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TRUTH

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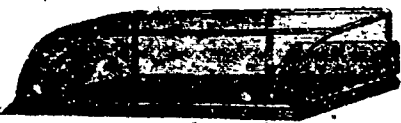
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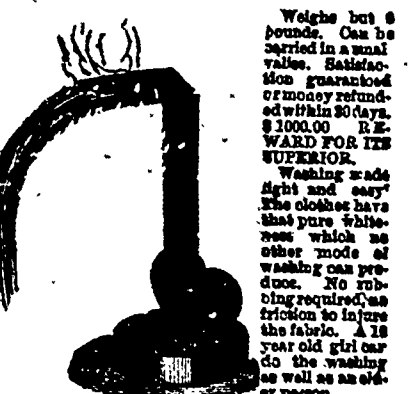
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TORONTO, ONT., JUNE 27, 1885.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 247.

Truth Villa Again.

Reader, look again at the picture of TRUTH VILLA, (page 23) No. 12 Ross St., Toronto, a beautiful city residence, purchased by the publisher of TRUTH on purpose to present to the fortunate competitor giving the middle answer to Bible questions in TRUTH competition No. 14. The picture does not show the brick work of the walls of the house but in other respects it is correct. Here, is a comfortable and elegant city home in the very heart of the fashionable part of Toronto, a short distance from the University, the Observatory, and the Park, within the reach of some TRUTH subscriber. The house is beautifully located and beautifully furnished, being supplied with gas, grates, marble mantles, bath room, water-closet, hot and cold water, and all other modern conveniences.

The publisher of TRUTH has resolved to make this one grand present to his patrons, in addition to all the other grand presents offered, before withdrawing from competitions of this class. As he is so liberal in offering, you may safely do the liberal thing in subscribing, as no such opportunity may ever occur again. Only think of sending but \$1 and surely getting TRUTH as a welcome and instructive visitor to your home for four months, and an equal chance with others of getting an elegant home with it at the same time. Send in twenty dollars at least and order TRUTH sent to twenty of your best friends, who will thank you for it every week that it comes, and thus give yourself twenty good opportunities of possessing that Villa! Every dollar subscription sent counts one opportunity of being the fortunate owner. The publisher does not expect to be directly repaid for any such outlay as this, but he does expect to leave a standing evidence of his liberal dealing with his patrons, and an evidence, too, that he carries out all he agrees to give to those who subscribe for his popular and widely circulated journal. The middle time has now about arrived, and the middle answer must soon be given, if not now in. May you be successful. Try it. See full particulars on page 22 of this issue.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

On Wednesday next the eighteenth anniversary of the consummation of the Dominion of Canada will be celebrated throughout the country. That the Dominion of Canada has made great progress since 1867 is evident enough. Our population has largely increased since that time; our commerce has been largely extended; our railway system has grown very rapidly, and our manufactures have become much greater. In the matter of material progress our growth has been healthy and encouraging, and the outlook for the future is hopeful. The Dominion of Canada possesses a vast territory, a fertile soil, an excellent climate and resources so rich and variable as to supply, in all these respects at least, the necessary elements for a great nation.

Politically, it must be confessed, that the people of the Dominion do not find themselves so closely joined in sympathy as a nation to day as the friends of Confederation expected. The relations between the Dominion Government and the Provinces have not been as cordial and as pleasant, so far, as it is desirable for them to be. Every one of the Provinces have, at times, coaxed and threatened in order to secure better terms from the Dominion, with the single exception of Ontario, and Ontario has appealed over and over again—successfully in most instances—to the Privy Council for the vindication of its Provincial rights against the encroachments of the Dominion Government. It seems hardly possible to believe that there has been an *actual necessity* for such an inharmonious state of things as has continued to exist from year to year. Whether wiser and more statesmanlike men at the helm of affairs could have averted all of this, or much of this, TRUTH will not now undertake to say. TRUTH does not hesitate to say, however, that mere party contentions have brought about a good deal of the difficulty, and unless in future the majority of the men at the helm of affairs, both in the Dominion and in the Provinces, are of the stamp who prefer country first and party afterwards, the contentions and bickerings will grow until disruption will become inevitable.

In view of our eighteen years' experience, it is very clear that the sooner the party politics of the Dominion and those of the several Provinces become totally separated the better; and the less the leading politicians of one class have to do with the affairs of the other, the sooner will there be some chance for greater peace and harmony to prevail. Just yet the tendency for intermeddling appears to grow stronger, but let us hope that a better and a wiser state of things may come to pass before the harm becomes irreparable. Every year's delay of the good time coming is to be regretted. The present system of plots at Ottawa and counter-plots at Toronto or Quebec, or the other Provincial capita's may be all very well for the interests of the immediate wire-pullers, but it is very unfortunate for the interests of the people of the Dominion as a whole.

The importance of boiling drinking water at all suspected of impurity ought not to be overlooked. No doubt a great many germs of disease can be effectually destroyed in that way. In Toronto, for example, it would be a safe thing to boil all the water intended to be drunk. Some leading medical men are of opinion that, in many instances, typhoid disease can be prevented in a locality by the simple process of boiling briskly for half an hour the water drunk. By this means the germs of disease can be effectually destroyed.

If our Dominion Parliament would bestow but one-half as much time and attention to the existing administration of affairs in the North-West as to the appointment of the revising barristers for the preparation of the voters' lists, it would be better for the interests of the country. There is so much

jangling among the M.P.'s. over the details of the Franchise Bill that it seems as though little time can be spared for questions of greater national importance. Of course the details of the preparation of the voters' list is a subject of a good deal of personal importance to the various members, as their future elections may be much affected by the way such lists may happen to be manipulated, while the subject of the administration of the affairs of the great North-West Territory only affects the M.P.'s. in common with the other citizens of the country. That makes a mighty difference! The country ought to know, however, how far its representatives in parliament will apply themselves in searching out the reasons for the rebellion there has been, and the removal of any such as can be removed. All intelligent citizens are anxious to know whether the same system of administration is to go on as before, and whether the same men are to be continued as the administrators.

The feeling is pretty general, and probably well founded too, that had not the Dominion officials in the North-West, from the Lieut.-Governor downward, been somewhat indifferent and inefficient the rebellion would never have occurred. Of course there were turbulent spirits among the scattered population, but it is not at all probable that they could have accomplished anything like the amount of harm they did had not a considerable proportion of the population felt dissatisfied. It is very evident, too, that had the proper officials been as vigilant as they should have been the uprising might have been quietly nipped in the bud instead of being allowed to assume such full growth as it did. How is all this to be satisfactorily accounted for? It is evident that months of agitation and organization for rebellion was going on, and yet the very officers on the spot did not seem to have sounded the alarm, or else the officers at Ottawa did not seem to rouse from their lethargy. Is the same system of administration to continue, now that the rebellion has been put down, at such an expenditure of life and treasure? Are the same men to be continued in the same offices as before? The mere granting of land scrip to the previously neglected half-breeds is surely not all that is needed to restore peace and satisfaction. The people ought to be informed by this time what Parliament intends to do about it. The interests of the country are too much imperiled by disaffection and rebellion to allow any reasonable cause for future difficulties to remain. Something more than the mere doubling of the mounted police force appears to be needed.

When all the facts in connection with the North-West rebellion become well known, it is quite probable that a considerable number of the whites will be found implicated in the difficulty—not so much, probably, as active participants as abettors to the agitation at its earlier stages. These facts ought to be enquired very carefully into, not so much with a view of some severe punishment to the parties themselves as with a view of a

careful enquiry into the reasons for the disaffection. It is not probable that many of the whites were disaffected without good cause. All of them, or nearly all of them, were loyal British subjects, with no previous desire to overturn our Government, even were that possible, or of an attempt to do so. It is evident enough that the whites, as well as the half breeds and the Indians, had reasons for irritation and disaffection, and these ought to be remedied or removed at the earliest possible hour. Lasting peace and contentment cannot be expected to reign there unless the people have cause to feel that every reasonable ground for complaint has been removed.

Political trimmers are not, after all, a latter day institution, though it is just possible that the crop is many fold greater now than in the "good old days" when many a stout hearted politician dare say that his soul was his own. Somebody has just been publishing the following amusing instance that occurred when John Tyler was President of the United States and Daniel Webster, Secretary of State. It was in that time that the first Presidential proclamation for national thanksgiving was issued. Tyler was first confronted with the objection that such a proclamation from the Federal Government was opposed to the principles of State sovereignty, but he resolved to take his chances of such an opposition. Another hitch occurred, and it began to look as though it had been lost sight of entirely. About this time a couple of ministers happened to meet the Secretary of State who appeared, at first, to be anxious to evade any enquiries about the cause of the delay. He became more communicative in the end, however, and so far divulged State secrets as to assure them that the real fact was that "that old cuss (the President) is afraid of the Jews." It is evident, however, that he showed his courage up later on, for the proclamation was duly issued in the end.

The future condition of the leading streets of our great cities certainly begins to be a matter of a good deal of speculation. How much of them will be in the possession of the people and how much of them in the actual possession of the various corporations it is doubtful now to determine. Overhead the thousands of wires of the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, and such other things, nearly darken the air, and place many obstructions in the way. Added to this the elevated railways are likely to come in all great thoroughfares in the large cities, and who knows what else may be looked for. Underground matters are still worse. The companies have it all now, except the great sewers. What with water-pipes, gas pipes, and all other conceivable kinds of pipes, the streets are about full already as far down as it is practicable to go, and the demand keeps on increasing. Now, all these things are needed, and the city people could not well do without them, but is it not possible to provide for them in some other way besides in the streets? Hardly. The outcry is becoming general that all overhead wires ought to go underground. But is there likely to be enough room underground for everything needed? TRUTH doubts it.

Truth's Contributors.

EGYPTIAN RECOLLECTIONS.

CLIMATICAL PECULIARITIES — EGYPT MODIFIED — GRATITUDE — EARLY LIFE OF ARABI — HIS PERSONNELLE — CRITERION OF SUCCESS — ARABI'S INFIDELITY — STYLE OF LIVING — NO ARMY OR FLAG — THE COLLAPSE — CAUSE OF WAR SHOWN.

BY REV. E. R. STIMSON, M.A.

"The great world spins forever down the ringing grooves of change."

As the color of the skin is changed by the rays of the sun, so thought and even philosophy receives a different construction when changed from Teutonic to Oriental latitudes. To a generous mind there is given an elasticity and a desire for extended observation not before possessed; and this, probably, is derived from the unrestrained but virtuous manners, met with among a people supplied with the requirements of life, which are almost of spontaneous growth, and with personal involuntary attendance given to the receiver. American people cannot understand this without first having been subject to Oriental atmosphere, and observed the habitudes of an Oriental population. Neither can this Oriental class apprehend the philosophy, education, and domestic and civil policy of the Teutonic races without mingling with them and learning by experience their modes of thought, and the vigor of their mental grasp. Even then it is difficult for them to be inspired by new principles of action; individuals may participate of the inspiration but for the thousands and millions of a nation to be animated by one common spirit of regeneration is not within the knowledge of our experience. So constituted is the multitude, as well as all mankind, by birth and blood, to cling to the peculiarities implanted within them by their Great Original.

The last eighty-five years, however, have done something in Egypt towards modifying the prevailing notions of the people. And the modification has been achieved by a blending of the beneficent administration of Europe with that of the Khedive's of Upper Egypt. It was a blending which, two years ago, promised a continuation; but now the promise is reversed by the lost prestige of England in that land. A loss resulting from a quiescent policy, and the lack of distinctly understanding geographical lines, and the necessity of holding a firm and just precedence in the administration of law, and in the collection of a revenue.

Had their not been a softening of retributive discipline, Arabi Pacha would have been beheaded within one week after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

The sublime virtue of gratitude may or may not at the present moment dwell in the breast of the notable man, of whom we are speaking; if it does not it should do so; for the patience of a just trial of him was the result of English occupation. And, by means of this patience, he now lives to enjoy one of the richest climes to be found on the habitable globe; where hops with him can bloom, and aromatic spices as incense to memory give cheerfulness to exile.

The early life of Arabi Pacha was of little assistance to him in developing an efficient state policy. He had not mingled, as some of his countrymen do mingle with German, French, and English schools and scholars, nor had he been accustomed to the principles of fidelity which would have suggested friendly opinions, and the exercise of a correct judgment in the liquidation of debts due to foreign and Christian countries. The evils arising from the absence of such prin-

ciples proved with him and his countrymen an abyss from which there could be no recovery.

I was informed that his first billet was of a common order upon one of the wharfs at Alexandria. How he first obtained the notice of the Khedive is not recounted in authentic circles; it is apparent only that by aptitude and adroit finesse he obtained an appointment as Minister of War.

This gave him a position with the Egyptian army, which, though weak and ineffectual, in the face of British troops, was potential with the armed forces of his own Government.

In person, Arabi is a tall muscular man, with large bones, yet having a well proportioned figure. His hair is long and black; his face smooth; his eyes are grey and indicative of vulpine propensities; his cheeks are a little angular, and his nose straight and of medium size, his mouth large and not elegant, and his complexion is swarthy. He generally dresses in black cloth pantaloons and wears, as all Government officials do in Egypt, a long black frock coat cut and buttoned up in front after the style of those worn by clerical gentlemen in our own country. Five dollars per day are given to him as spending money. In giving receipts he signs his name and as an adjunct writes: "The Egyptian." The criterion of success does not consist in marshaling armies and sitting upon thrones, but with the military it shines conspicuously in the kind of fidelity the Duke of Wellington was remarkable for. No brighter name would have signalized the archives of Egypt than that of Arabi Pacha, had he been a faithful soldier and a wise politician. His success would have been one of the greatest of blessings to his people, and his military reorganization would have equalled the achievement of a battle with the combined hostile forces of the whole of the Orient.

In the transformation order and economy would have taken the place of laxity of discipline in the army hitherto inert, yet ornamental as a figure-head to the natives. Extravagance to a considerable extent would have been suppressed to the lightening of the burthen overtaking the capabilities of the government exchequer. A result of this character has yet to be attained, and Arabi will be held only in remembrance as the synonym of an ambition to supersede the Khedive, so well qualified by birth and a natural position to retain his royal supremacy.

When called upon to reorganize "and reorganize," the Minister of War anticipated the opportunity was before him for dictatorship—not promotion in the usual sense; and he so submitted the question of re-organization to the officers of the army, that they saw in it a reduction in the style of luxury and voluptuousness for which past experience had willingly prepared them. "Reorganization" meant a doubt as to promotion and the suspension of the rank much coveted by scions of a feeble but royal dynasty. Who would have participated of reduction no one could tell, nor were they prepared to run the risk of finding out; without importunity, the sympathy and interest of those in rank were at once given in favor of Arabi. In excess of this circumstance, too, even the Sultan at Constantinople, feeling the Khedive rather in his way and likely to raise questions adverse to his autocracy, covertly countenanced Arabi Pacha's defection by conferring upon him an order of distinguished credit.

Fortified in this national display of military strength, Arabi had not to enlist a new army nor to raise a new standard. He carried with him the old flag of Egypt, and

called still further around this standard the populace by specious representations as expelling the Christian element and extinguishing the Egyptian debt by repudiation as soon as he obtained supremacy, and peace were restored. Here, then all appeared to be plain sailing, and the haven of Mahomedan enterprise loomed up with a crescent as high as the moon and with expectations as numerous and dazzling as the stars in the sky.

Nothing remained to be executed but plans so well protected. All were jubilant over the signs of the times, and in being under a General born in Egypt and familiar with Egyptian tactics.

The cause of the war having now been narrated, as we promised it should be, a further account of current events obtained by personal observation in that country will be deferred until our next in the columns of TRUTH.

THE ONLY AMERICAN SAINT IN THE CALENDAR.

TRADITIONS OF TEPEYACAC GUADALUPE—THE MEXICAN MECCA—THE GRAVE OF SANTA ANNA.

(Truth Special Correspondence.)

Originally the gold-rayed picture was surrounded by diamond stars and clusters of jewels worth untold sums, while suspended above it was a dove of solid silver, measuring five feet from wing to wing. The railing which runs on both sides of the passage from altar to choir-room—a distance of several yards—was also of solid silver, and many of the golden crucifixes, chandelabras, chalices, etc., were studded with gems. But when the Liberal party overhauled the churches for revenue a few years ago, though Guadalupe fared better than most of them, many of these treasures were replaced by imitations in baser metals. The chapel called

DEL CERRITO

was built on the mountain top in place of the shabby Hermitage, a hundred years after the Virgin's appearance, by Don Cristobal de Aguerro and his pious spouse, the Donna Peligrina. It is reached by a long and winding causeway cut out of the solid rock that composes the hill, which—as well as the aqueduct and fountain of Guadalupe village—was paid for by Archbishop Rivera, the first vice-king of Mexico. For many generations Del Cerrito was under the care of several priests, and in 1780 Archbishop Rubio transformed it into an abbey. About this time Pope Benedict IV. conceded to Guadalupe church a special mass and prayers, to be used by no other sanctuary in the world. During Mexico's struggle to throw off the yoke of Spain, her revolutionary George Washington—the poor curate, Miguel Hidalgo—took for his banner a picture of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe, which caused the movement to assume the character of a crusade, and insured its first successes.

After independence became an accomplished fact, and its early leader had been long dead, the village of his patroness was raised to the rank of a city, and his battle-flag deposited in its cathedral, where it may yet be seen.

In 1821, Iturbide, first emperor of the new regime, instituted the Order of Guadalupe, which is still occasionally conferred as a reward for military merit. In this Cuidad de Guadalupe, on Feb. 2nd, 1848, was signed the treaty of peace, which put an end to the war between Mexico and the U. S., Mr. Nicholas P. Trist being plenipotentiary on the part of Uncle Samuel.

Of late the city has greatly improved. The chief income of the cathedral, which is still one of the finest on the continent, is now derived from a lottery, which is drawn

monthly in the city of Mexico; yet voluntary contributions from all classes annually amount to large sums. On the 12th day of each month crowds of citizens come out from the capital to celebrate the special high mass of Guadalupe, but the great religious festival of all the year is held on the 12th of December—in remembrance of the Virgin's first appearance to Juan Diego. Upon that sacred anniversary, thousands of Indians swarm to this Mecca from all parts of the country. Many of them have journeyed many miles on foot to honor their patroness, the majority bringing all their household goods upon their backs and encamping for days about the premises.

Many improve the opportunity to do penance for past sins, or to win heaven's indulgence for those they purpose to commit during the coming year, by climbing tepeyacac, slowly and painfully upon their knees, marking with their blood and bits of flesh the stony stairway to Del Cerrito.

The spring of chalybeate water, which gushed from the rocks when the Virgin's foot touched the mountain, is believed to be chock full of virtues, and is the resort of thousands. From the remotest corners of the Republic, pilgrims come to obtain a little of it with which to baptize their new-born infants, or to use in services for the dying. In front of the mosque-like building that now encloses the spring, a vast array of pottery is spread upon the ground for sale. All corners, of whatever faith—or of no faith at all—purchase a jarita and have it filled, several men being constantly employed in dipping up the sacred water. "True believers" keep it in their houses from year to year, using a little every day, with which to cross themselves at matins and vespers. The overflow forms a shallow pool outside the mosque, which is the nucleus of

AN INDESCRIBABLE SCENE.

The scriptural Bethesda is not a proper comparison, for the blanketed angels that "trouble" these waters are exceedingly dirty and covered with vermin, this one momentous occasion being probably the only bath of their lives. Though the smell is over-powering, curiosity leads the tourist to elbow his way once into the midst of the motley crowd to observe operations. Some made into the stream without taking the trouble to remove skirts or blankets; others cast aside all such worldly pomps and "boldly enter in" clad in the fashion of Eden before fig-leaves were thought of. Lazy ones content themselves with merely leaving their feet and limbs; old crones sit down helplessly in the stream till somebody lifts them out; mothers duck their children despite vigorous kicks and yells; and accommodating lovers assist their sweethearts in the pious ablution.

The number of miracles claimed to have been performed by Santa Guadalupe is beyond computation. Around the cathedral altars, and all over the walls of Del Cerrito may be seen a multitude of testimonials from grateful believers, who have been miraculously healed of infirmities, or rescued from dangers by interposition of the Virgin. Among these exvotos are cords of cast-off crutches, wax figures representing every imaginable phase of disease or deformity, and hundreds of small oil paintings, each setting forth its story. Some of the pictures are extremely ludicrous—as, for example, one represents a woman in wide hoops and gorgous attire, thrown from her horse into a pile of rocks, and standing plumb upon her head, without a hair ruffled or fold of drapery disarranged; while the fractions stand gazing at the phenomenon with a comical expression of surprise upon his equine face. Here are

"counterfeit presentments" of all the wars that unfortunate Pandora let loose, in colors and outlines that are enough to make angels weep. People are being dashed over precipices, attacked by robbers and rampant beasts unknown to zoology; falling victims to vomito, and all manner of deadly diseases; plunging into abysses from broken bridges, standing in the way of bursting boilers and rushing locomotives; about to be hung, shot or beheaded—and from every peril instantaneously rescued by calling upon Guadalupe! Innumerable children are shown in the act of sitting down in tubs of boiling water, others enveloped in flames, and one man was actually

DEAD IN HIS COFFIN,

when his weeping widow appealed to the blessed Virgin, and she restored him in a twinkling! Least any of these marvels should be doubted by the ungodly, a minute account of all the circumstances attending each is appended, together with the name and residence of the Loro or heroina.

Half way up the mountain side stands a queer monument to one man's devotion—the mast and sails of a ship in stone and mortar. The story runs that a sailor, about to perish in violent storm at sea, bethought himself of Santa Guadalupe, and vowed, if she would rescue him, to build her a temple in the form of a ship. But, when safe on shore again, either his piety or his funds failed him, and he got no farther with the promised temple than the foremast. And there it stands, a remarkable feature in the landscape, probably the only stone effigy of a ship in existence. Tradition says that the faithless sailor returned to sea, and found himself again in peril, when, calling upon Guadalupe, she came, not to succor, but to remind of broken vows, and the waters closed above him.

A poem has been written on the wonderful works of this Virgin, which is sold in book form at the door of the cathedral. Rosaries are also offered for sale, the beads made from berries that grow on the bushes of the sacred mountain; also ribbons of gorgeous hues, which are said to give the exact measurement of the blessed Virgin's head. As the ribbons are nearly a yard in length, one is inclined to believe that she is wearing an uncommonly "long face"—perhaps over the wars and miseries to which her attention is constantly being called.

Close behind Del Cerrito, on the summit of Tepeyacae, is a populous cemetery, where lie many of Mexico's most distinguished dead. The chapel itself is filled to overflowing with believers' bones, and during the last three centuries their graves have straggled farther over the mountain, till the height where Guadalupe stood has become a vast camping ground for her silent followers. Near the entrance may be found the grave of Santa Anna, the "Butcher of the Alamo." It is enclosed by a row of inverted iron torches, joined by chains. A scraggy cactus is growing on the grave, and at its foot a tall cedar tree struggles for existence, being nearly bare of branches from the demands of visitors, who gladly give a dollar to the sexton for a bit of living green, in which such illustrious dust has found resurrection. A plain granite slab, hung with wreaths of faded immortelles, bears this inscription:—

GENERAL

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

JUNIO 21, DE 1876.

Su espora le dedica.

The last line, "erected by his wife," reminds us that the lady is still living in the city of Mexico, for she was only thirteen years old when married to the oft-elected ruler. Santa Anna, once the idol of Mexico and the richest man in it, died in such abject poverty, that he was actually buried in ragged linen—so say those who attended the obsequies.

FANNIE B. WARD.

THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM.

BY ISAIAH RYDER, M.D., TORONTO.

The Scott Act as a legal measure for the suppression of intemperance has been before the public for some years, and most persons are supposed to have become somewhat familiar with its provisions and with the object of its promoters. Its advocates look upon intemperance as an evil second to no other in its magnitude, and they are endeavoring to suppress this evil by enforced legal enactments. Their undivided sympathies go out spontaneously towards the unfortunate victim of alcoholism, while their hatred and contempt are often expended in denouncing the manufacturers and dispensers of alcohol in its various forms. Opposed to this class stand arrayed the promoters of the traffic, insisting that they and their interests are being ruthlessly trampled upon by those who are striving to suppress the evil.

In one respect all are agreed—that drunkenness is a shame and a sin to the individual. While some pity its victims, others denounce them as incompetent, and urge that they do not deserve either sympathy or assistance. These sentiments in their innumerable variations find expression in the community in the various phases of temperance workers, church members, legislators, and administrators of the law. The reason of this medley of ideas which, combined, constitute public opinion, is that each one looks at the problem from a different stand point, and under different degrees of intelligence, prejudice, and ignorance of the facts as they exist in the ordering of a kind Providence.

It may safely be assumed that each individual is accorded the privilege of free agency, and as certainly held to a strict accountability for whatever consequences follow the choice made in deciding upon the course he shall pursue. While each one may be approximately near or distant from the real standard of truth, God has established such a standard, and is insisting that all who do not come to His standard shall pay the penalties which He enforces as a consequence of wilful, ignorant, or incompetent disobedience.

In the discussion of this question we have to enquire whether alcohol is an aid to or an abettor to the hindrances to the accomplishment of this great privilege. In order to do so we must ascertain its true character and its effects.

Alcohol is in itself an inorganic, caustic and instant poison. It is not a product of growth, it is a combination of simple elements resulting from the death of the living cells of the fruits or grains from which it is derived. In the destruction of the saccharine and starch cells, a minute fungus growth, the yeast plant, or *leaven*, is first produced by absorbing a portion of the cells, and the residue of the dead or inorganic elements combine into two death-dealing substances, one atom of carbonic acid gas and two atoms of alcohol. The carbonic acid gas causes death if persistently taken into the lungs, and the alcohol as certainly kills the living cells, both of the blood and assimilated tissues when taken into the stomach.

Alcohol cannot by any possibility be shown to originate, as do foods, under vital

laws. These laws seize upon inorganic matter and endow it with life such as is peculiar to all vegetables and animals. They organize, construct, endow with life and knowledge; while all chemical actions, and especially fermentation; disorganize by first de-vitalizing, and then reducing them to the simple inorganic elements by a process of decomposition.

In regard to alcohol it is clear that its medicinal use is quite as absurd, as it is claimed that it has food value. There are only two specific abnormal conditions upon which illness depend. These are, (1) impurities in the blood, and, (2) imperfectly repaired or damaged structures. Alcohol cannot purify the blood, as it possesses no single characteristic by which this can be accomplished. It is like the proverbial bull in a china shop: its presence is dangerous to the welfare of the entire institution. It is the very essence of impurities itself—far worse than the debris of the broken-down tissues resulting from the wear and tear of the bodily structures, as its contact with the living cells always deprives them of life, which is not the cause with the ordinary impurities of the blood, and if it is not food, it certainly has no single capacity by which it can be used in repairing the damaged structures.

Its supposed medicinal effects are based upon the fact that when it is taken into the system it causes an augmented vital action. The pulse beats from two to ten times faster per minute after its imbibition; and this augmented vital action has been erroneously supposed to be a result derived from the alcohol, while really its presence arouses the vital intelligence and forces for the purpose of driving the offensive substance to the depurating organs for expulsion.

Its presence causes an undue expenditure of vital nervous energy, just as the whip or spur applied to the horse causes a more rapid and wasteful expenditure of his muscular energy. Illness is really caused by a depletion of the same vital energy which its presence still further exhausts in expelling it. Its exhibition in cases of indisposition is equivalent to putting the hand stealthily into a man's pocket and extracting his cash when he is greatly in need of more to meet his recurring liabilities. It is equivalent to making the poor comfortable by plundering them of what little they already possess.

The Temperance Local Union, lately established in Toronto by Prof. Goldwin Smith and his coadjutors, is discussing the question at a series of public meetings now being held in different parts of the Province. If the reports are to be credited their logic is tolerable; but their premises are wholly at variance with the truth, and hence they are led to wrong conclusions. A successful defence of the use of alcohol under the light of our present scientific attainments is impossible, if reference is had to facts that are well known to such as take the trouble to keep themselves posted as to the latest scientific discoveries.

The advocacy of the use of light wine, lager, beer, etc., as a remedy for the evils resulting from the use of the stronger alcoholic beverages, is equivalent to teaching young men to avoid a more glaring inconsistency by guiltily indulging in one less apparent. The proper regulation of the human mind depends upon avoiding all that is wrong, and defending and practicing all that is right. The contaminating influence of the lesser evil is only the seed-bed of the more apparent destroying influence. The advocacy of the use of light alcoholic beverages is precisely what temperance workers did fifty to sixty years ago, when the temperance agitation was first inaugurated,

and that the work of temperance education has been superficially done is apparent from the logic of this new candidate for public favors. If the temperance people had paid due attention to the physiological aspect of the case, that they have to the moral suasion and legal aspect, they would have won the fight many years ago. There is no possibility of dealing successfully in educating public sentiment as to the truth regarding the character and effects of alcohol upon those who use it, except by showing how it effects the living cells when it comes into contact with these sentient atoms. We must first teach the public that it always injures these cells, and that the apparent augmented strength after its use is only an effort on the part of the combined assimilated atoms of the vital organism to expel an offensive intruder.

CULTURE OF THE CURRANT AND GOOSEBERRY.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

A change has come over the sentiments of many in these rural districts in regard to the profits of crops since the cultivation of small fruits has become of greater importance. I remember, a dozen years ago, the superior air with which a neighbor said to me, "I never sell currants," though the main crop of the farm that season was potatoes for market. But in a few years the same person from her garden bushes gleaned every possible quart to send to the city market, and I never could understand why the difference in the goods for sale, be it tea or dry goods, iron, or the product of the soil, should make any difference to well-regulated minds.

The currant chiefly cultivated is the black, which is largely used in Canada, though but little known in many gardens and markets in the States. The "Naples" and "Lee's Prolific" are standard sorts, and a new variety, called "Black Champion," bids fair to become a formidable rival. The profits are less than any other small fruit, but the labor of picking is less, and they have the advantage of being carried to market without any fear of smashing easily. Red and white currants sell cheapest, the Cherry and Versailles being the best for market purposes. A new sort, "Fay's Prolific," has longer and larger branches than Cherry, but the plants are yet too expensive for general cultivation, though proving all it was represented with us.

There is a great deal of work in the cultivation of gooseberries and currants, the caterpillar being especially troublesome and requiring regular watering with a decoction of white hellebore in many places. Indeed, I do not know of any locality that is exempt from this pest. There would be more demand for this fruit if it could be used as dessert, as other of the lesser fruits, but I have noticed that, however temptingly it is displayed, it is not justly appreciated. The English gooseberries are liable to mildew, and the Houghton and Downing, though small, are most remunerative because sure bearers. There is constant vigilance required in the cultivation of these crops, as after the fruit is gathered a second brood of caterpillars attack the bushes, and frequently destroy the young growth for the next season's crop. Clean cultivation is the best cure, and late fall plowing lays bare the cocoons, that are often picked up by our friend the crow in his hunt for food. The ground requires constant enrichment, and ashes, besides being a good fertilizer, is valuable as being impervious to the moth when it retires to winter quarters. Yet near a city where there is a demand, and with time to attend to the enemies that infest the bushes, currants may be profitably grown, and the time is not far distant when they will be more largely used and better appreciated, when the healthful qualities of all but the black currant are better known.

The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

Will be given each Week for the Best Piece of Poetry Suitable for Publication in This Page.

In order that we may secure for our Poetry Page the very best productions, and as an incentive to increased interest in this department of TRUTH, we will give each week a prize of FIVE (\$5) DOLLARS to the person sending us the best piece of poetry, either selected or original. No conditions are attached to the offer whatever. Any reader of TRUTH may compete. No money is required, and the prize will be awarded to the sender of the best poem, irrespective of person or place. Address, "Editor Poet's Page, TRUTH Office, Toronto, Canada." Be sure to note carefully the above address, as contributions for this page not so addressed will be liable to be overlooked. Anyone can compete, as a selection, possessing the necessary merit, will stand equally as good a chance of securing the prize as anything original. Let our readers show their appreciation of this liberal offer by a good lively competition each week.

THE AWARD.

Our offer of \$10.00 for the best poem on "Dominion Day" evoked considerable enthusiasm, and the competition has been exceedingly keen. The large number of really meritorious productions sent in has made it somewhat difficult for the committee to decide as to which was the best poem among so many good ones. However, after carefully reading the various compositions, they have awarded the prize to the poem entitled, "My Loved Canadian Home," written by Mr. Ross Johnston, of Whitby, Ont. We think the committee are to be congratulated upon the poetical taste displayed in their choice. There is a heartiness and forcefulness of expression in the piece which does the author credit, and the lines breathe the true spirit of patriotism and love of country. The fact has been clearly demonstrated by this and our former competition that we have in our midst poetical talent of no mean order. To all who have by their productions contributed toward the success of this competition, we extend our thanks, and express the hope that, whilst all could not receive the prize, they will still continue to grace the pages of TRUTH by occasional poetical contributions thereto. The \$10.00 will be paid Mr. Johnston on application.

—For Truth.

My Loved Canadian Home.

BY ROSS JOHNSTON.

Hail, bread Dominion of the West!
On this thy natal day
My trombling heart shall wake from rest,
And breathe a joyous lay.
United now from sea to sea
Our vast Dominion stands,
And waves the flag of liberty
With patriotic hands.

What other land beneath the sun
Has richer stores than thou?
Or grander trophies to be won
By sweat of honest brow?
And where, 'mong all the nations wide,
Can truer hearts be found
Than those that now have bled and died
On our own holy ground?

I've stood upon Italia's plains,
And dreamed among her flowers,
And listened to the melting strains
Of music in her bowers.
'Tis classic ground where'er I roam,
But not so dear to me
As my own loved Canadian home—
Sweet home of liberty.

I've stood upon the vine-clad hills
Of chivalrous old Spain,
And heard the murmur of her rills
Descending to the plain;
And fancy, with her magic wand
Calls heroes from their sleep,
Whose sabres flash thro' all the land,
From glen and mountain steep.

But, my own land, my eye still turns
With fondest love to thee;
For well I know within thee burns
The heart of chivalry.
And love of truth and love of right,
And love of country dear,
Shall keep thy armor ever bright
When danger's hour is near.

I've stood where towering clumps of palm
In solemn grandeur rise;
And breathed the healing breath of balm
'Neath Oriental skies.
But foul oppression taints the air,
And wanton cruelty;
Away, tall palm and olive fair,
Give me the maple tree.

I've stood beneath the ample shade
Of India's banyan wide;
And oft my wandering feet have strayed
Where Ganges' waters glide.
But superstition's shackles bind
The soul in darkest night;
Give me the freedom of the mind,
The land of gospel light.

I've stood on dear Britannia's shore,
And Erin's isle so green;
I've climbed loved Scotia's mountains o'er,
And sunny France have seen.
But yet a land where'er I roam
Has charms so sweet for me
As my own loved Canadian home,
And bright green maple tree.

Ye sea-girt isles, ye "holy fanes,"
Where our forefathers rest,
Your sons still hug the golden chains
That bind them to your breast,
And well the dear old flag they love,
Whose folds, in living light,
In Freedom's cause still float above
The shadows of the night.

Come, then, ye sons of honest toil,
From every foreign shore;
Come, find a home upon the soil,
Which freedom's flag floats o'er.
From broad Atlantic on the east
To far Pacific's strand
We'll spread for you a glad feast
Of welcome to our land.
WHITBY, Ont.

—For Truth.

Canada so Charming.

(An Ode for Dominion Day)

BY A. M'KILLIP.

Another year has passed away
And thousands throng in grand array,
To celebrate Dominion Day
In Canada, so charming.

The music strains, the banners bright,
The stirring joys of sound and sight
Evince a nation's fond delight,
In Canada, so charming.

From sea to sea and side by side
The Provinces are great and wide;
And grand in her colonial pride
Is Canada, so charming.

Be ours the pride of wealth and worth,
Not royal rank, nor titled birth;
The freest, fairest, land on earth
Is Canada, so charming.

Well may the French and Germans boast
The glories of the Rhinish coast;
But there's a land we love the most!
'Tis Canada, so charming.

At war's alarms the kingdoms rise,
'Neath yonder cloudless eastern skies,
Let peace be ours, for peace we prize
In Canada, so charming.

The great war cloud has rolled away,
The weary doubt and dark dismay
Dispelled, before a brighter day
In Canada, so charming.

Our troops have conquered savage bands,
The rebel chiefs are in their hands,
And we possess the prairie lands
In Canada, so charming.

Our Volunteers, the true, the brave,
Have wept o'er many a comrade's grave;
They risked their precious lives to save
Our Canada, so charming.

And they have done their work so well
That Middleton subdued Kiel;
As future history shall tell
In Canada, so charming.

The tears of grief are freely shed,
The woe of war are widely spread,
We mourn for friends and heroes dead,
In Canada, so charming.

The wise have said we must endure
The evils that we cannot cure;
Let freedom's bulwark stand secure
In Canada, so charming.

The swarthy rebels of the west
Who have their loyalty expressed,
Shall have their grievances redressed.
In Canada, so charming.

As patriots, our hopes are strong
That right shall triumph over wrong,
The whole rebellion crushed ere long.
In Canada, so charming.

Then let us sing a union psalm
As we rally round our maple palm;
With brighter hopes and joys more calm—
In Canada, so charming.

For, the maple tree may still be seen
As firm and fast as it e'er has been:
Its shadow, ample and serene,
Makes Canada so charming.

In cities, shops and stores abound,
And great and wealthy folks are found,
But the farmers' toil, with wealth has crowned
Our Canada, so charming.

On beautiful fields and farms so clear—
Their stately mansions do appear;
Nor laird, nor factor need we fear
In Canada, so charming.

And men and women, frail and old,
There are, whose praise was never told
For they made this land what we behold,
And Canada so charming.

And lads and lasses fair and young,
Deserve a better—nobler song,
With inspiration on my tongue,
In Canada, so charming.

True knowledge is a source of power,
And the teachers' desks this very hour
Are founts by, many a grove and bower
In Canada, so charming.

God's goodness fills this favored land,
And Zion's heralds take their stand—
Proclaiming truth on many a strand
In Canada, so charming.

Our blessings everywhere abound,
From shore to shore great wealth is found;
And the maple tree with laurels crowned—
In Canada, so charming.

All honor to the noble host
That swept rebellion from our coast;
We own their power, our pride and boast
In Canada, so charming.

To these returned—and those away—
A trinite due, we gladly pay;
Be theirs a bright Dominion Day
In Canada, so charming.

BOSANQUET, June 12th.

—For Truth.

Our Dominion.

BY JESSIE M'DONOUGH.

"God bless our fair Dominion!" each loyal heart
will pray,
And echoing through the mighty land, greet this,
our natal day;
On every side, afar and near, we hear with loud ac-
claim
The loyal words resounding, linked with Canada's
fair name:—
On every side the banners fly, our country's flag is
seen,—
"God bless our fair Dominion! God bless our noble
Queen!"

The Maple Leaf floats o'er us, true emblem of our
land,
Ripe with Spring's budding beauty, touched by her
genial wand;
The swaying breeze caresses with lingering touch
each fold,
Then waits to border nations wealth of loyalty un-
told;
While uprising from our nation, from this Canada of
ours,
Cheer on cheer is heard resounding, through the
golden summer hours.

Fanned by life-giving breezes, where the calm Pacific
smiles,
And laves with lavish hand the coast of rugged rocks
and isles,
Columbia, we find enthroned, reflecting Heaven's
glow
From values of unsung loveliness, and crests of spot-
less snow.
Across the mountain barrier, bathed in summer's
golden glow,
We send our voices ringing for our country and our
Queen.

Far to the east, along the coast, where the Atlantic
raves,
We find a trio of fair names, washed by the ceaseless
waves;
We find in them good men and true, we find their
daughters fair,
And one and all for Canada their best will do and
dare.

Sturdy and strong as are the rocks upon their fretted
coast,
They work for Queen and Country, their proud and
noble boast.

Beside those vast unrivalled Lakes, a queenly Pro-
vince lies,
And from her loyal sons this morn the loud "hurrahs"
arise;
A nation's heart is pulsing, and echoing cheer on
cheer,
From city and from hamlet, they rise afar and near;
And thousand voices blend as one, and shout thro'-
out that land
"God bless our fair Dominion! Bless her with lavish
hand!"

Lulled by that mighty river, the St. Lawrence broad
and deep,
That bears those inland waters, with many a wanton
leap.

To greet the mighty ocean, Quebec lavishing lies,
And from her population roll upward to the skies
The voices of two nations, blending in full acclaim,
In honor of fair Canada, and of her spotless name.

Far inland lies another, the Prairie Province fair,
And north and west the great "Lone and" spreads
out in beauty rare

Those rich and verdant pastures, those lakes and
winding streams
Seem like a glimpse from fairyland, or from the land
of dreams;
And though rebellion's dastard hand has lately come
to view,
The Prairie Province loyal stands, her heart beats
warm and true.

God bless our fair Dominion! God bless our noble
land!
And may her sons o'er loyal be, an honest, upright
band;

May every Province lend her aid, to keep without a
stain
The flag that floats above us, and Canada's fair
name.

Aye circling round the Maple Leaf our seven stars
are seen,—
God bless our fair Dominion! God bless our noble
Queen!

MUD BAY, British Columbia.

—For Truth.

Dominion Day.

BY C. FRANK GILCHRIST.

Canada, glorious Canada, the land
Where Freedom waves her banners o'er the free!
To-day there swells, voluminously grand,
The anthem of the Sons of Liberty!
And on each bosom throbs united joy,
Which every thought of "Patria" imparts;
Dear native Canada! without alloy,
We bring the homage of a nation's hearts.
While in the crown of England many a gem
Of purest lustre scintillates and gleams,
Yet Canada, of all that diadem,
Would realize an Indian Prince's Dream—
Still, Mother Queen, we gladly own thy sway
On this, Confederation's Natal Day.

From where the Atlantic with resonant roar,
Rushes its frantic tides on Scotia's shore,
To where, on broad Pacific's placid breast,
Vancouver rocks her form in peaceful rest;
From where eternal winter wraps the Pole,
To where the summer breezes sweep away its soul,
Our fair confederation bright extends,
And smiles beneath a day that never ends.
Loved Canada we gladly sing thy praise,
And to thy name our joyful voices raise;
For to Canadians how dear thou art!
The central joy of every loyal heart!
Thy vast lakes in their green depths could hide
Old England; and her fleets their surface ride.
The sun's descending rays smile on fair streams,
His morning rays salute the rivers' gleams;
He rises where their waters meet the deep,
And in their dancing founts his last beams peep;
Thy forests grand, their umbrage clad extend,
And in their depths a thousand colors blend;
While fancy weaves a dream within their shades,
For fairies roaming in their sylvan glades.

Sons of those sires, who, true to Fatherland,
Forsook the homes their industry had won,
Became a wandering and a care-worn band
To find new homes beneath a kinder sun.
Oh, sons of Canada! with earnest toil,
Seek out new honors for your country's weal,
Letting no traitor win from your country's soil,
Won and maintained by Empire Loyalists' steel—
But, oh! You've proved your worth—Undying fame
Has chronicled your every valorous deed,
And future ages shall repeat your name.
"Our volunteers," their infant lips shall read;
For when rebellion, with its rumors rife,
And with its distant thunder's muttered roll,
Threatened Canadian borders with fierce strife,
And kindled indignation in each soul,
Our volunteers gave all they had, nor thought
With what a price must peace again be bought!

So, when to-day, with all your joys complete,
You measure every pleasure's fancy fleet,
The Trades' Procession, or the grand Parade,
Or other proudly prancing cavalcade,
And all the other arts, the feats and games,
The smiles of merry maids and winking dames
That greet the conquering heroes: when you faint
Your brimming cup of ecstasy would drain,
O, let a thought of some Canadian heart,
Made desolate by war's debasing art,
Of some Canadian mother's sorrowing breast,
Mourning beside her soldier boy's last rest;
Of some Canadian father's stiffer grief,
Yearning for him, of all his joys the chief;
Oh, let their tears, the dew drops of the heart—
To all this day a holier joy impart.
Joy that Confederation but retains
The memory of rebellion's sordid stains;
Joy that Canadians, *Now, Forever!* may
Unite in honor of Dominion Day!

WELLAND, Ont.

—For Truth.

Ode on Dominion Day.

BY MRS. EDGAR JARVIS.

Hail to thee, Canada, another year
Has come and gone, in Time's procession by;
With immortelles we consecrate the bier,
And lay it on the shelves of memory.

Sadly and tenderly, with thankfulness
For all it was; all that it might have been
Is not for us to say, who cannot guess
The hidden counsels of this great Unseen.

Safe in our bark, we sail through calm or storm,
And darkness waves may threaten to o'erhelm,—
The lightning's flash reveals one faithful form,
And one scarred hand, forever at the helm.

We to that hand entrust this "Ship of State,"
In cloud or sunshine, smooth or troubled sea,
Knowing that it can bring our living freight
Into the haven where we fain would be.

The Past is dead, the Present still remains;
The Future—we can bide our time in trust,
Full panoplied, whatever our loss or gains,
With armour burnished, swords all free from rust.

Our lamps still burning through the darkest hour,
With oil to "plentiful them as lights sink low;
"Ready, aye, ready!" we have learned the power
Of heroes' watchword, as they face the foe.

For war's red hand with sudden thrust came down
And smote us where we stood, then rose the cry—
"Ready, aye, ready," and our boys, scarce grown
To manhood, went as men, to do or die.

Our souls have thrilled, our hearts with pride are
lashed,
One voice the nation has to sound its cheers,
For those who at Batoche so nobly fought,
Bled, died, but conquered—Royal Grenadiers.

And gallant 90th, who stood the test
Of fire baptism; braver none could be
Than Midland soldiers, who from rebels' nest
Led by their Colonel, set the captives free.

And other true, staunch volunteers, who, sent
By sister Provinces, obeyed the call;
With those brave men of other lands, who lent
Their aid in need—our country thanks them all.

"In peace prepared," the motto of our own,
And the Queen's Own, who bore it without fail,
And with charmed lives, where death's dark face was
shown,
While red men's shots hissed round them, thick as
hall.

Dense clouds of smoke across the prairie sweep,
Hiding our soldiers and our foes from view;
Alas! we know not whom we next may weep,
But *this* we know, they to their trust are true.

Sad notes are those, from us whose fields are green,
And soon will turn to gold, o'er fertile land;
From us whose empty granaries have been
Filled to overflowing by the Master's hand.

From us, whose ships sail over lakes and seas,
Carrying commerce to and from the mart,
While to connect them, from arteries
Run and pulsate, as 'twere 'twixt brain and heart.

Happy as holy are the homes love makes
Within our borders, sacred are the ties
Domestic in our sight and he who breaks
The law is banished by that which he defies.

Honesty, Intellect, Integrity,
High blazoned on our shield, the words are set;
And still the nation as in days gone by,
Will wear it on her heart as amulet.

And still the industrious beaver will perform
Ungrudgingly the task upon him laid;
And still from scorching sun and sweeping storm
Symbolic maple leaves will give us shade.

Nothing there is of servile or of mean
In our allegiance to the motherland,
The loyal subjects of our gracious Queen,
Proudly beneath the Union Jack we stand.

Therefore a truce to sorrow and to pain:
Let the glad sun a joyous welcome smile
On our Dominion's festal day, come again;
Ho! nymphs and fawns, dance, if ye list, awhile.

Darkness is past, the hours swift-footed fly,
Chasing the shades of night disconsolate
Back to Avernus, mount again on high,
And with soft touch unlock the pearly gate.

Which opens wide to let Aurora through.
A burst of music fills the whole wide world,
A crimson glory streaks the ether blue,
Slowly the mists are from the valleys curled.

Slowly they part asunder, slowly yield,
Slowly are lifted through the summer air;
To our enraptured vision stands revealed
A form divinely bright, superbly fair.

A wealth of July roses wraps her round,
Minerva-like, she holds beneath her hand
Her eagle, and the glorious head is crowned,
Seven priceless jewels shining in the band.

Seven sister provinces these jewels are,
Indissolubly joined together, to
Central among them gleams, as doth a star,
Flawless, of purest ray—Ontario.

Blest as thy past hath been, thy future be,
O young Dominion! on thy natal day,
Queen of the western world, we bow to thee,
Own thy just right and hail thy gentle sway.
ROSEDALE, Toronto.

—For Truth.
Dominion Day.

BY CHARLES E. GORDON.

The years are fast fleeting: Time's busy hand
Is felt in every portion of our land:
A noble destiny is being wrought;
Our country sees with pride its future lot;
Ere long the page of history will glow
With records of the deeds that heroes know;
All honor to our brave, our loved ones dear,
We watch thee proudly yet though memory sheds
a tear.

Our brave young country's natal day we hail,
When joyous crowds, shall meet from hill and
dale,

And in the sport and merry pastime mate
Our nation's holiday to celebrate.
Again we welcome thee and yet again,
All loyal hearts beat to the glad refrain,
Till echoed far and wide the world shall see
And know we are a loyal people free.
With saddening gaze we view the rebel strife,
And mourn the shedding of our loved one's life;
And those fond hearts that weep, yet silently,
To them extends a nation's sympathy;

The heroes' deeds shall live though life be done,
Their names be proudly passed from sire to son,
Till future generations all shall feel
And emulate their brave ancestors' zeal.
Are long we trust this warning strife may cease,
Our country bleat again with lasting peace,
The opposing races soon forget their hate
Good will and feeling harmonize the state,
And bonds of unity and love combined,
And round our nation's brow the laurel twine
O! Let some fitting tribute now be paid
To Patriotism, valor undimmed,
And let our brave defenders proudly see
We feel and know their service given free,
And this will ever remain, fair Canada, to thee
A memorable day, a memorable year.

WINNIPEG, Man.

—For Truth.

The Maple So Green.

(A Canadian Song. Air—"Bonnie Dundee.")

BY MRS. M. A. JAITLAND.

You may sing while the pride of your heart over-
flows,
Of the land of the thistle, the land of the rose;
You may tune the mute harp of fair Erin once
more,
And awaken a strain to the glory of yore.
You may sing of your mountains, your crags and your
dells,
Of your roses, and shamrocks, and sweet heather
bells;
Of your hoary old castles, and knights they have
seen,
I will sing of the land of the Maples so green.

You may boast of your triumphs by land and by sea,
Of a home that the blood of your sires has made
free;
You may tell of the glory immortal that clings
Round the graves of your heroes, the tombs of your
kings;
But my lips will give laud to the fair forest land
That nurtures her children with bountiful hand;
Where the hearth is the throne, honored industry
queen,
And the guards of our homes are the Maples so
green.

O, give me the land of the lake and the wood,
Where the rod and the bow I can wield unpunished;
A cot 'neath the shade of the green maple tree
Is dearer than mansion or palace to me;
No fawning to gentles and nobles is here,
No landlord to dread, and no tyrant to fear;
For the tiller is lord where his ploughshare has been,
In the free forest land of the Maples so green.
STRATFORD, Ont.

—For Truth.

Dominion Day.

BY C. J. A. WAR.

Far o'er the waves from Britain's strand
There lies a country fair to see,
And much we love our native land,
Great now, but greater yet to be.

From sea to sea it stretches. Hark!
From distant east to farthest west,
And to the northern snowy arc,
From our great corsair's spreading breast

From sea to sea! Pacific's waves
Wash rippling on the far off west,
While old Atlantic gently laves—
On eastern coast our land God, blest;

For He hath blest our country fair,
Far far, beyond her deserts;
Made her an object of His care,
As one must note whose mind reverts

To pages of 'th' historic past,
Which tell of many another land
Where conflicts dire, and perils vast,
As died those lands on either hand.

It was we have had through many a year,
And when proud foe-men here drawn nigh,
The cry, "to arms," sent loud and clear,
Has caused the sword to leap on high.

For Volunteers have forward rushed,
The grand old banner quick unfurled,
And proud invaders promptly crushed,
Amid the plaudits of the world.

And when rebellion's horrid head
Within the land has been upraised—
Attend! Gaze on our noble dead!
Convinced be; let God be praised

That for our land true hearts do beat,
That for our land strong arms will fight,
That for our land, come cold, come heat,
That for our land, come day, come night,

Her sons will spare nor toll nor pain,
Her sons will spare nor limb nor life;
Her sons, if need be, will again
Rush forth to quench ignoble strife.

And plenty, too, has crowned the plain,
Fair fruits of fields have waved in wind,
The ample heads of golden grain
Attesting that our God is kind.

Tho' men from many a country old
"As billows separate" here be,
Yet gathered in this common fold
"They're one"—united—"as the sea."

His church is planted in this field
(Which whiteneth unto harvest pleads)
Her mighty powers to him to wield
Where soft His Holy Spirit leads.

Here freedom breathes, aye vigorous lives,
And daily waxe kusty strong;
For strength she takes, and strength she gives,
Upholding right, withstanding wrong.

So shall we not, in glowing strains
Of lively patriotic fire,
To poetry give free the reins,
And for our country wake the lyre!

Oh! Canada, fair Canada,
Our own, our native land,
Oh! Canada, fair Canada,
Whose only freemen stand.

Oh! Canada, fair Canada,
Land of the true, the brave,
Oh! Canada, fair Canada,
Our cradle and our grave;

For, Canada, dear Canada,
Tho' far from thee we roam,
Oh! Canada, dear Canada,
We hope to die at home.

Ald, Canada, sweet Canada,
On this thy natal day
For thee, for thee, dear Canada,
Thy children meekly pray,

That God above, dear Canada,
May o'er us, e'er preside,
May, blessing, bring us, Canada,
Safe over ev'ry tide;

May keep our land, fair Canada,
For ever and for aye,
And grant us wisdom, Canada,
To follow in His way.

Thus, Canada, fair Canada,
Shall our "Dominion Day"
Each year recurring, Canada,
Be as another day

Of sunshine, dearest Canada,
To light us on the road
That leads us, fairest Canada,
Up to the best abode

Of thee, dear mother, Canada,
Who out of every land
Have been thro' Christ, dear Canada,
Redeemed, there to stand.

God bless thee then, oh! Canada,
And shower down on thee
Good gifts and many, Canada,
Thou mother of the free!

PORT PERRY, Ont.

—For Truth.

Dominion Day.

BY SADIE O. PRICE.

Fling out your crimson banners, boys!
The British flag wave high,
And sound the bands of music far
Along the azure sky;
This is the time for festal joy,
Drive dull old Care away—
The eighteenth anniversary
Of our Dominion Day.

The sweet perfume of blooming flowers
Upon each breeze is borne,
The songsters chant—earth laughs in glee
On this bright July morn.
The rippling brooklets onward dance
To join the larger streams:
Upon the verdant mountain's brow
The burnished sunlight gleams.

All nature seems in unity
In strength and pride to stand,
Symbolic of our Provinces,
Our dear Canadian land;
Whose territories vast and wide
Can boast of power and might,
Since that glad day when Parliament
Their forces did unite.

They, too, can boast of smiling fields,
Which wave in cereal pride;
Of noble lakes, and mountains high,
And rivers grand and wide.
From yonder far-off "fertile belt,"
To Scotia's rock-bound shore,
Fair Canada, thy beauty's wealth
Must every eye adore.

Thy laws, so just, our rights prote
Thy loyalty we know,
Is like to thy respect, thy
Unbounded in its flow;
What tho' rebellion now awakes
Out in the far North-West?
Thy military force is strong,
Thy volunteers the best.

Soon shall thine arm the vengeance quell,
And laurels crown the brow
Of many brave and loyal sons,
Who stem the war-tide now.
Then clear the air with lusty shouts,
Hurrah! my boys, hurrah!
For Canada, our happy home,
On this her wedding day.

The day when stranger lands were made
As one, in union strong,
That day in Eighteen Sixty-Seven
Shall be remembered long,
Tho' some may scoff that noted hour,
And tell of ill it brought,
We only say that deeds of strength
Are but by union wrought.

O, great Dominion! proud are we
To claim thee as our own;
We love thy sunny hills and glades,
From earliest childhood known.
We sigh not for a fairer clime
Beneath a tropic sky,
But on thy fondly cherished sod
Wish but to live and die.

Then float your crimson banners, boys!
Your country's flag wave high,
And sound the bands of music far
Along the azure sky;
This is the time for festal joy,
Drive dull old Care away,
The eighteenth anniversary
Of our Dominion Day.

SPRINGFIELD, Nova Scotia.

—For Truth.
Our Dominion.

BY REV. J. H. CHANT.

We boast of institutions free,
Of vast domain from sea to sea,
Of mineral wealth and golden grain,
Of forests vast, and fertile plain.
Our rocks yield gold, our plains yield coal,
And fruitful harvests without dole;
If sterile be our northern lands,
They're better far than southern sands.
No pestilence floats on the air,
No ravenous beast lurks in its lair;
For teeming millions we have farms
Where no'er is heard the clash of arms.
We cannot boast of orange groves,
Nor do we promise treasure troves,
But all who till our virgin soil
Are recompensed for all their toil,
And fruit abundant, sweet and good,
Both please the eye, and serve for food.
Throughout the land our schools are free
To all our youth from infancy.
Our press, untrammelled, leads the way
In those great movements of the day
Which tend to elevate the race
Into true manliness and grace.
The Church, concerned about the soul,
In free throughout from State control;
Cesar is rendered every duce,
Yet, to her great commission true,
She serves the State by moral force,
And blessings brings from heavenly source.
Our laws are good as can be found,
And they are not mere empty sound;
For back of them, in bold array,
Stands moral sentiment to say:
"These laws declare what *must* be done,
Let no man from his duty run;
Each man is free to do the right,
Not what *seems* so in his own sight."
Though yet in our minority,
We are a strong Confederacy.
Our territorial bounds are vast.
In this, trust not, nor in the past.
The elements of growth are ours,
And in due time beside the Powers
Without confusion, we shall stand,
A prosperous nation in the land;
Till then content we are to stay
The Queen's domain of Canada.
Let us on this Dominion Day
Learn from the past and lead the way
In true reform and wise conserve;
And then by these we well deserve
To rank among the nations few
On which God's favor falls like dew.
We yet retain in this fair land
Full many a destructive band,
Which, if not driven out, will bind
Our rising youth, o' noble mind,
With chains far worse than captives wore
Who were up on Euphrates' shore;
The demon rum, our greatest foe,
Stalks through the land dispensing woe,
Wasting the wealth God's bounty gives,
And on the common ruin lives;
Thousands by it are yearly slain,
Made wretched, homes, hearts filled with
pain;

Shall this foul fiend the nation slay?
Is the great question of the day.
May He who sits enthroned above
Look on this youthful land in love;
Drive out our foes, salvation bring,
And keep us safe beneath His wing.
COLLINS Bay, O

—For Truth.

Good-bye at the Door.

BY L. A. MORRISON, TORONTO.

I wonder if ever, in all the earth,
Was a happier home than mine,
Or a sweeter wife, to make home by her worth
Radiant with joy's divine?
Her love is as true and as pure as her life,
And it comes to me o'er and o'er,
That my Master has sent me a gem of a wife
As she kisses me at the door.

My neighbors may boast of their Saxon wives,
Their beauty, wisdom and skill;
Yet I know, for a fact, that some of their lives
Are ruled by a woman's will
Of a servile sort; but my Yankee wife
Neither scolds nor frets, and what's more
She always counsels in love—not strife—
And she kisses me at the door.

Wealth came in reward for my labor and toil,
But losses scattered it all;
Prosperity's friends in adversity's morn
Left me to struggle or fall;
But my Heaven-sent wife has never changed,
Whatever the burden I bore,
Her trust was certain and never estranged,
And she kissed me good-bye at the door.

She kissed me good-bye with a womanly trust,
That made me firm and strong
In the toil of life to maintain the just,
And to battle against the wrong.
It never my arm and made strong my heart,
And helped to increase my store;
For I knew that she knew I would do my part
When she kissed me good-bye at the door.

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IN AN EVIL MOMENT.

BY HARRY BLYTH.

Author of "A Wily Woman," "The Bloom of the Heather," "When the Flock Stopped," "Magic Morsels," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"But, papa," she suggested at length, "cannot you give him money, or whatever he wants, and be friends with him; do anything, you think best for him, but not have him in the house? You pretend to like him, but I watched you yesterday, and I am sure that his constant presence brings back terrible recollections to you. If you are always with him your life will be miserable—and you will not live very long."

"Nonsense, nonsense, Lily, Gregory" (Walter sighed) "is one of the best fellows in the world. He wishes to live with us, and—"

"And you were obliged to agree?"

"I dare not thwart him," the wretched man was forced to confess. "Remember, Lily, it is as much as my life is worth to raise his anger."

"Your life!" she echoed. Then she bowed her head upon her breast.

"God give me resignation!" she murmured.

Just then Tom entered, and Walter briefly explained their future plans to him. The young surgeon was sufficiently surprised at hearing that Gregory was to be one of the family, and though he did not receive the news with much heartiness, he had no right to interfere with, or object to, the proposal.

"Lily will be leaving me soon," said Walter, with a poor attempt at cheerfulness, "and I shall want a companion. The arrangement is a very happy one—a very happy one."

Lily looked anxiously, pleadingly at Tom. I ever eyes spoke, her's said then:

"Let us be married quickly. Take me away, Tom—take me away!"

Mr. Axon that morning was effusively polite to all of them, and particularly gracious to Lily. Perhaps he was ashamed of the previous night's excess, or (and this was more likely) his aching head, and his extreme nervousness and depression had considerably subdued him.

Mr. Barr and he were out the whole of the day searching for a house. Towards the evening they discovered one in the neighborhood of the Regent's-park that met with Gregory's approval. That night a letter was dispatched to the landlord, and before the end of the week they were established in it. Mr. Axon had completely abandoned his business. He felt so confident of the future that he did not even attempt to sell it. A broker was called in to clear out the office, and the place was closed.

The place was no home to Lily. She appeared to be living in Mr. Axon's house, and to be dependent upon Mr. Axon's bounty. Her father seemed to have no control over the domestic arrangements, or over his own money. The insolent way in which Gregory would sometimes address her—generally when his libations had been unusually copious—excited her most violent indignation, and she had the utmost difficulty in controlling her passion; but her father's ominous words rang in her ears, "It is as much as my life is worth to raise his anger;" and with a strong effect she bore his impertinences in silence. The struggle was a hard one, and often she would run away from all of them, and lock herself in her room and sob bitterly by the hour together.

Had it not been for Tom—sympathizing, loving, Tom—the poor girl would have brooked an entirely. Tom did more than encourage her with vain words of affection or vague ones of pity. He declared solemnly that he would discover the secret that gave Gregory such power over her father, and with all his might strive to destroy the evil thraldom.

Tom had come to town to be Walter's companion, and to generally look after his affairs. Gregory Axon had usurped his position, and there was now no need for the young fellow to remain in London. It was exceedingly disagreeable for him to encounter Mr. Axon every day; besides this, he wasted dawdling his time uselessly away. He determined to return to Sewton until his wedding day was fixed. Lily solaced

herself at his departure with the knowledge that the marriage was to take place with the least possible delay.

It chanced that after he had been away some ten days, he was recalled to London by private business of his own, and there then occurred an incident destined to effect, in the highest degree the future of every character in this story yet introduced to the reader.

CHAPTER XV.

"OUR FRIEND."

Before fully describing the occurrence alluded to in our last chapter, it will be necessary in this place to detail some of Mr. Axon's private movements after his unexpected meeting with Walter Barr.

The day they were both searching for a house Mr. Barr had, at Gregory's suggestion, cashed a heavy cheque at a banker's and handed the money to his companion. Some portion of this Mr. Axon immediately and secretly remitted to "Dr. Dodder, Dodder House, Dodder-park, Dodder, Kent;" another portion was sent on the following day to Mr. Blend; the balance Gregory, with considerable satisfaction, placed in his own purse.

The notes found our old friend Stivey at a quaint, irregular, amphibious, jumbled collection of houses on the mouth of the river Taw, and known as Appledore. Mr. Blend had done good business at Bideford; he had some few days to spare before he wished to appear at Torrington, and so he had gone a little way out of his road for the purpose of "elevating the tastes and improving the morals" of somnolent Appledore. If all that the Bideford folks said were true, Appledore's morals sadly needed attending to. Like many other drowsy, simple-looking places, its annual vice bill was a pretty heavy one. Yet its narrow, orderly streets, and the ingenious faces of its inhabitants would lead a stranger to believe that in such a place wickedness could have no existence. The sight of the money surprised the showman, and Mr. Axon rose still higher in his estimation.

"I never see such a thoughtful man," Stivey muttered, "but I wish he hadn't had done it. What do I want with his money?"

In the case of Gregory, the showman never expected to be repaid the money he had lent him. But if he was astonished at the enclosure, still more did he marvel at the letter which accompanied it:

"Dear Stivey," Mr. Axon wrote, "you will be glad to hear that I have succeeded at last in pulling off a few good things, and that I am once more on my feet. I enclose you the money that I have at odd times borrowed from you, and a couple of pounds for the accommodation." As Stivey read the last sentence his eyes grew misty. "D—his two pounds," he cried. "I wish he hadn't had done it." "The new business I have undertaken," this letter went on, "will compel me to travel about a great deal, and so for some time I will have no permanent address. Send your letters for me to the care of Old Sharp, and when I am in London I will call for them. I want you to write to me frequently and tell me your movements. On no account whatever return to London without first letting me know. Be careful, please, to observe this, as I have a particular reason for requesting it. If you ever get in a mess again don't fail to send to me at once." "Just like him," Stivey murmured; "but I hope that we are now both in a fair way to get on all right."

"By-the-bye, quite accidentally I met Walter Barr. In the heat of my business I had forgotten him. Poor fellow! he has been terribly unfortunate. Not only has he lost all his money, but his reason has gone too. The doctor, who is taking charge of him, says it is dangerous for any one who knew him in New Zealand to speak to him. He is apparently sane for months together, but any illusion to the past always brings on a severe attack. Hearing this, of course I left him at once, and shall in future avoid him. If any chance should throw you near

him you must do the same; avoid him; run from him."

"Poor chap," Mr. Blend sighed, "that's a bad, bad ending. I suppose that bit of business with Axon's wife turned his chump. Well, I'm sorry for him, and that's the truth. I don't suppose I'm likely to run across him, but if I do, why the Boss's orders must, of course, be obeyed. Hullo, what's this bit on the other side?" Mr. Blend turned the letter over and read: "A man I was speaking to to day, told me that France and Belgium are far better places than England for your line of business English showmen," he said, "soon make a fortune out there. If you think you'd like to try it, I daresay I can manage the needful. It would be much more comfortable for you during the winter months. Tell me what you think of the idea."

"What a heart he's got; what a heart he's got," Stivey cried, excitedly. "Did you ever hear anything like it?" With every manifestation of delight and admiration the showman re-read this passage several times. "Well," he declared emphatically, "if he isn't one of the best that ever breathed, I know nothing. It ain't a bad notion," he went on thoughtfully, "and I think I could get on very well with the Parley Voos. Lor, it's wonderful how soon you pick up the lingo. Why, when I first came down here into Devonshire, I couldn't understand a word the yokels said, and now I get on first-class. I'll be a rare linguist in time. There'd be one advantage in being amongst the Parley Voos," he added, slyly wagging his spiky head, "when the Zult maiden had a row with the African chieft—and its bound to come off twice a week—they wouldn't twig the flowery Whitechapel flying about. Why, it's only the other night she told him, before all the people, to go and bury himself. Ah, there's some as thinks that a showman's life's all gas and glitter, pork chops and feather beds, but it ain't—that it ain't," Stivey repeated mournfully; "we have our trials, and many of 'em."

Ultimately, Mr. Blend decided that if he did go "amongst the Parley Voos" it should be with his own money. He would wait in England until he had sufficient to carry him across. He was a good deal hurt at Mr. Axon sending him the two pounds for the "accommodation."

"He means well," Stivey declared, "but I'll send him the two quid back again, I'm hanged if I don't!"

The auctioneer's other correspondent received his remittance as a matter of course, and forwarded by return of post an ordinary receipt for it. Mr. Axon had not given Dr. Dodder his real address. The medical gentleman, like the showman, was directed to send his letters to the care of a certain Mr. Sharp, who was an attorney, with an office in Crutchet Friars, in the City of London.

Though Mr. Axon's letter did not appear to excite the interest of Dr. Dodder, this eccentric gentleman devoted time and money to the watching of Gregory's movements. Dodder, let us here inform the reader, was a pleasant spot in that pleasantest of all English counties—Kent. It was within sight of the Medway, and not a very formidable drive from Rochester. It was not an easy matter to decide where it commenced, and where it ended. Two things only were clear—Dodder-park was the only place in it; and Dr. Dodder the proprietor of the entire district, large or small. Indeed, some people deliberately asserted that Dodder was the most remarkable place in England, inasmuch that it was movable, and might be found wherever the doctor was. In a word, that Dr. Dodder was Dodder.

There could be no question about Dodder-park being a very extensive and delightful spot. Grand old trees waved and sighed in almost every part of it. There were several acres of the greenest, softest, undulating sward, into which the feet sank with a delicious feeling of comfort. In the centre, on a slight eminence, was the noble-looking, red-bricked house. In front of this were dainty beds of flowers and masses of tastefully-arranged shrubs. Extensive conservatories were on the one side; large orchards and kitchen-gardens behind; the ground on the other side was set apart for out-door games of all kinds.

Dodder House was a private lunatic asylum. Dr. Dodder's patients were never numerous, but they were always select. He was no believer in the old system of torturing the insane into a hopeless madness. In deed, people said that he went to the other

extreme—he had been accused of pampering his patients; the slightest want of courtesy on the part of any of his servants towards those he had confined in his house was punished with instant dismissal; and any cases of cruelty he forthwith brought before the magistrates. There were not wanting people who declared that he was far too fond of persecuting keepers, and that he did it merely for the sake of the advertisement. Whether this was true or not, no one denied that the doctor's patients were wonderfully happy. Indeed, it was a notorious fact that one old gentleman whom he had cured had flatly refused to leave Dodder park. He had never been so happy in his life, he said, and he intended remaining with his dear friend, the doctor, until he died. And he did remain, too, paying liberally, and seldom caring to use the liberty that was now his.

Dr. Dodder's enemies (the best of men have enemies) would have it that there was very little the matter with any of his patients; that they all belonged to rich families, and that the object of his kindness to them was to keep them in his hands the longer, and prevent them from being too anxious to establish their sanity, as some of them might easily have done.

Some few weeks after Mr. Axon had posted the money to the doctor, the latter gentleman sat in his pleasant study holding a serious conversation with "Dodder's man," who was seated on a low chair in the centre of the room, looking up into his master's face as a faithful dog might.

"So Axon is living near Regent's-park?" Dr. Dodder said.

"Yes," the man answered, in a short, mechanical way, never removing his eyes from his master's face. "There's the address—"

"Lumsden-villa, Morland-road, " "Regent's-park, "

the doctor read. "And Mr. Barr and his daughter and the young surgeon are with him?"

"Yes."

"Good house?"

"Very comfortable. Stiff rent."

"Ah!" Dr. Dodder reflected for a moment. "What about this Barr? What is he?"

"Independent. Plenty of money."

"Nothing more?"

"He's travelled a good deal. Can't find out anything more about him. Nobody knows."

"You know nothing about his younger days?"

"Nothing."

"You must find out."

Dodder's man pricked up his ears, but said nothing.

"He is an old friend of Gregory Axon's?" the doctor observed.

"Yes."

"You must discover how and when they first met. I am determined to probe this matter to the bottom. There's a good deal in it."

Dodder's man had his head between his knees now, and he appeared to be listening.

"What is it?" his master demanded impatiently.

"Some one has entered the park," the man answered, still in the same position, and still listening.

"Some one is driving towards the house."

He remained motionless for two or three minutes. Then he said:

"Mr. Axon has come to see you. He is now in the door. I'll go."

He sprang to his feet and ran from the room. In an instant he returned.

"I'll watch that new keeper," he said; "he's not to be not trusted." And again he disappeared.

A few minutes later a servant ushered Mr. Gregory Axon into the presence of Dr. Dodder. The two had not met since the encounter in the shabby office in Keatish-town, and the doctor was not a little surprised at the wonderful improvement in his visitor's appearance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, and at times grieved at it; but no man is ever discontented with the world if he does his duty in it.

As I have said before, the business of a painter is to paint. If he can color he is a painter, though he can do nothing else; if he cannot color he is not a painter, though he can do everything else.

Be Thorough.

It was Carlyle who said, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble," and George Eliot gives us the same thought in other words: "Genius is at first little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline." The most successful have always been the most painstaking. A prominent judge, living near Cincinnati, wished to have a rough fence built, sent for a carpenter, and said to him:

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

However, afterward, the judge, coming to look at the work, found that the boards were planed and the fence finished with exceeding neatness. Supposing the young man had done it in order to make a costly job of it, he said angrily:

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines. I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

"Why did you spend all that labor on the job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only the dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the judge had a contract to give for the building of certain magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master-builders, but one face attracted attention. It was that of the man who had built the fence.

"I knew," said the judge, afterward telling the story, "we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

The Hon. Josiah Quincy was at one time conversing with Daniel Webster upon the importance of doing even the smallest thing thoroughly and well, when the great man related an incident concerning a petty insurance case which was brought to him while a young lawyer in Portsmouth. The fee promised was only \$20. Yet, to do his clients full justice, Webster found he must journey to Boston and consult a law library. This involved an expense of above the amount of his fee, but after hesitating a little he decided to go to Boston and consult the authorities, let the cost be what it might. He gained the case.

Years after this Webster was passing through the city of New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of the counsel had been suddenly prostrated by illness. Money was no object, and Webster was asked to name his terms and conduct the case.

"It is preposterous," said he, "to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice."

But when they insisted that he should look at the papers he consented. It was his old twenty-dollar case over again, and, having a remarkable memory, he had all the authorities in his mind, and won the suit. The court knew he had no time for preparation, and were astonished at the skill with which he handled the case.

"So you see," said Webster, as he concluded, "I was handsomely paid, both in fame and money, for that journey to Boston;" and the moral is that good work is rewarded in the end, though, to be sure, one's own self-approval should be enough.

Thoroughness implies attention to details, neatness, and method. A young man who was shrewd and exacting, but whose business habits were careless and unmethodical, succeeded, by hard work and economy, in establishing a prosperous business, but failed and went into bankruptcy at the early age of 35 because of his carelessness in omitting to place a note for a large amount in his bills payable.

Truth—the open, bold, honest truth—is always the wisest, always the safest, for any one in any and all circumstances.

Sunday Rest.

Rufus Choate, when at the climax of his reputation, said that his brain would long before have given way, owing to the intense and constant strain of professional work, had it not been for the refreshing and recreating influence of the fiction, poetry, history, and Greek and Latin classics he read. But Rufus Choate did die of an over-worked brain, which shattered a nervous system that knew but little of the restfulness of relaxation.

What the great orator sought for in books, the zealous man of business and the faithful man-of-all-work may find in the periodical rest of Sunday. "Men who labor six days in the week and rest on the seventh," said Dr. Farre, in his testimony before a committee of the House of Commons, "will be more healthy and live longer, other things being equal, than those who labor seven; they will do more work and better work."

Twenty leading physicians of England said, "We say ditto to Dr. Farre."

The managers of large stables, where several hundred horses are kept, say a horse must have one day's rest in seven, or he will break down. One day's rest in ten, or nine, or even eight days, will not keep him in working condition.

Mr. A—was a driving man of business, and—nothing more. He made a fortune, and worked seven days in the week, as if he was struggling to gain his first ten thousand dollars.

One day, in the midst of his prosperity, his mental vision being dazed by the apprehension of some coming evil, he took his own life. The physician's judgment was, "Insanity caused by over-work." The friends said, "He had worked seven days in the week for years; that killed him."

Mr. B—was the President of a manufacturing company, the management of which kept him from his home six days. On Saturday he would return home, taking with him a large package of business papers, and passed Sunday in examining them.

"Why do you labor and toil as you do?" said a Christian friend. "Six days in the week are enough for one to work, who wishes to retain his health. You will kill yourself by this continuous strain. Besides, my dear friend, you are neglecting the better part of yourself, as well as your family, by allowing business to absorb your Sundays."

"I know it," he said, sadly. "But I must do it, or my business will get ahead of me. By-and-by I hope to get time to rest on Sundays, but I can't now."

He went on working seven days in the week, and died, in the prime of life, of softening of the brain.

"Had it not been for the weekly rest of the Sabbath," said a Boston merchant of twenty years' successful business, "I should have been a maniac long ago. It was nothing but the quiet of that day which rested my brain and saved it from giving way under the constant pressure."

"I have had an extensive acquaintance with business men," said another Boston merchant, "and I cannot recall one who worked seven days in the week who did not shorten his life or go insane."

Some men say, "Oh, the Fourth Commandment is an old Jewish law intended for an isolated farming people—it is not applicable to modern civilization."

That is a mistake—it is the command of a higher than human intelligence, the declaration of the physiological law of rest, which demands obedience one day in seven, under the penalty of a physical punishment that shall make the violator an imbecile.

Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.

Most men are wicked because they have never known or tried the enjoyment of virtuous conduct.

Modesty in a woman is a certain agreeable fear of all she enters upon; in men it is composed of a right judgment of what is proper for them to exempt.

There never was a day that did not bring its opportunity for doing good, that never could have been done before and never can again. It must be improved now or never.

THE BANK OF TORONTO.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS, HELD AT THE BANKING HOUSE OF THE INSTITUTION IN TORONTO ON WEDNESDAY, 17TH JUNE, 1885.

The annual general meeting of the Bank of Toronto (being the twenty-ninth since the commencement of business) was held in pursuance of the terms of the charter, at the banking house of the institution, June 17th, 1885.

On motion, George Gooderham, Esq., was called to the chair, and Mr. Coulson requested to act as secretary.

Moved by W. H. Beatty, Esq., seconded by Alfred Gooderham, Esq., and

Resolved,—That Messrs. Walter S. Lee and Charles H. Gooderham be appointed scrutineers of the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and that they report the result to the Cashier.

By request of the Chairman the Cashier then read the following

REPORT:
The Directors of the Bank of Toronto herewith beg to submit for the consideration of the stockholders a report of the past year's operations.

They are happy to state that the business of the Bank has been well maintained, although the year has been one of lessened activity and continued depression in the general trade of the country.

The profits compare favorably with those of former years, and after all losses had been fully written off and provision made for all debts considered doubtful, the directors were again enabled to declare a bonus of two per cent. on the Capital Stock, in addition to the usual Dividends at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, and have added \$50,000 to the Rest, which fund now amounts to the sum of \$1,150,000.

The balance at the credit of profit and loss on the 1st May, 1884, as per last annual report was..... \$ 14,020 72
The net profit for the year, after making provision for all losses, as above stated, and deducting expenses, interest on deposits, and rebate on current discounts, amount to the sum of..... 250 483 68

Making a total of..... \$ 24,504 40

This sum your Directors have appropriated as follows:—

Dividend No. 57, 4 per cent.....	\$ 80,000 00
Dividend No. 68, 4 per cent.....	80,000 00
Bonus, 2 per cent.....	40,000 00
Added to Rest.....	60,000 00
Balance carried forward to next year.....	14,544 40
	<hr/> 64,544 40

\$204,544 40

The various officers of the Bank have fulfilled their duties to the satisfaction of the Board.

All of which is respectfully submitted.
(Signed) GEORGE GOODERHAM,
President.

GENERAL STATEMENT—30TH MAY, 1885.
Liabilities.

Notes in circulation.....	\$ 982,457 00
Deposits bearing interest.....	3,558,610 44
Deposits not bearing interest.....	854,132 30
	<hr/> 4,412,742 74
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	134,765 18
Balance due to agents of the Bank in Great Britain.....	46,801 88
Unclaimed dividends.....	3 00
Half-yearly dividend and bonus payable 1st June, 1885.....	1,200 00 0
	<hr/> 120,320 00

Total liabilities to the public. \$ 5,037,070 80

Capital paid up.....	\$ 2,000,000 00
Rest.....	1,150,000 00

Interest accrued on Deposits.....	\$ 41,319 00
Rebate on Notes discounted.....	64,258 00
	<hr/> \$ 105,577 00

Balance of Profit and Loss account carried forward.....	14,544 40
	<hr/> \$ 3,270,121 40

\$ 8,907,193 20

Gold and silver coin on hand.....	\$218,537 78
Domestic notes on hand.....	334,227 00
Notes and cheques of other banks.....	163,111 33
Balances due from other banks in Canada.....	63,500 04
Balances due from agents of the bank in the United States.....	81,012 77
Deposit of Canada debentures.....	\$122,822 48
Municipal debentures.....	67,424 00
	<hr/> 193,240 67
Total assets immediately available.....	\$ 1,253,136 39
Loans and bills discounted.....	\$ 7,011 813 84
Overdue debts secured.....	20,489 80
Overdue debts not specially secured (estimated loss provided for).....	6,847 51
Mortgages on real estate sold by the bank.....	\$11,050 32
Real estate other than Bank premises.....	9,860 25
	<hr/> \$ 20,910 57
Bank premises.....	\$50,000 00
Bank furniture.....	5,000 00
	<hr/> \$55,000 00
	<hr/> \$3,067,193 20

(Signed) D. COULSON, Cashier.
Toronto, 30th May, 1885.

After the reading of the above it was moved by GEO. GOODERHAM, Esq., seconded by Wm. H. Beatty, Esq., and

Resolved,—That the report which has just been read be adopted, and when printed be distributed among the stockholders.

Moved by JOHN HELM, Esq., seconded by Walter S. Lee, Esq., and

Resolved,—That in view of the careful attention to the interests of the bank manifested during the year by the President, Vice President, and Directors, the thanks of the stockholders are hereby tendered to them.

Moved by CHARLES STUART, Esq., seconded by Charles H. Gooderham, Esq., and

Resolved,—That the election of Directors now commence; and that the ballot remain open until two o'clock this day. If, however, before that hour a period of five minutes shall elapse during which no vote is tendered the scrutineers may close the poll.

REPORT OF THE SCRUTINEERS.

We, the undersigned Scrutineers, appointed at the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Bank of Toronto this day, declare that the following gentlemen have been unanimously elected Directors for the ensuing year:—George Gooderham, Wm. H. Beatty, Alex. T. Fulton, Henry Cawthra, Henry Covert, W. R. Wadsworth, Wm. Geo. Gooderham,

(Signed) WALTER S. LEE,
C. H. GOODERHAM, } Scrutineers.
Toronto, 17th June, 1885.

The new Board met the same afternoon, when George Gooderham, Esq., was unanimously elected President, and Wm. H. Beatty, Esq., Vice-President.

By order of the Board.
(Signed) D. COULSON,
Cashier.

How to "Grow Salt."

Do you want to grow salt, and at the same time have an interesting, handsome ornament? The proceeding is a novel chemical experiment that may be tried by any one. Put in a goblet one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of blueing. Fill the goblet two-thirds full of water and set it in a position where it will have plenty of warmth and sunlight. In a little while sparkling crystals will commence forming on the outside of the glass, and it is both a novel and interesting sight to watch it gradually growing, day by day until the outside of the goblet is entirely covered with beautiful white crystals. Another variation of this beautiful experiment would be to take a goblet with the base broken off, and fasten it to the centre of a thin piece of board, which may be round, square or oblong. After the crystals have formed on the glass, set it on a tiny wall bracket and place a bright holiday or birthday card in front of it; this will hide the base, on which no crystals will form. After this is done fill the goblet with flowers or dried grasses, and you will have a vase that will cost comparatively little.

Temperance Department.

THE SCOTT ACT AMENDMENTS.

THE SENATE'S WINE AND BEER CLAUSE REJECTED.

On Thursday of last week the amended Scott Act Bill, as it was further amended by the Senate, was considered by the House of Commons, and the infamous Senate amendment, permitting wine and beer to be sold under the provisions of the Act, was rejected without a vote, as evidently not one Member of the House was desirous of having his name recorded in favor of such a measure. This is just as might have been expected. Any body of legislators representing public opinion, or at all amenable to public opinion, would not support a measure of that kind when public opinion has everywhere given such a decided verdict in the contrary direction. The Senate is not responsible to public opinion and cannot claim to represent it in any way, and so it could safely perpetrate an act which the Commons would not undertake to do. The following is the resolution of Mr. Jamieson, adopted by the House without a division:—

"That this amendment be disagreed with for the following reasons: Because it is a violation of the fundamental principle of the Act which, when adopted, prohibits the sale of all intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, and because the Act has already been adopted in good faith by the electors in 61 counties and cities of the Dominion. Believing that under the express provisions of the law it would continue in force unimpaird for three years, and would then only be repealed by the same authority which adopted it, and the passing of the amendment was a breach of faith on the part of Parliament with the electors of those counties and cities, and further because the amendment is in direct opposition to the wishes of a large portion of the electors of the Dominion as represented in petitions to Parliament."

The Senate made several other attempts to weaken the force of the Scott Act, if not to destroy it altogether, which also came up for ratification in the Commons. The original Act did not give physicians authority to sell liquors, though they might prescribe them, the object arrived at was that a physician should not have any other interest in prescribing liquors other than as a doctor. The Senate's amendment gives physicians authority to sell as well as to prescribe, and in this amendment the Commons concurred by a vote of 54 to 75. We are sorry to see the names of Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues, Carling, Costigan and Langevin in favor of relaxing this wholesome restriction, while the Hon. M. Bowell voted the other way. That some doctors have abused the privilege they previously enjoyed is evident enough from what has transpired in Halton county. That more will be found abusing the greater privilege now afforded them, and that it will be more difficult in consequence to successfully enforce the Act there can be no doubt whatever.

The Senate also attempted to mutilate the Act by allowing doctors and druggists to sell alcohol and methylated spirits for mechanical, manufacturing, or pharmaceutical purposes, without any of the present restrictions. Sir John Macdonald declared it his opinion that this would be opening the door too wide, and so evidently thought the most of the other members, for the change proposed was rejected without a division.

The Senate also struck out the "penal clause" from the Act, by which a penalty is imposed on physicians giving liquor for other than actual medicinal purposes. The Com-

mons rejected that amendment without a division. It will be seen that, had the Senate been allowed to have its own way the Canada Temperance Act would have been shorn of nearly every clause in it of any value as a prohibitory measure. Wine and beer could have been sold without restriction. Doctors and druggists could have sold to any one for "mechanical" or such like purposes, which would have covered nearly every thing. Doctors could have "prescribed" to whoever they pleased, and for whatever purpose, without incurring any penalty whatever for prescribing to any thirsty man they saw fit, without even a pretense of any idea of medicine, and doctors could sell to whoever they prescribed for, thus having a direct interest in prescribing as freely as any purchaser might desire. Probably the Senate never attempted any thing more glaring in the way of destroying all temperance legislation than in the late attempts to mutilate the Scott Act as was done of late.

A New Organization.

Some time ago a separation took place, so far as financial arrangements were concerned, between the Royal Templars of Temperance of Canada and those of the United States, and a Dominion Supreme Council was established. It appears that a number of members of the Order in this Province objected to the Dominion Council, and refused to unite with it. Last week a meeting was held in Toronto of the representatives of the dissenting Councils, and they resolved to form a new temperance insurance society, after the pattern of the R. T. of T. The name chosen for the new organization is "The Canadian Independent Order of Royal Templars." The following well-known workers were chosen as the provisional officers of the new Supreme Lodge: Past President, James Stratton, Peterboro; President, James H. Clarke, Toronto; V.P., S. Cunningham, Waterford; Secretary, Geo. Wilson, Port Hope; Treasurer, M. Wilkinson, Brantford; Chaplain, G. W. Anderson, Millbrook; Guide, S. Jarman, Toronto; A. G., E. Malcolm, Scotland; Medical Examiner, Dr. Ough, Millbrook; I.G., Frank Pickering, Yorkville; O.G., J. H. Mundy, Port Hope; Solicitor, J. W. Currie, Millbrook; District Organizer, R. H. Hill, Bowmanville; Trustees, D. Dunlop, J. Hathway, A. Colder.

The Let-it-alone Policy.

Lord Bramwell has recently been attempting in England what a few well known gentlemen have been attempting to do in Toronto—to defend the drink traffic against the attacks of the total-abstainers, and to convince the people that the traffic is not so harmful to the public weal after all. He recently published a pamphlet in defence of the business, to which the Rev. Canon Farrar has published an able reply through the *Nineteenth Century*. Here are the concluding paragraphs of Canon Farrar's paper:

"Lord Bramwell admits that drink is the fertile source of vice, crime, disease, insanity, and death, yet he bids us do nothing. I prefer the advice of Oliver Cromwell, who said, 'National crime is a thing God will reckon for, and I wish it may not lie on the nation a day longer than you may find a remedy.' Lord Bramwell bids us 'trust to the good sense and improvement of mankind.' Alas! we have been doing so for centuries; but human selfishness and the power of millions is against us, and these are like that cockatrice carved on the west front of the Amiens Cathedral, which lays one of its ears in the mud, and stops the other with its tail. We want the aid of the Legislature. We want the aid of the statute book to educate the blunted moral sense. 'The best government,' says Goethe, 'is that which teaches self-government.' 'It

is the duty of Governments," said Mr. Gladstone, "to make it easy to do right and difficult to do wrong." Many of us are sick of the cry about private rights, which mean public wrongs. Lord Bramwell once more hangs the desecrated shield of liberty on the signboard of the gin palace. To us the protection by Government of a liberty which is inevitably associated with frightful license, is an abdication of the noblest functions of rule, and involves the neglect of the classes least represented, whose interests should therefore be most carefully studied. The Prime Minister told us in the House of Commons that drink produced evil more deadly, because more continuous, than those of the three great historic scourges of war, famine, and pestilence combined; and "that," he said, "was the measure of our discredit and disgrace." And yet are we to be advised to sit with our hands folded before us, in keen enjoyment of our beer and sherry, and to suffer the gaunt spectres which follow in the wake of drink to stalk unexercised and even unchecked among us? Fortunately some have been found not to follow Lord Bramwell's advice, and not to let things alone. Had they done so, what would have been the condition of England? I will quote the authority of one who probably knows far more of the true needs of the masses of the population than Lord Bramwell, and who has done in his day an immeasurable amount of good. "The more I examine and travel over the surface of England," says Lord Shaftesbury, "the more I see the absolute and indispensable necessity of temperance associations. I am satisfied, that unless they existed, we should be plunged in such an ocean of immorality, violence and sin, as would make this country uninhabitable."

PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

The following testimonies in regard to the actual working prohibition in different localities, and under quite different circumstances, have been received in private letters, not intended for publication, by the editor of TRUTH during the week:

A gentleman from Toronto, a member of the family, now spending a few weeks on the sea coast, at Phippsburg, Maine, writes as follows:—"The Maine Law works like a charm here. I have not seen a drunken man, or a particle of liquor since I have been in the State. You never hear a young man speak of liquor, or wish for it as they do with us in Canada, or anywhere else under the license system."

A. S. Whittell, Esq., of Barrie, Ontario, thus writes of the working of the Scott Act in Simcoe county, where the law has been in force since May 1st:—"The Scott Act has done a great deal of good here already. Old toper noses do not look so blooming, but still there is a considerable improvement in the personal appearance of a number of them. Some of the liquor dealers have been plying their old trade pretty freely in an unlawful way, but as one of the best known of them has had his entire stock seized and confiscated, and will have to pay a heavy fine besides, there is a reason to hope that others will take warning in time, or their turn will surely come soon. Two or three of the law breakers are now well known and the Scott Act Association will not overlook them. An excursion from here to Meaford lately was taken advantage of by quite a few of the ever dry, and they came back much the worse of the trip. People said so many drunks had never come in on an excursion before. We hope the counties adjoining may soon have the Act in force also, to prevent the occurrence of such proceedings."

NEWS AND NOTES.

A FAIR TRIAL.—At the county court for Frontenac, held in Kingston last week, Judge Price, in his charge to the Grand Jury urged that the Scott Act, as it stands, should have a fair trial. He said the people had asked for it, that the majority of the people had voted for its adoption and he hoped that it would be given a fair trial in the county where it had been adopted. He desired all connected with the administration of justice in the county to study the provisions of the Act so as to be prepared to give them effect. The other judges ought to take a similar stand.

LICENSE AND PROHIBITION.—Years ago Horace Greely wrote as follows in the *New York Tribune*: "No practical enforcement of the license system will ever sensibly mit-

igate the evils of intemperance. But let the laws inflexibly forbid the sale of alcoholic beverages, and every youth is warned from the cradle that these beverages are hurtful and dangerous, and that in drinking them he encourages a violation of the laws of the land. It would command the respect even of its antagonists."

DANGERS OF TIPPLERS.—A London paper recently published the following significant piece of information: "A professor has just died, at the age of fifty, from the bite of a gnat. He was never known to be drunk, but had, since he was twenty, daily taken enough wine to intoxicate three, or even four less 'seasoned' men. Laterly, his usual evening allowance had been three whole bottles of port. Brandy was deemed necessary for him in the mornings, in consequence of his over-night potations; and he took some other stimulant during the day. The gnat-bite, owing to the inflammatory condition of his blood caused by his excessive wine-bibbing, brought on immediate mortification; and so ended, at what ought to have been the zenith of his powers, the life of a man of ability and learning, whose career, at the outset, promised to be exceptionally brilliant."

DRINK AND DESTITUTION.—Samuel Smith, M. P., a well-known member of the English Parliament, has recently written an able article on "destitute children" in England. Here is one of its concluding paragraphs: "We cannot omit the excessive intemperance of this class of the population as a main contributor cause of their continuance in a state of helpless poverty. The total amount spent upon intoxicating drink in the United Kingdom is now 126 millions per annum. High authorities put 90 millions as the expenditure of the 'working class,' whose aggregate income is variously estimated at from 450 to 650 millions. Take 600 millions as a medium estimate, and 80 millions amount to 16 per cent. of their entire income. But a large portion of the working classes are abstainers, and a still larger portion moderate consumers of alcohol, and it is thus probable that the degraded section spend 25 or 30 per cent. of their earnings upon drink—in fact, they spend everything they have except what just keeps body and soul together. Any increase of earnings while their habits continue the same only involves more drunkenness, as I have seen myself in cases innumerable."

GOOD TEMPLARS.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars for Ontario meets this week in Hamilton, but TRUTH goes to press too soon to be able to give any report of the proceedings. A full report may be looked for next week.

The Little Brown Jug.

Glug! Glug! Glug!
By my corn cob plug,
Said the jug
Times are dull, old friend,
Take a pull, old friend,
Do you good— "Ah!"
Warms the blood— "Ah!"
Gives one strength— "Ah!"
Unto life adds length— "Ah!"
Isn't that the pure stuff? "Hic!"
Ha! you like it sure enough! "Hic!"
Never mind about the weather,
Into the ditch we'll roll together
Two hard cases cut upon a spree,
Whiskymellow, drunk and drunk canbe,
What care we about a bed to night?
In this friendly snow drift trucked so tight,
Let the blizzard rush, and let it roar,
In unconscious bliss we'll lie and snore,
Merry down to 40, what care you or I?
Alcohol with us must be forty high,
Wife and children starving at home,
But we'll warm 'em when we come,
Flour barrel empty clothing gone,
Where is our next whisky pawn?
But no matter. We're all right,
Here's a plenty for to-night,
Hey sir, my treat on more!
Thaw that frozen snore!
Frozen! Frozen! Glug!
Like an icicle said the jug!

No money required from competitors now in the Tid-Bit Department. Read the new arrangement.

Our Young Folks.

Which Loved Best?

"I love you, mother," said little John, then forgetting his work, his cap went on, and he was off to the garden swing, and left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell, "I love you better than tongue can tell." Then she teased and pouted full half the day, till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan, "To-day I'll help you all I can." How glad her mother doesn't keep it! So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she fetched the broom, and swept the floor, and tidied the room; busy and happy all the day was she, helpful and happy as a child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said, "Three little children, going to bed. How do you think that mother guessed which of them really loved her best?"

CANOE AND RIFLE ON THE ORINOCO.

CHAPTER V.

SHOOTING A JAGUAR. (CONCLUSION.)

Where was David?

It was about the middle of the afternoon when David King landed for a solitary stroll through the forest. Rifle in hand, he plunged into the woody depths, where not a ray of sunshine reaches the earth.

The shade was cool and inviting, and he was glad to stretch his cramped legs after sitting so many hours in the canoe.

"Now," he thought, "if I could only scare up a tapir, I wouldn't ask anything more for this trip."

He went back from the river as far as he dared, without losing sight of it, and then set out to follow parallel with its course, within hail of the canoe. The ground was level, and owing to the density of the shade, there was no undergrowth to struggle through, nothing but great bare tree trunks, sapling stems and jungle creepers. Walking was easy, and David was able to keep a sharp lookout for game as he rapidly but noiselessly advanced. At first the forest seemed very dark, but his eyes soon got used to the subdued light.

For nearly an hour he marched along without seeing any game, or even hearing any, except some monkeys above his head, quite out of sight. In such interminable forest one might walk a whole day without meeting a large animal, even when they are known to be numerous.

He was on the point of going to the river bank to hail the canoe and get into it, when he came to a little gully which ran down to the stream. On the smooth, muddy bank which sloped up gently on the farther side, he here espied the record of a forest tragedy, which his sharp eyes quickly read. There had been a struggle between two animals, attended by much bloodshed, and one had succumbed.

In a second David had leaped across the gully, and was bending over the footprints. There were splashes of blood-stains here and there on the fallen leaves. The deepest tracks, and those which were most numerous, were made by a tapir, apparently about half grown. It had been the victim, and its slayer was a jaguar.

A thrill stirred the young hunter's blood and tingled to his very finger ends. He unconsciously tightened his grasp on his rifle, and glanced about him.

The *tyger*, which, judging from its tracks, must have been one of the largest size, had sprung from the top of the bank full upon the tapir, and borne it to the ground, for the mark of its fall was plain. The latter had struggled vigorously, but was soon overcome, and there, plain as day, was the trail over which it had been partly carried and partly dragged away. David could not satisfy himself as to whether the trail was one hour old, or six, but he felt pretty certain the tragedy had taken place since noon.

Having examined the ground to his satisfaction, he turned about, and without a moment's hesitation set out on the jaguar's trail

as fast as he could walk, ignoring in his eagerness the fact that he was alone, that the forest was pathless and inhabited only by wild beasts; he even forgot the canoe and his companions; forgot everything, except that there was a big jaguar somewhere ahead, and that his rifle had never yet missed fire.

The trail led straight away from the river, into the depths of the forest. On the firm earth the jaguar's soft pads left no impression, but a part of the savage brute's prey had dragged heavily upon the ground, and left a distinct mark. There were drops of blood here and there on the green leaves and grass, and occasionally, when the trail crossed a gully or a wet spot, the jaguar's footprints were conspicuous.

As he got farther and farther from the river, the forest became more open, and clumps of brushy undergrowth began to appear. Any one of these was liable to conceal the crouching jaguar. David's nerves were strung to the highest pitch.

For an hour, at least, he followed the trail after this fashion, and all the time it led him deeper into the forest. At length the ground became broken up with low hills, and the undergrowth became almost continuous; and here, while with less caution than hitherto, he was hurrying up a hillside, covered with clumps of bushes, he suddenly found himself face to face with the jaguar! The beast had heard him coming, for it had dropped its prey, faced about and stood beside it, glaring fiercely at the intruder, its ears laid back and brows contracted in a wicked, threatening scowl. Hunter and beast were not more than ten yards apart, and the beast looked fearfully large and powerful!

Involuntarily David drew back two or three paces, and with a quick movement threw his rifle up to his eye; but now that the crisis had come, his nerves suddenly steadied. As he glanced along the short blue barrel, the jaguar gave a low, threatening growl and crouched for a spring. All depended on that one shot! Having covered the massive head, David leaped but a second to shoot, and the jaguar's warning growl was cut short by the loud ringing bang of the rifle.

A DESPERATE MOVEMENT.

Instantly, with a terrific cat-like scam of pain, the jaguar sprang, straight through the rifle smoke, struck David like a battering ram, and dashed him violently backwards to the earth! His rifle was knocked out of his hands; the back of his head struck against a root or a stone, he never knew which; he lay there stunned and helpless for some moments. Presently, by a powerful effort, he recovered himself and staggered to his feet, and snatching up his rifle, shoved in a fresh cartridge. Not till then did he venture to look about him. Half-a-dozen paces farther down the hill, at the root of a large tree, lay the jaguar, gasping and writhing feebly in its last agony. The bullet had struck it in the right eye, and penetrated to the brain.

I suppose that was the proudest moment of David's life. On foot and alone he had hunted down a *tyger*, the king of the South American forests, and slain it on fair ground. And what a magnificent animal it was!

The gathering gloom of the forest recalled the young hunter to a consideration of his surroundings. Where were the canoe? In which direction lay the river, and how far away? Darkness would soon be upon him; he saw that he must stay all night where he was. Hurriedly now he looked about for wood for a fire, and at length found some dry limbs which he was able to break up. This he carried, one armful after another, to where the dead jaguar lay. He had matches in his cartridge-bag, and in a few minutes he had started a blaze.

NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

The going down of the sun in the tropics is like closing the shutters of a room. Instead of the long, slowly-fading twilight of the North, the forest was immediately wrapped in darkness.

For a long time the forest was silent as the grave. The death-like stillness became very oppressive to the lone watcher. At last it was broken by the measured "Croak! croak! croak!" of two tree-frogs, which, perched somewhere in the branches overhead, kept repeating the same monotonous note. Presently, to David's great joy, a band of howling monkeys filled the gloomy forest with their weird, unearthly chorus. It was a welcome accompaniment, and he was sorry when it ceased. After a time he heard, far away, a clear, musical, flute-like cry of "tee-loot! tee-loot! tee-loot!" which quite mystified him. By-and-bye, too, the "meow" of some cat-like animal was several times repeated, at no great distance.

After several hours' watching David grow drowsy. He was fatigued with his day's work, and in need of both food and sleep. Two or three times he replenished the fire and feasted his eyes on the dead jaguar in front of him. He had nothing else to keep him awake. He drew the animal's head towards him and counted its whiskers, and then determined to count all the black spots on the body. These kept mixing and running together, worse and worse, until the black markings formed gently undulating stripes instead of spots. A moment more and they faded out altogether.

He was awakened by rain drops falling heavily on his face. His fire was out, the forest was pitch dark, and a heavy rain storm was upon him. How it roared! He had been asleep, he knew not how many hours, sitting on the ground, alone in the dark. Holding his rifle with a very affectionate grasp, he stared about. The sky was growing gray; and to his joy, he saw that daylight was near. But the rain fell in drenching sheets. His only consolation was that his ammunition was waterproof.

In about half an hour the rain ceased as suddenly as it began, although the tree tops dripped a gentle shower for some time longer; and David immediately set to work to skin his jaguar. Even drenched to the skin as he was, and with his stomach empty, it was yet a pleasing task; and he soon forgot everything except the beautiful animal under his knife. In two hours the skin was off and folded up ready to be carried on his back. Then he realized that he was dreadfully hungry.

The young tapir lay where the jaguar had dropped it; but with everything in the forest soaking wet and with no hatchet, it was clearly impossible to build a fire. He saw the necessity of getting back to the canoe with all possible haste. The rain had, of course, utterly obliterated the trail from the river, he would have to find his way back without it as best he could.

LOST.

He cut a good large chunk of flesh from the tapir's hind-quarter, stowed it in his cartridge bag, "backed" his jaguar skin and set off. The river was to the south of him; but the sky was so cloudy that he could not see the sun, and was, therefore, wholly unable to determine the points of the compass. A nameless dread came over him, but he resolutely banished it, and summoned all his faculties to his aid.

Presently he came to a brook swollen by the recent rain, and setting out briskly along its bank, he followed it faithfully along its windings, mile after mile, hoping that it would lead him out to the river. But what if it flowed into some other river? For three or four hours he followed that muddy little rivulet. Its length seemed interminable. At last he fired his rifle and listened breathlessly for a response; but none came. His comrades might be twenty miles away in the opposite direction for all he knew. But he resumed his march and plodded along, wet, hungry and anxious.

Meantime the brook had grown to be quite a little creek; but still it came not to the river. After several hours more of steady walking David found himself getting very fatigued, and decided to build a fire by which to roast some of the tapir-meat. After a long search he found some dry twigs and made ready for a blaze. But his matches would not burn. One by one he tried them, carefully, and skillfully, but all were damp and worthless.

After sitting awhile he arose and trudged on. The sun came out during the afternoon, and its beams were very comforting. But still the little creek ran on, and still David followed it; and night was not far away.

But as he moved wearily along, his spirits sinking lower and lower every moment, he heard the report of a gun far off to his right. It roused him like an electric shock. He answered it directly with his rifle; and, after a few moments' silence, two shots replied to him in quick succession.

Plunging into the brook, he waded across and started on a bee line towards the sound of the shots. Ten minutes later another shot was fired, nearer, and his quick ear caught the sound of a faint "Hello!" He fired another shot, shouted and hurried forward. Presently he heard, still faint and far away—

"Hello—David!"
"Yo-ho!" he answered, gladly enough. There quickly followed a rapid trampling of feet, and lo! there were Ben, Don Francisco and Pedro, coming at a run.

"Well, youngster, you're found at last, thank God!" cried Ben Chester.

"Were you very uneasy about me?" said David.

"Uneasy? Well, I should say so! We were scared half out of our wits for fear we'd never see you again alive," replied Ben, earnestly.

"I'm sorry I made you so much trouble!"
"Well, that's all square now. But where on earth have you been, and what have you been up to, anyhow? What's that on your back?"

"Been a-hunting. That's the skin of a *tyger*!"

"Carramba! Bueno! *bu no! muchadio!*" (Good boy!) cried Don Francisco.

"Partuer, I'm afraid of ye!" exclaimed Ben.

The surprise of David's friends knew no bounds; and their congratulations were fervent and sincere. In a few words he told them what had happened to him since he left the canoe the day before.

After an absence of twenty-three days the party was landed safely at Sacupana, and was gladly welcomed by the warm-hearted and hospitable Venezuelans. After spending a week in packing up their collection, they secured passage on a passing schooner up to Barrancas, where they got aboard the *Heroe*, bag and baggage, on its next trip down to Trinidad.

Three Rules for Having a Good Time.

Pansy was asked to a party the other day, and was quite undecided whether to accept the invitation or stay at home. I happened to know that the lady who was to give the party was a very kind and lovable woman, and a charming hostess. Young people always enjoyed themselves in her house; besides, she had been a schoolmate of Pansy's mother, and it was hardly courteous for Pansy to slight her invitation unless she had a very good reason.

You see, children, your aunt Marjorie is rather old-fashioned, and she thinks that when people are good enough to want you, you should, as a rule, gratify them if you can.

I tried to ascertain the reason of Pansy's hesitation. She frankly told me that, in the first place, she was afraid her dress was too plain; in the second place, she was very shy and timid in company, and always felt as though everybody was gazing at her; and in the third place, most of the guests would be strangers to her, and she did not like meeting strangers.

Three reasons: No. 1, dress too plain; No. 2, shy in company; No. 3, dislike to strangers.

Pansy is not the only girl whose good times are spoiled by just such absurd reasons as the three above.

Now let me give her and all of you my three rules.

No. 1. Never mind your dress. A simple, quiet dress is in the best taste for a young girl. The granddaughters of Queen Victoria are always very modestly and plainly dressed, and it is quite evident that they bestow very little thought upon their gowns and hats, which are what their beautiful, sensible mother thinks fit for them. A pair of bright eyes, hair in nice order, and rosy cheeks, will at all the simplest attire.

No. 2. Never mind your shyness. As soon as you have paid your respects to your hostess, lock around for somebody shyer than yourself, somebody who is not being pleasantly entertained, and take upon you the duty of making the next hour pass delightfully for that person. You will forget all about your own shyness.

No. 3. Don't feel like a stranger, and do not suffer other people to seem to you like strangers. Wherever you go you will find wonderfully attractive persons; and if you fare in the world as Aunt Marjorie does, you will always be finding new acquaintances who will be worth a great deal to you. Look upon every stranger as a possible new friend.

Mistake not. These pleasures are not pleasures that trouble the quiet and tranquillity of thy life.

God has given us His word not only for our sustenance but for our stimulation. Not only does it enlighten the eyes, but it rejoices the heart.

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO 30.

One lady or gentleman's Fine Solid Gold Watch is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must be a subscriber for TRUTH for at least four months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at TRUTH office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address.—Editor's Prize Story, "TRUTH" Office, Toronto, Canada.

The following attractive and well written story has been chosen as our prize story for the present week. The sender can obtain the Watch offered as the prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and registration.

BROTHER GARDENER'S GUNPOWDER PLOT.

A STIRRING INCIDENT OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

SENT BY REV. I. B. AYLESWORTH, LL.D., OF MOUNT FOREST.

Soon after the promulgation of Methodism in England, it spread with great rapidity over the counties of Devon and Cornwall, and especially among the miners and lower orders. For a long period after its introduction the clergy and higher orders of society in the west of England manifested a degree of dislike to the new doctrines which can scarcely be imagined in these days of modern toleration. It was thought by many young gentlemen good sport to break the windows and nail up the doors of a Methodist chapel. The robbery of a Wesleyan preacher, as a spree, by young gentlemen, became the subject of judicial investigation, and the frolicsome young men had to pay very dearly for their practical joke.

Among the uneducated local preachers was one known by the name of "The Old Gardener." This old man was no common character, indeed he was quite an original, and by far the most popular preacher among the disciples of John Wesley in that vicinity. He kept a small nursery garden about two miles from the town of St. Asaph, working hard at his occupation as a gardener by day, and praying and preaching to his fellow-sinners, as he called them, in the evening. He lived in the poorest manner, giving away all the surplus of his earnings in charity, distributing Bibles, and promoting to the utmost of his ability the extension of Methodism. His complexion was a sort of dirty, dark iron-gray, and his whole appearance lean and grotesque. Although extremely ignorant, he possessed no small degree of cunning, and great personal courage. Of this the following incident affords ample evidence:—

The "Old Gardener" was once subjected to a burglary and attempt at robbery. He lived with his wife in a small and somewhat dilapidated cottage not far from the high road. Three young "squires" who had just finished their studies at the University, and who despised and hated Methodism, having heard that the old man had been recently making a collection to build a Methodist chapel, thought it would be a good frolic to rob him temporarily of the proceeds of the collection. The result of the frolic is best related in the words of one of the actors:—

"We set out," said he, "upon our expedition with blackened faces, on a dark night, a little before twelve o'clock. We had dined late, and all of us had Dutch as well as Cornish courage; yet I confess, when it came to the point, I felt myself a coward. I began to reflect that it was but a dastardly frolic to frighten a poor old man and his wife in the dead of the night.

"The clock struck twelve. 'Now comes the witching time of night,'" exclaimed Tom.

"Don't let us frighten the poor couple out of their wits," said I.

"No," said Ryder, "we will be gentle robbers—gentle as Robin Hood and Little John."

"I said that I would rather travel back than proceed. 'Recollect,'" said I, "the old fellow is an old soldier as well as a saint, and fears nothing human."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Ryder, "here goes!"

"He pressed the feeble door of the cottage in which the old man resided; it immediately gave way and flew open. We entered and found ourselves in a sort of kitchen. To

our great surprise there was a light shining from an inner room. This made us hesitate.

"'Who is out there at this time of night?' exclaimed a hoarse voice from within. I knew it to be the unmistakable voice of the 'Old Gardener.'

"'Give us your money, and no harm shall befall you,' said Tom, 'but we must have your money.'

"'The Lord will be my defence,' rejoined the 'Old Gardener.' 'You shall have no money from me; all in the house is the Lord's—take it if you dare!'

"'We must have it and will have it,' said we, as we entered the middle room, after taking the precaution of fastening the chamber door as we entered.

"'We soon wished we had sufficed it to remain open, as you will see.

"'Now consider us face to face with the 'Old Gardener'; and a pretty sight we presented. Three ruffians (ourselves) with white waggons frocks and blackened faces. Before us the 'Old Gardener,' sitting on the side of the bed. He wore a red worsted nightcap, a check shirt, and a flannel jacket; his iron-gray face, fringed with a grizzled beard, looking as cool and undismayed as if he had been in the pulpit preaching. A table was by the side of the bed, and immediately in front of him, on a large deal table, was an open Bible, close to which we observed, to our horror, a heap of gunpowder, large enough to blow up a castle. A candle was burning on the table, and the old fellow had a steel in one hand and a large flint in the other. We were all three completely paralyzed. The wild, iron-faced, determined look of the 'Old Gardener,' the candle, the flint and steel, and the great heap of powder, absolutely froze our blood, and made cowards of us all. The gardener saw the impression he had made.

"'What! do you want to rob and murder?' exclaimed he; 'you had better join with me in prayer, miserable sinners that you all are! Repent, and you may be saved. You will soon be in another world!'

"'Ryder first recovered his speech. 'Please to hear me, Mr. Gardener. I feel that we have been wrong, and if we may depart we will make reparation, and give you all the money we have in our pockets.'

"'We laid our purses on the table before him.

"'The Lord has delivered you into my hands. It was so revealed to me in a dream. We shall all soon be in another world. Pray, let us pray.' And down he fell upon his knees, close to the table, with the candle burning and the ugly flint and steel in his hand. He prayed and prayed. At last he appeared exhausted. He stopped, and eyed the purses; and then emptied one of them out on the table. He appeared surprised, and, I thought, gratified, at the largeness of its contents. We now thought we should have to retire; but to our dismay the 'Old Gardener' said,—

"'Now we will praise God by singing the Hundredth Psalm.'

"'This was agony to us all. After the Psalm the old man took up the second purse; and while he was examining its contents, Ryder, who was close behind Tom and myself, whispered softly,—

"'I have unfastened the door; when you hear me move make a rush.'

"The 'Old Gardener' then pouring out the contents of the second purse, exclaimed,—

"'Why there is almost enough to build our new house of God! Let me see what the third contains.'

"'He took up the third purse. 'Now!' whispered Ryder, 'make a rush.'

"'We did so, and at the same moment heard the old fellow hammering away with his flint and steel. We expected to be instantly blown into fragments. The front door, however, flew open before us; the next step we found ourselves in the garden. The night was pitchy dark. We rushed blindly through the nursery ground, scrambled through brambles and prickly shrubs, ran our heads against trees, then forced ourselves through a thick hedge. At last, with scratched faces, torn hands, and tattered clothes, we tumbled over a bank into the high road.

"'Our horses were soon found, and we galloped to Ryder's residence. Lights were procured, and we sat down. We were black, ragged, and dirty. We looked at each other, and, in spite of our miserable adventure, roared with laughter.

"'We may laugh,' exclaimed Tom, 'but if this adventure is blown, and we are obliged to pretend to pray for two long hours before a great heap of gunpowder; while that iron-faced, ugly, red-capped brute threatened us all with immediate passage into eternity! And our money, forsooth, must go to build a Methodist meeting house! Bah! It is truly horrible. The fellow has played the old soldier on us with a vengeance, and we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole country.'

"'The affair was not ended. Reports were spread that three men, disguised as black demons, with horns and tails, had entered the cottage of the 'Old Gardener,' who had not only terrified them, but had frightened them out of a good sum of money, which he intended to devote to the building of a new Methodist meeting-house. It was given out that on the following Sunday the 'Old Gardener' intended to preach a sermon, and afterwards solicit subscriptions for the meeting-house, when he would relate the remarkable manner in which he had been providentially assisted with funds for the building. Our mortification was complete. Tom, whose hatred of Methodism was intense, declared he would blow up the meeting house as soon as it was built. Our curiosity, however, was excited, and we all three determined to hear our adventure of the night related by the 'Old Gardener,' if we could contrive to be present without being suspected. Sunday evening arrived. The meeting-house was crammed to suffocation, and with the dim lights then burning in the chapel we had no difficulty in concealing ourselves. The sermon was short, but the statement of our adventures was related most minutely and circumstantially in the old man's quaint, homely and humorous phraseology. This evening he seemed to excel himself, and was exultingly humorous. The old fellow's face glowed with delight and satisfaction. 'I never,' said he, 'saw black faces pray with greater devotion. I have some doubt, however,' he slyly observed, 'if their prayers were quite heavenward. They sometimes turned their faces toward the door, but a lifting of the flint and steel kept them quiet.'

"'He then added, with a knowing shake of the head and an exulting laugh, 'But they had not snuff powder like the old soldier whom they came to rob. No, no, it was a large heap—ay, large enough to frighten old General Clive himself. The candle was lighted, the flint and steel were ready. You may ask, my friends, if I myself was not afraid. No, no, my dear friends,' shouted he, 'this large heap of apparent gunpowder was—it was my stock, my whole year's stock of leek (onion) seed!'

"'The whole congregation somewhat irreverently laughed; even the saints almost shouted; many clapped their hands. I was for the moment stupefied by the announcement, but at last could hardly suppress my own laughter.

"'We subscribed to the fund to avoid suspicion, and left the meeting. After the sermon we joined each other, but could not speak. We could barely chuckle 'leekseed,' and then roared with laughter.

"'It was a good joke, though not exactly to our taste. It has, however, more than once served for subsequent amusement.

"The chapel was built with the money collected by the gardener. Time and circumstances now induce me to think that there has been no detriment to morality or religion by the erection of the meeting-house which the High Church party named 'The Leek-Seed Chapel.'

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Eggshells burned in the oven and placed upon the pantry shelves will keep bugs away.

Never sun feather beds. Air them thoroughly on a windy day in a cool place. The sun draws the oil, and gives the feathers a rancid smell.

A few drops of ammonia in a cup of warm rain-water, carefully applied with a wet sponge, will remove the spots from paintings and chromos.

If you wish to keep a sharp knife don't put it in hot grease; stir your potatoes while frying or turn meat with a fork or an old case knife kept on purpose.

Tar may be removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel and drying immediately. The volatile oils dissolve the tar so that it can be rubbed off.

Whole cloves are now used to exterminate the merciless and industrious moth. It is said they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor or cedar shavings.

The French method of administering castor oil to children is to pour the oil into a pan over a moderate fire, break an egg into it and stir up; when it is done flavor with a little salt or sugar or currant jelly.

To prepare an egg for a sick person, beat the egg until very light; add seasoning to taste, and then steam until thoroughly warmed through. This will not take more than two minutes. The most delicate stomach will be able to digest it.

It is a common occurrence for children to get beans, grains of corn and other foreign substances up their noses. This simple remedy is worth remembering: Get the child to open its mouth, apply your mouth over it and blow hard. The offending substance will be expelled from its mouth.

A very complete filling for open cracks in floors may be made by thoroughly soaking newspapers in a paste made by one pound of flour, three quarts of water and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed; make the final mixture about as thick as putty, a kind of paper putty, and it will harden like papier mache.

Science and Religion.

There is a tendency among scientific men to be either agnostic or atheistic. They seem to say that as reason can't deny God, therefore nothing can be accepted as to him which has not had its probation in the school of reason; they don't believe or don't know substantially—no God. They look on enthusiasm as a thing to be relied on. It is a fantasy of faith, a beautiful thing, but without validity. Now so far as the diameter of the sun, or the nature of cosmic materials, or the history of rock and soil are concerned, feeling has nothing to do with it; but when you come to truths represented by human consciousness and affection, those cannot be discerned by the intellect acting simply. There is where we say to the intellect, "Let the heart put the glasses on your eyes, and then you shall see truths in a different color and different relation." Nay, while we are indebted to the spirit of investigation for much and increasingly, there are some spheres mightier than the mere intellect of man. There are experiences that make man what he is as distinguished from the brutes and from matter. There are qualities efflorescent that rise up and reach like the smoke of accepted sacrifices into the very presence of God, and as to those mathematics has nothing to do, and no instruments of measurement. When the question is as to moral truths and dispositions, the heart sits as chief justice, and reason is simply an advocate before its bar.

"The church in the world," says a recent writer, "is like a ship on the ocean. The ship is safe enough on the ocean, so long as the ocean is not in the ship. The church is safe enough in the world so long as the world is not in the church."

BRIEF NOTE OF PEOPLE OF NOTE.

General Grant declares that he is the author of his own literary work, and he has been considerably cheered by his reelection to the presidency of the Army of Potomac.

Prof. Huxley's health still continues discouraging, but he has resumed lecturing at South Kensington, his physician having advised him that some work was better than none.

Mrs. Garfield is worth about \$450,000, which nets an income, at four per cent., of 16,000 a year. Her pension from Congress is \$5,000 annually, making her entire resources \$21,000 a year.

One of the late General Gordon's admirers prefers to look "not at the deserted and lonely soldier of Khartoom, but at the contemplative administrator, a saint with humor, a stoic without conceit, who wrote the letters from Central Africa."

Garibaldi's memoirs, a mass of autograph manuscripts, have been arranged and edited. At a family council it was decided to accede to the request of the Italian Government to delay the publication of the memoirs until ten years after the date of Garibaldi's death.

General De Negrier, the French commander at Tonquin, is said to be a man of extraordinary energy. He is known among the Chinese as *Mao-Lem* (General Go-fast.) He spares neither his own limbs nor those of his own soldiers. He was born in Algeria.

Edward Hanlan, the orator, has returned from Australia, in excellent health. As to his defeat by Beach, he says: "I simply met a better man than I was at the time. I was beaten fairly and squarely. I will return to Australia in eighteen months and try him again."

Professional autograph-hunters will be dismayed to learn that for many years past Alfred Tennyson has signed his name only to letters to his nearest friends. All other communications, including replies to open or concealed applications for his autograph, have been, and are, penned and signed in his name by Lady Tennyson, who writes in a bold, strong hand, much more masculine in appearance than the poet's.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage was once a smoker, but for many years has abstained from the use of tobacco in any shape. "Thirty-nine years," ago," he says, "a New York merchant began to save the money he spent for the six cigars a day which he had been in the habit of smoking, and \$29,102.93 was the result of compound interest. Last week he bought with it a beautiful home in the country for his children."

Fifteen years ago Sir Moses Montefiore, then eighty-five years old, was walking in a little garden in Ramsgate, on the coast of England. Near a noble tomb was one filled grave and an empty one. A friend who accompanied him asked, "why this empty grave?" "That is for me," replied the philanthropist; "in the other lies my wife. Her soul is with me still, as she was with me in life. She was my guiding star, and now looks down upon me."

Paul De Cassagnac, equally noted as journalist, politician and duellist, says his skill with the sword is not due to assiduous practice in youth. "I never was a good fencer," he says, "and never cared to be. I fenced only to amuse myself. All that is said about my studied tricks is pure invention. The whole secret is in this: I am pretty strong and very quick of hand and eye. Then I don't mind getting hurt. If I am proud of anything, it is of being a good shot."

Francis J. Fergus, better known by his *nom de plume* of "Hugh Conway," the author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," and "A Family Affair," died of typhoid fever at Monaco, on the Mediterranean recently. He was an auctioneer at Bristol, when he suddenly acquired fame by the publication, under the name of "Hugh Conway," of rather crudely written, but very sensational, story entitled "Called Back," which was successfully dramatized by Comyns Carr. Mr. Fergus was thirty-seven years old.

Harper's Weekly says:—Two years ago a well known broker down town bought a \$250,000 house in Fifth-Avenue, fronting Central Park, and after furnishing it handsomely, moved into it with his family. He was President of a mining company. With-

in a year he lost his presidency, his mine, his house, and his money, and is now in control of a desk in a small room of an obscure lawyer's office on Broadway, sought only by his creditors. This is a typical case of life in the metropolis in 1885.

At No. 15 Ebury Street, London, Mr. Justin McCarthy does his literary work sitting at a type-writing machine in his sky-parlor study. There are a few books in the room,—the fewer the better, Mr. McCarthy thinks,—and several objects of interest, chief among which is a dinner-bell. Mr. McCarthy gleefully declares that in regard to that object he vanquished his friend, Mr. William Black; for Mr. Black has for a dinner bell a cow-bell from the Roman Campagna, while Mr. McCarthy's is a camel-bell from Jerusalem.

It is not always the case, writes a leading London critic, that an artist, dramatic or lyric, comes back to England from a tour in America showing a decided gain in style and force; and for this reason the very marked improvement in Mr. Irving's method, and consequently in his power, is the more welcome. The actor seems to have lost not the individual manner, but the mannerism, and his enunciation has gained very greatly in clearness and naturalness. His gestures have acquired a dignity and grace which formerly appeared to be intended rather than attained.

Anecdote of Queen Victoria.

The following admirable trait in the character of the highest personage in the realm is not generally known. When Princess Victoria, she is said to have frequently amused herself by going *incognito* in a carriage to different shops, and derived great entertainment, when divested of the appendages attendant upon royalty, in observing, as a passive spectator, the infinite variety of incidents and occupations with which London abounded. Being one day at Rundell & Bridge's, she observed, among many other objects that attracted attention, one that fixed it. This was a young and intelligent lady, who was most sedulously employed in looking over different gold chains for the neck, which were alternately presented to her for inspection. After she had admired several, she asked the price of one which seemed to have peculiarly struck her fancy. The price was named. It was more than she imagined it would have been. "Could it not be offered cheaper?" "Impossible!" The young lady seemed disconcerted, examined the chain again, took it up, and, when she laid it down a second time, appeared to part from it with reluctance. However, at length she admitted that the price was far too high, chose a much cheaper, which she ordered to be sent home, and went away. The young Princess Victoria, who had silently observed the different workings of the mind of the lady as displayed in her countenance, inquired who she was, and, upon receiving satisfactory information, ordered the firm to pack up the gold chain which had so attracted her attention, with the one she had purchased, and send it with a card, signifying that the Princess Victoria was so well pleased with observing that the young lady, who had been so much taken with the beauty and workmanship of the chain, had yet so much the command of her passions as not suffer these to overcome her prudence, that she, therefore, in token of her approval, desired her to accept the chain which she so much admired, in the hope that she would always persevere in that laudable line of conduct upon which female happiness so much depended.

Care and trouble are largely imaginative. We have only to consider to know that much which we call trouble is unreal. We forecast evils that do not come. Hence, if we will so control and direct our imagination that, instead of forecasting trouble, it will regard the bright side, much of our care and perplexity will be avoided. And why not this as easy as the other?

Many a capable mechanic has been sacrificed to make an incapable lawyer; many a good farmer lost to the world in a futile effort to make a rich merchant; many a valuable private citizen spoiled to swell the ranks of disappointed and useless politicians. A fair degree of self-knowledge would prevent such waste of power as both these classes occasion.

THE SPHINX.

"Riddle me this and guess him if you can."—Dryden.

Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chadbourne, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.

NO. 155.—BEHEAD AND CURTAIL.

Behead and curtail a stupid fellow,
And find a place where wines are mellow.

Make a like operation on a family man,
And show what a wise one will do if he can.

Cut the tail off an ancient magistrate,
And leave something that makes us oft irate.

Do the same to animals quite common in town,
And give a relation between Smith and Brown.

Take the six amputations, put three in each name
Of an art that is useful, and a humorist of fame.

NO. 156.—A WELL-DRILLED ARMY.

A friendly host is in th' land,
And under mahogany orders—
To thread its way on every hand,
And hem in all our borders.

To mend the breaches worn by time—
To run and help the needy—
By working at each fell design
In gatherings strong and speedy.

A goodly sight are they when drilled,
Their eyes and poignards gleaming;
Their movements noiseless, rapid, skill-
ed,
Their banners gaily streaming.

Their weapons are of choicest steel,
For service ever ready;
And friend or foe a wound may feel
If in a hand unsteady.

And some have fallen on the way,
And some are maimed and battered.
And so they perish day by day,
And in the dust are scattered.

NO. 157.—VARIETY.

Search for my fragrance rare
Among the flowers fair;
Now, in another light,
You'll see a color bright.
Again, you look and see
Superiority.

Another change and then,
I carry goods and men,
Transform me now once more,
You've got me fast and sore,
And many an envious scolding jade,
Or blitheesome, gentle, loving maid,
Has to my beauty homage paid
Whilst engaged in my vocation.

Toronto, S. J. B.

NO. 158.—AN OLD ENIGMA.

There is a monarch of renown
Has many subjects in this town.
He is a prince of mighty fame;
If you desire to know his name,
Take the second vowel and the third,
With five placed in the middle;
Five hundred at the front may stand,
And fifty ends the riddle.

Shelby, Ohio. K. A. VANDELL.

NO. 159.—A MYSTIC KING.

The source from whence all subtle thoughts proceed
Evolves my being, and I take the form
Of graceful word, or of scientific deed;
Of spirit good or bad, to perfect or de-
form.
To sate inglorious strife, or the arts of peace
advance;
To sever sacred ties or to cement them
more;

To resurrect the dead, or to create anew;
With magic hand to glean from antiquat-
ed lore,
And so reveal, inspire and all my forms
embue
With point, and merit, and embellish-
ment
Profound, sublime, immaculate, or profane,
As suits the whim of Goniuz or his
bent.

And down through Time I wend my devi-
ous way
'Midst fortunes sickle, or in a kindly fate
secure,
Or grovelling in the dust of memory lost,
Till like a disembodied soul I rise again.
Full well my patron Homer know this to his
cost
The while he lived, for when, alas! too
late,
All know, the slattern fame did haste to
sound her trump,
And make the wolk in ring with his
praises great.

Good Pericles my services did oft employ
(Well taught by Anaxagoras so to do),
To gain Athenian love, and thus enjoy
Throughout a glorious life sweet friend-
ship true.

Whilst all the noted scions since his day
Have sought my power in 'their ingenious
aims,
To mould, destroy, revive, immortalize or
slay,
As was their wont, to meet all needs and
claims.

And on I've come, from age to age, till now
My kingdom swells with herculean
strength

I rule—a king—and on my unscorned brow
Triumphant laurels wave their shadowy
length
From pole to pole and from earth to sky,
Whilst 'mid supernal splendors or unvary-
ory shades
My myriad subjects troop before mine eye
On missions sent to Earth, to Heaven and
to Hades.

S. J. B.

NO. 160.—AN ANAGRAM.

My finny friend,
From that "high crest,"
Come in and let
Me give you rest.

Q. BEES.

CONTRIBUTORS' PRIZES.]

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be awarded for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.
2. A prize of two dollars will be presented for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time. This prize will not be bestowed upon the winner of prize No. 1.

THE PRIZE FOR JUNE.

Answers in competition for the June prize should be mailed within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered each week.

ANSWERS.

- 140.—Recorpification.
- 141.—A spring.
- 142.—A shoe.
- 143.—Uncharitableness.
- 144.—Hope.
- 145.—Abraham Lincoln, Hannibal Ham-
lin.
- 146.—Eye.

THE MAY AWARD.

For an exceedingly good list of answers—ranking at nearly 95 per cent of the whole—E. M. Wiloy, Kingston, is awarded the May prize. A few of the other solvers reached as high as 75 per cent, and they deserve mention in a "roll of honor." They are S. J. B., Toronto; Amos N., London; R. Griffith, London; James Varn-
dell, Shelby, Ohio; E. A. Heming, Ottawa; B. C. T., Ottawa; Mrs. Morse, Lawrence-
town, N.S.; Frank Howell, St. George; Mrs. C. H. Owen, London; R. W. Black,
Goodwood.

Of the many lists smaller than 75 per cent, a large portion were not continued beyond a single week. "The Sphinx" for May proving quite difficult.

THE APRIL AWARD.

Chambers' Dictionary, offered as a prize for April Sphinx, has been awarded D. Forsyth, Berlin, Ont.

(569) —Selected.

Dan's Wife.

Up in early morning light, Sweeping, dusting, "setting right," Oiling all the household springs, Sewing buttons, tying strings, Telling Bridget what to do, Mending rips in Johnny's shoe, Running up and down the stairs, Tying baby in his chair, Cutting meat and spreading bread, D'ishing out so much per head, Eating as she can by chance, Giving husband kindly glance, Telling, working, busy life, "Smart woman, Dan's wife."

Dan comes home at fall of night, Home so cheerful, neat, and bright, Children meet him at the door, Pull him in and look him o'er, Wife asks "how the work has gone?" "Busy times with us at home!" Supper done—Dan reads at ease, Nothing must the husband tease, Children must be put to bed— All the little prayers are said: Little shoes are placed in rows, Bed clothes tucked o'er little toes, Busy, noisy, wearing life, Tired woman, Dan's wife.

Dan reads on, and falls asleep, See the woman softly creep; Baby rests at last, poor dear, Not a word her heart to cheer; Mending basket full to top— Stockings, shirts, and little frock— Tired eyes and weary brain, Side with darling, ugly pain— "Never mind, 'twill pass away!" She must work, but never play; Closed piano, unused books, Done, she walks to cosy nooks, Brightness faded out of life, Saddened woman, Dan's wife.

Up stairs, tooting to and fro, Fever holds the woman low; Children wander, free to play, When and where they will so-day; Bridget loiters—dinner's cold, Dan looks anxious, cross, and old; Household screws are out of place, Lacking one—so patient face; Steady hands—so weak, but true— Hands that knew just what to do, Never knowing rest or play, Folded now—and laid away; Work of six in one short life, Shattered woman, Dan's wife.

Warnaw, Ont. Mrs C. LUNDEN.

(601) —Selected.

Be Something.

Oh, to be something, something, Thy aim in life should be; To be something for the Master Who is so much for thee; Thou art needed in life's battle, To tell in Jesus' might, So buckle thy armor on and go, Prepared to defend the right.

Oh to be something, something, When so many are standing by, Who are "nothings" in Christ's service, But fold their hands and sigh; Rouse up to life and action, For Jesus leads the way, Do not stand idly waiting, While others win the day.

Oh, to be something, something, When there's so much to do In the ranks of the Master's army, And the laborer, so few; He smiles on our feeblest efforts To be something in his sight; So boldly march on in Jesus' strength, And ever "dare to do right."

96 Cambridge St., Ottawa, Ont. Mrs F.E. SCOTT.

(601) —Selected.

Cheerfulness.

It gives to beauty half its power, The nameless power which all the rest; The smile that dances o'er a face And speaks of sunshine in the breast. If beauty ne'er have seen her seal, It will supply her absence too, And many a cheek look passing fair Because a merry heart shines through.

Ulysses, Potter Co., Pa. Mrs A. MCKENZIE.

(602) —Original.

A Little Story About a Little Boy.

Mr. Johnson got home Saturday night— after a bad week of trials and troubles—he laid by his grip and put on his slippers. "Now Tommy," said he to his little boy—"where's my pipe and tobacco?"

"There's your pipe, pa, but the tobacco is all done."

"Well here's twelve cents, Tommy—run to the grocery and you can buy some candy at the same time."

After Tommy was off, Mr. Johnson said: "Mother, Tommy's getting to be a nice smart little fellow. I think he takes after his father."

"Yes, Dick, he's far too smart. "Oh, shah! I like to see a boy with lots of 'go' in him."

Then Tommy came running in with a bag full of candies, and two coppers.

"Pa, they don't have two cent plugs of tobacco. Mrs. Brown said it would be eight cents more."

"Thomas," said the stern parent, "didn't I give you ten cents for tobacco and two cents for candy?"

"Pa, why didn't you say that?" After Mr. Johnson had put up his "eight cent margin," and Tommy was off again, Dick said:

"Mother, that boy's a blamed sight too smart. It will be a mighty cold day when he get's left."

"That's so, Dick—he's made it rather chilly for you to-night. Hush! here he comes."

Toronto. TOM SWALWELL.

(603) —Selected.

A Poet's Meaning.

It does not always require a very learned man to comprehend the true inwardness of the poet—or of some poets at least—albeit they are not such poets though as Canada can boast of. A friend of TRUTH sends the following illustration to the point:—

When Sir J. Malcolm performed his first mission to Persia, in 1800, one of the itinerant poets, who swam in that country, came fifty miles from the capital to welcome him. Being told, with a view of putting him off, that the ambassador could not comprehend his lines, and had, moreover, no taste for poetry, he replied by the following story:—

When the Afghans had possession of Persia, a rude chief of that nation was governor of Shiraz. A poet composed a panegyric on his wisdom, his value, and his virtues. As he was taking it to the palace, he was met by a friend at the outer gate, who inquired where he was going. He informed him of his purpose. His friend asked him if he was insane, to offer an ode to a Barbarian who hardly understood a word of the Persian language.

All that you say may be true, said he, "but I am starving, and have no means of livelihood but making verses. I must therefore proceed. He went and stood before the governor with his ode in his hand.

"Who is that fellow, exclaimed the Afghan lord, and what is that paper which he holds?"

"I am a poet," exclaimed the man "and the paper contains some poetry."

"What is the use of poetry?" said the chief.

"To render great men like you immortal," he replied, making at the same time a very profound bow.

"Let us hear some of it."

The poet, on this mandate, began reading his composition aloud; but he had not finished the second stanza when he was interrupted.

"Enough!" exclaimed the governor, "I understand it all. Give the poor man some money, that is what he wants."

As the poet retired, he met his friend, who again commented on the folly of carrying odes to a man who did not understand one word of them.

"Not understand, he replied. You are quite mistaken. He has, beyond all men I ever met, the quickest apprehension of a poet's meaning.

Barric. R. MUNROE.

(604) —Selected.

No Time to Soothe her own Baby.

Nurse (to fashionable mother)—"The baby is very restless, ma'am, I can't do anything with her."

F. M.—"She's teething, I suppose."

N.—"Yes'm. I think if you was to take her in your arms a little while it might soothe her."

F. M.—"I? Impossible. I haven't time to spare. I'm just making ready to attend a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Give baby some paregoric."

Dundas. JOHN HARTNETT.

(605) —Selected.

The Reason Why.

"How calmly serene everything will be in Heaven when we get there, said an old bachelor to his friend; no sickness, no sorrow, no women." "What makes you think there will be no women in Heaven?" "Because the Bible tells us that there was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour."

Fort William, Ont. G. B. SMITH.

(606) —Selected.

A Childish Retort.

A boy, a remarkably bright and intelligent lad, was praised by the company present in his father's house, for his wit and vivacity, as well as for his keen understanding. An old gentleman of the party, in a querulous, disagreeable manner, remarked that when children, in their younger days, were exceptionally bright, they were very likely to be stupid as they advanced in life; and, vice versa, children dull and stupid in the early years were likely to be bright and intelligent in manhood. "I declare, sir," said the boy, looking straight into the old man's face, "What a wonderfully bright child you must have been in your younger days!"

Au Point, Va. A. C. PAYNE.

(607) —Selected.

The Old-Fashioned Mother.

Thank God, some of us have an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, her curls and bustle; whose white jeweled hands never felt the clasp of baby fingers; but a dear old-fashioned, sweet voiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depth the love light shone, and brown hair, just threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, gently guiding our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothing our pillow in sickness; ever reaching out to us in yearning tenderness, when her sweet spirit was baptized in the pearly spray of the beautiful river. Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now like the beautiful perfume, from some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing melody of hers will echo in our souls forever. Other faces may fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on until the light from Heaven's portals will glorify our own. When in the fitful pauses of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well-worn threshold, stand once more in the low quaint room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the molten sunshine, streaming through the western window—just where long years ago, we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping "Our Father." How many times, when the tempter lures us on, has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin. Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure unselfish love.

Galt, Ont. MRS. D. CALDWELL.

(608) —Selected.

Two Interesting Time Pieces.

A lady who had been abroad was describing some of the sights of her trip to friends.

"But what pleased me as much as anything," she concluded, "was the wonderful clock at Strasburg."

"Oh, how I should love to see it!" gushed a pretty young lady in pink. "I am so interested in such things. And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine, too?"

Hamilton. D. R. CLIFTON.

(609) —Selected.

The Fun There is in Chills and Fever.

"Yes, we have a right smart lot of chills and fever in our parts," observed an elderly passenger from Michigan; "every once in two or three years they take hold of a feller and shake him up lively. Taint no fun, either An' yet, like most things in this world, there is some good in every evil, you know. It's a heap of fun for the children."

"I can't see where they get any fun out of it."

"You can't? Well you come up to our house next fall an' see the kids laugh an' shout when gran'pap has the ager an' you'll see where the fun comes in. He has loose teeth in his head, an' when he gets the shakes they think he's a rattle-box. It's a reg'lar picnic for them."

Corwall. R. BROWN.

(610) —Selected.

The Magic of Method.

"Let by-gones be by-gones," she said, after she had succeeded in quarrelling with him on the way from the circus.

He reflected. "How! This is the end!" "It is sir; I shall never speak to you again."

"I see; but last Sunday night you told me that you loved me."

"Oh yes, then. I do not now."

"And by-gones, are to be by-gones?"

"Yes, this is the end."

"Well, who's to pay for all the ice-cream?"

"Go away from me you miser! Let me know how much I am indebted, and I will pay you, sir."

"Good! Bang up!! I'll do it."

He left her. The postman next morning left her the following itemized statement:

MISS ANGELINA MARTIN.

To Mr. HENRY W. BROWN, Dr.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes items like carriage rides, oyster stews, dinners at church, hacks, tickets to theatre, suit of clothes, shaves and shins, promises, ice-cream and cakes, breaking my heart, raising hopes, throwing me over last night.

Total \$6,690.75

Cr.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes items like quenching hopes, evenings with another beau, healing blighted affections, hugs, sitting on my lap, sundry times, first kiss, kisses and hugs.

Total \$6,690.50

Balance due.... \$0.25

Will call to-morrow night to collect.

When she answered the bell the next evening, she said:

"Come into the parlor, Harry, and I will pay you."

About half an hour after she was contracting a new debt at the ice-cream saloon around on the avenue.

E. C. A. SURTON.

Box 54, Woodstock, Ont.

(612) —Selected.

Touching on a Tender Subject.

Two men were quarreling. One of them threatened to shoot the other. The threatened man, in revival of an old piece of sarcasm, asked:

"Where do you bury your dead?"

Just then an excited man drew the satirist aside and said:

"Good gracious! you ought not to talk that way!"

"Which way?"

"Asking that man where he buries his dead."

"Why?"

"Because he is a physician."

Parkdale. JENNIE HEWITT.

(613) —Selected.

When a Masher Wished He Hadn't Said Anything.

"Bob, I congratulate you on having so virtuous a young wife."

"And how do you know she is so virtuous?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I made every effort possible to gain her affections, just to test her love for you, and I found her as true as steel."

"Ah! Well, I reckon your wife could make a like report of me, for she has lately been making every effort possible to entrap me, but, I am proud to say, without success."

Then Mr. Masher wished he hadn't said anything.

Ottawa. A. B. NORTON.

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190 TO 193 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

The Clergymen.

To a large number of requests during the past month for a reduction of 10 per cent. to the Clergy, our only answer has been "NO!" and in justice to the Clergy we rise to explain:—

Firstly—Eaton's prices do not admit of reductions of 10 per cent., as Goods are in every case sold at the lowest cash prices.

Secondly—We have yet to see the justice of charging the ordinary laborer in the vineyard, who only receive ordinary wages, 10 cents more on every dollar more than the clerical laborer, who receives higher wages, and we say this with all due respect to the Clergy and their calling.

Therefore, to Clergymen, Doctors, Merchants, Mechanics, Hotel-Keepers, Farmers, and all, we beg to say—Eaton's give no discount. Eaton's sell for the closest cash prices only. Eaton's sell only for one price.

Muslin Department.

This week we open 10 cases of the most beautiful Victoria lawns for dresses, selling at 12½ and 15 cents. New Printed Muslins 10, 12½, 15 and 20 cents. Full lines of Swiss Checks.

Black Goods Department.

New Black Cashmeres—most lovely goods, full width, perfect blue-black, full round cord, and twenty-five cents a yard, and next prices, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 75, 90 cents and \$1.00

New Ottoman Corde, all wool, 30, 35 and 40 cents.

New Silk Grenadines.

New Rain-Proof Crapes.

27 Samples of any of these goods sent on application.

Jerseys.

1,000 New Jerseys to hand, in black and all leading colors, beginning in blacks at \$1.00 each up to \$4.00, in colors \$1.50 up to \$8.00.

Hosiery.

People out of town have no idea of the extent of this department. No department is better represented than this, both in German and Canadian goods. A Beautiful Full Fashioned Silk Clocked German Stockings at 25 cents a pair—in all colors, and cream. Full sizes and prices in boys and girls' hose.

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London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company, Head office, Toronto Mar. 26th, 1895. Dear Sir:—I am sending you my Type-Writer to be remodelled. As I think you are aware, I have had this machine some seven or eight years; I have done an immense amount of work with it, and have never yet had breakage, nor had it ever been out of order or had a penny expended on it for repair or anything else. Yours truly, A. SIMP, Manager for the Dominion. Circulars on application.

"*Practical as the Index of Civilization.*"

DOMINION STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS.

We wish to call your attention to the fact that we have recently fitted our place with the most complete machinery for the purpose of cleaning carpets, Rugs, Robes, &c.

This is to certify that I have patronised Messrs. Gawett & Smy, proprietors of the Dominion Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, and also personally investigated their method of cleaning carpets, and have no hesitancy in recommending them to the public. They do their work thoroughly, and without any injury whatever to the carpets.
JOHN WRIGHT, Walker House.

GAWETT & SMAY, Proprietors,
OFFICE AND WORKS:
29 ADELAIDE STREET, WEST, TORONTO.
TELEPHONE 406.

Miraculous Water!



THE FAVORITE AND UNRIVALLED PREPARATION, OF PARIS, LONDON AND BERLIN.

For softening and beautifying the complexion. Perfectly harmless. Most beautiful effect. Remove Sunburn, Tans, Pimples, Freckles, Black Heads. See what the 'Pearl' American Stage says:
DEAR SIR, New York, May 8, 1895.
After giving the Miraculous Water a good trial and finding it to do all you claimed to me, I cheerfully recommend it to the world. Respectfully Yours,
MINKIE PALMER.
Ask your Druggist for it. P. BRUNET & CO., Sole Agents for Canada, 126 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

QUEEN CITY REVELLE. A new and beautiful mill-tary polka, by G. Kuagra of Toronto, containing the "Assembly," and "Fall In" calls, and embellished with a magnificent colored title page, representing a Grenadier encampment in the Saskatchewan Valley. Can be had of A. & S. NORDHEIMER, and all dealers.
(ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS.)

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(Successors to the late Alex. Hamilton.)

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WALL PAPERS, BORDERS
—and DECORATIONS

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

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Special Attention Paid

All Letter Orders.

We have now on hand a complete stock of the following goods:—

Berlin Wools, all colors, 12½ cts. per oz.
Shetland Wool, all colors, 12½ cts. per oz.
Andalusian Wool, all colors, 12½ cts. per oz.
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Knitting Silks, best imported, 60 cents per oz. ball.
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Embroidery Silks, all colors, 15 cents per dozen skeins.
Embroidery Silks, shaded colors, 30 cents per dozen skeins.
Filoselle, all colors, 8c. per skein, 90 cents per dozen.
Tinsel, very thick, large balls, 10c. per ball.
Felt, best quality, 2 yds. wide, \$1.75 per yd.
Plush, good quality, 24 inches wide, \$2.50 per yard.
Plush, superior quality, 24 inches wide, \$3 per yard.
Plush Crescent Tassels, all colors, 50 cents per dozen.
Plush Pompons, single drop, 40c. per dozen.
Plush Pompons, double drops, very handsome, \$1.00 per dozen.
Chenille Cord, (chenille over silk cord,) all colors, 10 cents per yard.
Woolen Java Canvas, all colors, 50c. per yd.
Darning Net, 36 inches wide, 30c. per yard.
Darning Net, 72 inches wide, 50c. per yard.
Linen Florette, 4 cts. skein, 45c. per dozen.
We can send goods to any part of Canada. A trial solicited.

HENRY DAVIS,

—DIRECT IMPORTER—

232 Yonge Street, Toronto.

WHAT A PITY

It is to see so many LADIES disfigured from a disagreeable growth of Superfluous Hair on Face or Arms. The discovery of

DORENWEND'S

"Eureka" Hair Destroyer

Has now been greeted by thousands of Ladies. Wonderful cures and results are achieved every day. This preparation is sure to do its work without pain. Sold in bottles at \$2.00 each, or 3 for \$5.00. Sent with full directions enclosed to any address on receipt of price. Address,

"Eureka" Mfg. Co., 105 Yonge Street, TORONTO.
A. DORENWEND, Manager.

YOU'LL MISS YOUR MOTHER WHEN SHE'S GONE !

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Musio by T. B. KELLEY.

1. The smiles that made your life so bright
 2. Oh! shield her with your kind - est love,
 8. She watch'd a - bove your cra - dle - bed,

In child - hood's fair and sun - ny
 And nev - - er slight her on life's
 And taught you child - hood's lit - tle

day,
 way!
 prayer!

May lose their sweet and joy - ous light,
 For, like an An - gel from a - bove,
 Oh! nev - - er from her side bo led,
 Ere She In

ma shield - ny years have flown a - way!
 ed you in child - hood's day!
 age she needs your lov - ing care!

Her fond ca - ress, her
 Tho' oth - er joys may
 But one sweet moth - er

words so dear, That greet - ed you each night and morn, In
 claim you now, Oh! let her from not in sor - row mourn, But
 Hear - en gives, And soon from earth she may be borne! Pro -

mf *ff*

vain you soon will seek them here:
 smooth the wrinkles from her brow,
 - tect and love her while she lives,

You'll miss your mother when she's gone!
 You'll miss your mother when she's gone!
 You'll miss your mother when she's gone!

mp

Health Department.

Sleep Better than Stimulants.

A farmer's wife, thronged with work from sunrise till nine or ten o'clock in the evening, was in the habit of drinking a cup or two of strong tea in the middle of the forenoon, strong coffee at noon, and more tea for supper. Doubtless she really would, as she said, have been compelled—for a time, at least—"to give up work entirely."

One day she said apologetically:

"I know I ought not to do this. I have a sister who always takes a nap when she is tired instead of a cup of tea. She will have a sleep whether or no—work or no work. But I—what would be the consequence if I should stop for a little sleep? Children might set the house on fire, or the bread-dough sour, or the beans boil dry. My cup of tea rests me or strengthens me or something. At any rate, I feel better for it, and can go right on with my work. I must have it."

Circumstances often oblige us to do things against our better judgment. Perhaps this farmer's wife could have made no different arrangements, but there are hundreds doing just the same thing, i. e., using stimulants instead of sleep, not because forced to do it, but through ignorance of any better way.

Now, what did the cup of tea do for this woman? She was fatigued and her nervous system exhausted—or, in other words, particles of nerve and muscle had been exercised until worn out, used up, and good for nothing more. The weariness was nature's call for rest, in order that it might have a chance to throw off this waste matter and supply new material; but the tea only stimulated the nerves—lashed them to renewed action. Stimulation is not rest, neither does it add anything to the strength.

What did sleep do for the sister? No one can assert that it excited her nerves. On the contrary, it soothed them. The tension was let up, not tightened, and a chance given for worn-out tissue to be replaced by fresh substance in nature's own time and way.

Some physicians say that early rising is one cause of intemperance. If people would retire early as well as rise early no such evil would follow; but the trouble is they try to cut off both ends of the night.

To illustrate how insufficient sleep can cause drunkenness: Here's a half-grown boy who has been accustomed to rise at six, and is obliged suddenly to change the hour to four. How badly he feels at first; has no appetite for breakfast, and is about half sick for several hours; but just give him a cup of strong coffee or tea—why, it wakes him right up! He begins to feel first rate, can eat now, and is soon ready for work. After a while the boy learns that tobacco will wake him up and produce an appetite, the tea and coffee being no longer sufficient, unless made unusually strong. Then bitters and tonics are needed to stir up the lagging appetite, and finally wine and beer becomes a necessity; and our half-grown boy, robbed of sleep, is in his manhood an inebriate. The better way would have been to retire as much earlier each night, and to bear with the bad feelings for a few mornings, which would soon wear off.

There was once a young man subject to bilious attacks, who had learned to sleep them off. He would sleep one day, generally two, and the nights between—not waking even to eat or drink. Had he not yielded to this inclination to sleep, had he taken stimulants and medicine, who knows but he would have had a run of bilious fever?

Sleep, if taken in the right moment, will prevent an attack of nervous headache. If the subjects of such headaches will watch the symptoms of its coming, they will notice that it begins with a feeling of weariness or heaviness. That is the time a sleep of an hour or even two, as nature guides, will effectually prevent the headache. If not taken just then it will be too late, for after the attack is fairly under way it is impossible to get to sleep till far into the night, perhaps. The giving of anodynes and the forming of the disastrous opium habit has often arisen out of such circumstances and ignorance of the preventive value of sleep.

It is so common in these days for doctors to forbid having their patients waked to take medicine if they are asleep when the hour comes round that the people have learned the lesson pretty well, and they generally know that sleep is better for the sick than medicine. But it is not so well known that sleep is a wonderful preventive of disease—better than tonics, regulators, and stimulants.

A Medical View of Jumping.

The current number of *The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* contains an interesting article upon the physiology of "falling bodies," suggested by the recent daring and fatal experiment of Robert Odium in jumping from the Brooklyn bridge. "From the nature of the case," it says, "the physiological questions to a considerable extent can be answered only by a priori reasoning. For in fatal cases it must remain undecided what was the proximate cause of death and whether the heart stopped beating before the body struck or not." But there is little reason to doubt that for the most part professional jumpers have remained conscious through distances as great as 130 feet. The time occupied by Odium in falling was about $3\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and the rate of motion just before the water was reached was not more than 100 feet per second, "a speed not rarely equalled by railroad trains and exceeded by ice-boats." He was probably perfectly conscious, at the moment of striking the water. Concerning the dangers of vertical motion at a rapid rate of speed *The Medical and Surgical Journal* remarks:

"The only way in which this motion could have an effect greater than horizontal motion at an equal rate would be either by involving a sudden change in barometric pressure, or by accumulating the blood in the brain through the vis inertiae, the motion being in the direction of the long axis of the body. As to the former point, we may say that for the height in question, at average temperatures, the difference in the barometric record would be hardly more than one-eighth of an inch. Of course, a change of pressure even to this amount occurring in three seconds is more rapid than one is ordinarily subjected to; but there seems no reason to suppose the body could not accommodate itself to it, even if any effect were produced in so short a time. As to the throwing of the blood back upon the brain by the rapid motion in the direction of the feet, we know that persons who are experienced in travelling often sleep in railway trains with their feet foremost without evil effects."

It is reasonably plain, therefore, if this reasoning be correct, as it doubtless is, that Odium must have been killed by the shock of the impact. If he had struck the water feet foremost, he would probably have escaped. But *The Journal* expresses a doubt if any person, however skillful, can maintain, unbalanced, a vertical position through so long a descent. The fact that a drunken man once jumped from High bridge into the Harlem river and was taken up alive may, it admits, be proof that inebriation is a better means of safety than a deliberate attempt to maintain equilibrium. But a parachute attachment upon the head is recommended as the best means to overcome the dangers of such a trip.

The Journal combats strongly the theory advanced since Odium's fatal leap that he had nevertheless proved the possibility of any person dropping a considerable distance without danger to life. On this point it says:

"It does not, however, follow that because acrobats and sailors can drop 130 feet or so without losing consciousness the same thing would hold true of all persons falling from such a height. The sensation of giddiness caused in inexperienced persons by a high elevation sometimes leads to syncope, and there is no reason why the giddiness induced by high altitude, when increased by the terror of actually falling, may not cause syncope, or even death, by shock, before the concussion comes. We have no right to assume that what may happen to a cool, professional gymnast, taking a leap intentionally, must happen in the case of a man unused to giddy heights falling accidentally."

The More Active, Bread or Flesh.

From an experience in observing the habits of working-people in the old and new worlds, Count de Lesseps, the distinguished engineer, is reported as making the following statement:

"One pound of dry wheat or flour is worth as much as three pounds of wet beef. Scald the pound of flour and see. You have a large quantity of mush. If you feed the cereals to cattle, as they do in England, it takes eight pounds of grain to make a pound of meat. So, why feed the grain to animal tramps? Why not eat it ourselves, and do away with a surplus population of 50,000,000 cattle, sheep, and hogs—animal tramps! England is supporting, perhaps, 82,000,000 cattle, sheep and hogs; or rather, she supports her cattle and buys bread from America to feed her people. France supports 45,000,000 people, and about 20,000,000 cattle, hogs and sheep. One acre of cereals in France will support five men, while it would take two acres to support one steer; and, in the end, one man would eat the steer. The advantage of cereals as to meat is therefore as five to one. So you see the steer is an unnecessary tramp. The Englishman insists on having roast-beef, every pound of which costs several pounds of cereals. The Frenchman eats the cereals himself. He buys millions of gallons of cotton-seed oil in America at three cents per pound. This he eats in his salad, in his soup, and in his bread and pie-crust. The Frenchman refines millions of gallons of cotton-seed oil, sends it back to America, and sells it for \$2 or \$3 a gallon. Cotton-seed oil is superseding peanut oil, and olive oil is almost a thing of the past. For years the peanut crop of Tennessee and North Carolina has been sent to Marseilles and made into 'olive' oil. To day Spain, Southern France, Italy, Turkey, and Australia are largely using American cotton-seed oil. All an Italian gentleman or laborer wants is oil, macaroni, bread, sugar, wine, or coffee. Cotton-seed oil takes the place of meat. It is strange that the Southern States have been for years throwing away millions of barrels of cotton-seed oil, and buying unhealthy lard and pork in its place. Corn-meal cooked like macaroni, with oil and cheese, is delicious food."

The venerable engineer is said to enjoy vigorous health, although at an age when most men who have survived so long are living apart from the activities of life. In his vigor due to practicing what he is reported to preach with reference to food?

Causes of "Nervousness"

We are peculiarly a nervous, excitable, if not an irascible people. In hot haste in the matter of business, the nervous system is almost constantly thrown into a condition of its greatest tension—so to speak—while the use of excitants, such as are found in the castor, to say nothing of intoxicants, will account for some of this excitability. Under this excitement the human machine is run at a fearful rate of speed, as dangerous and as ruinous to the human organisms as the same speed is to an ordinary machine. Again, our nervousness is attributable in part to a lack of nerve-food, so much of our fashionable food being bereft of some of the most important elements—the nutriment for the muscles, nerves, and brain. Late hours, also, are destructive to nervous health. This is particularly true of our delicate females, who, as a rule, spend too great a part of the early night in reading, amusements, and recreations at home and abroad. Such cannot sleep too much, particularly in the early part of the night, as much as possible before midnight.

In general terms, how much shall one sleep? This depends upon three conditions—age, health and habits; as a general rule, the quantity of sleep being greater in infancy, and gradually diminishes until extreme old age, when it often increases again, especially near the close of life. The young and healthy child, while the body is undergoing the rapid progress of development incident to that age, sleeps most of its time; the youth of fifteen sleeps much less, the adult still less, and the aged comparatively

little. The laborious require more sleep than the sedentary, and the feeble and complaining more than the vigorous and the healthy. From ten to twelve hours for youth, from six to eight for middle age, and from four to six in advanced life in ordinary health is about what nature demands. By retiring at a certain hour regularly, we shall soon acquire the habit of waking at a certain hour, and this defies nature's demand for sleep in each individual, and no one in health should ever venture to indulge in a second nap.

Ventilation Without a Draught.

This long sought for desideratum claims to have been at last accomplished by an Englishman. The plan he adopts certainly has the merit of simplicity, and it seems to be contrived on a correct principle for accomplishing the result.

The air supply is conducted into the apartment by means of air ducts, which terminate in distributing passages at the floor level. The exit for the vitiated air is placed in the ceiling, and consists of two tubes, a large and a small one, running parallel to each other between the floor joists in the case of rooms having others over them. In the case of rooms on top floors, or those having the roof directly over the ceiling, the tubes are placed concentrically, but the action and the results are the same. The larger of the two tubes carries off the vitiated air, while the smaller one forms an induction tube for cold air, its outer extremity being open to the atmosphere. These two tubes or conduits are so connected that the passage of the heated air through the larger tube induces a current of cold air through the smaller one in a continuous stream. The result is a rapid clearing away of all deleterious gases and products of combustion as they accumulate, and the preservation of a pure atmosphere at an equable temperature in the apartment. The vitiated air is drawn off through the exit tube, which acts as a powerful smoker. The system has already been applied to a church and other buildings; with acknowledged success, and we hope to hear before long that its use has been further extended, and that it has proved to be the long looked for remedy for ill ventilated rooms.

To Escape Nervousness.

The first prescription is an ample supply of pure, fresh, cool air. The nerves will always be weak if the greater part of the day and night be passed in close, ill-ventilated and overheated apartments. The nerves, more than the rest of the body, to be properly nourished require a full supply of oxygen. They will not endure vitiated air, whether the impurities come from sewer, gas-light, subterranean furnaces or the individual's own person, without making an energetic protest. A gas burner consuming four cubic feet an hour produces more carbonic acid in a given time than is evolved from the respiration of eight human beings. Bear this in mind, you who suffer from nervousness, that when you have shut yourselves up in your rooms and lighted an argand burner (which consumes about twelve feet of gas per hour) you are to all intents and purposes immured with twenty-three other persons, all taking oxygen from the atmosphere. Is it a wonder that after several hours' exposure to this depraving air your nerves should rebel, as far as their weak state permits, and that your head should ache, your hands tremble, and that your daughter's playing on the piano almost drives you wild?

A CURE FOR HICCOUGH.—A remedy, tested many times without a failure, is published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, which says that it can always be used by some one else upon a person who has "the hiccoughs," and generally by the sufferer himself. You say to your friend something like this: "See how close together you can hold the tips of your forefingers without touching. Now keep your elbows out free from your side. You can get your fingers closer than that. They are touching now. There—now hold them so. Steady!" By this time you can generally ask: "Now why don't you hiccough?" The involuntary tendency is to breathe slowly and steadily when the attention is fixed on performing a delicate manipulation counteracts the convulsive action of the diaphragm.

LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

But how to get up that dreadful staircase again, where the cold outstretched hands of statues greet one with a chilly touch as one goes by? Nevertheless she will brave it; she—

Hark! What is that? A step, surely! Stealthy—slow—but unmistakable!

Warily—with a faint sound that would be inaudible to any but a cruelly strained attention—it seems to draw nearer—nearer still!

Is it a friend or foe? What friend would come thus stealing in the dead of night? Is there fresh treachery afoot?

At this supreme instant Lady Clontarf forgets her terrors of a moment since, and with strung nerves and head erect, listens with all her might. What though she be in truth alone in this dark room, with no help near, and a desperate foe within a few feet of her? Still she will wait, and discover, if possible, his plans, and do her utmost to confound them.

Ever nearer comes that creeping footstep to that silvery path of moonlight lying athwart the room. Than a tall dark figure enters it, crosses it, and is gone again, but not before her eager eyes have seen and marked it. The footman's face, pallid and full of wild and evil determination, flashed upon her in that one fateful instant.

And not upon her alone! Clontarf and Dicky Browne, standing concealed in a dark corner, see him too; in fact, the wretched man's coat actually brushes against them as he gropes his way hurriedly but noiselessly toward the window already mentioned as giving easy access to the ground outside.

Already his hand is on the bar that secures the window. He has drawn it back; the evidence of his guilt is complete, when an irrepressible exclamation from Dicky Browne tells him he is discovered. Quick as lightning he springs backward, and, turning, with the eager instinct of the hunted animal, for the unused door, where Doris is still standing, quivering but undaunted. She too had sprung forward just as Dicky's voice fell upon her ear—oh, how welcome was that voice!—and then had stopped short, thankful to find she need be only a simple spectator of whatever events may follow.

As he rushes wildly in her direction the man stumbles over a chair and comes heavily to the ground, but is up again in an instant.

"Stand I or I shall fire," says Clontarf's voice, stern and clear. As he speaks, Dicky flings open the now unbarred shutter, and a flood of moonlight rushing in, illumines the scene.

Hearing the voice, Connor turns as if at bay, and thrusts his hand into his bosom. There is a ferocious gleam in his eyes. He glances hurriedly from Clontarf to Dicky, and then back again. After that he never once removes his eyes from Clontarf.

In him he sees the man who, only a few hours ago, had pointed him out to Brian as an object of suspicion, who had made him a mark for the eyes of all the crowd of idle gazers in the hall. He sees, too, the determination in Clontarf's face, and knows by it how small is his chance of effecting an escape in any way. Involuntarily his fingers tighten upon the murderous weapon in his breast, and, as their eyes meet, he glances defiantly back at Donat.

Doris, watching him with distended gaze from her secret place in the doorway—to which the moonbeams cannot penetrate, and where her presence is unsuspected by the three men—tells herself with a sinking heart that he is bent on having her husband's blood. His face is eager as a maniac's, and without hope.

How long a time it takes to tell all this!—how short is the doing of it! Barely one minute in reality elapses between that warning call from Clontarf and the moment when the traitor, drawing his hand from his breast, levels the revolver he had there concealed at Clontarf.

"Ay, fire away, and be d— to ye!" he shouts he, with a yell of defiance, discharging the revolver straight at his opponent.

But not before a something miraculous—as it seems to Dicky and Clontarf—has happened. Not before a slight figure clad in white has rushed forward and flung herself upon the would-be assassin's arm. There is a slight struggle, and, when the bullet does find its home, it is not in Clontarf's breast,

but in the wall some inches to its right, passing so close by Doris that her husband and Dicky for a moment turn sick and cold; but she, though pale and trembling, now that it is all at an end, is still erect and self-possessed.

It takes but a little time after this to bear the desperate man to the ground and overpower him. Securely made prisoner, he is still raving and cursing when The Desmond and some of the others, having heard the report of the fire-arm, hurry to the spot.

There is very little talk after this, but a good deal of action, as it takes a considerable amount of trouble, and several men, to carry the kicking, furious victim of a few vile demagogues to a room up stairs, where he is locked in, and left to his own devices until morning shall dawn.

Lady Clontarf, having answered a few terrified and admiring questions from Monica and Kit (who had broken all oaths and left their apartments at the sound of the shot fired), had escaped to her room, and the others, having again secured the library, disperse themselves to such "watch-towers" as have been assigned them for the night. "Out with all lights again, except those in the back rooms," says The Desmond—a few candles having been produced during the late disturbance.

"I'll put mine out in one moment," says Clontarf, rushing past him. "I only want—"

He is out of hearing before The Desmond can catch the remainder of his speech, and is hurrying along the corridor upstairs to Brian's dressing-room to fetch some cartridges. The corridor is in darkness, but for the candle he himself is holding, which gives little or no light, so fast he is going. Consequently, not being able to see her, he runs presently very nearly into the arms of Doris.

"Oh! is it you?" he says, holding the candle aloft and peering down into her face. "You seem to be everywhere, like a guardian angel. You slipped away from us so suddenly after that fellow was secured that I had not time to thank you for what you did for me. Let me thank you now"—very seriously—"for having saved my life."

As he says this, he places the candle on a table a little way from them, so that the gloom that all along has surrounded her is now intensified.

"You must not make too much of it," she says, in a low tone.

"How can I make enough of it? Do you know that that brute might have killed you? He"—with a shudder—"was very near it, too."

"I did not think of that, fortunately, at the moment, or perhaps"—with a rather languid smile—"I should have left you to your fate and beat an ignominious retreat."

"There is another thing," he says, hurriedly, a shade crossing his face. "We, Dicky and I, heard you coming, and we made sure you were Connor. When you paused in the doorway, I concluded you were afraid to come on, and—I had raised my revolver to fire at you, when the real step arrested me. Good heavens!" exclaims he, turning deadly white, "what induced you to come down at such a time, and without giving us warning? When I think of what might have happened, I—"

"Well, nothing has happened," says Doris, but her voice sounds more and more languid.

"It was a very near thing, though, in both cases; and as for that villain—why, his bullet must have all but grazed you."

"All but" it is with difficulty she repeats these words after him. How strange the candle looks over there, so far—far—is it far away? and how many candles are there? who was it came up the corridor a moment since with one? and where is he now? who was it?

"You are ill, faint," says Clontarf, in a terrified tone, catching her as she sways heavily forward. As he does so, he necessarily presses against her left arm, and a cry, low but suggestive of extreme pain, breaks from her lips; consciousness returning to her with the sharp pang his touch has caused her, she instinctively tries to push him from her.

"Not that. Do not touch this arm," she says, faintly.

Overcome by a horrible fear, he throws

back the heavy black lace scarf that is covering her arm in part, and—

What is this that is soiling the purity of her white gown? The sleeve of her dress has been rudely torn away, and on the hanging fragments of cashmere, and trickling down the fair soft flesh is—blood.

"You are hurt!—wounded!" cries he, in a dreadful voice. "He has killed you, and for me—me! Doris, speak to me!"

"It is nothing—nothing!" gasps she, faintly; and then she sways again, and, with a vague confiding gesture full of pathos, puts out her hands to him and falls insensible upon his breast.

Frantic with terror, he raises the slender figure in his arms and rushes with her to Mrs. Desmond's room.

Fortunately, Monica is not devoid of wit and nerve; fortunately, too, Kit (who has just returned from a clandestine meeting with Brabazon on the stairs) is a person equal to any emergency, or Donat's distraught visage would have frightened them into fits, or at least utter incompetency.

As it is, in less time than I can write it (though I drove my quill with railroad speed), they restore Doris to consciousness, and convince Donat that the wound, though "nasty," is not dangerous.

Evidently Connor's bullet had struck her, and torn away a little of the skin, but not enough to make a scar or spoil the beauty of that perfect arm forever. "Time will surely heal it and that soon." "He need not be uneasy, indeed," etc., etc. And when presently Doris herself is so far recovered as to sit up and submit to the bathing of it, and has expressed a wish that he will go back to his post and make a point of forgetting all about her, he is gently pushed from the room by Kit, and told not to come back again upon any pretext whatsoever, unless with news of the extinction of the foe.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Lo! who may trust to Fortune any throw
For him that followeth all this world of prey,
Ere he be ware, is often laid full low."

"By such a way as he would least suppose."

"Time is up, says Brian, striking a match to look at his watch.

"More than up," says Mr. Browne, calmly. "I shouldn't wonder if they sold us in the long run. There is no depending on such rascals." He is evidently struggling with a heavy sense of injury.

"Yes, quite half-past two," says Brian, shutting up his watch with an angry snap. "Can they be waiting for some private signal from that fellow Connor?"

"I always told you I believed it to be a cock-and-bull story from start to finish," says The Desmond, irritably, who had never told them anything of the sort.

"Hush! what's that?" says Brabazon, pointing to a bushy laurustinus that stands by itself rather outside the shrubberies at the west end of the gravel sweep.

The four men mentioned have stationed themselves in an upper room overlooking the avenue, the shrubberies, and all the principal approaches to the front of the house; Clontarf and Gerald and Burke in the north wing are watching the entrances to and from the yard, and most of the back premises; from a third window, too, in the room they have chosen for observation, they can get a practical view of the front lawn and shrubberies.

The women, as I have said, have been commanded not to leave their rooms on pain of death, and, with Bridget, who had been publicly declared by Monica before the other servants to be indispensable to their comfort—are sitting in shivering expectation before Monica's fire, having distinctly declined to bear the suspense alone. Doris, in spite of many entreaties, cannot be persuaded even to lie down, but, with her poor arm carefully bandaged, is lounging in a huge chair, drinking tea. Indeed, they are all drinking tea. They have drawn the curtains very closely, and have allowed them selves a night-light that only serves to make them a degree more dismal, being highly suggestive of death-rattles and corpses.

It is a brilliant night; the moon above in the heavens is flinging its broad beams upon the sleeping earth, the slight but unbroken covering of snow that covers all the land rendering its "pale fire" even more "effectual." On barren branch and leafy bough lies that "winter robe of purest white," and on the gravel too so warmly does it rest that one can hardly tell where the gravel ceases and the grass beyond begins. Everything on which one's eye may rest is a-glitter with

nature's chilly diamonds, and the moonlight lying over all softens and deepens into tenderest beauty each dark-green leaf, each snow-crowned glistening tower and turret.

But there are corners into which even the prying Diana cannot penetrate. A certain portion of the gravel, almost on a line with the laurustinus already mentioned, is lost in shadow thrown by a high wall, troy shaped at its summit, that comes out from the southern side of the house and is supposed to be the most ancient part of it—a part that had once been a monastery, or a chapel, or something.

"I don't see anything," says Brian, following the direction of Brabazon's intent gaze.

"Wait!" Even as he speaks, a long dark shadow falls across the moonlit snow on the gravel, then moves toward the dark-cued space near the wall, and is lost.

They are now spell bound, and silent with expectation. Presently a second shadow seems to approach them, and then a man's figure steps stealthily from behind the laurustinus and follows the first into the protective dusk of the old ivied wall. He is followed by another and yet another, until a large number of men are assembled, who, all keeping carefully out of the betraying moonlight, seem to whisper among themselves, and, hesitate, and glance impatiently at the house now and again, as if perplexed by the non appearance of something or some one. Every one of these men is holding in one hand a huge log of blackened wood.

"O Connor, 'where art thou?' 'Why tarry the wheels of thy chariot?' exclaims Mr. Browne, with sympathetic appreciation of their perplexity, betraying at the same time a dangerous desire to execute a waltz.

"I'll speak to them," says Brian, suddenly going forward and throwing up the window.

"What do you want here, you fellows?" he asks, in a loud authoritative voice.

His sudden appearance, being totally unexpected, causes a dead silence to fall upon the body of men. They do not answer immediately, but commence a parley among themselves of a very animated description, judging by the impassioned movements of their hands and arms. Their gesticulations can be indistinctly seen through the gloom that encircles them. Then one of their number, stepping forward, but still keeping carefully out of the moonlight, glances up defiantly at the window.

"You!" he answers, in a tone of open insolence.

"Well, you see me. What can I do for you?" says Brian, calmly.

"Nothing! 'tis we're goin' to do for you to-night," replies the same voice, jeeringly—which coarsely produces a loud laugh of commendation from his fellows.

"As for that, we shall see," says Brian, still quite calmly.

"Stand a little more to this side, Desmond; you will be more out of their range," says Brabazon, quickly, drawing him as he speaks into the desired position.

"Let me speak to them," says The Desmond, who is by this time very nearly beyond control.

"Certainly not," replies his nephew, sternly. Here a fresh voice from the crowd below attracts their attention.

"Stand back, you," says the man, plainly indicating Brian, "an' show us the old man. Where's The Desmond himself? Where's the oppressor? What's he hidin' behind ye for? Tell him to step out an' let us see him, if he isn't afraid of us!"

"Afraid!" roars The Desmond, now hopelessly broken loose, making a dash past Brian, and fearlessly thrusting his body half out of the window. "Who dared to say that?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and #3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The first fault is the child of simplicity, but every other the offspring of guilt.

When any calamity has been suffered the first thing to be remembered is how much has been escaped.

DOMESTIC ART.

Gold plays as important a part in fancy work as it does in the trimmings and millinery of to-day. Outlines of fine gilt cord look well in embroidery on velvet, while gold threads and silks are profusely used on silk and canvas work. Gilt, copper, bronze, steel and silver beads are also introduced, with bright and novel effects. Macaroons of silk about six inches in diameter are embroidered with small sprays, edged with gold cord, and scattered around different articles made of silk, as tidies, work bags, table covers, babies' afghans, etc. A pretty effect can be given by painting the tiny circles and working the rest of the decoration. Tidies of cream-colored silk canvas are painted in water colors and edged with Fedora lace, which is pulled around the corners until it turns over on the tidy, forming a rosette caught with ribbon bows.

Figure No. 43 shows a round cushion for an easy-chair. The material is eoru canvas worked in point-Russe and satin stitch, with pale blue, garnet, olive and gold silk; the ends are finished with a frill of wide Oriental lace and full bows of garnet Ottoman ribbon lined with gold; the hanger is of the same, tied in a loose bow. If large canvas is used it must be lined with farmer's satin of the same shade. Our illustrations of different baskets have met with such favor that we present our readers with still another design shown in Figure No. 44. The model is almost square in shape, painted eoru-color, with the handles and supports gilded. The lambrequins are of ruby plush edged with gold cord and embroidered in tinsel or yellow silk; the pompon tassels are of ruby and yellow mixed with a dash of gold.

Home decorators can indulge in an art quilt or bed cover for summer only. It is composed of strips of unbleached linen sheeting worked in running patterns with linen crewels, and joined by narrower strips of Torchon insertion. The lace edging is sewed rather plain around the cover and very full at the corners to form rosettes that are turned back on the cover, with large bows of ribbon; this is not tucked in around the bedstead. Figure No. 40 represents a tidy of silk braid arranged as a border, with a centre of narrow ribbon crossed and recrossed with catchings of silk stitches, which can easily be copied from the illustration. Jam pots, to be placed on the table, are painted with the fruit therein. A cluster of cherries, spray of raspberries, etc., are laid on with a few touches of oils, and afterward varnished. Napkin rings are frequently of satin made over cardboard, with the monogram and favorite flower painted in water or oil colors.

FANCY JEWELRY AND ORNAMENTS.

A quantity of fancy jewelry seen in Paris is called Theodora, not that the name describes the style in the slightest, but the name is a rage, and therefore applied to necklaces, pins, bracelets, clasps and buckles of turquoises, rubies and emeralds set in old silver; even entire belts of silver are worn with a plaque or carved head in front. Broad collars of Rhine stones strung on fine gold chains are worn with low-cut waists. Crescents of gold studded with different gems are worn suspended from a dog-collar of velvet. Roman gold pendants, jeweled, and antique medals are seen on bangle bracelets. Figure No. 41 represents a bracelet of old silver; the shield in the centre shows Joan of Arc holding a sword and buckler. Heraldic fleurs-de-lis form the rest of the ornamentation. Figure No. 42 illustrates a chain and pendant of antique and satin silver set with three emeralds.

Fancy pins for cravats, fichus, caps and bonnets show comic faces in enamel, fleurs-de-lis, liberty cap, four-leaved shamrocks, horse-shoes, seed pearls, gold and silver



FIG. 44.

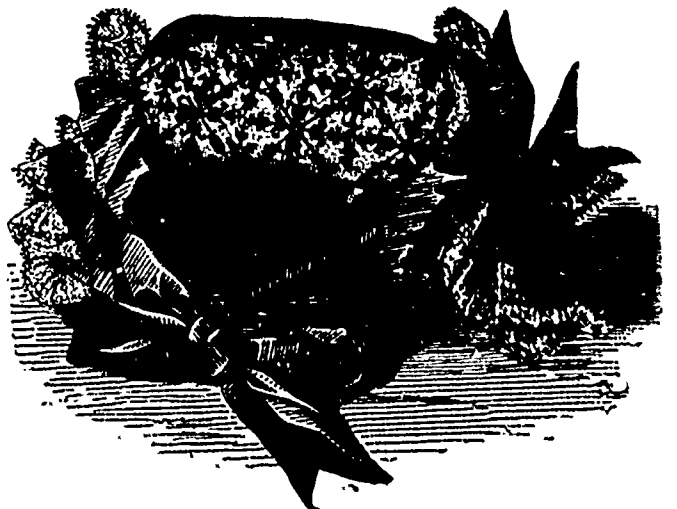


FIG. 43.

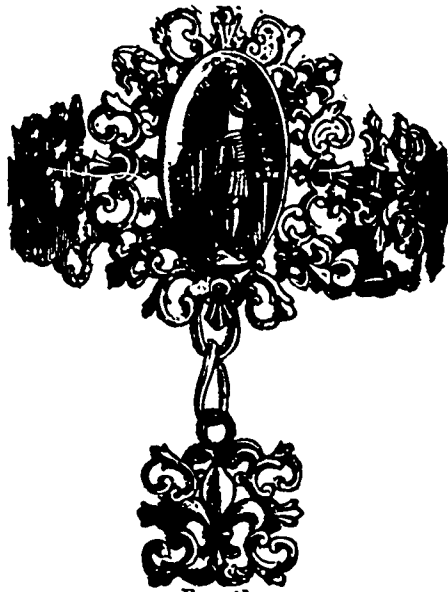


FIG. 41.

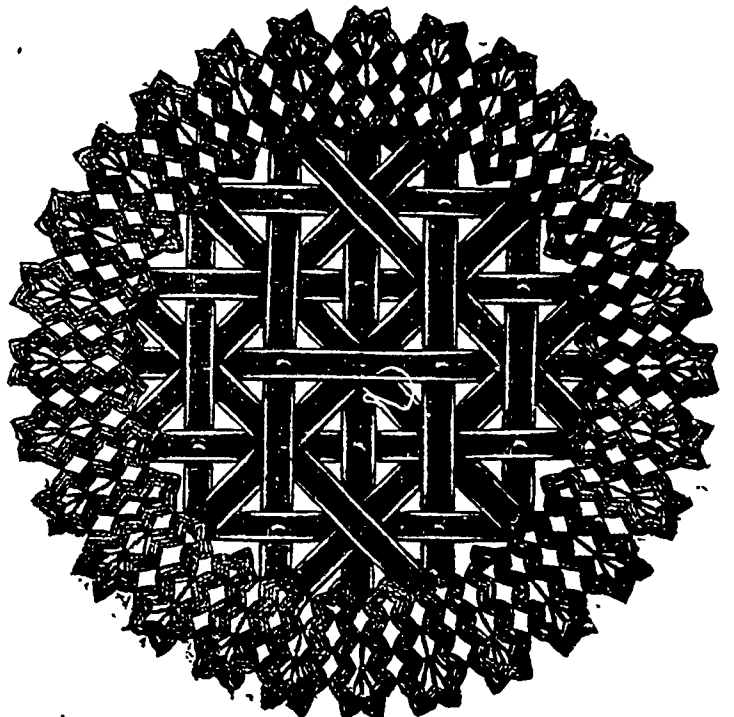


FIG. 40.



FIG. 42.

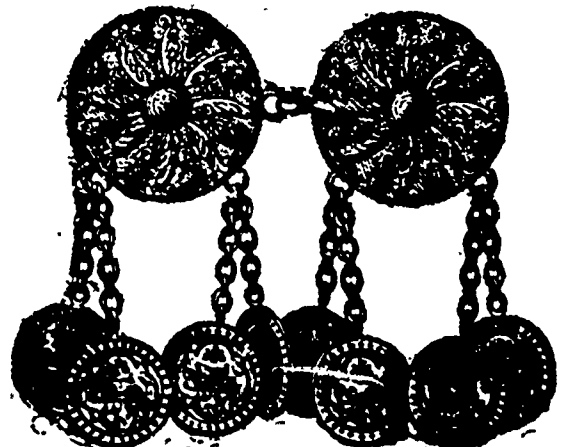


FIG. 45.

nuggets, balls of nugget gold and innumerable other designs showing Rhine and precious stones. Jet butterflies set with diamonds are considered especially chic for black bonnets, and are too expensive to become common. Alma necklaces of jet are made of beads or tubes in from four to twelve rows. Bracelets of nugget gold fasten with a bar and link; they are in rococo and Renaissance designs, with pendants of heads framed in floriated borders. A new design for a pin shows a diamond butterfly resting upon a daisy made of seed pearls. A rose of frosted gold has dewdrops of diamonds and a moth of large, gray-white pearls crawling upon one of the petals.

Oriental, Byzantine and Renaissance designs predominate for clasps, buckles and agrafes worn on cloaks, draperies, belt and neck ribbons. Figure No. 25 represents an agrafe in Oriental style of frosted and nugget silver. Vinaigrettes of cut glass have a cluster of brilliants, stopper of bloodstone, lapis lazuli or a collarette of tiny pearls. Sometimes they rest in gold or ivory cases. Gold penholders are tipped with a pearl or diamond, or may assume the form of a snake holding the nib in its mouth, its rattle formed of three emeralds, or of a peacock's feather in burnished gold; knitting needles and crochet hooks of tortoise-shell and gold lure the indolent into a pretence of industry, while paper-knives and book-markers of the same materials are set with precious stones.

Tortoise-shell is as fashionable as ever for personal adornment, and pretty little articles for the toilet table as well as the library. Pen holders, paper-knives, cigarette and cigar cases, counters, purses, photo frames, powder-boxes, etc., are made out of the shell, both light and dark, while the small tortoise in person, well polished, and balanced on his hind-quarters, serves as a letter clip or a menu-holder. Tortoise-shell hair-pins and combs necessarily enter into the jeweller's programme when decorated with gems. They are made in the form of bodkins, with balls of clustered pearls or diamonds; with two prongs, plated with gold or set with brilliants on the curved end; or with three, when they are either pins or combs, according to the prominence given to the upper portion. Three-pronged pins, with diamond leaves or flowers upon them, are used in twos or threes to stick here and there in the hair. Three-pronged combs are set sideways in the upturned coil, the curved back, two or three inches long, either furnished with balls of tortoise-shell or a row of brilliants.

Combs vary in the number of their teeth from three to nine or ten, but the back is relatively simple in form. On the other hand, tortoise-shell pins assume the most fanciful shapes, such as crowns, fleurs-de-lis, the talons of birds, sword-hilts, etc. Figure No. 24 represents two pins of shell set with Rhine stones, such as are used through the high-dressed coiffures, from two to six appearing on one head. Steel, tortoise shell, and jet pins always look well; but, as a change from these, we are shown an owl's head in miniature. Wonderfully natural imitations they are, too, made of soft, downy feathers, from out of which sparkle two bright, knowing eyes. Dragon flies and butterflies are invariably favorite designs for ornamental hair-pins. The latter are occasionally composed of lace and chenille, the former of beetles' wings or mother-of-pearl.

Alligator skin is as much fancied as it was last season for shopping-bags, coin purses, belts, card cases, etc.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE No. 13.—The vest of this design is fitted with the usual number of pieces necessary for a basque, laced in the back, front very pointed, with a plastron shirred at the neck, loose over the bust, and again shirred in several rows to the end of the point. The Eton jacket of velvet or cloth may match the silken vest or present a decided contrast. This has a French back, fronts buttoned a short distance, then out-away, high collar edged with ornaments, and coat sleeves. A garniture may be added around the edge, if preferred. Pattern No. 3254, price 25 cents.



FIG. 16.—No. 2335.—Misses' SAILOR SUIT. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (45 inches wide) for 25 inches, 21-2 yards; 26 inches, 25-8 yards; 27 inch-

es, 28-4 yards; 28 inches, 27-8 yards; 29 inches, 3 yards; 30 inches, 3 1-8 yards; 31 inches, 3 1-4 yards; 32 inches, 3 1-2 yards.

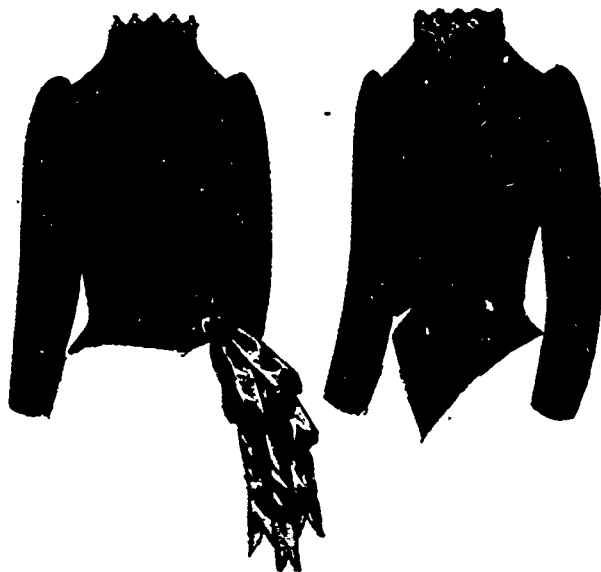


FIG. 18.—No 3254.—Ladies' Blouse. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (45 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3 yards; 32 inches, 3 1-8 yards; 34 inches, 3 1-2 yards; 36 inches, 3 1-4 yards; 38 inches, 3 1-2 yards; 40 inches, 3 3-4 yards; 42 inches, 3 1-2 yards.

Quantity of Material (45 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 34 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 36 inches, 2 yards; 38 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards.
Camber for blouse-front, 3/4 yard.

FIGURE No. 16.—Pattern No. 2335, price, 25 cents, is the model for this serviceable mountain or sea-side suit of navy blue flannel with a garniture of cream-colored Hercules braid, or the basket plaid of blue and white braid may be used if preferred. The skirt is laid in a box-pleat in front and side-pleats around the remainder of the garment; the clusters of braid are sewn on before the pleats are pressed, not tacked in position. The loose blouse is double-breasted and faced on the lower edge, and a gathering string run in to draw it in position; the coat sleeves and sailor collar are finished with straight rows of braid, while a vest is simulated by straps of braid across the doubled part in front. A dainty finish to the dress is made by adding a sash of Surah, the full width, doubled and fringed on the ends, which should encircle the waist under the blouse, knot on the left and the ends almost touch the edge of the skirt.

—For Truth.
GLINTS OF HOME LIFE.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

I went to a clothes closet the other day and found what I did not expect. I had been so sure no "moth could corrupt" that no particular effort was made to keep out the foe. But in a pair of cloth boots that had not been worn all winter were unmistakable signs of the enemy. It reconciled me to the inevitable house-cleaning and its attendant work and discomfort. For if left to themselves these insects can work destruction more baneful than all the domestic upheavals that are really not an un-mixed blessing. Long before this all prudent housekeepers will have put away their furs, well beaten and packed up in paper which is impervious to moths, then laid away in a camphor chest or red cedar box—in place of which some people keep a high wines cask—quite primitive but sure against the clothes moth. During a long experience in housekeeping I find it best to begin with the attic and come down stairs, in the spring cleaning. And I also believe in one room at a time, and not in turning the house topsy-turvy all at once, and keeping the master of it for weeks without a place for the sole of his feet.

Let the living rooms be last on that flat, and if possible: have plenty of help. I do not believe in the members of a family over-exerting themselves, when there are so many poor people, if sought for, would be glad to assist in heavy work. And it is always encouraging for the servants of a household, when plenty of help is given at these times, only insisting that the work be very thoroughly done. The carpet moth is held in check by carbolic acid run around the seams and floor with a feather before the carpet is put down.

Use ammonia in all cleaning. It saves half the work, in window or paint cleaning, and is much preferable to soap for all ordinary purposes.

I have heard thoughtless men speak sneeringly of house-cleaning and say that they thought the house should be kept so clean as not to require extra work. But the dirt and smoke from the steady fires required in this country, the prevalence of moths, and the change in the routine of our houses from the cold to the hot season is sufficient reason for this arduous duty being imperative.

The removal of ashes is often a surprise to the tidy housewife, for if this work is done with registers open, and cellar outlet uncovered, the dust will settle thickly on the cleaned paint and windows, so that even to the kitchen cinders nothing can with impunity be overlooked. And before the flies have recovered their audacity see to it that the windows and doors are to be protected from their intrusions.

The comfort of a wire door is never fully realized until one enjoys its security, but to benefit fully by this contrivance it must be put on when early in the season. I always enjoy the spring, the fresh sweet air that blows from the awakened woodland, the stir among the grass and flowers into new life, the blessed sunshine, and the fulfilment of the promise that seedtime shall not fail, and so with the dear old poet Whittier I find myself singing:

"The west winds blow, and singing low,
I hear the glad stream run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun

Publisher's Department.

A Testimonial.

Notwithstanding the fact that the publisher of TRUTH has given as prizes in competition a dozen at least of first-class pianos, and twice that number of organs and sewing machines, and hundreds of first-class watches, and the names of the recipients, with their address, have been published, there are those who are yet bold to assert that no such prizes are paid. Such assertions are slanders, and the publisher would be justified in prosecuting some of the parties for slander,—for unjustly and wrongfully injuring his reputation and his business.

The following letter has been sent by a well-known and respected Presbyterian minister, whose son was a successful competitor last year:—

The Manse, Markham, June 5th, 1885. To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The piano won by my son, Benson, in TRUTH Bible Competition, No. 6, came to us about a year ago, and was acknowledged at the time. After a year's service I am able to say that it proves, in every respect, a superior instrument. A "tuner," a Toronto gentleman, says its tone and finish are complete. A large number of people, during the year, have called at the manse and examined and tried it, and are surprised at its excellence. It is just as advertised.

I am convinced that the publisher of TRUTH, Mr. Wilson, has too much at stake to depart in any measure from his offers, which are both numerous and liberal.

F. SMITH, Pastor, St. Andrews.

Will other prize owners kindly send in their experience?

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

GOLD RING.—Mrs. J. W. Vickery, Blue Island, Ill.

CANADA UNDER LORNE.—Miss Etta Campbell, Williamsville, Ont.

CRUET STAND.—May Phillips, Toronto; Mrs. John Butt, Montreal.

TORONTO, PAST AND PRESENT.—Miss Annie C. Boyd, Oak Bay, N. B.

SILK DRESS.—Mrs. A. Robertson, Bluevale, Ont.; Mrs. S. M. Bowerman, Brantford, Ont.

FORMS.—Albert J. T. Edwards, Amboy, Ill.; W. R. Perkins, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Dora Parker, Beamsville, Ont.

WORLD'S CYCLOPEDIA.—Melissa Vincent, Blake, Man.; Miss Etta A. McDonald, Dundonald, Ont.; Mrs. John Young, Halls Ave., Brantford, Ont.

BUTTER KNIFE.—Jessie Richardson, Sydney, C. B.; Mrs. John R. Douglas, Alma, N. S.; Grace Campbell, Caledonia, Ont.; Mrs. G. W. Thompson, Chesley, Ont.; A. J. Harvey, Shelburne; Mrs. Wm. McGinnes, Chepston, Kan.

GOLD BROOCH.—John Lord, Grenfell, N. W. T.; Mary McAllister, Duart, Ont.; W. Davis, Learned Plain, L. I.; Miss J. H. Fraser, Alma; Mrs. W. Dann, Glen Oak; David Lindsay, Walkerton, Ont.; D. J. Bethune, Lomond, N. S.; Maud Rilance, Vankoughnet.

Kind Words.

Bella Kerr, Seaforth, Ont., writes:—"I must say that TRUTH is more highly esteemed by us than any other paper we have ever subscribed for. When it is brought into the house it is nearly torn to pieces, every one trying to get it first. You have a very choice selection of music, and all the other features are worthy of great praise. We have tried for several competitions and have failed to get any prize, but in TRUTH I think we have received full value for our money."

Read the new rules for the guidance of competitors in the Tid-Bit Department.

\$43,535.00

A NEW PLAN.

FINE CITY RESIDENCE GIVEN AWAY

FOR ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

"TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 14.

About two years ago the publisher of TRUTH resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of his paper to the fullest possible extent, and hit on the expedient of offering a large number of splendid premiums for correct answers to Bible questions. As the effort met with fair encouragement he has ever since continued, from time to time, similar offers, carrying out every promise to the very letter, and promptly paying every prize offered. As his publication is a permanent institution, an old-established and widely-circulated journal, and he has staked his all in its success, he is fully alive to the fact that the scheme must be carried out fairly and honorably without favor or partiality to any one.

This has been done in the past, and it will be done in the future. Within the last two years he has, among other rewards, given out about \$3,000 in cash, 25 pianos, 25 organs, 500 gold watches, 500 silver tea sets, 500 silver watches, besides many other valuable articles too numerous to enumerate here.

No other publisher in America, if in the world, has ever paid out anything approaching this in the same manner, and few others have ever so extensively advertised.

The result is that full confidence has now been established in the honorableness of the scheme, and the reliability of the publisher. TRUTH now circulates in every Province in the Dominion of Canada and in nearly every State of the American Union, besides having a large circulation across the Atlantic.

READ THIS CAREFULLY.

You can compete any number of times in this competition. Send one dollar now, don't delay, with answers to these questions, and you will stand a good chance among the SECOND and THIRD, and more particularly for the GREAT MIDDLE reward, the residence, as the advertisement has been out some time. Then send one dollar, say one month hence, and another in competition for the Consolation Rewards, and among the lot you are almost certain to strike something well worth having, perhaps even a prize for each dollar sent. Of course your answers to the Bible questions must be correct to secure any reward. Don't lose an hour now in sending off the first dollar. Read the full particulars. For each dollar sent your term of subscription will be extended four months.

Among former competitors are the leading citizens of the country—the most respected ministers, public officers, professional men, ladies of every station, and people of nearly all classes. Large lists of those successful in former competitions have appeared and are still appearing each week in TRUTH. Any of these names may be referred to in regard to what has been done.

A GOOD GUARANTEE.

Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. Mr. Wilson has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet he is not dissatisfied with the result, as TRUTH has been splendidly established and his own business reputation well built up. This will, however, positively be the last competition this year, and perhaps altogether, so don't lose the present opportunity of securing a valuable prize with TRUTH. A good guarantee for the future now lies in the fact that the publisher cannot now afford to do otherwise than honorably carry out his promises, as to fail at all would forfeit the result of the efforts of nearly a whole business life time.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible.
2. Give first reference to the word DIVORCE in the Bible.

THE REWARDS. In order to give every one, living anywhere, a fair chance to obtain one of these rewards, they have been distributed equally over the whole time of the competition, in seven sets as follows:—

- FIRST REWARDS
1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$200
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Rice, Toronto.....1,550
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs.....800
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services.....500
14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-case watches.....540
20 to 26.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting-case or open-face watches.....330
31 to 40.—Twenty-five nickel-silver case watches, good movements.....400
71.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
72 to 80.—One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs.....900
201 to 500.—Two hundred and a solid raised gold brooches, newest designs.....900
501.—Fifty Dollars in Gold.....50

- SECOND REWARDS
1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold.....200
2, 3 and 4.—Three magnificent grand square pianos.....1,650
5, 6 and 7.—Three fine toned 10-stop Cabinet Organs.....800
8 to 15.—Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches.....750
16 to 28.—Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches.....170
29 to 40.—Twelve solid quadruple plate silver tea sets.....730
41 to 70.—Thirty gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case watches.....900
71 to 99.—Twenty-nine solid gold gem rings.....600
100.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
101 to 131.—Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant pattern.....625
132 to 305.—One hundred and seventy-half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons.....850
306 to 509.—Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....610
510 to 715.—Two hundred and six fine butter knives.....206
716.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100

- THIRD REWARDS
1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rosewood square pianos.....1,150
4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches.....400
8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold, beautifully engraved watches.....400
12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services.....540
18 to 29.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set).....500
30 to 38.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....330
39.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
40 to 90.—Fifty one solid gold gem rings.....600
91 to 131.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....450
132 to 200.—Eighty-one half-dozen solid silver-plated tea spoons.....445
201 to 400.—Two hundred volumes, well-bound, Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....450
401.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold.....150

THE GREAT MIDDLE REWARD OF THE WHOLE COMPETITION.

"TRUTH" VILLA,

a fine, well-situated dwelling house, No. 12 Ross Street, in the City of Toronto. The house is a new one, semi-detached, fine mantles, grates, bath-room, marble wash-stand, water closet and bath, and all modern conveniences. It now rents for \$22 per month, so you can judge of its value from the rental. The winner must consent to allow the name "TRUTH Villa" to remain on the house, as a memento of the enterprise of TRUTH.

- FOURTH REWARDS
1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 200
2, 3 and 4.—Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Rice, Toronto.....1,500
5 and 6.—Two fine toned, 10 stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm.....500
7, 8 and 9.—Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services.....200
10 to 15.—Six gentlemen's solid gold watches.....600
16 to 20.—Five ladies' solid gold watches.....450
21 to 29.—Nine renowned sewing machines.....600
30.—Ten Dollars in Gold.....10
31 to 40.—Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-case or open-faced, coin-silver watches.....300

- 41 to 50.—Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....200
51 to 100.—Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons.....400
101 to 310.—One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....800
311 to 610.—Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper.....80
611.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....10

FIFTH REWARDS.

- 1.—One hundred dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 100
2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos.....2,100
10 to 20.—Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches.....1,000
21 to 32.—Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches.....1,000
33 to 50.—Eighteen solid quadruple silver plated tea services.....1,440
51 to 70.—Thirty double-barrel, twist, breach loading shot guns.....2,700
71 to 110.—Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopaedia.....2,000
111 to 132.—Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....600
133.—Twenty dollars in gold.....20
134.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
135 to 152.—Twenty-seven Solid Nickel watches.....540
163 to 350.—One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver plated Tea Spoons.....900
351 to 600.—Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper).....100

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 200
2, 3 and 4.—Three fine grand upright pianos.....1,600
5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker.....750
8 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services—1½ pieces.....300
11 to 18.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches.....800
19 to 28.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns.....500
30 to 30.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns.....445
91 to 150.—Sixty half-dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons.....300
151.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
152 to 200.—One hundred and thirty-nine fine German Oleographs.....500
291 to 301.—One hundred and eleven volumes of a most fascinating novel, by a celebrated author.....50

METHOD OF MAKING AWARDS.

As fast as the answers come to hand they are carefully numbered in the order they are received, and at the close of the competition (Sept. 30th) the letters will be divided into SIX EQUAL QUANTITIES, and to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, including the consolation rewards, will be given the residence referred to above. Then to the sender of the first correct answers up to number 501 in the FIRST REWARDS, and up to number 716 in the SECOND REWARDS, and up to number 401 in the THIRD REWARDS, and up to 511 in the FOURTH REWARDS, and up to 600 in the FIFTH REWARDS, and up to 401 in the SIXTH and last, or CONSOLATION REWARDS, will be given the prizes as stated in each of the lists. Fifteen days only will be allowed after date of closing for answers in competition for consolation rewards to reach TRUTH Office from distant points.

Each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least four months for which one dollar must be sent with their answers. As this is the regular subscription price, you therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards.

HOW TO SEND.

Don't lose a day about looking up these bible questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good anytime between now and 30th September next. Send in each case a money order for one dollar, or registered letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clearly and plainly, with your full name and correct address. Bear in mind, every one must send one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for four months. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended, or the magazine will be sent to any other desired address.

This competition is advertised only in Canada, and Canadians therefore have a better opportunity than residents of other countries. The rewards, however, are so distributed over the whole term of the competition that anyone, living anywhere, may be successful.

TRUTH is a 28-page weekly magazine, well printed and carefully edited. A full size page of newest music each week, two or three fascinating serial and one or two short stories, Poet's Page, Young Folks, Health, Temperance, and Ladies' Fashion Department, Illustrated. In the contributors' pages may be found during the

course of the year articles from most of the leading and representative men of Canada and the United States, such as Sir Francis Hincks, of Montreal; Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., Metropolitan Church, Toronto; Hon. S. D. Hastings, of Wisconsin; Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska; Hon. Neal Dow, Maine; Dr. Daniel Clark, Rev. Jos. Wild, D.D., G. Mercer Adam, of Toronto; Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, as well as many others;

In addition to the Bible competitions which are from time to time offered, the publisher also gives every week the following valuable prizes:—\$20 in gold for the best selected or original Tid-Bit; a lady's or gentleman's solid gold watch for the best Short Story, original or selected; \$3.00 for the best original or selected Poem. This extraordinary liberality on the part of the publisher of TRUTH stands unique and unparalleled in the history of journalism on this continent.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

You are sure to get TRUTH for four months for the dollar sent, and that alone is well worth the money. You also have a good opportunity of securing one of the above costly rewards, as every thing will positively be given as offered, so in any case the investment is a good one. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present readers assuring the publisher that they would not be without TRUTH for many times the subscription price. Address S. FRANK WILSON, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Can.

Exchange Department.

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

All kinds of South American stamps for exchange FRANK LONIS, care of P. Bacigalupi & Co., Lima, Peru.

Five hundred foreign stamps, for any of the Canada issue of 1851-7; 25 for every departmental stamp. F. M. GILBERT, Marcellus Falls, N. Y.

Cassell's Natural History, Cassell's Recreator, a nice opera and field glass, in case, and other articles, to exchange for printing press or printing material. By E. O. Y. SURTON, Box 54, Woodstock, Ont.

Fifteen foreign stamps, for a triangular 3 cent Newfoundland or a Lsbuan, Lubeck, or Buenos Ayres stamp. No duplicates given or taken. W. H. WALKER, JUN., 353 Delaware Av., Buffalo, N. Y.

Chinese coins, idols, and chopsticks, alligator and buffalo teeth, 5 nickels, without cents, coins, scarves, shells, and minerals, for curi sities or minerals in quantity. S. A. HOWKS, Battle Creek, Mich.

A good violin, bow and case, cost \$20, and a single barreled shot gun almost new, will exchange for a good repeating rifle, or a double barreled shot gun. Address, F. G. MAITLAND, Harriston P. O., Ontario.

A ruby magic lantern, with 22 views, tickets, bills, &c., new, will be given to the person making the most words from the word "Columbia" before August 1st. 20 cents must accompany each answer. Address, JAS. H. VAN CLAY, Waynesburg, Green Co., Pa.

Do you want to get all the books you desire absolutely free of cost? Only a little postage required, and that you are able to write. It will pay you well to write at once for particulars. Address, W. S. McLEAN, Englehart, Victoria Co., Nova Scotia.

One year's subscription to an excellent Canadian stamp paper, for 2 7 nickels without cents, or 2 24-c. stamps of 1870, or the 10-c. of 1847, or 5 or 24-c. of 1851, or 24 or 30-c. of 1851, or 12 15, 24, or 30 c. of 1859. L. F. BARKER, Box 405, Whitby, Ont., Canada.

A collection of between 400 and 500 very rare North Central and South American stamps, a large number of other stamps, and about 50 circulars and stamp catalogues, for a large self-inking printing-press with complete outfit. Write for and send full particulars. A. BOUTER, 61 St. George St., Toronto, Canada.

Wanted, used Canada and U. S. postage stamps, Stamps used before 1870, in any quantity, also any Newfoundland stamps. For 25 of above I will give a Confederate bill, or 30 varieties of foreign stamps, or a specimen of quartz from L. I. J. E. HASEBIAW, Smithtown Branch, New York.

Fancy Work Recreations (revised edition), by Eva M. NILLZ. Containing over 400 pages, fully illustrated, devoted to knitting and crocheting everything, Kensington embroidery, gulfuro lace work, macrame work, darned lace, cross stitch, outline work, all the different kinds of patching, in fact all kinds of fancy work. Bound in cloth and gilt. Price, \$2, plain edge, \$2.50, gilt edge. Address, Buckeye Publishing Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota. Agents wanted everywhere.

Everyone should read the new regulations in Tid-Bit page.

Tailor cut and made suits are much more important as stamping the fashionable prestige of the wearer than costly fabrics made up by dressmakers of even fine ability.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DISPUTE, Kingston.—Not more than 12,000 British troops were sent into the Soudan during the late troubles.

BLRU, Sherbrooke, Que.—It is entirely optional with the United States Government as to the giving up of our authorities of the person of Gabriel Dumont.

R.K., Stratford.—The original seven wonders of the world were—the Pyramids, the tomb built for Mausolus, King of Caria, Temple of Diana, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the gold statue of Jupiter Olympus, and the Pharos built by Ptolemy.

With Satisfaction.

Polson's NERVILINE, the new and certain pain cure, is used with satisfaction in every instance. There is abundant reason for this, for it performs all that is claimed for it. Nerviline is a never-failing cure for cramps, pains in the side or back, lumbago, sore throat, chilblains, toothache. Nerviline is, in fact, a sure remedy for all pains, both internal and external. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles only 25 cents, by all druggists and country dealers.

Men of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain; their birth, rank, title, and its apponages are at best invidious; and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantages of it, they make their superiority set more easy.

Ladies who Shave!

It will occasion you surprise to learn that many ladies make a practice of using the razor. Nevertheless, it is a literal fact, as many brothers and husbands can testify. Why should it be considered unwomanly to use a razor, especially to shave down troublesome corns. The only reason against the practice is because a new and a brighter era has dawned upon the sufferers from corns, for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by its prompt, certain and painless action, has done away with the necessity of resorting to the dangerous practice of using the razor. Try Putnam's and be satisfied that it is the best and surest corn cure. Beware of imitations.

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pills."

Positively Popular; Provoke Praise; Prove Priceless; Peculiarly Prompt; Perceptibly Potent; Producing Permanent Profit; Precluding Pimples and Pusules. Promoting Purity and Peace. Purchase; Piles, Petty. Pharmacists Patronizing Pierce Procure Plenty.

The June flower wedding is the fancy of the passing moment. One flower only is arranged in masses of decorative effects, other flowers forming dashes of another color at remote distances and long intervals.

"She tried her prettice hand on man, And then she formed the ladies, O!"

"What is womans worth?" asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: W. O. man (double you O man) But woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" stands unrivalled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

From the description given in the London Truth of the Princess Beatrice's trousseau frocks, they are neither pretty nor sensible, even though made by the court tailor.

Use the great specifics for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A pretty fancy for a key rack is to cover a wooden rolling pin with plush, or any color preferred, adorn it with a spray of chenille and tinsel embroidery, and put into the roller a row of screw hooks. The roller is then hung on the wall, with ribbons attached to the handles.

The tobacco of Martinico was once the favorite with the smoking world, and when old Father Henipen descended the Mississippi about 1680 the Indians were much surprised to see an European with such an excellent sample of their native plant. But the smokers of the "Myrtle Navy" would give but a poor account of the once celebrated Martinico. Their favorite brand is as much superior to it as it was to the raw and uncoared leaf which the Indians of that day smoked.

We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense except those who agree with us in opinion. When such occasions do occur, our self-love always induces a decision in favor of their judgment.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioners are benefited while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Startling with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Mon'treal Star*

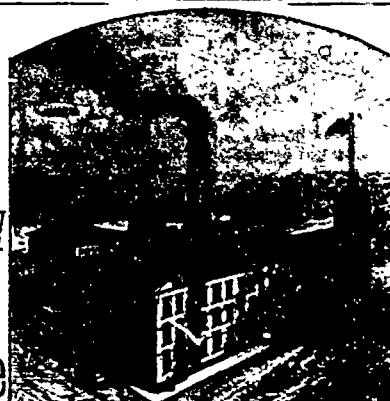
Meriden

Britannia

Company

FINEST

Electro Plate



CAUTION

Goods stamped Meriden Silver Plate Co., are not our make. If you want reliable goods insist on getting those made by the

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

HAMILTON. . . ONT.

Warning and Comfort !!!

If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, if you are simply ailing, or if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters will surely cure you.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will most surely strengthen you.

If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating; if you are old, thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you new life, health and vigor.

If you are constive, or dyspeptic, or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill.

If you are wasting away with any form of kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a cure to—Hop Bitters,

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a 'Balm in Gilead' in Hop Bitters ! ! !

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of, a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—Malaria, Epidemic, Billous and Intermittent Fevers by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath and health. \$5.00 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

A Lady's Wish !!!

"Oh how I do wish my skin was as clear, fair and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. How? Inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and brings health and beauty. It did it for me, as you observe." ! ! !

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile poisonous stuff with Hop or "Hops" in their name.

Why do the Wicked Flourish.

God lets the wicked live that all may understand that there must be another world for adjustments. So many of the bad up and so many of the good down. There must be a place where brilliant scoundrelism shall be arraigned and innocence arise from under the heel of oppression. Common fairness, as well as eternal justice, demands it. To the Grand Assize we must adjourn the stupendous injustices of this life. They are not righted here. There must be some place where they will be righted. God cannot afford to omit the judgment day, or a reconstruction of conditions. You cannot make me believe that that man, stuffed with abominations, having devoured widows' houses and digested them and looked with basilisk or tigerish eyes on his fellows, liking no music so well as the sound of breaking hearts, is going at death to get out of his laudan at the front door of the sepulchre and there get into a celestial turnout, already hitched up to drive tandem up the primrose hills, one glory riding as lackey ahead and another glory riding as postillion behind, while that poor woman who supported her invalid husband and helpless children by taking in washing and ironing, often putting her hand to her side where a cancerous trouble had already begun its work, and falling dead late one night while trying to get one of the children's garments ready for the Sabbath day, and going afoot into the front door of the sepulchre is to cross to its back door and find nothing waiting, no one to say: "I am glad you have come," and no one to show her to the King's gate. It cannot be. Solomon benamed the princes afoot and the beggars ahorseback, and there must be a time when the right foot shall get into the stirrup. To demonstrate to all the world that there must be another state for re-arranging these inequalities God lets the wicked live.—T. De Witt Talmage.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.

"No man can tell but he who loves his children," says Jeremy Taylor, "how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of these dear pledges."

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

Keep doing, always doing. Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing and pining are idle and profitless employments.

EPPS'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 flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by grocers, labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

Unprecedented Success.

For all purposes of a family medicine, Hagar's Yellow Oil is the head of the list. It is used with unprecedented success, both internally and externally. It cures Sore Throat, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites; relieves and often cures Asthma.

The golden beams of truth and the silken chords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not.

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having 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, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire 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. MORSE, 100 PULASKI STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

He who observes the speaker more than the sound of words will seldom meet with disappointments.

The History of Hundreds.

Mr. John Morrison, of St. Anns, N.S., was so seriously afflicted with a disease of the kidneys that droopy was developing and his life was despaired of. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him after physicians had failed.

Put this restriction on your pleasures: Be cautious that they injure no being which has life.

Avoid by all means the use of calomel for bilious complaints. Ayer's Cathartic Pills compounded entirely of vegetable ingredients, have been tested for forty years, and are acknowledged to be the best remedy ever devised for torpidity of the liver, costiveness, and all derangements of the digestive apparatus.

To study philosophy is nothing but to prepare one's self to die.

Orion Catlin, 49 Pearl Street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I tried various remedies for the piles, but found no relief until I used Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, which entirely cured me after a few applications." Since Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil has become celebrated, unprincipled persons are imitating it. Get the genuine.

Indolence is the rust of the mind and the inlet of every vice.

A Human Barometer.

The man with rheumatism can feel the approach of bad weather in his aching joints. Hagar's Yellow Oil cures rheumatism, aches, pains and injuries.

Short, Sharp and Decisive.

\$31,000

-IN-

"LADIES' JOURNAL."

BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 10

FIFTY CENTS ONLY REQUIRED.

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers.

The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before. If you can correctly answer the following Bible questions, and you answer quickly, you are almost sure of a valuable reward.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible.
2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

The publisher will strictly adhere to his old plan. All therefore may be sure of fair and impartial treatment, from the Governor-General down to the humblest citizen in the land. The letters are carefully numbered in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office, and the rewards will be given exactly in the order the correct answers come to hand. Look at number one reward in the first series for the first correct answer received.

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins.....\$100
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos. 1,650
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs, \$10
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services.....500
14 to 16.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches.....540
17 to 19.—Seven solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches.....300
20 to 21.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches, 400
22.—One hundred dollars in gold.....100
23 to 25.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen sets fine silver-plated tea spoons.....750
26 to 28.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) fiction, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers.....125
29.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100

After these follow the Middle Rewards, when, to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, will be given number one of these rewards, the next correct answer following the middle one, number two, and so on till these 401 costly rewards are all given away.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rosewood upright pianos.....\$1,520
4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches.....480
8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold watches.....462
12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services.....540
18 to 22.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedia (10 vols. to set).....500
23 to 25.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....300
26.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
27 to 30.—Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches.....1,000
31 to 33.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....450
34 to 36.—Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver plated tea spoons.....415
37 to 40.—Two hundred volumes fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers.....450
41.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold.....150

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins.....\$ 200
2, 3 and 4.—Three fine grand upright pianos..... 1,500
5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker..... 750
8 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces..... 300
11 to 13.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting case watches..... 500
14 to 16.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 500
17 to 20.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 412
21 to 23.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 300
24.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
25 to 29.—One hundred and thirty-nine elegant rolled gold brooches..... 800
30 to 40.—One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 60

Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points. The

letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for these consolation rewards. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain script or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address that may indicate.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.

The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well-filled pages of choice reading; matter, interesting to everyone, but especially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music, (full size,) large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c., &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large and well established circulation (52,000) that we can afford to place the subscription at this low price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. Large lists of prize-winners in previous competitions have appeared and are appearing in every issue of the JOURNAL, any one of whom maybe referred to as to the genuineness of these offers. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and the publisher has been in business nine years. He can therefore be depended upon to carry out all his promises. He has always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, EDITOR "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

Good the Year Round.

At all seasons, when the system is foul and the digestive powers feeble, or the liver and kidneys inactive, Burdock Blood Bitters are required.

Truth, like the sun, submits to be obscured, but, like the sun, only for a time.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—I will send a Recipe, free to any person desiring the same, that has cured hundreds of cases of drunkenness. It can be given in a cup of tea, coffee, or even in the drunkard's much loved whiskey, and without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Enclose stamp for particulars. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Let us ride fair and softly, that we may get home the sooner.

Does this Refer to You?

Are you troubled with biliousness, dyspepsia, liver or kidney complaints, or bad blood? If so you will find a certain cure in Burdock Blood Bitters.

If a good man thrives all thrives around him.

Prompt Measures.

Prompt means should be used to break up sudden colds, and cure coughs in their early stages. Hagar's Peppermint Balsam does this most splendidly and effectually.

Be rigid to yourself and gentle to others.

A Trinity of evils. Biliousness, constipation and dyspepsia usually exist together. By disciplining the liver and toning the stomach simultaneously, they can be eradicated. The promptitude and thoroughness with which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier removes this trinity of physical evils is a fact widely appreciated throughout Canada.

And may God hasten the time when war itself shall be buried. The grim old breaker of hearts! Carry him out on an old rusty shield. Lay down his miserable carcass in the most dim spot in all the earth. Bury his sword with him. Heap on his grave stones and broken chariot wheels. Let wretched and orphaned clap their hands over his grave and the winds howl for his requiem, "This is the second death!"

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

The cheapest medicine in use is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, because so very little of it is required to effect a cure.

The richest endowments of the mind are temperance, prudence, and fortitude.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine.

We should manage our tortures as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity.

With a double vigilance should we watch our actions, when we reflect that good and bad ones are never childless; and that, in both cases, the offspring goes beyond the parent—every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.

If you are despondent, low spirited, irritable, and peevish, and unpleasant sensations are felt invariably after eating, then get a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and it will give you relief.

Accuracy is essential to beauty, and quick perceptions to politeness, but not too quick perceptions. One may be too punctual and too precise.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla operates radically upon and through the blood, and is a safe, reliable, and absolute cure for the various diseases, complaints, and disorders, due to debility, or to any constitutional taint or infection.

DENTAL. FRANK M. SEFTON, Surgeon Dentist, cor. Queen and Yonge Streets. Over Martin's drug store.

J. G. ADAMS, D.S., DENTIST—OFFICE 248 J. Yonge street, entrance on Elm street. Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

MEDICAL. REV. J. EDGAR, M.D., ELECTRO-PHYSICIAN. Chronic Diseases a Specialty. 68 ISABELLA STREET, TORONTO.

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A \$90 GOLD WATCH FOR 30c. The person sending me the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word "Charlestown" on or before June 15th, will receive a Ladies' Solid 18k Gold Hunting Case Watch, full jewelled, nickel movement, valued at \$90. Each competitor to announce 30 cents silver, with 10c. Abreviations and proper names not allowed. No letter to be used more than once in the same word. Prize will be fairly awarded. Name of winner will appear in "TRUTH." Try your skill. Address:—J. K. PEARSON, Kingsbury P.O., Lunenburg Co., Nova Scotia.

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25 Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 15, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

SEND 10c. for 40 Lovely Bath Finish Chromo, your name on each (6) kinds. I'll tell you what to do. Address Eureka Card Co., Bolton, Que.

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—LIMITED.—

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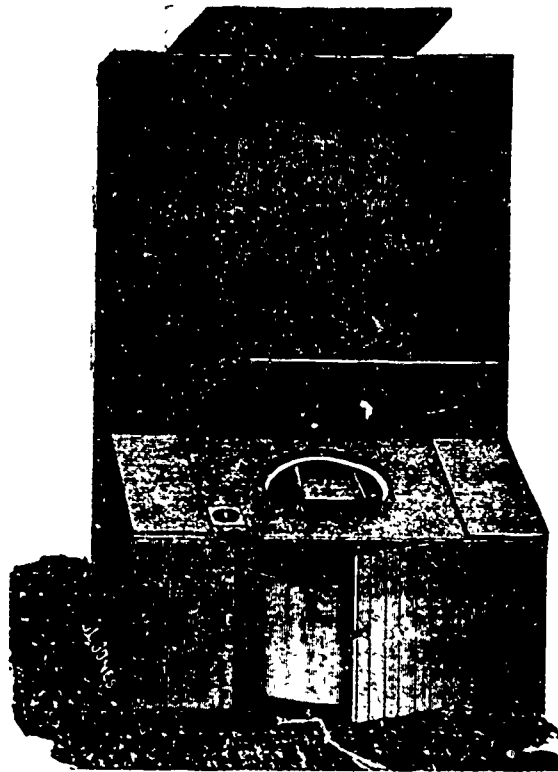
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"HEAP'S PATENT"

Is the only perfect Dry Closet in Canada. Over 15,000 are in use,

AWARDED

13 First Prize Medals

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Have Never Been Beaten.

CHOLERA MAY COME, BE PREPARED FOR IT.

YOUR LIFE IS IN JEOPARDY---Prevent Typhoid, Diphtheria, and Blood Poisoning.

Read What the People Say About Them :

Dr. J. Baker-Edwards, Public Analyst, of Montreal, in his paper on "Sewage Disposal"

"I have, after due consideration, strongly recommended the gradual abolition of all cess-pits and privy vaults within the city, and the substitution of dry closets and frequent removal. I believe it to be practically both the best and cheapest yet devised, whether "Dry Earth," ashes, or charcoal be used as the absorbent, and that the only practical objection to them which has hitherto existed is removed, in the Heap's patent closet, in which the fluid is separated from the solid excreta."

The Value of the Earth Closets.

These are claimed by the inventor to be the "best in the world," having taken thirteen prize medals in open competition with Morrell's, Moule's and other celebrated makers, amongst others at the Sanitary Exhibition at Glasgow, in 1883, at the International Exhibition, Amsterdam, in 1883, and at the Health Exhibition, Dublin, 1884, and they are here on exhibition this evening to speak for themselves.

Extract from a Lecture on "Sewers and Sewage" delivered by Alan McDougall, Esq., C.E., before the Sanitary Association of Toronto.

"The dry earth system was the oldest sanitary system which we could trace. The disposition of sewage of towns and cities could be treated under two heads. 1. The dry sewage system. 2. The water carriage system. Most of our country towns were worked under the first system—in Toronto to an alarmingly prejudicial degree. The numerous privies and outhouses were a most frightful source of disease. After a time the soakage would extend to an area sufficiently large to reach the wells in ordinary town lots. These outhouses, privies, cesspits, are in proximity to dwelling houses, bedrooms, living rooms and the wells of drinking water. This was the most disgusting arrangement possible. The material while being removed was a perfect nuisance. The Dry Earth System of Closets was, on the other hand, the best system of dry sewage, and if properly carried out would not only improve the public health. He referred to, and described under this head the ash closets and pail system of Manchester and Rochdale, England, and then produced a model of

"Heap's Patent" Dry Earth Closets.

as erected on the Exhibition Grounds last September by Mr. Wm. Heap, of Owen Sound. He had inspected these closets while in use, and found them to answer admirably, and he understood that a number were now in use in Toronto.

From G. H. Corbet, Esq., M. D., Orillia.

"ORILLIA, March 7, 1885.

"DEAR SIR,—The Dry Earth Closet furnished me by you is entirely satisfactory, supplying a long felt want and in no small degree conducive to the health and comfort of my family."

* Four of our closets were erected, and 1,128 visitors made use of them.

From N. A. Bosworth, Esq., Druggist, Stratford.

"17 Market St., STRATFORD, ONT., March 11, 1885.

"GENTLEMEN,—The commode with Urinal Separator purchased from you has been in use for some time. I find it perfectly satisfactory in every way, and a very great convenience, besides its advantage in a sanitary point of view.

(From Wm Mackie, Esq., St Lawrence Hall, Port Hope, Feb. 28, 1885).

DEAR SIR.—The five Self-acting Closets fitted with Urine Separators, which you placed in my hotel, have now been in use upwards of four months and have proved a great convenience and comfort to my guests and myself. I wish I had known about them years ago. They would have saved me much annoyance. If hotel proprietors and the general public only knew the many advantages of your system they would lose no time in doing away with abominable and unhealthy privies and adopt your Dry Earth Closets, which are simply invaluable and all you represent them to be.

From E. Playter, Esq., M. D., &c. (Sanitary Journal).

"OTTAWA, March 9, 1885.

"GENTLEMEN,—I have received the commode you sent to me in good order, and like it very much indeed. We use coal ashes with it. A child of five years, with a few words of instruction, can use it without inconvenience. We have it in an unoccupied bedroom, and there is not the slightest odor from it. The "Separator" brings the closet up to about perfection. I believe the commodes, and also the apparatus for connecting outside closets, only require to be well known to be in great demand. The universal use of such, instead of the vile and life destroying privy vaults, and a large proportion of the water closets, would prevent many premature deaths."

From D. Creighton, Esq., M. P. P., Owen Sound.

"The Self-acting Dry Earth Closet, with Urine Separator fitted up, up-stairs in my house by you, has now been in use several months, and is giving perfect convenience in the house. When the Sanitary, and other advantages of your Closets are known, I believe they will come into very general use."

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"What! Dinner not ready yet? Don't see why you can't have your work done as early as Mrs. Tucker. Her washing is all on the line."

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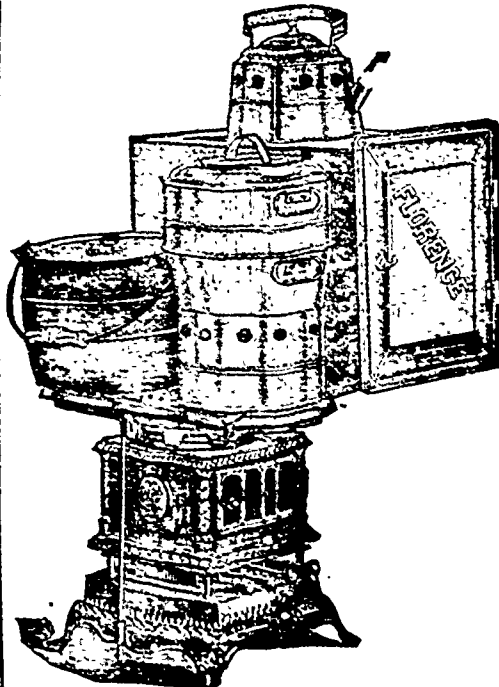
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