

CONTENTS.

JUNE 26th, 1906.

WHAT THEY SAY	Page
George Fiske's Report	7, 8
Mr. Fisher and Our Forests	
Lady Macdonald's Speech	
Mr. Chamberlain and Canadian Govern- ment	
TRUEN'S CONTRIBUTIONS	8, 9
"The Great Exhibition."—By Truett Special Correspondent	
"To Eden's House"—By R. W. Hay	
"Hullo to Samson and Jack"—By a Young Lady	
THE OBSERVATORY.—By "Observer"	9
FOUR CANADIAN HIGHWAYMEN.—Story —By Richard Collins	9, 10
HEALTH DEPARTMENT	10
YOUNG FOLK'S DEPARTMENT	10
THE FOLK'S CORNER	11
EYES THAT SPEAK.—By John Bards, Tor- onto	11
FASHION DEPARTMENT.—Illustrated	12, 13
THE HOUSEHOLD	14
TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE	15
THE BROKEN BEAN.—Story	16, 17
PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT	18, 19
"AFTER THE STORM HAS PASSED"—Novel Amusement	20
AMUSEMENTS	21
ADVERTISEMENTS	22, 23, 24

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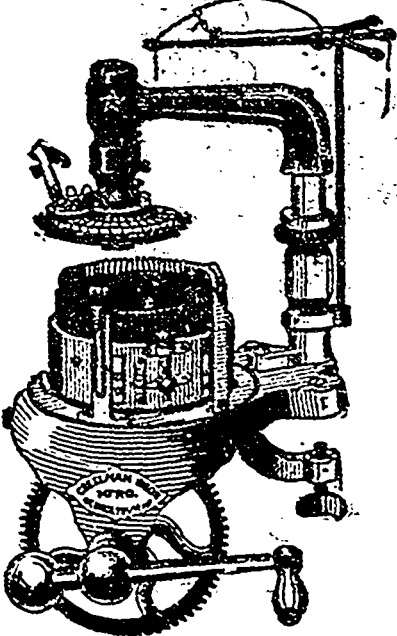
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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17th YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JUNE 26, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 290.

"TRUTH'S" WEEKLY BUDGET.

In this number of TRUTH we present a new, and what we believe will prove an exceedingly interesting department. It is styled "The Observatory," and the writing is from the pen of "Observer," whose style and reflections will speak for themselves. A new line of observations respecting social life, architecture, house decorations; the grouping and harmony of colors; personal adornment and the colors suited to certain complexions; the foibles of the snobby side of social life; and all matters generally that can interest the general reader. Certain new structures lately erected in Toronto have been animadverted upon; open grounds have been criticized, and the nomenclature of certain cottages dissected by the critic's knife. We have, as a leading editorial, a lengthy review of the progress of forestry, and we publish the second instalment of the thrilling Markham story, with a suitable engraving of the two seconds coolly arranging the "duel" over their cigars. "Bitter Sweet" is an attractive engraving of a society scene, where a young fellow, "a swifly handsome but very eccentric you know" is waiting for an introduction to a social ball. The "Health" and "Household" departments are fully stocked with useful and readable information. The "Young Folks" and "Poet's Corner" is each a nook in TRUTH where will be found sweet bits. "Musical," "Amusements," and "Selections" will all be found worth looking at. Our contributions are "The Great Exhibition" from the pen of our special correspondent describing the features and progress of the Exhibition at London, wherein Canada has such a prominent place. A most charming, vivid and cultured piece of work is "Bilbao to Zaragoza, and Back" by "A Young Lady" who has been so good as to place her pen at our disposal. "A South American City," by C. H. Fowler is a readable sketch; and "Eria's Shores," by R. W. Kay, is full of thought, colour, picturesque. Altogether there is no journal in Canada that can nearly approach TRUTH in the volume and excellence of its weekly budget.

MR. PHIPPS AND OUR FORESTS.

Of all the matters coming within the jurisdiction of our public men not one is of more importance to the material welfare of the country than that of the protection, management and propagation of our trees. Yet it is a matter about which new-world governments up to a recent period had given themselves no concern; for the politicians looked upon the trees in much the same light as the settler did, namely, as enemies. When the planter first pushed his way into the depth of the primeval forest with his axe upon his back, his business was to make war upon the trees. The cutting went on and the axeman never knew when he had gone far enough; the public was on his side in the war upon the wood; when a tempest of flame came rushing through the forest destroying hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of trees, it was considered a "fine

slight," and was a welcome spectacle if no property stood in its path.

Our good people seemed to have got it into their heads that you could no more exhaust the trees than you could bail out the ocean. Therefore when anybody raised his voice asking that some care be given to our timber stretches, the politicians took no heed; very probably they looked upon him as a crank.

But at last a pretty serious spectacle was presented to observant men; and it was, that this continent was threatened with forest extermination. Then men largely engaged in timber operations began to make representations to the United States Government, which in response granted a bureau to supervise forestry matters. At its head was Dr. Franklin B. Hough, a gentleman who brought much enthusiasm and a large knowledge of wood craft to his office.

Owing to the exertions of certain capable pens in Quebec, the administration of that Province was induced to take an interest in the question of forestry; and one of the chief acts of legislation was the creation of an Arbor Day, whereupon thousands of people assemble and plant trees. This, though a step of high importance, met but a small portion of the needs in connection with this important question.

Next came the Ontario Government with an Act creating a Forestry Branch under the supervision of the Minister of Agriculture. To the management of this Branch the Government appointed Mr. R. W. Phipps, a gentleman of unremitting energy, brilliant ability, and a wide and practical acquaintance with woodcraft. What has been done under this gentleman's tireless zeal, is well known to the country. The third annual report has been made by Mr. Phipps, and now lies before us.

In presenting this report, Mr. Phipps says:

"No question is more important to North Americans than forest preservation. It has long been said that the nobleman, and the craftsman and the soldier are alike dependent on the farmer, who feeds them all. But the farmer, in his turn, depends on the soil, and on these successions of heat and moisture, without which growth is impossible. Now, we find, by a vast body of evidence, that these conditions are not attainable in anything like so beneficial a degree—that these successions of heat and moisture do not succeed each other in a manner nearly so advantageous to agriculture when too much of the forest has been removed. We all remember the story of the gardener, who, absorbed in the desire to prune, sawed off the bough he sat upon, and broke his neck. Throughout North America, in our eager destruction of the forests, there is reason to fear that we are doing something of the same nature."

In proof of these statements Mr. Phipps produces abundant and conclusive evidence in the shape of the "Progress of Forestry this year in Ontario" Mr. Phipps says:

"Since the publication of last year's report a very important movement, in the direction of preserving our pine forests, has been made by the Government of Ontario, in offering to lumbermen to pay half the expense of a staff detailed during summer to prevent forest fires, and to make known and

enforce the provisions of the fire Act. Many lumbermen at once availed themselves of the offer, and over forty persons have been employed during the dangerous months of last summer, and there is no doubt, with very great benefit. Throughout the various Provinces and States of North America, there are excellent Forestry Associations, and much that is valuable has been written and said concerning the matter, but Ontario, by the above movement, has acquired the honor of being the first to inaugurate the practical system of forest preservation, and to place a force in the forest to carry it into effect. This action, it may be remembered, was strongly advised in last year's Forestry report.

During the year, an arbor day for the schools of Ontario, has also been instituted, and over thirty thousand trees were planted on its first occurrence. This is likely to have an excellent effect throughout the country generally, as the tree planting being accompanied by addresses on Forestry to the children, practical lessons are then learned by the children, which are likely afterwards to render effective service in the fields and forests of the Province."

But a great measure of this success, it is the simplest justice to say, is due to the personal exertions of Mr. Phipps. He has not contented himself with visiting the forests, and studying the problem of protection and propagation, and reporting upon it, but he has written innumerable letters to the provincial press pointing out the duty of one and all, and asking for co-operation. The wisdom and the great practical value of his teachings have been recognized by the press at large. We have always been glad to notice that papers opposed to everything that emanates from the Government of Mr. Mowat have had cordial words for Mr. Phipps, exertions.

In blue-books one does not expect to find literature, nor as a general rule is literary flavor necessary in the matter which such publications present. But here is a very shining exception to the rule. Mr. Phipps cannot any more part with his style than a man can dismember himself of his shadow. We perceive, however, in the report before us that the writer is not desirous of saying fine things; he has his message to deliver; his observations to offer, and the testimony of competent persons to present. These he endeavours to set forth in the most plain way; and there is not a statement made which is not upon its face wise and reasonable. But as we have said the liberal spirit infuses page after page. Mr. Phipps has visited many of the States where attention has been given to preservation, to the scattering of seed and the planting of seedlings. How warm, and vivid, and true are not the following descriptions found in the "Notes from Massachusetts":

"There is a quaint charm about these New England villages, here nestling among, there spreading boldly over, the rolling sands which border this Atlantic coast. Wooden houses, large and small, in endless variety, dot hill and dale, interspersed with many an orchard, many a waving grove of pine and oak many a pleasant road and winding lane, and not a muddy one among them, the sandy sea coast soil is all too dry for that; the rain may fall for three days, and then three hours' sunshine, you may walk where you will dry shed."

"The small village of West

is a picture western localities never exhibit. Its brightly painted wooden houses, many, oddly enough, covered with shingles instead of siding, from their strong stone foundations to their eaves; its rolling surface of grassward, where, at every doolity, wayfarer is aided by steps of mauve and time-worn granite that the pilgrims might have laid; its great fresh water ponds for loe (a contrast to our Toronto mud-bounded reservoirs), faced by firm walls of heavy stone; the embowering branches of linden and elm, trees overhead on all the roads, sleepily waving in the afternoon breeze; the quietness of all around, as if the sun rose and set ever on placidity alone, and all that interrupted the unvarying stillness was the plash and agitation of the bright sea-waves which roll up into the little harbour gay with pleasure boats, and glitter far away across the sound, through which schooner and steamer, plying between Boston and New York, continually pass, their sails white against the distant sea."

Seldom indeed is it that you find in a blue-book such writing as this.

Amongst the many valuable matters dealt with in this report—which ought to be properly circulated through the province, and indeed through the North-West Territories,—may be mentioned "Duty of preserving Forests," "Evergreen Windbreaks, and List of Appropriate Evergreens," "General functions of Forests," "Injuries caused by Loss of Forests," "Influence of the Forest on Inundations," "Suggestions for Government Assistance in procuring young Trees," "Trees as shelter to ground to the leeward," "Value of Larch as a Crop," &c. The book is full of the most valuable matter and the Dominion Government should secure several thousand copies of it for distribution among farmers and others in the North-West territories. It has a special worth for the Territories because Mr. Phipps' discusses at length the planting of wind-breaks along naked stretches; and the value that such barriers would be to man and beast along the naked prairie, it is not necessary to tell to those who have heard of the terrible blizzard. With respect to Mr. Phipps' suggestions as to how government might aid in procuring young trees, we quote his words, with the heartiest approval:

"If the trees were supplied free of cost, for say thirty plantations of five acres each, it would probably be easy to find, throughout Ontario, as many individuals willing to devote five acres each to the purpose, to plant them, and to take necessary care of the trees, that is to say, they should be planted four feet apart, each way, fenced from cattle, and have the soil worked with the cultivator for three years, sufficiently to keep down weeds, after which the young trees would shade the ground and take care of themselves. The government should mend for this purpose, soil and climate of Ontario, white pine, cherry and fourth in each plantation, fourths to be of the ash, cheap tree of easy growth, well to shade the ground, as to be cut out leaving the fourthly in possession of maturity."

Truth's Contributors.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

["TRUTH'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT."]

The great exhibition of the age, in which all the British colonies and dependencies have shown their products in London, has been opened and is now in full blast. As Artemus Ward said of the tomb of Shako spore, "It is a success." It is not merely a success—it is pronounced by those who have visited all the great international fairs to be the greatest fair the world has ever seen. As a show of scientific and mechanical inventions it does not rank with some of the great shows that have already been held; but in respect of the infinite variety of products and the thoroughness of the representation, the world has seen nothing like it. Every sea has contributed its products; every continent and every sea has manifested its features and all the isles of the sea "have laid down their gifts" at South Kensington. As one passes from court to court and notes the infinite variety of natural products—whether of the mine, the forest, the stream or the sea—and the surprising skill and the wide range of manufactures, one is brought to realize the vast extent and wonderful wealth of this empire, and at the same time to feel that these colonies have already become that "Greater Britain" which we have looked at hither only as a vision of the future.

The exhibition is a genuine surprise to nine out of ten of the Englishmen who have never visited the colonies. They say they had no idea it produced so many things they had never seen or heard of before. And above all they had no idea that the large colonies were so well advanced in manufactures as they are. This remark is especially heard with regard to Canadian manufactures; and when all the exhibits are in their places Canadian manufactures, and particularly the machinery hall, will be a leading feature of the exhibition. With all our enterprise the Canadian exhibits are in a more backward state than any of the courts. This was owing to the slowness of the steamship company at Halifax, by whom all the exhibits were shipped. However, we hope to see everything in order now in a few days and then Canadians who visit the exhibition will not be ashamed of their country in any respect. Sir Charles Tupper—whose pushing and energetic spirit ill brooks the delays that have occurred in his department—is flying about everywhere and making the best of the situation. No one knows except these who actually have a hand in the work, the difficulty of arranging the exhibits and of getting work done. Canadians can scarcely have patience with the class of workmen who come here—they are so "time enough" and so "like dumb driven cattle." Among Sir Charles' own assistants two gentlemen who deserve special commendation are Mr. E. C. Stevenson and Mr. Ira Cornwall. Mr. Cornwall, whom readers of TRUTH may know as agent in England for New Brunswick, seeing how things were, took hold with his own hands and helped not merely the exhibitors of his own Province, but everywhere he could be of use, displaying much taste in erecting the exhibits.

The attendance increases as the exhibition goes on and the reports of it are sure to bring thousands of people from all parts of Great Britain and from beyond the seas. The visitors so far have been over half a million and last Saturday the turnstiles

showed an attendance of over 40,000. An Australian sheep farmer with whom I was talking the other day told me, that on the steamer by which he came there were 200 saloon passengers bound for the show; and in the following steamer nearly 700 were booked for London. When it is known that the fares are from \$100 to \$300 you can imagine the interest taken in the exhibition by our cousins in the antipodes. More Canadians and more colonists from other quarters will visit England this year than have ever been gathered into the bosom of the mother land in her history.

The great metropolis is providing many attractions for visitors, such as military reviews, theatricals, excursions, etc. One need not be afraid of a jam as at the fetes in Canadian or American cities; for though visitors have been pouring in from the ends of the earth most parts of the city are quite unaffected by the exhibition so far, so vast is the world of London, and so great its capacity.

On the evening of the 28th May, the Canadian exhibitors gave a dinner at the Holborn Restaurant in honor of the Queen's birthday. The Marquis of Lorne—that good Canadian noble—presided, and among the guests were the Lord Mayor and several of the Commissioners for the leading colonies. The dinner was an excellent success and did the Canadians credit. The attendance on the 29th reached fully 50,000. Among the features of the day was a grand review of the Grenadier Guards and Life Guards on the parade ground of the Horse Guards, the Prince of Wales being in attendance.

TO ERIN'S SHORES.

BY R. W. KAY.

Can this be Ireland? one asks, as, rolling before a westerly breeze, the ship sights an undulating mass full of light and dark reaches. The glass reveals gray and black cliffs immovable above a sea that is here green, there dark blue. Quietly enough the ocean rises below them, pauses, then bursts in a fury of foam against their broken and channeled faces. Is it Tory Island, by any chance, and have we had the luck to hit upon the outlying rocks of the Emerald Isle that give a name to a certain political party, against which, for all we know, the people of Ireland are quietly, sullenly rising, like that big billow—there it goes!—which has just tossed a white glove of spray all in the face of the craft? The map says no; Tory Island is far to the north of Demegol, and here we are approaching Cork in the Southwest, with the Bull, Cogg, and Oalf in sight to remind us, even by the rocks off shore, that we approach a land famous for her pasture, Cape Clear far ahead, and on our left the innocent-looking leagues of Roaring Water Bay. The crew of the craft have the

PAINTER'S TOUCH OF A GREEN

that harmonious—who knows how!—with the jade of the ocean. Is this faint gray and green shore, struggling through a mist below a bank of soft, moist cloud, the land of lush meadows? White-walled, low-roofed cabins, round, important looking towers of gray stone, dumps of substantial building on which whitewash has been lavished, seem to indicate the present and the past of Ireland. The last are government buildings and prosperous; the towers belong to the period when Borey was the pet ogre of Great Britain; the cabins indicate the small importance hitherto of a class that has lately begun to know the power of the ballot. These buildings dot the seaward approaches of Cork Harbor very pleasantly,

and put in good humor the knot of passengers weary from seasickness and the ceaseless jabber of the bore. Flocks of charming white Irish gulls hover about the flagstaff on the stern, begging for a morsel of food. They must be Irish, because they speak

SUCH A STRANGE LANGUAGE,

with a soft and pathetic music in it. Why should these shore birds have turned to bog-gars when the gulls of midocean, though they follow for a hundred miles, pay no attention to the blandishments of scattered food? They are like the placemen of Ireland, whom a paternal Government, intent on ruling with as much ease and profit as possible, has taught to follow in any wake for the crumbs of office during the two centuries past. Let us hope they will prove as able as these gulls to trim their shapely wings to a stern.

There is a savage grandeur in the face that Ireland offers to the Atlantic which might better mark some untrodden island of the Antarctic. Behind the grim crags and skerries feasting like the tusks of angry boars there might seem to be regions yet more dread, mountainous tracts inhabited by giants, and other grisly beings who are overcome with difficulty by the champion in the fairy tale. It is much the same way that the Irish character appears to those who are ignorant or unsympathetic. Many Canadians, shocked by dynamite exploits and by murders for political reasons carefully retailed to all the world, may see only this side across the Atlantic. But as one nears the southern shores and notes through a glistening, impalpable

VEIL THE MARVELOUS DELICACY

of the grays and greens of the uplands, net yet clad in the rich suit of June, the fine shadows thrown by crag and wall—trees there are none—it might be thought that the land belongs to creatures less gross than mortals of ordinary make, who need but little food to sustain them, and that little gathered from the scant herbage, the gifts of the sea, the shrubs along the sunken roads. A sea voyage, even if but 10 days long, brings character out with startling relief, and of various grades, from the tourist in the saloon to the boatswain's but in the fore-castle. There is a quartermaster trusted by all, and near him a man who has shipped as able seaman with the fixed purpose of doing as little as he can to earn his wages. He is a jovial rogue, wears very high heels on his cheap gaiters, and is a far shille of 100,000 "dead beats" the world over. The steerage has a number of old and young Irish of both sexes, the intermediate saloon a number more. They have lived with us and are less demonstrative than their fellows who face the other way for the first time. Many men and women are able now to run back to Ireland for a few months on a visit. Here is a young woman who is beside herself at the sight of a herd of cattle. I examine these animals carefully, but see no difference in them from other cows, but to my fellow-passenger no such beasts can be elsewhere found. It is not my eyes that fail me; the trouble is in the heart. They graze on Irish soil,

THEY ARE BLESSED BEASTS

to her, and the poor girl's eyes fill with tears of delight. Here is old Dennis O'Rourke, 70 years of age, coming back after 38 years of absence, very volatile as soon as he finds out you are a Canadian, that is to say, not disposed to put on airs with an "intermediate," very fragile, very degenerate, never rudo. He fears the extreme Nation alists will ruin everything by an outburst if there be the least hitch in the measures concocted by Gladstone and Parnell. He

every other accountable Irishman so far met utterly accepts the idea of separation from Great Britain, but agrees that the next 10 years will change things completely on the island. He takes less intelligent looking Irishmen and Scotchmen aside and harangues on the infiquity of the land laws. Sometimes he is unwary and talks theology. The other day he found himself confronted by a Mormon, and discovered that no less than 17 of that interesting sect were on the ship. Caught talking sound Catholic theology to a Mormon! "What are so many Mormon men going out for?" "And what should it be but to get a lot more women?" The Mormons read their own books diligently, and can be often told by their farmerlike look, broad faces, and shaven upper lips.

But here are slipping by such capes, with obligatory lighthouses, as Cape Clear, Gally Head, Seven Heads, the Old Head, and the harbor of Kinsale, and behold the opening of Cork Harbor, with the two high-lying fortresses where it is narrowest and a fine panorama of islands and stretches of bay and ocean all around. It reminds one of the scenery of Fandy Bay on a larger scale. As the tender makes for Queenstown the beauty of the cove begins to show, but it is not till one lands and reaches the heights above the small town that the full levelness of the combination of farmland, city, fortress, islands, bays, and ocean, reveal itself. There is an arched passage that brings the main street from the upper to the lower town direct to the quays, where the emigrants embark. Unpretending as it is, this graystone arch is the outlet for all that flood of laborers in every field which has done marvels for Canada, has done harm along with more good. At the quay the bread tugs crammed with men and women, mostly young. A green cap or a bright yellow bonnet appears in the mass. Brown, red, blue, and yellow kerchiefs are brandished as sticks. Some carry a shamrock, others a palm of Palm Sunday in their hats. Old and young women on the quay sob quietly; old men wipe their eyes. The tug moves, and from the dense mass of humanity comes

A HIGH SPIRIT CALL,

not exactly a wall, yet sad, all the same. Only one man acts like the characteristic Irishman; he is bareheaded, brandishes a stick, and strikes up a song. Another calls out, "Good-bye, Old Ireland!" "God bless her!" cries another. "We'll soon have a home of our own beyond there!" cries a third. And so, with tears and trembling, but not so unhappily as once, these stalwart and intelligent-looking men and girls set their faces toward the great black steamer that rides grimly beyond the island and the water martyrs sacrificed for "the cause."

COYS OF CORK, Ireland.

BILBAO TO ZARAGOZA AND BACK.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

On Monday morning the 19th of April L. and A. and I, with Françoise carrying the baggage, rode to Bilbao by the 6 o'clock train. After a cup of coffee and bun each, we went to the station and the 8 30 train for Madrid. I had a 3rd class but I had to sit in the 2nd class as the 3rd class people as fellow travellers. Bilbao, the railroad runs to the river which is the bay, and across the bay is a substantial bridge. The view was very pretty. The pasture land between the towns is

Orduna, the scenery became more mountainous and wild. Orduna is a small but fertile town situated at the entrance to a large concha or basin shaped valley round which the railway runs in a gradual ascending curve, until it leaves the concha about a third of a mile from where it entered, after having made a circle of 8 1/2 miles and having risen about 600 feet; the rocks round this valley are very high and perpendicular, and make a most perfect circle except for that third of a mile. The Nervion rises in the mountains near this valley, and

FALLS OVER A PERPENDICULAR ROCK forming a beautiful cascade of 220 feet in height. We saw this at a favorable time, previous rains having added power and volume to the leaping torrent. After leaving the valley, we passed through the grandest mountain scenery I ever imagined; the railroad constantly winding and at the same time ascending rapidly. We passed over the top of the waterfall of Altaba, which is 600 feet high. Just above us was a rock which forms an almost perfect representation of a monk's head and shoulders, with the hood of his cloak pushed off his head and resting on his back. It is called the *Fruite*, or in English the *Friar*. Miranda reached, we refreshed ourselves with the ever-ready and delicious coffee and then started afresh for our terminus. The country now appears to be almost entirely cultivated for vines, and every possible and often almost inaccessible places were planted. Sometimes, part way up a stony bare hillside one would see a field or two of vines. These grown here are not the climbing vines, but small creepers, which, however, bear profusely. They are planted in rows like so many turnips, not at all my idea of vineyards. Gradually the vineyards gave way to olive yards, and as we went on the scene became very monotonous. The soil appeared to consist mainly of mud, and seems to indicate a comparatively recent emergence from a subaqueous state. The country was very flat, with villages here and there of mud houses, mud walls and fences, and a mud church.

OLIVE YARDS, ROWS OF POPLARS, threatening floods, mud villages, and dry beds became tedious with frequent repetition. At Cantzon we had to wait a while, and as soon as we started again, we settled ourselves to sleep, but were soon roused by our fellow travellers, who had passed their pigskin of wine round so often that they began to feel merry. They had entertained us some time before, by singing some of their church hymns and litanies, but now they sang national songs, accompanying them with dancing and all sorts of gesticulation.

From that time till we reached Zaragoza were kept wide awake watching them. At 10.16 p.m. we arrived at Zaragoza and were very glad to get into an omnibus and drive to the Europa Hotel. Next morning we first got a general view of the city from across the wide bridge over the Ebro, the prominent objects being the two cathedrals, the leaning tower, archbishops' palaces, and the tall, quaintly built houses with their red tiled roofs. Re-entering the city by the Puerta del Angel we went into the cathedral of La Seo. Inside there was a beautiful religious light, partly from the windows being so high, and partly from the gilding around was of the most beautiful figures could be seen. The altars and a fountain were illuminated by candles, and the music was, the voice of the choir, then the recitation of the psalms, and during the office, the organ played in a low

miner key. After passing round the cathedral just looking at the numerous small chapels or shrines as we went, we passed in front of the high altar. The retablo of this altar is alabaster most beautifully and elaborately carved. The traverse or opposite of choir is richly ornamented in stucco-relief illustrating scenes from the lives of the saints. One story is that a young child martyr, an acolyte, was crucified for his faith in Christ, during one of the early persecutions and that his

BODY WAS THROWN INTO THE RIVER, where it floated, until some pious Christian brought it ashore and in triumphal procession to this church where he was buried and an altar raised over him. In this altar are shown the swords which are said to have been used in the martyrdom of San Pedro Abues in 1490. We left La Seo for breakfast at 11, and after breakfast visited the other cathedral of El Pilar. The exterior appearance of this is very brilliant, the roof consisting of several domes of bright colored tiles—blue, green, yellow and white. The inside is on the whole poor and the decorations tawdry; one altar was beset with a number of wax models of arms, legs, heads, eyes, &c., as thankofferings for the cure of disease in these specific parts. The cathedral takes its name from a tradition that on the spot it now stands, the Virgin once descended from heaven upon a pillar, which pillar is enclosed in a grand altar, except one small portion which is left exposed to receive the kiss of the faithful. Many performed this devotion while we were there and the stone is much worn with constant kissing. Unfortunately the choir, which is richly carved in bas-relief, was shut off, by scaffolding and the retablo of the high altar, was curtained during repairs, so that the only things worth seeing were not visible. Into the daylight again, we walked on to the Torre Nueva, as the leaning tower is called, entered and climbed its 270 steps to the top. A magnificent view lay below and about us, the winding river fertilizing vine and olive yards, the pasturelands and in the far distance the shadowy Pyrenees. The town itself is a very picturesque sight, with its narrow and tortuous street

THICKLY CLUSTERED RED ROOFED HOUSES, with their open garrets and balconies in every possible place, and its numerous churches. Leaving the town we went outside the city walls again to see a Moorish castle—the Aljaferia. It is a large square building in good condition, and now used as a barracks. As we were not allowed to enter it without a special permit, we saw no further and returned to the city where our next visit was to an old family mansion. It was built in a quadrangle shape with a small courtyard within, upon which the windows and doors opened, and a staircase leading to an upper gallery which we much admired, it being highly decorated with artistic work and carved balustrade. From thence we went to the convent of Santa Eogracia, which suffered severely from the French in 1808, a richly carved white marble front and gateway only being left. Also the crypt which is now used as the church, and where the saint is buried with other holy martyrs whose relics are fondly exhibited. During the evening A. went to the Protestant Mission room where a prayer-meeting was being held and was attended by about 40 persons. These meet with considerable opposition but persevere in hope, and during the annual fair actually sell bibles and testaments at a stall in the open street. Next day, Wednesday, the church

of San Pablo was first visited, in which we remarked, as we had done in the cathedrals the ugly and sometimes ludicrous faces of even the altar images. In many cases these images are ordinary wax dolls, such as children play with, dressed in gorgeous fashion and not forgetting a lace-edged handkerchief. We were

DEFT ON SKIN NO ALL WE COULD in our short stay in the city, and the same morning saw us at La Langa, or the Exchange, built in 1551. The caves are very prettily ornamented with stucco work. The inside of one large saloon, with two rows of five pillars and a raised dais at one end. The ceiling is rather like that of La Seo, stucco with gilt roses and wheels. We then revisited La Seo to inspect at leisure its many objects of interest. This time the baptism of a child, 24 hours old, was about to proceed, and L. and I went near to see the ceremony. Presently the priest came up, and imagine our dismay at being addressed by him in the most persuasive tones. Then and there he urged our entrance into the Roman fold, and pleaded how he "would enjoy baptizing us into the true church," as he was about to do for the infant. This of course in Spanish, which both L. and A. speak. At last A., who had been standing apart, but listening to L.'s arguments against the old priest, came up and soon silenced the old man, who not being able to state when and where it was Jesus said "All who remain outside the Holy Catholic Church shall go to hell!" turned the subject, and then began to think of the poor little baby who was waiting all this time. There was quite a small congregation by this time, who laughed and seemed to enjoy the discussion immensely. The baptismal ceremony is very curious. The priest, at the gate of the baptistry put

SALT ON THE INFANT'S TONGUE, then led it up to the font, its face being covered by the end of his stole. At the font he crossed its ears, throat, mouth, forehead and back of neck with oil and then poured about a sauciful of water over the crown of its head, after which he declared it to be a member of The Church. We then left La Seo and went to the church of Santiago, which is said to be built on the very spot where St. James lodged when on his way through Spain, A. D. 40. At 4 the next morning we were up and soon after to the station to start for Pamplona. In our carriage were some country folks who were highly interested in A's map of the district which he explained the use of. The opera glasses were also a novelty to them, and caused much wonder. An interesting conversation was started, and religious topics coming uppermost, L. and A. were nothing loath to turn it to good account, the idea prevailing among the uneducated class as to what Protestants are and believe, being most ridiculous and stupid. A pleasant spirit prevailed while an animated argument was kept up and at the end, A. gave them a New Testament in Spanish, which they seemed pleased to accept. We arrived at Pamplona at about 2 o'clock and after dinner went round the town, which was strongly fortified. It has been the scene of a good many battles and sieges both in the Peninsular and Carlist wars. The cathedral is a pretty little place, though much spoiled by the really hideous facade images. The streets are narrow, dirty and steep, the shops very poor. We walked on the walls from which we obtained an extensive view of a flat country dotted with a number of small hills at whose summit was generally built a fort or small citadel; but as all buildings about here are formed with mud

bricks, we could hardly distinguish them from the surrounding country. Olive yards with the trees, apparently growing out of water, owing to recent rain and heavy clay and mud soil. The small hills, with their mud colored forts and a river winding between the hills made a more curious than picturesque landscape. When speaking of the cathedral, I forgot to mention that the sacristan took us, at our request, into the sacristy and showed us some of the bishop's robes, which were embroidered so thickly and elaborately in gold as to be quite stiff; also a solid silver canopy used to carry over the Virgin's effigy when taken through the streets in procession, and a large golden crucifix for a similar purpose. Then he took us into the cloisters, which I thought the most romantic and lovely spot I ever saw. An open square, in which flourished in the richest profusion, lilacs, roses, elderberries and other flowering shrubs, all round a covered walk under which were the tombs of ecclesiastics for centuries back, all so perfectly secluded and out of the world, so cool and tranquillizing, the influence of the place, so old fashioned and dreamlike its features, that if some of the old bishops buried there had risen and begun strolling around, one would hardly have felt astonishment. In the evening we saw the curious little church of St. Ignacius Loyola. The walls are nearly covered with immense paintings representing the chief incidents in Loyola's life. Next morning the 4 o'clock train carried us to Alsasua, which we reached at 6, after experiencing the only disagreeable company in the whole journey. A train

CROWDED WITH RECRUITS AND SOLDIERS off their term of years and just going home, is a place. Oh the noise—shouting, screaming, singing, dancing, jumping, thumping the seats, shaking the doors, playing on all sorts of instruments; 40 of these men were in our compartment. At Alsasua our train forward was 2 hours late, yet the officials seemed to take it as a matter of course despatching at the end of that time an engine to seek for it. Presently the engine returned with the missing train which had stopped midway between Alsasua and the next station, its engine failing, and had waited patiently till some one should look them up. Two priests were our company the rest of the way to Bilbao, which we reached so late at night as to miss the last tram home, so we hired a coach and pair and drove home in grand style, astonishing Francisca and our neighbors, who missing us by the last tram, had gone to bed. Thus ended a most enjoyable trip.

HALIFAX, N. S.

A Pretty Story About Miss Folsom. A pretty story, if one could believe it, is told by the Paris correspondent of a Vienna paper. A short time ago a *matinee musicale* was given by the Duchess Lamotte, and among the guests was the charming bride elect of President Cleveland, then in Paris completing her trousseau. The young lady was the object of many marks of distinction, the high aristocracy surrounded her, and there was much talk of her position. One lady, the daughter-in-law of the Duchess de Perigny, condescended with Miss Folsom because she would have no title as the wife of a republican President. "All would be well, only you will have no title," said she; "you will only be called Mrs. Cleveland." "But that name is only for strangers," was the answer of the fair American; "the President has for intimacy conferred upon me a very particular title." Everybody looked up curiously, and blushing deeply, Miss Folsom added, "He calls me—his darling. Can a wife desire a better title?" The hostess embraced her amiable guest, remarking, "You are right, and you appear to me as if you would keep the title to the end of your life."

THE OBSERVATORY.

THE OBSERVER, WITHOUT UNMASKING, GIVES US A BIT OF HISTORY—HIS OBSERVATIONS ON ARCHITECTURE—THE NEW BANK OF MONTREAL—A NEW PINK HOUSE ON JARVIS STREET—NOMENCLATURE OF RESIDENCES.

BY OBSERVER.

New that summer has come with its birds and green-leaves, I am able to be out once again. I have nothing in particular to do save to observe the many things going on around me; so if TRUTH will permit I shall be glad to give its readers sketches of some of the odd things and curious characters that I come across in my incessant rounds. I am always moving; and while Toronto happens to be my dwelling place, I am for ever in the streets. But the limits of the age set no bounds to me; and I am frequently to be seen in the express, a picturesque smoking cap upon my head, my limbs languidly disposed across the opposite seat, my gold headed pencil in my white and taper fingers. In order to be more readily able to make my way straight to the fair maiden's heart, I "put an eye-glass in my ocular," through which I can read the most hidden secrets of the human heart. The wandering wind that coos in the ear of the apple blossom is not more constantly astir than I; and its range of travel is hardly less wide. Therefore my observations shall not be confined to this regal city of the west; but I sometimes shall take a skip to the burnt Vancouver, or the "very English" town of Halifax. I do not care, as a rule, to obtain my personal peculiarities upon people's notice; and above all I do not care to talk about myself; but as I shall have so many things to tell the readers of TRUTH, so many observations to make, some of which will please, many of which must sting, I think it proper that I should give some faint clue to my own peculiar self. Shams I hate, and I shall hunt them down with relentless hate; religion I reverence, simply because it makes men and women better; the politicians generally I despise because they are not good men, and mostly stupid; pretty girls I admire above all other things that the Creator hath made, and next to these a well-bred, well-kept horse. A beautiful woman and a beautiful horse are the two most perfect living things of creation. Now I am a very dangerous person to be let loose in the columns of a public journal; for I am very popular in social life; I have watched its phases and its leading actors, and I know a good deal. To personalities I shall not descend, but I shall use individuals and actual persons to "point my moral and adorn my tale." Bowing my masked head I therefore beg to tell you something about some recent specimens of modern Toronto architecture.

Now when Bartholdi, the sculptor of the Statue of Liberty, came to New York to locate a site whereon to erect the modern wonder of the world, he did not go poking about among the giant edifices of the City; but selecting a piece of desolate ground he set it there. At once it stood out as the wonder of the world. Had he put it beside some huge stone structure, it would have been dwarfed by the contrast. Now the tasteful person who decided as to the stature of the Bank of Montreal building, situated on the corner of Yonge and Front Streets, may have authority, but I am sure that he has no taste. I am equally certain that he is proud of the building, and says, "O, so old-country looking, you know." I beg his pardon and tell him that it looks like a Dutch frau-

sawed off at the hips. The ugly brick piles, that have the honor of being its neighbours, dwarf it to the limit of the contemptible. It is a pity that all the money, so much fine material, and such marked skill of detail should have been so utterly squandered from the standpoint of art and the congruous. If there is any inclined to disbelieve me, I have only to ask that he will go and take another look at the squat stone Dutch-woman.

As I have my mind upon the subject of architecture, I may as well finish all that I have to say. I was walking up Jarvis Street some days ago, and my attention was attracted by two or three houses built I think of the pink stone of the Credit Valley. This is a rich and at the same time quiet-toned stone to build with, but touched with vulgarity much of its delicate grandeur is lost. I have one new untenanted house in my eye, and its owner I do not know. But whoever he is he wanted "something new and swell in the way of doors," as I suppose he expressed it. Therefore instead of setting his door in the front of the house, he put it upon the corner so as to exactly resemble a spider-trap bar-room set upon a street corner. Let us hope that as this sort of doorway is the first upon Jarvis Street, that so will it be the last. An honest, wide doorway facing you from the house front has an air of open armed invitation about it. But imagine snubbing off the angle, one of the great beauties of the house, and setting a door in the hypobothemus.

One more with respect to the grounds has about dwellings. The "fashion" crept into Toronto to leave extensive boulevards and gardens without paling or wall. This may suit some good people's taste, but it doesn't commend itself to mine. Privacy, freedom from the public gaze I had always regarded as the chief pleasure of social existence; but the open, staring boulevard or tennis lawn is simply an exhibition ground. The "fashion" has been set for some of our folk by certain persons across the border who went into the lumber woods with rough homespun, and came out mil lionsaires.

As a rule the taste displayed by Toronto folk in the erection of houses and cottage nomenclature is very good. I like "The Pines," "Elm Crest," "Clever Hill," "Grave Lawn," "Chestnut Park," "Shrewsbury Lodge" &c. &c.; but walking at a resort not a thousand miles from Toronto, a retreat where to some of our people, are now summering, I saw something which set me thinking. Now any body who has any acquaintance with the Italian language or with the foreign literature placed in the back of all decent dictionaries knows that the phrase *dolce far niente* is untranslatable English. It is an idiomatic phrase for which there is no idiomatic or even ordinary English equivalent. But take one of the words off and loose it in Italian meaning likewise, and become absurd. Well, staring across the front of a cool, cosy and otherwise tasty and artistic summer residence are these words, "Far Niente." Mark you the "Dolce" is left out! Supposing the Italians had in the back of their dictionaries the proverb "Misery loves Company"; and some sweet Italian Miss comes in and says "O paint de English motto on ze door ov ze chumier house "Misery-Loves." Misery loves would hold the same relationship to the phrase as Far Niente does to the Italian one; would have just as much meaning in Italian as in English. I shall make a new excursion in my next.

No man is born into the world whose work is born with him.

Wasn't Particular About Wages.

Year before last a bright-looking young man entered our counting-room in response to an advertisement for an assistant shipping clerk. He told the usual tale of how he desired a position more than wages for the time being, and was willing to accept a nominal salary to start in on. The old man was feeling in particularly good humor that afternoon, and said pleasantly to the newcomer:—

"Well, sir, what would you consider a nominal salary? What would you be willing to accept in beginning?"

The young man poked at the lining of his hat with his fingers, and deferentially replied:—

"I want to show you, sir, that I mean business, and I will work for one cent the remainder of this month, providing you think it would not be too much to double my salary each month thereafter."

"That's a novel proposition, surely," said the old man with a smile. Do you know what you're talking about, my dear boy?"

"Well, sir, my principal aim is to learn the business," responded the young fellow, "and I would be almost willing to work for nothing, but I'd like to feel and be able to say that I was earning something, you know."

"I'll take you," remarked the old man "One cent, two cents, four cents, eight, sixteen," he enumerated. "You won't get much for a while," he added.

He took him up to the cashier. "This is John Smith," he said. "He will go to work as assistant shipping clerk tomorrow. His salary will be one cent this month. Double it every month from now on."

"In consideration of my working for this small salary I might ask you to assure me a position for a definite period?" inquired John Smith.

"We don't usually do that," replied the governor; "but we can't loose much on you, anyhow, I guess, and you look like an honest fellow. How long do you want the employment?"

"Three years, sir, if agreeable to you."

Well, by Jove, the old man agreed, and Mr. Smith, on pretence of wanting some evidence of stability of his place, got the governor to write out and sign a paper, that he had been guaranteed a position in the house for three years on the terms I have stated.

He worked along for six months without drawing a cent. He said he would draw all his earnings at Christmas. The cashier one day thought he'd figure up how much would be coming to the young man. He grew so interested in the project that he kept multiplying for the three years. The result almost staggered him. This is the column of figures he took to the old man: First month, .01; second, .02; third, .04; fourth, .08; fifth, .16; sixth, .32; seventh, .64; eighth, \$1.28; ninth, \$2.56; tenth, \$5.12; eleventh, \$10.24; twelfth, \$20.48; thirteenth, \$40.96; fourteenth, \$81.92; fifteenth, \$163.84; sixteenth, \$327.68; seventeenth, \$655.36; eighteenth, \$1,311.72; nineteenth, \$2,623.54; twentieth, \$5,247.08; twenty first, \$10,494.16; twenty-second, \$20,988.32; twenty third, \$41,976.64; twenty-fourth, \$83,953.28; twenty-fifth, \$167,906.56; twenty sixth, \$335,813.12; twenty-seventh, \$671,626.24; twenty-eighth, \$1,343,252.48; twenty-ninth, \$2,686,504.96; thirtieth, \$5,373,009.92; thirty-first, \$10,746,019.84; thirty second, \$21,492,039.68; thirty third, \$42,984,079.36; thirty-fourth, \$85,968,158.72; thirty fifth, \$171,936,317.44; thirty sixth, \$343,872,634.88; total salary for three years, \$5,354,253.65.

The governor nearly fainted when he understood how, even if he was twice as rich as Vanderbilt, he would be ruined in paying John Smith's salary. He concluded to discharge the modest young man at once. Smith had figured up how much would be due him, and reminded the old man of his written agreement. Rather than take chances in courts and let everybody know how he had been duped, the governor paid Smith \$5,000

and bade him good-by. I've heard he tried the same dodge in several other places.

THROUGH THE ROOKIES.

Condition of the Canadian Pacific Line in the Mountains.

Mr. H. Abbott, general superintendent of the C. P. R., has arrived from a tour of inspection through the Rocky Mountains. He left Donald, B. C., Friday the 14th of May, and the train came west within two and one-half miles of the summit of the Selkirk range, where a hand-car was taken to the summit. From six to eight feet of snow was on the level on the summit for about half a mile, where a slide had occurred. West of the summit there was a depth of from two to three feet of snow for three miles, which gradually diminished until it entirely disappeared about five miles from the summit. He walked two and one-half miles across the "loop," the track wending at this point into two long loops, increasing the two and one-half miles distance in a straight line to five tortuous miles. This is the only portion of the road that was not gone over, an earth slide at the lower end of the loop preventing connection through from Donald to Farwell. The slide is probably removed by this time. At the end of the loop an engine was in waiting to convey Mr. Abbott to Farwell.

Where snow slides have occurred they have filled the cuts with snow. This has caused in part the delay in running trains through. Owing to there being no men employed in repairing the track through the winter and spring months, the freshets from the hills have in many places washed out small portions of the roadbed, but on the whole Mr. Abbott states that the damage sustained is trifling, and a short time only will be occupied in making the track ready for the running of trains. For a mile and a half west of Farwell, where the bed was built of bad material, the track has been rendered impassable. This is the only section, Mr. Abbott says, that was not fit for traffic when he visited it. When railway work suspended last November no station buildings or tank houses had been constructed, but a large force of carpenters are now at work erecting these. About 1200 men are employed in the mountains, and 700 more are on the way. Mr. Abbott is confident that regular trains can be run, unless some unforeseen event in the meantime occurs to prevent, on or before the 1st of July.

The contract has been awarded to the California Bridge Co. for the erection of a steamship wharf in front of the property recently placed on the market at Victoria by the C. P. R. This will be 1000 feet in length, constructed of wood. Work on the wharf will be commenced on the 1st of June. The offices are now being erected. They will be of wood.

The machine shops, round houses, etc., which will be of brick, will be placed on the English bay side of False creek, where it is well known that the company have 5,000 acres of land. The site is now being cleared for these, and Mr. Abbott is anxious to commence their erection at once and complete them before the rainy season sets in. They will be the principal workshops of the company west of Winnipeg, and will employ a large number of men.

The hotel ground, on the most prominent part of the old Granville reserve, is about clear, and the contract for excavation let the other day. The foundation and brickwork will be proceeded with as soon as the material can be procured, bricks now being manufactured for the purpose. Besides the terminal buildings, Mr. Abbott is also clearing two villa lots for the purpose of placing a handsome residence thereon. This will be a bluff commanding a fine view of the bay and inlet. A C. P. R. steamship will run from the terminus to Victoria.

Careful of this He...

"See here," said the stranger who was making a free lunch counter, "ain't anything to drink?"
"Nop, I guess not," the stranger, with his mouth full of pickled beets, said.
"It mornin' I was reading liquor effects the coating and eventually destroys it. don't propose to get me, if I can help it."

FOUR CANADIAN HIGHWAYMEN;

—OR—

THE ROBBERS OF MARKHAM SWAMP.

A STORY OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN FOR "TRUTH" BY EDMUND COLLINS.

Author of "Annette, the Metis Spy," "The Story of Louis Riel," "Nancy, the Light-Keeper's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER III. THE DUEL.

On the following morning, Gray, accompanied by his second, rode away towards the place of meeting. The sun had not risen but the eastern arc of the horizon was suffused with deep crimson which terminated in a rosy pink. A small hollow running at right angles to the Dun, and known at that time as Sleepy Gulch was the place chosen for the encounter. As the two men reached the mouth of this gulch they perceived the opposite party upon the brow of the hill. A second or two later another horseman appeared in sight. This was the medical gentleman.

The combatants met, and Roland bowed haughtily to Mr. Ham. To Drummond he said simply:

"Good morning, sir." Harland took his friend aside for a moment. There was a look of mingled disgust and merriment in his face.

"Merciful heaven," he said, "look at the size of our friend Ham."

"I have noticed it," replied our hero with a contemptuous curl of his lip.

"I firmly believe he has half the bed-clothes of his establishment wrapped about him," Roland interrupted.

"Proceed with business, Mr. Harland." That gentleman walking up to Mr. Drummond said,

"I wish a word with you—Is your master indisposed?"

"He declares that he took a violent cold, and has been suffering of a fever all night."

"I am very sorry; at the same time I must point out to you the propriety of at once requesting him to unwrap that we may proceed. You are aware, I presume, of the quantity and denomination of the apparel for such an occasion." Drummond joined the bulky Mr. Ham; and it was noticed as he conversed that that gentleman turned from his morning pallor to a positive yellow. He at first seemed to refuse; but at last with a cry much like the low whine of a terrified animal he began to take off his wraps. In doing this he turned his back upon the other party.

"You will pardon me gentlemen," Harland said as he stepped to the front; "but I believe I have the right under such extraordinary circumstances to abrade myself here."

"What do you mean, sir? How dare you come here?" cried Mr. Ham in his fear and impotent rage.

"To see that you are dressed properly, Mr. Ham. If you will permit it the medical gentleman here will decide whether upon such a windless, sunny morning you require all this raiment. At least you will require all this leather he exclaimed."

"I drew out a huge piece which had fitted me as to cover the entire front of my horse's body down to the hips. "You need not consider wraps of this sort necessary for a man with a cold, do you doctor?"

"Ham asked, turning to the medical gentleman.

"No; I have not during my practice prescribed such remedies for colds," the doctor replied, "but a humming, twinkle in his eye."

"Mr. Ham was a most pitiful specimen as his friend perceived from a horse blanket."

"Ham's remarks against added to the doctor's had provided him with a good deal of amusement."

"Mr. Drummond," Ham said, "I am sorry to see you on my side out and out."

"I know. We could not do otherwise," Ham replied.

"I hope you will be able to help me through this," Ham said. "Mr. Drummond has just got me one in fifteen minutes."

"I replied, Harland,

"this would be absurd." The thing will be all over in three minutes."

"But it would keep me warm going home."

"For only three minutes longer," however, "Harland" said, addressing the second. "But," he added, "it might be"—and here stopped short with the manifest intention of torturing the cowardly wretch. It was noticed by Roland that Ham was constantly casting his eyes up the hollow as if expecting somebody. At last a thought flashed upon him.

"Mr. Harland, I believe that craven has notified the officers of justice, and that he expects them to come and break up the affair. Let us therefore proceed. He may

"My pistol will carry at least a hundred yards; I drove a ball through an inch board with her yesterday. Why not make it, say, eighty paces?"

"Because Mr. Drummond," Harland replied, "my fifteen paces is 'poltroon distance,' and besides, our pistols do not carry effectively more than twenty paces. We will not, however, under any circumstances fight on 'poltroon distance.'"

"I agree," replied Mr. Drummond.

"Now then, gentlemen, take your places." The doctor whispered to Roland: "Is it fair, quite, to fight him when he says that you are a crack shot, and that he has never fired?"

"He lies, doctor; it is the other way. I learn that from childhood he has been firing at all sorts of things with pistols; and I have never fired a pistol shot in my life."

"Your places, gentlemen," cried Drummond, Roland was already at his post; but his opponent was not yet upon his ground.

"Why this unseemly haste?" he gasped.

"I am so unsteady by my illness, that I am really not in a position yet to take my ground." Harland spoke a word or two to Drummond, and then said in a voice distinct and audible to all:

"If after I call three Mr. Ham is not upon his ground the affair shall be declared off. My other alternative will then be in order. One, two."

"Hold, hold I'm coming," groaned the coward, as he took his place.



ARRANGING THE DUEL.

keep on the remainder of his wraps. No delay; measure off the ground." The two seconds then measured off fifteen paces, and stopped.

"Not such a short distance as that?" shrieked Mr. Ham.

"Why, I thought your friend never fired except with a shot-gun at crows?" Harland observed.

"But it appears that he is a crack-shot. And so generous, too; since the greater distance is intended no doubt for the safety of Mr. Gray." This was said in a tone just loud enough to be heard by all the rest.

"Ask Mr. Ham what distance he would propose—I have no objection to the inquiry."

"What distance would you propose, Mr. Ham?" inquired the second.

"Now, gentlemen, your backs to each other," said Harland. "I shall count one, two, three, and at the end of the last count each man shall wheel and fire."

"If I fall I shall have you proceeded against, Drummond—you are in a conspiracy to murder a sick man."

"I did not know that Mr. Ham was an Irishman," chimed in Harland.

"One!"

"Oh!" groaned the respectable Mr. Ham.

"Two—three!" Simultaneously with the word "three" there was a pistol shot. The gentlemanly Mr. Ham had fired. Before he could see the result of his shot, Gray, who had turned promptly at the word, fired; and with a frightful yell Mr. Ham fell to the earth, and lay there. The doctor ran up, and putting the fingers of his

left hand upon the fellow's wrist, with the other made search for the wound.

"Here it is; you have shot him in the left side."

"Do you think it is fatal?" Roland asked composedly.

"I cannot say; but I really have little hope otherwise." It was hard to weigh the value of this statement. It was decidedly an equivocal one.

"I would most certainly advise you to get out of the way, Mr. Gray. He seems to have no pulse. By the way, are you hit?"

"Yes."

"Good God, where?" He pointed to his breast; and to the horror of Harland blood was oozing through his waistcoat.

"Let me attend to you," the doctor, who had the heartiest sympathy for our hero, cried, springing up.

"No; you must attend to him. Besides, as I expected, here come the officers, goodbye." In a moment he was upon his horse, and galloping across the stubble-tatches and clearing the make fences that divided field from field, like a bird. The magistrates and two constables, for such were the officials that comprised the interrupting party, no sooner saw Roland in flight, than they turned in pursuit at a rate of speed equal to his own, and called upon him to surrender. He made no reply.

"Then, men, fire upon him," the magistrate shouted. One of the constables raised his carbine and fired.

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CHAPTER IV. TO THE EDGE OF MARKHAM SWAMP.

"Swish-h-h" went the clump, slung past Roland's ear. He grasped his revolver; and the recollection of the moment was to stand at bay and fight the churls. But a reflection not occupying the hundredth part of a second showed him that such a course was not to be thought of. His antagonist had fallen; but this was only a *crime of honour*. To shoot the Queen's officers would be a vulgar felony. So he kept upon his course, confident in the settle of his noble horse who with nostrils distended, and neck thrust out, would now lay back one ear and now another, as if to listen to the progress of the pursuers.

At last our hero reached the road, which now lay along a level country skirted on one side by pine groves, and upon the other by the recently-harvested fields. Turning in his saddle he perceived that while he had distanced two of his pursuers, the third, the fellow with the blunder-buss was gaining slightly upon him. He noticed also that the officer was engaged as the horse galloped along in putting another charge into his weapon. About fifteen minutes more of fierce riding followed; and although Roland's horse showed no signs of exhaustion the pursuing beast which was taller in limb and more lithe was remorselessly, though slowly, lessening the distance. The road now began to sink into a valley, and thick forest grew upon either side. Roland's pursuer was not more than fifteen paces behind, when the fugitive heard a scuffling sound. He but too well divined what it was; and the next moment his horse fell to the road, struck by the slugs from the pursuer's carbine.

"It is as well," muttered our hero, as he sprang away from the gasping beast. The next moment he had disappeared in the dense, dark wood. Ah! how sheltering, how kindly, seemed that sombre sanctuary, with its dark grey tufts beneath his feet, and the thick, dark green branches of the fir and pine! The gloomy back-ground seemed to invite him further into the heart of its shade and silence. No bird whistled through the glaucous green of this silent, majestic wood; nor was there any treacherous bramble to crackle beneath his feet. For upon this chill, grey carpet no flood of sunshine ever came to coax tiny sprays out of the ground; and the layers of fine needles, or tufts of dank, sunless moss were soft and silent as down under his tread. The stately trees grew far enough apart to allow him to move with considerable speed, and after he had satisfied himself that he was beyond the sight of his pursuers, he changed his course and proceeded in a direction almost opposite to that by which he had come.

He believed that such a move could not fail to elude the silent hounds who would suppose that he continued his flight directly away from the scene of his offense. In a little while he secured his pace down to a walk; and shortly afterwards he sat down

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In the sombre solitude of the trees to ponder his situation.

Full well he knew that before the set of sun nearly every inhabitant of the county of York would hear of the deed; and that a hue-and-cry would be speedily raised by the officers of the law.

It is true that duelling was at this period as much in vogue in general circles as it was in England; yet the victor in an affair across the water had no difficulty in slipping away from the scene of his offense, and in passing across the Channel. Here he remained for a decent season; and when he returned, the law in deference to its toleration of the Code of Honour, shut its eyes. Friends of the vanquished never, or hardly ever, instituted proceedings.

But in the colonies it was different. Codliness had taken a deeper hold in the soil; the Puritans of New England, who in their zeal had burnt old old women because they were guilty of sorcery, had much to say in correcting morals, and removing evil. The dual they considered one of the most odious sins of society; and no doubt it seemed all the more odious to them because it was the sin of an exclusive class who put an estimate upon honor that passed the understanding of men who believed it to be their duty to offer the left cheek after the right had been smitten.

It is only just, however, to say that this was a precept more honored in the breach than the observance. The long upped witch burner would draw blood with his knuckles; but he drew the line at the sword. The state of public feeling upon duelling Roland very well knew; and as he thought of Aster, with her sunny hair and glorious, yearning eyes, and the exile that lay before him, a numb feeling of despair began to gather about his heart. He was able to persuade himself that she would look upon the unfortunate affair as necessary for the assertion of his honor; but how could he hope for any further happiness, a criminal in the law's eye, and an exile from the country of Aster!

Why, however, he asked himself, was Aster the central figure in the picture of desolation that he was painting? He had never given her more than a passing thought before; had never thought of her save as a frank, generous, sunny-hearted girl. Now he began to recall words that she had spoken of which he had never before taken heed. The rippling laugh, half like the notes of a silver bell, and half like the trilling of a bobolink's song, came back like music now into his desolate soul, making him all the more disconsolate that he was never again to hear it. But had she not looked wistfully into his eyes when he took her hand in the garden to say good bye? Was such a thought not comforting now? Ah no. Too truly has our poet sung it—

"Comfort! comfort! scorned of devils, this is truth the poet sings— That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Would he, Roland began to ask himself, have been hurried into the hasty words, the passionate feeling, which were really the origin of all this woe, but for his regard for her? No; he saw it all plainly now. He had courted this quarrel; he obtained what he sought, and now did he hold in his hands the bitter fruit.

"But he might have had his will; she is a lone girl; and her unnatural father was no less eager that the marriage should be than the base born himself. Let it be! Then a startled gleam came into his face.

"Ah, the south-hounds are everywhere around," he cried as faint and confused shouts came from the road and the country side. "Be I am safe here, at least for a time;" and he looked gratefully at the ground, she treading softly about him. No footprint desecrated this sanctuary of nature.

He had taken nothing to eat since the evening before; and pangs of hunger began to gnaw him. He walked a short way toward a large, grey rock near which he heard a gurgling sound; and as he advanced he saw that a little stream of water gushed from beneath the base. He drank copiously of the pure, cold spring, and bathed his temples; but in carrying the water to his forehead he noticed that one of his hands was crusted with blood. Then for the first time had the thought of his wound occurred to him.

Stripping himself of his coat, waistcoat and shirt he perceived that he had lost a immense quantity of blood. Teating a piece of his linen shirt he proceeded to moisten the coagulated blood to ascertain the nature

of his wound. He soon found that the ball had hit him obliquely upon the breast, glanced, and gone round making a serious flesh wound. Probing with his finger he located the ball which had lodged in the muscles under his left arm. Taking his knife he inserted the hook with which it was luckily supplied, and after much pain, and rending of the flesh and muscles, extracted the bullet. The bleeding soon became less copious; and from this he took much heart, for he was assured that no artery was severed. Having washed the wound he proceeded to make some lint, which he applied as skillfully as a surgeon could have done; after which he went to a fir tree and therefrom obtained a quantity of balsam.

His long experience as a hunter had taught him how to manage wounds; and he now prepared a number of narrow strips of linen. Upon each of these he spread a quantity of the fir balsam; and then put the strip across the wound. About a dozen similar pieces were laid across, and these held the wound together; after which he placed a couple of larger slips along the wound, at right angles to the shorter pieces. He then dressed, and seated himself upon a tree-hole, and once more became buried in his gloomy reflections.

It was not of his love that next he thought, but of his wretched predicament. He was aware that in his own territory he was exposed to constant danger of detection; yet he plainly saw that escape to the United States was impossible in his present apparel. The hue-and-cry would describe him accurately; the law would put a price upon his head; and what the cupidty of ordinary mankind is he well knew. He had a half dozen sovereigns and a bank-note in his pocket-book; but were he to attempt to purchase rougher clothes attention would at once be attracted to him. As the afternoon wore on hunger continued to torment him with increasing keenness. Knowing that upon the elevated ground he would be likely to find a hard-wood grove he set out; and after an hour's tramp was rewarded by finding himself in a grove of beeches. He gathered up into a pint of nuts which gave him some relief; and as he passed outward again to the pine region he found a rowan tree, loaded with crimson fruit. He ate several bunches of the bitter berries, and having satiated his appetite filled his pockets. Then seeking a dense part of the wood he lay down to rest. He had resolved that when night came he would get out for Markham, and trusting that there were several farm houses near that settlement whose inmates had not heard of the duel, he determined to obtain food. What he would do afterwards fate alone should determine. Laying his head upon a mossy hummock, comfortable as a pillow of elder down, despite the anguish of his heart, and the stinging of his wound, he was soon asleep and dreaming of days when there was neither peril nor sorrow.

When he awoke he could perceive through the forest a slight tinge of crimson in the west; and he knew that the day was done. At first he could not collect his wits to remember how he had come hither; but a sharp pain in his breast brought back the truth in its naked hideousness. Why should he ever have awakened? Was he not happy in that sweet, quiet state where in the present had no place, and the happy past was lived again! For while he slept he once again met Aster. Tears were in her glorious eyes, and with trembling lip she told him that she thought he would never come. And taking him to the bank of the little stream that brawled down the rough slope of his father's common, she made him vow that he would never again leave her pining. And taking her head upon his shoulder he looked into her beautiful eyes, and he read in their tender, glimmering depths the secret that shewed him! Ah, how happy was her lot! He kissed the upturned mouth and held her to his heart. They pledged themselves to one another for ever and ever. Then the angel who watched over the sleeping flow away; and he was awake.

A sound came to his ears. Alas it was not the music of his beloved Aster's voice—but the rattling of bloodhounds.

"Heaven's God! what chance have I with bloodhounds in this wood!" Roland exclaimed, as he arose. Then he set out, as fast as he could, in the same direction which he had pursued during the morning. He was well aware that the hounds were baying at the wood at the point where

he had entered it; and that they were now far upon his track. Reflecting upon his hunting experience he concluded that the cries which he could now hear, whenever he paused, were little more than half a mile behind him.

A man fleeing through such a wood as this has little need for speed with only human pursuers upon his track. But with a pack of bloodhounds holding the trail, and that keep well in advance of their followers, it was far otherwise. It was only necessary to follow the baying pack; and pursuit could thus be maintained at a pace fully as swift as the flight.

But Roland was weak from the loss of blood, and from hunger which the scant supply of beech-nuts, and the bitter rowan-berries, only, in small measure, allayed; so it was very plain that his capture was only a question of time. But the labyrinth of forest-aisles now began to grow dimmer, and a throbbing of hope came into his heart as he thought of the coming darkness. Yet in this wilderness the dogs would know their game; and there was no escape by clambering a tree! Meanwhile he redoubled his cautiousness, now slightly altering his course. It was fairly dark he emerged from the wood upon the road by which he had made his flight in the morning.

"Thank God. Here the dogs, among so many other scents, must miss mine." He perceived to his great joy that there was not a star in the heavens; nor was there to be seen any of the dusky yellow in the South-east which marks the rising of the harvest moon.

The wind was blowing from the south-west, and the fugitive's cautious eyes could see that large masses of dark cloud were rolling before the wind, and gathering to looward like a mighty army, which halted its forces to prepare for battle. A heavy storm was brewing, and there would be no light from the moon. Providence indeed had been kind to Roland, giving in the morning the shelter of His forest-sanctuary, and now the kindly shadow of His clouds.

He had lost the sound of the pursuers, and concluded that they must have either returned for the night, or sped the opposite way. He had not gone far, when he was startled by the sharp whinny of a horse. His first impulse was to avoid the beast; but upon reconsideration he resolved to reconnoitre. Approaching cautiously he found that the cause of his alarm was one horse only, tied to a tree which grew by the roadside. His sight having become accustomed to the darkness he was soon able to assure himself that no human being was nigh. Proceeding then to the animal, which he found saddled—it belonged no doubt to one of the pursuers who had left it there while in the woods with the hounds—he tightened the girths, mounted and rode away. This was indeed a godsend! He had not proceeded far when he saw a horseman approaching. The stranger stopped and pulled rein.

"Hullo Oswald; that you? I thought you should never come." Judge the consternation to discover in the voice of the speaker that of Aster's father, the man who was the cause of all the woe and mischief. When his emotion passed he could have smitten the misguided man to the earth. Distinguishing his voice thoroughly, for he was an accomplished mimic, he replied—

"This is not Mr. Oswald. I am from York. Rode by the Yenge Street road. I bear a special dispatch from the Government to the magistrate at Markham respecting steps to be taken for the apprehension. Good-bye sir. I am in haste." Before the other could reply Roland was trotting away briskly. After an hour's sharp riding he slackened his pace and allowed his horse to walk along the road.

The land dipped here slightly and the fugitive judged that he must be in the neighborhood of River Rouge, and not far from Markham.

The forest seemed to grow thicker, and as far as he could judge through the dark it appeared draggled and intermixed with larch and cedar. It was a lonesome spot; and Roland marvelled to himself if this could be the swamp that concealed so many mysteries, and filled all the country-side with alarm. While he was thus musing a figure sprang out of the bush and seized his bridle; at the same moment the shining barrel of a pistol gleamed in his eyes.

"Surrender fugitive, duellist!" a powerful voice shouted. "Dismount." Roland did so; but more which way he would the weapon still glist-

ered in his face. As we have seen Roland had resolved that there should be no more spilling of blood, else his courage and dexterity might have enabled him to cope even with this daring captor. He was astonished to see but one person present, and looked around him for the others. But as his searching gaze could reveal nothing but the sturdy figure at his side, and the gloom-wrapped faces at the roadside, he began to reproach himself bitterly for not having been more alert. It was bitter to think that after all the excitement, strain and strategy of the morning, it should fall to his lot to be trapped in this way in the darkness of the night.

He began to wonder, that his companion gave no whistle or other call for help, but remained silently standing upon the road, one hand upon the horse's bridle, the other holding the menacing pistol. At last the captor spoke.

"Know you who I am?"

"A Queen's officer."

"Ha ha ha!" And the man's strong, cruel voice resounded far through the solitudes of the wood.

"No! I am not a Queen's officer; but I am captain of the sturdy men who have made yonder bush a terror to the Province of Ontario. I have heard about the duel and about the fall of Ham. You have rid the world of at least one worthless cur, and this is why I waited for your coming, to offer you, for the present, the security of our dense bush, and treacherous boys."

Roland hesitated. The fellow seemed to speak the truth; therefore what had he to fear with respect to his personal safety. He had some money and a watch; but this the highwayman could have had now for the asking. But then these men bore the repute of atrocious criminals to whom every sort of lawlessness was familiar. However, he need not compromise himself by taking part in their enterprises. The main thing was the chief of the band had offered him an asylum; and as a last resort, if the place became intolerable he could flee from it.

"Yes; I will accept your offer."

"Good. I take your word. Walk at my side, keeping close; for the path is narrow." So saying the two moved onward, the robber leading Roland's horse.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCRIPTURE SIGMA.

NO. XXIII.

1. This was the sign of love a traitor chose, To show their victim to his eager foes.
2. When Israel lay waste, rejoiced the land; Therefore shall it be wasted by God's hand.
3. When to rebuild God's house, the Jew's were sent. Among the chief priests, this man also went.
4. Mourning and fasting by this river's side, The prophet saw a sight, to men denied, A king you'll find if you my finals take; Initials his father's name will make.

ANSWER TO NO. XX.

JOAB.—SAUL.

1. J. A. Luke viii. 41.
2. O. M. Rev. i. 8
3. A. B. Exod. vi. 23
4. B. A. 1 Kings xix. 18.

The following have answered No. XX correctly:—E. Worthington, Mattawa; who is awarded the prize; Dolly Downey, Jeanette Robertson, George J. Mallory, Eliza Hayer, M. Maklejohn, John Waddell, E. Heming, Mrs. T. G. Bushey, A. E. Livingston, Sarah Innes, Sarah McCann, Mrs. M. Hollis, Minnie Mandeloy, L. Fitzgerald, Emma Corner, M. A. Jameson, Eric Stringer, L. Anderson, Maggie Rogers, Alice Fallo, Miss Nettie Mulholland, Mrs. J. Lahmer, M. MacLennan, Samuel Coyne, M. T. H. Turner, J. McMonies, John F. Shipley.

A prize, a beautiful volume of poetry, is given each week first correctly answering the book is forwarded to the publisher on receipt of 12 cents.

An Irishman, owing to some turns, resolved to come to the States. He did not wish it to be known that he left a stain on his family name, so he wrote the following to you will not think I am a fool. The pistol went off as he

Health Department.

How To Ventilate a Home.

This is the season of the year when many homes are in course of construction, and the following suggestions respecting the ventilation of homes may be found useful:—

In the construction of a dwelling, attention should be given to ample provision for the adequate supply of fresh and pure air. It should be recollected that each person requires not less than forty to sixty cubic feet of pure, fresh air per minute, or 2 400 to 3 600 cubic feet per hour. To secure this amount of air requires for each person an opening not less than one-sixth of a square foot in area, and absolute safety requires a still larger area. Some fresh air will find its way in through cracks, between window-sash, under and around doors, and even through brick walls; but this is an uncertain and inadequate supply, and openings should be provided at convenient places for this purpose.

If provision for the proper ventilation of a house is made at the time of its construction, very little expense need be involved; hence the importance of giving this matter attention when planning a dwelling. The following is a brief summary of the principles of correct ventilation, which ought to be familiar to every one, whether interested in house-building or not:—

1 For efficient ventilation of each room in a building, two openings are necessary, one for entrance of fresh air, and one for egress of foul air.

2 When the fresh air enters a room warm, as when furnaces are used for heating, the foul air opening should be at the bottom, as the oldest air in the room, and consequently the most impure, will be that which has been in the room the longest, and has been gradually cooled by contact with outside walls and window sashes. When a room is heated by stove, the foul air opening should be near the ceiling.

The size of openings depends upon the number of persons to be supplied with air. It may be laid down as a general rule that an opening of twenty-four square inches' space in both inlet and outlet is required for each individual in a room. The openings should be of sufficient size to allow a passage of at least three thousand cubic feet of air per hour without creating too perceptible drafts. Air cannot travel through a room more rapidly than five feet a second without a current's being perceptible. A sick-room needs two or three times the ordinary amount of ventilation.

The foul-air openings of rooms should connect with heated ventilating shafts. Cold air shafts are uncertain ventilators. They are not to be relied upon. The amount of draft in the shaft depends upon the height of the shaft and the amount of heat in it. Various methods of heating the ventilating shaft may be adopted. In a building heated by steam, steam pipes may be employed. In ordinary dwellings, the waste heat of smoke-pipes or chimneys may be utilized for the purpose. An oil-stove or a gas-jet may be used for heating small shafts in dwellings; or a small stove may be used to accomplish the same purpose in larger shafts.

5 Rooms on different stories should not open into the same ventilating shaft, as the upper rooms are likely, under various circumstances, to receive the foul air from the rooms below.

In constructing a dwelling-house with reference to health in the matter of heating and ventilation, we know of no better plan than to provide an improved form of furnace as a means of supplying warm, pure air, and a grate for every room or suite of rooms as a means of ventilation. In very cold weather, the draft in open grates will be sufficiently strong to secure ample ventilation if the fires are in inside walls, even in the coldest weather. In spring and fall, a little draft may be needed to create a draft in

from Roasted Meat.

The late mayor of Omaha, Nebraska, which has been prevailing, and after being shaved and slightly tainted before being sold public attention to the danger of tainted meat is in the hands of the people. The process of roasting meat, develops poisons in the meat. Cooking does not destroy the poisons. It is probable that

many mysterious cases of illness are due to this cause. Sicknes from eating canned meats, and from cheese poisoning, are also attributable to the same class of poisons.

Thought Mrs. Might Sober him Up.

Door ... was so full when he went to get ... that he wanted to whip the minister, and offered to bet that he could pull one of the pillars from under the church roof and bring the whole structure tumbling down on them, a la Samsen.

Minister to weeping bride—"Did you know this man drank when you accepted him?"

Weeping bride—"Y-y yes, sir."

Minister—"Did you ever see him full before?"

Weeping bride—"Y-y yes, sir."

Minister—"Then why do you want to marry him?"

Weeping bride—"I thought may be that marriage might sober him up."

Minister—"Well, marriage does usually sober a man up. But in this case it seems to have made him all the drunker. What is he worth?"

Weeping bride (with alacrity)—"Forty thousand dollars."

Minister—"Oh, that makes a difference. Here, Deacon Williams, hold the groom up until I get through with this ceremony."

Sympathy.

Small Boy—"I say, Jimmy, m's jest got a new churn, one dem bees two-minute churns what brings de butter in no time."

Jimmy—"Is it painted blue?"

Small Boy—"Yep."

Jimmy—"Cog wheels on the outside, an a crank?"

Small Boy—"That's it."

Jimmy—"Did the feller wot sold it to yer ma have warts on his neck?"

Small Boy—"Yep."

Jimmy—"Stands up high, like, with four legs?"

Small Boy—"Yep."

Jimmy—[Earnestly]—"Scotty, I feels sorry for yer. Ma got one jest like it last week. D'ye know why I wasn't swimmin' all day Saturday?"

Small Boy—"No."

Jimmy—"I was a churnin'."

The underground wire problem is being speedily solved in Chicago. The wires are being fast buried, and will all be down by winter; and, more significant still, the various electric companies confess that the service is greatly improved by the change.

Young Folks' Department.

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

It was only a little cottage standing behind a clump of bushes and shrubbery, and surrounded by a low stone wall, that stood basking in the sunshine on a beautiful summer's day in the heat of August. The way leading to "Peach Blossom Cottage," as it was called, was through a long arbor, from which hung delicious grapes as if ready to be plucked. On this day of which I speak a stranger entered the little village, and after brushing away the sweat from his brow, he proceeded to seek a place to rest himself from the long and tiresome journey. Glancing at him one would certainly term him a tramp, so dusty and travel worn was he. As he passed one after another, and found nothing in the way of wooden stools and rustic benches, he almost despaired. When noisily dropping with fatigue he came in sight of "Peach Blossom Cottage"; he could not refrain from stepping over the wall, and seating himself upon an inviting bench under the arbor. Scarcely had he seated himself when a little child, of perhaps ten years, approached him with tears of sympathy in her soft blue eyes. As soon as she caught sight of him she ran into the cottage, and immediately reappeared with a soft white pillow, which she laid under his head. As the child prepared to go, his sad face beamed with a smile that spoke volumes of thanks. Presently he fell into a long and refreshing slumber that lasted until midnight, when he was awakened by the loud ringing of fire bells, which clanged out on the still night air. He rubbed his eyes and looked around him; then grasping the situation, he ran around to the side wing of the house, which was enveloped in flames. Already a large crowd had collected to note the progress of the flames. And after Farmer Brown, the owner of the cottage, looked around him to see that all was safe, a terrible thought occurred to him. His face grew pale as ashes, as his trembling words reached the heart of the multitude: "My daughter! my daughter! Oh, where is my daughter?" as his eyes sought the burning building. A ladder was quickly placed against it. Then, as Farmer Brown offered all his possessions for the recovery of his child, the traveller of the afternoon stopped forward amid the wailing of the people. As he placed his foot firmly upon the ladder, a shout rent the air; the multitude watched with eager eyes as he ascended the ladder and gained the top. All was still as the unknown man disappeared through the window.

Once more a shout was raised, twice as noisy as the first, as the man appeared on the top bearing the almost suffocated child in his arms; just as he reached the ground, and everybody was rejoicing, the ladder caught fire and burned to the ground. Then Farmer Brown offered the hero what he had promised to give; but the good stranger answered, as he pursued his way, "Scarcely one good turn deserves another."

A Judge's Opinion.

While Judge Walton was at work in his chamber one day, many years ago, drawing up an opinion in a knotty case, a certain lawyer came in. This lawyer, who has since died, was a thin, toothpikish, dudish sort of man, whom the judge did not like very well, and than whom he had rather have seen Daniel Pratt himself walking into his chamber.

"Well, Brother Lightweight, what can I do for you this morning?" asked Judge Walton, hoping to get rid of the fellow.

"Nothing," he replied. "I only came in to make you a call."

After a disagreeable silence the judge looked up again and asked:

"Brother Lightweight, why don't you get married?"

"Because I can't afford it. How much do you suppose it costs me to live now?"

The judge said he wouldn't guess.

"Well, it costs me \$6000 a year for just my own living."

An expression of surprise came on the judge's face.

"Lightweight," said he, "I wouldn't pay it. It isn't worth it."

An Essay on Anarchists.

The anarchists are good citizens in many respects. They aid largely in the support of several industries—notably the liquor business. They are practical prohibitionists and destroy liquor—a glassful at a time.

The don't like the police and seldom give them a chance to enjoy their society at short range. They are not very dangerous to any one who has land enough around his house to pasture a dog.

Being mostly of foreign origin, they are not, naturally, attached to the soil of their adopted country—although it is, as a rule, attached to them. They never demean themselves by agricultural labor.

The maligners of the anarchists say they are not workmen. They are. They work the growler.



BITTER SWEET.

Miss Montague Taylor (to Miss Capulet Snythe): I WANT TO INTRODUCE TO YOU MR. NAINLET, BACK THERE, WHO THINKS YOU ARE SO ACTUALLY HANDSOME. YOU KNOW OF HIM, DON'T YOU? HE IS VERY ARDENT AND ECCENTRIC—NEVER TALKS AS ANOTHER ELSE DOES.

The Poet's Corner.

Thoughts on Death's Coming

BY MAGGIE MUNDO.

How many years will it be, I wonder, And how will their slow length pass, Till I shall find rest, in silence, under The trees and the waving grass.

Many there be in the world who love it, Who cling to its trifles and toys; But I could never find ought to covert Among its vanishing joys.

But once, indeed was my heart elated, And pleased with a dream of its own— A beautiful dream it was, but fated Soon to be overthrown.

Death like a shadow, fell and darkened The light that had shone so clear— But oft since then have I vainly hearkened And prayed for his coming near.

But no cometh not, and I vainly wonder, How will the long years pass Till I shall find rest and silence, under The trees and the waving grass.

Too Late.

With many sad repentant tears, I look back o'er the wasted years Which, like a desert drear as night, Lies stretched before my fancy's sight, And wish with bitterness and pain, That I could have them back again.

Though much of misery and woe Has marked my journey here below, Yet I would gladly turn me back Across the rough, storm-beaten track, And pray that God would me befriended 'Till at my broken life might mend.

I might—who knows in days of old I Have cleaned the dross from out the gold; Have separated chaff from wheat, And escaped the turmoil and the heat Of passion, sorrow, hate and strife, And lived a holier, better life.

I might have tasted all the good That falls to happy womanhood; I might—but that has passed away And I, a mourner old and grey, Sit in life's twilight all alone And weep for joys I might have known.

What could I do, if God should give Another life for me to live? Could I blot out the pain, the tears, The disappointments, woes and fears, And walk dry shod 'midst all the strife That swells the woe of human life?

Ah, no! Perchance it may be well, That I the story thus must tell; Perchance the broken threads will be United in eternity, And I may find beyond the tide The joys that earth to me denied.

Only One.

E. A. ROYDEN.

The world moves on at a rapid pace, And I follow along in the surly old crowd; My gaze is fixed on a single face, 'Tis the one in life of which I'm proud. Only one in the human throng And yet the fairest under the sun, Ah! what to me, as they pass along, Wears the rest without that only one!

How proudly struts on the world's great stage Each fiscal actor in the play! From mingling youth to garrulous age, There's never a one could pass away, But the world will stop, and fold its hands, And its turmoil cease and its toll be done, And the drama end with the breaking bands, And the final exit of only one.

But the world moves on at a steady pace, And the ranks close up as one drops out, And another fills the vacant place, And with, to the end of time, no doubt, A star may fall from the glittering sky, And we scarcely note when it races its run, A few mortal may drop and die, And we little heed—it is only one.

To the world we may be only this— A drop to humanity's surging sea, But there are who will sadly see only this, The words and the smiles of you or me. However humble may be my lot, I'm glad you are pure loves have won, To feel that I shall not be forgotten, And die unloved—though I'm only one.

At Nightfall.

Slow fades the day; beyond the western heights The sunset fires have faded to ashen gray, And through low leaning mists a young moon lights With dim gleams the soitary way. Down dropping to the woodland dim and lone As some bright starbeam that the winds have blown From the far East, a single glowworm shines— A golden light amid the shadowy pine, Through a soft wilderness of purple bloom, Where twilight spills her silver moisture cool O'er tangled paths, and by the fringed pines, A lonely traveler in the valley's gloom, Quickens his footsteps, for the wind's half sigh

Dimly recalls some olden memory,— And through the dusk the glowworm's twinkling light Brings tender visions of a hearthstone bright, And love, and rest beyond the forest-alecia "Welcome awaits me when my journey ends." He whispers to the shadowy night,—and so he whisp'ers The long sad hours with dreams of home and friends.

Patient With the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone Beyond earth's weary labor, When small shall be our need of grace From comrade or from neighbor, Past all the strife, the toll, the care, And done with all the sighing, What tender truth shall we have gained, Alas! by simply dying!

Then lips too chary of their praise Will tell our merits o'er, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall no defect discover. Then hands that would not lift a stone Where stones were thick to number Our steep hill-pilgrimage, will scatter flowers above our pathworn slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I, Ere lovers part for ever, Should take the earnest lesson home— Be patient with the living. To-day's repented rebuke may save Our blinding tears to-morrow; Then patience, when keenest edge May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when Death's silence shames our clamor, And easy to discern the best Through memory's mystic glamour; But wise it were for thee and me, Ere love is past forgiving, To take the tender lesson home— Be patient with the living.

Things No Money Can Buy.

BY J. F. M.

Yes, Nellie, my dearest, I'm married! The die is cast, and the wedding is o'er, The dinging, the winking and rhyming, The thank goodness, are ended at last. The wedding is brilliantly o'er, The guests about it grow dull; The honeymoon, dearest, is waning— Are honeymooners ever at full!

The wedding, of course, it was private— A crush is no longer the style; The thing now is cards of admission And silken cordons in the aisle; The breakfast ordered from Da-ton— You know he is so recherche; In short that most capacious of critics, "Mrs. Grundy," found nothing to say.

My trousseau, Pa swore it was reckless; The bills were quite steep, I confess; But where is the comfort in marriage If one must be stinted in dress? My shawl is an India, unadorned, 'n short, dear, my style is complete! From the tip of the crown of my bonnet To the clocked baby-fingerns on my feet.

Yet, Nellie, remember, this letter Not one other creature must see; With all that a woman can wish for, My life is dragged out with ennui; I'm tired of dressing and dancing; I'm tired of party and ball; And Nell, dearest Nell, ain't it shocking, More tired of husband than all!

We dine off the daintiest dishes; We live in the grandest of rooms; We drive the best breed of horses And keep the most stylish of grooms. We shoo in the grand world of fashion, Too dizzying for question or doubt; Yet once-to-a-tete in our parlor, We'll order most miserably out.

We're nothing of interest to mention, We're nothing of interest to hear, We're nothing especially to hope for, And nothing especially to fear. In short he is a perfect husband And I am a perfect wife, Contented to that style of matrimony That's modernly styled "wedded life."

Ah! Nell, dearest Nell, I've discovered There are things no money can buy; The music that comes through a whisper, The light that comes from an eye, The love—oh! that love, that's a dower More precious than jewels or gold; But I—well, I can't say my own bargain And find it especially sold.

If We Had Known.

"If we had known!" How much there is in the phrase, Though centuries ago it was worn threadbare; It rises to the lips in after days When his too late our errors to repair.

"If we had known!" Across the mind it shoots, The love was in the angelic moon; "If we had known" her father wore thick boots And kept a dog, how different would have been.

"If we had known!" What useless words are they! "If we had known, we murther with a frown, That bill collector would come round to-day, 'Tis certain we would have been 'out of town."

"If we had known!" We think of daily strife Of walking round at night a child to please; If we had known that he was married life, We'd, well, least said is soonest mended is



EYES THAT SPEAK.

BY JOHN INBIE, TORONTO.

Give me the eyes that speak of Love, And sparkle in their gladness, Like twinkling orbs of light above, Dispelling care and sadness; Which makes this earth a paradise, Though humble be our dwelling, And causing thoughts of love to rise From hearts with fulness swelling.

Give me the eyes whose tears of Grief Are shed for our condoling, Whose sympathy is sure relief To hearts that need consoling; More precious than the jewel rare That glistens in its setting, Are eyes that speak the love they bear, All selfishness forgetting.

Give me the eyes that speak of Peace And shed a halo o'er us, Whose beams can cause all strife to cease And tune our hearts in chorus To sing in unison, be strain Which God hath set before us: "Let peace on earth for ever reign,"— Hark! angels join the chorus!

Give me the eyes of Faith to see, Behind the clouds of sorrow, My Father's hand still guiding me On to the bright to-morrow; And onward still, through good and ill, His eye shall safely guide me; All dangers past, safe home at last, With Jesus close beside me!

HERE AND THERE.

A Ouzon City Indian, whose squaw would not give him money with which to play poker, killed himself by eating wild parsnips.

What is said to be the largest schooner in the world will soon be launched at Bath. She will have a coal carrying capacity of 2,600 tons.

The Philadelphia Press is authority for the statement that in a cyclone in Ohio "the boundary lines of several townships were bent all out of shape."

Putty has become scarce and high since the recent glass breaking storms in the West. One druggist in Illinois has sold 600 pounds within a few days.

An entire family of negroes were found dead in their cabin near Yorktown the other day. Without doubt they were killed by lightning during a heavy thunder storm that passed over two days before.

A peculiar Parisian fashion which has grown rapidly within the past few years is the custom for women to go bareheaded out of doors. The cap once worn by the laboring woman is now seldom seen.

George Holyland, of Fork, Md., was shearing a sheep the other day, when the animal kicked and drove one of the blades of the sharp shears into George's abdomen, inflicting a wound from which he soon died.

"Mosquitoes have seldom been thicker in Virginia than this spring," says the Millford Chronicle, and it goes on to tell of an ewe that was literally bled to death the other night, the pests attacking its udder, which was dismasted with milk.

Streator, Ill., has a cat that delights in

killing snakes; but she nearly met her match the other day when she tackled a big garter snake. It coiled about her body, and the two rolled around on the ground until the teeth and claws of the cat got her the victory.

A ducky did a big business selling eggs in Osborne the other day, at 60 cents a dozen. He was able to sell a good many at this figure by offering, as an inducement to buy, the privilege to the buyer of throwing them at his head thrust through a hole in a canvas.

A barn was burned in Rockingham, Vt., not long ago, and a valuable horse was supposed to have been burned too; but the other day he was found in the possession of a milkman of a neighboring town, who had put his own old horse in the barn, stolen the good horse, and set fire to the building to conceal the theft.

A correspondent writes that a young woman in Washington makes a good living teaching American small talk to the young attaches of the Chinese and Japanese Embassies. Not long ago she taught six young fellows precisely the same round of pretty phrases, and at a recent ball they hovered around a certain pretty girl, and all said the same things to her.

A thunderbolt struck the house of Mrs. Harvey Ford, on Fall Mountain, Conn., knocked a hole through the chimney, did lots of damage to the interior of the building, tore the foot and head board from a bedstead on which a baby was sleeping, and yet did not awaken a person in the house, not even the baby. It is thought the inmates of the house were stunned.

The latest small-boy story is about George, aged 4, who, having had a slight attack of provarication, was admonished by his father, who, to impress the virtue of truthfulness on his young mind told the story of George Washington, closing with the remark that George Washington was a good boy and never told a lie. The youngster listened thoughtfully and then said: "Papa, toodent he talk!"

A Kingston family moved from their house a month ago, and recently, the little girl of the family and her mother went to call on the lady who occupied the house they vacated. Where there the child saw a very small baby that had arrived but a few days before. She looked at it fearfully, and then said: "Mamma, we moved to soon; we'd have got that baby if we had stayed here."

Mr. A. H. Dayton of Springfield, Ohio, bought a chicken—so-called—for a recent Sunday dinner. The cook dressed it, and found within three shellless eggs. They were put into the frying pan along with the fowl, and in a moment there were three separate explosions like pistol shots, a ch egg was violently dashed against the ceiling, and the cook was badly burned. It is suggested that the hen had been feeding on dynamite.

A Westfield merchant went trout fishing the other day, and, while whipping a mountain brook, came to face with a wild cat, which he insists was six feet long. They were not ten feet apart, and stood staring at each other, the cat with apparent ferocity, the man with undoubted fear. At last the fisherman gave a despairing yell, and the cat gave another, and then each turned and ran at full speed.

The honest men are not all dead. One turned up in Niantic the other day and asked Dr. Munger to give him something to eat and let him work it out. Intoxicated. Then he asked the doctor for a pair of trousers and got them. A few days after he returned and said: "He's something I found in the hip pocket of the trousers you gave me. They are mine—this is yours." The "something" was to be \$5.

During the eighteen years from 1855 the population of Russia increased 17 5/8 per cent, which gives a net increase of 0.915 per cent. The rate of increase in Austria during the same years from 1855 (figures are available) was 15.71 per cent, the annual increase in 1871-81 was 0.60 per cent (omitting Alsace and the annual rate of increase from 1866 to 1881 was 0.60 per cent. Great Britain and Ireland from 1871 to 81 the annual rate of increase was 1.01 per cent. In Europe and Finland and the Doz thirteen years from 1867, increase was 1.33 per cent.



FIG. 2—No. 3452.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 3½ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards;
 34 inches, 3½ yards; 36 inches, 3½ yards;
 38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 4 yards;
 42 inches, 4½ yards; 44 inches, 4½ yards;
 46 inches, 4½ yards.
 Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1½ yards;

34 inches, 1½ yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards;
 38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards;
 42 inches, 2½ yards; 44 inches, 2½ yards;
 46 inches, 2½ yards.

No. 3453.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) 9½ yards.
 Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) 4½ yards.



No. 3442.—GIRLS' DRESS. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 24 inches, 2½ yards; 26 inches, 2½ yards;
 28 inches, 2½ yards; 30 inches, 2½ yards;

24 inches, 3½ yards; 25 inches, 4 yards.
 Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 1½ yards; 21 inches, 1½ yards;
 22 inches, 1½ yards; 23 inches, 1½ yards;
 24 inches, 1½ yards; 25 inches, 2 yards;



FIG. 10—No. 3449.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
 Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 2 yards; 32 inches, 4½ yards;
 34 inches, 4½ yards; 36 inches, 4½ yards;
 38 inches, 4½ yards; 40 inches, 4½ yards;
 Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards;
 34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards;
 38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 4½ yards.



FIG. 19.—No. 3446.—MISSES' SKIRT. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 4½ yards; 28 inches, 4½ yards;
 29 inches, 4½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards;
 31 inches, 5½ yards; 32 inches, 6 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 2½ yards; 28 inches, 2½ yards;
 29 inches, 2½ yards; 30 inches, 2½ yards;
 31 inches, 3½ yards; 32 inches, 3½ yards.
 embroidery for flounce, 5 yards.



FIG. 11.—No. 3445.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 3½ yards; 32 inches, 3½ yards;
 34 inches, 3½ yards; 36 inches, 3½ yards;
 38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 4½ yards;

28 inches, 4 yards; 40 inches, 4½ yards.
 Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1½ yards;
 34 inches, 1½ yards; 36 inches, 2 yards;
 38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards.

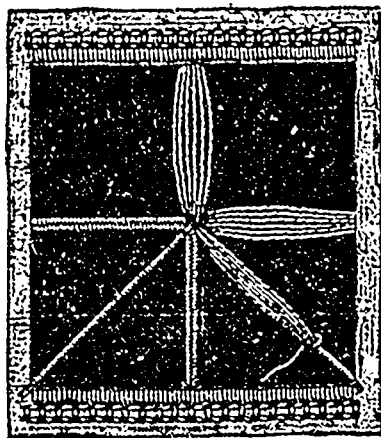


FIG. 30.

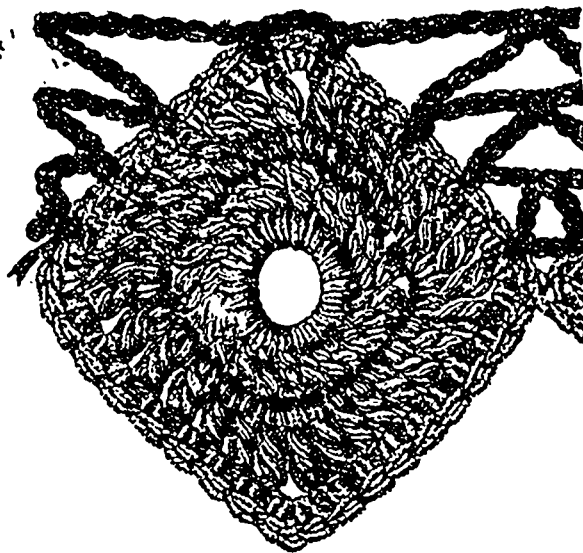


FIG. 30.

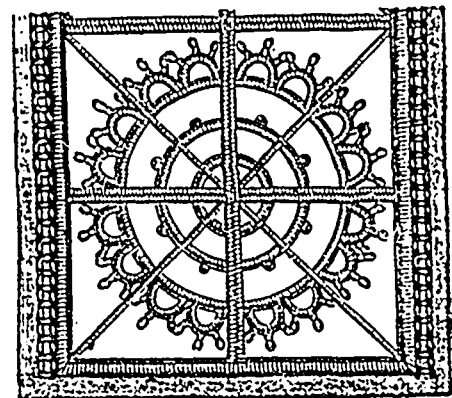


FIG. 31.

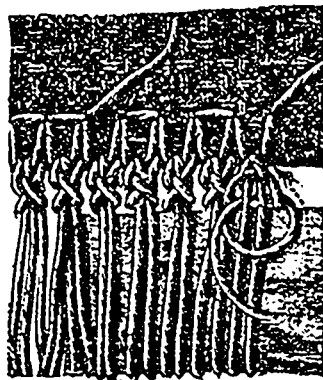


FIG. 34

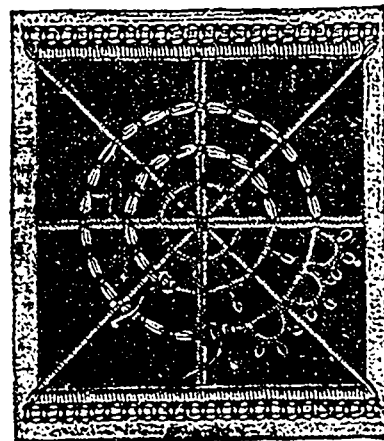


FIG. 35.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE NO. 2.—Pattern No. 3452, price 25 cents, furnishes the design for a basque appropriate for any goods. It is round, has a box pleat in the back and sloped from over a plastron of contrasting material skirted at the neck, waist, and turned under on the lower edge to form a deep puff; the cuffs are of the plastron fabric, and a pretty effect can be given the sleeves by adding epaulet bows of ribbon on either shoulder. The skirt shown with the above basque is taken from Pattern No. 3453, price 30 cents, and is best displayed in two materials. Box and side-pleats compose the skirt, with sash loops and ends in the back; the tablier matches the sash, and is draped in two clusters of pleats on the right, falling straight over the narrow pleating.

FIGURE NO. 10.—The unique design presented here is shown in plain and printed canvas, though any two contrasting fabrics of wool, lace, velvet or silk goods are suitable for it. The pleated plastron is sewed to a square yoke and hooked invariably; the fronts are longer than the back, which is laid in side-pleats down the centre; the second material forms a yoke, back and front, ending in square revers down the fronts. The shirt sleeves are gathered at the top and bottom, with a wristband of brocade, ditto collar, and all edges finished with beads. A ribbon belt from the side-seams knots over the edge of the plastron just below the belt. Pattern No. 3449, price 25 cents.

FIGURE NO. 11.—Pattern No. 3445, price 25 cents, furnishes an elaborate looking design, suitable for dressy combinations of silk and beads. The entire edge is cut into square tabs with double ones in the back, all finished with beads, which also show amid the puffs of the lace plastron, on the collar and sleeves. The latter are cut into vandykes that meet over the in-led-in lace filling up the space; the high shoulder effect is given by gathering the lace at the top of the arms; lace ruffles are added down the V fronts, on edge of sleeves and basque.

FIGURE NO. 19.—Another form of the ever-favored Gretchen style is shown in Pattern No. 3442, price 20 cents, which is equally appropriate for wash or woollen fabrics. Our cut represents lawn as a gathered skirt, tucked and edged with embroidery the plain waist buttons in the back, has fastened tucks in front forming a neat bordered with ruffles of Hamburg embroidery

ory that continue over the shoulders; the neckband is finished with similar embroidery, and the sleeves, that are also tucked on the lower edge. A ribbon sash-bow is placed in the back.

FIGURE NO. 19.—Lace, embroidery, silk, cotton or woollen materials, are prettily developed by design Pattern No. 3448, price 25 cents. The skirt is simply composed of two gathered flounces; the Mellere matches in color and texture; the cutaway postillon jacket, sash on the side and pointed girdle are of dark velvet, with fancy buttons down the front and on the sleeves. An entire suit of white embroidery could have the jacket of piece work, sash and girdle of ribbon, and Mellere of either silk or Hamburg. This is an excellent design for Oriental lace flounces and jacket, with the remainder of sarah silk.

DOMESTIC ART.

The peculiar charm of lace-work has never been denied. The fine qualities hurt many bright eyes, but when it is as heavy as the insertion represented in our cuts it seldom tries the eyesight, and presents no unusual difficulties. The simple patterns are of ancient out-work, or, as it is commonly called, Greek lace, suitable for underwear, children's clothes or fancy work. Strong and evenly woven linen is required and linen thread.

The linen is affixed to a piece of cloth and the frames of the squares marked out by seams, which are buttonholed over four threads. The linen within the frame is then cut away, all threads for the transverse cross being left standing in each direction, according to Figure No. 33. The diagonal bars are then put in from centre to corner of the smaller squares, and worked over with Genoa and cordonet stitches, as shown in Figure No. 35. The formation of the circle is also indicated in this figure, the same being covered with tightly drawn buttonhole stitches, working from right to left. Ultimately the plects and small buttonholed half circles are added, as shown in Figure No. 31.

Figure No. 34 illustrates a pretty manner of fastening fringes on a bag, etc., of canvas, linen or any material generally used for such a purpose. The method can be followed from the drawing, using a ruler the size of the fringe desired and afterward cutting the loops. Figure No. 33 shows a draped wall-basket, which serves as a general "catch-all." A narrow frame of hammered brass surrounds the outer edge of the basket, the wicker of which is stained in two shades of brown. A drapery of peacock-green plush, with an edge of pearl beads, is suspended across the front and decorated with an applique design.

The ever red visible back part of the basket is edged with a twisted chenille cord, which at the top is formed into loops. Pom-pom balls of the different colors are attached to the edge of the plush drapery and to the corners of the basket. A basket without the brass frame can be treated in the same manner. Ladies can paint their decorative articles with green, brown or copper bronzes; silver or gilt wash ready-mixed paints that come in several shades easy to apply.

His Poor Relations.

Crowfoot, the chief of the Blackfoot Indians, is a man cursed with poor relations, compared with whom, so far as numbers go, Admiral Sir Joseph Porter's relatives were but a mite. They are numbered by hundreds and they all live on the old man, who has a dounce of a time amongst them all. The latest to get on his trail is his son-in-law Poundmaker, lately released from the Stony Mountain penitentiary, where he was confined for participating in the rebellion last spring. He sent a messenger to Crowfoot, who was then at Gleichen, that he would visit him with the intention of obtaining some tangible assistance from his pa-in-law to enable him to start life anew. He also stated that he had been baptized a Christian and intended to limit his harem to one wife, and of course if Papa Crowfoot would come down handsomely Mrs. Poundmaker nee Crowfoot would be the happy lady he would retain.

Whether old man Crowfoot has had enough of his son-in-law or whether he wants his daughter back home, is not known, but when Poundmaker arrived at Gleichen with his train of hungry braves and braves, the wise old chief had utilized the free pass granted him by the C. P. R., and fled to Calgary, where he proposes to remain for the present.

Lady Rothschild on Charity.

I have long felt that charity in the wider, truer sense of the word is not synonymous with pecuniary aid only. Indeed, almsgiving, though often necessary and helpful, is but an imperfect means of doing lasting good. Money sent may relieve momentary distress, but in the beautiful words of Mr. Lowell, "the gift without the giver is bare." It is the warm sympathy of the visitor, her gentle words of hope, her tender inquiry into the sufferings of the poor persons visited which are so much appreciated by those in distress. The visitor who enters a wretched house or a bare attic brings with her a moral ray of sunshine which no pecuniary gift could replace. Only those who have visited the needy in their squalid, comfortless homes can realize how warmly a visitor is welcomed by those poor inmates who have so little to cheer them or to interrupt the sad monotony of a long day of suffering and privation! This "meeting together of the rich and poor" is, I think, the best form of charity, the truest way of fulfilling that sacred duty which the Pentateuch enjoins, and which seems to me the outcome of all true religion. "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

She: "And that poor, Major. Did you get it during an engagement?" He (absently): "Engagement? No; the first week of the war."

The London of To-day.

We speak of the rapid changes in American cities, but nothing like the changes of London can exist with us. Paris alone, in certain respects, can show such metamorphoses as London. But on the whole, Paris, as I saw it at my first visit to the Old World, was more like the Paris one sees now than was London of 1850. Like the London of to-day. The mere question of growth is a minor matter. London was not the metropolis of the world in 1850, but now it is. Then it was only a huge provincial town. The Londoner in general measured nothing but himself, and nobody came to London for anything but hardware good walking boots, saddles, etc.; now it is the entrepot of the civilized world. The world's fair of 1851 and succeeding similar displays of what cosmopolitan industry can do, the common arrival of ocean steamers, rare as the time I am writing of, have changed the entire character of London life and business and the tone of its society. It is not merely in the fact that 48,000 houses were built in the capital in the last year, or that you find colonies of French, Italians, Russians, Greeks in it, but that the houses are no longer what they were inside or out, and thus the foreigner is an assimilated ingredient in its philosophy. All this has come since 1850.

The stains of oil may be removed from paper by applying pipe clay powder mixed with water to the contaminated spot. Leave on for four hours.

"Have you had much of a drought lately?" asked a Milwaukee storekeeper a lumberman from the Chippewa. "Well," said the lumberman, "it's rather drouthy when the water Chippewa got so low that the water hiro mud turtles to tow 'em."

TORONTO SHE

Just Received a Large BOSTON TENNIS In White, Tan and... Just the thing for Baseball. 144 to 148 King St. E., Cor...

The Household.

How One Woman Keeps Servants.

She pays them liberally and promptly, recognizing the fact, true the world over, that the employer who beats down wages always suffers from the inferior quality of work done and from lack of interest on the part of the employed. Having a practical knowledge of the business of housekeeping she cannot be deceived, and knows how to direct the work properly, and, while insisting kindly, but firmly, that it shall be properly performed, she never fails to give a word of praise for all that merits her approval.

She never meddles with her servants' particular ways of doing work so long as good results are produced. She doesn't think it necessary to substitute her way for everybody else's way.

She never lowers herself by scolding. Her servants are respectful to her because she is respectful to them. No familiarity is tolerable or attempted. The private, domestic life of the family is never intruded upon. They have their own apartments, eat by themselves, and prefer to do so. And yet the mistress is not unkind of their physical and mental well-being. She has fitted up a comfortable bedroom, with a good spring bed and toilet necessities, and adjoining cozy little sitting-room with a stove, table, rocking chairs, etc., where they can rest as women need to. And several times a week they are invited to the family sitting room for half an hour in the evening.

She realizes that as human beings they have desires for social companionship, and allows them to have a reasonable amount of company. She allows them as many church privileges as possible and gives them street car fare once or twice a week.

She takes a kindly personal interest in them, helping them to select their clothing and get it made neatly.

"Too much trouble to take for servants," is it? Well, perhaps it is; and yet she contrives to do it in the intervals of a busy day. She says that it isn't a quarter the trouble that it would be to change servants every six weeks. Those girls love her and look up to her, and work faithfully for her, and couldn't be driven away from her.

House Recipes

Crackers.—Rub four ounces of butter in one quart of flour, make it into a paste with rich milk, knead it well, and roll as thin as paper; cut them out by a small saucer, and bake quickly to look white when done.

Maple Cream.—One pound of maple sugar to half a cup thick cream; beat till minutely hard to make in oakes; turn into small cake pans to cool. An addition of one cup nut meats makes an excellent nut candy.

Dried Apple Cake.—Soak two cups of dried apples over night, chop and simmer in two cups of molasses two hours, one cup of milk, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sugar, half teaspoonful of each kind of spice, sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in flour and mix pretty stiff. It is splendid and will keep three months. Good with cream or some pudding sauce in the spring instead of pie.

To PRESERVE RHUBARB.—One pound of rhubarb, cut in pieces two inches in length, three quarters of a pound of white sugar, and the rind and juice of one lemon; put all in a kettle and simmer gently until the rhubarb is quite soft; take it out carefully with a silver spoon and put it into jars; stir up one hour and pour it over the rhubarb and put away in a cool place.

OLIVE CAKE.—Boil a pint of milk, melt one teaspoonful each of butter and salt, add a tablespoonful of sugar, rubbed in cold milk; pour this upon seven eggs which have been beaten three or four minutes; stir fast until well mixed. Pour into a hot buttered dish one quart. Bake twenty minutes until it has risen up very high brown color, and send to the table from the oven.

OLIVE PIE.—Two teaspoonfuls of sour cream, two-thirds cup of flour, two eggs, one tablespoonful of salt; beat well together, add one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Bake with crust as for custard, and bake until firm.

While the pie is baking beat to a stiff froth the white of two eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one-half teaspoonful lemon extract. When pie is baked spread frosting on top and slightly brown.

RHUBARB SAUCE.—After the stalks are washed, cut them into bits three-quarters of an inch long with a sharp knife, without peeling. This is an improvement on the old-fashioned way of stripping the stalks; the pieces keep in better shape. Sugar should be put on directly, and a very little water. Grate orange or lemon peel upon it, and bring it to a boil. It will cook in a very few minutes.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.—Peel and slice five sweet oranges, remove the seeds, and cut the slices into four pieces; sprinkle over them half a cupful of white sugar. Heat one pint of milk to boiling point. Beat the yolks of three eggs, and add to them one tablespoonful of cornstarch moistened with one tablespoonful of cold milk; add this to the boiling milk, and when it thickens, pour it over the fruit. Let it cool, then spread over it the well-beaten whites of the eggs, sweetened. Sprinkle over this grated or desiccated coconut. It may be browned if preferred, but is nice without.

FRANKLIN CUP CUSTARD.—One quart sweet milk; place on the fire to boil, with the fresh peel of a lemon; when it boils, remove from the fire and let it cool. When cool, remove lemon peel from milk and stir into it four well-beaten eggs, ten tablespoonfuls granulated sugar, and a pinch of salt. Fill cups two-thirds full of custard, place in a steamer over a kettle of boiling water, and steam until custard is firm, turning steamer occasionally. If fresh lemon peel is not at hand a teaspoonful of lemon extract may be added to the custard before filling the cups. Cup custard, steamed in this manner, is much superior to the old-fashioned mode of baking in the oven in a pan of water.

Tough Meat Made Tender.—Take a thick slice of beef from the round, such as you can buy at the market for 10 cents per pound, with no bone and little fat. Get the butcher to split it almost open for you, so you have one large thin steak. No matter how tough, it will be tender as perforated steak when ready for the table and quite as toothsome. Lay the meat out smoothly and wipe it dry, but do not wet it. Take a coffee cupful of fine bread crumbs, a little salt and pepper, a little powdered thyme or other sweet herb, and just enough milk to moisten to a stiff dressing. Mix well and

spread over the meat. Roll it up carefully and tie up with twine, wound to secure it well, especially the ends. Now, in the bottom of your kettle fry some fat salt pork till crisp and brown, one-quarter pound out in thin slices (cost three cents.) Into the fat that has fried out from this pork put the rolled meat, brown it on all sides, turning it till it is a rich color all over, then put in half a pint of water and sprinkle over a little salt. Keep closely covered, adding a little water if it cooks away too much. If one likes the flavor of onion, add the half of a small one chopped fine. When ready to serve, unwind the string carefully to preserve the shape. Lay it on a platter with the gravy poured over it. Cut the meat in slices, through the roll as jelly-roll is cut by the bakers. The toughest meat is made tender and nutritious cooked in this way, and is equally nice warmed over next day.

Hints.

Once in awhile let your husband have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you.

The newest color for table decorationed only out about a week or two, is a vivid crimson. All kinds of flowers are produced, in this color to be used together. The crimson is relieved only with green, and the white tablecloth forms the ground. It should only be ventured upon in a dining-room furnished in a soft and neutral tint, and the color with which the lights are shaded has to be considered. Trails of flowers laid on the tablecloth are still a favorite form of decoration.

It seems, says the *Lancet*, that the little toy balloons or India-rubber bladders which children inflate with the breath may be readily reversed by inspiration and even drawn into the air passages. In two instances recently death has occurred by suffocation, a balloon of the sort being drawn into the opening of the glottis. This is a matter of danger which ought to be recognized. Parents and nurses should be on their guard.

The craze of table-turning has absolutely gone out of fashion, and it is quite a long time since we heard of our old friend planchette. A new thing—much more wonderful than planchette—is now coming into vogue. It consists of a rectangular board, two feet long by eighteen inches wide, on which are placed all the letters of the alpha-

bet. A miniature three-legged table on small rollers, is placed on the top of the board. Two persons sit down with their finger-tips on the table in the old fashion suitable for table-turning. A question is asked and the table forthwith moves about, and with its legs pointing to successive letters of the alphabet spells out the answer. There is something novel about this, though it is not likely to succeed in reviving the excitement which once gathered about moving tables and revolving hats.

Drawing the Line.

Rastus: Mistah Smif I wan's ter ox yo' er question.

Mr. Smith: All right, Rastus. Rastus: Ise gwine ter git married nex' week an' I wan's ter know what am de correct thing 'bout payin' de minister. Yo' see, Mistah Smif, de lady 'pon whom Ise 'bout to confer de honah ob my han' am werry high toned in her dep'tment, sab, an' I wuddent wan' ter do nuffin' what wurzent in de latest style. What I wan's ter know is, should I han' de minister de money myself, sab, or dispuite a fren' ter do hit fo' me?

Mr. Smith: I see; anybody going to stand up with you, Rastus?

Rastus: Yes, sab. Sam Johnsing am ter be my best man.

Mr. Smith: Well, put the money in an envelop and let Sam hand it to the minister.

Rastus: What! let Sam Johnsing handle dat money? No, sab.

Mr. Smith: Why not?

Rastus: Cos I wuddent da' reek it. I has de utmost confidence in Sam as a gentleman, sab. Sam am a good fren' of mine, an' he am a great ladies' man, an' werry poplar in samsociety an' wif de fa'r sex, an' eberything ob dat so't, sab, but ef I should let him handle dat dellah bill de minister would nobber see it, 'deed he wuddent. I has de utmost confidence in Sam, Mistah, Smif, 'cept when it comes ter wealth. Sam ain't yuse ter wealth.

A girl's heart will palpitate and her breath come short and quick at the very thought of getting up to recite a verse in the Sunday-school concert, but she will sit calmly up in the choir and fit with the handieman's tenor all through the service in the face of the whole congregation without experiencing a single tremor.



DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Elsie (at house wedding). NURSE, WHAT IS AUNT KATIE'S WEDDING? MAMMA SAYS IT'S QUORCH, AND PAPA SAYS IT'S A CIRCUS.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

A Story that Proves that There is Such a Thing as True Friendship.

A double house was recently moved from Powell street, San Francisco, concerning which an old settler tells an interesting story. He says that two young men from a Canadian town who had been to school together, arrived in San Francisco early in the 'fifties. Black went to the mines, and Gray remained in the city, and, with a small sum, fitted out a little store. He prospered, married, had children. Then came a big reverse. He found himself in a tight place, from which nothing but \$15,000 would extricate him. He went among his friends to raise the money, but they had none to give him. And then, as he turned a street corner sharply, he ran into Black's arms. He told him his trouble, and gave him all his history during the ten years that they had been separated.

"I have the money," said Black: "but \$15,000 just sizes my pile. I am tired of mining, and hoped to settle down here and get into some business, but you can have it, my dear fellow, and I'll take a whack at pick and rooker again."

Gray took the money, and Black returned to the mountains. In the course of that year the merchant made a lucky turn and sent the miner his money with ample interest. Then they ceased to correspond, and the last the merchant heard of his friend was that he was about to marry and move into a new mining district.

Five years afterward the miner and his family returned to San Francisco. Black was dead broke. Everything had gone wrong with him. His mining speculations had failed, the mines he had discovered petered out, the men he had trusted deceived him, and he had about \$50 remaining of a once ample fortune. He hunted up his friend Gray, who was, of course, delighted to see him. "And I don't see anything for me to do, old man," said the despondent miner, "except to get a job shovelling sand, if you can help me to do it."

"I have just moved into a handsome house on Powell street," said Gray, "and I want you to come and dine with me tomorrow evening. It is a double house, finished about a week ago."

The miner was on time, with his shabby dressed wife and little ones.

"You did well sticking to the town," he remarked to his old schoolfellow. "Here you are way up as a merchant, living in a fine house, all year own, and having a bank account as long as my arm, I suppose."

Before dinner they visited the adjoining house, which was furnished in precisely the same style as the merchant's dwelling. Then they sat down, chatted over old times until the lateness of the hour, warned the miner and his wife that it was time to return to their lodging house.

"All right, my boy," said Gray, "but just step next door; there is something I wish to show you which I neglected on our first visit." When they entered the hall Black halted. "Here," he said, "that looks like my trunk."

"Nonsense," said Gray, "come upstairs to this bedroom."

"Why," said the miner, looking about him, "confound you, you have moved all my traps up here from that lodging house."

"Aye, have I, my friend?" shouted the other, slapping him on the shoulder. "Where should a man keep his things but in his own house, and what part of the house better than his own bedroom?" Black was bewildered, and began to have doubts of his friend's sanity, but when his friend thrust a deed of this very house into his hand, and allowed with a deed of copartnership in his lifetime, he broke down and cried like a child.

"And now we are moving away this old house, sir, to another quarter," said the narrator of this remarkable tale of gratitude and friendship, "but I would not take a hundred thousand dollars for it." It was Black himself who told the story, now a most successful merchant.

Why She Was Sad.

"What are you so put out about, Mrs. Hoffman?" asked her female neighbor. "Oh, because I was so disappointed. I had just got my new bonnet and was all ready to go to the funeral, when my name wasn't called. I do so love to ride out to the cemetery and back."

Six Miles in Five Minutes.

A few years since the writer was a conductor on one of the principal trunk lines through Iowa. He was going east with a special, composed of an engine and one car, and had the division superintendent and the superintendent of bridges and buildings on board. The engineer had just been "set up," and he had never been over this division in his life. His engine was a 16 24 inch cylinder, with a 5 foot-8-inch wheel. One of his branch pipes was burst so he could not use his pump, and he was running her with his injector. We had nice minutes to make a run of seven miles on a time order against the Pacific express, and were passing a station very fast, when the engineer remarked: "My injector has stopped working, we cannot make it!" I was on the engine. We ran just over the east switch before we could stop. We had just barely stopped when he said: "It is working again; can we make it?" I looked at my watch; we had just seven minutes to go seven miles down hill all the way, and only one curve. "Yes," I replied, "if you let her go." He opened his throttle slowly. I knew that would not do. I did not want to stop and back up with the superintendent on board after starting. I grabbed the reverse lever and hooked her at six inches, and pulled her "wide open." I then took hold of the engineer's arm and told him not to shut her off till I told him to. Only railroad men can imagine how we went down that hill. We were both scared, and the engineer wanted to "ease" her off, but I knew that would not do. When we turned the curve, three miles from the station, we could see the express headlight, and he, supposing we were close to them, was going to shut her off. I would not allow him to touch the throttle until we reached the mile board, when I told him to shut her off and blow his whistle. There was a man at the switch, and we passed in just as our seven minutes were up. The superintendent said to me when I got off the engine: "How much time did you have to make here from the last station?" "Nine minutes," I answered. (The time we had when we passed the depot before the stop.) "How far is it?" "Seven miles," I replied. "You were just five minutes running that seven miles; I timed you, and if you ever run that way with me again I will discharge you." He had timed us from the dead stand till we whistled, which was a mile from the station and we had made the six miles in five minutes. It was my first and last experience on "short time" with a superintendent on board.

A Burmese Fairy Story.

Fairy tales are popular among the Burmese, and there is one which comes from over the border in Siam, which was told us by a Siamese. The exaggerations all hang together artistically, and are in the same key as it were: "There was once a king who heard that there was an enormous giant in a far country, and he declared that he should never rest until he had a hair of the giant's head. So he sent his fleet, and they sailed and they sailed and they sailed for weeks and weeks and weeks, and at last one day in the afternoon it became suddenly dark, and they struck fast and could get neither forward nor backward. Now, the fact was that they got inside of a hole, in a sort of carrot, the smallest vegetable in the giant's kingdom. And behold, the next morning the giant's children went out to fish, and as they went they picked up two or three elephants on their way to salt, but they were only able to catch one of the very smallest fishes in the country—something equivalent to your minnow," said the narrator. And as they were going back they saw a carrot growing by the water's edge, and pulled it up to put it into the curry, and inside it was the whole fleet. After they got home the giant threw the fish and the carrot into the pot in order to boil them, when the fleet rose out of the pot to the top of the water with all the men in it. "What are those curious insects?" said the giant peering down into the pot. Then came a good deal more which the narrator had forgotten. The man tried to speak to the giant and tell him what it was they wanted, but their voices were too weak, and he could not hear a word they said. At length he lifted them up to his ear in his hand and a whole boat's crew marched in at the hole, and went ever such a long way up inside, and then they all shouted together and told him they had come from their king to ask him for a hair of his

head. So at last he was able to hear what even then seemed to him only a whisper. Unlike his kind, the giant was apparently as good-natured as he was big—he gave the hair, lifted them back to the sea, where the hair, when put on board the fleet, nearly sank it, after which he puffed out his cheeks and gave a tremendous blow, which carried the fleet straight home hundreds of miles at one go."

Remarkable Trees.

In Madagascar is to be found a tree called the traveller's tree, yielding a copious supply of fresh water from its leaves. As it will thrive in any arid country where planted, its benefits to the traveller are great.

In Venezuela there is a cow tree, which grows on otherwise barren rocks. Its leaves are leathery and crisp, but by making incisions in the trunk peculiar greyish milk comes out, which is tolerably thick and of an agreeable balmy smell. The natives gather around these trees at sunrise and bring large bowls with them to receive the milk, for towards mid-day the heat of the sun turns the milk sour. The sight of a cow tree puzzles the innocent traveller, who cannot account for the trunk being plugged up all over with bungs and short sticks. The natives also use the milk as a gum.

The butter tree was first discovered by European travellers in the centre of Africa; from the kernel of the fruit is produced a nice butter, which, says Livingstone, "will keep a year." On a par with this is the mana tree, found in Calabria and Sicily. In August, when it is the custom to tap the tree, a sap flows out. It is then left to harden by evaporation, after which the mass, of a sweet but somewhat sticky taste to any but those accustomed to it, may be gathered. In Malabar there is the tallow tree. From the seeds of this, when boiled, is produced a firm tallow, which makes excellent candles. The guava tree of the Indies bears a fruit giving large quantities of a rich and delicious jelly.

But the most remarkable tree yet discovered flourishes on the island of Fierro, one of the largest of the canary group. The island is so dry that not even a rivulet is to be found, yet there is a species of tree the leaves of which are narrow and long and continue green throughout the year. There is also a constant cloud surrounding the tree, which is condensed and falling in drops keeps the cactus, placed under them constantly full. In this manner the natives of Fierro obtain water, and as the supply is limited the population must of necessity be limited too.

In Japan and some islands in the Pacific there is the camphor tree. The camphor forms in the trunk of the tree in concrete lumps, and some pieces have been found as thick as a man's arm.

The sorrowful tree is found only in the island of Goa, near Bombay, and is so called because from morning until the time of sunset no flowers are to be seen, but soon after it is covered with them. As the sun rises the petals close and fall off. Stranger still, the flowers blossom at night all the year round and give out a most fragrant odor.

There is another curious tree in Jamaica known as the life tree, on account of its leaves growing even after severed from the plant. Only by fire can you entirely destroy it.

Taking Care of One of Them.

A Scotch farmer's son was one evening visiting his sweetheart, when a violent storm came on. He rose at once to take his leave, as he said he would require to see to the safety of his father's sheep. At this his lady-love, getting between him and the door, said: "I cannot let you out in this a night. They can look after the rest of your father's sheep while I like, but I'll take care of one of them."

The Union Shorthanders, Academy—Arts, Toronto—are making preparations to give School Teachers and Students special courses in Shorthand, Drawing, and Painting—During Summer Vacation;—we understand that their terms are very low, and Teachers first-class. All who wish to learn either of these arts, should not miss this opportunity. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Mr. J. G. Snyder.

A local wag defines nothing as being a bung hole without a barrel.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

In washing bedsteads use strong brine or hot alum water.

A little carbolic acid put in your glue or paste pot will keep the contents sweet for a long time.

Rub window sills with fine wood ashes and rinse with clean water to remove flower-pot stains.

Dr. E. Parnly Brown declares that the excessive use of salt is one of the main factors in the destruction of human teeth.

Beat carpets on the wrong side first, then on the right side. Spots may then be removed with ammonia water or ox gall.

When drain pipes or other places get sour or impure they may be cleansed with lime water, carbolic acid or chloride of lime.

The inside of a coffee or teapot which has become discolored may be made bright as new by filling with soap-suds and boiling 45 minutes.

A Frenchman has found that by placing a few drops of glycerine and water into the corners of the eyes of dead persons their lifelike appearance is restored.

The Confectioners' Journal is authority for the statement that green cucumber peelings will effectually rid a house of roaches. The insects suck the poison therefrom and die.

Furniture may be washed with warm soap suds quickly, wiped dry, and then rubbed with an oily cloth. To polish rub with rotten-stone and sweet oil. Clean off and oil and polish with chambrils skin.

It is proposed to supply the city of Chicago with water by means of shafts sunk to the limestone strata which underlies the city at no great depth, and outcrops in the bed of Lake Michigan about two miles from shore.

According to Edward Atkinson, 80,000,000 pounds of oil is now thrown into the rivers and wasted from the washing of wool. With the possibilities for the use of lanolin (as this oil is termed) the waste seems unpardonable.

The Learned Societies

Through their members have testified to the great efficacy of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It provokes no line of demarcation, securing alike the good-will of the highest and the most humble, and with strict impartiality, removing with equal celerity the corns of each. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor.

It is said that thousands of tons of leather scraps are grown up and sold for fertilizers. Gentlemen who have been raised on the toes of a boot will readily see how efficacious leather must be as a fertilizer.



This powder never varies in strength and wholesomeness. The ordinary kinds, and capped with the multitude of low test phosphate powders. Sold only by Baking Powder Co., 100 Wall St.

(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.)

THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel.—By DORA RUSSELL.

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

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER XLIV.—(CONTINUED.)

She therefore, (after a word to her Rector, who was always glad to escape country visits), despatched her nets to Kingsford Grange, and when her cousin came in during the evening she told him that she had done so.

"I am sorry for that, Elizabeth," said Godfrey Harford. "I had hoped to have seen you there."

"But you are not going, Godfrey; surely you are not going?"

A sort of dusky blush stole over the Squire's face.

"I have accepted the invitation."

"Oh! Godfrey, I am so sorry. You can't wish—"

"My dear, don't be alarmed; I neither wish nor hope," answered the Squire, with rather a dismal little laugh, "but I don't see why one should quarrel with people merely because a little girl has had taste, you know, Elizabeth?"

Lady Elizabeth got up, and restlessly moved about her drawing room.

"I am certain why she had had taste, Godfrey," she said presently, "she is in love with Alan Lester; you remember I told you so."

"You have no right to say so, Elizabeth," said the squire, gravely.

Lady Elizabeth's face flushed; she was unused to reproof and did not like it.

"Well, we won't quarrel about it," she said, after a moment's silence going up to her cousin with her charming smile, "I know she was a very silly girl to refuse my cousin Godfrey?"

He held out his kind hand to her.

"I can't expect every one to think as well of me as you, my dear," she said, and then she changed the conversation, and Lady Elizabeth was sorry that she had made such a mistake in sending her reply to Kingsford Grange.

And Miss Doyme was no doubt comforted to learn that Mr. Harford was coming to her dinner party, and at once proceeded to engage the professional cook and waiters on whom she had fixed to assist at her entertainment. But she noticed that Lily took no real interest in the preparations. She was restless and unsettled during the next few days, and did not seem to care to stay much indoors. She had not seen Alan Lester for nearly a week—not since that happy day in Barley Wood—and never had time seemed so long to her young heart.

But on the afternoon of the day before the entertainment at Kingsford that had already cost Mrs. Doyme so much thought, expense and disappointment, she despatched her young daughter to a neighbouring gardener's who had a small greenhouse for the purpose of purchasing some

flowers on a sharp thunderstorm as Lily returned, and like many sensitive people had a great awe, if not fear, of this storm overtook the poor girl

read, though for some time the long clouds rising against the peculiar shuddering motion of the disturbed flight of the

warned her of its approach.

As her steps, she almost ran, and her eyes came darkly on, faster and faster.

Thunder rolled overhead, and the sky was rent with

lightning.

She hurriedly fled, and she almost ran, and her eyes came darkly on, faster and faster.

Thunder rolled overhead, and the sky was rent with

lightning.

She hurriedly fled, and she almost ran, and her eyes came darkly on, faster and faster.

Thunder rolled overhead, and the sky was rent with

lightning.

again the fierce lightning leaped out in its wild play.

Drenched and terrified, she at last saw a tall elm standing in a field close to the roadway, and opening the gate of the field, she took refuge under the tree, clinging to the trunk in her great fear, and while she stood thus she heard a horse galloping along the roadway, and looking up, she saw Alan Lester riding past the gate of the field in the drenching rain.

"Alan! Alan!" she cried, forgetting everything but her love and fear, "come back for shelter!"

He looked round, at the sound of her voice, and recognised her white gown, and in a moment pulled up his horse, dismounted, and entered the gate.

He went up to the tree, with his arm through his horse's bridle, and at once caught Lily's hand.

"Come out at once, Lily," he said; "it is dangerous to stand under trees in a storm."

"I'm so afraid," she half-sobbed.

"Don't be afraid," he said kindly. "Here, I'll fasten June to the gate—she'll rear a bit, but it can't be helped, and you come a little further down the road with me."

She obeyed him without a word, clinging to his arm, and feeling now a sort of strange pleasure in the danger when he was near her, when she was sharing it with him.

Alan put his arm round her, and sheltered her as best he could.

"Shut your eyes, Lily," he said, as the bright lightning flashed around them, "and I will take care of you."

He felt to her very much like he would have felt to a little child thrown on his protection in the same plight. But Lily, conscious, being, trembling, leaned against him, with a throbbing breast, and with a wondrous and delicious joy flooding her heart.

CHAPTER XLV.—THE FIRST KISS.

The storm lasted quite half an hour, and during this half hour Alan Lester had time to realise that he was holding a young girl very closely to his breast whom he had been told had given to him unsuspect her pure and innocent love.

And a feeling of tenderness unconsciously came over him as her little cold, chill, hand tightly clasped his, and as he felt her breast throbbing against his own.

"Are you very frightened now, Lily?" he asked, bending his head down closer to hers.

"No—not now."

"Is that because I am taking care of you?"

"Yes."

The little merrily came fluttering out, and the girl moved bravely in his arms as she whispered it, and Alan could see the fair brow (from which her hat had been brushed back) grew pinker and pinker.

The rest of her face was hidden, but he knew she was blushing deeply, and her evident emotion—perhaps her young beauty and sweetness—stirred so strong a feeling in his own heart that the next moment he clasped her still closer to him.

"And would you like me always to take care of you, always to love you?" he whispered, his lips close to her cheek.

Again she stirred in his arms, and her breath came short. Then, suddenly, she looked up in his face, and in her large grey eyes he read her answer.

"Well," he said, gently, and with a kind, half sad smile, "won't you tell me, Lily? Would you like me to take care of you all your life?"

"Yes."

He could scarcely bear her answer, but he knew it was spoken. He bent down, and kissed her; he bound his lips to hers.

"It shall be so then, my dear," he said, "I will do my best."

He meant he would do his best to make her happy, to guard her from all possible ill. This was the feeling he had to her—not love—not the love, at least, with which he had loved Annette. That master-painful had filled his whole being, and every thought and hope at one time had been bound up in the frail faith that had been too weak to face the storm.

But Lily did not pause to analyse his feeling. An intense joy almost over-powered her, and she began to tremble violently from the excess of her emotion.

"What is the matter? Are you frightened still, dear?"

"No, I'm so happy, so happy—if you love me!"

Her agitation, her words, half-frightened Alan.

"You silly little girl!" he said, and once more he kissed her. "But look, Lily, there's a raft of blue in the sky, the storm is nearly past."

Then Lily looked up from his breast, and all the world was changed to her! He was going to love her and take care of her all her life, and there was nothing but joy for her for evermore! What a beautiful world it was—the rain, pattering down on the green meadowlands, and on the lovely weather-bloom, the dark clouds rolling sullenly away, and the blue rift spreading and spreading—all seemed most exquisite to the girl enamoured eyes. She forgot her clinging wet gown, her hat battered out of shape and comeliness; she forgot that Alan was also wet through, and that poor June was tied to the gate. She would willingly have stayed there on the muddy roadway, but luckily Alan had more common sense.

"You must run home now, Lily," he said, "as fast as you can. Oh! how wet you are, my poor child!"

"And look at mother's flowers!" laughed Lily, "they are all broken to pieces."

"Were they for the grand dinner-party to-morrow?" smiled Alan. "Well, never mind, dear, I will send you some down to-morrow morning."

"And you are not coming?" said Lily wistfully.

"No, I like you best alone, Lily; but when shall I see you again?"

"Oh, anytime."

"Well, to-morrow you'll be busy, but the day after to-morrow will you go down by the lake in the park about eleven in the morning, and then we must talk over our plans."

"Yes, and Alan—"

"Well, dear?"

"Don't say anything to anyone, please, for a long time yet—I want—"

"What, you shy little child?"

"I want to be happy all to myself—to know you love me without anyone else knowing it. I could not bear it to be talked about, for other people to know, for ever so long."

He understood the sensitive shrinking love which prompted this request. Lily was afraid of her mother; afraid of commonplace congratulations; of the pride and satisfaction with which she knew the news of her engagement would be received at home. She remembered how it was when Alan had asked Annette to be his wife; how Mrs. Doyme had called on her friends and neighbours, and how she knew within a week, and Lily remembered also how when trouble had come to her mother had been as easy as a feather to her engagement as she had once been about it.

So she would to have her happiness "all to herself," and she would it, for at least a little while, at least they were sacred, too pure, to be intruded upon. And Alan, it must be admitted, was very glad to escape the formalities, though necessary, interviews with Colonel and Mrs. Doyme as long as possible. Yet, still, he had gone through this ordeal once, and his recollection of certain grasping suggestions were not a pleasant one.

He, therefore, willingly agreed to Lily's "little Lily's" request.

"Very well," he said, "so see shall be told at present; but you're not to forget, you know, Lily?"

Again she looked up to him, and Alan once more drew her to his breast.

"Good-bye, dear," he said; "I'll run home. I won't forget the flowers."

And Lily did run home, arriving there wet, rosy, smiling and happy, and was received by her anxious mother, who had been very uneasy at the idea of her being out in such a storm.

"My dear, where have you been? I've been miserable about you!"

Lily was indeed in a sorry plight as regards her dress, which was speckled with mud and saturated with rain.

"What a state you are in—and the poor flowers!"

"Never mind, mother," brightly smiled Lily. "I met Sir Alan Lester, and he said he would send you some flowers down to-morrow morning."

"Well, that was very civil of him. Did he tell you why he refused the invitation?"

"No—I suppose he does not care for parties. He goes out very seldom, you know, mother."

"Perhaps. Well, dear, get off your wet things, and then you must tell me all your adventures. I'm sure I am glad to see you safe at home again."

But Lily told her mother nothing more. She had met Sir Alan, and he had promised her some flowers. Mrs. Doyme, however, was quite quick to see that something very pleasant to Lily had occurred during her wet walk. Instead of the languid interest she had displayed yesterday about the coming entertainment, Lily was now full of interest and excitement over the preparations.

And when Alan kept his promise, and the head gardener at the Court arrived next morning at Kingsford with a basket of most beautiful flowers, Lily went dancing about the house unable to conceal her joy.

She arranged these flowers herself, touching the delicate blossoms with her small, sensitive hands with lingering tenderness. Lily had a great liking for flowers—gifts sweet and precious to us poor mortals; fresh and fair in this sin-stained world as they bloomed in Eden? A room without flowers, to my mind, is always dull and uninviting. They brighten existence, and the rich and poor can alike enjoy them, for the wild flowers of our English fields yield a rich harvest to a loving eye.

And these came from Alan, from her lover, her love! In this child's nature there was a vein of hero-worship—that blindness of the soul that idealises the being it adores. She did not see Alan as he really was; he was quite noble and faultless in her eyes. He had borne the loss of fortune with a proud smile, and showed the kindest interest and regard for the poor youth who had supplanted him.

Lily knew nothing of the sinking of spirit, of the bitter pain with which Alan had relinquished his inheritance. He had done it because it was just and right, and he was too proud a man to make a display of his feelings. Thus the great heart-break that had come to him, when Annette had flung his love away, was never perfectly understood by Lily. He had borne this bravely, as he had borne the other, but it had changed his heart. He had no blind faith now in any living soul. He had smiled a little sadly, perhaps a little cynically, even when he had parted with his Lily after her sweet kiss on the muddy road.

He was once more Sir Alan Lester, and he thought of the time when Annette had kissed Sir Alan too, and then transferred her kiss when his title and fortune had passed away. Would this child have done the same? He was half-ashamed to ask himself the question; ashamed of ungenerous doubts, when he remembered her fresh, innocent face, and yet Annette had seemed to him so fresh and innocent too!

A bitterness of which he was conscious had in fact dimmed the original nobleness and trustfulness of his soul. But Lily never dreamed of this; to her he was "the goodliest man of men," and she the happiest maiden to have won his love!

It is an old saying that there is no beauty draught like happiness, and it might be this which made her seem so fair when the guests began to assemble at Kingsford on the occasion of Mrs. Doyme's notable dinner-party. Everything hitherto had gone right during the preparations. The hired cook had kept sober, and the two hired waiters supplied by the house in town, from which Mrs. Doyme had borrowed her silver and cutlery, had arrived; the leading man being tall and of salmon port, who looked as though a joke was impossible to him, for his stern lips never relaxed, and his unbending eyes were fixed immovably on his duties. The lesser man was red-haired, and if he had not been a waiter might perhaps have been guilty of some human frailties. Both were irreproachable, however, in dress and bearing, and Mrs. Doyme sitting at the head of her flower-decked table, felt rewarded for all her trouble, and

certain that none of her neighbors could have surpassed her entertainment.

Mr. Harford, who had taken Mrs. Doyno in to dinner, and who was fond of flowers, noticed the unusual display arranged by Lily's tasteful hands, and his admiration of them gave Mrs. Doyno the opportunity for which she had ardently longed of mentioning their donor.

"Our neighbor, Sir Alan Lester, sent them," she said proudly.

"Indeed?" answered Godfrey, and his lips gave a little nervous quiver under his heavy brown moustache, the ends of which were just tinged with grey.

And he looked across the table at Lily with a fresh pang in his heart and great sadness in his kindly eyes. How fair she was—how fair! Would Alan Lester ever cherish her, and love her, as he would have done? He thought this at that moment, and turned his eyes away from the sweet, glad face that had never seemed so beautiful before.

On his other side was the eldest Miss Sparrowhawk, the same young lady who had filled poor Jim Lester's heart with actual terror by her learning and experiments in natural history. She now attacked the Squire of Kismet, for whom she was supposed to have a hidden regard.

"Have you seen that interesting treatise, Mr. Harford, on—"

"Oh, Miss Sparrowhawk," interrupted the Squire, with a gleam of his old light heartedness, passing over his face, "don't ask me about treatises of any sort, you know I'm a regular dunce!"

"I would be sorry to think that, Mr. Harford."

"It's a fact, though," laughed the Squire, "and I don't think you ladies should spoil your eyes and complexions by too much study. I'm an old-fashioned man, and if a woman is good and pretty, that's quite enough for me."

"And is the intellectual part of us of no account, then? The deep thoughts that wander through the universe—that would pierce eternity?"

"My dear Miss Sparrowhawk," said the Squire a little gravely, "I am content, as my mother was before me, to leave mysteries which are too great for me alone. No living eye can see beyond the veil, and the old foundations of our faith are to my mind the safest, and all modern theories seem to me too flimsy to supplant them."

Upon this Miss Sparrowhawk plunged into a somewhat incoherent discourse in which the words "physical evolution," "millions of organisms," fell harmlessly on the Squire's inattentive ears.

"What a bore the woman is," he is thinking; he would have liked her better with the simplest language upon her lips.

He was glad, therefore, when the ladies went away, and when he rejoined them in the drawing room he may be sure he did not go near the smiling Miss Sparrowhawk. He went and sat down by Lily, and the girl looked shyly and sweetly in his face, little guessing that she owed her present happiness to his unselfish love.

CHAPTER XLVI.—WHAT THE COLONEL SAID.

Mrs. Doyno retired that night with the pleased consciousness that her party had been a success, that everyone had enjoyed themselves, and that Mr. Harford still evidently admired Lily. But the Colonel took more gloomy views, for he had just paid a considerable sum of money to the irreproachable head waiter, for the terms of the house in town, who had supplied the goods (silver, cutlery, and men included), were strictly cash.

"Well, everything went off extremely well," remarked Mrs. Doyno to her spouse. "Oest a damned lot of m. say," grumbled the Colonel.

"When one has daughters to settle, my dear, it is impossible to avoid expense, and I believe that Mr. Harford is still in love with Lily, and of course he came here to-day in opposition to Lady Elizabeth's wishes—what a nice man he is—I shall be quite satisfied if Lily marries him."

"I thought it was Sir Alan Lester you had an idea of?"

"I can't make Sir Alan out; it was very civil of him to send the flowers certainly, but then you see he did not come to-day. My belief is they both admire her, and of course they are both men of excellent position."

"Humph," muttered the Colonel, still in an aggrieved tone. The truth was he was a

poor man for the position he was forced to keep up, and to do him justice he was honest. He hated to owe a penny, and he never did if he could help it, but he also hated to spend one. He therefore lay ruefully computing the cost of this entertainment, but even when his reflections terminated in deep and prolonged moans, Mrs. Doyno's heart was full of triumph and self-satisfaction.

And in all the world that night there was no happier heart than her young daughter's! Lily Doyno could not sleep for her great joy. She was going to see Alan Lester to-morrow, he loved her, and some day she would be his wife. Tossing on her pillow, with her fair hair unbound, and her fair face flushed, she kept telling herself again and again the sweet story.

In this gentle heart there was no selfishness. She did not think "Sir Alan is a rich man, I have done well, and other girls will envy me." She thought of no one but Alan, whom she might love and worship now without shame—of sweet days and hours when she would be alone with him, when she would share his thought, and if trouble or pain came to him she would still be near him, and comfort him and tend him until her life would end.

Those were her waking dreams, and when at last she fell into the placid sleep of youth, she dreamed of Alan still—indistinct sweet visions in which the face of her love floated before her, clothed in mysterious light, which faded, and yet left a memory when the bright May day broke, and the sun flooded the girl's room with its golden light.

Lily started up, ashamed to see how late it was, and hastily dressed herself, putting on a new, pale blue morning-gown, and ran downstairs as fresh and fair as any English girl could be.

The energetic and economical Mrs. Doyno had been up betimes to see after the remains of the feast, lest some light fingered maid might appropriate dessert or sweets, which Mrs. Doyno carefully looked away.

She looked round as her young daughter entered, and shook her head disapprovingly at the new gown.

"You extravagant child! What have you put on that dress this morning for? I wanted you to help me to put by the things."

"Not this morning, mother," answered Lily, with a pretty blush, "I am going out for a walk this morning, it is so fine."

"Oh," said Mrs. Doyno, contemplatively, and during breakfast she made no further allusion to Lily's dress, except to say the gown was a nice fit, and that the colour suited her.

Presently the Colonel made his appearance with a headache. He had in fact taken too much of the cheap champagne to which he had treated his friends the evening before, and was now reaping the bitter consequences.

"Will you go out for a walk with me this morning, Lily?" he said, hoping the air would relieve his throbbing temples.

"I can't go this morning, father," answered Lily, and again she blushed, this time so deeply that her mother was convinced that her daughter was going out to meet Mr. Harford by appointment!

"I would not be in the least bit surprised if they settled all last night, and that the elated mother; "however," she said, "telling to her father, or to his wife, to make some blunder or other of it if I do. I dare say we shall hear something before the day is over."

Little Mrs. Doyno guessed what she was to hear! Lily shyly went out of the room, and presently quietly left the house by the back door; left her father, who was staring disconsolately out of the front window, thinking of his headaches and his expenses, might see her, and again offer to go out for a walk with her.

It was close on the "appointed hour" at which Lily had promised to meet Alan Lester, when she reached the side of the water in the park, which lay glittering in the morning sunshine like a lake of gold.

Two of the deer—fawn-coloured, graceful creatures—were drinking when Lily approached, and turned and fled with swift, light feet as their gentle, liquid eyes fell on the young stranger. Lily sat down on a green bank by the side of the lake, watching the wild ducks near a little wooded island, now calling, now diving, in the small water.

It was a beautiful spot this, so still that the blackbird's clear notes, and a rustle now and then, and the crackle and ferny tr-

dergrowth beneath the green trees were the only sounds that broke on the silent air. But presently Lily's expectant ears heard another sound—a quick, firm, light step; and she rose blushing, young and fair, and held out her hand to Alan Lester.

"I'm so sorry, Lily. Have you waited long?"

"Only a few minutes; and it's so lovely, it didn't seem long, Alan."

"I am glad of that. Yes, it's a beautiful morning; may I sit down beside you, dear? I declare, we look as if we were in Arcadia!" And Alan gave a light laugh.

Lily laughed too—a girlish, happy laugh—and then a tender look stole over her face as Alan took her hand.

"And how did the grand party come off, Lily?"

"Oh, very well; mother was very pleased—and, Alan, the flowers were so beautiful. I arranged them all myself, and everyone admired them—and look! I kept a rose." And Lily touched a yellow tear in the bosom of her blue gown.

"Did you mean it for me?" smiled Alan, holding out his hand for the rose.

"Would you take it; you who have so many?"

"Not many that have been worn by Miss Lily Doyno! Thank you, Lily, and in return I have got something for you, but I won't tell you yet what it is."

"Yes, tell me Alan. Don't tease me."

"Must I not, little one? You look very pretty, do you know, Lily, this morning," said Alan, turning round and looking contemplatively in the fair young face by his side.

"Yes, sweetly pretty. Are you very happy, dear?"

"Yes, so—so happy, Alan!" And Lily's head fell nestling on his breast, and he put his arm round her and drew her closer to him.

"Do you know what I've been thinking?" he asked, bending his head down to hers.

"No, Alan."

"That it would not be quite straight and right of me not to tell your father and mother, Lily, that we have settled matters between us. I know what you are going to say—that it's sweeter for only us two to know—so it is dear; but you see there are certain codes that an honourable man cannot break, and it would not do for you and I to meet each other as we are doing now unless your mother and father knew. You see you are very young, Lily?"

"Yes; but we are so happy, are we not, as we are now?"

"But we couldn't stay as we are now, you silly child! Some prying eyes would be seeing me sitting with my arm around your waist, and wouldn't there be a terrible scandal! Colonel Doyno would call me out; Frank would arrive with his revolver; Mrs. Grundy would shake her head, and I don't know what would happen!" and once more Alan laughed.

"Well, wait a little while at least?"

"How long; a fortnight?"

"A fortnight certainly is a very short time—still—"

"And I must only see you twice in the fortnight, eh?"

"Oh! Alan! Only twice; but I'm sure your joking. Indeed. Who knows, some one may be looking at us now!" And Alan glanced laughing around.

Alan, there was some one actually looking at them! Colonel Doyno, finding that he could not get his young daughter to go for a walk with him, and tempted by the beauty of the morning, had strolled out for a solitary ramble, and had gone into Roden park intending to have a cigar by the lake, and to amuse himself by watching the water-fowl.

But just as he was about to emerge from the shadow of the trees, a slight mist met his eyes which in his own phraseology "nearly knocked him over." Yes there, just before him, with their backs to him, sitting on the bank by the lake, was a young woman in a blue gown, and a young man in a light grey suit with his arm around her, and the young woman's head was lying on the young man's breast.

The Colonel rubbed his eyes; and shook himself—could his senses be leaving him? Was it an optical delusion? Or was it really, really his daughter Lily and Alan Lester!

He stood there gasping, and his face got very red. To do him justice he was no coward, and some very war-like and ferocious thoughts rushed into his mind. He would knock Sir Alan down—he ought to

be ashamed of himself to lead a young girl into such a flagrant breach of decorum.

As he was meditating what to do, still staring at the pair before him, another idea flashed into his mind; the idea that had occurred to him in Burnly woods, that Lily and Sir Alan were lovers, and that probably they were engaged, or at all events likely to become so.

"I want to speak to you for a minute, Lydia," he said, and Mrs. Doyno looking round saw at once by her husband's expression that he had something important to communicate, and she, therefore, descended from her chair and followed him into the breakfast room.

"What is it you want, my dear?" she asked.

"I've something to tell you," said the Colonel, who was quite pale with excitement; "I've got quite a shock, Lydia. Who do you think I came upon in Roden Park?"

"How can I tell, Richard?"

"Lily and Sir Alan Lester—sitting, if you will believe me, with his arm around her waist, and her head upon his breast! There! Did you ever hear of such a thing? A young girl like Lily!"

"With Sir Alan Lester?" repeated Mrs. Doyno at once, catching some of her husband's excitement. "Then I see it all now; I understand now about the flowers and everything, and how Lily has seemed so bright and happy these two last days. She is engaged to him, Richard, I bet you a hundred pounds!"

"I hope so," said the Colonel, "for I won't stand anything else, I can tell you. Sir Alan or no Sir Alan, I don't care who it is, but I won't have my daughter sitting with a man's arm round her waist, unless she is engaged to him. You must see about it at once, Lydia."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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45 to 50. Five Alarm Clocks; one walled clock \$1 to \$2. Twelve extra silver plated crust stands \$1 to \$2. One hundred and eighteen fine extra silver plated Napkin Rings. \$50
130 to 225. Forty-seven fine solid gold Gem Rings, size to fit winners. \$470

After this list the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last, will receive the first reward in the following list of middle awards. The sender of the next correct answer, following the middle one, will receive number two, and so on till they are all distributed.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. One Hundred Dollars in Gold. \$100
2 to 5. One Cabinet Organ, 15 tops, by Hall & Co. \$20
6 to 9. Four fine extra silver plated Tea Services, 4 pieces, newest design. \$20
10 to 15. Six ladies' fine Gold Watches, bracelet cases, handsomely engraved. \$20
16 to 18. Three sets Chambers' Encyclopaedia, 10 vols to set, well bound. \$10
19 to 22. Four English Breech loading Double Barrel Shot Guns. \$20
23 to 30. Thirty-five extra fine Morocco Morocco cases, containing complete sets of half dozen extra silver plated knives, forks and spoons. \$25
31 to 35. Thirty-five beautiful extra silver plated butter coasters. \$15
36 to 38. Thirty-six elegant silver plated pickle cruet. \$12
126 to 200. Sixty-six fine silver plated Butter Knives or Sugar Shells. \$66

So as to give even the most distant persons an opportunity, the following list of consolation rewards has been arranged. To the sender of the last correct answer in this competition, envelopes post marked not later than the 30th June, (the closing date), will be given number one of these rewards; the next preceding the last one will get number two, and so on, counting backwards, till all these rewards are given out.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. One rosewood square Piano, by the Dominion Piano & Organ Co. of Bowmanville, or a piano equally as good. \$500
2 to 4. Three ladies' fine gold hunting case Watches, extra good movements. \$180
5 to 7. Three extra silver Tea Services (4 pieces) \$150
8 to 11. Fourteen fine extra heavy silver plated Cake Baskets, (new design). \$150
12 to 15. Fifteen extra silver plated Cercom. \$150
16 to 21. Seventeen fine heavy silver plated Teapots, china design. \$170
22 to 25. One hundred extra fine rolled gold Brooches. \$200

Fifteen (15) days after closing date, 30th June, will be allowed for letters to reach TRUTH office from distant points, that is if letters bear the postmark of 30th June, they will be eligible to compete.

THE EXTRA PRIZES.

Five thousand, or more if required, half dozen extra silver plated teaspoons. \$5000. These extra prizes are the spoons that are

to be given to every person competing, whether their answers are correct or not.

You will be wise, no matter where you live, if, at this moment you read these offers, you at once send in your answers, enclosing in the same envelope, one dollar and eighteen cents for postage and packing of spoons. You will not regret the investment, as you will get the value for your money in TRUTH, and to say nothing about the spoons or any of the larger prizes. Address, S. FRANK WILSON, TRUTH OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA.

For two dollars I will send you, per express, an elegant butter cooler, extra heavy silver plated, and mail TRUTH for three months.

For five dollars I will send you, per express, one elegant satin lined imitation Morocco case, about 9x12 inches, containing half dozen each extra silver plated knives, forks and teaspoons, and mail TRUTH for three months. A very choice present for any lady and a dessert set that would adorn any table.

For seven dollars and a half I will send you a magnificent Family Bible, (and TRUTH for three months), superbly bound in Morocco, beautifully embossed and gilt, containing over 2,000 fine illustrations of Bible History, Oruden's concordance, (a very useful addition, as it enables anyone to find any word referred to in the Bible as easily as you can find a chapter or page in any book.) This Bible has never retailed under twenty dollars. You will regret it if you let these opportunities go by.

These who avail themselves of one or all of these special offers, and who answer the Bible questions correctly, are also entitled to all the privileges which pertain to those who send only the dollar and eighteen cents. That is, their names are placed among those who are eligible for the prizes enumerated in the foregoing lists of First, Middle and Consolation rewards. But whether answers are correct or not, the Butter Cooler, Morocco Case, or Bible, as the case may be, will be forwarded AT ONCE on receipt of money for same.

A FEW SAMPLE TESTIMONIALS.

Among Thousands in the Possession of "Truth."

I have received by express this morning the Silver Ice Pitcher I was fortunate to win in last Bible Competition. It is very handsome and far surpasses anything I had anticipated.

E. BARKER, 19, Hanover Street, Montreal. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of my prize for correct answers to Bible Questions, a Gold Watch. I am very much pleased with it.

THOMAS W. ORANGE, Campbellford. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Cabinet Organ you kindly sent me as my prize for Bible answers. I am highly pleased with it and return you my sincere thanks for such a handsome instrument.

W. B. WALKER, Galt. Rev. S. H. Dyke, late Publisher Canadian Baptist, Toronto, acknowledges receipt of two Gold Watches won by himself and wife in a recent competition.

W. J. Turnbull, Paris Maunt. Co., Paris, Ont., acknowledges receipt of a handsome square rosewood Piano of magnificent tone and compass.

E. Phillips, St. Catharines, acknowledges receipt of one hundred dollars, gratefully, &c., &c. The piano won by my son Benson in Bible Competition No. 6, and which came to us a year ago, proves to be in every respect a superior instrument. The Tuner, a Toronto gentleman, says the tone and finish are complete. A large number of people during the year have called at the manse, examined and tried it, and are surprised at its excellence. It is just as advertised. Mr. Wilson has too much at stake to depart in any measure from his offers, which are both numerous and liberal. T. Sarratt, Pastor of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Markham, Ont.

Yvonne R., Cape Town, South Africa, acknowledges receipt of a Gold Watch.

Maximilian, Mrs. A. Frank Wilson, Esq., Toronto: you shipped me six weeks ago a beautiful Cabinet Organ. I received the same yesterday; it came without a scratch. Thanks also for the five years warranty, sent along with it. Marcus Jackson.

Geo. Zincker, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, thankfully and gratefully acknowledges receipt of an elegant Gold Watch.

Elizabeth W. says:—Among the winners of prizes in this locality under the Bible competitions are: J. Galloway, Jennie Galloway, E. Wilson, Mrs. W. Small, E. M. Wiley, Elizabeth; Stanley Grant, O'Leary; Viola Hunt, Birmingham; Jennie Price, Newbury.

J. Brydon, Okanagan Mission, British Columbia, sends thanks for beautiful Gold bracelet case watch. Edgemoor, Paisley, Renfrewshire, Scotland.—I must apologise for not acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful Gold Watch which I won in the Consolation Rewards in competition No. 8.

John Huxtable, Oswego, New York, says: Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a gold hunting-case Kigin watch for prize story No. 9 in TRUTH. I have shown it to a good number and they all pronounce it fine, "a daisy O." I wish TRUTH the best of success.

C. M. STARK, New Haven, Conn. JAMES GOZDOR, Lancaster, Pa., also gratefully and delightedly acknowledge receipt of ladies' gold Kigin Watch; also, to the same strain, Mr. IRVING, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. MARSHALL, Ada, Ohio, acknowledges receipt of elegant Silver Tea Services. C. GROVER, Seattle, Washington Territory. L. EDWARDS, Kansas City, and C. HORTON, Elk Clay St., San Francisco,

Cal., received gentlemen's fine gold hunting case watches, with which they were very much pleased. SOME BIG PRIZES.

The Bowmanville Statesman, of Dec. 4th, says:—Our citizens have been very successful in the TRUTH and the LADY'S JOURNAL Bible Competitions organized by Mr. S. Frank Wilson, Toronto. In addition to the list below several others have received valuable gold and silver watches, handsome silver cake baskets, gold rings and brooches, books, etc.—Mrs. A. L. Yantone, Organ, 10 steps; M. Moseita James, Silver Tea Service. Ladies' Gold Watches.—Mrs. J. Van Nest, W. J. Heard, Fred Gray, Amanda Bond, Thos. Sheridan, Sylvia Watrous.—Mrs. W. R. Head, Mrs. Thos. Sheridan, Minnie Werry, Mrs. W. McKowen, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. J. H. James, Mrs. Wm. Jewell, Mrs. M. Dayman, W. W. Tanslyn, M. A. The total value of above prizes amounted to \$1,100. Address in all cases, S. FRANK WILSON, Truth Office, Toronto, Canada.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER!

THE VOLTAIO BROTHERS Co., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated VOLTAIO BROTHERS and Electric Appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars, mailed free. Write them at once.

A gentleman at the theatre was greatly annoyed by the coughing of a lady next to him. Finally, in his despair, he turned to her, saying: "That is a bad cold you have, Madam." She: "Yes; but it's the best I've got, sir."

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

A Yorkville laborer, reading a journal to his wife, instead of "the President was received with three huzzahs," pronounced the last word "huzzah." "Mere shame for him," replied the indignant and scandalized lady.

A Growing Evil.

Scrofula, or king's evil as an enlargement of the glands of the neck is termed, may be called a growing evil if more than one sense. Mrs. Henry Dobbs, of Berridale, was cured of enlarged glands of the neck and sore throat by the internal and external use Hagar's Yellow Oil.

Suitor: "Sir, you are undoubtedly aware of the object of my visit." Father: "I believe you desire to marry my daughter happy. Do you really mean it?" Suitor: "Unquestionably." Father: "Well, don't marry her, then."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winkler's SCORFUX STRIP should always be used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

"Economy is wealth." If the person who invented the proverb will call at this office any afternoon, we will present him a goodly supply of economy for half its face value in wealth. We have more economy than we really need.

A Fair Propoition.

There could be no offer more fair than that of the proprietors of Hagar's Yellow Oil, who have long offered to refund every cent expended for that remedy, if it fails to give satisfaction on fair trial.

John Henry had a guest at dinner, the other day, and during a pause in the conversation the infant terrible spoke up: "I wish I was you." "Do you, my little boy, and why do wish you were me?" "Cos you don't get your ear pinched when you eat vittles with your knife."

As age creeps on apace, the various functions of the body grow weaker in their performance. Old people who suffer from increasing indigestion, torpidity of the liver, and constipation, should give renewed impetus to the action of the stomach, bile secreting organ and bowels, with Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, from which aid is never sought in vain. It works wonders as a blood purifier.

"Talking ob law," says Brother Gardner, "makes me think ob what de mortal Cato, who lib' most a thousand years ago, once said: 'De law am like a gronn' glass window, dat gibe light 'nuff to light us poor folks in de dark passages of dis life; but it would puzzle de dabble himself to see through it.'"

Quinine and Chills.

Quinine is the popular remedy for chill fever, but it does not always cure. Equire Pelton, of Grass Lake, Michigan, took in all 630 grains of quinine for chronic chills and malarial fever. After that and various other remedies had failed, five bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

LADIES' JOURNAL BIBLE COMPETITION. No. 11.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. One elegant Square Piano, by a celebrated firm \$500
2. One fine toned 12 stop Cabinet Organ 250
3, 4 and 5. Three fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 150
6 to 9. Four Ladies fine Gold Hunting case Watches, elegantly engraved, first-class time-keepers 280
10 to 13. Four celebrated Wauzer Sewing Machines 24
14 to 20. Seven extra fine quadruple silver plated Cake Baskets 100
21 to 25. Sixteen fine quadruple silver plated Ornat Stands 16
26 to 30. Sixteen ladies fine extra heavy rolled gold neck chains, with lockets 240
31 to 35. Twenty solid gold Gem Rings, sizes to fit winners 200
36 to 39. Fourteen half dozen sets extra heavy silver plated Table Spoons 84
40 to 100. Eleven solid gold chased or fancy Rings, sizes to fit winners 150
101 to 155. Fifty-seven solid rolled gold Brooches. 110

Number one of the above rewards, the piano, will be given the sender of the first correct answers to the Bible Questions given below. The sender of the second correct answer arriving at LADIES' JOURNAL office takes number two, the organ, and so on till all the above rewards are given away.

A PRESENT FOR EVERYBODY.

All persons competing must send with their answers one dollar, for which they will receive by express one elegant silver plated Butter Dish, set on a silver plate with silver plated cover, and figure of a cow on top, (the dish itself being of glass,) and the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year, free of postage. Butter dishes not as good as these have been retailed at \$2.00. This butter dish will be sent you whether your answers to these Bible Questions are right or not.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. SPARROW. Where are these four words first mentioned in the Bible?
2. DOVE.
3. HAWK.
4. EAGLE.

These four questions must be answered correctly to secure any of the larger rewards named in these lists.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. A complete outfit for the lady winner of this prize, consisting of one extra fine black Silk Dress pattern, one fine black Cashmere dress pattern, a good print dress, newest style, and three pairs of Kid Cloves, of size and color to suit winner, all from Pettley's; also one pair Kid Slippers and one pair French Kid Button Boots, from Toronto Shoe Co., or if preferred, cash 75
2 and 3. Two fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 100
4 to 7. Four ladies fine gold hunting case Watches new designs 280
8 to 11. Fourteen fine extra quadruple silver plated Cake Baskets 140
12 to 15. Seventeen extra fine quadruple silver plated Ornat Stands 170
16 to 19. Nineteen sets of heavy Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Forks, and Tea Spoons, Half Dozen of each 223
20 to 23. Thirty-three finely bound volumes of Poems, extra value 99
24 to 119. Twenty-nine solid Rolled Gold Brooches newest Designs 57

The first prize in the Middle Rewards, the \$75 or the outfit, will be given the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last. The sender of the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two—one of the tea sets—and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. One Cabinet Organ by Bell & Co., 12 stops, beautifully finished 250
2 to 4. Three fine solid silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 180
5 to 9. Five ladies fine Gold Watches, elegantly engraved 450
10 to 12. Three fine celebrated Wauzer Sewing Machines 180
13 to 19. Seventeen pairs fine lace Curtains 204
20 to 31. Twenty-two dozen sets solid heavy silver plated Dinner or Dessert Knives, put up in plain lined cases 220
32 to 40. Thirty-nine half dozen sets of extra silver plated Teaspoons 78
41 to 131. Forty-two fine half dozen sets solid silver plated Teaspoons 84

The sender of the last correct answer received in this competition, which closes 30th June next, will secure number one—the organ—of these consolation rewards.

The sender of the next to last one, number two—one of the gold watches—and so on till all these are given out. Fifteen days after date of closing are allowed for letters to reach this office from distant points.



THE EXTRA PRIZES.

Five thousand (or more if required) extra silver plated Butter Dishes. These are the Butter Dishes that are spoken of above, one of which will be given to every competitor, whether the answers are correct or not \$3250

This is the most liberal offer ever made by any publisher in the world—and the sooner you take advantage of it the better, as such an offer will not likely be made again. You pay nothing for the privilege of competing, as one dollar is the regular yearly subscription price of the LADIES' JOURNAL. Address S. Frank Wilson, LADIES' JOURNAL Office, Toronto, Canada. Send money by Post Office order or registered letter.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage, Express 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 Home-cooked, stage 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.

"Grandpa," said Teddy, as the old gentleman woke up from a loud snoring after-dinner nap, "if you'd give your nose a spoonful of parogorio, don't you think you could put it to sleep, too?"

A Complicated Case.

Harry Ricardo, of Meaford, Ont., testifies that he suffered from rheumatic gout and chronic trouble of the stomach and liver, which B. J. Blood Bitters effectually cured, after all other tried remedies had failed.

"Employer (to collector): 'See Mr. Smith?' Collector: 'Oh, yes.' Employer: 'Was he annoyed at your calling upon him?' Collector: 'Not a bit. He asked me to call again.'"

H. A. McLaughlin, Norland, writes: "I am sold out of Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It cures Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver, Constipation, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Female Complaints, etc."

A paper informs its readers that "when a gentleman and lady are walking upon the street the lady should be in the arms of the gentleman." But how the lady is to do it is not stated.

A cure for drunkenness, opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and general habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Send 62 in stamps for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Labon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Out this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

"Rule of the office, sir—patients will please pay before taking gas." "Why not after?" "It's awkward collecting in case of—failure to restore respiration."

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

Music Teacher—"Your daughter, Mrs. Jones, has real musical talent. She ought to have a thorough training." That's just what I was telling Mr. Jones to-day, and we agreed to hire a competent teacher for her, after she has finished her next quarter with you."

THE BANK OF TORONTO.

Proceedings of the Thirtieth Annual General Meeting

Of the Stockholders, Held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto, on Wednesday, 16th June, 1886.

The annual general meeting of the Bank of Toronto (being the thirtieth since the commencement of business) was held in pursuance of the terms of the charter, at the banking-house of the Institution, June 16, 1886.

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

Moved by W. R. WADSWORTH, Esq., seconded by Alfred Gooderham, Esq., and Resolved, That Messrs. Walter S. Lee and Robert Myles be appointed scrutineers, and that they report to the Cashier the result of the election of Directors for the ensuing year, to take place at this meeting. By request of the Chairman the Cashier then read the following:—

REPORT.

The Directors of the Bank of Toronto have the pleasure of presenting to the stockholders their Thirtieth Annual Report, accompanied by a Statement of the Accounts as on the 31st May last.

The year recently closed has not witnessed any pronounced improvement in the general business of the country. Values of agricultural and industrial products continue depressed, and in many instances are too low to permit of a profitable return to the producer.

The demand for money has not been active during the year, causing considerable difficulty to be experienced in obtaining employment for the funds at the disposal of the Bank, even at the reduced rates current.

The business of the Bank, however, was on the whole well maintained, and the results do not compare unfavorably with those of former years.

The net profits of the year, after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and deducting interest due depositors and rebate on current discounts, amounted to \$ 250,184 22

Add balance at credit Profit and Loss Account, brought forward from last year 14,544 40
This sum has been appropriated as follows:—
Dividend No. 59 4 per cent. \$50,000 00
Dividend No. 60, 4 per cent. 80,000 00
Bonus of 2 per cent. 40,000 00
Added to Best 60,000 00
Balance carried forward to next year 14,729 22
\$264,729 22

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

The whole respectfully submitted. (Signed), GEORGE GOODERHAM, President.

GENERAL STATEMENT, 31ST MAY, 1886.

Table with columns for Assets and Liabilities. Assets include Gold and silver coin on hand, Dominion notes on hand, Notes and cheques of other banks, Balances due from other banks in Canada, etc. Liabilities include Deposits bearing interest, Deposits not bearing interest, Balances due to other banks in Canada, etc.

Table with columns for Assets and Liabilities. Assets include Gold and silver coin on hand, Dominion notes on hand, Notes and cheques of other banks, Balances due from other banks in Canada, etc. Liabilities include Deposits bearing interest, Deposits not bearing interest, Balances due to other banks in Canada, etc.

(Signed) D. COULSON, Cashier.

Toronto, 31st May 1886. After the reading of the above it was moved by GEORGE GOODERHAM, Esq., seconded by Wm. H. Beatty, Esq., and Resolved, That the report of the Directors now read be adopted, and printed for distribution amongst the stockholders.

Moved by WALTER S. LEE, Esq., seconded by Thomas G. Blackstock, Esq., and Resolved, That the stockholders hereby tender their thanks to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their care and attention to the interests of the Bank during the year.

Moved by Wm. G. GOODERHAM, Esq., seconded by Henry Covert, Esq., and Resolved, That balloting for the election of Directors now commence and continue until 2 o'clock, but should a period of five minutes elapse without a vote being tendered, the poll may be closed by the scrutineers.

REPORT OF THE SCRUTINEERS. We, the undersigned, appointed scrutineers at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bank of Toronto, held this day, declare that the names of the gentlemen who were unanimously elected Directors for the ensuing year are as follows:— GEORGE GOODERHAM, W. R. WADSWORTH, HENRY COVERT, HENRY CAWTHRA, ALEX. T. FULTON, WM. H. BEATTY, WM. GEO. GOODERHAM.

(Signed), WALTER S. LEE, R. MYLES, Scrutineers. Toronto, 16th June, 1886. 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.

High Praise. Mrs. John Neelands, writing from the Methodist Parsonage, Adelaide, Ont. "I have used Hagar's Pectoral Balm in our family for years. For heavy sore throats and distressing coughs of medicine so soon relieves."

"The doctor said he'd put me on again in two weeks. Well, didn't he? He did, indeed. I had to rest and buggy to foot the bill." Mrs. O'Hearn, River Street, uses Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for Cracked and Sore Toes; it is nothing like it. She also says her horses had the Epizootic best results.

"What do they do with the minister?" asked a man who put him in a stall and bit," said his father, "and expect him a church and expect him to be declared."

E. O. McGovern, of Toronto, is a well-known resident who declares incurable disease being a liver complaint, and that his liver is now healthy and his blood purified.

AFTER THE STORM HAS PAST.

Words and Music by NED STRAIGHT.

Con Carita.

1. I am gaz - ing at the o - cean, think - ing, dear, of you; Wond - 'ring if, while
 2. In my thoughts your form I'm clasp - ing fond - ly to my heart; Thro' the tears your

I am ab - sent, dar - ling, you'll prove true, And a - cross the sea a vis - per
 eyes are speak - ing, "nor - er more we'll part," Soon a - gain I'll meet my dar - ling,

In my ear is cast, "Bright - er days will come, my dar - ling, Af - ter the storm has past."
 Time is fleet - ing fast, Then I'll kiss those cheeks of ro - sea, Af - ter the storm has past."

CHORUS.

Sup'ro.
 While the ship's a - bove the wa - ter, Though the clouds be o' - - er - cast,
Alto.

mf
Tenor.
 While the ship's a - - bove the wa - ter, Though the clouds be o' - - er - - cast,
Bass.

mf

pp ral. len - tan - do.
 Bright - er days will come, my dar - ling, Af - - ter the storm has past.

f *cres*
 Bright - er days will come, my dar - ling, has past.

f *cres* *pp ral. len - tan - do.* *ff*

Amusements.

The Musical Festival.

The success of the Toronto Musical Festival has been phenomenal. The most sanguine of its promoters scarcely looked for so great a triumph.

The causes contributing to so brilliant an achievement are not far to seek. In the first place there was the public spirit manifested by those gentlemen who pledged themselves to the extent of \$25,000 to secure the Association against loss. With implicit faith in the superior musical taste of the city and Province, they deliberately made themselves responsible for a large sum in order that the Association might be justified in undertaking the enterprise. The confidence of the guarantors was not misplaced. The attendance at the various concerts demonstrated that they had correctly gauged the extent of the musical culture of the people.

Secondly, the great success scored was in a large measure due to the energy and enthusiasm of each individual member of the Association, from the Conductor and President down. With persevering zeal they perfected and carried out every detail, each person faithfully discharging his duty in connection therewith.

As an artistic triumph, however, the credit supremely belongs to Mr. Torrington. The amount of hard work which he had to perform in the training of the two vast choruses and the large orchestra can scarcely be estimated. But Mr. Torrington was equal to the task. The musical fire which burns and glows in his own nature was kindled in the souls of the singers, and the full rich volume of harmony came from hearts ardently aglow with enthusiasm. Mr. Torrington must certainly feel flattered at the result of his work. If he does not he ain't human, that's all.

The first production, "Mors et Vita," on Tuesday evening, was a most auspicious inaugural. The rendering of this beautiful though difficult trilogy was well nigh faultless and was indicative of better things to follow.

On the following afternoon the Festival Matinee was attended by another vast audience and the triumph of the previous day repeated.

"Israel in Egypt," on Wednesday evening, was a memorable performance, and the immense audience, numbering 3,500 people, was singularly stirred by the perfect rendering of this inspiring oratorio. The choruses were sung with a precision and thoroughness of conception that were truly amazing. The solo numbers were taken by Mesdames Osmonds and Luther, Miss Huntington and Messrs King, Warrington and Babcock.

The Children's Jubilee on Thursday evening was a fitting finale to the series of successes which characterized the whole Festival. The school chorus numbered over 1,400 singers. This immense number of children, the girls arrayed in pretty white dresses, and the boys in black, and arranged tier on tier to the very roof of the lofty, hall was an inspiring and never-to-be-forgotten sight. It alone was worth the price of admission. The singing of the children was simply marvellous. The most difficult passages were perfectly rendered, the pianissimo and staccato parts being particularly fine. But the climax was reached in the rendering of Mr. Torrington's stirring and dashing national air, "Canada," which appeared in TRUTH when first composed. This piece was sung with wondrous zest, and at the end of

the last verse the singers suddenly produced a tiny Union Jack, and with the precision of one person waved the flag aloft, at the same time giving vent to a spontaneous cheer. The effect upon the audience was electrical. Hundreds rose to their feet shouting "encore!" "encore!" The "action song," directed by Mrs. J. L. Hughes, was also rapturously received. The various gestures were given with a unity and precision which indicated the most careful training.

New that the Festival is over—and so successfully ever—what are the lessons to be learned therefrom?

It has certainly been clearly demonstrated that Toronto requires a large music hall. The largest auditorium in the city failed to accommodate the immense crowds which flocked to the concerts at prices ranging from one to two or three dollars. If there had been a building capable of holding 5,000 people the general admission could have been reduced to half a dollar, and the proceeds have been as great or greater. We must have a music hall.

With regard to the orchestra, which was the only weak point about the whole affair, it has been clearly shown that the gathering together of a mixed company of musicians who have never played together, and who do not know one another's styles, is quite unsatisfactory.

The way the affair impressed itself upon strangers is indicated by the following extract from the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser:—"The chorus numbers nearly one thousand voices, and for volume and brilliancy of tone, certainty in attack, precision in execution and general appearance, is certainly equal to, if it does not surpass, any similar body ever heard in North America. All the soloists were in good voice, distinguishing themselves in solo numbers, by marring several of the concerted ones by an absence of unity in places that otherwise must have proved highly effective. Mrs. Gertrude Luther, with her sympathetic voice, ornate style and artistic conception, scored an unequalled success. Mr. Fredrick Archer presided at the organ, and, aside from playing the regular part, did in several cases prevent disaster by covering the breaches made by the inefficient orchestra."

This from the home on this continent of the great Sagerfest is certainly flattering. The gentleman deserving of especial mention in connection with the enterprise are: Messrs. John Earls, Jas. McGee, J. H. Mason, G. H. Suckling, Philip Jacob, R. S. Goulay, E. L. Roberts, J. L. Hughes, and Ald. Boustead. The members of the committee were especially courteous to the press, the members of which were afforded every opportunity of gaining information.

The Festival of 1896, we sincerely trust, is the first of what will be a yearly recurrence.

New Music Books
JUST PUBLISHED!

Royal Song Folio—Containing 107 American Vocal Gems; and
Royal Folio of Music—Containing 50 Popular Piano Pieces, by American composers.
These books contain biographical sketches of celebrated American composers, and eight full page engravings, and are very small in size and appearance to the well-known Song Folio.
Price, each, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.
Catalogue of Music and Musical Instruments free.
Violin Strings, 25 cts. - 77 cents per set.
Piano Strings, 35 cts. - 50 " "
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Removed From the Neck of Joseph Reesor, Esq., of Markham Village, by DR. McCULLY.

This tumor was located immediately over the carotid artery and beside the jugular vein in the deep tissues of the neck.

A cancer-plaster man had this case; this man thrives on the ignorance and stupidity of the medical profession and their inability to fill the position demanded by them, and given to them by law and society. In this case with a plaster, a fool rushed in where legalized surgical skill of the average breed dare not tread, and a valuable life was nearly sacrificed. Getting frightened at the results of his empiricism and ignorance, he abandoned his victim before death laid in its claim, leaving Mr. Reesor with a half dead and rotten malignant growth to finish up the job. This man lives at Markham Village, and is not, but ought to be adopted as a Medical Star by the Medical Council and the Experimental Farm, where not many months ago a poor emaciated creature dying of consumption had his arm removed, and "The Results" were "Awaited with Intense Interest" by the vivisectionists who performed the operation. Remember! We treat and cure chronic diseases of the blood, bone, skin, and flesh, cure Ulcers, Throat and Lung Diseases, all deformities of the human body, the errors of youth and the follies of maturer years. Address

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It may be only a coincidence without significance, but those who have the greatest interest in baseball are most from labor trouble.

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CURES ALL HUMORS,

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which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

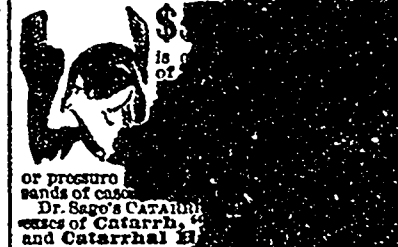
If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chilliness, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings; irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.
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ANTI-BILIOUS and CATARRH Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a box.



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Ladies' B...

Sold Cheap on Account of a Mistake.
 "You say the coat is four dollars?"
 "Four dollars, mine friend."
 "And you warrant it all wool?"
 "All wool except the buttons and puttees holes."
 "How the dickens can you afford to sell a wool coat for four dollars?"
 "Mine friend, I don't wonder you was surprised. Vy de wool in dat goat vas verth mercaas four tollar, so halup me Messer."
 "Then you must lose money on it?"
 "Py shlimmy gracions! ven makes me tired. But mine dere frien, I told you von little segret und don't gif it away. De fleeces on de peaks of dese sheeps vet grew dat wool vas misfits and haf to be sold at great reductions!"

No Highfalutin' About Little Brother.
 "I wonder why I can't make my kite fly?" wailed the little brother of the High Schoole girl.
 "It looks to me," replied Mildred, as though its scandalous appendage were disproportionate to its superficial area.
 "I don't think that's it," said Jim; "I think its tail is too light."

LITERARY NOTES.

The June Wide Awake is a charming number, and both old and young are interested and instructed by the excellence and variety of its contents.

We are glad to announce that the National Temperance Society has just published No. 6 of the series of "Readings and Recitations," compiled by Miss L. Penny. It is the best of the series, and contains a new and varied collection of articles in prose and verse on every phase of the temperance question, as well as the thoughts of the best speakers and writers.

For the past five years The Century Co. has been engaged in preparing a dictionary of the English language, of which Professor William D. Whitney, of Yale College, is editor-in-chief, the purpose being to make a more comprehensive work than has yet appeared in popular form, to include, in addition to a very full collection of individual words in all departments of the language, all technical phrases, not self-explaining, in law, the mechanical arts, the sciences, etc. Indeed, it is designed to make this dictionary so complete in its definitions of all branches of science and art that even the specialist will need nothing further. The number of "new" words in many of these departments is said to be surprisingly great. The dictionary will have also a remarkably complete system of cross-references, and will embody in itself a dictionary of synonyms which will add greatly to its value. It is estimated that upwards of a quarter of a million of dollars will be spent upon this dictionary before it is ready for publication. The work of type-setting and printing will be done by the De Vinne Press.

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL.—Everybody in New York city by rail, and the best and most handy hotel is the Grand Union. It is just opposite the Grand Central Station, and in ten minutes you are in the city, free of all charges and annoyances. The hotel is the very best in the city, and the most comfortable as a table as in any country—good as the White Star, and prices as low as the other. Baggage free of charge, and ladies who are travelling. The hotel is the very best in the city, and the most comfortable as a table as in any country—good as the White Star, and prices as low as the other. Baggage free of charge, and ladies who are travelling. The hotel is the very best in the city, and the most comfortable as a table as in any country—good as the White Star, and prices as low as the other. Baggage free of charge, and ladies who are travelling.

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 shall appear or not. He does not undertake any responsibility with regard to transactions effected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of correspondents or the accuracy of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misunderstanding or disappointment, therefore, he advises correspondents to write for particulars to the addresses given below sending for the articles called for.

An Ecuador (orange) 10-cent stamp, for any from the Gold Coast, Natal, Bonina, British Guiana, or the Falkland Islands; a Newfoundland 5-cent stamp, for a stamp from Mauritius or Iceland; a stamp from Peru, for 1 from Bhogaraga. P. M. Jacquat, Box 1457, Plainfield, N. J.

Gold ore, for Astoria coins; zinc ore, for fossils; stamps, for star-balls. Leroy K. Robbins, 4350 Forest Park Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

California sea-shells, for U. S. and foreign stamps. G. K. Bennett, 1204 1/2 Larkin St., San Francisco, Cal.

Twenty grams, for an Indian arrow-head. Edwin North, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Penna.

Saving the Lawyers.

"The first thing we do, let's kill the lawyers." This is rather a blood-thirsty proposition, which we modify by offering to cure this worthy class of people. Most of them suffer (in common with nearly all others of sedentary habits), from the injurious effects of dyspepsia, indigestion, piles, loss of appetite, and other ailments caused by a constipated habit of the body. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets eradicate all these disorders in promptly removing the cause thereof, and induce a rare degree of comfort and health.

"Love, think of me when the lilacs bloom," sings Alice Stone Blackwell. Alice seems to be easily satisfied. Lilacs bloom but once a year, and then only for a few days.

Too well known to need lengthy advertisements—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Mrs. Parnall is an enthusiastic politician as her son. It is said that she has all the morning papers procured for her in order that she may acquaint herself with Parliamentary proceedings as soon as she awakes.

Victory At Last.

Consumption, the greatest curse of the age, the destroyer of thousands of our brightest and best, is conquered. It is no longer incurable. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain remedy for this disease if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—consumption is a scrofulous affection of the lungs—can be cured by it. Its effects in diseases of the throat and lungs are little less than miraculous. All druggists have it.

Pat O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for "when I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she's covered with 'em."

Don't use any more noxious purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine Coets.

A Sunday school teacher asked a little girl of her class if she had been baptized. "Yes," said the little girl, "two times." "Two times? Why, how could that be?" "It didn't take the first time," said the little girl.

N. Mon., Wyebridge, writes: "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, &c., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds, and bruises."

He (after surveying the company): "Mixed lot! Hardly a gentleman in the room!" She (innocently): "Not one—that I can see!"

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

An editor thus describes the warm weather in his diggings: "A small negro boy inaudibly leaned up against the side of the house yesterday and fell in a few minutes he began to soften in a quarter of an hour he ran all over the place and another dipped him up in a

Forty rods make one rood, but one rod will often make one civil, especially in the case of the small boy.

A. P. 250.

MEN—TRUSS—and two ladies as Comforters, good pay. E. E. KERRY, Toronto, Ont.

SUPERIOR FILES AND RASPS WARRANTED equal to best imported, all kinds of re-cutting. Galt File Works, FREDERICK PARKER, Galt P.O.

BAND SAW MACHINES—ALL SIZES—LATEST imp. models; bracket band saws for attaching to posts; neat, cheap and durable; send for circular. JOHN GILLIES & CO., Carleton Place, Ont.

RUBBER STAMP, with your name, only 50c; marks lined, perforated, etc., 2000 styles. Agents wanted; circulars free. MODEL RUBBER STAMP CO., Balto, Md.

CARRIAGE LORRIES FOR CABINETS, wholesale houses, manufacturers; first grade Central Falls. Address M. D. NICHOLS, Manufacturing, Hamilton.

AGENTS FOR NEW PARALLEL FAMILY BIBLES—large type, splendid maps, beautiful illustrations; contains 4,000 questions and answers on Bible topics; liberal terms. International Book and Bible House Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND county, for the O. E. PATER and SIBER. Best they out; sells at sight; sample Bible sent on receipt of 10c. C. D. DAY, Agent, 40 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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\$700 50 Acre Farm—\$500 60 Acre Farm—1 mile from Dundalk—100,000 acing pigs, 15 cents; 100,000 5 cent mules; instruments half-price. BUTLAND, 57 King St. W., Toronto.

A MAN OR WOMAN WANTED IN EVERY township, to sell Dr. Talmage's new book "Live Coals." The keenest and most vigorous specimen of oratory ever written; nearly 700 pages; only \$2; full particulars of this and other new books free. Schuyler Smith & Co., Publishers, London, Ont.

SPECIAL NOTICE—GRAND INDUCEMENTS offered to young Ladies and Gentlemen during May. Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Commercial Business, English, Classical or Mathematical courses, separate or all together, at half the regular tuition fee. Address immediately, THE TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto, Ont.

THREE CENT STAMPS mailed to us will mail you a six months' subscription to Our Own Friends, a magazine monthly, sixteen pages, illustrated, full page music. For sixteen cents we will send paper for same time, and 10 complete stories. For Twenty-one Cents, the paper, 10 complete stories, *Called Back and Dark Days*. For Twenty-seven Cents, all above, *Homes Cook Book and Family Physician For Forty Cents*, all above, *57 Popular Ballads, Manual of Etiquette, and Fancy Work for Home Adornment*. For Fifty Cents, all above, *Leisure and Robinson Crusoe*. References: Mail and TOWN. Address, Our own Friends Publishing Co., TORONTO, ONT.

ANTHROPULENE PILLS Positively cure constipation, biliousness, indigestion, headache, neuralgia, and all other ailments arising from impure blood. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILDON SPECIFIC MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

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The "HAIR MAGIC" is a perfectly harmless preparation; it contains no injurious properties whatever; it is not a dye, and it will not discolor the hair, but is a powerful restorer and a vigorous tonic. The "Magic" has made hair grow on bald heads, where every other remedy has failed. As an indicator of Dandruff the "Magic" cannot be equalled. For restoring the original color to gray, faded and discolored hair, it has never been known to fail. For sale by all druggists. Ask for Hair Magic and take none other. DOREWENDS, Sole Manufacturer for U.S. and Canada, Toronto, Can. Where not procurable through Druggists, will be sent to any address on receipt of price—\$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5.

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 Finest brands of English Dairy Salt: in quarter casks. Highest Marks, Washington Brand, Warburton's, also the Celebrated Ashton and leading brands of Canadian Dairy Salt. Rubber Workers, etc. Send for Price List.
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 Manufacturers of the Celebrated
Anchor GUELPH AXLE WORKS—**ANCHOR BRAND**
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 Our Duplex Axles are all to be had at all the principal Hardware Stores in the Dominion.

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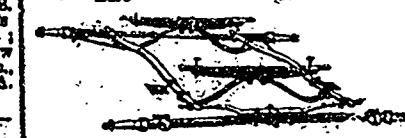
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 SIX GOLD MEDALS have been awarded it during the last three years. Try also our **PEERLESS AXLE GREASE** for your Wagons and Horse Power.
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