The home where tempest will not toss,
The rest beyond the foam.

Four lillies of the Easter tide,
Your lavish sweetness pour;
Our hearts in solemn peace abide,
The while our lips adore;
The Lord is risen! the Church, His bride,
Exulteth evermore!

HAT TRUTH SAYS

Our readers of TRUTH who like to give names of foreign places the right pronunciation will doubtless feel deeply indebted to the *Pall Mall Gazette* (which, by the way, they must invariably pronounce well, if they would be in the fashion) for entering the following information among a few names which are sure to crop up in conversation just now when Afghanistan is attracting the attention of all who keep themselves informed on the topics of the day: to such the following rules are fully submitted: Cabul is pronounced Merv is pronounced Mahriv; Herat is pronounced Heraht; Kurrahee is pronounced Krahchy; Peshawur is pronounced Peshower. The accent on Afghanistan is on the second syllable. In such cases as Bolan, Rohat, etc., the accent is on the second syllable, and the "a" is pronounced broad like "ah."

Chicago News sneers at Canada in the following style: "A Pennsylvania postmaster himself the other day because his letters were short. It was a choice between Canada and death, and he chose death." To judge from the number of deluged officials that skip over here from the other side, this Pennsylvanian man's was a very uncommon one, whether or not.

There must be something lamentably defective in the method of teaching adopted in the English schools, or else the juvenile mind has a remarkable aptitude for jumbling up historical and geographical facts with fictions of the most fantastic kind. Examples of a few of the answers handed in at a recent examination of pupils between the ages of seven and seventeen are here given, and it is stated that there were many more of the same kind. The following is one of the answers handed in at a recent examination, nearly as absurd as the following: "Oliver Cromwell is said

to have exclaimed, because he cut off King Charles' head and got on the throne:—'If I had served my God as I served my King, He would not have left me to mine enemies.' Also, that the word 'Charles' would be found on his heart." "The earth goes round on its axis. The earth's axis is a pole put through the centre of the sun, which turns it round, and thus we get the seasons." "Constantinople is on the Golden Horn; a strong fortress, has a university, and is the residence of Peter the Great. Its chief building is the Sublime Port." The theory propounded in the second answer is rather startling and explains the source of *British Lion Johnson's* information that "the sun do move!"

People have groaned and complained at a great rate this past winter about its length and severity, but they don't seem to know when they are well off. Certainly it has been chilly at times, but one doesn't look for tropical heat in Canada between the months of November and April. How would those growlers like to experience such a time as the winter of 1816 is reported to have been, and, which, if all be true that is said about it, extended clear through the summer into the following winter. In that year, we are told, the actual winter was comparatively mild, but the weather became very cold in March and never got really warm again, though April was a little better than the month previous. In May the flowers and fruits were frozen, and June was the coldest ever known, frost, ice and snow being plentiful. One would think that July and August would have evinced some signs of higher temperature, but no, this is what the American chroniclers of the words of the no doubt equally veracious oldest inhabitants tell us:—"In July there was frost and ice. The Indian corn crop in the States was all destroyed. August was more cheerless still. Ice formed half an inch thick, and almost every growing crop was killed in Great Britain as well as in America. Corn for seed was sold for \$5 a bushel. In September there were two weeks of mildness, but cold and frost for the remainder of the month. October had frost and ice. November was cold and blustering. December was mild and agreeable. Flour at Philadelphia was \$13 per 100 pounds, and in Britain wheat sold for \$97 a quarter." If this is to be the kind of thing we are to have during the ensuing summer, we shall probably be casting envious eyes in the direction of Egypt, and our thoughts will wander to the Soudan, where the thermometer just now is reported to register 109° in the shade. Phew!

Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany had a presentiment that he would die before his eighty-eighth birthday, two Sundays ago, had passed, but happily his forebodings have proved to be unfounded, and the old gentleman still enjoys pretty fair health. He is by far the oldest of reigning monarchs, though he has been on the throne only half as long as Queen Victoria, and has seen great changes in Germany since he came to

the throne. In spite of the fact that King William persists in believing that age has not detracted from his usefulness, it is too evident that his years are now weighing heavily on him and that it is only by the exercise of his strong will that he is enabled to bear the fatigues and prolonged horse back rides which he affects to treat so lightly. However, he is a very fine old fellow, and TRUTH wishes him many returns of his birthday.

There are many people with special opportunities of knowing who prophesy that in less than two years after the Emperor William's death, Germany will be a republic. It of course remains to be seen how this prediction will be verified, but it is very certain that Bismarck will retire into private life on the Emperor's death (if that event happen prior to his own decease) and when the present German chancellor's iron hand is removed, Germany will find quite enough to do at home in minding her own affairs without meddling with every movement in other states, as she does at present.

The Rev. F. H. Gridley, an American doctor of divinity, condemns the wearing of moustaches and beards by clergymen, as being a species of muzzle on the mouths of divines. Common sense would seem to suggest that Nature intended the hisute covering which she has bestowed on the throats and lips of men to be a benefit; it undoubtedly is so, and affords a better protection against cold air and dust, which might prove highly injurious to the lungs and throats of public speakers, than any artificial respirator. It can hardly be that a man's beard and moustache were given him merely to keep him employed in shaving them off, and preachers have quite as much right to appear as Nature made them as any one else.

There is a diversity of opinion as to whether the Gladstone government did or did not go to work properly to relieve Gordon, but one thing is certain and that is that Gordon himself was of opinion that it was to blame. His words, shortly before his death prove that he felt that all had not been done that might have been, and there is something pathetic and at the same time bitter in the following words uttered by him not many days before Khartoum fell: "I will accept nothing whatever from Gladstone's Government. I will not even let them pay my expenses. I will get the King of Belgium to pay them. I will never put foot in England again, but if I get out I will go to Brussels, and so on to the Congo."

Gen. Grant's condition is still attracting much attention and sympathy. Besides the painful cancer in the mouth he is suffering greatly for want of sleep. Possibly this has been brought about, to a large extent, because of his sudden cessation from the use of tobacco. Insomnia, or sleeplessness, is a complaint which, if not routed soon after its first attack, will become more terrible in its effects than even the much-dreaded cancer itself. In speaking of insomnia, a physician thus describes it: "It speedily becomes itself a disease of a most frightful character.

There is much more of it than the exhaustion which comes from the loss of sleep. There is a persistent and most demoralizing anxiety attending, which is based on apprehensions as to what may occur. The sufferer knows that he must have sleep within a certain time, or death or insanity will result. Knowing the absolute necessity of getting sleep before the dreaded crisis shall come, he makes all possible efforts to fall asleep, and the very efforts made interrupt and defeat the end sought for. He is haunted unceasingly with the alternative of insanity or death, and he frantically struggles to avert the impending catastrophe, and every movement thus made only entangles him the more." We have all of us probably, suffered more or less at times from inability to fall asleep; we feel sleepy and yet nature's sweet restorer persistently refuses to close our aching eye-lids, and we know how distressing such a state of mind and body is; if this temporary deprivation of necessary sleep is so exhausting how much more so must the disease (for such it becomes) be when it sets in in its chronic form!

Possibly the most frightful form of death is that which ensues when sleep has been withheld for any protracted period. This is well known to the Chinese with whom it is a favorite torture (favorite, that is to say, with the torturers and not the victim) to keep malefactors in a bamboo cage ingeniously lined with numerous sharp spikes which penetrate the victim's body at the slightest movement on his part and thus effectually preclude the possibility of his falling asleep and he eventually dies a raving maniac. But terrible as is his disease, insomnia, it is not without its cure, which to quote from the same authority as before, is as follows: "The cure, if it shall come, is largely the result of mental effort. If the victim have sufficient strength of mind to throw out the awful apprehension which haunts him incessantly that he must sleep or die, he has taken a long step toward a cure. Few men have the power to do this; and still it is essential. The attention of the patient must be taken from himself; from contemplation of the demon which menaces him by day, and all through the interminable hours of the wakeful night. Change of air by easy stages, a light, nutritious diet, and something in the nature of a tonic, such as beer, are among the most efficacious methods of treatment. But even these, to be of value, must be preceded and accompanied by the disabuse of the mind of the fear of consequences resulting from a want of sleep. Under these favorable conditions the victim of insomnia will begin to get from two to four hours' sleep toward morning. This will be sufficient to permit a return to recuperate the loss of each day, and gradually the hours of sleep will be lengthened, and in time a cure will follow." The disease of sleeplessness is certain to ensue when any accustomed stimulant is suddenly cut off, and what is true regarding the use or abuse of tobacco is equally so with respect to the use or abuse of opium and spirituous liquors.

Truth's Contributors.

FROM WINNIPEG TO THE ROOKIES.

BY REV. E. A. STAFFORD, A.B.

No. 1.

This trip is certainly full of high promise. It was much written of before the C. P. R. had penetrated the dense solitudes that still enwrap nearly half a continent. During the summer of 1884 it probably had more advertising by distinguished foreigners, travelling on free passes, than any other route on this much trampled earth ever had. Then it is supposed to exhibit to the tourist's eye that field of agriculture which, only a short time since, was thought to offer to the industrious yeoman the best chance to become an owner of some portion of this earth's surface, and, in the fear that very soon it would be all taken up, men rushed forward, trampling upon each other, in the breathless haste of a genuine land craze, each striving to cover, in his covetous expansion of himself, as large a portion as possible. Private enterprises rivalled great land companies in the zeal of appropriation, and in the gilded hope of vast and easy wealth for all. How animating the prospect of seeing the field of all this desire and disappointment!

It was, therefore, with feelings not unlike what I have had in looking upon the field of a great battle, heightened, of course, by the expectation of grandeur where nature has done her best, that I boarded a train for the west. It was September, the harvest month here. The rural life of my childhood had taught my eyes the correct appearance of valuable fields of wheat; but they were now to open with a new delight upon such vast fields of truly golden grain as they had never before beheld. Hundreds of acres, unbroken by a line, as even as if the tops had been clipped, after the manner of a hedge, in not one only, but in many places, rewarded a short excursion north or south of the nation's great commercial artery—the C. P. R. main line. O, hurrying tourist, make the most of the fields of wheat, for you are speeding on into a wide world of monotonous silence, that will start many a strange question in your thoughts. We breakfast at Moose Jaw, in the twenty-fifth hour from Winnipeg, and then on for the whole day without meeting any kind of a train, or seeing a living creature except our own company; occasionally, but not always, some one at a way station, and the countless birds that, yet unhunted, throng upon and about the small lakes in sight of the track. The prairie is not green. No flower blooms upon it. It appears gray and dry as a desert; and on every side this silence and desolation stretches away for hundreds of miles! They tell us there will be 400,000,000 of people on this continent in the year 2000. Out on this wide waste you ponder upon this calculation. Except for less than a hundred miles about Portage La Prairie you have seen nothing approaching a fairly well peopled section of country. At Moose Jaw you left human habitations far behind. It is hard to believe, in this solitude, that one hundred years hence anything but an echo will answer to the voice of man. There will yet be room for the crowding millions to scatter.

It fiendish ingenuity had determined to blast the prospects of this country it could not have devised a better plan than to supply the names of localities. Stinking and Belly Rivers, Seven Prisons and Snake Creeks, Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat; what land could survive such names?

At the last named place, about forty hours from our starting point, we came into con-

tact with the first native coal produced by regular mining operations. The Saskatchewan Mine is located near here. It is 600 miles from Winnipeg. At a cent per mile per ton, which is thought a fair rate for carrying coal, \$6.00 a ton is required to carry a ton of this coal to Winnipeg. It has been selling this winter at \$7.50 per ton. It is well adapted for heating in this cold country, as it burns quickly, throws out a great heat, and lasts fairly well, though not as long as anthracite coal. The Galt Mine produces rather a better quality of coal, and is about 100 miles from Medicine Hat. A branch line is being built to it, and it is expected that its product will be sold in Winnipeg next winter at about \$7.50 per ton.

This Medicine Hat is a division town on the main line of the C. P. R. main line, and the coal interest added to that fact furnishes its *raison d'être*. An abrupt turn in the great Saskatchewan, causing on one side a break in its high banks, creates a really beautiful basin, bounded by pretty high cliffs, covering about one thousand acres; and the town lies on one side of this basin. Here three or four hundred people form a very pleasant community, with no outside world very near to them. A detachment of the mounted police, encamped on the hill across the river, a mile away, gives a sense of dignity and security to this quiet town. Beyond, but not far, is the camping ground and the breeding place of such an army of rattle snakes as causes a creeping sensation to think upon. But they are over the stream, and so far away that the citizens are never troubled by them, except when the adventuresome go on a hunt, and expose themselves to these ungenerous enemies. Here the cactus abounds. A flowering cactus, and a species bearing a wholesome berry, in shape and taste very much like the domestic gooseberry, is found in great quantities. Other varieties infest the prairie, growing in patches from one to three or four yards in diameter, and scattered at frequent intervals. Here the cowboy comes to view, and one can learn true economy in modes of transportation by observing the horse trains made up at this point for Fort McLeod, away to the south. Instead of one team attached to each wagon, half a dozen wagons are coupled together after the manner of a train of cars, then as many teams are attached one after another to the forward wagon. In this way John, seated in a great saddle, astride the near wheel horse, manages the whole train, and saves the skill, time and pay of four or five extra men. This is but one illustration of the fact that the great need of this vast west is population. The present generation would be grateful, if, instead of promising one hundred millions of people in the year 2001, an instalment of, say five per cent., were hurried out there now very soon.

This need was forcibly impressed upon my mind while stopping at Medicine Hat. Here I met, for the first time, one of those ghosts of sad disappointments in land speculation, which now stalk about in countless numbers over all this western world. It appeared in the form of a very small horse, smaller still by reason of exceeding poverty of flesh, and over his frame hung a harness which, though taken up to the last buckle, appeared like the garment of a very large father upon the body of his very little son. All this harness and horse were attached to the most demoralized buck-board any one ever saw. The friendly driver had me at his side, to give me the recreation of a drive over the sun-scorched prairie, on a day so warm that anything with a leaf upon it must have appeared restful and refreshing.

Neither the rig nor those it carried had much spring that day, but as the horse went on, enjoying frequent rests while we tied up the ever-breaking harness, ever and anon leaping abruptly aside to avoid the many cactus beds, and so describing a course inexplicable by geometry, the driver was burning out first-class enthusiasm in the effort to impress me with the superior advantages of that locality for settlement.

I sympathized with him most sincerely. If like Roderick Dhu, by a shout I could have called up strong men covering all the hills, I should have done it. I would gladly have caused a great wave of emigration to break at his feet. But I felt that considering the force of his plea things would have been more in proportion if there had been less of cactus and more of horse; less confidence in his assertion, and more in the buck-board.

We are yet more than 300 miles distant from our western destination. It is a large world! More anon.

VARIOUS FORMS OF LOW FEVERS.

MALARIA AND OTHER CAUSES — PREVENTION.

BY DR. W. CANNIFF, MEDICAL HEALTH OFFICER TORONTO.

The practicing physician meets with not a few cases of disease in which fever is present in varying degrees, which continues for a longer or shorter time. Sometimes it is continuous, sometimes intermittent, or emittent. The fever is often of a negative character, or it may approach in character to that which is present in a genuine case of typhoid when duly developed. Typhoid, due to specific germs, may run its course without the characteristic fever. On the other hand, fever due to other causes may have febrile symptoms of the typhoid type. Consequently it is often impossible to determine whether an attack of fever is the result of typhoid germs, or due to other poisonous elements which have found entrance to the human system. The result is that all forms of low fever are very commonly designated typhoid. Sometimes the term malaria, or typho-malaria, is used. Now, malaria is often met with apart from inhabited districts. It is the product of decomposition and putrefaction of different forms of vegetable matter under certain conditions of heat and moisture. But, while malaria is a frequent cause of fever in low-lying districts, in the neighbourhood of streams and marsh land, and in newly-settled places, it is also often found in thickly-inhabited places, in which cases it is due to drinking water charged with vegetable life, or the specific products of decomposition floating in the air. The malarial poison is regarded as consisting of germ entities possessing great powers of proliferation. It ascends in the air, and may be wafted here and there, unseen and unfelt, by those who may inhale it. Malarial poison may also be taken with drinking water. A characteristic of malarial disease is the intermittent, or remittent nature of the fever.

If we recognize as the factors of malaria, putrefactive decomposition of vegetable matter with heat and moisture, there is no difficulty in determining as to how the development of the germs should, if possible, be prevented.

What the people require to know is—what are the causes of the low fevers, call them what you may? How does the poison enter the system, and how can the fevers be prevented or controlled? While malarial fever is the product of germs developed in decomposing vegetable matter, other forms

with typhoid symptoms, apart from true typhoid, are doubtless the result of putrefying organic matter, both vegetable and animal. Frequently it is extremely infectious material. Low forms of organic matter in abundance wherever organic matter is fermenting. Heat and moisture constitute the necessary additional factors. Exclusion of air and sunlight aid in the work. The essential conditions may be found in many, or in every hole and corner of a house, yard, stable, or factory. It smells generally, though not always, to locate the spot. It may be in the basements where exist collections of garbage, or decaying vegetables, the floor and walls being damp from want of drainage. It may be found in the waste pipe of an imperfectly deficient water closet, or in a privy closet it may come into the kitchen, or chamber or bath-room, from an untrapped waste pipe. It may be in a corner of the yard where kitchen slops are deposited, or a foul water cistern; or a well into which has been soaked, the liquid from the yard or pit. It may be a sink into which is thrown all kinds of filthy material, or a stable floor of which is reeking with animal excretions. And other sources of foul smelling fever germs might be mentioned.

These germs may find their way into the human body by the lungs or the stomach. They may be breathed, or they may be taken with water or milk, or perhaps with food, upon which they have collected, mould is often seen by the naked eye on stale food. The poison of these low fevers is not contagious. Like as in typhoid, or more of a family may have the fever after another, but they all take it from a common source. These fevers are usually rarely infectious, except in cases of typhoid which is not often seen in Canada, or is called ship fever. There is no virus in the excretions; but they are charged with putrefying material and should be promptly disinfected.

The great preventative of these low fevers are removal and destruction of the factors. All refuse organic matter, the refuse of domestic life, should be destroyed or removed before decomposition commences, which is more speedy and acrid in hot, wet weather. The best way is to destroy everything that can be, by fire. The refuse of the kitchen and all of the things can be burned up. Slops should be thrown in the yard; there should be adequate drainage to carry away the water and all fluids coming from the house. In a city, or large town, the privy should be abolished. In fact they should not exist anywhere. Probably the best way is to use the earth, or ash closet water carriage system, unless there is most perfect plumbing, with frequent inspection, is attended with danger. Complicated appliances in a water closet are delusive. House ventilation and also ventilation of waste pipes must be under the hand of a competent and cautious plumber, and it is well to have guidance and inspection of a sanitary engineer. The purest water possible should alone be used. Disease and decay in many wells, although the water is apparently pure and pleasant to the taste, are many ways by which the well becomes defiled. The more thickly the well is inhabited the greater the likelihood of pollution of the water. The only way to be certain that the water is free from germs is to have it examined by a sanitary expert. Wells in use should be cleaned out every spring. There is also a water cistern, the water of which is foul. Although not consumed it

the source of disease. Deleterious gases may arise from these cisterns, and in thickly-populated districts it is much safer to dispense with them.

ON ARCHITECTURE.

BY ERNEST E. T. SETON, PRACTICAL ARCHITECT.

Among the many arts and sciences which received a direct or indirect revivification from the system of art teaching inaugurated by Prince Albert, and dating from the great exhibition of '51, perhaps none is of greater and more lasting interest to the generality of mankind than that of architecture.

It is with a view of bringing this subject more prominently before the public, and of laying down clearly the fundamental principles of the art that the present paper is written for TRUTH.

Architecture has been defined as the art and science of building, and though many have objected to this definition our purpose will be answered well enough if we accept it as it stands.

The fundamental principle of architecture, as of all arts, and indeed of everything good in the world, is truth. It must be true to its object, true to its matter, and true to its maker. Or, to be more specific, true architecture considers, firstly, the object of building and permits no capricious notions to divert the form to the injury of its utility.

It is true to its material, for each kind is used in the way for which it is most suitable, and in the manner whereby the greatest strength may be secured; i.e., it will be without foolishness.

It adapts itself to the circumstances of the owner, to the varying conditions of climate and locality; without shams and without deceit.

Whatever accords not with a taste cultivated on these lines must be wrong, although not necessarily far astray, still wrong, and, therefore, condemnable as the beginning of evil.

With these three propositions in mind it will be seen that common sense is, after all, the foundation of true art. To give an illustration: It may safely be said that, if a man of common sense and judgment, with a love of nature and a love of home, a knowledge of practical building mechanics, but with no opinions or bias whatever, on the subject of what is conventionally termed architectural style, set about to build himself a house, he will build one in perfect taste. In the face of this what a commentary it is on modern builders to say that twenty years ago, among structures of any pretensions, there was not more than one building in every ten that was not contemptibly and atrociously ugly.

For the further elucidation of the above proposition an explanation may be made. A knowledge of building mechanics was assumed as a *sine qua non*, also that the man was endowed with common sense, for then he would build with each material in a manner adapted to its properties; i.e., he would build strongly, which is most important, and this is one reason why jails and lunatic asylums are among the most admirable of modern buildings. It was also assumed that he had a love of home, for then each part would be studied out and made in the most convenient way for domestic comfort, and, therefore, there would be a perfect freedom from one of the meanest and deadliest enemies of beauty and truth—the unreasoning hankering after machine-like uniformity. Lastly, our type must be a love of nature, for this love will prompt him to decorate his home, not with fretwork of

unmeaning and hideous scrolls, but with natural forms, and these are always beautiful.

Lest any be disposed to challenge the conclusions here arrived at, reference need only be made to the builders of the early centuries after the Conquest; the conditions are precisely as herein proposed, and the buildings that have been preserved are to us now appreciated as masterpieces of that beauty which is but the material form of truth.

After one or more centuries had passed, great changes came over English national life. This really retrograded in a terrible degree from the manly standard of previous ages, and perhaps reached its lowest ebb in the reigns of the Charles. Of the low moral status of the public mind at this period we have accurate records in the architecture of the public buildings of the day, as well as the residences of those of the nobility who then required new establishments.

Without any regard for the object of their edifices, men would twist and contort them into every conceivable form, apparently to be a mere vent for the superabundant folly in their natures. One nobleman would have the ground plan of his new home in the form of his family crest; another would have it shaping the initials of his name; yet another would require the outlines to represent a certain animal or head; the profile of a gable must conform to the likeness of some one whom he desired to honor, and so on to infinity with these absurdities. All were carried out without any regard to the spoliation of the interior of the building, and, moreover, with a supreme contempt for the barbarous work of the past earnest and sensible age.

The decorations of these buildings were in keeping with their general character; ribbons and scrolls, unnatural garlands, bangles, and so forth. Anything indeed, to be grotesque and affected, but nothing of beauty or of nature. The same ignoble spirit pervaded every art and every pursuit of the age. The very trees of the landscape had to be cut in uncouth forms and fantastic shapes, instead of being permitted to grow in the stately beauty which is the attribute of every tree in our land that is left to itself, the sun and the wind.

We will not dwell further on this age of architecture, nor will we shock the sensibilities of the reader by condemnatory references to buildings which are beginning to receive the reverence usually accorded to age, but which are none the less unworthy of admiration as they are false to all principles of beauty. We will rather turn to the more pleasing task of pointing out what is good in such of the buildings of the past as are pictorially familiar to the general public, and such as have recently been erected on our streets.

But, before proceeding to the analytical consideration of any building, let us expand into the practical shape of laws the abstract definition already enunciated.

1st. Let the general shape of the building be whatever is best for its proposed use; leave the beautifying for after consideration.

2nd. Let the material be used so as to secure the utmost strength. Thus, stone or brick must be built perpendicularly, and, the latter at least, always arched over openings. Wood must run in straight lines, for curvilinear wooden structures are almost sure to be across the grain, and, therefore, weak, and a source of annoyance; exception may here be made in favor of timber grown or bent to the form required.

3rd. Avoid monotony. The best buildings have, in similar parts, a certain uniformity or symmetry, but, on examination

it is always found that there is sufficient dissimilarity to guard against any feeling of monotony.

4th. Let the ornamentation in no way interfere with the natural use or true general form of the object. The main outlines are to continue the same, and decoration is to be an elaboration of little more than the surface. Ornamentation not formed on these lines is disfiguration.

5th. Avoid outside color decoration; it is not sensible; some exception, may, perhaps, be made in favor of variations of coloring obtained by using different materials, as red and gray stones, &c., but mere frescoing is altogether false and reprehensible.

6th. All shams are contemptible, and although many contrivances that were once frauds are now so well known as to deceive no one, they are none the less to be avoided; they grate upon a correct taste. A lie is still a lie, even though too clumsy to deceive. In this connection it is worthy of note that good taste will often reject parts which, though not in themselves decidedly wrong, have, through continual association with untruthfulness, become objectionable and offensive.

With these laws in view, let us glance at certain of the buildings about our cities. The Toronto reader must be familiar with the Equity Chambers on the corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, and if these be subjected to criticism in accordance with the laws laid down, amusement and instruction may be derived from the study.

At the time this building was erected, some ten years ago, it was a vast improvement on the style then generally adopted in Toronto, and for long was pointed out as one of the ornaments of the business part of the city. But even it exhibits many details which are, architecturally, so bad that our wonder is excited at their being introduced by a designer so evidently possessed of some taste. At the outset the general contour is unpleasantly fantastic and annoying, from its entire lack of breadth and repose, and yet throughout this fantasy there is a monotony which is equally irksome. The columns at each window are too small for their apparent work, for parts of a whole should not only be strong but also look strong. The gables on Victoria street are good in form, but that on Adelaide street is spoilt by its window, while the skylines of all are marred by the wriggly, unmeaning iron work, which is the more out of place from its conjunction with the solid and shapely stone coping.

The tower is not a little spoilt by a corrupt hankering after a machine-like uniformity, which the architect would, doubtless, like us to call by the more euphonious term, "symmetry." There is some ugly diaper and unmeaning stone ornamentation about the highest large window, and a vulgar and irrational design for the exclusion of most of the light in the spandril over the door.

But there are many points of great excellence. The diaper of black, red, and white brick on the second story is an admirable specimen of that style of decoration, while the arches on the windows of the third and fourth stories might grace the walls of a palace. Altogether, this building may, by its erection, be said to have marked the advent of a new and better era in the architecture of the business buildings of Toronto.

Lack of space prevents at present taking into fuller consideration the construction of private dwellings, in which branch of the art we have now a number of excellent examples in Toronto, the consideration of which will be found both pleasant and pro-

fitable, especially to such as desire to make for themselves homes which, in style and decorations, shall be above the silly caprices of fashion, and shall continue to be a source of increasing satisfaction, inasmuch as their construction was guided by the principles of true art.

THE CANADIAN REBELLION.

REMINISCENCES OF AN EYE WITNESS.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

III.

The sun had gone down, and that over to be remembered Sunday, the 4th day of November, 1838, closed in darkness over the unlighted streets of old Montreal.

The Lachine escort, after delivering their sixty-four prisoners to the gaol guard, reformed for their return; rain was then pelting down in torrents. They had over ten miles to reach home. That tramp is as fresh in the memory of the writer as if it were to-day. Artillery was placed at every avenue leading from the country, and the city gate at Dow's Brewery closed after us, with a death-like sound. There were no macadamised roads in those early days; it was mud under foot, mud to right, mud to left of us, mud everywhere, and thick darkness all round! Worse still, at any step a concealed enemy might be met. Every few minutes a cavalry man dashed past, hailing us, with despatches to or from Montreal. It was an exciting march. Tired, wet and hungry, the escort reached its headquarters at Lafanimo's Hotel, Lachine, by ten o'clock that night.

Monday morning, the 5th of November, 1838, was dull and cold. The old village presented a grand and cheering sight. It was full of armed men. The Lachine Brigade of three hundred was in full force, not in the same rig as in the previous December. They were now attired in full military costume, having comfortable pilot cloth overcoats, grey trousers with red stripes—all able-bodied men—farmers, farmer's sons, and farm hands, well-fitted for any hard or rough work. The words, "the might that slumbers in a peasant's arms," might be fittingly applied to them.

One dear to all was missing—their old leader, Major Penner, was not there. He had gone over to England the previous summer to pay a visit to his old Hereford home, the home of his youth. The men missed him sadly. Sir John Colborne supplied the vacancy by sending out Captain Campbell, of the 7th Hussars. The boys soon took to their new leader.

Besides the Brigade the village was filled with Indians from Caughnawaga, and there were several hundred of the Montreal men who had joined. It was expected that at any moment the order would be given to advance on Chateaugay. It was with difficulty the men were restrained from making an attack on their own hook, without orders. This would have spilt the whole affair and might have proved disastrous.

Sir John Colborne's plan was to place the regulars between the rebel camps at Chateaugay and Beauharnois and the frontier, so as to intercept succor or prevent escape, leaving us, the force at Lachine, in their front, to prevent their escape to the northern district. His, Sir John's, headquarters were at St. Johns. Orders were sent for the Glengarry Highlanders to cross at Cotou du Lac and to march down the south side of the St. Lawrence on Beauharnois, to arrive there on Saturday night, the 10th. The Lachine Brigade, with volunteers from Montreal, was to cross to Caughnawaga the same night (Saturday) and to march with the Indians, early on Sunday morning on Chateaugay.

The duties of the Lachine Brigade were severe and trying during the week. They had to watch, patrol and guard the whole lake shore from Lachine to St. Anne. The two rebel camps, Chateaugay and Beauharnois, were directly opposite, on the south side of Lake St. Louis and at any time a night attack might be expected.

There arrived at Lachine during the week a large quantity of arms, ammunition and blankets for the Glengarry. These were placed on board a small steamer to be conveyed to the Cascades, but for want of communication to ascertain where the Glengarrys were, the steamer was detained at Lachine until Saturday, the 10th.

Saturday night came. The Brigade knew nothing of the intended move on Chateaugay until Captain Campbell issued his orders. Battaux were collected, of which there were a goodly number at the village, and the order given at dead of night to embark. This looked as if some real work was to be done before morning. The horses of the Lachine troop stepped into the batteaux as steadily as if entering their stalls. The embarkation was soon completed. The river was crossed to Caughnawaga, where the Indians joined. The force amounted to about 800 men of all arms. At midnight or early morning march was made through the woods on Chateaugay.

The whole of the Brigade was not in this advance on Chateaugay. Captain Carmichael, with part of the St. Paul company, had been placed in charge of a steamer to go up the Ottawa; Lieutenant Carmichael and the writer, with part of the Lower Lachine company, had charge of the steamer with the arms and clothing for the Glengarrys and left Lachine at noon on Saturday for the Cascades. Early on Sunday morning, the 11th of November, the force from Lachine reached Chateaugay. The patriots deserted their camp on the approach of the attacking force. It is well they did, and that history has not to record the loss of valuable lives. A few distant stray shots were exchanged, but they fell short of their mark. It would be well if we could say that this ended the day.

Then commenced a work of destruction! Fires broke out here, there and everywhere around. It had the appearance at one time as if the whole village and surrounding homesteads would fall a prey to the devouring element! No one seemed to know or would acknowledge to know, the origin of the fires or by whom started; the men were dreadfully excited and vexed at not meeting the enemy.

Be this as it may, before order was restored fully a score of houses with barns and homesteads fell before the devouring flames. It was a sickening, a heartrending sight to see poor, helpless women and children, in utter grief and stricken dumb with terror, begging for protection! There little treasures, their household goods, the homes of their youth—all vanish before their very eyes! Their fathers, their husbands, their brothers! The assembled patriots of yesterday! Now scattered wild through the woods, homeless, friendless! Seeking shelter where they may!

Reader, young Canadian reader, this is a true picture of a dark day in Canadian history. It would make our blood run cold were you to witness such a scene as this. Pardon us if we exclaim:—Thy ruined homes, Chateaugay! and thy burning homesteads, a sad remembrance bring.

SIR JOHN'S SUCCESSOR.

BY J. E. COLLINS.

Notwithstanding that the party organs have held frequent diagnoses of Sir John Macdonald, and ascertained that he was at one time suffering of Bright's disease, and at another of cancer in the stomach, the old gentleman still lives, and gives good promise for many years of hard work yet. Threatened men live long. Lord Beaconsfield, it will be remembered, lived to seventy-seven, and Lord Palmerston to eighty-one, though in regard to each of them the

papers in their day saw many indications of the end coming many years before it did. It has been very much the same in regard to Mr. Gladstone, who is now an older man by several years than our own Premier. There has been a good deal of discussion, however, in regard to the probable successor to the leadership of the Conservative party, and a few notes in TRUTH regarding the matter may not be amiss. They may go for what they are worth.

When, in 1878, overwhelmed with the Pacific Scandal, Sir John fell, it was hoped by some of his late colleagues that he could never rally a powerful following again.

Dr. Tupper began to move about, his breast full of ambition. Some prominent Conservatives, among whom was Mr. Peter Mitchell, believed that it now required some such daring force as Dr. Tupper's to breath confidence into the prostrate party; but Conservatives looked over their shoulder at this Nova Scotia Hercules, then turned away again, not satisfied. Some remember that Mr. McLellan, the present Minister of Marine and Fisheries, had described him as the "High Priest of Corruption," and noticed that the Doctor was now rich, though he had entered public life poor. It is evident he was never regarded by a considerable number of his party as an eligible leader, though it was undoubted that his ambition was in that direction. Sir Charles has against him the suspicion that he is fond of money. He cannot have the power with the cash. Sir John does not care for money; rule is what he seeks; if the people of Canada were not certain of this he would not be to-day Premier of the Dominion.

Sir Leonard Tilley, in the eyes of Reformers, is as a temple reared to virtue in a Mobbish city. Amongst the English section of the Ministry he is the one person whom all would agree in trusting; but he is wearied of public cares is nearing the bottom of the hill; probably he would not accept the mantle were it offered to him.

A small body of the party have recently brought forward the name of a gentleman in whom they tell us we are to observe the successor of the present Chief. This is Mr. Dalton McCarthy, a gentleman of considerable ability and of parliamentary experience, but of no experience whatever in official life.

The zealous friends and their successor-apparent would do well to convince themselves that at this day in Canada no public man is given spurs to wear till he has won them.

In the Cabinet, therefore, I think there is but one man whose chances and qualifications for the leadership need be discussed, and that is Sir Hector Langevin. His ability and diplomatic skill are admitted even by his opponents; and to his urbanity and courtesy all join in bearing testimony. His connection with the Pacific Scandal will be set up as an objection by his opponents; because he is a Frenchman he may be held to be disqualified by the great majority of English-speaking Reformers, (the Irish Roman Catholics of that party excepted) and by some Conservatives.

As to the Pacific Scandal, the part he played in that was minor. Sir John, who was the author of the transaction, has been forgiven and twice crowned since by the confidence of the people. Sir Hector Langevin has the control of a department which affords opportunity for favoritism, venality and even corruption, but during all the years of his administration no breath of suspicion has fallen upon him, even by an opponent. The only other department that gave a chance for evil doings has been enveloped in a mist of scandals.

The other objection, that Sir Hector is a Frenchman, easily comes to the ground. The opposition of Ontario would cry out that their Province was about to pass under the heel of Quebec, but no statement could be more foolish or unjust. Sir Hector is the only conspicuous public man from the French Province who has never ceased to tell his people that while he desires them to cultivate their own language and manners, he

wishes them to forget that there were ever any enmities of race, and to remember only that they are all Canadians. Some years ago, in an address presented to him by a delegation of Acadian French as a distinguished Frenchman and the Minister of Public Works, reference was made to the heartless expulsion of their ancestors and other grievances by the British; but Mr. Langevin reproved the allusions, and pointed out that such recollections must be left under ground, that now one race in Canada was the equal of another, and that our highest duty was loyalty to our country and fraternity towards one another.

Since confederation there has been no French-Canadian leader, and seeing always an Englishman holding the reins, some uninformed and a few unreflecting persons have come to believe that a French Canadian has no right in the matter. But from the formation of the Liberal Administration by Lord Elgin in 1848, down to the consummation of confederation there were two heads to each Ministry, a Frenchman and an Englishman. First there was the Lafontaine Baldwin Administration; next came the Hincks-Morin Government, followed by the Macnab-Morin, Tache-Macdonald, Macdonald-Tache, Brown-Dorion, Cartier-Macdonald, Sanfield Macdonald Scottie, Dorion-Macdonald (Sanfield), Tache-Macdonald, and Belleau-Macdonald. The first mentioned in each brace being Prime-Minister, it will be seen that out of eleven administrations six premierships were held by the French Province. For the last seventeen years the Premiership of Canada has been held by Englishmen. The French Province has, therefore, an undeniable claim to the leadership when the next vacancy occurs; and this right recognized there is no difficulty in seeing that the successor should be Sir Hector Langevin. But that the day may be far away that shall see the trusty old chief lay by his harness, is the earnest prayer of all.

TROPICAL TRIPS.

4. THE CEYLON COFFEE PLANTER WHEN NOT BUSY.

(Continued).

BY "ALBATROSS," TORONTO.

I have given some little account of the work that is done on a Ceylon coffee estate. It may be now in order to describe the general life and pleasures of a coffee planter. On the whole his existence is, perhaps, rather an enviable one than otherwise. His work, save in crop time, is not hard, and consists in riding about from one gang of pruners, weeders, manurers and what not to another; in keeping the accounts of the estate, and in looking after things generally.

The estates are generally some few miles apart, though in some districts they adjoin, as, for instance, in the Kallibokke Valley, which had the honor of my presence for some years, where the different plantations all touch one another on either side of the vale, through which runs a fine river and an excellent high-road, well macadamized—the latter, I mean, not the river—and which is the means of communication with Kandy, distant 25 miles, the mountain capital, the site of which is about 2,500 feet above the sea-level, and which place is seventy-two miles from Colombo, a line of railway now connecting the two cities and causing the old coach journey, which used to be a sore trial, to be a thing of the past.

I have no space in these papers to enlarge on the gorgeous scenery and luxuriant vegetation of Ceylon, the Taprobane of the natives and the Scindab of the Arabian Nights; these things will all be found described far more ably than I can describe them in Sir Emerson Tennant's admirable work upon this island. My business just now is with the coffee-planter, his joys and sorrows; of the latter I have already said a few words; now for the former. Perhaps the genial planter (and they are nearly all genial as a class) is never so happy as when he has his bungalow full of brother planters or any other guests; hospitality reigns

supreme throughout the coffee districts, and "open house" is kept by everybody. It used to be said that no man could travel from one end of the Kallibokke Valley to the other and do his duty, without being in a condition, at the end of the journey, very much the reverse of what is generally considered becoming in a gentleman presiding at a temperance meeting; his "duty" being, according to the creed of a coffee planter, to call at every bungalow and take a glass of "brandy-pawnee" upon entering the house and a "daoch-an-dorris" or stirrup-cup when he said good-bye; from my statement of this fact it will be seen that the Blue-Ribbon movement was not in favor in Ceylon; at any rate amongst the inhabitants of the Kallibokke Valley.

Out of crop-time the planter has much spare time on his hands, and as the snipe-shooting in the Siugalsee paddy or rice fields which abound close to the coffee estates is excellent, much of his time is spent in that most delectable amusement and in the chase of the elk, which abound amongst the hills, a scratch pack of dogs being usually kept in each district for that purpose. Snipe-shooting in Ceylon is by no means a tame sport. The paddy-fields are planted in tiers about six feet broad, each tier some two feet above the other, and filled with water and mud, the latter being a compound of the ooziest and softest description; in front of each tier is a narrow ledge of earth, generally very slippery, and along this the sportsman must walk, and walk pretty steadily too, or over he goes into that slush in which rice grows so luxuriantly and which is fairly alive with great leeches. Though leech gaiters coming up as high as the hips are generally worn, these atrocious creatures manage to effect an entrance into one's clothing somewhere and they are hungry fellows! but once they get their teeth in it is best to let them have their fill as if they are pulled off before they are gorged the incisions are liable to itch intolerably, and the scratching which is resorted to in order to relieve this very frequently causes large ulcers which are exceedingly difficult to cure.

Elephant, wild boar, cheetah (a species of leopard) and jackal hunts are all entered into with zest by the planters and very exciting sport they are, the cheetah being no mean antagonist, whilst a wild boar, when thoroughly angry, is about as unpleasant a gentleman to come across as any one need wish for, and, as it is "the thing" to spear in preference to shooting him, he is an ugly customer to deal with and many a good dog usually bites the dust before his boardship is disposed of. The other kinds of game abounding "up country" are jungle-fowl, (somewhat resembling a pheasant), four-spurred partridges, hares, quail, doves, red-deer and any amount of birds and beasts that are no good for food.

The great pests of coffee plantation life are cobras—a very deadly kind of snake—scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, and the innumerable white ants, which latter play sad havoc with anything of value in any house through which they may chance to pass in their periodical migrations. To these evils add the paddy-field and jungle leeches, and you have a very fair list of things unpleasant.

I remember we used to have a grand annual elephant hunt—so-called, as we never saw an elephant and did not look for any very keenly, though they abounded, as their paths and "spoor" indicated—our destination being the top of a hill about 6,000 feet high, one of the boundaries of the Kallibokke valley, the path to which led through a dense jungle at first, which gradually thinned out till none remained and all the vegetation at the top of the hill was grass and stunted rhododendrons. But it was cold, and that's what we wanted, not elephants, and what was more, we used to bury several dozen bottles of beer at every "hunt" near the top of the hill and drink them at the next trip, and it really was a treat, for ice "up-country" was in my time unknown and, consequently, rather cold beverages were a luxury. After spending three days and nights or so on the hill, much to the disgust of our coolies who nearly froze to death, we would descend once more and recount our exploits, garnished with such brilliant falsehoods as imagination suggested, of the immense herds of elephants we saw and could have exterminated if we'd only taken the trouble.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

—For Truth.
STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

The season of the year has arrived when those who have a garden, be it large or small, are carefully studying the various catalogues to learn what new and beautiful plants or vines they can purchase. But amid the confusion of mammoth strawberries, prolific raspberries, rich golden grapes and delicious pears, with the rosy and amber apple, it is hard to decide which is the best. Trust not to the promiscuous agent who bores about seeking whom he may devour, but compel him to show his credentials from some reliable firm as their authorized agent, before you look at their highly colored plates. Better still, procure catalogues ourselves, and read descriptions, also compare them with the readings of horticultural papers, or articles you may read in reliable journals. By so doing you may learn what will best suit your soil and climate.

For a great deal depends on such location and soil as shall suit the different natures of the fruit planted. Strawberries do well in a moist, rather stiff soil, in a hot, dry season especially, while raspberries can flourish on moist land, and without full sunshine. Speaking in this article of

STRAWBERRIES,

it is as well to remember that it is not so much the amateur requires, nor firmness when they are not to be carried far, but a sweet and fine-flavored berry that will tempt one by its luscious sweetness. Having tried forty varieties, some of them good and some worthless, there is a berry called "Seth Boyden," not new by any means, but possessing these good qualities, as does "Lennig's white," which is a very pale bluish pink. Of the newer sorts the best table berry is "Cumberland Triumph," which a little girl once told me she preferred "because they are pink all through," and no one could question her taste, for they have a flavor that is never possessed by the acid "Wilson even at its best, though it is a good stand by for market purposes.

To cultivate strawberries, one would need to stand over them with a hoe all summer, to sure is the best to become full of weeds. It is another question of "eternal vigilance." But if the rows are wide, and can be worked with one horse and a small cultivator the labor is lightened. For garden beds that must be spaded and hoed it is best to put in a mulch after the spring weeding, about the time the plants come into flower. It must be of something that does not contain the germs of countless more weeds and green grass; cut, and put on thickly, answers the purpose well.

In autumn there is nothing saved, and often much lost, by the neglect in covering plants, for the crown of buds for earliest blooming are set and often exposed, but lost in a bare time of frost and cold. I do not think watering is of much value in the fruiting season, but during the summer soap suds and liquid manure will make strong plants, and the same application early in the season develops healthy flower buds. Wood ashes is a good fertilizer and of great value; in fact the strawberry is a gross feeder. My next jottings will be on experience among raspberries.

Mr. Chamberlain—the late Mr. Ivory Chamberlain's son—who was for a long time Mr. James Gordon Bennett's private secretary, and who went to Paris two or three years ago to start the *Morning News* there, has sold out his interest in that successful one-cent paper, and is now in Florida. It is said that Mr. Thornadyke Rice is now the proprietor of the *Morning News*, and of its French counterpart, *Le Matin*.

The Ontario Forestry Report for 1884.

In nothing have Canadians made a greater mistake than in destroying so much of their valuable timber. Forest after forest has been cut down with the hope of making money, when in fact they have been destroying it just as certainly as if they had scuttled a ship loaded with gold in the ocean. Field after field can be pointed to and the remark truthfully made, "the timber burnt in log-heaps on that field to clear it, only thirty years ago, would sell for ten thousand dollars now." And it will be asked, "why did you not leave it standing?—had you not enough land without this?" And the answer will be, "yes, but every body wanted a big clearing, and we all thought there would be plenty of timber here always. Now we find out our mistake; there is very little such timber left in the country."

It would be easier to bear the loss of our great reserves of timber if agriculture benefited by the deprival of forests. But the direct opposite is the case. Between the lack of shelter, the scarcity of firewood, and perhaps worse than all, the washing of the rich earth from off the face of the land into the rivers and lakes, it is found that where a third of the land is kept in forest the farmers tend to make much more money, and to make it easier, than if nearly all were cleared.

It is well that among all our political squabbles there are some useful measures which all parties are agreed on, and among these none meet with more general approbation than the work in which Mr. Phipps, at the instance of the Ontario Government, is engaged, namely, that of obtaining and spreading information on this subject, the only way to proceed in this country, where the land in the older settlements being in private hands, cast-iron government regulations, such as those of France or Germany, on forests, are not practicable. Much good has already been done in inducing farmers to plant and preserve woodlands, and we may expect much more. This year's forestry report is written in a style admirably calculated to win attention, and contains much valuable information, gives the evidence of many Ontario farmers on the evils of deforesting and practical directions from experienced men as to the way in which the present state of affairs may best be improved. But it is best to let the work speak for itself, and we give a few extracts. Here is a piece from the introduction:—

"Old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities, and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids, rise up like exhalations at its bidding. Even the free spirit of man, though lying great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees."—Lauder.

"In journeying lately through many of the northern and Southern States, viewing the great moving panorama of valley and river, plain and mountain, city and forest, which our wonderful system of railway offers to the traveller of to-day, no contrast was more striking, none more pregnant with reflection than the difference between the deforested and partially wooded farms on the route. Numbers of the former, numbers of the latter, were passed. The first lay, outspread and unrelieved, fields and nothing more of great parallelograms of soil seamed by fences, with a lonely house and barns in some corner, and perhaps a low, spreading orchard which did not improve matters very much, for your orchard is but an exaggerated vegetable garden after all. If, here and there, some isolated trees reared their forsaken forms along the fence, they seemed but to apologize for their vanished comrades, and to say, as the wind whistled mournfully through their scanty branches, 'Ah! you see what it wants, how dreary it all looks without a few more of us!'"

"A little further on, and how different another farm would appear! Backed on the hills in rear by a goodly reserve of timbered acres, well fenced and cared for, one could see, rank above rank, the broad, waving expanse of summer foliage; could see the great red-brown trunks of the hickory trees glancing below; could distinguish above the

bushy tops of maple and beech, and the spreading masses of the basswood foliage, at that season rich with white blossoms everywhere among its broad green leaves, the whole grove giving comfortable guarantee, if cared for, of fuel and shelter, beams and boards, while the round earth turns. Then, too, the roadside fence, the long side fences as well, east, and west, and south faces, would have their row of closely growing trees; a dense extended wall of fragrant cedar, or lightsome larch, or, it may be, a continuous line of clustering maple branch and stem, their multitudinous leaflets bright in the sun of early June. Screened from the wind in some quiet corner, the branches of the orchard rose. However poor the mansion, backed by such surroundings, it looked respectable, the fields rich, the farmer content. The comments of the travelling passengers invariably took this direction, 'How much better a farm looks for the trees!' 'No doubt,' says another, 'though he must lose some ground.' 'I don't know; the land is sheltered and will yield more; takes less labour too, there's more mowing and less ploughing; then see what a chance of wood he has. I'd give two thousand dollars more for this than one of those others, anyway. The man who owns a place like this is somebody. This is a residence sir.'"

[Further extracts from Mr. Phipps excellent report will be published in future issues of TRUTH.]

CHARLES CHEERYBLE'S GNATS.

HE TALKS TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF FARMERS—DON'T BE IN TOO GREAT A HURRY TO LEAVE THE FARM.

I think that the tendency amongst farmers' sons to look down on and despise agricultural pursuits is increasing. They seem to imagine that a high-spirited young fellow was never intended to devote his life to farming and they feel confident that they are cut out for something far higher; and as they grow older, their yearnings to go forth into the world and do some great thing, increase, and they finally forsake the farm, for the work on which they are adapted, and fly to the cities where, in the majority of cases, they discover that they are very much out of their element indeed.

Now, for goodness sake, what is there to be ashamed of in being a farmer? Ashamed! Why, a man should be proud to be a farmer. But absurd notions about gentility are creeping into the minds of farmers' sons and daughters; hey wince when they hear fools talk disparagingly of them as "hay-seeds" "haw-bucks" and the like, without pausing to think that those people who speak in this manner must be very desperate fools whose opinions are not worth a grain of timothy seed; and the girls actually begin to feel a sense of shame when they look in the glass and see their healthy, rosy cheeks, and glance down at their hands and notice that they are actually red, whilst that Miss Flimsy from the city, who stayed at the farm house last summer for a few weeks, always looked so pale and "gentle," and her hands were so beautifully white. Oh! if they only knew when they were well off. Why, girls, those rosy cheeks and strong arms of yours are worth more than all the thousands of dollars that Miss Flimsy is heir to, if you only knew it, and in my humble opinion you look quite as ladylike when you are dashing away at that churn and producing that gilt-edged butter for which you are so famous, as Miss Flimsy does jolling about in an easy chair all day, and reading those trashy novels of which she seems so fond. If you only knew it, you are five times as happy as Miss Flimsy ever knew how to be, and it does me good to see the way you satisfy those healthy appetites of yours at which she affected to be so dreadfully shocked. I'll wager anything she was envious of you all the time, only she was too genteel, poor thing, to have a healthy appetite.

Then, you farmers' boys, what need you care because the city jackanapes call you "country-bucks?" Don't be in such a hurry to leave the old farm; you may find, as many before you have found to their cost, that you may go further and fare very much worse. You say farming isn't a "high-toned" pursuit; not a gentlemanly one. Bah! What is a gentleman, anyhow? It isn't a man's trade or profession that makes him a gentleman, but it is his own conduct and a man with his home spun suit and his heavy boots may be a much better specimen of a gentleman than a city dandy, dressed within an inch of his life, but very often without a single gentlemanly instinct about him. Now I consider an honest, hard-working farmer as one of the noblest specimens of manhood; but he must be an honest one, mind, not one of the sort who weigh in a two-hundred pound rock with a load of hay, and who mix up a lot of old tub-butter with a little fresh and declare it is all just churned, or who put all the little strawberries down at the bottom of the box! Oh! no; I don't mean that sort of a fellow at all; but a really upright, straight-forward, honest man; such a one will be respected anywhere, be he a farmer or anything else.

Try and get those nonsensical notions about gentility and "high-tonedness" out of your heads. Of course you have to work pretty hard at certain seasons of the year, on the farm, but think how independent you are, in a manner. Wouldn't you rather be a healthy, muscular farmer's son, enjoying the free air of heaven than a poor, pale, narrow chested counter-jumper, shut up in a musty-store all day and compelled to bow and smirk and prevaricate constantly in order to make sales or lose your situation? Well, I rather think you ought to. No, no; stick to the farm; it's a good place to be.

A Mexican Breakfast.

A crackling fire is burning in the open air and on it are heaped a pile of oysters, cooking for breakfast. The other members are now astir—the ladies of the house. Their dress is decidedly negligé. The elder lady, who must be the mamma, has a black skirt, a white bodice and a thin black shawl. Her hair is twisted into a knot and is innocent, very innocent of the comb. But her manners are perfect and her smile of welcome and her gracious wish, asked so prettily, for you to pass in to breakfast, are incomparable. It is a little room. The floor is of red brick, broken in some places, and you find your feet imbedded in red brick dust. The table has no cloth. It is of deal and the chinaware is coarse. But the eatables are in profusion. There is half a kid before the host and a pile of smoking oysters in the center of the table, fresh from the earth, with grit and ashes and dirt, and the shell has burst and the grit and ashes have found their way to the oyster itself, but who cares? What easier way is there to eat the dainty? And then there are huge jugs of milk and coffee, and chocolate and tea, and hospitality and eggs, and gentility and tripe, and tamales and good humor. Presently a friend drops in, cigarette in mouth; and he makes pretense to snoop it away, but the courteous host restrains him and he smokes on, provided he shares not in the repast.

An Irish waiter, speaking of a lady's black eyes, said:—"They are mourning for the murders they have committed."

If we are swayed by anger, impatience, jealousy, envy, or hatred, the less we express ourselves the better. The sternest silence which we can maintain at such times is the surest method of subduing the rebellious moods. But to restrain and conceal feelings of love, kindness, and good will—to preserve an impassive exterior when the heart thrills with affection and gladness—this is to crush out sympathy and to alienate the best promptings of humanity.

Temperance Department.

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

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

BY REV. T. G. WILLIAMS, EX PRESIDENT OF MONTREAL METHODIST CONFERENCE.

Seldom, if ever before, in the history of any people, has a moral question of such importance taken so great a hold upon a community.

It has laid society, in all its grades, under tribute. Its claims are debated with equal earnestness in the log cabin of the settler in the newly constituted counties of Canada and on the floor of the House of Commons.

The laborer argues with his fellow the question he heard discussed in the pulpit on the preceding Sabbath. The children on the street shout, "Hurrah, for the Scott Act!" and the grand-father declares the "glorious change in public sentiment since he was a boy; and women through the length and breadth of our land send their prayers to Heaven, some in thanksgiving, others with tearful eyes and hopeful hearts looking for a deliverance in the near future.

THE CAUSES

Let us ask the question: What has brought about this wondrous change? It is impossible fully to decide this matter, as many influences have been at work to produce it. But some causes have had such a marked effect that it is safe to attribute to them their part.

For years past the pulpits of every church which has been alive to the importance of this question, have taught the Gospel in such a manner that sooner or later this demand for the destruction of the liquor traffic would necessarily come. Some pulpits have, in obedience to the instructions of conferences and synods, every year devoted one or more of the Sabbath services to the presentation of the temperance question as a speciality, and to this potent influence, acting as an educator for many years past, we must attribute largely the present advanced state of public sentiment on this question.

Then again, through many years past temperance organizations have been leavening communities with their benevolent sentiments. Lecturers have been in the field constantly, and it may safely be said that the range of their mental powers has been so wide that every class has found its "meat in due season." Earnest and able advocates have been found every year to present the claims of temperance, and to press for the legal suppression of this misery-producing traffic.

Temperance societies have contributed their quota to increase the strength of this sentiment, and have kept alive in many places the desire for a prohibitory law.

To mention the names of all the organizations which have done good service in this great cause would take us beyond the limit we assign ourselves.

THE PRESS.

The attitude of the press is a study. None can draw the line here with absolute precision. Previous to the introduction of the contests arising out of the present agitation one might have inferred that the whole press of Canada was on the side of temperance, but when the question was brought from the sphere of theorizing into the burning arena of active conflict which must issue in practical prohibition if successful, then the dividing line was quickly found.

A large majority of the religious papers came out boldly and faithfully, while a few, under various pretences, attempted vainly to occupy neutral ground.

The service rendered by the religious press and by the other journals which were true to the cause cannot be overestimated, and great praise is due to the many editors who stood true to their posts amid the threats and invitations which were heaped upon them. While, on the other hand, the merited contempt overwhelms the pitiful weakness who posed as a "temperance man" in times of peace and in the time of conflict deserted to the enemy. Faith has his reward, one in the consciousness of having faithfully discharged his duty; the other in the shame which comes from a

Judas-like betrayal of trust, to which is added the humiliation of a crushing defeat. WOMAN'S AGENCY.

Confessedly the influence exerted by the women of our land has been a potent factor in pressing this question to an immediate issue. The power which they have exerted in securing victory in so many contests in which they have participated as organized bands, attests the truth that for many years past a mighty reserve force has remained unemployed and unknown. We are only now learning the immense power they wield, and when the day comes, which we believe is near at hand, when the franchise will be given to women on the same conditions as it is given to men, the liquor traffic may choose its pall-bearers, if not already laid in its unhallowed and unblessed grave. The women of our land would give it "short shrift," and waste no time in discussing how largely it should be compensated, for the torrent of woe which has rolled over our homes through the flood gates of hell which it has kept lifted through all the sad and mournful years of the past.

Women would first bury the offender, and hold the wake after the funeral to discuss the compensation.

SOME THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED IN MIND.

We must gratefully remember that we are largely the reapers, and the ploughmen nor sowers. Our fathers in years gone by put in the ploughshare of truth, sometimes in most uncongenial and unpromising soil, and amid the derisive and contemptuous shouts of the enemy, but they like true heroes, stood by their principles till death overtook them. To many of them no light of victory came, and they rested upon faith alone amid the dark shadows. Others were privileged to see the lightning of the darkness, and spoke words of cheer to their sons, who grasped the armor their palsied hands could sustain no longer. Their fathers went into the silence of death with bright and hopeful words upon their lips, and we are now permitted to toil in their places as the reaper who harvests the golden grain succeeds to the reward of the one who guided the plough and scattered the seed.

All honor to the noble bands who toiled in the darkness of the night, or in the gray dawn of the coming day. From their higher station they doubtlessly rejoice with us in the glorious achievements to which we are permitted to contribute our humble quota.

THE FUTURE.

What it will be none can predict, but by the harmony between natural and moral law we may expect the still more rapid march of this and every other great moral reform.

This present movement is not like the ebullitions of an Iceland geyser which, long pent up, suddenly bursts forth in violent and angry manifestations. It is rather like the smouldering flame which bursts forth and continues to burn till it destroys that which produced it. How soon or how long delayed none can say, but of the liquor traffic in this Dominion it is safe to say, "Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting."

Whatever measure of success may crown the present movement, no thoughtful man anticipates or fears that this baneful traffic will ever regain the power it awayed with such dire results to the good of the community. Though it may linger in its death throes for years, its destiny is sealed, and the sentence pronounced. May God hasten the day.

Moderate Drinker

On the question of moderate drinking that eminent authority on physiology, Dr Alfred Carpenter, writes to the London Times a note which puts the argument for total abstinence in a new and peculiarly forcible way. After saying that this is the age of precise methods and precise instruments, and that recent practice has made great advance in using medicine with precision and certainty, he goes on thus:

"The most poisonous articles are thus rendered useful and safe. The most valued medicines are among the most terrible poisons. Morphine is one of these. It is a sheet anchor in some of the most severe and dangerous maladies; yet if the patient has been accustomed to use it daily the physician fails to find it answer in the manner in which he is accustomed to see it act upon those who are not, as it were, acclimated to its use. I am of opinion that alcohol is a

most virulent poison, and, under certain circumstances, is a most valuable medicine. The abstainer has the full benefit of its effects when it becomes necessary to use it in case of illness; but the moderate drinker throws away the benefit which it might be as a medicine. No physician is able to use it as an instrument of precision in one who is accustomed to use it as a diet. The moderate drinker submits to the toxic effect of the dose every day, and his nervous system is somewhat deadened to its direct influence, so that the dose which produces a decided result on the abstainer has scarcely any effect upon the moderate drinker. A larger and more poisonous dose has to be given, with the certainty of some evil resulting from its use, which will have to be removed before the system returns to its normal and healthy standard.

"It is an instrument of precision in the hands of a physician when he is an abstainer. It is longer so to the moderate drinker; and, as a consequence, the latter suffers by having one precise remedy the less which may be used in his treatment when he requires it."

NEWS AND NOTES.

PROHIBITION PROGRESSING.—The following items in regard to prohibition in the United States are from the April number of the *National Temperance Advocate*, the best of the American temperance journals:—

In Missouri twenty-one counties have banished drinking saloons from their borders. . . . Ohio legislators vote to prohibit opium. It has less political influence than whisky. . . . In Arkansas there are no saloons in the counties of Ashley, Dorsey, Dallas, Polk and Scott. . . . The Kansas Legislature has voted to prohibit the sale of tobacco to minors under sixteen. . . . The officers of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society have voted not to admit any beer saloons within their grounds at the next State Fair. . . . The De Pauw University, Greencastle, Indiana, offers a prize of \$35 to the student who shall present the best essay on "The best way of securing hearty co-operation of all friends of order in the suppression of the liquor traffic."

DEATH IN THE POT.—Dr. B. W. Richardson, the great English physician, in a recently-written paper says:—

"As regards life, it has been my duty to make special inquiry into the part which intemperance plays in the causation of premature mortality, and the lowest estimate which I could frame was that at least forty thousand persons died every year in the United Kingdom from personal intemperance, and probably double that number from poverty, accident, violence, or disease consequent on the intemperance of persons other than the slain. The estimate has been laid before several learned societies, and, though it has been freely discussed, has never been seriously questioned, while it has been pronounced 'moderate' and 'under the truth' by well-known authorities on public health. It is not improbable that there are half a million of habitual drunkards in the United Kingdom."

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.—Dr. Alfred Carpenter, a well-known medical authority, says:—

"I am of opinion that alcohol is a most virulent poison, and, under certain circumstances, is a most valuable medicine. The abstainer has the full benefit of its effects when it becomes necessary to use it in cases of illness; but the moderate drinker throws away the benefit which it might be as a medicine. No physician is able to use it as an instrument of precision in one who is accustomed to take it as a diet. The moderate drinker submits to the toxic effect of the dose every day, and his nervous system is already somewhat deadened to its direct influence, so that the dose which produces a decided result on the abstainer has scarcely any effect upon the moderate drinker. A larger and more poisonous dose has to be given, with the certainty of some evil resulting from its use, which will have to be removed before the system returns to its normal and healthy standard.

"It is an instrument of precision in the hands of a physician when he is treating an abstainer. It is no longer so to the moderate drinker; and, as a consequence, the latter suffers by having one precise remedy the less which may be used in his treatment when he requires it."

GOOD TEMPLARS.

MATRIMONIAL.—Married, at the English church, Lowville, Ont., March 17th, by Rev. T. Motherwell, Bro. A. Nowell, G.W. Seaton, of Carlisle, Ont., to Miss Hattie M. Freeman, daughter of V. Freeman, Esq., of Carlisle. Congratulations to the happy couple.

A NEW IDEA.—The Napanee *Beavers* say: "A mock parliament has been instituted at Napanee, under the auspices of Napanee lodge, I.O.G.T. The members are not elected but the following are the leaders: Mrs. Hiram Casoy, Queen; Mr. Thos. Lawless, Premier; Mr. W. S. Williams, Leader of the Opposition; Mr. Marshall Bogart, Speaker. Her Majesty, in the speech from the throne, spoke of the advisability of passing a prohibition law, and also a bill to extend the franchise to women. Many new members will be elected at the next session. The parliament will meet every Tuesday evening."

TORONTO DISTRICT LODGE.—At the regular monthly meeting of Toronto District Lodge, held on the 21st ult., the following officers were installed by Rev. W. C. Wilkinson, C.D., assisted by Rev. J. B. Nixon, G.W.T.:—W.C.C., W. Watson, d. "Unity" Lodge; W.V., Sister Ross, d. "Excelsior;" W.S., Richard Skill, d. "Never Failing;" F.S., Daniel Rose, d. "Albion;" W.M., Bro. Brown, of "Toronto;" W.C., Bro. Impey, of "Toronto." Several important matters were discussed in regard to the temperance work in the city, and action taken towards active operation in the Scott Act work. The Executive are arranging to visit and strengthen such lodges in the city as need aid. A good report was made in regard to the extension of the work, two or three new lodges being in prospect.

Music and Drama.

The new play, "Shadows of a Great City," enjoyed a most successful run at the Grand last week. Avowedly sensational, though never improbable, it is one of those dramas that appeal to the feelings of an audience, and while, though declining in popularity a little in England, still hold the hearts of the people of this continent. The company producing the piece are exceptionally well-fitted for the characters given them, and the scenery and stage mountings were such as to call forth unbounded admiration. This week a strong company is playing "Michael Strogoff."

Osborne's company at Montford's last week gave an exceedingly interesting and acceptable entertainment. The audiences were good and the varied programme was received with great favor. This week Alice Oates Burlesque Co.

The seats for the Kellogg-Huntington concert on the 10th are rapidly being taken up, and its success is thoroughly assured. Miss Huntington, while in London, attended three receptions given at Marlborough House by Her Royal Highness, and upon one occasion, after singing in private there, was the recipient of the following:—"Miss Knollys is desired by the Princess of Wales to accompany her brooch as a remembrance of the pleasure her music at Marlborough House gave Her Royal Highness."

The subscribers' list for the Pappenheim concert is still open at Messrs. Suckling & Son's piano warerooms. Madame Pappenheim sang the soprano solos in Elijah in Boston lately at a performance of that work by the Handel and Hayden Society. The unanimous declaration was that they were never before so beautifully rendered in Boston. The London, England, " " says she is "a great soprano."

A Chicago critic thus writes of Miss Terry's "Rosalind": "Miss Terry is to womanly a woman to be perfectly at ease in a costume which displays her limbs, and even if she were not, she is too accustomed to the graceful art of handling skirts not to miss them when they are absent. But the reading was perfect."

Our Young Folks.

TOM SLUG.

"You need not walk so softly. A thousand cannon, thundering over them, would not rouse them until they had slept their sleep out. As soon as they show the least sign of waking, however, they will be taken into the other room and unwashed."

To this room they now proceeded. The sight Tom saw here interested him much more than anything he had yet seen in the ant world. The floor was strewn with mummy-like forms, and silk balls like those in the room just left; but they were stirring a little, as if alive. Mounted on each one were three or four ants, who carefully assisted the inmates to unwrap themselves. Then they took the limbs from their sheaths and smoothed them out; and at last the released prisoner stood up on its six legs, in all the freedom of a full grown ant. What a change from the little helpless worm!

Tom examined one of these brand new ants very minutely. He found the mouth had two pairs of jaws, which moved from side to side, and not up and down like his own. One pair of jaws was like toothed scissors, with a sharp pointed beak. These, he learned, were to fight with. From the front of the head sprang two long-jointed tubes, like a threshers flail, but club-shaped at the end. The guide said these were the most useful things an ant had—arms, hands, and nose all in one; and that if she lost them she was the most helpless of creatures. But what wonderful eyes! There were five altogether, three arranged in a triangle on the top of the head, and one on each side. The two last were very large, and seemed made up of hundreds of smaller eyes. Tom tried to count them; but when he had reached a thousand in one socket alone, he gave it up. Tom also discovered that each ant had a bag in its hinder part, filled with poison, which in fighting it could spit into the holes of its enemies. The guide told him that the family of ants had stings, as well as poison bags.

Tom had observed on the backs of some of the ants when unwashed, and just above the breathing holes, two pairs of delicate wings, while the greater number had none. He learned, on inquiry, that the winged insects were kings and queens, and those without wings, common workers. On reaching his guide that the Queen they saw a little while ago had no wings, she said: "You are quite right, Master Slug. She has no wings, and I think you have seen her at them. The wings of the King and Queen are for the wedding trip only. The King dies, or is killed off, on his return, while the Queen strips off her wings and sets herself to her life work of laying eggs; and that is how she loses her wings—See! there they go for the wedding trip!"

Tom turned, and saw two rather elegant looking ants, with wings half used, making towards the door of the nest. He and the guide followed just in time to wish them much happiness, as they flew away through the sunlight.

Tom, seeing himself at the main door again, and thinking he had trespassed quite long enough on the kindness of his ant friend, turned to thank her, and to send also a message of thanks to the Queen, when she exclaimed, "O, I have a good deal more to show you. You have not seen our cows yet."

"Cows, cows! Ants have cows!" cried Tom in astonishment.

"Yes; ants have cows; and if you will stop this way, you shall see them."

Tom obeyed, and they retraced their steps through out one long corridors. As they went along they met an ant carrying a heavy burden.

"What busy yet?" said the guide, and they touched hands as they passed.—"That is one of the best workers in the whole hive; she works for ten hours a day, many a time. Presently they came upon a little insect with a tuft of hair on its back, which an ant sucked, and then went away, licking its lips. "That is a walking honey pot," said the guide. "We keep several in the nest, and when we want a taste, we suck them, as you saw that ant do just now."

Tom opened his eyes at this, but he opened them wider when he heard that there were ants who were giving honey jars, who stored up honey, and gave it out as ro-

quired to the other members of the community.

Just then a very small ant leaped on the back of the guide and put its long spider-legs round her neck.

"Stonnie, Stonnie, my little pet, don't quite choke me with your hugs—You see we have pets, as well as cows and living honey pots," turning to Tom.

They had now reached the cowshed, connected with the main nest by a covered way. It was built round and over the leaves of a daisy plant which formed the stalls for the cows.

Tom was looking for a large four-legged creature; and when the guide pointed out quite a herd of small green insects, he thought she was surely poking fun at him. But these were the ant-cows. For by-and-by the milkmaids came in, went up to the cows and stroked them very gently until drops of honey fell from them, which they drank. As Tom stood watching them, he remembered to have seen green insects like these on the rose-trees and gooseberry bushes in his father's garden; and thought struck him that what people call honey-dew was the honey dropped by these little creatures.

The guide told him as they walked away that there were some ants that grow their own rice, and even mushrooms.

"Dear me," thought Tom, "ants are as clever as men."

Coming to a door that led into the grand hall, and looking in, the guide exclaimed: "Why, the sports are on, and I did not know."

It was a merry scene. At one end was the Queen, with all her courtiers round her, watching the games. Here a long double row of ants were playing at thread-needle. There a company was dancing; close by were several pairs wrestling and boxing; while many of the youngsters were playing at hide-and-seek all round the hall. Suddenly, when the merriment was at its height, a cry was heard: "To the pillar, to the pillar! The foe, the foe! Seal the inner doors!"

The scene was changed in an instant. The Queen had her bodyguard doubled, and was taken off at once to the royal cell, and sealed up. The keepers of the eggs, the grubs, and the mummies hurried away to their respective cells, and filled up the doorways with clay. The cow-keepers did the same with the entrance to the covered way. All was excitement. When the defences were completed, all waited the onrush of the enemy. But it proved a false alarm. One of the outposts had indeed seen a legion of soldier ants in the distance, tending towards the nest. They were simply rounding a hill, however, and then made for a nest of negro ants, intent on making slaves. This was the explanation of a scout, who had been sent out to see how the thing would turn.

Tom was utterly confounded when he heard of ant-slaves.

"Do ants really make and hold slaves?" he asked, in utter astonishment, of his guide.

"Yes, some; but not all. We have no slaves, but do all our work ourselves. There is one tribe of ants, the "Amazons," great slave holders; but they do nothing but fight and lounge. They are very brave in war, however, and never take or kill the up-grown ants of a nest, except these try to hinder them from carrying off their young, which they want to bring up and make into slaves. But they have to pay dearly for their laziness."—Tom winced.—"They are called the "Workers;" but they are just the opposite, when not fighting. They neither feed themselves, nor their young ones. All this is done for them by slaves, who actually have to carry them on their backs when they go to a new settlement. In fact they have lost the power of doing anything for themselves, through having everything done for them, and not using the power they had. Their jaws have lost their teeth, and are now simply nippers with which they kill their foes. And all this results from indolence."—Tom winced again. Was she pointing at him?—"But," she went on, "I know another tribe, the Round-jaws, who have become more helpless still in the same way. They are even losing their nipping power; and if it were not for their slaves, who carry them to the field and then fight by their side, they would never win a battle. There is one other tribe which sloth has plunged into yet deeper depths of degradation, the Worm-ants. They are the more puppet masters of their slaves, who have

become the real masters. Laziness is a terrible curse; it can blight the finest powers." The speakers thousand eyes flashed fire as she spoke these words, and made Tom tremble.

He shuddered at the picture of the ants on whom the curse of indolence had fallen. It made him think of the picture in his bedroom. Did he really see what his future might be—and would be, did he not change—in these pictures? And he groaned aloud, in anguish of heart at the thought.

"Tom, Tom, rouse up, my boy! You will get your death of cold sleeping like that in the grass. Come in and get some warm supper." This was Tom's father, who had been seeking him, high and low for some time, and had found him at last, fast asleep in the orchard.

Tom's adventure in an ant-hill was a dream; yet not all a dream, passing away with his waking thoughts, like the morning cloud. The last words of his guide rang through his mind for many a day: "Laziness is a terrible curse, and can blight the finest powers." It was the turning point in his life, which suffered as great a change as that which turned the white legless grub, in his dream, into a light airy insect. It was a new birth. A few months later he went to business, and soon won a character for patient industry, which he kept throughout his life.

CONJURING AT HOME.

THE CHINA RIBBON.

Two rolls of tape, each about ten feet in length, are thrown out, so that the audience may be assured that they are perfect. The two are then brought together, passed through a bunch of borrowed keys, tied in a single overhand knot, and the ends given to two boys to hold. Two solid iron rings are then tied on with single over and knots, one on each side of the keys. The services of a third boy are now called in. He is asked to remove his coat, and to pass one end of the tapes through the right sleeves the other through the left, and then to put the coat on again and button it. His arms are now folded across his breast, and the performer takes one piece of tape from each of the boys who are holding them, and these he ties in a single overhand knot across the third boy's chest, and then hands them back to the holders. This movement is most important, for if omitted the trick would fail.

It would seem impossible to remove the tapes unless by cutting them or taking off the boy's coat, and yet it is done right before the spectators' eyes, without concealing the boys for an instant, and while the ends of the tapes are firmly held. Standing behind the tied-up boy, the performer asks, "Which will you have first—the keys or rings?" and then passing his hands under the lad's coat, he produces whichever article is asked for, following it by the other. Then he requests the holders of the tape to pull—a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. As they do so, the tapes first seem to bind the tied boy more closely, and then to dissolve, as it were, and sink through his body, until, in less time than it takes to write it, he stands free, while the other boys, still holding the ends, stare at each other in amazement.

To do this trick successfully there is needed some strong slate-colored twilled tape about an inch in width, and several small pins, the latter stuck in the lower edge of the vest, or wherever most convenient to get at. Only one pin is required, but as that might drop, it is better to be well supplied, lest the trick should come to an untimely end.

Before going before your audience, you stick one pin crosswise in the centre of one piece of tape; that is, if the tape is ten feet long, you find the centre, which will be at five feet, and there insert the pin. Each piece of tape is then rolled up separately. To begin, you take a roll in each hand, and catching them by one end throw them out to your audience, "in order," you say, "that all may be assured that they are entirely without preparation." As you walk back to your stage, or to that part of the room set apart for your exclusive use, you gather up the tapes, and run them through your fingers until you feel the pin. This you at once remove—remember, you are walking away from your audience, and as your back is toward them, they cannot see this move—pin the two pieces of tape together, and turn them so that they are double; that is,

so that the ends of one piece point in one direction, and the ends of the other piece directly opposite. The point at which they are pinned you cover with your hand in an easy, natural way, so as to keep it concealed until the bunch of keys is passed on and tied, when it will be impossible to discover that they are joined. After the boy has been tied up, all you need do is to unpin the tapes, carefully holding on to the highs of each with the thumb or forefinger of one hand, and untie each article. These being removed, you let go the highs, when a steady pull will bring the tapes off. Again let me caution you to cross the tape on the breast of the boy who is tied up, also each of the other boys at the conclusion of the trick will be found holding two ends of one tape instead of the ends of two pieces.

This is an exceedingly pretty trick, and its very simplicity and absence of apparatus will make it seem all the more wonderful. But simple though it is, it is by no means to be despised, since so eminent a performer as the elder Herrmann included it in the programme of his last engagement in New York.

The Honest Dog.

Have you room for one more dog-story which resembles one lately reported in a French journal? A few years since I was sitting inside the door of a shop to escape from the rain while waiting for a trap to take me to the railway station in the old Etruscan city of Ferentino. Presently an ill-bred dog of the pointer kind came and sat down in front of me, looking up in my face, and wagging his tail to attract my attention. "What does that dog want?" I asked of a bystander.

"Signore," he answered, "he wants you to give him a soldo to go and buy you a cigar with."

I gave the dog the coin, and he presently returned bringing a cigar, which he held crosswise in his mouth until I took it from him. Sent again and again, he brought me three or four more cigars from the tobacconist's shop. At length the dog's demeanor changed and he gave vent to his impatience by two or three low whines. "What does he want now?" I asked.

"He wants you to give him two soldi to go to the baker's and buy bread for himself."

I gave him a two soldi piece, and in a few minutes the dog returned with a small loaf of bread which he laid at the same time gazing wistfully in my face.

"He won't take it until you give him leave," said another bystander.

I gave the requisite permission and the dear animal seized the loaf and disappeared with it in his mouth, and did not again make his appearance before I left the city. "He always does like this," said the bystander-by, "whenever he sees a stranger in Ferentino."

Bravely Rescued.

Even boys of thirteen years—if they keep their wits about them—can perform heroic deeds. Here is the story of what one boy, living in Lynn, Mass., has done during this very winter. He saved the lives of two drowning boys by his coolness and good judgment.

Two boys, each of thirteen or fourteen years of age, broke through the ice on Flax Pond, and found themselves straggling in the deepest part. The only person near was a little boy named Elmer Dwyer, who is but thirteen years of age.

Hearing the cries of the drowning lads, Elmer ran for help, and finding no one at hand, took a ladder from the yard of John A. Moulton and hauled back to the pond. The brave little fellow succeeded, after several heroic attempts, in placing the ladder on the treacherous ice and in crawling out over it to the boys. He was able in some way to get the boys on the ladder and thence to the shore, though a lack of very slight strength and not very good health. He himself was wet through.

The only grown persons in the neighborhood were women, and but for the prompt assistance of little Elmer, the boys must have drowned.

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 19.

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

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

A SILVER WEDDING.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

I would not tell any one it was my silver wedding day, for I was too down hearted to care, but the birds seemed to sing a louder tone as I went into the garden to tie up the honeysuckle vine, and I remember that I grimly wondered if they really felt glad, or were so many feathered machines that whistled and trilled as a part of their mechanism and not in giving praise to God, as the poets say. I didn't see anything for them to be thankful for, anyway, for if God put them there to help to beautify the earth so He put the hawk there to eat them up. Ugh! I said, shivering, don't sing, little birds, as if you were happy, unless we can be sure you are, and then I went into the house and sent Mildred to call her father to breakfast, for Dorothy, our oldest girl, had it all ready when I went in, and Prudence, the youngest daughter, had set the table with deft fingers, and was just bringing in the toast. I did not look at Stephen as he came in, for I did not want to appear to notice that it was any day in particular. For I must tell you that for the last fifteen years of our married life we had not spoken to each other, not since little Paul was a baby, and he was now a tall boy in the fourth reader at school. It isn't a long story, and it all went through my head that morning as I cut some pie plant ready for canning, and stood over the stove in tuck-at, putting it up, and setting it away in the dark closet ready for winter. There never was a kinder man than Stephen; he was gentle and mildful of everything, and a good provider. He had the finest farm on the country side, and he and I had worked hard till it was our own, and out of debt. That was when Prudence was a baby—we had three girls first and then a son, as if our happiness was complete when Paul was born. I said he was to be "an apostle" when I gave him that name, but Stephen laughed and said more likely he would be a good farmer, and that would be best for him, for my gentleman had a way of speaking lightly of the professions, and saying that there were too many now-a-days, like that fellow in the Bible, who owned to his laziness when he said he couldn't dig. Then I thought of all these things as I cut up the pie plant, and counted how old he was when this blight came over my life. Married at eighteen, and twenty-five years married—it was easily counted—and I went out into the orchard where the trees had but lately been blossoming, and as I walked there lay on the ground thousands of dead blossoms that had just turned into the shape of apples and then fallen off. Everything made me think of my own life, and of the hateful day that cost me so much of love and happiness. It was a Sunday morn'ing that brought the first note of change into my life, when the Rev. Silas Nairn came to preach in the Methodist church in our village. I had always been a Methodist, and, though Stephen was a Presbyterian elder, he never tried to change my place of worship, but the girls often went with him and left me to go alone or with any of the neighbors, for we were too near the village to mind anything about the distance. So I went alone that Sunday, and I there stepped into the pulpit the handsomest man I ever laid eyes on. He was very tall, and with a serene and noble countenance, and, somehow, when he gave out the hymn:

ing, and at dinner-time, somehow, I did not say much about the minister. I was thinking of his sermon and of his fine voice, and what a grand husband some woman would get, for it was soon found out he was a bachelor, and all the girls were pecking and jumping, and smiling as he passed out. In the evening I went out as usual, after putting little Paul to bed, leaving Stephen with the other children. They had no service in his church at night, and he did not care to go to mine. It was Mr. Nairn again, and as I went in he was reading the hymn:

"Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be."

It was beautiful to hear his rich, deep voice, and I enjoyed it as I would a beautiful picture, or grand music, or the sunrise over the hills, and as he preached I seemed to feel rested and better for his words, till, suddenly, I heard the rain pattering on the windows, and remembered that I had on my best bonnet, with a green feather and a red rose in it, and no umbrella. But I tried to shake off my anxiety and attend to the sermon, and when we came out I stood in the porch a moment, and then my class-leader came up and introduced the preacher to me, adding, "he goes your way, for he stays at the very next house by the roadside, at Mr. Nelson's, and—" but before he could say any more the rich voice of Mr. Nairn added: "Allow me to offer half of this large umbrella at your service, as I see you have none." I didn't like to go with him, for Jane Nelson is such a talker and I knew she was expecting to walk with him; but I thought of my bonnet, and took his arm and walked with him along the board sidewalk to our gate, when he escorted me to the door, and said, "good night," in pleasant, musical tones. I thought Stephen did not look extra pleased when I told him about it, for I never had any secrets from him, and when I added, "he is such a noble, handsome man," I saw a look in his eyes that might have warned me if I had had the least suspicion, or been guilty. After that it was a regular custom for the preacher to walk with me from church, sometimes alone, and oftener with others. He was newly appointed and a stranger among us, but he soon became a friend, and was beloved by young and old. Of course, we were thrown into each other's society, for he was fond of good singing, and practised often with the choir, and I had been leader of that long before he came. So the winter wore away and spring came again, but my home happiness was gone, and insensibly I became aware of a great change in Stephen. He was gloomy, morose, and scarcely spoke, except when questioned; but I could not assign any reason for his conduct, and only remembered, that, as a boy, his disposition was sullen, though he had never before displayed it to me. I began to enjoy the visits of Mr. Nairn very much, and it pleased me to see the interest he took in the little girls, giving them books and telling them little bits of knowledge that they loved to listen to. One day in summer he called with a bunch of honeysuckles in his hand, and a root of the plant that he had received from a friend. "Plant it up beside your porch," he said, "I have often thought what a great improvement a vine would be." He was fond of flowers, and had given quite a number of people plants that he procured from a distant city, whither, rumor said, he went to see his lady love, and I took it and thanked him without a thought of coming evil. When Stephen came home for tea I told him all

about it, with great glee, but the laugh died on my lips as I saw his face. "Mary," he said, "if you plant that man's gift at my door I'll never speak to you again till you root it up." I thought he was joking, and said so till the harsh reality of his feeling was forced upon me. "Yes," he sneered, "the handsome, noble man takes all your thoughts from your husband, and walks and talks with you, leaving me out altogether." I argued and begged and told him how foolish he was to doubt me, who had felt so secure in his love as to be safe with any other man. I even went over a line of my old song *Douglas*—

"Now all men beside are to me like shadows,
For I cared for none other. But he jeered and said, yes, he knew he was a shadow compared with the handsome divine. And then the devil took possession of me and I went out and planted that honeysuckle beside the porch, and took a spray and fastened it in my dress, putting the rest in a pitcher on the sitting room table. But when I spoke to Stephen there was no response. I held up Paul to him, and he took the child on his knee, but uttered no word. And then it came over me that he would keep his threat, and I went into the bed room and sobbed and cried in bitter grief, though I determined to wait until he did speak. Time passed on. The minister brought home a wife very soon after and I visited his house and adored his wife. He was a man whose character as a Christian and a gentleman was second to none and my regard for him was the reverence one pays to the pure and good. He seemed to know intuitively that I had some great grief, though he never knew what it was, and there was no one but the children to tell it. For when anyone was in the house Stephen talked freely, though never to me, and I was just as careful not to betray our difference. Then the neighbors understood his temper, and would not have been surprised to find him sullen and sour.

So time passed on, and baby Paul grew to be a strong, hearty boy, always busy and with an inquiring mind that could not always be satisfied.

I made a point of taking him with me always to evening meetings or singing practices as he grew older, and he became my comfort and my confident in many things. And as I thought these things out this anniversary day, the wild regret for my wilfulness came over me and I wished so much the vine and my pride were uprooted together. It must be noon I thought, looking up, as Paul came in the garden gate. He walked with a sort of stammer and I went to meet him. "Father was in the mill and—" I waited no longer, but turned from him and seizing a spade, uprooted the vine at my feet. Its flowers and branches hung to the porch, but I reached them off and trailed it after me as I ran toward the river. The mill was close by, and into the rushing water I loosed my hold of the honeysuckle as I ran on to the open door, and all the while Paul was following me and crying, while he asked, "What is the matter with mother?" There was a man lying on the floor who had been caught in the mill and injured, but it was not Stephen, and I looked among the faces around but did not see him. Just then the door opened and he came in with the doctor. I must have looked terrible for I had lived through agony in those brief moments, and then I spoke, whispering as I fell reeling and shivering into his arms. "It's in the river. Oh, if you had died—" and I knew no more until I was in my own bed, and Stephen standing over me, and asking me to forgive him, and speak to him once more. And then and there we learned the lesson that we ought to have learned twenty-five years earlier, that doubt and pride should never enter the heart, and that if married people expect to be happy they must trust each other. I had pondered over it hundreds of times in the still hours of night, and I could not reconcile the thought of that needless distrust; I had not doubted him, I said, and I felt that if "so the pure all things are pure," it did not speak well for a distrustful husband, and so I had nursed my grievance. But I freely forgave him, and when the children came in at tea time with a new silver tea pot and the cutest little cream jug and sugar bowl and said that father had given them the money to buy it, and that he had remembered the date, I felt ashamed of myself and tears of happiness came to my eyes. I was too weak to get up and took my tea in bed, with Stephen beside me, and then he slipped out to do

the chores, he said. And when I got up in the morning I hardly dared to look at the porch, but when I did I started with surprise. For, as I was told afterward by my Mildred, there was a tree peddler passing early in the evening and her father went out and bought two beautiful rose bushes from him. They were in pots and called climbers, and he had planted them and tied them up to the porch in place of the vine. It was so thoughtful of him to try to repair the wreck I had made, and turned my thoughts from it. "We declared you must be crazy ma," said Dorothy, "when you ran off with the vine," and Paul came in to tell us Peter Crandell was hurt and that Pa had saved him from being killed, and then I told the girls all. I thought it best for them to know about our long quarrel, and I said it was all my fault.

"You dear old blessed Ma," said Mildred, "how you have been abused."

But I would not let her say that, and while we were talking some of the neighbors came in and began to praise Stephen's courage, and said I had a man to be proud of. And as we sat hand in hand that evening I told my lover-husband that he must never, never doubt me again, and he vowed he never would, that he trusted me for time and for eternity. "I'm old enough now," I said, and he answered, "You would still be young to me if you lived to be a hundred." And so the silver wedding brought me happiness; but I never can smell the perfume of the fragrant honeysuckle but it recalls that time, and a sense of faintness comes over me; for, to me, it was a snare that cost me dear, and will ever be associated with distrust and doubt.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Rev. F. C. Reynolds, Methodist minister, Pakenham, Ont., writes:—The gold watch awarded to Mrs. Reynolds for prize story published in *Truth* came to hand in good time. I would have acknowledged it sooner but waited to see how the watch would keep time. It is doing well and looks very nice. Many thanks for it. I wish you every success with *Truth*.

Money.

The principles of right, as applied to money-matters, afford the only hope of extracting from money that happiness which it is capable of affording. There is but little vital and practical belief in this truth. People still object to the equitable exchange of honest labor for honest money, and prefer easy and indirect methods of transferring the money they crave from others' pockets to their own. The idea that happiness can thus be procured is the secret cause of speculation, gambling, fraud, and all kinds of dishonorable transactions. If our youth were intelligently instructed in these things and made to see the real misery which flows from dishonest gains, if they were grounded in the principles of truth and justice, not merely as duties, but as the only true foundations of business and the only road to permanent prosperity, instances of folly and crime would be rare. There should be no sentimental disparagement of money; its true value should be clearly presented, and every encouragement given to acquire it by honorable methods, but it should be ingrained into the minds of the young that only as it is rightly won and rightly used can it bring the happiness they desire.

A Mission for a Writer.

Teach us that wealth is not elegance; that profession is not magnificence; and that splendor is not beauty. Teach us that taste is a tallman which can do greater wonders than the millions of the loan-mongers. Teach us that to vie is not to rival, and to imitate not to invent. Teach us that pretension is a bore. Teach us that wit is a cessively good-natured, and, like champagne not only sparkles, but is sweet. Teach us the vulgarity of malignity. Teach us that envy spoils our complexions, and that anxiety destroys our figure. Catch the fleeting colors of that shy chameleon, cant, and show what excessive trouble we are ever taking to make ourselves miserable and silly. Teach us all this, and Aglais shall stop a crow in its course and present you with a pen. Thalia shall hold the golden fluid in a Serres vase, and Euphrosyne support the violet-colored scroll.

"Aristo, my soul, and
Shattered lay on my tears."

I felt quite inspired, and sang out loud and clear, taking the soprano part in the dear old tune, and enjoying it very much, as I always did, and I heard the preacher's voice plainly joining in. That was in the morn-

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 72.—A NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

A father punishing his son, Flourishes a 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

A servant catching mice for fun, Touches not a vile 4, 3, 2, 1.

Sitting in the house when work is done, At the door I hear a 3, 2, 1.

With the numberless prefixes under the sun, We may reckon among the lot, 2, 1.

Of all the English letters there's none More common, few used more often than 1.

When a boy is in trouble or places new, His first thought and call is for his 1, 2.

A broker or agent collects a fee When stocks and bonds are at 1, 2, 3.

When Oliver Twist of the food wanted more, He wished for another 1, 2, 3, 4.

Star actors and actresses contrive To play great 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

EMPHATIC.

NO. 73.—WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Take a small boy from an illness and leave a month of the year.

2. Take an epic poem of the Spaniards from to determine and leave a river of Scotland.

3. Take to gain from wound around and leave a boy's nickname.

4. Take a small thing from restricted and leave a cover.

5. Take a part of the body from closet and leave a home for birds.

6. Take untamed from to confuse and leave a beverage.

M. R. R.

NO. 74.—WHO AM I?

My name suggests the dawning, The wild sighing of the breeze, But I the daybreak scorning, Am a sky-lark at my ease.

I'm an artist ever sketching, And my camel is the sky; The moonlight and the starlight Are my brightest company.

Like the moonlight coldly beaming, Or like a brilliant star, I scintillate in glory, While clouds my beauty mar.

I am radiant as morning, I ray myself in flame, And in beauty past adorning, Put the lesser lights to shame.

ERMINA S.

NO. 75.—HOW HE NAMED HIM.

A father was giving his son James good advice in regard to his future course in life, and endeavoring to inspire him with a desire for a high position among his fellow-men. His concluding exhortation was brief, but comprehensive; and if rightly divided with the letters in the same order as in the sentence uttered, will give the son's entire name. What did he say, and what was the son's name?

D. G. J.

NO. 76.—AN ANAGRAM.

By transposing the letters in the words, "Dear prayer," make the name of a religious denomination.

N. Y. Z.

NO. 77.—AN ENIGMA.

Alas, for me I'm steeped in sin, No villainy but I've been in; I can't reform now if I would, I'm no deceiver if I could; No wonder that I'm in afflict; You see me in a sorry plight;

I've just been caught in my last trick, In prison now they'll have me quick; Soon I'll be panned up with the guilty And have to herd with all that's filthy. But as I scorned all that was good I must endure with fortitude, And share the punishment deserved; 'Twill not help now to be unnerfed, Yet sure I might indulge in grief. For though I've been with many a thief, Yet was I reared in innocence, But lacking in sound common sense, With vile associates chose to mix, Which placed me in this horrid fix. Now in this wish I am sincere, That those whom once I held most dear May never such fate as I— Condemned in clanking chains to lie, And pointed at in much derision As inmate of a city prison.

M. J. WILKINS.

PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be presented for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.

A prize of two dollars will be awarded for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time, the winner of prize No. 1 to be excluded from trial for this premium.

Favors should be forwarded early, accompanied with answers.

FOR APRIL ANSWERS.

To the reader forwarding the best lot of answers to "The Sphinx" published during April will be presented Chamber's Etymological Dictionary.

Each week's solutions should be forwarded within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

ANSWERS.

- 58.—Ass-ass-in-ate (eight.)
59.—Divi divi.
60.—Simon Peter in tears.
61.—Pant-a-loon.
62.—Via Dolorosa.
63.—Potentate.
64.—Advertisement.
65.—Turn-over.

The Heliograph.

A ten inch mirror, which is the diameter of the ordinary field-heliograph, is capable of reflecting the sun's rays in the form of a bright spot, or flare, to the distance of fifty miles, the signal at this interval being recognizable without the aid of a glass. That is to say, two trained sappers, each provided with a mirror, can readily speak to one another, supposing the sun is shining, with an interval of fifty mile between them, provided their stations are sufficiently high and no rising ground intervenes to stop the rays. The adjustment of the military heliograph is a very simple matter. An army leaves its base, where a heliograph station is located, and, after travelling some miles, desires to communicate with the stay-at-homes. A hill in the locality is chosen, and a sapper ascends with his heliograph, which is simply a stand bearing a mirror swung like the ordinary toilet looking glass, except that, besides swinging horizontally, it is also pivoted so as to move vertically as well. Behind the mirror, in the very centre, a little of the quicksilver has been removed, so that the sapper can go behind his instrument and look through a tiny hole in it towards the station he desires to signal. Having sighted the station by adjusting the mirror, he next proceeds to set up in front of the heliograph a rod, and upon this rod is a movable stud. This stud is manipulated like the foresight of a rifle, and the sapper, again standing behind his instrument, directs the adjustment of this stud until the hole in the mirror, the stud, and the distant station are in a line. The heliograph is then ready to work; and, in order to flash signals so that they may be seen at a distance, the sapper has only to take care that his mirror reflects the sunshine on the stud just in front of him.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world to get a good name or to supply the want of it.

Embalming.

Only two thousand years ago—and what is that in the history of an art?—when death visited an Egyptian household, the relatives at once took steps to place the corpse in that condition in which alone it could be sure of enjoying its immortality; for it was their belief that the soul, on quitting the body, ran a solitary course of trial and temptation, and that course successfully accomplished, and not till then, returned and re-animated its old companion.

Their future life would be, it was held, very much as their past had been; they ate, drank, and made merry, and remains inefficiently treated would enter immortality (if one may say so without flippancy) heavily handicapped. Unless the most punctilious care were exercised, there would be every chance of a realization of that terrible curse of Carlyle—that Satan had his weak stomach to digest with to all eternity.

The remains once embalmed were often suffered, for reasons that are not always specified, to rest some time in the house unburied. The rock tomb might be full, or possibly not ready; the deceased, for past misconduct, might have been refused burial by the terrible Judges of the Dead; the family might be poor, and choose to keep their dead at home, tied in a sense to their apron strings; or, perhaps, fully aware of the valuable security they represented, preferred to have them at hand against a rainy day.

For in those days there was no surer way of raising an Egyptian loan than by offering a relative in pledge as security; since the feeling of the country was so extraordinarily strong against the impiety of those who suffered their ancestors to go for any length of time unburied, that they were forced, on the earliest opportunity to redeem them.

Once buried, there was an end of the matter; once laid with the singing of hymns in the rock tomb, no one ever thought of entering the eternally sealed chamber, or even of visiting the spot.

The dead man had everything he could possibly want till the soul returned; food, money, clothes, while under his head lay the "ankhaphaton" to revive his vital warmth when the time came for immortality. Amulets lay on his bosom to protect him against the liars-in-wait that plotted his downfall, and round his head hung the papyrus of the inspired ritual of the dead, by the study and observance of which he worked his passage in the bark of the sun, until he was finally assimilated by the luminary and entered into his rest.

In the mysterious language of Thoth, the divine scribe, who reveals the will of the gods and the mysterious nature of things to man, "he went in like a hawk and came out like a phoenix, entering the celestial gate."

The Roman occupation ruined the calling by taking the money out of the country, and only a few years after the Christian era, the art, in the completer sense, was almost entirely unknown. Nor did it appear in Europe for more than four hundred years.

Compared with the ancient, the modern method of embalming is simple and rapid; with the Egyptians the process was a question of months, with us it is one almost of minutes.

A large artery is exposed and opened, and into the vessel a hollow needle is inserted. The needle is firmly tied to its place. Through the needle a solution of chloride of zinc is injected slowly until it has filled its way over every part. The principal art that is required in this process is to be very careful not to use too much force in driving the fluid into the tissues, and in not using too much fluid. The fluid which answers best is made as follows: to two pints of water, at 50° Fahr., add chloride of zinc slowly, until the water just refuses to take up any more of the salt. Then add one pint of water more, and two pints of ethylated spirit. The five pints thus produced are a sufficient quantity for embalming an adult body. The solution can be injected quite cold, and it will find its way readily over the vessels. If expense be not considered, pure alcohol may be used instead of the methylated spirit. The effect of the

solution is shown by its making the surface of the skin white, firm, and, for a short time, slightly mottled.

The latest improvement is that of injecting through the optic foramen, by the introduction of a long subcutaneous needle into the cavity of the cranium from behind the eyeball. This method, which will no doubt supersede all others, was discovered rather by accident than direct experiment, and dates from researches conducted by Dr. Richardson on the best modes of restoring animation after sudden dissolution from chloroform or other lethal substances. Thus in original work it often happens that, in carrying out a design which has been most carefully projected, the original intention is not consummated, but some other result which was never thought of; and thus Columbus, in search of the golden lands of Marco Polo, accidentally lighted on the continent of America.

It will be noted that in the modern system nothing of the ancient survives. There is no exenteration, no steeping in palm wine, no filling of the cavities with myrrh and cassia, no swathing with bandages a thousand yards long, which nowadays the pillerger Bedouins use for clothes and sell for paper. Nor is there any need for the "parouchi tea," that low-caste official whose hateful duty it was to make the first incision, and who must needs have been as nimble of foot as he was quick of hand, since all in Egypt being held in abomination who mutilated the dead on the completion of the operation he had to make the best of his way into the country, pursued with sticks, stones, and curses. There, in a date grove, he panted till the storm had blown over. He was the original, they say, of the familiar phrase to cut and run.

Nor in our civilization is the attendant expenses in any degree as great. It ranges from \$100 to \$250, varying with the circumstances of the survivors, while the best workmanship of the Nile could not be secured for less than a talent, or \$1,225.

Testing Her Innocence.

A poor pale Paris seamstress was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months on her arm. She went to get some work one day and stole three gold coins of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I am going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless she was taken to the Commissioner of Police, and he ordered her to be sent to the police-court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and, when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself, she replied, "The day I went to my employer's I carried my child with me. It was in my arms, as it is now. I wasn't paying any attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantelpiece, and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's mercy." The Court could not believe this story. The judge upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavouring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. He besought her, for her own sake, to retract as absurd a tale, for it could have no effect but to oblige him to sentence her to a much severer punishment than he was disposed to inflict upon one so young and evidently so deep in poverty. These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most astute criminal can never counterfeit, the Court was at some loss to discover what decision justice demanded. To relieve his embarrassment the judge proposed a renewal of the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.

(262) Theology in the Quarters. -Selected.

Now, it's of a notion in my head dat when you come to die, An stan' de 'zamination in the Cote House in de sky. You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's gaine to ask. When he gets you on de witness stan' an' pins you to de facts. Cause he'll ask you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de night. An' de water-fallin' question's gwine to bodder you. Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo'. When he chat's you 'bout a chicken scrape dat happened long ago! Be an' vis on de picket line er long de Milky Way. He's a watchin' what you're dribblin' at, an' hearin' what you say; Ne matter what you want to do, no matter what you's gwine to do. Dey's mighty apt to find it out an' pass it long de line. At de 'a' de 'meccin', when you make a fuss and laugh, Why, dey would de new-a-killin' by de golden tele-phon. Den de 'a' de 'meccin' what a settlin' by de gate? De 'a' de 'meccin' wid a look, an' claps it ou de state. Den you better do your juty well an' keep your con-science clear. An' keep a lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar you gwine to. Cause an' 'a' while de time'll come to journey foun' de stan'. An' dey'll take you way up in de 'a' an' put you on de stan'. Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty straight. Ef you ebber spee' to trabble froo de alaplant' gate? Galle's Corners, Ont. Mrs. E. F. SQUIER.

(263) To My Weeping Wife. -Selected.

Say Josephine, my dear, Why on thy cheek a tear? Was't aught I said or left unsaid Since we were wed? That wrought in thee the painful feeling? Or was't yon funeral bell slow pealing? Was't thoughts of me or on yon praling? Was't rated her head, with eyes still red, A-lookin' said, "On-lou peeling." I. L. S., Duluth, Minn. Mrs. D. H. McLESTER.

(264) What is Earth? -Selected.

[The following epigrammatic and singular lists are a complete answer to the question:]
What's earth, Sexton? A place to dig graves.
What's earth, Rich Man? A place to work slaves.
What's earth, G-way Heart? A place to grow old.
What's earth, Miser? A place to dig gold.
What's earth, School Boy? A place for my play.
What's earth, Maiden? A place to be gay.
What's earth, Statesman? A place where I weep.
What's earth, Singard? A good place to sleep.
What's earth, Soldier? A place for a battle.
What's earth, Hermit? A place to raise cattle.
What's earth, Widow? A place of true sorrow.
What's earth, Tradesman? I'll tell you to-morrow.
What's earth, Sick Man? 'Tis nothing to me.
What's earth, Sailor? N'r home is on de sea.
What's earth, Statesman? A place to win fame.
What's earth, Author? I'll write there my name.
What's earth, Monarch? For my realm 'tis given.
What's earth, Christian? The gateway to heav'n.
Hazenville, Ont. Mrs. J. B. WILLIAMS.

(265) About Truth. -Original.

Truth is a gem of divine light,
The flash of the diamond is not so bright,
The shining nucleus of mental power,
Is to its possessor a wealthy dower.
The Truth's pages so rich, with instruction and wit
Will prove a choice treasure to whom it will fit
So we hope for its progress, a speedy increase,
As honor'd by millions, may it bring rest and peace.
N. Milton, N. Y. LORIS A. MORENOSSA.

(266) A Testotal Lecture. -Selected.

There is danger in the glass. Beware lest it shatters. They who have drained it to the dregs! Too often early graves it spurs to allure. With its rich ruby light. There is no antidote or cure, only its course to fight. It changes men to brutes; Makes women bow their heads; Fills homes with anguish, want, disputes, And takes from children bread. Then dash the glass away, And from the serpent flow; drink pure cold water day by day, And walk God's footstool free.
ARTHUR MITCHELL.
Nanaka, on C.P.R.

(267) Spell It Out. -Selected.

A was a monarch, who lived in the East. -Father I, 1.
B was a Caldee, who made a great feast. -Daniel v, 1-4.
C was veracious, when others told lies. -Numbers xiii, 30-33.
D was a woman, hero and wife. -Judges iv, 4-14.
E was a refuge, where David spared Saul. -1 Samuel xxiv, 1-7.
F was a Roman, accused of Paul. -Acts xxvi, 24.
G was a garden, a frequent resort. -John xiii, 1-2; Matt. xxvi, 26.
H was a city, where David held court. -2 Samuel ii, 11.
I was a mocker, a very bad boy. -Genesis xvi, 10.
J was a city, preferred as a joy. -Psalms cxxvii, 6.
K was the father, whose son was quite tall. -1 Samuel ix, 1-2.
L was a proud one, who had a great fall. -Isaiah xiv, 12.
M was a nephew, whose uncle was good. -Colossians iv, 10; Acts xi, 24.
N was a city, long hid where it stood. -Zephaniah ii, 13.
O was a servant, acknowledged a brother. -Philemon, 10.
P was a Christian, greeting another. -2 Timothy iv, 21.
Q was a damsel, who knew a man's voice. -1 Kings xi, 4-11.
R was a seaport, where preaching was long. -Acts xv, 6, 7.
S was a teamster, struck dead for his wrong. -2 Samuel vi, 7.
T was a cast-off, and never restored. -Esther i, 19.
U was a ruler, with sorrow deplored. -Psalm cxxxvii.
Fennells, Ont. THOMAS SAWYER.

(268) Lessons of Wisdom. -Selected.

Sweet birds that fly through the fields of air,
What lessons of wisdom and truth ye bear!
Ye would teach our souls from the earth to rise;
Ye would bid us its greivous scenes despise;
Ye would tell us that all its pursuits are vain,
That pleasure is toll, ambition is pain;
That its bliss is touched with a poisonous leaven;
Ye would teach us to fix our hopes on heav'n,
Ye would tell us that dear friends must sever,
But thou, O Truth, must stand for ever.
London East, Ont. Mrs. A. D. GOULD.

(269) The Man from Maine. -Selected.

When Maine was a District of Massachusetts, Ezekial Whitman was chosen to represent the District in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was an eccentric man, and one of the best lawyers of his time. He owned a farm, and did much work on his land; and when the time came for him to set out to Boston his best suit of clothes was a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care. "I will get a nice suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said. Reaching his destination, Whitman found rest at Doolittle's City Tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and at this tavern he was at home. As he entered the parlor of the house he found several ladies and gentlemen assembled, and heard the following remark from one of them: "Ah, here comes a countryman of the real homespun genius. Heru's fun." Whitman stared at the company and then sat down. "Say, my friend, are you from the country," remarked one of the gentlemen. "Ya-as," answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of the face. "And what do you think of our city?" asked one of the ladies. "It's a pooty thickly settled place any how, it's got a sweepin' eight houses in it." "And a good many peple, too?" "Ya-as, I should guess so." "Many people where you come from?" "Well, some." "Plenty of ladies, I suppose?" "Ya-as, a fair sprinkling." "And I don't doubt that you are quite a bean among them?" "Ya-as, I beats 'em home tew meetin', and singin' skewl." "Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?" "Thank'ee. Don't keer if I do." The wine was brought. "You must drink a toast." "O, git out! I eat toast; never heard of such a thing as drinkin' it. But I can give you a sentiment." The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the stranger rising, spoke calmly and clearly as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to

wish you health and happiness, with every blessing earth can afford; and may you grow better and wiser in advancing years, bearing in mind that outward appearances are deceitful. You mistook me from my dress, for a country booby, while I, from the same superficial cause, thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual. He had just finished when Caleb Strong, Governor of the State, entered and inquired for Witman. "Ah, here I am, Governor. Glad to see you." Then turning to the dumfounded company he said: "I wish you a very good evening." Edmondville, Ont. Mrs. J. McCOR.

(270) For Tired Mothers. -Selected.

Think over your worries and perplexities in the open air, and many of them will banish. We magnify our own importance when we shut ourselves up at home. Mrs. Wm. Bacon. Box 225, Peterboro', Ont.

(271) Time a Great Healer. -Selected.

"Good morning, Elder Henpeck, you have been away?" "Yes, I have just returned from Australia." "How is your family?" "Alas, I found my poor wife dead on my return." "You don't tell me!" "Yes, poor soul, she died six weeks ago, and I didn't hear of it until I got home yesterday." "The sad news must have well nigh broken your heart." "No, not so as that. You see time is a great healer of the wounded heart. She has been dead six weeks, you know." MARY SMITH. St. Catherines.

(272) Picturesque. -Selected.

"Look here, Mr. Photographer, what in the world did you want to turn my toes in in that style, for?" exclaimed an exasperated customer, exhibiting a picture which the artist had just finished for him. "Well, I thought you wanted the picture to be natural," explained the polite artist. "So I did; but I don't turn my toes in." "No perhaps not. But you see the picture would not be natural without your feet, and I was obliged to turn them in to get them in the the picture." Hamilton. ROBT. THOMPSON.

(273) Dinah Might. -Selected.

"Mrs. Sharp, can't you find something else to do than blow me up continually, whenever I say that Dinah isn't a good cook, and you should discharge her and get another?" "Well, John, if you don't like the way I take it, I'll find some other way to 'blow you up' as you call it." "How?" "Well, Dinah might, for instance." MARY G. M. DONS. 3600 Lake Ave, Chicago, Ill.

(274) Only Geese. -Selected.

"Mother, mother!" cried a young rook, returned hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so frightened I've seen such a sight!" "What sight my son?" asked the rook. "Oh! white creatures, screaming and running, straining their necks, and hutting their heads ever so high; see, mother there they go!" "Geese, my son; merely geese," calmly replied the sapient parent bird. "Through life, child, observe, that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once to be a goose." Winger, Ont. A. L. NASH.

(275) A Child's Answer. -Selected.

Five year old: "When will it be to-morrow?" Four year old: "When to-day is yesterday, then it will be to-morrow." St. Catherines. Mrs. H. H. GARLICK.

(276) A Cure for Scandal. -Selected.

Take of good nature ounce ounce; of an herb called by the Indians "mind your own business," one ounce; mix with a little charity-for-others; and two or three spoons of "keep your tongue between your teeth;" simmer them together in a vessel called circumsppection for a short time and it will be fit for use. Application.—The symptom is a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place when you are in company with a species of animals called gossips. When you feel a fit of the disorder coming on, take a teaspoonful of the mixture, hold it in your mouth, which you keep closed shut till you get home, and you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottleful about you and repeat the dose on the slightest symptom. Gridley, Illinois. MARY E. CARSON.

(277) The Printer's Story. -Selected.

We once saw a young man gazing at the "ry heavens, with a f in one of the and a of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by giving him a paper we held in our hand relating to a young man in that part of the country who had left home in a state of derangement. He dropped the paper from his hand, with the exclamation, "It is I of whom I read in the paper of a girl who refused to listen to me, but smiled upon another. I fled from the house uttering a wild cry to the god of love & without replying to the cry of my friends, came here with this and a pair of pistols, to put an end to my existence. My case has no parallel in this part of the country." Lisie, Ont. C. S. WADK.

(278) A Good Little Boy. -Selected.

Two little Austin schoolboys got into a quarrel, and one of them said to the other: "If it was not for your ma being such a good woman, I'd tear your shirt to pieces." "You tear my shirt, if you dare!" "I ain't agoing to tear it, because your ma would have to mend it, and I don't want to put her to any trouble, because she gave me two cakes the other day." As with some grown up people, the way to a child's heart lies through his stomach. [This accounts for the fact that some people won't pay their dues to the Lord except at a tea meeting.] Everton, Ont. MARY FORESTER.

(279) His Faith Cure. -Selected.

Wife—"John, what is this 'faith cure' I read of so much?" Husband—"Marriage, my dear. Marriage." Wife—"I don't understand how marriage can have anything to do with it. Please explain yourself." Husband—"Well, before I married you, my faith led me to believe that you were a perfect angel; since I married you I have been entirely cured of that faith. That is what is called a 'faith cure.'" Cobourg. ANSIE DORSEY.

(280) How Little Johnny's Death Mortified Her. -Selected.

"How did you like Europe, Mrs. De Silva?" "It is perfectly lovely; but we had such a dreadful misfortune there." "What was it? I hadn't heard of it." "When we were in Paris, the general had an invitation to the Duc de R-mey's grand ball. I went to Worth's and bought a ten thousand dollar ball dress. The very day of the ball little Johnny was taken with cholera and died that afternoon." "That was terrible! How badly you must have felt." "Badly! Why, I never was so mortified in all my life." Toronto. MARY McLATHLIN.

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 2. He would take his girl out For a walk ev - ry night, Ti - - dings of com - fort and
 3. He got a po - si - tion To work in a bank,

joy,..... Your tears will flow down Like the e - qui - nox - ial rain,
 She would send all his mon - ey Up high - er than a kite,
 And ev - - ry one said That he was a crank,

Ti - - dings of com - fort and joy..... 'Tis of a lov - er Who
 She'd eat quail on toast, And you
 He fool'd 'round the safe Like a

said he would shoot, And call'd his gal's fa - - ther a Span - ish ga - loot, Be - cause he had
 bet he would stare, She'd eat, and she'd eat, Till his pock - ets were bare, And then he'd run
 clear head - ed gent, He soon had it o - - pen'd And quick - ly he went, Way o - - ver to

rais'd him With one of his boots, Ti - - dings of com - - fort and joy.....
 home And pull out his hair,
 Eu - rope, But he took ev - ry cent,

Health Department.

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

About Breathing.

The majority of people don't know how to breathe; this may sound rather startling but it is, nevertheless, a fact. People fancy that when they draw in a little air at each inspiration, and then pull it out again they are doing all that is required of them, but, if the lungs could speak, they would tell their owners that they were not half performing their duty. Then again, people will breathe through the mouth instead of the nose. This is wrong for the passage of the cold air through the various ramifications along which its course would flow when taken in through the nostrils, becomes warmed before it reaches the lungs, whereas that drawn in through the mouth passes directly into them, along with whatever dust and impurities may be floating about, and is very injurious to weak chested people, that is to say people whose pulmonary organs are not in a perfectly sound state. As breathing is about the first thing a person does when he enters this world, and the last before he leaves it, it is evidently a very important act, and as such should meet with more attention than it does.

In the first place people do not, as a rule, take half deep enough inspirations; the air cells at the bottom of the lungs do not receive a sufficient amount of air, in many cases scarcely any; and in the next place they persist in ignoring the nostrils as the right channels through which the outer air should be drawn in its passage to the lungs. Although it does not follow that a large-chested man is necessarily more sound as to his pulmonary organs than one with a small chest, still his chances of being so are surely greater if his lungs have free room in which to work; and by paying attention to a few simple rules in respect to their breathing people may so materially increase the size of their chests that they will be astonished. These rules are very short, very simple and very few in number. They are, first, breathe through your nose; second, fill your lungs to their full extent, if you can, at every breath, and third, breathe as much pure air as you can. An excellent plan to strengthen the lungs and to increase the size of the chest at the same time, is to devote fifteen minutes or so, daily to breathing as follows: Go out into the open air; stand perfectly erect; and then fill the lungs to their fullest extent through the nose, retain the air till you begin to feel uncomfortable, then expire and repeat the dose. In six months we will guarantee that you will be able to "hold your breath," as it is commonly termed, for fully two minutes, if your lungs are sound to begin with.

Athletes habitually breathe through their noses, and to this is attributed the fact of their remarkable freedom from colds and such complaints. People will soon become accustomed to keeping their mouths shut, though the difficulty of doing so will, of course, be greater with some than with others, especially females! But perseverance will do much, and the habit of breathing through the nose will soon become a fixed one.

This receipt for strengthening the lungs by supplying them with warm air, and

plenty of it, and by giving them room in which to perform their proper functions is so simple and so effective that those who fail to profit by it are very foolish; and when one reflects how great must be the effect of a right or a wrong mode of breathing on the general health, and how all important it is that people should breathe properly instead of improperly, it will seem strange that those can be found who will go to work the wrong way when they are told the right.

Sleep.

All the organs of life rest in some way or other. The heart has an interval of rest between each combined act of contraction and expansion, and the beginning of a fresh act. Between each expiration of the lungs and the succeeding inspiration there is a period of repose. Physiologists have calculated that the heart reposes during about one-fourth of life, and that the lungs rest one-third of the time.

Some of the other organs suspend their activity, in part, during sleep which is necessary to existence as food. If a man does not sleep he exhausts his nervous power, becomes a maniac, and dies.

Shakespeare had noted these physiological facts, or he would not have called sleep "nature's gentle nurse," "sore labor's bath," and "chief nourisher in life's feast." Cervantes saw them as clearly, for he makes Sancho Panza say:

"Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot."

Old physiologists supposed that sleep was caused by the pressure of blood on the brain. But modern physiology, regarding the blood as the origin of all force, and of all the functions in the body, affirms that sleep is caused by a withdrawal of blood from the brain.

As a rule, the larger the brain, the more sleep it requires. Webster went to bed at nine o'clock and rose at five. Gen. Grant used to say, during his campaigns, "I can do nothing without nine hours' sleep." There have been lawyers and generals who did with much less—but they did little during their wakeful hours.

Another trait marks men of large brain—that is, their power of sleeping at will. A great general or a great statesman, usually can lie down and catch "forty winks" at any time or place. Napoleon used to throw himself on the ground and in two minutes was sound asleep. Mr Pitt was a sound sleeper, and slept night after night in the House of Commons, while his colleagues watched the debate, and roused him when it was necessary that he should speak.

Once when the French army was manœuvring in Spain, Wellington, who was watching them, became very tired. Pointing out one of their corps to a staff officer, he told him that it was marching in a certain direction and would be seen by and-by at such a point. "When it is seen there call me!" he added, "I wrapped myself in his cloak, slept soundly until called and told that the French had reached the point."

The Benefits of Athletics.

Both beauty and benefit accrue from the practice of athletics, if carefully and scientifically conducted. Athletics, if commenced in early youth, ensures a gradual induction of strength, and the growth of a well-built, shapely, and well-proportioned frame, a body, in fact, which will be as perfect on one side as the other, and perfect in lower as well as upper limits, because no single group of muscles is exercised at the expense of others that have to lie dormant. A well-trained athlete will not even be left-handed. He will measure as much round the forearm or the biceps of one extremity as he does round the other, and he will therefore be as powerful and competent with the left as with the right arm, and experience when using it none of that nerveless reaction which one who has not been

properly trained does when attempting to use his left. Left arm! Yes, it may well be called the *left arm*—it is left behind in the battle of life, and, as a rule, it is never much more than half alive, sponging its existence in a state of semi-paralysis. Athletics gives to either sex a beauty of gait in walking or moving, and this is a very high and very desirable accomplishment. The benefits the true athlete enjoys, and the advantages he possesses over the untrained, are numerous. They are all included in one word, health. Health—bound, vigorous health; health that can be seen in every movement, and felt in every nerve and vein; health that breeds happiness and contentment, and gives one not only the wish to do good in the world and benefit his brother man, but the power to do good without even feeling weary in well doing.

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 W. man's Hospital in New York, said that most men die prematurely, even when they die of old age.

Among these premature deaths he mentions that of Peter Cooper, who imprudently exposed himself at the age of ninety-three, took cold, and died of pneumonia. Capt Labouche, who died a few years ago in New York at the age of one hundred and eleven, also died prematurely from a cold caused by imprudent exposure.

Dr. Sims says that his own father died prematurely at the age of seventy-eight because he did what he ought not to have done. One hot day in July, he rode thirty miles in the saddle. Having stabled his horse he began chopping wood.

Suddenly the axe dropped from his hands, and he was paralyzed. The long ride in the sun had over heated and fatigued his body. The violent chopping overtaxed heart and lungs, and threw the blood too forcibly to the brain. A blood-vessel in the brain gave way, letting out the blood, which, forming a clot, produced paralysis.

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

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

Pure Air for Sleeping Rooms.

We cannot be too particular about our sleeping-rooms. They should be the largest and airiest rooms in the house. Oh no, we do not despise a handsome drawing-room, or a spacious dining-room; but we insist on an airy bed-room if we are to be healthy. Nothing can be more dangerous than rushing out into the cold raw air of a wintry morning without a breakfast, if we have slept for hours in what might justly be called "a closet."

How many of our workmen have unfortunately run this risk? We cannot convince them that so much depends upon sleeping in a good atmosphere; and they often disregard every precaution, to insure a feeling of warmth and temporary comfort.

Do we consider the health of our servants? How frequently are their sleeping-places a disgrace to humanity. At times but cupboards at the top of the house, under the eaves themselves; at others, cellars in the foundation of the dwelling, devoid of light and ventilation. Depend upon it, no one can work without healthy muscular strength, and nothing destroys that so much as breathing a vitiated atmosphere, especially at night.

And one word more. Mothers, why do you cover up your babies' heads and mouths either with your shawl or the bed-clothes? Why, when the darling is sleeping, throw that pocket-handkerchief over the face. Infants breathe quicker than adults, and they need more and not less fresh air. They

are particularly susceptible to the evils of a foul atmosphere. Their lamp is only just lighted. Give it plenty of fresh air, and plenty of fuel, and it will burn briskly and bright. It can soon be snuffed out by carelessness and neglect.

Cure for Bilioussness.

First, on getting up and going to bed drink plenty of cold water. Eat for breakfast, until the biliouss attack passes, a little stale bread, say one slice, and a piece half as large as your hand of boiled lean beef or mutton. If the weather is warm, take instead a little cracked wheat or oatmeal porridge.

For dinner take about the same thing. Go without your supper.

Exercise freely in the open air, producing perspiration, once or twice a day. In a few days your bilioussness is all gone. This result will come, even though the bilioussness is one of the spring sort, and one with which you have, from year to year, been much afflicted.

Herb drinks, bitter drink, lager beer, whisky, and a dozen other spring medicines, are simply barbarous.—*Dio Lewis.*

MEDICAL QUERIES.

Notice.—Persons wishing to have medical questions answered in these pages should address their correspondence to the Editor, Health Department of Truth. If this is not done their questions will not be attended to.

Persons wishing us questions to be answered should confer a great favor by stating their age and general habits.

F. S. — Hall's Journal of Health is published at Nos. 75 and 77 Barclay street, New York: at least the office is there.

ALVA BALMER—A capital and at the same time simple cure for eczema is to apply the toe if that be the spot affected, a rag, which keeps constantly soaked with cod oil. In ten days or two weeks' time the callosity will disappear.

TINY TIM says: "I suffer terribly from chilblains, just now worse than I have ever had at any time during the winter. Can you give me a care?"
Ans.—The most efficient measure, and one generally affording relief, is the employment of a hot and cold foot-bath every night before retiring. An ointment composed of ten drops of carbolic acid to the ounce of vaseline is also an excellent remedy.

S. J. B. Dundas—Athletes, nowadays, do not conform so strictly to the old-fashioned rules for training as they used to do; the best things that would have horrified trainers fifty years or so ago, but the fact remains that they bring themselves into good trim as men did in days of old. Is customary now for individuals to pay attention more to the diet that is found most suitable for their own system than to the which used to be deemed suitable for all?

C. A. Woodstock, asks:—Can you kindly give me the following information: 1. What is the best cure for nervous debility? 2. If advisable, can you recommend a reliable doctor in Toronto or elsewhere to treat the case? 3. Can the advertised remedies be relied on? Ans.—1. Nuxvom 2 drachms; dilute phosphoric acid, 5 drachms; fluid extract of coca, 1 ounce and a half; water, 8 ounces. A table-spoonful three times a day. 2. Call at Truth office for further information. 3. No; if they are quacks.

CLARK, Cayuga, writes: "My appetite is very poor and seems to get worse. I do not eat any food, but I don't eat with a relish. Can you suggest anything that would give me an appetite?" Ans: There is plenty of open air exercise, and don't force yourself to eat if you don't feel like doing so. Take plain food not more than three times daily; drink a glassful of hot water half an hour before each meal. As you don't say what your habits are it is impossible to do more than give you general advice. The use of bitters and various tonics is not necessary to relieve these cases. We have frequently remarked a great increase in appetite and recovery from an aversion to food by a change from highly seasoned food to that simply prepared, consisting chiefly of fruits and grains.

A piece of borax the size of a pea dissolved in the mouth some ten minutes before speaking or singing strengthens the voice. Five grains potassium iodide taken in a warm solution before going to bed previous night also helps the voice when extra effort is required.

LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"That big Guardsman ought to be presented with a gold medal," he says to himself, with a shrug: "he has actually persuaded her to smile."

"Well," says the "big Guardsman," enouncing himself comfortably somewhere at her feet,—they are quite shaded from the inside of the room by curtains and a huge ottoman—"you didn't think to see me here to-night, did you?"

"Indeed, no. You were a thorough surprise. I know it couldn't have been from the skies,—you are not ethereal enough for that; but where did you drop from?"

"You are very unkind; but I shall pass that over. I came from Fifeshire, first, to some people of mine in Connemara; and then Lord Dundeady wrote to me about this affair, and I came here. I came to see you, you know."

"That of course," says Lady Clontarf modestly. Then she tries to shift her position a little and looks at him. "Do you know something is making me very uncomfortable?" she says: "is it you? I feel as if you were sitting on my dress. Are you?"

"Really!"—innocently,— "I believe I am," shifting his position, too, but very slightly, and rather more to her than from her.

"Well, who would have thought it? says Clontarf, who up to this has stood stricken to the earth by surprise. "If any fellow had told me she could—could positively— Oh, hang it, you know! It seems, then, that I am the only one to whom she cannot talk."

Honor compelling him, he walks away—most unwillingly, he it said to his greater credit—until he is beyond earshot.

"How lovely Mrs. Magistrate Smythe is looking to-night!" says Doris, presently, alluding to a married beauty within, who always takes her walks abroad with at least a dozen admirers at her heels, and whose convenient husband is in Japan.

"Is she? I couldn't see any but you. She's the woman with the queer eyes and the big mouth, isn't she? Clontarf's old flame, I mean." There is no premeditated malice in Bouverie's speech; it is merely idle. He is not in love with Doris, but the second nature he has acquired compels him to make laughing love to every pretty woman he meets. Indeed, what he has just now said barely touches Lady Clontarf's ears in passing, and affects her not at all.

"Was she so?" she says, smiling. "She is pretty enough to have been the old flame of many a one."

"She makes too much of it," says Bouverie, with a shrug. "A woman can have her little triumphs, but she needn't hang her scalp at her belt for all the world to see."

"You speak bitterly. Has she"—with an amused glance—"got your scalp?"

"Don't be hypocritical," says Bouverie, reproachfully. "You became the owner of that long since."

"Well, never mind: it has evidently grown again," says Doris, glancing expressively at the luxuriant crop of curly brown hair that reaches the top of his head.

At this they both laugh aloud, and Clontarf, who has gone beyond reach of their words, but not of their laughter, grinds his teeth a little. Be a man never so indifferent to his wife, still he will object to another man's faintest admiration.

"So you have been at Connemara," says Doris, presently. "I wonder they didn't murder you, knowing you to be a hated Sasannach."

"They were too busy murdering their landlords.—And so you went to Cannes, that month my heart broke?"

"For quite a little time. Lord Clontarf wanted to get back to his shooting."

"Soulless being! In his place I should have forgotten there was such a thing as a partridge."

"Would you? After all you are only a man. And what bluest lake or most golden sky could compare with a grouse or a partridge?"

"I shouldn't have wanted to stay because of the bluest lakes."

"For me, then? But, you see, you could bring me home with you, and have your grouse too."

"No, I couldn't," says Bouverie. "That is just what is breaking my peace."

Here they both laugh again; and Clontarf, who won't go away, tells himself savagely that he can't stand much more of this.

"Where do you usually stay when in town?" asks Bouverie.

"I stayed at the Langham last time."

"And next time?"

"I think Lord Dundeady has a house in Portland Square, or somewhere."

"You will go over next year, of course?"

"How can I say? Do you know you are a very severe cross-examiner? You should have gone to the bar."

"No! Am I? That is not being well-mannered, is it? I must cure myself of that."

"You don't consider things. You say just what you like."

"Do I? Well, if only to carry out the character you give me, and prove you in the right, I shall tell you now that I think you are looking very lovely to-night."

"That is hardly a compliment. It suggests a doubt as to whether I was lovely yesterday, or whether I shall be so to-morrow. A transient loveliness is not to be desired; it carries disappointment in its train."

"I think you lovely always," says Bouverie, tenderly.

"I am tired of you: go away," says Doris, lightly. "That is your favorite waltz just begun, and no doubt some fair one is pining for you. Go; I want to sit here and eat myself for a little while in silence."

Thus dismissed, he goes; and Doris, leaning back in her seat within the curtains, gazes thoughtfully upon the sleeping garden down below.

CHAPTER XII.

"I wish not what was adversity Till I could see full light under the sky." "Alas! what wonder is it, though she wept?"

Clontarf, missing the drowsy hum of the two voices, glances quickly toward the open window where Doris sits, and sees even in this uncertain light that she is alone.

Shall he go and speak to her, and tell her what exquisite pleasure it has afforded him to see her so unlike herself to-night, so light and glad of heart? A moment's reflection, now, however, convincing him that sarcasm of this sort is not to be successfully delivered up men of his calibre, he determines on refraining from this style of oratory. But shall he speak to her nevertheless? He hasn't addressed her once all the evening. He has been then, beyond doubt, wanting in courtesy toward her.

Involuntarily he moves closer, until he finds himself standing just outside the open window, but hidden from her, partly by some heavy drooping creepers that hang in rank luxuriance from the walls, and partly by the fact of her head being turned directly away from him.

She seems so rapt in thought, to have so suddenly relapsed into all her old icy calm and impenetrable melancholy, that he hesitates about disturbing her.

His hesitation is still holding him silent, when two other voices break upon the air, and put an end forever to his half-formed design. They are close,—these voices,—directly inside the curtains, and soon claim his attention, and hers too. They are pretty, soft, low, feminine voices, pitched just now in the most approved key for gossiping purposes. Evidently the owners of them have taken their positions on the ottoman already mentioned that helps to screen Doris's resting-place from those within, and are now preparing to carry on with an unconsciousness that speaks for itself a conversation begun in some other cozy nook.

"I hear even her birth (putting aside altogether the fact of its being so deplorably low) isn't quite all it ought to be," says No. One, in a tone subdued, but rich in enjoyment.

"You mean," says No. Two, evidently leaning forward in hopeful anticipation of what is yet to come.

"That it lacked the sanction of the Church,—that there was, in fact, no ceremony."

"Ceremony?"

"Marriage ceremony!" somewhat impatiently. "They say that terrible old Costello forgot to take his wife to church."

"How absurd!" says No. Two, with an amused laugh, that suggests, as plainly as though they can see it, that the speaker is lifting her brows in deprecation of such a naughty matter, and is shrugging her dainty shoulders.

"It makes no difference to Lord Clontarf, however. The fortune is hers beyond a doubt. Self-made people, who don't know the meaning of property entailed, can always do justice in such cases. Clontarf took very good care to look to that, of course, before he married her."

With a badly-suppressed exclamation Clontarf comes suddenly forward into the full light of the moon and his wife's eyes. She has sprung to her feet, and now stands before him, motionless as one stabbed to the heart. Her face is ghastly pale, her eyes dark with anguish. As their glances meet, he instinctively puts out his hand to her, but with a passionate gesture she repulses him, and, moving quickly by him, runs down the steps and disappears into the cold shadows below.

His first movement is to follow her, but he checks it, and with a heavy frown upon his forehead tears aside the lace curtains, and stands pale and stern before the horrified slanderers.

"Pardon me, madam," he says, addressing her who is nearest to him, "if I interrupt your conversation for one moment. Fortunately, I was near enough just now to hear what you were saying about my wife. I am sure"—with a bitter sneer—"it will give you inexpressible pleasure to know that whoever invented that false story of her birth—*lie!*"

Without waiting for rejoinder from either of the guests, who indeed have too thoroughly collapsed to be capable of it, he once more steps on to the balcony, and, with his veins tingling and his blood on fire from shame and pity, he rushes down the balcony steps in search of Doris.

At last he finds her. She is sitting on the marble edge of a fountain some distance from him, and is crying, not angrily or passionately, but with exceeding bitterness. As he draws nearer, grieved at heart for her, he can see the tears are running quickly down her cheeks through her clasped fingers, and that her attitude is heart-broken.

His coming step sounding upon her ear rouses her from her deep grief, and, rising with nervous haste she makes a movement as though she would willingly escape; but seeing it is too late to do it effectually, she changes her mind, and instead comes impulsively toward him.

"It is not true," she says, with vehement passion, but in a low tone. "It was a lie! You must believe that. It can be proved."

"Why will you speak to me like this?" says Clontarf, regretfully. "I want no proof. You spoke to me once of a possible friendship between us, but what has arisen instead? Almost an enmity, as it seems to me. Proof is unnecessary."

"It will be better," she says, still with great excitement. "I must have you satisfied on that point." She holds out her hands to him with a gesture of piteous appeal; her face is as pale as death; her eyes are full of a strange sad light; her lips are trembling. Suddenly—*even as she looks at him—she breaks down.* "It is not true, indeed, what those horrible women said!" she cries, in an anguish of shame, bursting into tears.

"I know it," says Clontarf, deeply moved. Taking one of her hands, he holds it fast.

"I know"—very earnestly—"it was a most shameful lie. So foolish a one, too, as to be unworthy of comment. Why will you think of it!"

"I would be too much to bear!" exclaims she, brokenly, all her usual self-possession forsaking her in her need. With surprise, Clontarf sees the cold, proud woman change into a sad, imploring girl, and feels that she is sweeter for the change. He has forgotten how he felt half angry with her a few minutes since, because she had seemed happy and light of heart with Bouverie; or, if he remembers it, it is only with a pang of regret that he could ever have grudged this hurt and wounded spirit its small touch of gaiety.

"You haven't got it to bear," he says, gently; "remember that. You are overwrought now, but to-morrow you will laugh at this folly. It is an ugly one, but still only a trifle after all."

"I cannot laugh at it," she says, releasing her hand from his, and pushing back the soft loose hair from her brow, with a little distracted air. "Everything is

wretched and miserable, and hopeless; but any doubt about—that, would be horrible! You married me, knowing me to be of low origin. I"—proudly—"do not shrink from that thought; but anything more,—such a shame—" Again her voice falls her.

"Even if this story were true," says Clontarf, deliberately, "it could make no difference to me at all. You are now and forever my wife."

"Ah! true," murmurs she, with mournful meaning; and, almost as if speaking to herself and unconscious of his presence, she goes on. "The money would still be mine!" she says, in a low tone.

Her voice, her words, the drooping dejection of her head, all pierce him to his very soul. He is bitterly offended. Turning away from her, he walks rapidly back to the house by the path by which he had come. But when a hundred yards lie between them, he stops short, hesitates, and finally returns to her.

She is evidently glad of his return, because she looks up as he gains her side, and, unsolicited, holds out to him the hand she had somewhat ungraciously withdrawn from his, a while ago.

"That cursed money!" he says, with some agitation. "It has been our undoing." "It has indeed," returns she, almost inaudibly, with lowered eyes.

"I wish—" begins he impulsively, and then grows silent.

"That we had never met?" "No; but that we had met under other circumstances," replies he, slowly.

A swift wave of color sweeps over her face. She draws her breath quickly, and looks as if she would willingly have spoken, but is—because of a long formed resolution—mute. Then she sighs, and throws up her head hurriedly, as one might if determinedly putting from one a forbidden hope. Her eyes are dry now, but her face is sadder than before. Clontarf, seeing this, comes to a wrong conclusion.

"I hope you are not going to distract yourself any further about that absurd bit of vulgar gossip," he says, kindly.

In the deeper thought that had sprung to life beneath his last words, she had for the moment forgotten the cruel slander to which she had been an unwilling listener. But now it returns to her with a pang of sharp pain.

"All the world, perhaps, believes it, or will believe it," she says, nervously.

"No one can believe it. It is the simplest thing in the world to ascertain."

"Those two women believe it."

"No; not now. I went to them. I told them— Well, I believe—I can assure you that they will never even hint at it again."

"You—you went to them!—you took my part!" says Doris, going nearer to him, and looking at him with profound surprise. Presently her eyes fill with tears. There is the most intense gratitude in every line of the beautiful countenance uplifted to his in the moonlight.

That she is beautiful occurs to Clontarf at this moment as a revelation. The delicate oval of her face, its pure expression, the quivering earnest lips, the large sad eyes, all cry aloud to him for admiration. It is a most fair face at any time, but fairer now than he has ever seen it.—now

"When that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark Her goodly light."

has been snatched from her by her sorrow and her tears.

The moonbeams, pale and languid (the dawn is close at hand), are lying sleepily upon the pale-green ground of her satin gown and are losing themselves amidst the tiny meshes of her lace. Her perfect arms, rounded and dimpled as a child's, are naked to the shoulder, and hung before her in a careless abandonment; her fingers are interlaced; her slight but poised figure is drawn up to its fullest height. Her eyes are fixed on his.

"It was nothing," he hurries, answering more her glance than her words. "Could I hear you so grossly—slandered, and stand by silent? Surely it was my right to speak. You are"—he colours slightly—"my wife."

"Ah! that is true," she says, her low plaintive voice sounding somewhat desolate. "It would have been a terrible thing for you to have had such a lie stand."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Do not consider any virtue trivial, and so neglect it, or any vice trivial, and so practise it.



SPRING WRAPS.

No. 3169.—Ladies' Wrap. Price, 25 cents.

Quantity of Material (2½ inches wide) for—

30 inches, 4 yards; 32 inches, 4 yards; 34 inches, 4½ yards; 36 inches, 4½ yards; 38 inches, 4½ yards; 40 inches, 4½ yards; 42 inches, 4½ yards; 44 inches, 4½ yards; 46 inches, 4½ yards.

Quantity of Material (2½ inches wide) for—
30 inches, 2 yards; 32 inches, 2 yards; 34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards; 38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards; 42 inches, 2½ yards; 44 inches, 2½ yards; 46 inches, 2½ yards.

Long pelisses, short wraps or visites, jackets and shoulder-capes are the prevailing styles for spring wear. The handsome garments are loaded with chenille fringe and lace, plain or jetted, and an unlimited amount of jet passementerie and ornaments, in the way of set pieces, down the front, in the back, on the tabs and epaulet pieces for the high shoulders. Whether of cord and jet, or entirely of beads, all ornaments are finished with a multitude of pendeloques that jingle and glitter with every motion of the wearer.

Brocaded and Ottoman goods of velvet,

silk and satin are the chief fabrics used for this purpose, or a combination of materials may be employed. Economical ladies can use plain French or Escorial lace on their wraps, and sew long bead pendants about an inch apart in the folds of the lace. They can also make caps or epaulets by cutting them out of stiff net and then covering the shape with the pendants, that can be bought from 25 to 75 cents a dozen. The short garments are all held to the figure by a ribbon belt; the backs are extremely scanty in depth, whether laid in postilion pleats, left plain or cut up V-shape and filled in with lace ruffles and jets, forming an inverted V up the back. Long tabs give a lengthened look to the garment, and are equally fashionable pointed or cut square, being narrow in either case, and sometimes trimmed the entire length with ornaments, besides the edging of lace and jets or chenille fringe.

An extremely stylish-looking affair of brocaded Ottoman has a French back laid in two double box-pleats, dolman sleeves and fronts cut in one piece, turned under to form the sleeves, giving a cape effect to th-

fronts. A ruching of lace is placed down the fronts and around the neck, no trimming being required for the lower edge. Another design has a trimming of black lace beaded with gold and large gold butterflies worked on either front near the shoulders. A cape of heavy radzimir silk reaches the waist line in the back, has high shoulder pieces reaching the bend of the elbow and very long, narrow tabs in front that are fitted by a dart. Jetted chenille entirely surrounds the confecton, and beaded brandebourges are placed down either side of the centre-front.

Black Ottoman and brocaded silk or velvet redingotes are worn for dressy occasions. They are elaborately trimmed with jet work around the sleeves, down the fronts, over the pleats in the back, and many times a cincture and Richelieu collar are added entirely of jet. Jackets of rough or smooth cloths are more especially suitable for young ladies, while matrons prefer the long pelisses that are in vogue. An odd jacket, that can hardly prove universal, has each seam held together by gold cord, braided back and forth, gold buttons to match; high

collar and pockets similarly trimmed. The tight-fitting jackets have been worn so long that the designs with loose fronts are eagerly welcomed, more especially as they are so easy to get in and out of.

The long pelisses that were worn last season have returned with few modifications. They are more appropriate when made of ladies' cloth in dark blue, green, black or brown. One of blue has the back pleated to the waist, then hanging full and uncaught to the edge, fronts laid in a box-pleat on either side of the centre, which is fastened at the top only, opening over a long rest with lasting buttons and a turned over collar. The fronts are confined by satin ribbons sewed in the side seams and tied toward the left side. One of brown cloth has the back cut with extensions, that are pleated and finished at the top with arrow-heads in silk; the fronts are loose with revers of Surah, wide at the neck and narrowing toward the bottom, that are shirred with the cloth to the depth of four inches at the neck. Collar and cuffs of Surah and satin ribbon ties from the side seams.

REVIEW OF FASHION.

The most wonderful thing to relate regarding costumes is that velvet is going to be shelved for summer (so says Dame Rumor) and moire take its long-held place for combinations and finishings. However, this is only a rumor, as nothing is as soft and flattering against the skin as velvet, and our womenkind will hardly give it up without a struggle, even when the warm rays of a July sun beats upon our devoted heads and makes all life a bore unless clothed in the coolest of linens and lightest of cottons.

Dressmakers say that odd basques will become more and fashionable as the season advances. They often take the form of Zouave jackets, and add to the drossy effect of home toilettes. Basques are more warm than polonaises, and present a perfect kaleidoscope of freaks and fancies. They are shorter in the back than front, and are

equally fashionable whether plain or with a very narrow postillon laid in two box-pleats. The reguin polka has one extends three inches all round below the waist. The centre-back pieces are again trimmed with velvet similar in shape to the front decoration, whether it be a short plastron or long, narrow vest. Revers and bretelles remain popular trimmings made of velvet, the goods covered with braid or piped with the contrasting goods.

Black lace bodices, high to the throat, are worn over low ones of silk. The fashion reminds us of "long, long ago," but is none the less good for that. The corsage is round on the shoulders, and also has sleeves *pur et simple*, not the narrow flat straps which, far from improving, disfigure a well-moulded arm. The color selected for bodice and skirt is, of course, some pretty bright shade, that the lace may show up on the skirt it adorns, and the pattern be plainly displayed.

A dress of this sort is always in vogue, most useful and very becoming.

The short "Spanish" or "Sultana" jacket is fashion's latest whim. Made of most gorgeous materials—gold cloth or tinsel-stamped velvet, silver tissue woven with colored silks, plain or embroidered velvet, satin sewn with seed pearls, or covered with gold and mixed braids—they are worn with all evening toilettes. The lace chemisette is full at the waist and confined by a sash of soft silk. If for afternoon house wear, the finest linen muslin or China crepe may be used, and either looks well if the jacket be velvet just bordered with metal galloon. This last thing is an old time idea, like many a good one, revived, and merits the share of prestige it obtains for reasons which tell their own tale. It can be worn with almost any skirt—cloth or velvet, silk or satin, crepe de Chine, muslin or tulle. The quantity of material required is necessarily

small; the effect when complete is "immense;" and, above all, they incite busy hands to attempt a new style of art-work.

The short "habit" basques are frequently seen with a diagonal opening and broad, rolling collar of velvet. A jacket of brocaded velvet has fronts very much cutaway, not meeting at the neck at all, long and pointed, sides short and cut with the back in five round tabs; very high collar, clasped. Velvet jackets, Zouave-shaped, are worn with a train of the same; front, plastron and sleeves of lace. The bodice basque is pointed back and front, laced, and cut off square around the top just under the arms. A pretty model shown this month has a postillon back, cutaway fronts, long and pointed, velvet girdle sewed in the side seams and laced in front, velvet revers on front of basque, and plastron of soft silk.

Cutaway polonaises are draped to form tiny paniers and bouffant drapery; the loose

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iron may end at the waist or continue as a short apron, being held in by girdles from the side seams laced in front. Signs of striped silk show the fronts buttoned to the waist, then loop in full, short skirts and jaunty drapery; a ruching of name is put around the Pompadour neck to the waist, also on sleeves. Velvet ribbons are placed at the inside of the neck, right of the waist, and left corner of neck. Neat house dresses of cashmere and medium tints have full skirts shirred to the waist, also on sleeves. Velvet ribbons are placed at the inside of the neck, right of the waist, and left corner of neck. Neat house dresses of cashmere and medium tints have full skirts shirred to the waist, also on sleeves. Velvet ribbons are placed at the inside of the neck, right of the waist, and left corner of neck.

A full blouse, that was worn in Paris a year ago, is finding its way to us. It is copied from the national dress of the Russian peasants, is made of plain or striped cloth and never trimmed. The fronts are draped to form a short apron hardly reaching the usual length. The back is also shirred at neck and waist, with the skirt slightly draped; an all-round belt is worn or one from the side seams only; the fronts are full and gathered to a band slipping over the hand; collar rolling. Black and colored cashmeres are simply made with the front laid in three wide box pleats, the back in large kilt-pleats and the back width covered with three pleated flounces, the skirt having a border of velvet two inches wide; pointed apron similarly trimmed with a spencer waist with collar, cuffs and skirt of velvet.

Very narrow vests are worn, whether of plain or contrasting colors. Bretelles, revers, vests, collars and cuffs are being piped with moire silk, for a change, as well as with velvet. The "Theodora" vest includes the entire corsage for a dressy in-door costume. It is a Moliere shirred around the neck to form a standing ruffle, and ends in a portugadin puff around the waist, caught up below the waist with a thick cord and tassel; elbow sleeves caught up at intervals on the outside with gold sequins, and a fringe of them around the edge. The skirt of brocaded velvet has Zouave pockets, with back cut in three round tabs, collar showing slightly lower than the crepe ruffle, and no sleeves. Cinctures and beads are worn in place of ribbons from the side seams; these are styled Medicis belts. Very wide belts are slightly fastened in front. We seem to have a fancy for the Medicis fashions, as the very long, pointed girdles of velvet or beads now worn are known as the Medicis girdles.

Long sashes of moire ribbon, with or without the velvet edge, are tied on the hip in two loops, and one end reaching to the edge of the dress. They are eight inches wide and sometimes drape across the basque edge from the right side. Sashes made of velvet, cut bias, are lined with crinoline and edged on the end with a fringe, or gathered to a point and tipped with a tassel. The soft, Turkish sash worn with round waists, the Russian and square jackets. Sleeves continue very tight, and many of them have puffs, slashed, at the top and elbow in the olden style. Parisian modistes make a tight sleeve of velvet or silk, flared, and cut in tabs on the lower edge, showing an apparent under-structure of lace, puffed, and a ruffle falling over the hand.

Draperies are long and but slightly looped,

though full at all times. The waterfall backs are three yards wide and laid in three triple box-pleats. A fashionable skirt shows a protective pleating, kilt-pleated panel on the left, square apron, and back slit up the left to show the panel, and slightly draped on the right; very short, round apron above the square front; border of braid, velvet, etc., down the slit sides and around the lower edge. Plain skirts have a box-pleated back, gored front and sides, as usual, and a drapery reaching to the edge of the front that is shirred in the belt to the back, where it rounds up on either side, showing the pleats beneath. Woolen lace skirts in dark colors are spoken of for street wear. Aprons are very long, in many folds, plain and square, or short and round. Long, pointed aprons are draped in close, overlapping pleats that fasten in the belt, being entirely separate from the back, which hangs plain on the sides, full in the middle and square across the bottom.

A handsome visiting toilette of French blue mercerized has the square tablier slightly draped near the top, V-shaped panels of satin brocaded in velvet and pearl beads, back laid in triple box-pleats. Round basque much shorter in the back; collar, cuffs and Pompadour plastron, of the brocade; pearl buttons. Bonnet of the two materials with pearl pins; tan Suede gloves.

DOMESTIC ART.

Since it has become fashionable to be industrious, we find pretty receptacles for work scattered around drawing-rooms, giving an air of comfort and home to the place used as a gathering spot for the family and

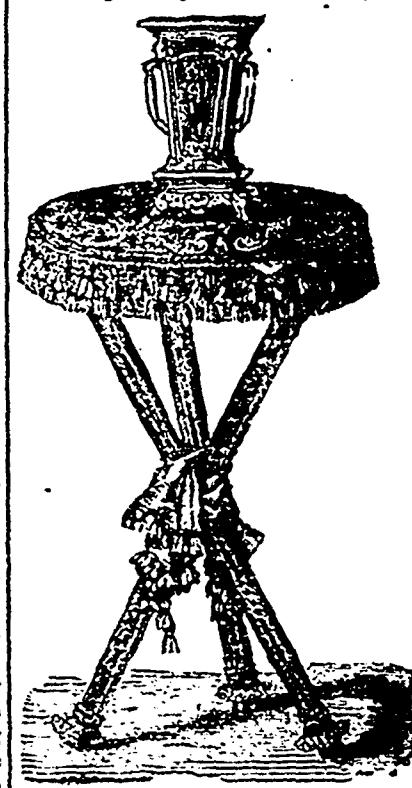


FIG. 41.

intimate friends. An easel of plush, on which a bag is fixed, is quite a table ornament. The foundation is a small table easel, about fourteen inches high, which is neatly covered in plush of old-gold color; the joints are hidden with very narrow satin ribbon. A bag is made of the same material, and lined with cardinal satin. A high fringe is left above the drawing cord, which allows the lining to be seen. The bag is fastened only to the two outer portions of the easel, the third being left free to open outward, in order to stand upright on the table. Silk handkerchiefs make



FIG. 44.

pretty bags lined with one of a contrasting color; the corners are embroidered and a ribbon run around so as to form a circle, which, when drawn up, will allow the corners to fall over. A round piece of cardboard the size of a saucer should be fastened between the lining to form a bottom and keep it in shape.

The baskets that are so much used now for flowers, the sides of which slope down deeply, can be trimmed up to look charming as a work receptacle. One of these is tightly covered with plush both inside and out. The two high handles are crossed and covered by winding satin ribbon over them, and they are further ornamented at the top with a mass of ribbon bows and a branch of artificial fruit and leaves. Just for containing a small quantity of silks, a boat is novel and pretty. As a suggestion of the style of it, we cannot do better than recall to mind the paper boats that we make to please children; only this boat must be cut out of card-board, and be about twelve inches in length. It is covered with satin, and in the place where the rowers' seats would be a satin bag to match in color is inserted, this is fixed in the bottom and to the sides of the boat, the top being drawn up with a cord. The outer sides can be painted or embroidered, according to fancy. A long, narrow card-board box can be inverted into a work-bag after the following manner: The box should be a quarter of a yard or more in length, and three inches wide, the sides being also three inches high. This is covered with embroidered silk, satin or velvet. The cover of the box is dispensed with, and a bag of satin or silk is fitted in and finished off with the indispensable drawing cord and fringe. A stylish little tripod can be easily concocted if three sticks of equal length are obtained and a child's straw hat with a round brim. The sticks and hat are first gilded, then the former are fastened together about a third of the way down with strong wire, which is afterward hidden with ribbon. The hat is next to be lined and fitted with a bag; and, lastly, it is fixed firmly on to the sticks just above the point where they join.

Figure No. 41 illustrates a handsome decoration for one of the little, round tables that adds so much to the appearance of a room. It is covered with ruby velvet or plush that has been previously embroidered with gold threads; the fringe is a mixture of gold and red. The legs are covered smoothly with the material, the joining being hidden by a gilt cord; near the lower end a row of fringe is fastened around each leg, and half way down is carefully twined a silken scarf of golden hue, edged with tinsel fringe. A pretty ornament to stand

upon such a table is shown in figure No. 44. This is a charming manner in which the lovely artificial flowers of the present day can be arranged. A bag eighteen by ten inches is of stout muslin and covered with satin or velvet. The muslin is stuffed with sawdust and the top sewed together, being two inches shorter than the outside covering. The flowers are arranged inside and out, and the corners of the bag tied as illustrated. The satin ribbons can agree with the chief flower or the materials of the receptacle.

The wooden shoes worn by the French peasants are used to hold flowers, a growing plant or lighters. The "sabat" should be painted in oils, some good background color all over, or gilded; then decorated with a spray of flowers, carried up a little on the side, a landscape or a pretty face on the toe and instep. When perfectly dry lay on a coat of hard, drying varnish; sometimes two coats are required to give a finished gloss. The heel is pierced, a bow tied there after a ribbon is run through, and another one against the nail on the wall. An ornamental bag to hold parasols when not in use may be a desirable item for some of our readers. It is made of gray coutil or cretonne, bound with red braid, and is oval-shaped. The back is a yard long, quarter of a yard wide at the top, and two inches and a half at the bottom. The front piece is twenty-seven inches long, twelve wide at the top, and five at the lower end. The pieces are joined with braid, and a row of it is stitched down the centre to form two long pockets for the parasols. The pockets may be worked in crewels and the initial on the back piece. A bow is placed where the pockets begin, and another on the end, and a third at the nail from which it is suspended.

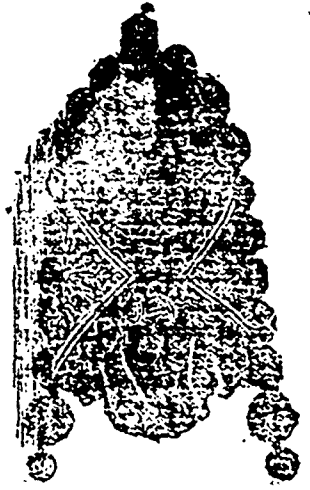


FIG. 39.

Figure No. 39 represents a pretty "catch-all" of blue satin. The back piece is slightly V-shaped, and forms a bag on the lower end. Pasteboard should be used to keep it in shape. Triangular-shaped pieces of velvet are embroidered and edged with gold cord, fastened to the back, lined with pasteboard and bent in shape. These and the back are edged with chenille ending in similar and tinsel tassels, and a loop of ribbon added to hang it by.

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

When you see an old man amiable, mild, equable, content, and good-humored, be sure that in his youth he has been just, generous, and forbearing. In his end he does not lament the past nor dread the future; he is like the evening of a fine day.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

are sure to get TRUTH for one year for three dollars sent, and that alone is worth the money. You also have the opportunity of securing one of the costly rewards, as everything will be given as an off-set, so in any investment is a good one. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present subscribers assuring the publisher that they will not be without TRUTH for many of the subscription price. Address, S. WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide Street Toronto, Canada.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Following persons acknowledge receipt of prizes in TRUTH and LADIES' competitions:

- WATCH**.—Libbie Croys, Toronto; Reynolds, Pakenham; Mrs. C. Hendry; C. Hendry, Stirton; Louisa A. Grahamsville.
WATCH.—Alf. E. Uttech, Preston; Campbell, St. Thomas.
SEWING MACHINE.—M. Croys, Toronto.
SILVER TEA SPOONS.—M. E. Turton; C. Hendry, Stirton; Robert J. Listowel; Miss E. Tuck, Mount Pleasant; Mrs. J. D. Campbell, Hamilton; Mrs. A. Dick, Aslegrave; Joseph Knight, Ridge.
ENCYCLOPEDIA.—Isaac McNaughton, Pictou Co., N. S.; Mrs. W. Manotick; Scott Bates, Chesterow; A. Diment, Clarkson; Mrs. T. MacBrampton; Thos. C. McDonald, Lowville.
HOOD'S POEMS.—K. W. Black, 100 E. J. Moore, Hamilton; James H. Hamilton.
"TORONTO PAST AND PRESENT".—H. Fenner; James Stainer, Island Vermont; Mrs. A. B. Potter, Montreal.
Broch.—Mary C. Wood, Harbine, Neb.; Amy A. Nash, Jericho.
SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.—M. K. Hamilton; J. Bowes, Toronto; Anderson, Almonte.
MILTON'S POEMS: W. C. Midill.
KNIFE.—Isaac McNaughton, N. S.; Mrs. H. Harrison, Lucas Manitoba; Mrs. A. S. Green, Port P. Mulholland, Winnipeg; Jennie Headingly.
TENNYSON'S POEMS.—Mrs. W. Gorrie.

NOTICE TO PRIZE WINNERS.

Prize competitors, in applying for prizes, must, in every case, state the nature of the competition in which they were successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble to many of the prize winners omit to state the amount required for postage or when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money to accompany all applications as follows: pianos, \$10.00; cabinet organs, \$5.00; machines, \$2.00; guns and tea-caddies, \$1.50; baby-carriages and clocks, \$1.00; dress-goods, 30 cents; watches, \$1.00; books, spoons, and handkerchiefs, 25 cents; butter knives and pickle forks, 25 cents.

A NEW PUBLICATION.

Merchant is the name of a new three-page sixteen-page monthly journal published in Toronto, and devoted, as its name imports, to financial and commercial matters. It is issued by the Merchant Publishing Company, and if its initial number is the best of those to follow, it will be proved most valuable to all concerned. The Insolvency Question is considered in the first issue, by J. A. Darling, of Montreal, and the standard minor articles are marked by a city. The typography of this new journal is excellent, and *The Merchant* proves to be invaluable to all man, as all questions affecting the interests of wholesale and retail merchants are treated in its pages.

BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 14.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Since preparing and publishing the conditions of the last Bible competition (No. 14) it has been found that the scheme, as elaborated, was not universally understood. To obviate this difficulty the publisher has arranged the competition somewhat differently, and simplified it so that it might be more easily comprehended, and that none might be prevented from participating in this distribution of presents through a failure to grasp the conditions. By referring to the advertisement in another column it will be seen that the numbers and value of the prizes have been greatly increased. The list of rewards has been now arranged with almost prodigal liberality. The publisher desires that those who are subscribers, and those who will become such, may be participants in the benefits resulting from the investment of the capital now being employed in this manner. In the preparation of the present plan, one great aim of the publisher has been to make those who enter the competition so thoroughly satisfied that they will forever hence be our enthusiastic admirers and friends. It would doubtless have been money in the publisher's pocket had he allowed the competition, as at first prepared, to stand, but when he found that there was the remotest possibility of any not fully comprehending the scheme, he at once set about to remedy the difficulty. The result is seen in the list of magnificent rewards published in another column. Those who have already competed in the competition will receive the prizes as previously announced, and will in no way suffer by the change made.

Who Wants to Swap?

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

To Whom It May Concern

Will those subscribers of TRUTH who do not intend to renew kindly inform the publisher as soon as their time expires? If it has expired will they please pay up for what they have received and order the paper stopped? It has been sent to some beyond the time paid for in full expectation of square and honorable dealing. Don't let us be disappointed.

A Little Mistake.

By an error in the announcement of prizes in Bible Competition No. 13, Shakespeare's Poems was stated as a prize, where a Butter Knife was intended. Those who have received Butter Knives where they thought they were entitled to a copy of Shakespeare will please accept this explanation.

NOTICE.

The list of prize-winners in TRUTH Bible competition, No. 13, is hardly complete, but will be ready in a few days, and will be continued in next week's issue.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

A medical regiment—The Lance-crs.

The Cheapest and Best. On account of its purity and concentrated strength and great power over disease, Burdock Blood Bitters is the cheapest and best blood cleansing tonic known for all disordered conditions of the blood.

Exchange Department.

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

A fine steel bicycle, curiosities, and a banjo, for Indian relics. W. S. FAULT, Dayton, Ohio.

A large collection of advertising cards, for a stamp album or postage stamps (no duplicate). E. W. ARRTZEN, 300 Laurel Av., St. Paul, Minn.

Twenty different English postmarks, for every arrow-head; English and U. S. postmarks, for coins, stamps or anything suitable for a cabinet. S. H. Salena, Indiana, Iowa.

Fifty foreign stamps, for any triangular Cape of Good Hope stamp; 15, from any stamp from Feejee Islands, Liberia, Gold Coast, or Sierra Leone. DRISCOLL T. PARKES, Jun., 2317 Dayton St., Louis, Mo.

About two hundred and fifty (250) Canadian and foreign stamps, collected by a lady, (I cannot say whether good or bad) to exchange for a good book, or concertina, or anything useful. W. GOODWIN, 80 Esther St., Toronto.

A printing-press (chase 4 1/2 by six inches), type, etc., minerals, stamps, postmarks, papers from all parts of Michigan, cards, an amateur paper for a year, a book of tricks, moss from Florida, poppy head, etc., for the best offer of a photographic outfit. CHARLES MACINTYRE, 123 Fort St. W., Detroit, Mich.

Ten magazines (*Harpers's* and *The Century*), 100 advertising cards, a pair of new roller skates, 3 new games, 4 interesting books, and some curiosities, for a hand-holding printing-press (chase not less than \$1 by 4) and equipment (including 3 fonts of type. J. E. CHAMBERLAIN, 91 Hammond St., Bangor, Me.

I have a hand fret saw and some old ancient copper, 12-15 good new tricks, full particulars and valuable information on ventriloquism, Chinese puzzle, and a bottle of silver plating fluid, or recipe for making and electro plating, and an old arrow-head. Will exchange for a cornet in good condition. All offers answered. Address, H. J. VONZESS, St. Catharines, Ont.

I have a printing press that prints 7 x 9 inches, weighs about 40 lbs., no type or fixtures; also a Randall target gun and spring target gun, weighs about 7 lbs., in good order, also a lot of books and magazines; will exchange for a photograph outfit or a good foot power scroll saw and lathe, or best offer. Correspondence solicited. A. J. HART, Allison, Lawrence Co., Ill.

U. S. McLean, Englishtown, Victoria Co., Nova Scotia, offers for exchange a complete printing office consisting of an official press (prints 6 x 9 in 3 1/2 lbs long primer type, 50 other fonts of type, 1 font of border, 10 cuts, 1 lead cutter, cases, rule, leads, ink, 2 chases, imposing stone, mallet, shooting stick, planer, tweezers, bodkin, instruction book, etc., etc. Everything in perfect order and guaranteed to do good work, valued at \$65.00. Also the following books:—Camp Fire Chate, \$2.00; How to Read Character, \$1.25; Stock Gambling, \$1.50; The Sixty-Four Friend, \$1.00; Worms Philosophy, \$1.50, and lots of other books, all in good order. Full list on application. He wants to get a Calligraph, or Remington typewriter, a stenograph-machine, also the following photographic books, viz:—Graham's Synopsis Handbook, 1st and 2nd Readers, Photographic Dictionary, and Graham's "Brief Longhand," also any other short-hand publication. Good exchange given; every offer answered. Write without delay.

Prize Glook and Scriptural Enigma.

The word for the next prize glook is *Endure*.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- NO. XI.
- Orphaned, the maiden found in theo a stay; The queen obeyed thy bidding, day by day.
 - Saved, to entail a curse upon thy son.
 - Two drave the cart bearing the ark: same one.
 - Dear title given by Christ, for she believed.
 - Hero Dagon fell, and his death-blow received.
 - She ministered to Christ, in life and death.
 - This tongue the Chaldeans spoke, with bated breath.
 - A Jew, in Pontus born; from Romo he came.
 - Slain art thou, on this day of grief and shame.

The solutions of both Glook and Enigma must reach TRUTH office before April 11th.

The prize for the best and most complete answers is a copy of Williams' World's Cyclopaedia.

Real books have been written in all ages by their greatest men—by great leaders, great statesmen, great thinkers. These are all at your choice, and life is short. Do you know that if you read this you cannot read that? that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow.—*Ruskin*.

Home It-uns and Topics.

- "—All your own fault. If you remain sick when you can Get hop-bitters that never—Fail.
- The weakest woman, smallest child and sickest invalid can use hop-bitters, with safety and great good.
- Old men tottering around with Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be made almost new by using hop-bitters.
- My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop-bitters and I recommend them to my people—Methodist Clergyman.
- Ask any good doctor if Hop Bitters are not the best family medicine on earth!!!
- Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop-bitters arrive.
- "My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop-bitters."—*Ed. Oncego Sun.*
- Keep the kidneys healthy with hop-bitters and you need not fear sickness.
- Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop-bitters in each draught.
- The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop-bitters!!!!
- "At the change of life nothing equals Hop Bitters to allay troubles incident thereto"
- The best periodical for ladies to take monthly, and from which they will receive the greatest benefit is hop-bitters."
- Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop-bitters daily.
- Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop-bitters.
- Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist when hop-bitters are used.
- A timely use of hop Bitters will keep a whole family in robust health a year at a little cost.
- To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop-bitters on retiring.
- None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "HOP" or "H" in their name.
- Nature never created so perfect that fashion did not try to improve the work. Italians are the best organizers.
- Accidental
A. Chard, of Stealing, in a recent letter, states that he met with an accident some time ago, by which one of his knees was severely injured. A few applications of Haggard's Yellow Oil effected immediate and complete relief.
Punch gives this definition of the word "conscience." "My rule for another man's conduct."
- Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope Orkney, Scotland, writes: "I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of rheumatism has given relief when doctors' medicine have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be more known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery.
Do not forget that while you find your hands time folds not his wings.
PERSONS OF SEDENTARY HABITS, the greater part of whose time is passed at the desk, or in some way bent over daily tasks, cramp the stomach, weaken its muscles, and incur dyspepsia early. Their most reliable and safest medicinal resource is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, the Great Blood Purifier, and which is especially adapted to Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation and Poverty or Impurity of the Blood.
Men sometimes rise so high on the wave of fame that all the joys of earth escape them.
"How are we ever going to get through our spring and summer's work? We are all run down, tired out before it begins." So say many a farmer's family. We answer, go to your druggist and pay five dollars for six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This is just the medicine you need, and will pay compound interest on your investment.

ROYALTY ON THE MISSISSIPPI: AS CHRONICLED BY HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

(CONTINUED.)

Then Mary Jane she fetched the letter her father left behind, and the king he read it out loud and cried over it. It give the dwelling-house and three thousand dollars, gold, to the girls: and it give the tan-yard (which was doing a good business), along with some other houses and land (worth about seven thousand) and three thousand dollars in gold to Harvey and William, and told where the six thousand cash was hid down cellar. So these two frauds said they'd go and fetch it up, and have everything square and above board, and told me to come with a candle. We shut the cellar door behind us, and when they found the bag they split it out on the floor, and it was a lovely sight, all them yaller-boys. My, the way the king's eyes did shine! He slaps the duke on the shoulder, and says: "Oh, this ain't bully, nor nothin'! Oh, no, I reckon not! Why, Biljy, it beats the Nonesuch, don't it!"

The duke allowed it. did. They pawed the yaller-boys, and sifted them through their fingers and let them jingle down on the floor, and the king says:

"It ain't no use talkin'; bein' brothers to a rich dead man, and representatives of furrin heirs that's got left, is the line for you and me, Bilge."

Most everybody would 'a' been satisfied with the pile, and took it on trust; but no, they must count it. So they counts it, and it comes out four hundred and fifteen dollars short. Says the king:

"Dern him! I wonder what he done with that four hundred and fifteen dollars?"

They worried over that a while, and ransacked all around for it. Then the duke says:

"Well, he was a pretty sick man, and likely ne made a mistake—I reckon that's the way of it. The best way's to let it go, and keep still about it. We can spare it."

"Oh, shucks, yes, we can spare it. I don't k'er nothin' 'bout that—it's the count I'm thinking about. We want to be awful square and open and above-board, here, you know. We want to lug this h-yer money upstairs and count it before everybody—then ther' ain't nothin' suspicious. But when the dead man says ther's six thous'n dollars, you know, we don't want to—"

"Hold on," says the duke. "Less make up the deficit"—and he begun to haul out yaller-boys out of his pocket.

"It's a most amaz'n good idea, duke—you harr got a rattlin' clever head on you," says the king. "Blest if the old Nonesuch ain't a heppin' us out agin"—and he begun to haul out yaller-jackets and stack them up.

It most busted them, but they made up the six thousand clean and clear.

"Say," says the duke, "I got another idea. Le's go upstairs, and count this money, and then take and give it to the girls."

"Good land, duke, lemme hug you! It's the most darziing idea 'at ever a man struck. You have cert'nly got the most astonishin' head I ever see. Oh, this is the boss dodge, ther' sin't no mistake 'bout it. Let 'em fetch along their suspicions now, if they want to—this'll lay 'em out."

When we got upstairs, everybody gathered around the table, and the king he counted it and stacked it up, three hundred dollars in a pile—twenty elegant little piles. Everybody looked hungry at it, and licked their chops. Then they raked it into the bag again, and I see the king begin to swell himself up for another speech. He says:

"Friends all, my poor brother that lays yonder has done generous by them that's left behind in the vale of sorrows. He has done generous by these yer poor little lambs that he loved and sheltered, and that's left fatherless and motherless. Yes, and we that knowed him, knows that he would 'a' done more generous by 'em if he hadn't ben afraid o' woundin' his dear William and me. Now, wouldn't he? Ther' ain't no question 'bout it in my mind. Well, then, what kind o' brothers would it be that'd stand in his way at such a time? And what kind o' uncles would it be that'd rob—yes, rob—rech poor sweet lambs as these 'at he loved so, at such a time? If I know William—and I think I do—be—well, I'll jest ask him." He turns around and begins to make a lot of signs to the duke with his hands;

and the duke he looks at him stupid and leather-headed awhile, then all of a sudden he seems to catch his meaning, and jumps for the king, goo-gooing with all his might for joy, and hugs him about fifteen times before he let's up. Then the king says: "I knowed it; I reckon that'll convince anybody the way he feels about it. Here, Mary Jane, Susan, Joanner, take the money—take it all. It's the gift of him that lays yonder, cold but joyful."

Mary Jane she went for him, Susan and the hare-lip went for the duke, and then such another hugging and kissing I never see yet. And everybody crowded up with the tears in their eyes, and most shook the hands off of them two frauds, saying all the time:

"You dear good souls!—how lovely!—how could you!"

Well, then, pretty soon all hands got to talking about the diseased again, and how good he was, and what a loss he was, and all that; and before long a big iron-jawed man worked him in there from outside, and stood a-listen. And he bein' a doctor, and not saying anything; and nobody saying anything to him either, because the king was talking and they was all busy listening. The king was saying—in the middle of something he started in on:

"—they bein' partickler friends o' the diseased. Ther's why they're invited here this evenin'; but to-morrow we want all to come—everybody; for he respected everybody, he liked everybody, and so it's fitten that his funeral orgies sh'd be public."

And so he went a-mooning on and on, liking to hear himself talk, and every little while he fetched in his funeral orgies again, till the duke he couldn't stand it no more; so he writes on a little scrap of paper, "Obsequies, you old fool," and holds it up and goes to goo-gooing and reaching it over people's heads to him. The king he reads it, and puts it in his pocket, and says:

"Poor William, afflicted as he is, his heart's aluz right. Asks me to invite everybody to come to the funeral—wants me to make 'em all welcome. But he needn't 'a' worried—it was jest what I was 'a' doin'."

Then he weaves along agin, perfectly calm, and goes to dropping in his funeral orgies agin every now and then, just like he done before. And when he done it the third time, he says:

"I say orgies, not because it's the common term, because it ain't—obsequies bein' the common term—but because orgies is the right term. Obsequies ain't no more now—it's gone out. We say orgies now in England. Orgies is better, because it means the thing yer after, more exact. It's a word that's made up out'n the Greek *orgo*, outside, open, abroad; and the Hebrew *jessum*, to plant, cover up; hence infer. So, you see, funeral orgies is an open or public funeral."

He was the worst I ever struck. Well, the iron-jawed man he laughed right in his face. Everybody was shocked. Everybody says, "Why doctor!" and Abner Shackelford says:

"Why, Robinson, hain't you heard the news? This is Harvey Wilks."

The king he smiled eager, and shoved out his flapper and says:

"Is it my poor brother's dear good friend and physician? I—"

"Keep your hands off of me!" says the doctor. "You talk like an Englishman—don't you? It's the worst imitation I ever heard. You Peter Wilks's brother! You're a fraud that's what you are!"

Well, how they all took on! They crowded around the doctor, and tried to quiet him down, and tried to explain to him, and tell him how Harvey'd showed in forty ways that he was Harvey, and knowed everybody by name, and the names of the vory dogs, and begged and begged him not to hurt Harvey's feelings, and the poor girls' feelings, and all that; but it warn't no use, he stormed right along, and said that any man that pretended to be an Englishman and couldn't imitate the lingo no better than what he did, was a fraud and a liar. The poor girls was hanging to the king and crying; and all of a sudden the doctor up and turns on them. He says:

"I was your father's friend, and I'm your

friend; and I warn you as a friend, and an honest one, that wants to protect you and keep you out of harm and trouble, to turn your backs on that scoundrel, and have nothing to do with him, the ignorant tramp, with his idiotic Greek and Hebrew as he calls it. He is the thinnest kind of an impostor—has come here with a lot of empty names and facts which he has picked up somewhere, and you take them for *proofs*, and are helped to fool yourselves by these foolish friends here, who ought to know better. Mary Jane Wilks, you know me for your friend, and for your unselfish friend, too. Now listen to me: turn this pitiful rascal out—I beg you to do it. Will you?"

Mary Jane straightened herself up, and my, but she was handsome! She says:

"Here is my answer." She hove up the bag of money and put it in the king's hands, and says: "Take this six thousand dollars, and invest for me and my sisters any way you want to, and don't give us no receipt for it."

Then she put her arm around the king on one side, and Susan and the hare-lip done the same on the other. Everybody clapped their hands and stomped on the floor like a perfect storm, whilst the king held up his head and smiled proud. The doctor says:

"All right. I wash my hands of the matter. But I warn you all that a time's coming when you're going to feel sick whenever you think of this day"—and away he went.

"All right, doctor," says the king, kinder mocking him. "we'll try and get 'em to send for you"—which made them all laugh, and they said it was a prime good hit.

"Well, when they was all gone, the king he asks Mary Jane how they was off for spare rooms, and she said she had one spare room, which would do for Uncle William, and she'd give up her own room to Uncle Harvey, which was a little bigger; and she would turn into the room with her sisters and sleep on a cot; and up garret was a little cubby, with a pallet in it. The king said the cubby would do for his vally—meaning me.

So Mary Jane took us up, and she showed them their rooms, which was plain but nice. She said she'd have her frocks and a lot of other traps took out of her room if they was in Uncle Harvey's way, but he said they warn't. The frocks was hung along the wall, and before them was a curtain made out of calico that hung down to the floor. There was an old hair trunk in one corner, and a guitar-box in another, and all sorts of little knicknacks and jimcracks around, like girls broken up a room with. The king said it was all the more homely and more pleasanter for these fixings, and so don't disturb them.

That night they had a big supper, and all them men and women was there, and I stood behind the king and the duke's chairs and waited on them, and the niggers waited on the rest. Mary Jane she set at the head of the table, with Susan alongside of her, and said how bad the biscuits was, and how mean the preserves was, and how ornery and tough the fried chickens was—the way women always do for to force out compliments; and the people all knowed everything was tip-top, and said so—said "It's do you get biscuits to brown so nice?" and "Where, for the land's sake, did you get these amaz'n pickles?" and all that kind of humbug talky-talk, just the way people always does at a supper, you know.

And when it was all done, me and the hare-lip had supper in the kitchen off the leavings, whilst the others was helping the niggers clean up the things.

When I got by myself, I went to thinking the thing over. I says to myself, shall I go to the doctor, private, and blow on these frauds? No—that won't do. He might tell who told him; then the king and the duke would make it warm for me. Shall I go, private, and tell Mary Jane? No—I can't do it. Her face would give them a hint, sure; they've got the money, and they'd slide right out and get away with it. If she was to fetch in help, I'd get mixed up in the business before it was done with, I judge. No, there ain't no good way but one. I got to steal that money somehow; and I got to steal it some way that they won't suspicion that I done it. I'll steal it, and hide it; and by and by, when I'm away down the river, I'll write a letter and tell Mary Jane where it's hid. But I better hide it to-night, if I can, because the doctor may be hasn't let up as much as he lets on he has; he might scare them out of here

So, thinks I, I'll go and search the rooms. Upstairs the hall was dark, but I found the duke's room, and started to paw around it with my hands; but I recollected it wouldn't be much like the king to let nobody else take care of that money but his own self; so then I went to his room and begun to paw around there. But I couldn't do nothing without a candle, and I didn't light one, of course. So I jest that I'd got to do the other thing—lay them and cavesdrop. About that time I hears their footsteps coming, and was goin' to skip under the bed; I reached for it, but it wasn't where I thought it would be; I touched the curtain that hid Mary Jane's frocks, so I jumped in behind that and snuggled in amongst the gowns.

They come in and shut the door; and the first thing the duke done was to get down and look under the bed. They sets Co then, and the king says:

"Well, what is it? and cut it midd' short, for it's better for us to be downed a whoopin' up the mournin', than up the gainin' 'em a chance to talk us over."

"Well, this is it, Capet. I ain't sayin' ain't comfortable. That doctor lays my mind. I wanted to know you p' I've got a notion, and I think it's a good one."

"What is it, duke?"

"That we'd better glide out of this here three in the morning, and clip it down river with what we've got. Specially, if we got it so easy—given back to slung at our heads, as you may say, of course we allowed to have to steal back. I'm for knocking off and light out."

"What! and not sell out the rest o' property? March off like a parcel o' gold and leave eight or nine thous'n dollars worth o' property layin' around jest to be scooped in?—and all good salable too."

The duke he grumbled; said the gold was enough, and he didn't want to deeper—didn't want to rob a lot of people of everything they had.

"Why, how you talk!" says the king. "We sha'n't rob 'em of nothing at all but just this money. The people that lay property are the sufferers; because when it's found out 'at we didn't own it—won't be long after we've slid—the won't be valid, and it'll all go back to estate. These yer orphans'll git their back agin, and that's enough for them; they're young and spry; and k'n easy as a livin' they ain't a-going to suffer. Jest think—ther's thous'n's and thous'n's that ain't nigh so well off. Bless yes, ain't got nothin' to complain of."

Well, the king he talked him blue; at last he give in, and said all right, said he believed it was blamed foolish to stay, and that doctor hanging over; But the king says:

"Cuss the doctor! What do we care for him? Hain't we got all the foot-town on our side? and ain't that a enough majority in any town?"

So they got ready to go down-stairs. The duke says:

"I don't think we put that money in a good place."

That cheered me up. I'd begun to feel I warn't going to get a hint o' no help me. The king says:

"Why?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thrift and Enterprise.

As it is undoubtedly the case that the highest moral character and in the face of intellectual development very opposite characters and endowments must co-exist; so in business of life qualities that seem contradictory are needful for the success. Perhaps there are hardly any qualifications which are at once more essential to prosperity, and yet more widely different in their nature, than thrift and enterprise. They spring from opposite characters, they move in contrary directions, they suggest conflicting methods, and they pursue dissimilar aims. The one is the other's daring; the one sober, the other enthusiastic; the one calm and patient, the other eager and impetuous, the one sure of a little, the other is willing to risk much. Yet both minister to the success—both are needful to any good

Glints of Home Life. BY ANNIE L. JACK.

The March wind and April sunshine give a throb of pleasure-pain to the house-keeper. The winter is nearly over, and with the change comes the thought of spring work.

Talking over the coming change of season with a neighbor, she said, "I do not know what to do with the children's clothes. You have no idea how they grow; arms out of sleeves, frocks to be lengthened, and every-

The plants in our pleasant windows are beginning to blossom, but none give us so much pleasure as branches of maple and willow that have flowered in water in a fancy jar beside the table.

Habits of Birds.

The swallow, swift, and the night hawk are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that would otherwise overload it.

A philosopher who went to a church where the people came in late said it was "the fashion there for nobody to go till everybody got there."

PROGRESS! "LADIES' JOURNAL" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 10

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers. The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the Competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before.

- 1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible. 2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

Rewards will be given the senders of correct answers in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office as follows:— THE REWARDS.

- 1.—Fifty dollars in gold. 2 to 5.—Four Ladies' Solid Gold Watches. 6 to 12. Right Ladies' Coin Silver Watches, very neat. 13 to 499.—Three hundred and eighty-seven Fine Solid Gold Gem Rings.

- 500.—A Fine Grand Square Rosewood Piano. 501.—Seventy-five dollars in Gold. 502, 3, and 4.—Three Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Watches. 505, and up to the Middle correct answer of the whole Competition, will be given a Fine German Oeograph Picture, 14x20.

For the middle correct answer will be given ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD COIN. From and after the middle, and up to number 400, will be given a volume of fiction, very interesting, bound in paper.

- 401 to 900.—A volume of Poems richly bound in cloth and gilt, worth at retail about \$2.25. 901.—A Fine Cabinet Organ, 10 Stops. 902, and up to LAST CORRECT ANSWER received, another of those Beautiful German Oeograph Pictures, an exact copy of a famous oil painting.

To the last correct answer received in this Competition (which closes on July 15th) will be given \$50 in Gold Coin. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points.

The letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for this consolation reward. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

As fast as answers are received they are numbered in the order they come to hand. A letter containing one dollar will be given two numbers—for instance, numbers 499 and 500. The sender will therefore have a double opportunity to gain a reward. If in doubt about one answer being correct, those sending a dollar may give two answers, and their letter will be given two numbers as above stated, and will therefore have a double opportunity of gaining a handsome reward.

The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well-filled pages of choice reading matter interesting to everyone, but specially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music. (Full size,) large illustrations of latest fashions. Review of Fashions for the Month, and Serial Stories, Household Hints, and in well worth double the subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large (\$2,000) and well-established circulation that we can afford to place the subscription at this low

price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year and one of those elegant volumes of poems, or one of those beautiful oeographs, or an interesting volume of fiction, or an elegant solid gold gem ring, as well as a chance of securing one of the other still more valuable and costly rewards referred to above. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and the proprietor of it has been in business nine years. He can therefore be depended upon to carry out all his promises. He has always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, Editor "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

Sure to Conquer.

The most troublesome cough is sure to yield if timely treated with Haggard's Pectoral Balsam. Pleasant to take and safe for young or old.

A little lemon juice in water with no sugar is very efficient in quenching thirst.

That slight cold you think so little of may prove the forerunner of a complaint that may be fatal. Avoid this result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best of known remedies for colds, coughs, catarrhs, bronchitis, incipient consumption, and all other throat and lung diseases.

Always iron brown linen, calicoes, cambrics and laws on the wrong side.

A Good Guarantee.

H. B. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa., writes that he has guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, bilious attacks and liver and kidney troubles. In no cases has it disappointed those who used it. In Canada it gives the same general satisfaction.

Satin panels for the walls, with a velvet bird of rich plumage, appliqued, are very handsome.

Mother Graves' Worm Expeller has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

When you hang a piece of meat do not sprinkle salt over it, because salt draws the juice out.

Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. Coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., if attended to in time are easily subdued, but if allowed to run their own course, generally prove the forerunner of more dangerous diseases. Nine-tenths of a NEGLECTED COLD, and the diseases that are caused by wet feet, damp clothes, or exposure are more numerous than are generally supposed. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which frees the lungs from viscid phlegm by changing the secretions from a diseased to a healthy state.

Boil your cream for coffee, and see if the coffee will not taste better, as well as keep hot longer.

Mr. C. E. Riggins, Beamsville, writes: "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words, 'It just seems to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine with such happy results.

By rubbing with a damp flannel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked.

Jos. Beaudin, M. D., Hull, P. Q., writes: Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil commands a large and increasing sale which it richly merits. I have always found it exceedingly helpful; I use it in all cases of rheumatism, as well as fractures and dislocations. I made use of it myself to calm the pains of a broken leg with dislocation of the foot, and in two days I was entirely relieved of the pain."

Uncharitable Judgments.

Mr. Lecky says that "the great majority of uncharitable judgments in the world may be traced to a deficiency of imagination." The respectable man, surrounded by every incentive to virtue, and beset by few temptations to gross vices or crimes, does not enter into the state of mind of the drunkard or the violent man of passions, the house-breaker or the forger. He witnesses with just displeasure their actions—these he comprehends and rightly condemns—but he has no adequate idea of their real guiltiness, for he cannot stand in their place, feel their emotions, endure their temptations, realise their condition. Thus he estimates their culpability by what his own would be in committing a similar crime, and in so doing he usually does them great injustice. In the same manner the old often misjudge the young and the young misapprehend the old, the rich and the poor censure each other undeservedly, and antagonistic parties indulge in unqualified disapproval and unmerited abuse.

A Princely Fortune.

A man may possess the fortune of a prince but can never possess happiness without good health; to secure which the blood must be kept pure and every organ in proper action. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the blood and regulate all the organs.

A driving business—A cabman's.

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hand by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive 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 using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. J. A. NOTES, 149 POWER'S BLOCK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"Ah, parson, I wish I could carry my gold with me," said a dying man to his pastor. "It might not," was the consoling reply.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—I will send a Recipe, free to any person desiring the same, that has cured hundreds of cases of drunkenness. It can be given in a cup of tea, coffee, or oven in the drunkard's much-loved whiskey, and without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Enclose stamp for particulars. Address M. V. LUBON, 123 State street, Albany, N. Y.

A boy, who heard that a despot was a person who ruled with a rod of iron, wanted to know if his teacher was one, because she used the poker to rule a line by.

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

If you want to control a hungry man, use him as you would a horse—put a "bit" in his mouth.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

What is book-keeping?—Forgetting to return borrowed volumes.

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Keep it in your family. The best remedy for accidents and emergencies, for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness, Sore Throat, Croup, Rheumatism, Chilblains and Pain or Soreness of all kinds, is that marvellous healing remedy, Haggard's Yellow Oil.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. S. Serra - the offers of prizes for best poetry are intended for the benefit of subscribers only.

T. C. Newbury - A subscriber may send more poems than one each week if you like.

E. B. Petrolia - No Tid-bit will be received and entered for a prize unless accompanied by the 50c fee.

J. G. Ottawa - Thanks for your offer of original articles. Just now arrangements have been made for all that can be used.

J. G. London - If you are getting one copy of TRUTH already by all means have the extra one mailed to some friend.

M. J. T. Stratford - In sending poetry you had better copy it out in case it is from a book.

To SEVERAL DOZEN ENQUIRERS - The price of Blaikie's book "How to Get Strong and Remain So" is \$1.20.

W. B. Barrie - A subscriber may compete as often as he likes for the gold watch prize for the best story.

T. C. Acton, Ont - If you can establish by evidence your statement in regard to your accident, you have certainly legal redress against the railway company.

J. L. U., Brockville - TRUTH does not pretend to hold itself responsible for the opinions of its contributors.

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R. S. H., Parbrook - We cannot now go over the entire list of competitors to answer your question distinctly.

Crowned with Success

Success has crowned the wide world over. It breaks down every barrier and holds the key to the story of our prejudice.

An addition has been made to Canadian historical literature by the publication, in substantial book form of the reports of the U. E. Loyalist centennial celebrations last summer.

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TO THE AFFLICTED. During the past twenty-eight years I have cured many cases of acute and chronic diseases after the old plans had failed.



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