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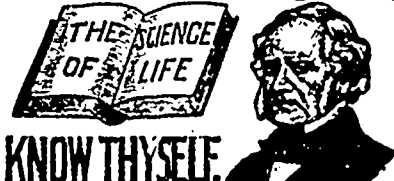
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# TRUTH.

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TORONTO, ONT. MARCH 22, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 494.

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

The action of the English Universities in seeking to restrain Trinity University, Toronto, from conferring musical degrees in England partakes considerably of the dog-in-the-manger character. It appears that the musical degrees of the English universities are hedged about by numerous prohibitory measures that prevent the large majority of educated musicians from gaining them. Among other requisites residence in an affiliated college is necessary. Feeling that the restrictions were unnecessary and unreasonable, and having learned of the superior and thorough character of Trinity's musical instruction, many of the leading English musicians wrote the Trinity authorities, stating that such musical course was just what was wanted in England. With commendable energy and enterprise Trinity University, after taking due and careful consideration, decided to hold examinations in London contemporaneously with those in Toronto. A board of three examiners, who were well-known musical authorities, was appointed. The result was that at the present time the examinations of Trinity, freed as they are from prohibitory and unnecessary incumbrances, are taken by a large number of English candidates, and its Mus. Bac. degree has become widely and fully recognized. The popularity of Trinity's course has undoubtedly aroused the jealousy of the older but less energetic universities in England, and has led to the present application to Lord Knutsford, the Colonial Secretary, to deprive Trinity of its educational status in Great Britain. The authorities of the Canadian institution, on the other hand, maintain that they have in no way exceeded or violated their charter or powers. Steps have been taken to bring their case fully before the Colonial Secretary, who, it is hoped, will respect the provisions of Trinity's Charter, which gives to the institution all the rights, privileges and prerogatives of the English Universities.

The power of anger to dominate the spirit and temporarily destroy the reason, has been a fruitful theme for comment by sages and philosophers of all ages. While under the influence of his passion the man is utterly unable to estimate the character of the offence which has called forth his rage. At such times the merest trifle often leads on to the most terrible tragedy. An awful illustration of this fact occurred in Montreal the other evening. Four men were engaged in playing cards, when a dispute arose over a five cent piece. Three of the players, who were hitherto set upon their companion and pumelled him most unmercifully, pounding his face into a jelly, breaking three of his ribs, fracturing his skull, wounding him so that he has since died. In the presence of such an incident, which, unfortunately is not exceptional, the duty of self-control receives tremendous emphasis.

The reception of a letter headed with skull and cross bones, and containing threats upon one's life, though never desirable, does not imply an equal degree of danger in all countries. Among ourselves numerous

instances of such unwelcome missives have come to light without any serious after results. In Russia, however, it can hardly be regarded in so trifling a light, especially when the Czar is the object of attack. Only the other day this potentate received a threatening letter from a woman, who says, that unless he modifies his reactionary policy, he will share the fate of Peter III., Paul I. and Alexander II. The intense hatred entertained for their chief magistrate by many of his subjects, owing to the tyranny exercised in carrying on the affairs of his empire, has prepared them for any atrocity. The extra precautions which the police are said to be taking, will no doubt be found necessary, if the thrice-enacted tragedy of assassination is not to be repeated. Just now there are many heads more secure and more restful than that of Alexander III., who could be more sincerely and heartily pitied if he were less to blame for his great unpopularity.

Nineteen princesses to eighty-two princes represents the present condition of the European royal matrimonial market. Not a very encouraging or cheerful prospect for the princes, considering the law of custom regarding royal marriages. But let them not despair; deliverance is at hand. An enterprising Austrian is at present engaged in a scheme to marry rich American heiresses to European princes. He has written to a prominent New York lawyer whom he desires to join him for this purpose. In his letter he speaks of a prince, young, tall, good-looking and connected with the Imperial family, who would be willing to marry a Miss Astor or any other young lady who is rich and of a good family. "If anything can be done," he adds, "write me a few lines and I will come to America with the best of references, in company with two princes." Evidently the young men are becoming desperate and are resolved upon shattering another social idol whose worship has been fruitful of many unhappy matrimonial alliances, that of mere matches where love has never come to consecrate and cement the tie. If, now that they propose to break through the bonds of custom and marry into families destitute of royal blood, they will set less store upon wealth and consider the question of suitability to each other, a long step will have been taken towards securing that domestic felicity, at present a stranger in many royal homes. And this is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Don, who claims the first page of *Saturday Night* as his special preserve, is quite a philosopher in his way. In accounting for the leniency and favor which have been shown him by his readers, he says: "If I could be always right and still be readable, I would not be working on a newspaper; I would be writing books and hymns for the angels. That I am so often forgiven when I am wrong I ascribe to two reasons. That it is not all important whether I am quite right or absolutely wrong so long as my opinion is honest, for any sort of an honest, intelligent opinion, right or wrong, helps towards a proper judgment; and, secondly, because it is only once in a while a writer

dares give an opinion on everything and it becomes of some interest to know what such a self-important person has to say." This judgment is sound. To be respected by others one does not require to weakly echo their sentiments in everything they utter—nay, this can only engender their disgust, but to respectfully and without unnecessary offense, maintain one's own opinion. Say what they will, men have a greater respect for honesty and candor than, judging from the actions of some, might be supposed.

The developments in connection with the Lake Shore Railroad disaster by which seven persons were killed and fifteen seriously injured, are making it pretty clear that the dreadful casualty was not purely accidental, but the result of carelessness and indifference on the part of those in charge of the train. Especially does the conductor appear at fault, for notwithstanding the rule of the road in such cases that "the forward part must not stop until the engineer is sure that the rear part of the train has stopped," and the further fact that he was entreated by one of the passengers not to stop the forward part of the train lest it be telescoped, he paid no heed to the warning but signalled a halt, with the fatal results above stated. The remarkable nature of the accident suggests several questions. One is led to ask, "Why the fashion of hunching together in the rear all the heaviest cars, when in the event of accident they must inevitably crush the weaker cars in front? Why was not the detached part of the train brought to a stand instead of being permitted to run headlong down a grade into the stationary cars in front?" The air-brakes, if properly constructed and in order, should have accomplished that automatically. If they failed there were the hand-brakes, and the trainmen should have used them promptly. The public will heartily acquiesce in the judgment of the New York Sun which says, "The case is one requiring searching investigation and the stern punishment of a carelessness which is in the highest degree criminal."

These old treaties which will persist in asserting their existence are sometimes very inconvenient. The treaty of 1818, for instance, has of late years been a source of great annoyance to those Americans who would share the advantages of our Atlantic fisheries. And now France finds herself handicapped in the race for empire in West and Africa by the terms of a treaty made with Germany some five years ago, and by another made with England only last year. But for these compacts she might be disposed to take possession of the kingdom of Dahomey, with which she is now at war. The Colonial congress and other influences are trying to induce the Government to disregard these solemn pledges and raise the French flag over the kingdom in question while a part of the French press is censuring the government for being so stupid as to make the treaties at all. Perhaps it is a stupid act on the part of France to enter into these compacts, though it is not on the time. But stupid

interest of the French nation as well as of civilization that France shall regard her solemn pledges. The gain of territory in the acquisition of the kingdom of Dahomey would be poor compensation for the loss of dignity and self respect which she would sustain by such wanton disregard of her sacred oath. It is to be hoped that the French government will be proof against the evil advice of all treaty breaking counsellors.

Archdeacon Farrar, who, a few years ago, attracted so much attention from the theologians of the time by his "Future Hope" hypothesis, has recently created quite a sensation in England by his proposition to establish a "brotherhood," in some respects similar to the old order of monks. The motive for such an institution is not quite clear. Some have supposed that it was designed to act as a counter-charm to the charm of Roman Catholicism which he saw working again around him with renewed power. Whether this be the true intent or not, the scheme has not approved itself to the judgment of his fellow-religionists, and for the meantime has fallen to the ground. Indeed the proposition has called forth many earnest protests from his own brethren. He speaks of "resolutions from various societies" as having reached him, and of "multitudes of private and public criticisms in letters and newspapers." To his critics he makes this general reply, which in all fairness ought to relieve him of the suspicion of desiring a return to the days of Henry VIII. "So far as I am concerned, and so far as I am responsible for awakening the attention of the church to the necessity for some new organizations in the form of 'brotherhoods,' no step in the direction of a resuscitated monachism has been for a moment contemplated."

The *Empire* of 10th inst. contains the following: "A report from St. Catharines says that a couple of policemen were furnished by a father with a warrant for the arrest of his son, who is very ill with consumption, and that the policemen persisted in dragging the sick man to court without even waiting to allow him to put on his overshoes. The man's strength gave out on the way and a cab had to be secured. The citizens are very indignant." Words are easily said, but it is not easy to express one's feelings of repugnance to such conduct. The wretch who furnished his son in a manner so by no means contempt of all rights and feelings, is less inhuman than the policeman who refused to allow sufficient time for the sick man to put on his shoes. The latter coldly refused to do such a thing as to allow the sick man to put on his shoes. The latter coldly refused to do such a thing as to allow the sick man to put on his shoes. The latter coldly refused to do such a thing as to allow the sick man to put on his shoes.

their scheme upon which they ask the public to express an opinion. The *Week* commends this course as the best available method of ascertaining the popular feeling in regard to the project, but suggests that the series is decidedly defective, and that there should have been added many others of a practical nature. "By what conceivable argument, for instance," could England be induced to reduce the historic Imperial Parliament of which she is so justly proud to the dimensions of a local Legislature, or to subordinate it to any form of Imperial Council? What conceivable influence could be brought to bear to induce Great Britain to mutilate the free trade policy which has made her mistress of the world's commerce, and to erect barriers against the great nations in the interest of the comparatively poor and feeble colonies? What will become of Canada's national policy, and the manufactures it has cherished, when the tariff wall which now shuts out British manufactures shall have been levelled to the ground? Whence will the public revenue then be derived?" It is manifest from the tone of the article that our able contemporary is not indulging in haunter, but, without committing itself to either position, is pointing out some real, practical questions, which must be taken into the account by the promoters of this political movement, and satisfactorily solved before the scheme can possibly hope to succeed. Having requested an expression of opinion the Federationists will no doubt be grateful for the suggestions given them, unless it should so happen that in making their request they have been seeking for conformation rather than for information.

The teachers of the city are in high dudgeon over the action of Inspector Hughes in connection with their recent convention. It appears that in order to promote punctuality on the part of the teachers attending these gatherings, Mr. Hughes conceived the idea of punching the tickets with which they are provided in such manner as to indicate at a glance whether the holder has been delinquent or not. This plan has not commended itself to those for whose benefit it was ostensibly devised. On the contrary, it is generally regarded by the teachers as puerile and petty, and beneath the dignity of a man in Mr. Hughes's position. The feeling is very widespread among them that they have been humiliated by the proceeding. With the meagre information at hand it is impossible for outsiders to form a correct estimate of the merits of the case. Mr. Hughes has not yet spoken in explanation of his conduct, nor given any reason why he has done so. To pronounce judgment upon both parties in the dispute shall be an opportunity to be heard would be a most desirable thing. Meantime the citizens, who appear, are inclined to be anxious regarding the action of the teachers.

A little fire in the most disagreeable and so-called bishopric has been extinguished.

The double execution which took place in Paris, France, the other day has given rise to an angular discussion between the two eminent physicians, Brown-Sequard and Peter Brodin, regarding the existence of life after death. Brodin has done its work. Dr. Sequard says that life departs with the body, and that the vital

principle lingers in the brain during a brief but intensely painful period. However the question can be decided cannot now be imagined. It is at any rate a more speculative question devoid of practical importance. Its solution could not materially benefit science. Of infinitely more importance than this, is the question, "How to live so that the law shall possess no terrors," or in other words how to preserve nature's union of head and shoulders.

To transmute one's wealth into the currency of the country whither one is going with the intention of permanently remaining, is the dictate of wisdom. We have it upon the highest authority that he is the wise man who establishes a credit in that bank which is safe from the operations of burglars, and beyond the influence of the hostile elements. Assuming the motive to be unquestionable, viz., a purely unselfish desire to bestow benefits upon their fellowmen and promote their comfort and well-being, the benefactions of certain wealthy Londoners may be regarded as adding something to their celestial credit. It is rumored that Mr. Lawson, the proprietor of *The Daily Telegraph*, is about to devote £100,000 to building a lot of model tenement houses in Whitechapel, the revenues of which will be devoted to public uses in the district. Henry Tate, of Streatham, offers to the National Gallery, sixty of the finest of his collections of modern English pictures. The gift is said to be worth \$450,000. Also an anonymous citizen has donated half a million dollars for the erection of a national portrait gallery near the familiar National Gallery building in Trafalgar Square, for which the Government has secured a site, and it is understood that another gift of pictures more valuable even than Mr. Tate's will be shortly announced. In this field of usefulness there is room for many workers. Here is a door seldom entered. Here is opportunity to achieve an immortality a thousand times more desirable than simply to have it said "He was enormously rich." Would that the gifts of these might inspire many others to go and do likewise.

The disappointment of Prince Bismarck can be appreciated by those parents who have lived to see their fondest hopes dashed to the ground through the insufficiency of their sons to fill the places for which by ambitious parents they had been designed. It is learned from personal friends that the Chancellor's policy has been to induct his son Herbert into all the functions of the Government that he regards as almost hereditary dignities for the Bismarck line. The Chancellor now confesses, however, his disappointment on finding Herbert physically and mentally unequal to the task. He therefore has decided to retire gradually from his various posts, retaining only the Foreign Office for bestowal on his son. But surely the old man ought to be satisfied with the glory that has come to his house through his own exceptional greatness. To be esteemed one of two who hold first place among the statesmen of this 19th century, is honor sufficient, one would think, for any family. And such distinction has been accorded by competent judges, to Bismarck and the immortal Cavour. But whether satisfied or not, nature which always opposes a monopoly of her choicest gifts, has evidently decided to pass the honor around.

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principle lingers in the brain during a brief but intensely painful period. However the question can be decided cannot now be imagined. It is at any rate a more speculative question devoid of practical importance. Its solution could not materially benefit science. Of infinitely more importance than this, is the question, "How to live so that the law shall possess no terrors," or in other words how to preserve nature's union of head and shoulders.

"America for the Americans" is likely to mean considerably more at the close of the present congressional session than it did at the beginning. Our neighbors have been inspecting their tariff wall and strengthening those parts that seemed weak. Especially have they improved their defences at those points where Canadians have been wont to climb over. Following are some of the improvements that have been made to the disadvantage of Canadians: The duty on barley, now 10 cents, will in all likelihood be raised to 20 cents, that is, made equal to the duty on wheat. The barley malt duty will be increased from 20 to 35 or 40 cents per bushel of 34 pounds. The duty on hay will probably be increased from \$2 to \$4 per ton. Apples, peas, and beans will also be dealt with for the better protection of the American grower. The potato duty will in all probability be increased from 15 to 25 cents per bushel. Eggs, now admitted free, will be taxed five cents per dozen. Hides, now admitted free, will probably be taxed 10 per cent *ad valorem*. It is likely that a duty of a cent a pound will be placed on fresh fish, now admitted free. Strong pressure is being brought to bear on the committee to increase the duty on hops, now eight cents a pound. Mr. Baker, the Rochester Congressman, is watching with much interest the movement amongst Canadian nurserymen for inducing the Dominion Government to tax trees and shrubs, which are now on the free list of both countries. If the Canadian Finance Minister carries out this programme Mr. Baker will at once re-introduce the retaliatory bill which he brought in a year ago.

"The viaduct scheme fails" is the caption of an editorial which appeared in the *World* the morning following the late conference between the city's representatives and the railway magnates. This verdict is decidedly premature, and would hardly have been written had the editor stopped to consider the *personnel* of the Citizen's Committee, who were intrusted with the matter. It is not to be supposed that such prominent citizens as D. E. Thomson, Q. C., Prof. Goldwin Smith, Messrs. F. Arnoldi, Alan Macdougall, Barlow Cumberland, Hugh Blain, R. Jaffray, E. Rogers, etc., etc., would be turned aside from their purpose by the bluff and bluster of men who have established a reputation for looking out for number one. At any rate, the Committee, having inscribed on its banner "No surrender," are not disposed to show the white feather at present. At a meeting held on the 12th inst., they resolved not to recede one inch from the position they had already taken, but to exert their utmost endeavor to push the viaduct scheme to a successful issue. The general feeling was, that the hour had struck for the settlement of the Esplanade and waterfront question once for all. Recognizing, however, that the matter is one for the citizen, in general to deal with, it was resolved "that public meetings be called to discuss measures to secure continued free access to the waterfront." Instructions to this end were given to the executive, who will forthwith arrange for a series of public meetings throughout the city.

The sensation of the week at Ottawa is the motion of Sir Richard Cartwright censuring Mr. Rykert, M. P., for his connection with the Cypress Hills timber limit transaction. The substance of the charge is, that the said Rykert did make use of his position and influence as a member of the House in the matter of the said limits for his own pecuniary advantage, and that when accused of the matter in the House he flatly denied having derived any benefit whatever. The matter is still under discussion so that it is impossible at this juncture to predict how it will be eventually disposed of. The whole trouble is in a sense the result of the Government's bad timber limit policy; a policy which rendered it possible, and in a measure provided the temptation for members of Parliament to abuse their trust. Nor can the Government plead ignorance of this defect; for so long ago as 1892 Mr. Blake introduced a motion to the following effect: "That in the opinion of this House the existing system of granting timber limits is liable to result in gross abuse and in the cession of valuable interests in the public domain for inadequate consideration to favoured individuals, and that it is expedient to apply the just principle of public competition to the granting of timber limits." Why this suggestion was rejected does not appear, albeit the record shows that all the Ministerialists save one voted against the motion. It is beyond the comprehension of the ordinary lay mind why the dominant party will persistently refuse to appropriate a good idea, simply because it emanates from the opposite side of the House. Had the Government been guided by the unassailable principle that the law should make it easy to do right and difficult to do wrong they might have been spared the disagreeable and perplexing experiences into which they have come. Verily, the ways of partizans, like those of the heathen Chinese, are peculiar.

Whatever may be said of Sir Richard Cartwright's parliamentary practices, of his motives and ambitions, or of the temper and tone of his recent speech in moving a vote of censure on Mr. Rykert, M. P., some of the distinctions drawn, and principles laid down therein are of the utmost importance, and cannot be too clearly apprehended, or too sacredly cherished and defended by any community or nation claiming to be self-governed. Speaking of the rumor that Mr. Rykert had on another occasion exacted from a suitor for a government favor, the sum of \$100 for his vote, Sir Richard remarks:

Had the hon. gentleman taken \$100 for his vote in this House, had that been proved, any man will say that the member must have been instantly and unceremoniously expelled. I would like to know in what respect taking \$100 for his vote is worse than what has occurred. Show me, if you can, the moral difference between a member of Parliament accepting money from a suitor who is applying for an Act of Parliament in return for his vote, and taking a consideration from the profits of an Order in Council passed by his influence. I say it is far more a high crime and misdemeanor, for it is far more subversive of the Constitution for a member of Parliament secretly to use his influence with the Government for his own advantage. In one case we have some chance of knowing what is done. In the other it is almost impossible for us to trace out what has been done."

Again he says: "I lay down these propositions, by which I am willingly to be judged, by which I propose to judge the hon. gentleman. In the first place, I say every member of Parliament, whether he chooses to admit it or not, is a trustee in the directest sense of the term. No member of the parliament has a right to use his position for his own private gain or ad-



vantage. If he does, he cannot possibly discharge his duties as representative and trustee of the people. Unless these principles are clearly understood, and fully recognised first by this House and then by the people who send us here, Parliamentary government is a farce and a fraud.

Failure to apprehend these primary principles of responsible government is the fruitful cause of those political scandals which have from time been brought to light. Not until trustees recognize the sacredness of their trust, and people clearly perceive the evil consequences to the nation of low views on the subject, can it be said that a firm foundation has been discovered upon which a national superstructure can safely be raised. Therefore, to impress these principles, to burn them down into the hearts of every member of the state is the sacred and solemn duty of those who in any sense or degree assume the position of public instructors.

An English clergyman, interested in the temperance question, has just finished collecting the statistics which indicate the drink bill of the United Kingdom for the year 1889. According to his figures, British and Irish blood and brains have had ravaging through them in the course of the last twelve months of British spirits, 27,183,351 gals., costing £27,183,351; foreign and colonial spirits, 8,552,310 gals., costing £10,262,772; beer, 1,073,655,828 gals., costing £80,524,187; wine, 14,158,851 gals., costing £12,742,966; British wines, cider, &c., 15,000,000 gals., costing £1,500,000. This shows a total expenditure of £132,213,270 in 1889, as against £124,615,346 in 1888, or an increase of £7,597,924. The amount per head would be £3 11s 11d last year, against £3 6s 8d in the previous one. The money spent on drink in 1889 was more than four times the aggregate payments into all the savings-banks of the country! Dr. Burns estimates the entire amount contributed by all the Christian Churches of the country for all objects at £17,750,000, or about £1 to Christ for £7 10s to Baalchus! In view of these speaking facts it seems a terrible prostitution of the word Christian to apply it in designating a nation which expends upon a single vice, to say nothing of the numberless unlawful expenditures in other directions, seven one-half times as much as for all religious purposes combined. It is really not surprising, when one comes to think of it, that unbelievers multiply and scoffers abound. The marvel is, that the faith of any stands the strain.

If motives, not results, are the proper ground of reward, the blessing of the peacemaker is likely to descend upon *Harper's Weekly*, which appears to have set itself the task of settling the wordy strife at present going on between Chicago and New York concerning the World's Fair. After reminding his fellowcitizens that the promises of New York orators at Washington, who expressed their warmest desire to aid any rival in the great work if the choice should go against New York, are not being fulfilled; and that the proffers of interest, sympathy and assistance are not so fervent as the eloquent speeches assumed, the *Weekly* adds:—"It is, however, plain that if there is to be a Fair, it will require the utmost energy and industry of a united country to produce an exhibition which will surpass that of last summer in Paris. The standard was set there, and it will not be reached or excelled by gibes and indifference between New York and Chicago." There can be no too opinions about the soundness of this judgment. Unless the leaders soon quit their quarrelling and go earnestly to work, Uncle Sam is not going to appear to advantage when the nations pay him a visit in 1892.

If Uncle Sam is going to keep the fashion set by the promoters of the late Paris Exposition, he will need to have some special attraction to take the place of the famous Eiffel tower which elicited such admiration and wonder from the millions who beheld it. Some have suggested a tower that will dwarf the Eiffel structure into insignificance, while others have proposed other wonderful things. P. T. Barnum, the great showman, is to the front with a suggestion thoroughly characteristic of the man who has devoted his life to gratifying the desire for the strange, the curious, the wonderful. He says: "Now, I will present the Fair Committee with one of my ideas. In the museum of Boolak, in Egypt, lies the mummified corpse of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Exodus, with that of his daughter, the savior of Moses, and others less distinguished of the royal Egyptian family of that era. Let them obtain the loan of these mortuary relics from the Egyptian Government, and allow the Khedive to send his own soldiers to guard the coffins. Think of the stupendousness of the incongruity! To exhibit to the people of the nineteenth century, in a country not discovered until 2,000 or 3,000 years after his death, the corpse of the king of whom we have the earliest record. Consider, too, that that corpse is so perfectly preserved after thousands of years in the tomb, that its features are almost perfect; so perfect that every man, woman, and child who looks upon the mummy may know the countenance of the despot who exerted so great an influence upon the history of the world." The idea of the successful showman is not to be pool-pooled on financial grounds. The great question is, "is the scheme practicable?" Is there one chance in ten thousand that the Egyptian Government could be persuaded to expose their treasures to the inevitable dangers connected with transport by land and sea. There is little doubt that hundreds of thousands would be attracted to the Fair by these relics, who could not be drawn by any other wonder. Whether the hint will be acted upon remains to be seen.

There is no doubt that the incident that occurred the other day in Lindsay, when Mr. Barron, M. P., administered a severe castigation in true Irish fashion to one Raymond, who had assaulted his little daughter, is a violation of the statute dealing with such cases; nevertheless, there is just enough of unregenerate human nature in a good many persons to give them a sense of satisfaction and gratification to think that the ruffian did not escape punishment altogether. For why suffer such an outrage upon one's darling child requires a degree of angelic perfection which there is reason to suspect is not a very common possession. It is to be hoped that this foretaste will not have any effect in mitigating the legal punishment he so richly deserves.

Look before you leap, is substantially the advice given by Prof. Goldwin Smith to those young politicians who would forthwith erect Canada into an independent nation. While declaring his sympathy with the project as one deserving the warmest support of Canadians, he points out that the scheme presents difficulties which might prove insurmountable. "Is there any hope," he asks, "of fusing British and French Canada into a nation? Is there any hope of keeping permanently united, and at the same time separate from their continent, a string of territories, geographically divided from each other, commercially unconnected, and devoid of any natural boundary, either physical or ethnographical, such as now

constitutes the Dominion? Without a partnership of 'no heart, without identity of character, without community of aspiration, without anything at once to unite and to distinguish, is there any object in creating a separate community or any chance of its holding together when it has been created? Ontario, as we have said before, might be a nation; her population, saving the French encroachment in the East, is homogeneous and might well be raised to five millions; her territory is sufficiently compact and its boundaries are tolerably well defined. Nor could there be any reason for fearing American aggression. But on the grander project nature seems to have set her ban." The wisdom of this counsel is manifest to all who are in the habit of dealing with facts and not fiction, of taking things as they are and not as they might wish them to be. But when the scholarly professor expresses his sympathy with the movement for independence, he is testifying to a feeling that will require much strengthening throughout the Dominion before the present relation with the Motherland can be broken up. The heartiness with which Canadians still sing "God Save the Queen," gives little encouragement to the hope that the day of independence draweth near.

No one familiar with the literature of the day will be disposed to question the statement that the tendency of the times is to set aside all creeds, and to characterize all symbols as worse than useless, as relics of an age when ignorance and superstition obscured the minds of men. As every effect has its cause, this tendency may in some degree be traced to the narrowness of creed supporters. As Mr. Mathews in the *North American Review* has pointed out, many of these appear unable to perceive that men with different idiosyncracies and mental peculiarities can never hold precisely the same views of truth; that, "as the sulphate of iron can never be the same as the carbonate of iron, though iron is everywhere and always essentially the same, so, though truth is invariable, the Smithate of truth must always differ from the Brownate of truth." Many of these do not perceive that words, even when most cunningly used, are but imperfect symbols of thought, which can give to another only a partial possession of our consciousness; that there is hardly an abstract term in any language which conveys precisely the same meaning to two different minds; and hence that a writer or speaker who, from the inadequacy of language, or his lack of skill in using it appears to utter dangerous heresies, may yet, when perfectly understood, be found perfectly orthodox. Herein is found an explanation of that unseemly spectacle of supporters of creeds divided into hostile camps, and engaged in a war of extermination against each other. It is not surprising, therefore, considering the bitterness with which the strife has been carried on and the centuries it has continued, that irreligious men should be disposed to hold creeds in derision and to pronounce them an evil unmitigated and unalloyed. These strifes constitute the darkest passages in the history of the Christian Church. But on the other hand, let not the demolisher of creeds suppose that when he has effected the destruction of the creeds now cherished by religious men and women, that he will have rid the world of creeds altogether, for giving up these they will surely adopt others in their stead. No man can live without creeds; for, as Archbishop Whately has said, "belief and disbelief are not two different states of the mind but the same, and both with reference to two objects." The affirmative

denial of its contradictory, and vice versa. It is the dictate of reason, therefore, that defenders of creeds be more tolerant of those who cannot pronounce their shibboleth, and that destroyers of creeds pause and consider that when they have accomplished their work, they may leave their fellow men in a hundredfold worse condition than they found them.

As seen and known by most persons the tramp is not a particularly interesting character. This is partly due to the fact that by most persons the tramp is usually encountered under circumstances decidedly unfavorable. Studied more carefully, however, there are some features about this variety of the genus homo that invest him with real interest. An English clergyman has for some time been making tramps a special study, and has discovered some rather curious things concerning them. He styles them "the knights and ladies of the honorable order of cadgers." Among the interesting things he has discovered is, that tramps have their own mode of greeting as well as a code of signs by which they give useful information to their brethren of the road. "Various races," he says, "have curious modes of greeting. Englishmen still shake hands, Indians rub noses, but when tramps meet they always sit down and take off their boots. If two knights 'pal up,' one takes the 'patter' and the other the 'line' or 'link.' On the way from place to place the signs—good or bad, on posts and gates are examined, and the two then know exactly how to conduct themselves—what they will get here and what they will not get there. A carefully arranged and expressive 'snivel' is regarded as their most valuable acquirement. The 'religious snivel' and the 'lost a relative snivel' are also good. It is a curious fact that the eight best-known signs used by tramps are nearly all Greek and mathematical symbols, one being especially remarkable the Greek 'theta,' which, being the first letter of 'theos' is put on the gates of religious people's houses. Other signs mean, 'Will buy if you have got what they want,' 'A good feed,' 'No good,' 'A certainty,' 'Spoilt,' 'Prison,' 'Very dangerous,' and so forth." In this cipher language, which no doubt is used in some form among tramps in this country, we have an explanation of the fact that tramps obtrude their presence upon some people much more frequently than upon others. However unconsciously, it is nevertheless a fact that in so trifling a circumstance as confronting a tramp at one's door one is establishing a reputation, which is recorded not in marble white but upon one's gate post or other convenient place, and by means of some unintelligible mark or hieroglyph. And this is the annoying feature about it, that until one obtains the key to unlock the mysterious signs curiosity can never be satisfied as to the particular character given.

A St. Louis correspondent writes from the lower Rio Grande, Texas say live stock of all kinds being severely from lack of water holes, and counties of Starr, Borden, Duval are dry and have to be driven to cattle are in there is a if that is the case last in this This

Truth's Contributors.

LIVE OTTAWA TOPICS.

Speculating as to the Character of the Labor Bureau A Tiff Between Senate and Commons—The Sanctity of the Sabbath Bill—Legalizing Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister's Daughter—Public Dining Within the Commons—Mr. Rykert Under Fire—Smoking Concerts by the Reporters.

There is a good deal of surmise in labor circles over the character of the Labor Bureau that the government has promised to establish. Some of the more sanguine talk of a Bureau like that expensive and complicated affair at the American Capital, but the majority are more modest in their hopes and expect nothing better than the addition of a labor branch to the Statistics Department. At any rate it will provide a berth for some man and it is to be hoped that the good fortune will fall to the lot of a real, bona fide, horny handed son of toil, and not a professional jaw smith.

The Commons and the Senate had another and a severer collision over the expenditure of the latter body for stationery and contingencies. The public accounts committee of the Commons asked that the proper officers of the Senate appear before it and explain certain items in those accounts. The Senate peremptorily declined to send its officers over at the bidding of the Commons, and declared its ability to look after its own internal affairs—and there the matter stands. It will be marvelously in the interests of the country if some enterprising Buffalo Bill could be induced to "travel" the Senate for an indefinite period in the utter-most parts of the world.

John Charlton's bill intended to secure the sanctity of the Sabbath, will be supported by the entire-Christian sentiment of the country; though in my irreverent eyes it looks very much like a declaration that the holiness of the Lord's Day must be sacredly maintained—if it does not cost too much. The bill, if carried, will have the effect of forcing everybody to keep a Presbyterian Sabbath or else break it behind closed shutters and muffled doors. It will effectually stem the steady current setting in in Canada toward the American Sunday in its holiday dress, and it is none too early—with threatened Sunday street cars in Toronto and a Sunday public dinner at Niagara Falls—to get up the defences. The main prohibition of the bill is against Sunday excursions, and it is our small cities and easy access to fresh air and green fields that will be said. Fishing, hunting, and sports are taboos, and rail-roads are to be run at the minimum. Mr. Charlton is moving the first bill to the full the introduction. He

est consideration, it is in consonance with the command of the Creator to observe one day in seven."

So long at least as we uniformly regulate the conduct of our fellow beings by socialistic legislation, there can be no good reason for declining to pass such a measure as is proposed by Mr. Charlton—and hard-driven labor and hurrying business rivalry supply many reasons why it should pass.

There is passing into law a bill that will make legal a marriage with one's deceased wife's sister's daughter. The statement looks as if it had slipped into the correspondence by accident out of the puzzle column, but it is, in truth, a sober proposition by Senator Almon. It does seem as if these piecemeal marriage laws were nothing short of nonsensical, and that it would be better—if every man can get a contorted act passed to suit his own case—to sweep away all restrictions and let people marry whom they will. It is noticeable that this tampering with the marriage laws is all begun in the Senate.

An abundance of public dinners within the Buildings of late have allowed ladies and gentlemen to brighten the galleries of the Commons as the evening wears away, by their appearance in them in evening dress. A fringe of radiant beauty against a background of rich broad-cloth and spotless linen is exceedingly cheering when the House has grown dull over some prosy bill or uninteresting local grievance. A dress-coat here and there in the Chamber adds much to the picturesqueness of the scene. Some members, it may be said, look well in evening dress, and others are hardly so striking.

The attack on J. C. Rykert opened last Tuesday with a rush. Sir Richard Cartwright arose in a full House and within hearing of a fair gallery and set before both the story of Mr. Rykert's rascality with the utmost detail. It is true that he went beyond that and charged that the only difference between Mr. Rykert and other Government supporters was that Rykert had been found out; yet his arraignment of the culprit was most clear, convincing and damaging. The exposure was rare sport for Sir Richard. His satisfaction at finding at last one of his enemies at his feet rang out in his voice. Mr. Rykert's defence could by no stretch of the imagination be deemed so much as a partial success. He simply ignored all the charges, passed over all the remarkable correspondence, and contented himself with dubbing the letters as, "stolen" and reading an opinion of a broken down lawyer—whom the country long ago ceased to respect—clearing him of any legal crime. Sir John Thompson, in moving the temporary adjournment of the debate, dropped a shell into the enemy's camp that set the Oppositionists to looking after their defences. He intimated that even if the present ministry had given Mr. Rykert one hundred square miles of timber land, that the Mackenzie government gave a supporter of theirs two hundred square miles. The Liberals claimed that the conditions had changed since that time—then there being a scarcity of lumbermen and now a scarcity of limits; and that in any event Mr. Rykert's limit was but a flea bite on the countless acres now distributed among the followers of the administration. *Tu quo que* is but a poor argument at best and it is a crying shame that it can be used so freely and with so much truth about the disposal of the rich resources of our country to the north-west. Prof. Cartwright closed the debate with the following words: "He condemned

the Liberals for having introduced party feeling into a question of the dignity and purity of Parliament, and then declared his intention of voting for the condemnation of Rykert.

The Press Gallery have inaugurated a series of smoking concerts that promise to relieve greatly the tedium of parliamentary life. They are not selfish about it and always invite a number of members to attend their soirees. Music, recitations and burlesques make up the evening. The annual Press dinner is fixed for Saturday, 22nd inst., and will be held at the Russell House. This is always emphatically one of the events of the session.

A. R. C.

CHARGED BY A HURRICANE.

The Steamship *Croma* Enveloped in Mist, Foam, Wind, and Fire.

The British steamship *Croma*, Capt. Lord, which left Dundee on Feb. 13, got into port last week with a tale to tell. Capt. Lord says the barometer began to fall on the 20th, and by 6 o'clock was down to 28.90. The gale increased from S. S. E. to east, with a terrific downpour of rain, intermingled with dirt. At 4 o'clock that afternoon the wind veered to southwest and the sky cleared, leaving a dense mass of lowering clouds to the northward.

For an hour this black mass hung stationary on the horizon, and then to the astonishment of the crew began to bear down on the *Croma*. As it came nearer it towered up as a thick wall of white mist and foam, and at 6 o'clock it struck the ship, which, in a moment, was enveloped in a cloud of flying spray that made it impossible to see the mastsheads from the deck. A veritable hurricane descended on the ship, and the first blow she received sent her over on her beam ends, although not a sail was set.

The hurricane blew everything from the deck that would go. Weather cloths and boats covers were whipped up and carried off in a twinkling. For three hours the storm did not abate its force. Flash after flash of lightning accompanied the storm, but by 9 p. m. its force was nearly spent. The next day the wind blew strong again from the northwest. On the 22d another storm, this time from the southwest, tackled the ship, and while at its height a big sea broke on board, smashing the bridge and bulwarks and starting the wheel-house. The *Croma* got clear of this gale without further damage, and the next morning passed through fields of ice, mostly in the last stages of decay, from the warm weather which has been prevailing off the Banks.

First Appearance of Ice in India.

When one of the first importations of ice from America arrived in India it was most amusing to see the anxiety with which it was sought after. The deposits were only open for a short time before sunrise, when crowds of coolies were in attendance to carry off the portions required by their employers; these portions were immediately enveloped in thick blankets, which were carried off with all speed; but a very considerable quantity invariably dissolved before they could reach their destinations.

Too or three natives crowding round a basket which had just arrived were eager to touch the novelty; but immediately on feeling its extreme coldness they ran away, exclaiming that it was "burra gurrum"—very hot. A child, too, cried violently, and told his mamma that the "glass had burnt his fingers."

It was not a little surprising, on several occasions, to see the ice brought to the table as the greatest possible luxury, and handed round to persons to mix with their wine; which, although cooled with salt-petre and glauber salts, had not attained a much lower temperature than that of new milk.

The ice in question was taken out to India as a means of preserving a large quantity of American apples in good condition for the Calcutta market, when the ice unexpectedly proved a more lucrative species of merchandise than the fruit.

If China cannot soon raise the guarantee fund of \$10,000,000 the World's Fair will be taken away, and probably given to New York.

WASHERWOMEN OF MADRID.

Ten Thousand Who Daily Fly Their Trade on the Banks of the Manzanares.

Madrid's river of high-sounding name, the Manzanares, is a spatter of wet from the Guadarrama Mountains in winter, a muddy torrent in spring, a sand-blown ditch in the summer, and hardly a capable sewer at any time of the year. It comes down from the cold, gray heights to the north of Madrid, and winds half way around the city from the northwest to the southeast. What water flows through it breaks in sandy shallows, forming innumerable little islands and curiously bounded strips of land, all accessible by any barefoot boy or girl. Ten thousand women wade and splash and souse and beat the linen of Madrid within its scant waters every day. Not an article of clothing is elsewhere washed. No other than these Manzanares lavanderas are permitted to labor as laundresses; and for three miles up and down the stream, from opposite the infantry and artillery barracks, upon the heights of Montana del Principe, past the windows of the Queen Regent's apartments in the royal palace, and circling around away beyond Toledo Gate, the moving dots of red and blue, yellow and gray, comprise this great army of Amazons, with arms and legs on them like tree trunks; with voluptuous breasts and shapely necks; hard-muscled and bronzed as Turks; the most arduous toilers, the wickedest blackguards, and withal the sunniest tempered souls in Spain. There are three grades in this labor. They are the mistresses, or *amas*, the overseers or *ayudantas*, and the lavanderas themselves. All are women. The first are the agents who receive the work from the hotels, great houses, and the city agencies, in huge lots, and are responsible for its safe return. The *ayudantas* or overseers are really the forewomen of from a dozen to a score of lavanderas each; and they are responsible for work placed in their hands by the *amas*. At 5 in the morning, winter and summer, the lavanderas will be seen, many of them, with children trundling beside them, creeping along from the barrios abajos or lower quarters of the city toward the Manzanares. Near the river is an asilo or asylum, a refuge for their children.

By 6 o'clock you might count from 5,000 to 8,000 of the strange creatures at work. The entire sloping, sandy banks are covered with drying poles. At this time of the year the water from the mountains is of icy temperature. But it seems to make no difference with their labors. Here and there huge cauldrons contain boiling water. From time to time a trifle of this is poured in the little hollow where each one toils in the sand and water; but this seems to be done more from habit than necessity. Each lavandera brings her own huge roll of bread, perhaps a bit of cheese, a claspknife to prevent undue liberties from the straggling soldiery near as well as to use in cutting bread, and, just before noon, they breakfast in huge wooden sheds on salt fish, potatoes, and coffee, with a measure of red wine provided by the *ama*, duplicating this meal at a dinner at 4 in the afternoon.

They eat like animals, and the moment their food is disposed of the tinkle of the guitar is heard, and you or any kindly disposed passer may dance with them as I did until the thirty minutes allowed them for food and refresco have expired. On these occasions every one dances, girls of 18 and women of 50, and the scenes along the Manzanares are very picturesque and interesting. But when I tell you that one of these iron-framed benches must wash and dry ready for the "starching," which is done by the *criadas* in the city, pieces of linen equaling the cleansing of seventy sheets, in order to earn 25 cents per day, the poetical sense in it is with the interested onlooker rather than with the drudging lavanderas of the Manzanares.

English stoats and weasels are being exported to New Zealand from England in large numbers to kill off the rabbits, and the rats, which have been food for the stoats and weasels in England, are increasing enormously in some districts. There is talk of a movement to prevent the exportation of any more rat destroyers.

How to cure Indigestion. Chew Adam's Tanta Fruita gum before and after meals, and induce the flow of saliva. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

## LIFE IN A SUGAR-BUSH.

How the Canuoks Made Maple Syrup in the Past and How it is Made at Present.

Progress in Its Manufacture Has Kept Even Pace with the Times—The Sugaring Season.

It Is the Farmers' Carnival Month—Sugar Parties in the Woods—The Old and Young Make Merry.

About this season of the year the young and old of many portions of Canada realize that sugar season is at hand and the long looked for picnic is within their grasp. The butternuts have nearly all been cracked, a good portion of the cider has filled its mission, although there is always a reservation made for haying. But to "sugar." In this, like all others, things are not as they used to be. An age ago the farmer and his boys, in the fall of the year when the harvest was ended, would take their axes and hie to some hard-wooded locality well stocked with maples and lay out for a spring campaign. Headquarters would be established near some mammoth rock; oftentimes this was so located that it furnished shelter in time of storm and gave a bed for the night. A plan of operations was then decided upon. Young trees about one and one-half feet in diameter were cut down, cut up about two feet in length, and then dug out, making troughs holding not far from four or five gallons. When 200 or 300 of these had been manufactured large maples were selected and by the side of each was placed one of these troughs. Then a cord or two of wood was gathered and piled up against a rock, two big logs—called back-logs—were placed in position to support the kettle, and some large tree near by was cut down and that dug out into one immense trough for storage. This work would use up the best part of a week, one of the number going home at night to look after the stock and bring back in the morning the

BROWN BREAD, PORK, AND BEANS.

In those days these articles constituted the staff of life and an age ago there was no dyspepsia, chronic complaints, or loss of appetite among the average Canadian farmers. To be sure they sometimes died, but died healthy.

About the middle of March the old "five-pail kettle" was unearthed; the hand-sled which had been doing service all winter was ordered up; pork, beans, a few potatoes, and several loaves of home-made bread, with a few dozen of eggs, were gathered together, placed on the sled, and the kettle turned over them; and two young men, with snow-shoes, an ax, two or three pails, the family flint-lock, some powder and shot, and a good supply of "punk"—an article found in decayed wood, which is about as combustible as tissue-paper or young oratory—and two blankets, started out for nearly two months of "sugaring." Upon reaching the rock the first thing in order was a fire, but there were no matches then, so the old musket was brought into service. One man held the "punk" near the flint-hammer and caught a spark. This he nursed, and soon had shavings from a shingle ablaze, and later a big fire, which was never allowed to go out until of no further use. At once the old troughs were looked up, an ugly gash was made in a fine maple, then "gonged," and a spout was driven in to carry the sap to the trough, and when the sun shone sufficiently the tree gave forth its sweetness. Then the manufacturers of sugar saddled their neck-yokes and gathered in the sap, oftentimes walking one-half a mile to secure two pailsful, which made about one-half of a pound of sugar, such as it was. An early breakfast, dinner as near meridian as the eye and stomach could judge, and "tea" when work was done consoled the inner man. For Java or Mocha syrup was a substitute, for sirloin of beef a fine slice of pork or the best of ham broiled on coals, and an ample supply of brown bread and roasted potatoes made up a repast that would do the stomach of royalty good. For dinner a few boiled eggs broke the monotony and "at tea" most anything that was left was eaten. There is

NO PLACE IN THE WORLD

where you can cook beans which equals the woods and this is how they used to be cooked in the sugar-bush: An old earthen pot well filled with beans, a good "hunk of pork" and some native molasses furnished the foundation. Almost beneath the kettle of boiling sap a pit was dug and the pot and contents were buried in it and in the morning out came a dish that no hotel or restaurant in all Canada can duplicate. At the end of six weeks, when the party took stock, they usually had all told, 200 pounds of sugar as black as Ethiopia and flavored with snow, rain, everything that could come off the trees, with now and then the body of a forlorn mouse or daring chipmunk who had ventured too near the trough. This was pure maple sugar something like 60 years ago.

Another generation realized that the world moved, and we find a shanty in some fine grove of maples filled with 300 or 400 buckets and sometimes more. Outside is an arch for the kettle, not built of cut stone, but the material easiest at command. This is not an isolated spot; people here come and go; the "sugar place" is near-by home; the wife or daughter at noontime brings up the dinner, and a good dinner it is; there is a small kettle at command and a "sugar off" is then in order and an hour's sport that king, prince, or potentate might envy, but not covet. To the assuming daughter of papa, to say nothing of the complacent manipulator of the type-writer, the idea of a girl tramping a mile or two in the woods, carrying dinner for men dressed in coarse woollens, may not be pleasant, but could they see that girl with her dinner pail or "waxing sugar" with honest, hardy men, they would realize that there is such a thing in life as enjoyment. Oftentimes it is found necessary to boil sap all night in order to catch up with the flow of sap, and during a "big run" this sometimes lasts for a week. Then nearly the entire family moves to the bush. The head of the house gets a little sleep while the wife or some of the children keep the kettle full and the fire "a-humping." A "humping fire" is what the sugar-maker always enjoys. Oftentimes these sugar orchards are near each other, and family visits are in order and some love-making is indulged in. Lads and lasses play "high-low-jack," and watch the fire, kettle, and each other.

In the old days a very respectable quality of sugar was made, but only a little more than was necessary for home use, although 100 pounds or so was sometimes exchanged for store-pay. The farmer who then controlled

A SUGAR ORCHARD

of 300 or 400 trees was recognized as one of the biggest men in town. At the present time the farmer is not content with less than 1,000 trees, and he holds them as precious as the owner of an orange orchard does his fruit trees. Every young maple is carefully looked after. If there is a scruboak, beech, or birch near by to impede its growth it is cut into firewood. Many an orchard to-day is so cleared of fallen timbers and underbrush that in the summer months one can drive over nearly every portion of it with a horse and buggy. The small streams are bridged and good roads are found on all sides. If there be a cheerful spot on earth during the summer months it's the farmers' sugar place. Here are the finest songsters in the world and the squirrel is the prince of the field. Many farmers will not allow a gun to be taken into a sugar bush and oftentimes in the spring they place in easy reach of the squirrels near the sugar house a few ears of corn, because they enjoy the company of the lively creatures, which often are quite domestic.

To-day the maple sugar bush is in every a very truly home like. Near the center of fifty or more acres of hardwood timber land, mostly maple, a few beech and birch—you find a commodious sugar-house, one room of which is much larger than the entire house of seventy years ago. In this well-floored room are stored the buckets during the summer and in the spring-time it is used for kitchen, reception room, parlor, or dining hall. In it you will see a fine brick arch, an evaporator, and ample storage room for the sap, while outside is a thrifty pair of oxen yoked to a gathering sled, on which is a tub holding from twenty five to forty pails. Like the rest, the oxen take their dinner in the woods, and five or six "rounds" are considered a good day's work. Three hundred

pails a day is called good work. The sap is drawn to the sugar-house,

and from a long spout is conveyed to large storage-tubs, and thence to the evaporator, or pan, kettles having long since been discarded. The evaporator is of malleable iron partitioned off. The sap, entering at the head of the arch, meanders across the pan a dozen times or so, and on reaching the foot a heavy, clear, and pure syrup is produced. This is carefully set aside until "sugaring-off day" comes, when it is cooked still more and is ready for the tub or caking.

About twice each week the owner of a sugar bush has a sugaring-off party. First all the old folks for miles around come in on ox-sleds and on foot, and a good old-fashioned time is enjoyed. No one seems to realize that they are growing old. Later on the coming generation are on hand and buxom girls, hopeful young men, maidens, and boys gather at the sugar house. They are in for a good time. First there may be a tug-of-war, with snow-balls, in which the girls take an active part, and an Ontario girl can throw a snow-ball with hitting effect. She uses more precision firing at a young man for whom she has no admiration than when she tries to "shoo a hen" off the garden patch. When the war is over the manufacture of paddles is in order. To eat sugar with a spoon in the woods would be regarded as a violation of all the rules of etiquette. So the young man takes his "best girl" one side, and selecting a sofa—usually a large log, or if lighter furniture is required two buckets are inverted—they sit down and commence work on their paddles. The paddles being made, down to the sugar-house they go secure a pint or more of the syrup, and start for a snow-bank upon which they pour it. This at once hardens and furnishes a sugar repast that can not be excelled. For a quarter of a mile about the sugar-house you will see these pairs cooling and eating maple sugar in its primitive state.

The pure Ontario maple syrup is an entirely different article from that vended about the streets of large cities, which is mostly made of glucose and foreign sugars. Pure maple syrup to-day readily brings \$1 a gallon in the woods, and when it reaches Toronto it is sold for 75 cents and often less. The first make of maple sugar sells for 15 cents a pound, and here you get it for 7 to 8—a reconstructed article but not improved.

## TOO LATE TO MEND.

I was walking along a railway with a superintendent of construction. This gentleman was going to examine a bridge, which had been reported by a section master, "Needs immediate repairs."

"The board of directors at once voted to thoroughly repair at a cost of eight thousand dollars," said the superintendent. "But I have persuaded them to wait till I examine it, I say it is too late to mend. We must build a new bridge."

As we crawled in and out, high up over the icy river examining anew the black, spider-web structure, the shrewd, practical man went on talking about the folly of mending "what was past mending." As we flagged the express and climbed into the car, he had out his tablet and figured to a nice point the relative cost of repair and renewal.

Time passed on. I was simply a guest for a day's excursion, and said nothing; but for a year I have quietly watched for events. The bridge was repaired. Two weeks ago a freight train went through the old bridge to the river. Nobody killed but the engineer and one brakeman. The express on the down track was flagged in time. The newspapers were silent. How much it has cost the company I do not of course know.

Last Friday I met the superintendent of construction for the first time since the "accident." My eyes asked the question. His eyes winked, but his discreet lips said nothing.

The lesson is worth remembering, however. We so often hear it said, "It is never too late to mend." That is not true. The mending craze is the world's greatest folly. To mend a bad habit means to patch a hole. A young fellow in a bank has fallen into habits of the billiard saloon avenue. Not that the game is bad. But the cashier lives a few squares near the same street. The clerk goes in three of them.

Mr. Clerk in. "We don't like it." Now, that's enough for a wise man. Clerk has a young wife and a six months' old baby. All his life is before him. He is angry. But the morose he thinks it over the more he sees which side his bread is buttered. He concludes to "mend." That is, instead of putting himself squarely right with his career; instead of making himself solid with the bank officers, he decides to go on another avenue for his billiards. He will be more careful who sees him enter. He plays for smaller and safer sums. It is patching. Bung! He is fired out.

The directors say, "It will not pay to patch that fellow up. We can get a new man. He is too far gone. He cannot please us. The new is better than the old."

There are friends' ps that had better be dropped. You do not agree. You quarrel every week or two. You are uncomfortable. Patch and putty, paint and varnish as you will, you two are harmful to each other. You had far better agree to part. You are not yet bound as husband and wife. It is not too late. You have gone on with your old bridge as far as it will pay. Be wise. It will not carry you safe over the forty years of life before you. Part as pleasantly as you can, for it is too late to mend. The wounds you have given will rankle. The old aches will come back, like rheumatic pains, in many a rainy day of life's dull weather. Drop it now.

There are business ventures that cannot be mended. I am accustomed to preach pluck and hang-on. But you can't put a piece of new cloth into an old garment. It is too late to fix it up. The business is hopeless. You have mended and mended. Be sure you do not act impulsively, from a mere temporary fit of the blues. But be equally sure that there is a time to let go. The thing is a mistake. The time is gone by. Do not trust your train to that old bridge. Begin anew. Pull out your mistakes and the thing tumbles. Construct anew, and do not build in any of your mistakes. Use new timber. Begin at the foundation. That will show to the community that you are no coward, no drone, discouraged and lazy. You are an honest man, building new. If you are even fifty years old, you had better begin anew than waste the ten or fifteen years of vigor that you ought yet to have.

It is too late to mend when you have grieved a true heart that truly loves you. You left home this morning with an ugly scene between you and your wife. All day long you have been trying to patch up the scene. You have framed forty different explanations. Friend, drop them. Explain nothing. Confess all. Take all the blame on yourself. Do not touch the old bridge. Do not listen to her as she begins to review it. Do not give your tongue a word as it seeks to palliate your part of the fault. Cut the strap piece the moment you enter the house. Let the old fabric of quarrel fall with a crash into the dark waters of oblivion. Say, "Mollie, forgive me: I was all wrong. Let's begin anew."

Only, no corporation can stand the expense of building too many new bridges. Put in good stuff this time. Do not get in the habit of saying, of all old things, "they are not worth the saving." A man ought to have some things about his character that endure. A man ought to get his life into such things by the time he is thirty, that he can have repairs from day to day; that he can have sound timber. Your honor is gone now and then. Men will not build on you. Every fellow has his own life time. You cannot build on a life time. You must have something that will stand the aid of daily life.

One of the wisest men I ever knew said, "I have lived and young men will not build on you. Every fellow has his own life time. You cannot build on a life time. You must have something that will stand the aid of daily life."



## Men and Women.

Field Marshall Moltke still dons the military uniform, but has laid aside his sword, which he only wears on formal occasions and when he is on the Emperor.

The latest rumor is that another daughter of the Prince of Wales is to follow the example of the Duchess of Fife and marry out of royalty, the man of her choice being an English earl.

Court circles are shocked because the Queen in her speech to Parliament last month referred to the Emperor William as the "Emperor of Germany" instead of as the "German Emperor," which is his correct title. The Queen herself, who is most particular upon such points, is more shocked than anyone else.

The English Countess of Carloty recently died in Paris, at the age of 70, in her room, where she lived alone and apparently in poverty. She was found dying in her chair by the janitress, and the police were summoned, as it was supposed that she was utterly destitute. In removing her from the chair a bag fell to the floor, and in it was found \$1,000 in gold; and \$40,000 in notes was afterward found in a drawer.

Mr. Pyne, the Irishman, is said to wear a watch upon the face of which is engraved the motto, "Pay no Rent." When a tenant comes to him complaining about some act of his landlord, and asking for advice, Mr. Pyne says: "I cannot give you advice on that subject, because Mr. Balfour says that it would be illegal, but I can tell you the time of day." Then he pulls out his watch and shows it to the tenant.

George Augustus Sala about a year ago spoke very sharply in an article in the London *Telegraph* of some art criticisms written by Harry Furniss, and the latter retaliated by alleging that Sala had once had an aspiration toward art himself, but had abandoned it upon the discovery that one of the figures in a picture he had painted was endowed with six toes. Mr. Sala sued for libel, and the case is about to come up in court.

A sale of a collection of pictures of Nell Gwynne, the famous favorite of Charles II., and of the king himself and many of the court people of the time, recently took place in London. All the pictures were engravings. The total brought by 215 lots was \$2,200. Prints of Nell herself, after the pictures of different artists, brought from \$30 down to \$15 each. Pictures of King Charles brought about the same prices. Those of other women of the court went for from \$15 to \$25 each.

Browning was at dinner at the house of a friend last summer when he saw the phonograph for the first time. He was greatly interested in it, and started to repeat to it "The Ride from Ghent to Aix." When half through he stopped suddenly and exclaimed: "Good gracious! I've forgotten the rest!" The phonograph dutifully repeated all he had said, including the exclamation at the end, and upon which the poet's surprise is now preserved.

Mr. Mitchell, formerly Minister to Serbia and now to the Netherlands, in that capacity, was invited to the Netherlands by Queen Wilhelmina, and he went with her. He was made a member of the Order of the Netherlands Lion, and he is now in the Netherlands.

which he has given no less a sum than £300,000. Silver mines and North Sea shipping seem to be even more productive possessions than the proverbial gold mine."

Emin Pasha has declined the offer of Egypt to make him Governor of the Suakin district on the Red Sea. This would seem to be rather a brilliant opportunity for Emin in view of the renewed talk of building the railroad to the Nile and trying to develop trade with the Soudan. But Emin's goal is Wadelai or nothing. His heart is among the scenes where he has spent the past twelve years, and thither he proposes to return if he secures the means of reasserting his authority there. The world will certainly appreciate and sympathize with his intense disinclination to abandon forever the field where he had toiled so long and centred so many hopes.

The late Emperor of Russia invested several millions sterling in England, America, and France for the benefit of his morganatic wife, Princess Dolgorouki, and her children; and he also presented her with two immense estates in Russia. The present Emperor recently caused an intimation to be made to the Princess that inasmuch as neither herself nor her family will ever be permitted to return to Russia, she cannot be allowed to own land within his dominion, and she has been compelled to sell her estates to the imperial treasury for fifteen millions of roubles, little more than half their market value. The two sons of the Princess Dolgorouki are to be naturalized in France.

Queen Victoria has approved of a series of new regulations for the drawing rooms. The most important alteration is that in future a lady who has been previously presented to the Queen, and is herself present at the drawing room, may present one lady only in addition to her daughters and daughters-in-law. This restriction, of course, does not apply to ladies who, from their official position, are specially privileged to make presentations to the Queen. This alteration will prevent any lady from making more than one presentation in the year, excepting daughters and daughters-in-law, whereas hitherto an enterprising dame has often presented three or four ladies in no way related.

Mr. Stanley's many talks with reporters recently have shown him to be one of the most voluble of men. Give this explorer even one intelligent auditor and start him on his favorite topic and the flood of talk is likely to roll on till dinner hour; and one peculiarity of Stanley's talk is that, though there is a great deal of it, there is never an inkling of anything he doesn't choose to tell. Stanley's tongue may be running on like the brook while he is as dumb as the Sphinx concerning everything the listener particularly wishes to hear. There are few men who talk so much who never give themselves away; and perhaps there are few men who can wax so eloquent as he can, discoursing before an audience of one, when he is moved by the memory of some noteworthy hour like that when Livingstone told him with a trembling hand upraised why he had faith in Africa and thought efforts to reclaim her would not be in vain.

### Railways to the Transvaal.

The news that the Boers show signs of abandoning their obstructive attitude on the railway question is satisfactory from a commercial point of view. The need for more rapid communication is pressing, but it will probably not take place via Delagoa Bay. We learn from a business man who has recently visited the Transvaal, and who gave a good deal of attention to this question, that the completion of this line is hardly a matter of practical politics. A great part of the intervening country consists of treacherous and deadly morass, over which it would be both difficult and dangerous to maintain communication. The best policy according to our informant, is to rely on extensions from Natal and Cape Colony, which present no great difficulty when the Boer Government are once willing.

Mr. De Jay, "I don't care for those temperance people, you know, I never had a thought of putting a man to steal away my money," said a friend of mine on the enemy."

## Literary and Art Notes.

Hamilton Ormsbee contributes a short story entitled "A Kitchen Cupid," to the number of *Harper's Bazar* published March 14th. The same number contains a poem entitled "Tearbattles," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, and a sketch entitled "The Household Lamp" by Frank Chaffee, illustrated by W. J. Baer.

Frank M. Bicknell's fairy tale entitled "The Youth who arose a Pauper and went to Bed a King," published in *Harper's Young People* of March 4th, has a sequel entitled "The Youth who went to Bed a King and arose a Pauper," which appears in the number of the same periodical for March 11th. Both stories are illustrated.

Henry Clay Lukens has made a most careful study of American humorous literature, from its birth, at the close of the seventeenth century, up to the present day; and he will contribute to the April number of *Harper's Magazine* an article entitled "American Literary Comedians," which will present, in condensed form, a survey of this entire field. The article will be illustrated with portraits.

The opening article of *The Chautauquan* for April is by Prof. James A. Harrison, Ph.D., LL.D., of Washington and Lee University, on "the Archaeological Club in Italy"; "Life in Modern Italy," by Bella Stillman follows; the eminent philologist, Prof. Federico Garlauda, of the University of Rome, writes of "The Indebtedness of the English Language to the Latin"; Prof. Adolfo Bertoli begins a series on "Italian Literature"; The Politics of Medieval Italy" are considered by Prof. Philip Van Ness Myers, A.M.; Principal James Donaldson, LL.D., of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, contributes his second paper on "Roman Morals"; Arlo Bates traces the career of Savonarola, "The wonderful man whom Florence martyred and upon whose grave the Florentine children still strew violets"; the other features of the magazine are well sustained.

The current (April) number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* contains fully a dozen elaborately illustrated articles, any one of which is worth buying the magazine for. "The Senate and its Leaders" is discussed in bright, gossipy style by Frederick Daniel, and nearly a score of portraits and views accompany the text. Wm. Hosea Ballou describes the Tennessee Blue-grass region and its thoroughbred horses, together with the historic homes of Presidents Polk and Andrew Jackson. The wonders of Edison's perfected phonograph and graphophone are brilliantly set forth in Arthur V. Abbott's paper entitled "A Voice from the Past," with the best pictures that have ever been published in connection with this subject. An excellent account of the Union League Club of Chicago, with its palatial new home, is furnished by Lieutenant Bassett. Alfred R. Guernsey's series of historical papers on "The Great is continued; Sophia Worthington gives pictures of "Notes on Nuremberg"; Andrew S. Fuller studies "The Domestic Life of Prehistoric Americans" in their pottery-ware; the celebration of the new Constitution of Japan is illustrated and described in an interesting letter; and the history of "The Umbrella" is as entertaining as it is seasonable. The short stories and poems of the number are by favorite magazine writers, including Lucy Hooper, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Charles Henry Webb, Frances B. Currie, and others.

Verses found written in the fly leaf of a "Young Ladies' Reader":

The lads that kiss and never tell  
Are really not amiss,  
But those I like not very well  
Who tell—and never kiss.

Yabsiey—"If ever I marry I shall marry a woman of education." Wickwire—"I used to talk that way myself. But, in fact, I never had a thought of marrying the present Mrs. Wickwire until I got a letter from her announcing that her uncle had died and left her sixty-five thousand dollars."

## Music and Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—"Jim, the Penman," which created so favorable an impression at its presentation here last year, began a three nights' engagement on Monday evening. It is certainly one of the strongest melo-dramas on the stage, and its popularity is not surprising. The company, as on the previous visit, is a very strong one. The majority of the actors are different, but the representation has lost little or nothing in any change that has been made. In the setting there is possibly an improvement, but bright above all is the acting of Miss Ellic Wilton as Nina. There is this much to be said, however, that Miss Wilton, if any fault is to be found, makes the character too hard. She is more the avenger than the wife, or at least she exhibits less sympathy than sorrow for the erring one. But it is a rarely good performance, lacking nothing in either detail or finish. In the third act, where she makes the discovery of the awful truth as to the forger, the acting is perfect; while there is grief there is but small sympathy. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Thos. W. Keene will appear at the Grand in the following repertoire:—Thursday, "Richard III.;" Friday, "Louis XI.;" Saturday matinee, "Merchant of Venice.;" Saturday evening, "Richard III."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—A good audience on Monday evening at the Academy of Music greeted the first performance in this city of "A Runaway Wife." The plot is well conceived and is of wonderful interest, which, in the hands of Toronto's old-time favorite, Mr. McKee Rankin, is made the most of. The story represents the vicissitudes of the domestic life of Arthur Eastman (Mr. Rankin), an American artist, who has become blind through overwork. In a fit of jealous suspicion his angry words have driven his wife from his home. The sorrow that he experiences after he has found his hasty act unwarranted is well depicted by Mr. Rankin. After long and weary watching the husband at length finds his wife, and domestic happiness is once more supreme. The last half of the week "The Canuck" will hold the boards. Next week, Agnes Herndon, in "La Belle Marie."

DR. HANS VON BULOW.—This distinguished artist will give his only Canadian recital in Toronto early in April, provided sufficient support is given to the subscription list now in the hands of Messrs. Suckling & Sons. To students of the pianoforte the Bulow recitals are invaluable as a means of instruction. There is no living pianist who has the reputation of Hans von Bulow, and it is hoped that our musical public will do their best to secure for Toronto the only recital in Canada by him.

### IN A CYCLONE WITHOUT COAL.

The Steamship Bratsburg Burns Wood-work and Ropes to Get into Halifax.

The Norwegian steamer Bratsburg, from Hamburg to New York, arrived at Halifax the other morning out of coal. She left Hamburg with what her Captain supposed was 269 tons of coal in his bunkers.

On the 3th, wind was reduced, owing to the coal running short. On the 9th, in north latitude 41° 10' west longitude 53° 10', she ran into a cyclone with tremendous seas, which swept the decks, smashed the skylight windows, and did other damage. That night the wind changed to the north and blew with great violence, accompanied by heavy rain, thunder, and lightning. By this time the coal was exhausted, and everything burnable, including even ropes, was used for fuel. The Bratsburg, coaled and proceeded to New York.



**Tit-Bits.**

**Looking Ahead.**

Female Mendicant— I'm a poor widdy woman with eight small children. Can't you give us some clothes.

Lady—The only clothing-I have to give away is a pair of my husband's pants.

Female Mendicant—Give 'em to me, good lady; I might marry again. There are several gentlemen that have their eye on me.

**Too Unfashionable to Steal.**

A lady acquaintance lost a valuable shawl. A short time after the shawl had been missed, a little girl, evidencing an ancestral poverty without the "respectable" accompaniment, rounded to in the presence of the owner of the missing shawl, and the stolen garment was at once recognized.

"Little girl," said the lady, "where did you get that shawl?"

"My father bought it for me," was the ready reply.

Said the lady: "I will go with you to your father and ask him where he bought that shawl."

The little one objected to this proposition. Party of the first part was unyielding in the desire to see the male parent. Every stratagem peculiar to inventive geniuses was vainly resorted to, when the youngster, in the desperation of her case, pulled the stolen garment from her shoulders, and throwing it at the lady's feet said:

"Take your dirty old shawl; it's not a fashionable one, anyway."

**A New Style of Vehicle.**

"Is Mr. Bradley in?" asked the visitor.

"He is not, sorr," responded the Irish servant "sure, he won't be back till eleven."

"Where is he gone?"

"He's gone to take a ride in his interim."

"In his— which?"

"In his interim—so he said. Sorra a wan of me knows what it means, but it's a fashionable name for a buggy, I'm thinking. Half an hour ago he says to me, "Michael, I'm expectin' Mr. Gafficks here this mornin', but it's likely he won't be along for a while yet, so I'll jist go down town in the interim," sez he, and that he druv off in the buggy. They do be havin' new high-toned names fur everything these times."

**Badly Twisted.**

Customer (rushing into hardware store,—"I've just got time to catch a train. Give me a corn-popper."

Facetious Dealer—"Don't you mean a pop-corn?"

"Yes, a pop-corn. Hurry up."

"Don't you mean a pop-copper?"

"Hang it (excitedly), I said pop-copper. I didn't."

"(Also excited), you said pop-copper."

"I said pop-copper."

"You said pop-copper."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"You lie."

"You're another."

"Take that."

"And that."

(Five dollars or thirty days next morning.)

**Expecting Too Much of The Conductor**

Old gentleman—I shall report you, young man. Why didn't you stop your car before? Here I have been running after your car more than a block.

Conductor All right, gov'nor. I'm sorry, but I ain't like a pecker with eyes all over.

**He Took No Foolish Chances.**

Mother (to her Bad Boy)—If you'll behave all day to-day, I'll give you something to-morrow.

Subsequently Bad Boy asks his Sister—What'll she give me—do you know? Will it pay for the trouble of behaving myself?

**Doubtless Warned by Experience.**

Elderly Widower—"Mrs Little, I have just one question to ask you. Will you marry me?"

Elderly Widow—"Mr Biggs, I have just one question to ask you before I can answer. Do you snore?"

**A Level-Headed Girl.**

They stood together side by side, The youth and charming miss, And as he said "good night," he tried Her rosy lips to kiss.

She from his arm withdrew her waist And back her head did fling: "Not till you've on my finger placed, Sir, an engagement ring."

**He only Wanted to Know—That Was All.**

"Madam," said the turnpike tourist at the kitchen door, as he coughed a respectful cough and removed something that looked like a hat from his head, "you will pardon me for asking if the grateful odor that comes from the meat cooking on your stove is not that of fried ham?"

"It is, sir," replied the large, swarthy woman with the projecting teeth, placing her arms akimbo and planting herself squarely in the doorway. "Have you any other questions to ask?"

"Not at all, madam," said the pilgrim as he backed out toward the gate. "None at all. I merely wished to gratify a natural feeling of curiosity. I thought it must be ham. I find my conjecture was correct. That is all. I have the honor, madam, to wish you a good day."

**A Fatal Draught**

Woman—"I gave my husband a taste of the broomstick half an hour ago and he went out swearing he would kill some one. Has he been here?"

Saloon-keeper—"Yes, ma'am; John was in here."

Woman—"Did he kill anybody?"

Saloon-keeper—"Oh, no. He took two drinks of our best whisky and then left."

Woman—"Poor John! I didn't mean to drive him to suicide."

**Compounding a Crime.**

"Now, sir," said the gentlemanly highwayman, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If I murder you they may hang me; if I let you go you will set the police after me. Now, I'll give you ten per cent. of my profits out of your case if you'll swear by all that is holy to go home quickly and say nothing about this affair. Accept the offer or die!"

"I-I-y-y-your h-h-huckleberry," returned the chattering victim. "Gimme my ten per cent."

**An Economical Way.**

"Why did you say to that blind man, 'a dime for you,' and then give him a cent?"

"I wanted to cheer him up."

**A Matter of Fashion.**

"The shopping district seems unusually quiet."

"Yes. You know the bustle has gone out."

**A Warning To Baby.**

Mother (to baby)—It's muzzer's little ootsy tootsy; muzzer loves her little darling baby.

Fanny (who has just been spanked)—Don't you believe her, baby. When you (sob) grow up she'll spank you, t-t-too!

**Podestrianism.**

Mrs. C.—Just think of it. Poor Mrs. Blank has died, and her youngest child is not able to walk.

Mrs. D.—Not able to walk! I dare say that the disconsolate widower will make it an excuse for marrying again that the child needs a step-mother right off.

**A Broad Hint.**

Mr. Dolly—Jack and I sat there smoking cigarettes and blowing rings.

Miss Oldgirl—How I wish I had been there.

Mr. Dolly—Why?

Miss Oldgirl—So I could have run the third finger of my left hand through one of the rings.

**A Mind-Reader.**

Dudely—"You look at me as if you thought I was a fool, eh?"

Stranger—"Why, no; you can't be such a fool, after all. Your remark shows that you read a man's thoughts at a glance."

**Taken for Granted.**

Clara Van Streek—And what did papa say? Alfred Sellers (sighing)—He said, "What! You? Why, I'll boot you down stairs before I'll let you marry my daughter!"

Clara Van Streek (practical)—And, of course, you let him—and now I am yours, Alfie!

**His Experience at a Spelling Contest.**

I was travelling for a Toronto school book concern and one night I brought up in a flourishing little town in Muskoka. I had never been there before, but I soon made friends with the landlord of the hotel, and when I asked him as to possible means of amusement for the evening he said: "Well, stranger, I can't say as there's much going on, but you might go to the spellin' contest. And I went.

When I reached the building it was reasonably well filled. Great strapping youths in jeans or homespun offset girls, many of them very pretty, in homespun or calico. The only man in the building, myself excepted, who wore a white shirt and "store clothes" was the lanky schoolmaster, six feet and a couple of inches tall at least and graceful as a ten months' old calf.

Mind, I never knew how serious a matter "spelling down" is, and when they asked me to go in I simply went in, sure that there could be no danger that any of the rustic crowd could spell me down. The work began and boys and girls, right and left, sat down on words of three syllables. Soon there were only twenty of the original forty contestants; then only fifteen; then only ten; at last only five. The words grew harder and harder. I saw obvious signs of discontent. The girls did not like to be spelled down or the boys to have the girls defeated. The words grew still harder. One, two, three, of the five spellers fell by the wayside and at last only two of us stood—the prettiest girl in all the house and I. At last the schoolmaster called out to me "hippopotamus." It was as easy as falling from a log until I felt a hot breath at my ear and a voice hissed:

"Spell it with one 'p' mister 'less you wanten get licked. That thar's my girl; spell her down if you dare."

I spelled it with one "p" and sat down.

**A Thoughtful Husband.**

Drug Clerk (3 a.m.)—Well, what in thunder do you want?

Club Man—Shay! gimme a postage stamp, will ye? I wanten drop a line to my wife thash I won't be home to-night.

**Still Celebrating.**

Policeman—You are drunk. Come along with me.

Inebriate—You are mistaken, my friend. I've not got through (hie) celebrating glorious triumph of wild West over effete. Shee?

**Something Masculine About Her.**

"Isn't she an awful sweet and charming girl?" asked an up-town young man of a friend as the train rode down to business this morning. The remark was called out by the passage of a young lady across the street in the wake of the car.

"Well, I'll admit now that she is. Not because she's engaged to you, but I really do think so, now."

"Well!" said the first speaker, in surprise, "did you ever think anything else?"

"Yes, I did. I saw her first at Mrs. Blank's party and there seemed at times during the evening to be something masculine about her."

"Masculine! Jennie?" disgustingly repeated the young man.

"Well, I saw you sitting with her in the shadow of the stairs that night and I imagined your arm was around her waist."

**A Mixed Family.**

A widower with a number of small children married a widow who was similarly blessed. In due time the newly married couple added to the number. Hearing a voice in the yard one day the father went out to see what was the matter.

"Well, what was it?" asked the father.

He returned out of breath. "Your children are pounding our child."

**How He Compromised With Conscience.**

A man, who it were base flattery to call John Smith, came into this office this morning and offered the following advertisement for publication:

"Notice.—If the homely woman about forty years of age who lost a pocketbook containing \$14.55, on Spadina avenue this morning, will apply to — she can have the money by paying for this notice."

He explained that he had seen the woman drop the pocketbook, but that he was anxious to keep the contents, and he was of the opinion that no woman for as small a sum as \$14.55 would ever answer to the advertisement as he had written it.

**The Objection Removed.**

Mr. Billus—"Maria, I don't like to have that spider-legged dudo of a Hankinson hanging about the house. Does he come to see one of our girls? Is it possible any of them would encourage the idiot?"

Mrs. Billus—"Mr. Hankinson seems to me, John, to be a very worthy young man. He comes to see Bessie, and since his aunt left him that handsome legacy he is—"

Mr. Billus (greatly mollified)—"Oh, if he means business I've no objection. I didn't want him to come here trifling—that's all."

**Didn't Like The Teacher.**

"Are you still taking painting lessons, Mamie?"

"No; I left off yesterday. I don't like my teacher." "Why not?" "He has such a disagreeable way of talking. He told me that if I kept on for some time longer I might be able to whitewash a fence."

**"Littera Scripta."**

Wooer—"O Miss—O Lavinia! may I not still hope?—or is your cruel rejection of my suit final and irrevocable?" Spinster (firmly)—"Yes, Mr. Brown, I seriously desire you will regard it so." Wooer—"Then, dearest, may I ask you"—(producing the materials from adjacent writing table)—"to—ah—put it on paper! I shall feel safer!"

**A Leading Question.**

"Which would you rather be, a knave or a fool?" asked Idiomatics.

"I don't know," replied Cynicus, "What has been your experience?"

**A Survival of Paganism.**

The Judge—What is your Christian name Johnson?

Mr. Johnsoning—Hain't got none, sah. My fust name am Jupit'r.

**The Epicure.**

"Croquet is the dearest game I know," said Snubley.

"Well, many people like their game pretty dead."

**Always So Perplexing!**

He (and he really meant all he said)—"I assure you I'll do my best to make you a good husband." She (in the agitation of the moment, perhaps, forgetting that "the woman who hesitates is lost")—"Oh—I've no doubt your intention is excellent, but good husbands are not easily made. You could assure me—you had—been—once—"

**And Didn't.**

Tommy—"I've been jolly lot of Granddaddy's no. 4's, 500's them."

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# JOSHUA.

## A STORY OF THE EXODUS BY GEORG EBERS.

Author of "Uarda," "Seraphis," Etc., Etc.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

A hard battle must be fought, for, as the spies reported, the Amalekites had been joined by other desert-tribes. Nevertheless, the Israelites were still almost twice their number, but how far inferior in warlike skill were Joshua's troops to their opponents, insured to lattle and ambush. The foe came up from the south, from the oasis at the foot of the Sacred Mountain, which was the primal home of their race, their foster mother, their beloved, their all, and to them well worth shedding the last drop for.

Joshua, now the captain, recognized by Moses and all the people as leader of the Hebrew fighting-men, led his newly-formed army to the widest portion of the valley, as this allowed him to take the utmost advantage of their superior numbers. The camp was removed by his orders, and pitched in a narrower place at the northern end of the valley of Rephidim, in which the struggle must be fought out, as this made it easier to defend the tents. He left the command of the camp and of the men told off to protect it to the prudent care of his father.

He had wished to leave Moses and all the elders of the tribes safe within the precincts of the camp, but their great leader had gone forward with Hur and Aaron, and climbed a peak of granite where they could look down upon the fight. Thus the fighting-men could see Moses and his two companions on the cliff which commanded the top of the valley, and feel assured that the servant of the Lord would not cease to beseech Him to spare them and give the victory. But every simple man in that host, and every woman and old man in the camp, in that hour of peril turned to the God of their fathers, and the rallying-cry chosen by Joshua, "Jehovah, our Refuge," bound the hearts of the warriors to the ruler of the battle, and reminded the most faint-hearted and unskilled among the fighting-men that he could not take a step nor deal a blow but the Lord would mark it.

The trumpets and cow-horns of the Hebrew host rang out louder and louder, for the Amalekites were pouring down on the level ground which was to be the field of battle.

It was a strange scene for such a struggle, such as no experienced captain would ever willingly have chosen, for it was shut in on both sides by steep grey cliffs of granite towering up to heaven. If the foe should win, the camp, too, must be lost, and any benefit to be derived from knowledge of warfare must here be displayed within the smallest conceivable space. To circumvent the enemy or surprise him in flank seemed quite impossible; but even the rocks were turned to account by the leader, for wherever it was possible he had made his best alligiers and archers climb up them to no great height, and instructed them to watch for a sign at which they should mingle in the fight.

At the first glance Joshua perceived that the Amalekites had estimated the foe, for those who were hearded men, with spears, out of which their

the enemy with wild And every man, a grey-haired man and ripple of limb, the javelin and the lance, the hair, like every rang they

of Thy choice, then do Thou, with the hosts of Heaven, at Thy will at the head of Thy people that they may put their enemies to flight."

Then the man of God besought the Lord with hands lifted on high, and ceased not to pray, "Great Jehovah and cry to Him whose will ruled His people, and presently answered to him that the foe was before him, and that the courage of the Hebrews was growing nobly. Joshua

now there and were ready

strange sight of these creatures, known to them only by description. They cast away their shields and fled with loud outcries, and wherever a gap was made the riders drove in their dromedaries and thrust down at the foe with their long sharp javelins. At this the herdsmen, unused to such an attack, thought of saving themselves, and many turned to fly, for sudden terror seized them as they saw the flaming eyes, and heard the shrill, malignant cry of the enraged Amalekite women, who had rushed into the fight to add fuel to their husbands' courage and terrify the enemy. They held on to the humped brutes by leathern straps hanging down from the saddle, which they clutched in their left hands, and allowed themselves to be dragged whithersoever the riders went. Hatred seemed to have steeled each female heart against fear of death, compassion and womanly feeling; and the hideous cry of these Megæras broke the spirit of many a Hebrew.

But no sooner did their captain see them give way than he took advantage of disaster, and bid them retire and allow the savage foe to enter the valley: for he said to himself that the superior numbers of his men could be turned to better account as soon as they had the opportunity of pressing on the foe from both flanks as well as in front, and when the alingers and archers could take their part in the fight.

Ephraim and the bravest of his comrades, who remained with him as runners, were now sent back to the northern end of the valley, to tell the leaders of the ranks posted there what Joshua proposed, and to order them to advance. The swift footed shepherd lads ranished as nimble as gazelles; and it soon was seen that their captain had hit on the right plan; for no sooner had the Amalekites reached the middle of the valley than the Hebrews fell upon them from all sides; several who were bravely rushing forward fell in the sand as they brandished the sword or spear, hit by a round pebble or a sharp arrow from sling or bow.

Moses, meanwhile, kept his place on the cliff overlooking the battle-field, with Aaron and Hur. From thence he watched the fight in which he, who had grown grey in peaceful pursuits, could take part only with heart and soul. Not a movement, not a sword raised or dropped among friends or foes, escaped his keen eye; but when the fray had fairly begun, and the captain, with wise forethought, had opened a way for the enemy into the midst of his own fighting-men, Hur exclaimed to the grey-headed man of God: "My wife, your sister's lofty spirit has indeed discerned the truth. The son of Nun belies the call of the Most High. What is this? We are the superior force, and yet the enemy makes his way unhindered into the very heart of our host. As the waters of the Red Sea stood aside at the word of the Lord, so do our ranks, and, as it would seem, by their leader's bidding."

"Only to swallow up Amalek as the waves of the sea swallowed up the Egyptians," was Moses' reply.

Then he lifted up his hands to Heaven and cried:

"Look down, Jehovah, on Thy people, who are in fresh straits. Strengthen the arm and give sight to the eyes of him whom Thou hast chosen to be Thy sword, and him the succor Thou didst promise him when Thou didst name him Joshua instead of Hosca. And if Thou dost no more suffer him to prove himself steadfast and strong as brass, the captain of Thy choice, then do Thou, with the hosts of Heaven, at Thy will at the head of Thy people that they may put their enemies to flight."

Thus the man of God besought the Lord with hands lifted on high, and ceased not to pray, "Great Jehovah and cry to Him whose will ruled His people, and presently answered to him that the foe was before him, and that the courage of the Hebrews was growing nobly. Joshua now there and were ready

thinner, while those of the Hebrews seemed to multiply. And Hur confirmed this report, and added that the untiring zeal and heroic contempt of death of the son of Nun were beyond all praise. He had, as at that moment, felled one of the wildest of the Amalekites with his battle-axe.

At this Moses breathed more freely. His arms fell by his side, and he eagerly watched the course of the fight which was surging and raging, toosing and waving at his feet.

The sun had by this time reached its noon, and shone down on the combatants with scorching fires. The grey granite walls of the valley glowed with intense heat every hour, and the sweat had long since stood on the brows of the three men on the rock. What, then, must the heat be below, adding to the labor of struggling and wrestling? How sorely must the wounds ache of the bleeding wretches lying there in the sand!

Moses felt it all as though he himself were suffering it, for his immovably steadfast soul was rich in compassion, and he bore this people, who were of his own flesh and blood, and for whom he lived and labored, in his heart as a father does his child. The wounds inflicted on his brethren pained him; yet his heart beat high with proud gladness as he beheld how those whose cowardly subjection had but a short while since so greatly fired his wrath had learned the arts of attack and defence. Now one band of young Hebrews another rushed on the enemy with loud cries of "Jehovah, our Refuge!"

In Joshua's proud, heroic form he saw the posterity of Israel as he dreamed and hoped it might be, and he now no longer doubted that the Lord had indeed called Joshua to be the captain of his people. Rarely had his large commanding look flashed more brightly than at this moment.

But what was that? A cry of horror broke from Aaron's lips, and Hur started to his feet and gazed anxiously toward the north: for from the spot where the people's tents were pitched came a fresh lattle-cry, mingling with loud and lamentable shrieks, not, as it seemed, from the men alone but from women and children. The enemy had surprised the camp.

A troop of the Amalekites had been detached from the main body long before the battle had begun, and had made their way round by a mountain defile, known only to themselves.

At this Hur thought of his young wife, and a vision rose before Aaron's mind of Elishaba, his faithful spouse, of his children and grandchildren; and both with beseeching eyes dumbly entreated Moses to allow them to fly to the rescue of those dearest to them, but the austere chief refused, and kept them with him.

Then, again, standing up, he raised his heart and hands once more to Heaven. With fervent prayer he cried to the Lord, and ceased not his entreaties: as the minutes went on the more ardent was his beseeching, for all that the Hebrew host had won they now seemed to be losing. Every glance at the battle-field, everything his companions told him, while, with spirit uplifted to the Lord his God, he stood blind and deaf to the scene below, added to the burden of his woes.

Joshua had placed himself at the head of a strong party of men and withdrawn from the fray, and with him were Heleel, Hur's grandson, Aboliah, his favorite comrade, young Ephraim and Reuben, Milcah's husband. It was with a heart full of blessing that Hur had marked them retire, for they could only have quitted the fight in order to reconquer the camp. He listened with eager ears to the sounds from the north, as though he divined how deeply he was interested in the leoken cries and lamentations which came up from the tents on the breeza.

Old Nun had taken up arms against the troop of Amalekites who had fallen on the camp and had fought valiantly, but when he perceived that the men whom Joshua had left under his command could no longer stand against the onslaught of the foe, he went to crave reinforcement of the captain. Joshua forthwith estimated the further conduct of the battle to Nabalon, the second chief of the tribe of Judah, and to Uri the son of Hur, who had distinguished himself by his courage and forethought, and hastened with other chosen men to help his father.

He had not lost a moment, and yet the fight was already decided by the time he reached the scene of the struggle; for, as he

approached the camp, the Amalekites had broken through his father's line of defence, and cut him off from the tents on which they were rushing.

First, then, Joshua rescued the brave old man from the foe, and next he had to drive the sons of the desert away from the camp; this gave rise to a sharp struggle, man to man, hand to hand, and he himself could be in but one spot at a time, and must need leave it to the younger fighting-men to act for themselves, each in his own place. Here, too, he raised the cry, "Jehovah, our Refuge!" and rushed, shouting these words, into Hur's tent, which was the first to be seized by the enemy, and round which the battle was fiercest. Many corpses already strewed the ground at the entrance, and furious Amalekites were struggling with a party of Hebrews, while from within came wild screams of terror.

He sprang across the threshold with winged feet, and beheld a spectacle which filled even the unflinching man with terror, for, on the left of the large room it formed, Hebrews and Amalekites were rolling on the blood-stained mats in a furious struggle, while on the right he saw Miriam and her waiting woman, whose hands the men of the desert had tied. The men had meant to carry them off as precious plunder, but an Amalekite woman, frenzied with hatred, revenge and jealousy, and eager to sacrifice the strange woman to the flames, was blowing the brands on the hearth, and, by waving the veil she had snatched from Miriam's head, had fanned them to a considerable blaze.

A fearful tumult filled the confined space as Joshua rushed into the tent; on one side the yells of the struggling men, while on the other the prophetic women set up a succession of loud shrieks for rescue and deliverance as soon as they saw him coming. Their mistress, as pale as death, knelt at the feet of the Amalekite chief, whose wife was threatening them with death by fire. She stared at their deliverer as though a spirit had started out of the earth before her eyes, and the scenes which followed stamped themselves on Miriam's memory as a series of horrible and disconnected, but never-to-be-forgotten images.

First, the Amalekite chief who had bound her was a strange but heroic figure. With his swarthy skin and high hooked nose, he resembled an eagle of his native mountains; his beard was black, his eyes were aflame. But ere long he was to measure his strength with another—with the man who once had been dear to her heart. She had often compared him with a lion, but never had he seemed more like the king of the desert.

They were both mighty men and strong. No one could have predicted which of them must yield to the other, which must win the victory; and it was her fate to witness the struggle, for already the fiery son of the desert had shouted his war-cry and rushed upon the more cautious Hebrew.

That no man may live if his heart stops beating for so much as a minute every child must know, and yet Miriam was certain that hers had stood still, rigid and turned to stone, when the lion rushed into peril to destroy the eagle, and the Amalekite's bright knife flashed forth, and she saw the blood flowing from her champion's shoulder.

But then her heart began to beat again, may, and faster than ever before, for suddenly the lion-hearted warrior, when she had so lately hated with such hatred, was once more, as by a miracle, the friend of her childhood again. Love had waked up with the sound of trumpets and cymbals, and marched in triumph into her heart, lately so desolate and forlorn. All that had held them apart was suddenly forgotten and forgiven, and never were more fervent appeals addressed to the Most High than in the brief prayer which went up from her agonized soul. And as her pleading was fervent, so was it immediately answered, for the eagle was down and his soaring for ever ended under the superior strength of the lion.

All was dark for a while before Miriam's eyes, and it was as in a dream that she felt the cords which bound her wrists and ankles cut by Ephraim. Then she soon recovered consciousness, and beheld at her feet the bleeding corpse of the vanquished chief, and in other parts of the tent many bodies and wounded men, among them several of her husband's slaves. By their side, and victorious stood the brave fighting-men of the nation, with the noble and revered

figure of Nun, and Joshua, whose wounds his father was binding up.

This task she felt should have been hers, and hers alone; and deep grief and burning shame came over her as she remembered how greatly she had sinned against this man. She knew not how she could repay him, on whom she had brought such deep sorrow, all she owed him. Her whole heart longed to hear some word of forgiveness from his lips, and she went towards him on her knees across the blood-stained ground; but the prophetic eloquent lips were dumb; she could not find the right word, till suddenly the imploring cry rose loud from her oppressed breast: "Joshua! O Joshua! I have sinned against you indeed, and will repent of it all my life long, but do not scorn my thanks. Do not repel me from you, and, if you can, forgive me!"

She could not have uttered another word; but then—and this again she never forgot—his eyes had overflowed with scalding tears, and he had raised her from the ground with irresistible strength, and yet with a hand as gentle as a mother's when her child has had a fall, and from his lips came mild and friendly words, promising full forgiveness. The mere pressure of his hand was enough to show her that he was no longer wroth with her, as she heard his assurance that the name of Joshua could not fall more sweetly on his ear from any lips than from hers.

Then with the cry "Jehovah, our Refuge!" he turned from her; but his clear shout, and the enthusiastic lattle-cry of his followers rang in her ears long after.

At last all was still once more, and she only knew that never before nor after had she wept so passionately or so bitterly as in that hour. Moreover, she had made two solemn vows to the God who had called her to be His handmaid. But the two men whom they most concerned were meanwhile in the thick of the tumult of battle.

One had led his men back from the rescued camp to meet the foe once more; the other, by the side of the leader of the multitude, was watching the varying movements of the still furious fight.

Joshua found his followers hardly pressed. In one place they were giving way, in another they were making but a half-hearted stand against the sons of the desert. Her, too, was locking down with increasing and double anxiety on the course of the battle, for, in the camp he pictured his wife and father in peril, and below him his son. His fatherly heart quaked when he beheld Uri giving way, but when he made a fresh onslaught, and by a well-directed attack broke the ranks of the enemy, he held up his head again, and longed to be able to shout a word of praise that he could hear. But what ear could be sharp enough to hear a single voice above the clatter of weapons and mingled lattle-cries, the shrieking of the women and the wailing of the wounded, the surly grunting of the camels, the blare of trumpet and horns?

And now the foremost of the Amalekites had forced their way, like the thin end of a wedge, into the furthest ranks of the Hebrews. If they should succeed in breaking open a gap for those behind them, and effect a junction with those who had attacked the camp, the battle was lost and the fate of the Israelites was sealed for still another horde of Amalekites was in reserve at the southern end of the valley, who had not yet had any fighting, and who seemed to be intended to protect the oasis from the foe in the last extremity.

But here was a fresh surprise. The men of the desert had made their way so far forward that the slingers and bowmen could scarcely hit one of them, and if these were not to remain idle they must be ordered down to the scene of the struggle.

Her might have called in vain to Uri to remember these men and give them some fresh occupation, but suddenly a youth made his appearance, coming from the end by the encampment, a lad as nimble as a mountain goat scrambling and leaping from crag to crag. As soon as he reached the first man he spoke to him, gave a signal to those behind, who again repeated it to the next, and finally they all descended into the valley and climbed the western cliff as far as a spot where some men were standing, there they vanished as silently as though the rocks had swallowed them.

The youth who led the slingers and bowmen was Ephraim. A patch of shadow on the face of the rock was, no doubt, the opening into a ravine, and through this the men were to be led, whom Joshua had sent for to succor

the camp. So thought Hur, and not he alone but Aaron likewise, and again Hur began to doubt whether the Lord were indeed with Joshua, for the men who were to be of use at the tents were lost to the troops which it was now the duty of his son and of his comrade Nahshon to command.

The fight round the camp had already lasted above an hour, and Moses had not ceased to beseech the Lord with hands uplifted to Heaven, when the Amalekites made a great rush forward. At this the leader of his people collected all his strength for a new appeal to the Almighty; but he was much exhausted, his knees shook and his weary arms fell by his sides. But his spirit had all its fire and his heart all its fervent desire not to cease from entreating Him who is the Ruler of battles. The leader of his people must not be idle during the struggle, and his weapon was prayer. Like the child which will not cease from beseeching its mother till she has granted him that which it unselfishly demands for its brethren, Moses importuned the Almighty, who had hitherto shown Himself to be a Father to him and the Hebrew folk, and saving them as by a miracle from the greatest perils.

But his frame was faint, so he called on his companions, and they pushed forward a block of stone on which he might sit, while he besieged the heart of the Lord with more and yet more prayers. There he sat; and when his weary limbs refused their service his soul still answered to his need and went up as in a flame to the Ruler of the destinies of man. But his arms grew more and more feeble, and dropped at last as if weighed down by heavy masses of lead, although it had for years been his habit to raise them heavenwards when he cried fervently to God on high.

This his comrades knew, and they thought they had perceived that, as often as their great chief's hands sank, the sons of Amalek gained some new advantage. Then they diligently held up his arms, the one on the right hand and the other on the left; and although the mighty man could no longer appeal to Heaven in intelligible words, and his giant's frame swayed to and fro, and more than once he felt as though the stone on which he sat, the valley below him and the whole world were in movement, still his eyes and hands were raised on high.

Not for an instant did he cease calling on the Most High till, on a sudden, from the camp there came up glad shouts of victory, which echoed loudly from the rocky walls of the gorge. Joshua had returned to the field of battle, and at the head of his troops rushed on the enemy with irresistible fury.

From this moment the struggle assumed a new aspect. The decision, indeed, was still doubtful. Moses, supported on either side, dared not cease to uplift his heart and his hands; but at last, at last, the final struggle was over. The ranks of the Amalekites gave way, and presently they fled, broken and panic-stricken, to the southern pass by which they had entered the valley. And even from thence the cry came up from a thousand throats: "Jehovah, our Refuge!" "Victory! Victory!"

At this the man of God let his arms fall from the supporting shoulders of his companions, stood up, tall and strong, crying with renewed and wonderfully revived energy: "I thank Thee, my God and Lord! Jehovah, our Refuge! Thy people are saved." But then his sight grew dark from exhaustion.

However, he presently looked up again, and saw Ephraim pressing close on the Amalekites, who had taken their stand at the southern defile, with his slingers and bowmen, while Joshua drove the men of the desert tribes backwards towards their vanquished brethren.

The captain had heard from a deserter of a pass by which good climbers could reach a gorge leading out on the southern end of the lattle field, and Ephraim, in obedience to his command, had led the archers and slingers along this difficult path, and fallen on the rear of the last band of the enemy who could still have made any stand. Then they attacked from both sides, their ranks thinned, and their courage quelled, the men of Amalek gave up the struggle, and now it was seen how these children of the desert and dwellers among the highlands could see their way, for as a sign from their leader they first killed their drummers, and then fled in all directions like flocks scattered by the wind. They climbed steep cliffs which looked innocently to man like the chimneys

lizards, on their hands and feet; but a great many escaped by the ravine which the deserter had betrayed to Joshua.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GENERAL GORDON.

Strange Stories of his Eccentricities Told by Emin Pasha.

The following anecdotes about Emin Pasha and General Gordon appeared in a recent issue of the London Times. They are taken from a report of a speech made by Stanley at a banquet given to him by the Egyptian Government.

Many are the stories (said Stanley) which Emin tells of Gordon's eccentricities. "Full of a hundred contradictions, but a just man, and most pious," is his verdict. Emin was a doctor in the Egyptian army, at £25 per month, when, in 1877, Mason told him that he was to go to Gordon at Khartoum, and that he would probably be appointed Governor of Massowah. The French Consul there had asked that a good Governor might be appointed who spoke French, and the qualification was rare among Egyptian officers in the Soudan. He went to Khartoum. Gordon received him most kindly, and at once employed him in writing his correspondence. One day Gordon said to him, "Dr Emin, I like you. I shall make you my secretary."

Emin—You are very kind. Gordon—Do you accept?

Emin—I am not certain. Will you allow me till to-morrow to consider it?

The next day Emin returned as usual, and wrote letters at Gordon's dictation. Suddenly Gordon said—"Well, Emin, what is your answer?"

Emin—I beg, Pasha, that you will not be offended. I am willing to do any work you give me, but I will not be your secretary.

Gordon—You will not be my secretary? Why, it is the best place in the Soudan, next to the Governor-General. You shall live in the palace with me. Why do you refuse?

Emin—My reasons are private ones. I cannot tell them.

Gordon—You must tell them to me.

Emin—I would rather not do so; but I will if you order me to do so.

Gordon—Then I order you to do so.

Emin—Because, Pasha, though I should like to serve you, and though I respect you, I cannot be seen with your associates. I should have to associate with people I cannot respect—with your Arab interpreter, who is infamous, with your Greek doctor, who is notoriously guilty of malpractices, with—

Gordon (angrily)—You dare to say this to me?

Emin—Did you not ask me? As your secretary I should be continually approached by people who would offer me bribes to secure my influence with you. Some day you would be told that I had taken them. You would be the first to condemn me unheard, without asking me a word. I cannot be put in the position. Let me work somewhere else.

Gordon—If you were offered a bribe would you not tell me at once?

Emin—Would that I be honest in a country where it is a universal custom; I cannot turn informer against these people. Let me go somewhere else.

Gordon—Well, go.

Emin left him, but continued as usual to dine at his table. Gordon utterly ignored him, spoke no word, and would leave the table without speaking when the meal was finished. This, says Emin, became unbearable, and he at last demanded an explanation. He said, "You are angry because I exercise my perfect right to refuse what you offer me, and because at your express command I tell you the truth. Either give me work, or let me go to my own country." Gordon said, "Well, you shall have work," and some time later asked him whether he would go to Unyena. Emin expressed his willingness. Gordon asked him whether he knew the country; that it was in Kalia Beg's territory—and reminded him that it was a dangerous mission. Emin replied that he remembered Baker's expedition, but that he would go. Gordon told him that he should have £40 for his outfit, and might apply to the station for necessaries. Emin asked for a letter to the station. Gordon refused, saying—"No, I will not give you letters, for then if anything happens to your people will blame me."

Emin—But still you are not

Gordon—No. I will not send you officially. Emin went. His pay was £10 a month. On his return he was some time at Uganda, and then, as Governor General of the Equatorial Provinces, he got £50 a month. When he arrived at his new province he found it fertile and badly cultivated; so he sent to Gordon and asked him to procure him some seeds for sowing. Gordon replied, "I sent you to be a Governor, not a gardener." Later he asked for a photographic apparatus which he knew was lying idle at Khartoum. Gordon replied again, "I sent you to be Governor, not a photographer," and he returned the apparatus to Cairo. One day he was walking with Gordon from Koshi to Magumbe. They were chatting pleasantly, when suddenly Gordon ceased and said, "Stop talking. Emin thought that there must be some danger, and seeing none, attempted after a little while to resume conversation. The same command was given, more gruffly, and a third time still more so. The next day Gordon asked, "Were you surprised at my stopping your talking yesterday?" "I was a little," replied Emin. "I was praying," said Gordon, "and your conversation disturbed me. Why did you not ask the reason?"

The Treatment of Unconvicted Prisoners.

Are persons who are merely accused of crimes or misdemeanors really innocent in the eye of the law? or is the belief that they are only one of the many fictions of the British Constitution? These are questions that have occurred to the mind of Mr. Janion, a well known barrister, as the result of his observation of the way in which prisoners among us are treated before conviction. With very rare exceptions, prisoners on trial are condemned to stand during the whole investigation, however protracted it may be. So long as they are presumed to be innocent they owe no more deference to Judge or Jury than any other person in court. Why, then, should they be compelled to submit to a sort of torture which is not inflicted on any one else in court? The form of the dock, moreover, is often highly objectionable. The spiked railings make the unfortunate accused look very like a wild beast in a cage, and thus, Mr. Janion thinks, tends to prejudice him in the eyes of a jury. Continual criminal procedure is often said on this side of the Channel to bear hardly upon prisoners, but, on the Continent, prisoners on trial, except when under interrogation, are at all events allowed to be seated at a desk with conveniences for making notes of evidence. Mr. Janion's notion is that every prisoner should be allowed to sit with as little degradation in his surroundings as practicable, and should, moreover, be provided with writing materials. More than that he is of opinion that justice requires that he should enjoy these advantages as a matter, not of favor, but of right. Most humane and thoughtful persons will, we apprehend, be of the same opinion; but the truth is that this is only one of many things in which our treatment of untried prisoners stands in need of reform. (London News.)

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for the prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a great deal of time and trouble. Prizes must invariably apply in local writing, in which the original was sent, so that the letter and prize may be compared before the prize is sent out. The following sums were appropriated for prizes, which were the office or delivered by— James, 50; Cabinet, 25; Machines, 25; Tea, 25; Watches, 25; Dr. Goods, 50; Cakes, 25; Books, 25; Spoons, 25; Prizes, 25; Family Bibles, 25; Works, 50.

When they are not... your people will blame me. Emin—But still you are not



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(Now FIRST PUBLISHED.)

## JULIUS VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Whether he had been dreaming or awake, when the current of thought passed through his brain, Frank Holmes was unable to think. He had been unconsciously rehearsing the evidence given in the police court. It will be remembered that Lady Southfort stated that Miss Neale, hardly ever received a letter, and had certainly not received one for weeks prior to her death—except one, which was from a music-seller. How then could Margaret Neale have received a communication making an appointment on that Saturday evening? Not through the post; certainly not by telegram, which would have been still more noticeable; and not personally, for she rarely went out, and never alone. It was at this point that the light burst upon Frank Holmes—if it should prove to be light, and not merely the mirage of a heated imagination. There was one means of correspondence which no one had thought of as yet, and which was worth investigating.

Miss Neale read the morning papers at the breakfast-table. The murder took place on the 10th of June. Holmes alighted from the cab in Fleet Street, and commenced an examination of the morning papers of that date and of the preceding five days. In that portion of the newspapers popularly known as the "agony column," dedicated to intrigues, appointments, truth and falsehood, passions and emotions for which there is no other outlet or mode of expression, he hoped to discover some clue to Margaret Neale's strange and unaccountable conduct. No man ever studied the print of a newspaper column with an interest more absorbing. As it would be no easy matter to follow an advertisement back to its original source, it was perplexing to discover, in the first newspaper that he searched, no fewer than three notices during the week in question—two of them being on the Saturday morning—which looked capable on the interpretation applicable to the matter in hand. He had not thought of ascertaining the papers taken at Lady Southfort's house, the *Morning Post* would be one of them; but in that paper he found nothing like what he was looking for. He carefully copied the three advertisements, and studied them over his breakfast in a restaurant. One was from the Wednesday issue, and was as follows: "Saturday, old time and place."

The second was in these terms, and appeared on Friday: "Have you seen my message? Do not fail." This might, or might not, refer to the former; if an investigation, it was found to have been inserted by the same person, there would be good grounds for following it up.

The third, however, was more precise—no precise! It appeared on Saturday morning, it made the young man's heart leap. "At 9.30 to-night, Park South of Grosvenor Gate." Holmes, reading this message, so startling in its brevity, had to steady himself by an effort characteristic of him, and of the resolution with which he meant to follow it. He restrained himself at once on so pregnant a suggestion, and strongly of opinion that he might, he sought, was certainly not to be lost. Finding nothing, he could address the origin of this advertisement to the vigour and six-

He laid the copy before the assistant-manager as he spoke.

"The latter read it and slightly raised his brows. 'I'm afraid I can't oblige you, Mr. Holmes. You know that these things are confidential.'"

"I am not seeking to indulge curiosity, Gissing. The business I am now upon is more serious. That advertisement appeared the morning of the day Margaret Neale was murdered in Hyde Park. Now, you will understand my motive."

Mr. Gissing started, took up the advertisement and re-read it with deep interest, and then went to file and confirmed it by referring to the newspaper itself. "By Jove, Mr. Holmes," he said, "that does look—odd."

"If it should turn out that the advertisement has obviously another connection," said Holmes, "I will respect the confidence placed in me, should you make known its origin. If, on the other hand, it sheds a light upon that tragedy, surely you will not withhold it?"

"Surely not.—Just wait a minute or two, and I'll tell you where it came from."

Mr. Gissing spent a while turning over the leaves of a large book until he found the advertisement. Opposite the cutting was the cost, and the name of the party ordering the insertion, and paying for it. The name was "J. Grierson, Mount Street, Park Lane."

"Grierson?" said Frank Holmes, trying to remember the name.

"Grierson. He is a stationer, who takes in advertisements for the morning papers. He could tell you who gave him this one to insert."

Holmes thanked Mr. Gissing, and went away. The discovery looked very ominous; and he thought anxiously of Mary Clayton in view of the final disclosure which seemed looming. What if it should prove the riveting link in the fatal chain of evidence coiled around the prisoner Faune? Holmes had promised her to work for Faune's acquittal; and this was what he was doing! Impelled by a force which he was now unable to resist, he was powerless to turn against it and say: "I will go no farther!" He would have to go farther—as far as the light would bring him; and he resolved that what he discovered he would place in her own hands, to do as she willed with it.

He strongly felt that there was no need for further investigation until the source of this advertisement had been ascertained. On this, all would depend. He therefore drove off to Mount Street direct, and went into the stationer's shop, asking for the proprietor.

Grierson was not in, which, perhaps, made Holmes's task an easier one, since it was Mrs. Grierson whom he saw. She was a nervous little person, evidently not accustomed to her husband's shop. So he ventured at once to ask her to let him know who ordered the insertion of that advertisement in the morning paper of the 10th of June.

She took the copy from his hand in a half-bewildered way, and proceeded mechanically to search the books for the original. Suddenly she shut up the book with a frightened look and gave him back the slip of paper. "Oh, I was forgetting," she said quickly. "I mustn't tell you we are not allowed to tell anybody. My husband will scold me, sir, and you can speak to him about it."

It was hardly fair to use the opportunity; but the husband, for all that Holmes knew, might be an elastic man—no uncommon phenomenon when you want very particular information from the spouse—as it was of vital importance to discover the author of the advertisement.

"Did you ever see the Miss Neale who was murdered near the top of this street?" he asked.

The woman started, and started at him. "Yes, many times," she answered. "She used to come here with the young ladies to buy things."

"Now, Mrs. Grierson, I have reason to believe that you were in answer to this advertisement. Miss Neale was led to go into your shop. What day was that?"

"You do not know the date—"

"It was the 10th of June. If you conceal the author of that advertisement, you may be concealing the author of her death!"

The woman clasped her hands and trembled from head to foot. Then a hot flush leaped to her face, and with indignant eyes she rushed to the book which she had shut up a minute before. "I—conceal him!" she cried, "Heaven forbid—oh, the villain!—and seeing her sweet face so often in this very shop—conceal him!" Power of further speech failed her, and she dashed over the leaves of the book with a hysterical energy which seemed likely to rend them in pieces. "Here it is!" she exclaimed, throwing the book down upon the counter.—"June the 10th. 'M.—At 9.30 to-night, Park South of Grosvenor Gate.'—Look at it, sir, and at the name and address!"

The woman's excitement was hardly greater than his own. The first glance at the handwriting of the original copy sent the blood to his heart; and appended was the familiar signature, "C. Faune, 313A Mount Street."

For a time Holmes was unable to speak—almost unable to think. He remained standing before the little counter with his hand upon the open book. The discovery, even though he had anticipated it, stunned him. It was the last rivet.

What was to be done now? His situation was painfully perplexing. This tremendously ominous piece of evidence was not his alone, to do as he wished with it—it was that woman's and would presently be her husband's, and within an hour would be in the possession of the police. What promise was it that he had made to Mary Clayton?

"If he were acquitted, I should care nothing! What would this trial matter to me then? Oh, if he should only be acquitted, Frank, I would kiss the feet of the judge and jury who told him he was innocent!" And he had solemnly promised her then, to do all that lay in his power to secure Faune's acquittal; and her arms flew around his neck as she kissed him for it. What fatality had brought him to this—and what would Mary Clayton think of him? The poor fellow groaned, and for a desperate half-minute was violently tempted to seize the fatal book and make way with it. Nay, he might have done this—thinking of her—but for the suddenly discovered presence of another man behind him, who had entered the shop unobserved by Holmes, and was now regarding the writing in the book with quiet, intent interest. It was Mrs. Grierson staring at the man who drew the attention of Holmes to him; and slightly starting, he dropped his hands by his side, with a movement of despair, on recognizing a noted officer of Scotland Yard.

The officer's interest in the copy of the advertisement changed into a look of unqualified admiration as he spoke to Frank Holmes. "Mr. Holmes, you are a man of genius," he said quietly. "No one else would have thought of it. I was up the street putting ideas together, when I saw you come in here; I only dropped in to have a chat with you, little dreaming of—this!"

Holmes felt sick. The officer lost not another moment in taking possession of the book, which he carried away with him. "This looks very like the missing link, Mr. Holmes," he observed, with deep satisfaction; "but of course I shall not lay any claim to the credit of it. I should not have made the discovery—nobody except yourself could have done it."

"For Heaven's sake, Crockett," said Frank Holmes with an air of abhorrence, "take all the credit of it, and don't bring my name into the business at all!"

"I can't help doing that, Mr. Holmes," replied the conscientious officer; "but it will only be among ourselves—it is no concern of the public bow or by whom the evidence was obtained. I am going to Lady Southfort's house now, and I will let you know later on if any further evidence turns up."

Holmes went on down the street, while the officer turned into Grosvenor Square. The trader knows the intention with which the young man had actively entered into this case, and can measure the feeling with which he reflected on his discovery. Suppose that the officer Crockett had not come on the scene when he did—Holmes would have gone, reluctantly, it is true, and communicated to Miss Clayton the evidence he had found. He would have made no use of it without her wishes being known. Now, it was out of his power to keep the discovery back, and

he was grievously uneasy on account of it. She was excited, her nerves were much strung up; would she think unkindly of him for what he had done?

Holmes could not help sharing the officer's view that this was the "missing link"—the evidence, which was felt to be so necessary, of Faune's correspondence with Margaret Neale. It looked perilously like it. The initial M, the time and place, the authorship of the message, all pointed to one dread conclusion. He knew how the police would rivet it.

He remembered his promise to Mr. Clayton, and drove into the City. What Mr. Clayton had to say to him aroused a lively interest, and gave him the stimulant which at the time he so much needed.

"It was only yesterday, Frank," said the banker at once, "that it struck me. I might have thought of asking you before. You recollect what I spoke about that Saturday night when you came to Cadogan Place?"

"You refer to the—money?"

"The money. I confess, Frank, I sympathised with Faune when he mentioned his embarrassing position to me. He felt that—that he was causing you some pain, perhaps—in regard to Mary and him under the circumstances. Then I took the course which you know: he gave me a rough estimate of all the money he had had from you—between four and five thousand pounds—and I handed him a cheque for that amount—for five thousand, I fancied he would pay it in, and send you his own cheque for the money; but I see now he was too eager to pay his debt, and just gave you my cheque after endorsing it."

Holmes stared at the banker in amazement, as well he might.

But without observing this, Mr. Clayton proceeded: "It was only yesterday I saw the cheque, which I had drawn on my private account; and then," he added with eager interest, "the question struck me at once—When did Faune give you the cheque? Was it when he met you that night at Albert Gate?"

"No," the other answered, like a man in a dream.

"Then, when did he pass it to you? Did he send it by post, or how?—Don't you see, Frank, how every act of Faune's that night is important—the most trifling act might now be turned to vital account for him, if he is innocent?"

"Mr. Clayton, I have never seen the cheque you are speaking of."

It was now the banker's turn to be amazed; there was no doubting the solemn earnestness of the declaration made by Holmes. "Why, bless my soul," exclaimed Mr. Clayton, opening a drawer, "here is the cheque, endorsed by Faune and yourself, and cleared through the Anglo-Canadian Bank, Charing Cross!"

"If the cheque had come to me, it would of course have been paid into my account here."

"I thought it odd.—But look at it."

Holmes looked at it for a second, and handed it back in silence. Mr. Clayton drew a deep breath, for he knew what it meant—the name of Frank Holmes on the back was forged, and the purpose of the forgery was manifest: it was done with a view of getting the money, and at the same time deceiving Mr. Clayton, who of course would see the draft after his clearance, and think naturally enough that Holmes had got the money. But why it was so done was a mystery.

"I wish you could find it out, Frank," said Mr. Clayton; "I much wish it. Do you think you could?"

"I could get it done, perhaps. But it strikes me, Mr. Clayton, it had best be left alone. The fact is sufficiently apparent; and if we go diving after the money, we may only bring up something that we would rather have left where it is." Then he related what had happened in regard to his own remembrance that morning—a relation which profoundly agitated Mr. Clayton.

"Mary will not misjudge you, Frank," he said with a deep sigh. "It has been un- fortunate—for all of us!"

To this, Frank Holmes could say nothing. It was indeed a day of ill omen to all of them when Claude Faune first entered the house in Cadogan Place—and who had brought him there?

"Take this draft with you, in case it should be of any use," added Mr. Clayton; and placing the paper in his pocket-book, Holmes went away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



DOMESTIC PECULIARITIES.

Mrs. Bowser Tells Some Inside Facts Concerning Her Dearly Beloved.

When I have a sick headache I know exactly what will happen when Mr. Bowser reaches home. He will let himself in at the front door, hang up his coat and hat, walk through the sitting-room and seeing me with my head tied up will gaze at me for a full minute without speaking. Then he will finally remark:

"Didn't I tell you so?"
"What?"
"You got your feet wet."
"Oh, no, Mr. Bowser."
"Then you went out bareheaded, or you have been eating ice-cream or some other balderdash."

"On the contrary, I have been very, very careful."

"Oh, yes, you are always very, very careful. If a giant was to expose himself the way you do he'd be dead in six months. Hail the doctor!"

"No."
"That's it! Want to let the typhoid fever get hold of you, don't you? What's Dr.—a telephone number?"

"Don't call a doctor. My head is much better than it was and I shall be all right tomorrow."

"Well, if you are not I'll call two of them and have you taken to the hospital. I have no pity on anyone who will go sloshing around the way you do. I was intending to go to the theater to-night and here I come home and find you flattened out, perhaps to develop a case of yellow fever or smallpox."

Mr. Bowser goes tramping around to find fault with his supper, with the cook, with the baby, with the furnace and with everything else which he happens to think of, and the evening is rendered very cheerful and happy.

If I happen to be looking down the street when Mr. Bowser gets off the car I can tell whether he has a headache or not. He comes slumping along, arms hanging down, eyes on the sidewalk, and as I open the door for him he growls out:

"Lemme git on to that lounge as soon as possible."

"Why, what's the matter?"
"I'm next door to death!"
"Have you been hurt, Mr. Bowser?"

"No. Got a headache. Whole top of my head is loose. I think I am dying!"

I help him off with his coat, get him on to the lounge, pull off his gaiters, tuck him up, and then I can't help saying, "Didn't I tell you so?"

"What?"

"You've been careless again. You sat in your office with your feet out of the window, or you held a chunk of ice on your lap, or you stood in a puddle of water in your bare feet. It's a wonder to me that any man lives to the age of thirty."

"O-o-o-oh!" he groans.

"That's it! Got the black plague or the Asiatic cholera hold of you, probably! I was going over to Mrs. Cato's to-night to a progressive cakore, but this spoils it all. I'll have three doctors up after tea and have the ambulance come at the same time."

Then Mr. Bowser sheds tears and I go and heat a brick for his feet, tie a towel around his head, send baby upstairs and stop the clock so that nothing may annoy him.

I don't suppose that one husband in a hundred sets out to find fault around the home. It's just their way, you know. They are boss and they feel that they must keep in fact duly impressed on the minds of their wives. No husband is ever to blame for an accident about the house. The wife always is. For instance, a water pipe down in the basement burst the other day. Mr. Bowser got home just as I was about to telephone him.

"Pipe busted! Who busted it?" he called out, as he pulled off his overcoat.

"Why, no one."

"Yes, they did! Water pipes don't burst without help! Some of you have been knocking on that pipe with a hammer."

I went down and showed him that the leak was at a point where none of us could possibly reach it, but he replied:

"Well, some of you are certainly to blame for it. That's the way—the minute I leave the house something happens. Now we shall have a plumber around here for a week or more with a bill of forty or fifty dollars."

The back kitchen door had to be taken off its hinges and placed on a little and in re-

hanging it Mr. Bowser got in a hurry and only put one screw in the lower hinge. The cook found the others and laid them aside. One day, after he had got home to dinner, the door fell askew, as might have been expected.

"Now, what have you done?" shouted Mr. Bowser to me as the cook came in and reported.

"I—I didn't break the door."

"You didn't. Then who did?"

"You didn't put the screws back when you rehung it."

"I didn't. I'll bet you ten dollars I did. You or the cook went deliberately to work and took those screws out in order to destroy something. It is a wonder we have a roof over our heads. Next time you'll be knocking down some of the partition walls."

One day a centre-piece on one of the bedroom ceilings fell to the floor. Knowing Mr. Bowser's peculiarities, I left matters untouched until he came home to dinner.

"This is a nice state of affairs!" he exclaimed, as he looked into the bedroom.

"Why didn't you knock all the chimneys off the house while you were about it?"

"What did I have to do with it, Mr. Bowser?"

"Weren't you right here all the time? Did I do it? Did baby do it? Did some of the neighbors come in and knock it down with a crow-bar?"

"It fell because it was poorly put up in the first place."

"It fell Mrs. Bowser, because you got the step-ladder and climbed up through the scuttle-hole and went walking across the joists in the attic. I expect to come home any day and find the house in ruins."

But Mr. Bowser goes even further than this sometimes. One day a high wind blew down a portion of the back fence, and when he came home he stood and gazed at the wreck for a moment and then turned on me with:

"Well, what less could have been expected?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Bowser?"

"Oh, it's all right! You just keep on and see how you will come out!"

"But did I blow that fence down, Mr. Bowser?"

"Did I? You were here all the time. You say it was the wind, but where are your proofs? Why didn't you wreck the barn while you were about it?"

And one evening when he came home looking out of sorts and I asked him if anything was wrong he snapped me up with:

"Boil coming on my leg!"

"That's too bad."

"Yes—um—I understand!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Bowser?"

"Never you mind. You keep right on and see where you will end."

"But am I to blame that you have a boil on your leg?"

"It's all right, Mrs. Bowser. I can see through a mill stone as well as the next man."

"Mr. Bowser, you don't mean to insinuate—"

"That's all right. Just keep right away from me. I have long had my suspicions, and this confirms them. I'll look over my accounts to-night and have a plain talk with you in the morning."—Detroit Free Press.

The Sun-Dance of the Sioux.

Lieut. Schwatka contributes to, and Fred-eric Remington graphically illustrates in the March Century a curious custom of the Sioux. From this article we quote the following: "When all had assembled and the medicine men had set the date for the beginning of the great dance dedicated to the sun, the sun pole was selected. A handsome young pine or fir, forty or fifty feet high, with the straightest and most uniformly tapering trunk that could be found within a reasonable distance, was chosen. The selection is always made by some old woman, generally the oldest one in the camp, if there is any way of determining, who leads a number of maidens gaily dressed in the beautiful headed buckskin gowns they wear on state occasions; the part of the maidens is to strip the tree of its limbs as high as possible without felling it. Woe to the girl who claims to be a maiden, and joins the procession the old squaw forms against whose claims any reputable warrior or squaw may publicly proclaim. Her punishment is swift and sure, and her degradation more cruel than interesting.

"The selection of the tree is the only special feature of the first day's celebration. After it has been stripped of its branches

nearly to the top, the brushwood and trees for a considerable distance about it are removed, and it is left standing for the ceremony of the second day.

"Long before sunrise the eager participants in the next great step were preparing themselves for the ordeal; and a quarter of an hour before the sun rose above the broken hills of white clay a long line of naked young warriors, in gorgeous war-paint and feathers, with rifles, bows and arrows, and war-lances in hand, faced the east and the sun-pole which was from five to six hundred yards away. Ordinarily this group of warriors numbers from fifty to possibly two hundred men. An interpreter near me estimated the line I beheld as from a thousand to twelve hundred strong. Not far away, on a high hill overlooking the barbaric scene, was an old warrior, a medicine-man of the tribe, I think, whose solemn duty it was to announce by a shout that could be heard by every one of the expectant throng the exact moment when the tip of the morning sun appeared above the eastern hills. Perfect quiet rested upon the line of young warriors and upon the great throng of savage spectators that blacked the green hills overlooking the arena. Suddenly the old warrior, who had been kneeling on one knee, with his extended palm shading his scraggy eye-brows, arose to his full height, and in a slow, dignified manner waved his blanketed arm above his head. The few warriors who were still unmounted now jumped hurriedly upon their ponies; the broken, wavering line rapidly took on a more regular appearance; and then the old man, who had gathered himself for the great effort, hurled forth a yell that could be heard to the uttermost limits of the great throng. The morning sun had sent its commands to its warriors on earth to charge."

"The shout from the hill was re-echoed by the thousand men in the valley; it was caught up by the spectators on the hills as the long line of warriors hurled themselves forward towards the sun-pole, the objective point of every armed and naked savage in the yelling line. As they converged towards it the slower ponies dropped out, and the weaker ones were crushed to the rear. Nearer and nearer they came, the long line becoming massed until it was but a surging crowd of plunging horses and yelling, gesticulating riders. When leading warriors had reached a point within a hundred yards of the sun-pole, a sharp report of rifles sounded along the line, and a moment later the rushing mass was a sheet of flame, and the rattle of rifle shots was like the rapid beat of a drum resounding among the hills. Every shot, every arrow, and every lance was directed at the pole, and lark and chips were flying from its sides like shavings from the rotary lat of a planer. When every bullet had been discharged, and every arrow and lance had been hurled, the riders crowded around the pole and shouted as only excited savages can shout.

"Had it fallen in this onslaught, another pole would have been chosen and another morning devoted to this performance. Though this seldom happens, it was thought that the numerous assailants of this pole might bring it to the ground. They did not, however, although it looked like a ragged scarecrow, with chips and bark hanging from its mutilated sides.

"That such a vast, tumultuous throng could escape accident in all that wild charging, firing of shots, hurling of lances and arrows, and great excitement would be wondering on a miracle, and no miracle happened. One of the great warriors was trampled upon in the charge and died late that evening, and another Indian was shot. The lances, spears, and cuts that might have been spoken of in lesser affairs were here unnoted, and nothing was heard of them."

The Child Mind.

A child's mind is a soil with its own powers; a soil which we did not make, but into which we have to put the right thing. Our best art consists in enabling the powers of the soil to act, instead of thwarting and perverting them. The seed we sow we should sow with the thought before our eyes; a thought as true in education as it is in religion, and admirably conveyed in one of the most profound verses of the New Testament, with which I will conclude:

"So is the kingdom of God, as if you may cast seed on to the earth, and go to bed and get up next day, and the seed will shoot up and bear fruit, though you do not know."—Matthew.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Doubt is faith in the main, but faith, on the whole, is doubt.

You will never regret having sacrificed a pleasure to fulfil a duty.

I'm not one of those as can see the cat in the dairy, and wonder what she's come after.

It is faith's work to claim and challenge loving kindness out of all the roughest strokes of God.

It is as truly a religious work to pass good laws as it is to preach sermons; as holy a work to lead a crusade against filth, vice and disease in slums and cities, and to seek the abolition of the disgraceful tenement houses of our cities, as it is to send missionaries to the heathen.

Religion in its purity is not so much a pursuit as a temper; or rather, it is a temper leading to the pursuit of all that is high and holy. Its foundation is faith; its action, works; its temper, holiness; its aim, obedience to God in improvement of self and benevolence to men.

If a woman's young and pretty, I think you can see her good looks all the better for her being plainly dressed. It seems to me as a woman's face does not want flowers; it almost a flower itself. It's like when a man's singing a good tune, you don't want to hear bells tinkling and interfering with the sound.

After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is true. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.

Why poison your happiness with hatreds; with thoughts of retaliation; with bitterness of feeling? Revenge is the weapon of the foolish. Anger is the language of the vulgar. To make another suffer is the trick of a mean nature. To smile when others frown; to extend the hand to one who has injured you; to be as polite to your wife as you were to your sweetheart; to be, at least, as kind to your children as you are to your pet dog—these are marks of beauty, for beauty lives with kindness."

Winter Sale.

Of Berlin Wools and Fancy Goods.

- Berlin Wools, all colors, single and double, 7c per doz.
Shetland and Andalusian Wools, all colors, 10c per doz.
Baldwin's Best Fingering Wools, all colors, 10c a skein, \$1.50 per lb.
Baldwin's Best Saxony Wool, all colors, 10c a skein, \$1.50 per lb.
Peacock Fingering Wool, superior quality, \$1.00 per lb.
Crewel Wool, all the new shades, 2c per dozen skeins.
Ice Wool, all the new shades, 10c per ball.
All our wools are made specially for us, and we guarantee them the very best.
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Wash Silks, guaranteed to wash, 10c per doz.
Filonelle, 100 shades, best quality, 10c and 8c a skein.
Arras, in all colors, best quality, 2c per doz.
Marrame Cord 1 lb ball, 15 colors, 10c per doz.
Felt, all new colors, best quality, 25c and 30c per yard.
Tweed, 10 styles, 20 colors, 2c per doz.
Woolen Java (Carrac) all colors, 10c per doz.
As we have a large stock of these goods on hand which have only lately arrived, will be offered at the following prices:
Towel Sets, 5 pieces, all sizes, 10c.
Flowers, 2c per doz.
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Sideboard Scarfs, 10c each.
Also Gently used Sewing Machines, \$1.00.
A Special Offer:
Linen, 10c per doz.
Cotton, 10c per doz.
Wool, 10c per doz.
Silk, 10c per doz.
Ribbons, 10c per doz.
Buttons, 10c per doz.
Thread, 10c per doz.
Needles, 10c per doz.
Scissors, 10c per doz.
Sewing Boxes, 10c per doz.
Sewing Kits, 10c per doz.
Sewing Machines, 10c per doz.
Sewing Tools, 10c per doz.
Sewing Supplies, 10c per doz.
Sewing Accessories, 10c per doz.
Sewing Patterns, 10c per doz.
Sewing Books, 10c per doz.
Sewing Magazines, 10c per doz.
Sewing News, 10c per doz.
Sewing Journals, 10c per doz.
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Sewing Calendars, 10c per doz.
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Sewing Interfacing Paper, 10c per doz.
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Sewing Bias Applique, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Embroidery, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Lace, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Net, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Tulle, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Organza, 10c per doz.
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Sewing Bias Wool, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Rayon, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Polyester, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Nylon, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Spandex, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Leather, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Faux Fur, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Velvet, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Satin, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Tulle, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Lace, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Applique, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Embroidery, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Lace, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Applique, 10c per doz.
Sewing Bias Embroidery, 10c per doz.

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# "COME FORTH."

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," "Between the Gates,"

AND REV. HERBERT D. WARD

## CHAPTER XI.

The relation of Lazarus to the Nazarene had been peculiar. No other person among the friends of the Rabbi had a similar experience. The acquaintance of the two had begun on this wise:

Lazarus had a contract for some fine carving upon a portion of the Temple; that always growing and never-completed pride and glory of the Jews, upon which 10,000 men worked for over 40 years, and in which there always remained the next touch possible to the patient artist of a beautiful thing.

Lazarus needed for his purpose some special carpentering of a high order of skill, and being a conscientious workman sought for some time the hand required. There was finally recommended to him a young man, bearing the very common name of Jesus, a resident of a low, unpopular locality, known as Nazareth. This person, it was said, exhibited a skill beyond his fellows, executing work of a fine order. Lazarus sought for him, and set him to work in the sacred building. This might have been five or six years before the time of our story. The young man performed his task with a skill and effect unknown to the experience of the builder in any common workman.

"Your tools verily fly to your bidding," said the employer to the employee one day as he stood watching the Nazarene for a long time. Jesus laid down the tool in his hand, and regarded the builder with a strange look. He replied that this might be possible. Lazarus, in amazement, inquired the meaning of these words. The young man made further answer to the effect that many things unknown and unwrought were possible, for which the times and the hearts of men were not ripe.

"I comprehend you not," said Lazarus. The carpenter was silent.

"But I do desire it," continued the builder. "I perceive you are a high-minded man, occupied with thoughts not pleasure. You have reflected more than I. I would that you explained yourself, if you think me worthy of your confidence," added Lazarus with the modesty of a truly delicate nature capable of recognizing its superior in an inferior social position. The young workman responded quietly to this tribute, which seemed neither to elate nor surprise him. He replied that he must needs ask for seclusion if the builder desired more from him concerning the matter, which was not one, he said, suitable for the curiosity or discussion of the many.

"Meet me on this spot," said the builder, "at day fall; after the return of the workmen to their homes. Then shall thou explain to me how a tool can fly to do thy bidding."

At the hour appointed, the two met in a dark portion of the Temple. The priests were absent, and observed them not. They prayed at a distance. The Nazarene had a sacred character. Lazarus a life-long impression of the Nazarene received him earnestly, asking his reasons.

"My hands arise and I can cut a bunch of grapes from our heads," said the Nazarene.

"How canst thou do that?" asked Lazarus.

"I can do it," replied the Nazarene.

"What could the lover do? To advance like a man, and woo the maiden of her father, was impossible. The High Priest gave no chance to a carpenter. A suspicion of the Nazarene would be fatal to everything. Annas was capable of sending his daughter to Egypt, Rome, or wherever, he would reach of an indelible lover. He was able of design upon the lover—

Annas was a man of the Nazarene, and at least—and he was the instructor of Amos; and repulsively

picked it up carelessly and laid it in its place. But Jesus said to the builder:

"See thou tell no man. Speak not of these things; for the time is not ready for it." The two young men looked each other solemnly in the eye.

"What art thou?" demanded Lazarus. But Jesus made him no reply.

"Who art thou?" persisted Lazarus.

"Times will teach thee," answered the other.

From this hour a friendship sprang between the two young men. It was closely felt rather than closely cultivated; for their ways led them apart. Lazarus remained true to the confidence of the Nazarene; he made mention of it to no person from that time forth; in fact even between themselves, as is the way of reserved men, the wonder was never again alluded to. Lazarus regarded that bit of mysterious carving in the Temple with a certain awe; but his mind never insisted on an explanation of the phenomenon. The Oriental accepts mystery naturally; Lazarus was not ignorant of the marvels of his country; but in anything of this nature, he was totally inexperienced. He never forgot it. In later years, when the Nazarene grew into his tremendous popularity as a travelling Rabbi; when the wonders that he wrought were brought as a tale that is told, almost every week to the ears of Lazarus, that little scene in the Temple came back to him significantly. Probably it had prepared the prosperous, busy young Jew the more seriously to consider the awful claims of his friend when the time came that these were presented to Jewish society.

During the public career of the Nazarene the two had met; but less often than might have been expected. Both men were absorbingly busy, and in divergent ways. A strong tenderness, however, remained ripe between them. It had been the pleasure of Lazarus boldly to entertain Jesus at his house as often as possible; it was not very often. Lazarus had shown no pusillanimity in this matter. When the muttering began, which menaced the usefulness and was doomed to threaten the very life of the young religious teacher; when Sanhedrin and Court, Priest and Pharisee, marked the most spiritual man in Judea with their dangerous displeasure, the rich and influential citizen remained loyal to his early affection for the poor itinerant. Lazarus had been hospitable and affectionate to Jesus. He called himself true. Up to this time he had been as attentive to his friends as circumstances permitted.

Now, to him as to thousands of live young natures this had happened. The sea of love had overwhelmed him; and in it, friendship was afloat or drowning, struggling for dear life.

The fatal evening at the palace instituted a duel of rupture and despair in the soul of Lazarus. At first delight dominated. Zahara loved him. Heaven and earth could not change that. But when the next day wore on, and the next and another, and the barricade of circumstances between himself and the High Priest's daughter took on the full strength of common reality, Lazarus succumbed to his misery. The work was done. There was now no excuse for going to the palace; there was now no opportunity to go to the palace. There was, therefore, no Zahara.

What could the lover do? To advance like a man, and woo the maiden of her father, was impossible. The High Priest gave no chance to a carpenter. A suspicion of the Nazarene would be fatal to everything. Annas was capable of sending his daughter to Egypt, Rome, or wherever, he would reach of an indelible lover. He was able of design upon the lover—Annas was a man of the Nazarene, and at least—and he was the instructor of Amos; and repulsively

good-natured and cold, frank and scheming, affectionate and relentless. If a love affair in his household got beyond his indolent observation, nothing would be easier than for Annas to atone for a little negligence by extreme measures. In the state of society then existing in Judea, the power of a dignitary like Annas was uncontrolled and dangerous. What he did would not be questioned. What he chose would be effected. The disposal of an objectionable person would be made as comfortable as possible for the disposer; methods would not matter. What would the disappearance of a builder signify?

Lazarus fully realized his position. It seemed to be a hopeless one. But youth and love are eager, and despair uncomfortable. Lazarus found in himself interludes of perfectly unreasonable hope.

During these he haunted the region of the palace, drawing as near as he dared, without detection. He never saw her; not once. He watched for her litter in the streets. He mingled with people and listened to the gossip about the movements of her father. He neglected his business; he ate little; he slept less. One day after a long tramp over the mountain and up to its top, whence he could look down upon the palace of the High Priest when Lazarus came to go home it was nearly high noon and he felt the vengeance of the sun upon his head. He grew blind and dizzy; and looked abroad for the familiar outline of the scenery in the valley, suddenly he could see nothing, and a faintness seized him.

"There floweth the brook Kedron" thought Lazarus. "And yonder should be the palace, and there must be the house of Simon the Leper. I am not well. I have walked too far. I cannot distinguish objects. My head hath a singular sense of heat and pain. I must rest me and shield me beneath the first spot of shade that I can reach. Verily, I am overworn."

Suddenly, with these thoughts half-muttered upon his parched lips, the young man sank to the ground. The full power of the sun scorched his brain and body; and he became unconscious where he lay, a prone and helpless figure, face down upon the hot side of Olivet.

There was a little garden near him, toward which Lazarus had been struggling. It was the property of a friend of his, a spot of rich fine foliage, thick and cool, a pleasant secluded place. It went by the name of Gethsemane.

Lazarus fainted just without the walls of this garden. If we should call it a faint, I am not sure; his condition had too many causes, and was too serious to be lightly named. He remained unconscious for a long time.

When he came to himself, the grateful sense of shadow overhung him. The steady sun was quite shielded away from his burning head. Olive trees formed a massive shelter, a green and graceful tent above him; the slender outline of a long leaves quivered on the edge of a bough against a fiery sky; the grey atoms of the leaf added to the impression; at the olive was a cool tree. A soft air played, like un-ten fingers, upon these delicate leaves. The scents of richly-cultivated fruits and flowers met in a pleasant nondescript perfume which was probably as intelligible to the stricken man as it would have been at any time; for Lazarus had handled too many tools to be familiar with flowers. It was Zahara he cared for, not the lily. He turned his eyes idly about the familiar gorgeous garden. He was quite alone. He recognized the spot immediately, and the fact that unknown hands had brought him thither.

But whose? And where were they?

"Amos" called Lazarus faintly, naming the name of his friend. There was no answer to the call and Lazarus repeated it several times before the proprietor of the garden appeared. When he did so, he came leisurely through the olive trees, walking with the comfortable step of a well-to-do man of agricultural temperament. He was a middle-aged, thoughtful Jew, a person of some social importance, and deeply in sympathy with the religious movement in which Lazarus had been, of late, a delinquent.

"Ah, there you are," said Amos. "I left you to sleep it out. You have had a bad time of it, Lazarus, and verily you have escaped a worse."

"What aileth thee?" demanded Lazarus feebly.

"A stroke of the sun, and nothing less," said Amos, shortly. "I wonder not. How

came you on the top of Olivet at noon of a day like this?"

"I meant to get home," murmured Lazarus, "I forgot myself."

"Meant! Forgot!" cried Amos. "These are pretty words for a busy, sensible fellow. I know thee not, Lazarus, in these days. I understand thee not."

"Nor I myself," replied Lazarus, feebly. He really felt too ill to be scolded. But Amos took the opportunity to hit his friend while he was down; it is a very old custom, as old as friendship.

"So it was you that brought me hither," said Lazarus, "I thank you, Amos. In fact, I think I was hard bested. But how did you manage it? I am a heavy fellow."

"In faith, I did not manage it all," replied Amos, "It was not I, Lazarus, who brought you here to Gethsemane."

"Who then?" cried Lazarus, starting from the ground and staring about the garden, "Where is he? Who is he?"

"He who took that burden upon himself, hath departed from thee," said Amos, gravely.

"He watched thee till the signs of consciousness appeared. He did watch thee and minister to thee as man doth not minister to man, except he loveth him. When thou didst move, and summon thy senses back to thy countenance he arose and went his way."

"I go," he said, "Stay me not."

"I go before he waketh." But he commended thee to me and to my tenderness in words that would have wrung thy heart; and he did bless thee, Lazarus; and departed from thee."

"Tell me his name," demanded Lazarus; "Who did so serve me, and so depart from me?"

"I name thee no names," replied the proprietor of Gethsemane severely, "thou asketh, verily, a slipshod question, Lazarus, to my thinking. Who would he be? Who must he be? What man is he who climbeth Olivet not on fool's business like thine own—but on awful errands with his God? Who seeketh this my garden and spendeth whole nights herein that he may pray here? What man is he who seeth a sufferer upon the wayside afar off and succoreth him, and hath saved him before the eye of any other man hath so much as attended to his calamity? What man is he who beareth with the coldness of a friend and forgiveth it unto him and guardeth him and shieldeth him and overwhelmeth him with tenderness and will not obtrude his presence to receive from obligation that which love did not offer? Is there more than one man in Judea builded after this manner, Lazarus?"

And Lazarus was silent before Amos. For he knew that there was no man but one who would have served him and saved him as he had been served and saved.

"When thou seest the Nazarene," began Lazarus, with emotion.

"When thou seest him," interrupted Amos, "thou canst speak for thyself. In truth it occurreth to me that between him and thee no third man should intervene at all."

"You are right, Amos," said Lazarus earnestly, "I shall soon have an opportunity of speaking with him."

"Love makes its opportunities," replied Amos. So blindfold, so hand-bound is friendship! This was the most unfortunate thing which Amos could have said. His words swung the mind of Lazarus holly in the last direction in which, at that moment, it should have turned. Love, opportunity, Zahara! A mob of maddening images possessed the lover's fevered brain. He longed to get away alone that he might gloat upon them. The respectable Amos, the decorous garden, seemed phantoms of the sun-stroke; Jesus of Nazareth a gentle apparition.

Only Zahara was too real to be thrust out of the possibility of Lazarus by any interruption of feeling. Zahara dominated his being, a splendid force, as the sun of the East had smitten him to the earth.

(T. A. CONTINUED.)

Tutti Frutti is a fashionable brand of chewing gum, dear to the hearts and teeth of thousands of American and Canadian girls. Sold everywhere 5 cents.

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## The Home.

The editor will be glad to have short letters from any of his friends who feel disposed to write, asking questions, giving advice, hints to other housekeepers, receipts, or anything which they think would add to the interest of this department. But communications ought to be as brief as possible.

### Mistakes of Women in Marrying.

Much might be said on this subject, but I wish merely to make mention of a point or two which have come under my observation as being pitiful mistakes on the part of young women in choosing their husbands.

"Marry the man you love," is generally given as the true and reliable principle to follow, and far be it from me to maintain that this in itself is wrong. I most emphatically endorse this advice. No maiden should marry a man until she is fully satisfied that her choice has been made in the knowledge of true love. This, however, is not beginning at the right end, and it is not all there is of the subject. While love may be rightly called the final "authority supreme" in the matter of forming a companionship for life, it is not to be sent out as the leader to decide and settle upon anyone to whom its whimsical notion may happen to be attracted; for love is proverbially blind, often injudicious and mistaken, and, in youth, apt to be taken up with things wholly unimportant, and tending to move directly on to matrimony and misery, while all sensible and thinking people can see and know beforehand the certain result of its desperate and unwise undertaking. It is not the office of love, but of good judgment, wisdom and sound common sense to make the selection; and when to these factors love is added, the union cannot be otherwise than a happy, blissful and profitable one.

Never should a woman choose a husband from the rank beneath her. Since it is claimed on Biblical authority that the husband shall be the wife's superior in some things, it is of great importance that she choose a man who is worthy of this position—superior, not only in all manly qualities and accomplishments, but also her full equal in all moral, mental and intellectual development. In no case should he be her inferior. What a gross inconsistency for a woman to pledge herself to love, honor and revere her husband when her judgment tells her only too plainly that he is her inferior in moral principles, in intellect, and in her general ideas of life. It is but natural for the devoted wife to look up—not down—to her husband, and to strive to climb to the higher level of his cultured aspirations; while the inferior husband will seldom do this, but, on the contrary, will be more like a weight to drag her down.

It is true that there are some points in the matter of selecting a companion where it is preferable, perhaps, sometimes very desirable, to choose the direct opposite, as, for instance, in temperament, physical form, etc.; but in all moral pursuits, the ideas of the twin should run parallel, as this is wherein the success and prosperity of their future happiness centers. With much scrutiny should the woman, therefore, endeavour to ascertain of her suitor, his nature, taste, ambition, rank, and his ideal of life, and compare them with her own; for in these points they must necessarily hold opinions and fill places not antagonistic but in concurrence to each other, if their life and their union is to be one of harmony, mutual sympathy and happiness. No delicate and truly sentimental woman (in the right sense of that word) can insure a lasting happiness by committing her future to a coarse, uncultured and unrefined husband. No woman delighting and living in literature, craving for music and art, can find a worthy and suitable companion in a man who can talk about nothing except his full-blooded Normans, Darhams and Holsteins. No woman can, with interest, long keep up the cultivation of her natural talents and gifts when her husband considers every minute and every cent devoted thereto a total loss of time and money.

She will almost invariably, after a time, lose courage and, exhausted by her unceasing working against the current, sink back to the lower level of a less intellectual life. Thus many bright, educated, highly endowed and intelligent women are forced to live an objectless life, to a great extent, because of the total non-appreciation of their husbands for anything which marks the higher and nobler aspirations in their wives, and

because of their absolute failure in stimulating their intellectual wants.

Thus it happens that many a high talent and noble endowment in women is never unearthed, or is again buried under a heap of neglect and non-recognition, and all because the two are mismatched. Their tastes and ideas are strange to each other; their aspirations and objects in life are set in opposite directions; what the wife delights in the husband considers absurd; consequently, it follows that, in time, sympathy and love decline and the union is not a happy one. To how great a degree is such a life a life of bondage and imprisonment to the free, noble and elevated spirit of an intellectual woman.

### Breakfast Potatoes.

There is no reason why a nondescript mixture of potatoes and milk should appear on our breakfast tables every morning, when a variety of delicious dishes may be prepared in a few moments from cold or raw potatoes. French fried potatoes are easily cooked. The potatoes can be peeled the night before, if necessary, and are considered by some authorities better for soaking in the water over night. In the morning, while the fire is coming up, put over the stove the kettle of fat, a little at the back; and as soon as the fat is melted, draw it over the fire, where it should heat till it smokes all over. While the fat is heating, wipe the peeled potatoes carefully if they have been soaking in water, and cut each one lengthwise into eight or ten strips. Put a pint of potato strips into a two-quart kettle of boiling fat, and let them cook for ten minutes. Be careful to see that the fat is very hot, as the moisture in the potatoes cools rapidly. As soon as the potatoes are browned a fine yellow lift them up slowly, to drain, with a wire spoon, and lay them on a piece of coarse brown paper and shift them on a hot platter. Sprinkle over salt and set them in a warm place till another pint is cooked.

A simple, delicious method of serving potatoes is hashed and browned. Chop eight potatoes, season with salt and pepper, and add to them three teaspoonfuls of butter. Mix the butter well through, and pour the potatoes in a smooth frying-pan, and let them cook over the fire for six or seven minutes, with the lid on. By this time they should be well browned on the bottom. Fold them over in an omelet form, and dish them on a hot platter, and serve as an accompaniment to a dish of breaded chops or meat fried in butter.

Lyonnaise potatoes are excellent for a change. Cut up eight potatoes in small cubes, or chop them coarsely with a knife. Season them with pepper and salt. Mince a small onion fine, and fry it till it is a fine, straw color in a tablespoonful of butter; add the potatoes. Toss them till they are light brown, or touched with brown—it will take three or four minutes—and then serve them at once in a hot dish. Lyonnaise potatoes are excellent served with broiled steak or with broiled calf's liver. There are many other ways of preparing potatoes besides stewing them or frying them in a pan, though both these methods are good if not resorted to exclusively. Thick slices of cold potatoes dipped in melted butter and broiled are excellent. A dish of scalloped potatoes offers still another method of preparing cold potatoes. Select eight cold potatoes, slice them in thin slices, season them and pour over them a cream sauce, made with a tablespoonful of butter melted in a saucepan, and a tablespoonful of flour stirred in, and a pint of milk. Put the potatoes and cream sauce in an earthen baking dish, sprinkle fine bread crumbs over the top of the dish, and bits of butter, and bake it for twenty minutes in a hot oven.

### Some Tested Recipes.

**WHIPPED CREAM.**—To make whipped cream sauce, whip a pint of rich cream, beat the whites of two eggs stiff, add them to the cream and sweeten to taste.

**WELSH RABBIT.**—Toast thin slices of bread and cut into squares. Immerse while hot; moisten slightly with hot water and lay on a hot plate. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and mustard; pour over enough melted cheese to cover and serve hot, a slice of toast to each person.

**BLACK BEAN SOUP.**—Soak one quart of black beans over night in soft, luke-warm

water. Put them over the fire next morning with one gallon of cold water and about two pounds of salt pork. Boil slowly for three hours, keeping the pot well covered. Shred into it a head of celery; add pepper; simmer half an hour longer, strain through a colander, and serve with slices of lemon passed to each guest.

**ALMOND PUDDING.**—Blanch one ounce of bitter and one-quarter pound of sweet almonds and pound them to a paste in a mortar; add a few drops of rose-water while pounding. Stir one-quarter pound of butter and one-quarter pound of sugar to a cream. Beat well the whites of six eggs; stir the almonds and beaten eggs alternately into the butter and sugar. Line a pie dish with puff paste, pour in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. Sprinkle with sugar, and serve.

**LEMON HONEY.**—Beat the yolks of six eggs until light, add gradually, beating all the while one pound of powdered sugar. Beat a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, add to it the yolk and sugar, beat well, and then stir in carefully the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Pour this into a double boiler, and stir continually over the fire until the mixture is about the consistency of very thick cream, take from the fire and add the grated rind of one and the juice of two lemons, mix, and turn into a stoneware or china bowl to cool.

**STEAMED BERRY PUDDING.**—A simple and wholesome steamed berry pudding is made by sifting two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a half teaspoonful of salt into a pint of sifted flour. Add one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, two eggs beaten light, and a half cup of sugar. Stir in one pint of berries (or a cup of seedless raisins) and steam in a closely covered tin pail or regular steamer, for two hours. Stand the steamer on a perforated false bottom in the iron pot, that must contain water enough to last two hours, and be kept boiling from start to finish. Serve with sauce made with one pint boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of flour, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, all boiled together. Strain, and flavor with vanilla or lemon.—*Good Housekeeping.*

### An Extraordinary Instance of Sleep Walking.

A housemaid at the Parsonage, Haddington, named Agnes Samuel, lost her mother to whom she was greatly attached, in the month of May last year. The impression which this deprivation made upon the girl's mind gave rise to frequent dreams that she was either with her poor mother, or was going to meet her. After dreaming of her mother repeatedly, one night she rose, put on an "ulster" over her night-dress, a pair of stockings, a pair of gloves, and a hat. Thus attired she opened and shut seven doors, three of which were either locked or bolted, between her bedroom and the street. Then she started to walk to Gifford, a distance of four miles, over a rough, and in many places, a newly macadamised road. "The morning was very dark and tempestuous, a high wind was blowing, and frequent and heavy showers of rain were falling. On reaching the churchyard, the gate of which was locked, she climbed over the wall and the iron railing on the top of it and once within the enclosure she made her way to her mother's grave and lay down upon it. How long she remained there is unknown, but in this position she awoke at three o'clock in the morning. Her first impressions on awakening were not those of fear and consternation, as might be expected, at the queer situation in which she found herself, but rather of wonder and surprise as to how she got there. Having regained consciousness she started to walk to her father's house, a mile beyond the village of Gifford, and arrived there much to the surprise of her friends, at a quarter past three in the morning. She seems to have been perfectly unconscious of anything during her long walk, except that an idea which she could not define as a dream, was floating through her mind about travelling over "smooth roads." Agnes Samuel, it may be added, is of respectable parents and bears an excellent character.

Four-year-old May, on seeing moon one evening, exclaimed with "Oh, look, mamma, look! The moon is just like a ball of soap."

### A GOOD KIND OF FACE TO HAVE.

**Memory of Events.**—This is shown by a wide, full forehead in the centre.

**Reasoning Power.**—A high, long, and well-defined nose and a broad face exhibit this great faculty.

**Moral Courage.**—This faculty manifests itself by wide nostrils, short neck, and eyes set directly in front.

**Language.**—This faculty is exhibited in many parts of the face, particularly by large, full eyes, opened wide.

**Self-Esteem.**—This faculty shows itself in a long or deep upper lip. Large self-esteem gives one dignity, self-control, and perfect independence.

**Firmness.**—The presence of this faculty, when very large, is indicated by a long, broad chin. Firmness is synonymous with wilfulness, perseverance, and stability.

**Perception of Characters.**—This is indicated by a long, high nose at the lower end or tip. This faculty is very useful, if not indispensable, to a judge in the exercise of the functions of his office.

**Power of Observation.**—The situation of this faculty is in the face just above the top of the nose, filling out the forehead to a level with the parts on each side of the nose. It is a faculty which enables one to concentrate the mind upon the subject being discussed.

**Conscientiousness.**—This is shown in the face by a square jaw, a bony chin, prominent cheek bones, and a general squareness of the features of the entire face. To be conscientious means that one has a sense of justice, honesty of purpose, rectitude of character, and moral courage.

"And what's all this I hear, Barbara, about your wanting to find some occupation?" "Well, you see it is so dull at home, uncle. I've no brothers or sisters—and papa's paralyzed—and mamma's going blind—so I want to be a hospital nurse."

The Duke of Eife is to preside at Stanley's first lecture in London. All the seats have been sold, although the lowest price was \$5. Stanley is to receive \$300 for the lecture and the Polytechnic Institute, at which it is to be delivered, expects to make from \$3,500 to \$4,000 from it.

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LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS.**



**CURE**

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Nausea, Vomiting, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

**SICK**

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, cure and prevent this annoying complaint, they also correct all disorders of the Liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

**HEADACHE**

Acho they would be a blessing to all who suffer from the least headache, indigestion, or any of the above troubles. They will cure them all. Do not miss a chance.



SNOW IN THE SIERRAS.

A Hermit Living Forty Feet Beneath The Surface—A Lost Cabin.

Harry Hartley, who is wintering at Meadow Lake, writes that the snow in that brightest gem of the high Sierras is forty feet deep on the level. He constitutes the whole and sole population of the once famous town, and has about him whole streets of houses that are inhabited by nothing except the ghost of dead hopes. He has a dwelling, the most desirable two-story house in the place. This he enters through a trap-door placed in the roof and opening downward. His stove-pipe stands fifteen feet higher than the top of the roof, yet snow has this winter been over the top of it. He has from the trap door in his roof an incline in the snow, in which steps are cut, that lead up to the general surface of our planet. This he frequently finds filled with snow of mornings on letting down his trap door. A principal part of his work this winter has been digging his way to daylight.

Just in the rear of his residence is a three-story building which he uses as a workshop. In the beginning of winter he entered this by a door on the ground floor; later he reached it through a window leading in from the balcony of the second story, and finally he was obliged to use as a door, the uppermost window in the third story; even this he has often found it difficult to reach, the snow being smooth and level over the top of the house.

On one occasion this winter Mr. Hartley ascended to the surface, mounted his snow shoes, and glided down the mountain to the Fordyce dam in search of mail matter. He was only a few minutes in going a distance of three or four miles down a hill; but to return was the difficulty, for while he remained waiting for dinner a furious snow-storm had come up.

He started for home in the midst of the storm. In the light snow and going up hill, his snow shoes were of little use. In the blinding storm he lost his way, and was for several hours wallowing in the snow. At last he ran his head against the sharp end of a branch of a pine. On examining this he knew that the tree was one he had lopped off a tree that stood within about one hundred yards of his house. From this point he got his bearings, and at last reached and dug his way down into his home—a house beneath a level plain of snow forty feet in depth.

A couple of the owners of the Batte Saddle mine went up there last week to see if every thing was all right. They did not take a shovel with them to dig in the snow for the cabin, because they had before any snow fell, a shovel thirty feet higher than the cabin to a pine tree, in order that they might have it in case they had to go up to the mine during the winter. When they arrived at the spot Monday they could only see a little of the pine tree. It is believed to be about sixty feet deep. The boys of course came back to town without finding out whether their cabin was under the snow or not, but they think that it will turn up all right in the spring, with the shovel hanging to the tree.

A Bod of Tea Roses.

A bod of tea roses may not, perhaps, make brilliant showy parterre in the garden of colors and geraniums, but it is the spot where the gardener spends the most time and care, for there is always something about it; some new variety or an old favorite expanded-flower, whose odor is entirely new, or whose blossom is the centre of a garden. The newcomer directed the provincial to a small hotel, and as it was too late to go to the Pasteur Institute he promised to call for M. Dangin on the morrow. This he did, accompanied by a companion who had likewise been bitten by a mad dog, who descended volubly and pointed out the dangers which the three of them were in. "We may all be dead in a few weeks," the newcomer added, "but my injection does not hurt, and I have some in bank notes."



FIG. 52.—No. 4523. YOUNG LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS. No. 4524.—MISSIS' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 28 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 3 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 28 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 1 1/2 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 1/2 of a yard of 42-inch material, 1 1/2 yards of velvet, 2 1/2 yards of trimming and 1/2 of a yard of silk will be required to make the medium size.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 10 years, 4 1/2 yards; 12 years, 6 yards; 14 years, 6 1/2 yards; 16 years, 8 yards; 18 years, 7 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 10 years, 2 1/2 yards; 12 years, 3 yards; 14 years, 3 1/2 yards; 16 years, 4 yards; 18 years, 4 yards.

Skirt-lining for the medium size, 4 yards; ribbon, 7 yards.

BUNGO A LA PARIS.

How Clever French Swindlers Did Up a Patient of Pasteur.

An honest provincial, suffering like most of his tribe from ignorance of metropolitan ways that are dark, as well as from dog bite, has been lately victimized by what may be called the "Pasteur trick." A coming to M. Dangin's own account, he had just arrived from Moulins with his bitten arm in a sling, and had asked the way to the Pasteur Institute from a policeman. The guardian of the public peace told him to take a certain tram, and hardly had M. Dangin seated himself on the top of the vehicle when he was accosted by a glib young man, who, by a strange coincidence, also had his arm in a sling, and said that he was going to be injected with a prophylactic against hydrophobia at the philanthropic M. Pasteur's establishment. The newcomer directed the provincial to a small hotel, and as it was too late to go to the Pasteur Institute he promised to call for M. Dangin on the morrow. This he did, accompanied by a companion who had likewise been bitten by a mad dog, who descended volubly and pointed out the dangers which the three of them were in. "We may all be dead in a few weeks," the newcomer added, "but my injection does not hurt, and I have some in bank notes."

there being so many bad characters about. Upon this Perand, the man who had first accosted M. Dangin, pulled out a purse full of apparent bank notes and offered to take charge of the money of the timid person. Fears now smote the mind of M. Dangin—the gentleman from the country—who also asked the obliging Perand to look after his money, a request with which that individual complied readily. All three proceeded to the Pasteur Institute. M. Dangin, of course, entered first, the other two affecting a slight delay in their movements, and Perand stating finally that he would wait for a while in a cafe. The two rascals then decamped with M. Dangin's money; but they were captured—although the coin was not—and they have just been sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment each.

Patterns.

Any pattern contained in these pages may be obtained by enclosing price and addressing N. FRANK WILSON, 59 to 63 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. In ordering be careful to state size required, as we cannot change patterns that have been opened.

Lives of sluggish ease bring discontent. The more we are rocked on the stormy waves of adversity the stronger we grow. Indeed, some natures never develop in the sunshine; like the plant that only blooms at midnight, some souls are matured in beauty only through long hours of darkness.

BRITISH NEWS.

A medal has been struck in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary in England of penny postage.

A great show of cavity birds was held recently in the Crystal Palace, London, and it was as popular as a cattle show.

There are now, according to the new directory just issued, 2,234 newspapers published in the United Kingdom, of which 185 are dailies.

By the new rules just issued, no one who owns to more than twenty-three years is eligible to admission as a student of the Royal Academy schools.

English anti-vivisectionists are interested in an advertisement of "live fish, dressed ready for cooking" that has appeared in one of the religious weeklies.

An attempt is being made to resuscitate the Thames River professional regattas, which were abandoned in 1875. Competition is to be limited to the Kingdom.

According to a high authority in the English navy, the decision has been made that masts and spars are hereafter to be banished from all fighting vessels.

An Englishman has invented a desk for the use of persons travelling, the table of which is fixed in such a way that it remains steady in spite of the swaying of the boat or train.

The English army is in a state of discontent because some London theatres refuse to admit non-commissioned officers in uniform to those parts of the house where full dress is required.

The French army authorities are considering the adoption of a helmet of one design for the entire army except the cavalry, and models have been invited from the leading hat makers.

An enormous growth of ivy has partially destroyed the wall of Christ Church, Waterloo, and a few days ago brought a section of it tumbling to the ground. The church had been built fifty years.

An English naval officer has invented a pneumatic line-throwing gun, very light and portable, which fires a hollow shell, bearing the cord to the wrecked vessel, or into burning buildings on dry land.

It is hinted that the Duke of Portland will have a new responsibility added to his burden in about three months. It is almost a century since a direct heir was born to succeed a Duke of Portland.

The dividends of the English street car companies varied last year from 1 1/2 per cent. to 9 1/2, but only five companies went above 6 per cent. They nearly all showed an increase over the previous year.

The Royal Scottish Academy sought this year to raise the standard of art by limiting the number of pictures hung to 700 instead of the usual 1,000. They have raised instead a terrible howl among the artists.

A Parliamentary investigation into the running of trains on railroads entering London from the south shows that upon an average only about 60 per cent. of all passenger trains enter the city on time.

A raid is being made upon Live pool clubs that are reported to be the centres of betting. Eleven hundred and eighty-four summonses are being issued against the directors and frequenters of twenty-five clubs.

An English travelling harpist has been discovered cheating the railroads by carrying his little girl done up in the green bag with his harp. He had travelled so all about England, and had paid no fare for the child.

In Kent, England, a farm of 500 acres that has been let for \$6,000 per year has just been re-let to the same tenant for \$2,500. This is said to be a fair illustration of the decline of farm values in England of late years.

Small pox has broken out in an English settlement known as the "Peculiar People," whose doctrines include a disbelief in the efficacy of doctors or medicine. The most that the health authorities have been able to do has been to enforce the isolation of the patients.

It came out in an English court a few days ago that 100 worn-out horses had just been shipped from that country to Germany and Belgium to be used up in the manufacture of sausage, and that such shipments were a regular thing.

The Duke of Westminster has decided to



abandon for this year his coursing meetings, which have been among the most notable in England, on account of the disease among the hares threatening to make them scarce unless they are given a rest.

In an inquiry before the British Railway Commissioners it has just come out that two men in the employ of a certain railway company as locomotive engineers were compelled to work for forty-eight hours on a stretch. The men seemed to take it as a matter of course, too.

The English army and navy is being outraged by the sight of men in the uniform of the highest officers parading about the streets of London at the head of processions of sandwich men advertising soap, and it is found that there is no law to prevent any one from wearing any uniform except that of a policeman.

The crowd at a recent Football League match at Burney became exasperated at the referee, and attempted to mob him after the game. He was sheltered in the club house until extra police could be summoned, and was then taken away in a cab, followed by a howling, stone-throwing mob.

It has just come out that it is the custom in many London parishes for the Poor Boards to provide able-bodied paupers with brooms and assign them to sweep certain crossings, making them support themselves from what they can get in this way, and thus reducing the workhouse expenses proportionately.

A return has just been issued showing that 412,340 English ladies are entitled to vote in County Council contests, this number including 65,161 women voters in London alone. In municipal elections the total number of ladies entitled to a vote in the boroughs of England and Wales is 243,448.

The cavalry quartermasters in the English army have just been relieved from the duty of wearing a cocked hat, and are to be permitted to use the head dress of the regiment to which they may be attached. It is hinted that the cocked hat will also be abolished in the uniforms of the higher officers of the army.

A boat has been invented in England for the use of duck hunters, in which the oar is thrust through the middle and bottom in a contrivance not unlike a centreboard. The leverage obtained is enormous, and the inventor claims that a small boy, through the use of his device, can beat a professional oarsman in a shell.

A man at Wimborno, England, 66 years old, married his twenty-five-year-old servant a week after his first wife died, and on their way from the Registrar's office the couple were pelted with rice, flour, and peas by a mob of several hundred persons, who at last became so turbulent that the bride had to flee to the house of a relative, while the police took care of the old man.

A young physician attached to the Chelsea Hospital for Women has invented and used, it is said with success, a machine which, in cases of cancer, will direct a current of electricity against a diseased cell strong enough to destroy it and at the same time will not injure a healthy cell. Those that are destroyed are said to turn into a hard substance, that remains without causing the patient any inconvenience.

An English medical commission, incidentally to another investigation, had to make some experiments as to the effect of tight lancing. Female monkeys were used. They were put into a plaster of Paris jacket to imitate stays, and a tight bandage was bound about the waist to imitate the petticoat band. Several of the monkeys died very quickly, and all showed serious injuries resulting from the treatment.

The will of Madhub Roy, a wealthy Indian gentleman, has been upset in the Calcutta courts, because, having lost the use of his hands, he requested a friend to sign it for him in his presence, and the friend, being unable to write, used a mark. If Madhub Roy had made a mark himself, or if the friend had signed instead of marking it would have been all right, but the Indian law does not recognize a mark by a substitute.

Charles John Gay, an English cartman, after a good record of fourteen years, has just been sent to prison for stealing two oranges, worth one penny, from some goods he was carting for a large firm of jam makers. The Court solemnly announced that the gravity of the offence did not lie in the value of the goods but in the breach of

trust toward an employer. The English Home Office has reduced his sentence by one-half.

English rose growers are using blood manure for their vines with much success, it is said. They take sixteen pounds of blood, and as soon as it begins to putrify pour into it four ounces of muriatic acid and four ounces of proto-sulphate of iron, previously mixed, which turns the blood into a dark, dry powder that will keep for any length of time. A half pound of this is mixed with the soil over the roots of each rose bush.

In Tiflis, Russia, a club of 125 families just formed has hired a doctor, M. Oganians, for \$60 per year, who agrees to visit the families regularly and give them advice as to how to keep healthy, to tend them if sick, and, besides, to give the club occasional short lectures upon hygiene and physiology. Each family pays fifty cents per month for this service, and twenty-five poor families are admitted free. Similar arrangements have been made with the druggist.

The ladies of Calcutta are in despair over an outbreak of small-pox just at the height of the social season in the part of the city inhabited by the Darzi caste, who do all the tailor work for the English residents. Every person in the costume of that caste who ventures out of his own section of the city is turned back at once by the police, and the ladies can neither get their gowns that are being made nor send new ones to be made. Tailor-made gowns are all the rage, too.

It is said that the English Government will, at the beginning of the next financial year, enter two thousand boys as apprentices in the navy, and it is suggested that five hundred of these be set to work in the stoke hole, engineers in the navy now complaining that it is almost impossible to get good firemen on a man of war. In the Italian navy a steamer is kept constantly in commission for the sole purpose of training stokers before they are put upon the regular vessels of the navy.

At the Dublin City Sessions recently a man called as a juror presented what he said was a doctor's certificate of his inability to serve. The court read the certificate aloud as follows: "This man has been asking for a certificate that he is unable to serve as a juror. I don't know whether he is a knave or a fool, but he has very little brains and reeks of porter." The juror, upon declaring that he had no idea what was in the certificate when he handed it in, was relieved from a charge of contempt of court.

The question of whether or not it is cruel to dishorn cows is now before the Scotch courts, the defence being that it is necessary to cut off the horns of Irish and Canadian cattle to keep them from goring each other in the feeding courts used in Scotland during the winter. One witness testified that experience had converted him to favor dishorning, and that he now practises it with all his Guernsey cows, who seem to suffer little pain from the operation and the quality of whose milk is not affected by it. The English courts have held that the practice was a cruel one.

In the list of the matriculation examination at the London University just issued the noticeable fact is the small proportion of women who have been successful. Out of 175 women who were candidates the names of 47 appear in the list, as compared with 90 last year out of a slightly smaller number of candidates. Another remarkable feature in the list is the smallness of the total number of candidates who go out with honors. In January, 1889, there were but 47, now, however, the number has fallen to 19. The failures generally are exceptional, though most marked in the case of the women candidates.

The great Alsopp brewing establishment in England was two or three years ago turned into a stock company and capitalized for \$15,000,000, that sum being paid to the Alsopp family for the property, the books of the concern showing a twelve per cent profit on that sum. Now the dividends have fallen to five per cent., and threaten to go lower, and it is intimated that the Alsopp family were disingenuous with the stockholders. The only explanation yet made by the representatives of the family lays the blame for the falling off of the profits upon a bad consignment of barley, which turned out unsound beer, and entailed a loss of \$200,000.

New Zealand three years ago passed a law under which first offenders might be released upon probation instead of being imprisoned. The official returns for the first year show that out of 121 persons so released 68 had so well conducted themselves as to be relieved from further supervision, 53 were still undergoing supervision, nine had failed to satisfy the conditions and were imprisoned, and one only had escaped from the knowledge of the authorities. The expenses of the system, so far as these offenders was concerned, was only one-tenth that of keeping them in prison. Queensland has already passed a similar act, and New South Wales and Victoria are expected to do so.

At the Woking (England) crematory, the number of cremations is steadily increasing. In three years, from 1884 to 1887, the annual average was eight. In 1888 there were 26. In 1889 the number increased to 46, the total number at the end of the year having been exactly 100. This year there have been several every week. In France, at the new crematory in Paris, there were 35 ordinary cremations in 1889, but the number of still-born children and the bodies from the hospitals and anatomical schools is so large that incineration is continually going on both night and day. The *Journal d'Hygiene* says that the total numbers were 119 in 1886, 155 in 1888, and 202 in 1888. At Milan and other Italian towns the numbers are increasing, as also in Germany.

The American ship *Wanderer* recently rescued three Englishmen from the uninhabited island of San Alessandro, where they had been for four years. They state that in October, 1835, they took passage in the Japanese vessel *Matsuo Maric*, at Hakodate, for Amonari, and while crossing the Straits of Isugaru a gale was encountered which blew them out of their course. For eighty days they were tossed about, and finally the vessel was driven ashore on the island of San Alessandro, and five of the crew were drowned. The vessel was patched up, and and left again, but as she was leaking badly the Englishmen refused to trust themselves in her. The three castaways lived chiefly on fruit which grew on the island. They also caught sea birds, and with hooks made out of a part of the works of a watch succeeded in catching fish. They suffered severe privations, especially for want of clothing, and had all given way to despair when the *Wanderer* rescued them.

The divining-rod as a means of finding a good supply of water stood a successful trial recently at Oundle, Northamptonshire. W. Todd, a landowner, requiring a well on a portion of his property, sent for a "diviner" named Pearson. There had been considerable difficulty in obtaining a supply of water in the town, and the Oundle Commissioners had spent \$400 in trial borings, conducted by a professional man, which proved futile. In the presence of a number of spectators, Pearson, with the usual V shaped hazel twig, walked over the estate. In several places the twig was visibly agitated, but the "diviner" kept on until the twig almost bent itself double in his hands. At this spot a well was sunk, with the result that at seventeen feet water was found in such abundance that it rapidly rose to within three feet of the surface, at which height it has since remained. During the making of the well the water procolated into it so rapidly that at frequent intervals operations had to be suspended to pump out the water.

South African Railways.

Arrangements have been concluded by Mr Rhodes on behalf of the British South African Company with the Government of the Cape for the immediate extension of the railway northward from Kimberley. A contract was signed on Oct. 29 last, and on Dec. 23 the work had so far advanced that men were then working almost on the thirty-eighth mile from Kimberley, and

were to begin linking in the rails on the following day.

A bill before the Imperial Parliament declares the right of the public to fish with rod and line in all rivers or streams which are public highways, or upon which the public have right of passage, except where claims of proprietorship can be traced as far back as the days of King Henry II.

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# A SMUGGLER'S SECRET.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

Author of "The Admiral's Lady Biddy Fane," "Under a Strange Mask," "Fettered For Life," Etc., Etc.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE MERCY OF HEAVEN.

"She is gone!" the words struck me with dismay. I concluded at once that old Peter had succeeded in capturing poor Psyche. He was not a man who threatened idly, as the murderous attempt on the girl's life had already proved. I spoke my fear to Sir Henry, and we ran to the cottage.

"You have nothing to fear from him," he replied, with confidence. "It is more probable that she has left the house as she did the other day when she found you gone."

This view was partly confirmed in my mind when I found the back door unbolted. After taking a hasty glance in her room and round the garden we returned to the Chase. It was there she sought me before she knew we were to dine at the house. It was natural to suppose that she had taken the same path and had wandered from the open drive into the deeper shade of the park. Yet my heart sank with a fearful misgiving that the hope was delusive. We went up to the house. Then separating we searched the alleys of the park, calling "Psyche" as we went; but no answer came.

I found myself on the spot where I had asked Ethel to be my wife, and taken her into my arms. Then noticing a close thicket hard by, and remembering the sound of a stifled sob that had reached my ear, I felt convinced that it had come from poor Psyche's wrong heart, and that she in seeing me embrace Ethel as I had never embraced her learnt for herself what I had not found courage to tell her—that I loved Ethel more than I loved her.

"My poor little sister!" I cried, and waited with the last hope of hearing her sweet voice echo "poor little sister!" Not a breath broke the awful silence.

Alone I went back to the cottage. I called her again and again in the garden and went into the house to search in every room with blank hopelessness. Opening the door of my own room I found a trace of her that crisped the hair on my head.

The room was strewn with fresh-cut flowers. There were flowers on my pillow, and beside them the ring that Ethel had put on her finger.

I sat down unable to go further, for this touching souvenir was too significant to be misunderstood. Our conversation of the night before came back to me; what she had said in speaking of the impossibility of Ethel's living with us applied now to herself—"she could not do that. It would be too much pain: more than she could bear. She would rather live alone than see that you are mine and not hers." And she had found that it was for her to go away and live alone. But where had she wandered? I asked myself, starting up as I realised the necessity of finding the poor girl and soothing her broken heart at once. I did not fear suicide. Psyche scarcely knew what death was; the possibility of self-destruction was beyond her imagination. Had she simply gone along the road, on and on, with no object but to get away from the place that had done her so much pain to live? If I found a clue to her destination in a cupboard in which she had hidden her love, the relics she had brought from the cave. The work she had done by my side, the necklace she wore when she was last seen, the faint and the one, and I had

He has always suffered from occasional depression," Ethel said to me, "and I have been able to give him relief. His efforts fail; it seems as if he were that in some way he was responsible for Psyche's wasted life."

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There was a piece you marked in black that I never had time to finish. Only a little more and it would have been all finished," and a little later on she said, "We have forgotten all about poor Psyche; I wonder if he would know me again, and come on my shoulder if I called."

With these recollections coming to my mind, I ran across the downs. There was only one way to the cave that she knew: the way by which we had left it together, and that way I knew she would try to return by—not reasoning that the water must long since have silted up the tunnel. I went down the gap, to my consternation the water was up, and after following the shore some distance I was prevented by the sea from going further.

I ran back, up the gap, and along the cliff in frenzied haste. Beyond Deadman's point I looked down. The light had so faded that I could barely distinguish the fragments of cliff strewn on the shore from the foam of the water beating amidst them. Presently I stood on the cliff just over the cavern and strained my eyes in the dark chaos of rocks and water below. It was there we had come out into the open day. A few jackdaws were wheeling round half way down; their cry was to me a terrible omen. Then gulping down my choking emotion I called, for the last time, "Psyche! Sister! Dear Psyche!"

It may have been no more than imagination, and yet a cold awe chilled me to the heart as there seemed to fall upon my ears that swelling rise and plaintive fall of the æolian song of my sweet little helpmate.

As I rushed back along the cliff I met Sir Henry.

"Good God, man," he cried. "What is the matter, you look like a ghost of yourself."

"Poor Psyche is down there!" I answered through my sobs, still running.

"What do you mean, Thorne?" he asked, his voice almost as broken as mine.

"She has tried to get back to the cave—I know it, I know it! and the water has come up!"

"Oh God, have I thus to answer for, too!" he cried.

We looked into the water like madmen, and waded and swam till the point was rounded, and then we got upon the sand and ran again till we came among the great boulders and ragged fragments of the fallen cliff.

And there we found her—just a little beyond the receding waters in her dabbled dress. Her hands were clasped tightly upon the string of pearls I had put about her neck in days when she knew no pain: and now in her sweet child's face there was the same expression of innocent joy it had worn then. I trust in God's mercy that at the last she forgot that there is suffering in this world, and died with the happiest memories she knew.

## CHAPTER XXIV.—THE EXPIATION.

She lies in the churchyard at Ecclesham. On the stone over her grave there is one word, "Psyche," no more.

Her loss was a terrible blow to all who had known her. Even my grandfather hobbled up to the grave as we left it and dropped in the flowers he had gathered for that purpose. But the one most prostrated was Sir Henry Duncan. He looked like a man who never slept. Morally and physically he seemed unable to hold up his head, and walked as if he had risen from a bed of sickness against his wish. His condition perplexed Ethel as much as it alarmed her; it was less a mystery to me, for I was perfectly sure that in some way he was responsible for Psyche's wasted life.

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"Yes," he said, "it is time I did something. I can't go on like this, blighting the happiness of all I love. You will be over early to-morrow morning; tell her I have gone to consult the best physician I know, and shall act on his advice no matter what it is. I can't tell her myself; she'd ask questions, and I have never told her a lie."

He was absent the next day, and I told Ethel what he had promised to do; but I knew that he had gone no further than the rocks where Psyche perished, and that conscience was the only physician whose guidance he sought and intended to follow. We met him in the evening as he was coming home, his hands behind him, his chin sunk on his breast.

"I've seen him, love," he said, taking Ethel's hand with more tenderness than he had lately displayed. "Says I need change. Tells me I must go away as soon as possible."

"I thought he would advise that," Ethel said. "Where shall we go?"

"I shall go alone," he said firmly; and then with an abrupt change, "when shall you be married?"

"It is almost too early to think of that," she replied, looking down at the craps on her dress.

"I suppose conventional considerations must be studied even in a quiet wedding. I should have liked to wait until you are married, dear; but I don't think I must delay this journey. I want to avoid anything like a parting," he continued after a pause, "and so if I don't put in an appearance one morning you must not be alarmed. My sister is coming down with her youngsters next week—perhaps I shall go then, perhaps before, as I can't stand children. Anyhow I shall not say goodbye to you."

One night at the end of the week after I had parted from Ethel, I found Sir Henry in the drive where he waited purposely for me.

"I want to talk to you," he said, "let us go on to the Downs. This path is the most direct." We turned from the drive, and walked in silence through the shade.

"Do you believe in expiation, Thorne?" he asked suddenly.

"If you mean reparation for injury done—I began. He interrupted me impatiently.

"There are some injuries that can never be repaired. Do you believe that a man may get his soul out of hell by an act of self-sacrifice—that is what I mean."

"No. To injure oneself for having injured another doubles the offence."

"If a man may cry quits with society when he has served his term in goal for breaking society's laws, why should not a man's conscience be at peace when he has inflicted upon himself the punishment he deserves. How else is he to get his soul out of that hell where the vulture of reproach tears at it night and day? There is no other way by which he may hope to meet those he loves hereafter. . . . But for that 'fear of something after death'" he continued in a lower tone, speaking to himself rather than addressing me, "the fear of finding one pale-haired, sweet-faced child, and but for the hope of meeting my dear daughter, escape from this purgatory would be easy and quick enough."

The park was bounded by a deep ditch. We leapt it; but on the other side Sir Henry stopped as if it had recalled something to his mind, and instead of striking across the Downs, as had seemed his intention, he followed the edge of the ditch till it ran into a deep cleft in the cliff, whence the drainage was carried off.

The cleft was deep, but still not more than six or eight feet wide at the surface, and it grew deeper as it went down to the outlet on the shore. Following the cleft for some twenty paces Sir Henry stopped at a point where the turf showed that a load of lime had been thrown there.

"I had lime shot in," he said, "because there is something dead and putrid down there. Peter Beamish is down there. I shot him through the head that night—you remember?"

"Is that the crime you are going to expiate?" I asked.

He laughed hoarsely. "Crime!" he exclaimed. "I think no more of shooting that cursed villain through the head than if he had been a mad dog."

He kicked a clod down the cleft, and, as it fell with a thud on the lime that covered old Peter, he said:

"Fancy a thing like that—a vile, ignorant ruffian of ninety and odd, keeping me under his thumb for a dozen years, holding me at

his mercy, threatening my daughter with life-long disgrace. With a little more wit he might have taken every penny of my ill-gotten fortune from me. You must know by this time that I am the man who gave him that chest to sink out at sea. Every meeting we had was in the dark, and under a disguise I believed he could not recognise me—but he did. He was used to the night. It was part of his old business to penetrate disguise and knew what sort of man he had to do with. He told me how they had discovered her and brought her to life. But no bribe would induce him to give her up to me or tell me where I could find her. Perhaps your grandfather's mercy had something to do with that. He thought maybe that having tried to destroy her once I only wanted to get her again to do the deed effectually. For twelve years that went on. Then I saw your advertisement in the *Times* and answered it through a firm of solicitors in London. When I learnt from them that the girl you had found was the child I had tried to murder I lost my head, and Peter Beamish coming to me at that very moment for money, and with his usual threat of exposure I defied him to produce the girl and so like a fool put him on the scent. He had told me that the child was a stout, healthy wench in service as a barmaid. I expected to find her vulgar, coarse, robust. You can imagine the shock when I heard the truth, and found the sweet, fresh little thing whose wasted life I had to answer for. God knows I did not mean to bury her alive. You ask why I tried to kill the child! I have brought you here to tell. Not that I may excuse myself, but that it may lessen the child's shame when the truth is known. I married in direct defiance to my father's wish. He disinherited me. I—a spendthrift, and ne'er-do-well, who had never occupied myself with one serious consideration, found myself unable to earn a living. My wife died. Ethel was sick. My last guinea was paid for the advice of a physician. He declared that Ethel could be saved by being taken to Madeira for a time, but could never live through the winter in this climate. At that juncture my father died, leaving everything to an adopted infant, for he, like me, was a friendless, unlovable man. By a strange coincidence the adopted child was weak—not expected to outlive childhood. My father knew this, and left his fortune to her with a reversion to me, simply as a means of prolonging my punishment a few years. And now this question was presented to me, 'should I suffer my own child to die when I might save her life by destroying the child who does not expect to live? I did not hesitate an instant. My child was everything to me, the other was nothing to anybody. I stole the child, and as I believed took her life away with an opiate. I believed that she was dead when I gave her into the hands of Peter Beamish. May God deny me mercy if this is untrue.' He paused, and then in a softened tone he said, 'I do not wish to exonerate myself. Time will show that I have paid the penalty for the woe I brought upon poor unhappy Psyche.'

He did not return to the Chase. Ethel tried to believe that her father was seeking relief from physical suffering abroad. A month passed, and we heard no tidings of him. One day my grandfather came to me with a scared look in his face.

"Sonny," he said, in that hectoring tone he had learned from his father. "You're got to put on your hat and ask no question, but just take what I've got to give you as we goes along."

I put on my hat and went out with him. We turned in the direction of the Half-way House.

"I don't see much good in reforming," he began as we trudged along. "Seems to me if you go a bit out o' your right course at the fast start not all the tracts and total als existing in life ain't going to put you straight agen."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"You speak when you're spoke to and not afore, sonny, or you'll go wrong like the rest o' the family." Having walked on some distance in silence to let this warning sink in he recommenced.

"I dun' know what's the use on it all. Here's father been out on the loose over a month and never come anigh me; it don't signify anything that I ain't touched so much as two-pennorth, and been a cockin' my eye up at the texts all the while—here's more trouble. 'S if it warn't enough dreamin' every night of the young un, and wakin' up

The Poet's Corner

—For Truth

"Trust In Him."

When adown the gloomy ether,  
Timid dew-drops fall 'n fear,  
And the pearls of twilight glimmer  
Faintly on the ocean drear.

Where the surges of its sadness,  
Blending with the night-wind's sigh,  
Chant a moaning dirge whose madness,  
Murmurs at the starless sky.

Often like these dark'ning billows  
Moans my weary heart with care,  
Till the surges of its sorrows  
Boom, like breakers, with despair.

But above the winds and waters,  
Stealing through the shadows dim,  
Soars a voice which sweetly whispers:  
"Day is coming, trust in Him."

Then a hope within me glowing,  
Like the waves at sunrise roll,  
Sheds a golden glory throwing  
Sprays of comfort on my soul.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Cobourg, Ont.

Don't Fret.

I.

When worries and troubles surround you,  
Don't fret.

Go to work!

You will always have trouble around you.  
You bet,

If you shirk.

The man who is busy his worry forgets.  
His mind isn't harassed by thoughts of his  
debts.

And the harder he works, the more happy  
he gets.

Till he's gay as a Turk.

II.

If fortune won't smile, let her frown, if  
She will;

Never mind.

Don't sulk, and look wholly cast down, if  
She still

Seems unkind.

If you smile at her, soon she will smile back  
at you.

You are certain to win her, if you will per-  
sue

Her with cheerful persistence, and hope ever  
new;

And then solace you'll find.

III.

The world doesn't care for your woes,  
Oh, no!

Not a bit!

The man who is wise never shows  
His foe

That he's hit.

Every one of your neighbors has griefs of his  
own;

He greatly prefers to let your griefs alone,  
And he doesn't at all enjoy hearing you  
groan.

So take warning, and quit!

Home.

Boast not to me of azure skies  
Where Tyrol's lofty mountains rise;

Or Italy;

Or Andalusia's vine-clad steeps,  
Where Gandalquiver winds and sweeps

Eternally;

Or where the Rhine his dark flood pours  
'Neath frowning battlements and towers,

Nor yet where sleep

The crystal depths of Lemna's lake,  
Or Norway's moaning forests make

Their shadows deep.

How sweetly blooms the Irish rose  
In pastures where the shamrock grows;

How fair the scene

Where Albion's mountains, crowned with  
snow,

Are mirrored in her lakes below  
With matchless sheen.

The yellow fields of waving wheat,  
Daisies that blossom 'neath the feet,

The moorland wide,

The hawthorn by the dusty way  
That breathes the scented air of May,

Are Britain's pride.

all a shiver and a sweat unkin' I'd forgot to  
send down her victuals. It gets over me,  
that do!" He stopped—his old chin twitch-  
ed, and he looked out over the sea with  
blank dejection. The sight of his cottage  
roused him. He turned his quid over, and  
knitting his brows, said:—

"You're got to go down in that cave  
again, sonny."

I stopped short, chilled to the heart at the  
very thought of revisiting the scene of poor  
Psyche's captivity.

"Come on—you're got to go," he said  
doggedly. "I'd go myself if I'd got the  
strength, and it ain't the fear of not comin'  
up agen stops me neither. I d'know what's  
the good of a fellow like me a hanging on  
this world."

"Who is down there?" I asked, the  
truth flashing upon me.

"He's down there? Sir Henry Duncan."

"How long has he been there?"

"A month, sonny. He came to me and  
told me I should have the old cottage as long  
as I lived if I served him as I served the  
young 'un. And seein' it was kinder right  
and pious he should do by himself as others  
had been done by through him I agreed to  
it. Day by day I've whistled to him—well,  
as near as I could like I whistled to her;  
but there warn't no pretty song come back;  
he emptied the bucket though, all right but  
with never a sound, till it came yesterday,  
and all day long I was a calling him and a  
whistling, but no answer come, and this  
morning the victuals is in the bucket just as  
I left 'em. So you've got to go down, sonny,  
and see what's amiss."

went down sick with apprehension and  
the dull pain of awakened memories. Once  
more I lit a candle and groped along the  
passage into the shadowy cave.

I found him stretched out dead upon  
Psyche's bed with the evidence of Psyche's  
life about him. In the alcove over his head  
hung stripes of the coloured rags she had  
hung there; in the wall 's scroll she cut;  
in the sand a print of her little foot. What  
place, what means could he have found more  
fitting for his terrible expiation.

The clouds have lifted; the sun shines  
now, Ethel is my wife, and when I hold her  
hand in mine I feel that I possess all the  
happiness Heaven can give.

Last night we lingered long in the garden  
after the afterglow faded away; the heavens  
filled with stars, and we watched them in  
silent happiness.

"Hush!" murmured Ethel, stopping.

"Did you hear it?"

A faint sound far away rose and fell, and  
so died away imperceptibly.

"There it is again," she whispered low.

"It is the first nightingale!"

It sounded to my ear like the lost voice of  
Psyche singing of the new happiness of a new  
world.

[THE END.]

Facts About Precious Metals.

All gold contains a trace of silver.

Mexico's production was \$35,000,000 last  
year.

Australia has produced \$1,600,000,000 in  
gold.

A full mining claim is 600 by 1,500 feet,  
and contains twenty acres.

Up to 1888 the output of the Comstock  
lode, Montana, was \$324,000,000.

For every ounce of silver out of the Com-  
stock mine a foot of lumber has gone out.

The total production of gold and silver in  
the United States from 1792 to 1889 was  
\$3,000,000,000.

Montana has thousands of acres of rich  
placer ground that can not be worked be-  
cause of lack of water.

The two great mines in Montana are  
most appropriately named the Anaconda and  
Granite Mountain.

A Mexican miner is the best judge and  
sorter of ore, but an American is the most  
intelligent of all miners.

The Granite Mountain mine, Montana,  
produces 50,000 ounces a week, and is the  
richest mine in the world.

The big fortunes of Mackay, Fair, Sharon,  
Flood and O'Brien do not represent divid-  
ends, but come from the manipulation of the  
San Francisco stock market.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, is the father  
of the United States mining laws. He com-  
piled them from old Spanish and Mexican  
authorities and Congress adopted them.

The Scot adores his heathery hills,  
The Switzer loves his icy rills  
And rugged glen;  
The Frank may rove in foreign lands,  
Yet, homeward, at his heart's commands,  
He turns again.

Arabia's trackless wastes of sand  
By burning winds forever fanned  
Seem drear and wild;  
Yet here the Bedouin finds a home,  
Here, all untamed, he loves to roam,  
The desert's child.

On changing drifts of treacherous snow  
The Inuit builds his hut of snow;  
No sunnier land  
He knows. The seas their tribute yield,  
The ice-plains are his harvest field,  
Unchanging, grand.

No matter where our feet may rest,  
Each loves his native land the best;  
The sunset's dyes  
Are ta'en from fairer fields and flowers,  
Its flowers have culled their matchless  
dowers

From bluer skies.

No matter if that native land  
Be ice-locked waste or tropic sand,  
By field or foam;  
Where first in life's bright morn we play-  
ed,

Where first our childish footsteps strayed,  
That land is home.

—NEBRASKA TRIBUNE.

Good-By.

There's a kind of chilly feelin' in the blowin'  
of the breeze,  
And the sense of sadness stealin' through  
the tresses of the trees;  
And it's not the sad September that's slowly  
drawn' nigh,  
But jes' that I remember I have come to say,  
"Good-by!"

"Good-by" the wind is wailin'; "Good-by"  
the trees complain,  
As they bend low down to whisper with  
their green leaves white with rain;  
"Good-by" the roses murmur, an' the  
bendin' lilies sigh  
As if they all felt sorry I have come to say  
"Good-by!"

I reckon all have said it, some time or other  
soft.

An' easy like—with eyes cast down, that  
dared not look aloft,  
For the tears that trembled 'em then, for the  
lips that choked the sigh—

When it kind o' look holt o' the heart, an'  
made it beat "Good-by!"

I didn't think 'twas hard to say, but stand-  
in' here alone—

With the pleasant past behin' me, an' the  
future dim, unknown,  
A gloomin' yonder in the dark, I can't keep  
back the sigh—  
An' I'm weepin' like a woman as I bid you  
all "Good-by!"

The work I've done is with you! may be  
some things went wrong,  
Like a note that mars the music in the sweet  
flow of a song;  
But, brethren, when you think of me, I only  
wish you would  
Say as the Master said of one: "He hath  
done what he could."

And when you sit together, in the time as  
yet to be,  
By your love-encircled fireside in the pleas-  
ant land of Lee,

Let the sweet past come before you, an' with  
somebody like a sigh,  
Jes' say: "We ain't forgot him since the  
day he said 'Good-by!'"

—F. L. STANTON.

I Climb to Rest.

Still must I climb if I would rest;  
The bird soars upward to his nest:  
The young leaf, on the tree top high,  
Cradles itself within the sky.

The streams, that seem to hasten down,  
Return in clouds the hills to crown;  
The plant arises from her root,  
To rock aloft her flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay,  
The great horizons stretch away.  
The very cliffs that wall me round  
Are ladders to the highest ground.

To work, to rest—for each a time.  
I toil, but I must also climb.  
What soul was ever quite at ease  
Shut in by earthly boundaries?

I am not glad till I have known  
Life that can lift me from my own;  
A loftier level must be won,  
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And Heaven draws near as I ascend;  
The breeze invites, the stars befriend,  
All things are beckoning to the best;  
I climb to thee, my God, for rest!

—LUCY LARCOM.

"What makes the tea so weak, Mrs. Brown?"  
asked Jones, the wag of our boarding-house.  
"It's been listening to your jokes about  
the hash, I reckon," replied Mrs. Brown.

If you are bilious, use Dr. Carson's Stomach  
Bitters.  
If you are Dyspeptic, use Dr. Carson's Stomach  
Bitters.  
If you have Indigestion, use Dr. Carson's  
Stomach Bitters. Large bottles at 50 cents.

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# St. Mary of the Angels ;

OR, HIS FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

## CHAPTER IV.

Hardy's nature never had been a gentle one, and there certainly had been nothing so tending in the experiences which had come to him during his three years of life on the frontier; being now stirred to its very depths, a burning passion had been aroused in him, in which every turbulent element in his being was involved. As he strode backward and forward through the length of the two small rooms, he closed and opened his hands, his breath came hot and short, his eyes shone dangerously, on his face was a dark flush. He remembered the touch of Mary's hand on his shoulder that morning. Had Barwood happened to come into the station just then, he certainly would have shot him on sight.

At last the hour of waiting was ended. Hardy shivered a little as he returned his watch to his pocket—during the final minutes he had held it in his hand—and went out into the quivering heat. In all the time that he had known her, in the old days, he had not even kissed her, he thought, as he walked along.

A little below the point at which the railroad crossed it, the river bent sharply, and beyond this turn was the bluff on which stood the town. Hardy walked toward the railroad bridge, but on the side of the embankment farthest from the engine-house and tank. In case any wakeful person managed to see him, the natural inference would be that he was on his way to join Barwood at the pump—the steady beating of which sounded regularly through the hot air. A footpath, the shortest way between Barwood's house and the pump, ran along the valley, parallel with the stream, through thickets of nopales and mesquite, and following this, Hardy came in a few minutes to the spot where he had bidden Mary meet him. She was waiting for him in the path. As she caught sight of her—a look of eagerness on her face as she heard the sound of his footsteps, the sunlight sparkling in her hair, her round white arm showing, as she shaded her eyes from the sun—his heart gave a bound. He did not trust himself to speak. For a moment a dizziness came over him, and he put his hand to his forehead as though in pain.

Nourished by the near-by water, the mesquite bushes hereabouts were grown to be little trees, which formed a grove, screening the face of the bluff. A faintly marked path, worn by the goats, led crookedly through this grove to a narrow open space, above which rose the bluff, trending outward. He drew her along this path, and seated her on a fallen stone in the shadowy nook formed by the rocky overhang. Here they were hidden completely, but above the bushes they could see down the valley, and out across the great sun-beaten plain, that far away rose in long slopes to the flanks of the gray-blue mountains which girded it in. A slow current of air—dry, hot, stimulating—set up the valley. The only sound that broke the almost palpable stillness was the low throbbing of the pump. To them both this sound brought back vividly the memory of that Sunday on the road to the Wyoming Valley, three years past but to get

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not seem to occur to her that she had in anywise contributed to her own sorrow; and, without the mitigating facts of her own moodiness and coldness, the case that she made out against Barwood was a black one indeed.

"And it is worse here in Santa Maria than it has been at all, John," she went on. "Will was wild and cruel, and got drunk in those other places; but here he is mixed up with these dreadful Mexicans in all sorts of wicked things which make me shiver to think about. There is smuggling going on all the time, and they all are robbers, and I know that he was with them when that ranch was raided and those poor men were killed." Mary shuddered violently. "Oh, it is horrible, horrible!"

"And this Mexican woman?"

Mary's face grew crimson, and then pale. She tried to draw away from him, trembling. Then in a voice scarcely above a whisper, she said, "That—that is the very worst of all."

For a little time they both were silent. The flush had come back to Hardy's face and his hold up on her had tightened. She could feel the strong beating of his heart. His voice was unsteady, and had a strange sound in it when he spoke.

"Mary, will you let me talk you out of all this?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a troubled, frightened tone.

"I mean, will you come away with me from this brute and let me take care of you? Don't push me away. Don't answer yet!"

He held her closely, and spoke rapidly in order to check her rising words. "You know how I loved you in the old times, Mary. You were everything in life to me. And now I love you more, greatly more, than even I did then. This man has no right to you, he has thrown away his right to you—he has thrown it away, I tell you. Think of what his life has been—of what it is now—of the insult he has put upon you here in your own home. He has no right to you, Mary. And I have a right to you because I love you so. I will take such good care of you, Mary; I will spend all my life in making you happy once more—in trying to make you forget how unhappy you have been. Don't—don't go away from me, Mary—what have I done to make you angry? Don't you understand that I love you—that I must have you? Don't you—"

She broke away from him and sprang to her feet. She was far from being a majestic woman under ordinary circumstances, but there certainly was an air of majesty about her now. Hardy stood up, facing her.

"How dare you?" she panted. "Because my husband is—because my husband has hurt me so, is that any reason why you should hurt me still more? You are as bad as he is. You are worse than he is. Isn't there such a thing as one single honorable man in the world?" Then the heroic tones died out of her voice, and her commanding pose changed to a look of fear and weakness. "Oh, John, John!" she said, "I thought that you really would help me. I never thought of anything like this." She sank down on the stone again, and buried her face in her hands and began to cry.

Hardy felt, and looked a little, like a dog that had received a deserved beating. Mary's pitious appeal, even more than her indignant protest, had made him realize how bitterly cruel he had been; how, if he had deliberately set himself to make the horror of her life greater he could not have done it more effectually. Of course she would not trust him any more; he could not blame her; and so his purpose—an honest and manly one now—to help her could do no good. A long while he stood in silence, looking from her out over the plain, chewing of most bitter thoughts.

At last Mary spoke: "John, tell me what you mean it. I'm sure you didn't mean it. You're unhappy, John. And you don't see any hope at all. You didn't mean it, John."

He pathos in her words; that she still should be so desperate

there was

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comfort in this appeal, since it made clear the way for his atonement. "I can tell you from the very core of my heart that I don't mean it now, Mary," he said. "Please God, I really will be an honest friend to you now, and I will get you out of this honestly, and home safe; to the States. I guess I must have been crazy, Mary; but I'm not crazy any longer, and you can trust me right straight through."

Mary looked up at him gladly. "Those are the best words I've heard in three years," she said. "Oh, John, you nearly killed me a little while ago; but you must have been crazy, just as you said; and now you are giving me hope that is worth living for. Somehow, alone as I've been, I haven't had the strength to try to break away and get home. I've been afraid. I guess I haven't much of what they call backbone. But I have your strength now, John, and things will all come right, I'm sure. You'll get me home safe, won't you, John?"

She came close to him, eagerly, and took his hand. As a father might have done, he put his arm around her and drew her head upon his breast.

"But you must be very careful, John," she went on. "Will is such a masterful sort of a man! If he finds out anything I know that he'll kill us."

Hardy smiled confidently. "I guess if there's any killing going around I won't get left," he said. "I don't want to kill your husband, of course, but if it's got to be done I'll do it all the same."

"But maybe not while he's got the drop on you!"

Hardy turned quickly. Barwood was standing in the path not ten feet away, holding aside the mesquite branches with his left hand, while in his right hand, leveled at Hardy's head was a cocked revolver.

"It may be your ante; but I've got the cards," he said coolly.

Had Hardy been a tenderfoot he would have made an effort to draw his pistol—and would have been shot instantly. Having had the benefit of three years' experience of Southwestern manners and customs, he stood perfectly still and awaited developments.

Mary had screamed when she heard her husband's voice and saw him standing before her, grimly threatening; and then she had sunk cowering down, with her face bent close to her knees, and her hands pressed tightly to her ears to deaden the sound of the pistol-shot. To her surprise, this sound did not come. Slowly she raised her head.

Now, Mr. Hardy, Barwood said, "if you'll give me your word of honor that you'll be on the square, I promise you I'll be with you, we won't have any shootin' just at present. Is it a go?"

"Yes," Hardy answered.

"No monkey tricks, on your word of honor?" Barwood said, letting his revolver fall slowly.

"Oh, my word of honor."

"All right, then. Maybe one of 'em will be used as th' beginnin' of an American graveyard in these parts before we get through with each other, but th' percession needn't start just yet. Here, you fool Mary, go back t' th' house."

Hardy quivered as this order was given, but Mary—used to orders thus tersely worded—rose quietly to obey it. She stood for a moment looking at the two men as they confronted each other.

"Oh, what have I done, what have I done," she moaned, "that I should be the cause of such dreadful things?"

"What have you done?" Barwood answered. "Well, I'll tell you what you've done. From first t' last in all you've had t' say or do with me an' Hardy here, you've made an everlastin' infernal fool of yourself an' of us too. Fust of all, you said you'd marry me; an' I went off in good faith t' make a comfortable home for you. An' then what did you do? Why, you coaxed Hardy along into fallin' in love with you! An' then, instead of shakin' me and marryin' him—which would 'a been tough on me, but at least would 'a had sense in it—for th' fool that you are you shook him an' married me! An' then, when you'd made my life so d—n mean t' me that I took t' knockin' around with th' boys, just t' try t' forget how miserable I was, up you goes on your ear an' says that I'm a drunken brute, an' that you was a martyr! An' now, after you've been rowin' me off an' on for six months an' more because I've got a Mexican lady friend who's not all

no good an' cheap-uppers, an' who's got a heart

## Don't Wait

Until your hair becomes dry, thin, and gray before giving the attention needed to preserve its beauty and vitality. Keep on your toilet-table a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor—the only dressing you require for the hair—and use a little, daily, to preserve the natural color and prevent baldness.

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in her body. I can't go t' my work an' come back agen without findin' you an' another man in th' thick of a huggin' match! There's no consistency anywheres about you. There's nothin' about you, good or bad, for a man t' take hold of an' tie to. You're just a fool—a ferlorn, useless fool!"

Barwood delivered this extended opinion in a tone of sincere conviction and utter contempt. He was so deeply moved that he even forgot to interpolate into his discourse his customary larding of heavy, month-filling oaths. Hardy listened with a white face; and he was the more stirred, perhaps, by an uneasy consciousness that Barwood was cutting terribly close to the truth. Mary scarcely grasped the sense of a single word. She was too stunned and shaken to understand anything just then. She waited, with the stolid bearing beneath abuse that had become habitual with her, until her husband had finished; and then, walking in a dazed, uncertain way that made Hardy long to go to her support, she went slowly along the path.

As the mesquite bushes closed behind her, Barwood said briskly:

"Now, Hardy, you an' me'll talk this matter right out now, an' get that graveyard business settled onct for all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is an excellent thing, to chew Tutti-Frutti gum, after the meal and induce the secretion of more saliva. Sold by all Druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.



## JIM THE TRAMP.

He was a bad lot! Magistrates, jail chaplains, and police had all at various times told him so, and he quietly accepted their judgment, knowing it to be pretty near the truth. An outcast from his very babyhood, what chance had he ever had? Left by an unfeeling mother to die in a roadside ditch, he had been taken to the nearest Union, to be brought up a workhouse foundling, until he was old enough to be bound 'prentice and the guardians could wash their hands of him entirely. A drunken saddler covenanted to clothe, board, and teach him his trade; and at his hands poor Jim had a dog's life, until, goaded to madness by every species of ill treatment, he struck his master and fled. For a while he tried hard to get work in the villages through which he passed; but no one would take on the strange friendless lad, and so he made up his mind to enlist for a soldier.

If only he had reached York an hour or two earlier, her Majesty's army had gained a useful recruit, and poor Jim would have had a chance to rise and become a credit to the service. But ill luck would not let him go. He was routed out of an old stable by a zealous member of the city police, and chartered next day with sleeping out at night, or some equally heinous crime, the result being that he was committed to prison for seven days. This broke down his last shred of self-respect, and when that happens to man or boy, heaven help him, for his doom is sealed.

Jim came out of jail utterly reckless, with a wild hatred of everybody and everything. He thought no more of soldiering or getting work, but let himself drift resolutely to the bad. He soon got into vicious company, and before many weeks were over was again in the clutches of the law. The down-hill road is an easy one, and the pace always rapid, and so at thirty years of age he was pretty widely known to the authorities as a confirmed rogue and thief, who would not stick at trifles when once he was roused.

Yes, there was no doubting it, he was an out-and-out bad lot! And he looked it, too, as he slouched along the country lane with hands deep in his empty pockets and his head bent to meet the rain which the November wind drove in his face. But he was too much used to discomfort to heed the weather, and plodded sullenly on through the puddles in the deeper gloom, half asleep, and so utterly careless of everything around that he never heard the beat of hoofs until a cheery voice cried: "Now, my good fellow, if you do not want the whole road to yourself, perhaps you will let me pass."

Jim never looked round, but slunk closer to the dripping hodgepodge expecting the horseman to ride on without another word, but something quite unexpected happened, for the cheery voice said "Thanks!"

It was the first time any one had ever thanked the good-for-nothing, and he stared up in blank amazement, and saw a man of about his own age, in red coat and top-boots plentifully bespattered with mud, looking down at him from the back of a weight-carrying hunter without the least gleam of aversion or suspicion on his pleasant, fresh-colored face.

"You look rather done up; been long on the road?"

"A week an' more!" The reply was surly enough—not that Jim resented the question, but simply because he was so used to insults and rough speaking that the idea of a "blooming swell" speaking civilly to such as he took him utterly by surprise.

"Going home?"

Jim gave a contemptuous grunt. "Never has yan, guv'nor!"

"Poor chap! But you live somewhere, I suppose?"

"Oh yes"—with a grim chuckle—"I live somewheres—anywheres. I see not like some folks, must have everything tip-top. No; that's not my style. You've a big house, in course, and lots of slaves to wait on ye. I lives just where I can, and has to fend for mysen, and don't often get my me's reg'lar."

And the cruel contrast between himself and his companion filled the tramp's heart with bitter thoughts. Why have some folks all the good things of life and others none of them? Here was a man no older than himself with fine clothes on his back and a horse to carry him; while he, poor fellow, had to trudge along ankle deep in the mud with scarcely a whole thread to cover him. Why, the very horse was a long way better off and more cared for; it at least had a

warm, dry stable and plenty of food waiting for it, while he had never a resting-place nor a crust of bread to eat.

Again the cheery, kind tones startled him: "But you have friends somewheres, I suppose?"

"No; not me! There's never a single soul, guv'nor, in this wide world as cares a rap for me; and when I lies down some day and dies in a ditch, there'll noan be, man, woman, or child, as'll miss me. None'll be sorry, 'ceptin' the parish huns as'll have to put me underground, and they'll grudge doing of that even." Jim gave a short ugly laugh and slouched on, the water squish, squish, squishing out of the gaping rents of his old boots at every step. He quite expected the "swell" to ride off now and leave him to the rapidly deepening gloom and the wild, cheerless night; but the horse was kept steadily alongside of him, and his rider spoke again.

"Can't you get into regular work and leave this tramp business?"

"No; there's none'll have the likes of me. I don't look respectable enough."

"Nonsense, man. Don't get down on your luck, but pick yourself up. Now, look here; I will give you a chance myself, if you will take it."

Jim could not believe his ears. Since one actually talking to him as if he was an honest man, and not some sort of vermin or venomous beast. A real "tip top gentle man," too. He must be mud-fled. But the brown eyes were looking coolly enough at him, and their owner was saying, "Well, what do you say?"

"Yer don't know what I be; I'm a bad 'I've been in quod oft enough," blurted Jim, feeling somehow he could not take his new-found patron in.

"I dare say you have, and deserved it, too. But I believe you can pull around yet if you like, and, as I said, I will give you the chance of regular work and pay. Will you take it?"

In the depth of Jim's warped nature there glimmered something like a spark of gratitude and a dim longing after a new life, for a moment; but old habits were too strong for him, and the clouds closed darker again as he shook his head and said in tones which tried to be civil. "No, guv'nor; yer mean well; but it's no go now. I'm no good for anythink but cadging and tramping, an' I noan want to work for any master—an' won't, neyther."

He expected an angry lecture and round abuse for refusing; but the other said quietly, stroking his boot with the handle of his hunting crop. "That is a dangerous way of thinking, my friend, and will get you into trouble again. You are a fool not to try and pull up a bit, but you know your own affairs best. Well, here is a supper and a bed for you anyway. Look out. He tussled a half crown to Jim with careless, easy good nature, and, shaking up his horse, trotted off with a nod and "good luck."

How costless a word or two of sympathy are, and yet how priceless they may become! How easy to be gracious, and yet how far-reaching the results! We scatter kindly greetings here and there as we journey on life's road-vay, and lo! they spring up bright flowers to gladden some sad, weary wayfarer. We perform thoughtlessly now and again trivial services of courtesy and forget them; but they shine in lone loveless hearts as glittering stars to cheer the midnight sky.

Hugh Boynton, smoking his high priced Havana after dinner that evening in the luxurious ease of his favorite lounging-chair had utterly forgotten all about the few words and the silver coin which he had thrown to the tramp whom he had overtaken as he rode home from hounds. Jim, curled up under the lee of a clover rick for once turned the half-crown over and over in his hand, and thought of how in his life he had been spoken kindly to by a real gentleman.

Five dreary years passed over Jim's luckless head, their monotony broken by police-court, prison-cell, and vagrant ward experiences. He had wandered up and down some dozen counties, and seen the inside of most of their jails, and now, as Christmas drew dear, had drifted towards York; not that he had any particular reason for getting there, but because it lay in his way north, and he happened to be making in that direction, why, not even he himself knew, for north south, east, and west were alike to him. He had had a run of bad luck lately. Once or twice he had found a casual's welcome and slept under cover; but he had a rooted objection to its concomitants, and choose rather

the cold and exposure of the open air. He had scarcely tasted food for a week, and had almost forgotten the feel of a copper coin; for somehow the near approach of the festival of peace and good-will seemed to have shut up men's pockets, and sharp refusals and scornful silence were all he got from those of whom he asked help.

The afternoon was closing as he found himself in the long straggling village of Narston, bootsore and done up. The lights at the grocer's shop threw a broad band of brightness across the road, and Jim could see a man in a white apron busily piling up a pyramid of loaves, which a boy had just brought in crisp and hot from the bakehouse. The sight was too much for the famished fellow and he pushed his way into the shop. "Now then, what is it?" cried the shopman sharply, as he scanned Jim's tattered appearance.

"Will ye give give me yan ov them little uns, guv'nor? I'm high clemmed"; and he nodded towards the bread pile.

"No, certainly not; I never give to beggars or tramps."

"I've not tasted bite nor sup this blessed day, God knows."

"Can't help that! Come, get out of the shop, do you hear?—or I'll set the constable onto you. The likes of you ought not to be allowed to go about the country. Come, off with you!"

So the social outcast went forth into the night hungry and insulted, and the sleek tradesman rubbed his hands and stacked his loaves, congratulating himself the while on his refusal to countenance a worthless vagabond, who, regarded from the lofty standpoint of political economy, had no right to live on the earth. And yet Mr. Jonathan Binner was wont to pose on political platforms as the heaven-sent champion of the masses. Then, indeed, his sympathy flowed out in such a mighty torrent towards the universal brotherhood of man that there was not so much as a drop left to give a crust or even a civil word to a starving tramp at his door.

Three times did Jim try his luck down the length of the village street, with no better success; and then he gave it up and bitterly left the houses of his fellow-creatures behind him and faced the bleak open country again. He dragged himself along for a few weary miles, then opening a gate crawled into a half ruined cowshed and slung himself down upon some bracken and straw litter in the furthest corner, and dozed off. When he woke up the moon had risen, and was shining in through the clunks of the roof, and Jim could see the country-side was white with snow. He shivered and buried himself completely in the bracken and tried to sleep again and forget the cold and his hunger. He had almost succeeded, when the sound of voices came to him on the still night air, and a minute later three men entered the shed.

"Curse the cold!" growled one as he drew back just within the shadow.

"Curse him, you mean," said another, as he leaned a thick oak cudgel against the wall and began to blow upon his numbed fingers.

"I'll do more than curse him when th' time comes," answered the first speaker.

"Ay, he'd best not have taken us i' hand. Says he, when with the rest of 'beaks he sentenced Tim and Jeff: 'The poaching rascals shall be stopped, if I have to do it single-handed.'"

"Well, he'll be single-handed to-night anyways, for he's no groom wi' him. So he can try what he's good for wi' three ov us; eh, Jack?"

"He'll find it a tough job, I'm thinking."

"Is t'ware right, Bob?"

"Surely! He's mare steps high; but I've loved for it, and she'll catch beautifully. It's past twelve now; he oughtn't to be long."

"Hist! mate: there's wheels. Now for't. Come on."

The three men went out quickly, and Jim, following to the door, saw them leap into the road and hide in the hedge on the opposite side; then he stole down to the edge of mere curiosity to watch what the game was. In a few minutes the hoofs grew louder, and a high wheel cart spinning round a corner came down the lane. It was only a figure only, the red glow of a lantern gleamed in the frosty air, and the scent of it reached Jim's nostrils. He suddenly plunged forward, and a wire-snare had fallen heavily.

balance by the shock, shot out on to the snow. Before he could rise, the men were upon him; but somehow he managed to shake them clear and struggle to his feet. He faced them boldly, and met their rush with a right and left under which sent one to the ground, but the other two closed in upon him.

Jim looked on with languid interest. Evidently it was some magistrate waylaid by three men who had a score to settle against him. It was no business of his, anyway, and though three to one was hardly fair he was not going to interfere. The gentleman fought well, whoever he was, and again sent an assailant backward with a well got in blow. But the odds were too heavy and the cudgels told. He began to stagger and give ground, and a blow on the head beat him down. "Give it him, lads, if we swing for't," cried the tallest of the three villains, jumping upon him, mad and blind with rage.

A ray of moonlight fell upon the upturned face of the fallen man: it was that of the gentleman who five years ago had talked with Jim in the lane! In an instant he was over the gate and at the men like a tiger-cat, and so sudden was his onset that they gave ground; then, seeing he was alone, they rushed at him with oaths and threats. Weak from want of food and half dead with cold, poor Jim had never a chance. For a few seconds he held up doggedly against the shower of blows; then feeling he was done for, stooped suddenly, flung his arms round the senseless squire, and with one last effort managed to roll into the deep ditch, keeping himself uppermost. The brutes jumped down and strove to make Jim loose his hold of their victim; but stunned and blinded with blood, he clung tenaciously to Hugh Boynton, sheltering his body with his own.

The world began to spin round—another and another heavy blow—a chiming of far-off bells—a hollow buzzing—and then—black night for ever.

Next morning they were found together in the blood-smeared ditch—one living and the other dead.

Hugh Boynton often wonders, as he looks at the white cross which he put up over a nameless grave, who his preserver was. But the recording angel will one day tell how Jim the tramp, the "out-and-out bad lot," gave his life for the man who once spoke kindly to him.

A common remark of a drunkard is that he is making a beast of himself. It seems sometimes to happen, however, that a beast is made a drunkard. A Sydney, N. S. W., correspondent who appears to regard the incident as a joke, instead of an act of absolute wickedness, writes: "I am not aware whether Yankee trainers are so great believers as ours in whiskey as a medium of Dutch courage to weak hearted animals. About this time last year a horse called Southerly Buster had no less than three bottles of whiskey poured into him just before starting in a race. It made the horse tight as a lord, and during the running he got mixed up with the pailing fence and his jockey was badly hurt. When the Buster got up he was staggering all over the course and started wagging his head with a ludicrous, drunken leer. Australian horses often have stiff 'nips' given them, but the Buster is the first horse I have seen properly drunk and winning at the crowd."

CURE, CURE, CURE

Dyspepsia

BY B.

"One of the marks for a dyspeptic will be a heavy, white, or yellowish coating on the tongue."

The three men went out quickly, and Jim, following to the door, saw them leap into the road and hide in the hedge on the opposite side; then he stole down to the edge of mere curiosity to watch what the game was. In a few minutes the hoofs grew louder, and a high wheel cart spinning round a corner came down the lane. It was only a figure only, the red glow of a lantern gleamed in the frosty air, and the scent of it reached Jim's nostrils. He suddenly plunged forward, and a wire-snare had fallen heavily.

HOW THEY EAT.

The Various Ways in which Living Creatures Take their Food.

That peculiar echinoid, the sea urchin, has five teeth in five jaws—one in each jaw—all the five immediately surrounding the stomach.

Snails have teeth on their tongues, hundreds of them, but, as if these were not enough, some have them also in their stomach.

The cuttle-fish, which among other strange things, always walks with its head downward does not chew its food at all, but masticates with its gizzard. So do geese, fowls, ducks, and indeed all modern birds. Seizing their food in their beaks, they swallow it whole, if grain or seed, and in large pieces if it be fruit or bread.

Even when they had teeth birds only used them to take their food, depending upon the gizzard for mastication then as now.

Fishes and reptiles use their teeth for the same purpose, that of taking their food, but, like the birds, they gulp down their food unchewed, and unbroken if possible.

There are, however, exceptions. The ray, or skate, for instance, has a mouth set transversely across its head, the jaws working with a rolling motion like two hands set back to back. In the jaws are three rows of flat teeth, set like a mosaic pavement, and between these rolling jaws the fish crushes oysters and other mollusks like so many nuts.

The carp's teeth are set back on the pharynx, so that it may be literally said to masticate its food in its throat. The carp, too, is about the only cud-chewing fish, the coarsely swallowed food being forced up to these throat teeth for complete mastication.

Some fishes are absolutely toothless, like the sucker and lamprey; others again have hundreds and hundreds of teeth, sometimes so many that they cover all parts of the mouth.

The great Greenland whale has no teeth, its baleen plates, or whalebone, taking their place. Along the centre of the palate runs a strong ridge, and on each side of this there is a wide depression along which the plates are inserted. These are long and flat, hanging free, and are placed transversely—that is, across the mouth, with their sides parallel and near each other.

Strange and curious as some of these modes of feeding are, however, they none of them compare in simplicity and effectiveness with that practised by the tapeworm. This creature has neither mouth nor stomach, but just lies along and absorbs the already digested food through its skin.

Adam's Tutti Frutti gum undoubtedly promotes digestion by inducing the flow of Saliva. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

The yield of trout spawn in the fish-breeding establishment at Orval, Belgium, is stated to have been exceedingly good this winter, about 500,000 fertile eggs having been obtained. Of the yield, 25,000 eggs have been despatched to the United States, the American Government sending in exchange a like number of eggs of California trout.

All In a Heap. Malarial fever left me with my blood in a terrible state, with boils breaking out on my head and face. I was too weak to work or even walk, but after taking a quarter of a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters I was able to work. The boils all went away in a heap, as it were, and my strength fully returned before the bottle was done.

FRED. W. HAYNES, Winona, Ont.

It is an uncommo thing for a theatrical manager to complain of no support, while the actors are so numerous that the stage is unsupported.

yond this, however, having no less than 222 teeth. Tooth are not part of the skeleton, but belong to the appendages, like skin and hair.

The sturgeon is toothless and draws in its food by suction, but the shark has hundreds of teeth in its jaws that sometimes number ten.

Lobsters and crabs masticate their food with their horny jaws, but they have also teeth in their stomachs, where they complete the work of chewing. But there is one peculiar kind of crab, called the king or horseshoe crab, which chews its food with its legs. This is an actual fact, the little animal grinding its morsels between its thighs before it passes them over to its mouth.

The jelly fish also, as its food by wrapping itself around the object which it seeks to make its own. The starfish is even more accommodating. Fastening itself to the body it wishes to feed on, it turns its stomach inside out and envelops its prey with this useful organ.

Dogs seize their food with their jaws, cats with their feet, and so do monkeys, some of them pressing their prehensile tails into service. The squirrel uses its paws to carry its food to its mouth, the elephant its trunk, the giraffe, anteater, and toad their tongues.

Spiders chew their food with horny jaws, which are sharp enough to give quite a nip. Grasshoppers and locusts have a very well fitted with the necessary machinery for chewing much, and often. They have saw-like and gizzard-like jaws, the latter being fitted out with horny teeth.

The caterpillar feeds with two saw-edged jaws, working transversely, and uses them to such good advantage that he eats three or four times his own weight every day.

Toads, tortoises, turtles, and most lizards have no teeth. Frogs have teeth in their upper jaw only. Anteaters, sloths, and armadillos have no teeth.

The lion and the tiger, and, indeed, most of the carnivora, do not grind their food, using their jaws only up and down, the molars acting like chopping knives, or rather scissors. Their mouths, in fact, are a veritable hash mill.

The butterfly pumps nectar into itself through a tube, and bees and flies suck up their food with a long tongue or proboscis.

The spider's mouth is quite a complicated affair. It has fangs for holding its prey, masticatory organs for bruising its solid food, and a sucking apparatus for taking up the fluids. Quite as complicated is the mouth of the mosquito, which has the lancets, the saws and the pumping tubes.

The leech has three saws, with which it does good service in the phlebotomy line.

The woodpecker has a three-barbed tongue like a Fiji's spear, with which it draws out the worm which it has excited by its tapping.

The clam feeds with a siphon and the oyster with its brand.

Strange and curious as some of these modes of feeding are, however, they none of them compare in simplicity and effectiveness with that practised by the tapeworm. This creature has neither mouth nor stomach, but just lies along and absorbs the already digested food through its skin.

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FRED. W. HAYNES, Winona, Ont.

It is an uncommo thing for a theatrical manager to complain of no support, while the actors are so numerous that the stage is unsupported.

It will cure the cold. It has no equal. It cures the phlegm. It is in 250 bottles. It is a remedy.

"TRUTH" Bible Competition!

NO 20. An Immense List of Rewards.

An unusual interest was taken in the last TRUTH Competition and at the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more. The list of rewards is very large and the prizes valuable. They are arranged that even if you do not see this notice on its first appearance, you have as good an opportunity for winning a reward as if you had, provided always that your answers are correct. Do not delay, however, any longer than you can possibly help.

The questions are as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1, WINOS; 2, LEAS; 3, FEET.

- FIRST REWARDS. First, one very fine Toned, Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm \$500. Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, \$40. Next fifteen, each Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7. Next ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$30. Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols. \$30. Next fifty, each Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3.

- SECOND REWARDS. First one, Fifty Dollars Cash. Next ten, each Five Dollars in Cash. Next fifteen, each a Superbly Bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15. Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$45. Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Doro Bible Gallery, \$7. Next twenty-one, each a Fine Silver Plated Sugar Shell.

- THIRD REWARDS. First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm. Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plated Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, now design, \$5. Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$10. Next twenty-five, each a Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3. Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15. Next thirty, each a Silver Plated Pickle Cruet \$5.

- FOURTH REWARDS. First seven, an Elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH. Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 44 pieces, specially imported, \$10. Next seventeen, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, \$10. Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Life in the Highlands, \$2. Next one, Family Knitting Machine.

- FIFTH REWARDS. First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash. Next five, each Ten Dollars in Cash. Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15. Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$45. Next nineteen, each a well bound volume of Chambers' Dictionary, \$2. Next eleven, each a Gold Plated Lead Pencil, \$1.

- SIXTH REWARDS. First one, an elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm. Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plated Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, now design, \$5. Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service, 4 pieces, \$10. Next twenty-five, each a well-bound copy of Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3. Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15. Next thirty, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, \$2.

- SEVENTH REWARD. First one, Twenty Dollars in Gold. Next seven, each a beautifully bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7. Next eleven, each Five Dollars Cash. Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3. Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1.

- EIGHTH REWARDS. First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH. Second ten, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 63 pieces, specially imported, \$25. Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's Works, bound in cloth,

- 5 vols., \$15. Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of World's Encyclopedia, \$2. Next fifteen, each a Fine Black Cashmere Dress. NINTH REWARDS. First, one Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano. Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, \$50. Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7. Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair \$2. Next twenty-nine, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3. Next twenty-five, each a very fine Pair German Silver Sugar Vase, \$2.

- ELEVENTH REWARDS. First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash \$100. Next five, \$10 in cash. Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold \$15. Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$50. Next nineteen, each a well bound volume of Farm Treasury, \$2.

- TWELFTH REWARDS. First, one Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano, Rosewood Case. Next fifteen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3. Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7. Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair \$2. Next twenty-nine, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book \$10.

- THIRTEENTH REWARDS. First ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$30. Next seven, each a beautifully bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7. Next eleven, each Five Dollars cash. Next seven, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3. Next twenty-five, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1.

- FOURTEENTH REWARDS. First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm. Next eleven, each a World's Encyclopedia \$5. Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$10. Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphe's Valuable Book, \$2. Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15.

- FIFTEENTH REWARDS. First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Haverly, England. Second five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 63 pieces, specially imported by TRUTH, \$40. Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's Works, bound in cloth, 5 vols., \$15. Next fifteen, each a World's Encyclopedia, \$5.

- A few names of winners in previous competitions: E. Worth, 55 Markham St., Toronto; Piano, H. Hext, Brampton; Piano: Noel Marchall, manager, Smith Coal Co., Toronto, House and Lot, Geo. Black, 41 East Ave., S. Hamilton; Piano, Caroline, Pulker, 119 Berkeley St., Toronto, \$50 cash, besides hundreds of Gold Watches, Silver and China Tea Services, Black Silk Dress Patterns, Bibles, etc., etc.

One dollar must be sent for four months' subscription to TRUTH with your answers. The three answers must be correct to secure any prize. Three dollars is the regular price for a year's subscription, you are therefore charged nothing extra for the privilege of competing. We retain the right to return the money and deny any one the privilege of competing. TRUTH contains every week, 32 pages of choice interesting reading for the home circle, and is well worth the amount charged, irrespective of any prize. Lively, witty, pointed editorial paragraphs on current events, political and otherwise, from an unbiased standpoint for father's reading. Contributors' Page for all thoughtful readers. Tested Domestic Recipes, and Medical Health Notes for Mothers; Latest Fashions, artistically illustrated, for the young ladies; Choice Music and Young Folks' page for girls and boys; Copyrighted stories and Serial Tales for all the family as well as many other attractions. Full lists of the prize winners will be published in TRUTH immediately at the close of the competition, with street and number in cities where given, and post office addresses for town, village, and country, so all may be assured of the utmost fairness.

The distribution of the prizes will be in the hands of disinterested parties and the prizes given strictly in the order the letters arrive in TRUTH office. Fifteen days after the 31st July will be allowed for letters from distant points. About 135,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Don't delay. Send now. Address, THE PUBLISHER TRUTH, 13 to 31 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Canada.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 32 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 10 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 16 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, \$1 per year, 10 cents per single copy.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO. printing 165 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada.

S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

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

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

Estimates given for all kinds of newspaper work.

For the cure of colds, coughs, and all derangements of the respiratory organs, no other medicine is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

When a girl gets married, and has a hard time, we all feel sorry for her, but we really ought to feel sorry for her mother.

A Brilliant Record. Will soon end if not supported by genuine merit. The success of Burdock Blood Bitters is founded on merit and approved by trial.

It is bitter irony to ask a man in jail to express himself with freedom.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When you find a good man, you have found a man who is trying to deserve the admiration of an honest woman.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

A boy who imposes on his sister will impose on his wife as a man. Mothers usually teach their sons to impose on their sisters.

Deafness Cured.—A very interesting 132 page illustrated book on Deafness, Noise in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d.—Address, Dr. Nicholson, 30 St. John street, Montreal.

Labor Items.

Sudden accidents often befall artisans, farmers and all who work in the open air, besides the exposure to cold and damp, producing rheumatism, lame back, stiff joints, lameness, etc. Yellow Oil is a ready remedy for all such troubles. It is handy and reliable and can be used internally or externally.

It is said that every woman who lectures on woman's rights carries a razor in her handbox.

Why Suffer from Dyspepsia or any disorders caused by impure blood, when thousands are being cured by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. It removes Pimples, Blisters and all Eruptions of the skin.

Nothing suits a cross man better than to find a button off his coat when his wife has not time to sew it on.

A Successful Combination.—The successful combination of the six oils composing Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a genuine triumph of chemistry. Whether applied externally for the relief of pain or to allay inflammation, or taken internally to remedy a cough, it is speedily and entirely effective.

When a woman pays special attention to her toilet, it is a warning to some other woman to look out.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

When you find a woman who does not enjoy being a martyr, you find one who has short hair.

One or Two Bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery will purify the blood, remove Dyspepsia, and drive away that extreme tired feeling which causes so much distress to the industrious, and persons of sedentary habits.

There are only a few certainties in the world. One of them is the mother; you can always depend upon her.

A lifetime of torture is often endured by the rheumatic. Their pangs may, however, be promptly relieved and the disease eradicated with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is, moreover, a swift and thorough remedy for neuralgia, lame back, sores, bruises, frost bites, corns, excoriated nipples, inflamed breasts, liver complaint, and all affections of the breathing organs.

Life to a young man is like a new acquaintance, with whom he grows disgusted as he advances in years.

Peter Kieffer, Buffalo, says:—"I was badly bitten by a horse a few days ago, and was induced by a friend who witnessed the occurrence to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It relieved the pain almost immediately and in four days the wound was completely healed. Nothing can be better for flesh wounds."

Courting is not unlike a game of poker in that a young man sometimes gets a flush on the go in.

Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a medicine highly prized by the ladies. It cleanses the system from all obstructions, and gives health and strength to the weak and sickly.

Aged Pauper (in New York):—"Can you tell me the shortest way to the almshouse, sir?" Broker:—"Wall Street."

For coughs, colds, bronchitis and all lung and throat troubles, there is no preparation of medicine can compare with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It never fails to afford prompt and permanent relief. It removes all soreness, and heals the diseased parts. It immediately soothes the most troublesome cough, and by promoting expectoration, removes the mucus which stops up the air tubes which causes difficulty in breathing thereby gives relief to that depressing tightness experienced in the chest. Public speakers and singers will find Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup of inestimable value, as it speedily and effectually allays all irritation, and huskiness in the throat and bronchial tubes, and gives power to the vocal cords, rendering the voice clear and sonorous. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competition, No. 25.

A Wonderful List of Rewards Arranged in an Equitable Manner.

SEND NOW!! DON'T DELAY!!!

The twenty-fifth competition opens more popular than ever. There are few dissatisfied competitors; some would not be pleased if they were to get a piano every time. Over thirty-seven thousand persons have voluntarily testified as to the value of the rewards and the fairness with which they have been distributed.

This competition will only remain open till the thirty-first day of March inclusive, but the sooner you send the better, although your opportunities for securing a reward are almost at good one time as another between now and the thirty-first of March provided your answers to the questions are correct. ALL THESE PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN SURE, but don't run away with the idea that everybody who competes is sure to get a prize. Every prize offered is a *Utile Regale*, of that you may be absolutely certain, but remember, first come first served in each of the three divisions, so hurry in your answers.

The questions are as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found, DEEP, HIGH, WIDE.

To the first person sending in the correct answer to these questions will be given number one of these rewards—the piano. To the next person, one of the sewing machines, and so on till all these rewards are given away.

FIRST REWARDS.

- First, One Fine Upright Piano, \$500
Next three, each a fine Family Sewing Machine, \$20, \$150
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, \$50, \$250
Next three, each a Fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set (4 pieces) \$50, \$150
Next twenty one, each a set of Dickens' Works, Beautifully bound in Cloth, 10 vols., \$20, \$420
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harroley, England, \$250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 63 pieces, specially imported, \$40, 200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's works bound in cloth, 5 vols., \$15, 75
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Doro Bible Gallery, \$2, 90
Next one Very Fine Toned Upright Piano \$250
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch \$50, 250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7, 105
Next forty one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, "Asking a Blessing," \$1, 82
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols., \$20, 480
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash, 20
Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, 49
Next eleven, five dollars cash, 55
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7, 119
Next twenty-nine, each an imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1, 29
To the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given the one hundred dollars in cash. To the sender of the next correct answer following the middle will be given one of the ten dollar amounts, and so on till the middle rewards are distributed.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash, \$100
Next five, each \$10 in cash, 50
Next fifteen, each a Superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, \$15, 225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements \$60, 420
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, \$7, 133
Next one an Elegant Upright Piano by celebrated Canadian Firm, \$500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plated Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, now design, \$50, 550
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$40, 200
Next twenty five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Medical Book, \$2, 50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15, 165
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash, 20
Next seven, a beautiful bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7, 49
Next eleven, five dollars in cash, 55
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7, 119
Next twenty-nine, each an imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1, 29
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harroley, England, \$250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 63 pieces, specially imported, \$40, 200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's works, bound in cloth, 5 vols., \$15, 75
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Doro Bible Gallery, \$2, 90

For those who are too late for the above rewards the following prizes are offered, as far as they will go, to the last correct answerer.

Throat and Lung Diseases Cured by Medicated Air.

Dr. ROBERT HUNTER, of New York and Chicago, the founder of this practice, in association with his brother, Dr. James Hunter, has established a branch for Canada, at 75 Bay Street, Toronto, where all forms of throat and lung disease are treated as successfully as in New York or London.

Their treatment by medicated air inhalations is so successful, that it has been adopted in all Hospitals for the special treatment of the lungs, in England and throughout Europe, where Dr. Robert Hunter introduced it in person, as he is now doing in Canada.

Patients can be treated at home. On application, a pamphlet explaining the treatment, and list of questions to be answered, is sent, and on its return, Dr. Hunter gives his opinion of the case.

Those who come to town for examination, can return home and carry out the treatment.

Address, R. & J. Hunter, 71 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

ERR'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

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

Lighthouse Bored—The actor compelled to play to one.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINGLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c a bottle.

earlier, will be given number one of these consolation prizes, to the next to the last, number two, and so on till these rewards are all given away.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash, \$100
Next five, each \$10 in cash, 50
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15, 225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements \$60, 420
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Milton's Paradise Lost, \$7, 133
Next, One Very Fine Solid Triple Silver Plated Coffee Urn, 60
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch \$50, 250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7, 105
Next forty one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, \$2, 82
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols., \$20, 480
Next one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm, \$500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plated Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, now design, \$50, 550
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$40, 200
Next twenty five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Medical Book, \$2, 50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15, 165
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash, 20
Next seven, a beautiful bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7, 49
Next eleven, five dollars in cash, 55
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7, 119
Next twenty-nine, each an imitation steel engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1, 29
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harroley, England, \$250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 63 pieces, specially imported, \$40, 200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's works, bound in cloth, 5 vols., \$15, 75
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Doro Bible Gallery, \$2, 90
For those who are too late for the above rewards the following prizes are offered, as far as they will go, to the last correct answerer.



### Our Young Folks.

#### HOW ROD WAS LED.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

Two ladies stood by Sue Ingram's counter waiting for change.

"What delightful meetings we are having!" Mrs. Walker said.

"Indeed we are," responded Mrs. Currier. "It does my heart good to see the young people so thoughtful and earnest. I've been feeling so anxious all day about one in particular: Rod Carter."

Sue gave a little start as she caught the name, but neither lady noticed it.

"He used to be in my Sunday-school class, you know," continued Mrs. Currier, "but he has not been much lately; he has gotten in with a set who do not help him much, I fancy. Some of our boys coaxed him into one of the meetings, however, and he is really very much interested. I hoped he would decide the question last night; I could see he was just halting between two opinions, but he was not quite ready to decide. The worst of it is he could not come to-night, as he had a previous engagement."

Sue started again at this and looked a trifle conscious.

"I'm so afraid he will be drawn back," she heard Mrs. Currier say next. "Somehow I have a feeling that if he willfully stays away to-night, and puts off deciding until a more convenient season, the Spirit will cease to strive with him—now, any way. I am so anxious about it."

"Here's your change, madam," said Sue, just then.

There were tears in gentle Mrs. Currier's eyes as she turned to take it.

"My dear," she said, obeying a sudden impulse as she glanced at Sue's sunny, piquant face, "my dear, don't forget your responsibility in influencing your friends and associates. It will be a dreadful thing at that last day to have any one say we led them astray, away from the right: will it not?"

Sue had no answer ready for this query, and the ladies passed out.

"So Rod is interested in religion, is he?" she thought, as she put things to rights. "Wonder what Mrs. Currier would have said if she had known his engagement was to take me to the theater. I suppose she would have besought me to let him off and send him to meeting. Perhaps I ought. But I don't get very much fun, and I don't see why he can't decide before or after just as well. Still," and Sue fairly shuddered at the thought, "it would be awful if he should get over it at the play and then blame me for it."

All day long Sue was perplexed and troubled, and as unlike her usual merry, sunny self as possible.

"Whatever in the world am I going to do?" she thought as she started for home at night. "I wish Mrs. Currier had gone somewhere else shopping. I don't see what earthly difference it makes; the meetings last a week longer, and Rod can go every evening for all of me, but if I give up the theater to-night the dear knows when I'll get another chance to go. I guess if Mrs. Currier had to work as I do, and didn't have any more fun than I do, she wouldn't think it such a simple matter to give it up. It's all nonsense, any way. I'm not responsible for Rod's not deciding. He had time enough this week, but he hasn't improved it, and very likely he won't to-night, even if he went to the theater. I'm not going to give up my good name for me to."

As to this decision Sue has never tried to think no more of it. It is one of her best endeavors to be comfortable as she can. She even kept her mind off it while she stood looking on, and she never looked back.

reply; and then for a few minutes neither of them spoke.

Sue seemed to see Mrs. Currier's earnest face, to hear her saying, "Don't forget your responsibility; it will be a dreadful thing to hear any one say we led them away from the right."

Rod was trying in vain to quiet his troubled conscience.

"There's no use in my feeling so uncomfortable. I'll go to the meeting to-morrow night, and decide one way or the other and be done with it."

But, suggested something within, suppose something should happen before then, they'd do to people many times when they least expect them. What if it should be too late to-morrow night!

Rod shook himself impatiently.

"Here's the car," he said, with a look of relief; but just then they both heard the church bell. "Don't forget," it said to Sue; "Come now," it seemed to Rod to plead.

For an instant their eyes met, and Sue, with quick intuition read the struggle in Rod's face. "It will be a dreadful thing to hear any one say we led them astray." How those words rang in Sue's ears!

"Yes," she said to herself, "it would be horrible, and I will not run the risk of it for all the fun in the world; if Rod goes away from the right it shall not be my fault."

The car was close to them, and Rod put out his hand to help Sue, but she drew back.

"We won't go to the theatre to-night; we will go to the meeting, and if I were in your place, Rodney, I wouldn't hesitate any longer. I'd make up my mind for the right to-night."

Rod turned and looked at Sue, too surprised to speak.

"How did you know?" he asked, presently. "O. I found it out," she answered, as they went up the church steps. It was an intensely solemn meeting; the text was "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." It came to Rod like a command.

After the sermon, when the minister came down from the pulpit, and, looking anxiously into the faces before him, asked if there were not some who would choose now whom they would serve, Rod was one of the first to rise.

"I have chosen Christ for my Master," he said, and there was a real ring of joy in his voice. "and God helping me, I will serve him faithfully all the rest of my life."

Two heads bent suddenly as he spoke. "Thank God," said Mrs. Currier, softly, to herself; but Sue said never a word; only a sudden rush of tears blinded her eyes.

"I can never thank you enough, Sue, for your help to-night," said Rod, as they walked home to gether. "I cannot tell you how happy and thankful I am that I have decided."

"I am very glad also; but you need not thank me, Rod, for I think I helped myself to decide, as well as you," answered Sue.

"I did not do anything worth mentioning for you, yet it made me happier than I ever was before. I think, to feel that I had helped even the least bit. If God will only accept and help me I want to serve him, too."

#### The Marking of Bird's Eye Maple.

Prof. Seal finds that the peculiar markings in bird's eye maple do not occur in young trees up to about three inches in diameter, nor very high up in trees which are very much pitted at the base. A specimen taken 50 feet above the ground showed no trace of bird's eye, while another from near the base of the same tree was very strongly marked. If the cause of these formations could be discovered and used to produce the marks, it would add greatly to the market value of the timber, for the wood of this maple and other trees somewhat similarly marked is comparatively scarce and in great demand for veneers.

#### Into Sahara's Desert.

Undaunted by the fate of Camille Doule, the young explorer who was murdered in the Sahara about a year ago, a M. Fernand Fontana has now plunged boldly into the country of the Touareg. He was dissuaded from his enterprise by his friends and the Government of Algeria, but all to no purpose. The French Society, as well as the Government, did nothing but sympathy, and Fontana is now where several of his companions have already

#### The Heroic Engineer.

"That was a brave deed. The engineer is dead. I hear."

"Yes, his body lies in yonder car, I was talking with the noble fellow just as he stepped on the engine that night, at the Providence depot," said my old friend, himself also an engineer.

The morning papers briefly mentioned the fact that "an engineer on the boat train last night sacrificed his own life, and thereby saved the entire train load of passengers from destruction." The article would have been longer, and the headlines more conspicuous had it been a case of scandal in a church or the fall of a bank cashier. This difference is not the choice of the newspaper makers. Good deeds are not "taking" news in the smacking sense that bad deeds are. The crowd is hungry for carnion. The newspaper must sell to the crowd, or it does not pay. The crowd is not heroic. A heroism is a rebuke to the crowd. It seems to say, "You could not have done that, you are too selfish. You would have jumped off the engine and saved your mean life." So the crowd casts the idyl of a soul's majestic deed aside. The crowd turns to the story of some Sunday-school superintendent's embezzlement; while reading that the crowd can rub its hands and say, "Shocking! We would not have done that. Yet we make no professions."

"But I think any one of our passenger engineers would do the same thing, sir," resumed my friend. "I know them. Pardon me, I have been one of them for five and twenty years. You see the drivers of express trains are selected men picked and called to get the best. They are sober, stern, very intelligent, and of extensive experience. They are very often men of finer fiber than some of the officers of the road. A fellow often goes to be an officer because he is cousin to a director, or nephew to the president. But that rule doesn't work in the cab of a through night express."

The gray-haired knight of the throttle invited me to ride down the next twenty-two miles with him. There was no opportunity for conversation, as we leaped forward into the mist and darkness of the night. The ponderous mass of living metal, with a heart of fire and a spurt as invisible as my own, bounded over the snowy earth till my whole nervous system was concentrated in my eyes. Yet I could see nothing, scarcely. The flash of the head-light flew on, barely five rods before us, like a wizard's smile; it actually made the goulsh gloom more intense and fearful. The hot breath of the monster, as its red throat was fed with fuel, burned my eyeballs, till I attempted to shield them by holding up a newspaper. But I could not effect anything, for I needed both hands in a clutch on the springing seat. Those blood-like spots on the face of the night, the red signal-lamps, dashed by us and faded like a dance of meteors. Ah, the jar, the clanger, the clash of switches, like a passage of men at arms, swords upon shields.

Suddenly the driver waved his hand to me through the lurid light and pointed out of the window.

"It was just here. I'll tell you," he howled, "all about it when we stop."

The story he told me when we stopped was this:

During the great March blizzard the old man was off duty. He was sitting that Monday evening when the hurricane broke upon New England, at the bedside of his dying daughter. A messenger tolled through the snow with a request from the president of the line. "As a personal favor, would he run an engine down to the State capital to take the president to the bedside of his dying daughter." The coincidence was itself ominous and striking. The high official and the old engine-driver were each afflicted in the perilous illness of a beloved daughter. The president of course was ignorant of the engineer's family trouble. The two men had long been personal friends. They were boys together, years before, in the same country town. One had inherited wealth, had been afforded an education, and so had risen to fine social and commercial standing. The other, poor born, loving his machine as he loved nothing else except his home and his family, had been perfectly content to rise no higher than to be the president of the line as the noblest engineer they have.

"Well; such a request," said, mired yet, it was a request, and not an order. The president knew that if any one had the nerve to drive a machine into the teeth of that gale, I was the fellow. Somehow I seemed

to forget myself, I just put myself in his place. I kissed my sweet little Mollie, and in twenty minutes was on Number Twenty-seven, and the president with me. It was a tough three hours going twenty-eight miles, but we did it. I landed him in season, too. He was with his daughter when she began to get well. I was stuck in that cut that I pointed out to you for a whole day, within sight of my house, but less you, you couldn't get over those two miles unless you had been a spirit, and while I was sitting there, you can guess how I suffered. I must have been looking directly at the windows when my precious little Mollie—God pity me!—passed away. She was just eighteen years old and most beautiful."

The old man wrung my hand. I got them from the cab and went back to my station feeling none the less secure because so real an old hero sat by the throttle valve for my protection.

I also knew a conductor who left his home to take the Boston Express through, his youngest son sick with scarlet fever, during that very storm. For a week the tortured father never heard a word of tidings. But in this case the little sufferer recovered. The faithful wife never left the boy's bed.

The wife of a railway-man must needs have many of the fine characteristics of the sailor's wife. The father much away, the children bear her imprint. And I take it that the world does not sing half poetry enough about the wives, and children, and mothers of railway men, who often sit by the window and pray in stormy nights and tempestuous days. When a crash robs them of the brave breadwinner's right arm, how little we think of all the sorrow. They are rarely rich. Suffering is sure to follow. But the God, who gives his servants their lot in life, does not forget the brave, the obedient, and the true. How rarely do you hear of such a man's boys turning out badly. A good angel watches over the girls. The widow's lowed head is lighted by the sunbeams that grateful prayers call down; for not all passengers forget the debt of gratitude for safety.

A Government officer in whom the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia placed such high confidence as to permit him to have all the handling of funds raised by voluntary subscription for the erection of a large church on the spot where the late Emperor was assassinated, has mismanaged the trust to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars, and the Grand Duke and one of his brothers have made the amount good from their private purses.

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ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

The Animal Invades a Hunter's Cabin.

Two years ago the writer spent part of the winter prospecting in the mountains of New Mexico, just over the continental divide. He was accompanied by an old miner and soldier, Colonel McClure, of Iowa. We decided to remain at one place for several weeks, and concluded to build a temporary cabin. In two days we had completed a small hut with an aperture in one side for a doorway. Having no boards to make a door we hung up a cloth instead. Of course this frail material offered little or no resistance to any animal that desired to get inside. The morning after the second night of our occupancy we found some wildcat tracks on the dusty floor of our cabin. I said something about danger, when the Colonel silenced me by remarking that wildcats were harmless. I was a tenderfoot, and felt quite shaky about it, but said nothing more regarding the subject.

The cabin was twelve feet square, and in one corner was our bunk, raised about three feet above the ground. I thought I would be safer sleeping next to the wall, so I let the Colonel occupy the front part of the bunk. I didn't sleep very much the night after the wildcat tracks were discovered. I kept thinking about the matter, and cogitating as to what I would do when the animal came again. It was after midnight before I managed to get the least bit of sleep. My mind was too restless, and my nap lasted only a few minutes. The Colonel snored loud and long. Wildcats evidently had no terrors for him. I kept my eye on the cloth, expecting every moment to see a varmint step into the arena.

I had just looked at my watch and found it was five minutes past 1 o'clock, when I heard the snapping of some small twigs on the outside. I conjectured that the wildcat was coming. I felt somewhat shaky, and instinctively clutched my six-shooter with one hand and my bowie-knife with the other. A moment later I saw the cloth pushed aside and two glaring eye-balls appeared. A cold chill ran over me; then I began to sweat. In another instant the animal was on the inside. In the fireplace was a flickering pine knot, which made the scene a weird one to me. The animal did not seem to care for the light or the fire as it went around the interior of the cabin with very little timidity.

I finally composed myself enough to wake the Colonel. He took in the situation at once. The animal was just then intent on examining a chunk of meat hung on the wall over which was hanging an overcoat. The head and shoulders of the critter were invisible. The Colonel raised his Winchester and fired. The animal gave a cry that made my hair stand on end. When the smoke cleared away the beast was gone. Next morning we followed a trail of blood and found the dead animal about 200 yards from the cabin. But it wasn't a wild cat, it was a panther. We looked around and found something more substantial to keep our intruder, and the next night I slept in peace.

Ivory Raiding on the Congo.

While the Arab slave trade continues to inflict its atrocities upon Africa, a new method of intensifying her horrors has been discovered. The latest crimes against the natives are promoted by white merchants who are penetrating to the very centre of the continent in quest of ivory.

The recent large exports of ivory from the Congo basin have been heralded as gratifying proof of the wonderful growth of legitimate trade in that region. A dispatch to the Congo Government the other day announced that over forty tons of ivory, worth in Egypt about \$240,000, had been purchased by trading companies on the upper Congo within two months and were then on the way down the river. Within the past few months nearly \$1,000,000 worth of Congo ivory has been sold in Antwerp.

This ivory is purchased by trading steamers that are packed as far inland as Stanley Falls. A small part of the ivory is bought from the natives but by far the larger part of it comes from the Arabs of Stanley Falls and the Lomami River, who are straining every nerve to meet the sudden and unexpected demand that to their great delight has arisen at their very doors.

The methods that have been stimulated by the new enterprise of white men are de-

scribed in one of Mr. Stanley's letters, and also by Mr. Herbert Ward. These gentlemen say that ivory raiding is now a very bloody business. The Arabs lead into the ivory district bands of 300 to 600 Manyema armed with Enfield rifles. They burn every village they come across, capture all the women, shoot down the men unless they at once get out of reach of bullets, and destroy the plantations. Having thus desolated a large area, they settle down with their captives at some place where plantains are abundant and proceed to open negotiations with the people whom they have driven into the woods.

They send word to these fugitives that their women will be restored to them for the price of a tusk of ivory apiece. The natives then go on elephant hunts or open their hidden stores, and slowly the women are redeemed. The Arabs thus secure a rich supply of ivory to sell to their white friends, and finally depart for the river, leaving behind them a region turned into a waste.

The new phase of ivory raiding is really not a whit better than slave trading.

A TRAGEDY IN PERU.

Dr. Urbina Sacrifices his Life to Save the Lives of Others.

A correspondent at Lima writes: "The antagonism existing between Senores Rosas and Morales Bermudez, the two candidates of the constitutional party for the Presidential nomination, is probably greater now than it was at the beginning. Recently both Bermudez and Rosas arrived at Huanta, in the province of Ayacucho, where, under most serious auspices, they have started an electioneering strife, and an armed collision between the two parties was the result. It is also stated that a battle has already taken place in the streets of Huanta and many on both sides were killed, among them being the chiefs of both parties in the town mentioned, namely, Senor Lazona, Deputy of Congress and of the revolution, and Dr. Urbina, chief of the Rosas party. The prefect of Ayacucho informed the Government of the fight, and the leaders of the parties have been held responsible. Luckily no other parts of the republic is similarly disaffected, the general feeling being that the time has passed to resort to such extreme and turbulent measures."

Another account gives the following details of the Huanta fight. "Dr. Urbina, having seen five members of his family fall at his side during the eight hours of the combat, left with the remaining members to seek refuge at the Matrix church. There he found a number of women, children, and old people. The priest, before the horrible tragedy took place, exhorted the Indians to desist, in the name of humanity, from their horrible mode of procedure, but when the Indians are drunk they are most furious, and are incapable of reasoning. As they drew near the church, threatening to burn it, Dr. Urbina, under terrible emotion, knowing that he had been the only cause for such action on the part of the Indians, and wishing to save the lives of the many innocent persons that had taken refuge in the church, resolved without losing time to sacrifice himself and terminate the anguish of his friends. Leaving the church he addressed his enemies in the following strain: 'I am Urbina, whom you are looking for. Kill me, if you like; but the persons in the church are not my accomplices. Do not injure them.'"

The priest, to whom he announced his determination, gave his benediction and accompanied him to the door of the church, opening a window and holding him good-bye, sobbing as he did so. The priest intended to return and close the church, but as he arrived at the porch he became deprived of reason.

A few moments afterward, as we passed the Plaza de Huanta, the head of this victim of the execrable hatred and barbarity of his countrymen was to be seen at a distance. The murderer, in their drunken fury, not being satisfied with the murder of Dr. Urbina, continued to slay the bystanders and to sack and burn the houses of many hours afterward. Over two hundred members of the old republic were between the families of Lazona and Urbina."

Miriam - "I heard Mr. Chopper say that very loudly about you yesterday." Mame - "For heaven's sake what did he say?" Miriam - "I don't remember just now but you know how awfully he stammers."

LITTLE LAUGHS.

A woman's beauty may be "all in her eye,"-but it is there all the same.

A butcher knows how to make both ends meet, if you give him the proper steer.

Men use the same rule in judging champagne that women use in judging men. If it is good it pops.

It is as easy to tell the truth to your wife as to tell a lie, but it is not always so expedient.

Men would not care to be wicked if women did not look on naughtiness with mingled dread and admiration.

The champion modest woman has been heard from. She always retires to her boudoir when she desires to change her mind.

If there is ever a time when it's a blessing for a man to be blind it is when he is in love. He can't see what a fool he is making of himself.

"Darling, I am growing old, Silver threads among the gold," Sang the wife, but Jack replied: "Turn your switch the other side."

There is only one letter in a man's alphabet and that is "I," only one in a girl's and that is "O," only one in a married woman's and that is "U."

Angeline - "Do you believe that love flies out of the window when poverty comes in at the door?" Howard - "If it does it goes out for a divorce."

Mrs. Hardhead - "That's our milkman's wife." Mr. Hardhead - "She's very becomingly attired." Mrs. Hardhead - "How so?" Mr. Hardhead - "She wears a watered silk."

Young Wife - "Oh, John, the rats have eaten all my angel cake!" Husband - "What! All of it?" Young Wife - "Every piece. Heel like crying." Husband - "Oh, pawaw. Don't cry over a few rats."

Mr. Softhead ( fervently ) - "Mary, my darling, thou art so dear to me, bless thee!" Mary's father (who is in the cellar gazing savagely at the gas meter) - "Softhead, thou art very dear to me, too - blast thee!"

She - "Edward, the minister has asked me to sing at the concert for the church fund and I..." He (eagerly) "Oh, go by all means. I never did have much love for that parson or his congregation, either."

We've heard of breeches of all kinds, And a serious breach is a breach of trust. But each male that wears the breeches knows That breach of promise is the very worst (and most expensive).

Love is blind, and when the old bachelor leans in the room over the parlor is kept awake till midnight by the intermittent grumble of a deep bass voice in the room below, he cannot help wishing that it was deaf and dumb as well.

Charley Lovelock (who sees a chance of saying something really bright) "Wally, Miss Squelcher, you remind me of a Cow on a jury." Miss Squelcher - "Yes 'Why, pray?' Charley Lovelock - "Why, you sit on a body so, you know."

"His father is rich, but he is too proud to take anything from him," exclaimed one of a party of gentlemen in reference to a third person. "Yes, I have noticed that," said another with a pained look on his face. "He prefers to borrow from his friends."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a powerful and radical Cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative power to the command of cases and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 27 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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My neighbors and friends who saw me in my sickness wondered at the great change in my looks lately and said I looked ten years younger and indeed I feel so relieved, suffering as I did for many years, especially after meals, now I can enjoy my meals and with pleasure add my testimony to your extraordinary Water. Yes! if you have what I say is any value, give it to the people. Yours truly, M. W. TUCKER, Newbury Port, Mass.

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### Health Department.

#### Insomnia.

Insomnia is rightly regarded as one of the marks of an overwrought or worried nervous system. and conversely we may take it that sound sleep, lasting for a reasonable period—say from six to nine hours in the case of adults—is a fair test of nervous competence. Various accidental causes may temporarily interfere with sleep in the healthy; but still the rule holds good, and a normal brain reveals its condition by obedience to this daily rhythmic variation. Custom can do much to contract one's natural term of sleep, a fact of which we are constantly reminded in these days of high pressure; but the process is too artificial to be freely employed. Laborious days, with scanty intervals of rest, go far to secure all the needful conditions of insomnia. In allotting hours of sleep it is impossible to adopt any maxim or uniform custom. The due allowance varies with the individual. Age, constitution, sex, fatigue, exercise, each has its share of influence. Young persons and hard workers naturally need and should have more sleep than those who neither grow nor labor. Women have by common consent been assigned a longer period of rest than men, and this arrangement, in the event of their doing hard work, is in strict accord with their generally lighter physical construction and recurrent infirmities. Absolute rule there is none, and it is of little moment to fix an exact average allowance, provided the recurrence of sleep be regular and its amount sufficient for the needs of a given person, so that fatigue does not result in such nerve prostration and irritability as render healthy rest impossible. —London Lancet.

#### Useful Hints for the Eyes.

- Frequently rest by looking up.
- Have abundant light, but not dazzling.
- Posture erect; never read lying down or stooping.
- Great caution about study after recovery from fevers.
- Distance of book from eye, about fifteen inches.
- San not shining on desk or on objects in front of the student.
- The book held at right angles to the line of sight, or nearly so.
- Clothing at the neck loose: the same as regards the rest of the body.
- A comfortable temperature, and especially let the feet be warm and dry.
- Light coming from the left hand or left and rear; under some circumstances from in front.
- Little study before breakfast or directly after a hearty meal; none at all at twilight or late at night.

#### Old and Young Sleeping Together

A prominent medical writer in discussing upon this by no means uncommon practice says: "A habit which is considerably prevalent almost every family of allowing children to sleep with the older persons, has ruined the nervous vitality and physical energy of the promising child. Every parent who has a child, and wishes to preserve to him the nervous system, with which to bestow the career, success, and labor, should be careful to let that nervous vitality be in some degree or aged with adults, are in the habit of sleeping in their beds with the older persons, and as a result of this habit, the nervous system of the child is ruined." —London Lancet.

of her medical attendants. The child, meanwhile, pined without any apparent disease. Its once fat little cheeks fell away with singular rapidity till every bone in its face was visible. Finally it had imparted to the mother its last spark of vitality and simultaneously both died."

#### How to Bludge the Doctor.

A popular physician was recently called on by a friend, to whom, in the course of conversation, he said: "There are ten simple precautions which form an excellent rule of life, and if people would but observe them I should have to resort to some other means of making a livelihood." Then he enumerated the following: Don't read in street cars or other jolting vehicles. Don't pick the teeth with pins or other hard substances. Don't neglect any opportunity to insure a variety of food. Don't eat hot and cold things immediately in succession. Don't pamper the appetite with such variety of food that may lead to excess. Don't read, write or do any delicate work unless receiving the light from the left side. Don't direct special mental or physical energies to more than eight hours' work in each day. Don't keep the parlor dark if you value your own and your children's health. Don't delude yourself into the belief that you are an exception so far as sleep is concerned; the nominal average of sleep is eight hours. Don't endeavor to rest the mind by absolute inactivity, let it rest in work in other channels, and thus rest the tired part of the brain.

#### General Hints.

Strong salt and water and diluted camphorated alcohol given alternately and in quantities to merely keep the mouth and throat wet, are recommended for diphtheria patients. A gargle of sulphur and water has also proved of value in the treatment of diphtheria.

Inflammation can be rapidly reduced by a solution of salt, and for a weakened or diseased membrane local applications of salt and water act as magic. In cases of sore throat, sore eyes or catarrhal affections, simple salt and water as a gargle or douche, is a most efficacious application.

For rheumatism take celery and cut it in inch pieces, and boil in water until soft. No water must be poured off unless drunk by the invalid. Then take new milk, slightly thickened with flour, flavor with nutmeg and warm with the celery, serve with diamonds of toasted bread, and eat with potatoe.

Dr. Hutchinson says: "Among the many mothers who read these lines there may be one or more whose child has scarlet fever, that terrible disease that has come to be so dangerous of late years, and who will be glad to know of anything to help their baby. And this is something so simple, yet so effective, that no physician can object to its employment. It is the application to the entire body of warm sweet oil, well rubbed in. There is something curious in its immediate good effect. Almost twenty years ago I had five patients in one family with the anguine or throat variety of scarlet fever, and had them all brought into one room for convenience sake, as well as reason. Five little heads returned my greeting every time a crust was made, and all clamored loudly for their oil bath. No medicine was given and but little food was needed to supplement absorbed oil. And in recovery there was the absence of the usual complications, so that in my western town oil baths came to be generally used with excellent result. Other fads were tried, but none so sweet the double purpose of nutrition and skin cooler as well as plain olive oil. It is well worth trial."

#### Wreckers of Belle Isle.

The report of the minister of marine and fisheries which was laid before Parliament at Ottawa on the 22nd inst. contains an extraordinary story, which indicates that the wrecker still exists and plots his evil along the shores of the gulf of St. Lawrence. In the fall of last year the steamship *Mermaid* went ashore on the granite rocks of Belle Isle. H. M. S. *Emerald* came along, and the crew of the master in the Montreal harbor. The crew of the *Emerald* to believe that the *Mermaid* was not required, and be taken to the shore. This is what happened after the *Mermaid* was wrecked. The crew of the *Emerald* was boarded

the vessel and plundered her. Later on they came into the cove with their schooners and anchored, then made their boat fast alongside of the steamer and swarmed on board in large numbers. They intimidated the crew, stole the deck fittings, sails, and gear, and with hatchets and crowbars destroyed a large portion of the decks in their endeavor to get at the cattle and sheep. Ropes were put down the opening and various articles of the cargo were secured and immediately removed from the steamer. The cattle and sheep which had previously been landed were hunted about the island, caught and killed, the carcasses dragged down the cliffs, where boats were in readiness to receive them. Similar scenes have occurred whenever vessels have been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either upon the Labrador or Newfoundland coasts. The commissioner who investigated the matter states that it is very difficult to discover and punish these pirates, but some attempts to do so will be made.

#### Sir Charles Tennant's Remarkable Daughter.

Sir Charles Tennant's house in Grosvenor Square, says a London correspondent, is one of the most popular in London. This is owing chiefly to the brightness and cleverness of his daughters. There were originally four of them, but the second, who married the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton a few years ago, died suddenly the season before last. There still remain, however, Lady Ribblesdale, Mrs. Graham, and Miss Margot Tennant. A more remarkable girl, even in this remarkable age, than Miss Margot does not exist in society. Bright, clever, full of wit and "go," she is to be found wherever anything interesting is going on. Smart dance, Court functions, private view, first night—it is all the same to her so long as amusing and prominent people are to be met there. On the same day I have seen her hanging on Mr. Gladstone deep in conversation, and not six hours after engaged in a cosy *te-a-tete* with Mr. Arthur Balfour in a quiet corner. Indeed, the Irish Secretary was staying at the Glen, one of Sir Charles' places in Scotland, not so many weeks ago, and it was even said that he was about to take the lady for his own.

#### The Little Men of Africa.

The Akkas are described by Dr. Junker as the only voluntary nomads of the Central African regions. They construct their little cone-shaped grass huts in the shelter of the trees of the woods, and live in a district as long as the chase lasts. They prefer to abide among some tribes and avoid others. The rulers welcome them, and they, being practiced archers and cunning warriors, are employed in the invasions of the territories of neighboring tribes. They possess no industry, and buy even their arrow heads in exchange for meat, the produce of the chase. They are timid and suspicious, and Dr. Junker only once saw about one hundred and and fifty of them together. They cannot properly be described as dwarfs, but only as relatively very small men.

\$500 Reward offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incurable case. 50 cts.

The wire nail men of the United States, with few exceptions, have closed their mills, as part of a scheme, it is alleged, to force certain manufacturers of wire nails into the trade.

"The Jungles of the Guinea Help the Hurt that Honor Feels."

But there are deeper hurts than those that honor feels. The seeds of disease are sometimes sown in the system in secret and surely giving away to some deep seated malady. Especially among females are many instances of inflammation, pleurisy, pneumonia, and other displacements, weak back, sick headache, nervousness and kidney diseases. For all these afflictions peculiar to women no safer remedy than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, prepared for their special benefit, can be found. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

#### Now's The Time.

Never put off till to-morrow. That which needs doing to-day. If you do you may find to your sorrow. Too late, that you've trifled away the golden opportunity of a lifetime. If those who complain of weakness and debility have hacking cough and pain in the side or chest, poor appetite, broken sleep and other symptoms of a general decay of vitality, would promptly procure Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and take it as directed, they might throw off the disease which threatens them, and soon regain a hold on the health they are surely losing. Consumption may be averted, if prompt measures are taken, by the use of this standard remedy. Let those who have reason to feel that their general vitality is running low be wise and do something for themselves at once, for delays are dangerous. "Golden Medical Discovery" is warranted to benefit or cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it refunded.

Rev. M. L. Fritch, pastor of the Reading, Pa., Reformed Congregation, has been arrested for stealing knives and other articles from a hardware store.

#### All Men,

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, lashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with **LEADEN CIRCLES**, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

A. P. 494.

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ENTOMBED IN A CRATER.

The Remarkable Story Told by a Party of Explorers in New Mexico.

A party who have been exploring the crater or lava beds about twenty miles southwest of Albuquerque have returned, and vouch for the truthfulness of the story related by J. A. Beeton and R. W. Loudon.

These two gentlemen stated that on their way to the Malpais they met a Mexican who volunteered for a few dollars to go and show them what he knew about the crater. As a general thing the Mexicans are superstitious and shun the vicinity of the lava beds, but this man agreed to go. He piloted the Albuquerqueans to a cave on the highest point, through cracks in the floor of which a warm vapor ascended. Viewing the surroundings for a few seconds the men were startled by a low rumbling sound, like distant thunder, and the lava beneath their feet trembled.

The Mexican fled immediately to the open air, but before the gentlemen could realize it a portion of the bottom of the cave fell, and they with it, into intense darkness. Neither was injured, but the ground upon which they fell seemed to sway to and fro. Fortunately one of the party had a candle and some matches, and after innumerable attempts to light it the candle was made to burn.

When light was obtained a lake of water, black as pitch, lay at their feet, while the opposite shore appeared to be moving from right to left. It seemed that they had landed on a floating island or a huge mass of lava which has probably been eddying around in this strange whirlpool for centuries. The Mexican soon returned to the mouth of the cave, and, lowering lariat, by the aid of their horses pulled the imprisoned explorers out of their bondage and to the surface once more. Another party is being organized and will visit the crater.

Cleaning the Teeth.

Dentists are daily committing the error of not instructing their patients in regard to the proper methods of cleansing their mouths—brushing, picking, rinsing with warm water after meals and at night before going to bed. Our observations must show that people who do these things faithfully, have little or no dentistry to do. It is astonishing what ignorance exists among people of all classes and conditions, as to what cleanliness of the mouth means. They will tell you frankly that they do not brush their mouths as well as they ought to, for they did not know they were going to be examined, and when you looked, you really thought so, and the second thought was probably not for a month. Cleanly habits are part of an individual's education and can be formed only in childhood. Too much care can not be bestowed on the object for the little ones. Each individual must see it thoroughly done for him and experience having it well rubbed in with a brush. Not much dentifrice of any kind is needed small quill tooth-picks are best, narrow strips of rubber dam for spaces the quill will not clean. Water used frequently for rinsing, with a motion of the tongue on the surfaces of the teeth and gums, lingual, palatal, labial and buccal. So much for preventive dentistry, which should be our highest aim.

Great-Grandmother at Fifty.

The youngest great grandmother in America probably lives near Pomona, California. Her name is Francesca Cordolla, and her age is but fifty years. She is a poor Spanish woman who has lived in that region for over thirty years. She was married when but fifteen years old, and her eldest daughter married when a little over seventeen years old. Mrs. Cordolla was but thirty-three years old when she was a grandmother. Her eldest granddaughter was married last April at the age of sixteen years, and now that a great-granddaughter has been born into the family, there is great rejoicing among the Cordollas and their Spanish relatives. Mrs. Cordolla is in superb health, and she says that if the record of the family keeps up she will have the felicity of holding her great-grandchild upon her knee before the biblical allotted time for her on earth is measured out.

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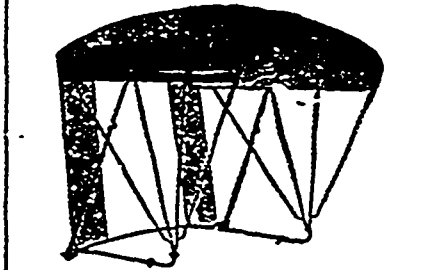
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More than returns capital... Knapley or Failing... worst cases... office for a treatise... Post Office... M.C., Toronto.



## A RUSSIAN EXILE'S STORY.

He is Arrested on a False Charge, Driven Almost to Death by Cruelty, Escapes and is Recaptured and Then Banished from His Country.

### JUMPED FROM A MOVING TRAIN.

A Thrilling Encounter with a Mounted Officer, Whom He Knocks Down in the Street—The Refugee Now in America, but His Brother Serves a Twenty Years' Sentence in Siberia.

[The writer of these experiences is now a student at Columbia College, New York, and is recommended by Professor Charles Sprague Smith.]

I am twenty-two years old, and already exiled forever from my country. Four years ago I was a student in a university in one of the largest cities of Russia. In American and Canadian universities, I understand, it is the custom for two young men to "chum" together. In Russia we are not so rich, and three or four contribute toward the common expenses. I was one of a group of four. One of these four was, unknown to the others, a nihilist. This could not well happen here. It can readily happen in Russia, where one-half of the population spies on the other half. The government has its spies in the schools, the universities, the streets, the shops, the cafes. The revolutionists have their spies among the police, the army, the palace and the body guard itself. That is the reason attempts at assassination fail so often, not because the Czar is protected by a special providence, but because the system of government spies is so perfect that it is almost impossible to carry out an attempt at assassination as arranged. The arrests which followed the last attempt on the life of the Czar numbered 190 persons, not one of whom was implicated in the plot. I caught a glimpse of the Russian "Holy Czar," or rather of the "Tyrant Czar," recently. The ruler of Russia is a pale, haggard old man, whose face betrays anxiety and fear. He is trying to forget himself, not in prayer, but in the arms of Bacchus. I think there is no man in America that would knowingly take up the royal burden.

#### THE ARREST.

My brother had incurred the enmity of a commandant of gendarmes. He had been arrested as a political suspect and sent to Siberia. Since my brother's arrest I had been, unknown to myself, under police surveillance, though I belonged to no nihilistic circle, read no nihilistic literature and had accepted my poor brother's loss as one of those inevitable cruelties to which the Russian, who is not a noble, is hardened.

One evening, when I came from the theater, I found my room full of gendarmes. They arrested me at once for a political crime. I was then and there searched. The police pulled to pieces everything in the room that could contain books, pamphlets or papers, but found nothing of a compromising nature. I was then put into a covered carriage and taken to prison.

Before I was taken to the prison, the general of the army, whose vanity had exiled my brother, asked me who my friends were and what they were doing. I demanded the explanation was to confess. I was marched to the prison, where I was confined in a cell. I looked for them. It was hard to be alone, but to be confined with eyes that were more horrible still.

I asked the officer of the guard what would be my fate. He answered that I had been sentenced to Siberia for twenty years. I was then taken to the prison for escape.

as those of the inquisition of Spain or secret council of Venice. I felt when the door was opened as if I were entering a grave. Picture to yourself a square hole in the middle of a stone ten feet long, six feet wide and six feet high. For once I blessed my short stature. There was no window in this hole but a glass over the door; no light but what came from the oil lamp that hung outside. An iron bedstead, fastened to the wall, cut off a foot or so of space from my narrow limits. Everything is made fast so that the desperate may not commit suicide, for those who go insane in prison are not few. A wooden table was locked to the floor at one end of the den, and by its side was fastened a wooden chair. On the wall hung an "icon," a sacred picture of a saint, to encourage devotion. I had plenty of time for devotion. There was no light for books or the small industries in which prisoners employ themselves. I was allowed to do no work. The gilded lines of that hateful figure, the only bright object in the murky darkness, burned themselves into my brain. I could see them repeated in the empty air in every corner of the cell; even now they come back to me at times when I am in total darkness.

#### BLACK BREAD AND TEA.

On the bed was a straw mattress and two blankets. The straw was changed but once a month. On entering the prison I had to submit to a search in comparison with which the search at my room was child's play. I was even made to open my mouth that the police might be assured that there was no dynamite concealed there. They discovered nothing more formidable than my tongue. I was allowed to retain my underclothes, but instead of my outer garments I received a long woollen robe like a dressing gown. With this for day use and my blankets for night I was never cold. Who could be cold in an atmosphere like that of my cell? But if the cell was warm it was hardly dry. Water trickled constantly over the stone walls and waked me by trickling on my face. After several weeks of this solitary confinement my nerves became so shattered that when this happened I would leap from my bed in shuddering agony. In that damp cave I contracted an affection of the lungs from which I have never recovered.

The meals in a Russian prison are simple and not conducive to dyspepsia. In the morning I had black bread and tea, at noon cabbage soup, in the evening black bread, tea and five cigarettes. Soup as the only dish does not form a very substantial meal. The soup served to prisoners was simply the water in which the meat was boiled to the gendarmes and guards had a "boiled" into this cabbage were cut. It sustained life, but that was all. The cigarettes were a boon. In Russia everybody smokes. I used to save these cigarettes and smoke them slowly through the day like a child that nibbles a bit of barley sugar "to make it last." Sunday was a gala day. We had pork and beans for dinner instead of soup. Do not imagine the Russian dish resembles the Boston one. Our beans were hard and poor, miserably cooked, with small bits of pork the size of dice, buried in a wilderness of lentils.

#### UNDER A PAIR OF EYES.

At several times two gendarmes entered and stood beside me with loaded revolvers while I made my frugal repast. The food was served in a wooden bowl, and both bowl and spoon were instantly removed by the guards when the prisoner had finished. There is no chance of making chisels out of one's furniture in a Russian prison. The abbe of Damas' novel would hardly have constructed that remarkable tunnel from my cell.

In this hole I lived for months, and no man who has not suffered the horrors of solitary confinement can appreciate what I suffered. The cell doors are not opposite each other, so that it was impossible for me to see the window of the man confined across the corridor. More than this, the little window of my cell was usually occupied by the eyes of a gendarme, who had me under inspection. It is terrible, this inspection, and I cannot grow accustomed to it. Those eyes, always shining through that hole in the wall, had a horrible fascination. I hated them and yet I looked for them. It was hard to be alone, but to be confined with eyes that were more horrible still.

I asked the officer of the guard what would be my fate. He answered that I had been sentenced to Siberia for twenty years. I was then taken to the prison for escape.

How I escaped lunacy I hardly know myself.

#### THE TAPPING LANGUAGE.

After I had been confined for two months I heard one day toward evening a tapping against the wall of my cell. Those who have read Mr. Kennan's admirable articles will know at once what it was, but I did not guess the cause for some time. Finally I guessed that it was some plan of communication from another prisoner, and such it proved to be. I need not repeat here what has been told so well elsewhere of the mode of talking by taps. There is in nearly every cell in some obscure corner, observable only by the eyes of men who, like bats, have grown used to the darkness, a little plan scratched in the stone if by nothing else sometimes by a broken tooth of a prisoner. In this plan the letters are so arranged that by a combination of taps it is unnecessary to tap twenty-three times for the twenty-third letter. Of course, at first, before I discovered the compound method, my next door neighbor tapped once for A, twice for B, and so on. When once I had mastered this method of communication I felt no longer alone. Tapping is forbidden, and the government knows that it exists, but the key of the tapping alphabet they have not yet discovered, even through their spies.

#### IN AN IRON PILL BOX.

The wall separating me from the next cell was the wall behind my bed, so that when lying on the bed I could tap the wall away from the door without being noticed by the gendarme. One unhappy evening I was discovered and the next day was sentenced for punishment to confinement in one of the towers in the four corners of the enclosure that walled in the prison buildings. These towers were designed not by men but by devils. Iron stairways surround them, on which the sentries stand day and night. Two towers are circular and about fifty feet in height. They contain from eight to ten rooms, one on top of the other. I was led out of my cell through the corridor and thence across the open courtyard. The glare of light was torment to my darkness-dulled eyes, and I had to close them. If the light was a torment, however, the air was a cordial, and gave me strength for what was to follow. I was conducted up the iron stairway to the fourth cell from the ground. There was air enough there, but if my first cell was small this was a pill box. The height was about four and a half feet, and it was not long enough for me to lie at full length, and I am a short man. The diet was bread and water twice a day. In this torturing den I was kept three or four weeks, till I lost my senses from exhaustion. Some time previous to this I had begun to spit blood from my lungs. In spite of the pain of this place of confinement it was preferable to the mental and nervous torments of the dark hole in which I had been confined. The window was grated and painted white, but it did admit light, and there was plenty of fresh air.

#### TO THE INFIRMARY.

From the tower I was taken like a corpse to the infirmary. The beds were separate, and there was at least fresh air and better food. For breakfast there was white bread and oatmeal, for dinner beef or some other good meat, and for supper white bread and tea. Sometimes articles were sent to the sick prisoners by the charitable. I fell heir to a handkerchief with a coronet sent by some noble woman who sympathized with us. Of course it was taken from me when I left the prison and there was some excitement in guessing who the donor was. The physician who examined us was a personal acquaintance of my father, and I saw the tears in his eyes when he came to me. But he could do nothing for me, for the physicians themselves are watched every moment by the gendarmes, and the slightest suspicion of connivance with the prisoners is followed by heavy punishment. After two weeks of hospital life I was sufficiently recovered to be taken before the authorities for the "olepro," or official examination, and then for the first time I learned the nature of my crime.

#### PLANS OF ESCAPE.

I was too weak to walk and was carried to the examination room. It was hung with black, like the hall of the inquisition. Behind the table covered with black sat the General of Police, the Minister of Justice, the State Attorney and a secretary with the

"protokols." I was carried to the prisoners' cage and made to stand while the charge against me was read, though I was mercifully allowed to sit when the questions were asked. Two gendarmes with revolvers loaded stood one on each side of me, and two more guarded the entrance. The General of Police asked the questions and the attorney wrote down the answers.

At first I declaimed against the Czar and his government, but the pistol barrels stopped that. I was asked if I belonged to any society, and names of my friends and what they had in view. I answered that I did belong to such a society and that its intention was to kill the Czar and destroy the government. The names of my friends I declined to disclose in St. Petersburg, but I promised to do so if sent to Odessa, where, I said, I need not fear assassination. All the officers rose when I told these lies, and promised me everything under heaven if I would disclose the names then and there; but I stuck to my purpose. At first they tried to make me sign my testimony without reading it, but I declined to sign till I was shown all that had been written, and then with great difficulty, so weak was I, I signed my name. This false testimony was part of a plan of escape. In spite of constant watching, solitary confinement and stone walls, I had word from my friends, and my escape in all its details was planned before I had left the prison.

#### THE SIGNAL.

After my examination I was taken back to the infirmary, and as it was supposed that I was going to aid our paternal government by betraying my friends I was fed on the best of fare. Roasted fowls and good wine came to my table instead of soup and black bread. I kept up an exhibition of sickness as long as possible in order to receive the life giving regimen, but at the end of three weeks I was unable to sham any longer and was pronounced well enough to move. Since my examination I had got back my own clothes, and it was in them, without chains, that I was put in a covered droshky and taken to the railroad station.

A squad of cavalry surrounded the vehicle. There was a gendarme on the driver's seat beside the "isvosleik" and two with me inside. The station was cleared of people, and a crowd collected on the outside believing that I had attempted to assassinate the Czar. Through a double file of gendarmes I was conducted to a special car on the express train. People in the crowd threw me cigarettes, but most of these were kept by my guards. At last the train started and we were fairly on our way, the guards to Odessa and I to freedom.

In the carriage in the rear were two friends of mine. The escape had been arranged to take place after leaving a certain station. I was to be warned which by hearing at the station previous the name of the station called loudly, as if to some tourist, three times under my window. Finally the signal came, and at the next stopping place I was in a tingle of excitement.

#### JUMPED FROM THE TRAIN.

The train stopped, and as usual at the large stopping places one of my three guards left the carriage and returned with a big urn of tea. As usual, also, they offered me a drink, but I declined. They all crossed themselves and soon finished their tea.

The train started, and in five minutes my three gendarmes were found asleep and snoring. The waiter had been bribed and my three gendarmes had taken a pretty substantial dose of laudanum. Once assured that they were asleep, I made my way through the little corridor to the rear of the car. I have said this. I was in my own clothes and without chains, and watching as well as I could in the dark jumped at last into what looked like a soft ditch. It was soft, very soft. I went into the mud up to my neck. However, I was not hurt, and in this I was more fortunate than my friend, who also leaped from the train. He sprained his ankle badly. To cover his tracks he had bought a ticket. My half way to Odessa and had bribed the conductor to let him ride further, a practice common enough in Russia. When, therefore, the police tried to ascertain if any of the passengers who had bought tickets for Odessa had left the train before reaching that place there was no missing ticket and no Odessa passenger to be accounted for. Making for the woods, we struggled to the first little town and there hired a "kibitka" and went straight to Odessa, as the place of

All others where we were the least likely to be looked for.

DANGER OF DEATH.

My poor companion had but \$37, an amount barely enough to take us to Odessa; and so, though forged passports had been provided for us I was obliged to wait in Odessa till reinforcements arrived from some friends. In Russia there is a sort of Free Masonry among the students, so I was at once welcomed among the friends of my friend, and of course immediately assumed a disguise that I might not be recognized, for within a day or two all the region along the line of the railroad on which I had travelled was placarded with offers of a reward of 2,000 rubles for information that would lead to my capture. At that time the unfortunate Jews in Odessa were undergoing that strange persecution that attracted the attention of the civilized world. Mobs formed in the streets, largely of students. I saw a Cossack strike with his riding whip a student who was protecting some Jews, and I fired a revolver at him. A mounted officer, whom I afterward discovered to be the general in charge of the garrison, a coward who sends people to Siberia only to obtain the title of a Governor of the State, saw me fire the shot and rode his horse at me. Then I remembered what in my excitement I had forgotten, that I had about me the names of people who would give me assistance, and considerable correspondence that would insure the arrest of some of my friends. I ran like a hare down the street, but four feet are better than two, and, as the fleet horse overtook me, scarcely knowing what I was about, I leaped to one side and leveled a blow at my pursuer. My heavy student's staff fell with a thud on the General's illustrious leg, and at that appropriate moment his horse slipped and fell. I did not wait to see his fate, but knowing that now death within twenty-four hours awaited me, I again took to my heels, and dodging and doubling, escaped my pursuers, and at last gained the open country and the woods, where I struggled on till I fairly fell from exhaustion. I passed the night in the open air where I fell and awoke in the morning racked in every joint by pain and stiffness. I hobbled along with my back to the rising sun till I saw smoke issuing from a cabin.

A SMUGGLER SAMARITAN.

I went boldly to the "hut" and told the woodman who came to the door that I was an escaped prisoner from a "convoy" on the way to Siberia—a pretty sure passport to the kindness and hospitality of the ordinary Russian peasant. He took me in and I remained with him two days. He informed me at length that he was a smuggler, and offered to show me a secret way across the boundary. I was obliged to swear secrecy on the blade of a dagger, and to promise that I would from the other side aid him to secure contraband goods. How I was to do this I am sure I don't know. On my oath the smuggler closed his cabin, and we pursued our way through paths and lonely roads across treacherous quicksands till we were fairly across the Austrian frontier. Here I bade goodby to my friendly guide and scrambled along to the first railway town, where I used what little money I had to procure a ticket to a point as near Vienna as possible. I got no further than Broad. There I was at my wits' end. The town was full of starving Jews, who had fled from Odessa. Suffering for food I went with them up and down the streets asking for bread. On the day on which I took to public mendicancy an order had been issued to arrest these pauper immigrants and to ship them back to Odessa. Another cowardly act from a crowned head, Franz Joseph.

There is but one America on the globe where they so heartily welcome these poor creatures, and if to-day any of my country men have forgotten all the kindness they have received in the land of the free and noble people of America they, too, are common cowards. I say plainly that I am a Russian nihilist, but in no way an American anarchist or a socialist. I am thankful to the country where I have found a home. I do not mean that I have any special benefactors; no, I only mean that nobody will imprison me or send me to Siberia, from free, honest America. Do believe, my dear readers, that these words come from the bottom of my heart, and deep is the gratitude I feel to your land.

BACK TO ODESSA.

I was seized with the rest and sent back. At the Odessa prison I was, with the others,

stripped and put through the bath. My false beard and assumed complexion were removed in the process. My photograph was at once forwarded to St. Petersburg and was recognized as that of the wicked nihilist who leaped from the train. My complicity in the unhappy accident that kept the commandant of the garrison in bed for six months was never suspected, and all the proofs of my personality as the assailant were left behind in the bath.

I was sent back to St. Petersburg, this time not only in a special car, but in a special train. Surrounded by a body of cavalry I was conveyed to the Petropaulovsky Prison, whose cruelties any person having read the articles of Mr. Kennan can sufficiently comprehend. I was taken at once before the Governor of the prison and told to name those who had aided my escape. Of course I refused. I was then taken to my cell. When compared with the first cell previously described this narrow room was luxurious. The food, however, was the same, and the inspection, if possible, more rigorous. From this prison I was transferred to the "Litofski Zamok," where I had the luxury of two windows, which were, however, painted white, that I might not see what was going on in the outer world.

BANISHED.

After six months' further imprisonment, no proof of any conspiracy of Nihilistic knowledge being found, they read me a pardon from the czar. But what kind of a pardon? I was sentenced to lifelong banishment from all Russian cities, to live in a small town called Ponievz, in the government of Kovno, to be there under constant police surveillance. If the police demanded that I report to them every half hour during the day I was obliged to do it. All my political and civil and nearly all my natural rights, my entire property, or rather that which I should have inherited, had been confiscated. I had no redress for any injury done to me. I was not allowed to hold communication with any one except in the presence of a gendarme or police official. You cannot conceive all the horrors of such a life. And yet my sentence was a light one in comparison with my brother's. His fate and my own killed our father with grief. If I had been eighteen when arrested nothing could have saved me from the terrors of Siberia.

This was the mercy of Alexander III., the personal friend of Colonel de Arnauld, of Washington, who claims that the Russian Czar is liberal minded. I stayed in his liberal hotel for nearly eighteen months, so I know how good and noble he is—when he sleeps in the arms of Bacchus to forget the terrors of his victims.

How can I relate with the pen my feelings on again seeing my dear parents whom I had last seen in comfort and happiness, their hair turned white and all their children banished or dead. One of my brothers escaped to France in 1872 and died in 1885 without a mother's kiss or a father's blessing. Another brother is banished to Siberia for twenty years. I was sent to my home the same week after a eighteen months' imprisonment and exactly, only because they thought I belonged to a nihilist society. They ruined my health, took me from my studies and robbed me of every article I possessed, even to my books. When I reached home I was taken eight or nine times daily before the police until having accumulated money enough for the necessary bribes, at last, for a large sum, I finally bribed them and made my way to Siberia to try and help my brother. I found it impossible to aid him to escape, but having eluded police surveillance in my escape to Siberia, I was in no mood to return to it in Russia; so I made my way under an assumed name and disguise through China, thence to San Francisco, and at last I reached New York.

People of America and Canada who love liberty, thank God, who has placed you amid scenes where you can enjoy freedom. You know not how happy you are. You, who have become so accustomed to doing as you wish, asking no man's permission, can not picture to yourselves a state of society in which only one man does as he pleases, while fifty millions of his fellow men are made to crouch in fear in his presence and are driven to work like beasts with blows of the whip inflicted by other slaves who hug their chains. I was born in such a country—Russia.

I bear on my body to-day the marks of imperial cruelty, inflicted for no crime save that I loved my liberty too well to deny my

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birthright, and if to-day I am alive and free, it is only because I have reached a land where tyranny is unknown.

If this brief but faithful record of my life shall arouse in any of my readers a fiercer hatred of tyranny, a greater love for freedom, I shall be amply satisfied. I know from sad experience that liberty is never valued half so much as when we have lost it.

I have read what many people have written about the government and the Czar of Russia, especially the work of Mr. George Kennan, to whom all the Russian exiles are so thankful. If you will forgive me for my poor English and accept the facts about my country in the shape in which I have presented them, I will relate something more in the future about the misery of my brother and of the Princess O. D.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

A Hungarian lawsuit has just been settled after having been in the courts for 470 years.

The Sultan has given to the King of Italy several Arab horses and other valuable presents.

The Servian Government officially denies that it is trying to make a match for the 14-year-old King.

The Bulgarian Government is about to expend fifteen millions of dollars upon the construction of railroads.

The State railways in Italy, according to official estimation, increased \$34,000,000 in their value during the last two years.

It is reported from Constantinople that Murad V., the predecessor of the present Sultan, is dying of softening of the brain.

King Menelik of Abyssinia has received from the King of Italy a magnificent crown of gold set with emeralds and pearls of great value.

By the death of Count Andrassy, Lord Salisbury and Prince Bismarck are left the only two great statesmen who took part in the Berlin Congress.

Dr. Brown Sequard is still engaged on his youthful elixir at Paris, and persists in believing that his experiment will at last be successfully established.

A match is already being arranged for the young King Alexander of Serbia, who is not yet 14 years old. The proposed alliance is with a Grand Duchess of Russia.

It is said that the French War Office is discontented with the new Lebel rifle, and has sent to a foreign firm for advice as to certain alterations proposed in it.

A man who recently fell ill in Warsaw begged his doctor to accept an old lottery ticket in place of fee, and the doctor did so. The ticket has just drawn \$40,000.

There is an extraordinary increase of suicide and duelling in high military circles in Russia. The fashionable duel is fought at five paces with cavalry revolvers.

An old Alsatian soldier named Zimmerman has just committed suicide through grief at having been retired from the army against his wish on account of his age.

The Prince de Sagan has just driven from Paris to Cannes in a mail coach drawn by five horses. The Prince was driving himself and accomplished the journey in thirty days.

M. de Freycinet, the French Minister of War, has published a decree forbidding surgeons in the French army to make use of hypnotism in their practice, or to experiment with it.

A Russian has invented a luminous projectile to be fired from a gun. It is claimed that it will be extremely useful for discovering the movements of an enemy in a naval contest at night.

Several sailing vessels, loaded with oranges and lemons, left Italy and Spain in January for American ports, and, owing to their non-arrival, the owners are fearful that their precious cargoes have perished.

A marriage has been arranged between Prince William of Nassau and the Countess Elisabeth of Lippe-Weissenfeld. The first marriage of the Prince was with the Princess Elisabeth of Schaumbourg-Lippe.

Admiral Albini of the Italian navy says the man-of-war of the future will have screws and a rudder at each end, so as to turn around without losing any ground, he says, will be unarmored.

The engineer at the head of the Russian railway for the Russian Empire, says that the whole of the railway is at an expense of 1,500,000,000 rubles.

The death is reported of "the oldest inhabitant" of the Austrian capital, and probably of the whole empire, a widow named Magdalena Panza, who is said to have been 114 years and 2 months old. She never been ill, except a few days in her last year, and then her illness was the result of old age. She has had seven children, only one, a daughter, a widowed widow. She had been an agricultural laborer, and had worked till she was 100 years of age.

According to the Lyon Medical inquiry made by the Administration, in order to carry out the new law giving certain advantages to fathers of more than seven children, has shown that in France at present there are 2,000,000 households in which there has been no child; 2,500,000 in which there was one; 2,300,000, two children; 1,500,000, three; about 1,000,000, four; 550,000, five; 330,000, six, and 200,000, seven or more.

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historical text books, and that the events of that period be passed over, dots being placed in the books to indicate the omission.

At Baku, Russia, the waiters have just formed a co-operative union which has procured its own silver, linen, and other table accessories, and does catering of every sort at prices diminished by the usual profit of the hotel keeper, caterer, or other middle man.

A recently devised French method of testing the purity of drinking water is to put a drop of solution of permanganate of potash in a glass of water; if the latter becomes yellow, it is not potable; if it remains clear, it may be drunk.

Prof. Roskoff, a French mesmerist, is turning an honest penny out of the affairs Gouffo by giving lectures at which he demonstrates by experiments upon other persons that Gabrielle Bompard may have been under magnetic influence when she acted as an accomplice at the murder.

In Romania recently the cold has been very intense, and the wolves have been driven in very close to the towns. One postman has been killed by them on his route. His horses were also devoured, and even the leather post bag was torn to pieces, but many of the letters were recovered.

Paris public schools are overcrowded, and the authorities propose to help to remedy the difficulty by forbidding the attendance at them of children of foreigners. There are 60,000 foreign children in the city, and at least 5,000 of them are getting a French education free at the public schools.

The Landgraf of Hesse is about to contract a marriage with a young and beautiful actress of the Frankfurt Theatre. The lady is of noble descent and the daughter of a distinguished officer. The Landgraf is an accomplished musician and much beloved in society. He has been totally blind from his birth.

The French output of coal last year was 24,583,880 tons, 1,983,986 tons more than in 1888, and 3,300,000 tons more than in 1887. The increase would have been still larger but for strikes among the miners in the largest district. The French are making a greater effort to take from English miners the Mediterranean trade.

M. Ville, a professor of chemistry at Paris, announces that he has discovered a new compound, consisting of a mixture of phosphate of chalk, carbonate of refined potash, and sulphate of chalk, which, placed around the roots of the vines, will defy the attacks of the phylloxera, and will at the same time increase the abundance of the crop.

The number of gondoliers at Venice has been much diminished since the introduction of steam launches in the canals, which form its thoroughfares. The few gondoliers left in service, however, are not complaining, as they receive better wages, through lack of competition in their own special line, and their sculling is much in demand by visitors.

A soldier was court-martialled last month at Venice for breach of discipline and condemned to six months' imprisonment. When informed by the court that he could appeal, he contemptuously tore off his number and other insignia, threw them on the floor, and shouted: "Cursed be your army! You are a lot of assassins!" For this he was condemned to seven years' close confinement in prison.

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influenza at the Charity Hospital in Paris, has left \$200,000 for founding in Paris a polyglot gazette, \$40,000 for erecting a monument in Paris to testify the gratitude of the Poles to France, and a large sum for continuing the Polish dictionary begun by Lind. There are other legacies amounting to \$70,000, and more assets it turns out than will suffice to pay these different bequests.

At a competition by the Chinese Y swift-built cruisers Chih Yuen and Cling Yuen, the former, while steaming at a speed of eight knots, hit a target of 2,000 square feet superficies, distant about a mile, eight times out of thirteen, the Ching Yuen making eight direct hits in nine rounds. The guns were 8-inch 12-ton Krupps. On the same day two other ships, Chen Yuen and Ting Yuen, fired their 12-inch 37-ton Krupps, making twelve direct hits in twenty rounds. With their 6-inch guns they made twenty-one hits in forty-three rounds.

There have been landed at Granton by the Danish mail steamer Larna, from Iceland, 222 cases and casks containing over 7,500 brace of Iceland ptarmigan, which are really white grouse, valued only at \$1,200. During the severe snow storms of winter the ptarmigan come down from the mountainous regions of Iceland to the seacoast in quest of food, where they fall easy victims to the huntaman's gun. Except during the nesting season, there are practically no restrictions as to the killing of game. A considerable number of white hares were also imported.

The law courts at Tiflis have before them the suit of a man to recover from a professional assassin the sum of \$163. The man hired the assassin for \$75 down to kill an enemy, and promised \$75 more when he should receive proof of the death in the shape of the enemy's ear. The assassin brought around an ear and received the \$75, with \$15 added for a trip. A few days later the man met his enemy, alive and entirely whole as to his ears, upon the street. An investigation showed that the assassin had also received \$1000 from the enemy as a reward for having betrayed the plot to him.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London "Times" tells as follows how they treat strikes and strikers in that part of the world: "A strike in Russia is a revolt, and is treated as such. Russian workmen are the most ignorant and unreasonable beings in the world, and would be utterly unmanageable without the summary and extra-judicial methods of the authorities. A case occurred only a month ago. One of the large mills had to reduce its production and discharge several hands who were no longer required. A raving crowd of semi-savage workmen surrounded the managers of the establishment, and insisted that work must be found for the usual number or else they would lay rough hands upon the masters, all the more so as the latter were hated foreigners. A valuable machine was at the same time secretly broken. The police soon settled the matter, and during the night fifteen of the ringleaders were quietly spirited away, no one knew where or how."

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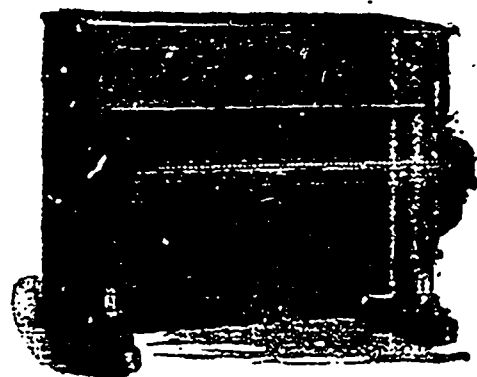
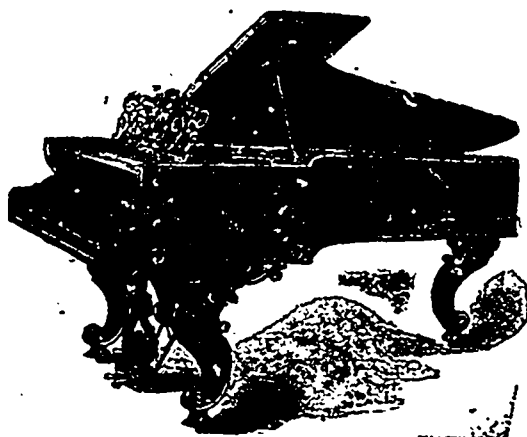
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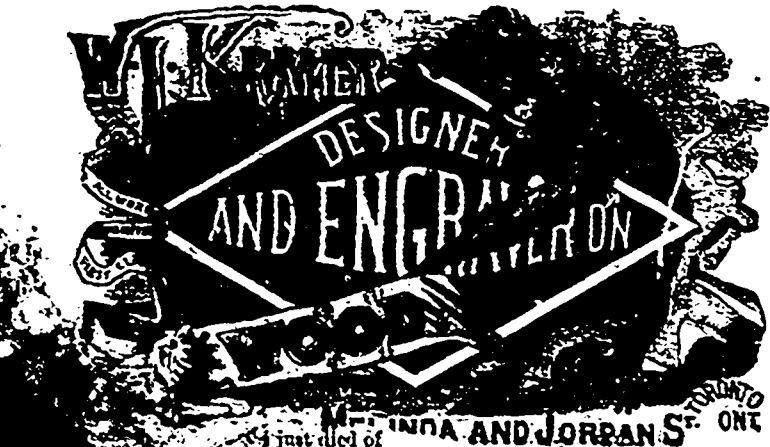
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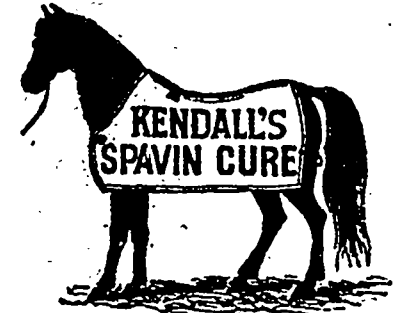
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