

Crux

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TORONTO, OCTOBER 6th, 1888.

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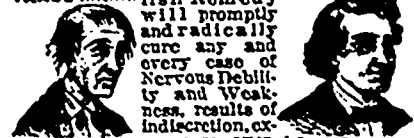
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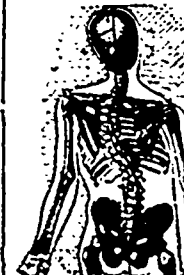
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OLD SERIES—16TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., OCTOBER 6, 1883.

NEW SERIES—VOL. III. NO. 157.

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

Our readers will not forget that the time for receiving answers to the question, which is the longest verse in the Bible, is open till the 7th of November. Although some answers have been received, it is only the four first correct answers which take the prizes. Subscribers as well as non-subscribers may compete, only all must send this paragraph and fifty cents with their answer. If you are already a subscriber, you will have your term extended three months. If you are not, you will get TRUTH sent to your address for three months from the date of sending in your answer. Everybody gets full value for their investment of half a dollar, besides the probability of being first with the correct answer, and getting either the Silver Hunting Case Watch or some of the lesser premiums.

For the special benefit of its many Temperance subscribers, TRUTH this week gives as its musical selection a little temperance melody, which, simple and affecting, will prove popular and effective in the lodge-room and the parlor.

How is it known when a man or woman is mad? Experts disagree as much as ordinary people, and where doctors, &c. Perhaps it is true that everybody is insane on some point or other, and that if one could only

touch the soft place, there would be fun with even the supposedly sane and gravest. Possibly. Still some are evidently worse than others, and a great deal of charity is needed in not a few cases to afford any cred. it at all to the unfortunates, who, though not shut up in an asylum, have evidently wits which have gone a wool gathering. Perhaps vanity gone to a diseased state is oftentimes the easily besetting weakness, by which all these fellows are afflicted. They are, according to their own accounts, at the bottom of every thing. They move the wheels which move the universe. They do everything that is worth the doing. The cranks in short out in the institution on Queen street are comparatively moderate compared with some who walk the streets of Toronto every day, and think themselves among the wisest of the sons of men. Such is life.

No appearance of the "slugger" and "bull-pup" style of literature having exhausted itself! Let it have free course. The "system" will surely be relieved bye-and-bye.

What a lot of care and attention is expended on ministers and their wants and ways! How unmercifully they are criticised! How carefully they are watched, and all that! That is all right. But what the mischief have the congregations to do with the poor wives of these unfortunates? They, at any rate, are not official characters. The ministers married them and them only, and if the husbands are pleased nobody else ought to say a word. But they do, and it is a black burning shame the way in which these poor women are frequently torn to pieces. Do, for pity sake, good Christian people, let them alone. It is better often to be a minister's horse than to be his wife, though the horse is often not over blessed with oats and other provender. There never was a time when there was less gossip going in Toronto. The people are dying for want of material. Why doesn't some wife run away from her husband, or vice versa? Come, now, hurry up, or the consequences may be serious.

The Biddulph outrage seems destined not to be solitary. This time it is Grimaby, and the intended victim is a man of the name of Armstrong. Why any person should be punished with such malignant hatred and outrage is not easily accounted for. But the ways which are dark are many, and the human heart is often a queer affair. If those young fellows who have been taken up on suspicion are found to be the guilty parties, scarcely any punishment would be too severe for them.

Young Alfonso is doing the nice thing with the Parisians. He is heaping coals of fire on their heads by subscribing to their charities, and showing himself a very manly and withal, sensible young fellow. May his shadow never get less! It would be too bad if Europe were to be involved in war simply from the senseless and inhospitable proceedings of a Paris mob.

Can a husband be charged with the crime of running away with his wife? The world will have an opportunity of knowing all

about this before it is very much older. Away down in New Brunswick the proverbial course of true love separated a bride and bridesgroom at the altar. They were married, but the asses of parents spirited the bride away, and the other party was left lamenting. Years passed on, and still the young folks were kept apart. The dragon of the Hesperides was nothing to that father, who kept a strict eye on the young woman aforesaid. But the bridesgroom did not despair. He would not consent to a divorce. Quite the contrary, and recently he watched his opportunity when the daughter and the "stern parent" were walking in a quiet, somewhat darkish lane, and actually knocked one down and ran off with the other. The recognized and convenient cab was at hand. There was driving as of Jehu, and the result was that man and wife got to a hotel where they spent the night, and the poor husband is now up for an assault, and nobody knows how many other crimes. Now the question is, Was there an assault? Could a husband in the circumstances be said to assault his wife at all, the more especially, as is shrewdly suspected in this case when the assaulted party was more than half pleased with the operation? It has merely to be added that the parties all move in the best circles of St. John and hence etc., etc. When things get so far, as in this case, what is the use of fathers, interfering especially when it is merely to secure the prize to another man, against the prize's wishes.

The Baptists had a grand field day or evening, at the opening of their Theological College. They are wise to concentrate their efforts on one place of the kind. What is likely to be the consequence? Simply that they will have the best and most fully equipped Theological Institute in the Dominion. Union is strength. It would be well if other bodies were to go and do likewise.

Who is the happy man that is to have the Government printing for the next four or five years? It has not been settled yet. But settled when or how it may, there will be soreheads, who will be sure that they have not got fair play, and who will cry out about fraud and favoritism. There is no possibility of such being the case. The tenders are all in due time published in the Sessional papers. The grounds upon which the preferred tender was chosen, are also given, and if any one can show that he has not got fair play, why the way is open,—let him go at it.

Are a few of these coal merchants to be hanged? It would seem so. Yet what have they done? They have, it seems, combined to keep up prices, and are now charging seven dollars for their black diamonds. Well, and so are the Cotton manufacturers, and so are the Stove makers, and so are a great many others. It is the very essence of the grand, glorious policy of dearness which is now so much in vogue. If people are aggrieved with monopolies why don't they rise in their might and break the ring by going into the business themselves? And then the half dollar of tax, of course, that is neither here nor there. The people on the other side, or the mar-

chants, or somebody, pays all that, but certainly the consumers don't! Of course not. Take off that half-dollar and the coals would just be as dear as ever, perhaps dearer. Who knows? What is the use therefore in crying out? Taxes never raise the price of articles. All the reverse. Make the tax a dollar and coals will come down to six dollars, sure. In this way, by excessive taxation its quite possible to reduce the price indefinitely, indeed, to secure all the fuel to the consumers for nothing. TRUTH is a believer in high taxation as a sure means of securing all necessaries at reasonable prices.

What can TRUTH say about that story from St. Thomas wherein was finely illustrated the dangers, troubles and enjoyments of eating with one's hat on? Merely this, that if it is not true it ought to be, and to all appearances is. It is too absurd to have been imagined by the not over bright folks of the west. How the man in such circumstances could think that he had a case against the landlord is more than any ordinary person could divine. Anyone that will persist against all the usages of society in eating his dinner with his hat on, especially when ladies are present, deserves not only to have his chapeau kicked ignominiously down stairs, but be made to follow his head-gear in the same unceremonious order. Tut, man! What is the use of making yourself quite a donkey? To be sure it may be said in extenuation that he could not help it, on account of nature having been before him in the manufacture aforesaid.

When may a creditor dun his debtor for "that small account" without being liable for damages through hurting feelings or credit? TRUTH thinks this too hard a question. But, at any rate, this is a fact, that among what are called the respectables of Toronto there is quite a number of as inveterate dead-beats as will be found on the face of the earth. They sponge round for credit everywhere. They enter stores with the airs of millionaires and give their orders as the merest matters of fact, though they have not a single cent to pay for the same. It is said to be actionable, still TRUTH feels that it is necessary to have a guide to these dead-heads published and continually revised for the benefit of a suffering public. There are women of the very *creme de la creme* who never pay anything, and a good many men equally bad. Tradespeople had far better shut down upon them at once and write off their accounts as bad debts. The first loss will be least. But these store-keepers are themselves often greatly to blame. They bow and cringe to these miserables and are only too happy to let them have the goods. It looks better they think, and they would not for the world offend those who are "well connected." Well connected indeed! Why they are simply common swindlers, neither more nor less. There are more losses in bad debts from so-called respectables than from all the poor and common in the world.

So O'Donnell was the most innocent and unoffending mortal that ever lived. He kills Carey purely in self-defense! All that is very like a whale. Some may believe the story but their number will be few.

The doctors, God bless them, are our very good friends. They are the first who welcome us to this world of mingling tears and sunny smiles, and when we can be of no further use in this life, when we have been served with an imperative summons to quit, a summons so imperative that no one has ever ventured to disobey—there are generally one or more of them at hand to give us sympathetic send off, cheerful as the nature of the case admits, into the life beyond. Ill-natured persons sometimes contend that exits from this "vale of tears" are occasionally rendered more expeditious under the assiduous attentions of these gentlemen than there is any very pressing necessity for; but TRUTH pays no attention to gossip of that kind. Other wisacres say that certain pilules, draughts and potions judiciously administered will suffice to keep a patient for quite a large number of weeks in a state of most interesting invalidism, or still more interesting convalescence, during which period the doctor often "drops in" more as a friendly acquaintance, you know, than a physician, and drops out again a dollar or two the richer. TRUTH had never any experience of this kind, but has, on the contrary, found the doctors to be "jolly good fellows," as a rule. There are black sheep among them though, and into some hands we certainly would not like to fall. Serious bleeding in more senses than one would be to be feared. But what a paying profession it must be to judge by the "style" some of these modern Esculapians keep up.

On Simcoe street, for instance, there is Dr. Probe, young, moderately good-looking, well connected both by birth and marriage, and, according to all accounts, master of his profession. What an establishment he keeps up! If he has many poor patients, no doubt he goes on the principle of making the rich ones pay for them. A very good principle, too, if carefully attended to. Then there is Dr. Bolus, a dignified gentleman he, also enjoying a considerable share of confidence from the sick and the afflicted of our good city. On Spadina avenue the doctors are too numerous to mention. There is Dr. Forceps—a very good doctor too, if he would only mind himself a little more closely, and Dr. Saw, Dr. Lancet, and Dr. Speculum, Dr. Illness, and last, though not least, Dr. Health. Gerrard street and its vicinity seems to be the favored spot where doctors "most do congregate." There, beginning at Yonge street and travelling east, we have Dr. Physic and Dr. Sweat, Dr. Leftoo, Dr. Trochar and Dr. Garlic. But time would fail us to speak of Dr. Globus and Dr. Pulvis, Dr. Gout and Dr. Seton, Dr. Splint and Dr. Bandage. They are all honorable men, and all more or less known to fame.

What afflictive dispensations some other wise worthy and commendable persons make of themselves with those children of heirs! And especially if the children happen to be babies. The novelty of a baby never seems to grow less. This is the nineteenth century of the Christian Era in which we are living. Omniscience only knows how many centuries before Christ, men and women had been living on this whirling globe of ours, and having babies. Yet each new arrival from Wonderland is hailed with as much rapturous amazement as if, to alter slightly the reading of a well-known quotation, it were "the first that ever burst out of that silent sea." The thing is amazing, if one only reflects on it for a moment. In this hard, dry matter of fact money-making and money-loving age of ours, the latest snub-nosed contortant for a

share in the world's bread and butter is dandled, and fondled, and kissed and hugged. People go into ridiculous ecstasies over it, and it is regarded by its delighted parents as the one thing on this planet which is wholly and altogether lovely, in much the same way probably as little Cain was by his doting precursors. Richard Roe under similar circumstances probably makes no greater fool of himself to day than Adam did some thousands of years ago, more or less, when he was given baby Cain or Abel to "hold" for a few minutes, till Eve put on the tea-kettle, or made pancakes for supper. And if Adam had friends, as perhaps he had after the lapse of a few hundred years or so, he no doubt made himself as obnoxious to them by the wearisome monotony of his efforts to pose constantly as the devotedly affectionate husband and father, as John Doe does at the present time. A. is a dear friend. A good enough fellow in his way. He has a wife and two or three children, however, and the anguish which he can cause those to suffer who are unlucky enough to get near him for an hour or two, is imaginable to any who by the merciful arrangements of an All-wise Providence have never been called upon to pass through that particular form of a "burning fiery furnace." He goes into raptures over his home life. Describes the scene of his domestic felicities as a "little heaven on earth," enlarges on the incomparable qualities of his wife, and so on ad nauseam. For pity's sake draw the curtain.

There are sad evidences of detestable Vandalism visible in nearly every part of the city. They are to be seen everywhere, indeed, except where special and well adapted means have been taken in the way of prevention. Fences are hideously defaced by drawings and writings often of a detestable description. Trees are stripped of their bark, graves are trodden on and almost completely ruined. And there are other signs of this destructive tendency which anyone can see for himself. Why, for instance, is it that people instead of keeping to the sidewalks which are laid down for the purpose of being trodden on, persist in walking on the boulevards in spite of all warnings and entreaties to the contrary? Any morning, and almost anywhere, one may see what would otherwise have been quite a beautiful boulevard and an ornament to the neighborhood, completely spoiled by the indecent haste of some ignorant Vandals, who, in order to secure the merest fragment of time, have deliberately trodden a pure path across one corner. Such things ought not to be permitted for a moment. Every citizen should guard against being guilty of anything of the kind himself, and should constitute himself a kind of special policeman to prevent it being done by others.

The *Saturday Review* has a fierce thrust at what must have been the sharpest of sharp thorns in the side of that most dignified of all British journals—the American custom of newspaper interviewing. Some enterprising London evening paper, it appears, had sent a reporter to interview Miss Anderson after the most approved American fashion, and had published the results of the conversation. From specimens given it can easily be understood that British attempts at this peculiarly American product of journalism are none of the best. But it was the fact of an interview having taken place at all that provoked the wrath of the *Saturday*, not the excellence or otherwise of the attempt. It expresses great surprise that a journal of which better things might well have been

expected should so far have forgotten what was due to its own dignity of British Journalism as to "drag itself through the mire" by inaugurating the "detestable" American habit of interviewing. If the British public, however, show that they enjoy published interviews with more or less distinguished people as much as the Americans do, then TRUTH very much fears that *detestable* is not detestable as the case may be. "Interviewing" will become a more or less constant feature of British journalism as well as of the American. If such should be the case, however, it is earnestly to be hoped that the good sense of British journalists will keep them from giving "interviewing" some of these features which in American hands has made the custom to stink in the nostrils of all respectable people.

It is confidently asserted by many who claim to have accurate knowledge on the subject and to speak as it were *ex cathedra* that never as any time before this have the Canadian girls looked so pretty as now, pretty as they are at all times, and beautifully dressed as they are very often, and might be more frequently, not by the expediture of more money, but by the development of a little more good taste, and a disposition to do fuller justice to the great principle of *simplex munditiis*, which for the benefit of the uninitiated may be made to mean beauty unadorned is adorned the most. Now girls this is not flattery, but the sober truth. *Honest Injun!*

How terribly fixed some people are in their own opinions! Not for a moment can you get them to acknowledge that they can possibly be in the wrong. They won't even listen to a statement of any other view. They do not pretend that their convictions are the fruit of mature deliberations and careful comparison of differing views. Not they. Their convictions partake of the nature of revelations from above,—inspirations from within at any rate—and cling to them they will with a tenacity as strong, if not as intelligent, as the perseverance of many of the saints. They are as stubborn as mules, and as prickly as hedgehogs. Let any one fall foul of their favorite conceptions, and they will bristle up in a moment into surprised indignation, and lofty, intolerant contempt. Come, now, "enormous airs," do your spurring gently.

Lord Coleridge is evidently being dined and wineed and feasted to his heart's content, among his Yankee friends. TRUTH is very glad of it. Had it pleased his Lordship to cross the border, he should have had as hearty a welcome as it lay in the power of "mere colonists," "you know," to give him, but he has not chosen to do so, and—well, we have survived, and mean to.

If Chicago people have any sense of humor left, it must surely strike them as somewhat whimsical that after they have shown their distinguished visitors the mysteries of the Stock Yards, and revealed to them all the realistic witchcraft of pig-sticking and cattle-killing, there is really nothing else to be seen. That slaughtered process is the great attraction. Show the Stock Yards, after that—The Deluge, if need be, or nothing, which is more likely. Chicago people never seem to tire of those pigs of theirs. They revel in recounting exactly how many porkers "cease from troubling" within the minute, and how the boiling and the scraping, and the disembowelling, and the quartering, and all the other etceteras of the process are completely over before the unfortunate granter has fully recovered from his surprise at the first stroke.

St. Louis is evidently an unsafe place for girls. First, one lassie mysteriously disappears, then another, and then another. After a lull of a week or two, the same old story repeats itself. It is getting monotonous. And the strange thing is that many of the maidens who act in this unaccountable way, belong to the better circles of Society. We don't wonder at any one wishing to leave St. Louis, but why be so quiet about it?

When travelling in almost any direction through Canada, one is struck by the evident abhorrence of paint which seems so strongly characteristic of the people in many of the towns and villages. Brown, unsightly things, many of the houses and outbuildings are. Apparently, no pride is taken in them, no effort made to keep them in good repair. The demon of ugliness appears to have settled in these places for good, and to have fortified the minds of the people against beauty and good taste. What a contrast between these towns and places of like size in the States! There neat, trim, well-painted houses, fences and outbuildings are the rule; rough, bare, unpainted tumble-down altars to ugliness the exception. The misery also is that this same horror of paint is as unprofitable as it is offensive to good taste. Paint pays. Nay, it pays to repeat the dose every few years. It is generally said that Canadians and other cannot afford to paint the outside of their houses and barns. It would be nearer the truth to say that they can't afford *not* to do so. Do, good people, patronize the paint pot a great deal more. It will smarten up all your surroundings wonderfully, and will, besides, preserve every kind of wood-work for an indefinitely longer period.

One of the funniest things to be met with is the surpassing idea some people cherish about the wondrous influence which they personally exert over all public affairs, as well as over all persons and places in any way connected with them. They are not crazy in the ordinary sense of the term, but they are cranks all the same. TRUTH knows more than one who are not in the asylum, and yet who solemnly believe that they are pulling the strings in every public movement of any importance. With the gravest possible countenance, this one or that of the clan referred to, will say, "Oh yes, I put Mowat up to that." "Do you know where Blake got that hint? He stole it from me;" "I coached Sir John thoroughly on that point." And so on and so on. They live in an atmosphere of sweet content, well assured that they are little Providences to all the people of their neighborhood, and very big ones to the nation and the world in general. The fact is they know every thing that is going to take place; Highland second sight is nothing to their gift. They move the minds that move the universe. No doubt they appear to everybody poor fools. Ah, that is all you know. Cross their path and prepare for death. The issues of life and ruin are in their hands. Many long years ago a fine young fellow went insane from over brain work. In that condition he fancied he was superintending the affairs of the world, which all lay out as on a chess board before him, and that he had not time either to speak or eat, except in the most microscopic quantities. Just so with the cranks referred to. Only they are not so bad as to justify their being shut up. The more's the pity.

The racket raised by the short paper on borrowing in last week's TRUTH has been terrible. Threatening angry letter have been the order of the day. As many as a

score have been threatening a libel suit, and some have even talked of cudgels, if not even revolvers. The arrow must have gone home. TRUTH had no idea that so many social and conscienceless dead beats existed in what is called respectable society. It is awful to think of any body being so hard pushed, as many of them are when they were willing to take TRUTH's portrait as their own very fair likeness. It is awfully true and awfully sad. Why there are cases where people get up early in the morning that they may read their neighbor's newspapers before the girl takes it in. They beat about from store to store till their credit is almost gone, and yet their rage for keeping up appearances is as strong as ever. They will do the meanest, most contemptible things for a crust of bread. Their whole lives is one continued lie. They have no restraint from stealing properly so-called, except the fear of the gaol and the mortification of exposure. They are thieves in their hearts, and their borrowings and bad debts have a nastier moral taint than those of many who are clothed in motley down at Kingston or up at the Central prison. Genteel dead beats are among the most trying and offensive nuisances by which this fair city is afflicted, and yet look at them on King street of an afternoon, and think—Do you say that you *must* live somehow? TRUTH very decidedly affirms that there is no possible *must* in the case. Quite the contrary. And then these people often live to a most unconscionable age! Terrible, isn't it? The only way is for everybody "to shut down on them." Root hog or die.

It is almost amusing to notice how something always get from bad to worse. Let any one, for instance, look at the block pavement. At first there was quite a fuss about watching the bad blocks and rejecting them. There is not even the pretence of that now, or the slightest superintendance in other matters. *Facilis descensus Avernii.*

These fearful long lessons both in and out of the school is playing the very mischief in Ontario and elsewhere, with Education. Have teachers no sense? Apparently a great many of them have none. The work to be done at home is often so outrageous both in its difficulty and length as to justify almost "an aith or twa."

Mungo Park, the African traveller, used to say that he never in any quarter of the world, addressed a woman in the language of civility and kindness, but he got a civil and kind answer. Perhaps this could not be said universally, but as a general thing, it both could and can. As a rule, women are considerate and civil, when they are not they are specially the other thing. Men never become so thoroughly base as women do—possibly on the principle that the finest fruit when rotten has the most offensive smell, and is absolutely useless.

At the present rate of progress when will the Church Street sewer be finished?

When will the *World* get over the "blowing" stage of teething juvenility? When will the Editors of *Globe* and *Mail* see themselves as others see them?

How comes it to pass that the children of some fathers and mothers who themselves are the very pinks of perfection are so rough, unkempt and irrepressible? Helen's babies are not creatures of the imagination. Almost everybody knows something of them from painful personal experience,

while the father and the mother such of are full of admiration for their cleverness, though they would denounce any others as "horrid little things" if they were even a tittle as bad. It is difficult to say. Sometimes it evidently arises from a mistaken theory of training. The brats are allowed to grow up in forest tree fashion, very much as they please. Sometimes, both father and mother were pretty old before they had any children, and they have become so unreasonably foolish about them that the creatures can really do no wrong. Then it sometimes happens that they are not agreed on a plan so that when the father flugs the mother pets and *vice versa*, while the grandparents, perhaps, come in with their stupid second childhood ways, giving in to every whim and making the originally disagreeable little brats just simply intolerable. Any way it is an awful pity for the children and for those who may sometimes have to put up with their ways. Old maids are capital at training other people's children *in theory*. But if it should so happen that after long years of delay and hope deferred, they are themselves married and have one or two chicks of their own, aren't they the young monkeys as a usual thing? For much of the rod is of course not good, but discipline ought to be maintained at all hazards. Yes, there is discipline in this country and in this age, but the misery is that in the vast majority of cases the children *RULE*. The queer, impudent, eldritch looking little wretches that they are! If they got their due wouldn't they howl?

In the United States a strong cry is beginning to be raised against further immigration. In former times great inducements were held out to immigrants and glowing accounts were sent to the Old World to induce the surplus population to migrate that way. Times are fast changing in this respect, however. In the great manufacturing centres the working classes feel pretty keenly the effects of more competition in labor, as the supply is evidently about equal to the demand, so much so that in many branches of industry all the wages a good operative can command barely suffices to keep the wolf from the door, where families have to be fed. The Labor Unions will probably soon organize themselves against the importation of mechanics or operatives of any kind. The cry so potent against the cheap Chinese labor is growing stronger and stronger against all imported labor. The finale may be a policy of protection against the importation of laborers, as well as against the importation of manufactured goods.

The Spanish King, Alphonso, has been insulted by the Parisian mob, and there is great indignation consequent all over Spain and in some other quarters. It seems the old German Emperor took very kindly to the young King, and of his own proper motion made him Colonel of one of the Uhlan regiments. The French mob with idiotic touchiness took offence at this and gratuitously insulted and hooted the young man when he came on a friendly visit to Paris. It was a mean, contemptible proceeding, worse than a crime, a mistake. Of course it was playing into Bismarck's hand quite as if that emissary of all unrighteousness supposed to be, had actually excited the outbreak. It seems a bad look out for the peace of Europe when even the "rascal mob" can act in such a senseless fashion.

It is curious how long a clever fraud will keep going without being found out, and how easily lots of people allow themselves to be gulled. One of this sort, Madame Hazelton,

has been doing it beautifully in Toronto for some time past. She was an actress, a teacher of the Decorative Art and much else. She has with her innocent looks and her plausible tongue, managed to diddle the lieges out of six hundred dollars and more. Not only did she cheat poor girls who wanted to be genteel and to shine in the fine arts, but she came over the astute owner of the American Hotel, and left him amounting over the loss of a good many shillings, the price of her board during the period spent in Toronto. She was innocent beyond all thought, was Madame Hazelton, and no doubt she will turn up elsewhere and do others equally brown. Why will people believe the absurd professions of persons about whom they know nothing? This woman is one of the biggest frauds on the continent and yet however often found out she manages always to secure fresh victims. She has any quantity of *aliases* and knows how to do the pious, the literary, and the artistic to perfection. For years she has lived by her wits which have generally guided her into crooked ways. Yet she will continue to get people to believe in her and her spectacles in spite of all warning. So many are such fools.

It was a great mistake, to say the least of it, for the authorities of Manitoba to send a Feld battery to Rat Portage to keep order on the day on which an election was to take place for an Ontario member of Parliament. Who sent that force which was never needed, which notoriously, everybody knew before hand would not be needed? One thing is clear, and that is, that all this sort of work is playing into Mowat's hands most beautifully. TRUTH is no partizan, but this dead set upon Ontario and all her interests, is getting quite too monotonous, and must be stopped some of these days, if not in one way, then certainly in another. It is possible to presume too much on the good nature and forbearance of some people, and it will be strange if it is not speedily found that the forbearance of the great mass of the inhabitants of Ontario has in this matter quite reach its very furthest limits. In the meantime, it is as certain as anything well can be, that the Government of Ontario neither can, nor will give up the territory in dispute, till the reason why is made much more evident than it is at present.

The Ladies' Medical College has been opened under the most favorable auspices. TRUTH is not clear about the co education of the sexes either in Medicine or Arts. Indeed it is not very clear how medical instruction could be imparted to mixed classes without something necessary being left out, or something not very pleasant being excited or suggested. However, nature must be taken as it is, and it is not saying much, to affirm that young men and women in the same dissecting room would often see and hear what would not be for edification. Of course everybody knows about "all things being pure to the pure." Yet all the same it is not well to try that too far. But while this is the case, there is no reason why there should be no lady doctors and no medical classes for women. Quite the contrary—TRUTH holds that in a vast majority of cases the proper physicians for women are women, and that in certain cases none but women ought to be allowed to wait upon women.

The Hon. Isaac Buchanan, of Hamilton, is dead. He was a worthy man in his day, though no one would have been more astonished at the fulsome eulogies pronounced over his dead body than that honorable gentleman himself. To read some of the news-

papers it might be imagined that he was one of the most remarkable men ever known in Canada. Such writing makes the worthy man who is the subject of it, simply ridiculous, and it is something more for those who have the folly to perpetrate such stuff. *Nil nimis* is a good motto.

Was it right, or fair, or legal, for the Commissioners of the Industrial Exhibition to get a license in the name of their Secretary, and then split that license in sixteen different parts and make sixteen saloons on the ground? TRUTH takes the liberty of saying that it was a fraud, and a fraud punishable by law.

Dr. Richardson in his introductory lecture to the medical students among other things gave them some sarcastic intended-to-be-funny advice about not offending the susceptibilities of policemen by singing or sarcastic looks. This may be all very well, but it is after all undoubtedly the fact that a greater proportion of medical than of any other class of students behave themselves in a rowdy, ungentlemanly fashion, and the sooner they learn better manners the better for themselves and their teachers as well. It is not a very encouraging spectacle either to God or man, nay not even to policemen, to see a lot of half-bruaken rowdies, who fancy they are gentlemen, making night hideous, and disturbing a whole neighbourhood by their unearthly shoutings, which they try to persuade themselves and others have a good title to the name of music. No, no, lads, try to be gentlemen and you will be all the better both as doctors and students.

Is it after all worth while to be continually fitting out new expeditions to the Arctic regions, and sacrificing more valuable lives for all that is gained? It may appear awfully barbarian and stupid, yet TRUTH holds that it is not. The game is not worth the candle, even though the work brings out a great deal of bravery, and helps to develop courage and muscle of no ordinary kind. Other enterprises could do all that without being either so expensive or so risky. But this is awful, some will say, so TRUTH will not enlarge.

Is there nothing possible for the amelioration of things in Lombard street? No more unmitigated savages can be found in any part of Africa than are many of the *habitués* of that classic region. Why not pull down the wretched old rookeries? They say the land on which they stand belongs to the Church. Which church? Whichever it is, such a state of things is perfectly disgraceful.

Gossip has it that a worthy gentleman in the West End of the city is any thing but happy in his domestic relations. But why make a wonder of that? It is not so uncommon after all.

What is to be done for the boys of the well-to-do classes? Genteel positions can't not be got for them all. Why not go to farming and work like heroes in one of the best occupations on the face of the earth? Yes and an occupation which is never overstocked and never likely to be.

Algoma has gone for Mowat and hence all the Tories are swearing and all the Grits are thanking God and taking courage. Why doesn't the Mowat Ministry bring on the new Muskoka election? Now is the time. In a short time the roads will be too bad or something else equally unfavorable. Go at it at once, old man!

Good Templars' Department.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

T. W. CASEY, G. W. Secretary, Editor.

Grand Lodge of Canada.

G.W.C.T., J. H. Flegg, Mitchell.
G.W.C., Edward Storr, Ottawa.
G.W.V., Lydia Newman, Paris.
G.W.S., T. W. Casey, Napanea.
G.W.T., J. B. Nixon, Toronto.
G.W.C., Rev. E. Fessant, Centralia.
G.W.M., J. J. Mason, Essex Centre.
G.W.G., Annie D. Velle, Toronto.
G.W.S., W. H. Gribble, Woodstock.
P.C.W., Rev. John Shaw, Peterboro.
Next annual session to be held at Toronto fourth Tuesday in June, 1884.

GRAND LODGE OF QUEBEC.

The annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, was held in the City of Sherbrooke, on the 19th and 20th of September, and was attended by a full delegation of influential and earnest temperance workers.

The report of the G. W. C. T., Bro. W. H. Lambly, embraced a very interesting historical review of the work of the Order, general as well as local, from its first organization. He strongly urged the necessity of establishing and maintaining a temperance propaganda through both press and platform, and offered many valuable suggestions regarding the work of the session and the duties and responsibilities of the members in their respective home spheres of labor.

The Grand Worthy Secretary's report showed the work that had been accomplished in the way of establishing new lodges and resuscitating old ones, as well as the losses sustained. The following summary shows—Lodges reported at last session,—51; new Lodges, 2; resuscitated 8; total, 61; from which take 12 forfeited charters, and 49 remains as the number of Lodges now existing in the Province. Of these 17 are behindhand with their returns, thereby losing their good standing. The falling away in numbers within the jurisdiction during the year from 2,208 reported at last session to 2,017 this year, is represented chiefly by the suspension, mostly for arrears of dues, of 341 members, to the forfeiture of the charters of twelve lodges and to a large number of voluntary withdrawals. This is a terrible leakage that has totally obliterated the addition of a round thousand less four new members during the year, and suggests that holding fast that which it has is equally important to the Order with making new acquisitions.

The Juvenile Templar branch was reported practically extinct, there being but one Temple in existence, and that was not reporting.

A resolution of regret and sympathy was passed in reference to the severe illness of Rev. Thomas Gales.

The report of the Committee on the State of the Order, while regretting the apparent numerical decrease, believes that the material remaining is better, and the Order really stronger than it was before.

The Finance Committee in their report recommended among other things that the capitation tax remain at seven cents, but that a special tax of one cent be levied the first two quarters of the year to meet the R. W. G. Lodge tax of a half cent a member and to aid the lecture work of the Grand Lodge. An amendment was moved that the capitation tax be reduced to five cents, and an amendment to the amendment was moved and carried, to the effect that the present tax of seven cents be retained, and two of it be applied to the R. W. G. Lodge tax and the lecture work of this Grand Lodge.

A report was adopted recommending that an effort be made to enlist the assistance of

school teachers in the juvenile work, and that the Grand Lodge memorialize the Council of Public Instruction to have a temperance text book prescribed and brought into common use in the schools of the Province.

The next session of the Grand Lodge will be held in Danville on the third Wednesday in September, 1884.

The following are the office-bearers for the current year:—G. W. C. T.—W. H. Lambly, Inverness; G. W. C.—A. Tattersall, Montreal; G. W. V. T.—Mrs. Porter, Danville; G. W. S.—Henry Haycroft, Montreal; G. W. A. S.—Mrs. Dr. Dowlin, Sherbrooke; G. W. Tr.—R. W. Williams, Three Rivers; G. W. Ch.—Rev. C. E. Amarou, Three Rivers; G. W. M.—Robert Johnston, Danville; G. W. D. M.—Miss Roy Three Rivers; G. W. I. G.—Mrs. Tattersall, Montreal; G. W. O. G.—H. G. Lane, South Bolton; G. S. J. T.—Mrs. W. H. Lambly, Inverness; P. G. W. C. T.—J. K. McDonald, Montreal; Representatives to R. W. G. L.—W. H. Lambly and R. W. Williams; Auditors.—J. K. McDonald and S. J. Symons, Montreal.

NOTES AND NEWS.

OHIO.—The Good Templars of Ohio are leading in the race of the great struggle now going on in that State to secure the enactment of a Prohibition Amendment to the constitution.

LENNON COUNTY.—Napanea Lodge will this week return a visit made by Palmerston Lodge, Bath, some months ago. The Saved Army are interfering with the operations of both lodges, but they are nevertheless continually adding to their membership.

COL. J. J. HICKMAN, P. R. W. G. I., who had been laboring successfully in the Maritime Provinces for some weeks passed westward on his way home last week. He spent a couple of days in Napanea with W. S. Williams, P. R. W. G. S.

DR. OROSHYATIKHA.—R. W. G. C., has been laboring for the past month in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in the interests of Independent Forestry, of which institution he is Supreme Chief Ranger. He has organized a number of subordinate courts in both of these provinces, and a High Court for each.

WISCONSIN.—The Grand Lodge of Wisconsin held its annual session during the first week of September at Madison. The session was very largely attended and was most harmonious throughout. The legislation of the present session is described as the most radical ever passed by the body, and yet the session was one of the most harmonious ever held in that or any other state. The order is prospering in Wisconsin, and is recognized as a very powerful factor in the prohibition agitation now going on in that state.

ILLINOIS.—The Grand Lodge of Illinois held its annual session at Ottawa during last week. The attendance was large and composed of a most intelligent and earnest class of workers. It rarely happens that a finer class of men and women come together in any capacity. The utmost harmony and enthusiasm prevailed in all the discussions. Not much numerical progress has been made, but there has been no loss, while in other respects substantial strength has been gained. Uriah Copp, jr., was re-elected G. W. C. T. for the eleventh term unanimously.

MINNESOTA.—A special session of the Grand Lodge of Minnesota will be held at Albert Lea on the 18th and 19th of this month.

SCOTLAND.—The Grand Lodge of Scotland has reported (in July), 651 sub-lodges with 39,034 members.

AT WORK.—K. I. Cheavis, G. W. C., of

Kentucky is in Ohio making the wolkin ring for constitutional prohibition.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The annual session of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania convened at Altoona on the 12th day of June. Rev. Geo. C. Hart, of Waymart, was re-elected G.W.C.T., and Miss Abbie A. Hinkle, G.W.S.

OREGON.—The fifteenth annual session of the Grand Lodge of Oregon opened June 19th at Astoria. The reports showed they had grown from 68 Lodges and 3,118 members to 104 Lodges with 4,480 members during the year. The officers elected were Dr. Elias Jeasup, G.W.C.T.; Will C. King G.W.C.; and J. E. Houston, G.W.S.

IRELAND.—The thirteenth annual session of this Grand Lodge was held in Belfast, on the 24—26th July. The financial statement showed a balance in the treasury of £32 7s. 4d., and the balance sheet presented a remarkable appearance: Liabilities, nil; assets, £65 6s. 4d. The reports received also indicate a fair degree of general prosperity. The Irish Templar is the official organ of the Grand Lodge.—Casket.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—The following are the officers of the newly formed Grand Lodge of Prince Edward Island:—G.W.C.T.—J. C. Underhay, Bay Fortune; G.W.C.—Rev. J. M. McLeod, Charlottetown; G.W.V.T.—Mrs. D. Farquharson, Charlottetown; G.W.S. and Tr.—J. A. Lawson, Charlottetown; G.W.A.S.—Mrs. H. McEwan, Mount Stewart; G.W.Ch.—Rev. J. S. Allen, Summerside; G.W.M.—C. Ways, St. Peter; G.W.D.M.—Mrs. M. McVane, Montague; G.W.I.G.—Miss Maggie Aitken, Rollo Bay; G.W.O.G.—J. A. McLeod, Breadalbane; G.W.Mess.—J. M. Nicholson, Belfast; G.S.J.T.—Miss Annie Ackerman, Summerside.

NEW YORK.—The Grand Lodge of New York met on the 28th of August, in Syracuse. The G.W.S. reported a prosperous year. The following officers were elected:—G.W.C.T.—W. Martin Jones, of Rochester; G.W.C.—Rev. R. D. Manger, of Auburn; G.W.V.T.—Mrs. William T. Logan, of Rochester; G.W.S.—D. W. Hooker, of Syracuse; G.W.A.S.—A. B. Lovelace, of Canonsville; G.W.T.—T. C. Andrews, of Ithaca; G.W. Chap.—Rev. D. C. Niven, of Marlborough; G.W.M.—A. C. Chapman; G.W.D.M.—Mrs. G. W. Cooley; G.W.G.—Mrs. J. M. Jones; G.W. Sent.—A. W. Morehouse; G.W. Mess.—J. H. Mann; Board of Managers.—Richard Kennedy of Albany, Joseph A. Bogardus of New York, Calvin McCarthy of Elmira; General Superintendent of Juvenile Temples—Mrs. J. M. Griffin of West Herley; Representatives to the R. W. Grand Lodge—Hon. A. S. Draper, W. Martin Jones, Milton A. Fowler, Dr. D. H. Niver, R. M. Tinkham, G. L. Bexter; Alternates.—Mrs. M. B. O'Donnell, Joe N. Stearns, Daniel M. V. Cott, Chester Briden, Albert Andrews, Rev. E. White; Place for holding next meeting—Chautauqua. The salaries of the officers were fixed at the following figures:—G.W.C.T., \$1,200; G.W.S., \$1,200; G.W.T., \$100; G.S.J.T., \$250.

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.—We find acknowledged in recent issues of the Ohio Good Templar the following contributions from lodges in Canada in aid of the Prohibition Amendment Campaign Fund of the Grand Lodge, of Ohio:—Florence Lodge, Florence Ont., \$1.20; Kessiasabeta, Longford Mills, Ont., \$1; Salamander, Kars, Ont., \$2; Woodstock, Woodstock, Ont., \$3; Forest Thessalon, Ont., \$5; Bethel, Drayton, Ont., \$1; Maitland, Arburn, Ont., \$5; Leeburn, Dunlop, Ont., \$1; Lily in the Forest, Foster Set., N. S., \$2; Ambitious City, Hamilton, Ont., \$5; Danchureb, Danchureb, Ont., \$3; Northern Star, Aron, Ont.,

\$2; Manotick, Manotick, Ont., \$2; Fern, Duart, Ont., \$2; Clear Water, Washago, Ont., \$2; Burlington, Hamilton, Ont., \$7; King, Coventry, Ont., \$1; Young Canadian, Mt. Forest, Ont., \$1; Winthrop, Winthrop, Ont., \$1; Poole, Poole, Ont., \$3; Mount Royal, Montreal, Q., \$10.50; Evergreen, Rodney, Ont., \$1; Acadia, Acadia Minos, N. S., \$2; Palmerston, Bath, Ont., \$1.—Canada Casket.

COUNTY OF OXFORD.—On Monday, Oct. 1st, the annual meeting of the County of Oxford Temperance Association was held in Knox Church, Ingersoll. The President, Rev. W. Williams, of Woodstock, in the chair. A good company of delegates from various parts of the County were present, and it is hoped that they go back to their homes strengthened and encouraged in the good work. The officers elected for the present year were:—Pres.—Rev. W. A. Mackay, M.A., Woodstock; 1st Vice-Pres.—Rev. W. Williams, Woodstock; 2nd Vice-Pres.—Rev. E. B. Silcox, Embro; 3rd Vice-Pres.—Mr. Williams, M.D., Ingersoll; Cor. Sec. and Financial Agent—Rev. C. R. Morrow, Otterville; Min. Sec. and Legal Adviser.—C. W. Oliver, Esq., Woodstock; Treas.—Mervin Cody, Esq., Embro. Many of the delegates are very confident of success at the polling time. So mote it be. The W.C.T.W., of Ingersoll, had invited G. W. Ross, Esq., to lecture on the previous Monday evening, but it was postponed on account of the Convention in order that delegates might be present. In the afternoon a delegation from the W.C.T.W., of Durham, was introduced, by Rev. W. W. Ross, of Ingersoll. They were enthusiastically received, and there is no doubt how the battle would go were our County filled with such unions.

Receipts from Lodges.

The G. W. Secretary hereby acknowledges the receipt of returns and tax from the following lodges during the month of September.

Bethel, Drayton	\$3 00
Forest, Thessalon	5 32
Pride of Moore, Collinsville	4 20
Pride of Markworth, Markworth	5 32
Dom. City Star, Dominion City	5 04
Bruce, Tiverton	3 50
Normandy, Glenden	70
Morrisburg, Morrisburg	4 97
Preston Star, Preston	3 00
Chippewa, Cuppewa Hill	1 54
Beaver, Guelph	3 78
Elmvale, Elmvale	2 31
Danchurch, Danchurch	2 31
Rideau, Billing's Bridge	1 54
Star of Peninsula, Stoke's Bay	63
Jaffa, Jaffa	3 29
Maple Leaf, Kingsville	1 54
Pride of the County, Harrow	3 85
Humberstone, Port Colborne	5 46
Lone Star, Barrie	1 12
Stand True, Utopia	1 40
St. Clair, Corunna	2 45
Fortress, Mitchell	6 00
Advance, Lion's Head	2 10
Evening Star, Corvey	2 45
Palmerston, Bath	3 00
Fidelity, Salford	2 38
Pine Grove, Dundonald	1 40
Hiawatha, Hiawatha	21
Cameron, Ottawa	5 83

RECEIPTS FOR SUPPLIES.

Pride of Moore, Collinsville	\$1 00
Rising Sun, Pickering	60
Paris, Paris	1 00
Cheltenham, Cheltenham	1 50
Thamesford, Thamesford	35
Excelsior, Hamilton	50
Emerson, Emerson	2 95
Prosperity, Fordwich	3 00
Beaver, Guelph	2 00
Refuge, Verney	1 00
Woodstock, Woodstock	50
Hope of Rochester, South Woodalie	2 00
Fairport, Dresden	35
Pride of Warkworth, Warkworth	1 00
Woodstock, Woodstock	60
Excelsior, Toronto	2 50

The most prominent man in the city is the street sweeper. He fills the public eye.

Temperance Department.

Lord Wolesley on Temperance.

The most successful military commander England can now boast of is Lord Wolesley. There can be no doubt that much of his success is attributable to not only his personal total-abstinence but also to his earnest efforts that all his soldiers shall also abstain.

At a meeting at Wilton Park, a few weeks ago, General Wolesley was presented with an address, and in his reply he made the following significant statements:—

"As you have stated in this address, I have long had the very greatest interest in Temperance, and during the opportunities that have been afforded me, by Her Majesty, to command military expeditions, I have always endeavoured not only by setting an example myself, but also by pressing upon others the great necessity which I felt existed for Temperance amongst those under my immediate command. (Hear, hear.) Since the Red River expedition, to which I referred yesterday, I have also been associated with troopers, many of whom were not only temperance men, but Total Abstiners. Recently in South Africa my personal body guard, the men around me who formed the detachment at head quarters, were almost exclusively Temperance men. I never had any trouble with them, no men could possibly behave better; their spirits were good and health equally good, and the cheeriness about them set an example to the whole force with which they were associated. A very curious thing I remember is this. Many years ago, long before this expedition to Egypt, which has recently taken place was thought of, I took up the subject of Egypt as a military study. In doing so, I naturally turned to all the old accounts of wars which had been carried on at the beginning of this century in that country. I refer especially to the expedition of Sir R. Abercrombie. There is a most interesting account written of it by Sir Robert Wilson. A very interesting remark was that he had been associated during his career as a soldier with a great number of armies, and had seen a great number of troops in the fields at various times and in various countries, and that he had never been acting with a body of men or an army that was so well behaved or showed a finer military spirit than the troops that landed with the late Sir R. Abercrombie in Egypt, and remained a considerable length of time there. He said that he attributed their good conduct, health, and magnificent bearing entirely to the fact that there was no liquor issued to the men from the time they landed to the time they left. It is a very significant thing, and I don't think it is generally known; therefore I have great pleasure in referring to it that during the recent campaign in Egypt the remembrance of these words of Sir Robert Wilson made a great impression on me, and although again the doctor told me it was very necessary the men should have grog issued to them, and I did, owing to the great pressure put upon me, allow it occasionally to be given to them in small quantities and on very rare occasions, I can conscientiously say that those men rivalled their predecessors in that country by their admirable behaviour. They were subjected to considerable privation as regards food, and had many temptations, especially when they entered a large capital like Cairo, where there were grog shops in numbers in every street, and some streets were almost exclusively composed of them; yet from the first to the last day during the time we were in Egypt I never saw a drunken soldier. There is no one in England that takes a deeper sympathy in the movement which you have inaugurated and which you do so much to further than I do. I associate the movement with the particular profession to which I have the honor of belonging because I have long been one of those who feel and believe that all the great sources of crime and disobedience and evils in the army committed to me had their origin in drink. I firmly believe that if we could only have an army not only bearing Her Majesty's colors, but also your colors, it would be the finest army that ever went into a field to represent this nation. I wish you all every success in this movement. It is a movement that will not only be advantageous to the army, but to the nation at large."

Sir Charles Tupper on Temperance.

At a recent temperance banquet in England, at which Sir Charles Tupper was a guest, he made an enthusiastic speech. The following extracts are taken from the report published in the *Manchester Alliance News*:—

"I may say in reference to the other Act which I had the honor of proposing and carrying through Parliament, when occupying the position of Minister of Customs in 1872, an Act that, as he says, excluded the sale, manufacture, and use of intoxicating liquors from a territory nearly as large as that of all Europe, the difficulty to be encountered was comparatively simple.

I say *use*, because the manufacture and sale being prohibited it followed that the use was prohibited. (Cheers.) The authorities appointed mounted police to have the law observed. Whenever the smallest portion of intoxicating liquor was discovered in the territory they had authority to destroy it then and there, and thus the use was so completely and entirely prohibited throughout the extent of that country, which, as you have been told, covers an extent of 250,000,000 acres of fertile land. Throughout that extent intoxicating liquors are so completely prohibited that when the distinguished Lord Dufferin was entertained in that country, on the occasion of his visit, they were compelled to drink his lordship's health with a mixture of "Perry Davis' Pain-Killer." (Cheers and laughter.) What is the difficulty you encounter here? Why, is it that, as our chairman, (Sir Wilfrid Lawson) has stated, when the Prime Minister or Chancellor of the Exchequer, and an overwhelming majority of Parliament have affirmed the principle of Local Option—why is it that the Government hesitates in giving it effect? It is because of the vested interests that lie behind the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. We hadn't that to meet. We had no distillery, no brewery, no public house in that territory to deal with, and consequently it was comparatively easy, but it is a significant fact that so entirely did the principle of the exclusion of intoxicating liquors from that district vindicate itself that when thousands of settlers went into the country and had the opportunity of testing the value of such a principle—when the time came, as my honorable friend said, when it was proposed to incorporate a portion of that North-west territory within the bounds of Manitoba, where liquors could be manufactured, the people objected because it would bring them beneath the baneful influence from which hitherto they had been delivered. The moment you can bring public sentiment up to the point of the exclusion of strong drink—the moment that you have a sufficient mass of public sentiment behind it, you will have illustrated in this country (where I am satisfied the principle must be carried out) the exclusion of intoxicating liquors in such a manner as to vindicate the principle and extend it widely and rapidly over this land. The moment you can bring the principle into operation the moment that you have an opportunity of illustrating the value and effect of the principles of temperance before the masses of the people, I am satisfied that you will be enabled to extend and increase the influence of temperance principles, and that you will find they will thoroughly vindicate themselves by the advantages they bestow upon all classes of the community. The Chancellor of the Exchequer in England, as well as the Finance Minister of Canada, will come to the conclusion that there is a better mode of obtaining revenue other than from the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drink—that the revenue obtained from that source is utterly insignificant when compared with the extension of crime and pauperism, that is produced by the baneful effects of intoxicating liquors upon the masses of the people. It is a principle that is taking daily a stronger and yet stronger hold upon the intelligence, not only of the working classes, who suffer so immediately from drink, but upon all classes and the highest intelligence of the country. It is a principle that has made rapid headway within recent years in the midst of the medical profession, to which I have the honor to belong. They now find instead of combating disease by the use of alcoholic stimulants one of the first remedies they require in most cases to impose is the prohibition of indulgence. It is a principle that so commends itself to the judgment and intelligence of all classes of the community to warrant its friends and supporters going steadily forward and maintaining and pressing it to the utmost of their ability as a mea-

sure more calculated to accomplish the happiness, well-being, prosperity, and advancement of the country than almost any other measure that can be brought under the consideration of the public. (Applause.)"

DRUNKENNESS IN ITALY.—Professor Verga recently read a paper on this subject at the Royal Lombard Institute of Science and Letters. The statistics of the six years, 1872-77, would lead one to suppose that drunkenness was diminishing. The diminution, however, appeared to the author to be illusory; and the various means of determining whether the vice was growing or not, he regarded, for one reason or another, as fallacious and insufficient. Judging, however, from the quantity of wine and spirits manufactured in Milan and imported there, he believed he was warranted in saying that, in the city and its neighborhood, people drank much more than is good either for their health or for their morals. He points out that the abuse of spirits is much more injurious than the abuse of wine, and relates the case of a brandy manufacturer who, through the inhalation of the alcoholic fumes in which he was obliged to spend much of his time, fell ill, and died of alcoholism in a lunatic asylum. A distinction, too, should be drawn between old spirits and new spirits, between that obtained by distillation from wine and that obtained from grain; and he regrets that these distinctions are not impressed on the lower orders either by their knowledge or by their purses. Dr. Verga does not think a Temperance Society would be of much use in attempting to repress the vice.—*British Medical Journal*.

DRINK IN SWITZERLAND.—The *London Times* of a recent date says:—"If Switzerland is to escape the scandal of grave financial dilemmas in various quarters, its communes, and perhaps its cantons also, must so far renounce their liberty of mortgaging their credit as to submit to ask first a Federal licence. The Confederacy in turn, if the Swiss people is to be emancipated from the terrible incubus of drink which is pressing it down, must agree to give back to the cantons a control of which by mere legal inadvertence can they have been deprived. These, however, are but two difficulties arising out of the necessary incongruities of Federal and State powers which the accident of circumstances has brought conspicuously to the surface. Switzerland may expect to encounter in the future other perplexities of a similar sort. Swiss citizens will be well advised to consider in time, and before they are directly upon them, how much sovereignty they can resign themselves to yield to the Union, and how much independence they are resolved to reserve for the cantons and the communes."

TOILET DRUNKENNESS.—Dr. Grousain, Paris, has a letter on the curious form of drunkenness which he mildly describes as toilet drunkenness. Those who by birth or fortune, or by a combination of both, belong to what we call the upper classes, are subject, like other mortals, to all the faults and vices inherent in our nature; but their respectable position, and the money at their disposal, enable them to throw over their bad habits a veil which the world in general cannot see through, and which even the doctor can hardly raise. A lady whom Dr. Grousain lately attended four times complained of giddiness, headache, difficulty in walking, and a want of accuracy in manual movements. Fearing apoplexy, he turned all his attention in that direction, and prescribed purgatives, mustard foot baths, and bicarbonate of soda to dilute the blood. He found by accident that this lady, otherwise excellent and kind to the poor, got drunk regularly four times a week on eau de Botot. She drank this water instead of using it to

wash her mouth, and no one discovered it. Had she drunk wine, champagne, or cognac, her breath would have betrayed her to the least knowing person. Eau de Cologne and other toilet tinctures are used in the same way.—*London Medical Record*.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.—The *Hamilton Tribune* says: The United Methodist Church of Canada, we are proud to believe, is going to be a mighty power in the cause of temperance and prohibition. Not only is every Methodist household to be organized into a teetotal society, but the children are to be trained into working Bands of Hope, and the schools and churches are to be used in the dissemination of temperance literature, science and practical lessons. The church encourages and recommends members who are voters to support the Scott Act as the only form of prohibition on the statute book of the Dominion. It is believed that good to the cause of ultimate prohibition can be wrought from it. Local option is not accepted by this great body of church-going people as the last best thing that can be done for prohibition. They accept it as an expedient only, and register their declaration of war against the traffic in liquor until all laws protecting and licensing its sale are repealed. They will be satisfied with nothing short of its utter extermination and nothing less than total prohibition from the State. The Church has taken the sort of stand that becomes a great and strong organization on this vital question. May its hands be made valiant for the good work, and may its heart never fail from its high endeavor!

A NEW ALLIANCE.—In England in consequence of the success of the agitation of the temperance "faculties" of the various classes a new "Licensed Victuallers Alliance" has recently been formed. Here is their announcement of its objects:—"1. The publication of tracts, circulars, leaflets, etc., for distribution among the people at large, to counteract the calumnies and misrepresentations of 'Blue Ribbonists,' 'Salvationists,' and other fanatical bodies seeking to destroy the Licensed Victuallers' trade. 2. To hold public meetings for appointed competent speakers to defend the trade and expose the fallacies of its opponents. 3. To devise and agree upon some parliamentary measure, or measures, as may win the support of the constituencies, and be favourable to the interests of the licensed victuallers. 4. To influence constituencies, members of Parliament, and Ministers of State on behalf of the trade and the measures the Alliance may devise and propose."

JUVENILE INEBRIETY.—The *London Lancet*, the leading English medical journal, recently published the following editorial article. The new license law of Canada contains the prohibition the *Lancet* recommends: There can be no question but that some change is urgently necessary in relation to the facilities publicly offered for juvenile drinking, and, consequently juvenile inebriety. Even ordinarily observant persons must have noticed the increasing frequency of that most melancholy and humiliating of street spectacles—a drunken child. A drunken woman is a deplorable presentment of human nature, but a drunken girl or boy is a more pitiful creature still. We have recently seen girls of apparently thirteen or fourteen years of age intoxicated with alarming frequency. Surely a short Act should be passed to render the supply of spirits, wine or beer "to be drunk on the premises" by a boy or girl under sixteen years of age a misdemeanor. All would unite in expediting such a measure. At present, as it appears, even respectable republicans have no objection to supply drink to mere children, although they are conspicuously zealous in thrusting these poor creatures into the streets as soon as the first indication of drunkenness is apparent.

STELLA; OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER XXVII. (CONTINUED)

'IS IT TOO LATE?'

They were walking slowly onward, side by side.

"It is very good of you, Norman, to have taken so much trouble about me," said Stella, gently.

He looked at her oddly.

"Good of me!" he repeated, below his breath. "Oh! Stella, if you only know!" and then they were both silent.

Presently they reached the end of the common, and got into the wood beyond it. A fallen tree lay prone by the side of the pathway.

"Let us sit here a minute and rest," suggested Norman, and they both sat down upon it.

"Stella," said Norman, very gravely. "I know very well what you are thinking of—it is of what—the name I called you just now. You see, when one is frightened, like I was, why all pretenses are cleared away, and the truth leaps involuntarily to one's lips."

He did not look at her as he said this; he leant forward, making holes with his stick in the ground at her feet, and seemed to be absorbed in contemplating them.

Stella trembled so much, that she could not trust herself to speak. Presently he raised his head and looked at her; he saw all the trouble.

"Stella!" he said hoarsely—"Stella is it too late?"

The blood leaped up into her face—her heart beat wildly—tumultuously—she could not speak to him. Then the hot words burst at last from his lips—he forgot honor, and truth, and duty—he remembered only that he was alone with Stella, and that he loved her!

"You know what I mean!" he said brokenly. "You know it is you whom I love, and not her! It has been a wretched, miserable mistake from first to last. I don't know how it came about, or how it happened, that I was so mad as to fling away the chance of you—of your love! I was angry with you, I suppose—hurt and sore. You wounded my vanity—I was piqued and offended! I did not see that my very anger against you proved the all-absorbing interest that you were to me! I made up my mind that since I was to marry one of you, it should not be you, because I thought—forgive me, dearest—that I would make you feel pained by my preference of your sister! And then somehow I went through the farce of believing myself in love with her—or at least of liking her sufficiently well to fulfill our grandfather's wishes with regard to her and not to you. You know how it came about—and now—and now—I see only you before my eyes—only in my dreams and in my thoughts! There is not a flower that does not remind me of your loveliness, nor the song of a bird that does not speak to me of your sweetness! Why, the very winds of heaven seem to breathe but your name, and cry aloud to me 'Stella—Stella!' and I—I am the most miserable man upon earth!"

"For pity's sake say no more!" she cried, white and trembling, half rising from his side; but he caught her hands and held them passionately to his breast.

"No—no! stay and hear me out! Tell me, Stella, are we both to be wretched forever and evermore for the want of a little courage, love? of a little resolution—a little disregard of the world's opinion—are we to spoil our lives?—yours, my darling, as well as my own, forever?"

Oh! how hard it was to be so tempted by the man she loved so well; to hear his pleading voice, to meet his entreating eyes; to be drawn towards him by the hands she would so gladly have yielded to, and yet to have to resist him!

Not for one minute did Stella waver or hesitate; but for all the lost joys of her life would she have dallied with the temptation which he laid thus at her feet.

Far back upon her mind there rushed the memory of the little bed-chamber in the French town by the Loire; she seemed to see again the high wooden bedstead in the alcove, the quaint, foreign furniture, and through the windows the tall towers of the cathedral, with the gray and white pigeons whirling about it, and the chimera

that struck merrily all through the weary hours; and within, the dying woman on the bed, and the thin hands that held her own; and once again she seemed to hear the faint voice that had bidden her to be a mother to her sister in her place. And she had vowed that she would be so. And now she was to take her own happiness at the expense of Cecily? Was she to wreck her young sister's life in order to make good her own? Was that the manner in which she was to fulfill that vow spoken to her dying mother? Heaven forbid! What sweetness would life contain for her forever, if she were to be guilty of so base and so treacherous a thing!

Gently and slowly she withdrew her hands from Norman's grasp.

"Alas!" she said sadly; "if it were only my own happiness, do you suppose that I should hesitate? But there is Cecily!"

He was silent, looking gloomily downwards; then, with almost a groan, he echoed her words:

"Yes, there is Cecily! I had forgotten her."

"It would break her heart!" said Stella, in a whisper, "I would sooner die! Yes, it has been a mistake: but you will live it down. You will forget what you have said to me to-day. Oh! Norman, I am sorry you have ever said it—it will make it so much harder for you to bear."

"And you?" he said, quickly—"do you not feel it hard as well? Stella, tell me truly just this once—say that you love me, and then I will forget this madness, and do my duty to Cecily!—poor Cecily! yes, I had forgotten her!—but tell me once that you love me! You do, do you not?"

And then for the space of half a minute she was quite silent. A shadow of white despair passed over her face, and a great and noble resolve came over her heart. For his own good and for Cecily's that they might be happier together; that the past might not stand forever before the young husband's eyes when he clasped his wife to his heart—for his sake Stella spoke words that were untrue.

"I love you as a brother!" she answered in a low, hard voice.

He rose to his feet; there was a great rage in his heart against her, and a wild despair.

"And you have let me pour out my whole soul to you! Forgive me and forget what I have spoken!"

He looked harsh and angry as he strode along by her side; but Stella said to herself:

"He will get over it sooner! It is better that he should believe that I do not love him; it is easy to be misjudged by him now, so that he may be the happier for it by and by! After awhile he will learn to love Cecily—who is gentle, and sweet and better tempered by far than I am—and will be happy together; and as to me—well, it will be no worse for me!"

But presently, as they neared the house, he stopped again and spoke to her:

"I do not believe what you said just now, Stella! If it is true, you are more cruel and heartless than I could have imagined! I will not ask you again if you love me."

"Pray, do not!" she interrupted hurriedly; for who knows whether her fortitude might not have given way before a second trial!

"I will take you at your word, then!" he said, coldly; "but this may be the last time we may ever be alone together! When I am your sister's husband, Stella, I shall not dare to come near you; do not be afraid, whatever may be my weakness and my misfortune, I will not fail to do my duty towards her! And—and—I see you are right! I am bound to her even if you loved me!"—Stella winced at the word—

"if you loved me, I must have kept my troth to her! The wrong I would do her in deserting her would have been too foul and dishonorable; but, Stella, ere we part to-day, grant me one boon! Do you remember that I kissed you once?—the night of the fancy ball at Valency, when you wore the pretty little costume, and you turned my head with your lovely eyes?—do you remember that I kissed you?"

"Can I ever forget it!" she murmured, not daring to look at him.

"Ah! if you knew how often since then the memory of that kiss has sweetened my dreams and haunted my waking thoughts! It was a light kiss that I gave you, Stella; and do you remember what you told me the next day, when you flouted me out of your sight with such indignant fury?—do you not remember that you told me that you con-

sidered a kiss a sacred and solemn thing?"

She bent her head in assent.

"I told you I would remind you of that some day. Stella, before we part—before a gulf, worse than death itself, is fixed forever between us—give me that sacred and solemn pledge—if not of love, at least of forgiveness!—give me one kiss!"

She cast one terror-stricken glance up into his face—a face so sad, so serious, that the boon he craved seemed almost like the prayer of a dying person—and then she covered her face with her trembling hands.

"I cannot—I cannot do it!" she wailed.

"Oh, do not ask me—it would kill me!"

She turned and fled from him; and Norman, in spite of her denial, knew that she loved him.

CHAPTER XXVIII

LADY HONORIA'S SPRAINED ANKLE.

The singular chance which brought Lady Honoria Rosett at this juncture to the very remote seaside village of Sandypoint, was an accident, fraught with the most important consequences to more than one of the characters of my story.

Lady Honoria came down to the Rectory for two days only—she brought with her her maid, and two large trunks, and a collie-dog—and before she had been a couple of hours in the place, all Sandypoint seemed to have become aware of her presence.

Her large, well-made figure, walking across the sands towards the sea, was instantly descried by the major portion of the population, and created amongst them a distinct thrill of interest and excitement.

The sound of her large, cheery voice, the ring of her hearty laugh, and the loud barking of the delighted collie, as he scampered about wildly over the wet sands after the swiftly-vanishing flights of seagulls, seemed to inspire a wholesome and reviving exhilarance in the utter stagnation of the dead-alive little town.

Even in a crowd Lady Honoria was not a person to pass unnoticed; far less, then, was she likely to be unobserved in such a tranquil place as Sandypoint.

Of course, on the very day of her arrival the Miss Nortons, who were shy of her, and also somewhat overpowered by the mingled grandeur and good-nature of their distinguished guest mentioned the name of their quiet little friend, Lily Finch.

"Lily Finch!" cried Lady Honoria. "Oh! I know her very well. She was governess at Lady Dyson's, Sir Edgar's mother, you know—poor little thing! I heard she had been very ill."

"So she has," answered Marion Norton, "and she is staying here to get strong. It is very dull for her alone in lodgings, and so she comes over to us a good deal. Yes, of course, we knew she had been a governess, but she never told us where it was. It is singular that she did not speak of Lady Dyson, for she heard us talking of your engagement to Sir Edgar; and she must of course, have known you."

"She is an odd, retiring kind of girl," said Katie. "She has never told us anything about herself—she is so reserved, that we always imagined she had been crossed in love!" she added, laughing.

"I wonder she has not been here to-day," said her sister. "She generally comes over in the morning. Perhaps she is shy of you, Lady Honoria!"

"Oh, dear me! fancy anybody being shy of me!" cried the Earl's daughter, laughing heartily. "But don't let us wait for her—come out and unearth her in her lodgings—I should like to see her again."

"Will you not be tired, Lady Honoria?" inquired Marion Norton, politely, for they had just come in from an hour's ramble by the sea.

"We tired! Oh! when you have known me a little longer, you will find out that nothing ever tires me, except sitting still and doing nothing!"

So they sallied forth again, and at the corner of the street they encountered Lily Finch herself. The poor child blushed crimson. She would have given a good deal to have avoided the meeting—indeed, she had purposely kept to her room all the morning. It was only when she had watched the three girls re-enter the Rectory doors that she had ventured forth for a little walk, not imagining they would come out again so soon.

"Halloo, Miss Finch!" cried Lady Honoria, shaking her hand heartily; "we were just coming out to look for you. I am so pleased to see you about again—you have had a bad illness, have you not?—you look as if the sea-breezes would blow you away

into froth now—but I hope you are feeling better?"

"Oh! yes, thank you, I am much better," but she could not look at Lady Honoria—she felt that she could hardly bear the sight of that happy, handsome face, that had all unconsciously stolen her lover away from her.

"Oh! how wicked I must be!" said the poor child to herself, "to feel so jealous and so miserable. Why can I not try to love her for his sake, and to forgive her—she who is so good and so kind to me."

But there are some things that are beyond the strength of even the meekest, and the gentlest, and the most unselfish of girls. And to feel in perfect love and charity with the successful rival who has supplanted her, is a thing which may be possible to an angel, but is distinctly out of the question for a woman.

Well, on the second day of Lady Honoria's visit to Sandypoint, after she had tramped about on the sands, and made ducks and drakes with flat stones along the tops of the waves, to the unspokeable admiration of a small crowd of Sandypointian boys; after she had run races with the collie, and eaten her fill of big brown shrimps, and had declared her cold to be quite gone, and her whole self to be completely and effectually salted and saturated with brine,—after all this had been successfully accomplished, there came to pass a most dreadful thing. At least, it would not have been dreadful for any ordinary mortal; but for Lady Honoria Rosett—a beauty and an heiress, engaged to be married, moreover, within a month, and pledged to appear in goodness knows how many public places and responsible positions, as head of her father's establishment, and leader of the county society, between this and then—it was a very dreadful thing indeed.

Lady Honoria sprained her ankle. Nobody knew quite how the accident happened, or whose fault it was that she and the collie were suddenly perceived by the inhabitants of Sandypoint to be scrambling along together, in an undignified fashion, upon the top of the very dilapidated wooden break-water, which ran far out to sea upon the western side of the town; but so it was, that when in this precarious condition, Lady Honoria suddenly shouted aloud for help to her friends the Nortons, whom she had left upon the sands, and who were somewhat startled by the remarkable activity of this energetic young lady. When help, in the shape of a boat—for the break-water was surrounded by the waves, reached her, Lady Honoria stated her conviction, placidly, that her ankle must be sprained, and that if the town of Sandypoint contained such an article as a surgeon or a doctor, that gentleman had better be sent for to the Rectory forthwith.

Mr. and Mrs. Norton were beside themselves with distress. Lady Honoria was to have gone home that very afternoon; and what would Lord Alchester say?

"Oh, never mind!" said Lady Honoria, cheerfully; "it can't be helped, you know, and it really might have been far worse, for I might have tumbled off into the water, and been drowned, whereas now I have only sprained my ankle."

"But, my dear, what will your papa say!" reiterated Mrs. Norton, almost wringing her hands. "There is your dinner-party at home to-night you were to have been homo for!"

"Yes, and there are five invitations for next week I must write and put off!"

"Oh, dear!—oh, dear! Lord Alchester will think we are not to be trusted with the care of you! What are we to do?" groaned Mrs. Norton.

"Why, you must telegraph to papa at once, and say I cannot come home. Oh! he won't mind very much, I assure you, Mrs. Norton—he is quite used to my vagaries!"

"Is there anybody we can send for from home to nurse you, and shall we have a doctor from Colchester?"

"I don't want anybody but my maid—she will do everything I want; and as to the doctor, your native Sawbones will answer every purpose!"

Poor Mrs. Norton, although inwardly bewildered that so aristocratic a personage as Lord Alchester's daughter should designate a respectable member of the medical profession as a "Sawbones," was nevertheless relieved to be spared the trouble of sending to Colchester for a more eminent practitioner.

"She is a good-natured creature," the good lady confided afterwards to her hus-

band, "but a regular tom-boy; and the slang she talks is quite abominable!"

It is certain that the manners and customs of the "upper ten" presented themselves in somewhat a new light to Mrs. Norton and her daughters during Lady Honoria's visit.

The Earl's daughter was made as comfortable as circumstances would admit of. She was installed upon a sofa drawn up by the window, with a full view of the sea and the road—not, by the way, a very exciting prospect, but still the best that Sandport could afford. There was always the omnibus, going backwards and forwards to the station, to be looked at; the shop-girls walking up and down in the sun, arm-in-arm with their sweethearts; and the fishing-boats, with their broad sails, coming into the harbor, laden with herring and mackerel. It was the best the place could offer.

At Lady Honoria's elbow stood a table covered with fresh flowers and books, carefully selected and arranged for her entertainment by the Rector himself. There were no modern novels amongst them, for circulating libraries were an unknown luxury in this remote corner of the world, but there was the best that Mr. Norton's bookshelves could produce—"The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Evelina," "Boswell's Life of Johnson" and "Wuthering Heights"—all of which would have improved Lady Honoria's mind and education very much indeed had she taken the trouble to read them. But Lady Honoria hated reading, and would have none of Mr. Norton's carefully chosen favorites.

She looked out of the window, and she played with Rollo, the collic—she talked to the Norton girls till she was sick of them—and then she took to yawning, loudly, repeatedly, and unceasingly—so that it was plain that her enforced inactivity was the worst and direst punishment which fate could possibly have inflicted upon her.

By the end of the second day she was at the end of her patience.

She could bear it no longer! She said to Mrs. Norton: "Mrs. Norton, would you very much mind it if I were to send for Sir Edgar Dyson?"

"My dear"—poor Mrs. Norton's old-fashioned ideas were somewhat startled—"your father, surely—"

"Oh! papa would only bore me! And I really must have somebody fresh to amuse me, or I shall die of it! Besides, what would you do with papa?"

What, indeed! Mrs. Norton shuddered as she pondered over the very plain cooking of her heavy-handed *chef de cuisine*. But, then, Sir Edgar might be nearly as bad!

"Papa, you see, would have to stay in the house; he couldn't go out backwards and forwards at night, because his throat is delicate; besides which, he couldn't see the fun of sitting by me all day, and it would bore us both to death! But Edgar could get a bedroom at the inn, and a mutton chop there is all he would care for. He is not at all particular; and if you don't mind his coming to see me—"

"Of course I don't mind, Lady Honoria—that is to say, if you are sure it would be quite proper."

"Oh, dear, yes," she answered laughing. "What an odd thing you should think of propriety! That never entered my head! Give me my writing-case, please, Marian, and I will write to him at once. It will be something to do."

For Lady Honoria was not one of those young women who write daily journals to their lovers. She had only written one letter to Edgar since they had been engaged, and that had been an invitation note, to which he had duly replied.

On this occasion she sent him a more lengthy epistle:

"Sandyport.
"MY DEAR EDGAR:
"Here I am, tied by the leg literally, having managed to sprain my ankle as I dare say you have heard already from papa. This is the most frightfully dull place I ever was in in my life, although I liked it well enough as long as I could walk about with Rollo. The Nortons are very kind, but of course I have nothing much to say to them. I do wish you would run down for a couple of days to amuse me. You can get a room at the inn. It will help to pass away the time, and I hope I shall be well enough to be moved home in a week. The old lady is very much shocked at my wanting to send for you. She does not think it proper. I suppose she thinks you will want to sit and kiss me in public, with your arm round my waist all day long! I must explain to her

that nowadays nobody does that kind of thing out of a three-volume novel; it has gone out of date, like our grandmothers' nightcaps. It is very tiresome to be kept here doing nothing. I think I have never yawned so much in my whole life! I am very anxious to know if you have ordered my diamonds yet. How good you are to give me such a beautiful present! I shall long to hear all you have done about them. Do come as quickly as you can.

"Yours always,
"HONORIA."
"P.S.—By the way, little Miss Finch is here; but of course you know it. I dare say she will be glad to go out for a walk with you when you get quite cramped by sitting by my sofa."

And when Sir Edgar Dyson had read this letter all through, down to the very last word of the postscript, he packed up his portmanteau straightway, and started by the very next train to Sandport, in Essex.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOST IN THE BUSH.

A Young Bostonian Without Food for Eleven Days.

The *Champion* arrived here yesterday noon from her usual trip to the north shore ports. She had on board a young Bostonian named Louis Lelong, who came to this country about six weeks ago, and who has since that time been working for Mr. Frank Moberley, on surveying work on the eastern section of the Canada Pacific Railway. The unfortunate young man, who is now lying at the Montreal House in a very weak and bruised condition, tells the following story of his suffering. He says on the 2nd instant, having decided to leave the employ of Mr. Moberley, he started off for Jack Fish Bay, a distance of ten miles. By some means, not knowing the country, he missed his way, and for several days wandered through the woods, without any other food than such as the country afforded in berries, which abound in that neighborhood. At last, after spending no less than ten days in this helpless and solitary state he came to Victoria Cape, which overlooks Jack Fish Bay. He was very weak and exhausted, and was endeavoring to make his way to the water's edge to quench his thirst, when he slipped and fell from a cliff about forty feet high. It appears that some workmen on the railway at the opposite side of the bay saw him when he made his appearance on the summit of the cliff, and as he did not reach the camp, a search party was next day despatched to look for him. Their efforts were successful, and Lelong was found in a terribly emaciated condition, with his feet swollen to nearly twice their natural size, and his legs and body badly bruised. He was conveyed to the headquarters of Mr. J. J. Reid, whose foreman took charge of him until the arrival of the *Champion* on the same day. The poor fellow was placed upon a mattress on the deck of the tug, and, as stated above, was brought into town yesterday. He had been eleven days in all without food, and everything conducive to the man's comfort was done by the officers of the boat and a Swede passenger who took an interest in him. Upon the arrival of the tug here Dr. Smellie was notified, and he examined the sufferer and prescribed for him.—*Thunder Bay Sentinel*.

An Agonising Scream that Reopened Court.

A highly dramatic scene was enacted in a Milwaukee court. A little boy named Otto Rusch, 12 years of age, was arraigned for petty larceny. He was found guilty, and owing to this being his second offense, Judge Walther deemed it necessary to send the lad to the Industrial School until 21 years of age. The court was then adjourned, and as the Justice left the bench the boy clasped his arms around him and piteously begged for mercy.

"Oh, Judge, please let me go this time. I'll never, never be a bad boy again. I'll go right home and always mind my father. Please let me go just this time."

Pushing the boy aside, the Justice walked away, when the lad convulsively clung to his father, saying, "Oh, don't let them take me away," and at the same time screaming as if in mental agony. The Justice's heart was completely melted. He rushed back, reopened court, and suspended sentence in the poor boy's case.—*Evening Wisconsin*.

The rivers are generally very low. Tippleton asks, "What could you expect? This comes of taking nothing but water."

A NIHILISTIC BUG.

The Remarkable Insect Discovered by a Jersey Professor—A Living Source of Dynamite.

The Agassiz Entomological society of this city was yesterday in receipt of an important communication detailing the discovery of a new species of bug, possessing wonderful qualities. Its discoverer signed himself Prof. Valentino Geyair, A. M., and asserted that the insect discovered by him might commonly be called "the dynamite bug," as it possesses extraordinary explosive powers. The address of the scientist was given as No. 642 Guilford street, Newark, N. J. So wonderful were the properties ascribed to the new discovery that a committee of three was appointed to visit the professor and investigate the report.

The details of the experiments, as set forth in the letter to the society, are briefly as follows:—On the evening of Aug. 27, while walking in the gardens surrounding his residence the attention of the professor was gradually drawn to a small striped bug crawling upon the bark of a willow tree. Mechanically he teased the insect with his fingers, watching the little fellow's attempts to escape. Removing his cigar from his lips, he lazily tried the effects of heat in turning his victim from its path up the tree. Slightly touching the bug with the glowing tip of his cigar, the professor was startled by a loud explosion, accompanied by a disagreeable odor. A sensation of pain revealed part of his thumb-nail blown away and the forefinger severely burned. The entire hand was blackened as if burned by powder. After binding up his injured hand a search was instituted for other bugs of the same species. An hour's toil was rewarded with the capture of two of the striped insects.

Carefully carrying them to the house, the scientist stumbled as he entered the rear door, dropping his captured pets upon the floor. He called for a light and the servant came with a lamp. By its light the two bugs were seen moving across the room. Reaching after one of his pets, the professor shouted to the domestic to stop the other one. Supposing it to be a detested cockroach, the maid, raising her skirts, brought down a New Jersey foot upon the insect and in an instant found herself thrown violently to the floor, while a deafening detonation shook the house.

The professor here goes into elaborate details, explaining how the sole of the girl's shoe was torn completely off, her stocking burned, and the floor of the room where the accident occurred charred for a space of six inches in circumference. The remaining bug he carefully dissected, and found what he demonstrated was the explosive form—a small sack just beneath the back filled with a grayish substance resembling chalk.

Painstaking experiments with minute quantities of this matter, which is detailed at length, demonstrated the substance to be an entirely new form of nitro cellulose possessing properties analogous to the compound called dynamite. He estimates its explosive force at twenty three times that of any known explosive. Its fulminating properties appeared to be especially great, the matter exploding with greater force when struck than when touched with flame.

In conclusion, the discoverer of this new force in nature goes on to relate that after patient search he now possesses three of these insects, which he proposes to examine in the presence of an accredited committee of the Agassiz society.

This much was given as facts, and in a few concluding sentences the professor gives various theories regarding the part which the insect is expected to play in the economy of nature. He is reluctant to believe that this powerful explosive is placed in an humble insect merely for the purposes of revenge, as to wreak its anger the bug would be compelled itself to die an awful death. He readily explains how certain foods might be assimilated into such an explosive, and is experimenting with a view to discovering what is most voraciously eaten by his captives. It is his belief, though unsupported by evidence, that the insect possesses the means of discharging small portions of its charge at short range. This he hopes to prove by careful microscopic analysis.

His classification places the insect in the Blatta family, and the name given is *B. Occidentalis*.

A reporter of the *World* visited Newark yesterday with a view towards securing more information concerning this strange freak of nature. The city directory located Guilford street three miles out in the country, across long stretches of salt mea-

dows. At the corner of Avenue L, half hidden by ancient trees, the residence of the scientist stood—an old, two story frame building. Moses lined the walks, the gate had disappeared and the quaint, old-fashioned knocker resounded to no effect. The professor was evidently out. Back of the house was a well and on the way to this refreshing spot a pair of legs were brought to view dangling from the limb of an old willow tree. The usual courtesies of the day brought no response from the owner of the limbs and a loud "halloo!" was rewarded with a childish "hush."

A request for information concerning the dynamite-bug finally brought a bald head to view and a pair of green goggles gleamed down as he said:—

"Come up into my laboratory!"

"Where is it?"

"Here. Come up here and I will explain the wonderful discovery which is to make the name of Geyair famous forever. Come up."

There was no escape, and astride a limb twenty feet from the ground the details of the singular bug's construction were gone into with a mixture of technical and common terms that would have driven a Harvard professor wild. Warning to his subject the queer old fellow throw his arms wildly about as he described the changes his pet would work over the entire civilized world.

"There will be no more slavery, nor will the present governments continue to exist. These insects will be domesticated and can be used to most deadly advantage. They can be concealed beneath the pillow of a Czar, and a few score allowed to burrow beneath the Bank of England's vaults can lift the millions stored there into the street, where the poor can enjoy their rightful share."

"The bugs burrow in a straight line invariably, and by allowing, say, ten to enter the same aperture, they can easily be exploded at the proper time and place, and will shatter any building. This bug," tenderly rolling a new acquisition, "is the great communist and leveler, and will make the rich poor and the poor rich," and so he continued in an endless strain.

The man was evidently a harmless scholar with unbalanced mind. The bug he held so carefully in his hand was inspected and found to be of a common species known as the potato bug. Placed upon a stone and trod upon, it gave forth a slight crackling sound as its shell was broken. That appeared to be its only explosive quality. The long tramp across the meadows was taken again, and a resolution formed not to be present at a battle between bugs which the professor announced would occur Friday.—*New York World*.

A Straight Case.

In a case of assault and battery before one of the justices the other day it was shown that the assault took place on the wharf soon after the landing of the boat on which the pair had come down from the flats.

"Did you have any fish?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"How many?"

"Ten bass."

"You were out in a boat with the defendant?"

"I was."

"Both fishing for bass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who caught the most?"

"Neither of us."

"Ah, how is that? Did each catch five fish?"

"No, sir. Each of us bought five. Neither of us had a bite."

"And it was over the division of the string that you quarreled, eh?"

"No, sir. I wanted him to lie and claim that it was our catch."

"And no refusal?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you—?"

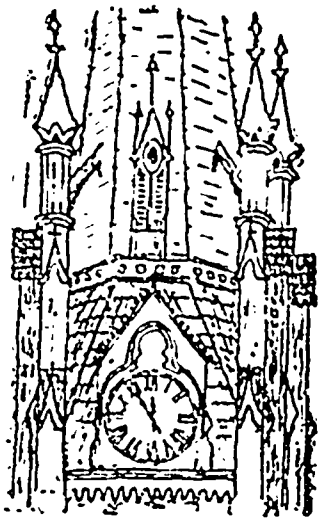
"I punched his head, sir."

"Punched his head because he wouldn't lie, did you?"

"I did, sir, and under the same circumstances I would do it again. A man who will give a fish trade like that away deserves the contempt of every honest man, and he will certainly lose all standing in society."

"You bet!" called a dozen voices in the audience, and his Honor rapped on his desk and called out:

"Order, back there—you'll scare the fish away!"



THE CATHEDRAL CLOCK.

No Surrender in the Steeple—What the Clock thinks about the Theatre—And the Co-education of the Sexes—and other Things.

The Clock does not believe in being "sat upon," and will not without a struggle, let either Jacob or Joseph carry off all the honors. There are plenty of people who have always admired the Clock, let Jacob in his envy say what he pleases,—aye, and they are always happy to see the thoughts which come from the steeple. There is no use in bragging, but the amount of favorable uttering words that have come sounding round the dial, has been as great as it has been gratifying. It was a great pleasure to hear such men as Goldwin Smith and R. W. Phipps, express their approval in the most emphatic language. The words of Phipps were especially gratifying; for take him all in all, he is a much bigger man than Goldwin Smith, with a great deal sounder judgment, and far more astute ways of at once reading and managing humanity. Practically their words were to the effect that the observations from the steeple are always worth reading, and sometimes absolutely eloquent and singularly wise. Such language from such men was peculiarly gratifying, for say what one like, they are

THE TWO MOST PROMINENT MEN

in Canada at this day, and more likely than any others to give their names to the age in which they live. "To be praised," etc. Yes, even the steeple is moved by words of approbation especially, etc.

The fight over the Rectory funds still continues. The Clock will not put in its say. Only it would like to know if any of the lands involved lie along Lombard street, to the east of Church. Those rookeries between Church and Victoria, it appears, have been bought and are to be pulled down and replaced by fine buildings. But it is said that the others cannot be touched because they are church property—indeed! The Clock wonders how any decent man, to say nothing of church men, could draw rents or could pocket such, for such dens of misery and vice. If a single churchman or Christian owns such property, the Clock denounces him in the strongest terms.

Speaking of Lombard street, one can't help remarking in terms of commendation on the great improvement to be made by the new Arcade from Yonge street. That is the way to go, and the Clock will be happy to learn that the enterprise turns out commercially as profitable as it is patriotic. Get your horse at a moderate price for working men, and insist upon decency and cleanliness as indispensable to being tenants.

The Island is all but deserted. There has not been so much said about the baths this

year, but upon the whole they were even better patronized this year than last. Next year it is to be hoped matters will be still more encouraging.

Why should suicide be so common? Because so many are ruining their nervous system with tobacco and whiskey, and ruining their souls with the notion that they will die as dogs, and may therefore just as well live as such. When men and women get into the notion that virtue is a name and morality a delusion, it will not be very long before they show the influence of such a creed in corresponding conduct.

Mr. Johnston of the Metropolitan is really speaking out in meeting about the theatre and the attitude which the church ought to assume towards it. Whatever may be thought of things in the abstract it is quite true that the theatre has never been a school for virtue, and is not likely to become such for a long while to come. Generally, people who are fond of theatres are least disposed for

EITHER PRAYING OR PREACHING.

The two things don't go together, somehow, and apparently are not likely to do so as far as appearances go. Indecently dressed ballet dancers may be very attractive to some people, but not by any means to those who believe and try to practice the precepts of the Gospel. To reconcile the church and the theatre, in short, has always been found a hopeless enterprise, and it is to be feared will be so to the end. As the one flourishes the other decays.

The girl under graduates are again knocking at the gates of the University College, and Dr. Wilson again says No. Which is to be victorious in this struggle? Why doesn't the Ontario Government build a separate college like Girton, and get the same professors to lecture both in it and in the present one? Would that not satisfy all? And would it not save a great deal of very unnecessary and very dangerous sparking! What is the use of talking? Young men and women when thrown closely together will be sparking, and the shady groves of the Queen's Park would afford blessed opportunities for construing *ama, I love*, through all the moods and tenses. The Clock would have no objection to the co-education of the sexes, provided all were above 40 or under 12. Somehow the near proximity of

NICE GROWN-UP GIRLS

has a most stupefying, unsettling influence upon average young men. It is all very well for gay Lotharios like the editor or the proprietor of the *World* to say no, or for antiquated spinsters and iron-gray, strong-minded to protest against the idea, but the fact is there, all the same. It makes youths restless somehow, and sets them to mooning and writing sonnets to their mistresses' eye-brows. Which things ought not so to be. Of course young people meet, fool and flirt, and meet one another by moon-light alone, and all that. But there is a time for everything as well as a place, and an academical session is not the time nor the corridors of University College the place for such billings and cooings. Oh, ye spectacled, most proper damsels, do you say you would not think of such things? Very possibly. But could you guarantee more likely and more susceptible girls? It is all very well to be

LOOKING OUT FOR HERMANS AND WIVES. But you see all that might be somewhat premature, and forces quite as powerful as that of gravitation, might come too precipitately into operation. Oh, ye naughty, naughty Clocks, to hint at such a thing! Yes, yes, but still! Now, don't make idiots of yourselves, and don't, for pity's sake, rant! It is as true as truth in this respect

tion, that the young men and maidens of the present day are no more icicles than were those who have passed away, and everyone knows how a very wise man has left this naughty sentiment in immortal words:

I know what I know but I munna tell you, No, I munna tell you! Just so! Everybody is not necessarily a fool because unable to swear by the strong-minded. At least, so thinks

THE CLOCK.

TRUTH ON MUNICIPAL MATTERS.

The report of the committee on works recommending the appointment of Allan McDougall as City Engineer was not supervised by the Executive committee contrary to section S2 of the by-law regulating the procedure of the City Fathers. When it came before that body an amendment to substitute the name of Charles Sproat was carried. Objection having since been taken through a portion of the daily press Mayor Boswell has stated that at first he was of opinion that the appointment had been illegally made, but as a previous report recommending the appointment of Sproat had been supervised by that committee, he was of opinion that the illegality was so cured. But the section in question does not allow of any such loophole of escape for the negligence of His Worship having allowed the illegality to be consummated, as it states that no such engagement shall have any legal effect or operation until the same shall have been reported on by the Executive committee. Ald. Turner, chairman of the committee on works, induced the Mayor to call a special meeting of the Fathers, contrary to the order of his own committee, in order to defeat Sproat, some of whose supporters would probably not be present as one of them was ill, but would be well before the regular meeting. The fact of the failure of that scheme does not, however, cure the illegality, nor will the by-law appointing Sproat, which was passed at the regular meeting, cure it. Any taxpayer could have it set aside. The Mayor, it will be remembered, aided two illegal grabs of \$23,000 for the improvement of Yonge street avenue and \$2,000 for a sidewalk on the Island in front of his own leased lots. The owners of properties on Queen and King streets, who are now suffering so much for the lack of new sidewalks, for which there are no funds, will see the folly of expending such a large sum on the Island at the end of the season when that pleasure resort may be availed of.

The committee on works continue to pass accounts for paving and sewerage amounting to tens of thousands of dollars without having the reports of the inspectors employed on the works before them for inspection, in order to be able to judge of their competency or the reverse.

The large number of water taxers, who have had to forfeit the 50 per cent. discount, owing to a lack of prompt payment, should apply to the committee on water-works to be allowed such discount, as the committee has broken the cast-iron rule whereby everybody has been heretofore refused such a privilege.

The members of the committee on water-works will have much to answer for should they continue to delay the urgent requirements of a new pumping engine and the construction of a substantial cedar crib at Hanlan's Point. The latter is most urgently required owing to the illness of the sea-son, and the danger of allowing the ice of another winter to so displace that crib as to let in any lay water with its tinge of sea-

age. As to the former the tender of a Toronto firm, being \$12,150 lower than the next lowest tender and \$83,378 lower than the highest, should be accepted at once, especially as it is a much more favourable one than the others in many other respects, not the least of which is the fact that it will furnish work for many unemployed mechanics during the ensuing winter.

Chairman Galley, of the School Board, and Boxall, chairman of the committee on supplies of that body, assumed power to employ an architect to prepare plans of a heating system of hot air, for Dufferin school, but as it would cost considerably more than the amount appropriated therefor by the City Fathers, the plans are useless. A bill of \$150 for the preparation thereof by the architect came before the committee, when the chairman made an unsuccessful effort to get it passed. Another similar effort will be made at next meeting. The Board should refuse to pay it, and so teach their members and officials not to incur any further illegal expenditures.

To so pave the roadway on Brock street, between King and Queen streets, as to provide for central boulevards, as recommended by the Committee on Works, will be contrary to a clause in the Municipal Act, which requires a month's notice of any proposed alteration in a roadway to be advertised. It will also be contrary to a by-law passed by the City Fathers of last year for paving 60 feet in width on that section, by virtue of which the contract has been awarded. To comply with the statute, and to amend the by law, will require at least 6 weeks, so that it would be better for all parties to let the contract be carried out, especially as the other giddy scheme will be much more costly.

TRUISMS.

—TRUTH is sorry to see so many of its contemporaries in a bad way with their tempers.

—TRUTH is equally sorry to see so many respectable people going into taverns.

—TRUTH wonders if all who live in fine houses have fine incomes.

—TRUTH would like to give a list of all the dead boats in the city.

—TRUTH fears that in that case fifty pages would need to be added to its weekly issue.

—TRUTH is certain that the *Globe* would now very willingly get out of the watch enterprise.

—TRUTH favors flogging for wife-beaters.

—TRUTH would like to know who may be the wisest man in Toronto.

—TRUTH has heard of at least one who never made a mistake.

—TRUTH knows at least a dozen who, in their own estimation, could, at a moment's notice, take the Premiership of the British Empire or operate for the stone. TRUTH looks forward with hope. Ha!

WHITE SHIRTS!



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Our Young Folks.

"ALL IS FOR THE BEST;"
OR, THE ADVENTURES OF RABBI AKIBA.
BY DAVID KER.

"As contented as Rabbi Akiba" was a proverb among the Jews of his time throughout the whole length and breadth of Syria, and certainly not without reason. What thing it was that could ruffle the wise old teacher's calm good nature no one could ever find out.

Once upon a time it happened that a merry youth, with a good deal more fun than politeness about him, pledged himself to make the Rabbi lose his temper. This he tried to do by rushing into his study three or four times in succession, just when the old man was busiest, and asking him such questions as, "Why are there mosquitoes on the Nile?" "How come the African negroes to have round heads?" and so on.

But do what he would, he could not provoke the Rabbi, who answered all his annoying questions so quietly and kindly that at last the young fellow was fairly ashamed of himself, and begged to be forgiven. The old man laid his hand upon the youth's head and blessed him.

And as he was in this case, so he seemed to be in every other. If a passing horseman splashed him with dirt, or a spiteful camel bit a piece out of his new robe, or a rude fellow ran against him and almost knocked him down, or a mischievous puff of wind whisked away his parchment just as he was in the midst of his writing, the dear old man would stroke his long white beard, and say with a quiet smile:

"All is for the best; what God wills can not be wrong."

And this seemed to be an all-sufficient medicine for him against any trouble whatever.

Now it happened one day that Rabbi Akiba had to take a journey across one of the Syrian deserts, and he went about it in a very different way from the excursionists who go over the same ground nowadays. His entire baggage consisted of a small lamp and a roll of parchment manuscript (for there was no printing in those days) containing the five books of Moses in Hebrew. As for company, all he had was the donkey on which he rode, and a small rooster, which he carried about with him everywhere to make sure of being aroused punctually at daybreak, for our Rabbi was a very early riser.

The first day's ride was a long and a hard one, and the poor old Rabbi was very glad to come in sight, toward sunset, of one of those little Arab villages which lay dotted here and there upon the few fruitful spots in the desert. But the people of the village were a rough set, and when he rode in among them on his donkey to ask for a night's lodging he soon found that he had come to the wrong place for that.

"Do you think, then," cried one, "that we're nothing to do with our houses but to open them to every old vagabond that passes?"

"A pretty idle fellow he must have been," said another, "to have lived till his beard's white without having earned enough to keep himself!"

"Why don't you get down off your brother's back, and let him have a ride upon you?" sneered a third; "every donkey should have his turn!"

"Look here, Uncle White-beard," shouted a fourth, "there are some nice damp caves among the rocks yonder that'll make a famous lodging for a grave old hermit like you."

And then some mischievous boys began to throw dirt over him, and a spiteful dog tore the skirt of his robe, and another dog sprang up and gave him a pinch in the leg that made him jump, till at last the poor old teacher was glad to make off as fast as he could, very sad at heart to think that there were any men in the world who could be mean enough to treat an old man so shabbily.

"Well," said he to himself, "it's all for the best, no doubt; and since there's nothing else to do, I may as well take shelter among the rocks, as that mischievous fellow advised me."

It was not long before he found a cave dry enough to suit him, and in he went, leaving his donkey to graze outside. Having eaten the few wheat cakes left in his wallet, taken a drink from a tiny spring that bubbled from the rock, and wrapped himself snugly in his mantle, the old man began to feel more comfortable, and thought he would

amuse himself by reading a little before he went to sleep.

He lighted his lamp, and set it upon a ledge just over his head. But scarcely had he pulled out his book, when lo! a violent gust of wind blew the lamp out, and, worse still, tumbled it down off the ledge on to the ground, spilling all the oil, so that it could not be lighted again.

"Ha!" said the Rabbi, "not much reading for me to-night, I see. Well, no matter; doubtless it is all for the best."

But it seemed to be all for the worst just then, for at that very moment a terrible outcry and flapping of wings was heard from the nook in which the rooster had perched itself, and Akiba rushed to the mouth of the cavern just in time to see a huge gray wolf scudding off with poor Chanticleer in its mouth.

"Poor fellow!" said the old man, pityingly; "I shall miss him sorely, though I am not likely to sleep too long on such a couch as this. Well, well, I dare say it is all for the best; and, thank Heaven, my faithful donkey is still left me."

Scarcely were the words uttered when a shrill cry of terror, blended with a deafening roar, came from without, and by the dim light our Rabbi could just see his donkey, which had strayed to a little distance, struggling in the jaws of a monstrous lion.

"All gone!" said the poor old man, in a faltering voice, for this last blow almost overcame him—"all gone, and I am left alone. But it must all be for the best, for what God wills can not be wrong."

So saying, Akiba tried to forget his troubles in sleep, and having now no rooster to arouse him, did not wake until the sun was high in the sky.

"Now," said he, after finishing his prayers, "I will try these villagers once more; even they can not be so hard-hearted as to refuse me help in my present distress."

But as he approached the village a very startling sight presented itself. Not a living thing was to be seen, but men were lying dead on every side, while empty chests, broken boxes, doors torn down or beaten in, hoof-prints deeply stamped in the clay, told plainly of a night attack by robbers.

"I see it all," cried Akiba, "and all was for the best, indeed. Had I found shelter here I should have perished with the rest, and had my lamp remained burning, or my rooster happened to crow, or my donkey to bray, I should have been discovered and killed in the cave. Thanks be to God who has saved me from destruction! but I wish these poor souls could have been saved too, ill though they treated me."

Then, taking possession of an old mule which the robbers had not cared to steal, and filling his wallet with such provisions as he could find, the old man started again toward the town whither he was bound, and reaching it safely, more than ever convinced that "all is for the best."

"For Sale."

A Detroitier who advertised a horse for sale last week noted down the objections of all who called to look at the animal and some of them are here given:

- "Too large."
- "Too small."
- "Too old."
- "Not old enough."
- "Too lively."
- "Rather too sleepy."
- "Object to the white hind feet."
- "Would take her if she had more white feet."
- "Don't like her color."
- "Color is just right, but she is too fat."
- "Weights too much."
- "Don't weigh enough."
- "Has a bad eye."
- "Eyes all right, but ears too small."
- "Yes, handsome ears, but the nose spoils her."
- "Legs all stacked up."
- "Legs all right, but feet bad."

If Shakespeare had said that no man knew what he wanted in a horse there would be none to dispute it.

The Boston Gazette says: "A tiny—very tiny—pig was served at a fashionable dinner the other evening, and when he was placed on the table a howl went up from the assembled rank and fashion surrounding him. The little beast stood on its own hoofs in the midst of a bed of Marshal Neil roses; in his rosy snout was the customary lemon, and twisted in his small tail was a blue lily. He was pronounced too sweet for anything, was duly cut up and tasted, and the health of the Chinese cook was duly drunk in champagne.

Jack Sullivan's Vision.

"Yes, sor, mother has been dead sivin months next Thursday," said brawny Jack Sullivan as he threw a cabbage leaf to an expectant goat tethered on the hillside of Stumpy Field.

The afternoon sun shone upon a very commonplace picture, the one street of "Cooney Island," flanked on either hand by straggling shanties, and under the hill Brown's millpond, stagnant and discolored.

Geographically considered, the name of Cooney Island is a misnomer. The locality derived its title from Thomas Cooney, the first adventurous spirit to leave the crowded tenement district of the Plank road, and, with the help of Micky Dillon and a wheelbarrow, to remove the household goods to the breezy heights of the locality which has since borne his name. Among those who followed the example of this sturdy pioneer was the house of Sullivan, consisting of Granny, Jack, and the goat. Granny's age was uncertain. Her appearance, however, went far toward strengthening her assertion that she was "near a hundred," although the nearest approach to statistics upon the walls of her feeble memory was the "big wind in Ireland" on her 15th birthday. She was like a belated oak leaf that has withstood the blasts of winter, and still feebly flutters in the breezes of spring. There was something uncanny about her, and little children peered fearfully out from the shelter of maternal skirts as she tottered muttering along the street. "Tin as fine b'ys as iver ate a potato," was her description of her sons, of whom Jack, the youngest, was the only survivor. There were persons who meanly insinuated that Jack inherited his bigelow instincts, but whenever Granny heard this she consoled herself with the reflection:

"Devil's the wan o' thim but'll take a sup behind the door!"

As Granny devoutly crossed herself and told her beads while watching the mysteries at the altar of St. Mary's her half-articulate utterance might have been translated into "Me b'y Jack" and "Holy Virgin." Her theology was included in the single sentence:

"Sure the good God wouldn't hurt a poor ould woman like meself!"

In return for a slight service rendered to Jack when quite a mellow one night, Granny called on the reporter with a propitiatory offering of goat's milk. The milk was drunk with certain inward qualms, and the friendship of Mrs. Sullivan was thereby gained. One year elapsed and the reporter stood beside Jack, leaning on the fence around Stumpy Field. While the goat placidly munched the cabbage leaves, Jack told the closing scenes of his little tragedy.

"Me mother was very feeble, and gettin' waker ivery day. Mrs. O'Brien says to me, says she, 'Jack,' says she, 'ye'd better be watchin' yer mother; sure she'll be goin' off like the snuff of a candle!' So, sor, I tuk me shlap on a tick on the floor forainst me mother's bed, and gov her a bit of a stick to walt me wid if anything happened her. One bitter cold night, an' it freezin' that hard I couldn't sleep, I heerd me mother say, very feebly like:

"'Jack!'"

"'Yis, mother.'"

"'Jack, b'y, me feet are cold.'"

"So I raised her up and gov her a drap from the ould black bottle, and then I wrapped the quilt around her and tuk her in me arms and rocked her in the rockin' chair like a little babby. Ye mind, she was a wee bit ir a woman. She was very quite, sor, an' I fell asleep. 'Twas a bright moonlit night—mebbe ye'll be laffin' at me, sor—but I dreamed that I saw a wee boat, with a tiny little sail, cozin' out o' the clouds. It kem down very fast, the sail shinin' like silver in the moonlight, an' then a cloud wud come over the moon, an' I coudn't see the boat for a minit; an' all at once it sailed through the branches of the pine tree into the windy. An ould, ould man, with long white hair, stepped out o' the boat upon the floor. He tuk something in his arms and laid it in th' boat, b'isted the sail, an' out o' the windy he went, up a wide beam o' moonlight, into the clouds. When I woke up, sor, me mother was very heavy, an'—she was dead, sor."

The great-grandmother of the Count de Chambord, Henry IV., was a great-uncle of Cooney Sand, and they both inherit some of her traits.

Charles Reade gave Du Maurier his letters of introduction to Mark Lemon and Shirley Brooks.

WHICH IS MOST VALUABLE?

A Duty to Children.

I am sadly conscious that thousands of mothers are so over-burdened that the actual demands of life, from day to day, consume all their time and strength. But "of two evils choose the least;" and which would you call the least, an unpolished stove or an untaught boy? Dirty windows, or a child whose confidence you have failed to gain? Cobwebs in the corner, or a son over whose soul a crust has formed so strong that you despair of melting it with your hot tears and your fervent prayers?

I have seen a woman who was absolutely ignorant of her children's habits of thought, who never felt that she could spare a half hour to read or talk with them—I have seen this woman spend ten minutes in ironing a sheet—there were six in the washing—one hour in fluting the ruffles and arranging the puffs of her little girl's "sweet white suit;" thirty minutes in polishing tins which were already bright and clean; forty minutes in frosting and decorating a cake for tea, because "company" was expected.

When the mother, a good orthodox Christian—shall appear before the Great White Throne, to be judged for "the deeds done in the body," and to give in her report of the Master's treasures placed in her care—there will be questions and answers like these:

"Where are the boys and girls I gave thee?"

"Lord, I was busied keeping my house clean and in order, and my children wandered away!"

"Where wert thou when thy sons and thy daughters were learning lessons of dishonesty, malice, and impurity?"

"Lord, I was polishing furniture and ruffing dresses and making beautiful rug!"

"What hast thou to show for thy life-work?"

"The tidiest house, Lord, and the best starching and ironing in all our neighborhood!"

Oh! these children! these children! The restless, eager boys and girls whom we love more than our own lives! Shall we devote our time and strength to that which perisheth, while the rich garden of our child's soul lies neglected, with foul weeds choking out all worthy and beautiful growth? Shall we exalt the incidentals of life to the rank of a purpose, to the shutting out of that work whose results reach beyond the stars?

Fleeing oh! mother, are the days of childhood; and speckless windows, snowy linen, and consciousness that everything about the house is faultlessly bright and clean, will be poor comfort in that day wherein we shall discover that our poor boy's feet have chosen the path that shall take him out of the way to all eternity.—*Harriet M. Morris in Woman's Journal.*

A Good Father.

A Brush farm father called his son into the library the other day, and said:

"Harry, you are now 17 years old."

"Yes, father."

"I have given you money from time to time, but you have had no stipulated allowance. Beginning with next week I shall allow you \$8 per week."

"That will be splendid! You are one of the best fathers in Detroit!"

"Yes, \$8 per week, and as you are now old enough to pay board, I shall charge you \$5 per week! You can always depend upon the dollar coming to you each Saturday."

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Old Time.

BY MISS H. BARKING IN HER THIRD YEAR

Old Time, I do not fear thee,
My spirit is unbroken
Though on my cheek and in my hair
Thou hast left thy chilly token.

What though thy knell is ringing,
And my bloom of youth has fled,
My own dear flowers are flinging
A halo round my head.

Oh, no! I do not fear thee
When my own dear girls are nigh,
My bloom of youth is on their cheeks,
My laughter in their eye.

And as they gather round me,
Their fondest love is mine,
Old Time, Old Time, I thank thee,
For those rich gifts of thine.

Though thou 'ast stolen youth and health,
And beauty from my brow,
And many a grace that once I had,
I cannot boast of now.

I will not trouble thee about
Those petty thefts of thine,
If thou wilt only leave with me
Those gems that now are mine.

UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

BY MABEL S. EMERY.

(CONCLUDED.)

The old gentleman beamed upon him with an air of sympathy. "This is the way to the station," he said, and pointed straight down the village street.

That train must be caught at all events. Will could hear it approaching now, and the deeper tone of its clatter as it crossed the river. Of all the unlucky chances! He hurried on down the sidewalk with keen apprehensions of a certain small boy whom he might possibly meet. It seemed to be a pleasant village. There were tall elms and thick-leaved maples and horse-chestnuts on either side of the smooth roadway, and the lawns and flower-beds on either hand were all very trim and nicely kept. Here there was a target and a group of two or three young people, evidently just through with a bit of archery-practice; one of the number Will recognized as the young man who had carried the express-package home for Miss Bradley. This was a pleasant house beyond, — a cottage-house, low and broad, with a wide piazza on three sides; a wilderness of flowers here, and some sort of annual creeper, with soft white sprays of feathery blossom, running along the low fence-rail.

Oh, that train! If he should miss it. "I beg your pardon," said Will, touching his hat, as he came almost into collision with a lady who issued from a side-gate. She came from behind a tall hedge of lilacs, and he had had no warning of her approach. She glanced up at him for just an instant, and then bowed without speaking. Then some one followed her through the hedge-opening. That was Charley Bradley!

"Why, Mr. Penhallow! — Say, Dora; wait a minute! Here's George Penhallow."

For the space of a second Will thought of taking to ignominious flight; but Miss Bradley had turned toward him with a look of frank surprise and pleasure. "I am very glad to see you," she said. "You were just coming to find us? This is the house, — the one you've just passed." And she offered her hand with a charming air of welcome. It was not in human nature to refuse it.

"I — that is — I'm afraid, perhaps — some other time," said Will rather incoherently. "It is nearly time for the train, I think."

Miss Bradley shook her head, and revealed two big dimples as she smiled. "It is too late for that train," she said. "Besides, mother will be disappointed if you go away without seeing her. You haven't been in already, have you?"

"No," said Will, with the calmness of despair, as he heard the train slow down at the station. "I didn't know where you lived."

"I'm awful glad you came," said Charley.

They turned toward the house with the broad piazza, and Will mechanically turned too. What could he say? What must he do?

"We have spoken of you often, — mother and I," said Dora, looking up from under the brim of her shade-hat. He was not so absorbed in misery but that he noticed how soft and dark her eyes were — he had an especial fancy for fair hair and dark eyes. "We hoped you would call some time. You haven't forgotten us, quite?"

"Do you think I could?" said Will.

They went up the front path together, Charley announcing his arrival by a vigorous slam of the gate.

"Oh, I hoped not," said Dora, with another dimple. "We used to have such pleasant times when we were children together. In this way, please. I'll tell mother you are here."

He must say something. This must not go on. What should he do? What he did do was to allow himself to be ushered into the sitting-room, relieved of his hat, and then left for an instant alone. Again a vague notion of precipitate flight came into his mind, and he had just made a lightning calculation of the time required to get out to the street, when the hostess entered, — a little woman in widow's dress, her gray hair shaded by a white cap, with long, floating strings.

Mrs. Bradley also shook hands with him very cordially.

"We're very glad to see you, George," she said, in a voice very like her daughter's. "Dear me! how much seven years have changed you! I can hardly believe you are the same boy."

Will was not quite sure of the matter himself.

"And how is your aunt now?" asked the lady, with sympathetic interest, as she took an arm-chair near his own. "I have often thought of her and wished we might hear from her."

"She is quite well, thank you," said Will. That sounded safe, at all events.

"But doesn't she use crutches still?" asked Mrs. Bradley, in some surprise.

"Oh, yes'm, she does have to use them still," said the visitor with a guilty blush which was hidden by the twilight. "I meant — quite well for her."

"And where are you living now?" continued the catechist. "The last I heard was about your breaking up the household at Hartford and going South for Mrs. Carrington's health."

Will thought that rocking-chair the most uncomfortable piece of furniture he had ever imagined. Procrustes' bed was a mild pleasantry compared with it. He made a mental journey around the earth, and then made a desperate jump at the truth. "In Shirley," he said. "It's a very pretty place, I think. Were you ever there?"

"No; but we have friends there, — Dr. Thayer's family, and the Underwoods. In Shirley! It is really odd that we should both have moved in this direction, isn't it? I suppose you didn't know we had moved, too?"

"No, indeed!" said Will. "I hadn't the least idea of it."

"And do you have that funny Scotch-woman for housekeeper now?" asked Dora.

"Yes," said Will, more boldly. "She's just the same as ever, too."

"Do you remember the time she put cayenne in the ginger-maps? How we did laugh! But, then, Maggie was pretty good on the whole. We used to tease her dreadfully."

"Who's Maggie?" demanded Charley of his mother.

"The housekeeper at Mrs. Carrington's, who used to take care of George when he was a little boy. — I find I call you George just as I used. It doesn't seem natural to say 'Mr. Penhallow.'"

Will's dark eyes shone involuntarily. "I wish you would," he said. "I don't like to have you say 'Mr. Penhallow.'"

"So you are really settled down at Shirley?" repeated Mrs. Bradley. "I am glad we know each other's vicinity at last. We came very near spending a week there this summer. Are you acquainted with the Thayers yet?"

"Oh, yes'm," said Will, with incontinence promptness. "I have always known them."

The lady's eyebrows went up ever so little in polite question.

"I mean we've known them ever since we went into town; and they are so pleasant, one feels as if one had known them always," he hastened to explain. He secretly blessed his stars that he was acquainted with those people in reality and could know whereof he spoke.

"Then you know Kitty Thayer!" cried Dora, with girlish enthusiasm. "She's just the dearest girl in all the world! We were the greatest friends at school."

It was too late for any but the most abrupt and horrible retreat. Will made up his mind that he would face the matter out, see the joke through if he could, and out the visit as short as civility would allow. The

absurdity of the situation was a continual appeal to his sense of fun, and it made his eyes dance along with the most demure roguery. If he could only keep the talk on Shirley, he was comparatively safe: so, with growing ease, he began to talk more about the town, the neighbors, and society amusements.

"But, dear me!" interposed Mrs. Bradley, after a while, "how did you get here? I am sure you haven't been to tea?"

Will explained as well as possible how he had walked over from Faltonbury, and protested that he wanted nothing to eat or drink; but Miss Dora had vanished already, like a household fairy, to make some needed preparations. It seemed a charmingly cordial, hospitable household into which he had blundered. Oh, why could not Fate have made him "George Penhallow" in reality, so that he might have some right to all this stolen friendliness! He wondered with a whimsical sense of the logical fitness of things, whether he should not find himself instinctively pocketing the silver fork laid out for him in the dining-room. Dora poured out the tea. She made it a great deal too strong; but the guest would have drunk it if it had been hemlock. She had a delightful way of laughing at an amusing story or an odd reminiscence, — not the self-conscious, high pitched, hysterical giggle of so many young ladies, but a simple, spontaneous laugh that seemed to bubble up of itself from the depths of happy fun.

The Fates seemed to smile on hypocrisy and fraud that night; for, after the first terror of family inquiries had passed, the conversation drifted here and there among more general topics, and Mr. Penhallow's double took courage to make himself entertaining. He inspected and prescribed for a kite of Charley's, rather weak in the back, gossiped with Mrs. Bradley about the Toyers and the Underwoods and Shirley in general, laughed with Dora over the photograph-albums, and, in a guilty and apprehensive fashion, really began to enjoy himself.

"I don't care," said Dora, with a bewitching little pout, as they turned the page where she had been portrayed at the age of five, in short sleeves, very full petticoats, and an enormous hat. "We used to have a picture of you even funnier than that; one where you had your hands folded in an solemn way, and your feet locked very big, and one lock of hair stood straight up on the crown. I can't imagine whatever became of that picture. Somebody must have stolen it."

"I owe somebody a debt of gratitude," said "Mr. Penhallow," with rather more fervor than the occasion seemed to demand.

"You've changed over so much," said Dora, frankly. "Don't you think so, mother? — I should hardly — Why, yes, I suppose I should have known you."

Their visitor blushed through the vacation tan, and kind-hearted Mrs. Bradley thought it was diffidence, so she changed the subject.

The evening was long, very long; still, when the moment of departure drew near, Will hardly knew whether he was so very glad of it after all. It must naturally be a final good-bye that he would say to these people when he left them, — a final good-bye to this girl with the soft, dark eyes and the infectious laugh. It was time to go, at last.

"Give my best love to your aunt, please," said Mrs. Bradley. "We shall go over to see her before long. We shall be very glad to see you here any time. It is always pleasant to meet old friends."

"You are very good," said Will, feeling like a pickpocket.

"I didn't thank you for those lovely pink pond-lilies," said Dora. "They were beautiful. I never saw any before." She and Mrs. Bradley were standing by the hall door as he stepped out on the piazza.

"How sweet the flowers are!" said Will rather hastily. "Yours here, I mean. What is it? — mignonne?"

"Get a little bunch, Dora, for George to take to Mrs. Carrington," suggested her mother. "Yes, our flowers have been doing nicely this year. I should like to send just a blossom or two to your aunt, if you will take it. There is plenty of time before the train gets here."

Dora came out, bareheaded, and knelt beside the brother of mignonne. The light from the open door streamed out over the moss-beds, causing the loose wavy threads of fair hair around the girl's forehead to gleam like an aureole. Panic came next. He would have to take the will for the good

as to colors, she said: it was too dark to pick out the prettiest ones. And did he — did Mrs. Carrington — like verbenas and sweet-peas? She wished he could see their morning-glories. They were just one blaze of color on the east piazza. What would he have for green? *Rosa-peraniam*? Oh, yes, and a bit of lemon-geranium too, for the accent. "Why, everything about it is sweet!" said the garconer innocently, when the little nosegay was all gathered and tied up with a bit of worsted from her pocket. "Mr. Penhallow" smiled approval.

"Everything," he assented. "Yes, you are right, Mrs. Dora. It is precisely what I like best."

"Oh, but it isn't yours, you know," suggested Dora. "It's for your aunt."

"I shall keep it till I see her," said Will, and then he turned his back on Paradise and started for the station. He looked behind just once, saw the young girl standing in the lighted doorway, and all at once it closed, and left him in darkness outside the gate.

"He has changed a great deal in appearance since he was a young boy," said Mrs. Bradley; "and he is more quiet and retiring than I fancied he might be."

"Poor fellow!" said Dora. "How bashful he was at first! I didn't know what to say to him, he seemed so — so stiff and demure and proper. Really and truly I believe I shouldn't have known him, except for his eyes, — oh, yes, and that queer, long nose. He isn't so good-looking as he used to be."

"I like his looks," said the mother. "I always thought George would turn out well, and I am pretty sure he has done so. We must go over and call on Mrs. Carrington next week."

The next morning but one, Dora came home from the post-office with an air of mystification.

"A letter for you, mother; important business document. If not delivered within ten days, return to Smith, Brown & Co., wholesale hide and leather dealers. Are you going into hides and leather? Well, perhaps it may be divisible, considering the way Charley stubs through the toes of his boots."

"I can't imagine what it is," said Mrs. Bradley, scanning the business envelope. "Your father used to know Mr. Smith; but I don't see why I should hear anything from them." She opened the enclosure, — a full sheet written in a round, graceful hand, — and Dora knelt beside the chair and read it with her.

MRS. BRADLEY: DEAR MADAM. — What am I going to write? I hardly know myself. I will begin at the beginning, and tell the whole story just as it is.

"So begin with, then: I, your visitor of last night, am not George Penhallow, whoever that young man may be, but Willis Prince, book-keeper for the firm whose address is given on this sheet. As for the imposition I came to practice upon you, I am heartily sorry for the impertinence involved in it, but hope you may see it was not a matter of deliberate contriving. It began with a harmless practical joke, and seemed to grow of itself and in spite of me. I live with my father, Captain Prince, in Shirley. Some months ago, on my way home one night, I saw a number of boys at the station, your little son among them, and called out 'Halloo, Charley!' at a venture, to see if one would answer to the name: so when he replied, I inquired for the family. I used to see him there quite often, afterward, and kept up the joke simply for its own sake, with no idea of playing the impostor in any practical fashion; but yesterday I was, as I told you, obliged to walk over from Faltonbury to take the train. Even then I did not recognize the place, under the strange name by which I know it, and had not the remotest intention of a misquotation, when — I met Miss Bradley and her brother. They will tell you how I avoided their hospitality to the point of apparent rudeness. Was I very much to blame for accepting it at last?

"Of what I may have said and what was said to me during that evening, I confess I have but vague ideas. I felt as if I were a scamp, but could not quite bring myself to the point of confession then and there, and every moment of delay made the matter worse."

"I know this introduction in my power p roves is not all to my credit; but your kindness to 'George Penhallow' makes me want to ask a favor for Willis Prince. Will you let me make his reputation better? I have lived in Shirley all my life, and it seems you know some of my friends there. If you would ask Dr. Thayer or Judge Underwood, I think they would say I am not

(generally) quite an unreliable rascal. Or my employers' firm in the city would tell you what you might choose to ask.

"If you would let me come time call again at your house in North Gilbert and apologize in person, I should be most gratefully, as I am now most respectfully, yours,

"WILLIS FARMAN PRINCE."

"Well, I must say!" said Mrs. Bradley feebly,—which was a rather indefinite observation after all. Dora began to laugh.

"Oh, mother! it's too funny! Just imagine my drawing the poor fellow in here, and thinking he was so bashful, and calling him George, and everything! Oh, dear, dear me!"

"And he talked so queerly about his aunt!" said Mrs. Bradley.

"And he was so afraid he'd miss that train!" said Dora. "Oh, dear! I don't wonder. And he couldn't help himself, after being taken by surprise in such a way. For my part, I think the imposition was about even."

"Well, I am utterly struck dumb," said Mrs. Bradley impressively. He is the living image of George Penhallow, too. I shouldn't imagine two people could look so much alike. I was really pleased with the way George had grown up. Dear, dear me!"

Dora was silent. "And now this letter. It's a very good letter, I think."

"Yes, it is," said Dora. "But did you ever know of anything so absurd? What shall you do?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Bradley, folding and unfolding Will's letter in perplexity. "He really seemed to me a nice boy. I really liked him. And he knows Dr. Thayer and the Underwoods. I—don't—know."

Dora stooped to pick up Charlie's jack-knife from the floor, and it made her cheeks flush just a little before she spoke again.

"Why—don't you think, mother,—I suppose it wouldn't do any harm—just to ask Dr. Thayer?"

Will did call again at North Gilbert, and clothed in his own personality. He has called several times since then.

"But, oh, you wicked hypocrite!" said Dora one day, "to tell us you would give those flowers to your aunt!"

"You're mistaken, Miss Dora," said Will, gravely. "The only aunt I ever had is dead, you know. I told you I would keep them till I see her; and I shall!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

(THE END.)

Cetewayo and Colenso.

A letter from Miss Colenso, addressed to Cetewayo, announcing the death of her father, the late Bishop Colenso, has been published, together with Cetewayo's reply. Miss Colenso, writing from Bishop-town, Natal, in touching words conveys her mournful tidings, mingling her statements with expressions of resignation and of hope. Cetewayo's reply, although diffuse, is indicative of real feeling, and is significant of the influence which Dr. Colenso had acquired over the mind of the Zulu King. The latter compares the death of the Bishop to that of Moses, who did not reach the Promised Land, but "died when he was nearly arriving." "So we, too, say," observes Cetewayo, "that our father Sobantu has died when he was about to reach the Land of Promise—we mean, the setting right of this our country, for our trust was great in Sobantu." Cetewayo expresses a wish to be permitted to set up a memorial stone over Dr. Colenso's grave and with pathetic simplicity begs Miss Colenso to see that the stone is not set up by others, although he is unable to do it at once, for want of money. He requests Miss Colenso and her brother to undertake this tribute on his behalf, and promises that he will repay them the cost as soon as he has finished the fighting which he has on hand. Whatever may have been Cetewayo's faults, it is impossible to read this letter without sympathy, and without feeling that there is something of meanness and of tenderness in that "savage" breast.—Christian World.

Before a young man can court a Mexican girl he has to tell her parents on two occasions of the house what his prospects in life are. If he says he is a curly pitcher for a company, they will tell the old folks they "got it."

Ho has Swore.

A stranger who was hanging around the State Fair grounds yesterday morning acted in a manner to attract the attention of a policeman, who proceeded to make some enquiries touching his business.

"It's all right, officer—all right," replied the man as he rested his back against the fence. "My name's White—Jim White, of Isabella County."

"That's satisfactory." "And I roached here only two hours ago, after walking most of the way. I'm here to take this thing all in."

"Yes." "Last time I was here to the Fair I only had \$12; but a pickpocket got \$7 of that. This time I've got \$22, and nobody gets a cent. There's \$1 in each boot, \$6 in my undershirt pocket, and the rest is sort o' scattered around promiscuously in my various pockets."

"Guess you are safe." "You bet! Last time I was here it cost me my cash to buy fodder. See that bag? Well, I've got four loaves of bread, ten pounds of meat, and thirty-two boiled eggs in there for fodder, saying nothing of pickles and crackers. I don't reckon any restaurant will get ahead of me."

"You are well fixed, indeed." "There's a man from our county got a big calf here. The three of us are going to sleep together in the stall, and that will save lodgings. I've got my watch tied to my pocket neither dust nor wet can hurt my clothes, and if any one goes for me I've got a lot of pepper to throw in his eyes."

"Well, well." "I'm going to beat my way in as a preacher," continued the man, "and I'm going to get a seat on the grand stand by claiming that I'm a member of the Legislature. Once in I don't come out till the last hog is shipped for home. I'm going to begin with the Jersey calf and take in everything clear back to the wind-mills, and if you hear Gov. Begole inquiring if Jim White, of old Isabella, has shown up you can assure him that I'm on deck and chuck full of biling hot enthusiasm."

A Telegraph Yarn.

A Troy paper is responsible for this: A gentleman of the Western Union Telegraph office at No. 145 Broadway, New York, was sitting in the cable room when a telegraph from Philadelphia destined for Paris came over the wires. This message, like all others for France, was to go over the cable via Duxbury, Mass. The operator called Duxbury a few times, and then said: "That fellow is asleep evidently; but the cable men are always awake—I'll have to get one of them to go in and wake him up." So he stepped to another desk, called Plaster Cove, in Newfoundland, and sent the following message: "To cable operator, Duxbury: Please go in and wake up my own true love." This message Plaster Cove hastened to send across the ocean to Valencia, Ireland, who in turn "rushed" it to London; thence it was hurried to Paris, and still onward to the European end of the French cable at St. Pierre; the operator there flashed it back to Duxbury. In less than two minutes by the clock the message had accomplished its journey of some 5000 miles by land and sea, as was evidenced by the clicking of the instrument on the Duxbury desk, which ticked out in a manner a little more petulant: "That is a nice way to do; go ahead. Your own true love!"

A Suicidal Cat.

A well-authenticated and undoubted case of feline felo de so occurred at Fort Trumbull one day last week. Early in the week it was noticed by her friends that pussy was not herself. She moped and refused to eat, passed her nearest and dearest without recognition, and manifested a strange persistence in getting into the sink-pails, and the bath-tub, from which she would not be driven even when the water was turned on. One day she was observed to stalk solemnly down to the wharf, and when arrived to gaze long and earnestly into the water. The soldiers watched her closely, but were not prepared for the result. After a while the kitten returned to her accustomed haunts, moped around, mewed nothing to nobody, and kept a'out until the next day, when she again walked down to the wharf, deliberately leaped overboard and committed suicide before the eyes of the astonished garrison.—New London Day.

How Animals have Foretold Earth-quakes.

An Italian writer on the dreadful catas-trophe which occurred so recently on the Island of Ischia mentions those prognostications of an earthquake which are derived from animals. They were observed in every place where the shocks were such as to be generally perceptible. Some minutes before they were felt, the oxen and cows began to bellow, the sheep and goats bleated, and rushing in confusion one on the other, tried to break the wicker-work of the folds. The dogs howled, the geese and fowls were alarmed and made much noise; the horses which were fastened in the stalls were greatly agitated, leaped up and down and tried to break the halters with which they were attached to the mangers; those on the road stopped suddenly and snorted in a very strange way. The cats were very much frightened, and tried to conceal themselves, or their hair bristled up wildly. Rabbits and moles were seen to leave their holes; birds rose as if scared from the places on which they had alighted; and fish left the bottom of the sea and approached the shores, where at some places great numbers of them were taken. Even ants and reptiles abandoned, in clear daylight, their subterranean holes in great disorder, many hours before the shocks were felt. The dogs, a few minutes before the first shock took place, awoke their sleeping masters by barking and pulling them, as if they wished to warn them of the impending danger; and several persons were thus enabled to save themselves.

A New England lady was asking her cook the other day about a waitress she proposed to hire, and said: "Mary, is she Irish?" "No, Ma'am," said Mary, "she's American." "What is her name, Mary?" "Bridget O'Connor, ma'am." "Why, then, of course she is Irish, Mary." "No, ma'am; she was born in Lynn." "Oh, but that makes no difference, Mary; she is not an American." "Well, in faith, perhaps she ain't, ma'am. They tell me the real ones are red."

Transfusion of Blood.

The Presse, of Vienna, lately described an operation of the above kind successfully carried out by Professor Nothnagel in conjunction with Herr Rittor von Hacker. On account of the unsatisfactory results recently obtained in several cases by using human and lamb's blood, it was resolved to try a better method, already suggested by several physiologists. This consisted of a solution of common salt of 0.6 per cent. rendered alkaline by two drops of concentrated solution of soda. The patient treated on this occasion was a young man who was in imminent danger from weakness of the heart, consequent upon loss of blood by reason of an abscess in the stomach. An incision was made in a vein in the upper part of the arm, and by means of a funnel shaped receptacle about two pints and three-quarters of the fluid in question were introduced into the system of the patient, who is now expected to recover.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

OWING to the great increase in our business and the many requests of our lady patients, we have opened an office at 120 King St. East, two doors east of the English Cathedral. We have also secured the service of Dr. Strangways, who has for seven years made a special study of diseases of the Liver, Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys and the diseases peculiar to the ladies. Dr. Strangways will give free consultations to all parties calling, whether they purchase our remedies or not. He will also explain to inquirers the principle on which our remedies are founded, and how it is that they make so many wonderful cures, even where the best physicians failed. Don't forget that at our retail office you will find the cleverest physician in Toronto to give advice and tell you how to cure yourself and avoid ever being sick.

Correspondence invited. A dress

NOTMAN PAD Co. 120 King St., East, Toronto.

R. WALKER & SONS

—MAKE A— GREAT DISPLAY THIS MONTH



In Mantles, Silks and Velvets, Dress Goods, Carpets, Blankets, &c.

TAILOR-MADE MANTLES

In all the most fashionable styles, are imported by us from the best makers in Germany and England, and we have a First Class Cutter constantly employed in the Ordered Department. Our stock of MANTLES for children of all ages, as well as ladies of all weights, is this season in advance of any we have held heretofore, and no lady who can possibly reach the GOLDEN LION, should think of purchasing until she has seen through our GIGANTIC STOCK. Wholesale Prices are the rates here as elsewhere through the house.

An Immense Stock of Velvets, Plushes, Silks, Velveteens, etc., in all the Prevailing Colors.

The Cheapest Line of All-Wool Blankets

—IS AT— R. WALKER & SONS, 33 TO 37 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

FATHER, SIGN THE PLEDGE TO-NIGHT.

E. R. L.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Fa - ther, sign the pledge to - night,
 2. Fa - ther, sign th pledge to - night,
 3. Fa - ther, sign the pledge to - night,

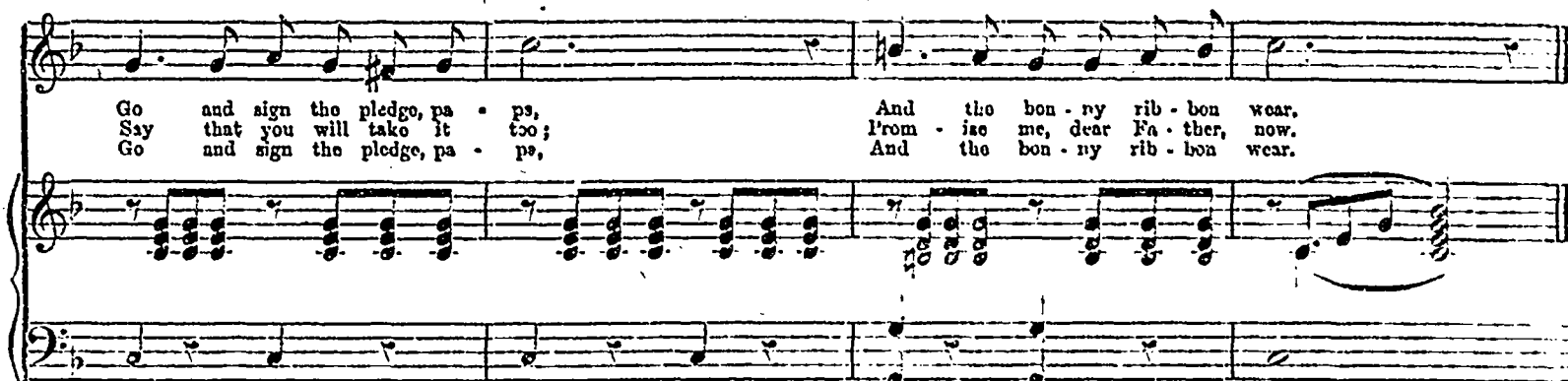
Grant but this re - quest to me;
 For the sake of poor mam - ma;
 Do not wait an - oth - er day;

If you on - ly would, pa - pa,
 How her heart would leap for joy,
 If you on - ly would, pa - pa,

Oh, how glad my heart would be;
 If you on - ly would, pa - pa;
 How our griefs would fly a - way!

With me to the meet - ing go,
 Oth - ers have their names put down,
 With me to the meet - ing go,

Oh, how nice it will be there!
 More to - night will take the vow:
 Oh, how nice it will be there;



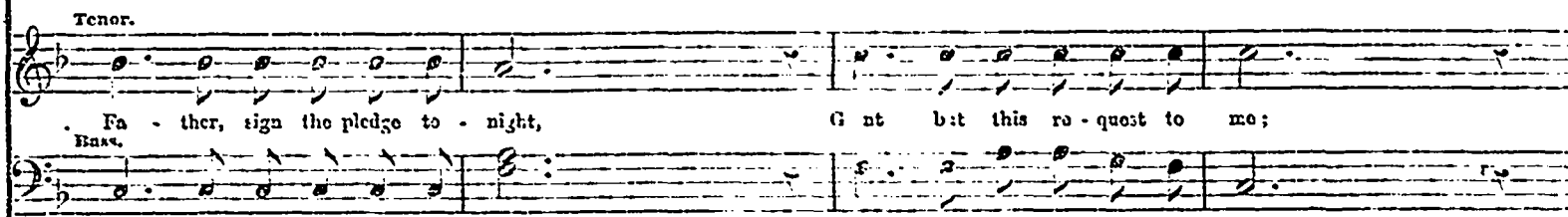
Go and sign the pledge, pa - ps,
Say that you will take it too;
Go and sign the pledge, pa - ps,
And the bon - ny rib - bon wear.
Prom - ise me, dear Fa - ther, now.
And the bon - ny rib - bon wear.

Soprano.



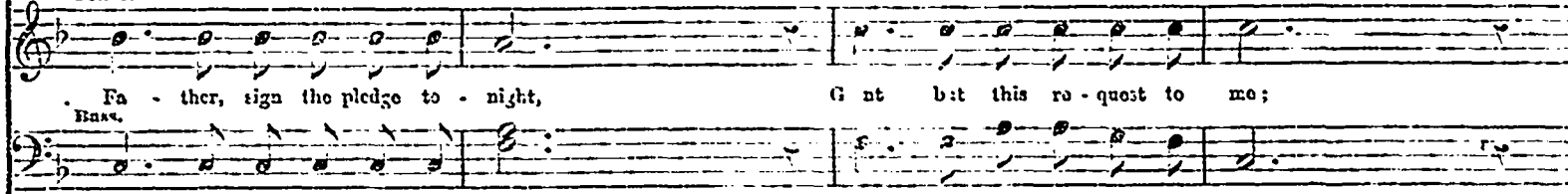
Fa - ther, sign the pledge to - night,
Grant but this re - quest to me;

Alto.



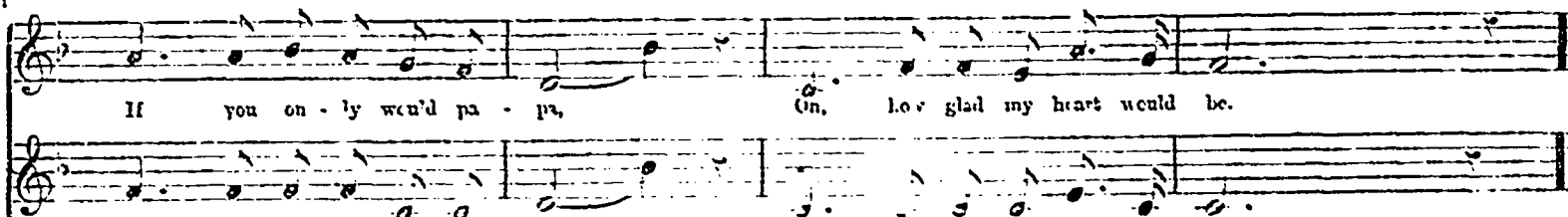
Fa - ther, sign the pledge to - night,
Grant but this re - quest to me;

Tenor.

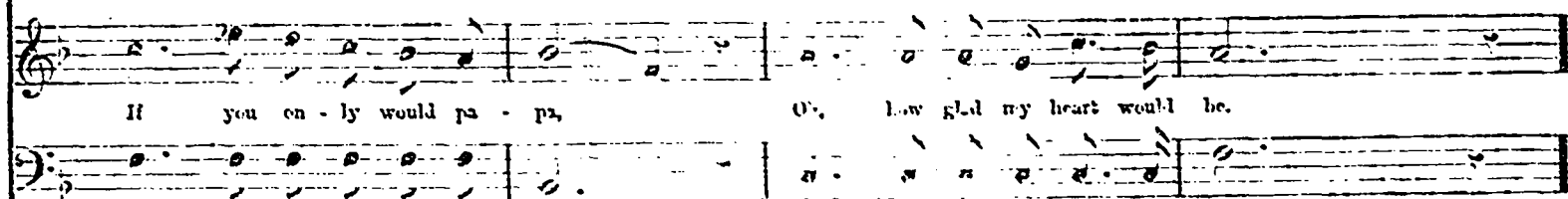


Fa - ther, sign the pledge to - night,
Grant but this re - quest to me;

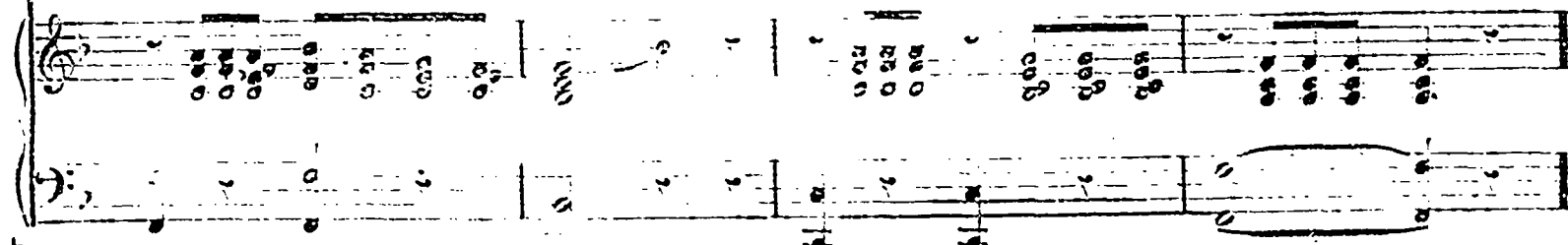
Bass.



If you on - ly would pa - ps,
Oh, how glad my heart would be.



If you on - ly would pa - ps,
Oh, how glad my heart would be.



EATON'S NEW STORE,

190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Where you can buy Dry Goods Retail at the lowest Wholesale Cutting Prices.

Corsets.

Of all articles of ladies' wear, perhaps that of Corsets have undergone the greatest change. From the stiff iron-cased machines of our mothers to the beautifully, artistically shaped Corset of the present day is a wide gulf.

Eaton keeps all the favorite makes in stock, from 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 up.

Ball's Health Corsets, so much admired, are kept in all sizes.

Gloves.

You can buy at Eaton's New Store the best make in Josephine Gloves, double stitched and every pair warranted, from \$1 per pair.

A special line of Black and Colored Kid Gloves at 50c. a pair.

Underwear.

Eatons are selling Children's Knee Drawers from 0 to 6 sizes for \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.40 up.

Small Womens', \$2.75.

Women's for \$3.00.

Ladies' Lamb's Wool Vests, 95c., \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75.

Ladies' Sleeveless Vests, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 \$2, up.

Hosiery.

At Eaton's New Store, where so many fashionable goods are sold cheap, you can buy Ladies' All-Wool Cashmere Hose in Garnet, Navy, Seal and Black, Plain, or Clocked at 35c., 38c., 45c., 60c. per pair.

Children's All-Wool Cashmere Hose from 1 to 6, from 25c., 30c., 35c., up.

Children's Merino Hose, 10c., 12½c., 15c., 18c. up.

Ladies' Merino Hose, ribbed or plain, 18c., 20c., 25c. per pair.

Ladies' Silk Hose, extra finish and length, in sky pink, cardinal, peacock, navy, black, &c., \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.50

Carpets.

You can buy at Eaton's retail at the lowest wholesale cutting prices.

Tapestry Carpets 32½c., 35c., 39c., 40c., 45c., 50c., 55c., 60c., 65c., 70c. per yard up.

Brussels Carpets, new designs, 75c., 85c., \$1 \$1.10, \$1.15, up.

All-Wool Carpets, a large variety, 90c. \$1.

Union Carpets, 60c., 65c.
Felt Carpets, latest patterns, 23c. to 50c.

Hemp Carpets, a splendid assortment, 10c. to 20c.

Stair Hemp Carpets, 5c. to 20c.
All-Wool Stair Carpet, 3 ply, from 40c. to 50c.

Tapestry Stair Carpets, 38c., 40c., 50c., 60c.

A complete assortment of velvet Axminster, Velvet Brussels and Tapestry Hearth Rugs.

Mats.

String and Cocoa Door Mats.
Floor Oilcloth, 1, 1½, 2 yards wide, English, at 35c. yard.

Linoleum, 2 yards wide, 70c.
Stair Oilcloth, a large assortment, 12½c. a yard.

Velveteens.

You can see at Eaton's a beautiful assortment of these favorite goods. Beautiful blue black, soft-silk finish, for 25c., 35c., 40c., 45c., 55c., 65c., 75c., up.

All the leading colors in a special cheap line for 50c. yard.

Silks.

Handsome pattern black Brocaded Silks, warranted pure. 90c. \$1. \$1.25, \$1.50.

Black Ottoman Cord Silks for Mantles, 80c., \$1, \$1.25 up.

Rich Black Dress Silks, 50c., 60c., 75c., 90c., \$1, \$1.25 up.

Blankets.

Eaton's are selling the very best white twilled Canadian Blankets at 55c. per lb. of 16 oz; you can have them from 4 to 8 lbs. in weight.

Handkerchiefs.

Fancy brocade Handkerchiefs, in terra cotta, blue, cardinal, ecru, cream, pink and white, only 7½.

Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, 10c., 12½c., 15c. up.

Ladies' hem-stitched Handkerchiefs, 17c. up.

Silk Handkerchiefs, fancy polka spot borders, only 40c.

A large assortment of ladies' and gentlemen's Silk Handkerchiefs, new colors and designs, from 50c to \$1.50.

Gent's Linen Handkerchiefs from 13c. up.

Wash Rooms.

There are Ladies' Waiting, Wash and Retiring Rooms in connection, where letters can be written, friends met, or parcels received.

The Housekeeper.

Horseradish root boiled in salt and water, with a little vinegar, is good to send to the table with roast meat of any kind; cut it in thin slices and use it as a garnish.

An agreeable and appetizing dish is made by cooking asparagus and peas together. Cut tender stalks of asparagus in small pieces (both vegetables require the same length of time to cook), season with cream, pepper, and salt, or in place of cream use milk with a lump of butter melted in it.

A charming way to flavor custards is to beat fruit jelly with the whites of the eggs; red raspberry jelly and quince jelly are especially nice for this.

One reason why coin bread is so often unsuccessful is that the batter is made too thick; it should be thinner than johnny-cake, as the flour helps to thicken it. Then one ought not to rely too implicitly on recipes; some kinds of flour and meal thicken more than others so it is well to observe carefully the first time you use flour or meal from a new sack. On account of this difference many cooks prefer to purchase flour by the barrel, even for a very small family.

Red raspberry pudding is made in this way: 'To two ounces of butter allow three ounces each of sugar and flour; beat two eggs very light and mix with the sugar; then add the flour and the butter, which you have warmed so that it will mix readily; a little salt and grated nutmeg may be stirred in. Butter some coffee cups, and in the bottom of each one put a tablespoonful—a large one—of jam or two tablespoonfuls of fresh berries; then pour the pudding mixture over them. Leave a space at the top so that the pudding may rise a little. Bake for half an hour, and serve with cream and sugar, or wine sauce.

A very agreeable dish for dinner is made by cutting up some lamb in pieces the size you would serve on each plate at the table; put them in a sauce-pan with a large lump of butter, and cook until both sides are brown; then pour over hot water enough to cover the meat; let this cook slowly for an hour, then remove the meat from the stew-pan; make a rich gravy, adding to the water in the pan an onion sliced thin, plenty of pepper and salt, any herb you like, or in place of the onion, and before putting in the flour to thicken the gravy, put in a quart of green peas, and cook them for from fifteen to twenty minutes; skim them out, thicken the gravy, and serve meat and peas and gravy all in one deep platter.

Telephonic Electricity.

The philosopher and eminent electrician, Prof. Faraday, once said: "There was a time when I thought I knew something about the matter, but the longer I live, and the more carefully I study the subject, the more convinced I am of my total ignorance of the nature of electricity."

The telephones in use are only a means by which the sense of hearing is quickened, and the peculiar manner of applying the means of which the conversation is conducted is much thought of by those who have given the subject serious attention. It would appear amazing to see a person take a piece of iron or steel about the size of an ordinary lead pencil, and connected by conducting wires to a telegraph wire, and place one end of the iron to the ear, and by such a simple process hold conversation with another person miles apart. Yet this is done every time a receiving telephone is placed to the ear. The magnet of the telephone is only a piece of steel magnetized, and when placed to the ear magnetizes the conducting organ of hearing within the ear of the listener. The lime particles of the ear are magnetically affected by the near approach of the magnetized iron in the "phone," and thus blending with the magnetism of the iron of the telephone the speaker and listener become as one person. When the experiment is further extended the fact may be fully demonstrated that the ear and not the "phone" does the receiving. The telephone itself does not retain or transmit the sound of the human voice.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Blossom, as she laid down the paper, "it does seem to me as if these state militia fellows are always in trouble. Here's an account of a recent inspection where the company turned out fifty-three men. The bug, ain't it?"

Charles IX. and Louis XI. were worn with every year's toilet.

Vanderbilt's Great Wealth and How It is Invested.

In his correspondence to the Cincinnati Enquirer "Gath" gives the following interesting gossip regarding Vanderbilt's wealth and his relation to the New York Central:—

"Can you tell me," I asked "where Vanderbilt's money, I mean the old man's money, is invested?"

"He has \$45,000,000 in Government bonds left. He has \$20,000,000 in Lake Shore and New York Central, probably more of it in Lake Shore. He has \$10,000,000 in Northwestern stock and bonds. He has stock in the Red Line and other freight companies. He has something in Michigan Central. I estimate his wealth at from \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000.

"Here is the report of the Central up to one year ago. It had only 4,500 stockholders in 1880. Two years later it had 7,500. That shows that Vanderbilt had sold his long line of stocks, whatever he may say, and that a larger public had got hold of them. Again, the funded debt of the New York Central ten years ago was only \$27,000,000; last year it was \$48,000,000. Here you can read in the official report the figures. Again, the fixed charges on the New York Central, by which I mean interest on the bonds, were only \$2,000,000 a year, and last year they were \$5,500,000, which that road has to earn before anybody can get a dividend on his stock. At the same time, as you can see by following my finger, the net earnings of the New York Central Railroad are not as large by \$2,000,000 as they were nine years ago. They were just the same in 1882 that they were in 1872."

Said I, "Why do you turn so particularly to the Central stock?"

"Because it has led all the properties in the United States, certainly in this stock market, for years past. It has been paying 8 per cent. It is the backbone of the New York stock market. It has paid over \$7,000,000 a year in dividends in eleven years, making \$77,000,000. When it tumbles 30 per cent. it is for reasons which are general to the whole stock list."

"Have Vanderbilt's sons no influence to fight this stock back to where it was?"

"They have lost money trying to stem the tide in the stock market. Every one of Vanderbilt's strong supporters who has stood in the way of this current of liquidation has been hurt badly. Mr. Vanderhoff's oldest son, Cornelius, is a very worthy man. He attends the prayer-meetings in the New York Central depot every Sunday afternoon, and he started that branch of the Christian association which meets there. William K. Vanderbilt, the next son, is the president of the Nickel-Plate road and in the executive board of the Central, but he knows enough to see that the smaller fortunes of himself and his family could be swept away on the bull side of things at present. The fact is that, as great as the increase of our country is in population and production, it has not grown as fast as competition. The increase is being perpetually discounted by new carrying corporations. Next year the entire way business of the New York Central will be divided up by an active young rival."

Rev. E. Bradley, rector of Shelton, better known as "Cuthbert Bede," author of "Verdant Green," has been presented by Lord Aveland to the vicarage of Lenton, Lincolnshire.

IMPORTANT.

The Acme Water Color Co., at 31 King St. West, Toronto, are teaching their new and beautiful art of PAINTING, and guarantee satisfaction or no pay. This is a lovely accomplishment, and a profitable business to the following it. All are invited to come and investigate. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Harper's Bazar Pattern House

All Cut Patterns published in Harper's Bazar New York (Weekly), sent to any address on receipt of price. Send for Sheets and Catalogues. A Choice Selection of French and American Millinery.
Dresses and Mantles in the Latest Styles at reasonable rates. Dress Trimmings, Fancy Goods, etc.
MRS. L. THORNHILL, 374 Yonge St., Toronto.

TOURISTS should call on W. J. REX, 25 Queen St. West, opposite Shaftsbury Hall, near Old Church, opposite Healey's, Old City and Old Buildings, Green Mt., York City, etc.

All Goods delivered free of charge. - Sales for Cash only.

INSPECTION INVITED.

T. EATON & CO., 190 to 196 Yonge St.

Fashion Department.

Sergo is again worn.
 Plaids are all the rage.
 Skirts grow fuller all around.
 The blouse bodice is in high favor.
 Jerseys are more popular than ever.
 The hair is worn higher in the back.
 Lavender and lilac shades are revived.
 Muslin and lace balayages are revived.
 Glossy wool fabrics will be worn again.
 Brass bedsteads are the most fashionable.
 Brides' dresses are *de rigueur* long trained.
 Roseda and sage greens are again in vogue.
 A now and pretty shade of pink is flamingo.
 Blouse bodices are becoming only to slight figures.
 Pointed velvet girdles appear on many dressy suits.
 Rubies are now set with the diamonds worn by brides.
 The white gant de Suède is relegated to brides this fall.
 Elberon velveteen is the latest candidate for popular favor.
 Little people, boys, misses, and grown women all wear jerseys.
 The leading sleeve is in the coat shape, full in on the shoulder.
 Arcadia velveteens are imp rted in all the new colors and shades.
 Crepe veiling is a new crape-like wool fabric for evening wear.
 There is an effort on the other side to revive alpaca as a dress fabric.
 Gloves in shades of brown and tan will be worn with all sorts of dresses.
 Cloth is combined with velvet and velveteen for tailor made walking suits.
 The most popular early fall wrap for all occasions is the walking jacket.

Black velvet is worn to excess for carriage and afternoon reception toilets.
 Matelasse and Ottoman silks are most in use for combinations with velveteen.
 The marriage veil is displaced for the floral umbrella at fashionable weddings.
 Bridesmaids must for the present dress all in one color, pale rose being the favorite hue.
 Brocaded velvets for children's special wear come in small figures and narrow stripes.
 Plain velveteen skirts are worn with bodices, unics and polonaises of plain wool stuffs.

Lace-trimmed handkerchiefs are not so fashionable as embroidered and hemstitched ones.
 Velvet and satin rays or stripes of velvet and satin are in high favor in Paris just at the moment.
 Several fashion journals of note, recommend Arcadia velveteens for ladies' and children's suits.
 Skirts are short, scarcely touching the ground, and slightly raised at the back by the tournure.
 Humming birds and other flat-feathered ornaments loop the draperies of some Parisian dresses.

The most fashionable buttons are bullet shaped, small, and when of steel, jet, or metal are faceted.
 Black gloves will be revived for wear with all sorts of dresses and on all occasions, except weddings.
 Steel gray cashmere is becomingly worn as a polonaise or tunic over a gray or black velveteen skirt.
 Lace ruffles inside high velvet collars are among the latest and most becoming novelties in neck lingerie.
 Velvet hats and bonnets to match dresses are worn by young girls and children as well as by grown women.
 Walking-jackets in fleece-lined jersey webbing, and trimmed with Astrachan plush, frog buttons and bison braids.
 The small hat of limp felt of the same color as the costume is the correct wear for



FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1. Poke bonnet of dark chestnut brown velvet. The crown is square, and the upward extending brim is filled in with a plaiting of gold lace with brown velvet spots, and a tiny bow of velvet ribbon next the hair. The trimming is a long ostrich plume shading from brown to cream and curling around the crown. Brown velvet ribbon strings tied under the chin.

No. 3. This coquetteish round hat is of bluish gray French felt, bound with narrow galloon of the same color. A gray ostrich feather encircles the moderately low, square crown, and the curling brim turns up at the left side, where it is fastened with a brilliant plumed bird.

No. 4. French felt walking hat of dark iron-gray. The shape has a high, square crown and moderately wide brim. A *torsade* of dark ruby velvet is twisted around the crown, and a cluster of gray wings in shaded feathers is placed a little toward the left on the front. The hat is set squarely on

the head, and is extremely becoming to a youthful face.

No. 5. English walking hat of dark green felt, faced on the rolling brim with hunter's-green velvet. A scarf of red and green shot silk twisted around the crown, and a breast of pheasant's plumage ornaments the left side.

Some magnificent theatre and evening toilets have been made by embossed velvet and plain satin, the flowers on the velvet being large and detached. One example is ruby velvet with beige flowers, another copper color with tea rose. Fruit patterns are also to be seen—cloth patches in shades of pale yellow, on a dark ground.

tailor-made cloth, chevrot, and flannel suits.

Clasps and buckles of metal, jet, and smoked pearl adorn the sashes and draperies of little children's, misses, and ladies' dressy suits.

The colors preferred for girls' dressy suits and outer garments are pigeon gray, sapphire blue and red in the garnet and ruby shades.

Bridesmaids must wear short trains on short Kate Greenaway dresses in pale colors, with bonnets to match, if the wedding is at church.

OUR PATRONS.

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

The ship-owner Donald Currie took lately an extensive cruise off the west of Scotland, with Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone for companions; and later Mr. Gladstone visited Denmark.

An old Testament in Hebrew, published by Tauchnitz, of the finest and most correct edition ever published, was lately bought by the Rev. S. S. Mitchell, of Saco, Maine, at an auction of unclaimed freight in Boston.

"Baby Cried and Jack Cried."

It has been going on for a year past. Jack is a carrier for one of the dailies, and his circuit takes in a house on Blank street. One day last spring a baby crowed at him from an open door on that street, and Jack tossed an apple into the hall. The next day the baby was watching for him, and after three or four days the boy made bold to slip up the steps and pat the little chap on the head and leave the stick of candy he had purchased two miles away. As time went on Jack came to know that the baby was fatherless, and that its mother was pale-faced and hardly able to drag about. It was weeks before she spoke to him, but the baby took to Jack right away and was always ready for his coming. After the first week it was always clean-faced, but it was a good while before Jack roused up the courage to give him a kiss and to ask for one in return. After that it was plain sailing, and the neighbors became interested. It was queer enough that a boy like Jack, having his own way to make and roughing it until he had become suspicious and heart-hearted, should catch on to a little whitehead, and be more than a big brother to him, but that was what happened.

And something more. One day he brought up a quarter of a pound of tea and left it where the mother would find it, and this was followed by other parcels and articles. One day he missed the baby and crept into the hall to find that he had cried himself to sleep and that the mother was ill and helpless. Jack roused up the neighbors, and whatever was eaten in that house for the next two weeks was purchased with Jack's

money. The mother could only thank him and weep. She could not speak ten words of English.

A fortnight ago Jack missed baby again, and again he found the mother ill. Friends were with her this time and she did not suffer for care. A week ago there was crape on the door as the carrier went his round, and baby had been carried off by a neighbor. When Jack came round next day, the mother had been buried and people were watching to tell him that the house was to be vacated and baby was to go to a distant city. He had been brought back to bid the carrier good-bye, and the poor and lowly people drow off with tears in their eyes, and Jack sat on the door-steps and took baby in his lap and smoothed his white head and kissed his red cheeks. Baby clung round his neck and seemed to realize that he was about to lose a friend, and as one who stood by expressed it:

"Then baby cried and Jack cried, and the women put their aprons up and sobbed like children. When they finally took the child away Jack's heart was big enough to break, and throwing his arms around the little chap for the last time he turned and ran away and never looked back!"

A young man began his first letter to his sweetheart after this fashion. "My dear Julia. Whenever I am tempted to do wrong I think of you, and I say: 'Get thee behind me Satan.'"

Miss Sarah Jewett, the actress, writes poems, and also models very creditably. Her mother, Mrs. S. W. Jewett, writes not only poetry, but stories.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The Dominion Mutual Benefit Society of Canada, (Incorporated), provides a benefit of \$500, \$1,000, or \$2,000 for families of deceased members, also an endowment of \$20, \$50 or \$100 in ten years, and \$500 to \$1,000 in case of permanent disability or sickness or accident. A number of the leading business and professional men in the country are members. All claims will be promptly adjusted on maturity. Ladies admitted on equal terms with gentlemen. Agents wanted. Greatest inducements ever offered. Call or send for terms and by-laws. Home Office 33 Adelaide Street East Toronto.

Health Department.

Cholera Infantum.

The king of terrors has but few allies more powerful than cholera infantum. In all quarters of the globe it counts its innocent victims by thousands. It has cast its dark shadow on most households, and notwithstanding the boasted advance of medical science, it is the terror of the fond mother and the dread of the family physician. It is not on account of anything new or important we have to say that we take up this subject, but because it is proper that a disease so widespread and fatal should receive at least a passing notice at the season of its greatest prevalence.

Dehydration and heat, especially the latter, being the leading factors in the production of cholera infantum, medicinal agents proper are comparatively powerless. No medicine can stop the teething process, nor moderate the heat of summer. We may lull to sleep the dental irritation, and we may reduce the bodily heat, but we never can wholly remove the causes. Both the prevalence and fatality of this disease vary greatly from season to season. Dry, and long-continued hot weather is most favourable to its development. This summer being moist and cool, the disease should not prevail to the same extent as in ordinary seasons. Should it do so in any particular locality, it must be owing to bad sanitary conditions. If medical science were a failure in all other respects, one great and grand thing it has done, it has taught man how, in a large measure to protect himself against the ravages of disease. If medicine furnishes no certain cure, it is a satisfaction to know that the disease may be in a large measure prevented. Due regard to diet, clothing, cleanliness and purity of air is a pretty effective safeguard. Over-feeding should be avoided, even in the case of infants at the breast. Nurses should regulate their own diet so as to avoid all articles of food known to have a disturbing tendency on digestion. During the heated term children fed on cow's milk should have their allowance mixed with barley-water, oatmeal-water, or a small quantity of lime-water. The reprehensible practice of giving infants "a little of whatever is going," cannot be too strongly condemned at any time, but more especially during the hot weather. Next in importance to dieting is pure air. If, in addition to the depressing influence of heat, the child is made to breathe the atmosphere of a close room, occupied, perhaps, by one or more other persons, cholera is almost inevitable. A free interchange of air has a wonderful power in preventing diseases in general, but diseases of the digestive organs in particular. As another means of prevention, the child should be allowed to drink a moderate amount of cold water. Even infants of a few weeks old are greatly refreshed and benefited on a hot day by a little cold water. Bathing is another hygienic measure of great value, and should never be overlooked in health or disease.

It is much more difficult to be dogmatic in the matter of treatment. This naturally resolves itself into two parts, the hygienic and medicinal, the former being by far the most important. Much of what has been said in reference to prevention is applicable to treatment. The patient should be at once placed under sanitary conditions as favorable as possible. If the case is at all severe at the outset all food had better be withheld for a time, even breast milk. It is not digested, and only increases irritation. The child craves for cold water, but experience teaches us that gastric and intestinal irritation of whatever kind, is not relieved, but

rather increased, by draughts of cold water. But when the temperature is high, and thirst great, a teaspoonful of iced water repeated at short intervals will at least prove grateful. In this disease the drain on the circulating fluids is great. To compensate for this, it is necessary to give a good deal of liquid in some form. Sometimes the disease is ushered in with such suddenness and severity as to cause death in a few hours. In such cases the vomiting and purging is excessive, the skin is cold and the distress is extreme. When death does not soon take place, reaction sets in, and instead of coldness there will be heat of body. These different conditions, of course, require different management. In the former we must endeavour to supply heat, by the hot bath, persistent friction, mustard sinapisms, tincture of capsicum rubbed along the spine and on the extremities, and warm drinks and stimulants. These measures must not be carried to excess, and must be discontinued as soon as reaction is observable. It however, more frequently happens that the onset is more gradual. Instead of diminished, there is increased temperature calling for measures directly the opposite.

The judicious management of the child's food and drink is, without doubt, by far the most important part of the treatment. Medicine can do no good as long as materials are poured into the stomach which it is unable to appropriate. It is worse than useless to allow an infant to nurse simply that it may vomit immediately after. It surely cannot be right to administer milk or other food which we know will be rejected. The child, so far from being benefited, is made worse, and the symptoms which we are endeavouring to relieve are aggravated ten-fold. No food at all is to be preferred by far to food which is taken only to be rejected by an exhausted stomach. Great irritability of the stomach may be regarded as proof positive of its inability to digest milk. In such cases we must rely mainly, for a time at least, on barley-water, which has been made somewhat as follows:—To a pint of cold water add one or two teaspoonful (according to the age of the child) of barley which has been freshly ground or broken up in a coffee mill, or in some other way; let this be boiled down to one-half and strained while hot. This, like all else, should be given warm—simply warm. Salt should always be added. After the stomach has become more quiescent, and it is thought some degree of digestion can be performed, milk in varying proportions may be cautiously added to the barley-water, or milk and lime-water may be given. Barley-water and lime-water have the quality of preventing the solid curdling of the milk, which usually takes place in these cases. We can also recommend with confidence the following:—Beat up the white of two eggs in a goblet, fill the goblet two-thirds full of cold water and beat again. A few grains of sugar may be added, a little salt, together with a little orange or peppermint water to flavour. This may be given frequently in tablespoonful doses, throughout all stages of the disease. It is nutritious and palatable, and often retained when all else is rejected. It is very important to impress upon nurses that under no consideration are large draughts of any kind admissible, not even breast milk, when that is allowed. Small quantities frequently repeated is the true method of feeding in all severe cases.

The strictly medicinal part of the treatment has been considerably narrowed down of late years. Every practitioner of experience has been disappointed and humiliated by the inefficiency of his drugs. Astringents are constantly prescribed, but every-

one knows that they exercise no influence for good in the more severe cases. Pepsin, malt-pepsin, lactopeptine and bismuth constitute the main remedies of the hour, and there can be no reasonable doubt of their value. Other remedies are added according to the fancy of the prescriber or as the symptoms seem to indicate. For nervous excitement and great restlessness, nothing is equal to chloral hydrate, given in one or two grain doses, according to age, and repeated as often as necessary. Given in this way, no evil will ensue. Children are very tolerant of this drug. In some quarters it is much vaunted as a remedy in Asiatic cholera. We can testify to its beneficial effects in some cases of cholera infantum.—*Canada Lancet.*

Consumption an Infectious Disease.

The Wisconsin State Medical Society, during its recent annual session, passed a resolution virtually declaring consumption to be an infectious disease, and urging the necessity of the proper isolation and disinfection of those suffering from it.

Nasal Catarrh.

Cubeb is the remedy most relied on in the throat room, for constitutional impression in the ordinary form of the complaint. Fifteen or more drops of the oleo-resin, on sugar, after meals; or a few grains of the recently prepared powder, with two or three grains of salicylate of cinchonidin, in pill or capsule, are the forms in which it is usually prescribed. Cleanliness, by douche or spray, is essential in giving the parts a chance to get well, which they often will do by cleanliness alone, without any topical medication.—*Polyclinic.*

The Great Dr. Virchow

has resigned from the medical association of Berlin. He won't be forced to keep "his light under a bushel." He approves of advertising any remedy or combination that will cure, regardless of medical ethics. The surgeons of the International Throat and Lung Institute, head office London, England, and branch offices Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Detroit, Mich., using Dr. M. Souville's wonderful invention the Spirometer, are curing thousands of cases of bronchitis, consumption, catarrh, asthma and catarrhal deafness, and are making it known to physicians and sufferers all over the world. Physicians and sufferers are invited to call and try the Spirometer free. If impossible to call personally write, enclosing stamp, for list of questions and copy of International News, published monthly. Address Dr. M. Souville & Co., 173 Church street, Toronto, or 13 Philips Square, Montreal.

The Work Young Girls Might Do.

I wish it were in my power to persuade young girls who wonder what they shall do to earn their living, that it is really better to choose some business that is in the line of a woman's natural work. There is a great repugnance at the thought of being a servant, but a girl is no less a servant to the man who owns the shop where she stands all day behind the counter than she is when she waits upon the table or cooks the dinner in a pleasant house, and to my mind there would not be a minute's question between the two ways of going out to service. The wages are better, the home is better, the freedom and liberty are double in one what they are in the other. If, instead of the sham service that is given by ignorant and really over-paid servants to day, sensible New England girls who are anxious to be taking care of themselves and earning good wages would fit themselves at the cookings schools, or any way they found available, they would not long wait for employment and would be valued immensely by their employers. When one realizes how hard it is to find good women for every kind of work in our houses, and what prices many rich people are more than willing to pay if they can be well suited, it is a wonder more girls are not ready to seize the chances. It is because such work has been almost always so carelessly and badly done, that it has fallen into disrepute, and the doers of it have taken such low rank. Nobody takes the trouble to fit herself properly, but women trust to being taught and finding out their duties after they assume such positions, not before.—*Sara O. Jewell, in Boston Congregationalist.*

A Joke on a Thief.

There was a man on the Fair grounds recently who was so tickled that he set a dozen people around him to laughing, and when asked the cause of his merriment it was some time before he could answer.

"Such a joke—it nearly kills me!"

"A joke on whom?"

"On a thief—a pickpocket. I can just imagine his—ha! ha! ha! ha!—feelings!"

"How was it?"

"Well, you see, I brought \$50 here with me. About an hour ago a stranger asked me to change a \$20 bill for him, and in so doing he must have seen how much money I had. In fact I mentioned the sum to him, and I took notice that he watched where I put my wallet. I felt sure he was a thief, and I determined to give him a little surprise—ha! ha! ha!"

"Did you have him arrested on suspicion?"

"Arrested! No! But I fixed a plan to take him down a little. He took me for a greeny, and I wanted him to find out that I had my eyes open. Well, sir—ha! ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed until the tears came.

"How did you do it?"

"Why, I slipped around in the crowd, took the money out of my wallet and shoved it down my bootleg, and then went back and rubbed around him. I pretended to be gawping around like a hayseed, and pretty soon we got into a jam. Then the chap pressed me hard and lifted my old wallet and dug out like a flash. He thought he had that \$50 sure, and how his jaw must have dropped when he found—ha! ha! ha! ha!—when he!—oh! but I'd have given \$10 to see it!"

"Was there nothing in the wallet?" asked a man with a squeaky voice.

"Why, of course—!"

His grin died away all of a sudden, his eyes began to bulge out and in a minute his chin couldn't keep still. He looked around in a dazed way, and when the question was repeated he slowly replied:

"I had a mortgage and \$600 worth of notes in there and forgot to take 'em out! Where are the police!"

Everybody laughed and laughed, and one man fell down and choked and kicked in his delight, but the party who had saved his \$50 never even smiled. He simply grew pale and breathed hard and glared around him until a friend offered to take him out to the cattle pens and kick him four hundred times.

Imprisoned by a Bear.

Last Tuesday an old gentleman who has been engaged in hunting for some time past met with an adventure so thrilling and interesting that he became for some time dazed. He was hunting near Bingham's Mill, in Ogden Canon, when a deer sprang up and started to run down a canon. Being a good shot, the hunter soon rolled it over and proceeded to skin the same. He had progressed but a little when a large bear came rushing toward him. Again he levelled his rifle and sent a bullet crashing through the thick hide of brain. Instead of killing the bear, it only enraged him, and after a moments delay, more furious than ever, he renewed the mad rush for the hunter. Seeing that his only hope for safety lay in flight the hunter at once dropped his gun and ran along the hill until a friendly cave was discovered, and in this he took refuge. The bear was unable to follow into the black hole, but obstinately took a position at the entrance, which for two days and nights he maintained. Occasionally the hunter would emerge from his hiding place and look over, expecting the animal had taken its departure, but each time he returned disappointed. With the imprisonment came hunger and thirst, and finally the loss of reason. After forty-eight hours of waiting the bear finally left, and the hunter slipped noiselessly from the cave, and rushed as fast as he could to Bingham's Mill, where he was taken charge of, and with good treatment gained his reason and related his wonderful adventure. Search was then made for the bear but nothing could be found of him, although the mouth of the cave was trampled hard where he had paced back and forth doing a pitiful duty waiting for his victim.—*Ogden Pilot.*

The ascent of Mont Blanc was accomplished the other day by a young Irish lady of 15. Earlier in the summer a Norwegian dame named Guennessen performed the same feat, but she was a year older than the maid of Erin, who can boast that she is the youngest of her sex who has ever reached the highest among European summits.

• Ladies' Department.

Matrimonial Incompatibility.

A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife—God bless her!
She looked like a drum and he looked like a
flute.
And it took all his money to dress her,
God bless her!
To dress her!
God bless her!
To dress her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes—God keep her!
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her,
God keep her!
To drink her!
And keep her!
And sleep her!

She grew like a target, he grew like a sword,
A sword—a sword—God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her,
God spare her!
To bear her!
God spare her!
To bear her!

She spread like a turtle, he shrank like a pike,
A pike—a pike—God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave him,
God save him!
To shave him!
God save him!
To shave him!

She fattened away till she burst one day,
Exploded—blow up—God take her!
And all the people that saw it say,
She covered over one acre!
God take her!
An acre!
God take her!
An acre!

The Helpless Girls.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* says: No one will dispute the assertion that any given girl may some day have herself and perhaps her family to support, and yet our schemes of education for girls are framed precisely as if this were not and could not be true. As a rule, no provision whatever is made for such a contingency in the education of girls; no recognition whatever is given to the fact that the chance exists. We shut our eyes to the danger; we hope that it will never come, and we put the thought of it away from us. In brief, we trust to luck, and that is a most unwise—I was about to say an idiotic—thing to do.

Each one of us has known women to whom the mischance has happened, and each one of us knows that it may happen to the daughter whom we tenderly cherish, yet we put no arms in her hands with which to fight this danger; we equip her for every need except the sorest of all needs; we leave her at the mercy of chance, knowing that the time may come when she whom we have not taught to do any bread-winning work will have need of bread, and will have no way in which to get it except through dependency, beggary, or worse. She can teach? Yes, if she could find some politician to secure an appointment for her. She can prick back poverty with the point of her needle? Yes, at the rate of 75 cents a week, or, if she is a skillful needle-woman, at twice or thrice that pittance.

The True Dignity of Woman.

Mgr. Capel has been lecturing, at Philadelphia, upon the above topic. His style of delivery is earnest and impressive. He said that the topic upon which he was to speak was an extremely delicate one. If he should exalt woman beyond reasonable bounds, she would probably caulk over the sterner sex, while, if he depressed her, she would receive the disdain of the masculine sex. It was his purpose to treat the question fairly. He spoke of the marked movement in the British isles and in this country in favor of giving woman political rights, and also to advance her in the arena of knowledge which men have hitherto considered their own special province. He did not favor either innovation.

The speaker thought that beyond all doubt man was physically and intellectually the superior of woman, but she surpassed man in instinct and affection. In the intellectual order, woman takes the palm as a writer of novels. Beauty in woman, while greatly sought, did not constitute true dignity. It was very seldom that beauty was identified with great power and intellectuality. He referred to the degrading position occupied by women in ancient Rome, and to day in Asia and Africa. Between them and the woman of civilized countries in the present day he drew a comparison, showing

the honorable place they now fill. In one nation, he remarked, the women were spoiled out of their minds, and that was in the United States. The elevation of woman was due to the Catholic Church, which labored to elevate her to her true position. The church taught its daughters that the essence of holiness was in modesty and purity of thought, action and words.

Woman was an aid and comfort to man in his struggles, her patience under trying circumstances, and her tenderness, were eloquently commented upon. He spoke of the great good accomplished by the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Sisters of Charity, and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. In conclusion he said that woman should be satisfied with the power she held over husband and brother, which was greater than she could obtain by being permitted the right of suffrage.

Charming Girls.

Dr. Stewart, the pastor of a New York uptown church, has been painting the portrait of the "charming young woman" of the period. He says that her "sweet eyes weep in sympathies," and that she has "beautiful hands for charity." All this is very nice; but the charming young woman whom every young man is anxious to take some day or another before Dr. Stewart for the purpose of having her name changed is expected to do something else with her eyes besides sympathetic weeping. He thinks that if she were to employ them in finding out the exact moment when a beefsteak is done to a nicety, or when a button shows symptoms of going off on an excursion from the shirt-bosom, they would be more useful and attractive. "Hands for charity" are to be prized, indeed, but the hands that can make their owners sweet things in dresses as well as hot rolls are invaluable. If they have a thorough acquaintance with the broom-corn brush they are still more estimable. Hands and eyes with these recommendations are in constant demand.

When A Woman is Lovely.

Woman is just too awfully lovely, exclaims the *Bowling Green Gazette*, in newly laundered Wamsutta and lawn, when fresh from close communion with toilet soap and crystal, watery bath. She has the ripe peach fragrance of paradise and the breath of the cape jasmine of the tropical empyrean. When a fellow passes to the windward of a pretty woman who is filling the air with sweetness and purity as she trips gracefully along, he delicately sniffs the air for an hour, as if he had got a snatch of heavenly perfume and was trying to woo another whiff from over the celestial battlements. God bless the women. If there were none on earth bald-headed men and babies would be awfully scarce, and courting would lose more than half its flavor.

Laughovers for Ladies.

Superior court: Sparking a rich girl.
Young ladies should not forget that Goliath died from the effects of a bang on his forehead.

A young lady calls her beau "Honey-suckle," because he is always hanging over the front railings.

"Deceivers Ever!"—Mildred (who is "willin'"): "Harry, they say we're engaged!" Harry (who is thinking it over): "But we know we're not, don't we?"

"Smoking may be a bad habit," he said, as he rode beside a pretty Philadelphia girl, "but that habit of yours is perfectly killing." The marriage took place next day.

"I want to get a pair of driving gloves," said a consequential looking duck, entering a gents furnishing store and addressing a lady attendant. "Backskin?" asked the polite saleswoman. "Oh, no," replied the impetuous customer. "I want something that will match the color of my skin." "Oh, you do?" replied the lady, quickly taking down a box from the shelf, "try a pair of these calfskins!" He has never since patronized a store where there are woman attendants.

A clerk at a Pittsburgh stockyard appropriately refers to his salary as a "stypenned."

"My daughter has taken the medicine faithfully, according to directions, and her health and spirits are now perfect. The humor is all gone from her face. I wish every anxious mother might know what a blessing Ayer's Sarsaparilla is in such cases."

AMERICAN FABLES.

A Sunfish, having witnessed the terror of a Sailor who came near being nabbed by a Shark, at once swam for the Vessel and began circling around at a furious rate. While thus engaged a Jack Tar leaned over the rail and scooped him in with a net, with the remark:

"While a Shark may eat a Sailor there's nothing to prevent a Sailor from Eating a Sunfish."

MORAL.

Never doubt a fish story.

THE SAGE AND THE MOURNERS.

A Sage, who was on his weary journey to Wisconsin, came upon a crowd one day and observed a general sadness in all faces.

"Why this gloom?" queried the old man, as he laid down his bundle and felt for the front end of his plug of tobacco.

"Oh, Sage, we mourn the death of a good man," was the reply.

"Was he honored?"

"He was."

"Sober upright, charitable and given to peace?"

"He was."

"Who of you praised and encouraged him in life?" asked the old man as he looked around him.

A hush fell upon the crowd, and no one replied.

"Praise that comes after death," whispered the Sage, "does not even cut down the undertaker's bills. Better squander your time sawing wood for his widow."

MORAL:

The widow will be expected to take in plain sewing to support.

THE FROG AND THE TRAVELLER.

A Traveller who had taken a seat near a Waterfall would have greatly enjoyed the mighty roar but for the croaking of a Frog near by. At length he rose up in great wrath and assaulted the croaker with a club.

"How inconsistent you are?" cried the abused Frog as he wiped the blood off his ear. "This Waterfall makes a million times more noise than I do, and yet you turn upon me!"

"True," replied the Traveller, as he threw the Frog an oil skin to keep off the dampness, "but you should remember that the dividing line between grandeur and disgust is drawn by the scrape of a fiddle and the howling of a dog."

MORAL:

It is everything in being a waterfall.

THE THIEF AND THE OFFICER.

One of the finest who had been sleeping on his beat for the last hour was suddenly awakened by the cries of a man in distress.

"What's all this row about?" inquired the officer.

"I have been robbed of a satchel!"

"Describe it."

"I cannot, for it is one I stole myself only half an hour before!"

"Then why this great outcry? You have simply been robbed of what you did not own."

"True, and it is that which hurts. The fellow evidently took me for an honest man!"

MORAL:

It hurts lots of contractors the same way.

The Percentage of Active Old Men on the Increase.

In a young country, as this, where life is continually at fever heat, and where action rather than reflection carries the day, old age seems out of place. In the staid old towns and cities of England, Hawthorne tells us in his "Old Home," that he observed that old age came forth more cheerfully and generally into the sunshine than among ourselves, where the rush, stir, bustle and irreverent energy of youth are so preponderant that the poor forlorn grandsires begin to doubt whether they have a right to breathe in such a world any longer, and so hide their silver head in solitude. But "fast" as this country and this period both proverbially are, it is a fact that the percentage of old men who continue in active life, and who do not show their years except to a close scrutiny, is on the increase. Eminent and active octogenarians, even, are not unknown on our streets, whose appearance still makes them pass current as being in the executive period of life. The constant improvement in the average style of living in the matter of dwelling, food and raiment, perceptibly promotes longevity and increases the number of cases of it.—*Boston Herald.*

TRACKING A MURDERER.

Detective Work Extending Over Eight Years at Last Rewarded.

Through the energy of Police Inspector Murray the bringing of a murderer to justice many years after the crime was committed is about to be accomplished. On the afternoon of Aug. 31, 1878, James Langdon, a young boiler-maker, was murdered in a lumber yard at Ninth avenue and Fourteenth street. Between 12 and 1 o'clock on that day James Mooney, a car-driver, was watering his team at the entrance to the yard, when the report of a pistol behind a pile of lumber attracted his attention. He left his horses and proceeded to the spot. He saw a young man dressed in a light summer suit and a straw hat run from behind the lumber and scale the fence on the Ninth avenue side. Seeing Mooney, the young man shouted, "I have killed or wounded a man there; I don't know which, and what is more, I don't care." With that he disappeared into the street. Mooney found Langdon dying from a wound in the left breast directly over the heart, and he died without being able to give an account of the affair.

The slim clew left by the murderer baffled the exertions of the police for a long time. The clew which led to the identification of the murderer was a silver watch found on the murdered boiler maker. His parents affirmed that the watch did not belong to him.

The murderer is a native of this city. He bore a evil reputation, and, in 1874, for some offense, he was compelled to leave the city. He went to Pennsylvania and joined the Molly Maguires. Among them he was known as Charles Jones, alias the "Welshman" Ghost." This, the inspector says, however, is not his real name. Jones came to this city frequently. On one of his trips, in 1875 on the night of Aug 16 he got drunk in a bar room in 14th street, and went into the lumber-yard to sleep off the effects of the liquor. While there he was beaten and robbed of his watch and chain by three men.

One of the men was Langdon. By a birth-mark on his face, Jones declared that he would know him should he ever meet him again. He threatened vengeance and hung about the lumber yard for the next two days, hoping to see something of the thieves. On the second day, while he was passing the spot in a street car, Langdon attempted to get on the car. The fatal birth-mark betrayed him, and a mutual recognition took place between the men. Langdon jumped off the car and fled. He was followed by Jones, and when cornered at length in the lumber yard was shot and killed by him.

Jones fled again to Pennsylvania. He worked in coal and iron mines for years, but old associations continually drew him back to the city. On one of his trips he was detected in an offence in Brooklyn, tried and sentenced to a term in the Kings county penitentiary. He is now confined in that institution, with only a few days more to serve. Instead of walking out free, as he expects, when his term is ended, Inspector Murray will be on hand to arrest him for the murder of the boiler maker in 1875.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Double Artesian Well.

Selma has the most wonderful artesian well in the world. Two separate streams of water of entirely different properties flow from this well. This effect is produced by the insertion of a two inch pipe within a four inch tube. The larger pipe descends four hundred feet, the water has no mineral qualities, and is very cold. The inner pipe descends seven hundred feet, the water is strongly impregnated with sulphur and iron, and compared with the temperature of the main stream, is quite warm. *Selma (Ala.) Times.*

Another process of impregnating wood for its preservation has been patented in Germany. This consists in first treating the wood with a solution of zinc vitriol and then with a solution of chloride of calcium, so that the preservative coating is formed upon the wood by the chemical action of both substances on each other.

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880.
GENTS—I have used very low and have tried everything to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving and am nearly as strong as ever
W. H. WELLER.

THE FATHER OF FISH-CULTURE.

Seth Green's Ideas About the Finny Tribes and some of His Varied Experiences.

(Turf, Field and Farm.)

"How did you ever come to devise this scheme?"

"I have been working at it ever since I was large enough to bend a pin."

The above remark was addressed to Mr. Seth Green, the veteran fish culturist, who is known to the entire world, and his reply indicates the extent of his labors.

"When I was quite young," he continued, "I would lie on the limbs of trees that reached out over the water entire afternoons watching the movements of the fish and studying their habits. In this way I discovered many characteristics which were before unknown. I saw, as every observer must see, the destructive elements that are warring against fish, and I realized that unless something were done, the life in the streams of this country would become extinct. To counteract this disastrous end became my life work, and I am happy to say I have seen its accomplishment."

"Were you successful on the start?"

"No, indeed. Up to that time all artificial attempts to hatch and raise fish from the spawn had failed, and I was compelled to experiment in an entirely new manner. The work was a careful and tedious one, but I finally succeeded, and to-day I am able to hatch and raise fully seventy-five per cent of all spawn."

"Enormous! Why, that is a larger percentage than either the vegetable or animal kingdoms produce in a natural condition."

"I know it, but we exercise the greatest care in the start, and guard the little fellows until they become able to care for themselves."

The foregoing conversation occurred at Caldoma where the representative of this paper was paying a visit to the state fish hatcheries. It has been his privilege to report very many interesting sights within the past twenty-five years, but the view presented here exceeds in interest anything ever before attempted.

"How many fish are there in those ponds, Mr. Green?"

"As we have never attempted to count them it would be impossible to say. They extend away up into the millions though. We shipped over three millions out of the ponds this year and there seemed to be as many afterward as before. We have nearly every variety of the trout family and many hybrids."

"You speak of hybrids, Mr. Green. What do you mean by that?"

"I have experimented for years in crossing the breed of the various fish and am still working upon it. We cross the female salmon trout with the male brook trout, and thus produce a hybrid. And then we cross the hybrid with the brook trout, which gives us three-quarter trout and one-quarter salmon trout. This makes one of the finest fishes in the world. He has all the habits of the brook trout, lives in both streams and lakes, develops vermilion spots on his sides, rises readily to a fly, is far more vigorous and fully one-third larger than ordinary brook trout of the same age. The possibilities of development in the fish world are great and we are rapidly ascertaining what they are."

As the man of news watched the countenance of Mr. Green while he was giving the above account, he could not but feel that he was in the presence of one of the few investigators who, from a rich and life-long experience, bring great benefit to the world. Let the reader imagine a strong and stalwart frame, surmounted by a head strongly resembling that of Socrates, and covered with a white silky beard of luxuriant gray hair. Seth Green, the father of fish culture, is a picture of health, and a report could not help remarking so.

"If you had seen me the last winter and spring, young man, you might have thought differently," said the veteran.

"How is that? One would think, to look at you, that sickness was something of which you knew nothing."

"And so it was until last winter. I went down into Florida in the fall to see what kind of fish they had in that state and study their habits, and was attacked with malaria in its severest form, and when I came home I realized for the first time in my life, that I was sick. My symptoms were terrible. I had dull, aching pains in my head, limbs and around my back. My appetite was wholly gone, and I felt lack of energy such as I had often heard described

but had never experienced. Any one who has ever had a severe attack of malaria can appreciate my condition. I went to bed and remained there all the spring, and if there ever was a sick man I was the one."

"It seems hardly possible. How did you come to recover so completely?"

"My brother, who had been afflicted by a severe kidney trouble and threatened with Bright's disease was completely cured by a remedy in which I had great confidence. I therefore tried the same remedy for my malaria and am happy to say I am a well man to day and through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be one of the most valuable of medicines. Indeed I see it is endorsed by the United States medical college of New York, and that Dr. Gunn, dean of that institution, has written a long article concerning its value."

"And are you now as well as formerly?"

"Apparently so. I keep the remedy on hand all the while though and do not hesitate to recommend it to others."

"One question more. How many ponds of fish have you here and how are they divided?"

"Well, we have 42 ponds which are divided up as follows: 22 ponds of brook trout, 2 ponds of salmon trout, 3 of McCloud river or rainbow trout, 2 ponds of German trout, 3 of California mountain trout, 2 ponds of hybrids, 4 of one-quarter salmon and three-quarter brook trout, 2 ponds of gold fish, and one pond of Carp. Then we have what we all the centennial pond 'happy family,' consisting of crosses of different fish, including Kennebec salmon, Land Locked salmon, California salmon, brook trout, salmon trout and hybrids. These fish range in size from minnows to 18-pounders, and in age from one-and-one-half months to eleven years. I forgot to say, also, that we have a 'hospital' pond, which is entirely empty, which speaks pretty well for a community of many millions. Indeed the whole secret of fish culture can be summed up in four things. Impregnation—using no water. Plenty of food. Plenty of pure water and cleanliness."

The numerous fish exhibitions which are taking place in all parts of Europe and the unusual interest which is being manifested in this subject throughout the world all owe their origin to the process above described an originated and conducted by Seth Green. It is certainly cause for congratulation to every American that this country produces so many men whose genius brings value to the world, and it is proof positive of the greatest merit that a remedy even with such high standing as Warner's Safe Cure is known to have should be so strongly endorsed and recommended by one so reputable and reliable as Seth Green.

A FIENDISH MURDER.

A Beautiful Girl Stabbed Twenty-six Times by a Mysterious Murderer. Was it a Madman?

OXFORD, Ind.—Mounted men are scouring the country in every direction for traces of the murderer of Miss Ada Atkinson, aged 18 years. She had been left alone in the house in the afternoon, and her sister found her mutilated body on the floor. There were twenty-six wounds on her person. She had not been outraged. The wounds are evidently made with a penknife in the hands of some nervous person and for revenge. The victim was rich and accomplished.

FOWLE, Ind.—The excitement over the murder of Miss Ada Atkinson has increased considerably. The fact that the young lady, who was handsome, rich, and popular, was terribly mutilated by her murderer, her body being stabbed again and again evidently after life was extinct, adds to the intense feeling in the community. As no property was taken from the house, the deed could not have been committed for the purpose of robbery, and the physicians have asserted that the girl was not violated. The general theory of the crime has been that the murderer was inspired by vengeful feelings. She had been left alone in the house, and her body was found late in the afternoon. There are few clues as to who did the deed.

Mrs. Hugh, a neighbor of the Atkinson's, was examined by the Coroner. It was alleged that she had made threats against Miss Atkinson. She proved by her children that she remained at home the entire day, sick with chills. Her house was searched

twice, but nothing was discovered to excite suspicion.

A young man named Adsit, who had blood upon his sleeve and shirt front, when asked how the blood came there, said he did not know. He was taken before the Coroner. He then said:

THE BLOOD ON HIS SHIRT FRONT was caused by being struck in the mouth during a fight in Oxford Saturday night. He said he was crossing hay on the afternoon of the murder. The people believe him innocent.

The most important information received since the murder has come to light. Two brothers named Jefferson, residing near the Atkinson place, started to Oxford with a load of wood. In passing the Atkinson residence, which stands back about twenty yards from the main road, they saw no one in the yard. After going a short distance one of the boys, on looking back, saw a man leaving the gate of the yard. He was mounted on a gray horse. He started toward them on a gallop, but upon hearing them checked his horse, drew his hat over his eyes, and rode past. There was blood on his right hand and on the side of his face. He was apparently about 20 years of age. They did not know him. After passing the wagon he started off at a breakneck speed, taking a road leading eastward, evidently to avoid going near Oxford. It was about 2:30 o'clock when he passed them.

The mysterious man was also seen by Jerome Wattle, a farmer, who was going west on the road mentioned, but was not close enough to recognize him.

The two Jefferson brothers have been closeted with detectives and startling information is promised. A farm laborer in the employ of Mr. Atkinson, and the only person who was near the house during the afternoon, is shown up in a very bad light.

Two days before the murder, Lacy, sister of the murdered girl, made known her intention of going to Oxford that evening. In going to her room an hour afterwards, and upon entering the door, she

DISCOVERED A MAN'S FOOT protruding from under the bed. She asked twice, "Who's there?" but received no reply. She called her father, but he had left the house in the mean time. Soon after the father's hand came out of the room exclaiming, "Don't get frightened, it is only me. When asked what he was doing under the bed, he said:

"I dropped some money and was looking for it."

A good deal of suspicion is directed toward this man. On Friday night last the murdered girl, in company with a young man named Glasscock, attended a dance given at this place. The day after the murder a handkerchief belonging to him was found in the yard at Atkinson's house. It was tied in a knot. When questioned regarding it, Glasscock said that the murdered girl's brother had taken it from him during a scuffle they had at school. Young Atkinson does not remember keeping the handkerchief, and denies having thrown it in the yard. The funeral of the murdered girl took place to-day. Fifteen hundred persons attended. The cries of the bereaved mother and sister moved many to tears.

Nothing whatever is missing from the house. There were many valuables of all kinds, but nothing was molested.

The house of Mr. Atkinson is about half a mile from any neighbor. An old man at work in a neighboring field heard no sounds of a struggle. The fact that no outrage was committed is accounted for by some on the theory that the girl rapidly bled to death and the villain fled. Others think the nature of the wounds and their number and the places selected for their infliction indicate that it was the work of a madman, who delighted in inflicting as many wounds as possible upon the body.

The physicians think the murderer could not have left the house without getting much blood on his clothing. Some have hopes that this may point him out.

Uncle Sam's Navy

In a communication published in the Army and Navy Journal, Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., states that the consultations of eminent naval and other surgeons, respecting his rheumatic attack, failed to afford him the slightest relief. By advice of Dr. Hoyle he used St. Jacobs Oil, which wrought a complete and, as he says, a wonderful cure. John Carr Moody, Esq., lawyer at Vallejo, Cal., was likewise cured of a severe joint trouble.



FOR THE Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause. We are told by the highest medical authorities of the day that nearly every disease is caused by diseased kidneys or liver. To restore the so, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the increasing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy is unequalled. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE. For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N. Y., London, Eng.

ALL SORTS.

A sure sign—No trust. A fast color—Cyclone blew. Egotism is the bane of most everybody. Waggon tracks on a royal road, for are they not prints? Look out that your stove-pipe is not "full." Its top is often crooked. To speak of the thread of an argument would imply that the whole thing is a "yarn."

It doesn't follow because a surveyor gets the lay of the land that he has monopolized the egg business.

The man who was reconciled to his lot must have had the mortgage on it lifted, or something.

The point of a swell's existence is his shoes; but a woman's existence is sometimes even more point-lace.

GREAT PROGRESS IN HORSE BREEDING.

The great demand for large work horses has led to extreme experiments in breeding the small mares of Western ranges to large Percheron Stallions. The result, contrary to public belief, has proven remarkably successful. From these mares weighing from 700 to 900 pounds, and worth from \$25 to \$50 each, when bred to Percheron stallions, are produced horses that possess about one-half the united weight of sire and dam, and while partaking of the characteristics of the sire, they lose none of the endurance and hardihood of the dam, selling readily for from \$100 to \$200. One of the best evidences of the success of this method of breeding is deduced from the fact that M. W. Dunham, of Wayne, Ill., the greatest importer of Percherons in America, and from whose stables have gone out nearly all the pure bred Percheron stallions now in breeding upon Western ranges, and who has had the benefit of the experience of all those who have been breeding from stallions bought of him during the past ten years, has engaged J. M. and J. F. Studabaker, of Son H Bend, Ind., Col. Lemert, of Ohio, and John A. Witter, of Denver, Col. They have invested \$100,000 in ranges and stock in Colorado, and have now in breeding 2,000 mares and 21 imported Percheron stallions. The gentlemen have recently returned from Colorado where they have been spending some time in increasing their stock and extending their ranges, and next year they will have 40 imported Percheron stallions in breeding.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blisters, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years."

W. H. MOORE."

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

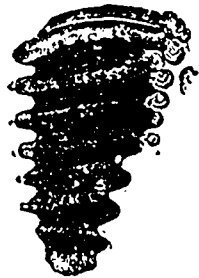
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists, \$1, six bottles for \$5.

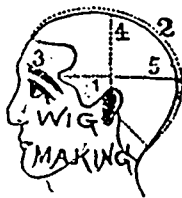
DENTAL CARD.

Special attention given to the filling and preservation of the natural organs. Artificial Teeth inserted, so as to appear perfectly natural and life-like. Teeth extracted without pain. Fees moderate. T. H. SEFTON, Dentist, cor. Queen and Yonge Sts., over Rose's Drug Store, Toronto.

NO SHAM, BUT REAL



WATER WAVES.



Copyright secured. (Copyright applied for, 20,000 sold since I first introduced them. No Designs, Fresh Stock, No Old Trash. The only Fashionable Hair Store in Toronto. Wigs, Switches, Coquettes, Bang Nets, Countess Nets, Golden Hair Wash, Novelties in Hair Ornaments, &c. Wholesale and retail at the Paris Hair Works, 103 Yonge Street, between King and Adelaide Streets.

A DOREN WEND

NEW YORK HAIR WORKS.



Ladies' Head Dressing and Shampooing Parlor. Highest Award Toronto Exhibition '81. Ladies' and Gents' Hair Goods—1882 and '83. We also have a large stock of Hair Nets, Bang Nets, and Ladies' Head Jewellery. John Schwicker 75 King Street West, Toronto Ontario.

ALBION BAKERY, 410 YONGE STREET. HARRY RUTHVEN'S is the place to get genuine Home-made Bread, also Vienna and Plain Bread. Delivered Daily. Bronze Medal for Wedding Cakes at Exhibition, 1883.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

It is scarcely worth while to continue the discussion on the relations of Church and Stage. Those relations are, emphatically "strained," and are, we fear, likely to stay so; although we think the Church might do much more than she has done to help those in the theatrical profession who are anxious and willing to raise the Stage to the position she ought to occupy. The Church, the Press and the Stage are the three great mentors of the age. To ignore the influence of the Stage is as useless as to denounce it. The Stage we will always have with us. Let the Church remember this fact, and do what she can to help the Stage exert an influence for good.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Knight are so well and favorably known to Toronto theatre-goers that it is almost unnecessary for us to say anything now of their recent appearance here in "Baron Rudolph." The play has been witnessed here before, but has since been greatly improved and altered, and now runs smoothly and pleasantly from the rise of the curtain to the fall thereof. Both the stars are finished artists, and their company being a good one, the performances were in every way satisfactory.

Lou Harrison has been pretty well "photo-graphed on the minds of those—how they must have suffered—who have witnessed his excruciating acting in that famous fanfare of nonsense. Saucy sister Alice is not with him this time—more's the pity—but Gourlay is, and if they can't raise a laugh—in fact several laughs—the audience must be very hard to please.

The attraction at the Grand next week will be one of unusual interest. It is true we have had rather a dose of melodrama of a namby-pamby, sickly sentimental kind during the past dramatic season; but "The Silver King," which will receive its first presentation in Toronto on Monday next, although a melodrama, is of a much higher character, literary and dramatic, than many of its predecessors, and contains some really fine writing, and very strong and telling scenes. The play will be presented by Mr. J. H. Haverly's Co., and though we cannot speak of its personnel, Mr. Haverly's name can be safely taken as a guarantee that it will be a good one. It consists of 49 members, and carries its own scenery, &c., all of which has been specially painted for it. We predict for "The Silver King" an unusually brilliant and successful week's business.

We last week alluded to Mr. Abbey's plans for the coming season at the new Metropolitan Opera House in New York; and we now subjoin Col. Mapleson's programme at the Academy of Music. Mme. Adelfina Patti will be a member of the company, and Mme. Etelka Gerster will re-appear and will sing on the opening night, Monday, Oct. 22. Milles, Valera and Dotti and Mme. Lablache also return in the company which includes as new members Mme. Eugenio Pappenham, Mlle. Raphaela Patti, Mlle. Emilia Viarella, and Miss Josephine Yorke, an English contralto from Carl Rosa's company. The tenors are to be Bertini, Bello, Ernesto Falsetti, Bioletto, Eugenio Vicini, Bottini, Perugini, Rinaldini, and Nicolini. The baritones are Del Puente, Galassi, Vassolli, and Sivori. Cherrubini, Caracciolo Monti, De Vascetti, and Lombardelli are the basses. Signor Arditi will reappear as director and conductor, and the danseuses are to be Milles, Crambilla, Bettina de Sortis, and Gillert. The following operas are contemplated: "Gounod's 'Romeo e Gialotta,' and 'Mirella,' Bellini's 'Norma,' Rossini's 'La Gazza Lutra,' Weber's 'Oberon,' Donizetti's 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' and Ricci's 'Crispino e la Comare.'

Mario Wilkins, the famous *Mother Frochard* of the Union Square "Two Orphans" Co., died in New York on the 23rd ult., aged about 70. In her youth she was a famous London beauty, and for twenty years she was the wife of Sergeant Wilkins, a London barrister of some celebrity. She had distinguished herself in

amateur theatricals, and when Sergeant Wilkins died and left her poor she went on the stage to make her living. She was a trained actress, and appeared creditably as Julia, in "The Hunchback," as Lady Macbeth, as Mrs. Oakley, as Beatrice, as Lady Duberley, in "The Heir at Law," and in many other prominent parts. She married Mr. Charles Davis, with whom she lived happily twenty-five years to the time of her death. She had no children, but adopted a daughter of her youngest sister. She was a very domestic woman and an expert cook, and took delight in giving dinners prepared by her own hands to her friends. She had grown very stout, but her face had not lost its comeliness. It is said that her illness was brought on by her injudicious use of some preparation which she took to reduce her stoutness.

They are reckoning up the other stage stars who are to follow the example of Miss Fortescue, who is to marry Earl Cairn's son, and get married. Miss Vaughan, for instance, is to be married to a Col. Wolseley. Miss Violet Cameron, having rejected an Earl, has the refusal of a French Marquis. Miss Carr can have a director of the Bank of England if she chooses. Miss Chapman is engaged to a Major. Miss Hatholey has accepted a distinguished clergyman. These solid conquests are independent of the homage paid, not only to tragedy queens and stars of comedy, but fairies of burlesque and ladies of the ballet.

Fanny Davenport commenced her season Monday last at the Standard Theatre New York City, in Sardou's play of "Fedora." She is supported by a carefully selected company, and the stage settings and appointments are entirely new.

Kato Claxton is meeting with splendid success in her performance of *Oyarita* in the "Sea of Ice." She is drawing larger audiences than attended her presentation of the "Two Orphans."

BE CAREFUL.

The genuine "Rough on Corns" is made only by E. S. Wells (Proprietor of "Rough on Rats"), and has laughing face of man on labels. 15c & 25c. Bottles.

Every father should paddle his own; can you?

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada.

The Rev. Mr. Henn is a minister in Georgia. Probably a lay preacher.

Joseph Rusan, Peroy, writes: "I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and I found it the best article I ever used. It has been a great blessing to me."

Jack Frost doesn't say anything, but he indulges in freezing peach.

J. E. Kennedy, dispensing chemist, Cobourg, says that no blood purifier that he has ever handled has had such a large sale as Burdock Blood Bitters, and adds, "in no case have I heard a customer say ought but words of highest praise for its remedial qualities." (731)

Now is the time when the chubby reed bird dies game.

A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DISEASE.—A trifling indiscretion in diet may lay the foundation of confirmed dyspepsia, and there is no fact in Medical Science more positively ascertained or more authoritatively asserted than that dyspepsia is the parent of a host of bodily ills, not the least of which is contamination of the blood and the maladies of which that is the direct consequence. Their original cause is, however, thoroughly eradicated from the system by NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CURE, a medicine which only requires regularity and persistence in its use to cure dyspepsia and the many ills that arise from it. No deleterious mineral ingredient is contained in it, and though its action is thorough in cases of costiveness, it never produces gripping pains in the abdominal region, or weakens the bowels like a violent purgative. It invigorates the system through the medium of the increased digestive and assimilative activity which it promotes, and is also a most efficient remedy for kidney complaints, scrofulous, and all diseases of the blood, female weakness, &c., &c. Price \$1.00. Sample Bottle 10 cents. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CURE. The wrapper bears a fac-simile of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

PARKER & EVANS' INTERNATIONAL Boiler Compound eradicates scale from boilers instantly. One fourth the first dose prevents future incrustation. Perfectly safe and saves 25 per cent. in fuel. Send for circular to 509 St. Paul street, Montreal.

W. WILSON,
363 QUEEN ST., WEST,
Merchant Tailor,

—AND—
Gents' Furnishings!
Winter Stock Complete. All the Latest Novelties.

INSPECTION INVITED.
PRICES RIGHT!

THE WHITE

Sewing Machine is the best machine to buy.

There is no exaggeration in the following statements.

EXTREMELY SIMPLE.—No eye to thread but the eye of the needle.

LIGHT RUNNING.—It can be run with a single thread of spool cotton in place of the leather belt.

You can thread the shuttle with your eyes shut.

You can set the needle without looking at it.

When once started it will wind the bobbin like a spool, without a hand to it.

The belt is put on by simply laying it against the wheel under a spring; it adjusts itself.

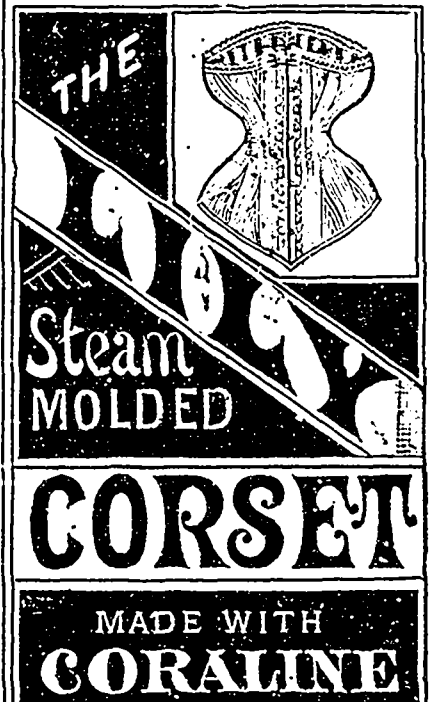
The most convenient machine for those with sight or the blind. Used in the Asylum for the Blind at Brantford.

A great variety of convenient attachments with the WHITE.

Be sure you see the WHITE before purchasing anywhere.

Head Office, 108 King-St., West.

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THE LILY is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; its like a glow to the figure, very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. We have recently, at great expense, added to our Corset Making STEAM MOULDS of the latest and most approved models. Corsets pressed on these, receive a most graceful and permanent finish.

MANUFACTURED ONLY AND FOR SALE BY

—THE—
Crompton Corset Co.
78 YORK ST., TORONTO.

BOOK NOTICE.

We have received from Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., the American Treasury of Facts, a most useful compendium of statistical, financial and political information, edited by Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress at Washington, which cannot fail to be of interest and use to the general reader.

The introduction of Grand's twenty-five cent cabs has proved a public boon, and is just what was wanted. The demand for them is daily increasing, the public duly appreciating their usefulness. See advertisement elsewhere.

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

HOW TO MAKE MONEY FAST OVER 5,000 SOLD!

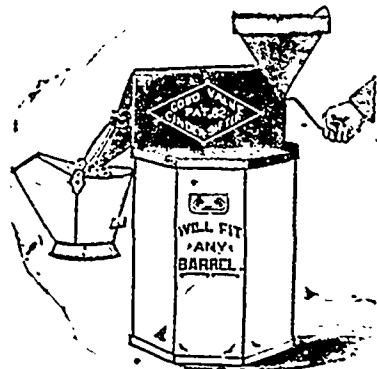
A Book containing 25 very valuable money making secrets, sent to any address post-paid and sealed on receipt of \$1.00. N. W. BOYD, Knowlton, P. Que.

FOR WESTERN ADVERTISER, LONDON, from now to end of 1881. Magnificent premium, "BOOK OF PORTRAITS," only 10c. extra—contains following chromo-lithographs, in five colors: Queen Victoria; the new Governor-General (Marquis of Lansdowne); Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone; Hon. E. Blake; Sir John A. Macdonald; Hon. O. Mowat; Hon. Alex. Mackenzie; Chester A. Arthur, President U. S. Biographical sketches of each. Agents wanted. Address—ADVERTISER PRINTING CO., London, Ont.

100 SONGS OF IRELAND

In full music size for piano or organ, including fifty of Moore's Irish Melodies. The finest collection of Irish music ever issued. Just published; only 50 cents. To be had at

CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE, 197 Yonge St., Toronto.



THE HIGHEST AWARDS over all others at the Toronto Exhibition. FIRST PRIZE 1882, BRONZE MEDAL 1883.

GOOD VALUE CINDER SIFTER

For Cleanliness, Efficiency, Durability, Speed, and Ease in Working.

JOHN T. WILSON

Patented and Sole Manufacturer,

166 Queen St., West, Toronto.

Advertisement for 'IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR' by Wells, Richardson & Co. Includes text: 'A NEW DISCOVERY', 'Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.', and 'WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Berlin, N.Y.'

Bicycle Department.

The Toronto Bicycle Club held a meeting at 12 Adelaide street east, on the evening of Sept. 27th, for the purpose of arranging for their annual races to take place on 20th inst. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather the members of the club mustered in good numbers and seemed to possess, in a very large degree, that buoyancy of spirits promoted by athletic exercise, which is certainly not the least of the benefits derived from bicycle riding. The arrangements are not quite complete, but the following are some of the events on the programme:

- For members of the Club only: 2 mile race for the championship, worth \$20. 1 mile race, three prizes, \$12, \$7 and \$5. 2 mile race, open to those who have not yet won a first prize. A Slow Race and a Junior Race. Races open to all comers, for which an entrance fee of 25 cents each will be charged. 5 mile race, for which three prizes are offered, viz., \$25, \$10, and \$5. 1 mile race, two prizes, \$15, and \$10. 3 mile handicap, three prizes, and A hurdle race.

All entries must be sent in before the 16th inst., or an additional fee of 25 cents will be charged. The prizes to be offered will amount to about \$200. The Club hopes to secure the Lacrosse Club grounds, corner Wellesley and Jarvis streets, and a good day's sport is anticipated.

RESULT OF THE ELECTION OF CONSULS AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE CANADIAN WHEELMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

- Following is the result of the elections for consuls and representatives of the C. W. A.: No. 1 District.—Chief consul, W. G. Eakins, Woodstock; representatives, H. B. Donly, Simcoe; W. J. Knowles, Brantford; and A. McBean, Guelph. No. 2 District.—Chief consul, T. H. Robinson, Toronto; representatives, C. E. Lingle and C. Mas, Dingle, Toronto. No. 3 District.—Chief consul, G. A. Mothersall, Ottawa; representative, W. C. Young, Ottawa. No. 4 District.—Chief consul, H. S. Tibbs, Montreal; representative, J. H. Low, Montreal.

Mr. A. Dean, of Belleville, some time ago rode to Kingston and back in one day, a distance of 105 miles.

Mr. Perry Doolittle, of Aylmer and the Toronto Bicycle Club, is in town. He some weeks ago completed his 10,000th mile on the bicycle.

D. J. Canary, of Boston, who styles himself champion fancy bicyclist of the world, has issued a challenge to all-comers for any sum in excess of \$50, the contest to include all kinds of trials.

The first issue of the Canadian Wheelman has reached us. It is published in the Forest City, and is a small, but neat 8-page sheet, and contains much of interest to cyclists generally. Mr. Kingsley Evans is the editor, J. B. Digeam, business manager. We wish it all success.

James Quirk, of Brantford, has taken W. J. Morgan at his word, and accepted his challenge to ride a bicycle race from five miles to six days, promising to match a Canadian to ride against him, 5 miles for \$250 or 500 miles for \$1,000 a side and the professional championship of Canada. He will also match his unknown against any man in Canada from 1 to 500 miles for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side.

The Wanderers met on Saturday last at the guns in the park. The turn out was small, only twelve being present. The course taken was along the Don and Danforth Road, via Wellesley and Winchester streets. A short halt was made at the Dutch Farm, and, the sand proving troublesome, the club set out for the Kingston Road. At Bates Hotel a halt was made for tea; after which the club returned home. Mr. Alexander took a header into the new sewer, corner Sackville and Winchester streets, falling some twelve feet, without, however, hurting himself very seriously. The monthly meeting of the club was held Monday evening.

London comes once more to the front with a new club—the "Ariels"—formed August 9th, for the special purpose of touring and

drill. At their first meeting the following officers were elected for 1883: G. D. Cameron, President; J. D. Koonleyside, Vice-President; W. M. Begg, Secretary; J. A. Muirhead, Captain; H. M. Kipp, 1st-Lieutenant; James Lamb, 2nd-Lieutenant. The Club is limited to sixteen members this season and twenty next. The membership has reached twelve already and promises soon to swell to the required number, and the fact that no one can become a member without a machine and uniform, shows that though small the "Ariels" will be strong as a Bicycle Club. Their uniform is a dark gray polo cap, braided patrol jackets, pants, stockings and gray cloth shoes faced with black leather. At the "meet" next year, which it is hoped will be held in Toronto, the "Ariels" will turn out their full number. They are going right in for drill, and have secured the Drill Shed in which they are drilling in the evenings and expect before long to be able to go through some good movements.—Canadian Wheelman.

The Hardships of Actresses.

During the long nine or ten months of the season married actresses can have no comfort with their children, no intercourse with them, can take no care of them. I read a day or two ago a story of a girl who was called to a Sunday night rehearsal. Her father was very ill, but the rental of their rooms, the fees for the doctor and money for the drugs depended upon her attending to her business. It was imperative that she should be in the theatre at half past 7. Having arranged the room as women only can, having placed upon a table by the bedside of her father his medicine, she kissed him goodbye, and, with a loving touch, promised to be back as early as possible. You know what Sunday night rehearsals mean. They mean 1, 2, 3, 4 o'clock next day. That is what this one meant. The girl hastened home. The candle light had gone, the cold gray of the early morning was in the room, the father was dead upon the bed.—Philadelphia Press.

MONROE, Mich., Sept. 25, 1876.

Sirs—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me. W. L. CARTER.



ST. LAWRENCE CANALS

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapid Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head and upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapid Plat Canal, together with the plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 20th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A map, plans, and specification of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock-keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the firm, and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The cheque 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, Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 13th Sept., 1876.

Are you

Drowsy, dull and out of sorts? Are you bilious, nauseated and made sick by the thought of food? Is there a dull, dragging pain in your right side? Do your bowels suddenly get sore without any apparent cause? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your skin wan, clammy and copper-colored? Does your mouth taste badly in the morning? Are you costive? Do you have itching piles? Are your bowels irregular? Are you dizzy and dim sighted at times? Are you gloomy and despondent? Is your urine highly colored? Are you nervous and full of bad feelings in all parts of your body?

If so, be advised before your case gets more serious—before you are seized by some form of low fever or become otherwise hopelessly sick.

Take SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS. The trouble with you is that your liver is out of order and needs regulating immediately. SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS will help you as nothing else in the shape of medicine can.

Regulated, stimulated and made to do its proper work in a proper manner by SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS the Liver will resume its natural functions, and all the above symptoms will disappear and be forgotten. But do not neglect them. Use the remedy at once. Sold everywhere, price 50 cents.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung disease.

J. W. WHITELY.

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Their Occupation Gone.

R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N.Y.: I was attacked with congestion of the lungs, soreness over the liver, severe pain in the joints, a burning fever, and general giving away of the whole system.

Greenburg, Pa., men shot a tramp for stealing potatoes from their field. Such conduct is tuber-rotal for anything.

Dear Sir—I must tell you what your medicine has done for me. Before taking your "Favorite Prescription" I could hardly stand on my feet, but, by following your advice, I am perfectly cured.

A Maine woman is about to bring a suit for breach of promise against her divorced husband, who promised to marry her again, but who appears to have escaped.

both Nervous and General, Lack of Self-confidence and Will Power, Impaired Memory, Despondency, Weak Back, and kindred affections, are common results of youthful follies and pernicious practices, pursued in solitude.

Oscar Wilde and Lily Langtry were both in the ocean at the same time, one going, the other coming. They never spoke as they passed by.

Don't You Do It.—Don't wait an hour before buying a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It is safe, painless, prompt in action, never leaves sore spots behind, and therefore perfect in itself.

Query—Is the cargo-dola the naval of Venice?

C. S. Judson, Wallaceburg, says Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for Summer Complaints is a splendid preparation, and I do not know of a single case in which it has not given satisfaction, but on the contrary have had many testimonials to its efficacy.

"Try not the pass," the old conductor said to the dead beat.

It is a fact that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has more well-earned testimonials of praise for its virtues in curing Cholera, Colic, Cholera Infantum, Dysentery, etc., than all other remedies of that class combined. It will stand investigation.

About the only troubles that come single are fuzzy old maids.

Age should always command respect. In the case of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry it certainly does, for 25 years that has been the standard remedy with the people, for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Colic and all Bowel Complaints.

Is the Irish language a real language, or is it merely a patois?

There is no remedy known to medical science that is more positive in its effect to cure Cholera Morbus, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, and all Bowel Complaints than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Our babies—With all their faults we love them still, not noisy.

True merit brings its own reward, in the case of Barlock Wood Bitters it is rapidly increasing its reward by its increasing sales; as a prominent druggist recently said, "it now sells on its merits." It is the grand specific for diseases of the Kidney, Liver and Bladder.

A young girl was caught kissing her sweethearts a few nights ago. Her mother took her to task for such actions, but the girl said in a low voice, "What does it matter? It is not my fault, it is yours. You would not have let me go on with them if you had been as strict as you are now." The old lady smiled. Memories of old were brought to mind.

WELLS' WINDOW SHADE GLASS.

Used for holding WINDOW BLIND SHADES without rollers, pins, or cords. Saves blinds, money and patience. Looks orderly and neat. Send for sample, 20 cents, agents' circulars 3c. Orders from the trade solicited. Agents wanted. TORONTO INDUSTRIAL WOLVES CO., 90 Church street, Toronto.

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For Inflammation of the Urinary Organs, caused by Indiscretion or Exposure. Hotte Dieu Hospital, Paris. Treatment. Positive Cure in one to three days. Local Treatment only required. No nauseous doses of Cubebs or Copaliba.

INFALLIBLE, HYGIENIC, CURATIVE, PREVENTIVE. Price \$1.50, including Bulb Syringe. Sold by all Druggists, or sent free by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price. Descriptive Treatise free on application. AMERICAN AGENCY "66" MEDICINE CO., DETROIT, MICH. or WINDSOR, ONT. Sold by all Druggists.

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TRADE MARK. are those made by THE ELLIS SPAVIN CURE CO.

Every owner of one or more horses can save a large amount of time and money by having on hand a good supply of Ellis' Horse Remedies, and to supply a general demand we would announce that we will send the following by express on receipt of the money, or C.O.D. and return charges: \$1.50 for 2 bottles Spavin Cure, \$2.00 for 2 boxes Large Condition Powders \$1.00 for 2 boxes Worm Bitters, \$1.00 for 1 box Hoof Ointment, \$1.00 for 1 box Hoof Ointment, \$1.00 for 1 box Hoof Ointment, \$1.00 for 1 box Hoof Ointment.

ELLIS SPAVIN CURE COMPANY, 50 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.; or 276 Fourth Avenue, New York

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry Extract, listing ailments like Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Diarrhoea, and All Summer Complaints.

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New Paragon School Desks. M. HEALTY & SONS, Welland, Ont. Early Amber Cane Seed imported from southern States. Send for catalogues and pr

BICYCLES IN STOCK. No. 12, S. B. C. 52-inch wheels. No. 21, S. B. C. 54-inch wheels, plated. No. 12, S. B. C. 50-inch wheels, half-plated. No. 2, S. B. C. 52-inch wheels, half-plated. No. 22, N. Challenge, 50-inch wheels, half-polished. No. 11, N. Challenge, 48-inch wheels, half-polished. No. 12, N. Challenge, 52-inch wheels, half-polished. No. 8, extraordinary, 48-inch wheels, half-plated. Send 2-cent stamp for price list catalogue, to Wm. PAYNE, London Ont.



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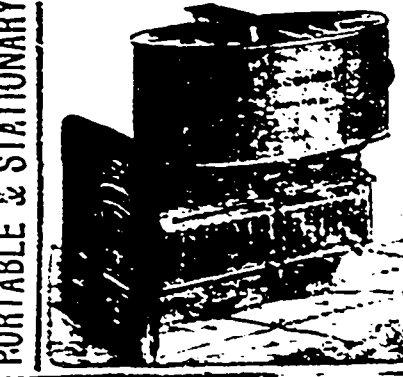
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Loss and Gain. CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move! I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120 I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK. How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

Funeral music should always be rehearsed. LOOK OUT FOR FRAUDS!

The genuine "Rough on Corns" is made only by E. S. Wells (Proprietor of "Rough on Itals"), and has laughing face of man on labels. 15c and 25c B titles.

A dash for liberty: "L—y."

Sufferers from the effects of quinine, used as a remedy for chills and fever, will appreciate Ayer's Ague Cure, a powerful tonic bitter, composed wholly of vegetable substances, without a particle of any noxious drug. Its action is peculiar, prompt and powerful, breaking up the chill, curing the fever, and expelling the poison from the system, yet leaving no harmful or unpleasant effect upon the patient.

An American Hamburg: Cincinnati.

Mr. Alexander Robinson, of Exeter, in writing about one of the most popular articles, and one that has done more good to the afflicted than any other medicine has during the short time it has been in existence, says: "I have used four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and have been cured of Dyspepsia that troubled me for over ten years. Part of the time I had it very bad, and I was at considerable expense trying to get relief; but this excellent medicine was the first and only relief I received."

Shut up for a seas n—The pepper box.

The surprising success of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound for the several diseases peculiar to women forcibly illustrates the importance of her beneficent discovery and the fact that she knows how to make the most of it.—Dr. Haskell.

The worse of ware—a careless servant.

Mr. G. W. Macully, Pavilion Mountain, B. C., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with rheumatism, and have tried nearly every kind of medicine without getting any benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has worked wonders for me, and I want another supply for my friends, &c."

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A PHYSICAL WRECK.—A hacking cough saps the physical constitution, not alone because it destroys the tissue of the lungs and develops tubercles which corrode and destroy them, but also because it ruins rest and impairs digestion. How important, therefore, is a resort to judicious medication to stay its ravages. A total physical wreck must inevitably ensue without this. In the choice of a remedy the pulmonary invalid is sometimes misled by spurious representations, to the serious prejudice of his bodily well-being. The only safe resort is a tried and highly recommended remedy. The credentials of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda entitle it to the place it occupies, viz., that of the foremost cough medicine and lung invigorant sold on this continent. The testimony of veteran physicians, and a popularity based on merit, combine to give it the prestige of a standard medicine. In cases of asthma, weak chest and lungs, bronchitis, laryngitis and other throat and lung complaints, it may be implicitly relied upon.

Sir Henry Brand has definitely made up his mind to resign the Speaker's chair, to which he was elected in 1872, at the close of the present Parliament. It is the rule to bestow on the retiring Speaker a peerage and a pension of \$20,000 per annum tenable for two lives. But just as the last Speaker Mr. Evelyn Denison, declined the pension on relinquishing the chair, so the present occupant will decline the peerage, preferring to bear the title of the ancient Barony of Deere, to which he is next in succession, rather than accept the style and dignity of a new creation. Several names continue to be mentioned in connection with the new Speakership, but it may be ten years off, and the choice remains open.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will purify every particle of impurity from the blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man, woman or child. Insist on having it. Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 225 and 227 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$1. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c stamp. Send for pamphlet. Sold by all Druggists. Caution: Beware of cheap imitations. Sold by all Druggists. Caution: Beware of cheap imitations.



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These Departments are all under efficient management, and crammed full of the Cheapest Goods in Canada.

We do not handle old **MUSTY BANKRUPT STOCKS**—all our goods are New, Fresh and Seasonable, direct from the Manufacturer, and our Wholesale prices clear them out so fast that no old stock accumulates.

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