

Crith

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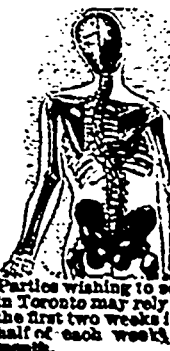
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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JANUARY 26, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 173.

TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

The unfortunate burning of the beautiful Erskine Presbyterian Church in this city on Sunday afternoon last has had, at least, the one good effect of giving additional evidence of the liberal and fraternal spirit now existing among many of the Protestant denominations. The next day after the fire there was a meeting of the official members and letters were read from six or seven sister churches, representing almost as many denominations, offering accommodation for worship to the Erskine congregation during their temporary homelessness. The offer of a small Methodist church on Elm street was accepted, and there Dr. Smith will minister to his people until Erskine can be rebuilt.

Sir John A. Macdonald did a very creditable thing for himself in frankly acknowledging in the debate on the Address in the House that he was in error in speaking as confidently as he did last year in regard to the worthlessness of the Provincial License Acts. Referring to the recent Privy Council judgment in the Hodges case he admits he was somewhat in error, and is not infallible anyway. There is only one man in the world that many suppose to be infallible, and when errors are made it is more creditable to frankly acknowledge them, though it may somewhat gall the "Old Adam" of our nature. Sir John does not now appear to care to stake his reputation on declaring either the Crooks Act or the McCarthy Act unconstitutional, and he takes grim satisfaction in challenging Mr. Blake to do so either. It looks as though good constitutional authorities are in a fog, even yet, in regard to the whole matter. The doubts are so grave, however, that it is not probable the Ottawa Government will take any decided steps towards the general enforcement of their new license law.

The Ottawa Government will probably find it a difficult matter to deal with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at this session in a manner at once satisfactory to the country and to the company. It is quite evident that the Company is now in considerable straits for want of ready money, and its own bonds cannot be satisfactorily sold so as to command what may be required. The intention is evidently to call upon the country for assistance under the circumstances, and such a call must be met in some way. The feeling of the country is that the Company secured a capital bargain in the beginning and it ought to get through with that. One reason why many were content to give such a good bargain was that probably that would be the end of the whole matter. On the other hand the Company have, so far, very faithfully and honorably performed their part of the contract and the road has been push-

ed on towards completion much more rapidly than was expected, and the road has been built in a better manner. To withhold aid just now might involve a good deal of loss to the Dominion as well as to the Company and put back for years a great national work that it is desirable to have completed at the earliest practicable moment. To allow the gigantic work to come to a stand still for want of such aid as the government has it in its power to give would be open to serious censure, and on the other hand to give very much additional aid to such a good bargain would not be approved of. The difficulty must, however, be grappled with.

Probably a great reason why the Canadian Pacific is now urgently in need of aid is because so much of the available funds have been expended in purchasing up existing lines of road, to act as feeders, instead of paying exclusive attention to its own immediate work on the main line. Millions of dollars have gone in that way, and much of this money has been so expended as to make the Company a formidable rival to old established roads, and to make it a more powerful monopoly, possibly to the people's disadvantage in years to come. The people have more reason to deal cautiously with the Company because of the great danger of establishing an immense monopoly than on any other ground. If a new bargain has now to be made, or new terms agreed upon, it would be a wise thing on the part of the Government to secure a better guarantee to the people than now exists against the possibility of a grinding railway monopoly.

Canada has already had a good deal of experience in granting aid to railways. In almost every instance a good deal more money has been required in the end than was expected at the beginning. This was certainly the case in regard to the Grand Trunk, the Intercolonial, the Great Western, the Northern, and nearly every existing line of much importance now in existence in the country. Millions more were given in the shape of bonus schemes than was originally agreed upon, and millions of bonus were never repaid, nor is it now expected that they ever will be, but yet we have few shrewd business men to-day who are not well convinced that in the interests of the country the money was all expended, if these roads could not have been produced in some other way. Even should it now be found necessary to give considerable additional advantages to the C. P. R., it may be questioned if, in the long run, such an immense railway as is necessary to span Canada from ocean to ocean could have been otherwise procured so easily and so cheaply by the people.

The House of Commons, at Ottawa, is now setting a good example for the Ontario Legislature to follow in the matter of business expedition. Not one half the

usual amount of time has been unnecessarily frittered away on mere preliminaries as has often been the case at the opening of sessions. Within the first four business days of the session the debate to the address was all over, the most important yearly returns were in the hands of the members, such as the Trade and Navigation, the Inland Revenue and the Public Accounts, and some of the most important measures of the session, such as the Franchise Bill, were laid before the House. If the members are not, therefore, hard at work, it is not for want of subjects for study and information. This is just as it should be. When two hundred of the representative men of the Dominion get together for actual business it is annoying and disgusting to see them waste days and days in useless talk and unnecessary delay. Our Toronto Legislators will have to look to their laurels or they may appear to a disadvantage compared to Ottawa this year in regard to the matter of practical business expedition.

Petitions are being circulated and signed by the licensed liquor sellers throughout Ontario, praying the Provincial Legislature to extend the legal hours of liquor selling from 7 o'clock until 9 on Saturday nights. TRUTH is not at all in the secrets of the Provincial Government, or of the legislature, but it does not hesitate one moment to predict that no such amendment will be made. TRUTH further ventures to prophesy that whatever amendments may be made in our present license laws will be in the direction of increased stringency. Whoever observes the signs of the times cannot fail to note the progress of public opinion all the time towards narrowing in the bounds of the drink traffic as far as appears at all practicable. Whatever government or party, especially in Ontario, would undertake to relax the present restrictive liquor laws, would soon find that a most serious blunder had been committed. Political parties depend entirely for success on popular sympathy and support, and they do not find it safe to fly in the face of well established public opinion.

TRUTH's decided opinion is that the Licensed Victuallers may yet find they made a mistake in opening up the question of amending the license laws at all. It would be safer to let sleeping dogs lie, if they are found to be asleep or willing to lie still at all, in this matter. That increased hours of sale on Saturday nights tend to an increased amount of selling is just what the agitators in this case mean. The public understands well enough that increased selling means increased drinking, and therefore an increased amount of drunkenness, and that is just what the public wants to see avoided. Public opinion must take a material change of direction before it will consent to any backward movement in regard to

restrictive laws respecting the liquor traffic. It is not probable that the Ontario Government would relax these if they could, and it is not at all probable that they could if they would, in view of the state of feeling in the House and in the country.

It has been a common belief for some years past that the personal habits of a considerable number of the leading men in the Washington Congress are very intemperate. That some of them are downright drunkards, appears to be well understood. The worst of it is that things appear to be growing worse in this respect, notwithstanding the advancement of temperance views pretty generally. During the past few days facts have been laid bare, showing that though it has been a standing rule of the House that no intoxicating liquors shall be sold or supplied in the refreshment rooms within its precincts, yet members have all the time evaded the rule by calling for "cold tea," and having all the liquors they cared for supplied to them in tea cups. Such contemptible evasions are simply disgraceful. Years ago there was a similar state of things at Ottawa. The public was given to understand, by standing resolutions of the House, that no liquors were allowed to be sold in the Commons refreshment rooms, but a good many M.P.'s had appetites too strong to be controlled by self-respect and quite a brisk underhand trade went on. TRUTH sincerely hopes things are better managed there now. One thing is quite evident in regard to Ottawa, and that is a much larger proportion of the leading men, both in the Government and in the Opposition, are total abstainers.

Burnum, the great showman, is evidently a wise man as well as a "smart" one. He has now grown old and feels it is time to make the necessary arrangements for the disposal of his property when he is dead. It is said that he is estimated to be worth somewhere between ten and fifteen million dollars. As the estates of so many millionaires, especially in the United States, have been largely squandered in fighting in the law courts, Mr. Burnum has made his will, and allows its provisions to be well-known, at the same time having it carefully examined to see if there is any legal technicality in it. In order to avoid the possibility of the usual question being raised in regard to his being sane when the testament was executed, he caused himself to be examined by three doctors at the time, each of whom swore that he was sound of mind and body. With all these precautions, the chances are that the validity of his will may yet furnish rich paying cases for some smart Yankee lawyers. Tens of thousands of dollars of the great estate of the late A. T. Stewart has had to be expended to maintain the validity of his will.

Some one has been wisely remarking that amusements should be provided for the poor as well as food. There is no doubt a very great deal of sound wisdom in that saying. Man's intellectual and social wants must be supplied as well as his animal needs. In many instances if healthy and innocent amusements for idle hours were properly supplied there would be less urgent demand for food supplies than there now is. Many a poor fellow now goes to the bar-room as the only place of amusement or recreation available and there his money is spent that might otherwise procure the necessary food. It would be, therefore, an economical thing as well as a humane thing to make liberal provision for this great want in our nature. As it is those who have plenty of money at their control are plentifully supplied with places, and means of amusement and recreation, but it is quite otherwise with the really poor, and especially so as regards the women and children. Nearly all places of amusements, even those nominally free, are too genteel both for their tastes and for their personal presence.

So far as TRUTH is capable of judging the Salvation Army is doing a better work in Toronto than any other organization here to provide actual amusement for the poor. That may not be at all the immediate purpose of the Army meetings, for they are intended more for religious worship than for amusement, but as a matter of fact the free and easy style of meetings held, open to every body, and not too genteel, either in regard to the dress of the audience or the manner of conducting, have proved sources of real amusement to hundreds who do not care to go to worship at all. More good is being done in that way than many imagine. To be able to sufficiently amuse hundreds of young men, to keep them from the bar-rooms during all these long winter evenings is a great thing in itself. Probably in other places the same class of good work of this kind is being done as well as here. Our churches—many of them at least—would gladly furnish such places of amusement if they could but see their way clear, but it seems unfortunate that the churches are too much felt to be the legitimate places for the "upper ten" class and not for the lower ten thousand. What is the remedy?

It is reported that the Kingston Locomotive Works Company intend to extend their business by engaging in the manufacture of composite ships. If such a branch of business can be successfully established in Canada it would prove a very great benefit to us. The Kingston Company is a strong and energetic one, and it is probable that it would be as successful as any other in such an important experiment. It is evident, however, that not much of the actual manufacture of iron ships can yet be done in Canada. We have abundance of iron ore, but in the absence of any iron smelting works or even of fair prospects of their establishment, not much more can be expected here than the mere putting together of materials actually manufactured somewhere else. The doing of even this much

on anything like a large scale would prove quite an addition to our present business industries.

Some New Jersey genius now in the State Legislature, proposes to economize in regard to the public printing accounts by opening a printing office in the State prison, and set the inmates type sticking and ink daubing to the extent at least of all the public printing required. Of course the printers are all boiling over with indignation about it. Things have been at a pretty bad pass with the printers more than once, but this is the unkindest cut of all.

It is reported that petroleum is being found in large quantities in Russia. One well is said to be yielding from 7,000 to 8,000 barrels a day. This is ahead of anything Canada could boast of in its most oily days. The news has travelled a long way, however, and probably, like most long stories, it has grown a good deal on the way.

There are evidently some pretty smart negroes in the United States as well as smart Yankees. The last one reported got wealthy by his keenness in buying a strip of land along side of some aristocratic residence, where he was sure to build the worst looking cabin the darkey could think of. The rich neighbor was sure to buy off such an eyesore at almost any price, and so the real estate transactions went on with very handsome margins of profits.

What with the skill of lawyers in too often cheating the gallows of its just due, and the tardiness of the courts in the administration of justice it is to be feared that the present system of punishment for murder does not exercise such a salutary influence on many concerned as it actually should. The remark holds especially good in reference to the United States. It seems now to be a well understood fact across the border, that almost any murderer, no matter how clear his case may be, can manage to stave off execution at least a year, if he or his friends can only command money enough to keep the lawyers at work. Clever lawyers may be very convenient to one who unfortunately gets into a tight place, but in many instances they are too successful in their stratagems to serve well the ends of justice. In 1883 there were 1,404 murders heard of and but 105 legal executions. These figures show that about nine out of every ten escaped execution, and probably in more than one half the entire number of cases the guilty one escaped altogether. It appears that in 62 cases at least Vigilance Committees took the law into their own hands and hung some one, whether they always happened on the right man or not. It is not much to be wondered at, under the circumstances, that there were 614 murders more last year in the great Republic than during the year before. Under the present loose system of administering justice, it is quite probable there will continue to be a yearly increase of the brutal crime.

The tide appears to have been flowing continuously favorable for the Mowat Government for some time past. In the

last two or three elections, the majorities in favor of the Grit candidates were very large, and that in South Renfrow last week was probably considerably more than even the party expected. The election appeals have also, on the whole, turned rather to the advantage than to the harm of the Government, and the two recent Privy Council judgments have done something to add to its prestige. Under the circumstances, it now appears quite clear that Mr. Mowat stands somewhat more firmly on his feet than he did when the results of the general election were first announced. In the general interests of good and wholesome legislation, it will be much better to have it well understood the Government is strong enough to stand, and carry through its measures successfully. So long as there was any doubt on that point, the temptation is too great for party leaders to spend much time and energy in mere efforts to trip up the Administration rather than to deliberate on wholesome legislation in the interests of the people.

Holloway, the great London pill man, is dead, leaving behind him a fortune of millions. His patent medicines were probably as good as, but no better than, those compounded by thousands of others whose business it is to prepare healing remedies, but Holloway succeeded in amassing a great fortune, while many others with superior medical knowledge have barely managed to live. His fortune he probably owed more to printers' ink than to the superior value of his pills. He advertised princely, and whatever real or imaginary virtues there were in his medicines was made known to the world, by the best medium of communication—the advertising columns of the family newspapers.

During the past few years a large number of medical "quacks" and "humbugs," as the actual orthodox M. D.'s delight to term them, have made fortunes simply by their skill in advertising, while a large number of men of rare scientific acquirements have been always in the background simply for their lack of advertising enterprise. "A word to the wise," etc., etc.

Accidents come thick and fast to the Grand Trunk this year. Every week since the new year opened, and almost every day, reports come of some serious disaster at some point along the line. There is an old saying that "misfortunes never come singly," but there is also a very strong conviction that in nearly every case of misfortune, especially on railways, bad management has more to do with it than bad luck. The number of lives already sacrificed and the number of persons seriously injured by preventable accidents this year along the road is something deplorable to think of. TRUTH is not well enough posted in railway matters to point out just all the proper remedies required, but TRUTH joins the general public in the opinion that some remedy must be applied at once. It is evident enough that nearly all the recent accidents have come from the inefficiency of the employes, or their inattention to well-defined duty. The present system of employing men at mere starvation rates

for very responsible and very important positions is surely attended with danger to the public. It is well enough known that the most of railway work is attended with much personal danger and personal exposure and hardship and first-class men will not accept such positions unless well paid for doing so. It is quite probable that in too many important positions careless and inefficient men are employed simply because better ones cannot be obtained for such rates of pay.

The number of suicides from year to year appear to increase at an alarming rate. What a multitude of people there are in the world to whom life appears to be a burden! Last year in the United States 810 suicides were reported, more than one-fourth of which—201—occurred in New York. It is not at all probable that anything like the actual number of self-murders that occurred in the country were ever reported as such, if reported at all. How is it that life becomes more and more a burden to its possessors! Surely our boasted civilization, bringing so many additional blessings to some, cannot be bringing so much additional misery to so many others?

Matters in this respect appear to be far worse in Prussia than in the United States. Few countries can boast of such a high state of educational culture and civilization as old Prussia, and yet can any country show such an appalling record of suicide? According to one respectable authority the number of persons committing suicide in Prussia in 1883 was no less than 4,958! The heart grows sick at such a record. Can anyone satisfactorily explain how such a state of things came about?

See the special offers now made by the publisher of TRUTH to all parties sending in new subscribers. Any active gentleman or lady could soon attain enough names by a little extra work, to make very valuable additions to his or her library. Read the notices in Publisher's Department on page 22.

In both Germany and France, pork from the United States is practically forbidden admission. The ostensible reason is that United States pork is infected with disease, and is not therefore fit for human food. Our Yankee friends, however, assert that this is a mere pretext to keep out their competition, and that no actual reason exists for any such restrictions. The cry is now being raised at Washington in favor of strong retaliatory measures being adopted. Nearly the only chance of retaliation lies in prohibiting the importation of wines, brandy and beer from the two trans-Atlantic countries. If such a system of retaliation would have the effect of materially diminishing the consumption of these kinds of strong drink, good might ultimately come out of the present "unpleasantness." The fact is, that in the United States the system of home protection adopted has so much tended to annoy and restrict all importations of foreign manufactures and produce, that it is no wonder other nations besides Germany and France are resolved to discriminate again against American productions.

American Shipping.

England's supremacy on the sea has long been the boast of its people, and now appears to be better assured than ever before. Years ago the United States ship building interests grow rapidly and became strong, and many confidently predicted that England must fall behind in the race. The days of wood built sailing ships are about gone, however, and the prospects of American shipping success appear to have gone with them. A very large proportion of all the iron ships of the world is built in either Scotland or England. While ship building on the Clyde is reported to have been fairly successful during the past year, the amount of business done elsewhere has been comparatively light. So far as the United States is concerned its shipping, both commercial and military, seems fast disappearing entirely. The statement has been going the rounds of the press for some time past, and it is probably correct, that of the fifty-nine million bushels of American wheat exported from New York during last year, only about one quarter of a million bushels was sent away in an American ship. It is becoming a confident prediction with some leading American politicians that before many years an American mercantile ship will hardly be afloat for trans-Atlantic trade.

In regard to the United States war ships things are about as bad. It appears to be now a well admitted fact that the American navy, as a whole, would be about worthless in case of a foreign war. The ships have decreased in number as well in quality, and a few of them appear to be unfit to go to sea even in time of peace, and to expose men in them to a well equipped enemy, would be an injustice. It would now require so many millions of dollars to restore a few of the old ships to a state of efficiency and to build the necessary number of new ones for an efficient navy that no party appears willing to seriously make such a proposal. The nation would probably not consent to the expense. This state of things may be well for the world, however, as it is an additional guarantee of general peace. So long as the United States is without an adequate navy, it is not at all probable that the nation will care to engage in any international difficulty.

The fact, too, that the business interests of the United States have become so largely dependent on the ships of other countries is also one of the best possible guarantees that the nation will remain at peace with others. Those interests are such now that a war, especially with England, would be most disastrous to the peaceful interests of the agriculture and commerce of the entire country.

The causes of this great falling off in the United States shipping interests appear quite evident. Though the demand for wooden built ships has largely gone it is well enough known that there is in the country such an abundance of iron and coal that the raw materials for building iron ships is abundant enough, and the natural facilities are everywhere good. The American system of protection, intended as it is, to keep up the price of labor, and the price of nearly every home manufactured article, tells directly against the shipping business. It is not possible

to extend any adequate system of home protection for ships in an international trade. They must come in direct competition with those of other countries, and of course under the present system they must fail to compete successfully. Scores of proposals are being made to meet the case of the ship-building interests, but so far none of these likely to meet the actual needs of the case will probably be adopted, as to adopt almost any of them would be to cast over the policy demanded by nearly every other manufacturing interest of the country.

It may here be remarked, too, that France has not maintained its former amount of shipping tonnage during the past few years, though it is claimed that the shipping tonnage the country now possesses represents a good deal more actual efficiency, as the former sailing vessels are fast giving way to steamers. On the whole, probably France may be about holding its own, while England is gradually increasing its comparative strength and the United States is gradually falling out of the ocean shipping trade entirely. It now begins to look as though, in the years to come, the United States will furnish Great Britain with a large proportion of its food and much of its raw material, and Britain, on the other hand, will furnish the people of the United States with shipping facilities, if not with ready-made ships also.

The Speaker and the President.

The *Globe* has earned for itself the reputation of being pretty sharp in scenting political scandals, and in making the largest possible amount of noise about them. It is a well-known fact that a good many of the alarm cries that it has raised, first and last, have turned out to be groundless, but on the other hand, such keen scented vigilance has, undoubtedly, on the whole, been of good service to the people, though it has been very annoying to the party in power. Under our system of party government, it is a well recognized fact that a strong, healthy opposition is of great importance to the people, as well as a strong, healthy government.

The *Globe's* latest intimation is that Mr. Kirkpatrick, the present Speaker of the House of Commons, may be making too much of his position. As Speaker of the House, he often has a strong controlling influence, such as may sometimes prove a salutary restraint on the Government, and it is contended that he ought therefore to keep clear of any government influence. Mr. Kirkpatrick is also President of the Kingston Locomotive Works Company, the largest manufacturing establishment of that kind in Canada, and to this company large government contracts are each year given.

The same gentleman has lately had the good fortune to secure the fair daughter of the Hon. Minister of the Interior for a wife, and it is now hinted that "it is all in the family" when a good business transaction may be completed between the Cabinet and the President.

These matters may have a bad look on the face of them, but they are probably not nearly so bad as some may represent them. Mr. Kirkpatrick, as a large cap-

italist and an enterprising business man, took stock years ago in the Locomotive works when they were at a low ebb, and he has helped to build them up to their present large proportions, much to the advantage of the business interests of Canada. He was President of these works years before his name was mentioned for the Speakership. He obtained the latter position from the fact that he had been for years, a member of the House of good standing and of recognized ability. That he has used the one position to help matters in the other, few will believe who know the man.

So far as the recent matrimonial arrangement is concerned, of course Cupid had all to do with that, and as Love is proverbially blind, probably he never saw for one moment what a handsome Grit might make out of the whole thing.

As matters stand, probably no wrong has been done, or possibly has been thought of, but matters now have a suspicious look and it would be better in the public interests to avoid any appearance of evil. If Mr. Speaker Kirkpatrick should deem it better to retire from the Presidency of the Locomotive works because of his newly acquired position, he will at least have the satisfaction of feeling that he has a good wife to compensate him for the sacrifice. Few public men have, so far, maintained a higher personal reputation, and TRUTH would be sorry to see him allow it to be even tarnished by suspicion.

The Grand Trunk and Temperance.

Two weeks ago TRUTH took occasion to refer to the dangers railway travellers are exposed to because of the fact that some of the employees may not be at their best while on duty because of their drinking or smoking habits. It is glad to know that Mr. Spicer, the General Superintendent of the Road is doing all he can to promote temperance among those under his control. In 1883 he inaugurated this movement by first signing a total-abstinence pledge himself, and then issuing a circular inviting all others engaged by the Grand Trunk to do so.

In consequence of these efforts hundreds have taken the pledge, and the whole staff is probably now much more sober and careful in consequence.

The following circular was issued by the General Superintendent at the commencement of the New Year:—

I would ask you to consider very seriously the advisability of joining our temperance movement for the new year 1884. In my circular, December, 1883, I said "there were a good many reasons especially applicable to railway employees for abstaining from the use of intoxicating drinks." You have the lives of the public and the safety of persons and property entrusted to your care, requiring at all times the utmost possible caution and vigilance in the performance of your duty. Again, railway employees from their liability to night work, irregular hours, exposure to all kinds of weather, and from the foolish and expensive custom of "treating," are exposed to much danger and many temptations. Even passengers have gone so far as to offer, and in fact, use, conductors and brakemen, when on duty, to take drinks, and have been the cause of traitors' dismissal from the service. I am sorry to say that I have had to deal summarily with such cases as have come to my knowledge. I only wish I could deal as severely with the perhaps good-natured but most thoughtless and inconsiderate passengers. Men subjected to such temptations, at any hour, are safe only as total abstainers. The "one glass more" often has the effect of making a man careless, sleepy, and indifferent to danger, if not worse, at a time when he needs to have all his senses clear, and wide-awake for his own and others' safety. I have only to refer you to the Office Circulars to satisfy you that I am speaking in the best

interests of every employee of every grade, and in the interest of the company and the public, in urging you to become total abstainers in the new year 1884.—W. J. SPICER, Superintendent.

Churches and Politics.

The Roman Catholic dignitaries in Canada have certainly proved themselves wiser than the children of the other churches. By good organization of strength and good management they have generally succeeded in obtaining about all the legislation they have asked for, and certainly a lion's share of the party spoils, in the way public offices have fallen in their way. It is so managed that both parties are always bidding for their support, and each party in its turn urges its claim for doing more in this respect than the other is willing to do, or is capable of doing. A Montreal paper has just put in this claim, which is quoted approvingly of by the *Mail*:—

"Sir John A. Macdonald has, all things considered, done more for the Irish Catholics of Canada than any Premier we ever had. Before and since Confederation he always had an Irish Catholic in his Cabinet, and he has in a general way, given them more fair play than they ever received under the Reformers."

On the other hand the Grits, in Ontario at least, have made similar claims for years, and it is pretty evident the Roman Catholics of the Province on the whole are pretty well convinced their claims are well founded, for the majority of them undoubtedly support that party.

Another Montreal paper, last week, stated that in Peterboro' County the Registry office has been vacant for a year or more because the Ontario Government evidently did not care to face the opposition of the Church by appointing any one else.

No one need blame the Church for using its influence on behalf of its own members and to promote its own interests. It is just what any of the other churches would be apt to do where there was an opportunity for doing it; though it is true such things do not come under the immediate scope of what is generally looked upon as the proper work of the churches. So long as Protestantism is so much divided, and so much given to pushing rival interests so long will it be placed at a great disadvantage, politically considered. It is not possible, however, that much change will take place in the matter for some time to come.

As it is the Roman Catholic influence appears to be quite sufficient to prevent an Orange incorporation bill from being passed either at Ottawa or at Toronto, and the promoters of the measure storm and fume in vain respecting it. Possibly the Orangemen of Ontario may yet find they have made a mistake by uniting, almost to a man, in supporting one party, leaving the other party little or nothing to fear from any threats of a withdrawal of support, or from opposition. In the other Provinces it is understood the membership is more divided in this respect.

In Ontario the United Methodist Church will be numerically stronger than any other, but its members are probably more equally divided between the two leading political parties than the rest, and its influence as a united whole, does not, therefore, count for very much.

Temperance Department.

The Work in Kent County.

Ed. TRUTH.—A very large and influential temperance meeting was held in the Baptist Church, Dresden, under the auspices of the Kent County Temperance Association on Tuesday evening, 15th inst. Mr. T. B. Anderson W. C. T. of Fairport Lodge I. O. G. T., occupied the chair and gave an able and instructive address. Revs. J. H. Best and D. Pomeroy, both of Chatham, followed with stirring temperance speeches, advocating the adoption of the Scott Act by the people in the County. Before the close of the meeting an auxiliary of the Kent C. T. A. was organized with the following officers:—President, R. M. Stuart; Vice-President, R. J. Child; Secretary-Treasurer, T. B. Anderson. Much enthusiasm was manifested, and it is hoped that before very long the Scott Act will be submitted to the electors of Kent and successfully adopted.

A. T.

The Scott Act in Halton.

Halton is the only county in the Province of Ontario where the Scott Act is in force, and much interest is centred in its success or failure there. As the Act has now been on trial since the 1st of May, '82 sufficient time has elapsed to judge reasonably in regard to its operations. It is evidence enough that the Temperance men are reasonably satisfied in regard to the law. Had the Act proved a failure it is quite probable, some at least, of those engaged in the liquor interests would be better pleased than they now appear to be.

Last week the semi-annual Convention of the Halton Branch of the Temperance Alliance was held in Milton and, so far as can be judged from the published reports of the meeting, there was not a dissentient voice among the delegates from all parts of the county in regard to the fact that drinking and drunkenness have been very materially diminished in every part of that county, while in some localities the drink trade has been entirely banished. The following report of the testimony borne by several leading and well-known temperance workers is copied from the *Hamilton Tribune*:—

Mr. James, of Glenwilliams, spoke in the strongest terms of the success of the Act. He thought where it had compelled the enemy to hide under beds and in dark places it was pretty evident the temperance people had the upper hand. Before the passage of the Act he in his capacity of constable, had received plenty of fees, and was frequently called out of bed to arrest people and adjust difficulties. Now he could go to bed and sleep without any fear of being called upon for any such enterprise. He knew of numbers who had voted against the Act who now thoroughly approved of it. Children who before the Act were nearly starved and half-naked were now well fed and comfortably clothed and well cared for. Mr. Norris, of Omagh, reported a greatly improved condition of affairs, socially and morally, in his region since the passage of the Scott Act. Mr. Lister, of Nansagawoya, reported in a similar strain from his neighborhood. Mr. Warren, of Esquesing, near Acton, said that the Scott Act was considered to be a decided success in his neighborhood; not one had voted against it when the former vote was taken. What drinking was done in Acton was done so secretly that it was hardly recognizable; very few drunken men were now to be seen in Acton. The first objection against the Act was the fear of difficult hotel accommodation, but that was not now to be heard. Rev. R. R. Matland of Lowville, was of opinion that not a drop of liquor was now being sold in the Lowville Hotel. The outlook for a successful issue in case of another vote on the question was extremely favorable. One gentleman was of opinion that the Act was a decided success in Cumminsville.

No Bad Habit Broken To-morrow.

Why should men delay to break any bad habit? Everybody knows that it grows stronger by each repetition. Nothing is more foolish than to say, "I know I ought to stop, and I will next New Year's day." The man who cannot stop to-day cannot to-morrow. The drunkard never reforms to-morrow; the spend-thrift never saves to-morrow. The boaster who says, "I can if I will," is the one who cannot will, and therefore never

does. There is but one remedy for a bad habit, and that is to stop the thing now. He who says, "I will not do it for three months," is not grappling the habit at all. He only fights the battle who says, "Never more; the thing is wrong." The only infallible cure for an absorbing bad habit is to put an absorbing good one in its place. A love of bad company is not cured by no company, but by good company; bad reading gives way not to no reading, but to good reading. Dissipated men must become earnest Christians, not mere professors, to make their reformation sure.

Wine Made from Raisins.

Such alarming tales have been told of the beverage made from raisins and sold as the juice of the grape, that it is consolatory to learn that the wine made from the raisin is by no means injurious to health. The writer of an article entitled "What to Drink," in the *Republique Francaise*, states that most of the houses which make this wine get their fruit direct from the Grecian Archipelago or Asia Minor in bags of 130 pounds weight. The fruit is placed in large wooden tubs holding about 500 gallons, together with water heated by steam pipes. The fermentation commences almost as rapidly as with fresh fruit, and lasts from eight to ten days. It is then pumped out into vats. At this stage of the process it is of a light color like Moselle; and a good deal of it is sent into the French departments of the Meurthe and the Vosges, where, after having simply been filtered, it is sold as the wine of the country. At the next stage of manufacture it is passed through a closely woven cloth to free it from impurities, and a little alcohol is added. It is then colored with some harmless preparation, the one most used being made from the lees of fresh grapes. It can be sold wholesale for from \$3 to \$4 the twenty-two and one-half gallons.

Truth about Tobacco.

In a report of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Liege, by Dr. Lebon, the following conclusions are presented.

1st. For every 100 grains of tobacco used, at least one-tenth of a grain of nicotine is absorbed.

2nd. The diurnal quantity of tobacco consumed by an ordinary smoker is about 300 grains.

3rd. The effects of tobacco smoke are the same as those following the administration of nicotine.

4th. The resinous liquid which condenses in a pipe is almost as poisonous as pure nicotine, and destroys the lives of animals rapidly.

5th. The liquid condensed from the smoke in the mouth and lungs, contains ammonia, nicotine, fats, resins, and coloring matters. One drop of this speedily produces paralysis in young animals.

6th. In men, small doses of tobacco smoke excite the intellectual faculties; repeated doses produce palpitations, disordered vision, and decrease of memory.

To this may be appended the following:

"Dr. Willard Parker, jr., No. 41 East Twelfth street, New York, sent a certificate to the Bureau of Vital Statistics, stating that James J. Sullivan had died at No. 110 Henry Street, from 'poisoning of the system by tobacco.' Sullivan was only twenty-six years old. He had been employed as a bookkeeper, and he had used tobacco so constantly that his system had become impregnated with nicotine."

We expect that many will sneer at these facts, and light a fresh cigar, to quiet the touch of nervousness, which will involuntarily come to them, while for a moment they fear that "there is something in it." It is indeed a sad fact that this growing evil must strew its pathway with physical death before men will heed the facts, and science, and the pleadings of reform.

NEWS AND NOTES.

MORE PROGRESS.—The temperance people of Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, have taken all the necessary parliamentary steps for the adoption of the Scott Act, and the official proclamation has been issued at Ottawa, fixing Thursday March 6th as the day of voting. So far the Act has been adopted by large majorities in every County in Nova Scotia, where it has been submitted.

PROHIBITORY LEGISLATION.—Miss Frances Willard is now recognized as the oldest woman in the United States engaged in the temperance work. She now proposes to try and have one million signatures appended to petitions asking each of the coming National Conventions of the great political parties to put a prohibitory plank in their campaign platform for the Presidency.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—A correspondent of the *Chicago Union Signal* suggests that it would be well for some of the designers for beautiful Christmas cards to "come down to business" and design a beautiful total-abstinence pledge card. It would be one of the most acceptable Christmas presents some men could possibly give to their loved ones. It would also be a capital birthday card device.

DOWN AND OUT.—The *Chicago Lever* says: "George Carter, prosecuting attorney, Muskegon county Mich., has been compelled to 'step down and out' of the responsible office which he held. He was charged with being an habitual drunkard, and was consequently deemed incapable of discharging the duties of public prosecutor. This is as it should be. If all the drunkards could be turned out of office, from president down to constable, this country might well breathe easier." The same remark holds good in regard to Canada. Several important offices in this country are now in the hands of men who are well known to be incapable of controlling themselves.

LIQUOR REVENUE.—Some leading American politicians have been proposing to levy heavy duties on alcoholic liquors, tobacco and the like, sufficient to carry on the affairs of the government, allowing real estate property to go free. The temperance people oppose it principally because it would have the tendency to cause the people to depend on the continuance of the traffic as a means of tax exemption, and also because it is wrong anyway to derive a revenue from a traffic the source of more ruin and misery than war, pestilence and famine combined. Hon. J. Blaine, though a strong prohibitionist, has lost for himself the sympathy of the temperance people because of his suggestions in that direction.

WHISKEY WAKES.—Mrs. Margaret A. Meuro, of Clifton, Staten Island, died recently, aged 71 years. She had for many years kept a small grogshop on St. Mary's avenue. Some rough neighbors went in to attend the wake. They emptied the barrels, kegs, and demijohns of alcoholic spirits until the revelry became excessive. During the debauch the coffin was thrown from the table and the body rolled out upon the floor, where it remained until some neighbors dispersed the company and restored order. In the same village some time ago, a wake was held over Timothy Coffey's remains, when the assembly became so hilarious that they took the corpse from the coffin, propped it against the wall with pickets that were pulled from a near-by fence, and stuck a pipe in the dead man's mouth.

MOB LAW.—The *Montreal Witness* says:—"It is not a bad sign of the effectiveness of the Canada Temperance Act for the mob to come to the support of its transgressors and break every other law that stands between them and its subversion. This is what has just happened at Sackville, Westmoreland Co., New Brunswick. A witness in a case under the Act was, for refusing to testify, committed to gaol for five days, and was being led off to his new lodgings when a large crowd, that had been turned out of

the Court room for misbehavior, violently attacked the constables and rescued the prisoner from five of them after a fierce struggle. Probably few things could be more effective toward alienating any sympathy there may be among respectable people in the country with the movement now on foot there for the repeal of the Act.

A BAD SHINGLE.—A gentleman from the country stopped at a barber shop to ask for directions concerning the locality of a place where he wished to go, when one of the barbers said: "Boss, yer's got mighty long hair. Better let me take some ob it offen yer." "I haven't time now," the gentleman replied. "I'll be in again some time this afternoon, and then I'll give you some work." The gentleman went away, met several acquaintances, drank, became intoxicated, and in that condition went to the shop, and telling the barber that he wanted to be shaved, lay back on the cushion and was soon asleep. After shaving the gentleman, the barber, remembering the conversation of a few hours before, began to cut his hair without further ceremony. Just as he was completing the work the gentleman sprang from the chair and exclaimed: "I've a good mind to shoot the top of your head off." "What's de matter, boss? Job not done satisfactory, sah?" "Satisfactory! You've shingled my wig!"—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

DRINK'S DOINGS.

A man named George Jones, hailing from Peterboro' was run in by the Toronto Police on Saturday night, penniless and with his coat torn into rags. His statement was that he came to the city with some months' hard earnings, nearly \$45 in all, and was "having a good time with the boys" in some of the taverns until the bar-room had to be closed. He was then put out into the street in an intoxicated condition and soon robbed of all his money, besides being otherwise badly used. But for his timely arrest by the police, he would have probably perished of cold and exposure during the night, in a by-lane.

Send to Publisher of Truth for a Catalogue and price list of Temperance publications supplied by the Publisher of Truth. Enclose a stamp or two for return postage. Every temperance worker should be well supplied with good temperance literature.

SUBSCRIBER.

If your term expires during January—and you can ascertain by reference to your address label,—you should at once send \$2, in competition for the valuable prizes offered in our new Bible Problems. See page 22. If you don't care to do this, send \$2 and get one of these beautiful books. You will not regret the outlay. The circulation of TRUTH is so rapidly extending, we will be able to very largely improve the paper in every respect during this year. Renew now.

The causes which start men upon their careers are often seemingly the most slight and casual.

The eastern quarter of London is undergoing rapid changes, the like of which are declared to have been previously unknown since the great fire. Recently no fewer than 130 houses, some of them the oldest in London, have been pulled down in order to make space for a new thoroughfare leading to Tower Hill.

A hygienic museum is to be founded in Berlin. A large collection from the exhibit of the great "hygienic exhibition" which closed Dec. 15, has already been made as a nucleus, and the objects are to be stored for the winter in the exposition building until permanent quarters can be secured. The plans are in capable hands, and great things are expected to result.

J. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. G. T. Items of information in regard to the Temperance work everywhere are gratefully received by the Editor, T. W. Casey, G. W. S., TRUTH office, Toronto.

NEWS FROM LODGES.

RE-ORGANIZED.—We are glad to hear from South Woodlee, Essex Co., that Woodlee Lily Lodge is in working order again with Geo. Mitchell, W. C.; and Miss S. Taylor, W. V. C.; Wm. Guthrie, L. D.

NEW DISTRICT LODGE.—A large convention of delegates from the various lodges of Toronto and York County was held in Toronto on Thursday of last week to consider the propriety of amalgamating the district lodges of the city and county. It was resolved to take steps at once in that direction and the officers for the organization were at once elected and installed. Bro. John Morrison, of Dominion Lodge, Toronto, was elected W. C. T., and it was resolved to hold another meeting in the city soon in connection with the work. The writer much regrets that he was not notified in any way of the meeting, and he was not aware that one was to be held in time to make arrangements to attend. It has not been possible since to procure any other particulars than those given above. On Saturday evening at the regular meeting of Toronto District Lodge it was decided, after considerable discussion in regard to the constitutionality of such a course, to hand over the charter to the new District Lodge, and thus break up the city District Lodge, as it has been constituted for some years past.

TORONTO.—St. John's Lodge celebrated its fifteenth anniversary on Friday evening last by a very pleasant evening's entertainment in its commodious hall, corner of Yonge and Alice Sts. St. John's has now a high reputation to sustain in regard to the matter of its entertainments, earned by much former success, and it certainly well sustained its old reputation on Friday evening, and that is saying a good deal. There was a very fine attendance, and after all had been well supplied with refreshments by the lady members of the lodge a good literary entertainment was supplied. Bro. Geo. Spence, L. D., occupied the chair, making a very neat and appropriate opening speech, after which the following programme was gone through with: Miss Macmullen, Piano Solo; Mrs. and Mr. Mills, song and chorus; Mr. Goldsmith, Song, "The Village Blacksmith"; Mrs. Revell, song; Miss Wilson and Mr. Stewart, instrumental duet; Miss Mills, song; Miss Jenkins, piano solo; Mr. McGillivray, comic song; Miss Allen, reading; Mrs. and Mr. Mills, song and chorus; Mrs. Revell, song; Miss Wilson and Mr. Stewart, instrumental duet; Mr. Goldsmith, recitation. St. John's Lodge still continues to do a splendid work, and to maintain its enviable position as one of the leading and most substantial lodges in this city, or in the Province. Its meetings are held every Friday evening at its hall, corner of Yonge and Alice Sts. Good Templar visitors always welcome, and those wishing to join the Order are invited to come.

PARIS AND GALT.—Bro. W. H. Rodden writes us as follows. During the week I have made arrangements for three Lodges to be organized as soon as the present heavy snow fall should have settled sufficiently to make travelling easier. Another reason for delay is the fact of it being the week of united prayer. My visits to Lodges during the time were that to Evening Star Lodge in Galt on Thursday evening. The attendance was good, the social feeling most gratifying and the spirit of zeal in the cause highly assuring. With such institutions as Evening Star Lodge throughout our country the morning dawn of prohibition will be facilitated. I had the pleasure of presiding at the initiation of four new members on that occa-

sion. On Friday evening it was with much pleasure that I visited Paris Lodge and presided at the initiation of six young men. This Lodge now numbers 127 members. The attendance on the occasion of my visit was 75, being below the average owing to the causes already named. It is calculated to warm the heart of any temperance man to see such an earnest band of workers as may be seen in the Paris Lodge. Comparisons are not generally admirable, and they are particularly dangerous to make when ladies are the subjects, but I cannot help saying that I wish all Lodges were as well off as Paris in that charming element of power.

From Nova Scotia.

We are glad to publish the following extracts from a letter just received from the esteemed G. W. C. Templar of Nova Scotia, Bro. P. J. Chisholm. It will be seen that our order is making good healthy progress in the Mayflower Province.

TRURO, N. S., Jan'y 14th, 1884.

Dear Bro. Casey, G. W. S.—I am happy to inform you that our Order is doing well here. Since our Grand Lodge session, last July, we have added fifteen new lodges to our previous number and our membership has increased about 500 or 550. We are determined now to go on progressing. We have wiped out our old debt, and can boast of some of the best temperance workers enlisted under the banner of our Order. I am much encouraged at the present position and prospect of affairs. I am now issuing circulars calling upon all the lodges to hold public concerts, or public meetings with lectures during the winter to raise \$600 or \$700 to employ an able lecturer and organizer, such as our much esteemed and honored Bro. Col. J. J. Hickman for three or four months, immediately after the close of the next R. W. G. L. Session. We hope inside of a year to take the foremost rank as a temperance organization.

I hope and believe that our lodges will cheerfully respond to the call for aid and that the necessary amount will be raised.

THE SCOTT ACT.

In regard to the workings of the Scott Act in this Province I can only say that it has been hung up with a scrutiny in this (Colchester) county for some time and we have to wait until the spirit moves our Judges to take this all important case into their consideration. In the meantime, rum is as free as water in Colchester, but it is no fault of the Scott Act, as we have never had a chance to put it operation. I can, however, speak of the adjoining counties of Hants and Pictou, where the Act is in full force and doing a good work. It has driven the liquor business of Hants into the capital of the county, Windsor, and the temperance people are now about making an onslaught on that stronghold, and they believe they will succeed.

The worst trouble we all find is to get real good and clever prosecutors. It is not every one who wants to place himself in such a position, and it is not every one who is fit for it.

Wherever the Act is worked thoroughly it does clear out the rum sellers. I wish any one would see the difference between the town of Truro, without the Scott Act, and New Glasgow, in Pictou County, where the Act is in force. Here every bar-room is open, night and day, and drunken men on the streets. Sunday is almost like a week day. In New Glasgow it is quite different. Though it has its large factory and machine shops, with a large number of men about, not a bar-room is open, nor a drunken man seen on the streets. Peace, comfort, and good behaviour is evident. It is quite true some liquor is still clandestinely sold in New Glasgow, but you see a great difference where it is not openly sold.

PERSONAL.

I wish you, Bro. Casey, and yours a Happy New Year. Remember me kind-

ly to my dear old friend and co-worker, Bro. James Johnston. I would much like to see him and get another grasp of his warm brotherly hand. I am glad to hear from you that he is doing so very well.

I am sending for TRUTH and want to help you get it into every lodge-room in Nova Scotia. I will cheerfully say a word in its behalf whenever I have an opportunity.

Yours fraternally,
P. J. CHISHOLM, G. W. C. T.

From an Old Templar.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., JAN. 16, '84.

Dear Editor—Since TRUTH has been published I have been a constant reader, but never looked forward for it so much as now, since leaving Toronto. I have been taking great interest in your temperance page. I would not be without it for three times its price. I am very much pleased to hear such a good account of the Toronto lodges, especially of "Unity" Lodge, of which I was an active member.

St. Thomas has more than its share of hotels and taverns, but there is very little temperance work, if any, done here.

I worked for two days in studying your Bible questions, so as to get correct answers for your prizes. If I am not successful this time I will give up altogether. I never took such an interest in the Bible as now. I wish you every success.

Yours, etc.,
ALF. WICKS.

Good of the Order.

FOR READINGS & RECITATIONS

The Young Doctor's Prescription.

BY ABEL KING.

Young Mr. Frederick Jones has been three years at college studying for a doctor's degree. His father is a farmer, not much richer or poorer than thousands of others. Young Mr. Frederick never felt much of the hardships of the farm, having attended school pretty regularly till his entrance at college. There, among many richer than himself, he got into ways of spending money rather freely, although he might have known had he thought that his father earned it hard enough. One night, as he was going out for some "fun," he received a letter, not very gracefully directed with the stamp on the wrong corner, "From home I guess, he muttered and thrust it quickly in his pocket.

That night when he came back to his room he thought of his letter, and taking it from his pocket, and smoothing it out, he read something very nearly like the following:—

Dear Freddy, I'm thinkin' of writin' a few lines to you to-night, To tell you we're all still livin', And things is moastly all right. Only mother's ailin' a little, And often I feel afraid, For though she's not givin' to complain, 'Twas only last night she said, "If I only could see my Freddy

Away from that godless set, And safely started somewhere, I wouldn't half so fret. But I often think he'll get harden'd, And maybe wild and bad And I know that I'll soon be goin'," I tell you I did feel sad! And help is so scarce and uncertain, And wages a regular fright, That she and poor Kitty are nearly kill'd A slavin' from morn till night. Poor Kitty last night was a cryin' And sayin' 'twas nothin' but work, And not a minute for anything else— Might as well be a slave or a Turk. But I told her we mightn't expect much Of pleasure this side the grave. — If we only can earn some beyond it, It'll cheer us up to be brave.

But I mustn't be writin' no mournful, For likely you're lonely enough; Though they do say you fellows are jolly But likely that's only stuff. The grain didn't turn out extra (I think 'twas the rust or the fly) Tho' wheat was shrunken and shrivel'd,— A chance if it sells by and by. They may say that we farmers are stingy, And work twice as hard as we need,

But I tell you when crops are a failure, And don't yield more than the usual, That you've got to be savin' and careful, And lend your own back to the work; Or you'll find yourself safe in a mortgage, Which isn't so easy to shirk.

And that colt that I promised to give you When you got to be M. D., Kicked over just in the pasture For no reason I could see, But never you mind the fellar— There's plenty more to be got— If I don't have another waitin', You may give it to me hot.

I think I must close this letter,— My fingers are cramped and sore; They can hold a pitchfork better As I think I've said afore. But there's one thing I might mention,— I've a pain in my breast of nights, Kind of around my heart it comes— You might say next time you write If you know of what'll help it (You're learning about all such) I would have been to a doctor, But goodness, they charge so much!

So if you'd please to remember I'd give your medicine a try. Mother and Kitty they send best love And Jan in scyin' Good Bye.

I'm afraid if Freddy's chum hadn't been snoring in bed before that young man was through reading this ample epistle, he would have noticed a very unusual amount of moisture in "Freddy's" eyes. For Frederick Jones really wasn't a bad boy at heart. And after the tears had dried in his eyes, he set to work on an answer; then going to his trunk he took out fifty dollars from a pretty comfortable store and enclosed it with the following:—

Dear father, I've read your kind letter, I'm so sorry that mother's not well, But tell her I'm bound to do better— I'm quite through with actin' the swell. I really can't tell what gets in one When left in this hangnall place, But if in the past you've not been one, You're apt to turn out a scapegrace. And money don't seem the same metal That's so hard to be got on the farm, When you're old father's ready to settle The bills that come round to a charm. I tell you my eyes were a swimmin', Why, I should be ashamed to say, When I thought of you and the women A toiling from day to day. And how I was spending so frooly The money you earn'd hard and slow— When I thought it all over I really Felt meaner than you can know.

I send you enclosed in this letter What I think will ease your breast; I'm sure that I'll be better Just doing with the rest. Just take those fifty dollars, And put a man in your place, And begin and wear white collars, And got a smile on your face. And cheer up mother and Kitty, And tell them I'll soon be home; That I'll leave behind the city, And its vile ways when I come. So try your son's prescription, If it won't cure give me the lie— With love of every description, For the present I say, Good Bye.

DON'T NEGLECT.

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IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Reade's cruel and prejudiced accusations against Mr. Rayner had not in the least shaken my faith in the kindness and goodness of the master of the Alders; but I felt anxious to prove to myself that the charges he brought against him were groundless. Mr. Reade's suggestion that he let his family sleep in the damp house while he passed his nights elsewhere, for instance, was absurd in the extreme. Where else could he sleep without any one's knowing anything about it? I often heard his voice and step about the house until quite late; he was always one of the first in the dining-room to our breakfast, and even on the wettest mornings he never looked as if he had been out in the rain.

It often seems to me that, when I have been puzzling myself fruitlessly for a long time over any matter, I find out quite simply by accident what I want to know. Thus, only the day after my talk with Mr. Reade in the shop, I was nursing Haidee, who did not feel inclined to play after lesson-time, when she said—

"Do you ever have horrid dreams, Miss Christie, that frighten you, and then come true?"

"No, darling; dreams are only fancies, you know, and never come true, except just by accident."

I said this because everybody considers it the right answer to give to a child; but I do believe just a little in dreams myself.

She went on gravely—

"But mine do. I'll tell you about one I had two nights ago, if you'll bend your head and let me whisper. I mustn't tell mamma, because she always stops me and says I mustn't speak of what I see; but I can say it to you; you won't tell, will you?"

"No, darling, I won't tell," said I, thinking it kinder to let the child speak out about her fancies, instead of brooding over them, as she thought little things were too prone to do.

"You know that day when we took you up to your new room in the turret?"

"Yes, dear," said I.

"Hush! Whisper," cooed she. "Well, that night Jane put me to bed, just as she always does, in my little room, and then I went to sleep just like I always do. And then I dreamt that I heard mamma screaming and crying, and papa speaking—oh, so differently from the way he generally does; it made me frightened in my dream! I thought it was all real, and I tried to get out of bed; but I was too much asleep; and then I didn't dream any more, only when I woke up I remembered it. I didn't tell anybody; and the next night I wondered if I should have the dream again, and I didn't want Jane to go away; and, when I said it was just because I'd had a dream, she said dreams were stuff and nonsense, and she wanted to go and dream at having supper. And then she went away, and I went to sleep. And then I woke up because mamma was crying, and I thought at first it was my dream again; but I knocked my head against the rail of my bed, and then I knew I must be awake. And I got out of bed, and I went quite softly to the door and looked through the keyhole, for there was a light in her room. When she has a light, I can see in quite plainly through the keyhole, and I can see the bed and her lying in it. But she wasn't alone like she generally is—I could see papa's hand holding the candle, and he was talking to her in such a low voice; but she was crying and talking quite wildly and strangely, so that she frightened me. When she talks like that, I feel afraid—it doesn't seem as if she were mamma. And then I saw papa put something on her face, and mamma said, 'Don't—don't! Not that!' and then she only moaned, and then she was quite still, and I heard him go out of the room. And presently I called 'Mamma, mamma!' but she didn't answer; and I was so frightened, I thought she was dead. But then I heard her sigh like she always does in her sleep, and I got into bed again."

"Were you afraid to go in, darling?"

"I couldn't go in, because the door was locked. It always is, you know. I never go into mamma's room; I did only once, and she said—she said—and the child's soft whisper grew softer still, and she held her tiny lips closer to my ear—"she said I was never to say anything about it—and I promised; so I mustn't, even to you, Miss

Christie dear. You don't mind, do you, because I promised?"

"No, darling, I don't. Of course you must not tell if you promised," said I.

But I would have given the world to know what the child had seen in that mysterious room.

Haidee's strange story had roused again in me all the old feeling of a shadow of some kind hanging over the house on the march which had long since worn away in the quiet routine of my daily life there. The locking of the mother's door against her own child, her wild talk and crying, the "something on the face" that her husband had had to administer to calm her, and the discovery that he himself did not sleep in the same room, all united to call up in my mind the remembrance of that long talk I had had with Mr. Rayner in the school-room soon after my arrival, the story he had told me of her boy's death, and the change it had made in her, and his allusion to "those outbreaks which sometimes cause me the gravest—the very gravest anxiety."

I had understood then that he feared for his wife's reason, but, never having witnessed any great change in her cold listless manner myself, and having seen on the whole very little of her except at meals, all fear and almost all remembrance of her possible insanity had faded from my mind, in which she remained a background figure. But now Haidee's story caused me to wonder whether there was not an undercurrent in the affairs of the household of which I knew little or nothing. What if Mr. Rayner, bright, cheerful, and good tempered as he always seemed, were really suffering under the burden of a wife whose sullen silence might at any moment break into wild insanity—if he had to wrestle in secret, as from the child's story, seemed to have been the case quite recently on two successive nights, with moods of wild wailing and weeping which he at first tried to deal with by gentle remonstrance (Haidee said that on the second night, when she was fully awake his voice was very low and soft), and at last had to subdue by edatives!

And then a suggestion occurred to me which would at least explain Sarah's important position in the household. Was she perhaps in truth a responsible guardian of Mrs. Rayner, such as, if the latter's reason were really feeble, it would be necessary for her to have in her husband's absence? I already knew that the relations between mistress and servant were not very amicable. Though she treated her with all outward signs of respect, it was not difficult to see that Sarah despised her mistress, while I had sometimes surprised in the wide gray eyes of the other a side-glance of dislike and fear which made me wonder how she could tolerate in her household a woman to whom she had so strong an aversion. That Mr. Rayner was anxious to keep the scandal of having a mad wife a secret from the world was clear from the fact that not even Mr. Lawrence Reade, who seemed to take a particular interest in the affairs of the household at the Alders, had ever shown the least suspicion that this was the case. So the secluded life Mrs. Rayner led came to be ascribed to the caprice—if the village gossips did not use a harsher word—of her husband, while that unfortunate man was really not her tyrant, but her victim.

The only other possible explanation of what Haidee had seen was that Mr. Rayner, kind and sweet-tempered to every one as he always was, and outwardly gentle and thoughtful to a touching degree towards his cold wife, was really the most designing of hypocrites, and was putting upon his wife, under the semblance of devoted affection, a partial restraint which was as purposeless as it was easy for her to break through. This idea was absurd.

The other supposition, dreadful as it was, was far more probable. I was too much accustomed by this time to Mrs. Rayner's listless moods and the faint far off looks of fear, or anger, or suspicion that I sometimes saw in her eyes, to be alarmed even by the possibility of a change for the worse in her—the thought that she was scarcely responsible for her words and actions reconciled me somewhat to her cold manner to myself and to the jealousy of the hold I was surely getting upon Haidee's affection. But my strongest feeling was not for the half-witted wife nor for the unfortunate husband, but for the child herself, the unsuspected witness of her mother's outbreaks of incoherent words and cries. It was strange that these attacks should occur only at night, I thought at first; but then I remembered that these when I had read *Adam Bede* aloud to her

in the drawing-room, the tearful excitement into which, apparently without any cause, she had fallen, which her husband's entrance had as suddenly subdued—at least for the time; for how could I tell what had followed when he had led her away into that bedroom of hers which was beginning to have for me the fascination of a haunted chamber?

The immediate result of the child's confidences to me was a great increase of my love for and interest in herself. We became almost inseparable in and out of school hours; I encouraged her in talk; and she soon fell into the habit of telling me, when I was listening or not, those long rambling stories which have no beginning, no sequel, and no end, which are the solace of children who have no companions of their own age. When my attention was wandering from these incoherent tales, I sometimes had it abruptly brought back by some flight of her childish fancy, which not me regarding if it had been suggested by some half-forgotten experience. Thus one day, when I was working, and she was sitting on a foot stool by my side, with two or three twigs bearing oak-apples which represented, as far as I could judge from her severity to some and her tenderness to the others, the personages of her story, my attention was arrested by the words—

"And so the Prince said to Princess Christie—the heroine of the story, so named in honor of me—"I've brought you some jewels much finer than yours." But Princess Christie cried and said, 'I don't want them. Where did you get them? I know where you got them. You are naughty bad Prince, and I won't wear any jewels any more!'"

And I thought of what Mr. Rayner had told me of his wife's hearing, on her return home from a ball, of her baby boy's death and of her saying she would never wear jewels again. But Haidee had been but a baby-girl at the time; her words must be but a mere coincidence. But some of the coincidences of her narrative were less difficult of explanation, for she went on—

"And so Prince Caramel said, 'Very well; I'll send you some more roses if you won't throw them away, and some marbles. But you mustn't cry, you know. I won't have a Princess that cries. I shan't look at you in church if you cry. If you don't cry, I'll let you have some jam too as well at but-ter, and you shall have a ride on the butcher's horse up and down the back-yard. And then I'll put you in a fairy-boat, and we'll fly away—fly away right over the trees and over the marsh, and past Mr. Bogget's and up into the clouds, and live in a swallow's nest, and never do any lessons!'"

And so on, going off in a wild and unexpected way into all sorts of extravagances, while I thought, with burning cheeks, that my demure little maiden had heard and seen more than I had suspected, and marvelled at the tangle of fancy and reality that grew up from it in her innocent mind. And sometimes she would say, "Let us sing Miss Christie;" and I would sing some ballad, while she would coo an irregular but not inharmonious accompaniment. And we were occupied in this fashion, sitting by the open window one afternoon, when Mr. Rayner appeared in the garden.

"Go on, go on; I have been listening to the concert for ever so long. It is as pretty as birds."

But of course we could not go on in face of such a critical auditor; so Mr. Rayner, after complaining that he had taken a ticket for the series, and was not going to be defrauded like that, told me more seriously that I had a very pretty voice, and asked why I did not take pity on their dulness and come into the drawing-room after tea sometimes and sing to them.

"And you have never tried secular music with the violin, Miss Christie. I believe you're afraid. Sacred music is slow, and you can't read fast; is that it?"

He was trying to pique me; but I only laughed and pointed out to him that he had had a visitor on the evening when he was to have tried my skill, but that I was quite ready to stumble through any music he liked whenever he pleased, if it were not too difficult.

"I know it is too bad of us to want to trespass upon your time after tea, which we promised you should have to yourself. But it would indeed be a charitable action if you would come an let us bore you by our judding and our dull chat sometimes, instead of slipping up to your turret-chamber, to be no more seen for the remainder of the evening. What do you do there, if I may

ask? Do you take observations of the moon and stars? I should think you must be too close to them up there to get a comprehensive view. Or do you peep into the bird's nests upon the highest branches and converse with the owners?"

"I do nothing half so fantastic, Mr. Rayner. I do my tasks and read something improving, and then I sit in one of my arm-chairs and just think and enjoy myself."

"Well, we are not going to let you enjoy yourself up there while we are moped to death down-stairs; so to night you may just come and share our dulness in the drawing-room."

So after tea Mr. Rayner got out his violin, and I sat down to the piano; and we played first some German popular songs and then a long succession of the airs, now lively, now pathetic, now dramatic and passionate, out of the old operas that have delighted Europe for years, such as *The Huguenots*, *La Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, and *Belle's* graceful *Rose of Castile* and *The Bohemian Girl*. Mr. Rayner played with the fire of an enthusiast, and again I caught the spirit of his playing, and accompanied him, he said, while his face shone with the ecstasy of the musician, as no one had ever accompanied him before.

Doctor Moitland, a usual gentleman who, Mr. Rayner privately told me, was low resting from his labors with the proud consciousness that he had seldom failed in "killing his man," came in while we were playing. He was our nearest neighbor, and he often came in the evening to play chess with Mr. Rayner, who always beat him. He listened to the music with great astonishment and some pleasure for a long time, until he learnt that I was reading at night, and that I had accompanied Mr. Rayner only once before. Then he almost gasped.

"Good gracious! I should never have believed it. You seemed to have the same soul!" he cried, awestruck.

And after that his astonishment evidently outweighed the pleasure he took in our performance. Mr. Rayner gave me a strange smile as the doctor uttered his quaint speech, and I laughed back, much amused at the effect of our efforts on a musically ignorant listener. When he had finished, and Mr. Rayner was putting his violin into its case, he suddenly discovered that the corner of the latter was damp.

"This will never do," he exclaimed, with as much affectionate concern as if a friend's well being had been threatened. "I might as well keep it in the garden as in this den," he went on, quite irritably for him—nurse always wrought him to a high pitch of excitement. "Here, Sarah," he added turning towards the table where she had just placed the candles, "Take this to my room—mind, very carefully!"

So his room could not be damp, I thought, or he would not allow his precious violin to be taken there. I had said good night, and was in the hall, just in time to see Sarah, carrying the violin, disappear down the passage, on the right hand side of the staircase, which led to the study. Now the wing where Mrs. Rayner's room was was on the left hand side of the staircase. Did Mr. Rayner sleep in the study? I could not let my curiosity lead me to follow her, as if I should have liked to solve this little mystery. I knew all the rooms on the upper story, and, except the nursery where Mona and Jane slept, the cook's room, Sarah's, and the one I had left, they all bore distinctly the impress of having been long unused. So I was obliged reluctantly to go up stairs. When I got to the foot of my turret staircase however, which was only a few steps from the head of the back-staircase that the servants used, I heard Sarah's quick tread in the passage below, and, putting down my candle on the ground, I went softly to the top of the stairs—there was a door here also, but it was generally open and fastened back—and looked down. I saw Sarah, much to my amusement, give a vicious shake to the violin-case, as if it were a thing she hated; and then I saw her take a key from her pocket and unlock a door near the foot of the stairs. That, then, was Mr. Rayner's room. But as the door went back on its hinges and Sarah took out the key, went through, and locked it behind her, I saw that it led, not into a room at all, but into the garden.

So far, then, Mr. Reade's guess was right. But there still remained the question—Where did Mr. Rayner sleep?

CHAPTER X.

It was the elish baby-girl Mona who first put me on the track of the solution of the

mystery about Mr. Rayner's room. This ill-cared-for little creature, instead of resenting the neglect she suffered, prized the liberties she enjoyed of roaming about withersoever she pleased, and sitting in the flower-beds, and in the mud at the edge of the pond, and making herself altogether the very dirtiest little girl I had ever seen, and objected vehemently to the least attempts at judicious restraint. The little notice she got was neither consistent nor kind. Sarah or Jane would snatch her up, regardless of her shrieks, to shut her up in an empty bedroom, if she showed her grimy little face and tattered pinafore anywhere near the house in the afternoon, when callers might come. But, if they did not see her, they forgot her, and left her to talk and croon to herself, and to collect piles of snails, and to such other simple occupations in her favorite haunts till tea-time, when she generally grew hungry of her own accord, and, returning to the house, made an entrance where she could.

The day after the violin-playing was very wet, and, looking out of the window during lessons with Haidee, I caught sight of her small sister trotting along composedly without a hat in the fast falling rain. I jumped up and called to her; but she took no notice; so I ran to fetch my umbrella and set off in pursuit. After a little search, I saw her steadily toddling up a side path among the trees which led to the stables; and I followed softly without calling her again, as, if irritated by pursuit, she might, I know, plunge among the trees and surrender only when we were both wet through.

The stables were built much higher up than the house, close to the road, but surrounded by trees. I had never been near them before; but now I followed Mona close underneath the walls, where she began dancing about by herself, making hideous grimaces at two windows on the upper storey, and throwing up at them little stones and bits of stick that she picked up, all wet and muddy, from the moist earth. I seized and caught her up in my arms so suddenly that for the first few moments she was too much surprised to howl; but I had scarcely turned to take her back to the house when she recovered her powers completely, and made the plantation ring with a most elfish yell. I spoke to her and tried to reason with her, and told her it was all for her good, when one of the upper windows I have mentioned was thrown open, and Mr. Rayner appeared at it.

"Hallo, what is the matter? Kidnaping, Miss Christie?"

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, she will sit in the mud and open her mouth to catch the rain without a hat, and it can't be good for her!" I said piteously.

"Never mind. It doesn't seem to hurt her. I believe she is half a frog," said her father, with less tenderness than he might have shown, I thought.

For the child was not old enough to know that it was wrong to dislike her father, while he was quite old enough to know that it was wrong not to be fonder of his child.

"But you will get your own feet wet, my dear child," said he, in quite a different tone. "Come up here and sit by the fire, while I fetch your goshes. You have never seen my studio. I pass half my time painting and smoking here when it is wet and I can't get out." He had a palette on his thumb and a pipe in his mouth while he spoke. "You don't mind the smell of turpentine or tobacco, do you?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Rayner! But I won't come in, thank you. I am at lessons with Haidee," said I.

"Happy Haidee! I wish I were young enough to take lessons; and yet, if I were, I shouldn't be old enough to make the best use of my time," said he, in a low voice, with mock-modesty that made me laugh.

He was leaning a long way out of the window in the rain, and I had work to do indoors; so, without saying anything more, I returned to the house with my prize.

It was to his studio then that Sarah had taken his violin. I had never heard of this studio before; but I knew that Mr. Rayner was very careful about the condition of his stables, and I could imagine that this two windowed upper room, with its fire, must be a very nice place to paint in—dry, warm, and light. Could this be where Mr. Rayner slept? No; for in that case he would hardly have asked me to come up and look at his painting. And I should not like to think that he had made for himself a snug warm little home here while his family

asleep in the damp vapours of the marsh at the bottom of the hill. But that would not be like Mr. Rayner, I thought, remembering the pains he had taken to provide a nice dry room for me, the governess. Yet I should have liked, in the face of Mr. Reade's tiresome suspicions, to be sure.

That night I was so anxious to find out whether Mr. Rayner did really sleep out of the house, as he had been accused of doing, that I had the measures to leave my own bedroom door wide open, as well as that at the bottom of the turret staircase, and listen for footsteps on the ground floor, and the sound of a key in the garden door through which Sarah had taken the violin. But I had heard nothing, though I was awake until long after the rest of the household must have gone to bed. And I felt almost as much relieved as if it had been my own father proved innocent of a mean action imputed to him.

On the following night there was a high wind, which shook and swayed the trees and whistled round my turret, and made the door which stood always fastened back at the top of the kitchen stairs rattle and creak on its hinges. At last I could bear this last sound no longer. I had been sitting up late over a book, and I knew that the household must be asleep, so I slipped down stairs as softly as I could. I had got to the top of the back staircase, and had my hand on the door, when I saw a faint glimmer of light coming along the passage below. I heard no sound. I drew back quickly, so quickly that my candle went out; and then I waited, with my heart beating fast, not so much to see who it was, as because I did not dare to move. The faint light came along swiftly, and, when close to the foot of the stairs below me, I could see that it was a shadowed lantern, and could just distinguish the form of a man carrying it. Was he coming up-stairs? For the next few moments I scarcely dared to breathe, and I could almost have given a cry of joy when, by some movement of the head, I recognized Mr. Rayner. He did not see me; he put the key in the lock, turned it, took the key out, went through and locked it after him so quickly and so entirely without noise that a moment afterwards I could almost have thought that I had imagined the dim scene. It had been so utterly without sound that, if my eyes had been closed, I should have known nothing about it. I made the door secure with trembling fingers, and went back to my room again, not only profoundly sorry that Mr. Reade's surmise was correct—for I could no longer doubt that Mr. Rayner did sleep over the stables—but impressed with an eerie dread of the man who could move about in the night as noiselessly and swiftly as a spirit.

When I awoke however in the fresh morning, with the wind gone down, and the sun shining in through my east window, all unpleasant impressions of the night before had faded away; and, when Mr. Rayner brought into the drawing-room after dinner a portfolio full of his sketches and panels, and was delighted with my appreciation of them—I know something about pictures, for my father had been a painter—I felt that it was not for me to judge his actions, and that there must be some good motive that I did not know for his sleeping far out of the damp, as for everything else that he did. He proposed to paint me, and I gave him a sitting that very afternoon in the dining-room, which had a north light, though there was not much of it; and he said that he must finish it next day in his studio, and, when I objected to neglect my lessons again, he said the whole family should emigrate thither for the morning, and then perhaps I should be satisfied.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The garb of old Gaul—"A man with uncertain legs," is the description of a killed Scotsman given in a San Francisco paper.

He was a bank teller. He had been sent off on a vacation, his books overhauled, and he had been found \$9,000 short. The fact stared him in the face as he sat amidst the Board of Directors. "Now then," said the President, "I presume you acknowledge 't'vo embezzlement?" "I do." "And how did you use the money?" "In speculating." "In what?" "Well, I was a bull in railroad stocks; but there was too much against me. I didn't have a fair show to make anything." "Why—how?" "Well, while I was using \$9,000 of the bank's money to buy the stocks, the cashier was putting up \$20,000 to bear them, and so I lost all."

A GERMAN ROMANCE.

Herr Rummel's Daughter Takes His Gold and Comes to America with a Girl Friend and the Father's Lover.

Ever since his birth there has lived in Munich, the old capital of Bavaria, a staid and respectable barber, named Johann Rummel. He reared a fine daughter, named Gretchen, who, when she became 18 years of age, had a firm friend in the daughter of a neighbor, named Bertha Kraus. Bertha had a sister who several years ago came to America and married a young farmer, Long, at Collamer. She prospered well and sent glowing letters of her new home to her people in Munich. Bertha also had a lover, who, being poor, thought he could win a fortune in the land of the free. Gretchen Rummel read many of the letters, and also became fired with a desire to come to America. Bertha Kraus was, of course, willing to accompany her, and the lover was eager to depart at once. None of them had money enough to support them during a week's journey, and Gretchen, whose father is considered wealthy, was looked to as a refuge in this, their time of financial trouble. She confirmed their good opinion by stealing about 1,500 marks, or \$75 in American money, from her father. The fond old father's surprise and grief can better be imagined than described when he awoke one fine morning in last July to discover that his daughter had fled with some of his money. Margaret generously paid the passage of both her companions to this country. They arrived in Cleveland, and went to the home of Mrs. Long. By this time Margaret had only \$75, so lavishly had she expended the money on her friends during the journey through the States. There was no room for her in Mrs. Long's family, and she took up her abode at a boarding house, the location which she has forgotten. To make the matter worse, she deposited her \$75 with the proprietor of the place, and went to Collamer to accept a position as servant in the family of a farmer. Meanwhile, Herr Rummel, in Munich, was wearing away his surplus flesh in worrying about the fate of his beloved daughter. A month after she had disappeared he received a letter from her stating that she was well and happy, but not mentioning the town in which she was living. He answered, directing his letter to Cuyahoga county, the only name he could decipher on the envelope. Of course it never reached the girl. Finally he resolved to go in search of his daughter, and started for this country, arriving in Cleveland last Monday. He sought out an old friend in this city, and, by inspecting the postmark on the letter from the girl with a microscope, they were able to make out the word Collamer. Yesterday they drove to Collamer and found the truant girl without difficulty. She was sincerely penitent, and her father was forgiving. The meeting between them is said to have been quite affecting. It was not long before the girl agreed to go back to fatherland with her parent, and they will leave the city tomorrow.—Cleveland Leader.

The Deadly Oil.

Kerosene becomes more deadly every year as the hours of evening lamplight lengthen, and the frequent lighting of fires becomes a daily duty. The fact that these accidents are utterly unnecessary renders them the more lamentable. In the hope of preventing some of these accidents, we state a few facts which everybody ought to know. It is not the kerosene that explodes, but the invisible gas that arises from it. If the oil is poured into a lamp that needs filling, this gas rises out of the lamp or can, or both, and explodes, often with deadly force, if there be any fire within reach. Pouring oil from a can upon a burning fire or into a lighted lamp ought to be followed by a terrible explosion. Sometimes it happens that no explosion occurs, but the risk is frightful. The only safe rule is never to pour oil on a burning fire or into a lighted lamp. Now, you may give Bridget positive orders with regard to the fires, but when no one is at hand in the morning hours, the temptation is strong to assist the smouldering blaze by the aid of a little kerosene. She has done it without injury formerly, why not do it again? So the use of the can is tilted over the range or grate, there is a flash, a scream, and poor Bridget will never have a chance to disobey orders. Perhaps it would

be better, if Bridget must not be allowed access to the can at all—the suggestion is timidly made—to show her how she may add the fire with comparative safety. All she has to do is to pour the oil from the can upon the fire. It is not likely that she will suffer much injury from the comparatively mild explosion that may follow.

LASSING A LIONESS.

A Hand-to-Claw Fight With the Violent Creature.

From Texas G. W. Palmer came to Colorado and began to hunt antelope and deer for a livelihood. He throws the lasso with the accuracy of a rifleman. Up on Har's scramble Mountains a few days ago he halted before a half eaten deer that had been killed by a mountain lion. With a knowledge of the beast and its habits, Palmer concluded that there were a hencess and her cub near by, and he determined to capture her, and, returning to his cabin, a short distance away, he procured several ropes. Fully equipped, he proceeded cautiously, and finally discovered the lioness with her cub beneath a projecting rock.

It was then that he motioned to his son, who followed at his heels, to stop, and, instructing him to make his appearance at a signal from him, he left the path to mount the rock that sheltered the beast. Reaching the summit, he uncoiled the rope from his arm and prepared to make the battle. The signal was given to the brave young fellow, who made his appearance a short distance from the lair. The beast was about to leap forward, but the father sent the loop over her head. There was a brief struggle, in which the noose was slipped, but in a second more it was secure upon the hind legs. The end of the rope had been previously thrown over the limb of a tree whose boughs spread around, and the contest began in earnest.

After a terrible struggle, Palmer succeeded in suspending his prize in the air, and, fastening the rope securely, he sprang from the rock and proceeded to tie the remainder of the limbs. Accomplishing this, he thought it about time to bag the cub, and reached down to grasp it; but the little fellow turned as quick as a cat upon his back, and fastened his claws in his throat. He held on like a leech, while the father, who had found it impossible to extricate himself, shouted to his son to use a club. This was ineffectual, however, and throttling the infant lion with his left hand, he pressed down with all his might, and it was not until he had almost killed the animal that the son was enabled to release the claws from his father's neck. Yesterday Mr. Palmer arrived in the city with both of the animals, and caged them in Schloss's old building.—Leadville Democrat.

A Thoughtful Husband.

A Detroit lady, who is subject to heart disease, took tea last Sunday with a neighbor, and while sitting at table her husband rushed in without a hat and in his shirt sleeves.

"Be calm!" he exclaimed hurriedly to his wife; "don't excite yourself; you know you can't stand excitement, and it might be worse."

"Good heavens!" cried the wife; "the children!"

"They're all right! Now, Mary, don't get excited. Keep calm and cool—it can't be helped now; we must bear those visitations of providence with philosophy!"

"Then it's mother," gasped the wife.

"Your mother's safe; get on your things, but don't hurry or worry. It's too late to be of any use, but I'll fly back and see what I can do. I only came to tell you not to get excited."

"For mercy's sake!" implored the almost fainting woman, "tell me the worst."

"Well, if you will have it, the consequence be on your own head, Mary, I've tried to prepare you, and you will know—don't excite yourself—try and survive—let our chimney's on fire, and the whole department and all the neighbors are in our front yard!"

She survived.

The statement is made that New York, Brooklyn and Boston contributed \$5,000 to Matthew Arnold's slender purse.

Ex-Gov. English, of Connecticut, who started out in life as a carpenter, is now worth \$6,000,000, and is the richest man in his State.

Music and the Drama.

The Proposed Musical Festival.

Under the nom de plume "Musicola" some one has been writing to the *Globe* on the above subject. Although written under a wrong impression, the letter is deserving of attention. There is a pretty general feeling that the coming Civic Celebration should include a musical festival on a large scale; and we are glad to know that the arrangements for holding such a festival, are in a forward state. Nothing would better exhibit to our visitors "our artistic resources, our ambitions, and our culture and appreciation of the most divine of arts." There is no doubt whatever that we have within ourselves the necessary material, without in the least calling in the aid of imported talent, however desirable. True, as "Musicola" says, both Theodore Thomas and Dr. Damrosch are both anxious to participate in a festival such as is proposed, and either of them will bring on his orchestra at a comparatively low figure. The great question is, where is the festival to be held. On this point "Musicola's" views are worth consideration. "A large Music Hall," he says, "has become a crying necessity in the city, and such an opportunity to secure one at a minimum outlay will not easily occur again. The Horticultural Gardens are public property; a Music Hall erected thereon by civic assistance, and its use controlled by the city in conjunction with the Horticultural Society, will be a public boon, shared in equally by all residents. Let the committee recommend the appropriation of \$12,500 towards the enlargement of the Pavilion, provided that the Horticultural Society secure the remaining \$12,500 from its own resources or by public subscription within a certain specified time. If this is accomplished, go on with the work, and we have a building always available for large gatherings and for the performance of great artistic works at popular prices."

There is no doubt that this is about as feasible a plan as could be suggested. There is surely public spirit and enterprise enough in our midst to secure the amount required in a very little while; all that is wanted is to get the thing started. Now or never is the time to secure a large and satisfactory music hall suitable to the requirements of the city as she will be, not as she is. There is a great future before Toronto, if it will only rise to a belief in it.

The pianoforte recital given at Messrs. Mason & Risch's rooms Saturday last by Mr. W. Waugh Lauder, in aid of the sufferers by the Humber accident, was well attended. Mr. Lauder was assisted by Mr. Warrington whose two songs were admirably sung, and Miss Annie Lampman, who is rapidly giving promise of becoming a brilliant pianist. The programme was of a very classical nature, including selections from Schuman, Beethoven, Wagner, Grieg, Liszt and others; and was listened to attentively, some of the numbers being heard here for the first time.

Miss Kate Claxton, who made such a name for herself as *Louise* the blind girl in "The Two Orphans," and who is now making a similar success as *Agarita* in "The Sea of Ice," will shortly appear at the Grand. It is a long time since the play was produced here, and as Miss Claxton presents it with all the necessary

requirements of handsome scenery, attractive costumes, and a good company, there is no doubt the engagement will prove successful.

We hope manager Shoppard will shortly give us something good. He has not appeared to the best advantage lately. We have had an overdose of minstrelsy, variety and sensation, and rather much of nothing at all. With the reputation the Grand has for being a first-class theatre, there should be no difficulty in filling all dates; and there must be something wrong somewhere when we find it closed half the time, as has been the case lately.

The success of John A. Stevens in "Passion's Slave" has been very great in New York, not only at his own, but at other theatres, where it has been produced. The same popularity attended it in other parts of the country.

It is unnecessary for us to more than allude to O. D. Byron and his plays. Both are familiar and popular with Toronto theatre goers, who never appear to tire of either one or the other.

The entertainment on behalf of the House of Providence was well attended, and the various tableaux, &c. were capitally presented and highly appreciated by the audience.

Lotta as *Little Nell* and the *Marchioness* has won the success in London her friends predicted.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

One of the German newspapers recently called attention to the scarcity of apothecary shops in Berlin, and within a fortnight afterward thirteen new shops were licensed and for six others licenses were under consideration by the police authorities.

In France there are now 103 lunatic asylums, 61 of which are public, and 42 private. Nine of the total are exclusively for men, and 14 for women, the rest being for both sexes. During the last fifteen years a considerable increase in lunacy has occurred in France. There were 34,000 lunatics in 1868, and there are now 60,000.

According to the calculations of the registrar-general, the area of England and Wales at the time of taking the last census was equal to nearly one and a half acres for every human being, so that if the population had been equally distributed the distance between the two neighboring individuals would have been ninety yards. Saxony and Belgium are the only two other European countries where the population is as dense as this. Elbow room, however, is constantly diminishing. About the commencement of the present century, the proximity of individual to individual on an equal distribution would have been about 155 yards; in 1821, 132 yards; in 1851, 123 yards; in 1871, 26 yards.

British journals bring interesting details of the industrial census of India in 1881. The total population of the country is 253,891,821, and of this enormous number only 85,544 persons are British born subjects, and 56,646 are soldiers, and 12,088 females. Practically, less than 17,000 male civilians, wielding an army of 56,000 men, control the vast empire. The whole number of European returned is only 146,612. The occupations of 162,620,000 persons are defined, and of these 71,199,000 are engaged in agriculture or the care of animals. In industrial occupations 21,041,000 persons are engaged—12,859,000 males and 8,182,000 females. The workers in cotton and flax number 3,485,465; in clothing, 2,815,280; in vegetable food, 3,165,421; in stone, clay and earthenware, 1,800,974; in houses and buildings, 836,453; in gums and resins, 702,526; in bamboo, cane, rush, straw and leaves, 650,732; in gold, silver, and precious stones, 472,556; and in iron and steel only 477,561. Engaged in the work of government—national, local, and municipal—are 1,844,000 persons, of whom, 315,000 are classed as belonging to the army. The professional classes embrace 1,451,000 persons.

Domestic Department.

Wild mint will keep rats and mice out of your house.

Sponges are improved by being soaked in cold buttermilk.

SPONGE CAKE.—Half a pound of powdered sugar, quarter of a pound of flour, four eggs, juice of one lemon. Drop from a spoon upon buttered paper; if the mixture runs add more flour. Bake in a quick oven.

CREAM SAUCE.—Take one pint of cream and heat it in a vessel, set in boiling water; stir into it a tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper and two tablespoonfuls of water in which the fish is baked. Let it boil up once, stirring all the while.

To make buttermilk muffins take one quart of buttermilk, two eggs, butter the size of an egg, two flat spoonfuls soda mixed in a little water, or one spoonful valerate, two teaspoonfuls salt, flour to make a thick batter. Bake in rings in a quick oven.

BOILED ONIONS.—Peel and lay in cold water half an hour, then put into a saucepan with enough boiling water to cover them; cook fifteen minutes and drain off the water, re-covering with boiling water; boil until tender; season with salt, pepper and butter.

CHERRY PIE.—For the pastry, take one quart of flour, half pound of lard, half pound of butter, one teacup of cold water, wash and pick over the berries. Put into a saucepan with a little water, and simmer until they become soft. Bake with cross-bar of pastry over the top.

CABBAGE SALAD.—One head of cabbage minced fine, two hard boiled eggs, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, and one and one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful each of pepper and made mustard, one teaspoonful of vinegar; mix all together thoroughly.

As an inducement to the greater utilization of buttermilk in bread-making it is stated that it contains 4 to 5 per cent. of milk and sugar, and 3 per cent. of mineral salts, and that after settling for cheese-making it also contains 1 per cent. of nitrogenous matter and nearly as much of butter fat.

BAKED FISH.—Clean, wash and wipe the fish; make a dressing of grated bread crumbs steeped in sweet milk, butter, pepper, salt, one beaten egg and herbs. Stuff the fish and sew up. Lay it in a baking-pan with one and a half cupfuls of water, to keep it from sticking. Bake one and a half hour.

For sponge cake take four eggs, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of extract of orange. Beat the yolks and sugar together, add the flour with the powder sifted in it, then the extract, and lastly the whites whipped to a froth. Bake thirty minutes in a steady oven.

Cracked earthenware should never be used for domestic purposes. It is a good rule for housekeepers to demolish and throw away any pieces of stoneware that have the misfortune to get cracked, for it has been demonstrated that the germs of disease have been preserved as communicated by slight cracks in crockery.

POTATOES A LA CREME.—Put into a saucepan three tablespoonfuls of butter, a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Stir up well until hot, add a small teacupful of cream, thicken with two teaspoonfuls of flour, and stir until it boils. Chop some cold, boiled potatoes, put into the mixture and boil up once.

CLAM SOUP.—Four dozen clams, one quart of milk, one pint of water, one quarter of a cup of butter. Boil the liquor of the clams for five minutes, season with salt and pepper, put in the clams and boil one-half hour. At the end of that time add the milk, which has been heated in another vessel; add the butter and stir in a little flour to thicken.

Love is a habit. God has given to us the love of relations and friends, the love of father and mother, brother, sister, and friend, to prepare us gradually for the love of God.

Our Lord God is like a printer, who sets the letters backward. We see and feel him set the types well, but we cannot read them. When we are printed off yonder in the life to come, we shall read all clear and straight. Meantime we must have patience.

A WONDERFUL PLAN.

Of the Greatest Interest to Bible Students.
Perhaps Some of Our Readers
Would Like to Try
Their Skill.

There is a very well gotten up monthly paper called the *Ladies' Journal*, published at Toronto. Each issue consists of 20 pages of very interesting information for ladies; two pages of full-size music—large illustrations of latest English and American fashion; one or two short stories; household hints, &c.; altogether one of the best publications for the money (being only fifty cents for one year's subscription), that we know of. We did not intend to describe the paper so fully, but what we started out to say was that they are offering as a grand first prize a

SILVER TEA SET OF SIX PIECES;

second, a VALUABLE GOLD HUNTING CASE GENTLEMEN'S WATCH; third, an EXTRA FINE GOLD HUNTING CASE LADIES' WATCH; fourth, a LADIES' COIN SILVER HUNTING CASE WATCH; fifth, a GENTLEMAN'S COIN SILVER HUNTING CASE WATCH. Including the beautiful articles just mentioned, they give THIRTY THREE very valuable prizes, consisting of watches, varying in value from \$30 down to \$7, Silver Plated Dinner and Tea Knives, Tea Spoons, Rings, Brooches, &c., to the first thirty-three persons who send correct answers to the following Bible problems.

I.—Who is the first Prophet named in the Bible?

II.—Who is the first King named in the Bible?

III.—Who is the first Judge named in the Bible?

Each person competing must send FIFTY CENTS with their answers, for which the *Ladies' Journal* will be sent to any desired address for one year. Each question must be answered correctly in order to secure a prize. The competition will only remain open till 20th February. The names and addresses of prize winners, together with the correct answers, will be published in the March issue of the *Ladies' Journal*. The publisher says the prizes will be awarded without favor or partiality. If any of our readers think of competing, the address is Editor *Ladies' Journal*, Toronto, Canada. A large sum of money must have been spent in obtaining these prizes, and the publisher says "it is only in order to get the *Journal* talked about, and to interest people in the study of the Bible that these prizes are offered." These questions are submitted by the Rev. E. B. Harper, D.D., a leading minister of the Canada Methodist Church. Names and address of prize winners in former competition are given in the February number of the *Journal*. Remittances had better be made by post-office order, scrip or small coin.

DON'T NEGLECT.

to renew your subscription now if it expires during January. You can get any of these valuable books offered in the Publisher's Department, page 22, or you can compete for the valuable prizes in the new Bible Competition. Remember it is the first correct answers that take the prizes.

No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I have come into the world to do; he may do a higher work, but he cannot do my work. I cannot hand my work over to him, any more than I can hand over my responsibility or my gifts.

WHITE DRESS SHIRTS!



GET YOUR

White Dress Shirts,
Linen Collars & Cuffs,
White Satin & Cambric
Ties and Scarfs, White
& Lavender Kid Gloves,
Hosiery & Gents' Furnishings, at

ROGER'S

316 Yonge St. S. cor Elm

Our Young Folks.

Tad's Visit to the Quangle Wangle.

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree
The Quangle Wangle sat;
But his face you could not see
On account of his beaver hat;
For his hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells and buttons, and hoops and lace,
So that nobody could ever see the face
of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

This is what sailor Ben sang to Tad Heber, a brown-eyed 9-year-old, who was trying to help mend the net, and begging for songs and stories.

Old ocean was calm, the afternoon was warm, mamma Heber, with the other ladies at the hotel, was fast asleep.

Tad forgot that he wanted to keep his pretty white linen suit nice until papa came home on the four o'clock train from the City.

Tad played in the shining sand, tumbled his yellow curls, then lay down on the beach to listen to Ben's song of the Quangle Wangle's Hat.

"Was there ever such a Hat, Ben?" inquired Tad.

"I dunno. The song says so," and he droned on, in a low voice:

The Quangle Wangle Wangle said
To himself, on the Crumpetty Tree:
"Jam and jelly and bread
Aro the best food for me;
But the longer I live in this Crumpetty Tree,
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way,
And that life on the whole is far from gay."

"Jam and jelly and bread ought to be company for the Quangle Wangle. I know it would be for me," said Ted.

"Well the next verse will tell about his visitors."

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;
And they said: "Did you ever see
Any spot so charmingly airy?
May we build a nest by your lovely hat?
Mr. Quangle Wangle grant us that.
O please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best."
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee.

"Now listen, Ted—

And, besides, to the Crumpetty Tree,
Came the Stork, the Duck and the Owl,
The Snail and the Bumble Bee,
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl,
And all of them said: "We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely hat,
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that."

"The little chap's asleep," said Ben, as he stopped to brush away an inquisitive wasp from Tad's nose, then he sang the little boy's favorite "valse," as he called it—

And the golden Grouse came there,
And the Peepie, who has no toes,
And the small Olympian Bear,
And the Dong with the luminous nose,
And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,
And the Orient cat from the land of the Tute,
And the Attery Squash and the Bisky Hat—
All came and built on the lovely Hat
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

Just then a queer thing happened, the net slipped from Ben's hands, his mouth flew open, and he too was asleep. When papa Heber came he found them so.

"Wake up, lazy Taddy," called Mr. Heber, and the little fellow rubbed his eyes and said:

"Oh, please don't scare away the Fimble Fowl and Attery Squash."

"Why, my son, you are dreaming."

"No, papa; I have been to see the Quangle Wangle, and they all danced by the light of the mulberry moon, to the flute of the Blue Baboon."

"It was only a dream, Tad," said papa Heber, as he brushed the sand from the yellow curls.

"I saw them just as plain," said Tad, half crying.

By this time Ben was aroused.

"I think the little chap was only half asleep, while I was singing to him, and he partly heard and dreamed those onerous-sounding things."

Mamma listened to Tad's story, then gave him a bath and nice supper of bread, fruit and milk.

Papa and Aunt Floie, a mischief-loving young lady, teased him about the "Peepie who had no toes," and the Fimble Fowl, but Tad was firm in his belief that he had been to see the Quangle Wangle.

Sailor Ben and Tad often went fishing, loafing and bathing in company, but the little boy never again saw the Quangle Wangle, or the queer creatures dance by the light of the mulberry moon, to the flute of the Blue Baboon, on the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty tree.

CALGARY.

Bow River, Kicking Horse, Selkirk Rogers Pass and Eagle Pass) to Junction with Ounderdonk's Contract.

Calgary, the future Sacramento of the North-West, is situated on the Bow river, 127 miles from the summit of the far-famed Kicking Horse pass, and 177 miles from the east crossing of the Columbia river. Approaching Calgary from the east the traveler is struck by the peculiar beauty of its situation. It seems to nestle at the foot of the serrated snow peaks that appear to overhang the town, though they are forty miles away. The Bow river, clear as crystal, winding through the grass-covered flats, and the background of timbered slopes reaching up to the eternal, making a fairy picture. Sunrise and sunset at Calgary are too gorgeous and grand a display ever to be adequately described, and when the silver beams tip the icy peaks sentiment runs riot. Far away to the east

THE BOUNDLESS PRAIRIE

stretches, and the winding valley of the Bow with its tree-covered slopes completes the picture.

So much has lately been written on mountain passes with so vast a divergence of geography and opinion that it might be well to give a description of the valley of the Bow river to the mouth of the pass and continuation. The Bow river is a stream about 300 feet wide, and flows with a velocity of four to five miles an hour at Calgary. It cuts its way through the foot hills in a series of berds, and is too shallow for navigation above Calgary, though below that point it might be used during floods for steamers of two-foot draught.

The construction of the railway line to the entrance of the Bow river pass was a very simple matter; the writer, then in the employ of the C. P. R. Co., recommended the crossing and recrossing of the Bow to avoid excessive work, but generally that the line be carried up the right or south bank, where it is at present constructed. The

ENTRANCE TO THE PASS

is exceedingly easy, and thence continuing up the Bow river almost to the summit, a distance of 70 miles from the mouth of the pass (Padmore's) the work is very little heavier than ordinary prairie work. (The writer had access to the profiles of this work in October, 1892).

Directly the summit is passed the Kicking Horse river commences to tumble down to the Columbia, and here some difficult and excessively heavy work was met with, but nothing at all impracticable to the east crossing of the Columbia river, a further distance from the summit of 50 miles. In the writer's experience it has always been easy to obtain any altitude for a railway line with fair work in any portion of B. C., but when it came to the descent a great many rungs were wanted in the ladder. In other words the whole bottom of the country appeared to drop out, and it is the clinging business that costs. Mountains do not present regular slopes and the numerous streams that flow down their sides present deep ravines that in descending become wider and more formidable. This is always the case on the interior slopes of the Rockies, the Selkirks, and the most of all the Cascades. The now

FAMOUS KICKING HORSE PASS

differs little from many others, excepting, perhaps, that it is more costly to build a road through owing to its abrupt descent. Major Rogers fixes its altitude at 5,309 feet, and taking the crossing of the Columbia river at 2,300 feet above sea level, we have a descent of 3,000 feet to make, and a distance of 50 miles to make it in. This would give, roughly, 60 feet to the mile, a fair gradient. So much much for the Kicking Horse, the crossing of the Columbia being a simple matter of bridging. The line commences to scale the Selkirks. Mr. Sanford Fleming, late engineer, has reported on the

feasibility of the entire distance across the Selkirks, and he doubtless not only had complete access to the plans and profiles, but had aneroid and other means of trying if the impossible existed; though very often the engineer, through practice and training can readily determine by mere inspection the feasibility of any route. The total distance across the Selkirks is 63 miles, and again the Columbia river is crossed at the entrance to Eagle pass. There is nothing at all formidable in this last pass. This writer has carefully examined it throughout; it has no abrupt descents, either east or

west; its length is 45 miles to the great Shuswap lake. From this last point there are no great engineering difficulties to vicinity of Kamloops, some 80 to 85 miles more from this last point. Thorough surveys made by Government have determined the perfect feasibility for road making connection with the present contract (Ounderdonk's) at Savona ferry.

The distance of road to be built next year would be from summit of Rockies to Columbia river, east crossing, 50 miles across the Selkirk range; 65 miles to west crossing Columbia; west crossing Columbia to Shuswap lake 45 miles; total to be built to connect with the navigable water system of the Shuswap lakes. Thompson river, and Kamloops lake to Savona ferry, end of Ounderdonk's contracts, 160 miles; water stretch Shuswap lake to Savona ferry, about 115 miles; total mileage the Canadian Pacific railway have to complete to reach the Ounderdonk contract, 275, say 280 miles. In 1882 the company

BUILT OVER 500 MILES

and this year over 500 miles. Mr. Van Horn can make good his boast of closing in 1895, if he uses the force he had in 1892 and works from both east and west; but in no other case. In the event of working solely from the eastern end the time of completion would be prolonged for very likely a year and certainly for six months. And now another matter. The writer has little reason to thank the syndicate for any favor while in their service. Yet truth demands and the fact remains, that they have carried on their operations with commendable energy and an apparent desire to fulfill not only the letter but the spirit of their agreement with the Government. The reasons, or rather one reason for the many conflicting newspaper accounts, is that when the relocating engineers arrived on the ground last spring it was found that many important changes could be made and these changes are still in course of operation. It is possible for any one engineer to better to some extent the work of his predecessors; this is acknowledged among all practicable men; so much for the "jealousy report," unless indeed the syndicate have boy engineers, in which case no doubt, constant trouble would arise owing to inexperience, etc. During my two years' service in the company I saw no jealousy, and felt none; each man did his best and that was the end of it.

Another reason for injurious reports would be the fact of the company closing down and stopping work for the winter. This is very easy of explanation; they have ample time to complete their contract with the Government. Van Horn believes in improving alignment and curvature by employing different engineers to the very last moment; in fact, taking every foot of advantage the ground affords, and he is right.

It is to be hoped that a more patriotic spirit will animate the various members of the press, and that

UNFOUNDED REPORTS

calculated to injure, not only the Canadian Pacific Company, but the prestige of our whole country, will not be allowed to find places in the columns or obtain the countenance of the great lever that controls the nations.

Music by Handel—That of the organ-grinder.

A Beautiful Cemetery.

Adjacent to busy Utica, in New York State, lies quiet Forest Hill, a city of the dead, grand in its magnificent views, endearing through the memories of those who have there found their last earthly resting place, and beautiful in the wealth of monumental structures which have been erected by bereaved friends over their departed loved ones. No prettier spot could have been selected, looking down as it does, from its elevation, amid rustling trees, green sward, and fragrant flowers, upon the hurrying throngs of humanity, as if to check them in their headlong career, and remind them of that time when they too must be numbered as among its silent occupants. Everything about the grounds is tasteful, new improvements being added every year in the way of walks, drives, trees, etc., and all are kept in the most perfect order, under the supervision of the efficient and gentlemanly superintendent, Mr. Roderick Campbell, whose careful oversight has made it truly a paradise. Prominent features of the cemetery are a chapel wherein divine services may be held previous to interment, and also a conservatory, abounding in a wealth of rare plants, flowers, etc. All these attractions combine to render the place one of favorite resort on Sundays and holidays. As an evidence of the appreciation in which Mr. Campbell is held it is only necessary to say that, when some time ago, and while in the discharge of his official duties, he fell from a carriage, and seriously injured himself, the directors insisted upon his taking a trip to Florida, paying all expenses, until, after a lapse of four months, he returned thoroughly recuperated. We trust that he may long enjoy the honor and esteem which he at present possesses.

"Good morning, children," said an Austin physician, as he met three or four little children on their way to school; "and how are you this morning?" "We darra't tell you," replied the oldest of the crowd, a boy of eight. "Dare not tell me!" exclaimed the physician. "And why not?" "Cause papa said that last year it cost him over fifty dollars to have you come and ask us how we were."

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Two Watches

BY MYRA A. GOODWIN.

One watched the dawning of the year,
The fading stars left nothing save
A winter morning cold and drear,
And snow upon a now made grave.
Then bitterly, "How can bells ring,
And men rejoice! As lies the snow
Upon her breast; life's sorrows cling,
To hearts left helpless in their woe."

Another lifted trustful eyes,
And smiled to see the dawn again.
"My love is safe in paradise,
Nor can she know my toll and pain;
Her very resting place is white,
As her pure soul, but dearer grown,
What star of promise in our night!
How gentle God is with his own!"

CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lord De Gretton was the first to speak, first glancing at Arthur, his cold glittering eyes scanning the handsome face and upright soldier-figure in a superciliously appraising fashion that at any other moment would have made the young man's quick blood tingle. He crossed over to his wife's side, and said abruptly—

"Lady de Gretton, you will follow me."

He spoke with the abrupt harshness of a master addressing a slave who had fallen under his displeasure; but no answering flush arose on the wife's pale face; harshness and gentleness were one to her now. The worst that could come to her had come; she was alike past fear and hope. She did not, even by a deeper-drawn breath or the quiver of an eyelid, give any sign that she had heard her lord's command or intended to obey it. She stood like one turned to stone, staring out over the wide waste of water, from which the last touch of sunlight had fled.

"Will you come?" Lord de Gretton muttered grimly; and the light of the zinken eyes grew more and more dangerously cruel. He bent his head till his gray moustache swept the soft girlish face, and whispered with hissing emphasis in the small ear, "Are you mad, to defy me now?"

She shivered slightly, drew a pace or two away, and for the last time her eyes sought Arthur Beaupre's in wild and piteous appeal.

The look pierced Lord de Gretton's armour of cool self-possession and stung him to jealous fury. He knew that the girl he had wooed and won brought him no love as her marriage dowry. So much she had frankly told him from the first, and the confession had but made him the more determined that she should be his. He was so used to be wooed that the girl's unfeigned reluctance to accept his wooing gave her a novel and piquant attraction in his sight. He had heard the whole story of her first unhappy love from Christine Singleton's truthful lips, and could afford generously to overlook the fact of a dead lover; but now was the lover really dead, or was Nora doubly false?

The suave polish of his manner covered a brutal nature, and in the rare moments of agitation he permitted himself the brutality rose to the surface, as now. He seized the slender wrist with cruel force, and swung the girl round with a savage suddenness that wrung a passionate word from Arthur Beaupre's lips and a wild cry from hers—

"Arthur, Arthur, save me—save me from him!"

Then, and not till then, Arthur Beaupre broke the silence so hardly maintained. He came forward, very white and stern-looking, and stood before the cruelly-united pair, his worn young beauty a sharp and terrible contrast to the jealous ago confronting him. How fervently he prayed that the right words might come to him now, that he might close, and not widen the breach between these two, and help, not harm, the unhappy girl for whom his heart bled!

"Hush, Nora," he said almost sternly, though he would have given his life to speak one word of comfort in her ear, to

drive the dreadful frenzied look from her dark eyes. Then, turning to Lord de Gretton, he said eagerly, with all his honest heart in the words, "Lord de Gretton, permit me to explain all that seems strange to you now—"

But Lord de Gretton cut the sentence short; wheeling round upon his heel, he stared insolently into the frank blue eyes, and said slowly, with a sneer, while he twisted the ends of his long gray moustache into sharp points—

"So you will have it then—will thrust yourself into the foreground, and be seen! Your companion has little cause to thank you. I wished to ignore Lady de Gretton's escapade, to close my eyes to the awkward fact that my wife, on her wedding-day, wandered out at sunset to entertain her old lover; but you will not let me."

Clear, cold, and cruel, each word fell with sharp distinctness, and stung, as it was intended to sting, not the pale girl round whose overwrought brain a merciful mist was gathering, who heard all that was said in a dull uncomprehending fashion, as though it concerned her not at all—not Nora, but the man who would—how gladly!—have died to defend her.

"For shame!" he cried, with a hearty ringing scorn that would to a more generous opponent have been a convincing proof of his honesty and good faith, but only stung Lord de Gretton's pride sharply, and moved him to a more implacable hate. "Oh"—Arthur flung back his bright head, impatient of his own halting utterance—"where shall I find the words to convince you, if your own knowledge of her innocence and spotless purity be not enough? Nora, tell your husband how you met me here; for his sake and your own, do not leave him under an impression so cruelly false."

Nora started at the direct appeal, but only turned her eyes with a vague troubled stare from one to the other; her lips moved a little, but no sound came from them. Arthur's heart sank within him. Had her brain really turned with its weight of trouble?

Lord de Gretton broke in with a jarring laugh—

"And they say female wits are quickest, female tongue most glib to explain away an awkward situation; the proverb fails here at any rate, Mr—"

"I am Arthur Beaupre," the young man said sadly.

"Well, Mr. Beaupre, Lady de Gretton still leaves the explanation of this scene to you. By-the-by, I think I have heard your name in connection with my wife's before."

"You have heard the true story of our past, no doubt," poor Arthur cried, his voice trembling with the passion he could not control—Lord de Gretton doubly protected by his age and the fact that he was Nora's husband, had the impulsive passionate young soldier at a cruel disadvantage, and rejoiced in the fact with a savage and cowardly joy—"as you may hear the true story of our meeting now. Nora Bruce was once my promised wife. An hour ago I believed her so still, and she believed me dead—as I shall be to her henceforth. In the first shock of the sudden meeting she remembered only what had been, and—Heaven bless her for it!—rejoiced as Nora Bruce might have rejoiced that I was given back from the dead. Then, in a moment, she remembered you and her new duties, and—and we said good-bye!"

The pleasant full-toned voice faltered a little over the last words; but the blue eyes never wavered, nor shrank from Lord de Gretton's mocking and malignant glance. Arthur's one thought now was to shield the miserable girl who was so manifestly incapable of taking her own part. Some inner instinct warned him that Lord de Gretton's wife would have no easy path to tread; and, since no earthly power could break the chain she had so rashly forged, he could only pity her with an intense unselfish pity, and inwardly swear that he would do nothing to make her hard path harder still.

Lord de Gretton was a clever man of the world, quite keen enough to know truth from falsehood and see through the finest histrionic display. He did not for an instant doubt that the man before him was speaking absolute truth, that Nora had believed him dead; but his conviction was anything but soothing to his pride. Innocently or not, they had injured and aggrieved him, had wounded his sensitive vanity, and compelled him, the haughty and impassive Lord de Gretton, to play the ridiculous part of the gray-haired husband.

Jealous and deceived, he stared at Arthur Beaupre, his deeply-sunken eyes glittering angrily, his pale face actually flushing as he entertained the galling thought. Could Lady Olivia but have known it, all wrongs were fully avenged in that moment of bitterest mortification.

To recognize a wrong was, with Lord de Gretton, to resolve to revenge it. He ground his teeth together with savage energy, and vowed within himself that one of the offenders at least—the one who was helplessly and absolutely in his power—should receive exemplary punishment at his hands, so, returning Arthur's eager beseeching look with a coolly insolent stare, he said, in slow drawing tones that fell with maddening distinctness on the young man's ear—

"I suppose, for my own sake, as well as Lady de Gretton's, I had best accept this explanation."

"It is the true one; you cannot, dare not doubt it!" Arthur cried hotly, all the fiery pride he tried so hard for Nora's sake to curb to meekness flaming now from his bright blue eye and ringing defiantly in the clear young voice.

"I have said I shall accept it," the other returned, with exaggerated emphasis and a cruel enjoyment of the pain he gave—"but upon certain conditions only."

He paused, looking keenly into the other's face, as awaiting a response; but Arthur merely bowed, not trusting himself to speak.

"First, you, or we, must leave this place at once; it is not large enough to hold the trio."

"I return to town to-night."

"Good. In the second place, you must promise that you will never seek Lady de Gretton's company again."

"Pardon me," the young man interrupted, with uncontrollable haughtiness, "I have never sought Lady de Gretton's company. I believed the lady to be still Miss Bruce."

Lord de Gretton, twisting his gray moustache with elaborate care, listened with his most supercilious smile, as though gently tolerating an interruption that in no way influenced the predetermined current of his thoughts and speech.

"Just so," he said, with a nod of careless condescension that made Arthur's quick blood boil again; "and being better informed now, you will understand that your paths diverge widely from this moment and need never touch again."

"I understand," Arthur returned coldly; and, with a smile of quiet satisfaction, Lord de Gretton turned to his wife.

"Come, Nora," he said authoritatively. "It is time for us to go."

He lifted the little hand that hung so listlessly by her side, and drew it within his arm; the contact chilled his fingers; death itself was not more icy or inert. Nora neither resisted nor aided his efforts; the only sign of life left in her blazed in the burning misery of her eyes.

Mechanically she permitted herself to be drawn towards the path she had descended, ignorant of that last bitter drop still to mingle with her cup—mechanically, without another word or look, she would have passed the man who watched her with an intense and yearning pity that for the moment swallowed up all selfish pain. But, crossing his path, Lord de Gretton paused abruptly, unable to deny himself a Partian dart.

"As you two are old friends, and must part for ever," he said, with mocking emphasis, "you may be allowed the luxury of a farewell word. Nay, Mr. Beaupre, you are most ungrateful; few men in my position would show such magnanimity as 'his.'"

For something like a smothered exclamation broke at last from Arthur Beaupre's white lips. He was heart-sick and weary of the fiendish cruelty with which this man revenged himself and revolved in his power to torture them. With one look, eloquent of scorn and disgust, he would have turned away, merely bowing and not daring to trust himself to speak.

But at that moment, moved by some vague impulse, Nora raised her eyes to his, the lovely Irish gray eyes in whose clear truthful depths he had seen every thought and every fancy mirrored in the happy days gone by. Where now were the innocent love, the innocent mirth, the gay girlish sparkle! Something rose in his throat and seemed as though it would strangle him—something that mastered his manhood and brought a mist of tears to dim his vision as he met that blank, hopeless, lost, and miserable gaze.

"Lost!" Yes, that thought sent the last worst pang of all to Arthur Beaupre's loyal and generous heart. Rather would he have seen any intensity of conscious pain than the suggested frenzy of that gaze. She did not seem to know, or rather she seemed to look through him, as though no object stood in her path. Her widely-opened eyes were those of a sleep-walker, haunted by a torturing dream and utterly unconscious of all that was passing around her.

At any cost she must be aroused from this dangerous apathy. Arthur took the cold little hand in his and spoke entreatingly—

"Nora, it is good-bye indeed, now. Heaven bless and shield you, and make you happy!"

She shivered slightly, and he saw her lips twitch; but she repeated the "good-bye" mechanically, and her eyes never softened, though the tears stood thickly in his.

Lord de Gretton made an impatient gesture, and the spell that held Arthur Beaupre was broken. Silently he drew back, and let the married pair pass him; silently he watched them as they made their way up the winding road, now vanishing, now reappearing, as they passed from terrace to terrace up the well-wooded height until they were lost to sight among the tall trees that closed in around the picturesque white house at which Lord de Gretton's honeymoon was to be spent.

Once only Nora turned her graceful head and looked back—and that look was destined to haunt Arthur Beaupre's fancy with cruel pertinacity for many and many a week to come—will haunt him with more or less of horror in the remembrance until he has done with earth and earthly things for ever.

With a little shiver, for the night-air began to grow chill, and he was still weak from recent illness, Arthur pulled his soft hat down over his brows, drew up his coat-collar, and, resolutely fixing his thoughts on the future and turning his back upon the scene of so much misery, made his way to the railway station, and was soon on his way to London.

He had travelled incessantly lately, long and far that day; but, weak as he was, he seemed incapable of physical fatigue. He tried to sleep; but his thoughts centred persistently in the place he had left, in the girl he had deserted in her misery.

The one fear that overrode all other in his thoughts was that Nora's brain would turn under the accumulating troubles that had come upon her. He could endure to lose her, to see her happy with another, he thought, with a little tightening of the generous heart that could ignore its own sharp pain; but he had left her in merciless hands, and there had been something

like the wild glare of madness in that last backward look.

"Heaven keep her safe and sane!" he cried again and again, with a sort of reverential passion, as he leant his aching head against the carriage window, and looked out with sad unseeing eyes on the soft beauty of the starlit summer night.

And, while the fervent prayer still echoed in his heart, Nora de Gretton knelt by her dead husband's side, with blood on her little white hands and on her pretty velvet dress, blood that ran in a long cruel stream along the white rug on which he had fallen—that followed a knife-thrust through his heart, and with which his life had ebbed away.

CHAPTER IX.

"How late the governor is this morning!" Cristino Singleton cried, looking up with a prolonged yawn from the lotter she had been indifferently scanning as her mother came into the room. "Is he down-stairs yet?"

"What a question!" Mrs. Bruce answered, with a laugh, as she took her place at the well-spread breakfast table, and eagerly turned the envelopes on her plate, only to put them aside with a disappointed—

"No letter from Vance again! What can the boy be doing?"

"Getting into mischief, of course!" Cristino said shrilly. "But never mind Vance, mother; I asked you whether the governor had come down."

"Of course he has—at least three hours ago; and glad enough I was to get rid of him, I assure you. I never saw a man in such a state of nervous excitement in my life. Really I think the wedding has turned his brain—he has done nothing but walk about the corridors declaring that something terrible had happened to Nora."

"To Nora!" Cristino echoed, with a nervous attempt at a contemptuous laugh.

Had Mrs. Bruce chanced to glance at her daughter, she might have seen that the pale face grew suddenly pinched-looking and pale, and the light eyes had a frightened and guilty glitter. Cristino Singleton, who was endowed with a singularly small amount of faith in Divine justice and mercy, was, on the other hand, most horribly superstitious, and placed an abject trust in signs, portents, and warnings.

"Did—did the governor see anything?" she asked uncomfortably; and Mrs. Bruce looked up with an astonished stare from the housewifely task of measuring the orange pekoe into a silver teapot.

"Bless me, child, what should he see? You are as great a goose as he is. I declare you will ruin my nerves among you!" she cried, with a pettish laugh, but a consoling consciousness that her nerves were made of no such penetrable stuff, but were equal to any amount of friction. "No did see at 'ast that it was hardly fair to spoil my sleep, worn out as I was with a fatiguing day, because he could get none himself, and went down-stairs, where I have no doubt he found refuge in his precious books."

Cristino made no further comment; after all, it made little difference to her whether her step-father made his appearance or not. She had plenty to occupy her thoughts, but unfortunately the food she herself had given them was less entirely sweet now than she had imagined it last night.

Then she had been entirely absorbed in the thought of the ample revenge she had taken upon the girl who had outshone her in every way. With something like an intoxication of delight, she had pictured Nora opening her present and reading the news it contained, pictured the utter horror of the bride of a day when her old lover rose before her triumphantly confident in her truth, and when she had to tell him that with her own hands she had raised up a barrier between them.

The little drama played out on the

stage of Cristino's fancy had seemed entirely satisfactory and entertaining last night; amid thunders of applause the curtain had fallen upon a picturesque tableau of her triumph and Nora's crushing defeat—the denouement had been pleasantly complete.

But somehow the brilliant picture faded a little in the colder morning light—disagreeable after-thoughts began to intrude on the girl's mind and fill her with selfish terrors. Now that the intonso and irritating jealousy that urged her on to any lengths and blinded her to all but the immediate consequences of her acts had passed into the back-ground, she began to see with alarming sharpness some serious self-made difficulties in her path.

For what happened to Lady de Gretton she cared not one straw. She knew how sure and cruel was the blow she had dealt; the victim might recover from it or die of it, if she chose. But she did care very much what happened to herself; and a spectral army of ugly possibilities paraded menacingly before her till she began to wish, not exactly that the blow had not been struck, but that she herself had figured somewhat less prominently as the avenging angel.

"What a fool I was to write that letter!" she thought, knitting her fair brows and tapping her smart French slipper impatiently on the floor. "She would have known without a word that I had planned it all, and I should not be in her power, as I am now. Of course she will show it to Arthur in self-defence, and then he will never speak to me again; or she may send it to the governor, and then, quiet as he is, this house will hardly hold us both. Oh, dear, I have made a horrible mess of it, look which way I will!"

"Do come to breakfast, child; you look quite pinched and wan with hunger," Mrs. Bruce broke in with a brisk cheerfulness that seemed horribly incongruous to Cristino; and as the girl mechanically obeyed her summons and drew a chair to the table, she turned to the servant, who still lingered at the sideboard, with the careless question—

"Where is your master, Finnis? Does he know we are at breakfast?"

"He is in the library, ma'am, and I rang the bell twenty minutes ago."

"Perhaps he has gone out," Mrs. Bruce suggested, looking across at her daughter, with the slight contemptuous smile she was wont to bestow upon her husband's unpunctual habits.

But the man negatived this idea decisively.

"Oh, no, ma'am! I took him in a telegram a little while back, and he has not left the room since then, I know."

"A telegram!" Cristino repeated, pushing back her chair, and turning a ghastly hue, horrible to look upon. "Mother, their must be something wrong."

Mrs. Bruce felt by no means comfortable herself; some of the superstitious dread that oppressed her daughter seemed suddenly to pass to her, driving the healthy color from her face and making her clear voice husky and unsteady; but she felt, if only to impress the listening servant, that a sharp rebuke was necessary, and administered it with sufficient dignity and promptitude.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Suffer not your thoughts to dwell on the injury you have received or the provoking words that have been spoken to you. Not only learn the art of neglecting them at the time you receive them, but let them grow less and less every moment, until they die out of your mind.

Mark Twain has hit upon a feasible way to protect his works in England. More just than the United States, England extends copyright to foreigners, and with the sole proviso that the work shall be first published in her country. Mark Twain, therefore, publishes his books in London one day before they are issued at home, and protects himself in both markets.

HOME HINTS.

EYE WATER.—Three level table-spoonsful of white copperas, three level table-spoonsful of salt, one and one half pints of water. Boil this for a few moments and put a drop in the eye night and morning. Be careful in the use of it, as it is poisonous. This is known to be an unfailing remedy for weak and inflamed eyes. It should be diluted if used with babies.

TO SWEETEN RANCID BUTTER.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* states that she has rendered butter that was too rancid, even for cooking, perfectly sweet by cutting it into pieces of about a pound each, wrapping the pieces in clean, white cloths, and burying them a foot or more deep in the ground, allowing them to lie a week or two, then washing and resalting. A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* advises the boiling of the butter, with the addition of a handful of salt and a teaspoonful of soda, to two or three pounds of butter, then pouring it into a crock to cool.

LUMINOUS PAINT.—Take oyster shells and clean them with warm water. Put them in the fire for half an hour, and take them out, cool them, pound them fine, and remove the worthless gray parts. Put the powder into a crucible, with alternate layers of sulphur. Close the lid and seal it up with sand made into a stiff paste with beer. After the crucible has been over the fire for an hour, and afterwards cooled, the contents will be found to be white. Sift the powder carefully, and mix it with gum water. This gives a paint which remains luminous for a long time after dark, if it is first exposed to daylight.

GILDING LEATHER.—We find in the *Paper-cleaning* the following method described for gilding leather. It is first moistened with a sponge, then stretched and tacked to a board. When dry it receives a coat of thick isinglass solution, then one of white of egg that has been

beaten and allowed to settle. Upon this is laid lightly with a brush sheets of silver foil, which are then pressed down with a wad of cotton wool. When this is dry it is painted over with yellow leather varnish, which gives it a beautiful golden appearance. A varnish for bronzo boots and slippers is made by dissolving aniline red in shellac or other varnish.

CEMENT FOR TIN AND GLASS.—The following, which has been recommended for joining the metallic to the glass parts of kerosene lamps, is impermeable to all oils. Caustic soda, one ounce; water five ounces; rosin, three ounces; plaster of Paris sufficient. Make a solution of the soda in the water, and boil with the rosin until this is dissolved. To the liquid add half its weight of plaster, and apply immediately. It sets firmly in half to three quarters of an hour.

REMOVING STAINS.—A mixture which is excellent for removing grease spots and stains from carpets and clothing is made of two ounces of ammonia, two ounces of white castile soap, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of ether. Cut the soap fine, dissolve in one pint of water over the fire; add two quarts of water. This should be mixed with water in the proportion of a teacupful to one ordinary-sized pail of water. Mix thoroughly, and wash soiled garments in it. For removing spots, use a sponge or clean flannel cloth, and with a dry cloth rub as dry as possible. Woolen goods may be made to look bright and fresh by being sponged with this.

Prince George of Wales, says the *London World*, is proving himself a real "salt." He is the pet of officers and crew of H. M. S. *Canada*, and though not backward in his studies or other then conscientious in his duties, he is healthy, hardy, and just a little mischievous. He takes the rough with the smooth without losing his head or temper, and his ruddy, free, and well-set limbs are to be seen first in every kind of sport.

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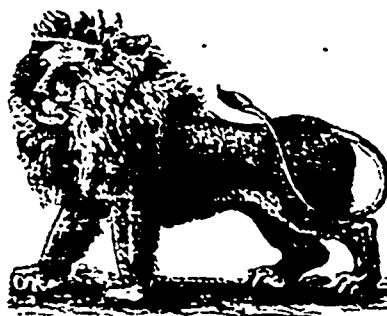
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PIANO.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time, featuring chords and a simple melodic line.

1. Its sail - - - ing I am, at the dawn of the day, To my
 2. And won't the poor lad, in his ex - - ile be glad, When he

Musical notation for the first vocal line, including lyrics for two different versions of the song.

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment corresponding to the first vocal line, showing the bass line and chordal accompaniment.

bro - ther that's o - - ver the sea..... But its
 sees the brave pres - ent I bring..... And

Musical notation for the second vocal line, including lyrics.

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment corresponding to the second vocal line.

little I'll care, for my life a - - ny where, For its
 wont there be flowers, from this treasure of ours, In the

Musical notation for the third vocal line, including lyrics.

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment corresponding to the third vocal line.

2

break - ing my poor heart will be..... But a
 warmth of the beau - - ti - ful spring..... Oh!....

treasure I'll take, for ould Ire - - land's sake, That I'll prize all be
 E - rin Ma - chree! tho' its part - - ing we be, Its a blessing I

long - ing a - bove, Ita a hand - - full of earth, from the
 leave on your shore, And your moun - - tains and streams, I will

land of my birth, From the heart of the land that I love.....
 see in my dreams, 'Till I cross to my coun - try once more.....

.....

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CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO.

Stately Rites Mixed With Stately Merry-Making.

The holiday season in Mexico shows as strong a contrast with the celebration in our country as Providence presents it in climate and people. It has religious traits that are attractive, and many of them dramatic. In fact, every phase of life in that Catholic country is singularly tinged with the forms of religion. During Christmas-tide they are shown in their best lights. Like all communities that worship their patron saints their holidays begin earlier and last much longer than ours. The celebration of the birth of Christ begins there with the pilgrimage of Joseph and Mary from Nazareth to Bethlehem, where the child was born for nine days before the natal day everything is given up to the first act of this crude Passion play. The lower classes spend most of their time in worship at home and in the churches. But those who are wealthier take upon themselves the duty of celebrating every stage of the pilgrimage of nearly 1,930 years ago. Those moving in the same circle of society gather in groups each evening and go as a surprise party to the house of one of their circles. They sing and rap vigorously at the door, when those within ask— "Who seeks admittance?"

"The virgin Mary and St. Joseph seek lodgings in your house."

The doors are thrown open, and the visitors are welcomed and conducted to the nacimiento, a little altar erected in the private residences of the better classes, representing the birth of Christ. Here each one repeats a prayer with the rosary. These simple religious services over, all are invited to the parlor, where refreshments are served, and the host makes proclamation that he is honored by the presence of Mary and Joseph, and invites them all to make merry. Music and dancing succeed eating and drinking, and there is prolonged merry making.

To make the representation complete, these visitors are first denied admittance, as a sort of by-play, to carry out the historic trials of the mother of Christ in her journey to Bethlehem, where she and Joseph were often denied shelter and food. The first call is the posada, or halt, in the pilgrimage. Each night until Christmas Eve this interesting custom is continued, a different house being visited each evening. The class of refreshments served depends upon the ability and hospitable inclinations of the master of the house. Often the entertainment is elaborate, including wines and other expensive liquors, but tequila, a sort of brandy distilled from the maguey plant, is nearly always on these boards. Sometimes sotol takes its place. This is also a furious drink—a strong brandy which is distilled from the sotol plant, a species of the Spanish dagger. These are the national drinks.

Christmas eve ushers in a new scene, the most dramatic and beautiful of all the holiday season. The richer people, who have represented the long pilgrimage, give way to the poorer classes, who now take up the celebration by giving the "Pastorcia" a dramatic representation of the birth of Christ. The largest room that can be procured in the village is fitted up for the representation, and the humble people, who have few wants and little to supply them with, come in to represent the characters in the drama.

The shepherds in the field observing the Star of Bethlehem, are cleverly represented as in their journey under its guidance. The birth in the manger, the historic cow, the angels and St. Michael are all shown in the simple, picturesque, but impressive, play. The spectators who witness and applaud the humble players, who are thus properly representing those who welcomed the birth of our Saviour, are sometimes those who made the emblematic visits of the previous nine days, but generally the play is for the poorer classes. This charming introduction to Christmas Day ends a little before midnight, when those who have witnessed it are expected to entertain the performers. Then all classes go to midnight mass, where the greatest crowd of all the year, except Holy Week, are seen. The food furnished after these representations consists usually of bunuelos, a wheat flour cake cooked much like our doughnuts, and tequila, a kind of beer or fermented drink, of which the poorer classes partake freely during holiday time.

Christmas day is celebrated in a quiet way. Nothing of the boisterous joviality of the American day is apparent. Gifts from friend to friend are rarely interchanged. The servants often get their aguinaldo, a

Christmas present, but even this custom is not general. Hearty and happy as is the Mexican's Christmas, it is enjoyed more as a religious festival than as a feast. Every feature is to do honor to their faith. In these devotions, as in all others in that country, women delight to bear the burden. Worship is the dominant impulse of these shy, cautious and often beautiful creatures. Their whole lives would be a mystery to our American girls, for they know little of the unconventional freedom our women enjoy. They are lovely in their quietude, and in their seeming half dreamy mildness appear to be charming enough to be wooed.—F. A. B. in the Philadelphia Press.

The Walled Lake.

John Gregg, a commercial traveller, thus describes to the New York Sun a prehistoric reservoir:—I've seen a good many wonderful things in my travels, but the Walled Lake of Iowa rather lays over everything that I ever saw. Just imagine a body of water, covering nearly 9,000 acres, with a wall built up all around it, not a stone in which can be less than 100 pounds in weight, and some as heavy as three tons, and there's not a stone to be found within ten miles of the lake. The wall is ten feet high, about fifteen feet wide at the bottom, and perhaps five on top. The country is prairie land for miles round, except a belt of heavy timber that encircles the lake. This timber is oak, and it is plain that the trees were planted there. They are very large. The belt is probably half a mile wide. The water in the lake is twenty-five feet deep, as cold as ice and as clear as crystal. What I would like to know is, who built that wall, and how did they hold the water back while they were building it? And how did they cart those immense stones for ten miles? If you ever go to Iowa don't fail to visit the Walled Lake. You'll find it in Wright county, 160 miles from Dubuque. The cars will take you almost to it.

The Secretary of the Treasury had decided in the case of the Chinaman who was brought to New York on the ship "Rosalta," that he cannot be landed in United States, but may be transferred to any other vessel going to a foreign country.

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have a very handsome display of Imported French Goods, suitable for Holiday Presents.

JAPANESE ROYALTY.

The Divinity that Hedges About a Mikado

The 3rd of November is the birthday of the present Mikado, and I had the good fortune to be here in Yokohama on that occasion. It is not now esteemed a rare honor to see the Mikado here, and the event, unless it occurs on some festival day, creates but little excitement. I cannot help contrasting all this with the seclusion enforced scarcely more than a decade ago, when no subject could ever hope to look upon his sovereign unless he ministered to him in the capacity of an immediate servant; when the very chinaware from which the Mikado ate his meals was destroyed in order that no mortal might obtain possession of it, and use it for his own unhallowed purposes. Japan has receded, or rather advanced, a long way from those days of punctilious etiquette, and no one ought to be more thankful for this than the Mikado himself. By this I do not mean that the Mikado mingles with his people in anything like the sense that a President of the United States does; but he goes and comes in a superior, isolated way as he pleases, and on certain set days of the year exhibits himself to the populace under circumstances of special ceremony. Chief of these perhaps, is his own birthday, when he reviews the imperial troops at Tokio. Then he dons his most magnificent robes, surrounds himself with an unusual display of Japanese royalty, and invites the foreign representatives to be present as his guests. In thus graciously permitting his subjects to survey his royal person the Mikado does not surrender his claim upon the reverential regard of his people. He simply defers to the quality of royal liberty which prevails among most civilized nations. He still expects and receives a nominal homage that is almost servile. I suppose Shintoism was made to supplant Buddhism as the State religion in order to bolster up imperial authority, among other things, so as to counteract any unfavorable results of this royal exposure. According to the philosophy of this religion the Mikado is of divine ancestry, and, therefore, cannot err. It is a significant fact, however, that the Mikado is as careful and conservative in his official conduct as though his authority was contingent wholly upon the exercise of worldly wisdom on his part. In other words, though he is still an absolute monarch, these sixteen years of his administration have built up a public sentiment which he is bound to respect, and which none of his predecessors had to deal with. The while, therefore, that he has the reputation of being a liberal, well-disposed sovereign, there is in everything a substratum of policy and cunning, born of consciousness on his part that there are some things which he dare not do.

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.

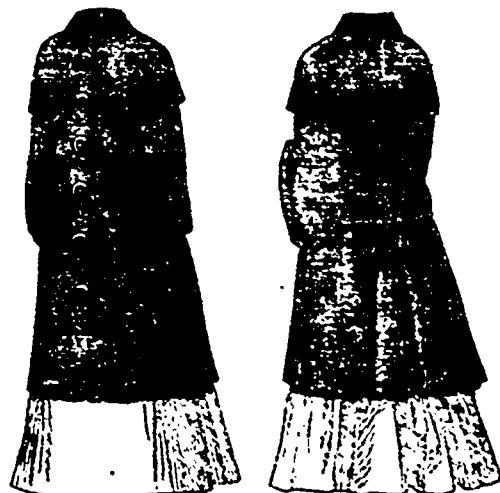
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An Englishman having asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good, Pat replied, "Yes, they are so fine that I wonder you do not import some of them into England. Let me see: there's the road to love strewn with roses; to matrimony, through nettles; to honor, through the camp; to prison, through the law; and to the undertakers through physic." "Have you any road to preferment?" said the Englishman. "Yes, faith, we have, but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom."



MAVRA COAT.

An elegant little garment cut with double-breasted sacque fronts slightly fitted by a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armhole, and a seam down the middle of the back. Extensions on the back pieces are laid in plaits underneath, affording additional fullness to the skirt portion. A capuchin hood adds a very effective effect to the model, which may be made up in any of the materials usually selected for children's outer garments. A gay colored lining in the hood has a good effect. Patterns in sizes for from six to twelve years. Price twenty-five cents each.



LORETTA VISITE.

A graceful and dressy design for misses' wraps. The front is cut in sacque shape, and the back is partially fitted by a curved seam down the middle, and is cut with extensions that are laid in box plaits on the outside. Two square sleeves are cut with extensions which form side pieces at the back, and are inserted in dolman style. A small shoulder cape and turned-down collar complete the model, which is suitable for any of the goods usually employed for outer garments. It may be trimmed as illustrated, with bands of plush or velvet, or in any style according to taste. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.



LADY'S IN DOOR TOILET.

Two exceptionally attractive designs, the "Conchita" basque and the "Fabrics" skirt are combined in this handsome toilet. The basque is very short on the hips, has deeply pointed fronts secured with velvet tabs and steel buckles instead of buttons, and the back is in pointed shape and plaited into a full postilion. The sleeves are full and moderately high at the tops, a style generally becoming to slender figures with drooping shoulders. The skirt is disposed in very broad kilt-plaits in front of the sides, and a full, but not plaited at the back; and the drapery, falling away from the front in deep points, is box-plaited at the top, and the back describes a unique and graceful arrangement of moderately loose and drapery. The materials employed are garnet Ottoman silk, which forms the skirt, with a broad band of black velvet near the bottom; and Ottoman silk of the same color with a raised floral design in black plush in velvet, which is used for the basque and skirt drapery. The tabs on front and sleeves, and the bow are of black velvet, and the postilion plaits are faced with black velvet. Full frills of Mechlin lace finish the neck and sleeves. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

A man who is able to employ himself innocently is never miserable. It is the idle who are wretched. If I wanted to inflict the greatest punishment on a fellow creature, I would shut him alone in a dark room without employment.

The talent of turning man into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little minds and ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement.

Never did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love, or gratitude, or bounty practised, but with increasing joy, which made the practiser still more in love with the fair act.

THE DOMINION MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY OF CANADA (INCORPORATED)

HOME OFFICE IN TORONTO, ONT. Is one of the most prosperous associations in America. It pays a benefit in case of death or disability. It pays a benefit should a member live for ten years. All claims are adjusted promptly. Ladies admitted on equal terms as gentlemen. It is not a secret society. Its assessments are graded according to age. Send for terms and by-laws. Agents wanted where none are appointed. Address, Dominion M. B. Society, 80 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Health Department.

Croup.

Croup is a congestion of blood in the arteries of the windpipe congealed to such an extent that the more watery portions of the blood exude and spread and thicken, until the windpipe is so nearly closed that breathing is difficult, and as the filling up increases and the breathing becomes more labored a kind of spasmodic contraction of the top of the windpipe takes place, and the child is dead.

Croup is the result of cold, especially as connected with damp clothing or wet stockings. No mother should ever put her child under seven years, to bed without feeling the feet, and if they are not warm by all means warm them, as it may end in croup before morning.

Being out of doors after sundown from November to May is a very frequent cause of croup in small children; in playing about their feet are apt to get wet, or they get over-excited in their little play, are overheated, and are very much inclined to stand in the wind, or at a corner on damp ground, or sit on a cold stone.

Croup usually comes on with a slight increase in the frequency of breathing, about sundown or bedtime. The next morning it seems to better, and the mother is hopeful; but at night it is worse, and the third night or sooner it is the regular croup; the child is restless, uneasy, it breathes hard and fast the chest heaves, there is a kind of wheezing, barking, suppressed cough, which does not seem to relieve.

If mothers would apply remedies the first night, croup is as easily cured as a common cold, when taken in time. The instant croupy threatenings are observed the child should be kept indoors; should eat very light food indeed, and not much of that, until the symptoms have abated. Hydropathists invest the throat immediately with cloths wet with water, very cold, ice cold if possible, but not so as to dribble about; the wet cloth should be covered with a dry flannel one. These cloths should be renewed every two or ten minutes, according to the violence of the symptoms, to be continued, by all means, until the breathing is comfortably easy.

If there is not much fever, or if the skin is dry, put the child into a tepid bath of seventy five degrees, and then well wrap up in a blanket until perspiration takes place. But if there is much fever and a hot skin, use the wet pack sheet and renew until the fever abates. The bowels should be emptied at once with a warm water enema. By all possible means keep the feet and hands warm. If there is no expectoration, and the child seems to be almost suffocating, give warm water copiously, until the use of a feather to tickle the throat induces vomiting. It is sometimes wonderful to see the good effects of this warm water vomiting in cases of croup in children.

Some physicians consider nauseating remedies indispensable. Mix half a teaspoon each of powdered alum and ipecac in half a glass of tepid water, and give it as quickly as possible. If it does not cause the child to vomit in ten minutes repeat the dose, with a teaspoon of warm water every five minutes, until a feather or the finger in the throat produces vomiting.—*Dr. Hall's Health at Home.*

Colds.

The most prevalent of all ailments are colds, affecting various parts of the body; "they have all seasons for their own," and are the beginnings of more diseases than all other causes combined.

It becomes, then, a matter of the first importance to know how to avoid colds, and how to get rid of them speedily when they attack us.

The most frequent cause of colds is wet feet, or feet that remain for a long time damp and chilled from wearing too thin stockings and shoes. It is probable that half of the diseases peculiar to women are induced in that way. It is not the wetting of the feet that gives colds, but the gradual evaporation of the moisture, which carries

of the natural warmth of the body, thus causing the blood to be chilled. The effect of chill is to close the pores of the skin, so that the waste particles of matter cannot escape from the body in this direction but are thrown back and thus poison the blood.

When it is not possible to take off the shoes and stockings, and dry and warm the feet promptly after getting them wet, it is better to let them remain wet until we can attend to them properly. To dry them in the sun or before a fire, without taking off shoes and stockings and substituting dry ones, is extremely hazardous. There is but little danger of taking cold after wetting the feet if we walk rapidly enough to keep up the natural temperature of the body, and keep on walking until we reach some place where we can take off shoes and stockings and thoroughly dry them or change them for dry ones. A cold is less likely to result from a thorough drying of the whole body than from wetting the feet alone.

People seldom take cold when they are exposed to sudden lowering of the temperature of the air while they are out of doors; they may have their hands and feet frost bitten, and become almost unconscious from freezing, and yet escape the dangers of an ordinary cold.

A cold in the head may frequently be cut short if treated at once, by sniffing up the nose the fumes of spirits of camphor, ammonia or eucalyptum. This remedy must be applied every few minutes to be effective. In the meantime the patient should remain in a warm room, and avoid draughts of air. If the cold is not cured in twenty-four hours, it will continue ten or twelve days in spite of treatment, or if neglected its effects may last a lifetime. Colds result in serious and fatal diseases only when neglected. We have so often given directions for treating neglected colds that it is hardly worth while to repeat them here. Remain in the house, and if necessary in bed, until the cold has disappeared, and then venture out cautiously at first, as the system is sensitive to fresh attacks for several days after recovery.—*Journal of Health.*

The Evils of Hot Bread.

There is no law in this country to prevent the consumption of hot bread but the law of common sense, and unfortunately that is a dead letter as a governing principle in the lives of a great many people. That hot bread in nine cases out of ten will produce dyspepsia is no newly discovered fact, and especially is this terrible result sure to follow persistent indulgence on the part of those whose pursuits are quiet, in-door and sedentary. And yet the reformers, or those who call themselves such—the men and women who work themselves into a white heat over the sale of a glass of cider—will go on year after year, not only making no outcry against this pernicious indulgence, but actually filling themselves up day by day with the hot and poisonous gas of the oven. This servant of the housewife can be made as terrible a stomach destroyer as the distillery, and the sworn foes of the latter are apt to be its best patrons. Dyspepsia paints the nose and sours the temper as surely as dram drinking, and many sufferers from the former, though by their own willful acts, inveigh the most loudly against the latter. A well-defined case of jim-jams is the climax to a course of intemperance and warns the victim that his alternative is death or immediate reformation. But the dyspepsia that hot bread, mince pie and kindred abominations cause has no sudden warnings. The man who uses them goes on making both himself and those around him wretched, and refuses to acknowledge that he is a sinner above those whose lighter faults he fiercely condemns.—*American Miller.*

Bad Air.

When a person has remained for an hour or more in a crowded and poorly ventilated room or railroad car, the system is already contaminated to greater or less extent by breathing air vitiated by exhalations from the lungs, bodies and clothing of the occupants. The immediate effect of these poisons is to debilitate, to lower vitality, and to impair the natural power of the system to resist disease. Hence it is that persons who are attacked by inflammatory diseases, as pneumonia or rheumatism, can generally trace the beginning of the disease to a chill felt on coming out of a crowded room into the cold or damp air, wearing perhaps thin shoes and insufficient clothing. If these

facts were generally understood and acted upon, thousands of lives might be saved every year.

It is a well-known fact that men who "camp out," sleeping on the ground at all seasons of the year, seldom have pneumonia, and that rheumatism, with them, comes as a rule, only from unwarrantable imprudence.

There are two facts that should be learned by every person capable of appreciating them, and they should never be lost sight of for a moment. One is that exhalations from the lungs—the breath—is a deadly poison, containing the products of combustion in the form of carbonic acid gas, and if a person were compelled to rebreathe it unmixed with the oxygen of the air, it would prove as destructive to life as the fumes of charcoal. This is an enemy that is always present, in force, in assemblies of people, and only a constant and free infusion of fresh air prevents it from doing mischief that would be immediately apparent.

The other fact is that pure air is the antidote to this poison. The oxygen of the air is the greatest of all purifiers. Rapid streams of water that pass through large cities, receiving the sewage, become purer again through the action of the air after running a few miles. Air is the best of all "blood purifiers." Combined with vigorous exercise to make it effective, it will cure any curable case of consumption.

Choose Health or Sickness.

Those who desire and appreciate health should be as willing to make some effort to secure it as they do to obtain the other and good things which increase the pleasures of life. Pure water is essentially necessary to good health. All wells, cisterns and springs should be thoroughly cleaned in the early Spring or in the Autumn. The usual method of placing a large stone on the top of the cistern is injurious to the water unless an aperture is left in the stone and fitted with a wooden cover. The air should not be wholly excluded from the cistern, else mouldy conditions will predominate, although perhaps not apparent, and the water will not be wholesome, and in it sometimes there may be found various kinds of insects and reptiles.

Water is the natural drink of all living creatures and it serves several important purposes in the animal economy. Firstly, it repairs the loss of the aqueous part of the blood caused by evaporation and the action of the secreting and inhaling organs. Secondly, it is a solvent of various elementary substances and therefore assists the stomach in digestion, though if taken in very large quantities it may have an opposite effect by diluting the gastric juice. Thirdly, it is a nutritive agent, that is, it assists in the formation of the solid parts of the body.—*London Lancet.*

A Neglected Disinfectant.

When the household of our grandmothers was threatened with infection the common practice was to sprinkle brimstone on a hot shovel or on hot coals on a shovel, and carry the burning result through the house. But now this simple method of disinfecting has gone out of fashion without any good and sufficient reason. The principal reason is neither good or sufficient, viz., that nobody can patent it and sell it in twenty-five and fifty-cent bottles. On the 18th of September last M. d'Abbadie read a paper at the French Academy on "Marsh Fevers," and stated that in the dangerous regions of African river mouths immunity from such fevers is often secured by sulphur fumigation on the naked body. Also that the Sicilian workers in low-ground sulphur mines suffer much less than the rest of the surrounding population from intermittent fevers. M. Fouque has shown that Zephyria (on the volcanic island of Milo or Melos, the most westerly of the Cyclades), which had a population of 40,000 when it was the centre of sulphur mining operations, became nearly depopulated by marsh fever when the sulphur mining was moved further east and the emanations prevented by a mountain from reaching the town. Other similar cases were stated.

THE FASTING REMEDY.—Dr. Wood, Professor of Chemistry in Bishop's College, Montreal, reports forty-seven cases of acute articular rheumatism cured by fasting—time required, from four to eight days. He regards rheumatism as a phase of indigestion. Undoubtedly the stomach often requires rest, as well as other parts of the hu-

man system. Probably no one of the organs of the body is so much overworked, in season and out of season, as the stomach. Of course indigestion is a stomach disease, and usually comes from over-eating or eating food not healthy.

HOT DRINKS.—Dr. James H. Salisbury and Dr. Ephraim Cutter, of New York, have strongly recommended the drinking of hot water as a cure for special diseases of the digestive organs. The *London Lancet*, on the other hand, says that too frequent fomentation with hot water may permanently congest the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestines, and do a lasting injury. It may be quite possible that much of the prevalent indigestion and other stomach diseases of to-day are attributable to the common use of hot tea or some other hot drink, at every meal.

International Throat and Lung Institute, for the treatment of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Laryngitis and Consumption in the first and second stages, and all diseases of the nose, throat and lungs by the aid of the Spirometer invented by Dr. M. Souviello of Paris, ex-aido surgeon of the French army. Head Office: London, Eng. Branches: Montreal, Toronto, Boston, Detroit and Winnipeg. Physicians and sufferers can try the Spirometer free. Consultations free. If unable to call personally and be examined, write for list of questions and copy of "International News," published monthly. Address 113 Church street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips square, Montreal.

HUMOROUS JOTTINGS.

A deer child—A lawn.
Cat's trophy—A mouse.
Fowl water—A duck pond.
Always behindhand—The wrist.
The American press—The corset.
A pressing necessity—A tailor's goosie.
A fisherman has the largest net profits.
The hardships of the ocean—Ironclads.
Crystallized—The men who wear glasses.
A minister in Orkney used to pray that all good influences "might cleave to the hearts of his congregation, and to their children's hearts, like butter to bere bannocks."

Sydney Smith, seeing Brougham in a carriage, on the panel of which was the letter B surrounded by a coronet, observed, "There goes a carriage with a B outside and a wasp inside."

School committee man examining scholar: "Where is the north pole?" "I don't know, sir." "Don't know! Are you not ashamed that you don't know where the north pole is?" "Why, sir, if Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane and Captain DeLong couldn't find it, how should I know where it is?"

A cynical old bachelor, who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female friend: "Well, madam, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?" The lady responded calmly, "Sir, I hold my tongue."

A jolly old uncle had been relating some incidents in his life to his nephew. "Of all the women you ever met," said the young man, "by which were you most struck?" "By your aunt, my boy, by your aunt," replied the old gentleman, dropping his voice and feeling the back of his head tenderly.

Robert Smith, brother of Sydney, and familiarly called "Bobus," was a lawyer and an ex-Advocate General, and happened on one occasion to be engaged in argument with an excellent physician touching the merits of their respective professions. "You must admit," urged Dr. X., "that your profession does not make angels of men." "No," was the retort; "there you have the best of it; yours certainly gives them the first chance."

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If your term expires during January—and you can ascertain by reference to your address label,—you should at once send \$2, in competition for the valuable prizes offered in our new Bible Problems. See page 22. If you don't care to do this, send \$2 and get one of those beautiful books. You will not regret the outlay. The circulation of TRUTH is so rapidly extending we will be able to very largely improve the paper in every respect during this year. Renew now.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

HEALTH IN THE HOUSEHOLD; or Hygienic Cookery. By Susanna W. Deeds, M. D. 12mo. pp. 601. extra cloth. Price \$2. Fowler & Wells, Publishers, 753 Broadway, New York.

More than usual attention has been given by authors and publishers during the past ten years to books on cookery. Within the present year we could readily count up a dozen books of the sort which have found their way from the press-room. Some are mere running collections of recipes, which have been selected, we may assume, from the newspaper and magazine, and thrown together with but little regard for their positive merits. Some indicate care on the part of the compiler; and others, that are very few in number, show in the character of their make-up some definite purpose or motive on the part of the compiler to offer to the public a collection of recipes which embodies accuracy of detail and perfection of method. The book, however, is rare which shows that the compiler has made it a point of honor to put nothing into it which has not been carefully tested. And that book is particularly rare which represents an interest in the health of the community, the recipes being intended to direct how to prepare what is nutritious, and will not tax the strength and integrity of the digestive powers. To this last class belongs the book under notice at the present time.

FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS. A Manual of Hygiene for Women and the Household. Illustrated. By Mrs. F. G. Cook, M. D. 12mo. extra cloth. \$1.50. New York: Fowler & Wells, Publishers, 753 Broadway.

This is a sensible, motherly, sisterly book, written in a clear, plain, yet delicate style; a book which ought to be in the hands of all women, and girls old enough to heed its counsel. It treats of topics on which hinge more of the world's woe than it has an idea of, because so much of silent suffering finds no voice except the sigh; no record except in pale cheeks and broken constitutions. Men can do no better thing for their own comfort and prosperity than to promote whatever is calculated to bring health and happiness to woman, for that will bring joy to the household. What can more sadden, discourage, and hinder a man than the chronic ill-health of his wife and daughters? We fancy if husbands and fathers could appreciate the worth, to them and their families, of the contents of this book, thousands of copies would find their way to the hands of wives, and would constitute a present more valuable than silks, furs, or diamonds.

The work opens with a chapter on the importance of physical culture, which is followed by chapters on the bones and muscles, the brain and nervous system; structure and care of the skin; hygiene and ventilation; intemperance; a chapter devoted to bread and butter, in which there is a careful analysis of the process of digestion, in which this matter is made plain and practical. A large portion of the book is devoted to the subject of displacements and other diseases to which women are subject. The feeding of children; the rights of children; the question of education, etc., are all discussed, and the work is fully illustrated by a number of fine engravings. It is a handsome volume of over 300 pages, beautifully bound, and would be a most acceptable present to either wife or daughter.

A BACHELOR'S TALKS ABOUT MARRIED LIFE AND THINGS ADJACENT. By Wm. Aikman, D. D. Author of "Life at Home," etc. 12mo. pages 273. Price, \$1.50. Fowler & Wells, Publishers, 753 Broadway, New York.

Many books are written on topics relating to social life; but as social life has an almost infinite variety of phase, there is abundant room for all that are written by men of capability in the way of observation and reflection, and who have a purpose in writing. The "Bachelor's Talks" does not come from an inexperienced man, but one "who has been there before." His "Life at Home" long ago won a place

eminently respectable, and we had a right to expect more from him of a similar kind; but it is not until now that he comes to us with some fresh thoughts on that most intimate of domestic relations, married life. He speaks from a bachelor's point of view, but as a bachelor who loves home, and who is a close observer of things which make up the true home. He lives, in his book, in the familiar companionship of a brother's home, and he is somewhat critical and nice in his expectations of the good and the comfortable, of the proper and the refined, and the elevating in home life. He stands on the practical side of his subject; has no *outré* yearnings of the "esthetic" type, does not pause in ecstasy over terra-cotta gim cracks or old china, but shows a downright earnest longing for solid comfort, and the very substantial, which contribute to true heart growth. The topics which engage attention show that this point of view in the observation of home is that which is appreciated by the majority of those who have any sincere ideas on the subject, and who wish to live and be happy in this present world. For instance, among them are "A Homo not like Heaven," "Mrs. Frank Holman's House-keeping," "Obedient Babies," "A Young Wife's Troubles," "The Dead Babe," "Politeness in the Home," "After the Honeymoon," "Taking and not Giving," "Promises to Children Broken," "A Horse, Sir, is like a Child," "Responsibility put on the Inexperienced," "Little Courtesies." The author's style is simple, clear, and direct. His chapters are not prolonged essays, but short, sprightly, cheerful, and agreeable to read and to be heard read. There is good meat in them—incidents and suggestions that are useful. It is just a book to be placed in the hands of young people nearing the bourn of marriage, and excellent, too, for those who are married; while for that large class of people who are the camp followers of matrimony, who hang about its borders, and yet know little about its "true inwardness," it is admirably suited, as it furnishes a great deal of that kind of information which corrects the many unfair or inaccurate inferences which are the capital of gossips.

31,102 Versus 31,173.

G. J. B.—We "know for a fact" that the figures you quote are wrong; and we care very little for your "men of authority," having carefully verified our own figures beyond the shadow of a doubt or error; and if you choose to verify the figures for yourself as we did, without accepting as "a fact" the printed figures given by your "men of authority" you will find where you and they agree in being wrong.

More Valuable than Ever.

We call our readers' attention to the value, usefulness, and direct profit of supplying themselves this year with the *American Agriculturist*, the cheapest as well as the most valuable journal in the country. Every number contains one hundred columns of original reading matter, by the leading writers of the country, upon all topics connected with the Farm, Garden, and Household, and nearly one hundred engravings made specially for the *American Agriculturist*. The paper, now in its 431 year, is unquestionably more valuable than ever before. Each number brings fresh evidence that no time or money is considered where the interest of the paper is at stake. Its House Plans and Improvements, profusely illustrated, are worth more than any costly architectural works. Its persistent and fearless exposure of humbugs and swindling schemes, is of great value to the whole country, particularly the farming community. In short it has something good and valuable for everybody. Owing to a special arrangement with the Publishers, we are enabled to offer *TRUTH* and the *American Agriculturist* for one year, and the Engravings "Foes or Friends?" and "In the Meadow" for \$3.20 (10 cents for packing and postage.)

A. D. Noyes, Newark, Michigan, writes; 'I have enquired at the drug stores for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, but have failed to find it. We brought a bottle with us from Quebec, but it is nearly gone and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in the shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send us some?'

TRUSTWORTHY TESTIMONY.

Prominent English Opinions Upon an Important Subject of Great Value to Every Reader.

The day for pretenders has passed. Men are judged by what they can do and not by what they say they can do. The reading public of to day is too discriminating to be long deceived by the spurious. If an article have merit it will become popular; if it is unworthy it will sink into oblivion. For years the people of England and America have put to the severest tests a compound regarding which most ambitious claims have been made. Under such ordeals as it has been subjected to, nearly every known preparation would have failed, but this one did not. In England and the United States to-day, it is the most widely known and popular of all public preparations. In verification of which note the following:

In September last, one of the English forerunners of India returned to London, Eng., utterly broken down and debarr'd from further service by reason of what the examining physicians pronounced incurable kidney disorders and dropsy. He was comparatively a young man, and felt depressed over the situation. Incidentally learning, however, of the power of Warner's Safe Cure, which has attracted so much attention of late, he began its use. Within three months he was thoroughly restored to health, passed medical examination as a sound man and is to day discharging his duties as well as ever in the trying climate of India!

J. D. Henry, Esq., a near neighbor of the late Thomas Carlyle, Crofton, S. W. London, Eng., became very much emaciated from long continued kidney and liver disorders, the treatment he had sought from the vast medical authorities working only temporary results. He then began the use of Warner's Safe Cure, and on May 15th last, declared "I am now feeling physically a new creature. A friend of mine to whom I recommended the Safe Cure for kidney, liver and varicose disease, also speaks of it in the highest terms."

R. C. Sowerby, Helensburg, N. B., was obliged to relinquish his professional duties because of a severe kidney and liver complaint. After using a dozen bottles of Warner's Safe Cure he says: "I am to day better than I have been for twenty years and I cheerfully recommend the Safe Cure to all who are suffering from these diseases."

Mr. Wm Jones, 16 Wellington street, Camberne, Eng., says that he was thoroughly treated in St. Bartholomew's hospital, London, Eng., for urinary disorders and weakness. He used Warner's Safe Cure and he says: "I am like a new man." It cured him of indigestion, troubles of the bowels, excessive urination and nervous prostration. He adds: "I was taking various medicines for over two years from the best doctors, and all in vain, but after taking Warner's Safe Cure for only four weeks, I was brought from death to life."

Mrs. E. Game, 125 Broad street, London, W. E. G., suffered for years from female weakness, skin eruptions and impure blood, but after using Warner's Safe Cure, she says: "My health is better now than it has been for years."

H. F. West, Esq., 16 Burton Crescent, W. C. London, from his own experience "strongly recommends Warner's Safe Cure to all persons suffering from kidney and liver complaints, as the best remedy known."

Mr. Henry Maxted, 1 Pennsbury Private Road, Wadsworth Road, London, Eng., was cured by Warner's Safe Cure of enlarged liver which produced numbness in his left leg, with a dead heavy feeling and dizziness on the right side of his head. "I have recommended it," he says, "to several of my friends most of whom have derived great benefit from it."

Mr. W. Clarkson, Hartington, Villas Spital, Chesterfield, Eng., used Warner's Safe Cure for liver complaint, dyspepsia flatulence, vomiting of bile, and mental depression. January 15, 1883, he writes: "After using the eighth bottle I feel better than for many years. It is a valuable medicine."

Mr. J. Hinecock, station master, Taff Vale railway, Navigation station, was cured of abscess of the kidney, calculus or stone, discharge of pus, etc. by thirteen bottles of Warner's Safe Cure. "I had long and faithfully tried some of the ablest medical men in South Wales in vain, one of them remarking that medical science has failed to find a remedy for confirmed kidney disease."

The Safe Cure dissolved and brought away about two ounces of stone. I can never praise the Safe Cure too highly."

Mr. Robert Patten, New Delaval, Eng., was much overcome by severe inflammation of the bladder. "I had to urinate every five or ten minutes with great pain and suffering. My water was full of matter and blood. Both kidneys and liver were affected, and in addition I had a bad cough and heart trouble, (and presumably the secondary effect of the kidney and bladder disorder.) He says that after curing his bladder, kidney and liver trouble by Warner's Safe Cure, his "cough and palpitation are quite gone."

William Simpson, Esq., Daughy Mill, Kilkenny, N. B., suffered for years from Bright's disease of the kidneys and consequent dropsy. His body was dreadfully swollen. His appetite was broken, he was full of rheumatic pains, his urine burned in passing and was full of mucous and brick cut sediment; his pulse was weak, his heart was irregular in its action, his breathing was very much impaired, in short he had all the painful symptoms of that dreadful disorder. He spent 17 weeks in the Royal Infirmary, of Edinburgh, under the skill of the best physicians who, having exhausted all agencies at their command, discharged him "as incurable." He says: "I passed water every hour, day and night, having great pain while doing so. It was nearly white as milk, with albumen, and when it stood for an hour, the deposit was a quarter of an inch thick in the bottom of the vessel." When in this desperate condition, he began to use Warner's Safe Cure—the only known specific for Bright's disease of the kidneys—"I have used twelve bottles," he says, "and his health is so restored that he adds: "I bless the day when I read that Bright's disease was curable and for so little cost."

The following persons of quality in London and other parts of England, are a few of the thousands who have used and commended Warner's Safe Cure, the great specific for kidney, liver, urinary, female and Bright's diseases:

Hon. Freeman H. Morse, 8 Park Villas East, Richmond.

Captain F. L. Norton, Gillingall Villa, Lee Road, Blackheath, Kent.

Hon. S. B. Packard, 14 Alexandra Drive, Liverpool.

Hon. A. D. Saw, United States Consul, Manchester.

The Rev. C. G. Squirrel, Stratton under Fosse, Rugby.

Such testimonials from such unquestionable sources prove the value of this remedy, which is sold in every drug store, beyond the shadow of a doubt. They prove that it is the greatest of all modern medicines for these terrible kidney and liver diseases. What it has done it will equally do for others, and as such it commends itself most warmly to public confidence.

The Publisher of TRUTH wants every present reader to become an active agent for the increased circulation of this paper. See the liberal terms now offered to agents on page 22 of this issue. These terms are the most liberal ever offered from this office, or probably from the office of any paper in Canada. It may be found necessary to withdraw them before long, so please act at once.

THOUSANDS OF THE BRUTAL and talented succumb to the dread scourge, consumption, whom a course of the saving pulmonary, Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda might have rescued from the grave. Coughs unwisely treated or neglected shape a sure, undeviating course towards fatal lung disease. How many persons of vigorous physique and plenty of nervous stamina have succumbed to the consequences of a cold. The only safe course is a sure remedy, and assuredly none has met with higher commendation in professional quarters, or is better known for the thoroughness of its action than the above. Asthma, coughs, colds, spitting of blood, soreness and weakness of the chest, are remedied by it. Sold in 50 cent and \$1.00 bottles. So you get the genuine.

"Were you in the late war?" asked a veteran of a bully (emoral) old citizen, who came hobbling down the street on a crutch, "I don't know how late you mean," was the sad reply. "She gave me this one last evening before tea."

PULLMAN CITY.

No Policemen, No Saloons, No Aldermen,
No Debts. A Beautiful Town Built
by a Great Manufacturing
Company.

(Correspondence New York Sun.)

When in 1880 the rapidly extending business of the Pullman Palace Car Company necessitated the erection of new works, Mr. George M. Pullman found an opportunity for carrying into effect a theory which he had long entertained. The first question to be decided was as to the location of the shops. A great deal of land was required, and to secure the necessary space in any portion of Chicago would have called for the expenditure of a very large sum of money. More than three thousand workmen were to be employed, and if the shops were located in the city these men, with their families, would be compelled to live in crowded and unhealthy tenements, in miserable streets, and they and their children would be subject to all the temptations and snares of a great city. Looking at the matter from the standpoint of a capitalist, and from that of the workman as well, Mr. Pullman felt that it would be better for all concerned if the new works could be established in the country. There was no town already built that commended itself to him. In all to which his attention was drawn there were cheap and shabby houses, numerous saloons and associations not of the best. To establish the enterprise in one of these would, perhaps answer the purposes of the company, but the moral and physical well-being of the working people would have to be lost sight of. Unwilling to give up his theory, Mr. Pullman determined to build a town to order. There is a provision in the charter of the Pullman Palace Car Company which prevents that corporation from owning as much land as was required for Mr. Pullman's purpose. To obviate this difficulty the Pullman Land Company was organized, Mr. Geo. Pullman being the president and owner of the majority of stock.

South of Chicago, for many miles, the country is very undesirable. Near the lake it resembles the pine barrens of the sea shore. Further inland it is marshy and low. The double tracks of the Eastern trunk lines form ridges through it, and between them the surface water accumulates, or trickles away to Lake Calumet. This is a small body of water which empties into Lake Michigan at South Chicago, and the shores of which are soft and swampy. The object of Mr. Pullman being to find cheap land, he was easily satisfied with that offered to him in this locality. Three thousand acres were purchased at a merely nominal price. The tract is situated along and near Lake Calumet, and lies on both sides of the Illinois Central railway, about fourteen miles from this city. To build a city in such a place looked like a great undertaking. But it was exactly what Mr. Pullman desired. He wanted everything to be new, and of the best quality. The sewerage problem was the next to be solved. The land was, as has been said, low and level. No natural outlets could be contrived. A great well was, therefore, dug, and all the sewers of the town, which were quickly built in the most substantial manner in all the streets, were made to centre in this cesspool. Simultaneously with the sewers water and gas pipes were laid. The streets, which are broad and straight, were then laid out and macadamized.

LAYING OUT A CITY.

While this work was in progress under the superintendence of the sanitary engineer employed for the purpose by Mr. Pullman, the architect, Mr. Beaman, of New York, was busy with his plans. It is not often that an architect has an opportunity to draw plans for an entire city at once. Mr. Beaman, however, undertook the work with something of the enthusiasm of Mr. Pullman, and catching

the latter's ideas, was able to transfer them to paper, and take the first steps towards their execution. When the material was at hand special trains with hundreds of workmen were run from Chicago in the morning, returning with them at night; and in a few months the coming city began to assume shape.

The great shops of the company were erected near the Illinois Central railroad tracks. These buildings are very substantial, and in some sense ornamental. They are of pressed brick and stone, with roofs of slate, cover fifteen acres, and accommodate more than 2,000 workmen. South of the works, and separated from them by a wide boulevard, along which stand the handsomest houses in the town, lies the city. It is regularly laid out, with wide streets, and compact and solidly built houses, all of brick and stone, with handsome lawns, shade trees, and flower beds. These houses are 1,426 in number, and vary in rent according to their size, location, and conveniences. In front of the main building of the company's works, and in plain view from the Illinois Central railroad, is a beautiful park with a miniature lake, many handsome flower beds, rockeries, solid stone copings, shrubbery and fountain. South of the depot, which is a fine Gothic structure, is the Arcade, and just east is the hotel. The Arcade is a spacious and elegant building, which contains all the stores of the city, and the post office, library, theatre, bank and cafe. All the stores and offices face a wide tile-laid interior court, with galleries on the second floor reached by easy stairs. The building cost \$300,000, and at night its interior resembles nothing so much as a bazaar or fair. The hotel is a massive building, elegantly furnished and well kept. The market house, arranged something after the style of the Arcade, affords ample facilities for the butchers of the town. The church is a beautiful Gothic structure of stone, with green stone trimmings and a lofty spire. The school house is commodious and sunny. The livery stable has accommodation for scores of horses, and is, besides, the headquarters of the fire department. Near the centre of the company's works is the huge water tower. Under this is the sewerage cesspool, and in the top is a tank supplied by contract with Lake Michigan water from the Hyde Park water works. From this tank water is distributed throughout the town. The sewerage which accumulates in this pit at the bottom is forced by means of pumps through pipes to the farm owned by the company, more than three miles away, where it is used for purposes of fertilization. Many misgivings were expressed at first concerning the wisdom of this scheme of sanitation, but its success has been demonstrated; engineers from all parts of the world have investigated it carefully, and have invariably expressed themselves as satisfied of its efficacy. The gas works are situated on the shore of Lake Calumet, just east of the main buildings of the company.

On the 2nd of April, 1881, the Pullman shops were started, the great Corliss engine which figured so conspicuously at the Centennial Exposition furnishing the motive power. With the shops in operation turning out scores of railroad cars of every description daily, the theory of Mr. Pullman was to be put to the test. His theory needs to be understood before his town can be comprehended. The Sun's correspondent visited him at his Chicago office recently and made a few enquiries. Mr. Pullman is calm, dignified, and courteous, a little past middle life, but just in the prime of a wonderfully successful business career.

MR. PULLMAN'S OWN ACCOUNT OF THE ENTERPRISE.

"The building of Pullman," he said, "was undertaken simply as a matter of business. I have little of the sentimental in my nature. I abhor abstruse problems. I can see nothing in this enterprise which is not a matter of finance, pure and simple. I have always believed that there is a great deal of good in human nature; that

men naturally prefer to be clean, to have pleasant homes, and to be respected by their fellowmen. We are all very largely creatures of our own surroundings and associations. If you take a boorish countryman with the mud of the farm on his boots, or a city rough, into your parlor, in the presence of your wife and children, he will sit up a little straighter and attempt to be a little more polite than is habitual with him. In a city like this the scarcity of room drives mechanics and other workmen to the most miserable tenements, where cleanliness is almost impossible, and where, the association being nearly all bad, they and their families find it almost impossible to lift themselves above the squalor with which they are surrounded. Then, too, the temptations of the city are not to be overlooked. Denied many social advantages, the workman is apt to drift for recreation into low saloons, where his earnings are spent, and soon his misery and that of his family are increased by his habits of dissipation. Such a man is not more profitable to his employer than he is to himself. Believing these things as I do, I could not but feel that a place like Pullman would be a good investment. Solely as such was it undertaken. I have not been disappointed in it in any respect. It is a beautiful place, and even on the hardest the effect of the handsome surroundings has been beneficial. On a broad avenue lined with cosy houses, with flowers and lawns on every hand, and scrupulous neatness everywhere maintained, a man of the dullest mind would feel ashamed to appear in public in his shirt sleeves or barefooted. I have noticed it myself. Some of the families moving into the nice new cottages with their old dirty traps made me feel a little discouraged once, but it was not long before, in the windows of these same houses, pretty flowers were visible, and the appearance of the inmates gradually improved. Everything depends upon one's surroundings. The Pullman enterprise appears to many people to be a very complicated matter. It is not. If it had been I would not have undertaken it. It was necessary simply that the execution of the plans should be in the hands of one man. I do not pretend to say that some other man could not have succeeded as well as I, but I do maintain that some one man should have the sole directing voice in such an undertaking. I feel that if the building of Pullman had depended on a corporation or an association it would not have been built as it is. For instance, I am satisfied that in the matter of the theatre nobody would have agreed with me that the expense for that purpose was advisable. As it is, there have been no disagreements, for the reason that there is nobody to disagree with. The town is as clean financially as it is in every other respect. It has no debts nor no mortgages. It is all paid for, and has been from the first.

"Usually, when land schemes are set on foot there is a big boom for a while, and then a flattening out. Some people look at Pullman from cars, and say it is pretty, but it won't last. It will last. The works will make it permanent. If for any reason the works were to close permanently, the town, with its fine houses, sewerage, and other conveniences, would prosper as a suburb. I have done everything with a view to permanence, and have made no attempt to create a furore. Having decided to establish our works fourteen miles from the city, the building of houses to accommodate the 2,000 workmen and their families became necessary. We could not undertake to convey them back and forth, and, besides, the location of the shops in the country was for the purpose, in part, of removing our men from the city. We could not expect 2,000 men and their families to live out on the prairies and be contented unless they were provided with the conveniences of modern civilized life. It was here that my theory was put into force. I believe the men who have pleasant surroundings will be better men than those

whose surroundings are bad, and that this being the case, the employer will derive a great benefit. I have therefore spent a great deal of money beautifying the town and in providing for the moral and physical development of the people, and it has paid me well. A man who can bring his mind down to understand the simplest business proposition can fathom the Pullman scheme very easily. It is simplicity itself. We are landlords and employers. That is all there is of it."

A CHURCH OFFERED FOR SALE.

It may well be asked if Mr. Pullman is not too modest, or if he does not do himself an injustice when he asserts that sentiment has had nothing to do with his great work. The city of Pullman, as it stands, represents an outlay of about \$6,000,000. All the buildings in the place are owned by the company. Nobody else can obtain possession of them for the reason that they are not for sale. They are rented to anybody of good character for sums calculated to return six per cent. on the investment. So many houses were built at one time they were, of course, put up much cheaper than they could have been constructed one by one. The rents are therefore, much less than those asked for houses equally good in the city, or even in their neighboring towns. To supply so large a population with religious and educational facilities became the duty of the founder of the town, as well as to provide for stores and markets. A fine school house was built, and teachers were employed. A costly church was erected. The arcade and market place were built, and the church and stores offered for rent. Mr. Pullman knew that the church was a better one than any new society could afford to occupy. He built it expensively, however, for he believed that a congregation would be able to pay for it. The rent is \$50 per month. It has not been taken yet, but there are several church organizations, and there is considerable rivalry among them as to which will obtain the prize. If other churches are needed they will be built by the company.

Feeling that the town would attract a good many visitors, Mr. Pullman built the hotel. It was owned and managed by the company, its landlord, so called, being merely an employee. The fire department is owned and operated in the same way, as also are the livery stable, the theatre, the public library, and every fixture of the town. A stranger arriving at Pullman puts up at a hotel managed by one of Mr. Pullman's employees, visits a theatre where all the attendants are in Mr. Pullman's service, drinks water and burns gas which Mr. Pullman's water and gas works supply, hires one of his outfits from the manager of Mr. Pullman's livery stable, visits a school in which the children of Mr. Pullman's employees are taught by other employees, gets a bill charged at Mr. Pullman's bank, is unable to make a purchase of any kind save from some tenant of Mr. Pullman's, and at night is guarded by a fire department, every member of which, from the chief down, is in Mr. Pullman's service. Everything is first-class in its way. The library has 10,000 volumes, and is the personal gift of Mr. Pullman. The theatre, which, like the library, is in the second story of the Arcade building, is one of the most elegantly arranged places of amusement in the world. Its prices are reasonable, and it is open to dramatic and literary entertainments of the best class only. During the first six months that the library was open, seventy-six per cent. of the books taken out were on historical, biographical, or scientific subjects.

A CITY WITH NO CORPORATE GOVERNMENT.

Although the city has a population of 7,000 it has no government save that which is exercised in common over the entire township, county, and State. In other words, there is no corporate government. No arrest has ever been made within the Pullman tract. There are no policemen or constables; no Justice's

court, no Alderman, no public functionaries of any description.

"How in the world do you govern these people?" is a question often asked of Mr. Pullman.

"We govern them," he says, "in the same way a man governs his house, his store, or his workshop. It is all simple enough, when you come to look at it."

So it seems. A man going there to live applies for a house to the superintendent, who draws up a lease which may be cancelled by either party on ten days' notice. The company will not disturb him if he is a good citizen, and he may keep his house as long as he pleases, providing he does not sell liquor. On the other hand, if he is dissatisfied and wishes to leave he can do so at any time, and is not encumbered with a lease running a year or more. No liquor is sold in the town. The only law against it, however, is an unwritten one whereof Mr. Pullman is the author. To provide healthful amusement and recreation for the people, Mr. Pullman has fitted handsome boat houses on Lake Calumet, and this beautiful body of water is nightly covered with boat loads of pleasure-seekers. There are many organizations among the workmen, including a debating society, a literary association, a brass band, a baseball club, and others. It is the desire of Mr. Pullman to encourage all these as much as possible. He feels the need of a newspaper in the town, and intends soon to establish one. It will be edited and managed by his employes. He has no selfish purpose in establishing this journal, his sole motive being to give the people the news at little expense, and afford them certain amusement. He thinks, also, since they have organized so many societies, that it will be very entertaining and instructive to them to have their proceedings reported.

Any more sketch of this town must be imperfect. There are so many things to write about that it is impossible to cover them all. The idea uppermost in one's mind after seeing and understanding the place is, perhaps, that the humblest citizen there is in the enjoyment of many advantages which only wealth can supply, and that, although far from a capitalist himself, he suffers few of the inconveniences of poverty. There is no extortion anywhere, and the fullest freedom consistent with good morals is granted.

Labouring and Managing.

Some old fashioned notions about the value of example have induced managers of mechanical establishments to become shop hands and to spend their time among their workmen as one of themselves, sharing their employments. To a certain extent such a practice, occasionally, may have a beneficial effect on the workmen without injury to the business. But there are cares and duties connected with the successful prosecution of any business that are not wholly those of the employes. A business must be managed as certainly as the work must be done, and it requires an unusually versatile man who can be one of his own workmen and their own manager at the same time. If to these dual duties he adds that of the proper oversight of his financial and general out-shop business, he must be a rare man to make a success. It may be a matter of personal pride to be able to boast like Bouverly, Gradgrind's friend, but it may be a costly indulgence; for draughting, correspondence, and reception of customers, the overlooking of bills, and the supervision of books as much demand the care and eye of the master as the direct guidance of the workmen. This last can be delegated to a salaried foreman, or to a first-class workman, with an addition to his pay for responsibility; but the others cannot be safely left to any but the proprietor himself.

"I go by the choir," observed the stack of sacred melodies in a music store. "And I go by the pound," put in the piano selections.

Chinese Babies.

It was at the residence of the Chinese minister, and the representative of the Washington Republican had called to enquire about the health of the minister's baby daughter. Tan Shan Pung, first secretary of Legation, had said that the very young lady was in excellent health and spirits and was growing rapidly. Then the reporter said he had a very delicate question to ask, and begged the secretary not to be offended, but if the question was a violation of Oriental etiquette to at once inform him and they would talk about the weather or some other harmless subject.

"It is customary, you know," continued the reporter, "in this country to publish quite minute details of the private life of high-born babies and—"

"I understand," said the secretary, over whose face there had crept a smile of appreciation and amusement, "you want to know about the baby's feet. Some one has said that they were already bound. I assure you that it is no such thing. Her feet are just like any American baby's."

"But is it not true that the growth of the feet of the noble Chinese girls is stopped early in life?"

"Certainly it is true, just as it is true that the waists of all high-born American ladies are compressed," and the secretary illustrated by compressing his own rather slender waist with his two hands. "To make the ladies' feet small," he continued, "is a Chinese fashion. It is a demand of fashion or custom in both cases, and nothing more, I assure you."

"At what age are the feet bound?"

"When the little girl is six or seven years old. The process is so gradual that I think there is no pain about it whatever; no more than when an American girl binds her waist."

"Is there nothing peculiar, then, about the very early life of a Chinese maiden?"

"Nothing in the world. She is just like an American baby. About two months ago the members of the Chinese Embassy celebrated the day when she was a month old by a dinner at Wormley's. The next celebration in her honor will be when she is old enough to go to school. Then there will be another dinner. These will be no more festivities for her until she is married."

"When will she be old enough to go to school?"

"When she is seven or eight years old."

"I suppose you mean by 'going to school' that an instructress will be brought into the family?"

"Not always. Sometimes a rich little Chinese girl will have a governess in the house, but often several wealthy families employ a tutoress together and send their children to her for instruction. It is a private school."

Just then there came down from the upper regions of the house a long, vigorous, infantile wail.

"There," said the secretary, laughing, "is a Chinese baby crying in good English."

"Is she the minister's first child?"

"Oh, no. He has several children at home, but this is the first one, and the first Chinese baby, born in Washington. She is a great pet for the minister and his wife."

"And would be of all the embassy, I suppose, if she was a boy?"

"Oh, that makes no difference. Little boys and girls are treated just alike. It is only when they are grown that our etiquette requires the seclusion of the ladies."

The reporter inquired with much caution and fear of offending why it was that the Chinese minister's wife did not go out or receive callers.

"That," said the secretary, "is only because she does not speak English, and it would be highly improper according to our etiquette, for a gentleman to translate for her. Neither does the minister speak English, and there is no one who could translate for his wife."

"How is it that the minister cannot

speak English when you speak it so well?"

"I acquired the language in Hong Kong, but the minister is now an old man, about sixty-one years old; nevertheless, he is studying the language."

Returning to the more interesting subject of the ladies, the reporter suggested that the wife of the Chinese minister at Paris was quite a favorite in society and went out very often.

"That is," said the secretary, "because she has a very charming young lady daughter, highly educated, and speaking European languages well. She can translate for her mother."

"Is the minister's wife the only Chinese lady here?"

"Yes. The other members of the embassy, if they are married, must leave their wives at home. The minister's wife has two Chinese maids with her, but there is really no room for any more ladies in the house," said the secretary, laughing.

He then explained that the term of office of the members of the embassy was three years, after which they had six months leave of absence in which to go to China and visit their families before returning, if they did return, which was optional with them. The present is the second Chinese Embassy, and there are but two members of it who were here with the first embassy. And, the secretary said, three years is quite long enough to be separated from one's family. The seclusion of the minister's wife has not been generally understood, but the secretary stated that the reason given above was the only one. She occasionally goes out riding, but makes no calls and has no society. The advent of the baby must have been a blessing to her secluded life.

HORSE MAXIMS.

Use the curry-comb lightly. When used roughly it is a source of great pain.

Let the horse have some exercise every day; otherwise he will be liable to fever or bad feet.

Let the heels be well brushed out every night. Dirt, if allowed to cake on, causes grease and sore heels.

Whenever a horse is washed, never leave him till he is rubbed quite dry. He will probably get a chill if neglected.

Change the litter partially in some parts and entirely in others every morning; brush out and clean the stall thoroughly.

Let the horse's litter be dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing on hot, fermented manure makes the hoofs soft and brings on lameness.

When a horse comes off a journey, the first thing is to walk him about till he is cool, if he is brought in hot. This prevents him from taking cold.

Never allow any one to tickle your horse in the stable. The animal only feels the torment and does not understand the joke. Vicious habits are thus easily brought on.

To procure a good coat on your horse, use plenty of rubbing and brushing. Plenty of "elbow grease" opens the pores, softens the skin and promotes the animal's general health.

Let his legs be well rubbed by the hand. Nothing so soon removes strain. It also detects thorns or splinters, soothes the animal and enables him to feel comfortable.

Let your horse stand loose, if possible, without being tied up to the manger. Pain and weariness from a continued position induce bad habits and cause swollen feet and other disorders.

Look often at the animal's legs and feet. Disease or wounds in these parts, if at all neglected, soon become dangerous. — *Farm, Field and Fireside.*

"It is really very odd, my dear!" said an old lady, one very hot day, to a friend. "I can't bear the heat in summer and in winter I love it."

GENERAL JUBAL A EARLY

A Couple of Anecdotes of the Famous Confederate Cavalry Leader.

Old Jubal Early is a character in Virginia. He is drawn up into a hard knot with rheumatism, and has a face like a hickorynut. His voice is pitched on a very high key, and he is a compound of shrewdness and sarcasm in equal parts. He was strongly opposed to secession at the beginning of the war, although he fought valiantly when fighting was inevitable. In the Virginia convention of 1861 he attacked the conduct of South Carolina bitterly. After the war had actually begun he had in his brigade a South Carolina regiment. It was observed that old Jubal was always sure to put that regiment in the most ticklish place when the brigade was under fire. During one of the battles around Richmond, Early's brigade was ordered to the front, and, as usual, Early made the South Carolina fellows head the column, squeaking out at the top of his voice as he rode up to them: "Yes, I'll send you to the front and I'll keep you there, too. You got us into this fix, and, d—n you, you've got to get us out!"

During the war he went to church only once, and his experience then was not such as to encourage him to go again. It was in the winter of 1864, when the Southern States were agitating the expediency of a conscription. Gen. Early was one of the most ardent advocates of it. He talked conscription in season and out of season, and wanted to conscript everything. One Sunday morning, to the amazement of his staff, he proposed that they should ride over to a neighboring church and hear the sermon. The officers were nearly paralyzed at the proposition, but, of course, consented promptly. The country congregation was astonished at seeing Gen. Early and his entire staff march solemnly into church and take their seats in the front pews. As soon as old Jubal settled himself, he laid his head back and relapsed into a comfortable nap. The clergyman took for his subject the testimony of the truths of Christianity. After preaching an hour or two he asked:

"What would you say, my brethren, if the dead of all times and nations and ages should pass in solemn review before you? What would your feelings be at seeing this vast and countless multitude from the grave? What would you do with this army of men of all trades, all grades, all professions, all of every kind, before you? I repeat," with a whack of the desk, "What would you do?"

"Do?" bawled Jubal, suddenly aroused from his nap, "I'd conscript every one of them!"

A roar went up from the congregation, and Jubal made a bee line for the door.

"To-day is yours; to-morrow may belong to others." What are you giving us? Won't to-morrow be here also?

Madame Rainsford

THEATRICAL COSTUMER.

248 Church Street, Toronto.

Costumes loaned. The largest stock in Canada for Theatricals, Tableaux, Charades, Masquerade Balls, Carnivals and Calistumpians at the lowest rates.

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A Large Quantity of Charcoal on hand.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, weekly, 24 pages, issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates:—10 cents per line, single insertion; one month, 20 cents per line; three months, 40 cents per line; six months, 75 cents per line; twelve months, \$1 per line.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

The Auxiliary Publishing Company, printing 165 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—60 cents per line single insertion, one month, \$1.88 per line; three months, \$5.25 per line; six months, \$9 per line; twelve months, \$16.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

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Business in connection with any of our publications, or the Auxiliary Publishing Company, can be as well transacted with either of our branch establishments as with the head office in Toronto.

The Auxiliary Advertising Agency.

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

Advertisements inserted in any paper published in Canada at publishers' lowest rates. As we pay "spot" cash for all orders sent to publishers, and the class of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other. Publishers will kindly send their papers for filing regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations.

S. Frank Wilson,
Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency,
33 and 35 Adelaide St., West, Toronto.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

The following are extracts from letters received from the prize winners in the last award for answers to Bible questions:—

Miss Eila Stratton, Peterboro', Ont., writes:—"I like TRUTH very much and think that it is well worth the \$2 given. I received the prize yesterday by mail, and have pleasure in saying that I find it fully equal to all you promised. I am well pleased with it."

Mr. Wm. Jamieson, Moorefield, Ont., writes:—"Last night I received a very handsome looking watch, being the prize awarded me in competition No. 1. I thank you very much and hope you will secure many more subscribers for your valuable paper."

Mr. W. W. Smith writes:—"Gold ring awarded for second prize in Bible question competition received to-day. It gives me every satisfaction. Many thanks."

Mrs. E. McGregor, Lambton Mills, Ont., writes:—"The butter knife you sent me as a premium for answering Bible questions is received. I am well pleased with it. I hardly expected a premium when I sent the answers."

What Subscribers Say !!

Your paper is a real nice sheet, much better than I expected from "over the line."—E. N. K., Lechiel, Ind.

I think TRUTH is one of the best of our weekly papers, and would not like to be without it.—J. W. B., Fairmount, Ont.

I am very much taken with the TRUTH paper.—G. A., Craigleith.

If I do not receive a prize I will not lose anything, for TRUTH is worth the money.—A. M. T., Harrow.

From "An Unfortunate."

A much respected Newmarket correspondent, who styles himself "an unfortunate competitor for the prizes," writes:—"I

think you ought to know all the answers to the questions yourself. [S]o do! That is quite an easy thing to do for there is a little book of which I saw a copy the other day. It was first published in Dublin about fifty years ago, and it gives all the most curious particulars in regard to the Bible. All the questions you have yet asked and a great many more are answered in it. You need not think that people read and search the Bible to find their answers. The easiest way is to get hold of a concordance and count up from it."

The probability is that too many of the unsuccessful competitors have tried the easy method of answering without personal study and failed. There are very few of the books of reference correct and many of the answers sent in to some question have been wrong, the writers having evidently copied some errors from the same book.

The Prize Competition.

To show the interest and care in regard to Bible study, induced by the competition for answers to the Bible questions offered by the Publisher of TRUTH we give the following extracts from a letter just received:—

Peterboro', Jan. 17th.

Dear Sir,—In competing for your second offer, I have found something that may lead to a misunderstanding. You ask for the number of times "Lord," with a capital letter, (see TRUTH) is found in the Bible. I have compared four editions of the Bible and find no two of them agree in this matter. What edition can be taken as a standard?

Then the word "Lords" occurs and I do not know whether you include it in your offer. I will include all, however."

From a Prize Winner.

The following extracts are from a letter just received by the Publisher from one of the prize winners, the wife of a respected Church of England Minister.

The Parscego, Bolton, Ont.,

Jan. 17th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, Esq.

Dear Sir,—The watch arrived safely and I am much pleased with it, and thank you for your generous prize. I felt ambitious to gain a prize for the honor of it as well as gaining so beautiful a present.

Mrs. W. HAYES CLARKE

As the Publisher intends to offer some more prizes on Bible questions soon, he will be happy to receive suggestions from any of the readers of this paper of suitable questions. Some leading ministers and Biblical students have already placed him under obligations by previous kindness in this respect.

The Prizes.

A much respected lady, writing from Baraboo, Wisconsin, in regard to Bible question competition, says:—

"I noticed by some western papers that there is quite an interest taken in this Bible contest. It is indeed the comfort and solace of many a sore heart. I, for one, thank you for your kind way of putting the distribution of prizes on such a perfect footing. My young folks say: 'Auntie, where is your gold watch.' They are glad to see TRUTH any way, as well as myself. It is a very welcome family visitor."

Bible Questions.

"A subscriber," of Hastings, Ont., has sent us some interesting Bible questions for competition, with the correct answers given. He will please accept our thanks for his valuable suggestions. They are laid carefully aside and may be used as soon as a convenient opportunity occurs.

The Publisher will be glad to receive suggestions of the same kind from any other readers interested in this class of subjects.

Some New Bible Questions.

Entertaining Employment for the Long Winter Evenings for both Old and Young.

Valuable Presents for Those who Search the Scriptures.

TRUTH is trying to interest its readers in the study of the Bible, and has given a number of very valuable gold and silver watches, chains, lockets, rings, etc., already this winter, to those who have correctly answered certain difficult Bible questions.

Here is what is propounded for the next competition, which is open to everybody:—

1st. How many times is the word Lord found in the Bible? 2nd. How many times is the word Jehovah found in the Bible? 3rd. Are there two chapters alike in the Bible? If so, where are they? The following are the prizes, which will be promptly given to the first fifteen persons who send correct answers to each of these questions given above.

Bear in mind that if you send correct answers to two, and the third one be incorrect you will not get a prize. Every one competing must send two dollars for one year's subscription to TRUTH, which will be sent to any desired address, postage paid.

1st PRIZE.—One Gold Hunting Case Watch, American movement, case finely engraved, retailed about \$90.

2nd.—Ladies' Gold Hunting Case Watch, elegantly engraved cases, retail, \$60.

3rd.—Lady's Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, good value at \$25.

4th.—Gentlemen's Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, retail, \$20.

5th.—Gentlemen's Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, retail, \$17.

6th.—Gentlemen's Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, retail \$13.

7th.—Aluminium Gold Hunting Case Watch, retail, \$10.

8th.—Gentlemen's Nickel Silver Hunting Case Watch, American style movement.

9th.—1 Dozen Triple Silver Plated Dinner Knives, extra good value, packed in neat case, retail, \$8.50.

10th.—1 Dozen Triple Silver Plated Countess Dessert Spoons, \$8.00.

11th.—Gentlemen's Open Face Nickel Watch, same style movement, retail, \$7.50.

12th.—1 Dozen Triple Silver Plated Tea Knives, extra good value, packed in neat case, retail, \$6.50.

13th.—Beautiful Imitation Diamond Ring, gold setting, retail, \$6.50.

14th.—Fine Gold Gem Ring, retail, \$6.00.

15th.—1 Dozen Triple Silver Plated Countess Spoons, \$5.00.

Now don't delay if you want to take advantage of this liberal offer. It only remains open till the 30th of January. The names and addresses of the prize winners will be given in TRUTH for the 2nd of February.

Ayer's Pills cure constipation, improve the appetite, promote digestion, restore healthy action, and regulate every function. They are pleasant to take, gentle in their operation, yet thorough, searching, and powerful in subduing disease.

Love is a religion of which the great pontiff is nature.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15th, 1880.

GENTLEMEN—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in despair until I tried your bitters. I am now well able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it, I was completely prostrated.

MRS. MARY STUART.



See! See!! See!!!

If there is Something for You Here. If Your Subscription Expires during the Current Month (January), you ought to read the following Offer.

GOOD BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.

A Chance for Everyone.—Best Offer Ever Made by Any Publisher.

The publisher of TRUTH, determined to largely extend the rapidly increasing circulation of the paper, will give to each person sending a yearly subscriber, accompanied by the ordinary subscription of \$2, any one of the following valuable standard books. They are all well printed and well bound, and not a damaged lot in any way. Many of these books cannot ordinarily be procured for the entire sum here required to be sent.

Please see some of your friends at once, and try the experiment. The special offer continues for a few weeks, the right to withdraw it at any time being reserved. No easier way can be devised of supplying yourself with some of the best literature published. Send in a name or two at once and try it. (If you are already a subscriber you can send \$2 for yourself, and your time will be extended one year.) With every name sent the full amount must accompany the order, as no standing accounts are kept with agents.

These books will all be delivered free at this office. If you wish them mailed please send 12 cents in stamps for postage on each book, unless you want them sent by express.

The Most Useful Book in the Lot. Chambers' Etymological English Dictionary, 600 pages, a first-class work.

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Shakespeare's Complete Works, beautifully bound, 1,100 pages.

A beautifully bound volume of any one of the following poets, over 500 pages each:

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Samuel Smiles' Works.

Self-Help. Duty. Character. Thrift.

Any single book given with a \$2-subscription, or the four to anyone sending four (4) new subscribers and \$8.

Popular Books.

Robinson Crusoe. Last Days of Pompeii, Joseph's Fables. Gulliver's Travels. Swiss Family Robinson. Children of the Abbey. Rob Roy. Vicar of Wakefield. Pilgrims' Progress. The Arabian Nights. Life of Nap. Bonaparte. Don Quixote.

Any one of these books given with a \$2-subscription to "Truth," or all of them to

anyone sending a club of twelve yearly subscribers and \$24.

Miscellaneous.

The Physical Life of Women, by Dr. Napheza. The Home Cook Book, by the Ladies of Toronto. Old Lieutenant, by Norman MacLeod. Common Sense in the Household. Infelice, by Augusta Evans Wilson. St. Elmo. Farm Legends, by Will. Carleton. Farm Ballads. Farm Festivals. Lucresse and How to Play It.

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BY W. H. G. KINGSTON. The Three Midshipmen. The Three Commanders. Peter, the Whaler. The Missing Ship. Salt Water. Hurricane Harry. Mark Sworth. Will Weatherholm. Any book with a \$2-subscription, or the whole lot for eight subscribers and \$16.

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Jacob H. Bloomer, of Virgil, N. Y., writes: 'Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured a badly swelled neck and sore throat on my son in forty-eight hours; one application also removed the pain from a sore toe; my wife's foot was also much inflamed—so much that she could not walk about the house; she applied the Oil, and in twenty-four hours was entirely cured.'

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*Far more valuable than those golden apples of Hesperides are the life, health and beauty of womanhood. Mrs. Packham's Vegetable Compound restores and preserves all these.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

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

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Ask for 'Rough on Coughs,' for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Troubles 15c. Liquid, 50c.

The feeble tremble before opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, the skillful direct it.

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Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by 'Wells' Health Renewer.' \$1.

Often the world discovers a man's moral worth only when its injustice has nearly destroyed him.

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Infalible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

Be courageous and noble-minded; our own hearts, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

Did she Die?

'No; she lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years, the doctors doing her no good; at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about. Indeed! Indeed! how thankful we should be for that medicine.'

Good breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession but a general elegance of manners.

PIANOFORTE TUNING & REPAIRING.—R. H. DALTON, 211 Queen Street West. Leave orders personally or by post card.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT AN application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, at its next session, for an act to incorporate a company by the name of the Toronto Fencible Building Association, with powers to purchase, sell, mortgage, lease and lot lands and houses; and to take and receive mortgages, assignments thereof, and to deal in, and transact business in lands for the purpose of building rows thereon, and to convey lands and houses and to make contracts or agreements for the purchase and sale of lands and houses, and for the erection and construction of houses, and other improvements thereon or connected therewith, and with powers to reappropriate lands and houses for the purposes of this Company, on equitable terms, and in the public interest, and with a view of the health of citizens, and improvement of the conditions of the industrial classes, and with all necessary and incidental powers to carry out the said purposes. Capital \$1,000,000. BEALY, HAMILTON & CASSELLS, Solicitors for Applicants. Toronto, Nov 16 1883.

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Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. 'Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS, River St., Duckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.'

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

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In the place to get plain and fancy stationery School Requisites, Fancy Goods, &c. A. MOORE, Proprietor.

THE YANKEE DISH CLOTH! Try it. You will never part with it. Only 15 cents.

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A NOTED BUT UNTAILED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]



Mrs. Lydia E. Nickham.

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Nickham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Women," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-story, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

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It costs only \$1 per bottle or six for \$5, and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. F., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

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BODY SNATCHING.

A Doctor's Exciting Adventure at a Cleveland Cemetery—Ho Narrowly Escapes being killed.

"What are the duties of a demonstrator of anatomy?" This question was propounded yesterday by a Leader reporter, who has noticed that this position was invariably filled by a young doctor with very little experience.

"To steal bodies," was the reply of the old practitioner of whom the question was asked. "It is very seldom that an old-established physician will consent to do such work, and the position is therefore given to young men who are anxious to get along in the profession. I used to be demonstrator of anatomy at one of the city colleges. It was different then than now, and the business was attended with much more danger than at present. I was pretty fortunate, however, in having some good friends in office, and always escaped arrest."

"Did you have any thrilling adventures?"

"Yes, indeed. On several occasions I had pretty close calls. I shall never forget one night at Woodland Cemetery. I went with the janitor of the college to get a body. We made our way into the cemetery without being noticed, and, having located the grave, set to work. The janitor handled the pick and shovel while I did the watching. He worked away for some time, and the thud of his pick and the grating of his shovel were the only sounds that broke the ghostly stillness. I had become somewhat neglectful of my vigil, and was not paying much attention to my surroundings. All of a sudden, from behind the tree where I was hidden, I saw the janitor drop his shovel and break into a run. I looked around to see what had caused his flight, and saw two men approaching me. I knew they were the cemetery watchmen, and not fancying the idea of being caught, I followed the janitor's example and started to run. I headed for Woodland avenue and thought if I could outrun the watchmen I could get away without trouble. Just before I reached the fence, a board affair—that was before the iron fence was built—I saw that the men were trying to head me off. I strained every nerve and tried to clear the fence at one jump. My feet struck the top board and I fell back into the cemetery. Regaining my feet and taking a new start, I made another jump. My feet struck the top again and I was balancing myself to throw my body over on the sidewalk when one of the watchmen shot at me. The bullet whistled past my ear, and I fell off the fence. The men doubtless thought I was dead, for they did not come to the fence, and I soon crawled away and escaped."

"I once went down in the country with several other men after a body," continued the doctor. "We found the grave all right and dug down to the coffin, which it was necessary to break open. We had brought along an old coal to lay over it, so that the blows of the hammer would be deadened. This was placed on the coffin, and one of the men went down and began pounding. In a few minutes the grave was filled with a blue sulphurous light, and a thin spiral of smoke began to ascend. What little superstition there was in our natures asserted itself. The man in the grave hastily got out, and

we stood around the pit horror-struck. The idea of anything supernatural was soon discarded, however, and we began to advance theories as to the cause of the strange light. One suggested that it might be an infernal machine that would soon explode. We then scattered, and waited to see the ground rend asunder. No explosion occurred, however, and finally some one advanced the theory that there might have been some matches in the pocket of the coat. That was found to be the case, and the blows of the hammer had ignited them. But you can imagine how we felt to see that grave suddenly lighted up in that peculiar manner."

"Did you get the body?"

"Oh, yes. It weighed nearly two hundred pounds, and it was a hard job to get it out, but we got it to Cleveland."

"You say the business was more dangerous then than now?"

"Yes; you see at that time the medical colleges had no legal right to any body, and if doctors were found with one in their possession they were liable to arrest. It is different now. The law provides that the body of paupers who have no friends shall be turned over to medical colleges on demand. The demonstrators of anatomy can at present, therefore, get plenty of bodies for the asking, while in my time a prison or may be death stared us in the face when we started out in our expeditions."—Cleveland Leader.

Out door relief—A breath of fresh air.

Hatfield House, the residence of Lord Salisbury, the Conservative leader, where a large Christmas party is assembled, is the finest Elizabethan building in England, and, though it has suffered from the fire and modernization, is still in a great part externally in the same state as when Elizabeth's Chancellor occupied it. No house in the land is so full of recollections of the Virgin Queen. She is there "a la Diane," a portrait taken when quite young, and also in gorgeous gown, well known through the engraving from Zuechere. Suits of armor hang like sentinels around the long gallery, half hall, half corridor, by which you enter. The staircase is of oak, with huge carved lions on the landing, and the drawing rooms are splendid. The dining hall contains portraits of Charles I., Richard III., Henry VIII., a curious one of Mary Stuart, half a dozen of Queen Bess, and no end of Vandycks and Reynoldses.

The Difference

In Europe a woman begins her social career after her marriage, and is a greater belle at forty than at twenty. She is supposed to have acquired some ideas, to be a more agreeable person at the latter age, and is more sought for as a personage at all dinners, balls and entertainments. In America she is too often ignored at that age, and called passe.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT after one month's publication of this notice in the Ontario Gazette, application will be made to His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Ontario in council, by the persons hereinafter named as applicants for a charter of incorporation by Letters Patent under the "Ontario Joint Stock Companies Letters Patent Act" constituting them and such others as may become shareholders in the company a body corporate and politic for the purposes hereinafter set forth.

1. The proposed corporate name of the company is "The Toronto Teaching Reading Association."

2. The objects for which incorporation is sought are the buying, selling, mortgaging, leasing or letting of lands and houses, tenements and apartments, and the taking and receiving mortgages assignments thereof for money lent, or for purchase money, and to deal in and transact business in lands for the purpose of building houses thereon, and to convey lands and houses, and to make contracts or agreements for the purchase and sale of lands and houses, and for the erection and construction of houses and other improvements thereon, or connected therewith, with the view to the health of the industrial classes, and with all necessary and incidental powers to carry out the said purposes.

3. The operations of the said Company are to be carried on in the Province of Ontario, and the City of Toronto to be the chief place of business.

4. The amount of the capital stock of the said Company, is one million of dollars, divided into ten thousand shares of one hundred dollars each.

5. The names of the applicant and their addresses and calling are as follows: Arthur H. Wolfe, Howell, Harris, Miller, Druggist; Thomas Downer, Junner, Merchant; Robert Woods Peattie, Gentleman; James Healy, Barrister; all of the City of Toronto.

And the said Arthur H. Wolfe, Howell, Harris, Miller, Thomas Downer, Robert Woods Peattie, and James Healy, are to be the first Directors of the Company.

HEATH, HAMILTON & CASPER, Solicitors for Applicants. Dated this 27th day of January, 1881.

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A Baffled Ape.

A crowd of spectators were recently amused by the gambols of a large ape that was lording it over a number of small monkeys confined in a great iron cage in the Jardin des Plantes. Fruit and many other things were thrown into the cage and the ape was always the first to seize them. Some one threw in a small mirror. The ape flourished this like a hammer, but, suddenly perceiving the reflection of himself in the glass, he stopped, and for a moment looked puzzled. Then he darted his head behind the glass to find the other ape. Astonished at finding nothing he apparently thought that he had not been quick enough. He then proceeded to raise and draw the glass nearer to him with great caution, and then, with a swifter dart, looked behind. Again finding nothing, he repeated the attempt once more. He next passed from astonishment to anger, and began to beat the frame on the floor of the cage. Then the glass was shattered and pieces fell out. Continued to beat, he was suddenly surprised to see his image in the piece of glass in his hand. Then, as it seemed, he determined to make one more trial. More circumspectly than ever the whole first part of the process was gone through with—more violently than ever the final part was made. His fury over his last failure knew no limit. He crunched the frame and glass together with his teeth, beat them on the floor, and crunched them again till nothing was left but splinters.

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A. P. 161.

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WHAT IS CATARRH? [From the Toronto (Canada) "Mail"] A New Treatment FOR THE RAPID AND PERMANENT CURE OF CATARRH. ALEX. DIXON & SON, No 305 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO-CANADA. Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite ameba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favorable circumstances, and these are: Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the Eustachian tubes, causing deafness, burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death. Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue. Some time since a well known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the business managers, Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp. What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, R. A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment for Catarrh. MESSRS. A. H. DIXON & SON: Dear Sirs.—Yours of the 13th inst. to hand. I seem almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease and never felt better in my life. I tried so many things for catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that it is hard for me to realize that I am really better. I consider that mine was a very bad case. It was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages, and I thought I would require the three treatments, but feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you. You are at liberty to use this letter, stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers. Yours, with many thanks, REV. E. B. STEVENSON.

THE INDUSTRIAL UNION Provides \$2.50 or \$1.00 a week in case of sickness or accident, at a cost of from 20¢ to \$1.00 per quarter. For particulars enclose stamp to the secretary, Toronto, Ont. IF AGENTS WANTED TO The Newell Patent Universal Grinder. Award of Gold and Silver Medals. NEWELL & CHAPIN Proprietors, 25 St. James Street, Montreal. These Mills save time, grind any kind of grain very fast and without heating. Larger Size Mills working on same principle with different style of cutter, grinding phosphates, gold and silver ores, quartz, plaster, clay, bones, fish-scrap, bark, &c. Picard call or write for particulars.

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