

# Grain

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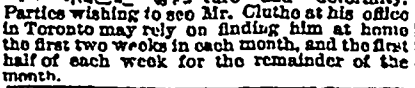
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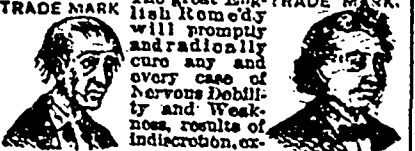


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# TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., APRIL 26, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 186.

## TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

A parliamentary return was published last week, laid on the table of the House by Sir Hector Langevin, Minister of Public Works. It shows that since 1867, the commencement of the present Confederation regime, there has been expended out of the Dominion Treasury, in aid of public works the large sum of \$143,396,605 and of this sum over one hundred and twenty-one millions and a half has gone towards building, or aiding in the building of railways and canals. This would represent something more than thirty dollars per head for the total population of the country. Added to this the various Provinces have been making large railway grants—in Ontario and Quebec amounting to a number of millions each. If people in Canada are not well supplied with railway facilities it is not for want of liberality in aiding such highways for travel and commerce. There has been about twenty million dollars expended on public buildings, besides the sums paid out by the Provincial governments, and the municipal authorities. If the tax payers have been paying large sums during the past sixteen years it is pretty evident how a large proportion of the money has been expended. Canada would be a very different country from what it is to-day had not such liberal sums of public money been expended on public works.

This year every effort should be put forth to make Toronto as pleasant and inviting to visitors as possible, and no time should be lost in commencing such a commendable work. There are yet numbers of our wealthy and spirited citizens guilty in the matter of keeping up high, tight, and dreary walls between some of the leading streets and their fine grounds within. Such an exclusion of the "vulgar gaze," if that was the object in erecting such fences and walls, was the idea of another generation entirely. What a dreary and monotonous appearance such fences give to the streets against which they are placed? Surely they have outlived their time and ought to be taken down at once. The many fine modern residences we have here, with open grounds not even guarded by a low paling, and the little annoyance such grounds ever have from trespassers, show plainly enough that no one need fear the public in this respect.

The Dominion Parliament made some amendments to the license law of last year before the close of the session, and it is less probable, on that account, than at one time appeared, that there will be confusion and conflict during the coming year. The country was given to understand that persons holding Provincial licenses will not be disturbed and prosecuted by the Dominion officers. Whether those holding Dominion licenses will be prosecuted by Provincial officers remains to be seen. The probabilities are that in

Ontario, at least, the Provincial Inspectors will prosecute those licensed by any authority but their own. In several of the other Provinces, if not in all, there appears to be a very dissatisfied feeling about the unfortunate license business. TRUTH is still of opinion that there was no necessity whatever for such a muddle.

Mr. Gladstone's age and declining strength are giving anxiety to many in England just now. There are many important state matters, greatly affecting the welfare of the nation now in an unsettled state, and the feeling is very general that, should the strength of the great Premier give way under his heavy burdens at this critical time, there is not a man available capable of filling his position.

There is a very similar state of feeling, with many, in regard to the great Premier of Germany also. Bismarck is now in his seventieth year, and he shows many unmistakable signs of disease and declining strength. Where is the man to come from, many ask, to grasp the helm with such an able hand and a firm will?

In Canada, too, men are saying that the Premier who has so long managed to keep his supporters together, and keep his party in power as none other could, is now fast approaching the "allotted span," and he, too, is often indisposed; and who is there to fifty fill his place? Many shrewd men, of all shades of party, are of opinion that our present dominant political party could not long hold together without his skillful leadership. There are not a few of the honest opinion that we have not another public man, anywhere, so capable of controlling the affairs of the country.

Are the able, competent, reliable, men all passing off the stage? Surely there are others as able and as reliable to come. Very likely time will demonstrate clearly enough that the men will be found in the time of need. There never was a time when the facilities were so good for the education and proper training of real statesmen. We are so apt to look with little respect on those of our own time and our own age, with whom we come in every day contact as to under-rate them, and to suppose they are not the equals of those of whom we have had less means of knowing so thoroughly.

Here is a pretty fair specimen of a good deal of the style of editorial writing now adopted by the leading party organs in this city. It is simply disgraceful, and many times more demoralizing than the worst of the "yellow covered literature" at which the same writers turn up their noses so contemptuously. The *Mail*, on Wednesday of last week, printed, in its leading editorial column the following sentences, purporting to describe the

leading characteristics of the Grit party in Canada:

"It has always been evident that 'each man' thinks for himself in the party. The trouble is that they all think differently, and will continue to do so, until their leader manages to rummage out a policy of some sort. 'Let each man work for himself.' Each mother's son of the lot does. 'Counter' is nowhere, and 'each man' keeps a sharp look-out for No. 1. As a natural result, 'each man' helps himself—to everything he can lay his hands on."

The practice of thus characterizing those not in the same party ranks as knaves, and swindlers, and the mere rabble of scallwags ever got together in one company, is not at all confined to one organ, or to one set of party organs. The demoralizing effect of that kind of literature on the young men of the country is such as to bode ill for the future of our political history. Such work is by no means loyal or patriotic, whatever may be the high pretensions of those engaged in it. Of course no really intelligent man believes that the men of any political party are of such a class as here represented. Of course the writer himself did not believe it. The idea that slandering and lying may be considered respectable work so long as it is done in the interests of one party or the other, is demoralizing. As a matter of fact, one party organ is nearly as bad a sinner as the other in this kind of dirty business. As a matter of fact, too, the men composing the rank and file of one political party is just about as honest and just about as patriotic as the men composing the other, whatever may be said to the contrary. The wonder is that the intelligent, well-meaning, reading public tolerate such demoralizing literature so patiently as they do. It is certainly not the best class of reading to allow in one's family.

Manitoba is now dissatisfied with its financial arrangement with the Dominion Government, and is loudly knocking at the door for better terms. There is one thing very sensible about the move now being made by the politicians of the Prairie Province. The Opposition unite with the Government party in a conference regarding some concerted action in the better terms business. Under the circumstances one party will not be afraid to move in the matter for fear the other will be in wait to trip it up just there. Union will be strength in a case of this kind. It now remains to be seen what the Ottawa Premier will do in the matter. The Manitoba demands seem too great, but the whole position and wants of that Province are not so well known here, and they may be more reasonable than they look to outsiders.

One thing is very unfortunate just now, so far as the political peace and harmony of the relations between the Dominion and the Provinces are concerned. The impression is general, whether it is correct or not, that by bullying and blustering Quebec got much better term last session than it could have got had quieter methods been resorted to. The same is the case in

regard to Nova Scotia in '69. Such an impression is sure to give encouragement to others to try similar methods. Manitoba now threatens trouble and dissension unless its demands are fully and liberally met. Time will show whether the same policy will be as successful there. It is most unfortunate that the financial relations between the Dominion and the Provinces appear to be so unsatisfactory all round.

Surely the Provincial Government ought to set the good example to others by removing at once the abominable unsightly old fence surrounding the grounds of the Lieut. Governor's residence. Such a fence ought not to have been built in the first place, and it should not be left standing now. The grounds are among the finest in the city, and they are on our principal streets, where they might be a source of real pleasure to the public. As they are now built in the streets around them have a monotonous and dreary look. TRUTH is sure that our present Lieut. Governor would far sooner see the unsightly fences gone, for the pleasure of the people and the benefit of the city. So long as they stand they set a bad example to other people, and even give some downright mean men an excuse for similar eye-sores elsewhere. What do our Government say about the matter? Let the ground be enclosed by some open, neat, tidy fence, something in accord with the views and customs of the nineteenth century, and then let others, now behind the time, be urged to follow the example. Let it be done at once.

The farmers, or those more specially interested in the dairy interests in New York State have been able to exercise a sufficient influence on the State Legislature to secure the enactment of a law prohibiting the manufacture of oleomargarine, and other forms of "bogus butter" in the Empire State. It is said that the farmers have lost millions of dollars during the past few years by the manufacture and sale of these bogus articles. It is said, too, that the sale of American butter has been much injured in the English markets because of the suspicion that so much of the counterfeit article has been exported. On the other hand, those engaged in oleomargarine manufacture claim that no articles unfit for food, or injurious to the public health have been used by them, and that their product is as clean, as pure, and as wholesome as the butter furnished in the markets.

Mr. George Munro, the successful New York publisher, is a native of Nova Scotia, and in his prosperity he remembers his native Province. He has recently announced his intention of giving a very large sum towards an endowment for Dalhousie College, Nova Scotia. It is one of the oldest and best known colleges in the Dominion, and well deserving of such material assistance as it is just now receiving.

The time for tree planting, all over the country is now at hand, and TRUTH would like to say a word or two in its favor. Every property holder, both in the city or country, ought to plant a few trees each year if he or she has the grounds convenient for doing so. Canada, in nearly every part of it, is well adapted, both as regards soil and climate, for tree growing, and too little attention has been generally paid to it heretofore. In many of the country sections there are miles and miles of fine roads leading through fine farms where scarcely a tree is to be seen. Why should this dreary policy of neglect of ornamental tree culture longer continue? In those localities where trees have been planted and are now growing thriftily the property of the entire locality is more desirable and more valuable in consequence. In many of our villages and towns not more than one thrifty tree is now growing where there should be a dozen. A few hours of time and a few dollars of money spent this spring in properly planting out suitable trees, for ornament and for future use, would be a source of real pleasure to ourselves, and of real profit to those who may come after us. Don't neglect tree planting this year.

Prof. G. E. Foster, M. P., writes:—"I admire TRUTH's stand and tone in most respects, and wish it abundant success. I wish we had more papers as good." The learned gentleman is fast earning a reputation as the most eloquent member of the House of Commons, and the above extract goes far to convince TRUTH that he is a man of excellent judgment as well.

The New York Times thinks that a change must soon be made in regard to American steamship building in order to keep pace with the present state of things. In the United States no new steamers will probably be added this year to the present ocean passenger fleet. The reason is that very little money has been made by any of the steamship companies during the past year. There are now "scores of ocean tramps" in the various harbours, offering to carry freights at rates much below those previously charged—so low that the old ships cannot profitably compete. The "tramps" are cheaply built ships, with low steam power, cheaply manned, running comparatively slow and so unexpensively managed throughout that they can afford to take freights at rates ruinous to ordinary steamers of the old school stamp. The remedy suggested is to build light, swift steamers expressly for passengers and mails, and allow the freight to be handled almost exclusively by ships of the cheap "tramp" class. No doubt it must come to that in a few years, and it may be all the better and more convenient for the passenger traffic to hasten the day.

At the recent session of the New York Methodist Conference a Committee on Public Morals made a report in which the terrible evils of the frequency of divorce were referred to, as one of the subjects demanding the closest thought of the church and the nation. The evil appears to be growing and the Church appears to be incapable of suc-

cessfully grappling with it. In the old Puritan State of Massachusetts it is said that there are now one tenth as many divorces as marriages each year, and in some of the other New England States, matters are but little better. In the West in one or two States it is still worse than that. The committee properly say that such a state of things "is a shame and a disgrace to Protestant civilization. Marriage is often contracted with reckless levity, and from motives foreign to those which alone can satisfy the conjugal relation. The unions effected with such immoral facility are often dissolved with a facility still more immoral and more corrupting." Between the prevalence of divorces in some States and the prevalence and spread of Polygamy in some others it would seem as though the social well-being of the nation must greatly suffer. Evidently the evils, on both sides, must yet be grasped with a stronger and firmer hand, on the part of the Government. So far the law and its administrators have been indifferent or inefficient while the social cancer has kept growing deeper and more malignant. One thing is quite evident; Marriages are now legalized without any preliminary formality or delay, and they are often very thoughtlessly made in consequence.

An important reciprocity, treaty has just been consummated between the United States government and Mexico, and it may pave the way for something of the kind with Canada. It would be a very desirable thing to enjoy reciprocal free trade with our neighbors, in national products at least, but whether we can succeed in making any bargain which will not include nearly every class of manufactures as well remains to be seen. The articles admitted free into Mexico from the United States, under the new Treaty comprise, among other things, railroad machinery, steam engines, agricultural implements, mining machinery and building materials. Also, coal, petroleum, sowing machines, clocks, stoves, and many minor manufactures. Possibly our Government would not venture to agree to any treaty so sweeping as this. The agricultural interests of the country would be well enough satisfied, but the manufacturing interests have now become very important, and nearly all our legislation has been in the direction of favouring them for the past few years. It is questionable, too, if a sufficiently large revenue to meet all our present engagements and liabilities could be raised if any such general system of free trade should be attempted.

The Southern States are making wonderful strides in advancement so far as trade and manufactures are concerned. The general impression, was years ago, that as soon as slavery was wiped out all business industries would decline. The facts go to show, plainly enough, that slavery was a curse, as regards business as well as regards morals. During the past few years large cotton factories have sprung up, where none existed before, and now tens of thousands of spindles are every day busy manufacturing at home the raw material of the country. In this respect the South will prove a formidable rival of the North. In regard to iron manufacture, too, great works are

springing up, and it is predicted, on good authority, that in the near future a large proportion of all the iron used in the United States will be manufactured in the South.

It is a well-known fact that paper can be manufactured from almost any substance possessing a good strong fibre. Years ago rags were almost exclusively used in the manufacture of paper, and in the better qualities a good deal of the same material is yet used, but as the demand for paper increased so rapidly some more abundant supply of raw material was found necessary. For some years past the pulp of soft wood has been more extensively used than almost anything else, and even that source of supply is becoming scarce and dear. It is now found that the refuse fibre of the sugar cane is well adapted to paper making. A few weeks ago a sugar making company from New Orleans sent a quantity of such cane fibre to the Napanee Mills Paper Company, in this Province, and over two tons of printing paper was manufactured from it, as an experiment. The paper was soft and strong, but not as white in color as that ordinarily turned out. It is supposed, however, that any defect of color can soon be remedied by improved methods of manufacture. On the whole the cane paper compares favorable with the sheet on which these lines are printed.

Should such cane refuse turn out well adapted for paper making, a new and very important industry may soon spring up in the South. Paper has now become a necessity in many other departments of business besides printing, and every year the demand for it becomes greater and greater. The refuse cane supply should be cheap and very abundant, and the difficulties of converting it into paper are not great. These facts may lead to considerable improvements in paper making in Canada. Here sugar cane does not thrive well, but corn and sorghum stalks are very similar in their fibre and composition to the cane stalks, and probably they may make a good substitute. It is well worth considerable experimenting to ascertain just how far such home-produced material may answer for so important a purpose. Cheap paper is now a great want in many branches of business, and cheap raw material is very desirable.

The country roads in most part of this Province are by no means as good as they should be. Visitors from England and other old settled countries report that one of the great drawbacks against settlement here are the very rough and bad roads we have in nearly all the farming sections. It is high time that some better system of keeping these roads "in repair" should be inaugurated. The old fashioned system of each tax payer "doing road-work" has outlived its day and usefulness. The Iowa Legislature has just passed a Bill for improving the country roads which may furnish some valuable hints to our own law makers. It does away with the old system of working out taxes upon the roads and authorizes each township to levy a tax for road improvements to be paid as other taxes

are. The construction and repair of roads are to be let by public contract, subject to efficient overseers. There is little doubt but that the roads will be much better under such a system and the cost will not be greater in the long-run.

Quite a large section of the United States Democrat party were strongly in favor of the nomination of Hon. S. J. Tilden as the party candidate for next president, but he has positively declined the honor, and may, therefore, be counted out of the race. Mr. Tilden is now an old man, and he has done a great deal of service for his party in former years. It will be remembered that he was the candidate of the party against Mr. Hayes and undoubtedly got a majority of all the votes cast, and ought on that account to have been declared elected. He was "counted out" however by the Supreme Court judges on a strict party vote. Public sympathy has always been pretty strongly in his favor since, but Mr. Tilden is now too old a man to aspire to such a position.

The friends of President Arthur have been working hard to secure his nomination by the Republican party, but the attempt to boom him has been a failure, at least so far as the north is concerned. There are many abler men in the party anxious to be proposed. The New York Post, a very able and reliable journal, says that in the South Arthur's friends appear to carry every thing before them. All the office holders of that region are going to the Chicago Convention and are solid for Arthur. They make no secret of it. Probably few men, outside of Grant, could be made more useful as a tool in the hands of the office manipulators than the present incumbent of the White House.

In regard to the growth of the Southern cities, and the amount of capital now being invested there, the following facts, culled from one of the leading Georgia papers are of significance.—In the city of Atlanta there are now contracts given out for two million dollars worth of new buildings, besides a new State Capitol, which is to be started this spring. In Macon contracts have been given for over half a million dollars worth of new buildings. At Columbus nearly a quarter of a million dollars worth of residences were erected last summer, and about \$300,000 worth of work engaged for the coming season. In Savannah a million dollars was expended last year in improvements. The hearts of many of the old abolitionists will be cheered at such an outlook. Even the old pro-slavery men must feel themselves agreeably disappointed in the presence of such facts and figures. It always pays, in the long run, to do the right thing and the just thing. It certainly has been the making of the South to give justice to the slaves, and open up the labor market to fair competition.

#### Amended License Law

The Canada Presbyterian gives a good deal of attention to the temperance question, and always writes in a sensible vein on the subject. It has evidently but little sympathy with the enthusiasts who are always demanding more law, no mat-

ter whether it can be enforced or not. The following is an editorial article in last week's issue:—"A certain class of so called temperance men have a marked weakness for temperance laws. Their remedy for all the ills of the liquor traffic is legislation. They seem to think that men can be legislated out of vice and into virtue. Now the fact is that Ontario has temperance laws quite abreast with the sentiment of the people of it. The amendments made to the Crooks Act last session puts Prohibition within the reach of every polling division in a town or city. Sub-section 16 of section 4 provides that:—

No license shall be granted to any applicant for premises then under license, or shall be transferred to such premises if a majority of the persons duly qualified to vote as electors in the sub-division at an election for a member of the Legislative Assembly petition against it on the grounds hereinbefore set forth, or any such grounds.

Now observe that the electors of any sub-division can, by petition, absolutely prevent the granting or transfer of a license. When that petition is signed, attested and presented to the license commissioners the work is done. No license can then be issued. The commissioners have no discretionary power in the matter. Now what more do people want in the way of law?

The *Presbyterian* apparently overlooks the fact that the amended law applies to new licenses, and not to those already in existence. So far as the present licenses are concerned they are not at all interfered with by the change. It is important, however, to use vigilance in preventing any increase in the present number.

The writer has been looking in other parts of the same paper in hope of seeing the ministers and members of the church urged to avail themselves of the new law to keep within the present limits at least the license liquor traffic, but he has looked in vain. Surely such an able journal ought not to be without practical suggestions on this matter. Nor should any of the other religious papers be silent on such a question.

#### Disastrous Storms

The disastrous cyclones and tornadoes which of late have spread such devastation throughout the Southern and South-western States furnish cause for considerable alarm. Scarcely a day passes but we learn of the passage of one of them followed by great loss of life, by immense destruction of valuable property, and, in many instances, by the wiping out of whole towns and settlements.

The occurrence of hurricanes and storms is a matter of historical record since his tory was first written, but storms have never been so frequent, nor have they ever contained such destructive forces as those which during the past few years, have continued regularly to sweep across this continent. Various theories are advanced as to their origin and violence, such as the meeting of high and low atmospheric areas, electric currents, and so on; but no very satisfactory conclusion has been arrived at, other than that the same forces which cause the gentle summer breeze to blow, in an intensified form let loose the devastating cyclone. How-

ever, as we cannot hope to control it, the cause of storms cannot be a matter of grave import to us, except perhaps in the interest of speculative science. How to avoid the effect is what we have directly to deal with.

It will be remembered that not long ago Prof. Wiggins, of Ottawa, advised those who lived in exposed localities to excavate storm caves for the preservation of their lives. The weather prophet got laughed at for his pains, and, so far, in Canada the precaution has been unnecessary, but in the Southern States things are different, and either following the advice of the weather wise Wiggins or acting from necessity, the people of the stricken localities are constructing what they call tornado cellars in connection with their dwellings. The general adoption of such precautions would consign the whole human race to a state of rabbit-hood, if we may coin such an expression. We could never go very far from our burrow with a sense of perfect security. Along with the very great inconveniences such contrivances would entail upon us, they would at times result in most ridiculous situations. Just fancy some of our three hundred pounders with aldermanic stomachs, pursued by a raging cyclone, ambling for his tornado cellar. But if the present intense atmospheric disturbances continue they will undoubtedly in due course reach us, and we must then choose between Prof. Wiggins' patent cave and the Southern tornado cellars. To those of our readers who will not trust such matters to the Providence of the Universe we recommend the cellar. During spells of calm weather it will at least have practical uses, but the cave is a barbaric luxury which, in the present elevated state of the real estate market, few of us could afford to indulge in.

#### "The Macedonian Cry."

A valuable contribution to the Christian Mission literature has just been made in the publication of a very well written book of nearly 300 pages from the pen of Rev. John Latom, of Nova Scotia, and published by Rev. W. Briggs at the Methodist Book-room, Toronto. Like nearly every thing coming from the "Book-room" there the printers and binders have both done good work. The author is one of the best known of the literary men among the Ministers in the Methodist Church in Canada. His style of writing is easy and graceful, and in this instance at least, he is so thoroughly in sympathy with his subject as to write with much earnestness and force. The object of the work is to create more interest in and practical sympathy with Christian missions. A large amount of information is given in regard to the errors of heathenism, and there are interesting chapters on Hinduism and Hindus, Buddhism and Buddhists, Africa and Isles of the sea. There is also a large fund of useful information regarding Modern Missions, their progress and results, all of which is full of interest to those in deep sympathy with such work.

The following facts in regard to the world's population, according to religions, indicate more plainly than anything else can the vast amount of work yet needed before the world can be Christianized.—

The total population is estimated at 1,453,000,000, and more than one half of the whole or 865 millions, are yet heathen. There are 170 millions of Mohamedans, and eight million Jews. The balance may be classified under the general term of Christians, and divided as follows:—Protestants, 116 millions; Roman Catholics, 190 millions; Greek Church, 84 millions. The writer says: "To give one missionary to every 50,000 of the population would require 20 to each million of people. Brahmans, Buddhists and heathens of yet uncivilized lands—without including Moslems—aggregate at least \$10 millions; and to meet the demands of such an enterprise, up to the proportion specified, would require 16,200 missionaries—13,000 in addition to the 2,400 already in the field."

Any one interested in the work of missions will do well to send 75 cts. to the Publisher and obtain a copy of this able essay on missions.

#### The Late Session.

Parliament closed its protracted session of three months on Saturday afternoon last. There does not appear to have been an amount of business done requiring anything like the amount of time that was spent. The members—the leading ones especially—on both sides, spent much more time talking at and about each other than about the actual work of the country they were sent there to deliberate upon. This, however, appears to be the inevitable evil of all legislative bodies, divided into rival parties. As usual, the first weeks of the session were squandered, there being few measures of any consequence submitted, and few debates of any importance; and as usual, in the last weeks business was rushed through, few members caring to allow the necessary time to be spent in debating measures or giving such attention to details as was necessary to understand them properly. The chances are that by the next session it will be found some measures were so hurried through that they are imperfect and need amending. That is nearly always the case. Other important measures, like the Factory Bill and the Franchise Bill, were laid over to another year "for want of time." That is a much better course toward the end of a long session, when members all want to get away than to rush the measure through, while many busy themselves in desk scrapings, whistling, cheers or hisses, in order to keep others from speaking. When the business is conducted in that style and people get to despise the House of Commons it is simply because so many members so conduct themselves that the people can't help it.

The great measure of the session was the Canadian Pacific relief measure. The other important financial measures appeared to come out of this, principally. So much has already been written on that and on the Provincial subsidies, that nothing more need be said now. The sums have been voted and whether the whole, or a part merely, or any of the great thirty million loan ever comes back again to the people, time only will tell. At any rate, the people must

pay it, for their Representatives have committed them to that part of the bargain, and they must take their chances of what is to come. Let us hope, however, that the railway will be now speedily completed, and that no other calls will be asked, either towards construction, or towards after maintenance. Let us hope, too, that the smaller railways so liberally aided, to the tune of ninety millions more, will be speedily completed and will not come back for more grants. These are nervous times to the taxpayers and property holders of the country where the practice prevails so generally of making fresh and united demands every year on the public treasury for millions and millions of money, and when the Representatives of the people appear so willing to vote any sums the Government may see fit to recommend with little or no hesitation.

The measures of any importance to the country adopted during the late session outside of railway aids, were few and unimportant. Fortunately, however, there are not now any great measures pressing-ly needed; and the habit of filling up our statute books with new laws for which there does not exist a pressing necessity had better fall into disuse. As a matter of fact each Parliament has been in the habit of indulging in too much legislation instead of too little.

#### Work for Women.

EDITOR OF TRUTH:—Much has been written regarding proper and remunerative employment for women. Silk culture, poultry raising, and many other thornes have been thoroughly ventilated, and the result has no doubt, been very beneficial; but there are many ladies who have no opportunity to raise silk worms, or to follow any employment of that kind. To this class I wish to open what to me was entirely a new field. Some three months ago an uncle of mine from Albany, N. Y., was visiting at our house. We were talking of plated ware which he was engaged in manufacturing. To satisfy my curiosity he made a plating machine and replated our knives, forks, spoons and castor. It only cost \$4 and it did the work perfectly. Some of our neighbors saw what we had plated and wanted me to do some plating for them. I have since then worked 22 days and have cleared during that time \$94.34. At almost every house I got from \$2 to \$3 worth of plating to do, and such work is mostly all profit. Just for replating one dozen tea spoons I got \$1.75. This business is as nice for ladies as for gentlemen as it is all indoor work, and any one can do it. My brother, although he worked two days longer than I did, cleared only \$91.50. I am getting up a collection of curiosities and to any of your readers that will send me a specimen I will send full directions for making and using a plating machine like mine that will plate gold, silver and nickel. Send small pieces, stones, ores, shells old coins etc. Any kind of geological specimen will do. What I want is to get as many specimens from as many places all over the country as I can. Please address

MISS M. T. CASSET  
Oberlin, Ohio

## JACOB FAITHFUL.

### Taking things to Oneself—Women with a Mission—and Several other Matters of Interest.

I once got dreadfully abused for writing to *TRUTH*. A red-faced, bowhsnkered, paunchy, puffy, somewhat excited and strongly alcoholic smelling individual came up to me unawares, and with lurid countenance and somewhat threatening eye, said: "You are called Faithful, I believe?" It took me aback, but I stood my ground, and answered that I believed that such was the fact. He dived into his capacious pocket and produced a soiled and crumpled copy of the "best periodical of the Dominion." Pointing excitedly to one of the pages, he asked: "You aim at me, sir, and it is a libel." "At you?" "Yes, at me." "Why, I never saw you till this moment, and do not know you from Adam." "That may be, but it is a libel all the same." "Does it fit you?" "To a tee, and that's the mischief of it." "In that case you will need to make the most of it, for then it was written for you, though not more for you than for fifty others." This mollified the mortal, and I escaped, though not so heroically as I should have liked. It is strange how people take things to themselves. One can't make the simplest remark without their fancying that it is meant for them, and that it has some

NASTY, ILL-NATURED REFERENCE hid away under the apparent simplicity.

But while these touchy suspicious people are bad, the nasty, snappish sayers of disagreeable things half in joke, half in earnest, are a great deal worse. Women are especial sinners in this respect. They say, in a good many instances, what men would never venture on as if they were perfectly privileged. It is their way of being frank and friendly, but if so, JACOB has no hesitation in saying that it is a bad way. "Oh, how do you do, criessome great carrotty-headed, freckled-faced vulgar mountain of flesh, whose husband has been successful in the skin or cat's-meat business, and can now sport a drag and flourish in an isolated mansion, "how do you do? I'm so glad to see you. And this is your husband? A nice, pleasant little man; but oh, my dear Mrs. Blank, you must have done the courting. He could never have ventured on making the first advances to a lady like you. By the way, your sister is a lovely girl. You are not bad looking yourself, but nothing, of course, to your sister; though I should not wonder but your husband thinks you the flower of the flock, *te-hee, te-hee*. Just what my man says!" And so she goes on, and has no more idea that she is impudent than that she is supremely ugly.

But the woman that has a mission is, of all others, the most trying and afflictive. She has about her such

AN AIR OF SUFFERING MAGNIFICENCE and manages to give her poor sister women such an impression of her fancied superiority that were it not for her sex, I, even JACOB, would be tempted to give her a slap on the side of the head. They say the husbands of such persons get along tolerably well, but I don't believe it. They have all such a subdued married like look about them, that in spite of al-

remarks to the contrary, I don't believe they can say very decidedly

Whatever brawls disturb our street  
There's perfect peace at home.

Oh what a stuffy, dirty confused, appearance everything has in one or two of these homes of which I have the *entree*! And the children! And the virago of a wife with her chronic tendency to lecturing or rather hectoring! Perhaps it is all right. Perhaps I have been unfortunate in my acquaintances. Perhaps! well perhaps! "I add no more!"

How true is it that "our pleasant vices" come to be very unmistakable scourges. The recent shooting affair is a case in point. When no adequate punishment is provided for certain offences the wild law of revenge will come in. Pity that it should be so, but when a man's home and whole future have been wrecked it is not easy keeping him within the bonds of moderation. Mr. JACOB, from personal knowledge, is quite aware of two or three cases of men who walk the streets of Toronto with their heads pretty high, who if they had got what they deserved would have been shot dead long ago. They have wrecked the happiness of more than two or three homes and rather glory in their achievements. Yet they are called respectable though "wild a little!" It is too bad. But how professedly virtuous women can recognize such folk, passes my comprehension. It may be said that they don't know. Well, in charity let us believe that they don't.

The funeral reform is getting a boom. The Ministerial Association has taken the matter in hand and it is to be hoped will do something to the purpose. It is simply a black burning shame that so much should be so senselessly and uselessly spent on funerals. What with crape and scarf and expensive caskets and wroaths and cabs the expenses of a funeral are becoming a perfect scandal. O reform it altogether! Why burden those who need, at such a time, every copper—with these

FOOLISH VULGAR TOMPOCLERIFS which rob death of all its solemnity and add a new terror to the grave?

Business continues flat. A good many are dismissing some of their employees and wages are being reduced. Yet the abominable taxes on coal and flour are kept on. Some folk say that coal is no dearer though the consumer pay half a dollar a ton in way of tax, but JACOB's skull is too thick to understand that. If a tax of half a dollar makes it no dearer neither would one of a dollar or of two even. No, that does not tell. Perhaps, however, it is all the cause of my dullness. Still I am an average blockhead, at any rate. Never mind, I can manage to worry along, tax or no tax, but these things are making the larders of the poor fellows pretty bare and no mistake.

There has been a revival up in Sherbourne street, where the Brothers White sang very nicely. Oh, these two make good music. And why should a harp be objected to? There is nothing more objectionable in a harp than in an organ that I can see.

I meant to say a good deal about the proposed new Music Hall, but time and space won't permit. A hall capable of holding five or six thousand would be very convenient, but why not utilize the Pavilion in the Gardens?

The gambling in stocks goes on as usual. What is the use of the police trying to break up gambling hells when so-called respectable people make it their daily business to "bear" and "bull" the markets, so as to cause thousands of decent people who want nothing but safe decent investments, to lose the greater "part of their hard earned cash." It is a strange world this after all. What with making thousands at stock-wrecking and then giving a dollar or two to a charity or a church as a sort of sop to conscience, some people must be in a queer way. After all what sort of a Being do they fancy God Almighty is? Difficult to say, at least it is to

JACOB FAITHFUL.

## OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill.  
No X.

The interest in this column continues to increase, and that to an extent we were not prepared to anticipate. Every mail brings us in quite a large package of letters and the answers they contain show that the writers are quite in earnest in their work. In spite of all our remonstrances, letters are still in two many cases addressed to Mr. Wilt's though intended for us. Would our friends kindly attend to this? It involves double labor and is of no possible use in the way of increased security. *Editor of Enigma Column, TRUTH Office, Toronto*, will find us without fail and prevent any mistake or confusion. A good many also still forget to put the number of the Enigma on the outside of the envelope. We must repeat that no money or postage stamps ought to be enclosed in any letter intended for us. Nor can we attend to any complaints about irregularity of delivery or change of *Post Office*. All such things must go direct to the Publisher, who alone can account for the money, rectify mistakes and make the necessary changes. We shall only be too glad to answer, as far as we can, any enquiries that may be made more or less in our line. But we prefer to do this in print and through our own special column. To all prize winners who have sent the necessary *twelve cents* the volumes are being sent out. Friends, have you received them? We take it for granted that you have when we hear nothing to the contrary, but we should be still better pleased if when you answer other questions you mention the receipt of what you had gained as well as express your opinion about the character of the volumes received, not necessarily for publication but for our own satisfaction. We know that the prizes are in every case nice ones, but such is the craving for sympathy in opinion, even in the Editorial breast, that we are gratified when others say the same thing. Our own opinion is that in some way or other the receipt of all *TRUTH's* prizes ought to be acknowledged, so that there might not be even the semblance of mistake. It does not necessarily follow that these acknowledgments should be made public use of, but they are all filed and can always be shown to those who have still doubts as to whether so many and such valuable prizes are actually given. We are always pleased to receive any questions, objections, and suggestions about the Enigma.

Our object is to make this department as interesting and unobjectionable as possible. So far things have gone on with uncommon smoothness and pleasure, and such we trust will be the case in the future, as in the past. If the Enigma column gives pleasure we shall be pleased. If it yields profitable enjoyment and instruction to our thousands of readers we should be more than satisfied and repaid.

We now turn to the answers to No. VII. which were more numerous than any previously received and in the large majority of cases quite correct. Some were of opinion that the questions were easy. Perhaps they were, but we do not wish to make them too difficult. It is at the same time the fact, that it is very difficult to puzzle a great number of the readers of *TRUTH*.

The successful competitors are the following:

Charles Hendry, Jr., Stirton Post Office, Ont.

W. J. Alison, Castlemore, County of Peel.

D. Henderson, 220 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto.

Had we been able to afford it we should have gladly given as many more prizes, but must rest satisfied with doing what we can.

One correspondent writing from West-

villo, Nova Scotia, who, by the way, for a man of his evident intelligence, makes the strange mistake of saying that the word *Christ* signifies a stone—remarks, "I am beginning to feel quite an interest in your Bible questions and quite anxious to receive your magazines. I will try and procure you a new subscriber or two, as some of my friends are beginning to get quite interested in these questions also." Much obliged, we shall be glad to hear from you again, and the more of your friends you can induce to answer our questions, so much the more we shall be pleased. If it gives as much enjoyment to our correspondents to make out the answers as we derive from receiving them, there will be a large amount of satisfaction all round. One thing especially pleases us, and that is the minute attention which is evidently given, as exhibited in the correction of printers' errors and in any little slips which we may happen to make. We have not attained to the usual editorial infallibility, so that when we go wrong we have pleasure in being set right and in acknowledging the kindness thus done to us.

Now then for No. X. We find that the plan of having two enigmas each week works well, and so we shall continue it, though not possibly every week.

Our correspondent, M. A. M., very kindly sends us the following which we have great pleasure in publishing. There is one ambiguity about it which the writer has evidently noticed. It is not, however, so great as to spoil the fairness of the puzzle. Some how or other her former note did not reach us. We shall be glad to hear from her again when she feels so inclined:—

My first a present from an erring king,  
Unto a hood-winked warrior was sent;  
A famous ruler gave this needful thing  
To a young kinsman that to Egypt went;  
A godly portion was the young man's share,  
For Love notes not with stunted laud, nor spare.

My second cometh from the heavy-soled,  
Yea, more than speech, their hidden grief  
can tell;  
A holy prophet of the Lord foretold—  
The joyful-hearted would do this as well—  
When Earth withheld her vintage from their  
land,  
And desolation brooded o'er the land.

My third and second may be called akin.  
For sorrow bears them on the self-same  
breath;  
A Jewish king who roveled long in sin,  
Had no such sin as mourning at his death;  
For by "the weeping prophet" spake the Lord,  
No kin shall weep for him saying, *third*.

My whole is a name in the sacred Book,  
Twice found in the gospel, not far from  
Luke;  
And twice by a prophet of great renown,  
This name in the Scriptures was written  
down.

M. A. M.

- IL 1. One of the ingredients of the sacred incense.
2. The husband of a prophetess.
3. One of the daughters of Haran.
4. That to which our Lord compares Himself.
5. One to whom the Israelites were subject for eighteen years.
6. An orator.

Take the initials of these and there will be found the name of a place which was a Sabbath days' journey distant from Jerusalem.

One or two have complained of some of our questions being ambiguous. We are sorry if this should have been the case. Our desire is to make them as honest and unequivocal as we can. If we have failed in this it has not been from intention, for we think of nothing less than of mere catch questions. We can scarcely venture upon knotty theological questions, but there are a good many things in which we think we could help some of our correspondents, and if such be the opinion of any of them, our services are very much at their disposal. The number of prizes every week are so few, while the number of answers is now so large, that necessarily a good many must be unsuccessful. But even though they are, that is no reason for giving up answering. The more exercise does a great deal of good, while the fact of sending on the answers tends to keep up the interest.

Temperance Department.

SCOTT ACT WORK.

**PERTH COUNTY.**—A convention for Perth County to consider the propriety of submitting the Scott Act to the electors has been called, to be held in Stratford, on Thursday, May 15th.

**ONTARIO COUNTY.**—A County Convention for Ontario has been called, to be held on the Queen's birth day to take action. Ontario county also carried a Dunkin by-law by a fine majority years ago, and probably the leading temperance men are quite as willing to work now for a more complete and restrictive measure.

**YORK COUNTY.**—There will be a convention for York county, to be held at Richmond Hill on Wednesday 30th inst., to consider the Scott Act adoption. It will be remembered that in York County the Dunkin Act was carried years ago by a large majority. It is probable that temperance sentiments is quite as strong now.

FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC.

**CHOKED TO DEATH.**—A man named Lafitte, a hard drinker, choked to death while eating a beef-steak at an Ottawa saloon one day last week. Such deaths among inebriated men are not uncommon.

**ANOTHER VICTIM.**—A labouring man, in his prime, named Pierre Gagnon, a Frenchman, took an overdose of whisky in a Montreal tavern on Saturday last and died from the effects of it.

**A PANIC.**—At a Brooklin theatre on Saturday last a drunken man found his way among the audience and raised an outcry which was mistaken by the audience for an alarm of fire. There was a general panic for a few minutes, but fortunately, no serious damage was done.

Saved.

President Davis was a man of remarkable sympathy. There lived near him a drunkard who was as degraded as humanity well could be. He had once been a man of high respectability and influence, and a member of the church. The president, with his wife and family, paid him a visit, and found him the picture of wretchedness, gloom, and despair. As they entered he scarce looked up; for he hated the sight of others, and knew they could take little interest in him. President D., passed directly up to him and taking him by the hand, said:

"Mr. B., we have come out to make you and your family a visit. We were talking about you yesterday, and we have come out to spend the afternoon with you."

The drunkard looked up astonished. This was new language to him. The conversation went on from one subject to another, and he was treated in all respects as a man.

At last President D. began to talk with him about his peculiar besetment. The steps by which he descended were clearly marked, and those by which he could ascend and escape. At a favoured moment the question was put: "Will you not now claim your liberty from this bondage?" The man had noble sentiments which could be appealed to. He took the pledge. As the President was about to leave, he saw that Mr. B's countenance had fallen, and his heart was sad.

"What now, Mr. B.?" said he.

"Ah," said the man, "'tis of no use. I have resolved a hundred times. With all the magnanimity of thought, I have resolved before my family, I have resolved in public, I have resolved in my closet, I have taken solemn oaths that I would never drink again. But one and all they have been like the morning cloud. In the hour of temptation I have yielded step by step, and fallen, fallen lower than before. So it will be now. I shall live a drunkard, and die a drunkard. Let me alone!"

"Nay, hold," said the President, "you

have the power to say no; you need not yield."

"Ah," said Mr. B., "the difficulty is, that, when tempted, I do not, shall not, quell my appetite."

"But," said President D., "did you not feel strong a few moments ago?"

"Yes, because you influenced me."

"Very well; do you not suppose I could talk to you and bring you into that state of mind to-morrow?"

"No doubt."

"Then if you are tempted, come to me. Will you do it?"

The drunkard hesitated, finally resolving to trust him, he said, "I will." His heart arose, courage came, and that night and for many days it seemed like a dream; too good to be true. So days passed, but by-and-by his appetite raged again uncontrollably. "Crave," said Mr. B., "crave a little more, and I will mount my horse and ride to the President's."

At last temptation was too strong, and he hastened to him. The President met him, felt for him, and by that mysterious influence of love helped him to become so absorbed in other thoughts as to forget his craving. Whenever the temptation rose again, he said: "Crave but a few moments longer, and I will go to the President." Eight years passed, and he had become reformed, happy, and respected. Here was faith in the personal influence of man.

Reader, if you would fly to Christ thus, you would find Him far, far beyond man in the power of his personal sympathy. Yes, "the power of God, and the wisdom of God is able to save to the utmost." Do you look upon yourself as a difficult case? Remember that great physician like hard cases, and the Good Physician came to save such as you. He understands just your type of disease.

Remedies Against Drunkenness.

The *Bobaygeon Independent* is an ably conducted journal, but very eccentric in its ideas. It is strongly opposed to prohibition, and has little of good usually to say about the methods used by the total abstainers in the promotion of the temperance work. It is evidently ill at ease, however, about the results of the present licensed drink traffic, and has many articles and suggestions of its own in regard to the important subject. In a recent editorial article the following suggestions are made. Coming from one opposed to the usual methods of work they are of interest.

The *Independent* says:—"Drunkenness is a vice which it is most desirable to extirpate, and the best way to accomplish such a result is to make it disagreeable. If every sober man should refuse to associate either directly or indirectly with a drunkard, in one month there would be hardly a drunkard left in the Province. It is all very well to advocate Prohibition, but the lower classes can not be made sober, until some other meeting places are provided for them than taverns. The bar-room is the sole place of amusement and recreation open to thousands of the people—close the bar-room and you shut them out from their only place of meeting—you condemn them to a joyless life of solitude. The bar-room is a bad place to meet, its pleasures are coarse, gross, sensual and bad, but it is pleasure, and it is the only pleasure which is available to a numerous class. It is easy enough for the respectable middle classes to keep out of bar-rooms—they have other amusements, other sources of pleasure—but the day laborer has no other place to go when he feels the natural and human desire for companionship. And then—but this we whisper in your ear, and we wouldn't like some people to know that we said it—there is occasionally a good deal of fun in a bar-room, and how is that fun to be replaced if you close all the taverns? The temperance people have succeeded, after great, strenuous, persistent and most praiseworthy efforts, in spreading the temperance sentiment from the upper class to the middle class, but

the greatest difficulty still remains—to plant the sentiment firmly in the minds of the lower class. It will not be done by force, or violence or penal enactment. It must be done by other means. The lower classes will not abandon the taverns until they have somewhere else to go. The remedy for drunkenness is quite as likely to be found in skittles as in Prohibition. A comfortable skittle alley might do wonders in promoting temperance, and there is no knowing how many souls might be saved by billiards and coffee. All this is matter for reflection, and in the meantime it is satisfactory to find that temperance is making such good progress, that our legislators have decided to exclude liquor from Agricultural Show Grounds, and have seriously discussed its exclusion from the Parliament buildings. When Ottawa legislators and statesmen talk of giving up liquor there is great hope for the progress of sobriety. The outlook, we say, is encouraging, and the time can not be far distant when all classes alike will regard drunkenness with disgust, and shun a drunkard as a black-guard."

NEWS AND NOTES.

**OCEANS OF WHISKEY.**—A telegram from Louisville, Kentucky, gives indication that the whiskey trade assumes enormous magnitude there yet. It says: "In March 771,000 gallons of spirits were withdrawn from bond in this district. The tax paid amounted to \$694,000. It is estimated that there are 24,000,000 gallons of whiskey in bond here. No financial trouble is anticipated among whiskey men."

**THE OLDEST ABSTAINER.**—Mr. Joseph Livesy, of Preston, England, is now in the ninety first year of his age, and is supposed to be the oldest pledged total abstainer living. He was one of the famous "Seven men of Preston," who drew up and signed the first total abstinence pledge of which there is any record in England. He is still in good health, and takes an active interest in the total abstinence work.

**A GOOD INDICATION.**—The *Welcome* says:—"There are fewer public houses in the United Kingdom at the present day than there were in 1860 by one thousand two hundred and ten, although the population during that period has increased some seven millions. We think that there is no better proof of the advanced temperance sentiment of the country than this. If the years in the future be like the ten past ones we shall hope to see the end of the drink traffic at no very distant day."

**MORE PROGRESS.**—It appears that the temperance men of Elgin County are about to take steps towards prohibition. A telegram from St. Thomas, Ont., says:—"At a meeting of the Royal Templars of Temperance the question of submitting the Scott Act in this city and county came up for discussion. The members spoke freely on the matter, and it was unanimously decided to ask the Executive Committee of the Elgin branch of the Ontario Alliance to call a convention to be held in the city of St. Thomas on Friday, 25th of April, to decide the matter."

**MORE TESTIMONY.**—Mr. Edward Carswell, of Oshawa, so well known to most Canadian temperance workers, has been spending some time in Kansas, and he thus writes in regard to the success of the prohibitory law in that State:—"I have not seen an intoxicated person nor a drop of liquor bought or sold, nor any indication of its being kept since I have been in the state, and have stopped at hotels every day. The law is thoroughly obeyed. I am astonished that it is so well enforced and that the eastern papers lie about it so."

**A DRINKING HANGMAN.**—The *London World* says the colony of Victoria has a hangman of bibulous propensities, but these are asolutely utilized. When drunk this antipodean executioner, by name

Upjohn, is also riotous, and gets into trouble. Then he is sentenced to a term of imprisonment, during which he is kept strictly sober for duty. After a satisfactorily performed execution he is allowed out, commits himself, and is re-sentenced. Mr. Upjohn's life thus consists of imprisonment, an occasional "drunk," carefully timed so as not to interfere with his functions, and now and then an execution to break the monotony.

**UNIVERSITY TEMPERANCE LODGES.**—A correspondent of the *Citizen*, writing of the success of the Temperance League in connection with Toronto University College states that though it was only organized last November there is now a membership of 212, composed of 13 graduates and 119 undergraduates and students. Few graduates have been asked to join but those still connected in some way with the College. There is the "double bar-rolled pledge," and of the students 170 have signed the total abstinence, and 29 are "moderates." Thirteen of the members who signed the moderate pledge at first have since joined the total abstinence section.

**THE POLICE DRUNKS.**—The *Globe* of the 10th says:—"The character of the prisoners entered as 'drunks' on the Police Court calendar yesterday was somewhat different from the usual. Ann Healy, an old grey-headed woman had left gaol only last Monday. The magistrate said she had better go back again. 'Your honor might as well kill me,' said the woman. The court thought not, and sent her down for 60 days. Mary Farrell, another frail old woman, said the best thing would be for her to go back to gaol, and she goes down for 30 days. Mary Walsh appeared on complaint of her husband. He said he was not able to manage her. The wife said he did not try much to help her to manage. But she was discharged, and will try to do better. Said one of the audience to an officer. 'These poor wretches must have their hearts broken, stupid with drink and being hauled round cells and prisons.' The official replied. 'Nonsense, they have no hearts to break. It is the hearts at home that break.'"

At Vanity Fair.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

At Vanity Fair, as we bow and smile  
As we talk of the opera (after the weather),  
As we chat of fashion, and stir and style,  
We know we are playing a part together.  
You know that the mirth I wear I borrow;  
I know our smile is a mask of sorrow,  
We know that under the silk and lace,  
And back of beautiful laughing faces,  
Lies secret trouble and dark despair  
At Vanity Fair.

At Vanity Fair, on dress parade,  
Our colors are bright and our sabres gleaming,  
But you know my uniform's worn and frayed,  
And I know your weapons, despite their gleaming,  
Are dull and worthless and badly battered;  
That close inspection will show how tattered  
And stained are the banners that flaunt above us;  
That comrades hate, while they swear they love us,  
That rebel like Pizarro, wails gaunt-eyed  
Care  
At Vanity Fair.

At Vanity Fair, as we strive for place  
As we push, and jostle, and crowd, and hurry,  
We know the result is not worth the race—  
We know the prize is not worth the worry;  
That in striving for self we must wound each other—  
That much of our gain means loss for another;  
That the crown of bay leaves fades while it grows;  
The brow of the victor, with thorns—not car-  
ries;  
That honors are empty and worthless to wear  
At Vanity Fair.

Yet, at Vanity Fair, as we pass along,  
We meet brave hearts that are worth the knowing;  
"Monk poor paste jewels that deck the throng,  
We see a light from somewhere glowing,  
A good grand soul under robes of fashion;  
"Neath light denunciations lurk strength and pas-  
sion;  
And fair, fine Honor, and god-like Resistance  
In halls of pleasure may have a sister's  
And we find pure altars and shrines of prayer  
At Vanity Fair.

It is a good thing to compose music, but it is often better to compose oneself.

## IN GOLDEN BONDS.

## CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

"Caught? Not in the least likely," answered Mr. Rayner decisively. "Why should they be? They might be if they had their equals in wits pitted against them; but they haven't. The ordinary detective has the common defect of vulgar minds, want of resources. The chief, if he is clever enough to be a successful jewel robber, has the abilities of a general. The holder he is, the more certain he is of success. The detective, in spite of repeated failures, believes himself infallible. If I was a thief, I should commit robberies as nearly as possible under the detective's nose. That is to be sure would never suspect the man who braved him to his face."

"Ah, it's very fine to talk," said one acute villager, who thought Mr. Rayner was really going too far: "but, when it came to the detective being there, you'd be as bold as the rest of us, I'm thinking."

Mr. Rayner laughed good-humouredly enough, and said perhaps he was right; and I heard the acute villager bragging of having put down Mr. Rayner, who, he said, was a bit bumptious for just a gentleman-fiddler, and wasn't so much cleverer than the rest of 'em he guessed, for all his talk.

At dinner Mr. Rayner tried again to induce his wife to go to Monaco, and encouraged me to join my persuasions to his, which I did most heartily. But to all we said she only replied steadily and coldly that she disliked travelling, did not feel well enough to undertake a journey, and preferred remaining at the Alders. She added, in the same parrot-like tone, that she thought the change would do me and Haidee good, and that it was very kind of my mother to go.

After dinner I ran up stairs to my room, and opening the door softly, found Haidee crouching by the fire. So I sat down to write my scarcely begun letter to Laurence.

I first told him how happy his letter had made me, and then, obeying his injunction to tell him everything that happened at the Alders, I gave him a full account how Sarah had prevented our meeting on Wednesday evening, and of her stealing my letter out of the bag on Thursday, of Mr. Caruther's visit to tell me about the robbery at Denham Court, of the accident to Sarah on Friday night, of her ravings about a had man named James Woodfall, of Mr. Rayner's return, and of his intentions to take Haidee, my mother, and me to Monaco in a few days.

The hope of seeing Laurence again soon had by this time swallowed up every other thought concerning the journey; and I was eager for Friday to come, that we might start.

Then I told him I had some very grave suspicions about the robbery, that I had told Mr. Rayner, who did not think so seriously of them as I did, but that he said I ought not to repeat them to anybody until he had thoroughly sifted the matter, and I had promised not to do so.

"So now you are not to be anxious about my safety any more, my dearest Laurence. For Sarah, the only person who wished me harm, is too ill to move, and is in danger, poor woman, of losing, if not her life, at least her reason, the Doctor says. And Mr. Rayner has promised not to go away again for more than a day at a time, either on business or for pleasure. There seems a curious fatality about his absences, for both these dreadful robberies that have frightened everybody so much lately, the one at Lord Dalston's, and the one at Denham Court, have happened while he was away, with no man in the house to protect us against burglars or our fears of them. I think your prejudice against Mr. Rayner ought to break down now that through him we are to meet each other so soon; for when we are at Monaco you will come over and see us, won't you? My mother is very anxious to make your acquaintance, though she does not know of our engagement, for I dare not tell her any secrets. I think Mr. Rayner must have guessed it though, for he says little things to tease me and make me blush. And you see he does not try to prejudice me against you, as you thought he would. But he might try, and everybody in the world might try, for years and years, but they would never succeed in changing the heart of your own ever loving

"VIOLET."

I had said at dinner that day, in answer

to Mr. Rayner's inquiries, that I was not going to afternoon service, but I had not mentioned that I was going to the Vicarage. I felt sure that I should blush if I did, and then Mr. Rayner would guess my visit had something to do with Laurence; and I did not want to be teased any more. So, when five o'clock came, and I knew that service must be over, I put on my outdoor things, kissed Haidee, who was now awake, and slipped softly down-stairs and out by the schoolroom window. I was not afraid of leaving that unfastened, now that Mr. Rayner had come back again.

Mrs. Manners met me in the hall of the Vicarage, took me into the drawing-room, and gave me a packet of tracts, two or three of which had names slightly pencilled on them, as specially suitable to certain of the parishioners, as, "The Drunkard's Warning"—Mrs. Nabbitts; "The Cost of a Ribbon"—Lizzie Mojer. There I was to deliver to Miss Maud Reade for distribution in her district this week.

"Tell her to notice that I have marked some specially," said Mrs. Manners, as she gave them to me; and I rather wondered how the persons they were directed to would take the attention.

I thought that, in spite of her hatred of subterfuge, Mrs. Manners seemed to enjoy the little mystery which hung over my engagement. She kissed me very kindly as she sent me off, and told me I was to let her know when Sarah was well enough to be read to, and she would send something to be read which might do her good. I promised that I would; but I hope it was not impious of me to think, as I could not help thinking, that she was too wicked for any of Mrs. Manners's good books to have much effect upon her.

I went through the side-gate of the Vicarage garden, where I had run against Laurence on that happy evening which seemed so long ago, although in truth only eight days had passed since then, and my heart beat fast, and I walked slowly, for it seemed to me that Laurence must be coming round the corner again to meet me; but of course he did not; and I quickened my pace as I crossed the park to the Hall.

The mist was growing very thick, although it was only a little past five; and I knew I must make haste back, or I might risk losing my way, short as the distance was between the Hall and the Alders.

I rang the bell, and asked for Miss Maud Reade; and the servant who opened the door, and who, I felt sure, was the Williamson who was afraid of the blunderbus, showed me into the drawing-room. There was no one there, for they were all at tea.

This was my first entrance into Laurence's home; and I was so much agitated between pleasure at being in the house he lived in, and shame at feeling that by some of the inhabitants at least, if they knew all, I should be looked upon as an unwelcome intruder, that I sank into a chair and buried my face in my hands. It was a very comforting thought, though, that I was sitting on a chair that Laurence must certainly have sat upon; and then I wondered which was his favorite, and tried one that I thought likely, to see if any instinct would tell me if I were right. I had not made up my mind on that point when the door opened and Miss Maud Reade came in.

She was a girl of about sixteen, with a weak but not disagreeable face; and she shook hands with me rather timidly, but not unkindly.

"Mrs. Manners asked me to bring you these few tracts for your district, Miss Reade. She has marked some for people she thinks them specially suitable for," said I, giving her the packet.

"Thank you; it is very kind of you to take so much trouble," said she.

"Oh, it is no trouble at all!" I answered.

There was a pause or rather awkward constraint; and then I said in a whisper—

"Laurence—your brother—told me to come and see you, and to ask you to put a letter from me to him inside yours. He said I was to tell you to remember your promise, and he would remember his; he underlined that."

Miss Reade's constraint broke up at once, and she grew as much excited and mysterious as I.

"Did he? Then he hasn't forgotten!" she said, in a hissing whisper. "I suppose you know what it is; it's about getting Mr. Reynolds to come here next winter. Oh, do keep him up to it. I'll do anything in the world for you—that won't get me into

trouble with mamma or Alice—if you will!"

"I will. I'll remind him again in my next letter—or when I see him. I'll say, 'Don't forget to invite Mr. Reynolds in the winter.' Will that do?"

"Oh, yes, that will do beautifully! But it is a long time to wait," sighed the girl.

I thought she was much too young to be in love, when she was still in short frocks, and wore her hair in a pigtail; but I was obliged to help her, in return for the service I wanted her to do me.

"I have brought my letter," said I mysteriously. "Shall you be writing soon?"

"I have a letter ready now, and I will put yours inside and give it to a gentleman who is here, and who is going back to London directly after tea, and I will ask him to post it at once."

"Oh, thank you!" said I; and tremblingly, with a fear lest the dreaded Alice should get hold of it, I put my letter into her hands, and soon afterwards I left the house.

The fog was already so much thicker that I wondered whether the gentleman with our letter would be able to find his way back to London that night, and even whether I could find mine back to the Alders. I must be sure to keep to the drive in crossing the park. But, before I got to that, I lost myself among the garden paths, and walked into a flower-bed; and I began to think I should have to find my way back to the door and ask ignominiously to be led to the gate, when I heard voices on my left; and I made my way recklessly in their direction across grass, flower-beds, and everything. I could not see the speakers yet, for there was a hedge or something between us; but I could distinguish that they were the voices of a young man and a young woman of the lower class. Thinking one of them at least must be a servant at the Hall, and able to direct me, I was just going to speak through the hedge, when a few words in the man's voice stopped me.

"I have had enough of you Norfolk girls; you are too stiff of neck!"

It was the voice of Tom Parkes.

"Yes, to such weather-cocks as you," answered the girl with rough coquetry. "Why, you were keeping company with that ugly Sarah at Mr. Rayner's; and, now that she is ill, you want to take up with me. Oh, a fine sweetheart you'd make!"

But she was not so odious as these words promised. It seemed to me, with my suspicious concern for Tom already strong, that in the talk which followed he managed with very little difficulty to find out a good deal about the ways of the household, and also that he spoke as if he had learnt from her a good deal already. Presently I heard the sound of a kiss, and he promised to come and see her again on Wednesday; and then went away; while I, seized by a sudden inspiration, found my way not to the park, but back to the house, which was less difficult.

I asked for Miss Maud Reade again; and this time she rushed out of the drawing-room and met me in the hall as soon as I was announced, and whispered—

"They are all in there. Come into the library."

"May I have my letter back, just to put in something I have forgotten?" said I.

"Oh, yes; here it is!"—and she drew it from her pocket. "Write it here. I will give you a pen. Why, how white you look! Has anything happened?"

"Oh, no, no, nothing, thank you!"

I wrote on a half sheet of paper, which I carefully folded inside my letter, these words:—

"A man who was at Denham Court, and about whom I have strong suspicions, is hanging about the Hall now. He is coming here again on Wednesday night."

I put my letter into a fresh envelope, and put the torn one into my pocket that it might not be seen about; then I begged Miss Reade earnestly to send the letter off at once, as there was something in it of the utmost importance; and she whispered again, "Remember—Mr. Reynolds in the winter!" and, having this time got Williamson to show me as far as the beginning of the drive across the park, I made my way in safety, but slowly, and with much difficulty, back to the Alders.

I slipped through the schoolroom window, which I had left unfastened; and, as soon as I was inside, I heard Mr. Rayner's study door open, and his voice and that of Tom Parkes in the passage leading from the hall. Mr. Rayner was speaking in his usual kind

and friendly way to him, and I thought to myself that it would be useless for me to tell him what I had just heard, which, after all, was nothing in itself, and only became important in connection with the suspicions I had already of the man—a suspicion which Mr. Rayner himself refused to share. And, whoa! Tom Parkes had said, "Well, good night, sir," and gone in the direction of the servants' hall, and Mr. Rayner had returned to his study, I ran up-stairs and prepared for tea, at which meal I felt rather guilty, but said nothing of my expedition or its results.

That evening Mr. Rayner kept me in the drawing room accompanying his violin, and talking, until Mr. Rayner had gone up to the room she now used on the upper floor. He described to me the beauties of the Mediterranean shore, and said that I should be happier there than I had ever been in my life—which I could easily believe when I thought how near I should be to Laurence. He asked me if I was not anxious to see the pretty dresses my mother had been commissioned to get for me, and told me I should look like a little princess if I were good and did just what I was told.

"There is no fear of my not doing that, Mr. Rayner," said I smiling. "But you must not give me too handsome dresses, or I shall not feel at home in them."

"You will soon get used to them," he said with a curiously sharp smile. "There is nothing that women get used to sooner than fine clothes and beautiful jewels, and pretty idleness and—kiss a."

Certainly I liked Laurence's kisses; but the tone in which Mr. Rayner said this grated upon me, and brought the hot blood to my cheeks uncomfortably. He saw the effect his words had upon me, and he jumped up and came towards me where I was standing ready to light my candle.

"You look hurt, my child, but you have no reason for it. Don't you know that all these things are the lawful right of pretty women?"

"Then it is a right a good many of them are kept out of all their lives, Mr. Rayner," said I smiling.

"Only the silly ones," he returned in a tone I did not understand. "Well, I will explain to you on our journey to Monaco."

He looked very much excited, as he often did after an evening spent with his violin; and his blue eyes, in which one seemed to see the very soul of music, flashed and sparkled as he held my hand.

"Don't be surprised at what I have said to you this evening. You have brought me luck, and you shall share it. This journey shall take you to the arms of a lover who will give you all the things I spoke of and more—a thousand times more!"

That was true indeed, I thought to myself, (but did he mean what I meant?) as I tore myself, laughing and blushing, away and ran up-stairs. There was more delight in the mere fact that Laurence referred me to any other woman in the world than in all the beautiful gowns and jewels that ever princesses wore. And I went to sleep that night with my hands under my pillow clasping his letter.

Haidee left my room next day for the first time, and spent the afternoon by the dining-room fire. So after dinner Mr. Rayner came in with his riding boots on, and asked with a smile if I had not a letter to send to the post. He was going to ride to Beaconsburg, and, if I gave it to him, it would go a post earlier than if I put it into the bag for the postman to fetch.

"No, I have no letter, thank you, Mr. Rayner," said I, with a blush.

"Not a line for—Nice, to tell—some one you are coming?" said he archly.

"No," answered I, shaking my head.

"You posted that one yesterday yourself, didn't you, Miss Christie?" whispered little Haidee, putting her arms round my neck.

Mr. Rayner heard the whisper.

"Yesterday," asked he quickly.

"I—I gave—a note to Miss Reade to put with hers," said I.

A curious change passed over Mr. Rayner. The smile remained on his face, which had, however, in one second turned ashy white. He said, "All right, my dear," in his usual voice, except that I fancied there was a sort of hard ring in it, and left the room.

"Was it naughty of me to say?" said Haidee, feeling that something was wrong.

"Oh, no, my darling!" I answered.

I too was afraid I had displeased Mr. Rayner by going to the Hall, without saying anything about it to any one, in nat



must seem a sly, underhand manner; and I wish Laurence had not enjoined me to send my letter in that way.

That evening, at ten o'clock, Mr. Rayner announced that he had found a letter waiting for him at the Beaconsburg post-office which obliged him to go to Monaca a day sooner.

So Haideo and I must be prepared to start on Thursday morning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

On Tuesday afternoon, while I was helping Haideo to dress her doll in the dining-room, there was a ring at the front-door bell, and shortly afterwards Jane came in, looking rather frightened, saying that a gentleman was in the hall asking for Sarah.

"And I've told him she is ill, Miss Christie; but he won't believe me; and he won't go away, and Mr. Rayner is out; and please will you speak to him?"

I got up, and, following her into the hall, found, not a gentleman, but a respectably-dressed man, who very civilly apologized for disturbing me.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but are you Miss Rayner?"

"Oh, no!"

"Mr. Rayner?"

"No. Mrs. Rayner is an invalid, and I am afraid you cannot see her. I am the governess. If you have any message for Mr. Rayner, I will give it to him; or, if you like, you can write him a note, and it shall be given him when he returns."

"Thank you, miss." Still he hesitated.

"Would you like to wait for Mr. Rayner? He will be back in about an hour."

"Thank you. Could I speak to you in private for a few minutes, miss?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! Will you come in here?"—and I opened the door of the school-room.

He followed me in and shut it carefully.

"I am the brother of Sarah Gooch, miss, who is a servant here."

I nodded assent.

"I've been abroad and worked myself into a good position, and now I want my sister to leave service. And I don't want the other servants to know I'm her brother. It may be pride; but perhaps you'll excuse it, miss. Would you mind sending for her without saying it's her brother that wants her?"

How could I break the fact of her illness to the poor man?

"Oh, please be prepared for bad news! I'm so sorry!" said I gently. "She is ill—very ill."

To my surprise, he looked more incredulous than unhappy. He said very suddenly—

"She was quite well last Friday afternoon."

"Yes—an accident happened to her on Friday night. She fell down a flight of stairs and injured hers severely. If you will only wait till Mr. Rayner comes, he will speak to you. Sarah is a very clever servant in this family, and much respected, and she has every possible care, I assure you."

But he still seemed more curious than anxious about her, I thought.

"She has been in the family a long time then? Excuse me, miss, but I've been away so long that she is almost like a stranger to me, and I had great difficulty in finding her out. But I'm very glad to hear she is thought so well of."

"Oh, yes! Mr. Rayner has the greatest confidence in her."

I did not want to say anything disagreeable about the woman now that she was ill, especially to her brother, whose affection did not seem very warm as it was.

"Ah, that's the great thing! We've always been a family to hold our heads high, and I couldn't hear anything to please me more about her. But I expect it's a little use my coming home and wanting her to keep house for me. She was a good looking girl, and I've no doubt she's looking forward to marrying on her savings, and then we shall be just as far apart as ever. Do you know, miss—if it's not troubling you too much, and you won't take it a liberty—if she's got a sweet heart?"

I hesitated. The man's cold curiosity seemed so unlike the warm interest of a brother that I began to wonder whether I was right in giving him the information he wanted. My doubts were so vague and his questions so very harmless, however, that, when he said—

"I beg your pardon, miss—of course it is

not for a lady like you to interest yourself in the likes of us—"

I broke out—

"Oh, pray don't think that! Sarah has an admirer, I know—"

I stopped. I could not say anything reassuring about Tom Parkes.

"Ah! An honest hard-working fellow, I hope, who'll make her a good husband."

He was much interested now, and was looking at me very searchingly.

"I can't speak to a man's prejudice behind his back," said I slowly; "but—"

He was very much interested at last, and was waiting impatiently for my next words, when Mr. Rayner quietly entered the room. There had been no ring at the front door. He looked inquiringly at the man, whom I was just going to introduce as Sarah's brother, when the latter anticipated me by saying quietly—

"From Scotland Yard, sir."

"Scotland Yard?" echoed Mr. Rayner inquiringly. But the name did not seem new to him, as it did to me.

"Yes, sir; I've been sent after a woman named Sarah Gooch, from information received that she was in your service. Mr. Gervas Rayner, I believe, sir?"

Why did he not own that he was her brother? I thought to myself.

"Yes, that is my name. But what on earth do you want with my servant Sarah Gooch?"

The man glanced at me. Mr. Rayner said—

"Go on. Never mind this lady; she is as much interested in the woman as I am. What do you want with my old servant Sarah?"

"Suspected of complicity in the Dunham Court robbery, sir—some of the property traced to her."

I started violently. This man, then, was not Sarah's brother at all, but a detective who had been trying to extract information from me by a trick! Mr. Rayner stared full in his face for a few moments, as if unable to find words; then he exclaimed, in a low voice—

"Impossible!"

"Sorry to shake your trust in an old servant, sir; but proof is proof."

"But what proof have you?" asked Mr. Rayner earnestly.

Last Friday afternoon, between half-past four and twenty minutes to five, your servant, Sarah Gooch, was seen to give the contents of a black bag to a man in Beaconsburg. The fact excited no suspicion. The man took the next train to London, travelling second class. But south of Colchester he was seized with a fit; he was taken out at the next station, the bag he had with him examined for his address, jewels found in it, and the police at Scotland Yard communicated with. The man escaped; but, on inquiries being made, witnesses were found to prove conclusively that the biscuit-tin which contained the jewels had been handed to him in a street in Beaconsburg on Friday afternoon, between half past four and twenty minutes to five, by a woman who was identified as Sarah Gooch."

I remembered seeing Sarah pass through the plantation on Friday afternoon, on her way to Beaconsburg, with the black bag. But I was too horror-stricken to speak, even if I had not been, now that the blow had fallen, as anxious to screen her as Mr. Rayner was to prove her innocence.

"But I cannot believe it!" said Mr. Rayner. "She is a rough, harsh woman; but I have always found her as honest as the day."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The grand general staff of the German army having now completed its history of the Franco-German war, it has been resolved to do the same thing, on as complete and comprehensive a scale as possible, for the campaigns of Frederick the Great. Marshal von Moltke has therefore issued an appeal to the nation for a sight or loan of all hitherto unpublished documents, maps, and plans, etc., bearing on the subject which may help the writers in the execution of their huge and patriotic task.

Some one has discovered that "Gosh" is swearing, meaning "My Lord," and was used by Eliot in his Indian Bible. Mr. Eliot is to be commended for not using a stronger expletive while engaged on that work. If anything is calculated to make a man indulge in swear words, it is writing a book in the Indian language.

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. 54.—A TOME OF WISDOM.

I am a volume thick and vast;  
Look in and I'll expose the past.  
And if a thirst for more you feel,  
The future also I'll reveal.

The infidel and Christian both  
Consult me often, nothing loth;  
In me they peace and comfort find,  
If cares and trouble vex the mind.

Stoics, philosophers, and sages  
Bond over me and scan my pages,  
And there is none of so great mind  
But who in me can wisdom find.

ED NOEL.

NO. 55.—AN ARITHMETICAL PARADOX.

My first quarter is twenty times greater than my third quarter, and my fourth quarter is fifty times greater than my second quarter. Though the rich man would be glad to own the number of dollars represented by even one-fourth of me, it is equally true that the poorest street gammon would receive the whole of me with contempt; and yet all, rich and poor alike, are dependent upon me for house, clothing and even their bread.

BELLE BURDETTE.

NO. 56.—A PALINDROMIC SONG.

After Hood.

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eye-lids heavy and red,  
Two women sat through the night till morn,

Plying the needle and thread,  
To earn their scanty bread;  
While over the door of their shop forlorn

This reversible sign we read—  
"WE STITCH—WE STITCH—WE STITCH,"  
And ever with voices of dolorous pitch—  
Would that its tones could reach the rich—

These daughters of misery, want, and dirt,  
With a rhythmic swing this song would sing,

This reversible song of the shirt—  
"We Stitch,—We Stitch,—We Stitch."  
J. K. P. BAKER.

NO. 57.—A LETTER REBUS.

A rhymed couplet against the necessity of fashionable mourning:—  
d (G) (p) (G) d  
True grief no'er needs.

J. K. P. BAKER.

NO. 58.—TWO FLOWERS.

1.

The throne of love and love's delight  
If you should link together,  
What flower appears, all gay and bright—  
A flower of sunny weather?

2.

What flower's name when prisoners  
Were placed in donjon towers,  
Was used to signify their state—  
What lowliest of flowers?

R.

NO. 59.—CONUNDRUM.

If the alphabet were invited out in the afternoon at what time would U, V, W, X, Y, and Z go?

EVELYN MASON.

NO. 60.—A CHARADE.

My first can dim the sun's meridian ray;

In hardest iron my second cut a way;  
My third indulged will have their powers combined  
To cloud the judgment and corrode the mind.

ANON.

THE PRIZES.

For the best lot of answers to the April puzzles a volume of Shakespeare's works will be awarded. Each week's answers should be forwarded within five days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles. The sender of the best original puzzle during 1884 will receive a cash prize of five dollars.

A prize of two dollars will be presented for the best variety of original contributions sent in by any reader during the year.

AWARD OF MARCH PRIZE.

D. Forayth, Berlin, Ont., correctly answered about 97 per cent. of "The Sphinx's" offerings during March, and is awarded the prize. "Honorable mention" is made of the list of answers sent by Mater, Cobourg, which reached nearly 95 per cent. Other lists ranged from 20 to 90 per cent.

ANSWERS.

- 40.—Imaginations.
- 41.—1. Lid. 2. Vim. 3. Livid.
- 42.—M-a-hog-any.
- 43.—1. Beaver, otter. 2. Ape, rat.
- 3. Lion, deer. 4. Mole, elk. 5. Bear, camel, tiger, elephant. 6. Ermine, cat.
- 7. Dog.
- 44.—By taking m as one fourth of a mill, or as one third of a dollar, and c as one fourth of a cent, the letters m-o-r-e are obtained, showing the teacher's solution of the problem to be correct, while the pupils result is the arithmetical one.
- 45.—Lade, lead, dale, deal.
- 46.—1. Main-top. 2. Hair-loom.

Sold Out Too Cheap.

"I didn't want to believe nothin' in eddecashuns," said he, as he heaved a sigh like the groan of a sick horse. "My Dan'l he got hold of books and things and branched out as a geologist. He got so he could talk of stratas, and formations, and bolts, and dips, and indicashuns, and one day he said to me, sez he—

"Dad, thar's a coal mine on our land."

"How d'yo know?"

"I've prospected and found indicashuns. That hull hull is chuck full of coal."

"And that hull 'tater patch is full of weeds," sez I.

"You see, I sold short on geology and went long on 'taters, and I missed it. One day a stranger with a squint to his eye cum along and offered me \$800 fur my land, and away she went."

"And—"

"Waal, they've taken half a milyun dollars wuth of coal out o' that hill and hain't reached the middle yet. Dan'l was right and I was a fule."

"And now?"

"Waal, I'm drivin' a mule team fur a livin', and all the indicashuns Dan'l can find ar' to the effect that I orter be sent to a lunatic asylum."

A Good Scotch Pun.

Two gentlemen had been fishing for salmon with a leister in one of the salmon rivers in the South of Scotland, when one of them having speared a fish drew it from the water, and holding it on high apostrophised it thus: "And now, Mr. Salmon, what think ye o' yersel?" The other gentleman, an inveterate punster, remarked: "I suppose he will say, 'I'm nane the better for your spearin'."

Despatches received at Cairo from Gordon say Saleh Pasha, who is coming down the Blue Nile with 500 horsemen and 57 boat-loads of grain, is safe. Internal dissensions at Kordofan have caused the abandonment of the expedition the Meshi was preparing against Khartoum. No apprehension is felt for the safety of Kassala and Sennaar.

### J. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. G. T. Means of information in regard to the Temperance work everywhere always (thankfully) received by the Editor, T. W. Casey, O. W. S., TRUTH Office, Toronto.

#### NEWS FROM LODGES.

CARROLL, BRUCE Co Bro C W Kelling, W. S. writes—May Flower Lodge, situated in Brant Township, was organized six months ago. We initiated fifteen members last quarter, and have now a membership of 53, with good prospects of future increase.

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.—The Lodge at St. Catharines was established a few months ago. Bro. J. A. Dyer W. S., writes—"Our Lodge is increasing in membership every night. There are from one to five installed at every meeting. We are about to move into a new hall. Our members are taking a great interest in the temperance work, and attend regularly."

NEAR WASHAGO, SIMCOE Co.—Bro. W. H. Finney writes—"Under the excitement caused by the movement for the Scott Act in Simcoe County there was a meeting of Triumph Lodge, which had been for some time dormant. The members resolved to have another meeting next week and get into working order again so as to be ready to assist in the coming contest."

ROTHSAY, WELLINGTON Co.—Bro. J. F. Gamble writes: We have here a good lodge of 90 members and interest all the time. We have been at work about eighteen months and have built a new hall at a cost of \$600. It is all paid for but about \$250, and we propose holding a lawn social and concert on the 24th of May. A Dramatic Club has been formed in connection with the lodge.

DISTRICT LODGE.—The next regular session of the Toronto and York County District Lodge is appointed to be held at Newmarket on Tuesday, May 13th, commencing at 10 o'clock. The Secretary, Bro. C. Hollingshead, of Woodbridge, writes: "It is expected that the 23 lodges of the City and County combined, will be fully represented. Arrangements will be made for reduced rates of railway fares." All members in good standing will be welcome as visitors.

PARRY SOUND.—Parry Sound Lodge has been nearly dormant for a time, but work has been resumed again with good prospects of success. It was long one of the best and most reliable lodges north of Toronto. There is a very fine Hall, the property of the lodge, with other valuable property. The W. O. T., Bro. Wm. Beatty is one of the most extensive business men in the Province. W. C. T., Wm. Beatty; W. V., Mrs. W. Briggs; W. S., W. S. McKinlay; F. S., J. Galna; W. T., Mrs. W. Beatty; W. M., F. Eil-den; I. G., G. White; W. C., Rev. R. Clark; L. D., A. L. Healmer.

BRAMPTON.—Bro. T. H. Dickin writes: "We had a grand time at our Lodge meeting last night. There were five new members initiated and seven others proposed for membership. Our members are working earnestly and mean business. We are going to institute a lodge at Stanley Mills next Monday night, and expect to re-organize one at Edmonton in a few days. The Good Templars and Sons attended the P. M. Church on Sunday evening. About 70 turned out in a body and a grand sermon suitable for the occasion, was delivered by Rev. T. Griffith. He made a strong appeal to moderate drinkers and others."

NONLTON, YORK Co.—Bro. John Deasley writes—"Our Lodge was re-organized in January, with 20 members, and it now numbers nearly one hundred, with full a dozen proposals now on the books. We are now extending our bonds, and getting in members from outside of our own locality. The success of our Lodge has been the wonder of the people, and has been a surprise even to ourselves.

We have a large proportion of young people among our members, and our young people are the hope of our cause and our Country. Only let them be properly trained in temperance principles and future success is assured. Our Lodge has done a noble work with the young people. Several now occupying public positions were first brought before the public in connection with our Order. We expect to have a public demonstration on Queen's Birthday and the G. W. Secretary is expected to meet with us and take part."

LEBURN, HURON Co.—Bro. Webster Brown writes: Our Lodge was formed in January 1876, and is located on the Lake Shore road, Colborne township. After meeting a time in the Presbyterian church, the members united with the congregation and built a hall in the rear, which was burned in December '70. It was then resolved to build another hall, and that was completed in 1879. The work has gone steadily on since. The hall is well painted and pains is being taken to embellish it with pictures and other ornaments, so as to make it as attractive as possible. We have had some successful public demonstrations, and several friendly contests among the members to make our regular meetings as attractive and as interesting as possible. The Lodge has also taken steps for a county convention to promote the adoption of the Scott Act in Huron County. We are now having a course of lectures, given by the members at the regular meetings, on temperance questions. One lecture has been given by Bro. John G. Clutton, on "A Good Templar's Duty," which was practical and to the point. Others are to follow.

### Select Readings.

#### Hearth and Home.

R. B. STENNIS.

Out of the noise and out of the strife,  
To the hearth so calm and bright,  
The men come home to women who wait  
In the fire-side's happy light.  
For hearth and home is the dearest place  
To men and women who love;  
And when peace is there a blessing floats  
From our Father's home above.

The tender kiss, and the baby's coo,  
Then gladdens the tired heart;  
The care and glare of the busy day,  
Like wearisome dreams depart.  
The soul's joy shines in the loving smile  
That welcomes the dear ones home;  
Wife's world is in its sheltering walls,  
In cot or 'neath palace dome.

Oh, God of love, guard over such homes,  
All over our beautiful land!  
Let quiet hearth's life's guidance be  
To man's and woman's hand,  
For hearth and home is the dearest place  
To men and women who love;  
And when peace is there a blessing floats  
From our Father's home above.

#### Meropites.

Judges 4, 21.

REV. J. LAWSON, DELTA.

They find Intemperance  
Continues to advance  
Throughout our land;  
Let none their duty shirk,  
Let each resolve to work  
At God's command.

Our duty is to show  
And let our neighbors know  
Whose side we are on;  
All who to God belong  
Hate and abhor the wrong,  
And 'twill be shown.

Let all who Jesus name,  
All who "Giver" claim  
Through Jesus' blood,  
Like the Great Teacher prove  
Their earnest, Christian love  
By doing good.

Example, it is true,  
A vast amount will do,  
But this alone  
Is not enough to save  
The drunkard from the grave—  
Work must be done.

The curse of God was sent  
On those who were coolest  
Not to oppose  
His servants, though they still  
For aye to be to kill  
His people's foes.

The agents of the devil  
In cunning works of evil  
Are up and doing;  
To avenge unlawful prey  
They're watching night and day,  
Their work pursuing.

The devil never sleeps,  
And so he always keeps  
His servants busy;  
Whoso'er liquors sold  
His servant you behold  
Not idle, is he!

And shall God's servants dare  
Their precious time to spare  
Themselves to please?  
And slight His sacred word,  
Its warnings disregard,  
And take their ease?

Up, Christian brother, haste,  
No time for us to waste,  
Or idling stand;  
Our lives are passing by,  
Quickly the moments fly,  
And death's at hand.

Thousands are 'round us dying,  
And for our help are crying,  
Ruined by drink;  
O, let us try to save  
Those still above the grave,  
On ruin's brink!

Let us in earnest be  
Our children to keep free  
From Satan's snare,  
In Temperance bands unite,  
And put the foe to flight  
With work and prayer.

#### "Wait a Wee."

"What is patience?" and the question,  
Passed the waiting classes through,  
While the teacher paused and listened,  
But no child the answer knew.

Till at length a little Scotch girl,  
"Remembering the silence broke,  
"Wait a wee and chime weary,"  
Were the teacher words she spoke.

And I think a "ruth lies deep,"  
In that thought for you and me,  
Where the voice of duty calls,  
Work and watch, but "wait a wee."

"Wait a wee," the Autumn dieth,  
"Violet rest beneath the snow,  
"Dinna weary," in the springtime  
God's own love will bid them grow.

"Wait a wee," the rain is falling,  
And the day in darkness lies,  
"Dinna weary," clouds that scatter  
Frame a rainbow in the skies.

Heed not though another chide,  
Let your heart's true love unfold,  
Like the "satan," it enters  
To a boundless hall of gold.

Art thou struggling, fainting, dying?  
"Wait a wee," 'til storms are past,  
Nerv' thee arm to do and conquer,  
Courage! thou shalt win at last.

"Wait a wee," oh, halt be patient!  
Strong to do and bold to dare,  
Earnest, steadfast, loyal, loving,  
Strength renewed shall follow prayer.

#### By the Fire.

Shesat and mused by the drift-wood fire  
As the leaping flames flashed high and higher,  
And the phantoms of youth, as fair and bright,  
Grew for her gaze in the ruddy light;  
The blossoms she gath' red in life's young days  
Went and waved in the flickering blaze;  
And she laughed through a sunny mist of tears,  
That rose at the dream of her April years;  
And over and aye the sudden rain  
Plashed on the glittering window-pane.

Sober and saddened the pictures that showed  
As the drift-wood logs to red coals glowed,  
And the fancied figures of older time  
Passed with the staidler step of their prime;  
The daisies and snowdrops bloomed and died,  
Red roses and lilies stood side by side,  
While richer, and fuller, and deeper grew  
The lines of the pictures August drew;  
And ever and aye the falling rain  
Struck and thick and fast on the window-pane.

The drift-wood died down into feathery ash,  
Where faintly and fitfully above the ash;  
Slowly and sadly her pulses beat,  
And soft was the fall, as of vanishing feet;  
And lush and green, as from guarded grass,  
She saw the grass of the valley wave;  
And like evens in rain, seemed to sob,  
The "wet west wind" that went wandering by,  
And caught the sweep of the sudden rain,  
And dashed it against the window-pane.

#### The Little Coat.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB HILKY.

Here's his ragged "roundabout,"  
Torn the pockets inside out;  
See! his penknife, lost to use,  
Huddled shut with apple juice;  
Here, with marble, top and string  
Is his deadly "reveling";  
With its rubber, limp at last,  
As the sparrows of the past!  
Beer-wax—buckles—leather straps—  
Bullets and a box of caps—  
Not a thing of use, I guess,  
But betrays some waywardness—  
Kiss the little's knee and red,  
For the little's words said—  
Such as this his memory kept—  
"Jesus wept!"

Here's a fading hook-and-line,  
Tangled up with wire and twine,  
And dead snail-worms, and some  
Signs of land and heaven's rum,  
Blot with ments that can but come  
From the oil of rheumatism.

Here—a rolled, yet daily note,  
That some little, sweetheart wrote,  
Dotted—"Vine grows round the stump,"  
And—"My sweetest sugar lump,"  
Wr'pped in this—a padlock key  
Where he's illed a touch-hole—see!  
And some powder in a quill  
Corked up with a liver pill;  
And a spungy little chunk  
Of "punk."

Here's the little coat—but O!  
Where is he we censured of?  
Don't you hear us calling, dear,  
Back! Come back, and never fear!  
You may wander where you will,  
Over orchard, field and hill;  
You may kill the birds, or do  
Any thing that pleases you!  
Ah, this empty coat of his!  
Every tatter worth a kiss!  
Every stain as pure as snow,  
As the white stars overhead;  
And the pockets—homes were they  
Of the little hands that play  
Now no more—but, absent, thus  
Beckon us.

#### A Grand Old Poem.

Who shall judge a man from manners  
Who shall know him by his dress?  
Paupers may be fit for princes,  
Kings be fit for something less;  
Crumpled shirt and dirt jacket,  
May beclothe the golden ore  
Of the deepest thought and feeling—  
Satin vests could do no more.  
There are springs of crystal nectar  
Ever welling out of stone;  
There are purple buds and golden,  
Hidden, crushed and overgrown,  
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
While the value thrives the highest  
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,  
Gif forgets his fellows then;  
Masters, rulers, lords, remember  
That your meateat birds are men;  
Men by honor, men by feeling,  
Men by thought, and men by fame,  
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,  
In a man's ennobling name.  
There are foam embroidered oceans,  
There are little wood-clad hills;  
There are feeble inch-high saplings,  
There are cedars on the hills;  
God, who counts by souls, not stations,  
Loves and prospers you and me;  
For to Him all famed distinctions  
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Tollers hands alone are builders  
Of a nation's wealth or fame;  
Titled laziness is pensioned,  
Fed and fattened on the same;  
By the sweat of others' foreheads,  
Lifting only to rejoice;  
While the poor man's outraged freedom  
Vainly lifteth up its voice.  
Truth and justice are eternal,  
Born with love, liness and light;  
Secret wrongs shall never prosper  
While there is a sunny right;  
God, whose world-beard voice is singing  
Boundless love to you and me,  
Sinks oppression with its titles,  
As the pebbles in the sea.

#### Sample-Rooms.

Samples of wine and samples of beer,  
Samples of all liquors sold here;  
Samples of whiskey, samples of gin,  
Samples of all kinds of "bitters"—step in,  
Samples of ale, and porter and brandy,  
Samples as large as you please, and quite  
handy.

Our samples are pure, and also you'll find  
Our customers always gentle and refined,  
For gentlemen know when they're taken  
enough.  
And never partake of common stuff,  
Be it these samples within, you know,  
There are samples without, of what they can  
do.

Samples of headache, samples of gout,  
Samples of coats with the elbows out,  
Samples of boots without holes or toes,  
Samples of men with a broken nose;  
Samples of men in the gutter lying,  
Samples of men with delirium dying,  
Samples of men eating and sweating,  
Samples of men all evil doing;  
Samples of lonely, tired men,  
Who long in vain for their freedom again;  
Samples of old men worn in the strife,  
Samples of young men tired of life;  
Samples of ruined bodies and lives,  
Samples of desolate homes and wives;  
Samples of aching hearts, grown cold  
With anguish and misery woe;  
Samples of noble youth in disgrace,  
Who meet you with averted face;  
Samples of hungry little ones,  
Starving to death in their dreary homes,  
In fact there is scarcely a woe on earth,  
But our "samples" have no turned or given it  
birth.

Oh, all ye helpers to sorrow and crime,  
Who deal out death for a sick man's dime,  
Know ye that the Lord, though he may delay,  
Has in reserve for the last great day  
The terrible "woe," of whose solemn weight  
No mortal can know, 'till the pearls are  
Is counted, and all with one accord  
Acknowledge the justice of their reward.  
T. W. Casey, Editor.

HUMBERSTONE WELLS CO.—HUM-  
berstone Wells, No. 128, meets every Sat-  
urday evening, at Good Templars Hall, Good  
Templar Village, always welcome. W. C. T.  
W. L. SCHIFFERLID, N. Y. SISTER SCHI-  
FIELD; L. D. JAMES KINNEAR, Port Col-  
borne, Ont.

## Our Young Folks.

### Our Hospital Pet.

There was a crash on Broadway, a jostling of waggons, and a shouting of drivers, Then a sharp shriek. No one knew how it had happened, but a child was under the wheels.

"A street Arab," somebody said, as kind hands lifted the unconscious form and laid it in an ambulance. Then the busy tide surged on.

When the boy opened his eyes he was lying on a little cot in a room where there were many such beds. The walls were white and hung with pictures, and the sunshine streaming in through the long windows, filled the ward with brightness.

At first he thought he was dreaming, and closed his eyes in languid contentment. But gradually he became conscious of strange sensations. He tried to move and could not. It seemed as if he were tied fast. Just as he was beginning to realize this, a pleasant voice asked:

"Wouldn't you like a drink?"

Looking up, he saw a young woman standing by his bed, with a cup of milk in her hand. She was small and wore a dainty cap perched on the dark curls which clustered on her forehead. She looked very pretty to him, and for a moment he thought she was part of his dream, but he was thirsty, and milk was an unwonted luxury. Drinking it roused him more, and as he gave her back the cup he asked:

"Where am I? Why can't I get up?"

"You've been hurt and must lay still a little while. You are where you will be taken care of," she answered, evasively.

She knew, too well, the horror which many of the poor feel for hospitals to speak the word till he became accustomed to the thing.

"It is nice here, and you are good," he said, gratefully as she shook his pillow.

"Can I stay here till I get well?"

"Would you like to?" she asked, knowing that there was no getting well for him.

"Yes; I have no where else to go," he answered.

This, and the fact that his name was Chris, was all she ever learned about him. If he had a history he did not tell it. Apparently he had always been as then, without father, mother, or other claimant.

Miss Morgan, the nurse, soon grew fond of him, for there was something strangely attractive about the silent child. Whether patient endurance was part of his nature, or was a result of early hardships, or a benumbing effect of his injuries, it was impossible to tell. But he lay quiet and seemingly happy, watching the frolics of the other children who were most of them able to be up and about, at least part of the day.

They, too, grew fond of him, and shared with him their toys and games. Indeed, one of the many beautiful things to be seen in a hospital is the kind and gentle sympathy of the patients for each other, and the way they share their few pleasures and luxuries. The generosity of the rich is as nothing to that of the poor, for the former give out of abundance, the latter out of poverty.

"What makes you so happy here?" Miss Morgan once asked him.

"It is warm, and I have enough to eat, and you are good to me," he answered, caressing the hand he held.

Accustomed though she was to dealing with misery and suffering, the answer startled her. Had the struggle for existence been so terrible to this gentle boy, that to be warmed and fed were luxuries to be rejoiced over, even though purchased by pain and confinement? Were love and tenderness so unknown to him that he was gratified by that of a hospital nurse? Yet, if she had but known, it was not strange that any one should en-

joy her care, for she, like most women who devote their lives to the relief of suffering, brought to her work a heart made tender by sorrow, and ministering for the love of ministering, not as a hireling.

His ignorance was no less remarkable than his quietness. It seemed as if there must be something lacking about him mentally, that he had picked up so little in his street life. He knew the name of the city in which he lived, but not of the State. He had heard of schools, but could not tell what was done there. Sunday was to him merely a day when people stopped work and it was harder than ever to get food, and when people who had good clothes went to church. He had heard the names of God and Christ in oaths, but knew no more of the Christian religion than if he had lived upon the steppes of Asia. Honesty and thankfulness were to him: luxuries of wealth. Stealing and lying incidents of poverty. It is a strange comment upon our civilization that such heathenism can exist in our midst.

Miss Morgan was to have an experience rare in this land. She was to teach this boy with his oddly mature and immature mind, those truths of Christianity which are familiar to most children, when scarcely out of the cradle, and to see how the old, old story would seem to one to whom it was altogether new. Religious teaching was no part of her recognized duties, but she was too truly a servant of her Master to let such an opportunity slip.

Little by little, as the chance offered, she told him the story, beginning with the angels' song and the childhood of our Lord. Most children would have asked questions, but Chris rarely did. He listened as if to a fairy tale. But when she told him of Jesus healing the sick, he started with eager interest.

"Where is He?" he asked. "Would He make me well again?" Then as he hesitated for a reply: "Would I have to go away from here?"

"I am afraid so."

"Then I don't want Him to do it; I would rather stay with you," he said, after a few moments of thoughtful silence.

He listened with bated breath to tale of the mock trial, and the crown of thorns and scourging, but when she came to the crucifixion, he started from his pillow with flashing eyes.

"Curse them! curse them!" he cried. "They killed Him," and he burst into bitter tears.

She was frightened by the storm of grief and passion her words had roused, for to her as to the rest of us, the story had lost its startling force by oft repeating. She tried vainly to soothe him, till it occurred to her that the best consolation lay in the resurrection. On hearing of this he quickly dried his eyes.

"Then He was not dead," he said.

"Yes, He was, but He came to life again, and will never die any more."

Then in answer to his wondering looks she pointed out the meaning of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus, explaining that He came to save and purify us from sins, that we with Him might enter into everlasting life.

We who have heard these things from infancy can have no idea of the revelation they were to the homeless, suffering child.

To him the Gospel was truly good tidings and he received it with joy reaching to behold. Even his habitual silence gave way before his desire to share his new treasure with others. A new quality came into his cheerfulness.

What had once been placid contentment became actual joyousness, and even those who were wont to scoff grew thoughtful before the tokens of his simple faith.

Two years passed. The doctors said he might live many more, but would never walk again. As soon as he was able kind friends taught him to read and write and do pretty handiwork which

might bring him a little income. His cot became the brightest spot in the ward, and the other children gathered round it eagerly while he shared their joys and sorrows, and contributed greatly to their enjoyment. His life was narrow and his opportunities small, but he improved them well, and who may measure the good done by his humble service, or the honor which, in another world, may be awarded to faithfulness in little things.

Loving and beloved, his life was moving peacefully on, when a lady visitor, struck by his sweet face and gentle manner, inquired his history, and learning that he was without claimant took him to her home, which had lately been made desolate by the death of her only son. In heart and household, she has given him her dead boy's place, and means to educate him for the position he is to fill: and we may well doubt whether she is giving, or he in receiving is most blessed. But amid his changed surroundings he remains the same gentle, self-forgetting boy, and his great happiness is in planning to help and rescue other Arabs of the streets.—N. Y. Observer.

### A Practical Help.

About five years ago one cold Sunday morning, a young man crept out of a market-house in Philadelphia into the nipping air, just as the bells began to ring for church. He had slept under a stall all night, or rather lain there in a stupor from a long debauch.

His face, which had once been delicate and refined, was blue from cold and blotched with sores; his clothes were of fine texture, but they hung on him in rags covered with mud.

He staggered faint with hunger and exhaustion; the snowy streets, the gayly-dressed crowds thronging to church, awoke before his eyes; his brain was dazed for want of the usual stimulant.

He gasped with a horrible sick thirst, a mad craving for liquor which the sober man cannot imagine. He looked down at the ragged coat flapping about him, at his brimless hat, to find something he could pawn for whiskey, but he had nothing. Then he dropped upon a stone step, leading as it happened, into a church.

The worshippers were going in. Some elegantly dressed women, seeing the wretched sot, drew their garments closer and hurried by on the other side.

One elderly woman turned to look at him, just as two young men of his own age halted.

"That is George C—," said one. "Five years ago he was a promising young lawyer in P—. His mother and sister live there still. They think he is dead."

"What did it?"

"Trying to live in a fashionable set first, then brandy. Come on. We shall be late for church."

The lady went up to George C— and took his arm. "Come inside," she said, sternly, with a secret loathing at her heart. "The Gospel is for such as you. Come and pray to God that perhaps at this late day He may lead you to redemption."

He stared stupidly at her. She lectured him for some time, sharply, trying to compress the truths of Christianity into a few terse sentences. But that young man's brain did not want truth or the Gospel, it wanted physical stimulant. His head dropped on his breast; she left him, going with a despairing sigh into the church.

A few minutes later a gentleman came up, who had different ideas of teaching Christ. He saw with a glance the deathly pallor under the bloated skin.

"You have not had breakfast yet, my dear friend," he said kindly. "Come, we'll go together, and find some."

George C— muttered something about "a trifle," and "a—." But his friend drew his arm within his own, and hurried him trembling and resisting down the street, to a little hall where a table

was set with strong coffee and a hot, savory meal. It was surrounded by men and women as wretched as himself.

He ate and drank ravenously. When he had finished his eye was almost clear, and his step steady, as he came up to his new friend and said,

"I thank you. You have helped me."

"Let me help you farther. Sit down with me and listen to some music."

Somebody touched a few plaintive notes on an organ, and a hymn was sung, one of the old, simple strains with which mothers sing to their children and bring themselves nearer to God. The tears stood in George C—'s eyes. He listened while a few of the words of Jesus were read. Then he rose to go. "I was a man once like you," he said, holding out his hand. "I believed in Christ; but it's too late now."

"It is not too late," cried his friend. It is needless to tell how he pleaded with him, nor how for months he renewed his efforts.

He succeeded at last. George C— has been for four years a sober man. He fills a position of trust in the town where he was born, and his mother's heart is made glad in her old age.

Every Sunday morning the breakfast is set, and wretched men and women whom the world rejects are gathered into it. Surely it is work which Christ would set his followers upon that day.

WHAT THEY AGREED TO GIVE UP.—A poor woman in the village whose husband had died, was left with five children, and with nothing to live upon.

All the little Harpers were sorry when they heard their mother's tale.

"How can we help? We've got no money at all," said Janie the eldest.

Mrs. Harper smiled and said,—

"No, you have no money, but if you would like to give up some of your pleasures you could earn some."

"How mother?"

"You might give up having sugar in your tea, for one thing."

"But it's so nasty without, mother."

"Well, perhaps you can think of something else. All of you go into the garden for half an hour, and come and tell me what you fix upon."

Off ran Janie and Harr, and woo Johnny, hand in hand, and walked solemnly round the garden for half an hour. When the clock struck they ran in again, helter-skelter.

"Well," said the mother.

Janie spoke:

"We've thought of everything all round, mother, and if you please, we should like to give up our lessons!"

But that mother can not agree to.

A High Churchman and a Scotch Presbyterian had been at the same church. The former asked the latter if he did not like the "introits." "I don't know what an introit is," was the reply. "But did you not enjoy the anthem?" said the Churchman. "No, I did not enjoy it at all." "I am very sorry," said the Churchman, "because it was used in the early Church, in fact it was originally sung by David." "Ah," said the Scotchman, "then that explains the Scripture. I can understand why, if David sung it at that time, Saul threw his javelin at him."

Two poor men, on the death of a relative, came into possession of a large fortune. They didn't know very well what to do with it, but began to make an improvement in their personal appearance, and towards that end each resolved to have a gold watch, one going to Edinburgh for his, and the other to Glasgow. On coming home with their purchases they began to compare them, when the one says to the other, "What sort of a watch have you got, Jock?" "I've got a pented laren-ck," replied Jock. Then said the other, "I've got a better yin than you, for I've got a horse's uncle." The one had got a patent lever, the other a horizontal.

## The Bottom Drawer.

In the best chamber of the house,  
Shut up 'n' dim uncertain light  
There stood an antique chest of drawers,  
Of foreign wood with brasses bright.  
One morn a woman, frail and gray,  
Stood furtively across the floor:  
"Let in," she said, "the light of day;  
Then, Jean, unlock the bottom drawer."

The girl! In all youth's loveliness,  
Knelt down with eager, curious face,  
Perhaps she dreamed of Ind an' silk  
(Of jewels and of rare old lace;  
But when the summer sunshine fell  
Upon the treasure-boarded chest,  
The tears rushed to her tender eyes—  
Her heart was solemn as a prayer.

"Dear grandmamma," she softly sighed,  
Lifting a withered rose and pin;  
But on the elder face was naught,  
But sweet content and peaceful calm  
Leaning upon her staff she gazed  
Upon a baby's hair-worn shoe,  
A little flock of flies a lawn,  
A hat with tiny bows of blue

A bell made fifty years ago,  
A little glove, a knitted cap,  
A half-don't long-division sum,  
Some school-books fastened with a strap,  
She took them to the "tramping" lips,  
"How much," she said, "the heart can bear!  
Ah, Jean! I thought that I should die  
The day that first I laid them there

"But now it seems so good to know  
That throughout all these weary years  
Their hearts have been untouched by grief,  
Their eyes have been unstained by tears!  
Dear Jean, we see with clearer sight  
When earthly love is almost over;  
Those children were it me in the skies  
For whom I locked that sacred drawer."

## CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

## CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED.)

"Ho—Lord de Gretton—did not speak until we reached the cottage," Nora said, in a low frightened voice, as though the sound of her own words alarmed her; "and then—I cannot tell you; it was dreadful—it seemed as though some demon took possession of him. He pushed me into a chair, and stood over me, with his eyes,—he had such strange eyes Arthur!—sunk far back in his head, but very bright; and how they blazed as though a fire burned beneath his heavy lids. Oh, I see them so often in my dreams—I can see them now!"

She paused, with a strong shudder and a look of deadly terror. But the entreaty of Arthur's face was more potent even than the old haunting fear. Conquering the tremor, she went on bravely—

"He told me that I had deceived and entrapped him—I, who would have died far more gladly than marry him—that I was a false wife—a woman he could never trust again. At first I tried to answer him; but he would not hear me. He cut my explanation short with that bitter little laugh of his, and went on and on, in a cold, smooth, merciless voice, saying the cruellest things in the quietest fashion, till at last I really ceased to understand him. His words seemed to bruise and hurt my brain like so many blows, but not to convey to it any coherent idea. I suppose he saw this, for he suddenly bent forward, seized me by the shoulder, and shook me, bringing his face so close to mine that I could not keep back a startled cry.

"You are hysterical, my lady, worn out and exhausted by the fatigues and excitements of the day," he said, with grim, horrible mockery. "Your maid shall show you to your room. In your present state of excitement you had better keep it for the remainder of the evening."

"I understand; I am a prisoner," I said slowly.

"By no means," he answered, with an angry snarl. "We will not shock the servants with a key; you are indisposed—a fitting subject for strong tea and sal-volatile, as your maid will readily believe. You are by no means a prisoner—only understand—his hand closed again in a cruel grip upon my shoulder, and again my heart died within me in a chill deadly fear—only understand that I shall be on guard the whole evening in this room. So, if you have a fancy for any more stolen meetings with your lover—"

"In spite of the craven fear that paralyzed me, Arthur, I broke in then; the

mault was too cruel, the wrong too great for even cowardice to bear.

"I met Mr. Beaupre by accident, and we have parted for ever," I began; but he cut me savagely short.

"That is my business—I will see to that," he said, in a low grating voice that was in itself a threat. "With both of you I have a long account to settle; but not now—not now."

"Arthur, to this day I cannot tell what impulse moved me in that moment to do the last thing I should ever have thought of doing a second or so before. Until then I had hated him as a slave hates a hard and cruel master to whom he is hopelessly consigned. His look had never been more threatening, his words more cruel—and yet all in a moment a flood of light seemed to rush upon me. I saw things by its clear lustre no longer from my point of view, but from his—saw that he had wronged to complain of and disappointments to endure, that, where he trusted, he had—though, Heaven knows, most innocently—been deceived. The impulse was like a revelation, I obeyed it as unhesitatingly.

"Lord de Gretton," I said humbly, "try to believe me, try to forgive."

"But he snatched away his hand as though my fingers burned him, his eyes shone with their evil glitter, his voice literally trembled with passion, as he said between his teeth—

"Never, so long as we may live: I never trust a traitress; and, if you wish to know how I forgive the women who have wronged me, ask Lady Olivia Blake."

"They were the last words he ever spoke to me, Arthur. No wonder that they linger in my mind. I hardly understood them then; but afterwards, when all things were confused and misty in my thoughts, those words rang in my ears incessantly."

She paused again, her hands tightly locked, her eyes gazing into the deepening shadows of the night with a strained and painful intensity. Arthur did not dare to speak, to hasten in any way the disclosure that was so slow to come.

"The hours seemed long—horribly long, Arthur—and yet I must have passed them in a sort of trance. Long after my maid had left me for the night I sat by the open window, thinking, thinking in a maze of misery, till I fell into a dull heavy sleep—a sleep that left me no consciousness of my present surroundings—only an abiding sense of pain and fear. And, while I slept, Arthur, I dreamed a dream—such a strangely vivid, dreadful dream that I woke from it trembling from head to foot, and with great drops of perspiration on my forehead. I thought that, while Lord de Gretton sat writing in the room below, with his heart full of bitterness and anger, a shadow came noiser and noiser; and I knew that it came to do him harm. I saw its outline clearly in the moonlight, tall, black, and slender, a graceful woman's shape. The face was hidden; but I caught the glitter of fierce eyes, and in the small white hand another glitter that made my heart stand still. I tried to scream, to warn the man, who never raised his head, of the dreadful thing that drew nearer every moment, but horror had paralyzed my every faculty. I could not stir or cry. I heard a sharp cry of pain, a clear and cruel laugh, the sound of taunting voices, and a heavy fall. Then the spell that held me seemed suddenly to snap, and in an agony of terror I awoke!

"So it had been but a dream after all! I was still in the velvet chair by the open window. Stillness perfect and intense reigned around. Far up in the clear blue of the heavens the moon shone with full brightness, making each nook and corner of the garden distinctly visible; from terrace to terrace the lovely light passed down, till it lingered on the placid splendour of the sea—and, low where I would, no flying figure was in sight. It was a dream, thank Heaven—a dream only!

"I sank back in my chair, ashamed to

find how intense was my feeling of relief, how strong a hold the vanished vision had had upon me. It was long before I could control the wild throbbing of my heart, or regain anything like composure, but it came at last; and, worn out and exhausted, I once more dozed off, to be once more roused by a long moan of pain.

"This time, however, the sound did not cease with my slumber, as I sat, cold and shaking, in the chill gray morning light. I heard it again, and yet again—a sound to freeze the blood in your veins, a sound like the moan of a wounded animal too weak to cry aloud.

"Almost mechanically, conscious in an unconscious way that that piteous sound had reached no ear but mine, I rose to my feet, and, obeying some impulse beyond my own control, descended the stairs and entered the little room in which Lord de Gretton had told me he should be 'on guard.' I found—Oh, Arthur, as it any wonder that the sight I looked on drove me mad?"

She broke down in a passion of hysterical tears; Arthur let her cry, restraining his impatience by a giant effort for her sake. In such tears lay the best medicine for the overwrought nerves and overtaxed brain.

He held one hand within his own strong clasp, in firm assurance of his sympathy; but it was not till the sobs had died away, and the girl tried to smile gratefully through her tears, that he spoke at all—then he said gently—

"Do not dwell on details that distress you, but finish the story, like my own brave girl. You found Lord de Gretton—dead?"

"Not dead, but dying," she said in a low shaking voice. "He still lived when I knelt beside him, but that was all. The blood ran like a river round him, it was on my dress, my hands—everywhere; and his face was white—oh, so horribly white! I should have thought him dead but for the dreadful glitter of his eyes and that broken cry—it was faint as the faintest whisper. Then I tried to raise his head, to cry aloud; but my voice failed, and he motioned me back. He tried to move, to speak, failed, and closed his eyes—tried again, and, by a supreme effort, jerked out one word—the word that had been the haunting key-note to my dream—'Olivia'; and so, with a brief convulsive struggle, he died."

"And you?" Arthur Beaupre asked, in tones of infinite compassion, as he laid his hand on the down-bent head, and thanked Heaven in his inmost heart that even this ray of light, faint and uncertain as it was, had pierced the darkness of the night and given promise of the dawn at hand.

"I"—the sweet voice was sharpened by keen pain, the sweet uplifted eyes were filled with self-reproachful light—"I was not brave, Arthur, I was not what you called me. I dropped like a dead thing by Lord de Gretton's side, and, when I awoke, it was broad day. It was too late to summon help, too late for anything. I think I went mad in that moment, Arthur! The sight of the rigid motionless figure, of the blood that lay around me, that stiffened on my dress, my hands, my feet, the hopelessness of my own future, a craven fear of the life that seemed so incomprehensibly cruel—all seemed to stir me to a sudden frenzy, and bid me take my fate in my own hands. I forgot all these things—conscience, religion, duty—all but the sweet and easy death that awaited me there at the cliff's foot, and, like a thing possessed, I rushed to meet it. You know the rest," she said, with a strained sob. "Heaven sent my better angel, Nettie, to my rescue, and for all the months that followed I remembered little more—nothing but the absolute devotion with which Vance and she have watched, and tended, and sacrificed themselves to me—me, whom they thought a murderer!"

The shades had gathered unnoticed round the young pair as they sat absorbed in their own conversation; only the

faint moonlight and the uncertain glimmer of the lamp across the street lighted the room now. Arthur stood by the window, looking out abstractedly, his whole thought engrossed by the story he had heard. Suddenly he turned to Nora—who, lost in a painful reverie, sat by the table—and spoke quickly, with a nervous jar in his voice—

"Nora, dearest, go away for a little while to your room. A lady has just come into the house, and I think—I fear—Go, dearest, to please me!"

A little surprised, but unquestioningly obedient, Nora rose at once and moved towards the door; it opened in her face, and disclosed Cristiano Singleton!

Nora recognized her step-sister at once, but Cristiano, whose veil of spotted net confused her vision, and whose eyes were not trained to the dusk, naturally concluded that the slender form was that of Mrs. Vance Singleton.

"My dear sister," she cried, with outstretched hand, and her most fascinating smile, "I have come, in spite of Vance's prohibition, to make acquaintance with Vance's wife. I know we shall love each other dearly."

She bent her fair head with the words, prepared to imprint the kiss that is the absolutely necessary seal of friendships feminine. Nora drew aside instinctively; the one clear line of light fell straight across the fair proud face, defining it with startling effect against the blackness of the surrounding shadows.

Cristino grew absolutely livid; a cry rose to her lips, but it found no utterance. Recognition was instantaneous, and as instantaneous was the paralyzing terror that seemed turning her to stone.

"Nora," she cried at last, in a hoarse broken voice—"Nora—or—"

She paused, trembling from head to foot, oppressed with the horror of a supernatural presence; then, as Nora neither moved nor spoke, she fell suddenly upon her knees, upraising both hands, with an exceeding bitter cry—

"Forgive me, Nora, cruel as I was!"  
"Hush!" Nora said, with a grave sweetness that seemed half angelic to the conscience-stricken woman and the listening man. "It is for me to fear you now, Cristiano; I am not dead, and you can give me up to justice with a word."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Lady Olivia Blake sat in the tiny luxuriously-furnished nest she called her own snugery, awaiting with some impatience the arrival of an expected guest. It was barely twilight—a rosy glow still lingered in the western sky; but her ladyship's curtains were all drawn, and the light of a dozen wax candles not being considered enough to illuminate the small room, a large moderate lamp upon a centre-table diffused a bright radiance around. Light was a craze with Lady Olivia; the sun could never blaze too fully into every corner of her house, and, when the sun retired, she could not supply his place with too many lights. Naturally her elder feminine friends wondered among themselves that "dear Olivia, with whom complexion was never a strong point," and who, since her disappointment, had grown quite too dreadfully pinched, and thin, and sallow, should care to throw such a strong revealing light upon her fading charms; and one especially intimate individual, who felt that such an absurd illumination was a wrong to her elaborate "make-up," ventured to remonstrate with her on the subject.

"I love the dark because my cheeks are evil perhaps," she said, with a deprecating smile, "but, though your conscience may be clear, my dear Olivia, you should have some mercy on your visitor's complexions."

"The sun that comes here will not scorch them," was the short and barely courteous answer.

"Search them! No; but—with a little shoulder-shrug and prettily affected laugh—"though you disdain them, there are secrets of the toilette, you know."

Lady Olivia regarded her friend, a fair faded woman about her own age, but dressed in ultra-girlish fashion, with a sort of civil sneer upon her thin scarlet lips, but a savage and apparently uncalculated-for anger in her great dark eyes.

"Such secrets will not hang you, even if they are found out," she said, so brusquely that the offended lady rose to take her departure. "I am sorry to annoy you, Harriet; but I cannot live in total darkness, even in deference to 'rouge' and 'blanc de perle.'"

Naturally the indignant lady did not repeat her warning or her visit. Naturally, also, the story of 'Lady Olivia's odd rudeness, and very unpleasant whim' spread about, and other ladies, whose complexions were not impeccable, or who had a nervous dread of eccentricity, ceased to call at the little house in Mayfair, which had been so pleasant a rendezvous in other days. Little by little old friends fell off and old acquaintances dropped away. It seemed as though a curse had fallen on the handsome Spanish-looking woman with the dark passionate face and haunting eyes—who, seen in every crowd, was always seen alone.

And, next to being in darkness, to be alone was the thing that Lady Olivia Blake most hated in the world. She was a proud woman, and had hitherto been a markedly exclusive one, closing her doors rigidly to those who were not of her own social standing, however meritorious, or fascinating, or popular they might be. But now, in her pitiful yearning for human companionship, she seemed to lose all pride and exclusiveness, to throw her doors widely open to all who would enter within them.

But even this sudden relaxation did not satisfy her cavern desire to escape from herself, her eagerness for society at any price. Pushing *parvenues*, who were at first flattered by the warmth of Lady Olivia's welcome, and rather disposed to plume themselves on the acquisition of so distinguished a friend, were not slow to discover that there was but a small amount of honor and glory to be got mixing in the motley mob that the eccentric lady gathered round her. And, when they discovered also that for this more than doubtful privilege they were required to pay the price of absolute submission to all the caprices of a passionate ungoverned nature and a despot's will, they too found the game not worth the candle and fell away.

So it came to pass that, just at the time of Cristine Singleton's return to England, Lady Olivia had taken to haunting theatres, concerts, exhibitions—whatever places were crowded and well lit. That was all that mattered to her apparently. She never cared whether the entertainments offered were good or bad. The great haggard eyes, with their unchanging look of mangled scorn and pain, seldom rested on stage or picture, and never with the least pretence of interest.

Baron Benjuda, who, in his two years' absence from London society, had fallen a little behind the gossip of the times, had hastened at sight of her to renew an intimacy that had hitherto been of the slightest character. A bow and a few civilly-spoken words were as much as he expected the proud lady to accord him; but to his amazement, he received the welcome of an old and much-prized friend.

Lady Olivia seemed as though she could not bear to part with him; and, when at last he tore himself away from the flattering eagerness of her questions as to his life abroad and the probability of his again leaving England for so long a period, he found himself pledged to visit her next day. He was too shrewd a man not to surmise some reason for this sudden and startling change of manner—too much a man not to be subtly flattered by it, suspicious though it was.

"Can she want to borrow money?" he speculated anxiously, as he sauntered back to Cristine; but he soon dismissed that idea as impossible.

He knew all about Lady Olivia Blake,

as he knew all about most people. Her jointure was small, but she lived well within her income, and would be the last person in the world to sacrifice her pride for pecuniary help.

"Well, she is a mystery; but what woman is not?" he added, dismissing the subject with a well-pleased shrug of his expansive shoulders. "She has fallen off awfully in her looks. Never saw a woman so changed in all my life! The Spanish blood tells when you get into the thirties, I suppose; and of course she felt De Gretton's death. Still, in every thing but beauty, she is greatly improved. I shall certainly cultivate her—for the sake of Cristine."

And cultivate her he did, though much at first against Cristine's will. He was a little startled certainly when he learned that his fair betrothed was the step-sister of that unhappy Lady de Gretton whose tragic story he knew but in imperfect outline, but, when he found that Lady Olivia made no objection on that score, but rather caught eagerly at the proffered intimacy, he laughed Cristine's scruples resolutely away.

"It will be a capital thing for you, Cris; the very fact of her being De Gretton's cousin makes the friendship more desirable. Of course the wretched girl was really no relation of yours, and you were in no way mixed up in her affairs. Why, Cris, what a ghost you look!"

"I cannot bear to—talk of that time!" faltered Cristine.

"Then you shall not talk of it," the Baron said, pinching the pale cheek till the color came. "Talk of your wedding dress, or Lady Olivia Blake!"

So the two women drifted together again, and Lady Olivia Blake—who, in the old days, had been barely conscious of Miss Singleton's existence—now took the oddest fancy to her, and seemed hardly happy when out of her sight. Even the Baron, who at first watched the growing friendship with much complacency, grew at last a little jealous of the frequency with which she claimed Cristine.

"It is all very well in its way," he grumbled; "but I never get you to myself for an hour now. Lady Olivia is here, or you are at Lady Olivia's. Honestly, Cristine, do you not get a little tired of her ladyship, handsome and agreeable as she is?"

"Not tired," the girl said with a little shudder, "but—but, Israel, at times—I am afraid."

"Afraid!" Benjuda turned her round, laying a weighty hand on either shoulder, and looking amusedly into the strangely troubled face. "Why, you nervous goose, what harm do you think she will do you?"

"I think at times—she is mad," Cristine said slowly.

"By George, I should not wonder!" The Baron released his captive, and nodded two or three times, as confirmatory circumstances rushed into his mind. "That is the key to the riddle, is it?"

He stood thoughtfully considering the matter for a few minutes, then turned with startled fondness to Cristine.

"My darling," he said, throwing one arm round the slender waist, and drawing the fair head down upon his shoulder, "I have been wrong to let you run so great a risk; you shall not stay in Green Street again."

There was real emotion in the full voice, real tenderness in the dark heavy-lidded eyes. After all, it is not necessary to be young, handsome, or aristocratic to feel genuinely, and even nobly; and the fat elderly Baron was as deeply stirred by the thought of peril to his betrothed as the most of romantic lovers could have been.

That Cristine was touched by his unfeigned concern was evident. She had won much admiration, but hitherto little love had fallen to her lot; and she found, much to her own surprise, that she was beginning to attach an odd value to it. She had not yet reached the point of returning it—the small amount of honest affection she had to bestow she had given

unasked to Arthur Beaupre, and that love, flung back upon itself, had turned to gall and poisoned her whole nature; but she had grown to feel that, if Benjuda's trust in her were withdrawn, and her betrothal broken, she would lose more, far more than the rank and wealth that had been his sole attractions when she first sought to win him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Music and the Drama.

### Two Important Engagements

It is not often that Toronto has an opportunity of listening to such a magnificent vocalist as Mme. Trebelli; and we have no doubt but that the desire to hear her will be so great that there will be no trouble in filling the subscription list. For years past Mme. Trebelli has been one of the foremost European artists. This is her first visit to this continent, and on her first appearance in New York she scored a most emphatic success. The *Mail and Express*, speaking of her, said—

"Mme. Trebelli fully confirmed her splendid European reputation, and demonstrated to her new public that she is eminently worthy of the praise which has been lavished on her abroad. Mme. Trebelli's voice possesses that freshness which fascinated every audience before which she appeared. Her admirable school, her superb art, and her powerful dramatic action entitled her to a place among the greatest artists of the world." We have no doubt the verdict of the Toronto people will sustain the New York verdict. We have ourselves had the pleasure of listening to her, and know whereof we speak when we say that no artist who has ever visited Toronto created a greater *furor* than will be caused by the appearance of this famous queen of song. The plan adopted for the proposed concert has been to grade the prices for seats. The first two rows of the gallery are being sold at two dollars a seat, the third and fourth rows as well as the best ground floor seats at one dollar and a half, and the balance of the ground floor at seventy-five cents and one dollar, any of which can be reserved. By this means purchasers of tickets will be able to suit their pockets, and they will also be enabled to save a good deal of trouble by knowing exactly where the seats purchased are located.

Another musical event of marked importance will be the engagement of a part of Abbey's famous Metropolitan Opera Co., including Mme. Lablache, one of the most famous singers now on the stage. Mlle. Louise Lablache, Signor Del Puente, and others, who will appear in two acts of Verdi's famous opera "Il Trovatore," the music for *Azucena* in which was written for Mme. Lablache. The cast of characters will be as follows: *Lemora*, Mlle. Louise Lablache; *Azucena*, (her original part) Mme. Lablache, *Mancini*, Signor Stagi; *Count Di Luna*, Signor Del Puente. Full Orchestra of 30 pieces, under the direction of Signor Vianesi, and full male chorus for the "Misericordia" Scene. Mlle. Louise Lablache recently obtained what the St. Louis papers call an unconditional triumph in "La Gioconda," in which she appeared with Nilsson, at a moment's notice, and without rehearsal. Signor Del Puente is well-known as the leading baritone of the

day, and the organization is one that does well of our musical citizens.

"You ask me about encores," says Sims Reeves, "Now, let me tell you, I am glad to sing an encore if it is a new work or a new song. Or suppose I feel that I have not done justice perhaps to myself, perhaps to the piece, that is justice as I interpret it, then I like to repeat my song. Or sometimes, if the audience has been more than usually appreciative and responsive, it is an intense pleasure to me to gratify them by giving them another song. But to put it in a matter-of-fact way and to adopt metaphor. I keep a shop—you ask me for twenty-five yards of silk and pay me for fifteen. No, I am paid to sing three or four songs and I decline to sing six or seven. There is a class of concert-goers—a grasping, greedy class—who come to hear me and say to themselves, 'We have paid our money, let us get as much for it as we can.' This is the class I have always held in contempt. And it is that I have often felt their presence that has impelled me to take a firm course."

Claxton's orchestra give two performances on Saturday at popular prices. The programme consists of many choice orchestra selections. Solos by Miss Arnes Corlett, Mr. J. F. Thomson, and Herr Jacobsen. Quartettes and trios by Brookers "Curious Conical Quaker," quartette and "The Three Jolly Sailor Boys." A special prize of a handsome silver pitcher is offered to the one summing the best conundrum. All conundrums entered in the competition must be received at Claxton's Music Store on or before Saturday morning next and each entry must be accompanied with 25 cents for a ticket. All conundrums received will be read from the stage at each performance. We submit the following, and expect to take the prize without sending the quarter. Why is Claxton's Orchestra like Truth? Because it is the best of its kind in the Dominion.

A blind actress is a novelty, and when she makes her appearance upon the stage, not as a draw, but merely to fill a vacancy caused by the absence of a sister artist, she is, if anything, even better worth seeing. This has been the case at the Imperial Theatre, London lately. The lady who plays *Arid* in "Prospero," a burlesque version of the "Tempest," is perfectly blind, having lost her sight more than ten years ago, and does her "business" and "speaks her lines" without exciting the least suspicion as to her condition amongst the audience. She is the daughter of one of the property men of the theatre, is but fifteen years of age, and acts entirely by sound. Her debut was made on a sudden emergency, when she made so decided a success that she has since been retained in the part.

That favorite artist and distinguished actress, Mme. Modjeska will make her re-appearance here Monday next for a three night's engagement, with matinee. Following is the programme.—Monday, "As You Like It," Tuesday, "Mary Stuart," Wednesday matinee, "Twelfth Night," Wednesday night, "East Lynne."

The charitably disposed have two opportunities before them of helping two deserving organizations, and at the same time of enjoying a very pleasant evening's entertainment. We hope to see crowded audiences at the two entertainments on Thursday and Friday next, for "sweet charity's sake."

Owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Nat. O. Goodwin (Eliza Weatherly) their engagement here for the present week has been cancelled.

Genovieve Ward, who is now playing in India is reported as everywhere meeting with great success.

The Philharmonic concert will receive attention next week.

The only way of conquering sin is to fall wounded and helpless at the Redeemer's foot.

# "THAT WON'T KEEP A WIFE AND BABY."

## SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by HARRY ANGELO.

Music By E. MACK.

INTRODUCTION.

1. Now tongue and cheek is ev' - rything, To keep the mill a - go - ing; And as I too am  
 2. Our of - fice holders talk and say, (To keep a sit - u - a - tion;) If we but let them  
 3. Some fe - males talk a bout their rights, And make all kinds of fa - ces; 'Cause they like men, can't  
 4. Folks, by the nose, Dame Fashion leads 'Through - out this world of sin - ners; Whilst numerous poc - ket -  
 5. It's not a sign a man's a horse Tho' he's born in a sta - ble; Nor is it when his

in the ring, I'll sing of things worth knowing, The world goes round, turns up - side down, And  
 have their way, They'll do right for our na - tion; But that's play'd out, some years a - bout, It's  
 fly their kites, And fill our pub - lic pla - ces; They want to vote, wear pants an' coat, And  
 books she bleeds To pay for high-ton'd din - ners; In fur - be - locs, our belles and beaux, Must  
 clothes look coarse, There's nothing on his ta - ble; It's not a sign a bark - ing dog A

on our heads we may be; 'Cause talk is cheap, but that won't keep A wife and lit - tle ba - by.  
 for their poc - kets they be; And talk is cheap, but that won't keep A wife and lit - tle ba - by.  
 shave like men too may be; 'Cause talk is cheap, but that won't keep A wife and lit - tle ba - by.  
 fix themselves and gay be; 'Cause talk is cheap, but that won't keep A wife and lit - tle ba - by.  
 lit - er is, or may be; 'Cause talk is cheap, but that won't keep A wife and lit - tle ba - by.

2

CHORUS.

*SOPRANO* --- Just so it is, just so it is, No mat - ter where we may be; There,

*ALTO* --- Just so it is, just so it is, No mat - ter where we may be; There,

*TENOR* --- Just so it is, just so it is, No mat - ter where we may be; There,

*BASS* --- Just so it is, just so it is, No mat - ter where we may be; There,

*PIANO* ---

talk is cheap, but that won't keep A wife and lit - tle ba - by.

talk is cheap, but that won't keep A wife and lit - tle ba - by.

# Where Can You Buy Cheap?

**EATON'S,**

190 to 196 Yonge Street, Toronto.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. S—, it's a long time since I saw you! Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am going down street here to buy a pair of gloves; that last pair I bought at \$1.50 are done already."

"You don't say so? Why, I bought a pair six months ago for 75c. and here they are good yet."

"Well, now! Where did you them?"

"At Eaton's, on Yonge St."

"How is it Eaton can sell so cheap?"

"Why, that is easily answered. They always buy and sell for Cash, and he don't credit everybody that comes along, and therefore they have no bad debts to make up for."

"Well," said Mrs. S—, "I pay cash where I buy, how is it I cannot buy as cheap as you, Mrs. B—?"

"That's just it, you pay cash and the next person that comes along will get 3 months' credit, so you have got to pay your share of the interest on six months' credit on the other customer's goods, and if they never pay the amount, why you must pay your share of the loss, don't you see?"

"Yes, I do. Why, I never saw it in that light before. I suppose the same rule applies to Dress Goods as Gloves?"

So Mrs. S— and Mrs. B— went to Eaton's, where they get big bargains at cash prices and no interest to pay on bad debts.

**T. EATON & CO., 190 to 196 YONGE ST.**

## COLORED DRESS GOODS.

See Eaton's colored Dress Goods at 5c. per yard.

See Eaton's New Spring Dress Goods, checks, stripes and brocades, at 7½c. per yard, worth 10c.

See Eaton's New Spring Dress Goods in checks, brocades, Sicilian, de Beigo and ottoman cloths, at 12½c., 15c., 25c., 35c. per yard.

See Eaton's new Mousselin Crapo, 25 inches wide, at 30c. per yard.

Twenty shades of all the newest colors.

## GLOVES.

Ladies' 4 elastic taffeta gloves, tans and black, 40c. a pair.

Ladies' 4 buttoned taffeta gloves, black and colored, 50c. per pair.

Ladies' 6 and 8 buttoned taffeta gloves, black and opera, 50c., 60c. a pair.

Ladies' taffeta Jersey gloves in tans, drabs, opera and black, 35c., 40c., 50c. a pair.

Ladies' taffeta laced gloves, dark colors and opera, 50c., 60c., 75c. a pair.

Ladies' lisle thread gloves, 2 elastic, colored, 10c. per pair up.

Ladies' lisle thread gloves, 4 elastic, colored, 15c., 25c. per pair up.

Ladies' lisle thread Jersey gloves, black colored, drab, and fancy, 15c., 20c., 25c. a pair.

Gents' lisle thread taffeta silk gloves, black and colored, 25c., 35c. a pair.

Children's lisle thread gloves, frame made, 15c., 25c. a pair.

## EATON & CO. ARE

Clearing Ladies' Black Silk Umbrellas, at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 up, warranted extra finish.

Clearing Ladies' Brown Silk Umbrellas, at 75c., \$1, \$1.25 up, warranted pure.

Clearing Ladies' Alpaca Umbrellas, large sizes at 50c., 75c. and \$1.

Clearing Ladies' Cotton Umbrellas at 20c., 25c., and 35c.

## COTTONS.

Factory Cotton, 4, 5, 7½, 8, 9, 10c. a yard.

White Cotton, soft finish, 7½, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12½c. a yard.

White Twilled Sheetings, 7-4, for 25c., 27½c. a yard up.

## PRINTS.

Prints, new patterns, fast colors, 5, 7½, 10, 12½, 15, 18c. a yard.

Fine Cambric Prints, 15c., good, for 12½c.

Superior Cambrics, handsome goods, worth 20c., selling for 15c.

Letter orders promptly attended to.

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Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated

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For Purity, Durability, and Price stand Unrivaled.

Ask your Grocer for them and take no other. One trial will suffice to prove the economy of using a pure article.

## RODGER, MACLAY & CO.,

Canada Soap and Oil Works Toronto



I have a great pleasure in recommending Mrs. Fiske's Ladies' Garment supports. Every woman should wear them, those that are well to keep so, and those that are suffering from weakness as a help to regain their strength. For abdominal supports are everything that can be desired for lightness, durability, and a perfection of fit. I have in my practice used her goods for many years, and feel gratified with the results. MRS. JENNY K. TROUT, M. D.

Health Resort, Toronto. I have recently had occasion to require an appliance at once efficient and delicate in the character of the pressure exerted. I have found Mr. Fiske's altogether the most ingenious and completely successful that has come under my observation. All his appliances for the treatment of hernia are very good.

GEORGE WHIGHT, A. M., M. D., 245 Simco Street.

Dr. Oldright, Chairman of the Provincial Board of Health, says:—

I have found Mr. & Mrs. Fiske so ingenious devising and constructing various appliances useful both in health and disease, such as Bras, Supports, Trusses, &c., that I have from time to time sent patients to them, and have been pleased with the results. (Signed) WM. OLDWRIGHT, M. A., M. D.

## MRS. FISKE,

277 KING STREET WEST,

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# TRUSSES!

She also Manufactures

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Children's Stocking Holders, Shoulder Brasces

Venus Bands, Abdominal Bands, and Band, for Spinal Deformities.

Orders sent to any part of the Dominion by mail.

## "HEADQUARTERS"

## TORONTO SHOE CO.,

COR. KING AND JARVIS.

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THE OLD FAVORITE RESORT.

144, 146,

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Cash Prices Only.

SQUARE DEALING

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# "MAY DEW"

The Great French Lotion for Beautifying the Face.

It conceals the evidence of age. One application will make the most stubbornly red and rough hands beautifully soft and white. Remember that "MAY DEW" is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and that is injurious to the skin, but a new and great discovery, a vegetable liquid, that causes the cheek to glow with health, the neck, arms and hands to rival the Lily in whiteness. Impossible to detect in the beauty it confers any artificial character. It cures Greasy Skin, Freckles, Wrinkles, Pimples, Black Heads, Crow's Feet, Blisters, Face Grubs, Sun Burn, Tan, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Sore or Chapped Lips, Barber's Itch, Tetter, etc. It frees the pores, all glands, and tubes from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes. By its use all redness and roughness is prevented; it beautifies the skin, and will make it soft, smooth and white, imparting a delicate softness; producing a perfectly healthy, natural and youthful appearance. The best face lotion that the world ever produced. We will send a large bottle to any address on receipt of price—one dollar. When ordering mention this paper.

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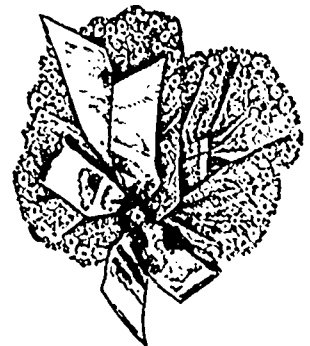
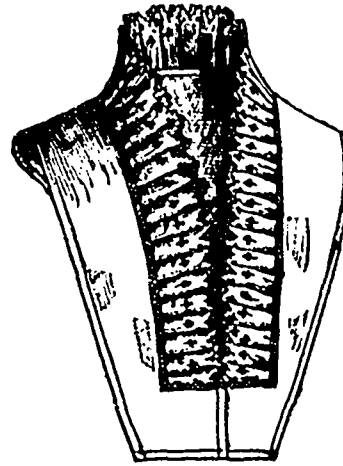
**GOOD ADVICE.**—Carry religious principles into common life, and common life will lose its transitoriness. The world passeth away. The things seen are temporal. Soon business, with all its cares and anxieties, the whole "unprofitable stir and fever of the world," will be to us a thing of the past. But religion does something better than sigh and wail over the perishableness of earthly things. It finds in them the seeds of immortality.

**TURBATO.**—A new fuel has been invented in Mexico, called "turbato," consisting principally of bog peat, of which there are large quantities in the country, and which is mixed with a proper proportion of bitumen, or "Chapopote." The fuel is made of five different descriptions, for locomotives, stationary engines, smelting purposes, smiths' fires and household purposes. It is said to burn freely and without much smoke, giving a higher dynamic equivalent of heat than the same amount of wood, and one very nearly as great as the best English coal. It can be manufactured and sold in Mexico at a price considerably below coal or wood.

**SPEED OF RAILWAYS.**—The highest speed attained on railways in England is 65½ miles an hour; in France, Germany and America it reaches 62½ miles. The average speed is 48½ miles an hour with English Express trains, and 42 with French England and Franco charge more for third class passengers than any other country except Turkey. The average fare in Turkey is 8.75 centimes per kilometer (58 mile); in France, 6.75, and in England 6.74 Norway is by far the cheapest country for railway travelling, the third-class fares there averaging 1.4 centimes, and next come Russia and Belgium, where the average fare is 3.94 centimes per kilometer.

**NEW SHIPPING LAW.**—A new law has come into effect requiring that candidates for the position of master or mate of a Canadian vessel must pass a thorough examination. No vessel over 100 tons burden will be permitted to clear without carrying a certified master; and if over 200 tons, and carrying 40 passengers, must have a certified mate also. This law does not affect those who were in command or acted as mate prior to January 1, 1883, as in their case a certificate from their employer will be sufficient, provided they can pass the color test. A mate must be nineteen years of age and have served two years at sea. He will have to pass a very rigid examination as to seamanship. A master must be twenty-one years of age and must have been three years at sea, one of which he must have been mate. In addition to the qualification for mate he must know the principal lights upon the great inland waters; he will be required to explain how he would lay out an anchor in case of stranding, and be able to rig a temporary rudder should the steering apparatus become disabled.

**CHINESE SERVANTS.**—In New York there are hardly any Chinese in domestic service. The kitchen has not yet been invaded, nor have the upper regions, and there is no probability that either will be invaded. I do not know a single housekeeper who employs a Chinaman to do women's work, though there may be a few such, of an eccentric sort. The average housekeeper certainly does not want a Mongolian in either kitchen, parlor or bedroom. The only way in which the Chinese have interfered with woman's work is in the laundry business. The washer-washer man has undoubtedly pushed the washerwoman very hard. He has taken away a great deal of her work and he keeps all he takes. If the Chinaman remains with us, the old race of washerwomen will disappear, for his work is more satisfactory than theirs and does not cost any more. But in no other respect has the Mongolian encroached upon the sphere of the Caucasian female in Gotham. The talk about his driving her out of domestic service was all moonshine.



DRESSY LINGERIE.

No. 1.—Plastron and collar of "coral" lace, mull, and velvet. The color is a plain military shape, made of black velvet; and the plastron is composed of white silk mull shirred across the top, and joined to three upright rows of the lace. The lace is continued down each side of the plastron in *coquilles*, and the bottom is finished with a frill of lace and several ends of blue satin ribbon and black velvet. A "cock's-comb" bow of the ribbon and

and velvet is placed at the throat, on the right side. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$3.85.

No. 2.—A pretty set, composed of cuffs and a chemise, intended to be worn with dresses that are cut square in front. It is made of cream-tinted batiste embroidered in scarlet cotton, but can be furnished entirely in white, if preferred. Price, \$1.

No. 3.—A lovely tie or jabot of white

silk mull, plaited and edged with deep Oriental lace. It is a dainty and becoming addition to almost any toilet. Price, \$1.90.

No. 4.—A beautiful throat-knot of wide Oriental lace, caught together with a bow of narrow blue satin ribbon and a point of blue satin. This has a dressy and becoming effect with any toilet. Price, with ribbon of any desired color, \$2.

**ALASKA MUMMIES.**—Four Alaskan mummies were brought down from Alaska by the schooner *Kodiak* on her last trip. Three go to Berlin and one to the Smithsonian Institute. The bodies are wonderfully preserved, even to the skins in which they are rapped being intact. One mummy, evidently that of a woman, is now in a state of almost perfect preservation, and is in the possession of the Alaska Fur Company. The mummies were secured by A. Jacobson, who has been over two years in the country, collecting for the Royal Museum of Berlin. He is of opinion that the mummies are at least two hundred years old, all evidence obtainable pointing to the fact. The Eskimauz formerly preserved the bodies of their dead shamans, or medicine men, and those of their chiefs and their wives and children in this manner. After death the viscera were removed from the interior of the body through the pelvis, the limbs being pressed close to the body the legs well up under the chin, and dried and encased in skins and then placed in some cave or rock shelter, which was free from water or moisture. Here they remained for hundreds of years, and were revered by the living. To them were offered part of the results of their fishing and hunting excursions, if they were successful, as they judged success to be due to the spirits of those whose bodies were preserved. The mummies just brought down are in a wonderful state of preservation, considering the rude means employed. In the case of one that has been opened, the skin appears to remain intact and the limbs are movable.

Our Engravings.

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, Paris London, and New York.

Anger is a passion which may be read in the face.

The "Vancouver."

The *Vancouver*, the new steamer of the Dominion Steamship Line, takes her place on the 8th. May in that company's line between Liverpool and Montreal. The dimensions of the *Vancouver* are:—Length between perpendiculars, 430 feet; breadth of beam, 45 feet; depth of hold, 33 feet 6 inches; tonnage, gross register 5300 tons. She is built of Cast-iron under special survey of the Admiralty for Naval and Transport services, and of Lloyd's according to their heaviest, but in many important respects strengthened in excess of the requirements of the highest class, and she is therefore exceptionally strong. She has four decks and eight water-tight bulkheads, and carried up to the main deck. Two sanitary arrangements for male passengers are under a long turtle-back forward, and for women and children under the turtle-back aft; the sculleries are well ventilated and lighted. The stowage men are berthed on the forward part of the ship, and the single women are berthed aft in charge of an experienced matron, married couples in centre. Accommodation is provided for 160 saloon passengers, 30 second cabin, 68 intermediate, and 1200 steerage. Electric light is supplied to every department of the ship, including the side lights in the light-houses; the system being that of Messrs. Siemens Bros. & Co., London, combined with Swan's lamps. The accommodation provided for the intermediate passengers is much superior to what has hitherto been thought good enough. The saloon is amidships, forward of the engines and boiler, and is a very handsome apartment extending the full width of the ship with seats for 160 persons at four tables running fore and aft, and five tables on each side at starboard, thus permitting easier access, and making up family parties at table. Revolving arm chairs and sofas are richly upholstered in crimson velvet. The cabinetwork of the saloon is in panels and pilasters of teak, maple, plane-tree, and walnut, decorated in excellent taste with designs of fruit, foliage, flowers, &c. A grand staircase, leads from the saloon entrance upwards to the mess-room, and thence to the promenade deck. The ladies' music room is a very handsome apartment with appropriate decorations. One of Messrs. John Bramstead and Sons' finest upright grand pianos, of a new style known as the "Avenue" model, discourses sweet sounds to the touch of flying fingers. Here, also, is a well-stocked library. Two state-rooms are unusually large, and several of them are fit-

ted with family or honeymoon beds. The state-rooms being in a single line along the side of the ship makes them airy, light, and cheerful—a great desideratum to passengers. The berths are fitted with Rawcliffe's patent wire woven mattresses, which adapt themselves easily to the sleeper's form, and are most comfortable. The ladies' boudoir is near the saloon, with bath-room, closets, and lavatory adjoining; other bath-rooms, closets, and lavatories are carefully planned and placed where most convenient for the passengers. In the bridge deck there are a number of very commodious state-rooms, at the forward end the barber's shop is near by, while further aft are the second cabin state-rooms and cabin, also the officers' and engineer's state-rooms and mess-room, and at the after end are the surgeon's ample quarters, with surgery adjoining. Further aft, in the front of the turtle-back, are six hospital, fitted with every requisite; although there is so little serious illness at sea that these are rarely fully occupied. The promenade deck is 158 feet long without any obstruction whatever, the sidley casing rising about seven feet high, and carrying up overhead any dust or heat from the boiler department; the *Vancouver* is in this respect unsurpassed. There is ample promenade room on the main deck for intermediate and steerage passengers. The *Vancouver* will carry a very large cargo, and for expeditions working she has six hatches and six steam winches. When it may be necessary to work at night she is supplied with a cluster of electric lamps to illuminate the docks. The anchors are raised by a powerful crane instead of the old-fashioned davits, and the lifeboats are fitted with a new patent lowering process. The ship is steered by Harrison's patent steam steering gear, the machinery being placed aft, where either the hand gear or steam gear can be used at option. The engines and boilers contain all the latest improvements every detail having been the subject of careful study. Two engines are of the three cylinder type, the high pressure cylinder being 53 inches diameter and the two low pressure cylinders being 59 inches diameter each, and the stroke 66 inches; the boiler's bearing six in number having 30 furnaces, 40 inches diameter, made of Fox's patent corrugated steel, giving a large heating surface; the initial pressure of steam per square inch is 90 lbs, but the boiler is tested by the Board of Trade to over double that pressure. It is expected that the *Vancouver* will prove one of the fastest vessels in the Canadian trade.

## Health Department.

### Cheap and Good Food.

T. R. Allinson, writing to the *London Times* says:—Allow me to bring under the notice of your readers some experiments I have just concluded to solve the difficulty of feeding our poor in London and elsewhere. The cry is that food is so dear that the poor can scarcely live. This cry is true if they want to live on luxuries, but if they will live on wholesome, but plain and healthy fare, they can do so for very little. A little over a month ago I determined to give up all expensive articles of food and live almost as cheaply as possible. Having left off flesh foods for nearly two years, and lecturing frequently on the question of food, I knew what to select. Looking over my food accounts I found milk, butter, eggs, and cheese, with tea and coffee, were fairly expensive articles, and none of them necessary, so I gave them up for a time to see results. On October 19 I began my experiment; my weight was then 9 stone 8 ounces. I continued this purely vegetarian diet for a month when my weight was 9 stone 3 pounds 12 ounces, or a gain of 3 1/4 pounds. My friends said I looked well; I felt well, and did my usual work the same as ever. I walked from 10 to 15 miles daily, seeing patients or taking exercise. Here is an account of my dietary, which cost me little more than sixpence a day, and I could easily live for less without luxuries: Breakfast consisted of a basin of porridge, made from a mixture of oatmeal and wheatmeal which I found more palatable than either singly. This I usually ate with bread to insure thorough insalivation. Then came bread fried in refined cotton seed oil, or fried vegetable haggis. For drink I had a cup of cocoa or fruit syrup, with warm water and sugar. The cocoa used was an ordinary one with plenty of starch in it, which makes a thick drink, and no milk is then required. Dinner consisted of a thick vegetable soup and bread, potato pie, savory pie, vegetarian pie, vegetable stew, stewed rice and tomatoes, etc. For a second course I had bread plum pudding, stewed rice and fruit, baked sago, tapioca and apples, stewed prunes, figs, raisins and bread. Tea meal consisted of bread and jam, stewed fruit, or some green stuff, as watercress, celery, tomatoes, etc. I had only three meals a day, and frequently, when very busy, I had only two, and a cup of cocoa and a biscuit for supper. I always use the whole meal bread, as it is laxative and contains a good deal of nitrogen, which is thrown away with the bran. The cotton seed oil is a cheap and good cooking oil, and is impossible to detect. This diet I continued for a month, and now I only take the animal products when out, not having them at my table.

Now compare this diet with one of flesh or a mixed one. The latest analysis shows flesh to contain from 70 to 74 per cent of water, the residue being very rich in nitrogen, and it contains a little carbonaceous or fatty matter. Hence, to live on meat alone, as much as 8 pounds a day is necessary. Then there are to be considered the diseases of animals, which are communicable to man if that flesh be not thoroughly cooked all through; and as very few of our animals live a perfectly natural life, most of them are more or less diseased, especially the fat ones. The excess of nitrogen taken into the system in eating flesh meat has to be got rid of by the liver, kidneys and lungs; hence, these organs are overtaxed, and much disease is the consequence. In fact, were it not for flesh food we doctors would have very little to do. Men living in towns cannot afford to eat much flesh, because he does not get sufficient exercise and oxygen to burn up the excess of nitrogen. If he does eat this flesh, and if he eat much, then he must suffer from many complaints, such as indigestion, bilious attacks, congested liver, hemorrhoids, gastric catarrh, and other

gastric troubles. If the habit is continued in, gall stones or urinary calculi may follow, or rheumatism and gout. Then the kidneys become diseased, and more work is thrown on the heart, which becomes also diseased; the end is death by one of the lingering diseases which show a diseased organ some where. Even epilepsy and many nervous diseases are aggravated by flesh. Cancer is on the increase, and from some observations I have made, it may be indirectly traced to flesh. Consumption has only a remote connection with flesh, is being due chiefly to want of fresh air. Vegetable food is cheap, contains an abundant supply of nutriment at first cost, and our systems are so formed as to use it with least expenditure of the vital force. We use no cruelty in obtaining our food, and can easily see if it be wholesome or in a rotten state.

By means of our diet much disease is prevented, and even most chronic cases of present disease can be alleviated by it. If we want a cheap dietary we have the following foods to choose from: Wheat, oats, barley, maize, rice, sago, tapioca, semolina, hominy, peas, beans, lentils, etc., which are all concentrated foods and very rich in nutriment. Potatoes, parsnips, beets, carrots, turnips, onions, cabbage, sprouts, etc., give variety, bulk and flavor; to these maybe added the sweet herbs for making savory dishes. Apples, pears, currants, gooseberries, plums, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, and other fruits, with melons, peaches, grapes, etc., are high priced but wholesome fruits. The dried fruits, such as dates, figs, apple rings, currants, raisins, etc., are cheap and good. To these may be added tinned goods. This one can see the immense variety of tasty things we have, and these to suit all purses. We can add to these milk, butter, cheese, eggs and honey, which are got without killing animals. If we take animal food, then fish is least injurious, then beef and mutton, while veal, pork, game, etc., are very indigestible, and ought to be avoided.—*Knowledge*.

### Something About the Teeth and Mastication.

The following interesting extract from a French periodical we copy from *Health*:—

"It would be impossible to deny the vast influence which the condition of the teeth exercises upon the general health and many stomach affections. Dyspepsia for instance, which is so often supposed to spring from remote cause, is in reality, most frequently one result of swallowing imperfectly masticated food. Reaumur's experiments have long since proved that food cannot be digested unless it is properly broken up. He caused some sheep to swallow tubes full of grass, saturated with saliva but not chewed. Two days afterward, examination showed that this food had not undergone any digestive change. Spallanzani still more conclusively proved this by causing a sheep to swallow two tubes, the one full of masticated, and the other of whole grass. The chewed grass was digested; the other remained unchanged.

The state of the teeth not only affects one's bodily health, but also influences character. In one of his tales, Voltaire makes Dr. Sidrac say that people with sluggish livers are capable of the greatest crimes. This is, perhaps going a little too far, but it must be conceded that such a habit of body strongly predisposes to hypochondria. In like manner a bad condition of the teeth, by the prolonged sufferings it occasions, which are aggravated by the most trivial cause, ends by rendering the disposition morose, irritable, and thence forward inclined to see only the dark side of everything.

But if it be true that character can be influenced by the state of the teeth, is it also true—and this is the point I wish to bring forward—that the teeth rapidly decay under the influence of overwork? Two English doctors, Messrs. Leither-

wood and Harlan, believe they have noticed that the teeth of those who devote themselves entirely to study undergo rapid changes, and that a period of rest retards the evil. They then put the further question: Are these occurrences attributable to an over-excited brain, whose excessive stimulation makes it assimilate to itself those phosphate elements which would otherwise go to nourish the teeth? Or is this decay of the teeth due rather to a low state of health, produced by overwork? It is well known that certain diseases of the nervous system, such as locomotor ataxia and infantile convulsions, have a very pronounced effect upon the teeth.

Comparing together numerous facts which have been culled from different isolated observations, Messrs. Leitherwood and Harlan find themselves compelled to admit that if the brain be overstimulated by work, the excess of phosphorus which it then consumes can only be gained at the expense of those organs which require this substance for their development, as the bones and the teeth. This question is not new. It has already been studied in France by Dr. Lucas-Championniere. That learned practitioner has at different times verified similar facts. He advises that the studies of children shall be carefully watched, and so regulated as to be increased or lessened in accordance with the condition of their teeth. He also counsels those young persons who go in for competitive examinations or a university career to exercise the greatest watchfulness over their teeth if they wish to preserve them.

### Wakefulness.

The first effect of an excessive use of the brain is generally wakefulness. It is easy to understand why this should be the case when we bear in mind that exact observations have shown that sleep is caused by the blood in a measure flowing out of the vessels of the brain into those of other parts of the body.

Of course anything that prevents the diminution of the quantity of blood in the brain, prevents sleep. Every time an individual thinks, if it be only for the hundredth part of a second, every time his emotions are excited, the vessels of the brain enlarge, and the quantity of blood they contain is increased.

Normally, as soon as the thought has passed, and the emotion has faded away, the vessels contract, and when sleep is coming on, they diminish still more in calibre. But if a person thinks too much, and especially if he is anxious about some important matter, there is no opportunity for the vessels to become reduced in size. They must remain full of blood in order that the brain may do the work required. The tension is thus kept up too long, and eventually like all over-distended bodies lose their elasticity, and then a return to their normal dimensions is no longer possible.

Most of my readers have doubtless seen the India-rubber bands which are used for the purpose of keeping packages together. If the package is somewhat large, and the band is kept around it for a long time, the band, when removed, does not return to its original size. It is exactly the same with the blood-vessels of the brain. A condition of congestion is thus produced which is fraught with danger to those who do not heed the first warnings.

Chief and earliest of these promonitions is wakefulness. The vessels of the brain refuse to contract; they remain gorged with blood, the mind is in consequence active, and sleep, such as is required, is not to be obtained. Toward morning, perhaps, an hour or two of disturbed slumber may ensue, but it does little good, and the sufferer gets up to go to work utterly unfit for either mental or physical exertion.

Instead of the calmness natural to a person who has passed the night in sound and refreshing sleep, he is excited and

wearily, the most trifling event annoys him, he is disagreeable to his family and friends, and he feels that he is not capable of sustained thought or dispassionate judgment.—*W. A. Hammond, M. D. in Youth's Companion*.

### Strength and Health.

It is quite a common idea that health keeps pace with strength. I know intelligent persons who really think that you may determine the comparative health of a company of men by measuring their arms—that he whose arm measures twelve inches is twice as healthy as he whose arm measures but six. This strange and thoughtless misapprehension has given rise to nearly all the mistakes thus far made in the physical culture movement. I have a friend who can lift nine hundred pounds, and yet he is an habitual sufferer from torpid liver, rheumatism, and rather low spirits.

There are many similar cases. The cartmen of our cities, who are our strongest men, are far from the healthiest class, as physicians will testify. On the contrary I have many friends who would stagger under three hundred pounds that are in capital trim. But I need not elaborate a matter so familiar with physicians and other observing people. No test of health would be more faulty than a tape-line or a lift of the scale beam.

Suppose two brothers—bank clerks—in bad health. They are measured round the arm. Each marks exactly ten inches. There are the scale-beams. The bars rises to exactly three hundred pounds with each. Both seek health. John goes to the gymnasium, lifts heavy dumb-bells and kegs of nails until he can put up one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and lift nine hundred and his arm raches fifteen inches.

Thomas goes to the mountains, fishes, hunts, spends delightful hours with the young ladies and plays cricket.

Upon measuring his arm we find it scarcely larger than when he left town, while he can't put up sixty pounds nor lift five hundred. But who doubts Thomas will return to the counter the better man of the two? John should be the better man, if strength is the principle or most essential condition of health.

### The Finger Nails.

Most persons are familiar with those troublesome bits of skin which loosen at the root of the finger nails; it is caused by their adhering to the nail, which growing outward, drags the skin along with it, stretching it until one end gives way. To prevent this, the skin should be loosened from the nail's once a week, not with a knife or scissors, but with something blunt, such as the end of an ivory paper cutter. This is best done after soaking the fingers in warm water, then pushing the skin back gently and slowly. The white specks on the nail are made by scraping the nail with a knife at a point where it emerges from the skin.

A story is told of two Scotsmen, who travelled together three days in a stage-coach without a word ever passing between them. On the fourth day one of them at last ventured to remark that it was a fine morning—"And who said it wasn't?" was the reply.

The most absent-minded man in a certain section attended the Methodist Church on Sunday night, accompanied by his pet terrier. When he arrived in the church he raised his dog from the floor and seated him in a pew, and then went and tied himself to the fence.

"Oh, will he bite?" exclaimed one of Liverpool's sweetest girls, with a look of alarm, when she saw one of the dancing bears in the street the other day. "No," said her escort, "he cannot bite; he is muzzled. But he can hug." "Oh," she said, with a distracting smile, "I don't mind that!"

Current Events.

Canadian.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmadge, D. D., the popular Brooklyn divine gave two lectures in Toronto on Tuesday and Wednesday, both times to crowded houses.

Mr. Hamilton Lewis, son of Bishop Lewis, of Ottawa, was drowned in the Ottawa river a few days ago. The body was recovered last week and buried.

A party of fifteen Caughnawaga Indians, from near Montreal have been employed by a New York Circus Company for the season, to perform in their native costume. They left home for that purpose a few days ago.

There have been about 500 men employed at the Kingston Locomotive works for some time past, but recently a large proportion of them have been discharged for want of work. It is reported that there are now twenty-five locomotives on hand at the works, unsold.

Laval University, located at Quebec, it is said, has been kept open for some time past at a serious annual loss. The Quebec Legislature will be asked to vote a sufficient sum to make good this amount, so as to keep the institution open. It is one of the oldest universities in Canada.

At Kingston the price of liquor licenses has been much increased, in hope of thus diminishing the number without decreasing the revenue. Those issued under the Dominion License Act will cost \$390. Ontario Licenses will be issued as follows:—taverns, \$235; shops, \$206.

Chief Justice Spraggo died at his residence, Toronto, on Sunday last, after but a week's illness. He was one of Canada's ablest and most popular judges. The papers give his age, at the time of death, at 78 years. He was able to do his accustomed work within a few days before his death.

The session of Parliament was closed on Saturday last, having continued just three months. There were 107 Bills passed during the session and assented to in the Queen's name by the Governor-General at the closing. There was the usual firing of guns and other state formalities in connection with the closing ceremonies.

The cadets and officers in connection with the Royal Military College at Kingston, put in a busy all night job at throwing up earth work, as in case of actual war, on Tuesday night last. They worked from eight in the evening until four next morning, in the dark, and as quickly and quietly as possible. During the night some shots and rockets from the fort were fired, so as to give things the appearance of real war.

United States

Philadelphia's population by the census of 1880 is 847,170, Pennsylvania, 4,282,891.

The cattle industry in this country represents over 43,000,000 head of cattle, worth \$1,500,000,000.

A woman of 77 years, in Belfast, Me., is suing a gay deceiver of 79 for \$3000 damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage.

Moose are said to be increasing in Maine under the new game law, and it is not unusual to see them in droves about the large lakes.

A European steamer landed 915 steerage passengers at Castle Garden on Sunday. Nearly half of them were servant girls from Ireland.

From the five States of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts and Ohio, the Government derives one-half of its postal revenue.

Engineers of the New York Central Railroad are now forbidden to drink intoxicating beverages off as well as on duty. Most of the railroads are moving in this direction, the fact being recog-

nized that drinking at any time unfits a man to run a locomotive.

An exploring party that has recently returned from a point 150 miles north of Missoula, M. T., reports having found twenty-two cascades, each of which is over 500 feet high.

A Gatling gun now model at the United States armoury at Springfield can be fired at the rate of 100 shots in two and one-half seconds, at an elevation or depression of ninety degrees.

The value of the exports of cattle, hogs and beef, pork and dairy products for the three months ending March 31st, was \$21,657,582, as against \$31,205,190 for the same period in 1883.

A letter received recently by the Silk Culture Society asked for some silk seed to plant. Silk culture has so far outgrown the amateur stage that Mr. Edward Fesneck, of Raleigh, N. C. raised \$2,000 worth of cocoons and eggs last year.

Great Britain

Fire broke out in the Bellovue Prison, Manchester, on March 28th, after most of the prisoners numbering 1,000, had retired to bed. The fire burned till March 30th but the prisoners were all removed to a place of safety.

The latest return of the number of volumes in the British Museum is just over 1,200,000. There are 160 miles of shelves, and about twenty more miles to be filled. It is calculated that about one tone of literature a day is sent into the institution.

The River and Harbor bill is about ready to report. It appropriates \$10,000,000, and members of the Committee say that care has been taken to leave out all objectionable appropriations. The Committee expect that the bill will go through without trouble.

The Natchez (Miss.) Democrat says: "A considerable number of deer have passed through the city, having been driven out of the Louisiana swamps by the high water. These beautiful animals invaded many private yards, seeking rest from their exhausting swim, and in most instances they were undisturbed. Three of them were in the Court-House yard at one time."

As a superb hair dressing and restorer Ayer's Hair Vigor is universally commended. It eradicates scurf and dandruff, cures all eruptions and itchings of the scalp, promotes the renewed growth of the hair, and surely prevents its fading or turning gray.

The Viceroy of India, the Marquis of Ripon, is in such a shattered condition of health that his life is despaired of.

Figures Won't Lie. The figures showing the enormous yearly sales of Kidney-Wort, demonstrate its value as a medicine beyond dispute. It is a purely vegetable compound of certain roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in kidney troubles. Combined with these are remedies acting directly on the Liver and Bowels. It is because of this combined action that Kidney-Wort has proved such an unequalled remedy in all diseases of these organs.

A prairie farmer reports that a late wind storm lifted about everything from his lands except the mortgage.

A New Surr. Faded articles of all kinds restored to their original beauty by Diamond Dyer. Perfect and simple. 10c at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

A colored moderator has been elected by the Presbytery of Lehigh, Pa., the first instance of the kind in the State's history.

High Priced Butter. Dairyman often wonder how their more favored competitors get such high prices for their butter the year round. It is by all ways having a uniform gilt edged article. To put the "gilt edge" on, when the pastures do not do it, they use Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Color. Every butter maker can do the same. Sold every where and warranted as harmless as salt, and perfect in operation.

Saul vs Abimelech.

As some controversy has been caused by our decision in our Bible Competition No. 4, regarding the first King over the Israelites after their settlement in Canaan, we submit the following letter to our readers, trusting that the reasons there assigned, and the authorities there quoted, may be found sufficient to justify your choice of Saul, and to set the matter at rest. We may add that the same views are held by many other equally well known Biblical students whose opinion has been asked in the matter.

159 MUTUAL STREET,  
TORONTO, 14th APRIL, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, Esq.,

My Dear Sir:—You ask me to give you my views on what may be the correct answer to the question in No. 4 of TRUTH Competition. "Who was the first King over the Israelites after their settlement in Canaan?" And though I don't regard my opinion on it of much value, I willingly comply with your request.

I can easily believe that some might say that Abimelech was the first King according to the requirements of the question, and might refer for proofs to the 9th chapter of Judges and especially to the 22nd verse. But no man except a mere trifling verbalist would risk his reputation for comprehensive knowledge of the scriptures or for any thing which might pass for Biblical learning on such a ground. We are not to be under the tyranny of words, but must take a broad, comprehensive and intelligent view of all such matters. Were I inclined to close off all controversy on the subject by another Scriptural statement, I should refer to Paul's words as recorded in the 13th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the 19th, 20th and 21st verses. Excuse me if I write out those words. "And when he had destroyed seven nations in the land of Chanaan he divided that land to them by lots and after that he gave unto them judges about the space of four hundred and fifty years until Samuel the prophet. And afterwards they desired a King and he gave them Saul," &c. Surely if there had been any King during those 450 years who really deserved to be so recognized, Paul, as an inspired man, ought to have known it. According to him there were none and unless his reliability is to be called in question we must believe that such was the fact.

Then, apart from this, which however ought to settle the whole matter, any reader of ordinary intelligence must see that the episode of Abimelech was simply a local outbreak and a partial temporary usurpation which never spread over the whole country and was never recognized by the whole people. Your question asks for one who was King over the Israelites, evidently as a whole, but in spite of the remark in the 22nd verse it is evident that the Abimelech movement was confined to Shechem or at the very furthest to the tribe of Ephraim. Jotham fled for safety from his brother to Beer and so far as the topographers have settled the matter, this town is to the north of Jerusalem on the very northern borders of the tribe of Benjamin. There Jotham was safe from his brother, and it would be absurd to think of his being safe within a few miles of Abimelech's capital if the usurper had authority over the whole of the Israelites.

What Josephus thinks of the matter may be seen Antiq. of Jews, Book V. chapter VII. and especially section 3, where he says. "A little while after this festival the Shechemites, who had now repented themselves of having slain the sons of Gideon, drove Abimelech away from their city and tribe."

The same view of the local and temporary character of Abimelech's usurpation is taken as far as I am aware by every man with any pretensions to scholarship who has written on the subject. Some indeed say that the premature germs of a craving

for a king were to be seen in this episode, but that is the furthest anyone goes. Keil, the great German commentator speaks of the movement as one reminding him of the doings of the free towns of Germany in the middle ages. Lange says the same thing or something near it. So does Herzog. Even Matthew Henry, popular and so far uncritical as he is, says only that "he reigned after a sort" and that not only the Shechemites but many other places paid him respect, while in another passage he says that "Abimelech was little better than a titular king."

Dr. Wm. Smith a great and recognized authority in all Biblical and Classical matters, says in his Dictionary of the Bible: "Abimelech persuaded the Shechemites through the influence of his mother's brethren to elect him king. \* \* It is evident from the narration that Shechem now became an independent state and throw off the yoke of the conquering Israelites," Ewald, Ges. vi 444, adding Abimelech's was an unauthorized anticipation of the kingly government of later times. Dr. Kitto both in his Cyclopaedia and in his History of Palestine says the same thing.

Dr. Eadie in his Biblical Cyclopaedia says: "Abimelech persuaded the men of Shechem to make him King." Elsewhere he speaks of "the idolatrous Shechemites who chose Abimelech for their king." Jahn in his Hebrew Commonwealth says: "The Shechemites indeed after Gideon's death, elevated one of his sons to the throne." Dr. Schaff in his Dictionary of the Bible says: "On hearing of Abimelech's exaltation to the Kingship of the Shechemites, who had formed themselves into an independent state" &c.

All this shows that the idea of Abimelech being the first King over the Israelites in any correct sense after their settlement in Palestine is an absurd un-scholarly view, not warranted by the case and not supported by one man making any pretensions to scholarship.

Now, as to Saul being the first King according to the requirements of the question, we find all the authorities I have mentioned and others speaking of him as such.

Dr. Kitto says in his Biblical Cyclopaedia "Saul was the first King of the Israelites." Jahn says in his Hebrew Commonwealth "in 1096 B. C., the first election took place" and Saul was chosen.

Matthew Henry speaks of the story of Saul their first King.

Dr. Eadie says "Saul the first King of Israel," Biblical Cyc. p. 576.

Dr. Schaff, "Saul the first King of Israel."

Dr. Lange to the same effect.

I need not add more. Pray excuse the length of my communication which I place at your disposal for what it may be worth.

Yours truly,  
Wm. Inglis.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Bigg's Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

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## TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

## A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

## CHAPTER VI.

Five minutes later, Miss Brandon burst into the room in her usual impulsive fashion. Lady Dimsdale was standing at one of the windows. It was quite enough for Elsie to find there was some one to talk to—more especially when that some one was Lady Dimsdale, whom she looked upon as the most charming woman in the world. At once she began to rattle on after her usual fashion. "Thank goodness, those hateful exercises are over for to-day. Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. Arma virumque cano. How I do detest Latin! My grandmother didn't know a word of it, and she was the most delightful old lady I ever knew. Besides, where's the use of it? When Charley and I are married, I can't talk to him in Latin—nor even to the butcher's boy nor the fishmonger. Perhaps, if I were to speak to my poodle in dog-Latin, he might understand me." Then, with a sudden change of manner, she said: "Dear Lady Dimsdale, what is the matter?" for Laura had turned, and the traces of tears were still visible around her eyes. "Why, I do believe you have been—"

"Yes, crying—that's the only word for it," answered Laura with a smile.

"Do tell me what it is. Nothing serious?"

"Nothing more serious than the last chapter of a foolish love-story." She had taken up a book instinctively.

"I'm awfully glad it's nothing worse. Love-stories that make one cry are delicious. I always feel better after a good cry." Her sharp eyes were glancing over the title of the book in Lady Dimsdale's hand. "Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*," she read out aloud. "Dear Lady Dimsdale, surely this is not the book that"—She was suddenly silent. The room had a bow-window, the easement of which stood wide open this sunny morning. Elsie had heard voices on the terrace outside. "That dear old nunky's voice," she said. "And—yes—no—I do believe it is though!" She crossed to the window and peeped out from behind the curtains.

Stumping slowly along the terrace, assisted by a thick Malacca, came Captain Bowood. By his side marched a dark-bearded military-looking inspector of police, dressed in the regulation blue braided frock-coat and peaked cap. They were engaged in earnest conversation.

"An inspector of police! What can be the matter? I do believe they are coming here." So spoke Elsie; but when she looked round, expecting a response, she found herself alone. Lady Dimsdale had slipped out of the room.

The voice came nearer. Elsie seated herself at the table, ruffled her hair, and pretended to be poring over her lessons.

The door opened, and Captain Bowood followed by the inspector, entered the room. "Pheugh! Enough to frizzle a nigger," ejaculated the former, as he mopped his forehead with his yellow bandana handkerchief. Then perceiving Elsie, he said, as he pinched one of her ears, "Ha, Poppit, you're here!"

"Yes, nunky; and dreadfully puzzled I am. I want to find out what year the Great Pyramid was built. Do, please, tell me."

"Ha, ha!—Listen to that, Mr. Inspector. If you had asked me the distance from here to New York, now. Great Pyramid, eh?"

The inspector, pencil and notebook in hand was examining the fastenings of the window. "Very insecure," Captain Bowood, he said; "very insecure indeed. A burglar would make short work of them."

Miss Brandon was eying him furtively. There was a puzzled look on her face. "I

could almost swear it was Charley's voice; and yet"—

"Come, come; you'll frighten us out of our wits, if you talk like that," answered the Captain.

"Many burglaries in this neighbourhood of late," remarked the inspector sententiously.

"Just so, just so." This was said a little unceasingly.

"Best to warn you in time, sir."

"O Charley, you naughty, naughty boy!" remarked Miss Brandon under her breath. "Even I did not know him as first."

"But if Mr. Burglar chooses to pay us a visit, who is to hinder him?" asked the Captain.

The inspector shrugged his shoulders and smiled an inscrutable smile.

"You don't mean to say that they intend to pay us a visit to-night? Come now."

"Every reason to believe so, Captain."

"But, confound it! how do you know all this?"

"Secret information. Know many things. Mrs. Bowood keeps her jewel-case in top-left-hand drawer in her dressing-room. Know that."

"Bless my heart! How did you find that out?"

"Secret information. Gold chronometer with inscription on it hidden away at the bottom of your writing-desk. Know that."

"How the"—

"Secret information."

"O Charley, Charley, you artful darling!"—This sotto voce from Miss Brandon.

The Captain looked bewildered, as well he might. "This is really most wonderful," he said. "But about those rascals who, you say, are going to visit us to-night?"

"Give 'em a warm reception, Captain. Leave that to me."

"Yes, yes. Warm reception. Good. Have some of your men in hiding, eh Mr. Inspector?"

"Half a dozen of 'em, Captain."

"Just so, just so. And I'll be in hiding too. I've a horse-pistol up-stairs nearly as long as my arm."

"Shan't need that sir."

"No good having a horse-pistol if one doesn't make use of it now and then."

"Half-a-dozen men—three inside the house, and three out," remarked the inspector as he wrote down the particulars in his book.

"And I'll make the seventh—don't forget that?" cried the Captain looking as fierce as some buccanier of bygone days.

"If there's one among the burglars more savage than the rest, leave him for me to tackle."

"My poor, dear nunky, if you only knew!" murmured Elsie under her breath.

"Perhaps I had better lend you a pair of these, Captain; they might prove useful in a scuffle," remarked the inspector as he produced a pair of handcuffs from the tail-pocket of his coat. "The simplest bracelets in the world. The easiest to get on, and the most difficult to get off—till you know how. Allow me. This is how it's done. What could be more simple?"

Nothing apparently could be more simple, seeing that, before Captain Bowood knew what had happened, he found himself securely handcuffed.

"Ha, ha—just so. Queer sensation—very," he exclaimed, turning redder in the face than usual. "But I don't care how soon you take them off, Mr. Inspector."

"No hurry, Captain, no hurry."

"Confound you! what do you mean by no hurry? What?—But here the Captain came to a sudden stop.

The inspector's black wig and whiskers had vanished, and the laughingly impudent features of his peccant nephew were revealed to his astonished gaze.

"Good-afternoon, my dear uncle. This is the second time to-day that I have had the pleasure of seeing you." Then he called: "Elsie, dear!"

"Here I am, Charley," came in immediate response.

"Come and kiss me"

"Yes, Charley." And with that Miss Brandon rose from her chair, and with a slightly heightened colour and the do-murest air possible, came down the room and allowed her lover to lightly touch her lips with his. It was a pretty picture.

"What—what! Why—why," spluttered the Captain. For a little while words seemed to desert him.

"My dear uncle, pray, do not allow yourself to get quite so red in the face; at your time of life you really alarm me."

"You—you vile young jackanapes! You—you cockatrice!—And you miss, you shall smart for this. I'll—I'll—Oh!"

"Patience, good uncle; priftee, patience."

"Patience! O for a good horsewhip!"

"When I called upon you this evening, sir," resumed Charles the imperturbable, "I left unsaid the most important part of that which I had come to say; it therefore became needful that I should see you again."

"O for a horsewhip! Are you going to take these things off me, or are you not?"

"The object of my second visit, sir, is to inform you that Miss Brandon and I are engaged to be married, and to beg of you to give us your consent and blessing, and make two simple young creatures happy."

"Handcuffed like a common poacher on his way to jail! Oh, when once I get free!"

"We have made up our minds to get married; haven't we, Elsie?"

"We have—or else to die together," replied Miss Brandon, as she struck a little tragic attitude.

"Think over what I have said, my dear uncle and accord us your consent."

"Or our deaths will lie at your door."

"Every night as the clock struck twelve, you would see us by your side."

"You would never more enjoy your rum-and-water and your pipe."

"I should tickle your ear with a ghostly feather, and wake you in the middle of your first sleep."

"I shall go crazy—crazy!" spluttered the Captain. He would have stamped his foot, only he was afraid of the gout.

"Not quite, sir, I hope," replied young Summers, with a sudden change of manner; and next moment, and without any action of his own in the matter, the Captain found himself a free man. The first thing he did was to make a sudden grasp at his cane; but Elsie was too quick for him, or it might have fared ill with her sweetheart.

Master Charley laughed. "I am sorry, my dear uncle, to have to leave you now; but time is pressing. You will not forget what I have said, I feel sure. I shall look for your answer to my request in the course of four days; or would you prefer, sir, that I would wait upon you for it in person?"

"If you ever dare to set foot inside my door again, I'll—I'll spifficate you—yes, sir, spifficate you!"

"To what a terrible fate you doom me, good my lord!—Come Elsie, you may as well walk with me through the shrubbery."

Miss Brandon, going up suddenly to Captain Bowood, flung her arms round his neck and kissed him impulsively.

"You dear, crusty, cantankerous, kind-hearted old thing, I can't help loving you!" she cried.

"Go along, you baggage. As bad as he is—every bit. Go along."

"At your most courteously," said Mr. Summers with his most uncouth stage bow. "We shall meet again—at Philippi."

A moment later, Captain Bowood found himself alone. "There's impudence!" he exclaimed. "It's worse than that; it's cheek—downright cheek. Never bamboozled like it before. Handcuffed! What an old nincompoop I must have looked! Good thing Sir Frederick or any of the others didn't see me. I should never have heard the last of it." With that, the last trace of ill-humour vanished, and he burst into a hearty, sailor-like guffaw.

"Just the sort of trick I should have

gloried in when I was a young spark!" He rose from his chair, took his cane in his hand, and limped as far as the window, his gout being rather troublesome this afternoon.

"So, so. There they go, arm in arm. Who would have thought of Don Carlos falling in love with Miss Saucebox? But I don't know that he could do better. She's a good girl—a little flighty just now; but that will cure itself by and by—and she will have a nice little property when she comes of age. Must pretend to set my face against it, though, and that will be sure to make them fonder of one another. Ha, ha! We old sea-dogs know a thing or two." And with that the Captain winked confidentially to himself two or three times and went about his business.

When Sir Frederick followed Mrs. Bowood and Mrs. Boyd out of the room where the interview had taken place and left Lady Dimsdale sitting there alone he quitted the house at once, and sauntered in his usual gingerly fashion through the flower-garden to an unfrequented part of the grounds known as the Holly Walk, where there was not much likelihood of his being interrupted. Like Lady Dimsdale, he wanted to be alone. Just then, he had much to occupy his thoughts. To and fro he paced the walk slowly and musingly, his hands behind his back, his eyes bent on the ground.

"What tempts me to do this thing?" he asked himself, not once, but several times. "That I dislike the man is quite certain; why, then, take upon myself to interfere between this woman and him? Certainly I have nothing to thank Oscar Boyd for; why, then, mix myself up in a matter that concerns me no more than it concerns the man in the moon? If he had not appeared on the scene just when he did, I might perhaps have won Lady Dimsdale for my wife. But now? Too late—too late! Even when he and this woman shall have gone their way, he will live in my lady's memory, never probably to be forgotten. He is her here of romance. That he made love to her in years gone by, when they were young together, there is little doubt; that he made love to her this morning, and met with no such rebuff as I did, seems equally clear; and though she knows now that he can never become her husband, yet she on her side will never forget him. In what way, then, am I called upon to interfere in his affairs? Should I not be a fool for my pains? And yet to let that woman claim him as her own, when a word from me would—No! *Noblesse oblige*. What should I think of myself in years to come, if I were to permit this man's life to be blasted by so cruel fraud? The thought would hardly be a pleasant one on one's deathbed." He shrugged his shoulders, and went on slowly pacing the Holly Walk. At length he raised his head and said half aloud: "I will do it, and at once; but it shall be on my own conditions, Lady Dimsdale—on my own conditions."

There was a gardener at work some distance away. He called the man to him, and sent him with a message to the house.

Ten minutes later, Lady Dimsdale entered the Holly Walk.

Sir Frederick approached her with one of his most elaborate bows.

"You wish to see me, Sir Frederick?" she said inquiringly, but a little doubtfully. She hoped that he was not about to re-open the subject that had been discussed between them earlier in the day.

"I have taken the liberty of asking you to favour me with your company for a few minutes—here, where we shall be safe from interruption. The matter I am desirous of consulting you upon admits of no delay."

She bowed, but said nothing. His words reassured her on one point, while filling her with a vague uneasiness. The sunshade she held over her head was lined with pink; it served its purpose in preventing the contact from detecting how pale and wet was the face under it.

They began to pace the walk slowly side by side.

"Equally with others, Lady Dimsdale, you are aware that, by a strange turn of fortune, Mr. Boyd's wife whom he believed to have been dead for several years, has this morning reappeared?"

"You were in the parlour, Sir Frederick, when I was introduced to Mrs. Boyd only half an hour ago." She answered him coldly and composedly enough; but he could not tell how her heart was beating.

"Strangely enough, I happened to be in New Orleans about the time of Mr. Boyd's marriage, and I know more about the facts of that unhappy affair than he has probably told to any one in England. It is enough to say that the reappearance of this woman is the greatest misfortune that could have happened to him. Oscar Boyd was a miserable man before he parted from her—he will be ten times more miserable in years to come."

"You have not asked me to meet you here Sir Frederick, in order to tell me this?"

"This, and something more, Lady Dimsdale. Listen!" He laid one finger lightly on the sleeve of his companion's dress, as if to emphasise her attention. "I happen to be acquainted with a certain secret—it matters not how it came into my possession—the telling of which—and it could be told in half-a-dozen words—would relieve Boyd of this woman at once and for ever, would make a free man of him, as free to marry as in those old days when he used to haunt that vicarage garden which I too remember so well!"

Lady Dimsdale stepped in her walk and stared at him with wide-open eyes. "You—possess—a secret that could do all this?"

"I have stated no more than the simple truth."

"Then Mr. Boyd is not this woman's husband?" The question burst from her lips swiftly, impetuously. Next moment her eyes fell and a tell-tale blush suffused her cheeks. But here again the pink-lined sunshade came to her rescue.

"Mr. Boyd is the husband of no other woman," answered the Baronet drily.

"With what object have you made me the recipient of this confidence, Sir Frederick?"

"That I will presently explain. You are probably aware that Mr. Boyd leaves for London by the next train?"

Lady Dimsdale bowed.

"So that if any information is to be made available at all, no time must be lost."

"I still fail to see why—But that does not matter. As you say, there is no time to lose. You will send for Mr. Boyd at once, Sir Frederick. You are a generous-minded man, and you will not fail to reveal to him a secret which so nearly affects the happiness of his life." She spoke to him appealingly, almost imploringly.

He smiled a coldly disagreeable smile. "Pardon me, Lady Dimsdale, but generosity is one of those virtues which I have never greatly cared to cultivate. Had I endeavoured to do so, the soil would have proven barren, and the results not worth the trouble. In any case, I have never tried. I am a man of the world, that and nothing more."

"But this secret, Sir Frederick—as between man and man, and as between one gentleman and another—you will not keep it to yourself? You will not. No! I cannot believe that of you."

He lifted his hat for a moment. "Lady Dimsdale flatters." Then he glanced at his watch. "Later even than I thought. This question must be decided at once, or not at all. Lady Dimsdale I am willing to reveal my secret to Mr. Boyd on one condition—and on one only."

For a moment she hesitated, being still utterly at a loss to imagine why the Baronet had taken her so strangely into his confidence. Then she said: "May I ask what the condition in question is, Sir Frederick?"

"It was to tell it to you that I asked you to favour me with your presence here. Lady Dimsdale, my one condition is this: That when this man—this Mr. Oscar

Boyd—shall be free to marry again, as he certainly will be when my secret becomes known to him—you shall never consent to become his wife, and that you shall never reveal to him the reason why you decline to do so."

"Oh! This to me! Sir Frederick Pinkerton, you have no right to assume—Nothing, nothing can justify this language!"

He thought he had never seen her look so beautiful as she looked at that moment, with flashing eyes, heaving bosom, and burning cheeks.

He bowed and spread out his hands deprecatingly. "Pardon me, but I have assumed nothing—nothing whatever. I have specified a certain condition as the price of my secret. Call that condition a whim—the whim of an eccentric elderly gentleman, who, having no wife to keep him within the narrow grooves of common sense, originates many strange ideas at times. Call it by what name you will, Lady Dimsdale, it still remains what it was. To apply a big word to a very small affair—you have heard my ultimatum." He glanced at his watch again. "I shall be in the library for the next quarter of an hour. One word from you—Yes or No—and I shall know how to act. On that one word hangs the future of your friend, Mr. Oscar Boyd." He saluted her with one of his most ceremonious bows, and then turned and walked slowly away.

There was a garden-seat close by, and to this Lady Dimsdale made her way. She was torn by conflicting emotions. Indignation, grief, wonder, curiosity, each and all held possession of her. "Was ever a woman forced into such a cruel position before?" she asked herself.

"What can this secret be?" Is that woman not his wife? Yet Oscar recognised her as such the moment he set eyes on her. Can it be possible that she had a husband living when he married her, and that Sir Frederick is aware of the fact? It is all a mystery. Oh, how cruel, how cruel of Sir Frederick to force me into this position! What right has he to assume that even if Oscar were free to-morrow, he would—And yet—Oh, it is hard—hard! Why has this task been laid upon me? He will be free, and yet he must never know by what means. But whose happiness ought I to think of first—his or my own? His—a thousand times his! There is but one answer possible, and Sir Frederick knows it. He understands a woman's heart. I must decide at once—now. There is not a moment to lose. But one answer." Her eyes were dry, although her heart was full of anguish. Tears would find their way later on.

She quitted her seat, and near the end of the walk she found the same gardener that the Baronet had made use of. She beckoned the man to her, and as she slipped a coin into his hand, said to him: "Go to Sir Frederick Pinkerton, whom you will find in the library, and say to him that Lady Dimsdale's answer is 'Yes.'"

The man scratched his head and stared at her open-mouthed; so, for safety's sake she gave him the message a second time. The he seemed to comprehend, and touching his cap, set off at a rapid pace in the direction of the house.

Lady Dimsdale took the same way slowly, immersed in bitter thoughts. "Farewell, Oscar, farewell!" her heart kept repeating to itself. "Not even when you are free, must you ever learn the truth."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Boyd, after lunching heartily with kind, chatty Mrs. Bowood to keep her company, and after arranging her toilet, had gone back to the room in which her husband had left her, and from which he had forbidden her to stir till his return. She was somewhat surprised not find him there, but quite content to wait till he should think it well to appear. There was a comfortable-looking couch in the room, and after a hearty luncheon on a warm day, forty winks seem to follow as a natural corollary; at least that was Estelle's view of the present state of affairs. But before settling among the

soft cushions of the couch, she went up to the glass over the chimney-piece, and taking a tiny box from her pocket, opened it, and, with the swan's-down puff which she found therein, just dashed her cheeks with the faintest possible suggestion of Circassian Bloom, and then half rubbed it off with her handkerchief.

"A couple of glasses of Champagne would have laved me the need of doing this; but your cold thin claret has neither soul nor fire in it," she remarked to herself. "How comfortable these English country-houses are. I should like to stay here for a month. Only the people are so very good and, oh! so very stupid, that I know I should tire of them in a day or two, and say or do something that would make them fling up their hands in horror." She yawned, gave a glance at herself, and then went and sat down on the couch. As she was re-arranging the pillows, she found a handkerchief under one of them. She pounced on it in a moment. In one corner was a monogram. She read the letters, "L. D.," aloud. "My Lady Dimsdale's, without a doubt," she said. "Damp, too. She has been crying for the loss of her darling Oscar." She dropped the handkerchief with a sneer and set her foot on it. "How sweet it is to have one's rival under one's feet—sweeter still, when you know that she loves him and you don't! Lady Dimsdale will hardly care to let Monsieur Oscar kiss her again. He is going away on a long journey with his wife—with his wife, ha, ha! Fools! If they only knew! The echo of her harsh, unwomanly laugh had scarcely died away, when the door opened, and the man of whom she had been speaking stood before her.

After bidding farewell to Lady Dimsdale, Mr. Boyd had plunged at once into a lonely part of the grounds, where he would be able to recover himself in some measure, unseen by any one. Of a truth, he was very wretched. It seemed almost impossible to believe that one short hour—nay, even far less than that—should have sufficed to plunge him from the heights of felicity into the lowest depths of misery. Yet, so it was! and thus, alas, it is but too often in this world of unstable things. But the necessity for action was imminent upon him; there would be time enough hereafter for thinking and suffering. A few minutes sufficed to enable him to lock down his feelings beyond the guess or ken of others, and then he went in search of Captain Bowood. He found his host and Mrs. Bowood together. The latter was telling her husband all about her recent interview with Mrs. Boyd. The mistress of Rosemount had never had a bird of such a strange plumage under her roof before, and had rarely been so puzzled as she was to-day. That this woman was a lady, Mrs. Bowood's instincts declined to let her believe; but the fact that she was Mr. Boyd's wife seemed to prove that she must be something better than an adventuress. The one certain fact was, that she was a guest at Rosemount, and as such must be welcome.

When Mr. Boyd entered the room, Mrs. Bowood was at once struck by the change in his appearance. She felt instinctively that some great calamity had overtaken this man, and her motherly heart was touched. Accordingly, when Mr. Boyd intimated to her and the Captain that it was imperatively necessary that he and his wife should start for London by the five o'clock train, she gave expression to her regret that such a necessity should arise, but otherwise offered no opposition to the proposed step, as, under ordinary circumstances, she would have been sure to do. In matters such as these the Captain always followed his wife's lead. Five minutes later, Oscar Boyd went in search of his wife.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Religion stands upon two pillars, namely: what Christ did for us in His flesh, and what he performs for us by His spirit. Most errors arise from an attempt to separate these two.

### A Bear Story.

From all accounts, the larger portion of the population of the Pine mountain region, in Delaware county, Pa., is at present in earnest pursuit of the mother of two bear cubs, about the size of small puppies, which fell into the hands of two fishermen recently. The fishermen had seated themselves in the shelter of a rock to smoke their pipes and take a drink. One of them, Jack Trumble, in sighting over the bottle at an angle of forty-five degrees toward a hill opposite him, discovered that it had "drawn bead" on two baby bears. They were rolling and tumbling over one another in play on the upper side of an old log. Trumble lowered the bottle at once, laid it on the ground, and started up the hill toward the cubs. His companion, a man by the name of Herbut, followed him. The little bears showed no disposition to resist capture, and the men each took one up in his arms. The fishermen turned to go back after their fishing tackle and loutie, but changed their minds before they had taken a step. On the other side of the hollow, about three hundred yards away and coming directly and rapidly toward the spot where they had sat down to refresh themselves, was an old bear. It was plainly the mother of the cubs, and Trumble and Herbut started for the nearest clearing with their booty. They expected to be followed close by the old bear, but they reached a lumber cabin nearly two miles distant without having seen any signs of her. An hour afterward, while they were awaiting the arrival of a messenger who had been sent after arms and ammunition, with which the fishermen intended to return in search of the old bear, a boy without any hat and very much excited, came running into the cabin.

"There's a big bear up the creek," he exclaimed, "and if it ain't drunk it's crazy! I was fishin' down the creek, an' jist as I worked myself 'round the edge of the big rock at the lower end o' the dark hole, I came square on to the bear. It was rollin' 'round on the ground, and kickin' about an' kind o' growlin', but not like as if it was mad. Fust I thought it had been shot an' had got away, an' was layin' there givin' its dyin' kicks. Then I looked agin' an' see two fish poles broke into a dozen pieces, an' a fish line was wound all round the bear. I was jst goin' to make a break for t'other side o' the creek to git away fore the bear seed me, but jist then it did see me, an' riz up an' came right fur me, a sparrin' away jist like I've seen drunken raftmen doin'. I didn't wait much longer, but jist pulled across that brook an' made for here."

The messenger came in a few minutes later, and Trumble and Herbut started back with shot guns loaded with buckshot after the bear. When they reached the spot the bear was gone. Two hours had passed since the boy had seen her. The bottle was found near where it had been left. It was empty. This was explanation enough to the hunter why the bear had not followed them. Unable to resist the temptation of strong drink, she had tarried with the bottle and drained it. When the boy came upon the bear she was drunk. She had amused herself by breaking the fishpots into bits. While under the influence of the liquor she had forgotten all about her cubs, and when the effects had passed off, she knew it was too late to be of any service to them, and at once bethought herself of her own safety. So well did she look out for herself that although twenty men and boys have been scouring the region ever since, they have not discovered one trace of her. It is supposed that she has eluded her pursuers in one of the dense swamps around the headwaters of the Delaware.

Four years ago two men named David Rosenther and Ed. Linerley captured three cubs on Pine mountain, near where the above two were found. A hunt for days for the old bears was kept up, but they were never found. The two cubs captured on Saturday are still at the cabin, where they play about as contentedly as two kittens.



Breton, N. S.; 8 Mrs. Jno. McLeod, 8101 Lake. Man; 9 J. Mos M. Lellan, 4 Haaver St., S. S. Raurer Wigtownshire, Scotland; 10 W. S. McLean, Eglshytown, C. B. N. S.; 11. Wm. Quinn, Scauldvale, P. O. Muskegon; 12 to 19 Eg t Open Face Crystal Watches, 12 Ribt. T. Thomson, Jr. S. Cooves Settlement, W. S. O., N. P.; 13 J. F. Robinson, S. r. r. H. H. Mints, N. S.; 14. David Sinclair, Onance Harbor, N. S.; 15. A. N. Macdonald, Lime Q. Harrie, Pollic B. g. N. S.; 16. Annie Boyd, Minnesota, Min.; 17. L. m. J. P. S. w. n. c. r. P. E. I.; 18. M. r. H. P. C. w. p. r. t. h. w. i. t. e. C. r. w. a. l. l. P. E. I.; 19 Mrs R. P. Anderson, Pullat Mound, Man; 20 to 25 S. x. A. l. u. m. i. n. u. m. G. l. i. W. a. t. c. h. e. s. 20. T. M. Baker, Oak River Man; 21 Frederick C. a. s. C. a. n. C. o. v. e. G. s. p. P. Q. 22 Th. a. L. o. o. r. a. r. d. P. e. t. e. r. s. v. i. l. l. e. N. B.; 23 L. z. e. C. u. r. n. 305 M. i. n. n. S. t. S. o. n. F. a. n. i. n. o. O. d. U. S.; 24 Forenoon, I. Merry, S. l. a. n. o. O. d.; 25 E. q. u. i. r. M. a. y. h. e. w. B. r. e. l. v. e. C. i. l.; 26 to 31 S. x. W. a. t. e. r. b. u. r. y. W. a. t. c. h. e. s. 26. G. e. o. r. g. F. e. a. n. S. i. l. v. e. r. I. s. l. e. t. O. n. t.; 27. W. N. Green, w. a. y. C. r. y. s. t. a. l. O. y. M. a. n.; 28 James Muir, H. e. a. l. t. h. M. a. n.; 29. D. W. E. i. n. e. r. s. H. e. a. l. t. h. M. a. n.; 30 Mrs. W. H. R. b. e. r. t. s. C. l. e. a. r. w. a. t. e. r. M. a. n.; 31. W. R. G. a. n. n. P. r. e. c. e. A. l. b. e. r. t. N. W. T.; 32 to 92. H. o. o. d. s. P. o. e. m. s. 32. T. h. e. H. i. n. t. o. f. t. h. e. J. u. d. g. e. o. f. P. r. e. s. b. i. t. o. H. i. l. l. o. c. k. M. n.; 33 W. J. M. M. o. s. a. m. i. n. N. W. T.; 34 M. s. O. n. a. M. a. t. h. e. s. o. n. C. i. a. l. o. t. t. o. w. n. P. E. I. 35. J. R. M. L. e. a. n. W. o. o. l. l. a. n. d. M. a. n.; 36 M. r. A. x. A. i. c. h. e. s. R. e. g. i. a. M. a. n.; 37 W. m. M. c. K. a. v. C. l. i. f. f. o. n. (N. e. w. L. o. n. d. o. n.) P. E. I.; 38 J. a. o. C. o. m. p. r. M. o. o. s. o. m. i. n. N. W. T.; 39. G. R. D. i. x. o. n. P. o. i. n. t. o. f. B. a. t. e. N. B.; 40. M. r. E. C. o. w. V. i. l. l. a. H. o. m. e. s. t. e. a. d. F. o. s. s. o. C. i. t. y. C. i. l.; 41 C. e. m. e. n. t. G. W. h. i. t. e. C. h. a. r. l. o. t. t. o. w. n. P. E. I.; 42 J. H. R. o. b. e. r. t. s. P. o. r. t. a. g. e. L. a. P. r. a. i. r. i. e. M. a. n.; 43 E. n. e. s. t. G. r. e. g. W. i. a. n. i. p. e. g. M. n.; 84. T. H. M. V. i. l. l. i. e. r. s. E. n. r. s. a. n. M. a. n.; 45. T. a. c. s. B. C. u. r. c. h. F. o. r. t. L. a. w. r. e. n. c. e. N. S.; 46. M. r. W. H. S. m. i. t. h. N. i. p. i. s. i. n. g. O. n. t.; 47. A. F. F. r. a. n. c. i. s. S. d. e. H. e. a. d. C. o. m. b. e. l. t. o. n. N. B. 48. A. O. S. a. r. T. o. w. n. P. l. i. t. F. o. r. t. W. i. l. l. i. a. m. N. S.; 49. G. e. o. r. g. Z. i. c. k. e. r. C. a. p. e. N. o. r. t. h. N. S. 50. L. P. M. a. n. h. a. r. d. K. i. n. g. t. o. n. Q. u. e.; 51. A. n. b. e. r. P. o. r. t. H. a. t. s. p. e. r. t. N. S. 52. E. l. i. z. a. M. a. h. o. n. G. a. p. e. Q. u. e.; 53. M. r. S. Z. P. h. i. n. e. y. B. r. i. d. g. e. t. o. w. n. N. S.; 54. J. R. B. i. r. r. a. y. W. i. l. l. s. o. n. M. i. l. l. s. Q. u. e.; 55. W. H. H. a. l. l. M. i. n. e. v. i. l. l. Q. u. e.; 56. A. W. W. a. d. r. u. f. f. S. u. r. e. s. b. u. r. y. M. a. s. s.; 57. E. r. e. s. t. A. p. p. l. h. v. S. a. V. i. c. a. n. t. M. n.; 58. V. i. o. l. a. U. t. i. n. S. i. l. v. e. r. L. a. k. e. I. n. d.; 59. M. r. L. A. b. b. o. t. M. a. s. s. a. c. h. u. s. Q. u. e.; 60. M. a. T. W. S. m. i. t. h. B. r. i. a. d. a. l. e. M. a. r. k. o. b. a.; 61. A. C. I. u. M. o. k. a. y. N. e. w. G. l. a. s. g. o. w. N. S. 62. J. M. Q. u. e. n. C. o. m. m. u. n. i. t. y. M. a. n.; 63. R. J. W. i. l. s. o. n. J. r. H. i. f. a. x. N. S.; 64. A. M. O. i. l. m. a. n. P. e. m. b. n. i. D. k. e. t. a.; 65. W. m. H. e. a. r. y. J. o. h. n. s. o. n. W. a. r. m. S. r. i. n. g. s. W. y. o. m. i. n. g. T. e. r. U. S.; 66. M. a. g. e. e. B. e. n. e. r. A. m. a. s. t. o. n. C. a. B. e. n. f. r. a. w. O. n. t.; 67. M. r. J. M. D. o. n. a. l. d. S. d. a. l. i. a. C. o. l. o. r. a. d. o.; 68. N. e. v. i. n. D. a. r. r. o. c. h. G. l. i. e. s. H. i. l. l. O. n. t.; 69. C. r. i. s. t. i. a. n. F. i. s. t. e. G. l. e. n. T. a. y. O. n. t.; 70. C. A. H. e. t. c. h. i. n. s. 55. L. o. c. k. m. a. n. S. t. H. a. l. i. f. a. x. N. S.; 71. T. T. H. a. m. i. l. t. o. n. B. a. n. d. o. n. O. n. t.; 72. J. a. S. G. i. l. l. e. s. p. a. G. r. y. s. t. o. c. k. O. n. t.; 73. M. a. r. g. e. A. S. n. e. i. a. r. M. c. G. a. r. y. D. r. u. m. m. o. n. d. O. n. t.; 74. D. O. K. e. l. l. y. S. t. e. r. v. i. l. l. e. P. e. n. n.; 75. M. r. W. J. S. a. n. d. e. r. s. V. e. n. n. a. c. h. a. r. O. n. t.; 76. R. G. T. h. o. m. s. o. n. S. n. r. P. e. t. i. t. o. d. i. a. n. N. B.; 77. J. W. R. h. i. n. o. n. G. r. a. y. s. t. o. c. k. O. n. t.; 78. S. e. l. i. a. P. a. r. s. o. n. A. u. r. e. l. i. a. I. o. w. a.; 79. J. H. H. e. a. t. h. W. a. t. P. o. i. n. t. T. i. p. p. e. c. a. n. o. C. o. I. n. d.; 81. C. h. a. s. D. L. i. n. e. S. o. u. t. h. L. i. n. o. l. i. n. M. a. i. n. e.; 81. E. l. l. e. n. o. r. a. C. o. m. p. e. l. l. M. e. r. c. h. i. s. t. o. n. S. r. a. t. h. o. l. i. r. M. a.; 82. A. l. e. x. M. i. n. t. e. n. e. h. P. l. e. a. s. a. n. t. B. a. y. C. B. N. S. 83. M. s. H. B. l. a. c. k. e. e. y. A. t. w. o. o. d. P. a.; 84. M. i. s. L. z. z. e. B. e. a. c. h. N. e. w. G. l. a. s. g. o. w. N. S. 85. J. o. h. n. D. E. l. l. S. o. u. t. h. B. r. i. c. k. N. S.; 86. M. r. S. W. r. i. g. h. t. S. c. o. t. t. o. w. n. (H. a. m. p. l. e. n.) P. Q. 87. J. o. h. n. D. a. n. o. n. B. o. x. 72. R. i. p. i. d. C. y. M. a. n.; 88. A. l. b. e. r. t. S. m. i. t. h. O. t. t. e. r. L. a. k. e. P. Q. 89. M. r. A. l. i. o. O. K. a. n. y. E. m. d. a. l. e. N. S.; 91. A. G. P. a. l. i. o. I. n. v. e. r. n. e. s. M. e. g. a. n. t. i. o. P. Q. 91. J. A. G. r. e. i. g. C. o. a. d. i. e. r. s. M. i. l. l. s. Q. u. e.; 92. M. a. s. s. o. n. N. y. o. B. e. l. l. f. i. r. d. Q. u. e.; 93 to 121. S. i. l. v. e. r. P. l. a. t. e. d. B. u. t. t. e. r. K. i. f. e. 93. A. r. t. u. s. M. i. C. o. b. e. P. o. r. t. u. P. i. q. u. e. N. S. 94. L. u. i. s. a. A. S. m. i. t. h. F. e. n. o. c. h. L. a. k. e. S. i. n. t. u. r. y. N. B.; 95. M. r. J. N. D. o. d. d. e. K. e. r. i. a. n. M. a. n. o. k. a.; 96. M. r. A. M. c. K. i. n. n. o. n. M. i. n. e. t. r. n. N. B.; 97. S. u. a. A. n. o. R. e. c. h. a. r. d. S. o. t. i. a. P. O. M. a. n. o. k. a.; 98. D. a. v. i. d. R. e. c. k. i. e. M. o. r. d. O. n. t.; 99. M. r. J. P. a. l. s. i. f. e. r. H. a. n. t. a. p. o. r. t. N. S. 100. M. r. R. a. d. M. a. r. c. h. O. n. t.; 101. C. r. a. W. a. r. r. i. n. g. B. o. x. 96. H. a. r. s. e. l. l. 102. W. i. l. l. i. a. m. H. w. e. y. K. i. a. S. i. l. l. y. O. n. t.; 103. M. r. v. O. g. l. e. y. L. i. n. g. w. o. o. d. S. t. a. t. o. n. P. O. 104. W. m. D. a. v. i. d. S. a. n. f. o. r. d. O. n. t.; 105. J. o. h. n. W. r. i. n. g. t. o. n. R. e. s. M. o. n. t. O. n. t.; 106. R. Y. a. n. e. W. i. l. f. e. r. d. O. n. t.; 107. G. e. o. r. g. S. t. e. n. o. u. e. P. a. r. l. H. i. C. u. r. t. w. i. g. h. t. O. n. t.; 108. A. l. f. r. e. d. T. o. o. l. P. u. e. O. r. h. a. r. d. O. n. t.; 109. R. A. n. d. e. r. s. o. n. H. o. p. t. o. w. n. P. O. O. n. t.; 110. A. n. g. u. s. J. o. h. n. s. t. o. n. M. a. l. a. k. H. O. t. 111. J. G. R. a. s. t. r. a. y. G. l. e. n. w. a. l. k. e. r. O. n. t.; 112. J. a. m. e. s. H. N. o. r. t. o. n. R. a. v. e. n. s. h. o. e. O. n. t.; 113. J. W. B. a. l. l.

ing. Monticello, Ont; 114 W. n. Elford, Essex Centre, Ont; 115, Mrs. J. R. Isaac, Wrooster, Ont; 116 Hugh M. Duggall, Wrooster, Ont; 117, W. E. MacPail, C. i. f. f. i. e. s. O. j. v. e. C. i. l.; 118, Mrs. J. O. v. a. a. n. h. 1177 W. A. d. a. m. s. S. t. C. o. n. a. g. o. I. l. l.; 119 W. m. A. H. o. r. a. o. L. y. o. n. s. W. a. y. n. a. b. O. n. N. Y.; 120, Frank B. o. i. t. C. l. a. y. t. o. n. I. o. w. a.; 121, Mrs. S. S. a. u. l. t. 73 E. a. s. t. S. t. C. l. a. i. r. S. t. r. e. e. t. I. n. d. i. a. n. o. p. o. l. i. s. I. n. d.

# \$7,500 REWARD.

## IN "TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION.

Number Ten, Closing May 27th.

We do think this time that we far surpass any of our many other very liberal offers for correct answers to Bible questions. Some say "it is a marvel how he can do it." We can assure our readers that all the rewards offered below will, as in the past contests, be cheerfully and promptly handed over to the *six hundred and twenty-five* persons who send correct answers to the Bible Questions given below by one of the leading clergymen of the Methodist Church. The questions are very difficult this time, all of which must be answered correctly in order to secure any of the rewards offered.

### THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1st. Who was that foreign King of longest name, who for a time reigned over the Israelites?  
 2nd. Name the longest reign among the kings of Israel?  
 3rd. Name the shortest reign among the kings of Israel?

It is our aim to increase the study of the good old Book, somewhat out of fashion nowadays. The interest now taken in these Bible competitions is somewhat keener than at first. Here are

- ### THE REWARDS.
- 1 Elegant Rosewood Piano ..... \$55000
  - 1 Twelve Stop C. line Organ ..... 25000
  - 2 Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-setting, in cases, elegantly engraved in Watch ..... 22000
  - 3 Magnificent Triple Silver-Plated Tea Services, 6 pieces ..... 33000
  - 2 Ladies' Solid Gold Stem in winding and stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches ..... 20000
  - 2 Celebrated Wanzor Sewing Machines ..... 12000
  - 5 Gentlemen's Elegant Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches ..... 12500
  - 3 Gentlemen's Open Face Solid Coin Silver Watches ..... 7200
  - 9 Solid Nickel Silver Hunting-Case Watches ..... 14400
  - 9 Solid Nickel Silver, open-face, heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches ..... 13500
  - 9 Aluminium Gold Hunting Case Watches ..... 12600
  - 5 Beautiful Solid Gold Diamond Rings ..... 15000
  - 11 Solid Gold Rings ..... 9300
  - 12 Remoond Waterbury Watches ..... 6000
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  - 11 Half-Dozen sets of solid triple silver-plated Countess Tea spoons ..... 6600
  - 100 Copies, sumptuously bound, of Shakespeare's Works ..... 25250
  - 139 Elegant triple silver-plated butter knives ..... 13900

Boar in mind that each competitor must send with their answers one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for six months. You, therefore, PAY NOTHING ADDITIONAL for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, getting full and big value for your dollar investment in receiving TRUTH for six months. The regular subscription price of TRUTH is two dollars per year. Remember, to the sender of the first correct answer to the questions proposed the piano will be sent. The second correct answer will take the organ, the third, one of those beautiful solid gold watches, and so on, until the two hundred and forty-seven rewards are disposed of. Then come the

- ### MIDDLE REWARDS.
- 1 Gentleman's solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting, box case, Elgin Watch ..... \$11000
  - 2 Beautiful Triple Silver-Plated Tea Sets ..... 70000
  - 1 Ladies' Solid Gold Watch ..... 10000
  - 2 Wanzor Sewing Machines ..... 12000
  - 5 Solid Coin Silver Hunting-Case Watches ..... 12500
  - 3 Open Face Solid Coin Silver Watches ..... 6000
  - 13 Solid Nickel Silver Hunting Case Watches ..... 21700
  - 17 Solid Nickel, Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches ..... 30600

- 15 Solid Aluminium Gold Hunting Case Watches ..... 22500
- 21 Half dozen sets triple-plated Tea Spoons ..... 14700
- 9 Celebrated Waterbury Watches ..... 4500
- 39 Copies, sumptuously bound, Tennyson's Poem ..... 9730
- 27 Triple Silver-Plated Butter Knives ..... 2700

The number one of these rewards will be given to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last, and the senders of the next one hundred and fifty-four correct answers following the middle one, will be awarded the remaining prizes.

And the last comers are not to be overlooked, as there is a long list offered of

- ### CONSOLATION REWARDS.
- 1 Gentleman's Solid Gold Hunting-Case (beautifully engraved) Genuine Elgin Watch ..... \$11000
  - 1 Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch ..... 10000
  - 1 Elegant Triple Silver Plated Tea Service ..... 10000
  - 3 Double-Barrelled Breach-Loading Shot Guns, pistol grip, rebounding locks, all latest improvements, from Chas. S. ark's Great Gun House, Toronto ..... 30000
  - 9 Double-Barrelled Breach-Loading Shot Guns, not so highly finished ..... 81000
  - 4 Fine Silk Dress Patterns ..... 20000
  - 1 Fine Book Cashmere Dress Patterns ..... 15000
  - 12 Elegant New Sateen Print Dresses ..... 35000
  - 15 Triple Silver Plated Cruet Stands ..... 12000
  - 31 Half-Dozen Gentlemen's best linen Pocket Handkerchiefs ..... 15300
  - 10 Half-Dozen Ladies' Fancy Bordered Pocket Handkerchiefs ..... 14500

Making in all over SIX HUNDRED of the most costly and beautiful premium rewards ever offered by any publisher in the world.

In these consolation rewards the further you live from Toronto the better your chances are for obtaining a reward, as it is the last correct answer received at this office gets number one reward, and the next to the last correct answer, number two, and so on, till all the last or consolation rewards are given out. But bear in mind that the letters must all bear the postmark of office where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition, which is May 27th. You can, therefore, compete if you live in British Columbia, the States or England, or anywhere else, where a letter will reach here say in thirteen or fifteen days after the close of the competition, as long as it bears the postmark of the 27th May, in the place where mailed. Address S. FRANK WILSON, 120 Bay Street, Toronto, and don't delay after reading this, but send in the answers and dollar at once; and whether you get a prize or not you will be well pleased with your investment. You will certainly get a prize if your answers are correct and they arrive in time.

### PRESIDENTIAL FAVORITES.

#### Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Men who Stand Closest to the Chief Executive.

Visitors who, from curiosity or business, have called at the White House, must have been impressed by the courteous yet systematic manner with which they were received and escorted through the mansion. The gentlemen whose duty it is to receive all persons coming to the White House are Colonel E. S. Denmore, Mr. John T. Rickard and Mr. T. F. Pindel, and they have occupied their present positions through the administrations since and even during the body-guard; saw him to his carriage the fatal night on which he visited Ford's theatre, and he has now in his possession the blood-stained coat which Mr. Lincoln wore on that memorable occasion. There is not a public man in America to-day who does not know, and who is not known by these gentlemen, and the reminiscences of public and social life which they can recount would fill a congressional volume. During the weary yet exciting years of the war; through the more peaceful times of Grant's administration; while Hayes held the reins of government, and when Garfield was shot, it was these men who stood in the executive mansion, welcoming the advent of each new administration, bowing at its departure, and receiving both martyrs through its portals.

During that hot, hot and fever to be forgotten summer when President Garfield lay between "two worlds," the nation became aware of the deadly malarial influence

which hung about the White House. But all through that period these three men never deserted their post for a single day, although each one was suffering intensely. In conversation with the writer, Colonel Denmore said:

"It is impossible to describe the tortures I have undergone. To be compelled to smile and treat the thousands of visitors who come here daily with courtesy when one is in the greatest agony requires a tremendous effort. All that summer I had terrible headaches, heart-burn and a stifling sensation that sometimes took away my breath. My appetite was unaccountable and I felt severe pains in the small of my back. I was under the doctor's care with a strict injunction not to go out of the house but I remained on duty nevertheless. You would be surprised to know the amount of quinine I took; on some days it was as much as sixteen grains."

"And was Mr. Rickard badly off too?"

"I should think he was. Why, time and again we have puked him up and laid him out on the floor here in the vestibule, he was so used up."

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Rickard, "I was so weak I could not get after lying down, without help and could only walk with the aid of two canes, and then in a stopping position. Oh, we have been in a pretty bad condition here, all of us."

"And yet you are all the embodiment of health," said the writer, as he looked at the three bright and vigorous men before him.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Rickard, "we have not known what sickness was for more than a year."

"Have you some secret way of overcoming malaria and its attendant horrors?"

"I think we have a most certain way," replied Colonel Denmore, "but I am no doctor. You see about two years ago my wife was so ill that she was almost dead, and I was so weak that I could not tell whether persons were white or black; the distance of ten feet. One of our lady friends advised her to try a certain treatment that had done wonders for her, and to make a long story short, she did so and was completely cured. This induced me to try the same means for my own restoration and as soon as I found it was doing me good I recommended it to my associates and we have all been cured right here in the struggle with malaria and kept in perfect health ever since by means of Warner's Safe Cure. Now I am not a believer in medicine in general, but I do not hesitate to say that I am satisfied I should have died of Bright's disease of the kidneys before this, had it not been for this wonderful remedy. Indeed, I use it as a household medicine and give it to my children whenever they have any ailments."

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Pindel, "I use it in my family all the while and have found it the most efficient remedy we have ever employed. I know of very many public men who are using it to-day and they all speak well of it."

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day" said Mr. Rickard, "and when my physicians told me over a year ago I could not hope to recover I weighed 122 pounds. Under such influences you cannot wonder that I consider it the best medicine before the American people."

The above statements from these gentlemen need no comments. They are voluntary and outspoken expressions of a price which sets the highest in the land. Where the slightest question regarding their authenticity they would not be made public, but as they furnish such valuable proofs for all who are suffering, we unhesitatingly publish them for the good of all.

Every one speaks highly of Dr. Carson's Stomach, Liver and Kidney medicine. The best family medicine ever used, say they all. Try a bottle this Spring as a blood purifier.

SI will buy 12 assortments of Dahlias or Scotch Fir Trees. JAMES RENNIE, 44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-7

Ladies' Department.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

When making layer cake which is to have a filling of fresh fruit, or one of any kind which ought not to be put in until it is time to serve it, it should be taken from the tins in which it is baked and be placed on the tins turned upside down. Take the precaution to heat these tins if they have cooled, in order to prevent the cake's falling.

Delicious filling for a layer cake is made of bananas, sliced thin, with powdered sugar sprinkled over them. The bananas should not be prepared until almost tea time, for they become discovered if they are perfectly ripe and allowed to stand long. Another way to prepare a filling is to chop some pineapple very fine, and put half pineapple and half banana together; put a layer of banana on the cake, then cover this with the chopped pineapple and sugar.

A nice dish for dessert is made by peeling some tart apples, and removing the cores, leaving the apples whole; stew the apples in water enough to completely cover them, and when soft so that you can pierce them easily clear through with a slender broom splint, lift them out of the water, and let them drain on a colander. Then to the water in which the apples were boiled add sugar enough to sweeten it well; let this come to a boil, then drop the apples in, and let them come to a boil; take them out again and place them in a jar. To the hot syrup add an ounce of gelatine dissolved in a pint of cold water. Let this come to a boil, then pour over the apples. The day after they are cooked these are ready for the table. If a small quantity only is made, put it into the dish in which it is to be sent to the table, or put it into a mould, and turn it out on a platter. Serve with cream if possible.

Many people who like the various dishes made of dried cod-fish do not have them as often as they otherwise would because they object strongly to the odor given out by the fish when kept in the st re-room. This objection may be done away with by pursuing this course. Buy the very best cod-fish, the English cured is preferred by many cooks; remove all skin and bone from it. Then put the pieces of fish into glass fruit-jars, screw the covers on, and no odor will be perceptible. The fish will not absorb undue moisture, and will be in convenient form to use at any time.

Suppose that you have some pieces of cold roast beef that you do not know how to use to good advantage, also some bits of cold ham; try this way of disposing of them: Chop them very fine, removing all gristle or anything that is not appetizing, to one cup and a half of this chopped meat add a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a small onion, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, a pinch of sage, and a little dried parsley rubbed fine. Beat one egg, and add to bind the bits together; add also a little soup stock to moisten them; roll in shape of flat cakes, dip in egg and very fine cracker or bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard. Have the lard boiling when the croquettes are dropped into it, then they will keep their shape, as they become crisp on the outside at once.

Bread, biscuits, roll, and the crust of pies are all greatly improved in flavor and color if they are lightly brushed over with milk just before they are put into the oven. A little sugar dissolved in the milk is an addition also.

A receipt for Spanish lunas. The following rule is said to be a very worthy one: Beat two cups of sugar with three-fourths of a cup of butter until light, then add four well-beaten eggs, half a cup of sweet milk and half a cup of orange juice, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of best molasses, one cup of well washed English currants, one teaspoonful of soda and two of

cream of tartar; just enough sifted flour to make a dough of the consistency of ginger-bread dough; bake in a shallow pan. The top may be glazed by drawing the cake close to the oven door, when it is about half done, and rubbing it lightly and quickly over with a little molasses and milk well mixed together; apply this with a soft cloth. Another way is to make an icing of the white of one egg, a little sugar and half a teaspoonful of cinnamon; and still another way is, the moment the cake is taken from the oven, to sprinkle powdered sugar over it.

Excellent soft gingerbread is made of one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sour cream, one cup of New Orleans molasses, four cups of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, one tablespoonful of ginger, three well beaten eggs, the rind grated of one lemon. Raisins may be added if you please.

To provide endless subjects of study for your children, take a one-quart glass fruit can, get it nearly full of pond water; then let them observe the forms of life, both of plants and of insects, which flourish there. Small magnifying glasses are luxuries that will be appreciated.

To use pieces of cold boiled ham that are too small for the table, chop them fine, line a salad dish with lettuce leaves, season the chopped ham with pepper, a little mustard, and then make a tomato dressing: take one pint of tomato-juice, strain it, thicken it by adding one tablespoonful of arrowroot, mixed with a little of the cold juice; then stir it into the other and let it boil for two or three minutes; add a little butter and pepper, and pour over the ham. Serve hot or cold.

FAMILY MATTERS.

Hot liquid lye is recommended for removing obstructions in waste pipes. Or let potash dissolve over night in the pipes.

To REMOVE OIL SPOTS.—To take out black oil spots from clothing, wet the spot in turpentine; rub on plenty of soap; wash out in cold water.

There are people who dislike the taste of new milk, and yet are directed to take it. It will be made more palatable by sprinkling it well with salt.

PANCAKES.—One-half pint of milk, three spoonfuls sugar, two eggs; one teaspoon soda, two of cream tartar, salt, nutmeg, flour, for a stiff batter.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—One and a half cups molasses, one-half cup butter, one cup boiling water, one teaspoonful ginger, one of soda. Roll very thin.

If you cut the back legs of your chair two inches shorter than the front ones the fatigue of sitting will be greatly relieved and the spine placed in a better position.

CLEAN LAMPS.—Perhaps nothing pays better interest on labor expended than a clean lamp; do not sigh for a patent chimney cleaner, but take a piece of rattan and make one by tying on a piece of cotton.

LEXON Pudding.—Three quarters of a pound of grated bread, six ounces of suet, one-quarter of a pound of moist sugar, the peel of a lemon grated, and the juice, two eggs and a little milk to mix it. Boil three hours.

Antique lace may be washed in borax water, and after soaking awhile in it and then left for an hour or more in warm soda, the water should be squeezed out, and it should be pinned in shape on a clean board to dry. Do not iron nor blue it.

CLEANING NEW LINOLEUM.—Equal parts of salad oil and vinegar is the best thing for the purpose as it keeps cleaner longer than skim milk, which is commonly used. If dirty, wash the linoleum first with soap and water. Soda rapidly destroys it, but soap or grease improves the wear.

The late Charles Delmonico said that

hot water, to be fit for anything, must be boiled quickly, and taken right off and used in tea, coffee or other drinks. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water was gone, and the lime and iron and other dregs only left in the kettle, he claimed was what made a great many sick.

Rag Carpet Notes.

A good way to plan for the arrangement of the stripes in your carpet so that the different colors may be evenly distributed, is this: Reel each of the bright colors into knots, and as you know each knot contains eight yards, you may calculate in this manner: Suppose you wish to make twenty yards of carpet and have five knots—or 400 yards—of red; then you can have in each yard threads of red as many times as 25 is contained in 400, or 16. The darker or more predominating colors may be estimated by the pound; but if a little study be given to the quantity of each color, there need be no odd-looking breadths in which some of the colors have run out.

Do not have too many colors. Brown, green, red and orange, with some neutral tints, harmonize well; but if you add blue and yellow, they will give a cheap, tawdry look to the carpet. Quite a pretty bed-room carpet has been lately made, with but two colors—stripes of gray and blue, each about five inches wide, separated by a few threads of black and white alternately. The blue and the gray were both cotton; the blue colored by the usual recipe for blue on cotton, and the gray colored with tea leaves, copperas being used to set the color. As the furniture was painted gray with blue decorations, and all the little dainty appointments of the room were in the same color, it was a delight to see that even a rag-carpet could be made to harmonize pleasantly with its surroundings.

Another bed-room carpet that looked very nice, was made entirely of a dark tan color and a bright copperas twisted together. Both these carpets seem to keep their color pretty well; but, of course, being cotton, they will fade sooner than woollen.

It hardly pays to color cotton green, as green is the most expensive dye in common use, and the money that is paid for the dye will generally buy several yards of new green calico of a much better color than you can make, while the rags you have may be dyed some cheaper color.

Old calico and worsted dresses, even if they are quite faded, always make a pretty stripe without re-coloring; but in winding such rags in a ball, it is necessary to be careful to double the threads together as they are wound, so that the outside or least faded part, will show the most.—Rural New Yorker.

The Right wife.

A physician writes to young men as follows: "My profession has thrown me among women of all classes, and my experience teaches me that the Creator never gave man a greater proof of his love than to place woman here with him. My advice is—Go and propose to the most sensible girl you know. If she accepts you, tell her how much your income is, and from what source derived, and tell her that you will divide the last shilling with her, and that you will love her with all your heart into the bargain; and then keep your promise. My word for it, she will live within your income, and to your last hour you will regret that you did not marry sooner. Stop worrying about feminine extravagance and feminine untruth. Just you be true to her—love her sincerely, and a more fond, faithful, foolish slave you will never meet anywhere. You will not deserve her, I know; but she will never know it."

Accordion-pleated skirts and shoulder capes, bordered with a deep accordion pleating, are worn together, especially by children and young girls.

Dr. W. Souville's Spirometer Given Free Encouraged by the fact that during the last five years thousands of patients who have used my Spirometer have been cured of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Catarrhal-Discharges, Consumption, or Weak Lungs, and feeling that many who could be cured are foolishly unable to procure the instrument, I will give THE SPIROMETER FREE to any one suffering from any of the above ailments who will call at 173 Church Street, Toronto, and consult the Surgeons of the International Throat and Lung Institute. The medicines above to be paid for, if unable to call, write for particulars and treatment which can be sent by express to any address. Dr. M. SOUVILLE, Ex-aide Surgeon French Army.

High collars and high coiffures are all the rage.

A RUN FROM LIFE.—Sixteen miles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Eucletic Oil. Good time, but your policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

Easter dresses are in the hands of dressmakers.

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

Lace dresses, both black and white, will again be worn.

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

Berthas of fine, small flowers are worn with ball dresses.

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

There are "no rules of fashion" this season.



HEADACHES

Are generally induced by Indigestion, Feul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation, or some Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System.

Sufferers will find relief by the use of

Ayer's Pills

to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of Congestive and Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache, and Sick Headache; and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthy condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR

A NEW DISCOVERY.

For several years we have furnished the Dairywomen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere, receiving the highest and only prize at both International Expositions.

It is used by patient and scientific chemical research, we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. It will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

It is used, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is perfectly fit to be become rancid. IT NEVER TAKES OFF all impurities, and of all other artificial colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

IT DOES NOT GET THE "IMPROVED" WRITE us to know where and how to get it without extra charges.

WILLIAM BURNHAM & CO., Burlington, Vt.



Farmers' Department.

Beet Sugar Making in England.

The London Times notes the commencement of beet sugar making in England. The works at Lavenham, in Suffolk, where beet sugar was manufactured from 1869 to 1873, have been acquired by a private company, for the purpose of recommending the industry, with the advantage of recent and more economical processes.

Lavenham is chosen for the beginning, because the best crop is not now to farmers in that neighborhood. The projectors of the company, after four years of study and experiment, have reached the conclusion that recently invented methods of extracting sugar from the beet are simpler and less expensive than those formerly employed, and they are confident that the industry will be remunerative if only a sufficient supply of beet is forthcoming.

The present agricultural depression in England specially invites to any experiment which offers a reasonable chance of profit. About one-half the 1,000,000 tons of sugar consumed in the United Kingdom last year, was made from beet in countries of Europe no more favorably situated than England. There are thought to be suitable tracts of land in England on which the beet sugar industry may bring a wealth of production similar to that seen in France and part of Belgium, of North Germany and of Prussia.

Experiments with Onions.

The onion trials of the last season at the New York Experiment Station were with thirty-four named varieties, which were planted in rows ten feet long and eleven and one-half inches apart, the seeds being covered one-half inch deep. Three rows of each variety were planted, in order to note the difference in effect upon yield of closeness in planting.

There seems to be some foundation for the opinion held by some onion growers, that the bulbs develop better, offering fewer scallions, where they are so close in

the row as to crowd each other. The following experiment with onions is quite suggestive: The soil was thoroughly pulverized over a small plot of ground, and on an adjoining plot of equal size the ground was packed as hard as possible by repeatedly pounding with a heavy maul. The surface of both plots was then covered with finely pulverized soil to the depth of half an inch, and on June 3 three rows on each plot were planted with seed of the large red Weatherfield onion.

Care of the Cattle.

A cow does not turn fodder and water into milk, as a mill turns corn into meal. The cow herself turns into milk, and the food she eats goes to repair the cow. To speak more plainly, the lining tissues of the cow's udder are continually throwing off cells of their own substance in the form of milk, and the digested food is supplying the material for new cells.

For the normal secretion of milk certain natural conditions must be complied with. This function requires a contented frame of mind, we may say, a freedom from labor and exposure, and an entire absence of sources of annoyance and irritation. The pasture should have abundant shelter from excessive heat and storm; if not a natural one, something which will answer the purpose should be put up.

Exercise is beneficial and necessary to health. Provide for it in Winter as well as in Summer; but, under all circumstances, avoid exposure to any extreme of temperature or weather. Exposure is a direct and often serious drain upon the system, and increases the amount of food necessary about one-third in extreme cases.

For Winter exercise, except on the pleasant days, a covered yard is the best arrangement, and the time allowed should be regulated according to the weather—from 20 minutes twice a day, upward.

The secret of successful feeding is good food and plenty of it. The only question is as to the means of providing it in each special instance. Where land is plenty, pasturage is an efficient system, if care be taken to have good grass.

The European cattle diseases, according to Consul Tanner of Liege Verrier, are traceable to the manures that have been used on an impoverished soil.

Des. Mayberry of Windham, Me., re-

cently sold a quantity of hay that had been cut twenty-two years. He has been holding it all that time for \$22 a ton, and finally got his price.

Sashes covered with unbleached cotton which has been treated with oil are recommended as being better than ashes filled with glass for the covering of hot-beds. They keep out the frost, admit sufficient light and heat, and the plants grown under them are not only "stockier," but bear transplanting better than those raised under glass.

The Dominion Cattle Company, which has now nearly 67,000 cattle on the 284,000 acres of the Cherokee reservation, which it leased for two cents an acre from the United States Government, has thus far proved a decided success. Last year its capital stock, amounting to almost \$650,000, brought a net profit of \$250,000 out of which a dividend of 20 per cent. has been declared.

Chickens when first hatched should not be hurried out of the setting nest. For twenty-four hours at least, from the time the earliest commence to show themselves, it is better to leave them under or with the hen mother. They need no food for from a day to a day and a half usually. When they get strong enough to venture from beneath their mother's wings it is time to move the brood.

The London Agricultural Gazette says that Brittany cattle are small, silky-skinned, docile, and gentle animals, giving as rich a milk as one can well desire. Brittany butter, delicate and superior, of which thousands of tons are annually imported into England, is produced from the milk of these cows. They are also naturally hardy, thriving on coarse food, and another important characteristic is their freedom from disease incident to cattle generally.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker describes the following method by which an extraordinary crop of water-melons was raised: Holes were dug ten feet apart each way, eighteen inches square and fifteen inches deep. These holes were filled with well-rotted manure, which was thoroughly incorporated with the soil. A low, flat hill was then made and seed planted. When the vines were large enough to begin to run, the whole surface was covered to the depth of a foot or fifteen inches with wheat straw. The straw was placed close up around the vines. No cultivation whatever was given afterward; no weeds or grass grew. The vines spread over the straw, and the melons matured clean and nice. The yield was abundant, and the experiment an entire success.

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

Flowers and feathers figure largely in evening, dinner, and ball toilets.

STARBUCKMENT.—Cleans and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, silver, cutlery, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, ricks and precious stones, plates, magnets, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, picture frames, jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc.

Velveteens are more soft, silky, velvet like, and durable than ever.

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

Lace is, after all, the favorite ornamentation for the richest toilets.

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

Nun's veiling bids fair to be the favorite fabric for evening wear.

Man / sink into an early slumber not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped intimately by a few, twenty-cent bottles of Dr. West's Pulmonic Syrup.

Costumes with Motif decorations are the latest Parisian novelty.

What makes me laugh when others sigh? No tears can ever be shed in my eye. It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

IT LEADS ALL

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will drive it out and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the CATARRH true remedy. It has cured numerous cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS SORES "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 24, 1882." "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

SORE EYES AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results. Yours truly, D. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

KIDNEY-WORT advertisement with text: DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS. Why? Because it cleans the system of the poisonous humors that develop in kidney and urinary diseases, rheumatism, sciatica, constipation, fever, or in macularia, neuralgia, nervous disorders and all Female Complaints. IT WILL STRENGTHEN CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM. By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby CLEANSING THE BLOOD. THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and a permanent PERFECTLY CURED. PRICE, \$1.00 per bottle, sold in packages of 6 for \$5.00. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Druggists, N.Y. Send stamp for free trial.

E. DEVINE, BUTCHER.

Fresh and Salt meat, Poultry, Vegetables, etc., etc. FRESH BUTTER AND EGGS A SPECIALTY.

674 Queen St. West, Toronto.

BRIGGS' GENUINE KIDNEY OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and purifies the blood, it is nature's food. This is the true secret of the quality that has made this medicine a household name, thereby relieving the most distressing ailments, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The best results follow its use, and in numerous cases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc., it has no equal.

If our son asks you how to get a good education, you know ought not to be granted do not hesitate to say "No." He will be satisfied, says the proverb, who has his own mind.

M. D. MORTON, Freshman, P. O., writing about Dr. T. J. ... says: "I feel that it is a great relief to have him so comfortable with only a few applications. I feel that the ... was used by an old gentleman ... with the best results. It is a great relief."





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We are showing an immense variety of Magnificent Wilton, Aubusson, Axminster, Brussels, and Tapestry Carpets, and at Astonishingly Low Prices.

Best Axminster Carpets only \$1.40 per yard.

Best Wilton Carpets only \$1.60 per y'd.

Best Brussels Carpets only \$1.00 per y'd.

Tapestry Carpets at 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c., 50c., 55c., and 60c. per y'd and up.

No housekeeper or intending buyer should make a purchase without paying a visit to

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THE LEADING CARPET DEALERS,

128 to 132 King Street East, Toronto.

# BLACK GROS GRAIN SILKS.

We are showing extraordinary value in Black Gros Grain Silks.

See Our Heavy Gros Grains —AT— 75c. per y'd. Regular price in the city \$1 for the same goods.	See Our Extra Heavy Gros Grains —AT— \$1 per yard Regular price in the City \$1.35 for the same Goods.	See Our Rich Heavy Cord Gros Grains —AT— \$1.25 per y'd Regular price in the City \$1.75 for the same Goods.
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