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TORONTO

CANADA

Weekly Magazine

of Current Literature

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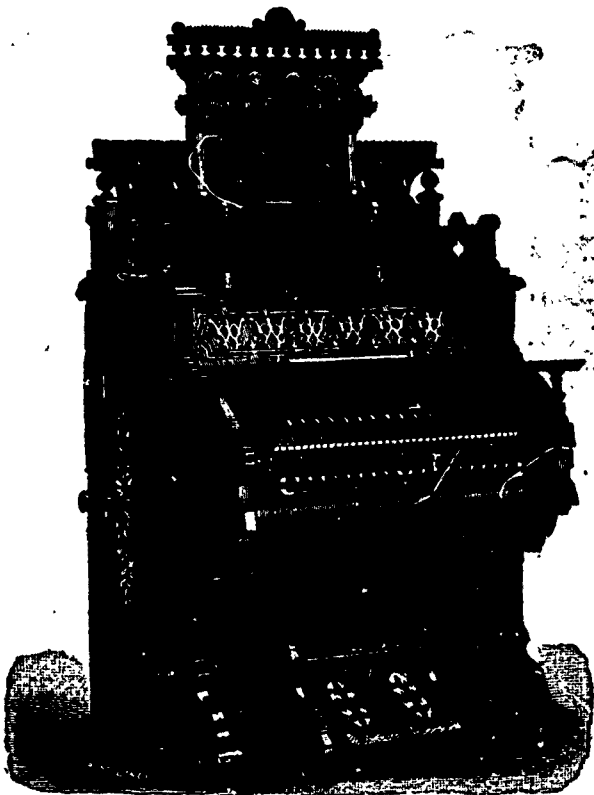
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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JANUARY 16, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 276.

IMPORTANT.

January 31st, the date announced for the closing of Bible Competition No. 15, falling on Sunday, all letters post marked February 1st will be eligible for entrance in that competition.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

The old Latins used to say, *Quod ignotum pro magnifico est*; and with us the thing unknown or unknowable is always fascinating if not magnificent. Naturally enough, therefore, we like to discuss future contingencies. The editor of the *Boboaygeon Independent* turned his gaze backward the other day to contemplate the horrible state of affairs that must have come had not Eve transgressed and death been brought into the world. The Hon. Edward Blake following in the wake of Mr. Justin McCarthy, who had caught the inspiration from Tennyson, at one time "looked into the future far as human eye can see," and saw Federation there. Sir Alexander T. Galt had been flying the same beautiful kite for the entertainment of the English while High Commissioner, and Sir John felt nettled that an officer of his Government should broach such a subject across the water. But Sir John himself favors the poetic dream now; and Mr. Martin J. Griffin is at his back, hurling red-hot sentences from the Ottawa Library in support of the magnificent fad. But neither Sir John nor Mr. Griffin can federate into one organized body the bones of British empire scattered over the globe; for geography is stronger than the combined strength of a good writer and a successful statesman.

Whatever our own sentiments might be on the matter, we are compelled for the present to look at the question of our future from a practical point of view. We have a large number amongst us who are intensely Canadian while at the same time remaining devoted to the Crown and sworn to maintain the tie that binds us. The strongest, and we believe the most influential, representative of this class is Colonel George T. Denison. He glories in Canada, and everything Canadian; but he would draw sword to maintain the tie that binds us to the mother land. He thinks that separation would not mean independence, but annexation; and he declares that the sons of the country are prepared to shed their blood now as at Chateauguay and at Chateauguay rather than submit to conquest and absorption by an alien nation. If Col. Denison's forecastings were correct, and the people believed that they are, then most assuredly would we find the sons of the country rallying around him in the hour of need to maintain the tie. In his speech at Niagara, Col. Denison declared that nobody but "wanderers and Bohemians, having no stake in the country," desired the change; and that "the real Canadians are a unit against change in our constitution. The vast majority of the newspaper press are loyal to Canada and its institutions and have no sympathy with the black sheep

that hang on the skirts of their profession." Finally, in concluding his speech, he said:

"It would not be worth while to notice this movement at all, were it not that we are celebrating the centennial of the settlement of this country, on principles diametrically opposed to those advocated now by these few, and under which we have flourished, and increased, and enjoyed so many advantages for one hundred years. I hope that at the next centennial our descendants may have as many causes of congratulation, and as many blessings for which to be thankful as we have, and that the agitators of their day may be as weak and unimportant, and as powerless as ours are to-day. If so about once every one hundred years will be often enough for our side of the case to be laid down."

Of course the worthy Colonel was simply walking with mailed heels here over the necks of his enemies. He was not content with knocking the Bohemians down, and then with standing them upon their feet to cuff them again, but he must go striding up and down over their prone bodies. We have certain sympathies upon the other side, yet we must confess that we cannot help admiring the manner in which the brave Colonel smashes the heads of the Bohemians.

An excellent article upon the subject of "Conversations," by Rev. E. A. Stafford, appears among "Our Contributors" this week. The art of free and easy conversation is one to which too little attention has been paid in the past. Mr. Stafford gives some valuable suggestions to those who wish to be instructed. Mr. John Waddell's contribution on "Truth" is a well-written article upon an important question. Mrs. Annie L. Jack's "Flowers for Bloom" is a leaf from her own experience in flower growing. "The Battle of Lacolle Mill" is a thrilling bit of unwritten Canadian history by a clever writer.

The advocates of the Scott Act in Toronto have taken heart since the election of Mr. Howland. They think that the carrying of the measure here may not be impossible after all.

"Ouida" still continues to write; and she gets six or seven thousand dollars for each of her books. In the old days she used to run down to the shores of the Adriatic, the Italian wind blowing through the coils of her long black hair, and a score of dogs following at her heels. Now her hair is shorter and is streaked with silver, her retinue of dogs are reduced to three; and they are old and budgey.

A large number of young men have passed the late Civil Service Examination. We had thought, however, that nearly every young man in the Province had already passed; but there are evidently a few left yet.

Prominent Reformers of Toronto have determined not to get behind their neighbors the Conservatives in the matter of Club accommodation for the social hour. In a few days will be opened the Reform Club, which will be located in the house lately occupied by ex-Mayor Manning on Front Street. The only political rival to this club

now is the Albany, which, though small, is very home-like and conducted according to the manner of the most comfortable and select of clubs. There is no reason why each political party in a city like Toronto should not be able to maintain a comfortable club; but the fortunes and the fate of the old U. E. Club might well dishearten those who attempt the establishment of a similar institution. If the *Globe's* statement is to be credited the rooms of the U. E. Club presented a queer spectacle after the collapse of the institution. A *Globe* reporter climbed through a window and found upon the table, heap upon heap of bills tied with red, yellow and pink ribbon, all exquisite to look upon from an artistic point of view but all unrecipited. The trouble with the U. E. seems to have been that it carried on its affairs in too magnificent a way; and that in the hour of its tribulation prominent Conservatives were not forthcoming with subscriptions. There is no reason to fear that a similar fate awaits the new Reform Club. Men of character, of means, and of enthusiasm in the party's cause are engaged in its organization. We most cordially wish success to the new Club.

Cases of extreme hardship are reported from various parts of Ireland, the sufferers being persons who have refused to conform to the will of the National League. The shadow of this tyrannical League is over every home; and acts of brutality perpetrated by its branches have reached the ears of Government.

The ghost of a Hamilton lady played havoc in the room of a freecor, at Cleveland, Ohio. She sat upon a couch in his room and then vanished. Afterwards she threw the clothing of his bed upon the floor;—and was all the while lying dead in the next room. The story may seem strange; yet we are able to believe after all that there were spirits in the room of the freecor.

Mr. W. H. Howland has revealed already that he intends to be more than a malcontent. He has written to the proper committee of the council saying that legislation must be sought for the regulation of roller skating rinks, and the licensing and surveillance of cigar stores. Both the rinks and cigar stores, it is claimed, have led to the ruin of many young girls. If the mayor-elect can accomplish anything in this direction he will justify the enthusiasm bestowed upon him by the moral, and the better portion of our community.

Diphtheria, measles and scarletina are busy in the city.

The newspapers are prepared on the shortest notice to account for anything. Lady Macdonald has gone to the North-West, and one of the enterprising journals says that "she is interested in town-lots at Regina with Lieut.-Governor Dewdney," and that she is gone to look after her property. The same paper says that Regina was made the capital to enhance the value of the lands held in the town by Lady Macdonald and Mr. Dewdney.

Fault finding is not our practice unless when the wrong-doing is beyond peradventure. For example, we never have been able to find one word of justification for the Government in retaining Mr. Dawdney in his place after the whole North-West, all the Reform and all the independent press, and a large number of Conservative newspapers had asked for his removal. Mr. Dawdney has considered himself under the special patronage of Sir John and Lady Macdonald; and on this account he has been guilty of much recklessness. He had only barely become settled in the Territories when a firm of American speculators presented him with a costly silver service. The Lieutenant-Governor accepted the presentation, knowing very well that it was a tender for his interest in the operations of the speculators. No one would have thought of objecting to Mr. Dawdney receiving such a gift upon his departure from the territories; because the act then might have been a tribute to the governor's public career, or as a mark of personal esteem. But in the case under criticism, Mr. Dawdney and the head of the speculators were entire strangers. From what we know, and from all that we learn, Mr. Dawdney in private life is very estimable, and the possessor of numerous good qualities. But his career in the North-West has been reckless and disastrous; and it has shown a culpable contempt of public opinion. The plain duty of Sir John was to have removed Mr. Dawdney when the people asked for his removal; for he was a far greater offender than Sir David Macpherson whose only offenses were ignorance of the affairs under his charge, and more or less of stupidity.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has published a pamphlet entitled "Temperance vs. Prohibition" which contains the substance of addresses delivered from time to time by its distinguished author, on the subject of temperance. The pamphlet is a concise and some what telling argument against prohibition; but nevertheless one cannot read the production with any other feeling than pain. Pain to think that a man of the sincerity, the ability, the great gifts, and the marked powers for good of Mr. Goldwin Smith should lead his talents in a cause that now has the reproach of nearly all good men and women.

It is not true, as was reported, that Mr. Goldwin Smith has sold The Grange and is about to retire to England. It was said that the climate was telling severely upon his health; but we are glad to be able to say that he has recovered completely from his late illness.

Some attention is being given to the Chinaman, and this reminds us that John has a good deal of wit under the roots of his pig-tail. When the Chinese were suffering persecution at the hands of Sand-Low Kearney and other Irish myrmidons in California, one Chinaman, raising his hands, said "Brethren we leave this place, and go to Ireland. That is the only country where the Irish do not rule."

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

We are in the habit of pointing with pride to our educational system as one of the best upon the earth, and showing how it has brought the remotest parts of our wilds within its sphere. We have University Colleges, numerous High and Grammar Schools; while the most out-of-the-way place is provided with a common school.

We have two Training Schools, one at Toronto and another at Ottawa, where men and women preparing for the teaching profession attend lectures; while in connection with each such institution is a model school where the principles of teaching are shown in practical form. Year after year these schools turn out their hundreds of teachers; and as we watch procession after procession go forth, we feel that the cause of education is progressing; and that it is becoming the common heritage of our people.

Our views, too, are correct enough: for the Education that is propounded at the Normal Schools and put in charts of instruction by the Department of Education is fast becoming the common property. But we "distinguish" when we come to the point of declaring that our educational system is what it should be. We know, too, in calling the system in question that we are doing what hundreds of other writers have done before; some of whom write only for the sake of criticising, understanding nothing whatever about the subject. We are conscious, too, of the apparent disadvantages of an editor in discussing a subject about which he is not supposed to possess any technical knowledge; and are not surprised that the teaching profession is disposed to treat opinions from unprofessional quarters with amusement or even with contempt. Nevertheless, in the face of all these facts and probabilities, we presume to bring our educational system into court for trial. We affirm that it does not operate for the most substantial improvement of the people. The defect lies in the subjects taught, and not in the methods of teaching, which are the best and most desirable known to the world.

We shall at first content ourselves with making a specific objection or two, before coming to the more serious matter. There is too much of Mathematics in our schools. This fact is proved in the eyes of every one who reflects that a scholar who has run the gauntlet in Mathematics may not be able, and as a rule is not able, to write a business or a private letter in decent English. This, however, is only a lesser matter; though it is obvious to our readers that the teaching of Algebra and Trigonometry to pupils who will never put these branches into operation, and who do not intend to use them, is absurd when there is so much about his mother tongue, and about practical matters, that he knows nothing whatever about.

Our educational system lures our sons away from a tillage of the soil; and thus strikes a blow at the foundation of our greatest industry, agriculture. This is not at all strange when we come to consider what it is that they teach in the schools. The farmer's boy attends the common school and there hears nothing that enlightens him upon the work which lies before him in life; the tendency of all that he hears is to lure him away to other pursuits. And it is a fact that just as soon as the school gets an influence upon his mind he has come to look to something "higher" than the farm; and has conceived an intellectual contempt for the labor of his hands. "Well," says some withered pedagogue, "that is all right; that is the object

of education. We turn the clodhopper into a man of science; a learned professor, or something else in the intellectual line. What is what schools have been established for."

If that is the aim, if these are the results of our education, then, our reply is, better throw the pedagogues into the sea, and close up the schools. Does the creation of a few "learned professors" or educated men compensate for empty farm houses and neglected fields? Is an overcrowded profession a more desirable spectacle than a well-tilled, prosperous and populous agricultural section? This is the sort of spectacle we must expect to have since our educational system does nothing but makes war on the labor of the hands. A school in a country place is not considered successful at all unless it can succeed in getting a considerable percentage of its attendance out of the neighborhood; and if a teacher could only go and depopulate a district by starting the youth of the place off to Normal School or into "town," his fortune would be made. But if he succeeded in satisfying his pupils with their surroundings; if none of them, under his mastership, showed any disposition to roam, he would be put down as no good, and would soon get notice himself from the trustees to make ready for the road.

The pedagogue having heard this much, and, for all his contortions, being unable to confute it, then asks, "What would you do, then, to prevent the effects of the educational system? Would you close up the school, and relapse into eating, working and sleeping?"

And our reply is that to shut up the school, or in any way to restrict the operation of education, is no part of our programme. But instead of having a boy waste his time over Algebra and other useless mathematical lumber; instead of having him draw maps of Bulgaria, we would have him learn something about the composition of soils; the rotation of crops; the benefits and methods of draining; the housing, breeding and feeding of cattle; something of practical chemistry and of practical common sense. We would not by any means turn the school into an agricultural college; but we would go as far as to show that a boy had better be studying something about the soil upon his own farm than drawing maps of Bulgaria. And while it is well to give him a general knowledge of the history of the past, he had much better study something about the "russets" and "snows" that grow in his own orchard, than take days discussing the Golden Apples of the Hesperides; and trying to locate the garden where they grow.

Life is too short to study everything, and the mass of knowledge is every day becoming greater. But the educationists seem to think that as subjects increase in number the capacity for mastering them likewise increases; and so they go on adding to the curriculum every new thing, instead of putting the pruning-knife to the list. The chief duty of education towards the farmer's son is to elevate the work of farming into the dignity of a scientific pursuit. Just as soon as that is done the youth of the land will not consider it *infra dig* to go upon the farm when they have left the schools.

But we are not making a plea for the sordid and the merely utilitarian. It would be possible to so construct the teaching programmes as to leave there sufficient stimulus to any learner who might desire to try his fortune in some sphere beyond his environment. This is all a very serious matter; and it is growing alarmingly serious. Every learned profession is becoming overcrowded, as we now see the tribe of

half starved doctors and lawyers now at large over the country. And there are thousands of others full of an ambition for "clerking" who are to be found seeking employment in every form while good farms are running to thistles. We repeat that this is a sad as well as a serious matter; it promises to be worse, and it calls for the most earnest attention of the Minister, and of all interested in the cause of education.

A BRUTAL SPECTACLE IN TORONTO.

We have been boasting with very loud mouths about the morality and general propriety of our city; and our County Attorney has been accused of Puritanical tyranny in the discharge of his duty as a county officer. We have "prevented the street cars, and to a large manner all sorts of "Sinful wheels" from going on Sundays; we have closed the public gardens where in summertime there are tangles of beautiful flowers in bloom, lest looking upon the blossoms might in anyway clash with the laws of God;—but we permitted two men to meet in a public hall the other evening, strip, and there enjoy a prize fight till even the persons who delight in such sources of amusement turned sick at the spectacle. One gentleman present who witnessed a bull-fight in Spain declared when he came home that the scene in the amphitheatre was not nearly so revolting and so sickening as that at Fulljames Hall. It was not the ordinary bout between gloved men; but, we repeat, a deliberate and brutal prize-fight, each man having a hard piece of leather across his hands which, in no degree impaired the "mauling" capacity of his knuckles. Before the fray had been long in progress the face of one of the contestants was bathed in blood; his face was lacerated, and his eyes almost closed.

For years now admirers of the "brutal art" have been seeking to perpetrate a thorough prize-fight like those of the olden time, but the police have shadowed these parties, and always arrived in time to prevent the *rencontre*. Some American buffers crossed the line and selected a spot near Niagara for a bout; but the police spoiled their arrangements. But the honor is reserved to Toronto of permitting two men, in the midst of the city, in the centre of police, in a public hall, without any attempt at secrecy, to fight one of the most brutal fights of which we have any record. We do not know what instructions are given to the police respecting surveillance over these rough-sparring halls; but whatever the instructions may be the respectable people of this city, the order-loving portion of the community, will hold the chief of police to blame that such a revolting occurrence should have taken place among us.

We must not by any means be regarded as counselling nearly-pamphlet, or as crying out against the practice of sparring. Boxing we have always regarded as fitly described by the phrase "Manly Art," and it is not against the manly art of boxing that a pair of gloves, that we speak, but against the brutal art: "Roving" is an excellent means of exercise and recreation, and deserves encouragement for many reasons; but there is nothing to be said for it when it becomes "professional," when it lures thousands of men down to the water-side, away from legitimate calling, and sets them into the gambling pools. Then racing becomes a menace to society. So too was boxing. The art practiced within proper bounds is good for the muscles; it makes a man quick of motion; makes him self-reliant; it sharpens his eye;—and it is

well that every man should be able to defend himself from a ruffianly assailant. But boxing, as a profession, is the most brutal thing known to mankind; it is even if possible more revolting than the contests of gladiators in the *Forum* where they did each other to death with weapons; for there was something heroic in that.

The daily newspapers have said very little about the degrading spectacle in Fulljames Hall; but the reporters sometimes get their information from members of the "brutal ring," when, of course censure is not in their line. The "sporting editors" are in some cases, too, of much the same stripe as the participants in the matches at the sparring halls; and a trifle of blood more or less only gives zest to the occasion. We have been informed that the *Mail* denounced the fight; but we have not read its "sporting columns" for some time past, and don't know exactly the condition of its moral tone.

But in the name of all good citizens we have to ask that such a spectacle as that lately seen at Fulljames Hall, shall not be again permitted to a Toronto audience.

Lord Randolph Churchill has undertaken a solution of the Irish problem. He advocates the abolition of the Vice-Royalty and the Castle Executive, and proposes the placing of Ireland on the same footing as Scotland, having a secretary in the Cabinet. We never have looked for anything great from this pugnacious little politician; and this scheme, therefore, we do not regard with any surprise. The plan would not pacify the Irish, nor would it be a step in the direction of perfecting government. Lord Randolph would be an extremely ridiculous little person but that he is so pugnacious. It is only when parodying Lord Beaconsfield that he is at his best; When he tries anything original he cuts a sorry little figure.

Should the English Tories appeal to the country, they will take for their platform the cry, "No Dismemberment of the Empire."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* urges a coalition of Liberals and Conservatives to deal with the question of Home Rule for Ireland.

The "German" is the latest innovation in social circles; and it gives promise of being quite fashionable during the season in Toronto.

The Minister of Militia objects to the initials "A. P." and desires that he be addressed as Sir Adolphe Caron. It is usual to address a knight by only one christian name; for when the order is conferred the sovereign or the representative, says, arise Sir Hector, Sir John, or Sir Joseph as the case may be, never reciting more than one prænomen. Strangely enough we speak of the ex-Finance Minister as Sir Leonard Tilley, though in reality he was knighted Sir Samuel.

The *Montreal Post* has charged Captain Howard with mutilating the bodies of some of the dead after the battle at Batoche. Captain Howard denies the scolding, but admits that he possessed himself of the scalp-lock of young White Cap, chief of a band of renegade Sioux. Other officers, according to the Captain, brought away hairy souvenirs; but he emphatically denies that there was any scolding done. The *Post*, whose attitude on this entire Riel question, has been abominable, is pandering simply to the prejudice of its French readers; and it aims at injuring Captain Howard, who is about establishing a carriage factory at Montreal.

Truth's Contributors.

TRUTH.

BY JOHN WADDELL.

The inscription by which your excellent journal is designated suggests to its readers that truth may be considered in two different points of view—logical truth, which consists in the conformity of an assertion with the actual state of things; and moral truth, which consists in the agreement of our words and actions with our thoughts. Logical truth belongs to the thing or fact asserted; moral truth is termed veracity, has a reference to the person who utters it. In both these respects, truth is of immense importance; it is the bond of society and intercourse which subsists among rational beings. The greater part of all the knowledge we possess, has been derived from the testimony of others. It is from the communication of others and from a reliance on their veracity, that those who were never beyond the limits of the Dominion of Canada, know that there are such cities as Washington, London, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, and Cairo; and that there are such countries as the United States of America, England, Peru, Persia, China, and Hindostan. It is from the same source that we have learned the facts of ancient and modern history, and that there once existed such empires as the Greek and Roman, the Persian, Assyrian, and Babylonian. On the same ground, the veracity of others, we confide in all the domestic relations and intercourses of life, and on this ground all the transactions of commercial society, and all the arrangements and operations of Government are conducted. On the implied veracity of others, we retire from our employments at certain hours, and sit down to breakfast or dinner; and, on the first day of the week, we assemble in a certain place at an appointed hour, for religious worship. On this ground the pupil confides in his teacher for instruction; the child in his parents for sustenance, clothing and protection; the master in his servant for the execution of his orders; and the wife in her husband for provision and support. We confide every moment in the faithfulness of the Almighty for the regular return of day and night, of summer and winter, of seedtime and harvest. Could the veracity of God be impeached or rendered liable to suspicion, we should remain in awful suspense; whether another day would again dawn upon the world, or whether the earth would be shattered to pieces, and its fragments dispersed throughout surrounding worlds, before the sun again appeared in the horizon. A Being possessed of boundless knowledge and omnipotence, without veracity, would be the terror of the whole intelligent universe.

It appears that truth is of the utmost importance to all rational beings, as it forms the source of our knowledge, the foundation of our intercourse, the basis of all the views we can take of the Divine character, and of all our prospects of future improvement in the eternal world. It is the bond of union among all the inhabitants of heaven; it is the chain which connects the whole moral universe; and constitutes the immutable basis on which rests the throne of the Eternal.

In depraved society truth is violated in a thousand ways. It is violated in thoughts, in words, in conversation, in oral discourses, in writings, in printed books, by gestures, and by signs, by speaking, and by remaining silent, by raking up with a malevolent

design any action which the party has long since reprobated and repented of. It is violated when we promise, either what we have no intention of performing, or what we had no right to promise, or what was out of our power to perform, or what would be unlawful for us to execute. It is violated in threatenings, when we neglect to put them in execution, or we threaten to inflict what would be either cruel or unjust. It is violated in history, when the principal facts are blended with doubtful, or fictitious circumstances; when the conduct of liars and intriguers, of public robbers and murderers, is varnished over with the false glare of heroism and glory; and when the actions of upright men are, without sufficient evidence, attributed to knavery, or to the influence of fanaticism; when the writer construes actions and events and attributes to the actor's motives and designs in accordance with his own prejudices and passions, and interweaves his opinions and deductions, as if they were a portion of the authenticated records of historical fact. When disputants bring forward arguments in support of any position which they are conscious is unsound; when they appear more anxious to display their skill and dexterity, and to obtain a victory over their adversaries, than to vindicate the cause of truth; when sneers, and sarcasms, and personal reproaches are substituted in the room of substantial arguments; when they misrepresent the sentiments of their opponents, by stating them in terms which materially alter their meaning; and when they palm upon them the opinions which they entirely disavow.

The mischiefs and miseries which have followed the violation of the law of truth in reference to the affairs of nations, to the private interests of societies, families, and individuals, and the everlasting concerns of mankind, are dreadful beyond description. It has been chiefly owing to the violation of this law, that the thrones of tyrants have been destroyed, that public safety and happiness have been overturned, that nations have been dashed one against another; and that war has produced among the human race so many overwhelming desolations. By the perniciousness of falsehood the peace of families has been invaded; their comforts blasted, their good name dishonored, their wealth destroyed, their hopes disappointed. By the sophistry of unprincipled men, literature and science have been perverted; litigations have been multiplied without number; human beings have been agitated, perplexed, and bewildered, and the widows and fatherless oppressed and robbed of their dearest enjoyments. Could we search the private records of ancient kings, princes, and legislators, and trace the deceitful plans which have been laid in palaces, vice-regal halls and cabinets—or could we penetrate into all the intrigues, deceptions, treacheries, plots, and machinations, which are going forward in the cabinets of despots, the mansions of princes, presidents, and viceroys, and the courts of law, throughout Europe, Africa, Asia, the United States of America, and the Dominion of Canada; such a host of falsehoods, and lying abominations, like an array of spectres from the infernal regions would stare us in the face, as would fill us with astonishment, and make us shrink back with horror and amazement.

Were the love of truth universally cherished, what a mighty change would be effected in the condition of mankind, and what a glorious radiance would be diffused over all the movements of the intelligent system! The whole host of liars, perjurers, sharpers, seducers, slanderers, tale-bearers, quacks,

thieves, swindlers, fraudulent dealers, false friends, flatterers, corrupt judges, despots, sophists, hypocrites, and religious impostors, with the countless multitude of frauds, treacheries, impositions, falsehoods, and distresses, which have followed in their train, would instantly disappear from among men. Confidence would be restored throughout every department of social life; jealousy, suspicion, and distrust would no longer rankle in the human breast; and unfeigned affection, fidelity, and friendship would unite the whole brotherhood of mankind. With what simplicity, and what smoothness and harmony would the political world and the world of trade move onward in all its transactions! Truth irradiating every mind, would dispel doubt, error, and perplexity, from the inhabitants of this world; and unite man to man and man to God.

231 RICHMOND ST., TORONTO;

CONVERSATION.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD A. B. PASTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

Is conversation doomed to become a lost art? Some indications seem to point in that direction. It is certain that many a dear hostess is at this hour in much perplexity as to the manner in which she will entertain her guests, so as to make them feel at home with herself and each other, and yet not offend either the varied tastes, or the no less varied consciences of any. It is probable that no one feels that any recognized method is absolutely perfect. The musical evening, the supper party, or the ball, does not touch everywhere with equal ease. What a pity that some leader in social life could not open a vein from which exhaustless wealth might be drawn to relieve the stress in this line.

Is not the art of conversation, developed in a high degree, the relief which is needed? The answer would undoubtedly be in the affirmative, were it not that it is the exception for any lady to bring her guests together and expect them to entertain themselves by their own conversation. The thought of such a thing brings to her mind the vision of a dreary circle of people, arranged around her walls in helpless silence, the whole company weighed down in abject fear, like some anniversary meeting, gathered together of uncongenial elements, in a too solemn church, when no cheer or speaker can rise above the suffocating oppressive ness. The memory of one such company, and the fruitless efforts of this kind, but exhausted hostess, to make a break in the forbidding, well guarded lines, will live on until the very mention of company haunts one like a nightmare.

Now this ought not so to be, and the less as it is easily within reach of a thorough remedy. I have spoken of conversation as a lost art; I had done better if I had said an art never yet cultivated, for this is the fact. When a baby has learned to talk, and, to this accomplishment, a few years later, some lessons in the elements of English grammar are added, we have all that is ever done to draw out the faculties of any one along the line of conversation. Yet it is likely that, except those who have absolutely no musical faculty, people come by nature, as near to perfection in musical art as they do to perfection in the art of conversation. Certainly the former is capable of being carried to greater heights, and developed along more widely diverging lines, but without special cultivation conversation will fall as helpless and powerless, except in a few cases rarely favored by nature, as music would if wholly neglected. No one thinks of leaving

music just to grow up of itself. Why expect the art of conversation to do so?

But the question will start up, where and how should it be taught? The schools are already overburdened with subjects. There is no room to bring in a new department of high culture. Well now it is just possible that even the greatly crowded curriculum of the schools might allow them to do something more than they do, though every recitation is in some sense a discipline in clear expression.

But beyond a doubt social life is the natural and great school of conversation. It is to blame, and open to a grave indictment for encouraging conversation to run down into mere exchange of a commonplace words, about the most commonplace things, instead of rising into the white heat of healthful excitement over subjects of deep and universal interest. Society has practically abandoned this field, which, of all fields, is peculiarly its own.

Now, everybody admires the person who has the power to hold a company under the charm of his words in colloquial discourse. Instead of such persons being the exception they might be the rule. These did not leap at a bound to their distinguished pre-eminence in this particular. Their grace is the last finishing touch put upon a high art. The elements which enter into this art admit of easy analysis. Mentioned in the order of their influence in thrusting one forward in the entertainment of others, they stand something like the following:

The person will be a good listener. Respect for what others say is about the best introduction which a stranger can have for what he is going to say himself. Self-possession will enable one who speaks to grow upon the attention of his listeners. Without it, in a reasonable measure, when one finds his own voice the only distinct sound in a company, the thoughts which before were clear to his mind will become confused; and after struggling along in growing mistiness for a time, he will hurry under cover of silence. But, of course, in all discourse the operator's trump card must be something to say. Though this might seem the most difficult part of the qualification it is actually about the most easy. A bashful boy, for the first time away from his father's house, a teacher of a small school among strangers, boarded in a house where were three young ladies, and suffered unspeakable agonies for want of something to say. He spent his first earned money in paying for *Harper's Weekly*, a paper at that time just beginning its career. In this the diffident youth found stories and anecdotes, and facts and politics, and he could always draw upon any of these when in the throes of his effort to do his part in the talk at table or elsewhere. He was surprised at the ease with which he could remember and repeat anything which he wished to present. The experience did more than anything else in his life to give him command of himself, and a ready supply of illustrative anecdotes, while at the same time it taught him the habit of noticing and remembering what he read. If people had conversation in view, the life of each day would be found to be full of incident, and even of novelties well worth repeating. These things always seem larger in the telling than they do when looking upon them. To find something to say is easy indeed if one cares to make himself interesting to his friends. Certainly the more versatile one has the more interesting he will become. Brief, pithy anecdotes will hold away anywhere if well told. It is fashionable to ridicule anecdote as not consistent with the

highest dignity, but all the same a good laugh serves a nobler purpose in nature than dignity when standing alone. In the line of this high and refined art it is open for any bold reformer to invite a party of friends together with the understanding that each member of the company will be expected to relate one or more good stories; and such a party would serve the double purpose of general entertainment, and of cultivating the art of telling a good thing well. Why would not such a party be as acceptable and refined as one where any other art is mentioned as the stated means of entertainment? I have read of one highly accomplished lady who gave receptions to her friends, and marked the card of invitation with the word "conversation." She was a mistress of the art, and her receptions were exceedingly popular, as many found them a stimulant to excellence, and many useful hints in attaining it.

TORONTO, ONT.

HOW "TRUTH" IS RECEIVED IN THE HOME.

"Hello! Here's Johnnie from the post-office already, and the stage hardly down. Wonder if he brought me a letter. I hope so. Strange, isn't it, we girls always want letters, and although we get enough of them to make some folks jealous, we're like unsatisfied leeches, still inwardly, if not audibly saying, 'Give, give!'"

While this conversation was going on Johnnie reached the house, but, boy-like, danced around, avoiding the extended hands of his sisters to reach for "the mail." When the anxiety of the girls had found vent in expressions of their feelings for a brother who would tease them so, and had resumed their work, then did Johnnie bring out his treasures. Letters; yes, for mother from the "old country." One for Jess and a paper for Mary. The weekly newspapers, including TRUTH, Johnnie's own paper. With a schoolboy's ardor he had urged the question of subscribing for the paper, and, as usual with spoiled, wayward, fun-loving, guileless school-boys, Johnnie had his way and TRUTH was sent for.

It was No. 14 Competition, and the young man's plans were often laid by himself. What he was to do with his prize, and how much he was going to enjoy it. He had read TRUTH earnestly, hoping to find all its good points that he might be permitted to renew his subscription on its expiration.

He was fast gaining a reputation as a medical adviser (in his own family) from his reading in TRUTH's columns. He was well versed in the pros. and cons. of vaccination. He was well-read on the matters of the day by reading the Editor's notes. His sisters were ferociously convinced that TRUTH knew the fashions and could get out of just the nicest dresses. In his way he was learning to like poetry, too. The bump poetry—never very large—must have grown in size as he read, determined to like TRUTH's poetry, and Mr. Imrie was one of the characters Johnnie professed to admire profoundly. He had been reading aloud to mother all the good things to see if his power of persuasion could not make her think that TRUTH took the right side in everything.

The girls on this particular evening were called from the pages before them, and on which their eyes had been intently gazing, by a shout of triumph, which, in the days of forests and Red Indians in our fair Ontario, might have made a white man's whole frame shiver. It was Johnnie—not so unusual for him to shout aloud—but surely there's something extraordinary to-night. TRUTH is on

the floor, and Johnnie is dancing a war-dance corresponding to the whoop, shouting, "I got it! I got it!"

The girls take in the situation, and are earnestly hunting among the list of names to see the prize Johnnie has won. Mother comes to the door.

"Got what! Johnnie! Are you mad! What's up now?" Father appears on the scene with, "What now, found your knife? What's up with the youngster?"

The girls have found it. Johnnie's going to have a watch. Hurrah for TRUTH. Johnnie survived the shock.

THE BATTLE OF LACOLLE MILL.

AN INCIDENT OF 1814—HOW CANADIAN VALOR OVERCAME THE ENEMY—PUTTING TO FLIGHT A VASTLY SUPERIOR FORCE OF YANKEES.

BY E. L. POET HOPE.

The battle of Lacolle Mill is an old story, now, so old, that almost its only record is history, and in that is merely noted the fact that such a battle was fought and won by the British. No account is given there of the unflinching devotion, and heroic bravery of the noble few, who for long hours, though greatly outnumbered, kept the enemy at bay, and added one more to the many disasters which attended the American arm.

The following account of the battle was given, in substance, by an old lady, who was an eye-witness of many incidents here spoken of. She is yet an honoured resident of the township of Darlington in this county (Durham) and such may she long remain.

"Yes, I was quite young then, and though year has been added to year, rapidly, it seems to me, and though I have long passed the allotted three score years and ten, memory, at times, brings all so vividly present, that I seem to live and see over again the scenes and incidents to me so fearful at that time.

"The events of which I speak are well nigh forgotten now. If thought of or spoken of at all, it is merely as an episode unimportant in itself, not as a test of that loyalty to the Mother Country, practically shown at that and many other places along the border, in that unjust and unnatural war in which the Americans strove so determinedly the conquest of Canada.

"My earliest recollections are intimately connected with the township of Hemmingford in the County of Huntingdon, Province of Quebec, where I was born. My grandfather, an old U. E. Loyalist of the Revolutionary War, when forced to leave the United States with some others, settled in the above County near what is now the town of Hemmingford—a stirring little town now I am told—but then it consisted of little more than a name.

"In 1811, our family, which then consisted of father, mother, and six children, moved to Lacolle, a distance of about sixteen miles from Hemmingford, and settled on a farm which was situated about a mile from the celebrated Lacolle Mill.

"In 1812 the United States declared war against England, and as that part of Canada and United States territory joined, it was subject to many invasions or raids of armed men. Well, I remember the fear and consternation on all sides when it would be reported that the enemy were coming. On these occasions the Americans would usually plunder the settlers, burn some houses, then away again. So you can see we had ample reason to feel uneasy. At length this became so frequent and so terribly annoying that a company was formed called the "Watchguards," to repel these invaders.

"The war had now been in progress two years, and attempt after attempt had been made by the Americans to invade Canada, with very indifferent success. At length another invasion was determined upon by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu river. The chief object of this invasion was to take Montreal. Along this route, previous to this, there had been stationed small bodies of British troops and Militia and it was necessary for the Americans to drive away or capture these several detachments as they advanced.

"Among the strongest and most important of these stations was Lacolle Mill, situated near the mouth of a small stream which empties into the north end of the lake. It was important, because, situated at the foot of the lake, near the boundary, and on the principal road, it hence commanded all the approaches north. So you can see why the Americans wished to obtain possession of it. Having done so they would no doubt have held it as a base of operations in their contemplated attack on Montreal.

"The old mill—I can see it yet in my memory—the massive walls and heavy timbers; was a large stone building intended for a grist mill, but now turned into a fortress. Many of the windows had been removed and replaced with stout oak plank loopholed for muskets. Altogether it was a place of considerable strength.

"For many days rumors of the intended invasion, on a larger scale than usual, had reached us—an invasion that was to drive us from our homes or else force from us the power of resistance.

"At length, early in the morning of the 30th of March, the alarm was given that the enemy was approaching. Father and a Mr. Gillfillan—grandfather of Mr. Gillfillan, teacher, of Bowmanville,—were at breakfast together. They immediately arose from the table, took their guns quite unconcerned, and went out. You can imagine the state of feelings mother and her little ones must have been in when thus left alone, father with the other men having to hurry to different points to make a stand and oppose the further advance of the enemy. Our fears were not in the least allayed when a British officer, a Captain Blake—I shall never forget his name, I assure you—with a number of Regulars came up and ordered us to leave the house, and go into the mill. Mother represented to him how impossible this was, that the snow was very deep, and by that time the enemy were likely between them and the mill and of the greater safety of remaining in the house. He rudely ordered us out, telling us to go into the woods, that he wished to use the house as a fort to make a stand against the enemy. Whether or not this was true I cannot say, for very soon after we left, a detachment of the enemy appeared in sight and they, seeing the house occupied with red coats, extended their flanks right and left, in order to surround the house, and if possible capture those within. The British soldiers did not wait for this, however, for seeing that they were greatly outnumbered left the house and ran for the woods.

"Mother, with the rest of us, by this time had got quite a distance away, but, hampered as she was with her little ones, carrying the two youngest in her arms, the rest clinging to her, and weeping, and the snow being very deep we could move only with great difficulty. The redcoats soon overtook and passed us, and I am forced to say not one offered to assist us in any way. Finding and falling in the snow we tried to keep up with the soldiers, but they were

disappeared from our sight, having reached a dense grove of young hemlock, where trees had been felled to retard the passage of the enemy. Falling over logs and brush we at last became completely bewildered, and could go no farther. It was at this instant that mother caught sight of the enemy, with their guns raised, just in the act of firing at us. She screamed for us to lie close to the ground, but before we could comprehend and comply with her wishes, they fired, the heavy discharge seeming to raise me off my feet. I felt a sharp, burning pain in my side, and fell on my face. At the same time my poor brother was thrown beside me moaning with pain. He had been shot in the neck and foot. It is yet a matter of wonderment to me how any of us escaped, for the Americans, a large number of them, were quite near us, but none with the exception of my brother and myself were hit. Our garments were pierced in many places with bullets. It must have been a kind Providence who watched over us, for has He not said that a sparrow cannot fall without His notice?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FLOWERS THAT BLOSSOM.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

In mid-winter there is often a dearth of blossoms among geraniums and roses, and the ordinary plants that are taken into the house. To provide against this there are no plants more satisfactory than Chinese Primroses and Stenla that keep up a constant blossoming from November till March, after which these plants are ready to accept the added sunshine and put forth flowers.

The Chinese Primroses can be propagated from seed; raised in a hot-bed the young plants may be potted early in autumn, and will give a limited flowering during the first winter indoors. Planted out in spring where they are not noticed, in a damp shaded place, they will grow into large clumps that will live and bloom freely for two or three successive seasons, and can then be divided into two or three and go on growing. Some of the shades of pink, purple, and the finely notched and quilled edges are very beautiful. They are, however, quite impatient of cold water, and resent its being poured over the leaves. Warm water should always be used, and poured directly upon the earth which should be composed of loam and rotted leaf-mold. Too much water causes decay at the roots, and rots the leaves. The double varieties are very beautiful and for continuance of bloom the primrose is unrivalled.

It is very useful as a table plant, a single pot in bloom being a much admired ornament, and the flowers being all around the plant renders it the more desirable. The Stenla is a green leafed plant not unlike Nigella in its style of growing, with a sweetly perfumed flower, like a white cluster of stars. It grows easily from cuttings in spring, and can be left all summer with very little attention. Before Christmas blossoming commences, and continues all winter. In these articles on the flowers that bloom, I am only giving from actual experience the plants that have succeeded best for blossoming in our Canadian climate. For winter flowers we are so much dependent on sunshine, and have so little of it during the early winter months, that it is impossible for roses, and many other plants to bloom until the lengthened days give the food they require, and so, as in many other things, it is well to learn to cultivate such flowers as blossom cheerfully in the dull, dark days; to

"Take the good, when you lose the best, And school yourself till it seems as well."

CHATEAUQUAY, QUE.

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel.—By DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW," "THE VICAR'S GOVERNMENT," "OUT OF EDEN," &c.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER II.

THE BEARER OF ILL NEWS.

The next morning, when the sky was quite blue, and the air full of the strange, sad sweetness which blows through the breath of the waning year, Major Doyme found himself walking slowly among the domains of Ronden Court. A rich, fair country this—the green pasture lands, the broad fields of yellow stubble, from which the garnered grain was gone; the wide park, where the deer stole through the ferny undergrowth beneath the old trees, or slaked their thirst in the still waters of the lake. It was a beautiful and stately home to which Sir Alan Lester hoped soon to bring his fair young bride, and with a bowed head and a heavy step Major Doyme passed down the elm avenue that led to the house, on his distasteful errand.

He had walked from the nearest railway station, having travelled direct from Gortmouth, without telling his family he meant to visit Midlandshire. He wished to see Alan Lester alone, before any other human being knew of the strange incident that had happened yesterday. He felt that this was but just to Alan; that Alan might be able to throw some light on his eldest brother's supposed death, that even would disprove the dead soldier's story.

And when he came in sight of the court—a grand old house, standing on its broad terraces, with the October sun shining down on the changing foliage of the woods, on the green lawns, and glowing flower beds—this hope suddenly grew stronger. It might be some trick, some scheme. How unlikely that the real owner of such a place would have hidden himself for years in the lowly position and humble garb in which this man had lived and died!

This idea was so consoling to Major Doyme, that when he saw Lady Lester and her son out on the terrace in front of the house, he advanced to meet them without the same shrinking that he had felt when he first approached Roden. Lady Lester was sitting in a Bath chair, and Sir Alan reading a newspaper by her side. Major Doyme could see them look at each other and smile as he approached unhesitatingly, for a very tender affection existed between the mother and her son.

There was a story attached to these two—so sad a story that it had darkened Alan Lester's youth with the shadow of an unending regret. When he was between nineteen and twenty years of age, in the flush of his young and happy manhood, he had one day insisted upon driving his mother out with a pair of young and spirited horses. His father had laughingly advised Lady Lester not to trust herself with Alan, and this had spurred the lad's mettle, and he easily persuaded his fond mother to go with him. Lady Lester was a very handsome woman at this time, tall and fully developed, and Alan was proud of his mother, and liked to be seen with her. But that winter morning when he drove her out, wrapped in her sables, smiling, happy, along the country lanes, which the breath of the frost had just touched with rime, was destined to be the last drive that Lady Lester ever took. A cruel disaster happened. Something startled the young horses, and they took flight, and perhaps Alan was not an experienced enough whip to manage them. At all events, the high phaeton in which they were driving was overturned, and when Alan, stunned and bruised, contrived to struggle to his feet from the hard ground on which he had been thrown, such a sight met his eyes that the memory of it could never fade again.

They were lifting his mother up from a heap of stones by the wayside, to all appearances dead. Lady Lester had been flung out as the carriage overturned, and the struggling horses had dragged it over

her. She was frightfully injured; both legs broken, and for long it was feared that some internal hurt which she had received would prove fatal.

Perhaps the agonized prayers of the poor boy were heard; perhaps the fond mother's love which filled Lady Lester's heart made her able to support, for his sake, the miserable pain that she heroically endured. But her life was spared. She recovered, but she was a cripple; her fine form bent, one leg a little shorter than the other; but her face more beautiful still. It was like the face of an angel, Alan sometimes thought, so full of pity, tenderness, and great, immortal love.

These two had loved each other before, but after this dreadful accident their love increased three-fold. But it blighted Alan's youth. He became grave from gay—a sad, serious man, while his moustache was still young.

Eleven years had passed since then; Alan Lester was now thirty-one, tall, and well-formed, with grey eyes and a pleasant face. And as Major Doyme's approaching footsteps fell on his ears he looked up from his newspaper with a smile that made him handsome.

"Why, Frank, old man!" he said, who ever expected to see you?"

The two men shook hands warmly. They were great friends; they were bound by various sympathies and ties.

"When did you come?" asked Alan Lester, as Major Doyme went up to Lady Lester's Bath-chair. "They didn't expect you at Kingsford yesterday?"

"No, and they don't expect me there still," answered Major Doyme. "I came straight here—I have travelled all night, and got to your station half-an-hour ago—I thought I would look you up first, Alan."

"Delighted to see you; but come along into the house, my mother will excuse you, I know; you must want something to eat, and something to drink."

Major Doyme smiled feebly. Somehow the sight of Alan's pleasant face had made him feel unutterably sad. "Good heavens," was he about to stab this dear fellow, thought the smart little soldier, with a misty feeling in his bright blue eyes. He pulled his tawny moustache; he looked so agitated that Alan saw something was wrong.

"Come along, old fellow," he said, putting his arm through Major Doyme's. And as the two turned and went away together, in his frank manner, Alan Lester asked at once if anything were the matter.

"What is it, Frank?" he said. "Is anything up?"

"I have come on a most extraordinary business, Alan," answered Major Doyme. "The strangest thing has happened—I want you to tell me if you can remember about the death of your eldest brother?"

"About poor Jack's death? I was a little boy then, you know, but I remember him—it was the saddest thing—he had got into some trouble about money, and about a woman, and he threw himself into the sea; somewhere near Brighton."

"And he wrote to your father to tell him he was about to do this?"

"Yes; it was dreadful, wasn't it? He was a fine fellow—a fine, handsome young man—my mother was very fond of him, and I remember the distress in the house at the time."

"Yes, Alan—would you believe it—a man dropped dead yesterday in Gortmouth barracks-yard, who claims to be your brother, John Lester. He left a letter addressed to his commanding officer at the time of his death—I am in command there now—and—and—I broke the seal of this letter, and it contains the whole story of your brother's supposed suicide."

"And you mean to say," said Alan Lester, looking in the greatest astonishment at Major Doyme's face, "that John Lester, my

brother, did not die three-and-twenty years ago?"

"The man who died yesterday says not. But read the letter—and you can judge."

They went into the house together, and into the library, and then Alan sat down and read the dead soldier's letter, while Frank Doyme stared absently out of the window, with some very miserable feeling in his heart. He did not like to glance round, to watch Alan's changing looks. They were both silent; the clock on the mantel-piece kept ticking on—was Alan never going to speak, thought Doyme, with almost impatience. At last he could bear it no longer; he looked around and he saw Alan's face.

It was very white; the letter lay on the table; Alan had laid it down, and as Frank Doyme turned round, he asked steadily, though in a changed voice:—

"And where is the ebony box, with his watch and seal?"

"Tis here," answered Doyme, producing a small parcel from his coat pocket. "It was found among his effects, but I did not open it; the key is here, too." And Doyme put the parcel into Alan Lester's cold hand.

He (Alan Lester) then unlocked the ebony box, and one after the other drew out its contents. A handsome gold hunting watch, with the crest engraved on both sides of the gold case; a heavy gold seal, with armorial bearings cut on blood-stone; and a letter, the ink faded, the paper frayed with time.

Alan looked at each separately as he took them out, and then after a moment's hesitation read the letter and silently handed it to Doyme.

Major Doyme in his turn read it—an angry, bitter letter from a proud father to a son whom he considered had disgraced himself—the words that had stabbed John Lester most deeply about his young brother were there. "My other son, your half-brother, must be now as a stranger to you; I cannot have him contaminated by your base example."

Major Doyme read this, and then looked at that "other son" and saw that Alan had covered his face with his hands. An overpowering sensation of pity and remorse rushed into Doyme's heart as he glanced at his friend, and the next moment he laid his hand on Alan's shoulder.

"Alan," he said, "no one knows this—no one but you and I, if this man were your brother; for years he voluntarily gave up his birth-right, and now that he is dead has he any right to claim it? If you wish it this never need be known."

"I don't quite understand you, Frank," he said, "of course whatever happens we must both act as men of honor—if John, my eldest brother, married and had a son, that son is undoubtedly the owner of Roden."

"But think what he may be, a low young fellow reared in a tavern?"

"That does not touch the question—the one thing that could touch it—was this marriage absolutely a legal one?"

"Very likely not," said Major Doyme, with renewed hope; "you are a fine fellow, Alan—I would rather be shot than see your place taken away from you!"

"This letter leaves us no choice, Frank," said Alan Lester, now rising and laying his hand on the open letter lying on the table; "however bitter it is, we must both do our duty. Our plain duty is to see this woman and her son—to learn the whole story. I believe this letter has been written by my brother John, and no other—who else could know all the circumstances? I have heard my mother a hundred times talk about this woman he mentions—Laura Lovat—she married after poor John's supposed death; and look at the watch, the seal, and my father's letter—and this is my father's handwriting, for I know it well."

"Still someone might have got hold of these things—"

"How could anyone—unless John was murdered? But there is one test; my mother has in her possession the last letter my father received from him before his supposed suicide—if the handwriting is the same—"

"That would almost decide whether this man was really your brother John—can you get this letter?"

"By asking my mother for it—but I don't want to frighten her—till this is a certainty I would spare her."

"Of course—still it would settle the question whether this letter were written by your brother or not—could you make some excuse? Tell her I want to hear the whole story of your brother's death."

"I could say that," said Alan Lester, slowly; "stay here, I will see if I can get it."

He went out of the room as he spoke, and was away nearly half-an-hour. It was not a pleasant half-hour for Frank Doyme, and his heart beat very fast when he heard Alan's returning footsteps. Then Alan, grave and pale, entered the room, carrying in his hand an open letter, and almost without a word he laid it down on the table side-by-side with the dead soldier's.

They both looked at the two letters, and then at each other. There was no longer any doubt. The soldier who had died yesterday in the hospital at Gortmouth, was the same man who, twenty-three years ago had penned the sad despairing words of farewell to his stern father. The hand writing was the same, the signature the same—the same hand had written both.

"This settles the question of his identity," said Alan Lester, in a low pained voice.

"Yes, I fear so," answered Doyme; indeed, what else could he say?

"And now we must learn if the marriage is really a binding one—but no doubt it is—my brother would tell no liars."

"And—and—what will you do?"

"There is but one thing to do, Frank—it is a bitter blow—I am thinking of my mother and Annette."

His voice grew husky as he uttered the name of Annette Doyme. For years he had dearly loved this girl, though he had never spoken of it for his mother's sake. He had fancied she would not care to have another Lady Lester at Roden, or a rival in his love. So he had resolutely steeled his heart against Annette's attractions, and it was Lady Lester herself who had first mentioned the subject of his marriage. One day Annette had called at Roden, and after she was gone Lady Lester called her son to her side, and kissed his cheek.

"I think I have found out where my boy's heart is," she said, tenderly.

"His heart is with his mother," he answered, with a blush and a smile.

"No, my dear," said Lady Lester; "you like Annette Doyme, do you not? And why don't you ask her to be your wife, Alan? I think I know this too—you fancy I would not like it? Indeed I would, my dear—I want to see you happy—to have your children clambering by my knee."

It was soon settled after this, and Lady Lester's heart alone knew the sacrifice she had made of her own feelings, for the sake of her dear son. She liked Annette Doyme, but she disliked her mother, and her keen and sensitive nerves had been constantly grated of late by being thrown in contact with a coarse-minded and worldly woman.

But she knew that Alan's heart was set on Annette, and she made no sign of her disapproval of her future daughter-in-law's family. And Alan Lester did love Annette with an extravagant love. As he mentioned her name to her brother—how this terrible change in his position might affect her—the crowd of emotions that swept through the man's heart completely overpowered him.

"Annette would be no true woman," broke in Major Doyme, hotly, as Alan's voice failed him, "if this can change her."

Alan made no answer; he rose and went to the window, and stood there silently for few moments. Then, still with that painful change in his voice, he said quietly:

"Would you mind going to talk to my mother, Frank for a little while? They will fancy something is the matter if we shut ourselves up any longer here—and I think that you and I had better start for Plymouth this afternoon—it is no good delaying it. Say nothing to my mother, I will join you in a few minutes."

He turned and went out of the room as he spoke, and Major Doyme understood that he wished to be alone. He went straight to his own bedroom and opened the window hastily when he got there, with a strange sense of suffocation and a sharp bodily pain in his heart.

It had come so suddenly, so suddenly! As far as he could see from his window lay the fair heritage which an hour ago he had so securely believed to be his own. And Annette—she rose before his memory as he had first seen her three years ago—a girl in a white gown, playing battledore and shuttlecock under the shadow of the trees. Her sweet face, her sunny smiles, would they too fade away, and leave his life doubly desolate? Alan shivered with a chill sense of doubt and dread. The pre-shadow of coming ill fell as ice upon his soul.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WEDDING BELLS;

OR,

TELLING HER FORTUNE.

By the Author of "PROVED OR NOT PROVED," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

The day passed slowly and heavily; a sense of mystery and oppression hung over Featherstone Hall and its inmates. Mr. Graves, the superintendent, arrived promptly, and he was closeted for some time with Mr. Featherstone and his brother. Then a strict search over the entire house was instituted, the ladies and gentlemen submitting willingly to allow their wardrobes and trunks to be searched, in order to prevent the household feeling hurt at the investigation. But nothing was found, and the police-officer's stolid face bore an expression of perplexity which rather amused Ted.

Olara kept her room, suffering. Sylvia said, from a nervous headache which had completely prostrated her. Lady Ellison, anxious about Olara, and perplexed about her loss, tried vainly to recover her usual serenity, and sat with Lady Mary in her boudoir, talking about everything but the robbery of which their thoughts were so full.

Late in the afternoon Mr. John Featherstone and Mr. Burke drove off to the station, accompanied by Ted; and just as the dog-cart which was to take them to the station was driven round from the stables Olara awoke from a troubled doze into which she had fallen, and lifted her head from her pillows.

Sylvia was sitting by her reading, and at Olara's movement she started up.

"Is your head better, dear?"
"A little," the girl answered, languidly.
"Is any one going away, Sylvia?"
"Only Mr. Burke," Sylvia said, excitedly.

"Mr. Burke!" repeated Olara, sinking back, her face as white as the pillows against which she lay. "Why—why—why?"

The pale, parched lips refused to finish the sentence. Sylvia bent down anxiously.

"He is only going away for a day or two on business," she said, hastily; and Olara caught her hand.

"You are sure—you are sure!" she said, faintly.

"Quite, dearest."

"Is it not sudden?"

"Yes, I think so. Uncle John is going also."

"O, Sylvia—Sylvia!" Olara cried, suddenly; and clasping her friend closely to her, she burst into a cruel passion of tears.

Two or three days passed in the same dreary, oppressive manner. The wedding guests departed. Letters came from the happy pair in Paris, which brightened up Lady Mary immensely. Olara Frith had come down-stairs again, looking very white and fragile, and showing a strange reserve of manner unusual to her, also carefully avoiding the mention of the lost jewels. If the theft were spoken of before her, she would flush and grow pale alternately, and such a fit of shivering would seize her, that by tacit consent they were silent in her presence on the subject.

As yet nothing had transpired; the theft remained surrounded by perfect mystery. All investigation had been of no avail—the strict search had been fruitless; and when Mr. Burke returned alone on the third day after his departure, they were as far as ever from discovering the truth.

Ted's friend, as he was still very generally called by the Featherstones, drove up, looking very handsome and far brighter than he had ever seemed before. Whatever business had taken him away, it had evidently had a satisfactory termination. Ted, who went out on the wide stone

steps to meet him, put his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"How is she?" were Mr. Burke's first words.

"Who?—Olara, or your—"

But Mr. Burke's hasty movement prevented him completing the sentence.

"Olara, of course! Ted, be careful!" said Mr. Burke, with a quick glance around.

"Olara is better; she is down-stairs again. Why, there's no one to hear us, old fellow. Dick, was it all right down there?"

"Yes; thank Heaven, there was no mistake!" And standing on the stone steps, Mr. Burke drew a long breath of relief; then arm-in-arm they entered the house together.

"Uncle John has come up to town, then?" said Ted, as they crossed the outer hall.

"Yes; he was anxious to settle some business there," replied Dick; and they entered the inner hall, where Sylvia was presiding over five-o'clock tea; and when the home party were gathered, Sylvia, very bright and pretty, with Charlie Dashwood in attendance, looked up and smiled a welcome to her brother's friend, who crossed the hall to greet Lady Mary, who was standing on a great fur rug which was thrown down before the old-fashioned hearth. Beside her stood Olara, tea cup in hand, and Lady Mary saw that though the girl's face had been white as death, as the young man entered a bright red spot appeared on each cheek, and a sudden flush came into her soft brown eyes.

Stopping for a moment to exchange a cordial hand-clasp with Mr. Featherstone, Dick went up to Lady Mary, while he gave one swift glance, eager, passionate, tender—at the girlish figure by her side.

"I am very glad to see you back, Mr. Burke," her ladyship said, cordially. "We have missed you greatly, have we not, Olara?"

Olara made no answer; it seemed as if she had not heard the question; but Lady Ellison, who occupied a low seat near the high, carved oak mantel, answered for her.

"Greatly," she said, in her low, sweet voice; and going to her side, Richard Burke took her hand in his, and bending, brushed it softly with his lips with the graceful courtesy and chivalry of a former age. Then he went back to the rug, and put out his hand.

"I am glad to see you so much better," he said, in a low tone of unutterable tenderness, with his gray-blue eyes fixed on the girl's fair face. "You are better, are you not?"

Olara said nothing, neither did she make any movement to put her hand in his. Suddenly, and still in the same unbroken silence, she lifted her eyes, and looked him full in the face; and while his countenance expressed nothing but the utmost tenderness and the most unspeakable love, hers was full of the cruellest contempt, the bitterest anger.

For a moment she looked at him, surveying him from head to foot as she might have done a stranger who had grossly insulted her; then she turned scornfully and silently away, crossed the hall, and disappeared up the wide oaken staircase.

Lady Mary and Mr. Burke looked at each other in surprise, mingled, on Mr. Burke's face, with an expression of keen pain; while Ted's face flushed eagerly at this insult to his friend. He started forward impetuously, but Dick's hand on his arm, and a meaning glance at Lady Ellison, who was, of course, unaware of

Olara's strange conduct, stayed the angry words on his lips.

Still, it was very strange! What could such a reception mean?

CHAPTER XV.

"I KNOW WHO STOLE THE JEWELS."

"It is no use, old fellow; I have made a terrible mistake, and must suffer the consequences. I shall give it up and go away."

"Nonsense, Dick; there must be some mystery or other. The girl evidently liked you, and she is not one of those to change her mind."

"Who shall fathom the mystery of a woman's caprice?" said Mr. Burke, with a faint smile. "She thought she liked me for a time, I suppose. But I was a fool to think that I goodwin the love of a young girl."

"A fool—why?" said Ted Featherstone, hastily. "Why should you not win her love? She is either coquetting with you or she does not know her own mind. At any rate, there is no one else, and not the slightest necessity for you to give it up; and as for going away, that is out of the question."

"Why is it out of the question?" said Mr. Burke, wearily, leaning his head on his hand as he sat by the window and looked out on the grounds, where Sylvia and Charlie, Olara and one of the younger lads, were playing lawn-bennis.

"Because, rather than let you go, I will make a clean breast of everything," said Ted, moodily.

His friend smiled sadly.
"You won't do that, Ted," he said, quietly. "I am not afraid of your betraying me. No man could have a truer friend than you have been to me ever since I saw you first. Do you remember it?"

"I remember it, and how you and Fred Farrell nursed me through that lung fever. Don't talk of friendship, Dick—I call you Dick still, you see. I owe my life to you twice over, and it is yours to dispose of as you will."

Their hands met in a strong, close clasp. Dick smiled.

"I think Miss Allen will have something to do with the disposal of your life, old fellow," he said, lightly. "Don't make such a complete surrender of it, Ted."

Ted Featherstone laughed; then his eyes followed the direction of his friend's, and dwelt upon Olara's graceful figure.

"She is evidently awfully unhappy," he said, meditatively. "I never saw a girl so changed in a few days. She cannot be fretting about the jewels, for I never saw a girl care less about trinkets and gew-gaws. I believe she is unhappy about you, Dick."

The other shook his head sadly.
"No; unless she is sorry to have to cause me pain. She has a tender heart; dear child."

"And yet she treats you so vilely," said Ted, angrily. "Upon my word, Dick, if you would let me, I'd give her a piece of my mind on the subject. For, as I am of Olara, I cannot justify an ounce her insolence."

"It is not her insolence," Mr. Burke said, sadly. "It is not Olara's fault, she acts thus. It is some unaccountable prejudice and dislike which have assailed her during the last day or two. She may have me for my presumption, but I think, if she knew the pain she causes, she would not act thus."

"She has little idea!" said Ted, savagely.

"Don't let your friendship for me make you unjust, old fellow," said Mr. Burke, quietly. "She is one of the sweetest, truest, noblest creatures I ever knew. Nay, it will not make me a worse man for having loved her, even if it make me a sadder one. Did I tell you how, the other evening—your sister's wedding-day it was—she told me how she had tried to find out Grant Ellison—how she had, unknown to his mother, employed a law-

yer to make every inquiry? And great tears ran down her cheeks as she told me how vain the search had been. If you could guess, Ted, what a restraint I had to put on myself not to take her in my arms and kiss those tears away," he continued, with a slight laugh, "you would think me a greater stupid than ever, unless a fellow-feeling makes you wondrous kind."

"Will you let me speak to her, Dick?"
"Not for worlds."

"Why?"
"Old fellow, surely you can see that this is a matter in which no third person can meddle!"

"Then will you speak to her yourself?" Ted said, eagerly.

"How can I? She avoids me in every way. If I address her she makes no answer," Mr. Burke answered, wearily; then rising impetuously, he added, "I wish it was over. Let me go away, Ted—I only sink deeper and deeper into the mire here. I love her madly and hopelessly. While I remain here, while I am where I can see her, where I can dwell upon her sweetness, I shall never cure myself of such a mad passion. Let me go away, and perhaps—"

He broke off huskily, and sitting down by the table, covered his face with his hands.

Ted Featherstone went softly to his side, and put his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"Old friend, dear old friend," he said, hoarsely.

In a few minutes Mr. Burke removed his hands from his face and looked up with a slight, bitter laugh.

"You see what I shall come to if I stay here much longer," he said, unsteadily. "I had let myself dwell upon the hope more than I thought. I had pictured our happiness, hers and mine, and— and Lady Ellison's; but it is all a folly—all a mad, foolish dream. Let me get away from it all—let me go back to the old life. It is all I am fit for—all I can hope for now."

"And your mother?" said Ted, very quietly.

Richard Burke's face flushed, and he turned away. There was a moment's silence, then Ted spoke again, in the same quiet, earnest voice.

"Listen to me, Dick," he said. "You are older and wiser than I am, and no doubt you know your own affairs the best; but if you will take my advice in this, I think you will not repent it."

"What do you advise me to do?" Dick asked, calmly.

"This: see Olara alone, and insist on receiving an explanation of her conduct to you. You have every right to demand it. She had shown a preference for your society; she had given you permission to love her; she has no right to withdraw it and to insult you without reason."

"How can I see her? She shuns me like a pestilence."

"I will manage that. Will you let me?"

"If you will; but, Ted," and Mr. Burke smiled faintly, "I may as well tell you beforehand that I shall be as wax in her hands."

"Not you," said Ted, laughing. "To-morrow, when the party for Arundel goes, take some excuse and remain behind. It is not going. Lady Ellison thought it would be too fatiguing for her. I am to stay at home, and between us we shall bring this refractory young lady to a sense of her iniquities."

This conversation took place some three days after Mr. Burke's return, and during that time he had treated him with the same unaccountable coldness and insolence. She never spoke to him, she never looked at him; she avoided him in every possible manner, and a slight bow morning and evening was the only notice she ever took of his presence. Had Mr. Featherstone and his wife been less pre-occupied they might have commented upon this conduct; but the host was concerned in trying to make some discovery about the jewel robbery, and Lady Mary was anxious about one of her children

who was laid up with a sharp attack of inflammation of the lungs; while Sylvia was too much occupied, between her new duties as Miss Fetherstone and her engagement to her cousin, who had at last won his uncle's consent, to heed anything else.

Thus it happened that Clara's strange conduct remained unnoticed except by Ted, who was quick to see anything that concerned his friend, who was equally with him at a loss to understand it; while the girl herself was strange and irritable in her manner, and more than once her maid had surprised her in her room weeping passionately.

Having entered into the little conspiracy which was to explain Miss Frith's conduct and bring her to a sense of her iniquities, the two young men rose to leave the library. The lawn-tennis contest was over, and the players had re-entered the house, for the courts were deserted. As the two friends passed into the hall the door of Mr. Fetherstone's study opened, and he put his head out.

"Is that you, Ted? Come here, will you? You also, Mr. Burke, if you please," he said, hastily; and obeying the summons, they went into the study.

They found Mr. Fetherstone not alone. Lady Ellison was there and Clara, who knelt beside her with a look of forced composure on her face. Sylvia and Charlie were there, and Superintendent Graves from the police station was standing with his face set and impenetrable as usual.

"We seem no nearer the end of this mystery," Mr. Fetherstone said, in a nervous, fidgety manner, "and I am exceedingly anxious to solve it. Superintendent Graves, after having given the case due consideration, thinks that the thief must be in the house. We can discover no way by which the house could have been entered."

"At the same time," Lady Ellison, interposed, gently, "we have full confidence in the servants. They are all of them tried and faithful, and their feelings have already been sufficiently outraged by the strict search over the house."

"But your ladyship should remember that the ladies and gentlemen in the house were quite willing to let their wardrobes and trunks be searched," said the police-officer, respectfully.

"Yes; but in their position they were above suspicion," said Lady Ellison, in her soft voice. "The household were not, and I would rather never recover my jewels than cause such unpleasantness in the house."

"My dear Lady Ellison," Mr. Fetherstone said, gently, "there must be no question of unpleasantness. We have a duty to perform, which must be done in spite of pain; and I will go on until the thief is discovered and the suspicion which has fallen on all the members of the household shall be cleared."

Lady Ellison held Clara's hand in hers, and as she listened she felt it grow cold as marble. She turned her sightless eyes on her face in alarm.

"What is it, my child?" she said, in a low tone. "Are you faint? Would you like to go?"

"No, mother," the girl answered, calmly; "there is nothing the matter with me."

But as she spoke she released her hand from Lady Ellison's with a little pressure, and moved across to the window. Mr. Burke's eyes following her, saw that she was white as death. The grave, tender gray eyes which watched her so anxiously came back slowly from their scrutiny clouded with pain.

"Would you not think it advisable to send for further assistance from London?" Mr. Burke said; and as he spoke Clara turned from the window and flashed her brown eyes upon him with her long look of supreme contempt and indignation. "I do not question Superintendent Graves' ability," he hastened to add; "but a second opinion might be desirable."

"Indeed I think so," Mr. Fetherstone said, quickly, like a man who saw a way

out of his perplexities. "I have some slight acquaintances with the Chief Commissioner of Police, and I will send him a note by to-night's post."

There is no doubt that he will send us some one to help us out of the difficulty," said Ted, in a relieved tone. "Clara," he added, going to her side, "is not the air cold for you?"

"No," she answered, shortly; then she came quietly forward, but just as she was about to speak Mr. Burke looked up eagerly.

"Do you know," he said, quickly, "that I almost think I know something of this?"

"You, Dick!" cried Ted. "What do you mean?"

Clara was standing beside Ted, and almost involuntarily she caught at his arm. She was white and trembling, and the young man saw that she was incapable of standing alone. He put her into a chair, and holding her hand in his, waited for Mr. Burke's explanation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SONS OF SCOTLAND.

BY JOHN IMBIE, TORONTO.

Sons of Scotland! Land of Freedom! Sons of noble sires, all hail! Let the watchword aye be "Freedom!" Thou shalt evermore prevail! Let the wrong be deeply hated, Let the right be prized like love, Martyr courage unabated, Trusting in our God above!

Sons of Scotland! hard's historic Saug thy deeds of nob's fame; Let not tyranny plethoric Tarnish thy unsullied name. History gives us what we cherish, Ours to still maintain the right, May that history never perish, Though we perish in the fight!

Like the waters from our fountains, Giving strength to flesh and bone; Like the thistle on our mountains, Harmless, if but let alone! Ours to shield the needy stranger, Ours to put the erring right; Ours to stand in time of danger, And, if need be, arm to fight!

Dear old Scotia! land of flowers, Land of mountains, hill, and vale; Land of sunshiny shade, and showers, Land of river, loch, and dale; Land of thy changing beauty, Land of liberty and love; Scotsmen! tread the path of duty, Till we reach the land above!

At Nevada swept a net less than \$9,000 worth of gold dust during her fortnight's stay.

Extensive ruins have been disclosed by the boundary survey between Guatemala and Mexico. That region was evidently densely inhabited in ancient times, but is now almost wholly deserted of soul. That the process of desolation had begun before the abandonment of the region is shown by the walls and terraces evidently built to check it, and which still retain some tillage patches. The ruins consist mainly of stone floors raised above the ground, upon which, no doubt, lighter superstructures were built. These ruins are considered older than the more familiar ones in Yucatan.

The Poet's Corner.

Joe.

"This grave were ye meanin', stranger? Oh, there's nob'dy much like here; It's only poor Joe, a dazed lad; been dead now better'n a year. He was nob'dy's child, this Joe, sir— orphaned the hour of his birth; And simple and dazed all his life, yet the harmlesst creature on earth."

"Some say that he died broken-hearted; but that is all nonsense, you know; For a body could never do that as were simple and dazed like Joe. But I'll tell you the story, stranger, an' then you can readily see How easy for some folks to fancy a th'ing that never could be."

"Do you see that grave over yonder? Well, the minister's daughter lies there; She was a regular beauty, an' as good as she were fair. She'd a nod and a kind word for Joe, sir, whenever she pass'd him by; But, bless ye, that were nothin'—she cou'dn't hurt even a fly."

"It warn't very often, I reckon, that people a kind word would say. For Joe was simple and stupid, and alius in some-body's way. So I s'pose he kind o' loved her, but then that were nothin', you know; For there warn't a soul in the village but loved her better than Joe."

"An' when Milly took down with consumption, or some such weakness as that, Joe took on him o' lookin' (there were noth'n for him to cry at). An' he'd range the woods over for hours, for flowers to place by her bed. An' Milly, somehow or other, kind o' liked his dazed ways, they said."

"But when winter was come the died, sir, an' I will remember the day When we carried the little coffin to the old church-yard away; It was so bitter cold we were glad when the grave were made, An' when we were done an' went home, I s'pose poor Joe must have stayed;—"

"They found him here the next mornin', lyin' close to the grave, they said, An' a-lookin' like he was asleep, but then of course he were dead. I s'pose he got chilled and sleepy, and how could a body know How dangerous that kind o' sleep is, as never knowed nothin', like Joe?"

"So they say that he died broken-hearted; but that only shows, do you see, How easy for some folks to fancy a th'ing that never could be. For now you have heard the story, you'll agree with me, stranger, I know; That a body could never do that, as were simple and dazed, like Joe."

On The Long Road.

JAMES HENRY HUNTER.

There is a pathway far from here, A chinking pathway like a sea, And thence sweet souls to me most dear, Walk on it with their dreams set free.

I think they long to reach across The distance va's 'tween here and there, To cheer us in our heavy loss And make our worldly road more fair.

I think they long to make us glad, And brace our faith with columns strong, Or dry the tears that show us sad, And fill the air with heavenly song.

And we? we only stand and wait, With folded hands and lifted eyes; As if some soul had closed a gate That opened into Paradise.

Had closed the gate and drawn the bar, Ah me! and still we look and pray, And wish that we could climb so far, And wonder if we ever may.

Those souls I loved before they fled, I love them in their sphere divine— And though the human forms are dead, The graves that hold them still are mine.

Aye, mine! I sometimes think that I Can feel the heart-beat through the sod, Or think it is as if the sky Had opened wide to show me God:

Had cranked my narrow earthly walls And raised me into Heaven's space, Where glory on the angels falls To robe them in a wondrous grace.

I reach, I pant, I yearn, I climb Beyond the leasens of my day; I fight against the bonds of time, Patting still that upward way.

And yet I never seem to mount, My golden goal is far and dim, I feel the heaving clouds are grim, And overhang the path I trim.

What is it that I cannot find? What is it that I crave and need? 'Tis no delusion of the mind, 'Tis strong and comprehensive greed. Yes, all my life long I have sought For something high above me—yet It came not, was where I sought, The better land where hopes are met.

But still I feel that it must come, My own, the dream fulfilled, to me— A faith to lead me toward my home And fix my altar steadfastly.

I know not what that heaven is Where those three souls have found their rest, But I believe 'twill answer this Great longing in my mortal breast.

And so from day to day I go Firm-footed on the path of pain, And take the cold winds as they blow, And face the lightning and the rain.

It is so far! and though I reach Still forward, eager for the star That shines where God alone can teach, And where youth learns—it is so far!

Bonnie Stratheyre.

BY SANDIE McIVANNA.

There's meadows in Lanark and mountains in Skye, And pastures in Highland and lowlands forbye; But there's nae greater luck that the heart could desire Then to herd the fine cattle in Bonnie Stratheyre.

O, it's up in the morn as I awa' to the hill, When the lang summer days are so warm and so still, Till the peak o' Ben Vothich is girdled wi' fire, And the evening's fa's gently on Bonnie Stratheyre.

Then there's mirth in the shieling and love in my breast, When the sun has gane down and the kye are at rest; For there's many a prince wad be proud to receive To my wisdom was Maggie, the bride o' Stratheyre!

Her lips are like rowans in ripe summer noon, And mild as the starlight the glist o' her een; Far sweeter her breath than the scent o' the brier; And her voice is sweet music in Bonnie Stratheyre.

Set Flora by Odein and Maggie by me, And we'll dance to the pipit's sweetly loud and free, Till the moon in the heavens climbing higher and higher, Bids us sleep on fresh braes in Bonnie Stratheyre.

Though some to gay towns in the lowlands will roam, And some will gang sodgerin' far from their home; Yet I'll aye herd my cattle and blye my ain byre, And love my ain Maggie in Bonnie Stratheyre.

Little Tim.

Little Tim was the name of him Of whom I have to tell, And his abode, on the western road, In the busy town of Leith.

And as the train went up and down, He paddled through the car, His stock-in-trade—load lemonade, Cakes, peanutt and eelops.

Conductor Dunn was the only one Who wouldn't let him trade, And so, 'twixt him and Little Tim, There often was a row.

At last one day they had a fray, And Timothy declared He'd fix Old Dunn, as sure as a gun, If both their lives were spared.

So off he went with this intent, And sold his stock-in-trade; His earnings hard he spent for lard, And strided for the grade.

This place, you know, is where trains go Upon the steep hill side, And where with lard it isn't hard To get up quite a slide.

He took a stick and spread it thick, Remarkin' with a smile: "There'll be some fun when Mr. Dunn Commences to strike!"

He lay in wait—the train was late— Then came a puff of wind, With a sady load, right up the road, Where he had spread the lard.

They tried in vain; that fated train Could not ascend the grade; The wheels did spin with horrid grin, Yet no advance was made;

Then Little Tim—'twas ho'd in him— Oried out in accents shrill: "Remember me, good Mr. Dunn, When you get up the hill!"

MORAL.

Success in trade is up a grade Which we should all ascend; And with a will help up the hill Our fellow man and friend;

Up on the road don't commode The seekers after gain, Or ten to one, like Mr. Dunn, You won't get up yourself.

Uses of Adversity

If some were sick and none were sad, What service could we render? I think if we were always glad, We scarcely could be tender.

Did our beloved never need Our patient ministrations, Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed, Its sweetest consolations.

If sorrow never claimed our heart, And every wish were granted, Fate would dis and hope depart, Life would be disenchanted.

The Other Name.

BY LOUIE HUGHES.

They seemed, to those who saw them meet, More casual friends of every day; Her smile was unreserved and sweet, His courtesy was free and gay.

But yet if one the other's name In some unguarded moment heard, The heart you thought so still and tame Would flutter like a captured bird.

Health Department.

Fatigue and Indigestion.

The following wise remarks on this subject we quote from *Health*, an English monthly devoted to scientific hygiene:—

"Another cause of imperfect digestion is fatigue. When we start on a walk, it does not matter much whether the road be rough or not; any little obstacle is avoided with ease, and we tread our way over rough stones, through tangled heather, or over a quaking bog, without difficulty. Our nervous system is in full vigor, and preserves perfect co-ordination among the movements of the different parts of the body; so that one helps the other, and all difficulties are surmounted. But when we are tired, the ease is very different; a little roughness in the road will cause us to stumble, and an unexpected stone may give us a sudden fall. The wearied nervous system no longer co-ordinates the movements of the various parts of the body, so that they no longer work together for a common end.

"The same thing occurs with the various parts of the intestinal canal. The mechanism by which the acts of chewing and swallowing appear to act as stimulants to the circulation and nervous system, thus insuring the proper co-ordination between the functions of the mouth, the stomach, intestines, and liver has been described. But if the nervous system be exhausted by previous fatigue, or debilitated by illness, the requisite co-ordination may not take place, and indigestion or biliousness may be the result. How often do we find that the meal taken by a person immediately after a long railway journey disagrees with him, and either causes sickness or diarrhoea, or a bilious headache! Forty winks after dinner is not always a bad thing; but forty winks before dinner is certainly much better.

"L. w. often do men who have worked hard all day, with their mental faculties continually on the stretch, go home and have dinner forthwith! Exhausted as they are, how can they expect to digest properly what they eat? Almost the only saving point is, that many of them live some distance from their places of business, and have a short time during the homeward drive to sit still and rest. This is sufficient for some, especially for young men; but it is insufficient for elderly men, and they ought to make a point of having a little rest at home before dinner. Some men, unfortunately, are so misguided as to believe that exercise after a hard day's work will do them good; and instead of utilizing the little time they have for rest after a day's labor are over, they walk three or four miles, or take a tricyclo-ride of several miles, before dinner. The consequence is that, under the combined mental and physical strain, their digestion is impaired and their strength broken down."

There is grave truth in these remarks, and they should be well laid to heart by those who are compelled to work at high pressure, and thus fall in that due repair of the bodily waste which lies at the root and foundation of all health. But mental emotions and the play of mind may in their turn produce disturbance of the body's duties in the way of food-digestion. Here, again, the views expressed seem with a common sense and philosophy which commend them to the thorough appreciation of those who find digestion to fail from the nervous influences that chase one another and career over the surface of the mental atmosphere:—

"Effects, somewhat similar to those of fatigue, may be produced by depressing or disturbing mental emotions, or bodily conditions. We know how readily excitement of almost any kind will destroy the appetite in some people, and depressing emotions will do it in almost every case. We not unfrequently hear of girls in whom consumption appears to have been brought on by an unfortunate love affair. If we accept the view that consumption depends upon the presence of the tubercle-bacillus (or living germ), we might, at first sight, think that there can be little or no connection between consumption and disappointed love; but the depressing effect of the disappointment will lessen the digestion, impair the nutrition, and render the body more likely to afford a suitable nidus (or soil) for the bacillus."

From this it would seem to be equally probable that various emotions affect special parts of the digestive system. A strong impression of disgust may excite vomiting; compassion is said to produce movements of

gas in the small intestine; worry is known to affect the liver; and Dr. Brunton gives some countenance to the popular notion that jaundice may be brought on through a mental cause, illustrated, for example, by anxiety. The old adage respecting the wisdom of maintaining an easy mind if we would grow fat, has, therefore, a physical basis. It is the surest of inferences that the mind and nervous system which are allowed to remain placid and unruffled are most likely to be found presiding over a body and processes which respectfully live and act in a healthy and normal fashion. If care really kills us, it seems probable that its method of slaughter is largely that of destroying the harmony of those functions on which the proper nutrition of our bodies depends.

The foregoing considerations have paved the way for the discussion of the practical question that faces us at the close of the interesting lectures we have been engaged in reviewing. We have seen, in the first place, how very varied are the causes which produce the disordered states collectively known as "indigestion." The whole subject is a complex one, and these papers may have accomplished at least one useful result if our readers have been led to note that each case requires personal study before the exact cause of the digestive disturbance can be traced. There is no greater or more foolish error, against which one might be tempted to speak in strong terms, than that which prompts the idea that all cases and classes of indigestion are of similar nature and origin. It is this idea which encourages that detestable habit of indiscriminate drug-swallowing which characterizes our age. Given an ingenuous "puff" of any drug or preparation, and the "great army of martyrs" (to indigestion) will fly thereto for relief,—only, of course, to experience the trebly bitter disappointment which attends the dashing down of hopes of renewed health and regained vigor. If people would only study, even slightly, the particulars of their mode of life, habits, diet, work, and other details, and acquire even a rudimentary knowledge of the physiology of digestion, we should at least find them infinitely less liable to pour drugs, of which they know little, into frames of which they know less.

Let us clearly recognize that there is no panacea, no universal healer, no one unfailing remedy, no sovereign specific, for the many-headed ailment we have named "dyspepsia," or "indigestion." Those who labor under such an idea are only to be compared to the deluded persons who, believing in the absurdities of the quack, are found to purchase a pill or ointment which, if the ordinary statements puffing the wares in question are to be credited, will as readily heal cancer as cure consumption; or an unfailingly cure scrofula as dissipate a tumor of serious nature. Recognizing the true and scientific aspects and phases of the digestive process and its disturbances, we shall be the better able to appreciate the nature of the means which are to be relied on for the relief of the latter conditions.

Care of the Feet in Winter.

From now until early in May the care which we take of our feet will go a long way towards insuring us good health. No one can with impunity neglect the feet, and it has now become a well established fact that wet and cold feet are a prolific source of disease. There are many things which a tired mother may perhaps be pardoned for allowing in her children, but we would kindly ask them not to allow their children to go with wet or cold feet. Provide warm foot wear, and they will more than repay you for being well and strong. The choice between cotton and woolen stockings must be left to the wearer, but care should be taken to use only one kind during the season. It is not wise to wear cotton stockings to-day and woolen ones to-morrow, and alternate from one to the other, as it is a sure way to catch cold. Select the kind most comfortable to the skin and wear them, and if more warmth is needed add one additional pair. Many people wear an additional pair and claim that their feet are much warmer by wearing both a cotton and a woolen pair of stockings at the same time. The warmth and dryness of the feet depend largely also upon the quality of the boots or shoes which are worn. It is related that poor Mrs. Cax-die, the good lady whose certain lectures we long kept her patient husband awake, came to her death through no more serious cause than a pair of thin shoes; she could talk to the man about their carelessness, but after all she died, and Job, thanks to his thick

cowhide boots, lived to "mourn her loss." No one at any time should continue to wear a shoe when the outer sole is worn through so that the under layer comes next to the ground. Rubbers and overshoes were not designed to be worn in the house, but when one is going out during wet and cold weather they should always be worn, whether riding or walking. Some one has remarked that "self-acting rubbers"—on and off with a kick—"are the grandest life-preservers of the age."

It is well known that people who live in the country are much more subject to "chil-blains" than those who live in the city. It is to this we would call special attention. One reason why so many suffer from this trouble in the country is because the floors of the houses are not warmed. In the city this is usually the reverse, as most houses are provided with furnaces or heated by steam. And where neither of these is used, the buildings are more compact and closely built, and are also protected by other buildings, so that the floors of the average city house are not so cold by many degrees as are those in the country. This applies especially to women and children, who are for a large part of the time confined to the house, and often walk about all day with no better protection to their feet than thin stockings, almost as thin as their shoes or slippers. In addition to this they will run out to the barn, hennery, or well, without stopping to put on additional rubbers, or even thicker shoes. But the constant exposure to the cold in that way is only half the trouble. In addition to this thoughtless carelessness they adopt the habit of "boasting their feet." This is equally as bad as the other, and consequently the feet soon become subject to chilblains, together with all the attendant sufferings. One reason for this is that the feet are subject to two extremes, first cold and then hot. If more care was not taken of cooking utensils by some women than of their feet, there would be some heavy bills to pay at the hardware and stove stores. People cannot go to opposite extremes in regard to the care of their bodies, any better than they can with other things, and if persisted in serious results must follow sooner or later.

Another frequent cause of cold feet is the dampness which arises from incessant perspiration. This is sometimes caused by wearing woolen stockings, but it can often be prevented by wearing a pair of thin or light stockings under the woolen ones. Those who are troubled with moist feet should not wear cork soles in their boots, as they soon become saturated with moisture, which is held for a long time. Rubber boots, if worn for a long time, will often cause the feet to perspire. For this reason they should be worn only when actually travelling, and not be kept on while in the house, school-house, store, or mill.

If the care of the feet is of so much importance to adults, how much more so is it to children. In closing we would offer a word of caution to mothers, and that is, never allow their children to go to bed with cold feet. See to it that the feet and legs are dry and warm. In this connection we would add a word with reference to children sitting in the schoolroom with wet feet. It would be little if any trouble for teachers to allow their scholars to dry their feet at the register before taking their seats. It is but fulfilling an oft repeated adage that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Perhaps no class of men suffer more from cold feet than those who are obliged to remain out in severe winter, whether from the nature of their work are obliged to stand or sit in one position most of the time, as, for instance, teamsters, hackmen, and drivers, &c. To such, and all others, who are particularly exposed, the following may prove a valuable suggestion. It is one of the Rules of what is known as the "Svedish movement system," and is as follows: "Stand erect and very gradually lift yourself upon the tips of the toes so as to put all the tension of the foot at full strain. This is not to be done spasmodically, or by jumping up and down, but simply to rise, the slower the better, upon tiptoes, and remain standing on the point of the toes as long as possible, then gradually coming back to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to perform in sustaining the body's weight, a sufficient and lively circulation is quickly established, and thus a more natural warmth is obtained than can be by the application of extreme heat.

WINTER WRINKLES

The sigh of the seamstress—A-hem! The world owes every man a living, but some of us are finding collections rather slow.

"Jennie, do you know what a miracle is?" "Yes'm. Ma says if you don't marry our new parson it will be a miracle."

"Yes," said old Colonel Mooney, "you often hear of a coal dealer who is kind, but he doesn't go much out of his 'weigh' to be so."

"Thank heaven," exclaimed a fond father as he paced the floor at midnight with his howling heir, "thank heaven you are not twins!"

The most thoughtful man living is the one who immediately stopped dying when reminded that his life insurance policy had expired.

The most gigantic sharks in the world are said to be found near Australia. Of course this discovery will make some of our lawyers mad, but facts are facts.

Judge Peterby's wife almost talks him to death. "How is your wife coming on?" asked a friend. "Splendid; she has caught such a fearful cold she can't talk."

"Have you read 'Half Hours with Insects?'" asked Bromley. "No," sadly replied Pompano, with a retrospective gleam in his eye, "but I know what it means."

The more hat a man can buy for two dollars the less bonnet a woman can buy for twenty, and yet some folks say this world was hung together in perfect harmony.

"So you've been out to the Pacific coast, eh? Did you see the great gorge of the Colorado?" "I think so. At least out at Cheyenne I saw a buck Indian eat six pounds of bologna sausage, half a box of crackers and nineteen herrings without a grunt. How is that for gorge?"

A little fellow of four years went to a blacksmith to see his father's horse shod, and was watching closely the work of shoeing. The blacksmith began to pare the horse's hoof, and thinking this was wrong, the little boy said earnestly; "My pa don't want his horse made any smaller."

Scotchman—"What'll y' hae?" Frenchman—"I'll take a drop of contradiction." Scotchman—"What's that?" Frenchman—"Vell, you put in de whiskey to make it strong, de water to make it weak, de lemon to make it sour and sugar to make it sweet. Dan you say, 'Here's to you!' and you take it yourself."

A court officer having been questioned as to whether he had spoken to the jury during the night, gravely answered: "No, your honor; they kept calling out for me to bring them whiskey, but I always said: 'Gentlemen of the jury it is my duty to tell you that I'm sworn not to speak to you.'"

Small brother—"Where did you get that cake, Annie?" Small Sister—"Mother gave it to me." Small brother—"Ah, she always gives you more than me." Small sister—"Never mind; she's going to put mustard plasters on us when we go to bed to night and I'll ask her to let you have the biggest."

A Swindler's Sharp Trick.

A French nobleman played a game of cards with a foreign Count. The latter won, and the Frenchman pulled out 10,000 francs and handed them to the winner, who quietly secured them in his pocketbook and went home. Early next morning a gentleman of aristocratic bearing and decorated with the order of the Legion d'Honneur was shown into the apartment of the foreign Count who was still asleep. "Monieur," he said in tones trembling with excitement, "you hold in your hands the honor of a whole family." "Indeed!" "Kindly tell me, was it you who played with M. de H.?" "Yes." "You won 10,000 francs and he paid you." "Yes, in bank notes, and I have them here." "Well, sir, the notes are false. Last night we heard of the nefarious practices of our relative, and I came in heaven's name to ask you to exchange them for ten others I have brought." The noble foreigner at once exchanged the notes. In the evening he was not a little surprised to meet his opponent at the club, and to be asked to give revenge. The foreigner curtly refused, which led to an explanation. The Count drew from his pocket the exchanged notes he had received in the morning. They were false. The gentleman with the decorations was a notorious French swindler.

The Household.

Tested Receipts.

A COTTAGE PUDDING is a cake with a sauce to it, and it is made as a cup cake, with a cup of sweet milk, three eggs, half a cup of butter beaten first to a cream, with a cup of sugar, and three cups of flour into which has been put two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one of soda. The flavoring is lemon, and hot fruit sauce should be provided with it.

AN OYSTER PIE is a nice luncheon or side-dish at this season, and is easily made from fresh or canned oysters. Fill a pudding dish with oysters, small split crackers, cream, more oysters, pepper, salt, and butter. Let them stand on the top of the stove until boiling; then cover the top of the dish with a rich crust quite thick, and bake until the crust is browned delicately. Serve hot. This is a good dish to accompany any kind of fowl or game.

Try the following receipt for one superior lemon pie: Four yolks and two whites of eggs, four dessert-spoonfuls of sugar to each egg, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, and two lemons. Strain the juice of both and grate the rind of one, which strain with the juice. Beat all together, and bake quickly in a rich under-crust. The two remaining whites may be used with four dessert-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, and the grated rind of one lemon to make a meringue for the top.

ROAST CHICKEN are a delicacy, if the chickens are of good quality. Obtain, if possible, chickens with a whole breast-bone, truss them neatly, and let them be carefully singed; put celery dressing inside each chicken; tie a piece of buttered paper or a slice of bacon over the breast, and roast in a moderate oven, basting frequently. Time of roasting, about an hour. About ten minutes before they are done remove the paper or bacon, and sprinkle them freely with salt. Serve with plain gravy in a boat, not in the dish; garnish with thin slices of broiled bacon rolled up.

TREACLE (MOLASSES) PUDDING.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of suet, half a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, salt, one tea-spoonful of ground ginger, tea-spoonful of treacle, quarter of a pint of milk, one egg. Chop the suet as finely as possible, and put it into a basin with the flour, carbonate of soda and ginger. Beat up the egg, mix the treacle and milk with it and stir this into the mixture in the basin, add more milk if required to make the pudding moist. Grease a basin thoroughly, put the pudding mixture into it, cover with a greased paper. Have enough boiling water to come half-way up the basin in a saucepan, and steam for two hours.

BAKED CHICKEN PIE.—Prepare two or three plump chickens, by careful drawing, singeing, cleaning, and cutting off necks, wings and drumsticks. Joint the breasts, sides, and back-bones, and put them in an earthen stew-pot, into which has been previously placed three slices of sweet, fat, salt pork. Simmer till tender. Take out the chicken, strain off the liquor and lay the chicken in layers in a deep dish, alternating with oysters, a few bits of cracker, butter and seasoning to taste. Over the whole pour the strained stock, and cover with a rich paste half an inch thick before baking. Make incisions in the form of leaves and bake slowly one hour. The remainder of a chicken will make a fine soup, with stock in which a veal-bone has been cooked for a base, and celery root for an ingredient.

CRANBERRIES are a winter luxury; stewed and eaten with granulated oatmeal for breakfast every morning, they will make a new liver, or at least make over an old one, so that it is as good as new. For sauce, pick over one quart of sound fruit, to this put two gills of water; cover and let them simmer till the cranberries are tender, then add a good half-pound of granulated sugar, and stir all together till the sauce is a rich mass, and serve in an amber glass dish. A famous housekeeper gives the following as an excellent formula for cranberries: To two quarts of cranberries allow two and a half cups of sugar. First boil the cranberries in a pint of water for a few moments, mash them against the sides of the kettle, then add the sugar; stir continually until they boil up twice, then pour them out to cool.

BUFFETRAK PUDDING.—(“Cheshire Cheese” receipt).—Make a crust of chopped and sift-

ed kidney suet, in the proportion of a half of a pound of suet, freed from skin, to a pound of flour, prepared by mixing with it a small salt-spoon of salt and tea-spoonful of Royal Baking Powder—mix thoroughly, wet with cold water, roll out with as little flour as possible, and line a pudding-mold which has been well buttered. Take two or three pounds of juicy rump-steak, two or three lamb's kidneys, and a small can of mushrooms; cut up the steak, and put a thick layer in the mold. Season to taste, adding a table-spoonful of walnut catsup. Add next a layer of mushrooms, then a layer of kidney, then beef, then mushrooms again, which will fill the mold. Season, adding another table-spoonful of the catsup, if preferred, and cover with paste, wetting the edge, so that it will close tight, and allowing a little room for the swelling of the pastry. Tie in a cloth which has been dipped in boiling water and floured, and steam two hours; or boil gently for the same time, keeping the pot replenished with boiling water. Oysters may be employed in place of mushrooms, but it will not then be “Cheshire Cheese.” Beefsteak Pudding, though it may be very good.

PLUM PUDDING.—One half pound of kidney suet, half pound of raisins (Smyrna and Malaga mixed), half a pound of fresh bread crumbs, one table-spoonful of flour, six ounces brown sugar, four ounces orange peel and citron mixed, a little salt, one-fourth of a grated nutmeg, a pinch of pulverized ginger, half dozen eggs, a small cup of sweet cream, and one of currant jelly. This is sufficient for a good sized pudding. Stone the raisins, and soak them in the melted currant jelly. Now trim the beef kidney-fat and chop it very fine, with one spoonful of flour, mix it well with the crumbs of bread, brown sugar, and the eggs; then add the raisins, the peel, the salt, nutmeg, ginger, and last of all, and after it is all well mixed, add the cream. Spread all this in a napkin, well buttered, fold up the corners of the napkin and tie to the level of the pudding, so as to make it round; then plunge the pudding into a saucepan of boiling water, and let it boil at least four hours—constant boiling. Take out and let drain in a sieve; cut it from the top so as to keep on a level, then turn it out on a dish, removing the napkin carefully, so as not to disturb the fine part of the pudding. Sprinkle with a little alcohol. You may apply a match to the pudding when it is on the table. Serve the sauce separate. This pudding may be cooked in a mould, the mould well buttered, and the pudding tied in a napkin, also well buttered. Boil four hours.

Scarcity of Servant Girls.

The agricultural returns to the Ontario Bureau of Industries are just published for the month of November in a pamphlet of fifty pages, and very instructive reading it is. The great difficulty which the farmers of Ontario have to endure is the scarcity of servant girls. The wages of hired men have fallen from \$20 to \$17 per month, while girls' wages have risen fifty per cent.; but young women are scarcely to be hired at all. “Girls for housework are hard to be got at any price,” says Mr. C. H. Kitchen of Townsend; “it would be a good idea to import good girls.” “Plenty of girls to marry,” says George Huskin of Arismetia, “but not to work in farm houses at milking cows.” “Domestic servants are very scarce,” writes Thomas Loyd Jones of Burford, “which is a great drawback to our wives, who are nothing better than white slaves. What with raising a family and doing the drudgery of a farm house, this state of things will have a most damaging effect on the rising generation.” The case in North Grimby is still more interesting. According to Mr. J. W. Van Duser, “servant girls are scarce, and those we have are getting to be good organ players.” So in Whitechurch, according to Mr. M. Jones, “there is a lack of domestic servants. The agent convinces a family that an organ is the only thing to afford uninterrupted happiness, and when a girl can play ‘Old Grimes is Dead’ she is no longer a domestic servant.” At Haldimand, as we are told by George Kennedy, “the girls have all got above hiring; we cannot get them for love or money.” At Yonge also, according to Mr. Thomas Moulton, “girls for servants are scarce, but for wives they are plenty.”

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example,

Young Folks' Department.

Two Doughnut Boys.

“Oh, dear!” said Ray, his blue eyes full of tears, “he's such a hateful boy, that Tommy Briggs is, mamma. I wish I didn't ever get acquainted with him. I wish his father didn't live so near Uncle Jack's farm.”

Mamma Trevor looked at her boy's flushed little face and smiled; but she didn't say a word until she had taken Ray to the wide kitchen and sponged forehead and dimpled chin, blue eyes and rosy mouth with clear, cool water.

“Now, what is it, dear?” she asked. “It's Tommy Briggs,” said Ray, putting out his lip again. “Oh, mamma he is so mean and hateful—”

“Ray, Ray! that isn't the right way to talk even about those whom we believe are our enemies,” interrupted mamma gently. “Do you think it is?”

“No'm,” Ray answered honestly, winking pretty fast; “but I can't help it mamma. I know Tommy Briggs is my enemy, and a good deal worse. Why, mamma, don't you believe—”

Ray stopped and shut his white teeth together with a snap. Mamma didn't smile this time. She spoke very soberly:

“Well, dear, go on. What did Tommy do?”

“You know that big, nice apple Aunt 'Rusha gave me this morning, don't you?” Ray swallowed a big sob. “'Twas the very last one she had, 'cause she'd kept it wrapped away in tissue paper all winter to see how long it would keep, and there came a little tiny speck of rot on it, and she gave it to me. 'Twas the very last one, you know; and it smelled just as nice, and the rest won't be ripe for a long time. And I started to go out where the men are mowing to show it to Uncle Jack, and when I was going across the pasture Tommy Briggs ran up behind me and grabbed it, and ate it every mite up but the bones, mamma, and didn't give me even so much as a bite. Don't you think he's a real mean, bad boy, mamma?” Ray's face was flushing up again as fast as ever it could.

Mamma looked pretty sober, though she almost had to laugh about the bones.

“I think he did very wrong, dear,” she said; “and if I were in your place I would kill him.”

How astonished Ray looked at that. He could hardly believe his ears.

“Why mamma,” said he “what do you mean?”

“I mean,” mamma answered, gently, “that I would kill the naughty spirit in Tommy's heart with a good deal of kindness.”

Ray understood and tried to look interested, though a little doubtful.

“I don't hardly know how,” said he; but I'll try next chance I have.”

“That's my good boy,” Mamma Trevor said, kissing first one round cheek and then the other. “Your chance will come soon enough, dear.”

And so it did. That very day was baking day, and when Aunt 'Rusha was frying cakes she remembered Ray's disappointment, and fried two rich, plump, brown doughnut boys for him.

“These are to pay for the apple you lost,” said she laughing. “You must look out sharper this time, dear.”

“Yes'm, Aunt 'Rusha, I will,” said Ray. “Oh, thank you ever so much.”

Then he went out under the vines on the back porch, and sat down on the steps with his doughnut-boys, waiting for them to cool. And pretty soon who should come along but Tommy Briggs himself! He was barefooted, and his straw hat hadn't a sign of a brim. He looked over the backyard fence, and his sharp black eyes spied the doughnut-boys.

“Oh, gimme one!” cried he. But he didn't believe Ray would do it, all the same. He looked roguish, and ready to run away in a minute if Aunt 'Rusha should look out at the door.

As for Ray, he looked at the two puffy doughnut-boys, and then he looked at the at the mischievous face that was a little dirty, too, peering over the fence. Then he started and ran down to the gate.

“Yes, I'll give you one,” said he smiling pleasantly and then he handed Tommy Briggs the largest one of the two doughnut-boys. “They're real nice,” said he.

You can't think how surprised Tommy Briggs looked. He was so surprised that he couldn't say a word—at any rate he

didn't; not even “Thank you.” But he took the doughnut-boy Ray reached out to him, and scampered away, and Ray thought that was the last of it.

“Anyhow, though, I don't b'lieve he'd snatch my apple again,” said he to mamma, “by the way he looked.”

“I don't think he will myself,” said mamma. And she thought to her self though she wouldn't have said it to Ray for the world, that if he would he must be a very hard-hearted little boy, indeed.

But that wasn't the best of it. Nobody had even thought of strawberries being ripe but the next morning when Uncle Jack opened the kitchen door he found a little box of them, red, ripe and sweet, on the threshold. Around the box was pinned a bit of paper very much soiled, and on this was printed in uneven letters:

These is for the little boy wot I took his apple. I'm sorry, an won't do it agen. From TOMAS BRIGGS

“Now what do you think?” asked Uncle Jack.

And Ray's blue eyes fairly danced as he ate his strawberries with sugar and cream.

“Now isn't that the best way to make folks good?” he asked. Isn't it, mamma?”

“I think it is,” said mamma, kissing both rosy cheeks again.

What do you think?

Give the Boys a Chance.

Frank and trustworthy boys carry their honesty on their faces, and when such are needed for services, or desire any favor, an intelligent person is not only excusable for putting faith in them, but may confer a great encouragement and benefit by doing so. A gentleman of wealth and high official position says:

Somewhat more than fifty years ago I was appointed midshipman in the navy and sent to New York. I was only 14 years old, and being of a delicate make and small stature, did not look more than 11. My previous life had been spent in the country, and I knew nothing of city ways or customs proceedings. Payday was the 30th of the month, but I wanted some money on the 20th, and passing through Wall street I went in a broker's office and said:

“You lend money here, do you not?”

“Yes.”

“I want to borrow \$20 for ten days,” I said.

I did not then understand the quizzical manner with which the broker looked at me before replying:

“You shall have it and I won't charge you any interest for it either.”

He gave me the money and I signed the receipt; and I need not add, the twenty dollars were promptly returned at the expiration of ten days. I am sorry that I have forgot the name of the broker. I mentioned the incident many years afterward to a gentleman who said it was the most extraordinary story he had very heard of a Wall street broker, of all men.

Another case happened in Washington about fifteen years ago. I was standing on the porch of Willard's Hotel, when a little boy with a bright, honest face said to me:

“Please, sir, lend me twenty-five cents to set me up in business. I want to buy some newspapers to sell.”

I replied:

“My boy, I haven't got twenty-five cents, but here are fifty cents, and when you want to return it you will find me at this hotel.”

“Thank you,” said the little lad, “I will bring it back.”

I never expected to see him or the money again, and considered it a donation; but in the evening as I was walking up and down, in the entrance hall, my coat was pulled by a little nabob, and I turned and beheld the youngster who had applied for a loan in the morning, with the same bright face that had attracted me then.

“Well, my little man, what is it?” I said, as though I didn't know him.

“I have brought back your fifty cents, sir,” said he, “and I am ever so much obliged to you. I have made more than a dollar clear profit with your money.”

“Continued in our next,” as the fellow said when he poured out a glass of wine.

Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering and changeable, and even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak; in so doing he has given us a lesson not to deny the stoutness within because we see the lightness without.

(WRITTEN FOR TRUTH.)

AN INCIDENT ON THE PLAINS.

BY GORP.

"Creak, creak," went the wagon wheels of the six great white-tiled Comestogas—for it was before the days of Stadenbaker—as the oxen—one, two, three, four, five teams in succession attached to each waggon—trudged slowly across the seemingly interminable prairie, now over all its far-extending wavelike undulations brown with autumn color.

It was in '49—it was before Chicago was anything; it was while the great prairie, a thousand miles broad, were still swarming with the buffalo and the Indian who fed on him. Cheyenne, Arapaho, Sioux, Apache, and many another horde still held and enjoyed, in their own way; the land of their fathers—alternately ferocious and humane—happy and miserable—full-fed and starving—the wild children of a wilder land.

Where we then were ferocity was uppermost, on the old Santa Fe trail, along which poured, in caravans and wagon trains, that motley army—the crusaders of the day—the eager crowd passing towards the discovered Eldorado—the Californian gold. The eastern travellers debouched on the plains full of ideas of Indian hatred and hostility; their actions soon created the hostility they imagined; along the whole trail, Indian and white were deadly foes, and an ill-guarded train was in no slight danger; for there, at that time, the redskin was the million, the white little more than the unit. The safety of the trail, however, was greatly aided by the number of trains, which were, front and rear, so vast was then the emigration, often in sight of each other. Our own train was strong in footmen, intrepid miners, who walked beside the waggons; or rode at intervals beneath their shuffling tilts; forty or more; but we had scant four or five mounted men; and they, as any one knows who remembers the scouting, hunting, and carrying of the old trail life, had enough to do.

We had had trouble for days back, to find fuel; the groves had been destroyed, grubbed out by the roots almost, by previous passers; but by evening we anticipated relief from all events this minor anxiety. We knew that we were approaching some well-wooded bluffs—(these hills often preserved a portion of woodland from the periodic prairie fires)—and, in fact, even now we saw in the far distance the blue, cloudy masses which meant good fires at night, and what some of our teamsters were longing for, the chance of getting a young oak or elm to replace a strained pole or worn-through reach. This was something of a change for the better, and the tone of the party improved. Instead of a spiteful slash at a recalcitrant ox, leaving a blue mark across the rough coat of that unfortunate quadruped, a sounding crack of the enormous lash spent itself on empty air, and the teamster cried, "Wo-haw, Fancy! Gee there, Dake! Get along, Diamond! Keep straight, you old wandering Jew! Get along the whole pack!—sweet grass and lots of water to-night!" The fresh morning air, laden, on these southern prairies, with a rich mildness, not so bracing as that of the northern stretches; but infinitely more soothing, passed softly by; the autumn sun enlightened the vast spreading scene with a radiance brilliant, yet not unpleasantly warm; and air, light, and hope elevated our spirits. So little do our fancied presentiments tell of the future. We were on the brink of one of the most bloody tragedies ever enacted on that oft-cries-ed trail. It must be owned, however, that we all knew that there was some danger connected with the presence of the timber we desired to reach. But our train was strong, and it impressed us little.

I was sitting listlessly, smoking, on a wagon-seat, half enjoying the easy motion over the level grass bed; half wondering what California had in store for me, when the train captain (every train has a captain) and another of our horsemen trotted up from the rear, and walked their horses beside our wagon. These were not Yankees from the east, but frontiersmen, traveling with the train as escorts and hunters, wore suits of fringed buckskins, and carried the long, heavy, muzzle-loading rifles of that day across the horns of their saddles.

"Pete," said the captain, a tall young

Southerner, "things are too quiet to be wholesome. Not a redskin since we passed the Paolo trail. They are somewhat, and they are up to something."

Pete, a grizzled plainsman, turned a great quid of tobacco in his mouth, and said:

"Saw't of the cavalry. Cavalry coming up right behind."

"No," said the other, deliberately, "No, they could not have heard."

"Wall, then," said Pete, "if they're round, they'll be near Blue Gum. Only cover over near the trail. There's lots of it; it runs miles back, and if they're hidin', they're hidin' that."

Blue Gum Swamp, I may mention, formed part of the woods we were approaching and thought to reach by noon. At that point a small stream touched the trail, and the woods which bordered it, running far across the prairie, formed a means of approaching unseen of which several parties of savages had in the course of the summer availed themselves with such success that small trains waited for large ones before passing Blue Gum; and, large or small, the travellers looked that the powder filled the tubes, and put on fresh caps before they rode by, peering anxiously into the grove as they passed. In fact, such had been the loss of life and property there that some troops of cavalry had been ordered to the neighborhood, and were but a few miles behind us.

As I said, though the road was dangerous, travellers were many, and many sought no better. Sometimes, their very weakness saved them. The hardy teamster, driving his five yoke of oxen alone across the vast plains, might pass unknowing that from the near grove dozens of savage archers and riflemen covered him. But if a valuable train passed as easily, it was that its guards were numerous and alert. From the close proximity of a coming train did not always save its weaker predecessor.

Suddenly, from the rear, passing lightly over the hardened sod, approached an equipage very different from our heavy Comestogas. This was a well-built light wagon, drawn by two smart and servicable horses, and containing three travellers, a single horseman accompanied them, and as they came alongside they slackened their pace to ours, and bade us good-morrow. The rough frontiersmen looked, and raised their caps, a gesture of courtesy not very frequent in these regions.

The vehicle was driven by a servant of stolid and unimpressed air, but with something of a military bearing, as had also the accompanying horseman, a very handsome man of some thirty years, of ringing voice and decided manner, mounted on one of the finest black horses I had ever seen. But it was not to these our trainman had bowed, but to the lady, evidently his wife, who, carrying an infant in her arms, occupied the rear-most seat of the carriage, these together presenting as beautiful a picture of youthful womanhood and infancy as can be imagined. The deep blue eyes of the mother were matched by those of the child, as also would be in time, it was plain, her long and rich golden hair.

"How far to the timber?" asked the rider, looking at the two frontiersmen.

"Two hours for us, Colonel," answered our captain, not meaning, by the way, to state the new-comer's true rank, past or present, but merely to confer for the moment a sort of brevet appointment on his interlocutor which it was thought complimentary to give; "as for you. But I'd keep a tight bit, so be I was you, and strike it 'bout when we do."

"Ye—," answered the ex-captain of horse, (for such, as we afterwards found, he had been), a little disdainfully and drawlingly "and why so?"

The captain said nothing. The tone of hauteur had told; but he glanced at the lady and child. But Pete spoke:

"Wall; some folks likes to keep their hair on."

The lady caught the warning sound of the voice. "Frank," she said, "It is odd how, when one has been separated from women's society for some time, their voices impress one. That music rippled with me for

months. "You will not risk any needless danger?" The timid look towards her infant changed to one of reassurance as her eyes rose to her husband—strong, confident, armed at all points, close beside.

"Danger!" he said, with a half glance at the heavy pistols in his holsters, and the beautiful double-barrelled rifle—a rare and envied weapon then on the plains—which quivered in his strong hand. "The danger might be to others."

"You'll never see 'em, Colonel," said the captain. Just at the swamp the trail runs clear by the timber; there's no keepin' out on the prairie. If there's redskins round they're thar; and I say, as I said afore, you come along, they're hidin' somewhat. Things is too tarnation quiet. If you want my word, this here is it. Don't go too far ahead!"

"There is no possibility of our being interrupted if there, Frank!" asked the lady.

"None whatever," said the husband, shortly and decidedly. "There has been; but the troops are here now. There, do you hear that? Jack does."

His horse, whose beauty I had noted, was, in fact, showing signs of agitation and delight, tossing his proud head, pricking up his ears, and listening intently to the sound of a distant cavalry bugle, which, faint but clear and sweet, came from far over the prairie sea of long earth waves in our rear.

"They are our fellows, and the road will be as safe as Broadway. They cannot be five miles away. I wish I was with 'em."

"Do you?"—and the blue eyes gleamed with conscious power, while a slight toss of the fair head made its waves of gold glance in the sunlight.

"I shall take every care," he said, not answering the look. "There is no necessity for our leaving this train till the wood is reached, and by that time the column will be there also. After that we journey with them. We shall be perfectly safe."

He looked at her now and at the child, and all the slightly sarcastic flash faded in the deep answering glances of perfect confidence. "Get on, Tom!" The driver cracked his whip, and they passed ahead, where we could see them restraining their horses, all three of which, fresh and well-fed, eager for more rapid motion, champed impatiently on the bit.

"I hope they are in no danger," said I, for, in some way, the whole train had seemed to take a strong interest in them, as they drove by.

"Not much with us," said the captain; "but if there should be an ambush at the swamp, the wish to get the Colonel's double-barrel alone would bring a volley on 'em, let alone the three scalps and the rest of the plunder." And the trainmen rode on.

"The three scalps," said I. "Good heavens!"

"What of that?" asked a man of jet black curls, dark beard, and full dark eyes, who sat on the same seat with me. He was one of the few best Indian natives—there are many now—who had then been educated in the British schools; and meant to cross to California from San Francisco. "All life destroy each other, not heading sex or age; why not man? What if these be dead to-day? In other forms, their souls will be alive to-morrow. You smile; you think I know nothing. What if I told you that these will be dead to-day?"

"If you really believe anything about to happen," said I, impressed in spite of myself by his certainty of air and voice—"I beg of you—"

"You have been courteous to me," he said, (I had done him some slight service), "and I speak to you as I do not to all. There is that surrounding—travelling, with—that party—which foretells immediate change—that which you call death."

"It is not possible," said I. "They are safe with us till the troops come up."

"I do not know the means; but the event," said the East Indian. "Yet they are not, apparently, desirous of staying." Even as he spoke, they disappeared lightly over the rolling ground in front, the lady gayly waving her hand to us as she passed out of sight.

"Have they lost their wife? Have they no fear?" exclaimed I, angrily.

"As for the second," said my companion, "the young and buoyant have little; for the first we have a proverb in Hindostan. You know its fellow of your own schools: *Quem Deus vult perdere, et cetera*."

But I had sprung "horror-struck" from the wagon, and was hastening to the train-captain,

now in our rear. Without saying anything of the fatalist's ideas, at which he would have laughed, I mentioned that the carriage had gone on.

"They'll wait for us; they'll wait for us," he said, hurriedly. "But still. Tell you what, Mr. Jones, I can't spare our three or four horsemen; 'twouldn't be fair to the train. Oh, they'll wait. Still, if you like—if you could get a dozen of the others to tramp after with you, why, you might be on hand. Them horses might be to many for 'em. Looked skittish, an' that cavalry chap's no driv'er. Keep back from the timber."

I did not wait a moment, and even in the first two waggons I found enough. All these had rifles—few unarmed men travelled there then—and in two minutes we were on the track of the travellers.

We plodded on—the track was plain—many a wheel had marked it—now up, now down over the long sloping hills and hollows; but we never caught up to the four travellers. The East Indian had volunteered, and was by my side. "You, too, are struck with them," I said.

"No," he replied. "What to me are the Feringees, her husband, child, or servant? I come to despise the crew of the wagon. Yet I would aid them. I confess to you that, hardened as I am, I would not that these tresses should so suddenly smoke dry on the lodge-pole of one these prairie wiven. What are these redskins? What are they with-out heads to use as metal, or souls to build a temple! But fate is against us; see you not that here these horses have rebelled?"

It was too plain. They had not kept the track. Right and left they had varied, crushing down the wild grasses; the carriage horses, full of corn and exhilarated with the bright morning, had taken the bite in their mouths and ran away, while the horseman, as evidenced by the hoof marks at the side, had striven in vain to check them.

"Gosh all tarnation!" yelled a Texan, "hurry up, fellers. The cattle hev stampeded just hyar, and if thar's snakes in the timber, they'll get 'em. I'd give my best horse—I wish I had him here—to save that yaller-haired gal."

No word more was spoken; but each man stepped his best. The train was far behind; already we neared the suspected groves; the branches stood in clear relief over the next hill, towards which we pressed.

I can never forget that moment. The sky so bright above; all earth so fair below, the flights of birds over our heads, the song of others in the high brown grass, the air so mild and balmy. All was peace; but how soon to change.

Suddenly, over the hill, out rang a volley of musketry, and, instantaneously, the very air was filled by the hideous Indian war-whoops of what appeared to be a thousand voices. At the same instant almost, as it seemed, came rushing into sight towards us the harness rattling about him, one of the carriage horses, ridden by the servant, who, apparently, cutting him loose, was flying for his life, and looked each moment over his shoulder, the picture of terror, at some fearful object behind.

What it was a moment told. Behind him, mounted on a scarce-tamed horse, which he managed by a strip of hide for bridle, came at full speed a half-naked savage, his black eyes gleaming below his plume of feathers, his bow ready in his left hand. As he surmounted the ridge he dropped the bridle, and, drawing his arrow to the head, discharged it after his flying foe—straight as Ulysses against Kurymaehus, and as deadly. But at that moment, as fortune willed, the horse in his front stepped on one of the dangling traces, and threw its rider, the shaft flying straight through the space where he had been, and half-burying himself in the ground, where it jammed with the fury with which it had been sent.

The white man was in the way; for an instant we could not fire; the savage turned his horse and was over the ridge and gone. We ran to where the servant was struggling to his feet, joy contending with horror in his face. "Thank you, men," he said; and then, with a great gasp, "My God; they're all killed!"

"No need to ask who were killed; we knew too well." "Say," said a grey backwoodsman, the oldest in the party "quick, how many Indians are there?"

"I don't know. Seemed hundreds among the trees, when they sprang up after firing."

"Back to the train, boys," said the old man; "we will have a volley over the hill in a minute, and they'll be down after our scalps!"

"You need not," said the fatalist. The troops are here."

We should, but for our pre-occupation, have known it ourselves. The rapid tramp of many horses; the clank of many scabbards sounded in our ears, and as we looked back, the advance guard of six troopers was close upon us, and halted at our side, while a formidable column of blue-coated cavaliers was pushing over the hills we had traversed, and winding toward us like a glittering serpent along the prairie road. "Hallo! Tom, what's up?" cried the first to the servant, looking at his disordered appearance and his face, bloody from a cut received in falling.

"Corporal Brown," answered the man, going to his side, "Captain Williams, and his wife and child, have been just murdered by Indians at the edge of those woods. At least they all fell." A shudder seemed to pass through the party of horsemen, who would have overwhelmed him with questions, but the corporal called out, "Are they in force?"

"Hundreds."

"Smith," said the corporal, "you have heard. Ride back and inform Colonel Harstone." The man turned his horse and galloped back. "Partly, dismount, get behind your horses, and fire at any heads that may show over the hill. Gentlemen, (to us) you had better separate a little and do the same. The column will be here in five minutes."

The troops were yet a half mile behind. We saw the messenger arrive, and almost at once the bugle sounded and the force broke into a full gallop. They did not halt. Their colonel rode at their head, his face flushed with anger, as indeed were those of many of his men. As he passed, he merely waved his sword to the squad with us, who had remounted, to come on. The whole force swept by and over the hill, the united tramp of their iron-shod hoofs shaking the earth, and we immediately followed, with one exception, the old man I have spoken of.

"Boys," he said, "I don't keer much for the slight I guess is thar. I'll go back and tell our fellers. Thar's the train."

It was just coming in sight, and he bent his steps towards it, while we proceeded forwards, and soon arrived where, guided by their pillaged wagon, the corpses of those who, but an hour before, had passed us in the light of hope and youth, lay prone and lifeless, the saddest spectacle I had ever viewed.

The road ran close by a forest of tall trees, singularly open and park-like. The soldiers (there were about a hundred and fifty) were in line facing the woods. The officers were grouped round the dead bodies, which had evidently fallen by the same volley, but while the husband had died instantaneously, the wife had lived long enough to turn her gaze, with eyes which neither death nor disfigurement could deprive of their expression of affection, towards her husband. Both had been scalped. The little child lay quite dead in her arms; the ball which slew its mother had first passed through its body.

The servant had hurriedly explained that, when the horses, a newly purchased pair, ran off, it was probable that his master would have stopped them in time; but that his own horse, setting its foot in a rabbit hole, had fallen, and the delay was fatal. He had himself just been able to check their speed on arriving at the woods, and the captain had at that moment overtaken the wagon, when the concealed savages fired; his companions fell, and he had had just time to out a horse loose and ride off, when the Indians burst out on him.

Scouts had been sent into the woods, but no enemy was in sight. Advancing a few steps into the forest, I found the dead man's horse tied to a tree, evidently by some savage, who had been, by the sudden advance of the troops, of whose presence they had no idea, frightened off without his prize. He whinnied when he saw me, and I untied and rode him back. "Here is the captain's horse, sir," I said to the colonel.

"Ah, I know him well," said he. "I must see about it."

At this moment puffs of smoke arose far within the wood, and the rattling of fire arms echoed through the trees. "Sound the recall!" The bugle sounded. In a couple of minutes the scouts returned, reporting a strong force of savages a quarter of a mile from the track. It must not be supposed that the soldiers had witnessed the ghastly and pitious specta-

cle before them unmoved. The dead man, it seemed, had been lately one of their officers, endeared to them by many kind actions, as had been also his young bride. Their murmurs, mingled with suppressed oaths of indignation, rose on the air all down the line. They had not long to wait.

"Wilson," said the colonel, to one of the returning horsemen, "what is the nature of the ground?"

"Trees large and far apart; all clear for horse as far as we went; could see no obstacle beyond; could see nothing of the enemy but the smoke of their piques."

"Probably the same there. Captain Rutland, your troop will lead in open order. I will support you with the second. Captain Briggs, you will follow in reserve, leaving ten men here to guard the bodies. Let there be a litter made and the bodies laid thereon and covered. Get your men in order, gentlemen!"

The officers sprang to their saddles, and rode to their places. At this moment the trainman, Pete, who had accompanied the soldiers put in a word.

"Colonel, now if you'd take a fool's advice—"

"D— your advice!" said the colonel, burning with revenge. "Forward!"—and with a great cracking of the underwood the first troop trotted into the woods; the second and third followed at slight intervals, and those who had charge of the bodies only remained.

"Fellers," said Pete to the trainmen, "best come with me," and he turned towards the train, which had halted and corralled its wagons a few hundred yards off. I did not accompany them. Indeed, my horse, on the trumpet sounding the advance, had at once taken his place at the right of the front rank, while I (I had seen a year or two of service myself) felt no inclination to balk him; and I think, a force more determined on the destruction of their enemies never advanced to action.

That destruction was not, however, to be achieved so easily. Too many of us were riding to our own.

Our troop dashed forward over the forest sward, but, (and here was our great error) we did not observe that we were being purposely drawn toward. The enemy was not now where the scouts had seen them, and we had ridden a mile into the forest, where I had just remarked that the trees amongst which we rode had changed from burr oak to cottonwood and swamp ash, when the ground grew wet, mud flew up overhead from our rushing chargers' feet on all sides, and in another instant we were bogged to the saddle-girths in soft, slimy swamp muck—not quicksand, and having a hard bottom—but so deep that the horses could scarcely, with their utmost efforts, struggle through it, and that at but a foot's pace. Here, too, the vegetation thickened, and in all directions huge swamp vines barred our way. The supporting troops, seeing our condition, wheeled and attempted a passage on our left, but sank as deep as we. And at this moment, all along our front, from foes lying concealed on the other side of the swamp, sounded the Indian yell, while a flash of fire blazed among the underwood, and a close and deadly volley was poured into our struggling troops.

In vain the reserve troop charged. On our right; they found the swamp as deep and the foes as many. In vain the fire was heavily returned with carbine and pistol; we could not see them; they could see and shoot us. In vain the furious dragoons spurred their maddened horses; they could and did advance, but so slowly that few, if any, would cross under that fire alive. Down into the black mud went many a gallant trooper; oaths, curses, screams for help from wounded choking in the bog arose on all sides; but to retreat would have been as hard as to advance, so deep had our headlong charge borne us into the quagmire. Forcing our horses onward, covered with the almost blinding showers of mud, hewing and tangling vines asunder with our swords, we struggled onward apparently to our deaths, losing many more men every instant, while the taunting yells with which the savages accompanied their reverberating fire showed how completely they thought us trapped.

"Push on, men," shouted the cheering voice of our captain, "it must be fiercer a little!" He seemed to rise in his stirrups, threw up his arms, and fall across my horse's neck. Seeing that a rifle ball had gone right through his brain, I allowed him to fall

across a great tree root. Another moment and down went his right-hand man, shot through the chest. The men were disheartened; we pressed on as we could; but no man thought to come out alive. Now the emboldened foes ventured nearer, ran along roots and thrust their lances at us from behind masses of foliage. I recollect well seeing just in front a trooper seize a lance-shaft aimed at him, and jerk it so suddenly as to draw its owner, a powerful savage, full against him. I saw them clutch each other by the throat, and fall together into the swamp below, and knew by the gasping sound that one—I found afterwards it was the dragoon—was stifling the other in the mud; but could not see them. All along the lines similar horrid scenes were occurring. Words and entreaties of command—Christian and Pagan outcries—continuous stunning reports of fire—rest the air, and hope died in our hearts. But help was at hand.

Suddenly, across the swamp, and on the right flank of the Indians, arose loud shouts accompanied by a heavy discharge of rifles. This was the trainman, about forty of whom Pete, knowing the ground and suggesting the trap, had, his advice being unheeded, gathered and led round by the firm ground in the enemy's rear. The Indians, hitherto concealed, sprang to their feet in all directions in alarm, (many of them dropping at once by our fire, for we were now within twenty feet of the opposite edge of the slough), and wheeling to the left, moved in a body to where, on the border of the wood, their horses were tied. The emigrants came into the swamp waist-deep, seized our horses' bridles and assisted us across, and in a couple of minutes the survivors were on solid land again, we fully besmudged with mud and blood, but despite their heavy loss, still over a hundred serviceable men. Pete came forward to where the colonel was letting his horse take a moment's breath.

"You hev them now, colonel," he said, "they've got to leave the bush byar, thar's a bluff behind here they can't climb, and it stretches far out on the prairie. We'll git the wounded fallen out of the muck. Thar's the redskins' gittin' a horseback like all possessed."

The commander caught the meaning of the words, his eyes flashed, his jaw set, and speaking no word, he nodded to the bugler yet beside him, his fingers of gold lace hardly distinguishable now with slime. The advance rang out as clearly as the performer could muster wind for it, and the whole force, shaking streams of mud from them as they rode, trotted after the bugles.

What a shout of furious exultation broke from the troops, as we once into the open, we saw that the foe were trapped in turn! They had to ride for it; the high bluff shut them off from the wood; there was no cover for miles, and we knew that our thorough-breds (the force had been lately fresh-mounted at great expense) would, spite of their exertions in the swamp, which had rather enfeebled than worn them out, soon overtake their Indian ponies. I believe to this day our horses understood all. They champed and strained on the bit with eagerness. The colonel halted us on the open, and spoke to his officers.

Lieutenant Hartop, where is Captain Rutland?"

"Dead, sir."

"Get your troop in order, sir. Gentlemen, resume your original formation. We will teach those rascals now!"

The force rapidly formed in three double lines, each a short distance in rear of that preceding it.

"Forward. Trot! Gallop!"

We went over the hard ground like an arrow from a bow. The savages were overtaken within half a mile. They still outnumbered us, but their resistance was not stubborn. Seeing escape was impossible, driven to bay, they halted, turned, and delivered a scattering volley from horseback as we galloped towards them, which emptied two saddles, but in another moment we absolutely rode over them. No prisoners were taken. The broadsword awoke them down, the carbine butt-end crushed. A few escaped by leaving their horses and climbing the bluff. The rest died on the plain, and rotted there. One alone, the best mounted, had nearly ridden off; but he was followed closely by a trooper better mounted still. We watched the man as the two burst away from our front, we following in their track. Some one cried out:

"Look, the lady's hair!"

It was recognized in a moment—the long

golden tresses flew out from his saddle-bow, as he desperately strove to escape.

"He's in for it, by thunder!" said a trooper at my right; "thar's Slashing Joe behind him."

This was the best swordsman of the force. As he closed on his flying foe, his long cavalry sword uplifted to strike, the savage reared his spear to parry the stroke. Useless defence. The furious oblique cut aimed by the dragoon went clear through the lance-shaft, and deep into the neck of the red warrior, who fell to the ground a corpse.

The pursuit was over; we had halted, and the soldier slowly rode back, leading the Indian's horse. Tears sprang to the eyes of many of our rough soldiers as we saw the beautiful hair, now streaked with blood, and thought of the fair girl cold on the forest road, who had passed us that morning in full joy of youth and hope.

Little more is to be told. The scalps were reverently restored to the bodies, and a grave dug by the roadside, which, alas, received many a corpse beside. I heard that, ultimately, those of the ill-fated train were removed by their relatives to the family burying-ground in the Eastern States. Our wagons were utilized for the conveyance of the wounded to the next post on the trail, and we reached California with no further adventure.

Let me add that after the burial was over, and the treble volley fired over the grave had ceased to reverberate across the prairie, the colonel rode up to where Pete, his hands resting on his rifle, stood among his friends of the train. "I owe you," he said, "an apology. I should have listened to you yesterday, but my best friend lay murdered before my eyes. I am his executor. I thank you for your aid in the skirmish, which was most valuable. Will you take, as a remembrance, the black horse he rode? I will account for it to his family. I know he would have approved of the gift."

"Colonel," said Pete, "you couldn't hev given me anything I'd like half as much. Take an old feller's advice next time."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Half a pint of boiling water poured upon a quarter of an ounce of quassia-chips and sweetened with sugar or treacle will destroy flies, and is perfectly harmless to human beings or animals.

All case-hardening is superficial, as its name implies. The best method of case-hardening is packing the article to be treated in a tight box of iron, with ground bone, prussiate of potash, and charcoal, and heating for several hours to a red heat; then plunge into water.

A soft silver solder may be prepared by melting one part of lead; when the latter is fluid, add two parts of tin; using a small piece of resin as a flux. In soldering fine work, wet the parts to be joined with chloride or zinc solution. Borax can be used as a flux. The pointed flame of the blow-pipe is best, and should be directed on the parts to be soldered.

When brass castings are of too complicated a form to be ground, filed, or machined they may be finished by the action of acid, either alone or followed by a varnish. After cleaning the casting by heating it and plunging it into acidulated water, it is immersed in a bath composed of two parts of nitric acid and one part of water, or one part of cal-ammunic acid, one of sulphuric acid, one of nitric acid, and one of water. The casting is then plunged into pure water, then into hot soap-lye, and dried in hot sawdust.

There is perhaps no test of the purity of water so crucial or searching as its use in the operation of brewing. For successful brewing it is indispensable to have a water almost wholly free from organic matter, as the latter in any but the most minute quantity induces a premature and unhealthy fermentation of the brewer's wort. The brewer, in fact, requires a water free from bacterial life, so that in the process of mashing the diastatic action of the malt may take place unimpeded by the chemical changes which are incidental to the life of bacteria.

A CHANCE.—T. F. Cummings & Co., the upholsterers, 249 Yonge St., have decided to dispose of the whole of their stock of bedroom sets, sideboards, etc., less than cost, as they are going into the manufacturing of upholstered goods only. Now is the time to secure bargains.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha,

by the Author of "NINA, THE N'HELIST," "THE RED SPIDER," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., &C.

CHAPTER XIX.

ARABI PASHA TELLS AS SECRETS WHAT HE WISHES TO BE MADE PUBLIC.

But no sooner had he accepted the war minister's offer than it struck Mr. Trezarr that by the act he, the leading European banker in Cairo, had more or less allied himself with an arch-rebel and in a manner even identified himself with the rebellion.

If it were to take the form of a successful revolution, of course this would be immaterial, for to the successful all things are forgiven, but what if the movement never rose above the dignity of a rebellion and, on its being stamped out, its leaders were shot or sent to the galleys, how would he then escape the shame of he and his family having been the arch-rebel's guests? Why, the entire European community of Cairo would cut him, that, at least, was evident.

So, instead of at once departing with the expression of security and gratitude on his face that had for a brief while dwelt there whilst receiving and accepting the war minister's invitation, he still sat on the edge of his chair, puffing and blowing with both the inward and outward heat (for the thermometer marked more than a hundred degrees), whilst he mopped his bald head with his yellow handkerchief in a state of the most pitiable perplexity.

Arabi Pasha read his thoughts as clearly as though they had been expressed in words, and despising the old time-server in his heart, said blandly:

"Oh, I see you are anxious to know how the good movement proceeds. I say good movement unreservedly, for unless you deemed it to be such I am convinced that you would not have affianced your lovely child to its chief promoter—myself."

Mr. Trezarr fancied that a silent how would be the best answer to this speech.

"Well, you shall know, my dear sir, for I have no secrets from one who is so soon to be my father-in-law. Of course I speak in confidence." (Here Arabi Pasha smiled involuntarily, for in heart he wished that all that he was about to say might be circulated far and wide, and knew that his auditor was just the person to confide it in similar confidence to a hundred or so of his acquaintances, who in like manner would inform theirs in turn, until at last all Cairo was in the secret.) "You are doubtless already aware that the Khedive is no longer the ruler of Egypt save in name."

"I have heard the rumor that your excellency has imprisoned him in his own palace."

"That is a hard way of putting it, Mr. Trezarr. My devoted soldiery are guarding him in his palace against possible harm from those who are enraged against him for the prediction that he has shown for foreigners over his own people, and equally for his safety they prevent those foreigners from compromising him further by approaching him."

Then he proceeded rapidly but explicitly to detail all that had taken place between himself and the consuls of all the leading European nations, in which he told them that Tewfik was his prisoner, adding that he had received the Sultan's approval for all that he had done and that he had received fresh instructions from his sovereign by that morning's mail.

"In evidence of their genuineness," said Arabi, "here is the diamond Order of the Medjidie, the highest honor which the Sultan can bestow upon a subject. It is welcome to me chiefly because it prevents his Majesty from again altering his mind. With the guarantee that I at present hold for his active alliance, he dares not do so; and the united Turkish and Egyptian armies, with France neutral, Germany and Austria secretly supplying us and Russia and Italy almost during England to draw the sword, what can she do, except, perhaps, make a frince with her ironclads as she did at Dulcigno, like a great dog barking in its kennel but unable to break the

chain that holds it back from biting? If Tewfik yields to all our demands he can but remain a puppet king, and I shall be for years the real ruler of Egypt; whilst if he is obstinate, and has to fly the realm and seek safety in Europe, I shall sit on the ivory footstool and guard the silver throne for Prince Halim, even should he not appear for years.

Mr. Trezarr was by now thoroughly convinced that, to use his own elegant simile, though Arabi Pasha had shot up like a rocket, he would not come down like the stick, that in fact events had made him the foremost man in Egypt; and that he would make a most exceptional and brilliant match for his only child.

Again therefore he accepted the war minister's invitation that his entire family should accept the shelter of his palace from the possible violence of the mob.

But when a few minutes later he had taken his departure Arabi Pasha muttered to himself: "Ah, even he is ready to snap at me. Little does he think that I no longer dare marry his daughter."

Mr. Trezarr re-entered his carriage and drove back to his bank, meeting with no further misadventure on the way than having his hat knocked off by a stone, another missile cutting his coachman's face open a little later.

Having alighted he sent the vehicle away to the Hotel Coulomb, in the Bab-el-Kharrab, with instructions to call for him as usual at four o'clock, for to a man of Mr. Trezarr's temperament the safety of his bank came before that of even wife and child.

The doors and shutters were of course tightly closed and all business suspended, but Mr. Trezarr kept his clerks hard at their books, and pretended to be equally closely engaged in his own. His ears, however, were on the alert to catch what his underlings thought of the situation, but they were a set of stiff-necked and adventurous young fellows, whose chief regret seemed to be that the emissaries of Touba Pasha had visited the bank during their principal's absence to search the place and their persons for weapons, taking away with them all that they had been able to find.

"All the better," thought Mr. Trezarr, "for one incautious act might have been our ruin."

Hour after hour passed in the quiet bank, with naught but the scratching of pens and the subdued buzz of occasional conversation within and a strange, discordant medley of sounds without; now soft, now loud, something resembling the monotonous murmur of a Summer's sea, but ever and anon rising to the shrieking wall of the Winter's tempest.

At last there was a knocking at the street door and the result of an appeal through the keyhole showing that the applicant for admission was an emissary from the war office he was at once let in and the door again securely fastened in his rear.

He saluted in silence and handed Mr. Trezarr a note, which he tore open and eagerly perused.

It was from the war minister and its purport was as follows:

"I much fear that the populace are slipping out of my grasp. I have as yet only three thousand troops wherewith to hold three hundred thousand excitable and easily maddened people in check. My advice to you is that you brick up the front windows and door of the bank and send me the keys, when I will hold myself accountable for the safety of its contents (you told me, I think that you had the necessary materials at hand in case of emergency?). I also counsel you as soon as ever this is done to get home as quietly and unostentatiously as you can, and there comfort the ladies with assurances of safety and with them quietly abide the hour when I shall send an adequate escort to conduct you to my palace, as well as Egyptian dragoon wherewith to place even the risks of insult on account of your creed and race out of the range of possibi-

ty. Expect the escort soon after darkness has set in nor fear the danger in the meantime, but if the mob should unfortunately get the upper hand of me the warehouses and shops of the Europeans in the city will appeal to their cupidity and invite their attack before the private residences in the suburbs. I have still, however, a strong hope of being able to check outrage, and by to-morrow I shall have five thousand extra troops in the city and then strict order will be enforced and the European population will no longer have anything to fear."

This letter caused Mr. Trezarr considerable uneasiness. He, however, dismissed the Canvass who had brought it with a handsome present, and then at once prepared to follow the advice that it had contained.

An abundance of bricks and ready-mixed mortar had been kept on the premises for days, owing to the possibility of a crisis like the present arriving, and now the spruce clerks pulled off their coats, tucked up their sleeves and went to work with a will, the consequence being that in something under three hours the door and all the front ground floor windows of the bank were thickly bricked up on the inside, whilst yet another hour saw the back door and all the windows save one treated in like manner, the solitary exception having to be bricked up from the outside as a matter of course, since 'twas through it that the occupants of the bank had been constrained to make their exit therefrom.

There existed a hundred chances to one, however, that the populace would never think of approaching the building from the rear, for it was only to be reached in that direction through a perfect labyrinth of ruins, and it was through this labyrinth that Mr. Trezarr and his clerks now retreated for the greater security in different directions, the banker eventually turning up at the Hotel Coulomb about the same time as one of his employes reached the war office in order to hand the bank keys and a short note of thanks to Arabi Pasha.

A few minutes later Mr. Trezarr once more re-entered his carriage and uttered the welcome word, "Home."

The blood horses spurned the dusty soil with their hoofs, and away flew the well-appointed equipage through an avenue of mimosa trees as big as English oaks in full flower.

CHAPTER XX.

NELLIE FINDS HERSELF IN A QUANDARY.

Everything was so quiet in that part of Cairo through which Mr. Trezarr passed that he began to hope that the worst was over.

The sole cause of the quietude, however, was that the aroused population had swarmed to other quarters of their huge city, leaving this portion all but deserted.

It was fortunate for the banker that it was so, and also that all the way home he encountered none of the rioters.

Arrived at Mount Carmel, Mr. Trezarr alighted from the carriage, and then entered his sumptuous residence with an almost untroubled countenance.

But instead of, as usual, proceeding to his chamber and his valet in order to make himself more presentable ere joining the ladies, he walked straight to the drawing-room, where he discovered his comely wife and lovely daughter already dressed for dinner; for all he was somewhat late, and society generally dines at five P. M. at Cairo, so as to have the entire cool of the evening at disposal for the promenade, the tide of the drive.

But there were to be no more pleasant rides, drives or promenades in its locality for a long while, and this was an intelligence that Mr. Trezarr had to break to his family.

"You look worried and tired, Paul," was Mrs. Trezarr's first observation.

At the remark Nellie glanced anxiously toward her father, but said nothing.

"Well, my dear, I own to be a little fatigued, but I am about to take a holiday."

"A holiday, with matters as they are?" queried the lady of the house.

"Yes, my love, for the bank is not only locked up, it is bricked up as well, and the keys are handed over to our excellent friend, the war minister, who has promised to be responsible for the safety of everything," replied Mr. Trezarr unhesitatingly.

"Isn't that very like intrusting a hungry fox with the charge of a poultry yard, papa?" inquired Nellie maliciously.

It was Mr. Trezarr's turn this time to wear an anxious glance, but to say nothing.

"I don't see the similitude at all, Nellie," said Mr. Trezarr severely. "His excellency Arabi Pasha is at this moment supreme ruler of Egypt, and, mark my word, he will remain so. The joint control is at an end, and while France will do nothing to oppose him, Turkey will actively help him, and I cannot believe that a British liberal government will really make war on a nation for simply supporting the freedom of its own parliament against a despot who has certainly tried hard to overthrow it. No, England will assuredly come to terms with the only man who cares for Egypt, who is cared for by Egypt or whom the Egyptian people will allow to rule over them. I am now fully convinced that this is a genuine national uprising, if ever there was one, and so directly Egypt's champion and benefactor invited us to be his guests for a few days, I accepted the invitation."

"Invited us to be his guests, papa? Why does he want us to be his guests?"

The question came from Nellie, who had suddenly turned as pale as death.

"Because, my dear," rejoined the father, "a disorganized time like the present is the rogue's harvest, and Egyptian rogues are bloodthirsty as well as dishonest. There are hundreds of religious enthusiasts also in the city who would consider it a meritorious act to shed Christian blood and to stir up others to do so as well, and as the war minister has not yet sufficient troops to keep this turbulent element in abeyance, he has offered us the shelter of his room, under which we shall be as safe as though we were at home in old England."

"But mamma and I should be shut up in his harem and guarded by monstrous negroes as though we were prisoners, for in no other part of a Moslem habitation are our sex allowed to set foot. You would never be permitted to see us, papa, from the moment that we entered his palace."

"My dear, I think I could bear the ordeal, and besides it would only be for a few days."

"I'm sure I could bear it very well, and should delight in the change," echoed Mrs. Trezarr. "Remember the pasha has already one wife, and I've no doubt that she would receive us and do the honors very creditably, or at all events according to her lights."

"Knowing that I was intended to supersede her in her husband's affections, that I was to be his second and, of course, favorite wife. And then, once a prisoner in his harem, how could I save myself from becoming his wife if you and he determine to force me to the step? Papa, I will not accept the Pasha's invitation. You and mamma may go if you like, but I will stay here. Nothing shall force me into his harem!" exclaimed Nellie excitedly.

"But when does he expect us?" she quickly added, for it suddenly struck the lovely girl that if the removal was not to be until the morrow there would be no need of her so fearfully exciting herself, since in half a dozen hours more she would have eloped with her lover, and long ere dawn be out of reach of all further persecution.

But her father's answer knocked this hope entirely on the head, for it was:

"His excellency will send a special escort for us during the evening, and disguises to wear in addition, in order that we may be quite safe from the fury or the fanaticism of the populace as we pass along. And now, Nellie, I have only to add that you must do as your parents wish you, believing that they have your best interests at heart. I am convinced that you will be as secure in the pasha's harem as in your own bedchamber at home, for he is a highly honorable man, and, besides, matters of such importance at present engross his attention that I doubt if he will bestow on you a single thought. Ah! dinner at last."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators. Restaurant supplied with the best Home-cured, steaks and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Knowledge must be made vital in the heart before it can blossom into conduct, and the continual panning of right feeling into right action alone can form a worthy character.

PERSONAL.

King Thebaw is not a full-blooded Burmese. His mother was a Shan.

May Agnes Fleming, the novelist, is a Canadian by birth, although she has lived in the United States for many years.

The Halifax Critic, Nova Scotia's literary paper, is edited by Prof. O. F. Fraser, the blind principal of the Nova Scotia school for the blind.

Rev. A. J. Townsend, recently chaplain at the Halifax garrison, and brother-in-law of Mr. John F. Stairs, M. P., has been appointed garrison chaplain of Dublin.

Mr. Oliver King, who has just won the prize offered for a piano concerto by Messrs. Brinsmead & Sons of London, Eng., was pianist to the Princess Louise while she was in Canada.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are preparing for Good Words an article on "Our Railway to the Pacific," the Princess contributing the pictures and Lord Lorne the letter-press.

Widespread regret is expressed in London at the departure of Masurus Pasha, who has represented the Porte there for thirty-four years. The eminent Christian statesman is now 78 years old.

British Columbia has given women the franchise in municipal and civic elections on the same qualifications as men; but no woman is allowed to be a member of a municipal council.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a lecture at Galt, Ont., the other evening for which he was paid \$350, and the Galt Reporter estimates that he received four dollars for every minute that he spoke.

Queen Natalie of Servia recently purchased forty sewing machines and set seamstresses at work on them in the palace at Belgrade, making garments for the troops, which she cut out with her own fair hands.

Mr. John Antrim, who resides near Lebanon, Ohio, claims to be a great grand nephew of George Washington. His grandmother, on the mother's side, married Col. Scott, who was the son of Washington's oldest sister.

Major-General Laurie, of Nova Scotia, who commanded at Swift Current during the North-West rebellion, is now on the Servo-Bulgarian frontier serving as commissioner for the national society of England for furnishing aid to wounded soldiers.

Mr. Chas. Canniff James, B. A., classical master of the Cobourg collegiate institute, has been appointed professor of chemistry and geology in the Guelph Agricultural College. Mr. James took honors in science in Victoria University, having been the gold medalist of this year.

The fine statue of Queen Victoria, which has been placed in a niche on the west front of Lichfield Cathedral, is the work of the Princess Louise. It represents Her Majesty clad in mediæval costume, wearing a diadem and veil thrown back, and holding in her right hand a scepter and in her left a globe.

A Michigan girl outdid her companions in a craze for autograph albums by having about one hundred letters from the same number of men bound in a volume for her parlor table. As the missives represented her extensive and unqually sentimental correspondence since she had arrived at the age of chirography, the collection proved very interesting to callers.

Tewfik Pasha, the Turkish Minister at Washington, seems to be fully alive to the fact that his country will shortly need more guns. He came on from Washington last week to inspect Lieutenant Zalfnak's new dynamite cartridges, and insisted upon every detail of the manufacture being explained to him. He expressed his satisfaction and a wish to order some for Turkey, should his Government consent.

Money Makers

don't let golden opportunities pass unimproved; there are times in the lives of men when more money can be made rapidly and easily, than otherwise can be earned by years of labor. Write Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, who will send you, free, full particulars about work that you can do, and live at home, at a profit of at least from \$5 to \$25 daily. Some have made over \$50 in a single day. All is new. You are started free. Capital not required. Either sex; all ages.

SEND A POST CARD TO THE BRIGHTON LAUNDRY, 7 Bloor St. East, and have them call for your washing. Best work. Lowest prices. No fluids used. MRS. PUFFLEY.

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A MERCHER. CARPENTER AND BUILDER, 151 Bay St., Next the Fire Hall. Orders left at Residence (150 Robert St., near Bloor) promptly attended to. Jobbing of every description done on the shortest notice. Shops, Store Fronts and Fittings a specialty.

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Wholesale and Retail Butcher. Full supply of choice Meat, Hams, Bacon, Poultry, Lard, Vegetables etc., etc., always on hand. Families waited on for orders. NOTE ADDRESS 183 WILTON AVE.

PHRENOLOGY. WALLACE MASON will give course of Lectures in the TRIPLEX HALL, Temperance St., EVERY TUESDAY EVENING, at 8 P.M., commencing DEC. 1. Admission 15c; ticket for the course of ten lectures, \$1. Every one should get the new book, "Heads and Faces, How to Read Them," splendidly illustrated, only 50c. Careful examinations given at 367 Yonge St., 9th store above Elm St.

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CHOLERA! CHOLERA!! The "Golden Health Pellet," a sure preventative against Cholera and Small-pox. No one need fear taking infectious diseases if they will take a dose of "Health Pellets" once or twice in 10 days. Good in Liver, Dyspepsia and Pile troubles, etc. Price, 25c. Get a box of your druggist, or send to D. L. THOMSON, Homeopathic Pharmacist, 591 Yonge St., Toronto.

(ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS.) S. D. DOUGLAS & CO. (Successors to the late Alex. Hamilton.) Our Spring Importations of WALL PAPERS, BORDERS --and DECORATIONS.

Are constantly arriving, and surpass anything we have ever shown. Give us a call and examine for yourselves. No trouble to show goods. Also in stock, Prepared Paints, Prepared Mallesmins, in all the latest artistic shades. Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Japans, Turpentine, Gold Leaf, Etc.

PURE WHITE LEAD Wholesale & Retail. 183 King Street East, Toronto.

DON'T BUY A NEW DRESS WITHOUT seeing Flint & Hunt's new goods; heavy dress goods, 12 1/2 and 15c yard; cashmeres, black and colors, the new, Alaska spot, all wool, 35c, worth 50c; our best \$2 plush reduced to \$1.50. FLINT, HUNT & Co., 109 King-street East.

DON'T FORGET THAT WE SELL THE best and widest all-wool flannels for 25c. in Toronto; best quality all-wool blankets, \$2.50, \$3, and \$3.50, and the largest size, best quality at \$4 pair; these are strictly at the wholesale price. FLINT, HUNT & Co., 109 King-street East.

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DON'T GIVE MORE THAN ONE DOLLAR for a lady's Scotch lamb's wool vest, fashioned good at Flint & Hunt's for \$1; ladies' all-wool cashmere hose, 35c, worth 45c; best and heaviest all-wool stockings, 25c; all sizes in boys' knickerbocker all-wool ribbed hose from 40c to 50c, FLINT, HUNT & Co., 109 King-street East.

GENTS WILL MAKE A MISTAKE IF they don't see Flint & Hunt's stock of real Scotch's pants and vests, \$2.25 suit, worth \$3; seamless wool Sox, 15c; one lot of ties at 25c, worth 60c; a good shirt or pants for 25c; boys' jersey suits, \$1.50, worth \$3; call and see yourself. FLINT, HUNT & Co., 109 King-street East.

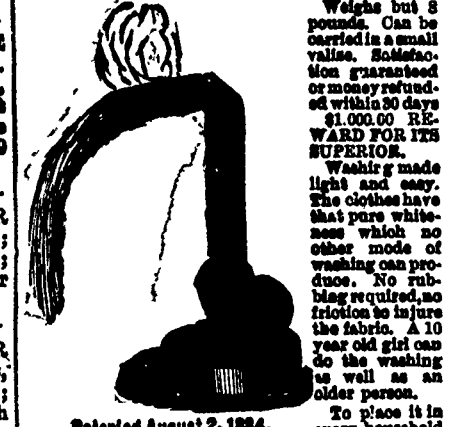
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The improved Model Washer and Bleacher.



Weights but 8 pounds. Can be carried in a small van. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days \$1,000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR. Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person. To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN PLACED AT \$3.00, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian" says about it--The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid \$3.50. Send for circular.

AGENTS WANTED. C. W. DENNIS, TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE, 213 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

MILLINERY.



Hats have not varied much since the season began. The effort made to place the trimming toward the back takes well with a garniture of ostrich tips; otherwise it looks stiff. Storking hats at \$3 50 often have a brim of silk Astrakhan; the latter is also used for flat or full crowns, with beaver, felt or velvet brims, the joining of the two materials being hidden by a double row of cord or tiny folds of velvet. Smoothly covered hats of velvet, with tips and birds, are certainly the most stylish designs shown. Figure No. 20 shows a popular shape, with a straight brim turned up in the back. The picture is of brown felt with the brim covered with brown velvet, banded with brown and gold ribbon, has a full bow of moire ribbon in the back reaching to the crown and four tips drooping over the front. Figure No. 19 represents a design of seal-skin trimmed with fur pompons. The shape shown in figure No. 18 is a round turban covered with boucle of silk in a full, irregular fashion, caught here and there, and finished with a bright wing on the side.

The college caps introduced by the Princess of Wales are not fancied for adults. The deer-stalker's cap of plush or velvet is becoming to young faces. A traveling cap is made like a man's, with the ear flaps tied up on top, and falling loops of velvet ribbon emanating from the centre of the crown. Some of the fashionable designs show as many as six ostrich tips besides an aigrette or bird.

In Paris hats are preposterously high, having large metallic buckles in front. Many of the felt, velvet, and cloth covered hats are dotted all over with beads half an inch apart, others with loops of beads; and some again are covered with fancy-wove open and transparent fabrics, and with netting like the bonnet. Many of the brims widen in front, and become narrow at the back. Beaver hats are made with the narrow pointed crowns worn about 1792. Hats, too, like bonnets, are closely covered with plush. The felt ones are to be had in all kinds of coloring—light blue, roseada, bright Zulu beige—but dark brown, black and green will be most worn. Another novelty are hats covered entirely with small feathers, like the breast of a bird. The new traveling hats exactly meet the wants of those who travel. They are made in soft felt, bound with corded ribbon, and have a flat bow in the same in front. They could be put in the pocket without injury. The Spanish or turban hat has been revived, and has found favor.

Felt crowns are frequently covered with metallic ornaments. Leaf passementerie, two inches wide, is worn as a band around high crowns. Many of the velvet brims have a tiny silk cord on the edge. Smooth crowns of brocaded stuffs are shown with velvet brims. Paris bonnets show long strings three inches wide; but we Canadians cling to the little strap bow under the chin or at one side. The ribbons have plaited edges, and the rough, shaggy effect given to dress materials is also shared by them, for many ribbons are entirely of frise velvet; others have boucle stripes of silk or wool, and some are of curled plush; even wool ribbons, that look like Astrakhan bands, are to be seen. Faille ribbons have boucle borders, some are partly of either moire or velvet, the wrong side being satin. High loops of ribbon are arranged in front of both bonnets and hats, intermixed with slender wings or quills, powdered with beads. Lyons velvet ribbons have silk backs and purled edges, as also the fine faille plush ribbon; some have straight edges, and so have a large choice of baby ribbons of the narrow width. But composite ribbons are especially the fashion—faille satin and plush striped in such colorings as mustard, scarlet and cardinal, crass green, drab, and blue. Double-faced ribbons have moire stripes, and tinsel finds its way into many ribbons; some display large spots of plush, brown, or green on red.

Bows and loops are secured with a variety of ornaments in gold, steel, and beads, such as feathers of jet or gold leaves, daggers and quivers. Pins in every variety, too, are utilized, some with garnet beads, others with crests or hatchets. There is nothing particularly new in beads, though they are much used, especially the wooden carved ones. Dull jet is intermixed with bright French jet, and iridescent beads in all shades are employed with tinsel wherever it can peep in and in whatever form. The shamrock is a new shape of bead. The

FIGURE 1—No. 3358.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3 yards; 32 inches, 3½ yards; 34 inches, 3¾ yards; 36 inches, 3¾ yards; 38 inches, 3¾ yards; 40 inches, 3¾ yards; 42 inches, 4 yards; 44 inches, 4½ yards; 46 inches, 4½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1½ yards; 34 inches, 1½ yards; 36 inches, 2 yards; 38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards; 42 inches, 2½ yards; 44 inches, 2½ yards; 46 inches, 2½ yards.

inches, 2½ yards; 44 inches, 2½ yards; 46 inches, 2½ yards.

No. 3367—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), 7 yards.

No. 3366—LADIES' WRAP. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3½ yards; 32 inches, 3½ yards; 34 inches, 3¾ yards; 36 inches, 3¾ yards; 38 inches, 4 yards; 40 inches, 4 yards; 42 inches, 4 yards; 44 inches, 4½ yards; 46 inches, 4½ yards.

inches, 4 yards; 44 inches, 4½ yards; 46 inches, 4½ yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for 30 inches, 2 yards; 32 inches, 2 yards; 34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2 yards; 38 inches, 2 yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards; 42 inches, 2½ yards; 44 inches, 2½ yards; 46 inches, 2½ yards.

No. 3368—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), 7 yards.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE No. 1.—Pattern No. 3369, price 30 cents, furnishes the design for the far-trimmed skirt here shown. The under part is of the ordinary form, and may be finished with a narrow pleating, rows of braid or fur; the graceful drapery is rounded in the back and up the left side to the belt, the apron hanging straight on the side and carelessly caught up on the right, *a la Terry*, a style becoming to night figures especially. The wrap on this figure (Pattern No. 3366, price 25 cents) is handsome in any of the silk, velvet or cloth cloakings with a garniture of fur, chenille or feather trimming. The back is fitted in the usual manner, and is rather short; the dolman sleeves point quite deeply, and the "stole" fronts hang decidedly long. Elegant passementerie ornaments may be placed on the sleeves, front ends and down the back. The combination skirt is of the ordinary shape, with a long, square apron plain on the left and draped

under the panel, like left side, which apparently buttons over the apron; the plain goods forming the panel is faced with the contrasting material and turned up in a V-shape; the back is round and bouffant. Handsome cords or a plaque are placed on the vacant space, at the right side of the skirt. Pattern No. 3367, price 30 cents. The accompanying basque (Pattern No. 3358, price 25 cents) is remarkably stylish in effect and appropriate for any combination of materials. The back is laid in two double box-pleats, the side forms are cut in triangular tabs and the fronts deeply pointed below a straight and double breasted fastening. Ruffs, collar, cuffs and deep V in the back reaching to the waist of the contrasting fabric; the V may be omitted if preferred. An edging of beads is a fashionable fancy for all of the edges except the postillon pleats.

Lord and Lady Melgund have, left Ottawa for England.

SERIOUS MOMENTS.

"I would that on the desk of every counting-room and on the bench of every artisan there were a Bible, and that by its instruction all men were regulated."—[Talmage.]

Prayer is the channel in which we fetch the water from the rock. It is the ladder on which we climb to pick grapes hanging over the walled Heaven. It is the fire that warms the frigid zone. It is the ship that carries away our wants and comes back with a return cargo of Divine help.—[Talmage.]

The "wise men" were marching to the manger—we to the throne. They to see a babe—we to look upon the King in his beauty. They to kneel and worship—we to sit with Him on His throne. That trembling star shone for them through the darkness of the night, lighting their way—Jesus is always with us, our star of hope; and the pathway is never dark where He leads for He giveth "songs in the night."—[A. R. Kittredge.]



Fig. 21.



Fig. 23.



Fig. 20.



Fig. 19.



Fig. 18.



Fig. 22.

colorings are lead, bronze, garnet, and green. Flat galloons are worn down the middle of bonnet crowns, on the edge of the brim or around the edge of the crowns. Woolen scarfs in high colors are bunched up on felt shapes, as the silken ones were in the summer. Ready-made crowns of worsted braid, platted and covered with wooden beads, are a boon to home milliners. Tiny shells are placed on the edge and dotted over crowns. Open-worked crowns of black velvet are decorated with chashmere beads. Many of the smoothly covered shapes have an outer covering, such as fancy lace, like openwork stockings or netted cord. Stockingette bonnets are worn in all colors. Bonnets to match smooth woolen costumes have the fabric richly embroidered. Figure No. 22 illustrates a green velvet bonnet embroidered with rosy beads; strings of velvet ribbon, and directly above the coronet brim an aigrette of shaded green. Figure No. 21 shows a design of black velvet, with fallie bows and strings; the coronet and plumes are of *plomb* (lead) beads.

A small capote of dull red velvet is stylishly trimmed with a coronet of black Astrakhan, and the lower part of the crown has a similar revers across it, parted in the middle in triangular shape. The black velvet bonnets of elderly ladies have a row of sable on the left side nearly covering the brim, while the popular natural beaver frames the face of those who are more youthful by

being placed straight on the edge of the brim. A narrow binding of the fur is as much as small faces will permit, and this is very handsome when made of seal-skin on a bonnet of cloth or of felt of a seal-brown shade. Green cloth bonnets are also trimmed with seal-skin, but the preference is for using the black Astrakhan or green, and also on blue; the contrast of natural beaver is also liked with black bonnets of either velvet, cloth or felt. A gold and silver brim is introduced for a green velvet bonnet, with Impayan pheasant feathers. Black and white designs are stylish, also the peppy-red velvet bonnets, with jet leaves or a flying bird of the same brilliantly out beads. Red or yellow velvet ribbon loops are worn on top of all-black designs, or a bird of the colors mentioned may be used instead. Bonnets and hats of cream boucle plush are very stylish, expensive and dressy. The small capote, coronet or square-crowned Charlotte Corday designs are the favorite shapes, though the fish-wife poke is still seen, and proves becoming to small faces. Black velvet bonnets with soft crowns have a large bow on top of cashmere gauze, to relieve the sameness. Bonnets for slighting are larger than common, made of plush, with velvet loops and bows, or they may be of the striped plush, and lined with red, yellow, or blue satin, quilted. Figure No. 23 illustrates a bonnet for a small girl; the soft crown is of blue plush,

which also forms a narrowing ruffle over the face, which is corded with blue Ottoman silk like the strings and bow. The inside of the brim is finished with a ruffling of lace.

The Jailer's Wife:

It was the "oon" man's turn to tell a story, and he cleared his throat and began: "I had got tired of footing it over the highways of Indiana, and one day borrowed a horse to make travelling easier. For some reason I never could understand, they called it stealing, and I was arrested, bound over, and sent to the county jail. "The place was full of hard cases, and I hadn't been in there three days when we formed a plot to break out. Every country jail has its weak spot. This one was strong in doors and bars and walls, but weak at the bottom. It would be no job at all to go through the floor and tunnel out. There were six cells in the one corridor and sixteen of us in the crib. Ten of us had therefore, to sleep on cots outside of the cells. We took the cell farthest from the door to begin operations in. There was no watch kept on us at night, and before morning we had a fine tunnel started. "There was a jailer, a stupid boy of 18 a turnkey, and the jailer's wife. Everything was passed into us through a wicket, and

there was no call for the jailer to come among us. It was a terribly strong place, just the same, and the only weak spot, as I have said, was the chance for a tunnel. A chap named Dodging Bill, who was in for burglary, bossed the job. He pretended to know just which way to head the tunnel, and just how far to dig to come out in the alley behind the jail, and of course none of us interfered.

"At the end of three days we were all ready to go out. The idea was, of course, to go at night, but one of the prisoners was taken very ill, and we put off the escape for another twenty-four hours. About mid-afternoon of the next day there was an alarm of fire, we concluded to go out then.

"Dodging Bill had dug as near the surface as he dared. He now passed on ahead to break out the way, and we followed close upon his heels—that is, three or four of us. The tunnel was short, and would not hold over three or four. The others stood ready to creep in as we crept out. I was next to Bill, and as he broke the crust, and daylight streamed in, I heard a scream from a woman. Next moment there was a dash of water into the tunnel, followed by another and another, and enough came in to drown us. We had to 'shin' back and Bill was half dead when we seized his heels and drew him out.

"What had happened? Well, the tunnel was too short by 15 feet. Instead of coming up in the alley, Bill broke ground in the back yard, and right at the feet of the jailer's wife, who was washing. As the ground gave way, she saw a hand and arm, and, being a quick-witted woman, she tumbled to the tunnel plot. There were three tubs on her bench, and she poured the contents of each one into the hole, and then ran in and brought in a boiler of hot water, and switched that in for good luck. That didn't satisfy her that she had driven us back, and she puts a wooden conductor under the pump, leads the other end to the hole, and she didn't let up pumping for a straight hour. Such was the grade of the tunnel that we were ankle deep in water in the corridor before she ceased operations. It was a fine display of woman's ready wit, and although we were half starved, and shackled to the cell doors for the next fortnight, none of us held any grudge against the jailer's wife."

Woman.

Women always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative.

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss it.

Some women can't pass a millinery store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a body without wanting to run from it.

Women love admiration, approbation, self-immolation on the part of others; are often weak, vain and frivolous. Ditto men.

A woman always carries her purse in her hand so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife won't see it.

A woman can sit in a theatre for three hours without getting all cramped up, catching the toothache or becoming faint for want of fresh air; a man can't.

A woman, from her sex and character, has a claim to many things besides her shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself at all times chivalrous, sweet spoken, considerate and deferential.

Perhaps the revision of the bible was unnecessary, after all. The historian is impelled to this reflection by a sage remark which was uttered in his hearing in a street-car the other day. On the opposite side of the car were two women, who were talking rather loudly. Said one, "Did you know Sarah had another lot of money left her by her cousin's will?" "Law me," exclaimed the other, "the Bible never said a truer thing than 'them that has gits!'"

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 32 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year. Advertising rates:—30 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

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

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCE.—Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid.

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

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

THE COURTS have decided that all subscribers, to newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 30 pages, issued about the 30th 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 CO., printing 100 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 single line; one month, \$1.80 per line; three months, \$4.50 per line; six months, \$7 per line; twelve months, \$12.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Advertisements given for all kind of newspaper work.

F. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 25 and 26 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

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.

Advertisers will kindly send their papers for trying regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations. F. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 25 & 26 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

CIRCULATION: HIGH WATER MARK, 28,882!

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

Satin is worn in combination with embroidered Indian srape.

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

Rosary and jet beads are used together for trimming black toilets.

For the thorough and speedy cure of all Blood Diseases and Eruptions of the Skin, take Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. Mrs. B. Forbes, Detroit, had a running sore on her leg for a long time; commenced using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and she is now completely cured. Her husband thinks there is nothing equal to it for Ague or any low Fever.

The Winnipeg News says Sir A. T. Galt will represent Winnipeg in the next Parliament of Canada, and that another Cabinet will be made in order to give him a portfolio. Sir Alexander Campbell probably retiring.

A PRESENT FOR EVERYBODY! "TRUTH'S" SPECIAL GREAT HOLIDAY BIBLE COMPETITION,

NO. 15.

In order that no one shall be disappointed in this competition, we will promptly mail, postpaid, a HALF DOZEN FINE SILVER-PLATED TEA SPOONS OF ELEGANT DESIGN, to every person sending one dollar, and six letter stamps, for four months' subscription to TRUTH, and answering these three

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1st. Where are SHEEP first mentioned in the Bible? 2nd. Where are GOATS first mentioned in the Bible? 3rd. Where are OXEN first mentioned in the Bible?

The spoons will be given whether your answers are correct or not. The letters will all be carefully numbered by disinterested parties in the order they come to hand at TRUTH office, and if your answers are correct, and your letter arrives in time, you will get one of the costly prizes named below, in addition to the Silver-plated Tea Spoons. That is, the sender of the first letter received at TRUTH office correctly answering the above Bible questions will take number one of these first rewards, the Three Hundred Dollars in gold coin; the second the Piano; the third correct answer received will get the SILVER-TEA SERVICE; the fourth correct answer, number four of these first rewards, and so on till they are distributed.

The spoons will be sent promptly on receipt of the dollar and stamps, but the list of the winners of the larger prizes in the first, middle, and consolation rewards, cannot of course be given till the close of the Competition, January 31st next, as it will not be known who are the winners of all the prizes till the Competition adds.

In former lists of competitions are some of the most prominent men and women of Canada, as well as the most humble. All are welcome to compete, all will be treated with the utmost fairness, and everything offered in these lists will be positively distributed without partiality.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. Three Hundred Dollars in gold coin. 2. A fine rosewood grand square Piano, by a celebrated maker. 3 and 4. Two fine extra good silver plated Tea Services. 5, 6, 7 and 8. Four gentlemen's elegant fine Gold Watches, (American) 9, 10, 11 and 12. Four ladies' elegant fine Gold Watches. 13 to 19. Seven celebrated Wanser Sewing Machines. 20 to 26. Seven gentlemen's fine solid Coin Silver Watches. 27 to 50. Twenty-four solid Gold Gem Rings, sizes to fit winners. 51 to 135. Eighty-five ladies' fine Rolled Gold Brooches. 136 to 335. Three Hundred Copies of a Fine German Oleograph, better in quality and colors than most of the oil paintings now in the market.

In order to give all persons, living anywhere, a fair opportunity to gain rewards, there has been arranged a lot of rewards to be given to the sender of the middle correct answer in the whole competition, from first to last name inclusive, the senders of the one hundred and thirty-three correct answers following the middle one, you can therefore almost be certain of getting a valuable reward by sending in your dollar and stamps any time from now to the close of the competition, as well as securing at once, as soon as you send your money, the half dozen tea spoons, which apart from any other prize you may get, will cost you at retail far more than the entire sum of money asked for.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. A fine 10-stop Cabinet Organ, by a celebrated maker. 2 and 3. Two gentlemen's fine Gold Open-face Watches, newest design. 4, 5 and 6. Three ladies' fine gold Open-face Watches, newest design.

- 7, 8 and 9 Three double-barrelled English Twist Reooh-loading Shot-guns, from Chas. Stark's great gun store. 10 to 40. Thirty-one fine extra heavy silver plated Cake Baskets, elegant pattern. 41 to 90. Fifty solid Gold Rings, 20 different patterns. 91 to 133. Forty-two Fine Rolled Gold Brooches, newest designs.

After these middle rewards, for the benefit of those living at a greater distance, there have been arranged the consolation rewards. Number one of these rewards, the gold watch, will be given to the sender of the last correct answer received at TRUTH office in this competition; the second to the last, number two, the Silver watch; the third, number two, the Silver watch; the third, counting backwards till all the one hundred and twelve rewards are given away. Five (5) days only will be allowed for letters to reach TRUTH office from distant points, and all letters must bear postmark where mailed dated not later than the closing day of this competition, which is January 31st, 1886.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. One gentlemen's fine solid Gold Watch, elegantly engraved. 2. One lady's fine solid Gold Watch, beautiful design. 3, 4 and 5. Three gentlemen's fine coin Silver Watches. 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10. Five fine heavy extra Silver-plated Cake Baskets, newest design. 11 to 20. Ten fine solid gold Gem Rings in pearls, rubies, emeralds and diamonds, size to fit winner. 21 to 40. Twenty solid Gold Rings, new patterns. 41 to 90. Fifty solid rolled Gold Brooches, new designs. 91 to 112. Twenty-one finely bound volumes of Shakespeare's Complete Works.

We think this is the most liberal and best arranged plan yet devised of giving our customers the benefit of a portion of our profits, and distributing rewards direct to our readers, instead of giving them to agents for getting lists. We hope the public will show their appreciation of our enterprise by patronizing us generously. Just consider what you are absolutely certain of in the first place TRUTH, a large 28 page weekly magazine, for four months,—which alone, we guarantee, will please you, and you will be so satisfied with your investment that you will renew for a year at the end of the four months, and that is where we hope to make our profits; in the second place, you will get the half-dozen silver plated tea spoons, which are sold at retail for far more than the sum you will send; and in the third place, you have a chance of a fine piano, organ, gold watch, or many of the other handsome and costly prizes in the three lists, provided you answer the Bible questions correctly.

YOU ARE CERTAIN

of big value for your money. In any case, and you may get FIVE HUNDRED TIMES the value of it by giving this your attention NOW.

Our whole system of Bible Questions has been endorsed by the clergy of all denominations, and there is no doubt but that they have resulted in giving a great impetus to Bible research and study throughout the length and breadth of Canada and the States and accomplished much good. Letters have been published in TRUTH stating that the writers have in many instances taken up the Bible for the first time to study up the questions propounded from time to time, &c., &c. It will, we are sure, be to the interest of our many readers to take up this matter at once and compete without further delay. The prizes in this competition are not as numerous as the last one, but owing to the fact that EVERY ONE will get one reward (the spoons), and many persons will get two, the cost in the aggregate to the proprietor of TRUTH is very much greater than any yet offered to the public. Everything in the

three lists of prizes will positively be given, and no postponement or alteration of these offers will be made.

Complete lists of the prize winners in this competition will be published in TRUTH immediately at the close of the competition on January 31st next. Prize lists of former competitions are appearing almost every week in TRUTH and the names of any given may be referred to as to the genuineness of the offers. In order to prevent fraud, the proprietor of TRUTH reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. We have always done exactly as promised during these two years in conducting these competitions, and our reputation for fair and honorable dealing is too well established now to risk overthrowing it. Address, S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Canada. All money must be sent by mail or express, so as to give all an equal opportunity. None can be received by telegraph.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. M., Halliburton.—The Fenian raid occurred May 31, 1866.

R. K., Pickering.—The salary of our Governor General is paid from the Dominion Treasury.

INQUIRY, Bervie.—The Suez Canal is 325 feet wide at the surface of the water and 72 feet wide at the bottom. It is 28 feet deep. The canal is 100 miles long, about 75 miles of its length being actual excavation.

PETER S., Halifax.—The origin of the use of the letters "O. K." as a mark or sign of approval is uncertain. One story is that Andrew Jackson once wrote "Oil Korcor" on a document of which he approved, and that such a use of the letters arose from that.

BENEDICT, City.—The ordinary ton is 2,000 lb; the other—2,240 lb—is called the long ton, and both are legal. You can buy either by gross or net ton. Should you wish to assure yourself of the correct weight of your coal you can do so by measuring it. An ordinary ton of nut or stove coal should contain thirty-six and thirty-nine and a half cubic feet respectively.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

SILVER-PLATED TEASPOONS.—Mrs. Geo. G. Hughes, Port Sydney, N.S.; Jas. Alexander, City; S. Dundas, Wallaceburg; F. A. Strachan, Montreal; R. Evans, London; Mrs. J. Ryan, Halifax; William Manly, Emeralds; Albert Lowe, Rothesay; Mrs. E. H. McEachran, Lorneville; Libbie Routledge, Arva; C. Moore, City; W. R. Mitchell, City; M. S. Phillips, Chesley; Mrs. Jno. C. Lindsay, Kas; Henry Edmonds, Komoka; George Braithwaite, Unionville; Ida Richell, Dundas; Miss G. Holmes, Chatham; Mrs. Wm. Mackie, Winterton; N. G. Wordby, Parrboro; Mary S. Grierson, Dundas; Annie Kirkland, Ailsa Craig; John S. Cameron, Wallington; Nellie Chapman, Marleton; Mrs. John Neelands, Wingham; Jennie B. Boyd, Crosshill; Edith Rosember, Bowmanville; Miss Jane McGregor, City; Maggie Cochran, Kilsyth; Wm. Blair, City; Thos. H. Looker, Washington, N. S.

WATCHES.—Lizzie Morton, Hamilton; James Alexander, City; Geo. D. King, Fingal;

SILVER PLATED CAKE BASKET.—James Cory Brantford. UNIVERSAL CYCLOPEDIA.—A Lowe, Ireland.

Sashes fastened at the back, or at the left side, are worn with every variety of costume.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with the best results.

Mrs. D. Morrison, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writing about Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, says: George Bell used it on his son, and it cured him of rheumatism with only a few applications. The balance of the bottle was used by an old gentleman for Asthma, with the best results. It acts like a charm.

"What's the first thing you would do, Jones, if you were stung by a hornet?" asked Smith, who had been reading an article on the treatment of stings. "Swear," replied Jones, solemnly. And the conversation abruptly ceased.

A QUICK RUN!

"Ladies' Journal" Bible Competition.

NO. 11.

The Publisher of the *Ladies' Journal* announces the eleventh Bible Competition with a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure. The complimentary letters he is receiving almost constantly from subscribers, who have won prizes, are so numerous that he could be kept busy night and day reading them. He gives everything just as promised and carries out every engagement to the letter.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1st. Give first mention of the word **SALT** in the Bible.
- 2nd. Give first mention of the word **ONIONS** in the Bible.

The first person correctly answering these BIBLE QUESTIONS and sending a half-a-dollar for one year's subscription to the *Ladies' Journal*, a large 20-page story and fashion monthly, will receive number one of the **FIRST REWARDS** named below; the sender of the second correct answer, number two; and so on till all the rewards are distributed.

1. One Fine Grand Square Rosewood Piano, by a celebrated maker.
2. and 3. Two Fine Heavy Silver-Plated Tea Services
- 4, 5 and 6. Three celebrated Wamsler Sewing Machines.
- 7 to 10. Fourteen Fine Solid Gold Gem Rings, size to fit the winners.
- 21 to 47. Twenty-Seven Solid Gold Rings of 10 beautiful patterns.
- 48 to 127. Eighty Fine Rolled Gold Brooches, elegant new designs.
- 128 to 329. Two Hundred and Two Copies of "Ladies' Guide to Fancy Work;" a most useful book for ladies.

Then, so all may have an equal chance, there has been arranged a series of Middle Rewards, number 30, of which will be given to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole Competition from first to last. The sender of the next correct answer following the middle one will get number two of these middle rewards; the

Soft Tam o'Shanter, and bright-colored plush "mortar-board" caps, are worn by young children.

Weighed in the balance, but not found wanting. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure has been weighed in that just balance, the experience of an impartial and intelligent public. Both remedially and pecuniarily it is a success. Its sales constantly increase, testimony in its favor is daily pouring in. The question of its efficacy in Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Ailments, and for Blood Impurity, is decided.

Handkerchiefs, coquettishly tucked in the fronts of bodices, are of fine muslin in delicate shades of pink, blue, gray and buff.

Dyspepsia.

This prevalent malady is the parent of our bodily ills. One of the best remedies known for Dyspepsia is Burdock Blood Bitters, it having cured the worst chronic forms, after all else had failed.

Newmarkets for young girls are long enough to cover the skirts of the dresses.

O. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured him of a bad case of piles of 8 years' standing, having tried almost every known remedy, besides two Buffalo Physicians, without relief; but the Oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be recommended too highly." There being imitations on the market of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, customers will see that they get the genuine.

third number, three; and so on till the whole ninety rewards are given away.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

1. One 10-step Fine-Toned Cabinet Organ.
2. Lady's Fine Gold Watch.
- 3 to 7. Five Fine Solid Silver-Plated Cake Baskets.
- 8 to 20. Thirteen Solid Gold Rings, lovely designs.
- 21 to 40. Twenty Rolled Gold Brooches.
- 41 to 90. Fifty Fine German Oleographs, suitable to decorate any house.

In order that even the most distant may not be left out in the cold, a series of Consolation Rewards have been arranged. To the sender of the last correct answer received after date of closing (January 31st) will be given number one, (the Gold Watch) of these consolation rewards; the second to the last, number two; the third, number three; and so on till all these consolation rewards are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1. Lady's Solid Gold Watch, a superior time-keeper.
- 2 to 9. Eight Extra Quadruple Plate Cake Baskets.
- 10 to 30. Twenty-One Half-Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver-Plated Tea Spoons.
- 31 to 57. Twenty-Seven Solid Gold Gem Rings.
- 58 to 121. Sixty-Four Volumes of Poems, beautifully bound, ordinarily sold at \$200.

In any case you will get full value for your money in the *Ladies' Journal* for one year. You will not regret the investment. Only fifty cents required, and you have an opportunity of getting one of these costly rewards named above. Don't delay. Look up the questions now. It will do you good, whether you get a prize or not, and you will be pleased with your outlay anyway. Address, Editor *Ladies' Journal*, Toronto, Canada. Send all letters by mail or express.

Trains are of the same material as the bodices, and are made wide and full.

Crutches Rendered Useless.

The poor cripple who has to use crutches on account of Rheumatism, stiff and swollen joints, contracted cords, and other aches, pains and lameness, may throw aside his crutches if he will try Hagyard's Yellow Oil faithfully.

Embroidery and fringe of steel are used for trimming half-mourning toilets.

KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men.

Clasps for dresses and cloaks are in a variety of designs, from the strictly medieval to those of realistic forms, as animals and birds.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL is positively guaranteed to relieve or cure Rheumatic Pains, Sore Throats, Croup, Deafness, Colds, Cramps, Aches, Pains, Bruises, Frostbites, Chilblains, Stiff Cords, and all lameness and soreness, when used internally and externally according to directions.

Beads of steel and gold combined have a rich iridescent brilliancy.

Quincy.

At this season of the year Quincy and various forms of Throat Complaint prevail. Hagyard's Pectoral Balm is an excellent throat and lung medicine, that cures Quincy Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung trouble.

Exchange Department.

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

For 50c. (in stamps) 200 beautiful Scrap-Pictures no two alike. F. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

A B-flat cornet, for the best offer of a scroll-mw. EDWIN E. BARNARD, 19 N. First St., Meriden, Conn.

Five picture cards, for 10 postmarks, no two alike and not less than 10 taken. WILLIAM FLITCHER, Edmore, Montclair Co., Mich.

An organ or piano wanted, second hand, in exchange for one hundred acres of land on the Manitowish Island. Apply to JOSEPH HEDGECOCK, 80 Esther St., Toronto.

A mechanical telegraph instrument (with instruction-book), a small vise, and a switch-board, for the best offer of a self-inking printing-press. E. G. PACE, Box 639, Albion, Mich.

Two different Cops of Good Hope stamps, not triangular, for twelve stamps from Norway, British America, China, India, West Indies, and Brazil. No duplicates wanted. ELLEN E. MAHAN, 1 E. 16th St., New York City.

Lace pins of delicate enamel represent tiny satin bows, with jeweled pins thrust through them.

Pins for bonnet strings are in every conceivable form, insects and tiny blossoms taking the precedence.

Coral is used for trimming evening dresses the sea-green tulle with coral sprinkled over it being quite effective.

SCROFULA is known by swelling of the glands of the neck, abscesses, sores, a pale countenance, low vitality, and general signs of bad blood. Burdock Blood Bitters cures the scrofulous condition by making pure healthy blood.

The Latest Thing in Ballons.

A luminous balloon is the latest novelty in aerostation, and some very curious and conclusive experiments at the Egasse factory, La Villette, have fully demonstrated the feasibility of lighting up a balloon for signaling purposes. M. Egasse has succeeded in evolving hydrogen gas of a much less density than ordinarily procurable, and thus requiring as much smaller machine than is commonly used, relative to the amount of weight to be carried. By this discovery the compass in bulk is also reduced, and the transport of the balloons, when not inflated, is rendered more easy. The time required for inflation, is also considerably lessened, and into one of these machines, the other night, M. Egasse introduced an incandescent lamp fed by a recently improved Jablchkoff pile of very small weight, but of immense power, which was generated by a Morse apparatus. Of course the illumination or darkening of the balloon can be controlled at will, and the light by flashes can be made to telegraph to the earth, whilst the wire itself can be utilized for the same purpose when the balloon happens to be held captive.

Ill Temper

Is more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than in any other way. Step on your friend's corn, and the impulse to strike is strongest. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of substitutes. Putnam's, sure, safe, painless.

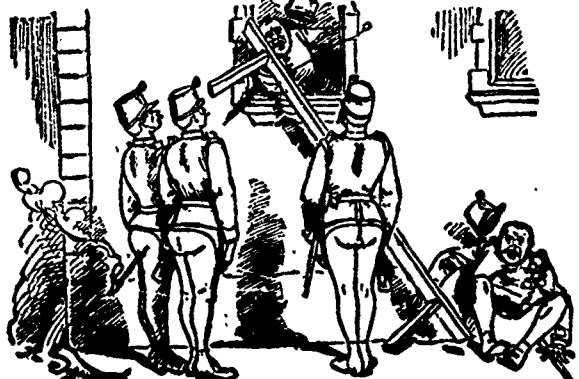
There is a rumour in the air to the effect that it is intended to strengthen the fortifications of Quebec, and ask for Imperial troops for the garrison. We don't believe that the Government contemplate anything so absurd. As the late outbreak showed, in time of turmoil we have seen enough of our soil to suppress tumult, and vindicate the law. Why in a time of peace should we need Imperial soldiers, and the strengthening of fortifications?



Hi! There!



Attention!

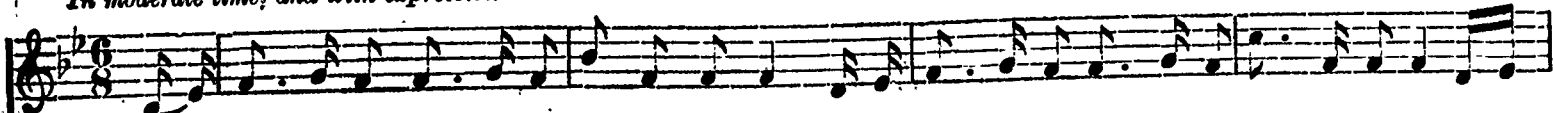


Ay, Ay, Sir!

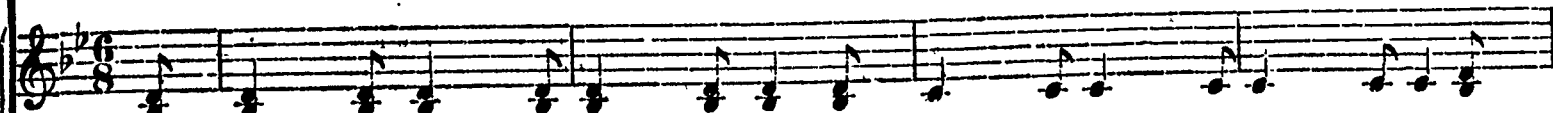
LOVE'S IDEAL.

In moderate time, and with expression.

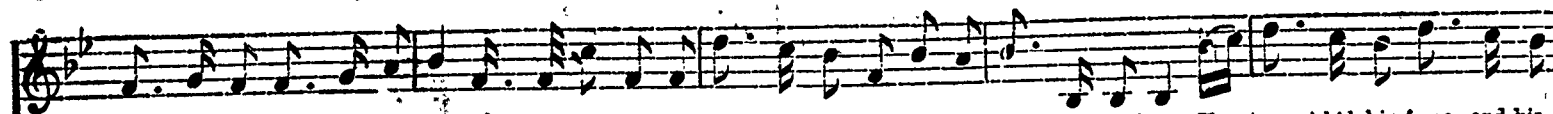
OLD ENGLISH AIR.



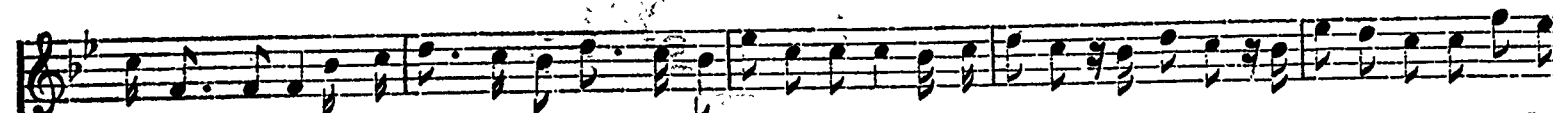
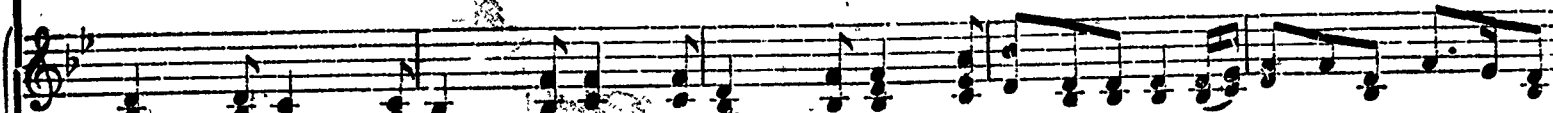
1. If his heart ne-ver throbb'd with af-fec-tion sin-cere, If his eyes nev-er glis-ten'd with sym-pa-thy's tear, If
 2. But it he be mod-est, pure-mind-ed, and true, If from faults of his own his best sym-pa-thies grow; If



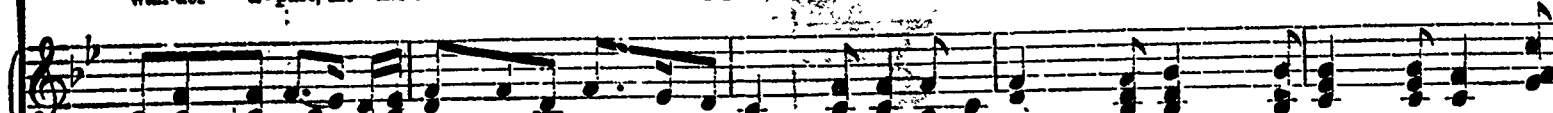
p



still un-re-lent-ing To GUILT, that re-pent-ing Im-plor'd him, with sobs, not to strike, but to hear; Un-tar-nish'd his fame and his
 warm in his feel-ing, To Sor-row ap-peal-ing, He pit-ies and loves where the harsh might pursue; Unknown to the world, he may



hon-our may shine, And the prai-ses of thou-sands' his worth may enshrine; But I shall not, I may not, I will not, I dare not, Con-
 wan-der a-part, At the sound of his name no ap-plan-ses may start; But I shall not, I may not, I will not, I dare not, Re-

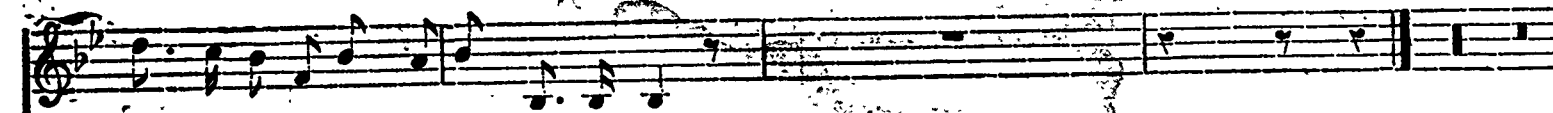


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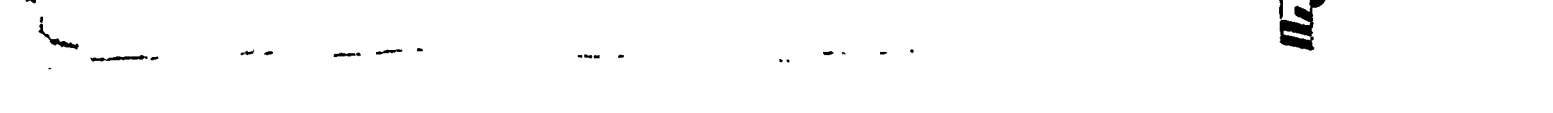
cres.

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p



sent to re-ceive him as lov-er of mine.
 fuse him my friend-ship, my hand, and my heart.



Railroads in Every Land.

By the completion last month of the railroad from Cape Town to the South African diamond mines at Kimberley, steam cars have supplanted the tireome stages and great ox wagons of the Dutch and British traders for about 700 miles along the direct route toward the Zambesi. The advent of the locomotive into the very region where MOFFATT and LIVINGSTONE lived among benighted savages is not only an evidence of the substantial progress of South Africa, but also illustrates the impulse that is now moving civilized nations to penetrate new fields of commerce with railroads.

These enterprises seem to be justified by similar ventures already completed. South Africa's 1,562 miles of lines, all owned by Cape Colony, paid all working expenses and maintenance during the first six months this year, and three and a half per cent, to apply on the interest account. The British Burmah railroads returned six per cent. dividends last year, and have paid good interest since the day they were opened. Gen. Strachey, the greatest authority on Indian railroads, estimates that the benefits accruing from her railways to India amount to over £80,000,000 per annum.

It is found also that immense and promising regions will continue to be isolated until they are tapped by railroads. Mr. Holt Hallett has shown that the cost of caravan traffic in Indo-China is from fifty to one hundred times as much as by railroads. The Glasgow Chamber of Commerce has declared that railroads are indispensable to open new markets for British commerce in Burmah, Siam, and western China. Gen. Gordon wrote in 1882: "A belt of arid sand of 290 miles separates the Egyptian Soudan from civilization, and till this is spanned no real progress can be made. The route from Suakin to Berber is the natural route to be opened. When that railway is completed an entire change will take place in the whole of this country." What Gordon said of the Soudan the International Association now says of the Congo—that the populous and fertile up-river regions will not be worth a penny to commerce until the worthless district of the lower river is spanned by rail.

The fact also that railroads are needed to further the political purposes of some great nations is giving a remarkable impulse to certain large enterprises. Had Khartoum been placed within easy reach of Europe by the completion of Ismail's railroad from Wady Halfa past the Nile-ataracts, England would have been spared the waste of

treasure and blood that her failure in the Soudan involved. No fresh war cloud between England and Russia on the Afghan border will catch them with railroads projected but unbuild. England's iron route from the Arabian Sea to Afghanistan has this month reached the Quetta plateau through the Bolan Pass. The work on Russia's transcaspien road is advancing day and night. It is now approaching Merv, and Russia expects to carry it on to Bokhara and Tashkend. For the purpose of giving facilities to her troops, England loaned the money to Cape Colony with which the railroad to Kimberley has just been completed.

From all corners of the world we are hearing of railroads projected, surveyed, or in course of building. In Venezuela, for instance, eight or nine different lines of greater or less extent are under contract, surveys are in progress, grading and track laying are considerably advanced on two lines, and are soon to commence on others. Portugal has granted a concession for a railroad from Delagoa Bay in East Africa to the Transvaal border to connect with the Transvaal railroad which it is reported will be built by German capital. The more progressive among the Boers say they must have railroad connection with the sea. To its railroads is largely due to fact that South Africa now stands tenth on the list of the chief foreign nations dealing with England.

It is in the Oriental world, however, that new railroad schemes are most rapidly advancing. The King of Siam is eager to connect his capital with the Chinese frontier by rail, and has promised to build this road if the Indian Government will build a road through Burmah to meet the Siamese system at the frontier. The leading Chambers of Commerce in Great Britain sent agents to report upon the feasibility of this project, and Messrs. Hallett and Colquhoun have returned home with enthusiastic endorsements of the scheme. In China the powerful Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, has for some time been urging the need of railroads and telegraphs. His influence, aided by the support of other able statesmen, has already given to China over 3,000 miles of telegraphs, manned by Chinese operators, and the little nine-mile railroad near Tientsin, and is paving the way for railroad schemes that, it is believed, will in the course of time reach a large development in China. The railroad that is to connect the chief towns of Siberia is slowly advancing eastward, and surveys for projected lines are in progress in Asia Minor, the Euphrates valley, and Persia.

The development of some of these projects

will be the work of many years, and some of them will doubtless utterly fail. Yet it is one of the most significant signs of the times that these schemes have entered so largely into the purposes and ambitions of the commercial world. It may yet be one of the chief glories of this century that it introduced on a large scale among the less progressive races these inventions and facilities which have assisted Western civilization to outstrip all others.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The immigration from Ireland is at a perfect standstill. The people there are in hopes since the election.

The new British man-of-war Camperdown, built of steel, at a cost of \$2,375,000, is the heaviest ship ever launched in England. It will be three years before she is ready for sea.

A new pretender has turned up in Paris, a young man of intelligence, claiming to be the ex-Prince Imperial, escaped from captivity among the Zulus. He resembles the Prince slightly, but is insane.

A man appeared on the streets of Denver recently driving a team of fully developed elks, worth \$1,500, and capable of travelling 100 miles a day. The children thought Santa Claus had come to town.

The coal mines near Egypt, N. C., are to be reopened next summer. One of these mines has a shaft 480 feet in depth. It was this coal that was used on blockade runners at Wilmington during the war.

The *Chemist and Druggist* tells how an astute rascal has been playing "what the Americans would call the disinfecting racket." He appears with a charcoal furnace and some brimstone, saying that the Health Board has sent him to disinfect the house. Then he blows up his furnace and creates so outrageous a stink that the servants leave the house, and he soon follows them with everything he can lay his hands on.

Referring to the decision of the Roman Church declaring the operation of cranotomy to constitute homicide, Dr. Mielziner writes to the *Medical Record* that according to the Mishna—the earliest collection of rabbinical decisions—"It is justifiable to kill the unborn infant in order to save the mother, as her life precedes his life. If the child be partially born, however, the rule does not apply, as one human life must not be set aside on account of another.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize-winners neglect to send our charges for packing, postage, &c., we would remind those interested that the following sums must accompany applications for the prizes:—Pianos, \$10; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Services, \$1.50; Gold Watches, and Silver Watches, 75c; other Watches, 50c; Silk Dresses, \$1; other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches, and other Small Prizes, 20c.

We have noticed for over a year past a steady increase in the sales of Lout's secret blend of tea in each of their stores, and although having offered them to their customers as goods of superior merit, yet they never anticipated that they would supersede the sale of all other kinds, but such is the result. At the present time the patrons of their stores call for nothing else, and all this has been gained by the par excellence of the goods and by advertisement.

The late Marshal Serrano of Spain during his political career saw eighty-four changes of Ministry in that country, forty rebellions, and twelve changes in the head of the State.

Joseph Rogers, the enterprising oil man, has issued an elegant calendar for distribution among his customers. It is elaborately designed and tastefully gotten up, and will be carefully preserved, by those who are fortunate enough to get one, as being both ornamental and useful.

The small courtesies sweeten life; the greater ennoble it.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS—Opium, morphine and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send two 3c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials of those who have been cured. Address M. V. Luban, agency, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Canada.

NEW MUSIC.

- SIGNOR TOSTI'S NEW SONGS,**
JUST PUBLISHED.
"My Love and I"..... 40c
"The Love that Came Too Late"..... 40c
- MILTON WELLINGS' NEW SONGS,**
JUST PUBLISHED.
"Flow, Stream, Flow"..... 40c
"The Old Mill"..... 40c
"Life's Romance"..... 40c
"Do Not Forget"..... 40c
- MISS LINDSAY'S NEW SONG,**
JUST PUBLISHED.
"Out in the Morning Early"..... 40c
- MOLLOY'S NEW SONGS,**
JUST PUBLISHED.
"The Old Fieger Post"..... 40c
"Simeon My"..... 50c
- NEW DANCE MUSIC,**
JUST PUBLISHED.
"Encore Une Fois Waltz".....Lowthian 60c
"Tabby Polka".....Bucalossi 40c
"Wedding Bells Waltz".....Lane 40c
- Of all Music Dealers, or Mailed Free on receipt of marked price by the
Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers Assoc'n,
(Limited)
38 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.
Catalogue mailed free on application.



A BUSINESS VIEW.

Aunt: DO YOU SAY YOUR PRAYERS IN THE MORNING TOO, JOHNNY?
Johnny, scornfully: OF COURSE I DON'T. ANYBODY CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF IN THE DAY TIME.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.
DRS. STARKEY & NO PALEN
NOT A DRUG
1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
CANADA DEPOSITORY:
E. W. D. KING, 38 Church St., Toronto.
No Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen granules which has not this trade mark on the bottle containing it.
A New Treatment for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.
Treatise on Compound Oxygen free on application to E. W. D. KING, 38 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

LITERARY NOTES.

A series of "Readings," to make the local W.C.T.U. meetings more interesting, and for the information of its members, will be published at The Union Signal office, 161 La Salle St., Chicago. These will be helpful to the Presidents of local unions, and ought to be in the hands of every member of the W.C.T.U.

Grip appeared last week in a complete change of clothes, and so great is the outward transformation that we scarcely recognized our clever contemporary. A glance at the contents, however, soon brought to our recollection the old-time kindly, genial and funny raven. Grip, though thoroughly independent, is a power in Dominion politics, and wields a strong influence for good upon all great moral questions.

The Oakville Independent, which has of late been much improved in general appearance, is now printed on a complete Campbell press. The Independent came to hand last week with an elegant new heading. Hereafter the paper will be known as The Star and Independent. We are pleased to see such evidences of thrift and enterprise on the part of our country contemporaries.

The Cure of Drunkenness

Is a task with which the regular practitioner has been unable to cope. Nine-tenths of mankind look upon drunkenness as a social vice, which a man may overcome by force of will. Drunkenness is a bad habit we all admit, in the moderate drinker. In the confirmed drunkard it becomes disease of the nervous system. The medical treatment of this disease consists in the employment of remedies that act directly upon those portions of the nervous system which, when diseased, cause lunacy, dementia, and the drinking habit. Remedies must be employed that will cure the appetite for strong drink, steady the trembling hand, revive the lagging spirit, balance the mind, etc. The nervous system of the drunkard being all unstrung or shattered, must be given a nutriment that will take the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevent the physical and moral prostration that often follows a sudden breaking off from the use of alcoholic drinks. Those of our readers who are interested in this subject, should send their address for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, on drunkenness, opium, morphine and kindred habits, which will be mailed free to any address, when stamp is inclosed for postage. Address, M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Ont.

Six Three-Cent Stamps.

Complaints constantly reach us from parties not having received their spoons. This is solely the fault of subscribers themselves, who neglect to enclose the eighteen cents required for postage. A great number have sent only six cents, which accounts for the spoons not being forwarded. Those who have sent the six cents, will receive the spoons if they remit the other twelve cents, stating about what date their first letter was mailed.

A writer in the People's Health Journal tells of a debilitated patient who did not do at all well on beef tea, but was easily restored to health on a diet of bean soup. The only remarkable thing about this is that the patient never expected to derive strength and nourishment from beef tea alone. Considering that we have upward of a hundred thousand doctors, and that a very large proportion of them are fully agreed that beef tea is almost valueless except as a stimulant, it is surprising that people continue to look upon it as a food.

Music and Drama.

Bristol's Equiscurriculum at the Grand the first three nights of this week, created a genuine surprise. A number of highly educated horses and mules performed some astonishing feats, which delighted the large audiences present. No more unique and interesting entertainment can be imagined than that furnished by Prof. Bristol.

A Black List

of diseases follows an unhealthy condition of the liver, one of the most important organs of the body. Impure blood, bronchitis, asthma, malarial diseases, consumption, sick headache, diseases of the skin, kidneys and heart—all may be traced to faulty action or torpidity of the liver. No other known preparation so rapidly and thoroughly, restores a disordered liver as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is pleasant to the taste, mild but sure in its action, and a gift to suffering humanity from one of the most successful physicians of the age.

He who has neither friend nor enemy is without talents, power or energy.

"Man's work's from sun to sun; Woman's work is never done."

Work is a necessity to all; but, upon how many, women especially, does it fall with the burden of the "last straw," and this, because their peculiarly delicate constitutions are so liable to functional derangement. We cannot lessen your toil, ladies, but we can make it easier for you, by making you stronger and better able to do it. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will relieve you of nervous and other weaknesses, and all the many ills peculiar to your sex.

Thou who wouldst give, give quickly. In the grave thy loved one can receive no kindness.

Delicate diseases, as nervous debility and premature weakness, however induced, radically cured. Send ten cents in stamps for treatise. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Strong thoughts are iron nails driven in the mind that nothing can draw out.

Imperial Cough Drops will give Positive and Instant Relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. For sale by druggists and confectioners. R. R. & T. WATSON, Manufacturers, Toronto.

A Connecticut deacon received a slight injury to one of his eyes, which gave the organ a peculiar, fixed expression. Hence, when he asked the village drug clerk for soda water, that experienced person believed he recognized the mute request for superior old pale which prevails in many temperance villages. He acted on this belief. The deacon was really surprised, and flushed slightly as he drained the glass, but he has become a regular customer for "weds," and the salary of the clerk has been raised.

ANTI-CORPULENE PILLS. Positively reduce Superfluous Flesh 15 lbs a month. Cause no sickness contain no poison and never fail. Price 50c per box. WILCOX SPECIFIC MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAFNESS Its CAUSES and CURE, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. Cured almost instantly in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 128 East 26th St., New York City.

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Inducements such as were never before offered; no experience required. Write for terms, as once, to JAMES LAUT, Importer, 281 Yonge St., Toronto.

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We will pay the above Reward for any case of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Indigestion or Constipation we cannot cure with WEST'S LIVER PILLS, when the Directions are strictly complied with. Large Boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 Cents; 6 Boxes \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

DOMINION SHOW CASE N° 100.

63 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO. Send for Catalogue.

The Ladies' Guide to Fancy Work. It gives plain instructions in Drawing, in Painting, and making Wax Flowers; likewise all kinds of Fancy Needle Work Artistic Embroidery, Lace Work, Knitting, Tatting, Crochet and Net Work. It contains designs for Monograms, Initials, Cross Stitch Patterns, Knit Edgings, Embroidered Borders and Corners, Macramé Work, Applique Embroidery, Berlin Work, Java Canvas Work, Tricot and Burlesps, Antique Lace, Beaded Lace, Darning Net Work, Tiddles, Lambrequins, Ottomans, Counterspaner, Rugs, Carriage Robes, Brackets, Wall Pockets, Waste Paper Basket, Work Bags, Pen Wipers, Hanging Baskets, Cstchells, Pin Cushions, Footstools, Handkerchiefs Boxes, Glove Boxes, Card Baskets, Sofa Pillows Table Covers. Every lady will be delighted with it. It is a large book of 64 three-column pages, with handsome cover, is finely printed, and contains over 200 illustrations. Sent postpaid for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS; or 5 copies for \$1 00 J. LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

The Magnifying Glass. Has great magnifying power. Used for detecting counterfeit money, shoddy in cloth, foreign substances in the eye, in wounds, etc. and to examine insects, flowers and plants; to detect flaws in metals, fineness of wood-grain; to decipher writing otherwise illegible, and for the inspection of grain, tobacco, etc. Useful for everybody. It has a double convex lens one and a half inch in diameter. Mounted in leather, and can be carried in the vest pocket. It can also be used as a reading glass, the smallest type appearing large and clear. Price reduced to 40 cents; two for 70 cents one dozen for \$3, by mail, postpaid. J. LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

Fun and Mystery Package contains Heller's conjuring Pack, the Mystic Oracle, Guide to Flirtation, 10 new Evening Games, 1 set of "Hold to Light Cards," 1 set Colored Chromo Cards, the Star Puzzle, 25 Ways to Get Rich, the '18' Puzzle 5 Beautiful Face Pictures, Language of Jewels and flowers, 101 Selections for Autograph Albums, 11 Songs with music, 13 new Tricks in Magic Pack of Fun and Comic Cards, 1 Chinese Block Puzzle, the Roman Cross Puzzle, Great \$5 Prize Puzzle, 1 set Transformation Picture, and Games of Fortune, all for 50c, postpaid. Two packages for FIFTY CENTS, and five for ONE DOLLAR. J. LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

LIFE IN THE BACK WOODS. A Guide to the successful Hunting and Trapping of all kinds of animals. It gives the right season for trapping; how to make, set, and bait all kinds of traps for minks, weasels, skunks, hawks, owls, gophers, birds, squirrels, musk-rats, foxes, rabbits, raccoons, etc.; how to make and use bird lime. It gives the English secrets for catching all kinds of birds; it tells how to know the true value of skins, as well as how to skin all animals; deodorize, stretch, and cure them; to dress and tan skins, furs and leather; to tan with or without the wool or hair, to skin and stuff birds; baits and hook for fishing; how to fish successfully without nets, lines, spears, snares, "bebe," or bait, (a great secret); how to choose and clean up a how to breed minks for their skins, (hundreds of dollars can be made by any boy or young man who knows how to breed minks), etc. Sent postpaid for 20c.; three for 50c.; six for 80c. J. LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

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Welland Canal Enlargement

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on MONDAY, the 25th day of JANUARY next (1885), for raising the walls of the locks, weirs, etc., and increasing the height of the banks of that part of the Welland Canal between Port Dalhousie and Thorold, and for deepening the Summit Level between Thorold and Ramey's Bend, near Humberston.

The works, throughout, will be let in sections. Maps of the several localities, together with plans and descriptive specifications, can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 11th day of JANUARY next (1885), where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works north of Allanburg will be furnished at the Resident Engineer's Office, Thorold; and for works south of Allanburg, plans, specifications, etc., may be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, Welland.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars or more—according to the extent of the work on the section—must accompany the respective tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The amount required in each case will be stated on the form of tender.

The cheque or money thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 9th December, 1884.

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This book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all. -London Lancet.

There is no member of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman. -Argonaut. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill, and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases, having baffled the skill of all other physicians, such HEAL out successfully with THYSELF. out an instance of failure.

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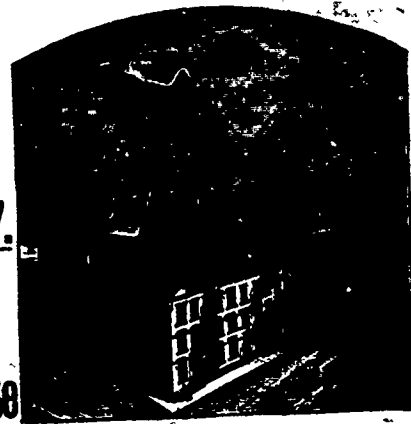
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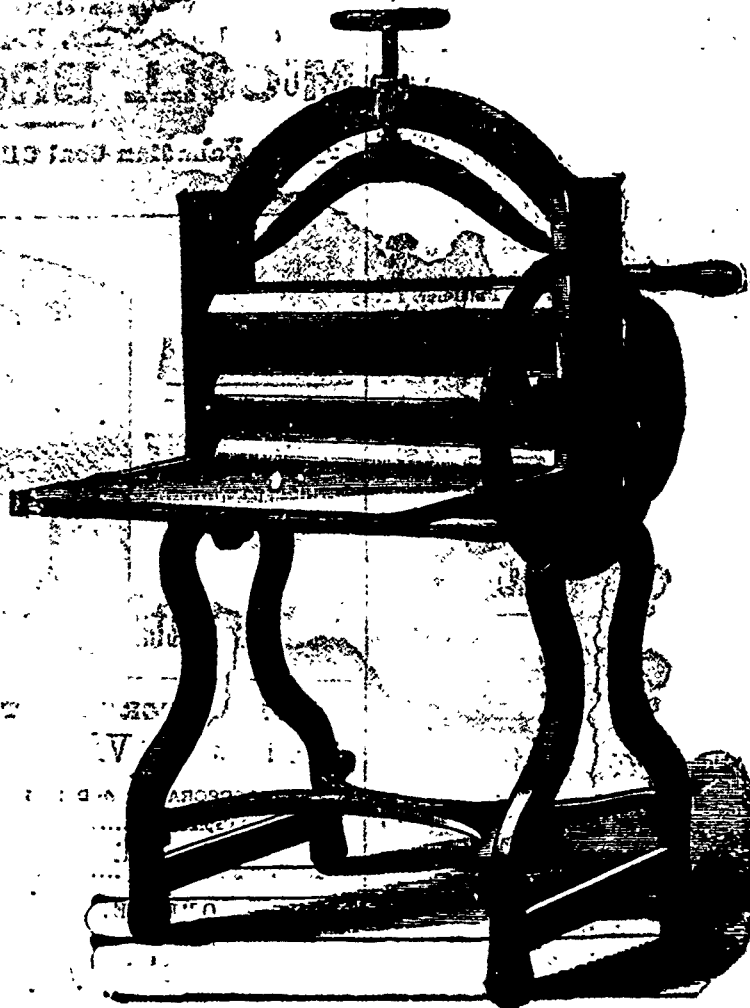
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