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WINCEYS, 5, 8, 10, 12; C. cottons, 80, 10, 12; C. cottons, 80, 100, 12; c. 17; 200, a part wide: Factor Cotton year

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SEE OUR TRIMMED & UNTRIMMED MILLINERY
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CLOTHING.

We offer you a \$75,000.00 stock to select from, and it will repay you to come 100 miles in order to buy from us, as you will save money every time.

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on h. 2.—For 50. conts we will mail you above, with the addition of four handsome fringed conds. oerds. No 3—For fifty conts we will mail you & besutiful medium size cards, worth from 5 to

besulful medium size cards, worth from 5 to 10 coate sect.

No. 4—For Et we will mad you cand as No. 5.—How stown with mad you cards.

No. 5.—How stown with mall you 25 large size cards worth from 15 to 15 comes such.

No. 6.—For 82 we will mall you some as No. 5, and six vory, handsome large size finged cards.

The cards worth in the cards will be a cards worth of the cards work that the cards we will be a cards with the cards with the

circle.

No. 7.—Her. \$3 we will mail you 100 same
Mind of cards as No. 5.
Fringed Cards. Rand-Palaised Cards.
Frong and Twering Cards and other novelines
at 16, 15, 25, 50, 75 cents, and 3100 such which
will be salected with care for different tasks.

and acres.

B. Rihday Eard Factuages, excepting for Nos 1 and 2, put ap ace malice sume as the Carlesma Carles or it so desired that could have read that the could inside a sume day a second of the could inside a sume day a second part of the Carlesman and Silver Address that Tall Aug. BROS. & Co., in Tongo Siroes, or other Carlesman and Carlesman an

# Rev.J. Edgar, M.D

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> TORONTO Pigen minion this paper.

OLD SERIES-17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., DECEMBER 13, 1884.

NEW SERIES-VOL V. NO. 219.

#### Truth's Arrangemente.

The publisher of Thuru is happy to announce that are being completed to make this journal much more interesting and valuable than ever before. This may be saying a good deal, but there are good substantial reasons for making this definite assurance. TRUTH will contain articles of real value and interest from leading men of Canada in the various departments of business and literature, specially prepared for these pages. Among the gentlemen from whom special contributions may be ex. pected are Rev. Dr. Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, on Higher Education in Ontario.

Dr. W. Canniff, Medical Health Officer of Toronto, will contribute interesting and valuable practical papers on senitary questions.

Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of the Toronto Insane Asylum, will write in regard to the insane population of Ontario and how they are cared for.

The Hon. Sir Francis Hincks, of Montreal will contribute articles on the West India trade, and other leading financial ques-

R. Mathieson, Esq., Supt. of the Provincial D. and D. Institute, will furnish information in regard to the Deaf and Dumb population and how they are being educated.

Rev. Hugh Johnson, D. D., contributes a valuable paper this week regarding Mr. Moody's recent visit, and more may be hop. ed forfrom his able pen.

An article from Hon. Neal Dow, the "Father of Prohibition," in regard to the Maine Law, appears this week, and other papers of valuable information from him are also expected. Some others of the most prominent temperance workers in America will contribute articles, including Hon, J.B. Finch, of Nebraska.

Articles are being specially prepared in regard to the Asylums, Reformatories, Prisons, &c., of this Province, containing reliable information and facts, kindly furnished by the government departments, with views of the various buildings. Illustrated articles ofgreat value will also appear in regard to the various leading colleges and other educational institutions of the Prov-

A series of illustrated articles, such as are above mentioned, have not before appeared in any of the Canadian journals.

Our friends will, we trust, appreciate these efforts to lay before them from week to week a journal sure to bea welcome and profitable visitor, always containing matters of interest to every member of the family.

Besides, TRUTH will contain, as before, 2 valuable amount of stories, by the best writers, editorials on current topics, latest and best music, health notes, family read. ing, and a general variety, such as every body desires to see.

Will the many friends of Taurn kindly encourage the publisher in his efforts by speaking a good word in its behalf to others, and in sanding in subscriptions if possible.

telligent friend for the New Year. A coul often seen and heard on the temperance in a manner quite modest and becoming, if ple of dollars could not be more judiciously spent. TRUTH will be sent six mouths for \$1, or on a three months trial trip for 50 cents. Kindly send in all the names you can at once. It .-ill gladden the heart of the Publisher at Christmas time; and gladden the homes of others as well.

#### Our Christmas Number.

TRUTH'S Christmas number, which will be issued next week, will eclipse anything we have hitherto attempted in that line. What with our own regular contributors, and the selected contributions of others, the coming Christmas number of TRUTH will be one of unusual interest. We have spared neither time, trouble or money to this end. The remarkable success which has attended our efforts to make TRUTH the family paper, deserves recognition at our hands, and in no way can we better exhibit our gratitude to our thirty thousand subscribers than by giving them a Christmas issue of which both they and we may well feel proud.

Among the many features of our coming issue will be found the following:-

OUR PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY.

PRIZE STORY No. 6., Entitled, "THE PEARLS AND THE PORCUPINE," being a selected Christmas story, by "NELLA.

A GHOST STORY, by DR. MULVANEY.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN PROSE, by EDWARD J. WHITE.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES, by Rev. Hugh Johnston, M. A., B. D.

CURISTMAS REVERIES AND REVELRIES.

Besides the continuation of our regular aerial stories.

Among the poetry will be found Clement C. Moore's favorite poem, "The Night Before Christmas;" J. G. Whittier's "Snowbound," Cuarles Dickens "Christmas Carol" (from Pickwick,) T. H. Bayley's "Mistletoe Bough," etc., etc. The music will be appropriate to the season, and the little folk's will not be forgotten.

Besides the above, will be found much more that will prove interesting, anusing and seasonable, and we advise all our readers to be on the lookout for this great Christmas number, which will more than fulfill anything we have said about it.

In order to secure copies of this attractive ssue for friends and acquaintances at home and abroad, subscribers will kindly notify us at once of the number of copies required. with five cents for each copy ordered.

# WHATTRUTHSAYS

Hon. J B. Finch, of Nebraska, lectured again in Toronto, on Friday evening, and was greeted with a full house at St. Androw's Hall. He is now recognized as a leading mind among the prohibitionists of the United States. He is cortainly a powerful and convincing speaker, and as he has made arrangements to spend some time in this Province, good results may be expected from his efforts. He is clear and logical, a "hard hitter," without the explatform. His presence seems to create a very disturbing effect on many of the "Anti" in this city.

Our neighbor, the Canada Presbyterian, recently put on a handsome new dress rendering even more attracelve than ever its valuable contents. It often takes the most successful denominational papers a score of more of years to reach the position already attained by the The Presbyterian. Yet the Publisher promises further Improvements calculated to increase its efficiency and to keep it in the front rank of religious journalism. The advertisement in another column is suggestive of rich things for Presbytertan readers in the coming months.

They propose to produce rain-storms rtificially in Australia. A balloon-shaped apparatus with a charge of dynamite underneath it, is expected to do the business. When the balloon is sent into the clouds and the dynamite fired with a wire connecting it with the earth, copious supplies of moisture are hopefully anticipated.

The registrar of the County of Middlesex County died some few days ago, and as usual in such cases, the breath wasn't out of his body, before the scramble for his empty shoes took place. The applicants are numerous, as might be expected, when \$6,000 or \$7,000 a year is in question. Among the candidates are Major Walker and J. B. Macdonald. Merit or capacity in such matters has notoriously little influence in such cases, and the local politician with the biggest mouth and the longest tongue has generally the best chance for the

If Carlyle had only caten oysters, his wife and the world might have been spared a great deal of affliction. These succulent bivalves are said to be good for dyspepsia. If there are any Canadian Carlyles among the readers of TRUYH, we earnestly advise them at least to give a fair trial to this simple cure.

We fear the Salvation Army is degenerating in some places. There is a tomfoolery about some of their proceedings which very closely approaches the borderline of profanity. Here for instance is one of their "bills," headed "A Salvation Circus."

From every town in Canada, comes a ery. not of the children, but of the women. They all want to get married, and there seem to be not nearly enough men to go round. It is very much as in war time. The men all drift to the front, to the large cities, and leave nothing but old men and striplings behind them. We have a great deal of sympathy with the girls in this matter. It is a sad state of things, but we confess currelves unable to devise a remedy, except by just advising the girls to put forth renewed exertions, and to bring all their powers of fas-Truin would be a capital present to any in- travagances of language and greature too cinations to bear. They can do a great deal page,

they only try.

But according to some accounts, the girls in Toronto, and other cities, are not much better off in this respect, than their more rural sisters. There are men enough no doubt, "oceans" of themas it were, but they don't seem to come to time in some way. The girls have a difficulty in getting them to their parties, and altogether, matters are in a bad and unwholesome condition. can devise a cure? The genius who does so, who invents some means of bringing young men and women together, will certainly doserve a fortune. He will deserve thanks at anyrate, a reward he is much more likely to receive. How would this plan do, as preposed by an Almonto lassie in a letter to the Gazette of that town ! She proposes to try a receipt given in a southern paper. It is as follows :--

14 At a reception lately, a South Carelina lawyer proposed that one man in the com-pany should be selected as president, who pany anound be selected as president, who should be duly sworm to keep entirely secret all communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night, and that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or hor owner and interest to him to be a some and interest. and that each unmarried gentieman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper and under it the name of the person they wish to marry, then hand it to the president for inspection, and if any gentlepresident for inspection, and if any gentle-man and lady had reciprocally chosen cach other the president was to inform each of the result, and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice were kept entirely secret. The plan was accepted, and the president received a large number of cona-nunications from those assembled. He dis-covered that the attachment of twelve couples was reciprocal, but he only com-municated the fact of reciprocity to those interested. The subsequent result was that slevon of the twelve couples were married. We carneatly commend this important subject to the attention of all young lady readers of TRUTH.

Mr. Gladstone has been called by some of his political opponents, "a cackling old goose," and other opprobrious names, Mr. Chamberlain has been dubbed "a political drunkard." This among the first gentlemen of England, is quite too awfully like the vulgar American way of doing things. It is really "hawful."

The Grant boys, it is said, are showing themselves true men since that lamentable failure of theirs. No body believes, who knows anything worth while about the matter, that either they or their father, were privy to Ward's villainy.

Fred. Grant now makes a living by selling roses to New York florists." All that was loft to him after the crash was a small country place belonging to his wife. Thither they retired, and are now living quite happy, rural lives, tending their roses, and undisturbed by the turmoil of Wail street. The younger brother went west, and is also said to be doing well.

and See Special prize effer in Tup-Bire.

How can it be explained that we never hear of drug clerks combining for self-relief? Dry goods clerks, and groce y clerks, and clerks of other kinds do so frequently, for shorter hours, or larger pay or something else that seems to them necessary for the But drug due enjoyment of existence. clerl -- why, from all that publicly appears to the contrary, they are the most contented lot of people going. And yet if reports speak truly they have more cause other almost than any class of employees for complaint. Their hours are long. In some cases absurdly so. In many quite needlessly so, and in a few, it is to be feared, almost criminally ed. Even the most favorably situated among them have not the time they ought to have for needful relaxation and recreation. Many of them cannot et en get that one day in seven which is such a precious boon to the great majority of workers. The responsibility too, resting upon them is by no means inconsiderable, while the compensation is in many cases quite inadequate, when their responsibilities and the time necessary to learn the business are taken into consideration.

The Moody meetings in this city were a very wonderful success. They gave a very extraordinary proof of the power which the old old story has when told in a peculiar way. Nobody could say that there was any thing particular about what Mr. Moody said or about the manner in which he said it. His grammar was not very perfect. His taste not what the fastidious could fully approve of. He but told what clergymen by the hundred are telling every week. Yet what crowds! What interest! Perhaps the great secret is the very plainess and directness with which he spoke. It was all done after quite a distinct and business fashion. He used the language of common life. He eschewed all pulpitese. His illustrations were homely, sometimes slightly ludic rous, and yet after all the fact is unques tionable that crowds of all classes hurned to his meetings and hung on his words. No doubt of it, Mr. Moody is quite a levelheaded man. He has good practical common sense, can "run" a meeting first rate and can keep every one in his place without much apparent effort. What some folks would say about his assault upon long prayers is not clear, At the same time it was all as true as truth. The prayer of a good many people are not prayers at all, and then their length, wearisome repetitions and inherent dullness are simply awful. He might have said a good deal about long sermons also. Indeed he did. Ten times better for people to go away wishing that the services had been longer than have them exclaiming "wasn't he an old dry stupid?" It is amazing how much many can stand who devote part of their Sunday leisure to the labor of hearing sermons. It is not well to try them too much though.

A lady friend writes to us that she en tirely sympathizes with us in the idea that ladies should go to the Public Reading Rooms and sit beside and the their chances with the men. They would meet with no incivility. Their presence would have even a harmonizing influence, and if they can meet with men in church and sit beside them, why not in a reading room? We are are quite sure that there are plenty of wemen who feel exactly with our correspondent. What is the use of procuring two sets of periodicals? Let all mix pleasantly and harmonizingly in the same room. If the accommodation is not sufficient, let more be provided. Come, ladies, you can ride with gentlemen in street cars, why not mix with them in a reading room?

The theatrical critic of the New York World thus discourses anent Henry Irving's ilamlet. His personification, says the critic, will challenge comparison most closely with the Hamlet of Edwin Booth, "whose personal adventages enable him to present a picturesque, ideal Hamlet which fills the popular eye and mind, but which after all is pleasing only because it is conventional—an assemblage and reproduction of all the surface merits of all the traditional Hamlets. and this is precisely what Irving's Hamlet is not. Booth's Hamlet is celectic, Irving's Hamlet is electric. Here is an actor, a great actor, weighed down by mannerisms, a bad accent, here and there positively bad read ings, who yet presents a wholly new Hamlet, so full of new beauties, his conception so perfectly presented, the mase playing of the part so thoroughly well done, that all physical disadvartages dissappear for the timeare lost in the admiration which the satisfying comp'eteness of the impersonation com-

Fow mistakes have been so expensive, as the mistaken construction of the new English double-screw, armor-plated turret-ship Acamemnon. It has been terribly bungled and is for all practical purposes absolutely useless. The rudder has been contrived so as to work only in dead water, and the result is that expensive monster rolls about in water of any kind, in a way that is quite uncontrollable. The only thing that can be done with her now, it is thought, is to convert her into a single screw. This will cost a large sum, some say not far short of \$1,-

We have great respect and great sympathy for every well-meant effort for the spiritual welfare of young men. At the same time we believe there is a tendency on the part of many excellent persons to pay muth too exclusive attention to such. put in a plea for young women. They have souls to be s. ed as well as the men. if their soul are saved they can do as much as the men can for the salvation of others. Their influence, for good or evil, is the stronger influence of the two. If the young men are to be the fathers of the coming generation, the young women are to be the mothers, not a less important function sure Perhaps it is thought that young wo men are naturally more religious than young men. Perhaps they are, but that is no reason why they should be neglected. Let the next evangelist that visits Toronto, if he will hold meetings for a special class of the community, give the young women a chance. There are hundreds of them that need it very badly and can't get out during the

A number of books in our city public library are conspicuous for their absence Chief among those is Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," in some respects his masterpiece. We do not wonder much at none of 'Quida's" books being there. The atmosphere of the burary is much purer without them. Some other lady novelists, however, are equally unrepresented, for whose exclusion there does not seem to be so justifiable an excuse. Among these are Mary Cecil Hay, and Mrs. Southworth; there may be others, but they do not occur to us at present.

An inventive American proposes to revollutionize agriculture by a new kind of cultivator. This is nothing more nor less than a wind plough. It is a muchine rigged with large windmill sails. It has a tiller for steering, will travel up hill or down, and with the wind in any direction. A full

pended on to draw the ploughs four miles an hour, and needs but one man to attend to it. It will also harrow, and furnish the power to sow, reap, and mow, thresh, grind, or carry loads to market or irrigate lands. Will travel ten miles an hour in any direction and carry twenty persons if there is a good breeze. Then finally it is not expensive to build. We are naturally inclined to be trustful. We alway try to be open to conviction at anyrate. But such a machine certainly strikes us as being open to the objection made to many patent medicines-it does too much.

An ounce of prevention is or course proverbially worth a pound of cure. A faint idea can be formed of the expensiveness of war and its consequent pound of cure, by the enormous sums spent every year on its so-called prevention. To take one item only, that of the maintenance of naval efficiency by the leading nations of the world, During the last 15 years, for this purpose, and for the construction of new ships since 1865, England has spent \$805,000,000; France, \$630,000,000; Russia, \$345,000.000; Italy, \$112,000,000; Germany, \$144,000, 000; United States, \$251,000,000-a total of \$2,317,000,000.

Lord Ram'olph Churchill is the latest Englishman of note who is announced to visit America. He is on his way now, we believe. At least he was expected to leave England on the 3rd of this month. He will no doubt be heartily welcomed to the United States, and in Canada, too, if he wishes to come, which is to say the least of it very doubtful. Distinguished Englishmen have a faculty for ignoring their fellow-subjects who live north of the Great Lakes of the American Continent. Of course we can get along well eaough without them, though we are always very glad to see them if they come to look at us without being too patronizing. Lord Churchill, by the way, though a terrific fellow in Parliament, and in the eyes of his wife and other admirers, a perfect terror to the Liberals, is spoken of as being in private life an exceedingly genial, liberalminded, courteous gentleman.

A villaincus woman was checkmated in Montreal some few days ago before she could complete her devilish work. This was the decoying away an innocent girl to a house of shame in New York, under the usual pretext of a pleasant situation with high wages.

We wonder if there are many unmarried ladies who are treated with as little consideration by their fathers as Miss Coleridge was by hers. Not many it is to be hoped. There can be little coubt, however, that there are some. And some of them perhaps, wholly unknown to any but the sufferers themselves. They have the grace of being able to suffer and show no sign. We have heard of one case in which an unmarried woman of forty was treated like a child by her father and mother. She was watched over with a jealous eye, and not allowed to go anywhere without first asking permission, and being closely questioned afterwards, if she did go, about all she had done. Petty tyranny of this kind is the most insufferable of all. Happily such instances as

A wonderful depreciation in the value of land has taken place in England within the last few years. Just what might have been expected. Not only have English farmers felt the pressure of American competition very severely, but they have discovered, ly accomplish the purpose for which they sized one of sixty horse power may be de. slowly it may be, but yet surely, that the were designed in the first place—that, name-

only way to avoid competition is by emigration to some country where they can possess land for themselves. There can be little doubt of it that the days of extravagantly high values for land in England, are numbered

A good deal of unnecessary sentiment, it strikes us, was expressed on the woman Boutel, condemned to death for the murder of her husband, by which her sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life It was never shown that there were any extenuating circumstances about her case, ruless the fact of her being a woman was to be considered an extenuating circumstance. We fail to see any force in this. If there is a law on the statuto book, making death the penalty of murder, then when sentence has been legally passed, the question of sex it seems to us, ought to be left out. Let the law as it stands so impartially administered, or changed—one or the other.

New York people "went into perfect raptures" over the celebration of the twentyfifth anniversary of Adelina Patti's debut in that city. There has solden been anything like it. People went frantic altogether. Men fairly shricked themselves hoarso with applause when she made a neat little speech, thanking them for all their kindness, while ladies in their own quieter way were equally enthusiastic. Gre verily, is the power of song over the hearts of man.

Mexico has more enterprise than she generally gets credit for. At the New Orleans Exposition she has made up her mind to have a grand blow-out, and astonish the natives, at thas voted \$200,000 towards the accomplishment of that laudable design.

The congregation worshipping in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, seem to form anything but a happy family since the new incumbent took office. The questions of a surpliced choir, and east facing worship, have caused a divergence of harmony between the r stors and a good many of his parishioners. Did we not know what small things people will quarrel about, in matters of opinion, particularly religious opinions, we should be disposed to feel astonishment at the harmony of a congregation being disturbed by anything so apparently trifling as the dress of the choir boys.

A new steamship line has been established, to run direct between Canada and France. Heretofore all Canadian products going to France have been forced to go in vessels sailing from New York, because if shipped to England from Canada in any other way, they are subject on entry into France, to an extra charge for passing in bond, which amounts to as much as the freight, and is practically prohibition. The Dominion Government has granted to this line a subsidy of \$500,000, equal to \$2,000 a voyage, for fortnightly vessels to leave, in summer from the St. Lawrence and Halifax alternately, and from the latter port in winter.

The Reform newspapers still continue to poke fun at Sir John and his red breeches. It may be funny enough, but there is no use running the matter to seed. After all there is a great liking in the human breast for some distinguishing mark. Even the critics and the sneerers at Sir John's G.C.B-many of them at any rate, -like to be marked off in some way from the ruck of humanity. The three letters, G.C.B, may not have much intrinsic value, but they very effectually, of setting a man on some sort of pedestal, real, or more or less imaginary, above his follows.

If there is any truth in the old saying the cars of Lord Coleridge ought to tingle pretty sharply, for he has probably had more hard things said about him for a week or two past than falls to the lot of most English judges. There may be two sides to this as to most other stories. But undoubted. ly popular sympathy as voiced in the newspapers, is entirely against him. The editor of the Rold has not been slow to make use of his opportunity and has with a vengeance "got even" with the judge for the bitter things he said about society journals on a recent occasion. He has pryed into the mysteries of his Lordship's private affairs, and has retailed for an eager public, the story of his parsimony and manners. Lord Coloridge must feel the humiliation very terribly, but little sympathy need be expended on him if the way in which he is reporced to have treated his daughter be correct. No wonder than the poor woman wanted to be free from what must have been intolerable tyranny, and would have gladly married almost anybody, if only to have a house of her own.

Nor does the man of her choice seem to such a bad fellow after all. He is poor to be sure, but that according to good authorities s the worst that can be said about him.

The chief of our police seems to be a rough, unpleasant sort of a fellow, inclined to ride very near the top of his commission. and prone to forget that he is a public ser. vant, that he is paid his wages by the publie, and that the public has a right to know what he does for his pay. If he has no time to be interviewed, perhaps some one else could be found who would to the work equally well, and with greater suavity. A public servant ought to be approachable by the public; besides, this individual has all along been notoriously incompetent.

Noveille, alias Newbold, alias a good many other things, tried hard a knock his worthless brains out against the prison walls after he had received the just reward of his many villainies, in the shape of a long term of imprisonment. He did not succeed, however, and he will no doubt for several years to come, pay Uncle Sam for his board and lodging, by some good hard work. It may even be the making of him, who knows: Let us at least in all charity hope that it

If things go on as they are doing in the way of murderous weapons, all the countries in Europe may yet be bankrupt. It is awful to think of the amount of good money wasted every year in powder and shot, and preparation for what progress and civilization and Christianity ought by this time one would think, have made an impossibility A cannon is being made for England just now, which will devour 2,500 pounds of powder at every charge, and throw a 1,200 pound shell seven miles. Just thing of it! A missile weighing more than half a ten hurled a distance of seven miles! What indeed will be the end of these things?

We don't think the young farmer who wrote the following letter is the right sort of a fellow at all. He ought to be ashamed of himself. If we had time here we would a man. The fellow wants a wife. All very

neighbourhood know him too well-so what doeshedobutsend this precious missive to the superintendent at Castle Garden. The wrotched manikin and contemptible dedderhead, if he was going to advertise, why did he not give the Canadian girls a chance instead of sending off to an emigrant agent, Hosts of nice girls in Canada, are waitiun for husbands, but we think as things have turned out, that most of them would have been too good for such a follow.

Here however is what the villain says Mark how particular he is. He wants a "young lady" forsooth, just as if there were no young ladies in Canada. And then he goes on to decribes himself. Faught such a being makes us feel quite ill. But this is the letter:

"Will you please give this letter to some young lady that has just arrived at Castle Garden, who would like to correspond with a Canadian farmer! I stand five feet with a Canadian farmer? I stand five feet cleven inches high, weighing 170, pounds and an called good looking; just 22 years of age. I would like the lady to stand about five feet three inches high and weigh about 150 pounds, with charming black eyes, and dark hair and a smiling face, and se. ~ \*n be even tempered. If you are so good as to find one you think would suit me, please let her have this letter. As you are no doubt besieged with letters, please take notice of this one, and if the young lady chooses to send her photograph she may do so, and I will send mine, with great pleasure."

Tarru has always said that before all the play was played out, France would find that she had quite as much as she could comfortably manage out in China. The Chinese may be beaten again and again and may lose a great many men, but they will keep at it; they can afford to lose many men. They are near the base of their own operations, and they are wakening up to be any thing but despicable fighters. It is a miserable job all through, but it is just as well that the strong high-handed aggresse: should not have it all his own way.

The crisis in Britain is over and of course both sides claim the victory, Substantially we think the present Ministry has the best of it. When the new electors come great changes may be expected, though they, perhaps will not be so great after all. The Conservatives in any case are calculating with out their host when they reckon on having the farm laborers on their side. They may have for a short time but not long. Hodge will soon waken up to a senso of his new powers and his new importance, and it is full time that he did He has been the uncomplaining drudge long enough.

The agitation over the condition of the poor crofters in the north and west of Scotland continues. Of course the landlords think they can do what they like with their own. The French nobility before the great revolution of 1789 thought exactly the same. They got an equally unpleasant awaken-

Elopements, love matches, breach of promise suits, with an occasional abduction, seem to be the order of the day. And it is mostly among wealthy people. The inevitable coachman seems to work will work with the hearts of fair and susceptible ladies, and old flames crop up at the most awkward times to work mischief with family arrangements, and comfortable marriages of convenience. It is all right for girls to refuse being sold to the highest bidder like cattle at an auction. But if they sell themselves for a home of luxury they ought certainly to tell him so. He must be a perfect whelp of stick by it. What is the use of making a fuss at the last and running off with some right and proper. But he has no particular Lochinvar of an eld lover with all the etcs? girl in his eye. Perhaps the girls in his own It does not do, girls. Girls, know your own I deer; poison game dogs.

minds. To be sure it is better to rue at the last moment before marriage than at the first after. It is simply too bad to have everything brought to the price current standard.

One cannot but have a good deal of sympathy with those two sisters in New Orleans who lately shot their seducers. To ruin a young, thoughtless girl that way is about the meanest, least defensible piece of villainy, if any villainy can be defensible. So long as there is adequate legal punishment for this crime of seduction this wild law of self-revenge will come in.

We have not a word to say in palliation, far less in defense, of such iniquity, but let us repeat what we have said before, that in spite of all that Robert Burns says to the contrary, a woman that would allow herself to be seduced can not, in some important respects, be a true woman. She must not be sensitively, shrinkingly pure, else the most impudently forward man could not use un due liberties with her, and more than that would not. It cannot be too often stated that no man would ever think of indelicate liberties with the woman whom he really loves. He would as soon think of outraging the Deity, or dishonoring his mother.

All woman ought to know and understand this. The nearest approach to indelicacy ought accordingly to be resented with in. dignation and horror, as a gross insult, the all but unpardons ble sin. We make bold to say that there is not a woman on the face of the earth with whom an honorable man would be less inclined to take liberties than the one he really loves. Love is reverence. Love is a species of worship, a very pardon, able kind of idola try. How should any one then, think of taking the object of his idolatry and trailing it in the dust? Girls, re. member this and act upon it. If you know men's nature you would know this, that whatever may be the reason which leads any young woman to yield to the improper solicitations of her sweetheart, in the very act of doing so she loses the respect, and so far the affection, of the very man she thus thinks to please. His dream is broken-His idol is shattered. He may not be a villain. He may be willing to make all the reparation in his power. He may marry her, But the old strange wondrous dream is over for ever, never to come back again. He will say in his heart, "It was wrong, it was base of me, though men are essentially animal and comparatively impure. But she, myideal, my Goddess, my very incarnation of purity. Alas! Alas!" And the disenchantment is for life.

### Highlandmen!

Crofters, Cotters, Desiers and all others, Stand up like men before your oppressor

Demand restoration 'the rights of which you have been robbed. Do not rest satisfied until you have obtained them; if they are refused, act for yourselves.

Rules for guidance, in the struggle for freedom from landlord tyranny. Sparo human life; kill no man except it be in self-defence; destroy the enemy's property. The enemy is the landlord, the agent, the capitalist, and the Parliament which makes and maintains inhuman and iniquitous laws. Cut down the telegraph wires and posts, carry away the wires and the instruments. Stop the mail carts, destroy the letters, etc. Roll rocks and boulders on to the railway lines; tear up the rails, and do all other damage possible. Burn the property of all obnexious landlords, agents, etc. Set fire to the heather to destroy the game; disturb the

The oppressed toilers of England, and the millions of the disinherited people are watching your actions. Their hearts are with you in your battle for rights and liberty.

GOD SAVE THE PROPERT

This of course is simply infamous, but ib shows of course the dangerously inflammable point which matters have come to.

The crofters have thought better of it and have given up the idea of physical resistance. Better for all that they have.

#### Sowers and Sewer Gas.

A very worthy friend writes to protest against some rather uncomplimentary refer ences to people who wrote as if for bare life to the public journals on all imaginable sub. jects. We can assure him we had not him in our eye at all, nor did we mean to say a single word against those who write about matters whiich they moderately understand No. no, friend. You may rest perfectly quiet. The shot was intended to go quite in an opposite direction. To let our friend understand this fully we give all the central parts of his letter, withholding merely his own name and his lecture to us :-

At the recent meeting of the State Boards, at which Drs. Covernton and Bryce represented the Dominion and Provincial Boards of Health, it was stated that no instance had sented the Dominion and Provincial Boards of Health, it was stated that no instance had yet occurred when cholora had failed to appear in America the next year after its appearance in Europe, and Prof. Laut Carpenter expressed himself when here, that an opidemic of cholera, under our present sewerage, and water-supply systems, would decimate the population of Terento. Baron Von Liebig concluded that the commencement of the downfall of the Roman empire dates from the building of the sewers of Rome. This view is in the strictest harmony with scientific evidence, as it is an established fact that to whatever extent other gases takes the place of pure air in the lungs, to that extent the cerebral function is incapitated; and, if the Rulers of that vast empire dwelt in Rome, as they most assuredly did, this lack of penetration, foresight, and discrimination, would cause them to fail as they did, in so governing, as to make it impossible that they should exempt themselves, as well as those over whom they ruled, from other evil influences.

There is scarcely room for a reasonable doubt, that the appears improve condition of

other evil influences.

There is scarcely room for a reasonable doubt, that the present impure cendition of the air, and water supply of Toronto has very much to do in fostering intemperance, the tobacco habit, and the entire system of the present medical treatment of disease. Foul odors not only deprive the blood-cells of their normal vitalized oxygen, but, the same as the impurities in the water, resulting from sewerage filth, poison the vital current in such a manner as to lower the standard of the vital fluids, upon which future diard of the vital fluids, upon which future di-gestion depends. This is no imaginary idea though your tony professional paragrapher may not "see it."

may not "see it."

The same issue of the paper in which the letter referred to appeared, contained an editorial on the "approach of cholera next summer," in which the construction of a summer," in which the construction of a trunk sewer was advocated. This could not be commenced before nextsummer, by which time the opidemic will be upon us, and nothing will have been done to mitigate its ravages. No one can act, or write upon any subject, superior to his intelligence, and any amount of literary skill and professional literary experience will take the place of a lack of knowledge upon other subjects; and this is the principal reason why more rapid advancement is not made in educating the public mind up to a higher standard of intelligence upon this and many other equally important matters.

It is clarly the duty of the city council, the Board of Health, and the public press to speak as one man in favor of a whetitution of the dry ash system for the present object.

speak as one man in favor of a substitution of the dry ash system for the present objectionable one. But upon the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, they should all insist that that most desirable method of deodorizing all offensive effluvia, should be at once substituted for the old cess-pool. This alone would very much lessen the severity of a visitation of cholera next summer.

# Truth's Contributors.

MR. MOODY AND THE CONVENTION. BY REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D., PASTUR OF THE METROPOLITAN

The great Christian Convention of Toron to conducted by the world-known evangel ist, Mr. D. L. Moody, is now a thing of the past, but its induence abides like the benediction that follows after prayer. It has greatly increased the inward vitality and energy of the Churches and largely developed the feeling of nearness and unity among all the true lovers of both Christ and man. During the past few months Mr. Moody has been holding Conventions in the cities of New England and the neighboring states for the purpose of comparing plans and methods of Christian work, and developing a higher spiritual life in the Churches. By a spontaneous feeling on the part of the Christian public of Toronto it was resolved to invite him to visit our city. A large influential deputation was appointed to wait upon him in Buffalo . At the appointed hour the deputation appeared before him, filling every corner of his room at the Genesace House. Speeches were dispensed with. In his straightforward business-like manner he said "I am touched by the presence of such a Deputation from Toronto. When would you like me to come? Would the 2nd, 3rd. and 4th of December do?" The time was satisfactory. "Where shall the Convention be Several places of public gathering were named. "Take one of the Churches" he said, "They are better arranged for speaking and hearing." The Metropolitan Church was proposed and by unanimous consent was selected as the most desirable place. "Now," said Mr. Moody, "if two or three will remain we will arrange the Programme." The topics were selected and the general details arranged with all the skill of a general preparing for a military campaign and the Committee returned to consummate the arrangements. There was every reason to expect a phenomenal success, but the most sauguine were not prepared for such great results as have been witnessed.

Tickets were issued for each service, 26, OfO in all, and distributed among the church es. These tickets of admission were eagerly sought by non-church goers as well as oy Christian people. Hundreds applied in vain for them after they had been distribut. ed, and hundreds that had them struggled in vain for admission. From the first scrvice, beginning on Tuesday morning, the spacious building was crowded to its utmost ca, scity; and the wondrous gatherings day by day, instead of falling off, only increasod, and at each evening meeting after the church had been packed up to the last inch of standing room, and the service weakened in power by its numerical success, thousands were left outside in sore disappointment. The rule of showing tickets was stringently enforced at the gates, and to the annoyance of the people, they had to be locked long before the hour of service to keep out the press. It has been estimated that one half of the adult population of the entire city heard Mr. Moody at one or more of these services, besides hundreds of ministers, and people from all parts of the county. These assured are extraordinary facts.

### THE CHARACTER OF THE CONGREGATIONS

was not less remarkable or surprisingly gratifying. When the sea of human faces settled a wn into the carnest aboughtful and lowly, tradsement Jorks, shop-girls, truth; and

servants, along with many merchants, businces men, toil pressed and care worn with notes to meet, paper to be discounted, yet leaving the pressing engagements of the warehouse to listen to the message of the Gospel. Eminent professional mon, physicians, leading lawyers, and politiolans, heads of Colleges and Universities, Bishops, Moderators, Presidents of Conferences, and muistors a ithout number.

And the Spirit of God brooding over all the rust assemblies.

The question has been repeatedly asked, What are the true

SECRETS OF MR. MOODY'S SUCCESS nd popularity !"

Men are but instruments; it is God who orketh. Mr. Moody has with him the accompanying power of the Divine Spirit; he pictents the facte and doctrines of the Divine Word, yet his personality contributes to a large extent to the influence of the truth he presents. The truth flows through bis whole a anhood, and he is clothed with ali the elements of humanity.

1. He is a man of profound Convictions He believes the Gospel and therefore speaks. The Bible is to him a real book. He be lieves in the living God-the personal Christ -the Holy Ghost-a Heaven and a Hell.

He utters positively what he believes. The great want of the Church to-day is men with convictions, men who blaze, whose souls are incandescent, who believe and therefore speak. He believes the truth who feels it, who has a deep inward possession of it. What matters it to him who has seen them that men pronounce London with its thunder and rattle to be a dream of the fancy, or brilliant Paris, with its endless avenues and parks of elysian loveliness, a mere myth, or Mont Blane gleaming from afar, a specula tion? he knows better, for he has seen them. So infidelity with its negations is nothing to Mr. Aloody; he knows there is a God, for in the depth and centre of his being he has met Him: he knows there is a Christ, for as a summer He fills his soul with light and love. He knows there is a Heaven for his eyes have caught the flash of angels' wings and traced the very walls and foundations of the City of Gold.

### HIS METHODS.

2. His teaching is objective. The Old and New Testament incidents with him are living, breathing narratives. The message comes with an overpowering effect. It is intensely interesting to observe the interest in the faces of the listen-is as some well known truth sparkles out with a fascinating air of reality and all heads are bowed under the force of the message.

3. Then there is his naturalnes. There is

3. Then there is his naturolne's Thore is no attempt at oratory. No straining after effect. He is simple and warm hearted. There is no sentimentalism in his religion. Nothing ghostly. He has no far-off way of handling divine things, but out of a warm loving heart, he speaks with wenderful directness and power. Peoplessay he is not cloquence. But this is true cloquence, the cloquence of naturo.

1. Another power of his is the power of

1. Another power of his is the power of detail. There is no narrowness. He does not select the angles or corners of truth, but ho tills up the ricture. He knows the he tills up the ricture. He knows the responsive, as of the heart; how quick the congregation is to feel the touch of a single stroke. We love to feel his power of minute description like the last journey logother of Elijah and Elisha, or Joseph of Aramethea at the cross, drawing out the nails from the pierced hands. His addresses are largely interspread with sneedoles and incidents, not that, stale and unprofitable, but strikingly life-like. What an experience he has had! Beginning with his Sunday School Mission in Chicago, then his Monday nraver Mission in Chicago, then his Monday prayer me ting and Young Men's Christian Associa-tion work, then at the head of the Christian exim of close attention you could observe. Commission work during the war, and since, every class of society represented. The his evangelistic work in both hemispheres, rich, the poor, the young, the aged, the chis life has been full of incidents and chistopherical throughful and cultured, the unsuducated to his mind and used to rivet home the WE NEVER FORGETS

an incident, so that in drawing from his own experience for illustrations, he has an unfailing fountain. A personal reference in proof of this: When L. Punshon and in proof of this: When L. Punshon and his party were on the Paulic Coast, Mr Moody was engaged in evang listic work in California and as we came out of the Yosemite Valley we spent the Sabbath in Sacremento. Mr. Moody secured Dr. Punshon to give an address in the evening As I sat down with him at the Queen's the other day be called up a circumstance in connection with the meeting, and asked Do you rem imber that setter dog? forgotten and he went on to tell how that while he was down he lying to get the people seated, a little Scotch terrier came and occupied his seat. He tried to get him out but he snarled and snapped and would not leave. He then asked the owner to remove leave. He then asked the owner to remove him but not a man stirred. Finally an elder got him by the neck and bore him, barking and howling over the heads of the congregation convulsed with laughter. Mr Moody said, "I thought the meeting was spoiled; that the people could never got over that dog, but in five minutes they had forgotten all about it."

5. This hough note another element of

5. This boungs me to another element of his success—his humor. He is constantly making capital hits and homely illustrations, when at once with fresh force and spirituality he applies the truth and the hush of ality he applies the truth and the hush of lasceners after the general smile shows how forcible has been the impression. He has learned to see the different sides of all humanity. Whether it is right or not to make people laugh in church by what you say we will not discuss, but one thing is certain, Mr. Moody's humor is not frivolity, the smiles that sweep across the field of his discourses are like the showers that fall upon the green fields, making them fruitful and rich in harvest.

and rich in harvest. and rich in harvest.

6. Mr. Moody is also full of sympathy. Men feel that his touch, while frank and man, is yet soft and tender. His sympathy is practical, there is nothing fine spun. It goes to the deep roots of things. He knows the hearts that are crushed and longing for the Father's love; the restless unsatisfied yearning of the soil as it cries out "Who will show us any good?" He has satisfied yearning of the soul as it cries out "Who will show us any good?" He has lived so near to God that he has heard the divine sobbings over man's sins and sorrows and sufferings, and so out of full heart, he tells them of the love of God and seeks to echo the ministry of Jesus, who spoke a all the story of God's everlasting love. It is this that gives pathos and power and makes the tears glisten in so many eyes. There is about him that quality, shall we call it enthusiasm? shall we call it magnetism? which kindles at the sight of men's and awa kens a responsive feeling in the mass.

He is very vital—all alive—full of red blood in the body—full of truth, inspiring Divine truth in the mind, and full of love for the Saviour and for men in his heart.

MAN OTHER CHARACTERISTICS. To sum up somes of his remaining characteristics. He has great will power. He marshals his forces like a general.

He has a talout for government not infer-ior to that of Napoleon. He simply com-mands. His executive tast is wonderful. He mands. The executive fact is wonderful. He is full of shrewdness and common sense, of energy and courage. There is nothing timid about him, he is not a slave to men, no does not fear them, nor despise them, he has simply an all-consuming desire to do them.

He has no colf-conceit. His succe only served to humble him and make him ashamed of all the praise that has been given

He will not suffer himself to be coddled and petted, will allow no resolutions of thanks, and desires that his whole being be

And with all there is no affectation of su perior piety. It has been said that many revivalists begin their story as Virgil makes Encas begin his "I am the pions Encas." His is a full ripe practical inward Christian life.

He has no hobbies and crotchets. I nothods are not sensational. He bolieves methods are not sensational. the power of ang and makes music the handmaid of the gospel.

The congregations are touched and mellowed and

lowed and "" y the singing of simple gospol hymns, before the service is commenced. He subordinates everything to the great work of helping lost men to their Saviour. As we said at the beginning, the true foun tain of his power is from a divine source.

His meniory, judgecoat, resson, his whole ground for essenting that there would be

infolicet, has been made vigorous by the quickening influence of the Holy Ghost; he lays under tribute every nerve, bone, and sin-

ow, he devotes every power of heart and soul to the work of praching the gespel. Is not here the hiding of his power?

Verily it is a sublume spectacle to see a man with no carly advantages, without the outtire of the schools, lifted up before the eyes of the schools, lifted up before the eyes of the world, moving the thousands as the trees of the forest are moved by the viewless wind, stirring by simple truths of the gespel not only the common people but the most thoughtful and educated, helping by his fruitful suggestions and methods the most distinguished and successful pasters in all the churches and giving a stimulas and inspiration to all the denominations of Christendom. Christendom.

WHAT OF THE RESULTS
[Toution] We believe it has been of the convention?

influential for good.

The work of conviction and conversion following the evangelistic services of the evenings we believe was genuine, and after the fruits have been gathered up in the gleaning and binding, will show an increase in the churches and bring numbers under the influence of the gospel.

As far as the convention itself was con-

As far as the convention itself was concerned it has been most quickening both to individual and church ifo. Mr. Moody's suggestions were singularly wise and helpful and no one who took part in the proceedings can ever forget it. In the sense of planning and contriving, there is nothing, but he has learned the high art of leading souls to Christ and we believe that hundreds of members and Christian Ministers, while they will not surrender their individual while they will not surrender their individuwhile they will not surrender their individuality to imitate his methode and a lopt his modes of speech and action, will nevertheless catch the spirit of the man, and all on tire with faith and hope and courage and affection and enthusiasm, help their fellow men to live the only truly noble life—the life hid with Chast in God.

This one thing his visit has done: It has

helped to answer in some measure the inhelped to allower in some measure the in-tercessory prayer of our Lord: "Neither pray I for these alone (i.e., His Apostles) but for them who shall believe on Me through their word, that they all may be one as Thou Pather, art in Me and I in Thee; that Thou father, art in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." This summoning of all the Evangelical churches the holy fellowship and unit-d prayer to personal communion and companionship, has helped under the hallowing ar. transforming influence of the Holy Spiritolower the denermational fences, and bring the leaders of the churches into pleasant familiarity and a more hearty convention.

ity and a more hearty co-operation.

For this we are devoutly thankful and we join heartily in the prayer of old Richard Baxter, for the destroying of divisions, the Baxter, for the destroy ng of divisions, repairing of decayed charity and rest catholic principles and affections of all the members of the church.

#### THE WEST INDIA TRADE. NO. I.

BY SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

It is not surprising that the Boards of Trade in the Maritime Provinces have taken alarm at the announcement that the United States Government had concluded treaties of reciprocity with Mexico and Spain, on the basis of the free admission into the United States markets of the principal products of those countries, which were to extend similar advantages to the products of the United States. It has been likewise announced, on rehable authority, that the British West India Colonies have obtained from her Majesty's Government an assurance that the influence of Great Britain will be estployed to secure similar advantages for their products. It cannot be denied, that it would be injurious to the trade of the Maritime Provinces, if the exports of the United States were admitted into the tropical colonies, on more favorable terms than their own. It is, however, quite premature to assume that such a result is at all probable. It is by no means certain that the treaties, which have already been negotiated, will be ratified by the United States, but if they should be, there is no reasonable

any difficulty in obtaining similar treaties between the same countries and Canada. In the case of the British West Indies it may be assumed, with perfect confidence, that the imperial Government will not sanction any treaty under which discriminating duties against any portion of her Majesty's domains will be established. It must be borne in mind that all that Canada has a right to claim is the admission of her experts on the same terms as the United States. Heretofore Canadian exporters have found no difficulty in compoting fairly with their neigh bours, and there is no reason to believe that they will have any in the future. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that Canada would derive any advantag whatever from the abolition or reduction of duties in the British West Indies. Those duties are imposed wholly for revenue, and are very moderate in amount. The Canadian tariff is perhaps we open to criticism, as it admits sugar of inferior quality on better terms than that of higher grades. The effect of the present wriff has been to increase very largely the imports of sugar from the British West Indies, and it is at least doubtful how far any change would lead to an increase of trade.

The duties are not so energy as to in-terfere to any appreciable extent with con-sumption, and the only ground on which charge may become necessary is the pro-bable reduction of duties on United States change may become necessary is the probable reduction of duties on United States exports as an equivalent for the free admission into the United States of tropical products. The worst that Canada has to apprehend is the loss of the very considerable nevenue now obtained from the imports of sugar and other tropical products. Let it be assumed that the Spanish colonies should, in accordance with the embryo treaty, admit United States exports of a similar description to those of Canada, duly free, it would then become necessary for Canada to claim admission to the Spanish Colonies on the same terms, but in order to obtain that concession it would be necessary for Canada to admit Spanish products duty free as they would be admitted into the United States. Unless that were done the trade with the Spanish Colonies would be extinguished. Assuming that Canada followed the example of the United Statates, and admitted the products of the Spanish Colonies duty free, it must be obvious that as a necessary con sequence, it would have to admit the sugars and other products of the West Indies on the same terms. It would then become a question, how Brazil should be treated, and there can be little doubt that the result would be that Canada would have to abolish there can be little doubt that the result would be that Canada would have to abolish the sugar duties at a sacrifice of revenue of not less than two and a half millions of of not less than two and a half millions of dollars. Such a sacrifice is by no means desirable, and there is no reason to suppose tant the new policy would lead to any extension of trade. At present there is no obstruction whatever to trade between Canaobstruction whatever to trade between Canada, and the British and foreign West Indies, because there are no discriminating duties except those imposed by Spain for the benefit of the mother country. Canada can't afford to be placed on a footing of inferiority to the United States, in the West India markets, and it seems not to admit of doubt, that, if the treaties lately negotiated should be ratified, the appearance would almost be ratified, the consequence would almost necessarily be the abolition of the agar duties. It must be apparent that Canadian exporters have been unnocessarily alarmed at the announcement that has been made, that a treaty with Spain has been negotiated. That treaty will have to undergo a severe ordeal, as it is thoroughly free trade in its principles and cannot but be injurious to the intereste of the sugar planters in Louisiana. Whatever may be the result of the treaty, there can hardly be a doubt that similar privileges will be conceded to Canada by Spain and that the worst that can happen is the sacrifice of the sugar duties.

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Little machines worked by hand are said still to be the only fire-engines used in Italy. There is not one in the whole kingdom which is worked by steam. This ought oo delight Ryskin, who would be sure to esteem "Nig Six" far above the anorting peace-disturbers which go to fire nowadays.

PROHIBITION NOT RETROGRADING.

BY HON. NEAL DOW.

DRAR TRUTH:—I notice a very modurate and gentle article in the Toronto Montary Times of the 28th ult., in which occurs the following statements:

"We are not permitted to forget that a number of the States of the American Union within the memory of many of us, went through an experience similar to that with which the adoption of the Scott Act is making us acquainted, and that they nearly all of them retracted their steps. The once fair promise of the Maine Law is to-day, with tew exceptions, outside of Maine, blighted and hopeless. But whether mistaken or not, it is by no means a bad sign to see people attempt what they believe to be a moral reform, though the method may be arbitrary and inadequate. The hope of the advocates of the Scott Act is that it will save from harm the young in whom a craving for whiskey has not been formed."

It would be amusing if it were not annoy ing to see how quietly it assumes facts to be hich are no facts, and then proceeds with great gentleness to draw inferences from them. The Editor, no doubt, will be glad to know that "nearly all of them have not retraced their steps." Not on, of them has done so, except Pennsylvania, where local opinic as a general law has been repealed though it exists with great results for good in many localities. New York had the Maine Law, also Rhode Island; but the courts there, on some technicality, declared it to be unconstitutional. In all the New England States we have now either prohibi tion or local option. More than half of Maryland, Georgia, South Carolina, and Tennessee, is under prohibition by local op-Maryland, Georgia, South Carolina, and Tennessee, is under prohibition by local option, as well as large districts in Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Arkansas, New Jersey, and other States. The Editor of the 'm's will no doubt be glad to know that "the Maine Law is to-day outside of Maine, blighted and hopeless."—nowhere. On the contrary, it has never before been so active, aggressive, and hopeful as now. Nothing can better show the mistake of the "mes than the fact that in a National Flection, the great and honored Republican party has just now been defeated because, and only because, it was thought to stand in the way of prohibition. The party that defended and saved the nation from the most formidable rebellion the world has even seen, which abolished slavery, elevating four millions of colored people from the degradation of chatteldom to the condition of citizenship, in equal rights before the law, expending in the work more than tween thousand mil tion dollars and more than three hundred thousand lives—that party has been bidden by the people to sta disalle and make room tion dollars and more than three hundred thousand lives—that party has been bidden by the people to sta d aside and make room for the party that sught to blot the nation out from the map of the world, because, and only because, it was believed to be an obstacle to the progress of prohibition. The 'ime-no doubt, will be glad to acknowledge that this does not look much like a "blighted and hopeless" condition of prohibition 'outside of Maine." May it be comforted by the assurance that it is now in a condition far more influential and hopeful than ever before.

Portland, Dec, 5th, '84.

An English writer, treating of Pompeii under the text that there is nothing new under the sun, says that the bread baked yesterday in Naples is of the precise shape of the loaves found at Pompeii which were put into the oven nearly two thousand years ago. The coinage of that period enter. In the from the coinage of this, except that its workmanship is better. A gaming-table then had a pair of dice, and a lady's toiletable a mirror and a rouge-pot. "Small boys scribbled on the walls and played with balls and knuckle-bones and whipping-tops and marbles in the streets of old Fompeii as they do in modern Paris, Naples, London, or Berlin. There even are the pass checks which were current at the theatre where the people were assembled at the time of the cruption." Of one modern article, however, this writer could find no counterpart among all the matters recovered from Pompeii. There was no classic cockacrew.

AT See Special prize effer in Tip-Birs,

Music and the Drama.

The Passing Show,
"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's filusion given."—Moore

DEAR TRUTH, -As author, actor, and adapter Dion Boucicault enjoys a reputation which is little short of world wide. Few mon, tadeed, have been so successful in such a three-fold capacity; yet there are men today, with a much more circumscribed ellentele, who enjoy far more popularity, and are infinitely his superiors as actors. Not that Dion is not a clover and artistic actor-no one can deny him both cleverness and ar-tistic ability—but he lacks that magnetic influence which is somarked in some actors, which, coupled perhaps with bra less ability, makes them far more popular favorites. Take Joe Murphy, for instance : he pla s Irish characters, as Boucicault does; bis plays possess far less literary mort and artistic finish than do Boucleault's; it may be admitted that he possesses less ability than Bouckault does; and yet it cannot be doubted that of the two Joe Murphy is, both in Canada and the United States. the more popular actor, owing to his strong personal magnetism, and the peculiar freshness and naturalness of his impersonations, while Boucicault's are more or less artificial. Yet v , are always glad to welcome Dion and he always draws good houses, and elicits hearty applause. His recent visit has been no exception to this rule. He appeared in some of his most recombant to the results of the results are and has been appeared. popular characters, and has been supported by a carefully selected company which in-cluded his son and daughter, both of whom gave most satisfactory and intelligent sup-

At the People's Theatre the "Shadow-graphs"—a very good Variety Co.—played to good houses last week, the entertainment being of more than usual merit. The new management at this theatre seems to h ve hit the public tasts successfully, and large and delighted audiences are the rule rather than the exception

than the exception.

The questions of a new music hall is again being agitated. The want of such a building is being felt more and more; and it says very little for the public spirit of our wealthier citizens, that the want has been one of such long standing. Mr. J. B. Boustead's offer is timely and generous, and I trust that there may be no difficulty in tinding other nineteen equally generous. There should be no difficulty in the

Another choral society, under the conductorship of Mr. E. W. Schuch, has been formed, and has commenced the atudy of Gade's "Crusaders." When we get our big music hall, and can seat a large chorus suitably, I hope to see an amalgamation of all our societies occasionally, and the production of the favorite oratorios and other works of the great masters on a scale of magnitude and grandeur which only such amalgamation could render possible.

The Roller Skating Rink still meets with much popular favor; the Pole matches proving particularly attractive. A third carnival takes place Thursday of this week, and a racing contest on Friday evening.

SEMPRONIUS.

Fifty years ago a Russian general, the friend of the Emperor Aloxandor I., left a legacy of 50,000 rubles, which, in the year 1926, should be paid, with the accumulated interest, to the person who, in the judgment of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences, should write the best life of that severeign. The fund by that time will amount to the magnificent sum of \$1,500,000. One-fifth of it will be deducted to defray the expense of publishing the work in fitting style, leaving the unprecedented literary prize of \$1,200,000 for the successful competitor,

That every day has its pains and sorrows is universally experienced and most universally confessed; but let us not attend only to mournful truths; if we look impartially about us, we shall find that every day has likewse its pleasures and its joys.

AT Don't forget to read special offer on Prize Story page of a gold watch for the best story. Unticties.

Two years ago the "hot water cocktail" was widely advertised as a newelty. Now again the "hot-water cure" is heralded as something new in medicine. The whole scheme is to drop a pinch of sait into a teachiful of hot water and to swallow the does before breakfast. It is said to be good for the health, and one can see how it may be if it is taken in lieu of a to a the cocktail in the early morning. But as for the nevelty of the scheme, there are old men living in Toronto who have been drinking hot water with a little sait in it every morning before breakfast for half a century.

An English rival of Mr. Oscar Wildo's is laboring for reform in men's dress. The costume he has finally hit upon is, a felt hat broad enough in the brim to shield the wearer's face from wind and rain should he unfortunately be eaught in a storm without an umbrella; a cape on his overcoat to perform the same function for his shoulders; skirts for his knees; trousers of wool, cut so as not to impede the circulation of the blood; leather boots, either soft or stiff; and hencath the overcoat a jacket cut to the figure and buttoning well up to the neck. He does not see in this outfit anything that would excite a desire in the minds of the mob to "eave arf a brick" at the wearer.

Borlin is to have an umbrolla loan society, with branch offices scattered all over the city. The business of lending umbrollas has always been so easily and amply performed by unassociated individuals that this enterprise seems, at the first blush, a work of supererogation; but it may be that the Berlin people have become so particularly tired of a really onerous custom that the society's establishment is demanded as an ordinary humane charity. At the same time it is a profound and eurious matter when a number of persons deliberately alloy themselves for the declared purpose of lending umbrollas, and put themselves about to make the borrowing of these evanescent articles more easy.

# Exchange Depariment.

Rare foreign stumps, for others. Send lists. C.W JEFFREYS, 351 Wellosley St., Toronto.

A hand bracket-saw, with blades and drill, and a bow-gun, for a miniature steam-engine. Percy Lower, Pontlac, Ill.

Five good books and six numbers of Wide Accels, for the best of cents between 1793 and 1857, Will W. REED, Jun., 23 E. Tenth St., Erie, Penn.

A pair of 84-inch Arme club skates, in good condition, for a pair of the same make 10 or 11 inches. Viotor Daroz, Hillcrest, Belleville, Ontario.

Five triangular Cape stamps, for any kind of fossil, S Paraguay, for specimens of uninerals, 3 Slant, for Indian or Mound-builders' relics. B. Jonas. 116 N; Clark St. Chicago III.

Two thousand different postmarks, 200 of which ar foreign, for the best offer of a set (4) of boy's boxing-gloves. Accepted offer answered. Italmond Sherwood, 359 Warren Av., Chicago, Ill.

A 4-draw spyglass in excellent order, for a good steam-engine; 5 different post-marks or 5 foreign stamps, for every match or other revenuestamp sent—not less than 15 taken. JESSE SHUMAN, 179 Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

Chicago, Ill.

Carpenters Chest, with Tools, in exchange for intermediate or steerage yearage Ticket to England; for London, Liverpool, Southampton or Bristol, Apply H. J. Churkerr, 244 Congress Street, West, Detroit City, Michigan.

Sixty-two advertising cards, vs post-marks, 16 stamps, and the game of Grandinother Hap-hazard, for the best offer in minerals, curiodities, or coins. Accepted offer answered. H. W. Hirchino, Box 144, Delham, Mass.

Decham, Mars.

Twenty-five foreign stamps, all, different, for a stamp from Haytt, Hamburg, Gautemala, Luxemburg, and Natal; an unused 8-cent registered stamp from Canada, for stamps from Central and South America. George De Bloos, 885 Brunswick St., Halfax, Nova Scotia Canada.

Fifty-six numbers of Golden Days, Alger's The Western Boy, Verno's Twenty Thousana Leagues Under the Sea, (paper cover), a lanoewood bow, and a volume of an amateur paper, for a pair of 101-inch all clamp or lever roller akates. John Mullin, Look Box 1631, Bradford, Pa.

A complete set of 2 telegraph instruments (catterics included) a pair of roller shates, and a strong horseshoe magnet, for Wright's Practical Pieron-Keeper, or
Shoeting on the Wing, Wright's Poultry-Keeper, or
any pigeon or poultry books; or the above and a silver-plated watch, for a solid silver watch (open-faced
preforred). E. M. B., care of Postmaster. Woltrills,
N. S., Canada.

N. S., Canada.

Twelve tube colors with brushes, an electro-magnatio battery, a collection of almost 200 tobacco-tags, 8 fine topar crystals, an Indian axe and skinner and 5 perfect arrow-heads, a whale's tooth, petrified wood, cut and polish of Jaspar, cut and polished gold, silver, nickel copper tin, zinc, lead, and from ores, and a jointed fishing-rod with tackle, for a good snaredrum. Jon Scott, 409 Ontaxio Street, Toledo, Ohio.

# THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER XVII-CONTINUED.

But I'll not meddle with the butter, said Hannah, "for its clean against the principles in which I was brought up as a young girl to use a tub for a churn and turn my hand to be a churnatisk," she had said. She had loved putting the fresh milk into a vast churn and hearing the dash of the dipper, while afterwards there was no drink like fresh buttermilk or the dash of the dipper, while afterwards there was no drink like fresh buttermilk or evening meal like upping sowens, to her mind. Still with all her prejudices, Hannah could not resist overseeing the big pans of Devonshiro cream mantling and wrinkling as they were scalded on the hot hearth, or having a sharp eye on the pounds of golden litter sent to Moortown market. Also she loved the big dishes of junket rarely, and soon learned to make them as if to themanner born. Then no one could turn out a more excellent weekly latch of loaves, or had a lighter hand with the pastry of the big pies, or knew so many kinds of hot cakes, the secret of which she had learned in the land of her birth. Thus, what with spring and autumn great house-cleanings and weekly scrubbings and scourings, preserving, pickling, mending napery, seeing to all the washing and the poultry of all kinds, calves, and sighing over Blyth's torn jackets and Joy's new frocks, tatters of which adorned all the bushes within miles, besides knitting for all the household, Hannah verily had her hands full. Her norther energy astonished the casy-going, rather lazy, gentle people around her.

Little Joy, however, was the life and light of the Red House.

Little Joy, however, was the life and light of the Red House. She had fairly nestled herself into the innermost core of Berrington's big heart. Though he grow more "acitum, as he became broader and redder, every year, yet he seldom failed to have a full-moon smile to greet her; and would always unlock his lips to say slowly, "Well, my little sunbeam." Joy was alike his plague and durling.

By and by Joy too trotted down the lane with her satchel to a dame's school, and the quiet that ensued in the farmhouse for two hours was "amazin," said Berrington. Ho quite missed her footsteps following him round the fields and farmyard in the mornings; but the sisters up in the glen had willed it so.

At first, Miss Rachel had hoped they might themselves have taught the select of the sisters and the child, but

At first, Miss Rachel had hoped they might themselves have taught the child, but the experience failed in three days. Magdalen frightened little Joy by her impatience and occasional outbreaks of anger during the lessons, as well as by her equally capricious fits of passionate affection. Her light, bright nature, that had itself flashes of wayward genius, could not endure the slow unfolding of the y ang, immature brain. Then, if for once the child sat on the floor, with her feet stretched before her (almost unnaturally quiet, Bachel thought, for she was generally like the tricksiest spirit of mirth and mischief imaginable), Magdalen would break into a tiff at finding the was, after all, only watching a black-Magdalen would break into a tiff at finding the was, after all, only watching a black-beetle crawling, or studying with interested big eyes the antics of the queer-looking cricket that came out on the hearth.

On this Joy would rush passionately to Rachel's knee for protection, who was always so sweet, so tender; the child herself being as violent in her emotions as her mother, but with already, the promise of a for decrease.

with already, the promise of a far deeper feeling and stronger understanding. The scenes of jealousy that ensued were painful and hurtful. From the last one the child and hurtful. From the last one the child escaped unnoticed for the moment, and, young as she was, ran back towards the farm fast as her small legs could carry her, meeting Hannah half-way who had come to fetch her, and was scandalized.

Then Rachel sorrowfully saw that the young spirit would only look on them as its task-mistresses and tormentors, or else being

task-mistresses and tormentors, or else being disunion between herselfand the poor suffering sister she loved as her own life. So it ceased. At times there would be a little feast spread on the bare cottage table, of bilberries with tea, or perhaps some delicacy of short-cake smuggled by Hannah for that purpose into the basket left on certain days at the Logan-stone. Then Joy would come with her nurse, learning by the latter's admonition as she grew yearly older to dissemble her affection for "Miss Rachel" and pretend more towards "Miss Magdalen;" and at such times Magdalen, being pleased. and at such times Magdalen, being pleased, could take a fair winning manner, so seductive, so strangly fascinating (though capricious), that she did really charm the child for brief happy spaces. Then Hannah's love for the mistress, who was always young to her, returned in full admiring flow; and Rachel, whose love never wavered through good or evil times, smiled, glad to see the black cloud lifted from the being dearest to her.

But still often little Joy tired. The brown cottage was so still, the hooded sisters so weird; her young mind quickly pined for Blyth, who was never allowed to come thither, and for the many delights of the Red House.

Ah, no one knew, and Joy least, how those short visits were as sunbursts in the chill life of the tall, dark woman at Coldhome. No one guessed, when at rare times she met the child alone—by no mere accidant she met the child alone—by no mere acci-dent, it seemed—and would hug her to her heart with wet, deep eyes, that she had been waylaying its path in fear of offending her other beloved one up yonder in the glen.

And how often-how often when the And how often—how often when the opportunity came, the poor hungry soul was disappointed, and had to go back to the terrible stillness of the glen, and to the mean little brown cottage, disappointed, and furtively wiping away the tears that fell thick and fast under her hood!

thick and fast under her hood!

"Oh, Joy—little Juanita, if I had been your mother nothing should have parted us, my child, my child;" she thought. After all, however strong, she was only a woman, with woman's longings, capacities, and little heartaches. Then Rachel would cross her threshold wearily as the shades of night fell, and light the old lantern. Its rays shone in the darkuess over the ford where so few travellers came. The lone light seemed like an emblem of her life—wasted.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

"Call me no more,
As heretofore,
The musick of a Feast;
Since now, alas,
The mirth that was
In me, is dead or ceast. In me, is dead or ceast.

"But Time, Al me,
Has laid, I see,
My Organ fast asleep;
And turned my voice
Into the noise
Of those that sit and weep."

On Saturday half-holidays, which were among their happiest days, slyth used to take Joy long, rambling excursions over the moors, or up the hills to explore the rocky fastness of some tor.

moors, or up the hills to explore the rocky fastness of some tor.

One day, when Joy was about nine years old, and Blyth some four years more, they amused themselves by tracking the Chad down from its spring three miles away, up among the dwarfed mountain ashes, and the heather and rocks. And thus, following the stream, they had presently found themselves where the waterfall leaped down white into the green darkness of the narrow glen here almost a chasm or rift, where hardly a ray of sun found its way. In general, both boy and girl avoided the neighborhood of the cottage by mute consent; for laughter and play died away as if banned at sight of the ione cottage and dark-hooded women. But this day they vowed to follow the river all the way down its bed, without flinching from obstacles, till they reached the Red House Farm. To their childish imaginations, to draw back now world have implied loss of honor; so, promising themselves to steal past Cold-honne with hushed footfall and bated breath, they plunged with daring recklessness down the steep cliff-side, where the noise of failing water roared in their ears, and the green, gloomy shade of the trees that filled the chasm grew darker and denser, while their foothold became more difficult overy minu; but safety lay seventy feet below them, for they could not climbup again!

seventy feet below them, for they could not climbup again!

It was a very difficult descent—so difficult that none but themselves, or the badgers, leaving their holes to feed at night and returning at dawn, and perhaps an occasional fox, ever had tried it.

The sides of the clear years indeed as

The sides of the glen were indeed as dangerous all the way, to its mouth. Therefore, as none of the superstitious countryfolk or moormen cared to pass the lone cottage of the wisht\* sisters, as they now called

vicisht means welrd or uncanny, in these parts

Rachel and Magdalen (fearing the evil eye or some inknown harm), the glen was as much the undisturbed retreat of the latter as if it were a little park in their own

demesse.

"Oh! Blyth, help me. I can't get down! cried Joy, in dismay hanging by one arm to a slender oak-tree, whose roots seemed riven in a mass of rock that hung for a few fect sheer below her, while on either side was only a fearful tangle of brushwood, bramble, and no foothold to speak of.

"I'm coming," gasped Blyth, rather breathless himself.
But before he would game. In the located

But, before he could come, Joy had loosed

beth before he could come, doy had loosed her hold, and somehow dropped on a ledge a little below, being as little as a wildcat.

"Why, there you are!" grumbled the boy. "First you say you can't do it, and then you go and do it. That's just like a

What did he know of women? That was spoken like an embryo man. Joy who was breathless too, shook bask her dark curls, her cheeks being flushed like a damask rose, and held out her small brown hands, that wore cruelly rasped by the oak bark, before

"But I'm frightened now, Blyth. Help me; I'm so tired, too."

"Why, it's as easy, as easy now," jeered Blyth, jumping down lesser big boulders and holding up his arms to help the little girl, who slid after him. "But that's you girl, who slid after him. "But that's you always, Joy. When there is any real danger, you're a dare-devil; Dick said so only yesterday. Why, my heart was jumping up and down inside me when you were hanging over that big rock; you might, have broken yeur neck. And now here, at these, little hop-o-my-thumb places, you ask for help."

heip."
Joy only looked at the gruff young Saxon, with laughing, sweet, black eyes. She was as fearless and self-reliant as any woodnymph, following this mad sylvan adventure with a faun; but as caressing and full of wiles, too, as the earthliest of little Deliahs. In this lay her charm. So she only clasped Blyth's hand tighter in silence, until, hot, exhausted, and with large reats in their clothes, both found themselves at last at the foot of the waterfall that here sank, with final white hiss and ceaseless rush, into a deep, dark pool.

deep, dark pool.

"Show those poor little hands of yours now, and I will wash them," said Blyth, kneeling on the edge of the rock-basin; and, though his words were curt, schoolboy-like, his action was tender as his heart was soft.

"How strange it is here; how dark and wild! Do you think any persons have ever been here before ourselves?" murnured Joy, shrinking close to his side and looking timidly round, her more fervid imagination, of Southern root and tropical birth-influences, impressed, as was not Blyths's steady, sterner nature.

The glen was dark. On either side the The gien was dark. On either side the trees almost met across the high cliffs; while here and here and there craunies, among rocks and bushes, looked black as midnight caverns, open by day. In front, the feaming white water came billowing down, leap upon leap, from a far, narrow streak of light up there among the foliage, which along told up there among the foliage, which alone told of upper world, air, and freedom in the

moors.

The waterfall's spray wet the children's heads as they knelt; the rocks were slippery under them. Long fringes of ferns hung thick and moist along the walls of rock. Long water, with sinuous motion like the feelers of some half-animal plant. There was hardly a sound, little air, in this cool, green obscurity, where tradition said the sun nover shone down but for one mid-day hour in the year. And what that day is no man knoweth.

The children rose, and wandered farther along by the stream's side. Here the glen began to widen; the light to break down. Presently, the banks on either side became little open glades, with a greensward as old as fairy days, though only the rabbits kept it so short and sweet now, and pattered over it on summer nights. Bosky underwood was dotted here and there; hawthorn-trees so old, gray-bearded with lichen, and struted, they might have seen Merlin, stood in clumps, rejoicing in fresh leafage. For it was the time of spring, and all the woodland sides of the dell, and every nook and cranny, too, were bursting out in tender green, while golden primroses made libations in treasure spots of happy brightness, or shone elsewhere in scattered stars, like The children rose, and wandered farther

"Fancies that frolick it o'er the earth,"

Tender bluebells hung on their hollow stalks in the thickets, gleaming azure in shy company. There was a twittering and singing everywhere to be heard from branen and brake in this sweet, secluded hollow, where no rough winds came down or disturbing foot of man tred. This narrow moorland rift, rather then glen, was like a little bit of Eden on this spring evening, here where it rejoiced in the kindly warmth of sunlight, God's chiefest blessing on earth; the birds hopped about more fearlessly than elsewhere, and the rabbits, seutling with jerking white tails, sat up and gazed curiously at the children, thinking, each and all, it seemed, "We know Magdalen, we leve Rachel, but who are you."

"What is that?" both Blyth and Joy had exclaimed simultaneously, as a strain of

"What is that?" both Blyth and Joy had exclaimed simultaneously, as a strain of strange music faintly reached theirs cars. They paused, looked at each other, wondering in hushed murmurs what this might mean; then hand-in-hand the boy anu gristole on together, keeping behind the shelter of the bushes as they approached the clin sound. It was delicate music, played on strings, for certain: as now and then the air seemed picked out with a slightly twanging sound, then by fits and starts the hand would be swept up and down with a rush and wild shake or two, and then again it would strike the instrument with a deep soun! that intensified the bass, like the drum in a band of shrill light pipings.

Holding their very breath with exquisite

Holding their very breath with exquisite delight, for such music had never been known in all the country round about, they

parted the bushes and peered through.

In the sunniest little open of all, Magdalen sat on the river's bank. Her hood was thrown back, her dress was loosened at the threat, and her sleeves were rolled up as if to show the rounded whiteness of her arms.

She had placed a fantastic garland of blue-bells and ferns on her fair hair, and bunches bells and ferns on her fair hair, and bunches of starry primroses in her bosom; and so, believing herself secure from all eyesight, bent over now and then to see her dark reflection mirrored in a still, clear pool below, as well as might be. Sometimes she would wave her arms and raise then in graceful attitudes, admiring the outline as she gazed. Then she would snatch up a guitar in her lap, and playing it with fitful passion, draw forth the sweet, maniac music 'hat had enthralled the children's ears, now wailing, sobbing, or in plaintive murmurs; madly merry, like a gypsy's carousal song, sung to the sound of castanets and tambourine—a snatch, no more, for too soon the broken, doubting chords began again.

But hark! some memory of an air crossed her distracted mood, for she raised her head, played a prelude with a light laugh and

played a prelude with a light laugh and lingering lingers; once more, with growing passion and a wilder, more rapid, yet assured touch. Then looking up to the sky and woods for inspiration and audience, she began to sing,

"Taza be taza, No be no."

It was the famous Gazel of Hafiz, familiar to all nautch-garls in India who have sung and danced to "Mutriva Khush, his sweetest song," so the words begin, perhaps since ever the poet's lips first uttered them, five hundred years ago.

The listeners still listened, entranced, after the last potes had died away. But

after the last notes had died away. But

then—
Up sprang Magdalen, flung down her guitar, and, as if intoxicated with the praise and applause of an unseen audience, she smiled in cestacy, bowed to all sides, pressed her flowers to her heart with a pretty gesture of deprecation yet triumph. Then daintily her flowers to her heart with a pretty gesture of deprecation yet triumph. Then daintily holding out her skirts with her finger tips, she began to dance on the short green turf. First she moved airily, with measured steps, courtesying, crossing, taking hands in gace-ful windings and turnings with imaginary partners, at whom she threw coquetishly bright or languishing glauces, poor soul! But soon possessed by her own music, that had mounted to her brain, her feet moved faster and faster, as if impatient, till presently she was dancing in a maddened whirl, with flying steps that beat their own time, on the groups and Round and sound with on the greensward. Round and round, with upraised arms, Magdalen, with heaving breast and hair now fallen down in loose, disordered light masses still, like a manad, went on, on, on! in that wild dance; with mazy circlings and wavings, and frenzied, yet always instinctively graceful, alluring gestures, till the brains of the children grew giddy as they watched from their ambush.

One last convulsive whirl; then her muscles flagged, and with laboring breath,

the dancer suddenly stopped short. She gave a cry, throw up her arms to the heavens above as in appeal, then hid her face in her hands, and sinking slowly, exhausted on the ground, stretched herself there with her head buried in the grass.

She had remembered, by a flash of returndly research, where and what the way. The

ed reason, where and what she was. The boy and girl watching knew it; no human soul would have failed to understand the despair of that last pitiful gesture. They shrank back, awed by their young, intense pity for this disordered intellect, and the mystery and horror of why such suffering should be, hen both shivered, as low should be, hen both shivered, as low means came from that prostrate form, those of a soul in agony. The means grow quick-er, sharper; then followed a storm of sobs,

of a soul in agony. The moans grew quicker, sharper; then followed a storm of sobs, blinding weeping choking cries upon cries. The woman lying there knew herself at that moment, still young, passionate, with her life wasted, her brain wrecked by the cruelty of man; and "God had permitted it!" No hope, none, in the days stretching barren before her; but the dreadful certainty instead of more black tunnels of time, down which her spirt must wander, groping and weeping for light and company, or else tasting a fearful, delirious joy, to be atterwards bitterly scorned, like that from which she had just awakened. And still her cries echoed from the cliff-sides of the lonely glen, and rang up to the still blue strip of sky overhead, through which no angel-faces could be seen looking down in pitying consolation. They pierced the cars and wrung the hearts of the children, who felt weak to the marroy. Their bones, hearing them.

weak to the markering them.
These dreadful cries against man; to God against God! Would they never cease? Frightened and heartsick, the boy and girl stole away down the glen; Blyth quito pale, and tears washing down Joy's checks and tears washing down Joy's cheeks Neither had believed grown persons could be so miserable. Long after they had left the glen those shricks still seemed to haunt their ears, and they would stop and listen to any faint sounds borne on the breeze. They only breethed freely—both with a great sigh of relief—when they saw the cheerful Red House Farm windows.

### CHAPTER XIX.

"The baimies they were talking,
And we listened to what they'd say;
Says one: 'I saw a strange thing,
As I played in the wood one day.
I saw—and I saw—'so it chatted on,
And all wondered in innocent strife;
But we looked at each other, pale to the lips
Twas the secret of a life!"

Blyth held his peace about the late scen-

Blyth held his peace about the late scene in the glen, when both children returned to the farm. But little Joy who was strangely pale and silent all evening, could not refrain from mysterious answers when Hannah made affectionate and solicitous inquiries of her. And so the matter was told to Berrington. He spoke to both of the children seriously that night, explaining the horrors which even the most harmless poor souls, who suffered from occasional dark periods of obscured reason, had endured in asylums; so he and his neighbors and their fathers had heard tell. Of being chained to a wall, half naked, half starved, with less straw than a heard tell. Of being chained to a wall, half naked, half starved, with less straw than a dog for miserable bedding; of indignities; of broken limbs and ribs; and the last glim-mer of intellect suffocated, till Joy trembled and wept, suddenly stirred, poor child, by a storm of passionate emotion inexplicable to herself. At which Blyth, watching her, felt moved too, in an inward way; so that he was half ashamed of himself, though

with little cause for that either.

Then the farmer lifed his pet on his knee Then the farmer lifed his pet on his knee, and consoled her. Nay, there was no cause for such fears. While he lived, no one should hurt a hair of the heads of those poor women-souls up the valley; and afterwards, please God he could trust his boy to guard them. Which Blyth, in his heart, there and then swore to do; outwardly he nodded. So Joy, who had hidden her face in his old velveteen coat, listened to Berrington—her sobs lessening—who hinted how she herself, sobs lessening—who hinted how she herself, ay, and Blyth too in future, might help Miss Rachel in her good and great work. Especially he bade her, however, be careful now she was growing such a mortal big girl, to held her peace on this matter, which Joy

solemnly promised.

"And Blyth," eager for her comrade to be sworn likewise; "Why don't you tell him to be silent, too?"

"He is a boy; it matters more to thee,"

said Berrington, oracularly.
So both children forobore to speak of what they had learned, except to each other.

"So that is why Miss Rachel end Miss Magdalen live always alone. Here you not often thought, Blyth—no, felt, their lives were strange? And this is their secret," were strange? And this is their secret," whispered Joy, in an awed voice, as she and Blyth sat on a branch of their favorite old pear-tree, on high among the white blossoms, dangling their legs.

dangling their legs.

Blyth nodded, and said, slowly,

"I suppose so."

He had a way of being curt and oracular now, at times, like his father, which Joy found provoking, even unfair, when wishing to open her heart in a full disburdening and, of course interchange of confidences. Joy of course, interchange of confidences. Joy was so daick in appreciation, she was almost Blyth's companion in intelligence; for girls

"Grow upon the sunny side o' the wall,"

and ripen soonest. Still, Blyth was four years older, and could recall many wandering comments and guesses in scraps between Dick and the shepherds, when the child first came to the farm. That she bore his Dick and the shepherds, when the child first came to the farm. That she bere his mother's name of Haythorn signified little; for once, when he had a if Joy was his cousin, his father had to him no, with a kindly almonition not to talk or trouble his own head jet on the subject. Blyth, too, believed in the scapegrace father invented for the child by the gossips, the more so as his father, he noticed, had never contradicted any chance allusions them to while ed any chance allusions thereto, while Hannah's portentous sighs were as so many blasts of firmation. But he knew, of course, and often wondered over, Joy's visits to Cold-home, and puzzled himself much thereat. These visits were kept as carefully secret as could well be by Hannah from the few farm-laborers and the model. maids. Otherwise, what with the child's swarthy looks, not unlike Rachel herself. Berrington might not have escaped the gossipings tongues of the boor village folk, who talked, often with cruel candor, of all

the doings of their employers round the fagot-fires at night.

Country gossip is perhaps the worst gossip there is; for open-air life, while it keeps most who live far apart from each other innocent and kindly as dwellers in solitary tents, tends to make some brutish in thought too, as their own herds of peaceful cows and too, as their own herds of peaceful cows and silly shep. So, when the poorer of this last said kind of out-door-living folk swarm together in little villages at night and talk little do they heed of the complex motives, the small ambitions, and more refined pleasures familiar, perhaps, to even as mean dwellers in cities. All is good or bad to them; what they do not understand they attribute to the blackest causes, and that without much malice, knowing no better. They feel so simply but strongly, and where the sill provided to the sill provided th They feel so simply but strongly, and w', told they have a divine spark within them, know themselves so earthly.

Blyth solemnly believed Joy knew nothing

of these surmises. But she was very sharp to hear and note, and could keep her to hear and note, and could keep her thoughts secret, too. Also he supposed, feeling as grave as a young owl, she gaessed nothing now of what was in his heart as they sat among the branches. Did she not, though; a something? For thought strangely communicates with thought, especially among those who live together and are in sympathy. And the little maid's face grew grave, too.

### CHAPTER XX.

Weep not, my wanton—smile upon my knee; When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee. GREENE

'Thou little child, yet glorious in the night. Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height, Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke The years to bring the inevitable yeke?'

WORDSWORTH-

Next day Rachel Estonia had gone forth alone towards the village where Joy went to school, hoping to have her eyes blessed by sight of the child; her chances for doing so had been so rare of late. More bold than usual, because feeling heart-starved for lack of love, she adventured herself down steep laue leading to the village, which lay

steep laue leading to the vinage, which may in a shadowy coombe.

The banks that rose on either side were nearly thirty feet high, and so steep and tangled with holly, brier, and a wildly luxuriant growth of flowers bushes and creepers, that any escape up them from the curious gaze of peering villagers was impossible. Still the men were at work in the fields: the women were, or should have been possible. Still the men were at work in the fields; the women were, or should have been at their household labors, for it was three of

wending from the wooded rich valleys below

wending from the wooded rich valleys below or the wilder moors above.

She feasted her eyes with artistic appreciation of beauty on the banks on either side; the linchened out-cropping rocks, or rain-slips exposing red soil, the waving fringes and banners of forms and briony, the glory of broom, growing far up, and red campion and bluebells mingling in startling contrast; the proud hollies, like a seried rank of soldiers, meeting the sharp wind of winter highest aloft of all, and giving its name of Holmo Coombe to the dingle. By the roadside, a crystal streamlet hurried from the hills above. In winter it poured from the hills above. It winter it poured over the road, raking the lane dangerous in times of frost. But now it only sang and tumbled in its stony channel, till, reaching the village below, it poured so clean and swift through the old moor-stone rounned love the except that the presiping house. down the street that the gossiping housewives all washed their potatoes therein before cooking-time. Rachel could see she village lying deep below her now as she gazed down a bend of the road.

gazea down a pend of the road.

The thatched cottage straggled picturesquely in the valley among the apple-trees, their ceb walls of mud and pobbles leaning at all angles, and washed either white, but, or a favorite warm [pink. Noisy children, hens, ducks, and domestic animals scrambled and superpolar least the decorations. and swarmed about the doors, with cheerful noises that came up the hill. How untidy, noises that came up the fill. How untury, yet clean and happy, the village looked to Rachel's dark eyes as she gazed. It did her good to see other human homes even from good to see other human nomes even from afar; and she thought, with a paug, of their own bare, silent cottage, whose brown cob walls, the better to escape observation, were never washed of any cheerful color; and where the child, their one joy, only came at times. What a contrast!

times. What a contrast!

But where was Joy? Some other children who lived on an upland farm, too, came tripping by, hushing their chatter and stealing curious glances as they passed Rachel. "Have I the evil eye, do they think?" she sighed to herself, and went on depressed, with slow, hesitating steps. She would so with slow, hesitating steps. She would so gladly have blessed their suny heads and clear eyes. The lane turned sharply round some nigh rocks now, behind which Rachel heard a little voice singing, or, or, rather, trying to sing. She listened, then cropt

"Taza be taza, No be no!"

sang the little voice again and again, like a young bird repeating the first parent-notes it can mimic. There was an ancient stone cross raised on

two worn steps at one side of the hollow lane, and little Joy was sitting at its foot, swinging her sun-bonnet and humming with a de-

ing her sun-bonnet and humming with a defiant air to herself.

"Who taught you to sing that dear,?"
The child started, and looking up saw Rachel's deep eyes bent upon her. She gave one quick, frightened glanco round, then seeing no Magdalen near was reassured. Rachel's look had a light to her, like love shining through darkness. At first she did not answer, but as the gentle woman sat down beside her, drawing the small form down beside her, drawing the small form caressingly to her side. Joy nestled closer of her own accord; and presently a few questions elicited all.

"And so you want to sing, and to play the guitar?" said Rachel, dreamfly.

play the guitar?" said Rachel, dreamily.
"Yes, yes; teach me! The other children atschool can't do that, if they do laugh
at me and ask questions—why I have no
father or mother?" cried the little girl

passionately.
"What?" said Rachel, breathing the question low as if much moved, "Do they ask you about that, Joy? Tell me, dear. Yes, I must know; this is important."

Joy's face floushed a deep, hot red; but she turned it in sudden impulse up to the speaker, who now noticed recent tear-stains when there she has a second to the speaker.

speaker, who now noticed recent tear-stains upon her cheeks.

"They do. That is why I would not go back with them to-day; I pretended not to care, and sat here, but— Oh! tell me, why does no one speak to me of my mother? I have asked Hannah about my father, and she said he was a wicked and cruel man; so I suppose he is dead. But she never says that of my my mother. She only sighs and says she wishes I may only grow up worthy of her, but that I must ask no questions.

"Wicked and cruel," replied Rachel, murmuring to herself, while a spasm she could not control crossed her features, the outcome of a sharp pain in her soul, and her lips were

at their household labors, for it was three of the afternoon.

Rachel went slowly, therefore, down the narrow stony road, hollowed by so many winter rains, and generation of travellers not control crossed nor features, the outcome consisted with the latter, even though of a sharp pain in her soul, and her lips were beginning, his prejudice might have dry as she went on, huskily, "Child, child, favor of the former? It is comonly you must not judge your father. Ho may have been all that, and yet—and yet—Oh! that he who has the best share of a how can we tell? Perhaps he rever knew!

nerves meant to work such ill. What can s of your age, what can even wemen, guess of a man's temptations and trials? Reverspeak of it, Joy, never think of him unless in your prayers: yes, yes; pray, pray hard that he may be forgiven."
"Then he is not dead?" said the childf

"Then he is not dead?" said the childreslowly,
"We do not know—no one does, He was alive, we heard, two years ago, but then we lost all nows of him: dead to us, at least."
"To us," repeated little Joy, whose lustrous dark eyeballs were fixed with the gently merciless scrutiny of her innecent ago full on her companion, whose emotion she perceived; while a dawning thought gave a strange, slow tone of happiness to her voice as she added, "You liked him, did you uot? I know that, because your face looks so sorry, as if you wanted to cry. But why don't you tell me of her?"

you cen me or her?"
Rachel started back, pierced to the heart, yet powerless before the child's words; looking at her with hopeless, miserable eyes, as if found guilty of a deadly sin, done, nevertheless, without a theless, without her own knowledge-(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Voice as an Instrument of Music.

She who taught the nightingale to sing, she whose early hymn the sweet lark warbles to the morning, she who pours forth the full melody from the deep throat of the thrush, and gives the litt'e sparrow the pleasant, the articulated harmony, she also, when she gave to man a throat and breath, taught him to modulate. This is the work of nature, in harmony with the laws of nature's God. Thus far music is her gift. None of the "sweet-tuned instruments" known to human invention equals the natural voice in sweetness; they are all harsh or they are rough, when compared with the pure tone, the mellow softness of the threat. What was the great praise of Martini, but that he made the hautboy cinclate the sound of the human Nature has given to man the first and of all instruments in his own frame; the an cients were employing their time uscless' cients were employing their time uscless' when they endeavoied to demonstrate in what country music first saw its origin It is doubtless, cooval with the human fabric, and natural to all countries where men have lived .- [The Current.

# Civing Way to Moods.

It is unphilosophical and wrong to yield to moods. They rob life of much of its onjoyment. The mind is as amenable to the will as is the body. The most productive mental workers in all departments, are those who have their faculties under discipline, and who go regularly to their mental tusk and who go regularly to their mental tusk and compel the obedines of the mind. To those who habituate themselves to this, and hold moods under control, there is no difficulty in performing prescribed tasks at allotted times. And such persons endure longest, because of the regularity of their habits. Moodness is, indeed, a form of disease. It draws on the nerves and gradually leads to nervous prostration. When it controls the will, it has gained headway that is very dangerous. And thus its natural tendency is to inhire healt and happiness. To repress dangerous. And thus its natural tendency is to injure healt and happiness. To repress and overcome it, is to suppress a form of disease, which in its fuller developments is distressing and dangerous.—[Pilhadelphia Call.

### The Advantages of Good Temper.

There is always good policy in keeping one's temper. As often as temper is lost, a degree of influence is lost with it; and while the former may be recovered, it will be found much more difficult to recover the latter. The politician who allows himself to get an-The politician who allows hinself to get angry in his capacity—whatever may be the provocation—does his cause an injury which his soundest argument will hardly repair. Just so with men of all professions, and with men of no profession. If they would be able to exert a sway in their sphere, they must learn to keep cool. Who ever listened to a discussion in which one party went raving mad, while the other maintained his composure, without having his sympathathics man, wine the other maintained his composure, without having his sympathathics enlisted with the latter, even though, in the beginning, his prejudice might have been in favor of the former? It is comonly taken for granted, and with a good share of reason, that he who has the best share of an argu-

# Temperance Pepartment.

TRUTH desires to give, each work, information from every part of the Tomperance work. Any information gladly received. Addres T. W. Caser, C. W. S., Editor, Napanee, Onk.

#### What it Means.

A correspondent of the Week, W. F. C., writes in regard to the position of Prof. Goldwin Smith inoppesition to the Scott Act. Heis of opinion that the Professor knows really little about the "true inwardness" of the drink traftic in Canada, and probably never spent an evening in a Canadian bar-room. Probably he and many other know but little either of the true inwardness of many a drunkard's home and family. W. F. C. is of opinion that if "Bystander" once became theroughly acquainted with all the facts, he would cry out as earnestly as any one in favor of its extinction. The letter concludes with the following remarks:

"And if he only knew how many .ook upon the Scott Act more as a present expedient, a temporary counteractive of evila that loudly call for remedial legislation, he would be willing to let it have its day, and be the forerumorof asystem which shall neither temps on one hand nor absolutely deprive on the other. A mad dog is rushing at me; I would like bost a good rifle or a shot gun to shoot him at a safe distance; but if I to shoot him at a safe distance; but if I cannot have either of these, I am very thankful for a club or a pitch-fork, and will make the best use of them I can. Something must be done. Society has got its back up on this liquor question, and is determined to abute the nuisance of intemperance. The Scott Act is being passed not as an ultimatum, but as a means of compelling our Government to give us something better. Nothing is more certain than that the liquor traffic, as now carried on, "must go." But a as now carried on, "must go." But a liquor traffic of some kind there will be, and it ought to be such as befits a professedly Christian people, instead of being a system of diabolism framed to induce the public to drink as much as possible, that liquor ven-dors, and the Covernment which licenses dors, and the Covernment which licenses them may pocket money out of the seduction of the pople to vice. Granted that no one is for ed to drink, but the allurement is incompatible with a state of good morals, and utterly inconsistent alike with the golden rule and the potition: "Lead us not into temptation."

### Alcohol as Food.

Dr. Loo says:-Food must sourish, that is, build up and repair, the blood and ergans and missues formed out of it, by supplying the materials of which they are composed. But alcohol does not contain the constituent elements of the body-pertainly not in any available form, and cannot, therefore, build it up. It has no iron or selts for the blood; no gluten, phosphates, or lime for the bones; and no albumen, a subs. -coe which is the besis of every living organism. And even if it had any of these elements, it is an established fact that the body .leminat-a alcohol from its precincts, whether introduced as beer, wine, or grog. Drink cholic liquor, and in a few minutes it can be am it in the breath, or collected from the akin or water. Since alcohol will not stick skin or water. Since alechol will not stick to the living house, and is rapidly expelled from ito organism, the bellef that it can mourish is an utter delusion. Thus it cannot fulfil the first end of food.

Baron Liebig, the greatest of German ehemists, said:—"Beer, wine, spirits, etc., furnish no element on alle of entering into the composition of the blood, muscular fibre, or any part which is the scat of the vital principle."

Description:

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, in his great work the "Manual of Physiology" said: "Alcohol connect supply anything which is essential to the due nutrition of the tissues."

alcohol is extremely costly; and it is not necessary in the case of healthy persons. Unless used in very moderate quantities it injures digestion, and depresses the vital powers.

### Bons of Temperance.

The annual session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Ontario, was held in Kingston last week, and it was very well attended. The report of the G. W. P., John McMillan Esq., of Toronto, at od the Order to be in a flourishing co alon in this jurisdiction, and the finar at condition sound. Upwards of forty I visions have been organized since the last annual meeting and several dormant ones rescuscitated. ing and soveral dormant once rescuscitation. The prospects for future success are encouraging. The total receipts of the year from all sources amounted to \$2,430, and the expenditure to \$2,640. There is a the expenditure to \$2,649. There balance in the hands of the Treasurer.

balanco in the hands of the Tronsurer.

The following officers were elected for the current year: G. W. P., J. W. Manning Eaq., Almonte; G. W. A., R. F. Smith, Ottawa; G. Scribe; J. K. Stewart, Ottawa; G. T., H. Alexander, Ottawa; G. C., Platt Hirman Esq. Grafton; G. C., Colin Campbell, Ottawa; G. S., Francis Trany Kingston Tracy, Kingston.

It will be seen that nearly all the officers we believe, men of zeel and experience in the etmperance work, and, in their hands there is good reason to believe that the in-sercets of the Order will be well sustained.

#### NEWS AND NOTES.

RAMA, SIMOOE Co.—Kissisabetta Lodgo (Indian) is reported to be doing well. Bro. Gilbert Williams, L.D., writes: We had five initiations last quarter and now report forty-seven in good standing. Our lodge is doing well. Three of our members died happy. W.C.T., A. Sandy; W.V., F. Sandy; W.S., S. Rocke.

LOCAL OPTION .- Nearly every one of the Southern States have adopted the principle of local option in regard to the liquor traffic in some form. The Arkansas State Legislature has passed a bill which prohibits for two years the selling of liquor within two miles of any church or school on a petition of a majority of the adult inhabit-

MOREFRATERSITY .-- Our congratulations MORE FRATEINTY.—Our congratulations to the respected and fortunate members named in the following paragraph: Married, at the Rectory, Old St. Paul s. Woodstock, Ont., by Rev. A. A. W. Hastings, Nov. 26th, Bro. Jas, Lunn, P.W.C.T., of Evening Star Lodge, Galt, to Sister Lydia A. Newman, G.W.V.T., of the Grand Lodge of Canada, second daughter of Charles Newman, Esq., of Paris.

ELFOND, ESSEX COUNTY.—A new Lodge, Sylvan No. 492, was installed in Elford, Colchester township, on the 25th. ult., by Rev. C. F. Cooke, of Gesto. The new lodge starts with 24 charter members and a number of proposals. Night of meeting, Saturday. Wm. Elford Sr., W. C. T.; Maggie Balley, W. V.; Thomas Weyburn, W. S.; Annie Mustard, W. T.; Wm. Duggan, F. S. The prospects of a flourishing lodge are good.

MARKSVILLE, ALGONA.—Lorne Lodge, St Jeeph's Island, writes Bro. Joseph Hy land, L. D., is in a flourishing condition; in mile of markets attill incorping. The its roll of members still increasing. The weekly meetings are made pleasant social reunions by means of select readings, relations, debates, and music intersected occasionally by the old fashioned but ever enjoyable spelling match." W. D. Watson, W. C. T.; C. A. Sheppard, W. V.; A. T. Ross, W. S.; Joseph Hawthorn, F. S.

Rose, W. S.; Joseph Hawthorn, F. S.

WOODSTOCK LODGE.—The officers for the outrent quarter are, W. C. T., Bro. W. H. Gribble; W. V. T., Sis. W. D. McHenry; W. Sec., Bro. W. Dickson; W. A. Sec., Bro. Thompson; W. F. Sec., Bro. V. J. Packer; W. Troas., Sis. W. H. Gribble; W. Chap., Bro. W. Miller; W. Mar., Bro. Y. Dell; W. D. Mar., Sis. W. J. Packer; W. I. G., Sis. W. J. Facker; W. O. G., Bro. R. Hesys; W. R. H. S., Bro. W. Cole; W. L. H. S., Sis. P. M. Carter; P. W. C. T., Sis. R. Rose; L. D. Bro. G. Poore. Night of meeting, Mondays.

ing from the club to the theatre an intoxicaing from the club to the theatre an intoxicated gentleman reeled up to the great dramatist and asked:—"Can you tell us the way to the 'Judge and Jury," referring to a well-known dram-shop. The ready reply was; "Keep right on as you are going, young gentleman, and you will soon overtake them."

PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.—The progress of the temperance movement in England during the past four years has been truly wonderful. Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, an able
and popular member of the House of Commons recently stated in a speech that between 50 and 60 years agonota half dozenab staining medical men could be found in the country;nowitwaswellknownthatthorowere five or six thousand. When he entered Parliament in 1865 there was only one tectotaller there beside himself—viz, Sir Edward Baines, while to-day there were about forty total-abstaining M.P's.

ESSEX CENTRE, ESSEX Co.—Hope of Maid stone Lodge reports 103 members with cleven antintions hast quarter. Bro. Arthur Wilson, L.D., writes:—"There are good prospects of additional increase in members. Our village lies in a municipality where the Dunkin Act has been in force for years. The Antis have made two attempts to have it repealed but failed each time. There are two hotels located here and it seems hard to keep them from solling liquor. One of them was fined twice last week and the other once. The petitions for the Scott Act in this county are in circulation and are meeting with good success." A. G. Archibald, W.C.T.; Mrs. M. H. Hall, W.V.; Edwin Lovelace, W.S.; James Chambers,

CLINTON, HURON Co.—Clinton Lodge reports sixty-six members, having just held its own after deductions from all causes. Bro. Jacob Taylor, L.D., writes: "Since I wrote you last Temperance has been the principal topic about here. As you are aware a Scott Act vote was taken in Huron county and it was adopted by a very large majority. Our was adopted by a very large majority. Our lodge celebrated the victory with a thanks-giving service, which was well attended, and a good time we had. The question now usked is what have we, as Templars and Temperance workers to do. I know that our work is not yet done and I would sugour work is not yet done and I would suggest that some practical suggestions be published through the columns of Thurn on this matter. Our lodge is still a little in debt for its organ and we intend holding a series of entertainments during the winter to aid the funds." F. S. Booth, W.C.T.; Miss A. M. Todd, W.V.; Jas. Rye, W.S.; Jas. Miller, F.S.

Nor YET ENGUITENED.—Switzerland to-day is said to be the most drunken country in Europe. For some years at the liberty to deal in alcoholic liquors has been more easily obtained there than almost any where else. Efforts are being made, of late, to get greatly increased restrictions in regard to liquor selling, but so far it does not appear that the Government officials are at all alive to the importance of the great NOT YET ENDOHTENED. at all alive to the importance of the great evil to which the country is subjected from this cause. From a recently issued "Blue-Book," published at Barrie, information is given that the Federal Government refuses to recommend restrictive legislation. From the same Swiss public document the follow-ing extract is taken:

The public house engenders intellectual activity, and is a remedy against misan-throphy, egotium, vanity, narrow ideas, and vividness of imagination. Spirituous liquors give a cheerful tone to society, etiace the traces of labor, and open the heart to other impressions."

All this reads like some of the old English dissertations on the same subject during the last century.

AND See Special prize offer in Tro-Birs

Page,
A resident of St. Louis started one morning recently to move his house. When night evertook him he had got the house just half way across a rusty side track of the Missouri Pacific Railway. Resting from his labors at this point, he and his family took supper in the house, and afterward retired to the second story for the night. Shortly after they had fallen asleep the Missouri Pacific Company used the rusty side track for the The disconstitude of the tissues."

L. H. S., Sis. P. M. Carter: P. W. C. T., Sis. R. Ross; L. D. Bro. G. Poore.

Sis. R. Ross; L. D. Bro. G. Poore.

Alight
Sis. R. Ross; L. D. Bro. G. Poore.

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Sis. R. Ross; L. D. Bro. G. Poore.

Alight
Sis. R. M. Carter: P. W. C. T.

Sis. R. Ross; L. D. Bro. G. Poore.

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Sis. R. M. S. C. M. L., STRATTON.—All stories

will be judged on their merits; it does not

first time intenumber of years.

Holosomot

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#### A SKEPTICAL CLERGYMAN.

Throws Aside His Doubts and Bears Strong Testimony to the Truth. London Adverther.

Skepticism is a deplorable thing, especially when it leaves the mind on a stormy sea without an anchor or hope of haven. It does not probably prevail any more in these days than it did in the past, but we hear more of it because of the publicity given by inore of it because of the publicity given by
the secular press. Some minds are so coustituted that they cannot accept anything,
without proof, and yet they do not necessarily
demand that the proof shall have the stamp
of highest authority. They recognize merit
for itself, and accept it gladly, knowing that
eventually it must gain general recognition.
The legal and medical professions as well as
the collesiastical are slow to adopt what may
conflict with their notions of self-interest

the coclesinatical are slow to adopt what may conflict with their notions of solf-interest and right. New ideas are almost always disturbing, but eventually they become assimilated and are warmly commended. The case of the Rev. George Waterman, a talented clergyman of Berwyn Lodge, Broadstone, Winborne, Eng., suggests these observations. He got into a desperate condition, which thoroughly unfitted him for ministerial work. His mind sympathizing with his body, became very much depressed. As the mind is so the thoughts are He finally put himself under the care of the best Lendon specialists. For several years he pursued the ever fleeting phantom, but aulength they told him his case was beyond amendment. Still more thoroughly depressed, he grew skeptical to a degree and believed himself doomed.

Providentially, however, he had his attention developed a suppose of recition developed.

Providentially, however, he had his attention drawn to a widely-rated means of restoration in cases like his own. He reluctantly began its use. Every few weeks her had chemical analyses made, and finding constant improvement, he eagerly persever-ed, and when twenty-six bottles had been used, the analyst reported: "No trace of either albumen or sugar by the severest tests." In other words, he exclaimed with tests." In other words, he exclaimed with rapture, "I was cured". He had Bright's disease of the kidneys. That was in 1882, and from day to day he put aside his exepticism at the use of an unautherized. remedy until to-day he has been strong and well in body and mind, and contrary to the boasts of his medical friends has had no reboasts of his medical friends has had no relayse. It is only fair to remark, though it may be unusual for papers editorially to do so, that Warner's Safe Cure is the remedy which saved Mr. Waterman's life, to which he ever bears willing testimony. And when we see it publicly endorsed by such emisent persons of quality as the Right Rev. Bishop-Edward Wilson, the Rev. W. S. Honderson, of Prescott, Madame Sainton-Doby, the renowned music teacher of London, Dr. son, of Prescott, Madame Sainton-Dolby, the renowned music teacher of London, Dr.-Dio Lewis, the famous American hygienist, the Rev. Dr. Squirrel, of Rugby, Eng., the Rev. D. A. Brown, of Aultsville, Mr. Arthur Augur, of Montreal, Capt. W. H. Nichols, of Hamilton, the Rev. Dr. R. C. Sowerby, of Helensburgh, N. B., the Rev. James Brierly, M. A., Congleton, Eng., the Hon-Geo. Taylor, of the Olobe, and others equally well-known, we unhesitatingly commend it to the favor of our readers.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. MEDILL.—See answer to M. Moscrip. M. MOGERT.—Any story sent will receive due consideration, and if accepted will ap-pear in its turn.

J. G. 8.—We could not say anything of the enterprise in question, but would not advise you to have anything to do with it. All such enterprises are illegal.

M. G. S.—We are always glad to receive original poetry or short prose pieces, which, if up to the mark, find a place in our columns. See notice under "Tid Bits" column in this week's issue.

L. Sanderson.—Thanks for your kind letter. The clippings you speak of, however, have not come to the writer's hands. The story in question is published in book form by D. Lethrop & Co., Roston, price 25 cents.

Mrs. C. M. L., Stratford.—All stories will be judged on their merits; it does not follow that because one story has been

# Our Young Folks.

Evening Skies for Young Astronomers.

December 16th, 8.30 r. M. Saturn is still our only evening star; he is now at his brightest and is still in the constellation Pou us. We have now many of the constellations and stars in view that we began the year with. Not only Taurus but Orion is fully above the horizon. In the east is Procyon of Comis Manor, The Little Dog, an hour high. This name Procyon means hefore the Dog, because it always rises a little before Sirius, the Dogstar, which we can see just above the horizon in the southeast. The Twins Castor and Pollux are in the east also, but without Jupiter, their brilliant guest of last spring. Above them is Capella in \*urrga, The Christeer. Lyra is low down in the far north-west, and when it sets will remain below the horizon but a few hours. The Square of Pegasus and Astronomical have passed to the west of our south mark. The most conspicuous star over our mark is Hamal, sometimes called Arietis. It is in the constellation of Aries, The Ram, one of the constellations of the Zodiac. The sun is some distance below this star on the 20th April, and passes between The Pleiades and Aledebaran on the 21st of May.

### DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARRYL.

CHAPTER I. - HOW THE GODLIN CAME.

It happened one Christmas ove, when Davy was about eight years old, and this is the way it came about.

That particular Christmas evewas a snowy one and a blowy one, and one generally to be remembered. In the city, where Davy lived, the stormplayed all manner of pranks swooping down upon unwary old gentlemen. and turning their umbrellas wrong side out, and sometimes blowing their hats quite out of sight. And in the country, where Davy had come to pass Christmas with his dear old grandmother, things were not much bet ter; but here people were very wise about the weather, and staid indoors, huddled around great blazing fires; and the storm, finding no live game, buried up the roads and the fences, and such small fry of houses as could readily be put out of sight, and howled and roared over the fields and through the trees in a fashion not to be for-

Davy, being of the opinion that a snow storm was a thing not to be wasted, had been out with his sled, trying to have a hitle fun with the weather; but presently, discovering that this particular storm was not friendly to little boys, he had etreated into the house, and having put his hat and his high shoes and his mittens by the kitchen fire to dry, he began to find his time hang heavily on his hands. He had wandered idly all over the house, and had tried how cold his nose could be made by helding it against the window panes, and, I am Davy, being of the opinion that a snow how cold his nose could be made by holding it against the window panes, and, I am sorry to say, had even been sliding down the balusters and teasing the cat; and at last, as evening was coming on, had curled himself up in the big easy chair facing the fire, and had begrn to read once more about the marvelous things that happened to little Alice in Wonderland. Then, as it grew darker, he laid aside the book and sat watching the blazing logs and listening to the solemn ticking of the high Dutch clock against the wall. against the wall.

Then there stole in at the door a delicious then there store in at the door a delicious oder of dinner cooking down-stairs—an odor so suggestive of roast chickens and baked potatoes and gravy and pie as to make any little boy's mouth water; and presently Davy began softly telling himself what he would choose for his dinner. He had quite finished fanguing the first part of his feat would choose for his dinner. He had quite finished faneying the first part of his feast and was just coming, in his mind, to an extra large slice of apple pie well browned (staring meanwhile very hard at one of the hrass knobs of the andirons to keep his thoughts from wandering), when he suddenly discovered a little man perched upon that identical knob and smiling at him with all his might.

and a ridiculous turned up nose. His legs were as slender as spindles, and he had long, pointed toes to his shoes, or rather to his stockings, or, for that matter, to his treusers,—for they were all of a piece—and bright scarlet in color, as were also his little cost and his high, pointed hat and a queer little clock that hung over his shoulder. His mouth was so wide that when he smilled it second to go quite helpid, his care and there was no way of knowing where the smile ended, except by looking at it from behind—which Davy couldn't do without get-

ting into the fire.

Now there's no use in denying that Davy was frightened. The fact is, he was fright ened almost out of his wits, particularly when he saw that the little man, still smiling furiously, was carefully picking the hottest and reddest embers out of the fire, and, after cracking them like nuts with his teeth, ating them with great relish. Days watched this alarming meal, expecting every moment to see the little man burst into a blaze and disappear, but he finished his coals in safety, and then nodding cheerfully at

ns afoty, and then nodding cheerfully at Davy, said:
"I know you!"
"Do you!" said Davy faintly.
"Oh, yes!" said the little man. "I know you perfectly well. You are the little boy who doesn't beheve in fairies, nor in giants, nor in goblins, nor in anything the story books tell you."

Now, the truth was that Davy, having never met any giants when he was one walk.

never met any gianto when he was our walk ing, nor seen any fairies recping out of the bushes, nor found any goblins about the house, had come to believe that all these kinds of people were purely imaginary beings; so that now he could do nothing but tare at the little man in a shamefaced sort of way and wonder what was coming

"Now all that," said the little man, shak-"Now all that," said the little man, shaking his finger at him in a reproving way,
"all that is very foolish and very wrong.
I'm a goblin myself—a hob-goblin—and
I've come to take you on a Believing Voy-

age."
"Oh, if you please, I can't go!" cried Davy, in great alarm at this proposal, "I can't, indeed. I haven't permission."
"Rubbish!" said the Goblin. "Ask the

Colonel. Now, the Colonel was nothing more nor less than a silly-looking little man made of lead that stood on the mantel shelf holding a clock in his arms. The clock never went, but, for that matter, the Colonel never went either, for he had been standing stock will be the manual very vicinity. still for years, and it seemed very riciculous to ask him anything about going anywhere, so Davy folt quite safe in looking up at him and asking permission to go on the Believing Voyage. To his dismay the Colonel nodded his head and cried out in a little cracked

voice:

"Why, certainly!"

At this, the Gobhn jumped down off the knob of the andiron, and skipped briskly across the room to the big Intch clock, rapped sharply on the frent of the case with his knuckles, when to Davy's amazement the great thing fell over on its face upon the floor as softly as if it had been a feather bed. Davy now saw that instead of being full of Davy now saw that instead of being full of weights and brass wheels and curious bavy now have that instead of being full of weights and brass wheels and curious works; as he had always supposed, the clock was really a sort of heat with a wide seat at each end; but before he had time to make any further discoveries, the Goblin, who had vanished for a moment suddenly re appeared, carrying two large sponge-cakes in his arms. Now, Davy was perfectly sure that arms. Now, Davy was perfectly sure that he had seen his grandmother putting those very sponge cakes into the oven to bake, but before he could utter a word of remons-trance the Goblin clapped one into cach seat, and scrambling into the clock sat down upon the smaller one, merely remark

ing:
"They make prime cushions, you know-For a moment, Davy had a wild idea of rashing out of the room and calling for help; but the Goblin seemed so pleased with the arrangements he had made and, moreover, was smiling so good naturedly that the little boy thought better of it, and after a mo ment's hesitation climbed into the clock and took his seat upon the other cake. It was as warm and springy and fragrant as a day in May. Then there was a whizzing sound, like a lot of wheels spinning around, and the clock rose from the floor and made a

the mantel shelf with his beloved time piece in his arms, when they, scated in the long Dutch clock, dashed through the window and out into the night.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNING OF THE BELLEVING VOYAGE.

The first thought that came into Davy's mind when he found himself out of doors was that he had started off on his journey without his hat, and he was therefore ex-ceedingly pleased to find that it had stopped ccedingly pleased to find that it had stopped snowing and that the air was quite still and dolightfully balmy and soft. The moon was shining brightly, and as he looked back at the house he was surprised to see that the window through which they had come, and which he was quite sure had always been a straight up and down, old fashioned win dow, was now a round affair with flaps running to a point in the centre, like the holes the harlequin jumps through in the pantonime.

pantomime.

"How did that window ever get changed into a round hole?" he asked the Goblin, pointing to it in great astonishment.

"Oh," said the Goblin, carolessly, "that's one of the circular singunustances that hap pen on a believing voyage It's nothing to what you'll see before you come back again. Ah!" he added, "there comes the Colonel!"

Colonel!"

Sure enough, at this moment the Colonel's head appeared through the flaps. The clock was still in his arms, and he seemed to be having a great deal of trouble in getting it through, and his head kept coming into view and then disappearing again behind the flaps in so ridiculous a manner that Davy should with laughter, and the Goblin should with laughter, and the Goblin shouted with laughter, and the Goldin smiled harder than ever. Suddenly the poor little man made a desperate plunge and almost made his way out when the flaps

poor little man made a desperate plunge and almost made his way out when the flaps shut to with a loud snap, and caught him about the waist. In his efforts to free himself, he dropped his clock to the ground outside, when it burst with a loud explosion and the house instantly disappeared.

This was so unexpected and seemed so serious a matter that Davy was much distressed, wondering what had become of his dear old grandmother and Mrs. Frump, the cook, and Mary Farma, the housemand, and Solomon, the cat. However, before he had time to make any inquiries of the Goblin, his grandmother came dropping down through the air in her rocking-chair. She was quietly knitting, and her chair was gently rocking as she went by. Next came Mrs. Frump with her apron quite full of kettles and pots, and then Mary Farina, sitting on a step-ladder with the coal-scuttle in her lap. Solomon was nowhere to be seen. stein on a seep-nature with the coarsent-the in her lap. Solomon was nowhere to be seen. Davy, looking over the side of the clock, saw them disappear, one after the other, in a large tree on the lawn; and the Goblin informed him that they had fallen would be well taken care of. Indeed, as the clock sailed over the tree, Davy saw that the trunk of it was hollow, and that a bright light was shining far under ground, and to make the matter quite sure, a smell of cooking was coming up through the hole On one of the topmost boughs of the tree was a nest with two sparrows in it, and he was astonished at discovering that they were lying side by side, fast asleep, with one of his mittens spread over them for a country

coverlet.

"I suppose my shoes are somewhere about," he said, 'ally, "Perhaps the squir-rels are filling them with nuts."

"You're quite right," replied the Goblin, che-rfully; "and there's a rabbit over by the hedge putting dried leaves into your hat; I rather fancy he's about moving into it for the winter."

Davy was about to complain against such

it for the winter."

Davy was about to complain against such liberties being taken with his property, when the clock began rolling over in the air, and he he had just time to grasp the sides of it to keep himself from falling out.
"Bon't be afraid!" cried the Goblin. "she's only rolling a little," and as he said this, the clock steadied itself and sailed accurely away past the spire of the village church and oil over the fields.

Davy now noticed that the Goblin was

Day now noticed that the Goldin was glowing with a bright, rosy light, as though a number of candles were burning in his stomach and shining out through his scarlet

clothes.
"That's the coals he had for his supper, his might.

This little man was a very curious looking person indeed. He was only about a foot high, but his head was as big as a cocoanut, and he had great bulging eyes, like a freg.

This little man was a very curious looking person indeed. He was only about a foot high, but his head was as big as a cocoanut, and he had great bulging eyes, like a freg.

The window.

"I'll stoer," shouted the Goblin, "and do smile complacently and seemed to be feel ing quite comfortable, he did not venture to ask any questions, and went on with his thoughts. "I suppose he'll soon have

smoke coming out of his nose, as if he were a stove. If it were a cold night I'd ask him to come and sit in my lap. I think he must be as warm as a piece of teast? And the little boy was laughing softly to himself over this conceit, when the Goblin, who had been staring intently at the sky, suddenly ducked his head and cried "Barkers?"—and the next instant a shower of little blue woolly balls came tumbling into the clock To Davy's alarm they proved to be slive, and immediately began scrambling about in all directions, and yelping so feroclously that he climbed up on his cake in dismay, while the Goblin, hastily pulling a large magnifying glass out of his pocket, began attentively examining these strange visitors. smoke coming out of his nose, as if he were

attentively examining these strange visitors.

"Bless me" cried the Goblin, turning
very pale, "they're sky terriers. The dogstar must have turned upside down"

"What shall we do" said Davy, feeling
that this was a very bad state of affairs

"The first thing to do," said the Goblin,
"is to get away from these follows before
the solar sisters come after them. Here,
jump into my hat!"

So many wonderful things had happened

So many wonderful things had happened already that this seemed to Davy quite a natural and proper thing to do, and as the Goblin had already seated himself upon the brim, he took his place opposite to him without hesitation. As they sailed away from the clock, it quietly rolled over once, spilling out the sponge-cakes and the little dogs, and was then watted off, gently rocking from with to side as it want.

Davy was much surprised at finding that Days was much surprised at finding that the hat was as large as a clothes-hamper, with plenty of room for him to swing his legs about in the crown. It proved, however, to be a very unpleasant thing to travel in. It spun around like a top as it sailed through the air, until Davy began to feel uncomfortably dizzy, and the Goblin himself seemed to be far from well. He had stopped smiling, and the rosy light had all faded away, as though the candles inside of him had gone out. His clothes, too, had changed from bright scarlet to a dull ashen color, and he sat stupidly upon the brim of the hat as if he were going to sleep.

"If he goes to sleep, he will certainly fall overboard," thought Davy: and with a view to rousing the Goblin, he ventured to remark, "I had no idea your list was so big."

"I can make it any size I please, from a

"I can make it any sizo I please, from a thirible to a sentry-box," said the Goblin.
"And speaking of of sentry boxes—"here he stopped and looked more stupid than

"I verily believe he's absent-minded," said Davy to himself.

"I verify believe he a absent-minded, said Davy to himself.

"I'm worse than that," said the Goblin, as if Davy had spoken aloud. "I'm absent-bodied," and with these words he fell out of the hat and disappeared. Davy peered anxiously over the edge of the brim, but the Goblin was nowhere to be seen, and the little boy found himself quite alone.

Strange-looking brids now began to swoop up and chuckle at him, and others flow around him, as the hat spun along through the air, gravely staring him in the face for a while, and then sailed away, sadly bleating like slicep. Then a great creature with rumpled feathers perched upon the brim of the hat where the Goblin had been sitting, and after solemnly gazing at him for a few the hat where the Goldin had been sitting, and after solemnly gazing at him for a few moments, softly inurmined, "I'm a Cockalorum," and flew heavily away. All this was very sad and distressing, and Davy was mournfully won-lering what would happen to him next, when it suddenly struck him that his legs were feeling very cold, and looking down at them he discovered to his great alarm that the crown of the Geblin's hat had entirely disappeared, leaving nothing but the brim upon which he was sitting. He hurricully examined this and found that the hat was really nothing but an enormous skein of wool, which ing but an enormous skein of wool, which was rapidly unwinding as it apun along. Indeed the brim was disappearing at such a rate that he had hardly made this alarming discovery before the end of the skein was whisked away and he found himself falling the out of the skein. through the air.

He was on the point of acreaming out in his terror, when he discovered that he was falling very slowly and gently swaying from side to side, like a toy-halloon. The next moment he atruck something hard, which gave way with a sound like breaking glass and let him through, and he had just time to notice that the air had suddenly become deliciously scented with vanills, when he fell creating into the branches of a large

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### PRIZE STORY THE

The following story—Prize Story No. 5—is taken from the Youth's Companion, and is sent us by Marion C. Crawford, London, Ont., who can obtain the Gold Hunting-Case, Stem Winding Elgin Watch officred as a prize by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and Registration. A gold watch is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions.—Ist. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any books or periodical by any anthor. 2nd. It must not exceed in length six (6) columns of Truru. A little variation in length either way, will not be considered an obstacle to its acceptance. 3rd. Every accepted story will be published in Truru in its turn, and the gold watch awarded upon publication. 4th Every competitor must send in his contribution either printed or planny written on one side of the paper only, giving author's name and source from which the story is taken, as well as his own name and address in full, attached to the story. 5th. With each story must be cent one dollar for six months' subscription to Truru. Those who are already subscribers will have their terms extended half a year for the dollar sent. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or lar sent. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which my fail to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used.

# NDY.

Aunt Hitty shook her head in smiling He says he'd like to see me, but I'll show protest as I held up a photograph with the him!' request, "Just tell me about this one, "Somehow, he made me think of an old Aunty.

The dear soul had settled herself to the hulling of some luscious Scotch runners, and after looking hesitatingly at the rounded young face in the picture, with its almond eyes and clustering hair, she said, "Well, dear, if you insist, I will, but let me tell you in the beginning, there's not much to tell in Andy's life—more's the pity!

"He was Enos Paxton's boy. Enos was always a good neighbor and a reliable man. He married Lyddy Ann Parker. Lyddy Ann was a well-meaning woman, but she was one of those people who think they know everything and need to learn nothing. They had four girls and one boy. In age The dear soul had settled herself to the

Ann was a well-meaning woman, but she was one of those people who think they know everything and need to learn nothing. They had four girls and one boy. In age older and two younger than he. And you may be sure he was considerable of a circumstance in the family, while the girls were only 'Andy's sisters.' Everybody said, 'What a nice family of girls Enos has!' but to tell the truth, their father thought but little of them; his whole heart was bound up in the boy.

"Andy did seem a nice boy, as how fair-featured and the facility of the property carefully before he spent it. The girls, too, were willing that every chance over and above any they'd ever had should go to making a man of Andy.

"He'd set his heart on having a college education, and so the whole family did what they could to give him one. The hardest part came on the girls, for Enos, though he was a good citizen and a reliable neighbor, had the fault of being too niggardly with his daughters.

"Andy did seem a nice boy, as how fair-featured and a nice featured and a nice featured and a nice featured and a nice fair-featured and a nice featured and a nice featured and

was bound up in the boy.

"Andy did seem a nice boy, as boys go; fair-featured and pleasant, although with large self-conceit—which he came honestly by from his mother.

"I remember I happened over there one day, when Enos had just given him a piece of ground to be used as a garden of his own. It seems he'd heen begging so hard for it that Enos gave him a nice spot south of the currant bushes. He had dressed and spaded it, and given it over to him all ready for planting; and there Andy was, working away as happy as could be. He called me, and I stopped a moment to listen to what

he had to say.

"'You see, it's mine,' he said. 'Father hasn't any more to do with it than you have. I tell you, it'll be just the finest garden! I'll have the tallest corn and the biggest and the nicest melons! And you squash and the nicest melons! And you won't see a weed. And I'm going to sprinkle it with the watering pot when it's dry. Oh, don't go! I want to tell you more.' But I had to go then, though his carnestness pleased me, and it was a pleas-ant picture to carry away, the bright-faced little fellow, so happy and cager, at work in his garden.

"Well, some weeks after, as I went by to the Corners, I saw Andy sitting, whittling, on one of the posts, and I went to the fence and looked over to see how the garden looked. But, bless me! there was only a patch of weeds there, and an old hen scratching away for a brood of young

chicks. "How is this? said I. 'Where's your

garden?

"Oh, it's no good," he rephed. "It was too much work. I pave it up long ago. See here! I'm making a water-wheel to put in the brook in the clover lot. Noah Shipman has one, and the water goes tinkle, tinkle over it just so nice! I'nt this'll beat his all hollow. Just you let me show it to you after I get it working!"

"A little while after I wild. Any part him

"A little while after Lyddy Ann sent him over to borrow a colander, and I asked him about the water-wheel. 'Oh,' he said, in a careless way, 'I didn't finish it. The wood was too hard and my knife was too dull. I'm going to snare rabbits now. Dick Parker sets his snares down in the awamp. He got four last week, but I'll beat that! living quietly as usual, when Andy graduat.

"Somehow, he made me think of an old "Somehow, he made me times of an ord-black horse we had, who, when first har-nessed, champed and pawed and seemed ready to tear everything to pieces, but who, when steady work began, gave out en-

"After Andy began to go to school, we heard a good deal about his smartness at book-learning. He was quick at it, and there was no denying he had good natural abilities. Enos grew prouder than ever of him, and had no idea of stinting him in his advention, though he was a near to turn a

"All the little ornaments that freshen up a young girl's dress he grambled at, and even the butter-money, which Lyddy Annsaid she thought might be given to the girls, Enos put into his own pocket.

"So Enos, to do more for Andy, was closer than ever with the girls. And they were so willing and patient with it all, that their self-sacrifice was a noble thing to see, and a touching thing, too.

"We all thought that andy ought to be wonderfully grateful to them, and ought, therefore, to make the most of his advantages.

"Gerty, who had learned the tailoring "Gerty, who had learned the tailoring trade, began now to go out into families to sew and cut garments, and wherever she went, she kept folks informed of Andy's progress. "I'm only afraid he'll injure himself by hard study,' she said to me. 'He's so ambitious! Poor Andy! I'm anxious about the kind of cooking they give him—he always had such a delicate stomach—and whether his he'd is made as it coult to be whether his bed is made as it ought to be and his clothes mended rightly, There are whether his bed is made as it ought to be and his clothes mended rightly. There are plenty of things bother me about him. I've always looked after him from the time he was a baby and I a little toddler.'

was a baby and I a little toddler."

"Don't worry about him, Gerty," I said.
"I think he is able to look after his own comfort, and I guess he'll stand the study."

"But he's so ambitious, she said. "I wish I had brought over his last letter. He did write so beautifully! Some of it I've read over and over, until I know it by heart. He says, "I want to seen above the grovelling herd and write my name in imperishable lustre in the annals of my country. I would rather never have been born iry. I would rather never have been born than not accomplish some great work in the world. It remains for me to shed lustre upon the hitherto humble name of Paxton.

"Isn't that beautiful? she exclaimed, in admiration. 'Father said he didn't think we had a much humbler name than most folks, but it was a truth snat we never had any great scholars or public men in our family, and it wasn't beyond probability to say that it was in Andy's power to become

ed and came home. He had grown tall and was a cityfied-looking young man, with a polish in his manners that made some of the

young folks rather shy of him. "Simon met him one day, and when he came home, he said, as if he was a little angr., 'Hitty, because a lad has been to colangr. 'Hitty, because a lad has been to college, must he set himself up to be the Hub of the Universet True learning is modest to my thinking; something after the man ner of charity according to the Apostle, "vanuteth not itself, is not puffed up.," But the boy is young; he'll learn wisdom probably, and the I in his alphabet won't be much bigger than the U in time."

It was about that time Gerty brought me

It was about that time Gerty broughe me over the picture you've been looking at. It was a rainy day, and she paddled through the mad and came in with damp clothes and quite out of breath.

"Just see what I've brought you,' said she, laughing like a child. 'I was determined you should have one, but a dozen pictures don't go fa: when everybody wants one. This is the very list. I thought I'd bring it over and begin that pair of pants for Uncle Simon. Somehow, I've been taking more of a play-spell than I ought lately. We've been so happy to have Andy home, and we ve found considerable to do for him. I suppose you know that he's decided to be-I suppose you know that he's decided to be-come a doctor, and is going to Brooklyn to attend lectures? Father says there never was a doctor in the Paxton family. Andy is so enthusinstic over it, it's nice to see him.
I've hemstitched him a set of fine handkerchiefs, and we've been making him a dozen
new shirts.'
"'Somehow, it does seem as if he has

"Somehow, it does seem as if he has gone beyond us; our ways ain't his any longer, for we've been standing still. I couldn't blame him if he felt a little ashamed of our ignorance and old-fashioned ways. I feel at times like apologizing for our poor manners, I'm so afraic they fret him. He's made such a gentleman of himsalf

self. "Father was short of help yesterday in "'Father was short of help yesterday in the potato-field, but I heard him tell mother it didn't seem quite the thing to ask Andy to come out and do such work; so Sereny and I helped dig them. It came more natural for us to do it."
"'Tut? tut! Azhamed of his folks, Gerty! sail I. 'If Le's a true man, you shame him by supposing it. If he's ashamed of those who've be un his less trigordy they there's to want need in

est friends, then there's no mantness in

him.

him.'
"'He's not ashamed,' she said, cagerly.
'I never said he was. He puts up with everything. He's as good as can be, and as willing. Only yesterday he said to me, after I came in from the well, "Gerty, why didn't you ask me to get that water?" But dear me! what was the use of my disturbination of the said to be a said to me. ing him, when he sat so contentedly reading in the rocker? Then father is always so unwilling to get the horse up from the pas-ture if any of us want it; but Andy is ready to drive us over to the Corners at any time."
"Somehow I couldn't see from what she

I couldn't see from what she said that Andy was very self-sacrificing, and I was inclined to say he should do favors without waiting to be asked, but what was the use of furtiug her feelings? So I did

the use of hirring her recings: So I am not reply. She was so gentle one couldn't hear to hurt her.

"By-and-by as she was basting away on her work, she said, 'Selina Plumley has a new blue silk; it's real handsome.'

"Yes,' said I, 'I've seen it. And isn't it about time you treated yourself to a new dress Gerty?

dress, Gerty?'
"She colored up. 'Father's had poor crops this year on account of the dry spell; and Andy's going to Brooklyn'll take the extra pennical pennies. I can turn my old one.'

this that her own earnings went to help Andy. 'Loving, unselfish child!' I thought. Andy. 'Loving, unselfish entar: a cooperation of hope for her sake he'll make a noble

"Now, dear, if you'll credit it, it wasn't more than six months afterwards that I heard that Andy had changed his mind and had given up the study of medicine for that

"The moment I heard it my thoughts went back to his boyhood, and I saw again that plot of land south of the current-bushes, plot of land south of the current-bushes, with the old hen scratching away in the wildeness of weeds. Ah, yes, I thought, the lay is the father of the man. Little Andy didn't like the work, the hocing and weeding, and was drawn from it to something that was new and therefore more attractive. Big Andy was showing the same fickleness. "Well, when we got the news a year

afterwards that Andy had given up the law atterwards that Andy had given up the law and was editor of a newspaper, we were astounded and couldn't help expressing quite decided opinions among ourselves. 'Rolling stones gather no moss,' said Simon. 'I declare, I m disappointed in the boy. I wonder what Enos thinks about it?'

"Governto brought us over a paper with

der what Enos thinks about it?
"Gertrado brought us over a paper with
an article in it that Andy had written.

Simon sat down and read it.
"'Fair to middling,' said he, after he finished; 'but it's more sound than argument,

ished; 'but it's more sound than argument, according to my thinking.' Looking at Gerty, I saw her eyes flash and I felt uncomfortable for her, "'How could you say that before her' said I, after she'd gone.
"'Fact is, mother,' he replied, 'I forgot she was sitting there; but, dear me, it don't seem an unkindness to open her eyes. Here they've looked forward, and have hoped and believed that Andy would be a great man, and have stinted themselves to educate him. What good have they done him? I tell you he has no back-bone, and in his conceit he thinks the earth was just created for ceit he thinks the earth was just created for Andy Paxton. He's selfish through and through,'

"Time passed on, and whatever became of Andy's paper I don't know, but the next thing I heard was that he'd gone into a scheme with a man in New York for making some new kind of metal. I can't remember the name of the metal, but perhaps you've heard about it. It was said to look like gold, but was not so heavy, and didn't rust or tarnish. They declared it could be put or tarnish. They declared it could be put to all sorts of uses, from making carriage-bodies to water-pails. It was the invention

bodies to water-pails. It was the invention of the age, They declared there were millions of dollars in it.

"Andy and his partner had come from New York to see Enos, and they did some loud talking. The partner was a little slim man, with brown whiskers. He had an eye like a fox and his tongue ran like a mill-wheel. He told wonderful stories; said he was an inventor, and had patented a large number of successful inventions. He had about concluded, he said, to build a many. number of successful inventions. He had about concluded, he said, to build a manufactory over at the Corners for making a fan, parasol and cane, all in one. It would take a hundred hands, he said, and would double the population of the town in a year, and some of the yeang folks began to talk about working in it.

'But still this was as nothing compared want the metal business. To hear Andy talk about that was like stunding on the edge of a mine and seeing untold treasures.

edge of a mine and seeing untold treasures, It almost made your head reel. "Our hired man, George Bruges, was sulky the whole day after he heard it talked over the night before. "I is dog's work," he said, "to plough, and weat, and grub along for farm wages, when you saw men contriving a way to haul in money like that, and no hard work with it either!

and no hard work with it either!

"Andy's folks were well pleased. (Our boy has used his brains to some purpose, said Lyddy Ann, who went from house to house, talking like a child. 'He says we shan't stay much longer in this Rip Van Winkle place. That's what he said, though I hardly knew what he meant. Dear, dear, it confuses me to think what he's going to do fur us l'

"Somehow everybody's faith in Andy seemed to have come back brighter than ever. The weekly paper spoke of him as our enterprising young townman,' and Sundays at church it seemed as it folks cared more to see him than the minister. and he was free and affable to everybody and didn't seem set up by his prospects. You see, child, no one in our place had ever made a wonderful fortune, and those who had laid by for a rainy day, had those who had laid by for a miny day, had done it through faithful work and judicious saving. But it did not seem since Andy had come back, that some of our plain, steady young men were feeling dissatisfied with their lives on recount of Andy's projects. "Simon said little about Andy. But one day he came in greatly disturbed. 'It's a miserable shame!' he exclaimed: 'Andy's proposed in Figure 1.

miscrable shame! he exclaimed 'Andy's persuading Enos to mortgage his farm for three thousand dollars so as to give him capital to help that rogue erry out that fool's business! I'm afraid that Enos'll be persuaded to do it. It's a wicked shame. Enos has been a good citizen and a hard working, saving man. I don't say but what he's most too close in some ways, but then, he's honest, and now to see him at his age, and with those girls who need a home, putting himself on the road for Andy! It worries me so I can't sleep. He's clean daft. ries me so I can't sleep. He's clean daft. I'm going to see and have a talk with him. Perhass he'll think it isn't my business, but

it is, if I'm going to care for my neighbor as

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myself.'
"But Enos took affront at Simon's coun-

"But Enos took afront at Sinon's counsel.

"Old Jonas Christie took a mortgage on Enos' farm, and Andy and his partner took the money, and everybody waited to see how the matter turned out.

"How did it turn out?"

"Well, dear, as some of us expected. It went to nothing like a scap-bubble, and everything was gone. The three thousand dollars vanished into air. We never saw the partner again, but Andy came home, and the good Lord only knows what the family suffered, for he and his father had hard words, and Andy left home and went West.

West.

"Gertrude solbed as if her heart would break when she told me 'It's so hard on Andy,' said she. 'He wasn't to blame that that wicked Mr. Denison deceived him—but father blames Andy. Andy said he could'nt bear to stay home and see us in trouble. It broke his heart. He said he'd had more disconnected than applied. He had been and the said he'd had more disconnected than applied. broke his heart. He said he'd had more discouragements than anybody living, but he was bound to make his way yet. He said he meant to pay me back every penny of my earnings I'd ever given him. I said, "No, no, Andy. All I want is to see you do well." But he said he would, and he'd do so well by us all that folks would be obliged to say that Andy Paxton had done well by his family. Nothing was ever thrown away on him.'

that Andy l'axton had done well by his family. Nothing was ever thrown away on him.'

"But as the months passed by and they got no word from him, Gerty suffered terribly. And the whole family suffer d, too. Nobody could help pitying them. Work and save their best, they could barely scrape together the interest on the three-thousand-dollar mortgage, over and above their living expenses, to say nething of the principal that loomed over them like a shadow.

"Enos grew surly and cross. 'Father is so hard with all of us,' said Gerty one day. 'He won't let us speak about Andy, and the house is as solemn as if some one lay dead in it. Mother frets and can't sleep nights, and the girls are down-hearted, and say they are slaved to death. And no letter comes from Andy, and I think he may be sick and in trouble among strangers, and it breaks my heart!"

"Last night,' she said, 'I was standing down by the gate about dusk,'—poor child, Sereny told me afterwards that Gerty would go down the read almost overy evening when

sereny told me afterwards that Gerty would go down there and stand and look up and down the road almost every evening when she was at home—and I thought, she said, 'I saw Andy coming round the turn. It chilled me from head to foot. I tried to call, but my voice was in my throat, and then I didn't know no more till I came to, with my head in Screen's law and Files. then I didn't know no more till I came to, with my head in Screny's lap and Ellen lathing it. It was the first time in my life I ever had a faint turn; but it was only Jim Dennis coming that I'd seen. But he's Andy's size and build. But just wait, Aunt llitty, Andy will come back some day and make it all up to father.

"And when she died the next May these were the last words she said to Enos, 'Father. Andy'll come back and make it all right."

right."
The last berry was hulled and the dish rounded over. Aunt Hitty arose, washed her stained lingers, and went and took down her little blue album.

This is Gerty, dear," she said, opening the book.

I looked at the plain, gentle face with its patient mouth and smoothly banded hair. I did not wonder Aunt Hitty kept it in the blue album.

"And Andy, Aunt Hitty!

An old smile crept over her lips.

"Do you remember the man who came here to sell me that bottle of stuff and some solder to mend my old tins with, a couple of

solder to mend my old tins with, a couple of weens ago?"

Did I remember? Yes, distinctly. The seedy-looking, glib-tongued, middle-aged man with an odor of stale tobacco and whisky about him, and a jaunty air that clung to him like a pale ghost of former days. He had stayed to dinner, and I remember his voracious appetite and his dismal whine about the injustice and selfishness of the world.

world"O Aunt Hitty! You surely don't mean"

"Yes, dear. That was Andy !"

Poverty has its cares, my son, but then wealth has it scares, too, more than poverty, ten to one. Look at the panies on the money market every week! Do you ever hear of a panie in an almshouse.

# Tid-Bits.

### \$20,00 IN GOLD

Given Each Week for the

### BEST TID BIT.

Commencing with our first issue in January will be given weekly till further notice, a prize of twenty pollars in Gold for the best selected or original Tul-Bit, which, in the judgment of the editor, is thought suitable for this page. No conditions are attached to the competition except that each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least three months and must therefor send along, with their Tid Bit, half a dollar for the quarter's subscription. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended an additional quarter for the half dollar sent.

for the half dollar sent.

We want to make this one of the most interesting pages in Truth. The Competition is open now. The first twenty dollars will be given inmediately after the publication of our first issue in January. Look up your older new scraps, or send us something original, and whenever it is published the prize will be promptly forwarded. Try now. Don't delay. The article, or Tid-Bit, may be only one line (if it contains the necessary point) and must not exceed a half column in length. length.

The millionaire to the coschman said, "Tis strange you never marry."
"Your daughter is too young to wed, And that is why I tarry."

They sat beside a fire of chips,
Making taffy.
He kissed her on the ruby lips,
So KANSY.
He something had to tell,
Which did themselves concern
And while they told it,—well,
They let the taffy burn.

Pass the butter gently, Mahel,
Shove it lightly through the air,
in the corner of the dish, love,
You will find a nut-b own hair.
What fond mem'ries it awakens
Of the days 'ere we were wed,
When upon my fine coat collar
Oft was laid your little head.
Lovingly I stroked those treeses,
In the happy days gone by;
Now I strike them every meal time
In the butter or the pic.

By a brook flowing up the mountain side. Stool a little cottage long and wide, And in it dwelt an agod youth Who always lied when he told the truth.

His wife was the son of a soklier brave, Who would run a week his life to save, He had not a child, and his daughters ten, Were the gravest and gayest of cruel men.

This poverty stricken millionaire
Died in his youth and left no heir,
And hie wife and children smiled with grief,
At the death of this honest, trusty thief.

A. K. H.

### Four French Funnyisms.

A valet-de-chambre presents himself to a gentleman whose service he is desirous of entering.

"Where were you last employed? Why did you leave your place?"

"Employed by Blind Ton. Left because he kept too close an eye upon me."

A stranger in a small town, having lost

his way, necests a gentleman on the street, "Please, my good man," he says, "tell me

the way to the postoffice?" "I am not a good man," says the person accosted, with conscious dignity, "I am the

accosted, with conscious dignity, "I am the mayor."

They had been discussing a fatal duel, and one of the party says, solemnly:

"It seems to me that Providence would have been wiser had it ordained that the murderer should be killed instead of his unfortunate victim."

Dramatis personw: Little boy of S, little girl of 6.

it of 0. He—Lend me your skipping rope. She—Yes. If you'll give me a bite of your

candy.

He-I will afterward.

She-No; first. Oh, you men are all the same: I know you.

Her New Mamma.

Hattie M-, the daughter of a Boston clergyman, was permitted to attend the ceremony of her father's second marriage, and under the care of her nuntie travelled a part of the way with the newly wedded couple-who had determined that no one should suspect the recent ceremony by any act of consciousness on their part. In the meantime the terrible child had left her seat, unobserved, and as the train came to a stand still, amid the usual silence at such a time,

still, amid the usual silence at such a time, the shrill small voice was heard distinctly from the end of the cau—
"I've get a beautiful new mamma. I've get her to-day! Want to see her? She's over there (pointing with fearful exactness at the blushing bride). That's my beautiful new mamma! the old one's dead, and gene to Heaven—s'pose this one'll be dead pretty soon, and then I'll have two of 'em up there!" At this point the small informant was sud-At this point the small informant was suddenly arrested, and taken to her seat by the mortified auntie in charge, while the last words audible to the passengers were, "Why, auntie, you need the feel so bad! I guess they're all glad enough to hear 'bout my beautiful new mamma!"

#### The Indian Story of the Origin of the Amoricans.

There is a tradition among the Kootami Indians not very complimentary to Cousin Jonathan as regards his origin, and one which shows in its broad humor the dire hatred which the Indian bears to that na-

hatred which the Indian hears to that nation. They say that long ago before the "Boston man" (American) was known they and the Pesioux (French Canadian voyageurs) lived together like brothers and traded peacably with King George's fur men and the Indian was very contented.

In those days the Great Spirit visited his children on the prairies and taught them to be happy. One day he killed a buffalo on the other side of the Rocky Mountains and out of it crawled a lank, lean, figure called a "Boston man" and from that day the Indian's troubles commenced and and will continue till they go again where their fathers tinue till they go again where their fathers are and till the evil spirit comes again and takes the "Boston man" to himself—They takes the "Boston man" to numsen—Incy
who lived so happily with the Pesioux and
the fur traders of King George.
Rough on the "Boston man" isn't it?
ROE SIGMA.

### "Hello, Rosky!"

New York Star: In times of great political excitement men are prone to forget the respect due to rank and elevated position, and a rural party from Oneida county, who hailed the ex-senator recently, is no ex-

ception.
"Hello, Rosky," he cried, as the sparrows
flew in and out through the holes in his hat.
"Shake!"

"Shake!"

The action of the agriculturist was more to impress a dilapidated urban friend in his company than with any hope that "Rosky" would shake.

To the surprise of every one, however, the haughty staliwart did, which caused the remark: "He! he is looking for the presidency." As for the man shaken he grow perceptibly taller and taller until no one knows where he would stop if he had not gone out to take another drink.

### He Know More About Kittens.

Jones, on returning the other day from 'the shop," was introduced to his sleeping first-born, a little maid of some four hours old, by his mother-in-law.

"Ain't she a beauty-a natural-born beau ty, Bob?"

"Well, a great deal will depend on what relief her eyes turn out to be, and if they are both the same size and whether she emints."

squints."
"Oh! she is just a ducky, her eyes are blue, just like her dad's; and they are both the same size; and she does not

both the same size; and she does not squint."
"Now, mother, you know you cannot tell that for more than a week. Her eyes won't open for nine days yet, so just put her away 'till they open."

He knew more about kittens than he did hand halies his mother in her any

about babies, his mother-in-law says.

ROE SIGMA.

Graham Flour Short.

Customer-You have not left meany bread for two mornings.

Baker's boy - No, mum. You take Graham bread.

"Of course; why don't you leave it?"
"We haven't none, mum."
"You he ven't any! That's a queer excuse. Why don't you make it?"
"You see, mum, the man what held the mortgage on the mill foreclosed it, and it don't run now."

"Oh, you mean the flour mill ?"
"No, mum; the saw mill."

#### Transfer of Authorit .

First Dramatic Man You are still the nanager of that beautiful theatrical star, Miss do Blank, I supposo?

Second Dramatic Man - No, I am not.

"Indeed! Why, I supposed you would still be her manager, of course. Last season was a brilliant success. You managed her then, did you not?"

"Yes."

"But you do not manage her this sca-

son ?"
"No. She manages me. You see I married her."

Solved at Last.—Yes, there is a way to solve the servant-girl problem. First, the world must learn to live on soup, and after word must learn to his on sonp, and after that all will be easy. Soup companies can be formed, the soup conveyed to the houses by pipes, and then kept constantly on tap the same as water and gas.

the same as water and gas.

Honor O'Loghlen, the hostess of the Gridiron, an old hotel which Irish lawyers frequented, had a ready wit. Happening to enter the barroom after dinner, Curran proposed her health. "I give you, gentlemen," he said, "Honor and honesty." Possibly the worthy landlady did not feel complimented for she readily rejoined: "Your absent friends, Mr. Curran.

Ohn Time HEMER - Before the

absent friends, Mr. Curran.

OLD TIME THE HEALER.—Before the wise men ecase discussing the causes of our business depression, and the true methods of securing its revival, there will be a "boom" in all kinds of manufactures and trades. "Doctor," said the greaning patient, "what are you going to give me for this stiff neck?" "Just three weeks," replied the doctor, and the three weeks did the business.

the business.

A Definition for Conscience.—A teacher, giving a reading lesson to his class in the presence of an Inspector, asked the boys what was meant by conscience—a word that had occurred in the course of the reading. The class, having duly eranmed for the question, answered as one boy, "An inward monitor." "But what do you understand by "an inward monitor?" put in the Inspector. To this further question only one boy announced himself ready to respond, and his triumphantly given answer was, "A hiron-less "in" Lall the Year Round. triumphantly given answer was, clad, Sir."-[All the Year Round.

clad, Sir."—[All the Year Round.

The London correspondent of the American (Paris) Re, i ter relates this: An epicurean Bishop was neatly taken in by a smart boy at Banbury. Being desirous of tasting the famous cakes, he beckened to the lad to come to him to the window of the railway carriage, and asked the price of the cakes. "Three pence cach, sir," replied the loy. Giving him six pence, the Bishop desired him to bring one, and added, as he was running off, "Buy one for yourself with the other three pence." Presently the boy returned munching his "Banbury," and, handing three pence in coppers to the Bishop, announced in the most inger was manner, "There was only one left, sir."

A sace who was on his weary journey to

ner, "There was only one left, sir."

A sage who was on his weary journey to Wisconsin came upon a crowd one day and observed a general saduess in all faces. "Why this gloom?" queried the old man as he lay down his bundle and selt for the front end of his plug of tobacco. "O Sage, we mourn the death of a good man," was the reply. "Was he honored?" "He was." "Sober, upright, charitable and given to peace?" "He was." "Who of you praised and encouraged him in life?" saked the old man as he looked around him. A hush fell upon the crowd, and no one replied. "Praise that comes after death," whispered the Sage, "does not even cut down the undertaker's bills. Better squander your time sawing wood for his widow." Moral: The widow will be expected to take in plain sewing to support herself. sewing to support herself.

# The Poet's Page.

"Wee Willie."

BY CARRIE M. WILSON, BRANDON, MAY.

BY CARRIE M. WILSON, EARLOW, MA Unrufiled lay the moonlit bay, Where, from the pine fringed shore, We lightly stepped into the boat, A morry band of four. Our laughter rang upon the air; Our words were glad and gay; For we were bright and careless then, In youth's brief holiday.

My sistor Grace and Nell her friend, Together hand in hand, With little Willie boy and I, Made up the tiny band. Wee Willie was but six years old— He would be twenty now— With dark brown eyes and floating hair, That swept across his brow.

We left the darkness of the shore, Where heath the water's breast. The shadows of the drooping pines Lay peacefully at rest.
The moon was low; and far ahead Upon the open bay, Still wider as it neared the shore, A shinling pathway lay.

Just where the waters kissed the sky, As white as driven snow, And piled as high as winter's drifts The clouds lay long and low. O'er these a shining pathway climbed, A golden belt of light.
Then in the azure vault above it disappeared from sight.

But where it seemed to pierce the sky, The moon in splender lay, A fitting portal to the courts of every-ting day. We will clasped his little hands, And in his baby face, I saw a look of wondering awe, The former smiles efface.

A moment silently he sat
And did not speak a word,
Nor did he hear us if we spoke,
Or answer if he heard.
At last he tu.ned with hands still clasped,
And pleadingly he said:
"Oh, please do row us over there,
Please do, dear brother Ned."

"Because you know"—he let his hands
Drop idly on his knees,
"It might lead right straight up to Eraven;
Row quickly brother, please,
See I that must be the Golden Gate,
And if we're not too late—
We might perhaps get in to-night
And have no riere to wait.

"God must have opened wide the gate That all who wished might come. Perhaps he knew how glad we'd be To see his lovely home. Oh! will it not be nice, dear Grace, To sleep in Localin to-night? It must be such a lovely place, For there 'tis always light.

"Row quickly, brother, quicker please, For I should almost weet, If after all we were too late. And found them fast saleep." I could not bear to thwart the child, Whom best I loved on earth; A charge bequeathed me by the one Who left us at his birth.

And so I rowed with ac led speed To please and humour him. Nor never hinted to the child How vain his foolish whim, As every now and then he cried, (Did I my speed abato) "How quickly, brother, quicker please, We surely shall be late."

Alas I poor Williel from the west In gold and crimson state, The moon dropped slowly to the sen, And God had closed the gate. How Willie cried; his little heart Seemed breaking in its grief, Nor yet could anything I say Afford the child relief.

Nell stooped to part the sunny curls, And kiss the flushing brow; "Yor shall go home, dear Willie, soon, 80 soon, dear, though not now." She only spoke to soothe the child, For Willie was not strong, Ken from his birth we had not thought To keep our darling long.

And now there flashed across my heart A swift, rebellious pain, What if the thoughtiess words came true, And all our care proved vain? A flower upon the water's breast Now caught the childish eye, And Willio leaned across the boat To group the floating prize.

To late an arm was stretched to save,
The lily floated wide,
Am' we without a warning word
West launched into the tide.
I was the only one could swim,
One could not roccue three,
And yet I knew not which to chose;
For all were dear to me.

Hat to my mind swift memory brough t The words of one long dead: "My haby boy I leave to you, To guard and cherish, Ned." And so I swam to save my boy, And caught him in my arm, And strove to place him on the shore Beyond the reach of harm.

But suddenly I felt that strongth Had left my every limb, And for my sel. Teared not death, But still I strov. for him. But all in vain my frantic strile, Although I fought the wave, My little Will and I sank down To fill one common grave.

Ah I so I thought, but on the day Had driven back the night, I woke and opened wide my eyes, Then closed them at the light. They nursed me back to life again, Though I had prayed to die Why should I live when all I loved liad found a home on high?

Dear Willie! God had heard his prayer.
And though we were too late.
Had not refused him cutrance in.
Nor made him longer wait.
One only left of that wee band,
I would that he had died,
And slept together with the rest,
Bleneath the waveless tide.

But God knows best; both life and death Are his to deal at will; And human hearts have only this "To suffer and be still."
Why I was saved of all the four, I shall not know thit when in God's own time, to part no more, We four shall meet again.

# A NEW POEM BY THE POET LAUREATE.

FREEDOM

BY LORD ALFRED TENNYSON

O thou so fair in Summer gone, While yet thy fresh and virgin soul Inform'd the colum'd Parthenon, The glittering Capitol;

So fair in southern sunshine bathed, But scarce of such majestic mien As here with forehead vapor-swathed In meadows over green;

For thou—when Athens reign'd and Rome, Thy glorious eyes were dinm'd with pain To mark in many a freeman's home The slave, the scourge, the chain;

O follower of the Vision, still In motion to the distant gleam, Howe'er blind force and brainless will May jar thy golden dream.

Who, sike great Nature, worldst not mar By changes all too fierce and fast This order of our Human Star, This heritage of the past;

O scorner of the party cry
That wanders from the public good,
Thou—when the nations rear on high
Their idel snear'd with blood.

And when they roll their idol downof saner Worship sanely proud: Thou loather of the lawless crown, As of the lawless crowd;

How long thine ever growing mind Hath still'd the blast and strewn the wave, Though some of late would raise a wind To sing thee to thy grave.

Men loud against all forms of power— Unfurnished brows, tempestuous tongues, Expecting all things in an hour— Brass mouths and fron lungs i

# The Light That is Felt.

A tender child of summers three, Seeking her little bed at night, Paused on the dark stair timidly. "Oh, mother! Take my hand," sakl she, "And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way From dark behind to dark before; And only when our hands we lay, Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!
—St. Nicholas.

# A Visit From the Sea

Far from the loud sea heaches,
Where he goes fishing and erying,
Here in the inland garden
Why is the sea guil flying?

Here are no fish to dive for; Here is the corn and lea; Here are the green trees rustling; Hie away home to the sea !

Fresh in the river water, And quiet among the rushes; This is no home for the sea gull, But for the rooks and thrushes.

Fity the bird that has wandered !
Pity the saller ashere!
Hurry him home to the ocean.
Let him come here no more!

High on the sea clif lodges
The white gulls are trooping and crying,
Here among rooks and roses
Why is the sea gulf flying?

#### A Leaf from Life.

I lent my love a look one day; She brought it back; I laid it by; Twas little either had to say— She was so strange and I so shy.

But yet we leved indifferent things, The sprouting buds, the birds in tune; And Time stood still and wreathed his wings With rosy lluks from June to June.

For her what task to do or dare? What peril tempt? What hardahips bear! But with her—ah! also nover know My heart and what was hidden there!

And she with me so cold and coy, Scemed like a maid bereft of sense; But in the crowd all life and joy— And full of blughful impudence.

She married 1 Well, a woman needs A mate, her life and love to share; And little cares sprang up like weeds, And played around her elbowed chair.

And years rolled by, but I, content, Trimmed my own light and keps it bright. Till age's touch my hair bespront With rays and gloams of allver light.

And then, it chanced, I took the book Which she perused in days gone by; And as I read such passion shook hiy soul—I needs must curse and cry.

For here and there her love was writ In old, half-taded pencil signs, As if she yielded—bit by bit— Her heart in dots and underlines.

Ah I silvered fool—too late you look! I know it: let me here record This maxim: Send no girl a book Unless you read it afterward!

#### This Life is What We Make It.

Lets oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And none about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake is;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let,s find the sunny aids of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a alumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it.
Our hand contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

### Beside the Stile.

We both walked slowly o'er the yellow gr.s, Beneath the sunset sky; And then he climbed the stile I did not pass, And there we said Good-by.

IIO paused one moment: I leaned on the style, And faced the bazy lane: But neither of us spoke until we both Just said Good-by again.

And I went homeward to our quaint old farm, And he went on his way: And he has never crossed that field again, From that time to this day.

I wonder if he ever gives a thought To what he left behind; As I start sometimes dreaming that I hear A footstep in the wind.

If he had said but r a regretful word, Or I had shed a tear, He would not go alone about the world, Nor I sit lonely here.

Alas I our hearts were full of angry pride, And love was choked with strice; And so the stile, beyond the yellow gras, Stands straight across our life.

# King Harold Harfagar.

There sits King Harold Harfagar,
Far under the occasi flowing,
Beside his lovely water fay:
The years they are coming and going.

Banned and inthralled by the witch's spell. He is neither living nor dying; Two hundred years she holds him charmed, In blest perdition lying.

His head is pillowed upon the lap Of his lovely bride; he is raising His ever-yearning eyes to her own, Nor can get his fill of gazing.

His golden hair turns silver gray, His check bones in ghastly token Are peering forth from his yellow face, His body is withered and broken.

Many a time from his dream of love He will suddenly start and waken, For above him roar the billows wild, And his crystal castle is shaken.

Many a time he hears in the wind The Normans shouling maily; No lifts his arms with eager hasts, But anon he drops them saily Many a time he seems to hear Above him the saliers singing In praise of King Harold Harfagar, Triumphal ballade ringing.

King Harold groans and sobe and weeps, From his heart of hearts thereafter; Swiftly the water-fay stoops down, And kisses with lips of laughter.

# The Wooing of Sendal. AN OLD JAPANESE LEGEND.

Forever in the pine-clad shore
Of Takasango's Bay
The cold waves dash their crystal heads
In many-tinted spray,
Less cold than she whom Sendal's son
Woo'd for so long and strangely won.

Fairer was she than aught of earth,
Divine in form and face,
Each limb and feature charmed the eye
With more than mortal grace;
Yet naught of earth could move or thrill
Her heart, as marble hard and chill.

Long was the suit that Sendal urged; Slow years their courses ran, Yot never dared the immortal maid Hear love from mortal man, Sky born, how could she bend below And e'en a prince's worship know?

And yet she loved him. Day by day,
Beneath one wind swept pine
slie heard him to his samisen
Singing her praise divine,
A woman still, though goddess, she
Drank in his worship eagerly.

Entranced, enslaved, he saw the light
Burn in her deep-lashed eyes;
No longer thwarted, 'neath the pine,
He clasped his beauteous prize.
Loud thunder rolled; the gods above,
Saw that a goddess stooped to love.

And then, the story says, the gods
Changed each into a pine;
And still with sounds of occan's voice
Their love songs intertwine,
Condemned to sigh and sob in vain,
in storm and sunshine, wind and rain.

# Found Dead.

Found dead, I read, in a lonely bed, No hand to succour, no eyo to see, No tongue to unlock the mystery; All that was sald in the words I read, Was lonesome and drear—a man found dead.

Found dead, all alone, no one could guess What were his wishes, what his cry, What his sufferings, how did he die; Few to plty, none to bless, None to sooth with a parting kiss.

Found dead, no smile or groan is left
To tell the tale of the last sad strife
Of a bankrupt's death and wasted life;
Sad are the hearts that stand bereft,
No word or tear as a record left.

Found slain, but not with a murderer's steel Yet slain with a sublo and victous foe, That fills our earth with pain and woo, And daily strikes at humanity's weal, Crushing our hopes 'neath its iron hoel.

Oh! alcohol fiend, when shalt thou cease
To kill the body and damn the soul,
And fascinate men with thy spatkling bowl.
To pluck by the root heaven's flower of peace,
And the pains and despair of hell increase?

Nurdered, a soul, that priceless rem is there none to pity, none to save Or sing a requiem over the grave, Or make an effort this tide to stem; Shall we not be just e'er we condemn?

That spirit made in the image of God,
While a mother's love and a father's care
Nursed and prized this jewel rare;
Though the shell be broken with sin's dark red,
Still she man within belongs to God.

Shall they escape who made and sold?
And they who granted the chartered deed?
Placing a premium on hearts that bleed,
Tempting the young, enlaving the old,
Growing rich while others grow poor and cold.

Ahl never, for this is heaven's decree, If the blind do lead the blind, they shall into the ditch they have dug both fall, For sower and resper together must be On that day of awards and destiny,

Oh, ye who sing with the heart and head,
Whose souls are stirred with the muse's fire,
Run sweetly your numbers along the lyre;
Sing a dirg while your feet may softly tread
Round the lonesome grave of—a man found dead.

# The First Cloud.

They stord at the allar one short year ago: He rowed from the troubles of life to defend her, To have her and held her for weal or for woo— She spoke the responses in accepts most tenders.

To night, in the gloom, they are sitting spart; Oh ) has all her wilely devotion been wasted? She mopes there in silence, a pain at her heart; The lamps are unlighted, his supper un"asted.

Their sky, ent all cloudiess, is now overcast; For joy there is sorrow, for gladness dejection; The serpent has entered their Eden at last, And left its dark trail on the flowers of affection.

Oh, well may there be in her bosom a pain.
A grief that she vainly endeavors to smother;
To-night he has told her, in language quite plan,
She can't cook his meals half as well as his mother

# JACOB FAITHFUL.

Concerning Education, Past and Present with some thoughts on other kindred matters.

One finds it difficult to write a letter every week in which there is something fresh, interesting and new. At least JACOB so finds.

If I write about Toronto affairs, I am met by the cry "Oh bother! What care we for what is going on in Toronto? The people there believe that their city is the very hub of the universe, but it isn't." If I take my walks abroad and try to act as a sort of watchman in general over the affairs of the world, saying something about President Arthur, something about Queen Victoria, something about the war in China, and so forth, then I am in danger of being poked in the ribs in a very awkwardly, familiar fashion, and asked in a sort of mocking spirit if Ium really going to set up as a sort of "Bystander" and give the world the benefit of my wisdom, and my bilious stomach, all as if I verily were

THE KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL COUNTENANCE, and quite sure that if the world did not take my advice it was as sure as anything to go to utter ruin at a two-forty pace.

Now the fact of the matter is that JACOB does not set up for a supremely wise man. He does not know the end from the beginning by a great way. He has no particular hatred for the Irish, neither does he anathematise the Chinaman or the Jew.

The beauty of what JACOB says, I have been often told, is that it is innocent as the prattle of a child, and yet occasionally contains shrewd guesses at things which rightly read and understood may help some people both to live more happily and to die when death comes, with greater hopefulness and comfort. If this be in any measure secured, JACOB will be awfully satisfied even though some may say that he has not the incisive style of the Bystander and makes no pretensions at all either to learning or litera ture.

Yes! When JACOB was young opportunities for securing a finished education were not so many or so great as they are to-day. The old log school and the old fashioned teacher, would be thought awfully behind the times by the advanced thinkers and educationists of the present. Jacob

DJD THE BEST HE COULD.

Perhaps that best did not amount to much. Still it was his best and the discipline of the back woods, and of the logging chain was not to be sneezed at. Education in those days, at any rate, set the mental machinery in motion and that was something; there was little or no "analysis" going We were told that English grammar had something to do with speaking and writing the English language with propricty, and we did manage to avoid putting a plural verb to a singular noun, and now that I remember, we were never allowed tosay, "I done it."

Geography? Oh, Heaven help us, we had few, few maps, and these of the most primitive fashion, but somehew we got a pretty fair notion of the general lie of the world. Knew the occars, continents, and countries and could do something with the chief towns the world over. History? Oh well, we ad some notion of that, too. Perhaps neers of the Spanish Main," from which he mames of all the French Governors of Canada. Still we were taught as much as awakened our curiosity and made us want something more. We were not so driven and dosed with lessons as to hate the sight of a book when out of school. Come to says some nice young lady reader, up in all sentences every week that these Enigmas are the source of pleasant and profitable comployment to not a few, and that some at any rate, have, through them, been led to read and study the able for its own sake. Few pleasures are more exquisite than that which such assurances every week that these Enigmas are the source of pleasant and profitable comployment to not a few, and that some at any rate, have, through them, been led to read and study the able for its own sake. Few pleasures are more exquisite than that which such assurances every week that these Enigmas are the source of pleasant and profitable comployment to not a few, and that some at any rate, have, through them, been led to read and study the able for its own sake. Few pleasures are more exquisite than that which such assurances impart. Of course we complete the source of pleasant and profitable comployment to not a few, and that some at any rate, have, through them, been led to read and study the able for its own sake. Few pleasures are more exquisite than that which such assurances impart. Of course we in the source of pleasant and profitable comployment to not a few, and that some at any rate, have, through them, been led to read and study the able for its own sake. Few pleasures are the source of pleasant and profitable comployment to not a few, and that some at any rate, have, through them, been led to read and study the able for its own sake. Few pleasures are more exquisite than that which such assurances every week that these Enigmas.

think of it, JACOB tackled with "Josephus" when turned of ten, and had waded through Rollins before he was thirteen. Ay de mi ! It was kind of rude, desultory work, but it was surprising how much one managed to do and learn in a quiet, disjointed kind of fashion during the long winter evenings. Then there was the "Pilgrim's Progress." Of course that was all at our fingers'-endsall about the Slough of Despond, the Hill Difficulty, Great Heart, Vanity Fair, and all the rest. I wish I could again see that copy of the wonderful dream with the I wish I could again see that queerest wood-cuts and coarsest vellow paper that I thought so grand long ago. I shall never forget the pictures of the fight between Christian and Appellyon and of Christian and Faithful walking through Vanity Fair. All that was fine, confused feeding like a dinner off a sheep's head and trotters. Somehow one's mind gathered strength by the process, and what the worse was JACOB, I should like to know, from also reading Jack the Giant Killer, Blueboard, and Henry Penny? Not one

Of course Robinson Crusoe was familiar as household words, and every bit of it was

JUST AS SOLEMNLY AS THE DIBLE.

I have a kindly feeling for the man Friday to this day, though I now know that he never had any more existence than the children that visited Charles Lamb's dreams, that might have been his but never were. It is cruel to disenchant boys, though I suppose it has to be done. Yet when I learned the actual facts about Alexander Selkirk and read what Cowper puts into his mouth about being monarch of all he surveyed, and so forth, I vowed that I should hold on to Robinson all the same.

Mathematics? Oh pshaw! The little prigs of the present day would have looked down upon us with contemptuous disdain. What know we about "inspection and simplyfying?" Few of us struggled on to the Cube Root and the philosophy of Vulgar Fractions was a thing unknown. Compound Proportion often staggered us, and to subtract a farthing from a hundred pounds put some of us to our mettle. It was a big, big job to tell how often a wheel of so many feet in circumference went round in so many miles, but we could make a bill of parcels pretty well, while the head boy of the school could tell like winking how much the fish weighed, whose tail was so much, the head as much as tail and half the body, and so on. Yes, yes, it was all very rude, fragmentary and imperfect, but positively we got to read and think, though never a soul of us know anything of agricultural chemistry, and none could tell, even to save our own lives, how many bones were in our skulls, or what were the special functions of the liver or the epiglotis. I feel astonished to think how little we knew of "roots:" now helpless the drilling we got in the prefixes and affixes. Oh well, we were pretty carefully instructed in writing, and we loamed the catechism and read the Bible with some measure of dili-

What boy can forget the day when he first became acquainted with Cook's voyages, or with Captain Bligh and the Mutincers of the Bounty? JACOB would give something to see once more the copy of the "Bucca-

the clogies, "And so that was the way you went on in your young days, JACOR!"
Just about it. You see we had but few advantages. "And do you mean to say you never went to college?" Hush! I ask too many questions of the old man.

ask too many questions of the old man.
Oh, it was a weary wrestle when the teacher thought we might send home aweekly letter all out of our own heads. Composition! What knew we of composition! It

A THING OF SORROW AND TEARS

to write two sentences. The whole house-hold had to bear a hand and the result was as funny as could be supposed. And so the "horse" was discussed, and the "dog" and the "lamb." We had no "Mary had a lit-tle lamb" models. No! The vision of Mirza tic lamb" models. No! The vision of Mirza or "O! Eternity, eternity! how are our boldest and our strongest thoughts lost and overwholmed in thee!" were the simplest "pieces" to which we had access. We had to read Pitt's "Atroclous crime of being a young man" to declaim "Friends, Romans, countrymen and lovers"; to take a dead lift at some speech or other that a gentleman of the house of Corneleus once delivered and to way pathetic as we mouthed "but or the house of Corneleus once delivered and to wax pathetic as we mouthed "but when shall spring visit the mouldering urn. Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!" I have a vivid remembrance of reading for six consecutive weeks before reading for six consecutive weeks before the great examination day a piect commencing "Virtue is of intrinsic value and great desert." What mere it was I would not now say if my life depended upon the remembrance. Yes, yes. It was all very primitive and elementary but Don Quixote was read through on a granite boulder which I yet see "in my mind's eye, Horatio"; and oh the gladness when Waverly and Rob Roy came within range of the mental vision.

Rob Roy came was an array vision.

But, JACOB, JACOB, you are garrulous, even to idiocy, this week and by much too communicative and autobiographical. Yes, I nover thought in those days that I should ever be able to write so long a letter. Neveri As sure as my name is

JACOB.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

No Money. Try Your Skill.

NO XLIX.

The answers to No XXXIX have come upon us in a perfect deluge. Whatever may have been the reason we have never, even when freshness of no ty was upon the Enigmas, received so many in any one week. And they have been from all classes: from old men and school children; from married women and girls only beginning to write; from those who work hard for a living and from those who are so comfortably situated as not to need to work at all. Opening and reading all these letters has been a heavy job. At the same time it has been a pleasant one, and all the kind confidential words sent to one who is but a shadow and as such will always remain, are very pleasant. We had thought that perhaps by and by the interest would die away. It has not, however, being much apparently the roverso. When we see signs of anything like weariness, we shall call a halt, for we don't, any more than clergymen, like to be told that we have outlived our usefulness.

We are sorry that we rather travelled out of the record by making a reference to Milton's condition and poem when speaking of Manoah and his son. It is better to keep within the bounds of the Bible, and we promise to do this henceforth.

We are very much pleased to receive assurances every week that these Enigmas

The correct answers to No. XXXIX are as follows:

## follows:

GREAT Habiton. Dan. iv. 30. Rev. xvii, 5.

1. Glory, Dan. II. 3'; vil. 14. Matt. vi. 29.

2. Royal, 1. Chron. xxiz, 23.

3. Ebel, Deut. xi. 29; xxvii. 13.

4. Altar, Josh. viii. 30-2.

5. Tyre, Iselah xxiii. 1; Ezek, xxvii. 12-13.

6. Haal, 1 Hinga xviii. 20; Hom. xi. 4; Jud. II. 73.

7. Angela, Judgeo xiii. 8.

8. Bear, Pan. vii. 5.

9. Yea, 2 Cor. i. 20.

10. Laban, Geu. xxxi. 43.

11. Obal, Gen. x. 25-20.

12. Nebo Dout. xxxiv. 1-5.

Wa have had. genet. dithiunter to actalize.

11. Obal den. x. 25-20.

12. Nebo Deut xxiv. 1-5.

We have had great difficulty in settling this week who shall be the successful competitors. A good many of the answers are quite excellent, though in some of them are one or two slips. We do not say that no other references than these we have given are correct. On the contrary, some of the passages given by the prize winners are different from those which we prefer. We have, however, in each case verified their passages and find that they are appropriate. After very careful examination we give the prizes to the following: George Adams, 29 Bridge W., Belleville; J. C. Pomeroy, Oakwood; Lily Young, Ingersoll.

We wish we could have given more this week for we could have had plenty on whom worthily to bestow them. Those friends mentioned will as usual send Mr. Wilson 12 cents for postage and mention the

friends mentioned will as usual send Mr. Wilson 12 cents for postage and mention the writer whose works they wish. We have not a full list of them at the moment, but we are sure at any rate of the following:—Byros, Burns, Longfellow, Cowper, Milton Hemans Cook, Scott, Wordsworth, etc.

We have no doubt Mr. Wilson would republish the list if desired.

For XLII, take the following :

1. Who would not grant his subjects just demand, And lost the sovereignty over Israel's land?

2. A form by which in visions of the night.

The history of the world was brought to light.

A Jowish ruler, trescherously slain
By those he did with kindness entertain. 4. A holy King, who plous letters sunt, To call the tribes of Israel to repent.

An ancient city, famed for wealth and pride, But now a barren rock, as prophesicd.

What scribe God's holy law to Judah taught. And for the temple sacred vessels brought? 7. This starry group, observed from ancient days
In radiant beauty shows its maker, s praise,

The banks on which in vision was foretold. The story of two monarchies of old.

A King who seized upon his neighbor's land, And who was killed attacking Israel's band.

Who caused the walls of Zion to be built, And cleaused his nation from their sin and guilt?

The finest spot e'er known on earth below, Before ain entered, bringing death and woo.

12. A holy man to whom the Lord forebold
That he his blessed Saviour should behold.

13. Who was the mother of God's chosen race
Who once was favoured by this special grace?

What bird will on its wings its offspring hear,
Type of our Saviour's gracious love and care.

This letter, as initial, is not found, In Scripture name and word of English sound.

A prophetess of four-score Jears and more, Who witness to the infant Saviour bore,

17. A beast which typifled great Babel's King, An emblem of the woe that tyrant bring.

The spot a prophet by a sign made known.
Where Babel's tyrant should erect his throne.

Of whom do we in Paul's Epistles read He risked his life to bring him aid in need?

The sea where Jesus walked upon the wave. And of his Godhead thus a proof he gave.

Where did the Israelites their God formake
And for their worship vain an idol make?

Who was commanded by the Persian King, For Salem's walls the needful wood to bring.

Whose valiant son led Israel's chosen band.
And brought them safely to the Promised Land;
A holy youth removed in early prime,
To save him suffering for his father's crime.

Who o'er Amyria's realm hore regal sway. And carried part of Israel far away?

A man who would not leave his much tried friend, But in his wanderings would on him attend?

27 The Mount where Josus oft retired to pray And where He will descend on the last day.

Who in a ship the mighty waters braved And through his faith the human race was saved?

If these initials side by side you place, A Scripture text you then will clearly trace. Which shows on what a state many eafely rest, And without which no nation can be blest.

We add the following from our regular, and very acceptable correspondent, R. Griffiths, 2 Oxford St., London:

The day on which a selemn feart was made; A place where once God's wrath was stayed; The name of one who sat and prayed. An Israelitah ruler who his oftee did degrade. The way a King of Israel his enemics repaid.

A name the centrals form—if placed by turns— Of one who hoped for what true manbled spuris.

Editor Enigma Column, TRUTH Office.

# EATON'

190 TO 196 YONGE STREET.

Our customers have the advantage this month of a GRAND XMAS SALE, including every department. We give below a few special items and prices as an index to the general sale prices. Samples will be forwarded to any post-office in the Dominion on application. Goods can be sent by Express or Parcel post.

# Eaton's Xmas Sale.

REDUCTIONS IN DRESS GOODS.

35 Cent Brocades selling at 171 cents per yard.

30	61	Dress Goods	46	15	"	66
25	"	44	"	$12\frac{1}{2}$	"	**
15	**	**	"	$7\frac{1}{2}$	46	41

# Eaton's Xmas Sale.

REDUCTIONS IN MANTLES.

	ONE HUNDRED	TYDIES.	OLOTH	JACKETS	AT	<b>\$</b> 1.50	EACH
	Fifty	61	44	**	"	\$ 3.00	46
	Fifty	44	44	46	"	<b>\$</b> 5.00	41
	Twelve Dollar Clo	th Mantles	Selling a	t		\$ 8.00	44
Bour.	Sixteen Dollar Dol	mans sellin	g at			\$12.00	"
All twenty, thirty and forty dollar Dolmans reduced.							L

# Eaton's Xmas Sale,

REDUCTIONS IN GLOVES.

٠٠.	Kid Mits, Fa	r Tops, w	ith Spring	Caff -	-	653, "	**
46	3 Button Kld	Gloves in	Black Co	lors and Tans		50a, "	46
46	Wool Mits,	•	-	•	•	20c. "	44
Children'	Wool Mits		•	•	•	10a.,,	46
46	K ! Mits	-	•	•	-	35c, "	"

# Eaton's Xmas Sale.

Special prices in Dolls, Vases, Fancies, Notions, and other things zuitable for Xmas. A Wax Doll, 22 inches long for \$1.00.

T. EATON & CO.,

190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE STREET

Important.

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

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If you want to buy sine Style in Langtry Bangs, Wayes, Switch es, etc., inc ore you shade of hair in letter and Amount, and I wil

LADIES!

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## Badies' Department.

THOUGHTS ON AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS

BY DR. MULVANY.

If a few simple rules were observed by young ' dies in the management of their Autograph Albums, the latter might be made a valuable index not only to the character or culture of the fair owners, but to their choice of friendship, and in some meas ure to the history of their lives. In these respects most ladies who keep Autograph Albums do themselves an injustice. They ask any indiscriminate acquaintance to enter their names, people that they know nothing of, who never really enter into their lives; they ask persons who have never made a study of the art of verse writing to insert a line of "poetry." Consequently page after page is marred with vapid and pointless verse, often vulgar, never of any original interest.

Dear young ladies who may read this page of TRUTH, let me suggest that it is worth while to so order the care of your Autograph album that the reverse of all this may be apparent. The first rule ought to be, ask no one to write in your album who has not in some way or at one time, as I have said just now, entered into your lives. I do not mean in the supreme matter of love-making merely. There are many other relations of merely. There are many other relations of life in which those whom you meet make more or less impression on the formation of you mind or character. Do not seek after celebrities merely as such. If you meet a remarkable writer, scientist, actor, statesman or the like, in such a manner that there is between you something more than mere surface ac you something more than more attack acquaintance, by all means secure their autograph. I ha c for me an album belonging to a Toronto lady which has been kept strictly on the rules laid down. In it are the autograph of two distinguished men of letters one a poet, the other an essayist and histor ian, but the greater number of signatures are those of personal friends, many of them poor people, mostly aged and reduced gentle-women to whom the lady in question was wont to minister in a remote village in Scot-

Secondly let every entry in your album be original. Never let any one write verse therein who is not a practised verse writer. There are many more students of the art of rece are many more students of the art of verse writing than people are apt to suppose, and if you have any such friendly relations with any of them as warrant you in asking such a favor, by all means do so. In the album of the Toronto lady referred to I find several fair specimens of what album verse health a proceed hidd when it without several rair specimens of what arrain verse should be, graceful, light, playful, without passion or exaggeration, taking among the species or sub-species of poetry the rank of a minor kind of brie-a-brac. The following, which bears the well known signature of R. W. P. is a good specimen of what is here went. meant.

Why when we wish to write
Will no thought come near us!
Why, when we ask for words
Will no genius hear us?
Why are we dullest still
When we would be brightest!
This thou shalt ask thysell
Who in an album writest,

This, though a trifle light as air, is the work of a writer or thinker of no ordinary mark. Of a somewhat different type is the following which was written by an author of some experience in the album of a young lady, the daughter of a valued friend. It indicates the affectionate deference, so remote from passion or any form of personal love, with which it is natural that a man of mature experience should regard a young and graceful girl.

For one whose face whose form whose voice, make better life, bird space, of all wild things on aya or sings, now which one shall trace!

To wish all roses strew ter path, "I-bright be all her

hours.

Her life a witch's garden in mile w er filled with flowers? Ah no! to her too comes love's cup with fire o. toned

expression of feeling, a good wish, a text from scripture, a quotation, a simple thought, what the French call a p nsee, is always an appropriate expression of character. instance I find in the above-mentioned bum, over the signature G. M. A., "Life is half over liefore we are able to understand its meaning.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

A CREAM PIE. - One cup of butter, two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of milk, three and a half cups of sifted flour, five eggs, and three teaspoonsful of yeast powder. Bake in two jelly-cake pans.

THE FILLING FOR THE CREAM PIE,-One and a half pints of milk, one cup of sugar, three eggs, two tablespoonsful of corn starch, and one heaping tablespoonful of butter. Boil the ingredients until as thick as starch. When the cake is cold, cut it open and spread the filling between.

TOMATO CATSUP. - Take any desired quan tity of tomatoes, cut them up, mash them and strain them through a sieve. Then to and strain them through a sieve. Then to each gallon of the juice add a mixture of the following ingredients: 3 tablespoonsful of salt; 3 tablespoonsful of ground mustard; 3 tablespoonsful of cryenne pepper; 1 pint of vinegar; 2 tablespoonsful whole cloves (tie in a bag separate); † ounce of mace (tie in a bag separate). Boil the whole slowly for seven hours, stirring to prevent burning.

Coll. Carsur. - 1 peck of tomatoes; I cup of salt; 1 th of white and brown mustard seed; I tablespoonful black pepper; 2 or 3 pepper pods (finely minced); 2 stalks of celery (minced) or seed; 2 onions; 1 tablespoonful ground cloves; 1 tablespoonful ground and ground cross; I unterpooned ground mace; 2 tablespoonsful ground cinnamon; I cup of white sugar; 2 roots of horseradish (grated). Skin the tomatoes and chop them fine. Then mix all the ingredients together and put away in jars for use.

CHAMPAGNE CREAM.—Take the yolks of half a dozen eggs and whip them up until very stiff. In order to make the froth more firm, add, during the whipping, some pul-verized sugar. When thoroughly stiff pour verized sugar. When thoroughly stiff pour in gradually a bottle of California champagne, stirring while pouring, and continuing it until the wine and the beaten yolks are well mixed. A tablespoonful of brandy improves the cream in the estimation of some. If used it should be added after the mixing of the wine and eggs.

CHOCOLATE CREAM .- 3 lb of best chocolate; 2 quarts of milk; 4 eggs; flavoring. Boil the milk and sweeten it to taste. Scrape and dissolve the chocolate in a little warm water, then add the milk gradually and mix the whole until very smooth. mix the whole until very smooth. As Now boil it again, stirring constantly, until the chocolate is cooked. Beat up the yolks of the eggs and add the chocolate to them, being careful to allow the latter time to cool before adding it. Put the whole on the fire in a clean vessel and boil it till it acquires in a clean vessel and boil it till it acquires the consisiency of a rich custasd. Then pour it into a deep dish. Beat up the whites of the eggs until very light, sweeten them with sifted sugar and flavor with vanilla or almond, or any other flavoring to suit the taste. Cook them lightly over boiling water, and ornament the top of the cream with

BRAISED DUCKS WITH TURNIPS.—Obtain a pair of time, young and fat dacks. Having secured your ducks, truss them as for reasting cured your ducks, truss them as for roasting and place them in a stew pan together with two or three slices of bacon, a carrot, an onion stuck with two cloves, and a little thyme and parsley. Season with pepper, and cover over the whole with a brothmade of Johnston's Fluid Beef, adding to the broth a gill of white wine. Place the pan over a gentle fire and allow the ducks to simmer until done, basting them frequently. When done, remove them from the pan and When done, remove them from the pan and vi nen done, remove them from the pan and place them where they will keep hot. A turnip should then be cut up and fried in some butter. When nicely browned, drain the pieces and cook them until tender in the liquor in which the ducks were braised. Now strain and thicken the gravy and after dishing up the ducks pour it over them, garnishing with the pieces of turnip. STUFFED CABRAGE. -Select a cabbage

that is young and solid. After washing it, let it soak for half an hour in enough water And she who fears or scorns to taste knows not the Powers Divine.

Of course it is quite absurd to ask any except students of verce to write that species of composition. But everyone, even the quite uneducated (whose signatures may yet be among the most precious in your album) can write something that may be a genuine

keep it in place. Now make a good atock by dissolving two ounces of Johnston's Fluid by dissolving two ounces of Jobuston's Pluid Beef in a quart of boiling water. Then place some silicen of bacon in the bottom of a stow-pan, lay the stuffed cabbage upon these, and pour the stock over the whole. Set the pan where the contents may stew gently. When it becomes tender, lift it out gently. When it becomes tender, lift it out of the stew-pan, take off the strings that bound the leaves, and place it on a hot dish. Before serving, strain the gravy and pour it over the cabbage.

#### How to Dress the Ohristmas Tree.

The following suggestions are equally adapted to a large tree intended for a school entertainment, or a smaller tree at home. First select a tree of a suitable size, and good shape. Place it firmly in a tub, keg, or bucket, by nailing several wooden braces across the tub from side to side, close to the trunk of the tree, and filling it with sand, stones, or bricks. Cover the top of this base with moss, or bits of evergreen, and wrap a piece of bright-colored cloth around the sides of the tub or keg.

Various kinds of pretty ornaments for Christmas trees can be bought at the shops, but very good ones may be made at home for a trifle. The decorations must be showy and bright, but need not be as neatly made and bright, but need not be as neatly made as if they were to undergo close inspection. Cranberries and popped corn strung on a thread, and looped from branch to branch, are quite effective. Chains made out of gold and silver paper, are used in the same way. Cut a number of ovals about two inches long, and remove the centres to make a first paper. long, and remove the centres to make rings. Join these into a chain by slipping a narrow Join these into a chain by supping a narrow strip of paper, three inches long, through two rings, and glueing the ends together. Join on another ring with another strip of paper, and so ca. Cut out of card-loard as many strs, crescents, and "butterflies" as will be needed, and twice that number out of gold and silver paper, and paste the latter on each side of the card-board. Pass a black thread through a point of the stars and crescarread among a point of the stars and cres-cents, and tie in a loop, by which it is hung on the tree. Out of blue, yellow, white, and red tissue paper, make tassels by cut-ting the paper into tiny strips. Fasten a bunch of these to the "butterflies," by pass-ing a cord around both. Small candles, for lighting up the tree, may be fastened in lighting up the tree, may be fastened in place, when the regular candle holders are not to be had, by bending a small-sized hair-pin over the branches, points up, and press-ing the candle down on the pin. The work ing the candle down on the pin. The work of ornamenting the tree can be done by the whole family, but the presents should be given to a person of decorative taste and skill to hung in place on the tree.

#### Women and Flowers.

Nearly all women love flowers, and there is something so delicate, so much unsaid yet suggested in flowers, that the simple gift of one is always appreciated by a woman-not to speak of the different sentiments that are associated with different kinds of flowers. It is very interesting to nete how differently people regard flowers. Why, I can tell almost the moment a woman enters whether most the moment a woman enters whether she is fond of them. Women who love flow-ers always have sweet faces, soft ways and gentle dispositions. One of that sort rarely asks for the fashionable flower because it is asks for the fashionable flower because it is fashionable. She loves flowers for their own sake, and consequently she is almost sure to call for her favorites, whether in fashion or not. The woman who cares for flowers simply because they are fashionable is generally one of the cold, haughty, airy kind. She will look around critically, seize kind. She will look around cruciary, some flower and pull it out of a bunch, sometimes breaking off a leaf or catching one of its thorns in another rose, tearing the potals. That's the difference, you see. The other lady handles them with a gentle caressing touch, almost as if they were human.

#### The Study of Dancing.

The old fashion prescribed that a lady or gentleman should learn to walk before dancing. Neophytes were practically put to the back on the goose step. They were made to march slowly to a tune upon a squeaking kit or sort of pup fiddle, and after a severe course of such treatment were at last initiation. course of such treatment were at last initiat-

od by single steps into the matter of moving in a quadrille. We have now changed all that. The cramming system is at work in the dancing school. And as horse trainers that. The cramming system is at work in the dancing school. And as horse trainers are in the habit of harnessing proficient stag-ers with animals unaccustomed to the shafts, professors of the dance have discovered that professors of the dance have discovered that nothing expedites the culture of a pupil like having "the benefit of his daughters to prac-tice with." Of course, the number of peo-ple engaged in his calling is a proof of the large proportion of persons in town request-ing their services, but no adult will readily confess to taking lessons any more than he or she will, if possible, be detected in dyeing the hair. However, there are ladies and gentlemen who really make dancing a

#### Decorated Eggs for Christmas Trees.

Select smooth, perfect eggs, make a small hole the size of a pea at the large end, and still smaller at the other end. A needle is the best to make holes. Put the end with the small hole to your mouth and blow steadily until the egg is all blown out of the shell. Wash through two waters and stand in the sun to dry. Next take pink ribbon, one-third inch wide and three inches long, glue the ends of the ribbon on the end of the egg having the large hole so the centre will form a long loop to hold it by, and the ends will cover the hole.

Or another way is to put narrow ribbon through the egg and tie in the centre. Now get out your pallet board, fine brushes and colors. First dip each brush in turpentine and use plenty of megilph with the colors. Paint roses, violets, daisies on each. I never paint but one spray on each egg. Do not put the paints on smooth but raise the petals of roses and blossoms, shading nicely. I have painted four dozen, no two of them alike; some have birds and one large egg shows two cunning chickens outside of an old coop. The shells being empty they are much stronger and easier to handle, besides lasting for years. The brown eggs are pret tily painted in violets or wild roses.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

When ivory becomes yellow or soiled looking, wash it well in soap and water with a small brush, and place while wet in the sun. Wet for two or three days several times a day with scappy water, still keeping it in the sun; then wash again, and it will be beautifully white. It may be bleached by immersing it for a short time in water containing a little sulphurus acid, chloride of line, or chlorine.

There is one point that should be deeply impressed upon the dairyman's mind, and that is, if he wants to make a first-class arunat is, if ne wants to make a first-class article of butter he must churn often. Never let the creum get over three days old, no matter how cold it may be kept. If cold, it will get old, flat, and frinky. If sour, the whey will eat up the best butter globules. Churn as often as you can.

A lady came here who had been suffering A lady came here who had been sufering over two weeks with a felon on the end of her middle finger. I saturated a bit of grated wild turnip the size of a bean with spirits of turpentine and applied to the afflicted part. It relieved the pain at once, the statement have there was a hole to the and in twelve hours there was a hole to the bone and the felon destroyed, dressed it then with sticking salve, and the finger is well.

Many speak of deing troubled with ants.
We were five years since with both large
and small ones I tried insect powder, tanand small ones sy, and all the remedies recommended with no success. Then John suggested we find the crevice where they entered the pantry. We located it back in a cupboard where the plastering did not quite fit to the mop-board. Filled the cranny with putty and have had no ants since.

A gentleman who wishes to send or give a lady flowers no longer presents her with a bouquet, but a box of cut flowers. We hope this fashien will do away with the, to us, wicked practice of wiring flowers.

# Acaith Department.

[A certain space in each number of this journal will be devoted to questions and answers of cercespondents on all aubjects pertaining to health and hygione. This department is now in charge of an experienced Medical Practitioner, and it is believed toat it will be found practically useful, questions under this department should be as brief as possible and clear in expression. They should be addressed to the editor of this journal and have the words. "Health Department written in the lower left corner on the face of the envelope.—ED.)

#### OHOLERA MORBUS.

(Continued.)

BY RODT. SPROULE, M.B., B.A. TORONTO.

In a former article in TRUTH I drew attention to the subject of cholera as affecting Canadians and Americans generally, and in so doing I necessarily included all who are, or may be threatened with that dreadful scourge. In my advice and words of warning, I then confined my remarks to the variety of the disease in which diarrhea forms a prominent symptom, and intimated that the present article would follow.

Malignant cholera makes its attack under many and various guises, the most common of all being the form on which I have already sufficiently dwelt, viz, that preceded by diarrhea. Perhaps the next in frequency is the variety in which there is at first constipation of the bowels, follo. . violent diarrhoea and vomiting, or speedily by cellapse and death.

In such cases little can be done to save the patient, or give even passing relief. However, even before the doctor's arrival, the patient should be stripped quite naked and cold affusion over the whole body applied. This is best done in the bath room, by pour-This is best done in the bath room, by pouring two or three pailsful of water right over him as he lies flat on his back, then rubbing the skin quite dry and returning him to his hed, taking care, both in conveying him to and from the bath-room, that he is kept in the horizontal position. This should be repeated five or six times—at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes—even when the stage of collapse has supervened. Along with the treatment stimulants should be freely administered, either in the form of with the treatment stinulants should be freely administered, either in the form of aromatic spirits of ammonia, of opium, sulphuric ether, or perhaps best of all, of good brandy or whiskey. Beef-trea should also be freely given. I will here say nothing about the treatment to be pursued by the doctor on his arrival, for of course in all cases one of the first things done will be to send for him. Elsewhere even the inexperienced will find rules for his gaudance will find the second seco perienced will find rules for his guidance in suitable books and periodicals.

I have found the very best results follow the free employment of cold water, and have no hesitation in recommending its use in the way described above. Cold or iced water to drink may be given, ad libitum. It does no harm and is very grateful to the sufferer. For the severe spasms and cramps which are nearly always prese t in the muscles, rub-bing with the dry hand in a direction from the heart gives some relief. Should the pa-tient happily survive the cold stage, febrile reaction may set in and is always to be look. reaction may set in and is always to be looked upon hopefully. Cholera very frequently comes on during the night, or rather in the early morning, between midnight and three or four o'clock, and for this reason children should be watched if there is any danger of an attack, for, as before stated, time is of the very greatest importance, and its loss means most probably the loss of life. There is another peculiarity about this dire disease quite unaccountable, which is that deaths are more likely to occur between the hours of 7 and 11 a.m., and 7 and 11 p.m., hours of 7 and 11 a.m., and 7 and 11 p.m., both in males and females. These then are the critical hours and a true knowledge of the critical hours and a true knowledge of their danger is of the very greatest import-ance in the treatment, and especially in en-deavoring to bring about reaction before they come. Why this should be so as above intimated is quite unaccountable.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### What to do with a Common Cold. 4

bad maxims but the converse of them exper jonce has skown to be wise in this our century

ordinary colds in the head and on the chest at this season of the year so common with us and indeed so common all over the north temperate sone with us and indeed are by no means difficult to guide to a speedy and happy end provided the proper stops be taken. Colds assume various names according to the situation or part of the body affected and are all merely the evidence of a localised in-flammation of the air passages; if in the head for instance it is called Coryzo, if in the chest Bronchitis, etc., if there is a general state of inflammatory cold of the air passages it goes by the name of a catarrh or a cold. Cold per se will not give rise to a catarrh, it is only when the system is exhausted by over-exer-cise or over work when it is notable to react on the cold and make it benefical and invigorthe cold and make it benefical and invigorating, that the process of nature are paralyzed by it and an inflammatory action set up. No one applies to a dector to cure a common cold, we judiciously amuse ourselves with hot slops or hot baths or both, or we take a dose of 8 or 10 grains of Dover's powder at bed time and a strong sedlitz powder in the morning or better still a dose of salts (sulphate of magnesia.) Abstinence from food for one or two meals, or if the sttack is severe for a whole day will almost always cure a cold on the chest, while a cold in the head or coryza may almost always beimmediately cured by the inhalation of iodine vapour every three or four minutes for an vapour every three or four minutes for an hour; every inhalation lasting one minute and being accomplished by merely holding a small bottle of the tineture of iodine in the warm hands under the nose. Dr. Williams assures us that any cold can be cured by almost total abstinence from liquids for hours, but perhaps the inconvenience of this cure is more than that of the disease itself.

#### Remarkable Remedies.

Faith is a rare wonder-maker. Strong in the belief that every Frank is a doctor, an old Arab, who had been partially blind from birth, pestered an English traveller into giving him a seidlitz powder and some pomatum. Next day the chief declared that he could see better than he had done for twenty years.

A sea captain, when one of his crew craved something for his stomach's good, on consulting his book, found "No. 15" was the thing for the occasion. Unfortunately there had been a run on that number, and the bottle was empty. Not caring to send the man away uncomforted, the skipper, remembering that eight and seven made fifteen, made up a dose from the bottles so numbered, which the scaman took with rousing effects, never contemplated by himworthy jumped too hastily at conclusions, like the Turkish physician of whom Mr. Oscanyan tells the following story. Called in to a case of typhus, the doctor in question examined the patient (an upholsterer), pre-scribed and departed. Passing the house the next day, he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was dead, and to his astonishment, heard he was much better. astonishment, heard he was much better. Indoors he went, to learn from the convalescent that being consumed with thirst, he had drunk a pallful of the juice of pickled cabbage. Soon afterward, a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, seized with the same malady, sent for the physician, who forthwith ordered him to take a pailful of pickled cabbage juice. The man died next day; and the doctor set down this memorandum in his book for future guidance. "Although in cases of typhus, pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it is not, however, to be used unless the patient be by profession an upholaterer." by profession an upholaterer."

Ludy Barkers New Zealand shephere

found a somewhat similar potion of infinite When his mistress expressed her suruse. When his mistress expressed her surprise at his possession of a bottle of Worcestershire Sauce, Salter said: "You see, mum, although we gots our health uncommon well in these salubrious mountings, still a drop of physic is often handy-like; and in a general way I always purchase my self a box of Holloway's Pills—of which you leave to the lot for your money—and also What to do with a Common Cold.

To feed a cold a starvo and fever are very bad maxims but the converse of them exper ience has shown to be wise in this our century of scientific and practical advancement. The

always took my mind off the loneliness, and cheered me up wonderful, especial if I added a little red pepper to it."

Sir Walter Scott's piper, John Bruce, spent a whole Sunday selecting twolve stones from twelve south-running streams, with the purpose that his master might sleep upon them and become whole. Scott was not the man to furt the rwor fellow a feelings. not the man to furt the poor fellow s feelings by ridiculing the notion of such a remedy proving of avail; so he caused Bruce to be told that the receipt was infallible; but it was absolutely necessary to success that the was absolutely necessary to success that the stones should be wrapped up in the petti-coat of a widow who had never wished to marry again; upon learning which the Highlander renounced all hope of com-

pleting the charm. Lady Duff Gore Duff Gordon once gave an old Egyptian woman a powder in a fragment of the haturday Review. She came again to assure her benefactress the charm was a wonderfully powerful one; for although she had not been able to wash off all the fine writing from the paper, even that little had done her a great deal of good. She would have made an excellent subject for a Llama doctor, who, if he does not happen to have any medicine handy, writes the name of the remedy he would administer on a scrap of paper, moistens it with his mouth, rolls it paper, moistens it with his mouth, rolls it up in the form of a pill, which the patient tosses down his throat. In default of paper, the name of the drug is chalked on a board, and washed off again with water, which serves as a healing draught. These easy-going practitioners might probably cite plenty of instances of the efficacy of their method.

cthod.
Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, once gave Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, once gave a laborer a prescription, saying: "Take that, and come back again in a fortnight, when you will be well." Obedient to the injunction, the patient presented himself at the fortnight's end, with a clean tongue and a happy face. Proud of the fulfilment of his promise, Dr. Brown said: "Let me see what I gave you." "Oh," answered the man, "I took it, Doctor." "Yes, I now you did; but where is the prescription?" "I swallowed it," was the reply. The patient had made a pill of the paper, and tanth in the physician's skill had done the rest.

In some Lancashire districts the country peoplebelieve that to cure warts the same num people believe that focus warts should be placed in a bag, which is to be dropped where three or four roads converge, and that the person who picks it up will obtain the warts in addition. Warts are also said to disappear soon after they are rubbed with a black snail, but that it is essential that it must afterward be impaled on a spike of the hawthorn, or no effect will be produced.

Persons afflicted with tumors of any kind are advised to rub them with a dead man's

Wincoping cough is supposed to be cured by passing the patient nine times round the body of an ass.

Those who suffer from rheumatic pains are advised to carry small potatoes in their pockets, which are believed not only to cure but to prevent a return of the disease.

### MEDICAL OUERIES.

We beg to apologize to our correspondents for the unavoidable delay in answering the following queries, and promise that no unnecessary delay will occur in the fu-

N. M. LONDON, ONT. -Q. "What is best to be done with grey bair!" A. Keep it clean. It is an honor (if it is really your own).

A. A. Pour Hore. Q. I suffer greatly with corns on my toes, how can I get rid of them?" A. Do not wear tight boots or shoes and put a piece of wet surgical lint or two or three thicknesses of linen or cotton rag covered with oiled silk or gutta percha tissue over the corns at hedtime for two or three nights and they will drop off or be readily scraped off.

readily scraped off.

ANNIE T., PETELLIBORO. - Q. "My hair is falling out and I fear I will get bald. What cau I do to provent it?" A. Batho your head every night before going to bed with cold water and while the hair is still wet apply by rubbing well into it with the hands the following lotion: Olive oil oz. I. Spirits of camphor oz. 2. Tincture of cantharides (Spanish fly) dr. 2. Water oz. 2. Wash well every morning with cold water and carbolic soap. and carbolic soap.

J. M. T. A. MONTREAL.—Q. "I suffer from annoying giddiness every morning

when I get up. I have also an aching in the left shoulder, sickness of my stomach and vemiting of yellow stuff; also black spots seem to float before my eyes when I look up quickly. What is the matter with me, and what can I do for it?" A. You suffer from congestion of the liver; generally called "sluggish liver." Take one teaspoonful of the following in a little cold water three times a day before meals. Liquid extract of dandelion root and tincture of Quasse, of each equal parts, mixed in a little bottle.

A. B. Belleville —O. I have been trou-

cach equal parts, mixed in a little pottle.

A. B., Belleville —Q. I have been troubled every fall with sore throat which sometimes becomes so bad that I am confined to bed for a week or ten days and cannot purpose a comparison (I am an auctioneer) for bed for a week or ten days and cannot pur-suo my occupation (I am an auctioneer) for three or four weeks. I fear it now. What can I do to keep it off?" A. You should keep the following gargle by you and gargle the threat with it several times a day on the least symptom of "sore threat" appear-ing. Your description of your complaint is is not quite full enough. Powders above ing. Your description of your companies is not quite full enough. Powdered alum, dr. \(\frac{1}{2}\). Oxmel (vinegar and honey) oz. \(\frac{1}{2}\). Compound tincture of lavender, dr. \(\frac{1}{2}\), (this if not convenient may be omitted) that to fill a half-pint bottle. (This should cost about ten cents or fifteen cents including the bottle.

The Relations Between Food and Temperature.

A series of experiments made by M. Ch. Richet upon rabbits shows, far better than the bald statements usually given, the rela Mons which subs.st between the quantity of food required by an animal and its power of maintaining its normal temperature, also the need of a covering, natural or artificial, as a protection against cold. Two rabbits were placed in a cool chamber (between 50 degrees and 60 degrees F.). The larger and heavier of the two was kept constantly shorn, and the weight of food which each consumed was ascertained daily. For two weeks the shorn rabbit resisted the cold, weeks the shorn rabbit resisted the cold, eating every day at least one third more than the unshorn one, yet losing constantly in weight, while the other one gained. During this time the temperature of the shorn animal was about a half a degree less than that of the unshorn one. After two weeks the organism of the shorn rabbit became unsupplied that the temperature that the organism of the short radiot became in-equal to the task of producing heat, the temperature fell, and on the nineteenth day the animal died. During this short period it had lost more than one-sixth of its weight Abundance of foo and warm clothing, are, therefore, the necessities of a cold climate; but—and this is the great reason why the natives of a temperate climate succumb in a hot one—not only light clothing, but still more a light and not too nourishing diet are essential to health in hot weather or in a treessential to health in hot weather or in a tropical region. As M. Richet puts it "it is no exaggeration to say that an Englishman eats ten ten times as much as a Hindon, and if, when in a hot country, he persists in the same regimen, he cats ten times too much "

### The Basis of Hope.

True hope is ba ed on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it will have saved itself—its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all courage, while despondency is the last of all ovils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up the battle of life with deal nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is the best physician.

Health is the poor man's riches and the rich man's wealth.

We all want case; now health is ease and the absence of it quite evidently d sease.

Temperance in all things and an early and judicious marriage are good for time and hopeful for eternity.

Dickens preached -not in church or from a pulpit; but a gospel which the people understood—the gospel of sympathy and

Plenty of sunlight is almost as necessary to the health of growing children and young people as plenty of exercise. Infants should nover be nursed or kept out of the day

### Lublisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 23 PAGES, issued overy Saturday, 6 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates:—15 cents per line, single insertion; one month, 40 cents per line; three months \$1 per line; 4fx months, \$1.76 cents per line; twelve months, \$5 per line.
TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is recerved by the Publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrearages is made, as required by law.

ed by law.

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

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

paid.
ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post-Office to

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

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E.ADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each menth, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 conts per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low

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Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—60 cents per single line, one month, 8.6. Sper line; three months, 85.25 per line; one month, 8.5.25 per line; three months, 85.25 per line are largest and best advertising modium over organized in Canada.

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work.
S. FRANK WHESON, proprietor, 33 and 35 Ade laids St. West, Toronto, Ont.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.—No. 320 Main St., Wilson Bros.

Managers.

Managers.

Distincts in connection with any of our publics tions, or the Auxiliary Publishing Company, can be as well transacted with either of our branch establishments as with the head office in Toronto.

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THE AUXILIARY ADVERTISING AGENCY
Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and other
large advertisers will advance their ewn interests by
getting our estimates for any advertising whether for
long or short dates.
Advertisements inserted in any paper published of
Canada to publishers' lowest rates. As we pay
"spot" cash for all orders sent to publishers, and the
class of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to
any other.

any other.
Publishers will kindly send their papers for fyling

regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations. S. FRANK WILSON. Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

#### WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

DUNVILLE, November 2, 1884.

S. Frank Wilson. Esq.
Dear Sir,—Received to day the broach
awarded me in Truth Competition No.
11. Am much pleased with it. Very many thanks.

Yours truly, Mrs. P. W. GRIFFIN.

LONDON, Nov. 19, 1884.

S. F. Wilson, Esq.
Dear Sir, -Please accept my thanks for the butter kulfe won in TRUTH Competition No 11 It is very protty. I like your paper and wish you every success.

Yours respectfully, Mrs. A. W. Second.

Box 59. London, Nov. 3, 1884.

S. F. Wilson, Esq. -I received by mail the DRAR SIR.-

prize a warded to me in TRUTH Competiui n No. 11 .- a brooch. I am pleased with it and so are my friends who have seen it. Accept my tanks. Wishing you every success in your undertaking,

I am, Yours respectfully, MRS. WM. CRAWFORD.

RENFREW, Nov. 6, 1884.

8. F. WILSON, Esq.

"TRUTH" Office, Toronto.

DEAR STR,-I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of Brooch, being

prize awarded me in the TRUTH Competition No. 11. Accept my thanks for your prompiness.

Yours respectfully ROBT MCLAREN.

Bracesper, November 8, 1884.
S. F. Wilson, 1880
Dear Sin - My prize a gold brooch, in Competition No. 11. has been received and i am much pleased with it. Wishing Competition and I am much pro-and I am much pro-Tronain at a c se I remain, Yours truly, Mas A. Smith.

836 Refort Sc., London, Ont. November 8, 1884

S. F. WILSON, RSQ. DEAR SIR, -I have much pleasure in acknowledging the recent of silver lutter knife won by me in Bible Competision No. 11 i am highly pleased with it and thank yea heartily. I like TRUTH very much, and shall continue a subscrib or. Wishing you every success in the fotare in every interprise

I remain, Yours truly, EVA LOVERIDGE.

COORSTOWN, Nov. 19, 1884.

S. F. Wilson, Esq.

DEAR SIR, - I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the hands ame "B.il Cannet Organ" won by me in Thurs Compension No. 11. The instru goon surpasses all my expectations. I like TRUTH and especially enjoy the Eu-

like TRUTE and
igma Columu.
Wishing you every success,
I am sincerely yours,
ALLIE FERGUSON.

Alpha Cottage, Hannah St., Hamilton, Nov. 3, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—I have promptly received by mail the gold brooch awarded me in TRUTH Competition No. 11. Am more than pleased. The brooch is very pretty, and pronounc d by all these to whom I have shown it to be be not only pretty in design but good in quality. With many thanks and wishing TRUTH every prosper-

> I remain, dear sir, Yours respectfully, TC. APPRIRY.

CREEMORE, Nov. 11, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,-Please accept my thanks for the butter knife awarded me in TRUTH Competition, No. 11. It is much better than I expected. Hoping you will excuse me for not writing before and wishing TRUTH every success.

1 remain, Yours truly, LAURA A. DOANE.

2724 Stoddard St. ST. Louis, Nov. 9, 1884.

Mr. S. F. Wilson.

DEAR SIR,—Pardon my not having sooner acknowledged the receipt of the broach which I won in Competition No. 11. Thanking you for it and wishing you

### THE WINNERS.

"TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 12.

### CLOSED NOVEMBER 7TH

CLOSED NOVEMBER 7TH

Following is the conclusion of the list of first Awards in above competition. The Middle Awards will appear in our next issue and be continued till completed.
410, James R. Sandorson, 1 73 Church St., Toronto; 411, R. Kearns, Beech Cottage, Toronto; 413, Mrs. John Greene, Wingham; 412, A. H. Millar, Kingston; 114, James Brebner, St. Thomas; 416, John C. Foster, Wyoning, Ont.; 416, T. H. Dixon, Lavender; 417, Mary Carson, Dunnvilie; 418, Miss Dingman, London; 419, Mary Johnston, St. Mary's; 420, Sara Yates, Oit Springs; 421, Charlotte Rogers, Morritton; 422, John Kent, London; 423, Jas. baker, Petrolia; 424, Edward Dunsley, Clinton; 425, Henry A. Gardiner, Carlton Place; 426, Mrs. Robt. Stuert, Hamilton; 437, Sasio Tod, Bowmanville; 428, James D. Smith, Brockville; 429, Kate Lemond, Calt: 430, Mrs. J. P. Palfour. 86 Lansdewne Ave., Parkdale; 431, Mrs. John Fair, Colourg; 432, Levis M. Holden, 335 King St. West, Toronto; 433, Mrs. F. Frame, 72 Gladstone Ave., Toronto; 434, Geo. T. La Batt, Prescott, Ont.; 435, Mrs. John M. Lemmon, Brockville; 436, Mrs. M. M. Schooley, Hunderstone, Welland; 447, Mrs. J. J. Ford, Dorchester; 438, J. A. M. Lerie, Chatham; 439, Colin Maepherson, Thoroid; 449, R. Flood, Newmarket; 441, Mrs. C. M. Campbell, Campbellford; 442, Grover E. Pulford, Amherstburg; 443, Ebeneze Bellamy, Garafaxa; 441, D. F. Fleming, Stayner; 445, John Whey, Braceb.idge; 445, Jennie A. McDonald, Brampton; 447, Vena John, Exeter; 448, Mrs. C. Leavens, 342, ner; 449, Hannah Toyo, Morrisburg; 450, J. H. Clarke, Brampton; 445, Mrs. A. Scruton, Brantford; 452, Miss Maria Skinner, Galt; 453, Miss Jennie Skinner, Galt; 454, Riss Jennie Skinner, Galt; 454, Riss Jennie Skinner, Galt; 454, Riss Jennie Skinner, Galt; 457, Kaite May Wrk. Sweeter; 448, Mrs. L. Hamilton; 455, W. H. Seymour, Markham; 436, Mrs. J. Smoke, Pariss, Ont. 457, Kaite May Wrk. ner. Galt: 453, Miss Jennie Skinner, Galt; 454. J. Work, 21 Magill St., Hamilton; 455, W. H. Seymour, Markham; 456, Mrs. J. Smoke, Paris, Ont.; 457, Katie May Wark, Coboarg; 458, Mrs. W. S. Woods, Lock Box 253, Ganamoque: 459, Edith A. Glidden, 457 Princes St., Kingston: 460, Norman Whitelaw, Cobourg; 461, Mrs. S. Nelson, Lakefield, Ont.; 462, E. T. Rowland, Paris, Ont.; 463, J. Erskine, G.T.R., St. Catherines: 464, Mrs. A. Smith, Cannington; 465, Mrs. S. R. Richardson, Eglinton; 465, H. It. Wales, Markham; 467, Mrs. C. H. Simpson, Newmarket; 468, Mrs. H. Gibbons, 135 Broadview Ave. Toronto; 469, 460, H. R. Wates, anaration, 707, 2022.
H. Simpson, Newmarket; 468, Mrs. H. Gibbons, 135 Broadview Ave. Toronto; 469, T. J. Norman, Schomberg, Ont.; 470, Will Norman, King; 471, W. Foster, Massie, Ont.; T. J. Norman, Schomberg, Ont.; 470, Will Norman, King; 471, W. Foster, Massic, Ont.; 472, B. Grenman, Richmond Hill; 473, A. W. Allen, Box S., Orillia: 474, E. E. McTaggart, 76 Redpart St., Montreal; 475, Eroster, Claude, Ont.; 476, G. R. Redlar, To.onto; 477, R. Kilney, Cor. Victoria & Alelaide Sta., Toronto; 478, Miss S. Carter, Riverside P. O.; 479, T. W. Chapple, Uxbridge, Ont.; 480, D. Urquhart, Box 147 Uxbridge; 481, Annie L. Wyle, Orangeville; 482, H. M. Wilson, 221 Scaton St., City; 493, R. C. Coatsworth, 242 Parliament St.; 494, C. J. Phillips, 65 Foxley St., Toronto; 485, Mrs. H. W. Holmes, Ivy Cottage, St. Nicholas St., Toronto; 486, D. Galloway, 101 Church St., Toronto; 487, Annie Boston, Noraay; 488, M. A. Hawksworth, 331 Carleton St., Toronto; 489, J. J. Smith, Orillia; 490, R. Glenn, Woodstock; 491, Minnie Young, Berlin; 492, Mrs. T. Chumbera, Almonte; 493, B. O. King, Cobourg; 494, C. R. Smith, Box 50, Lanark; 495, E. S. Jenkins, 388 Princes St., Kingston; 496, Louise Briggs, King St., Vanaria, 1903, Annie A. Alle, St., Vanaria, 1904, Annie A. Alle, St., Vanaria, 1905, Annie A. Alle, St., Vanaria, 1906, Annie A. Alle, St., Vanaria, 1907, 493, B. O. King, Colourg; 494, C. R. Smith, Box 50, Lanark; 435, E. S. Jenkins, 38P rinces 5t. Kingston; 496, Louisa Briggs, King St. Suppose and Physicians and Surgeons of Onlard; late in Midwiller, Ender Indiventistic, England, member of the Indiventistic, England, England,

615, R. Turner, Box A., Sarnia; 516, W. G. W. Carnham, Box 225, Guolph, Ont.; 517, L. A. Grifflin, Simcoo, Ont.; 516, J. Cumming, Chief of Police, St. Catharines; 619, Lottie McMullen, 499, Yonge St., Toronto; 620, H. M. Christie, Severn Bridge; 621, Mrs. A. B. Slater, Waterloo; 622, Goo. Cannridge, Wiarton; 623, Clara Bridge-water, Dresden; 524, W. M. Baldwin, Orilla; 526, Mrs C. Sanders, Maint a., Exeter; 626, Miss Katie McDonald, 182 Horton st., London; 527, Alox. Runschir, P. M., Winthrop; 628, Isabella Scott, Carlsruhe, Ont.; 529, Mrs. E. Leslie, Prescott; 630 Millio Bryant, Bowmanville; 531, Jno. Clanson, Aylmer, Que.; 532, Jas. Forrest, Guelph; 533, Robt. Mo. Quade, box 39, Omemec; 534, Chas. Mo. Lelland, Cannington; 635, J. K. McLean, Teeswater; 536, J. A. Caffery, Port Colborne; 637, T. A. Sherman, Berlin; 538, W. M. Gowan, 83 Elizabeth St., London; 539, D McLaughlin, Beavorton; 540, May McPherson, Cannington; 541, C. Swayzo, Wolland; 542, W. B. Rusk, Niagara Falls; 543, Mrs. G. Osborne, Lakoview Farm, Midland; 544, W. J. Boyd, Markdale; 545, Mrs. K. Lawler, Orangeville; 546, Jaa. Wallace, Hillstaile, Ont.; 548, Annio O'Malley, Hamilton; 549, Mrs. G. Stewart, Aylmer, Ont.; 550, Thomas Atchison, 68 Hannah St. West, Hamilton; 551, Mrs. Goo, H. Stewart, Aylmer, Ont.; 550, Thomas Atchison, 68 Hannah St. West, Hamilton; 551, Mrs. Goo, H. Stewart, St. Rochester, N. Y.; 554, Mrs. J. B. Ross, Amnu; 555, Geo. Hunter, Lombardy; 556, J. A. Stowart, Varna; 657, Mrs. R. Wilcockson, Columbus, Ont.; 558, J. J. Smyth, Billing's Bridge; 559, James Brooks, Union City, Pa.; 560, Jonnas Jury, Napperton; 561, A. T. McKellar, Chatham; 562, Mary Walker Campbell, London South; 563, John Hext, Brantiord; 565, Mrs. W. B. Somers, Montreal; 566, C. J. Adams, Belleville; 567, James Protection; 569, James Protection; 569, James Protection; 560, Jonna Jury, Napperton; 561, Mrs. M. A. Gibson, Belleville; 573, May Bonis, Goldstone; 569, James Brooks, Union City, Pa.; 560, Jonna Jury, Napperton; 561, Miss Hill, Society, Sciety, Sciety, North Toronto; 581, Miss E. Hantes, Morrisburg, Ont.; 582, Annie Harris, Allandale; 583, James Rosamond, Almonte; 574, W. H. Elliott, Perth, Ont.; 585, C. Rice, Perth; 586, Mrs. M. M. Hill, 90 John St., S. Hamilton; 587, Mrs. T. M. McCarthy, Oshawa, Ont; 588, Thomas Briggs, Kingston; 589, Elizabeth A. McAlpine, London; 590, Anne McColl, Galt, Ont.; 591, Mrs. James Malloy, Vaughan; 592 Mrs. J. F. Poldon, Mohawk; 593, Mrs. W. T. Wilson, Dorchester Station; 594, E. J. Tuer, Port Hope; 595, Mrs. A. S. Green, Port Elgin; 596, Annie Bolger, Stratford; 597, Edwin C. Clark, Port Elgin; 598, Mrs. Goo. Shirran, Thamesville; 599, John K. Finlayson, Paris; 600, Flora Furniss, Hillsdale, Mich. 601, J. C. McKeand, Hamilton.

Cold feet and hands are certain ind cation—of imper-cert circulation of the blood. Dr. Caren's 8 ometh flavors from notes the circulation, keep the down—reg-lar and induces good health. Large britis a still cen's.

Dr. SPROULE, M.A.,
Member Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, member
Ring's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland;
Licentiate in Midwilery, Hachelor of Medicine, Paris
University, France: member of the Imperial College
of Surgeons and Physicians, of Bengal; Medical Dector, London University, England, member of the
College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario; late
Surgeon Royal Navy; Late Commissioner on Cholera
and Fevers, India; Staff-Surgeon Indian Medical
CNI Service: Foreign Corresponding Member of the
Vierna Institute of Science; Author of "Cholera and
Fevers, In relation to diseases of the heart and lungs,"
"Health and Healthy Homes in Canada," Frardical
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# MRS. HURD'S NIECE.

#### SIX MONTHS OF A GIRL'S LIFE.

CHAPTER XVII.

WITHIN OR WITHOUT.

Presently, some newspapers in his hand,
"Mr. Max," as Saidee calls him, comes in.
He has been school-fellow, and "Max,"
with every girl in the room save Lois; but
during the last two years, excepting Saidee
Hurd, he has to them all become "Mr.
Whitney," even to "wild, maughty, gifted"
Caddie Greenough.

It is not because of any lack of cordiality
and warm remembrance. It is, rather, because the girls themselves are aware that
while they have been standing still as re
gards the deeper interests of human existence, he has become absorbed with life's

ence, he has become absorbed with life's higher aims,—because that in his presence they feel how trilling, how unworthy, are their dealings with life's most solemn ques-

tions, most serious duties.

He nover comes home but he disturbs these girls. Sometimes the seriousness of his manner strikes them as a shadow, sometimes as a light.

times as a light.

Even Saidee, who compromises and calls him "Mr. Max," who says to herself that the boyish gayety and staunchness has but mellowed into a man's geniality, and who feels that the delightful school-life friend-shiphas deepened into most faithful, watchful care—oven Saidee, although she may daintily tease and mock, feels, when in his presence, how truly and how wholly he has consecrated himself to his Master's service.

vice.

These girls like him none the less, how ever, for these changes. Even Cad Greenough admires consistency as much—well, as much as she dreads it. Caddic is no Christmuch as she dreads it. Caddie is no Christ-ian—she herself often thinks she never shall

be.

"But, all the same, Saidee Hurd," she says, "I'm glad to know there's solidity somewhere—so very awful glad of any human character that I can respect from beginning to end. But, mercy!" she adds with a grimace, "were I you, Saidee, in such imminent danger of becoming 'Mrs. Max,' I should stipulate to be left at home with the mother, and only see my lord and with the mother, and only see my lord and master at intervals—I should like to live

with Mrs. Whitney myself."
Saidee blushes softly, then rouses herself and draws a distressful picture of dear, quiet

and draws a distressful picture of dear, quiet Mrs. Whitney shut up in daily life "with such a daughter-in-law as you would be, Cad, supposing you were me!"

Every girl in the room, excepting Caddie, is a member of Dr. Guthrie's church. But Caddie does not feel at all out of place among them. Not she "Always glad to among them. Not she. "Always glad to work with the church," she has said saucily

to Mrs. Whitney when she was invited.
Caddie is, in reality, the leading spirit in all the church fairs, and festivals, and excursions; and her class—one of the infant classes—is by far the best-drilled in the Sab-

"It's enough," she says, "to answer for just my own personal iniquities, without being brought to book some day for my influence—I mean to take care that my influence don't commit many sins!" And Caddie looks very serious—but nobody can tell for certain whether she is, or not.

Arranging for this evening, Mrs. Whitney has said to Mrs. Guthrie, "and Cad Greenough?"

Greenough?"

Greenough?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Guthrie has replied, with a tender smile, "most certainly ask Cad Greenough. Dear, naughty Caddie! She'll manage to not feel out of place, we may be sure, and even to be of use."

So here, among the young church members this strangely dear Caddie is; and, as a certain air of gravity settles upon the circle when Mr. Whitney seats himself with his papers, sife touches Saideo's hand.

"Now I don't feel like a black sheep in the flock at all; but, do you know, my dear, that you are looking exactly as if you did"

the nock at all; but, do you know, my dear, that you are looking exactly as if you did?"
Saidee receives this eminently Caddyish whisper in silence. To her, instead of gay, these chance to be solemn words. For the last few months, she has, indeed, stood in the door of the Fold, quite as ready to stray away over those dark mountains of unbelief where Elizabeth is an average way. where Elizabeth is so wearily wandering — quite as ready as to turn and follow the Good Shepherd. She feels, with a strange ly sinking heart, that this evening the door is close upon her—shutting her safely with

in, fastening her forever without-one or

the other, forevermore.
"Mr. Max" opens his newspapers. His

tones are grave. tones are grave.

"Before we consider our own little field of work, perhaps it will hispire us to hear what a few other young people have accomplished. To what I am about to read I was an eyo witness, and so I can affirm hat it was really the work of a few young ladies."

Saidee Hurd's heart quakes within her as he reads, and r. doubt other hearts do, too. Can he be expecting that kind of work of them? Can he mean that they shall take such elder's and deacon's duties upon themselves to organize private prayer-meetings.

selves - to organize private prayer-meetings, each girl with her own little revival to preside over?

"Theentire village has been Christianized by this earnest layman's work," Mr. Whitney says, as he lays down his paper. "Why cannot the experiment, so signally blessed in results, be repeated here?"

He looks around, his face flushed with his fervor. He discovers but faint response in the fair young faces.

Dorcas societies, missionary outfits, visiting the sick, the support of a dozen poor families through a hard winter—how eagerly he has seen these same wealthy young Christians take up these branches of church labor! But, one and all, they draw back from this! from this!

There is a long silence in the little coun cil. It is Caddie Greenough who breaks it at last. She turns to Mrs. Whitney.

"You've gone beyond me this time—I might as well go home!"
The spell of silence dissolved, Mrs. Guth-

ric says:

"Come, my girls," and Mr. Max follows them over to the sofa.

Under cover of the buzzing voices, Mrs. Whitney moves her chair nearer Caddie. Caddie knows she is going to be taken to task now; but he likes dear Mrs. Whitney's little earnest religious talks. She settles down with an indescribable air of cosiness, deaning a little toward her hostess, with an obedient, listening mien altogether edifying for those to see who have felt the merry sarcasms of her daring, handsome merry sare black eyes. sarcasms of her daring, handsome

It is never hard to speak to Caddie upon religious subjects; still of her, more than of almost any other, Mrs. Whitney wonders where the end will be.

"My dear girl," she says, "do you think it would be unsuitable to hold a prayer-meeting in your parlor?"
"Unsuitable - I don't know as it would.

Still, now that you put it thus, I doubt if the rooms wouldn't see m like a church, or a conference-room, for weeks after. Think of dancing the German in them after that?

"Then, 'ofer that,' supposing you shouldn't dance the German?"

"It's hardly fair to follow me up so close,

"It's hardly fair to ionow me up so close, Mrs. Whitney!" laughs Caddie.
Mrs. Whitney pursues her. "Don't you think, Caddie, that you would dare go to a dozen houses and invite the people to prayer-meeting?

er-meeting?"

"Dare! Oh! yes, I'd dare—but wouldn't it be funny business for me, Mrs. Whitney? Would you like yourself to see me in such an absurd position?"

Mrs. Whitney's gentle eyes express volumes. Caddie meets them frankly.

"As to the prayer-meetings themselves," she goes on, "it is very proper work for Christians, I think. I should suppose, indeed, that Christians would occupy their time thus far more than they do; and this sort of prayer-meeting I approve of; it is the suppose of the sup

time thus far more than they do; and this sort of prayer-meeting I approve of; it is something definite, semething to the point. These girls might set themselves about it very properly. They belong to the church, and they could ask people to come to a prayer-meeting with a zera grace.

"There's that little nun of a Hurd cousin; now I should think it might be just her vocation. And I can faucy how Saidee Hurd might suddenly turn a sharp corner, and put her whole soul into it I've always thought there was the making of a glorious kind of Christian ir Saidee Hurd, and may I be there to see

Whitney, what would people think to see a person not a church member, instituting a prayer-meeting, and asking her friends to come! What an "seemblage we should be, to be sure! Mrs. Whitney! I shall expect you to tell me next that I ought to pray at my meeting!"

meeting!"
"Perhaps so, Caddio, dear. And ought you not? Indeed, ought you to wait for the meeting? Ought you not to go home this night and fall on your knees, and cry, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" Oh, Caddio, Caddie! When are you going to do that?" that?

Caddie is too frank and fearless not to make some sort of answer, even to the squestion; but she answers Mrs. Whitney as she would no one clse—with the deepest truth within her.

"When I cannot stand it any longer, I suppose." But after this answer she will not say a word further, and Mrs. Whitney

suppose." But after this answer on tay a word further, and Mrs. Whitney will not press her.

Mr. Whitney is talking with Lois. He has been haunted by a desire to learn some thing more of that Hannah Gregg.

"I saw you were particularly interested in her," he says, "and I like to strengthen myself with good examples. I can't bear to miss a shining Christian. I want to know your Miss Gregg."

Lois, finally, is led to tell 1 im of Hannah's great plan; seeing his interest to be genuine, she talks and talks, and quite forgets herself.

genume, she takes and takes, and quite forgets herself.

"Isn't she something remarkable?" she onds. "I don't suprose she ever to much as heard, until I told her, of Jenic Collins and her Boffin's Bower, not of any of that sort of work in the castern cities. So it is a much to her credit as if nothing of the as much to her credit as if nothing of the kind ever had been done—don't you think

"She must be encouraged," Mr. Whitney nys with equal warmth. "And she will says with equal warmth. "And she will need far more encouragement and help than she dreams of now. If Mrs. Guthrie is in-terested, as you think, the plan will widen and assume proportions none of us can beand assume proportions none of us can begin to imagine at present. Yes, she must be quite a remarkable person; but I dare say that to-day, in scores of places, there are women turning over just such blessed plans. I have noticed, Miss Gladstone, hat God usually drops a whole handful of such spirits into an age when he intends a great reform, and that often the work begins in a dozen suchs at once." dozen spots at once."

In the brief silence in which Lois medi tates upon this, she thinks of Pastor Nelson and of Dr. Guthrie; and she reflects that really it is not so rare as she has thought to meet in every-day life those who strengthen and renew one like the reading of some glo-

But it is of Hannah she is thinking when she asks with a glimmer of a smile:
"Are these prayer-meetings, Mr. Whit-

ney, to be such very aristocratic prayer meetings—are they to be confined to the Christians and sinners of 'our set'?"

Mr. Whitney smiles, too, as much as his feelings upon the subject will allow.

"Does it look like it to you, Miss Gladstone? If it does, we ought to go over to the rest and talk about it a little."

Lois hesitates.

Lois heaitates.

"It is not for me to propose anything," she says. "I am a stranger here—but I do not think it can be right or well to leave out such carnest Christian workers as Hannah Gregg. Still, please, Mr. Whitney, do not refer to me or say anything which—which I shall be obliged to reply to."

Mr. Whitney smiles at her distress, but all the some takes her ever to the group.

battle has found with their armor on.

Lois falls back behind the tall chair in which Saidee sits, a little apart from the rest Saidee herself has beckoned her.

"Lois," she says, in a low, hurried voice, "what do yeu think of this new thing? To me it seems impracticable. How can we ever do it?"

Lois sees how troubled is the sweet face.
All Mrs. Whitney's solicitude recurs to her.
In low tones, under cover of the voices of others, she essays to encourage her. Just now she herself has more than usual courage and faith. Those few moments with Max-I be there to see' well Whitney, his larger faith, his wider the parishes, and the new ones at theirs will views, have refreshed her confidence in hu-

man effort. This "strange work" coums

man effort. This strong-strangely easy to undertake. "Such a strange thing, is it?" she repeats, "What is it "Such a strange thing, is it?" she repeats, as she bends over her cousin. "What is it in reality, dear Saidee? Just to gather your neighbours together; just to point out the goodness of the Father to those who do not acknowledge it; just to tell the 'old, old story,' the blessed story, to those who have nover cared for the love of Jesus; just to halve such other up the heavenly way. On nover cared for tho love of Jesus; just to help each other up the heavenly way—Oh, Saidee," Lois urges, quite forgetful of herself now, "you have such a r al way of holding fast by your friends, 1 .ould think you would be the very one of us all to rise up and glory in our Master's service!"

Saideo's face droops out of sight.

"That service first of all demands my own consistent living. Lois."

consistent living, Lois."

Consistent living—Lois thinks how often the has failed in that. Still she knows that the tender Master takes at its utmost, and with great reward, her daily and hourly en-

"Jesus—Saidee, Jesus is our rightcons-ness," sho whispers in tones all tremulous with her own exceeding joy in this blessed

But Saidee's face only droops lower, and her fingers lie cold in the fervent clasp.

"Oh, Saidee! Yen surely do not turn away from the name of Jesus!"

And then, suddenly, Lois remembers the little poem she saw on Saideo's table yester, she bends closer, and with a breaking tremulous voice murmers the lines that Saidee's own tear-drops had stained.

Who could see him droop and harguish, Who could see him in death's anguish, And herself no sorrow know?

And not love him, and not sees him, Loud proclaim him and confess him, Hanging on the cruel tree!

"Could you dony him, Saidee? ou crucify him afresh?

you crueify him afresh?"

She feels all the tremor of the shrinking figure she is tenderly shielding from sight, and the cold fingers have tightened about hers—she hears Saidee repeating her words:

... see him in death's anguish, And herself no sorrow know? ... herself no sorrow know?

These are the words that pierced Saidee's heart yesterday. They seem, to-night, to question her anew with a voice of anguish unspeakable.

Suddenly she turns and lifts her eyes to

Lois; they are misty with tears.

"No, Lois, I cannot quite do that. unworthy—unworthy—but I wll confess him,"—the tears are falling now in a sweet, warm rain,—"yes, love him, and confess

So low have been Lois' tones, so gently she has stood by Saidee, self-forgetful, but shielding her, that Mr. Whitney alone knows what is passing. He is standing near in statute-like silence. How deeply he is moved betrays itself in the pallor of his face.

He sees Lois' face in all its exquisite tenderness, hears every low word and sweet tone, catches, at last, the rapturous lift of the bright eyes heavenward—and perhaps upon his ear, too, Miss Stillman's voice jars when she turns toward them and says:

"Come, Miss Gladstone, come, Saidee, let us see if we all understand where we are to begin our work."

"I certainly don't quite understand,"

Anna Francis says, turning to Mrs. Guthrie. "Is it the young ladies of our church

only that are appointed?"
"We appoint only you," Mrs. Guthrie answers.
"But you might as well expect to keep the flames within your own enclosure, if your house was on are and the wind blowing, as to expect to confine the work to our own church, if the Spirit of God blesses

ing, as to expect to commo the work to own church, if the Spirit of God blesses you."

"And don't you see, Anna," exclaims Miss Baker, warmly, "that we are all sprinkled in together so—Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Episcopalian—on the same street, we cannot go out to gather our first meetings without bringing the denominations all together? The simple plan comes straight to the point! It is almost millennial in its scope when one looks at it!"

"It is so meant. I never before saw churches brought into such unity as the churches of A——were by means of these neighborly little prayer-meetings. You know that at each of your first meetings you select persons to gather new prayer-meetings in the sections adjoining your own little parishes, and the new ones at theirs will appoint others to extend the work—if it is

thus conducted not a house in town will be left unvisited finally."

Caddio Greenough cries out at the

Caddio Greenough eries out at the thought.

"And 30, at last, a mght will come when the whole city will be gone to prayer-meeting—what a stupendous ideal Why, it would be next to having 'Holiness to the Lord!' written on the bells of the houses! I dare say, now, this will be the town where that prophecy will first come to pass!"

"It certainly is the world at prayer, Miss Caddie, that is going to bring in the glorious Thousand Years," says Mr. Whitney. Then he turns to Miss Stillman who has been busy apportioning districts, "I should like to add another name to your list of workers."

Miss Stillman, pencil in hand, waits. As Lois expects, it is Hannah's.

A glance of inquiry at this odd and unfamiliar name runs around the little patrician circle. Mrs. Guthrie makes a quiet remark:

"She is a member of our church, a most of the workers are the state of the contraction."

"She is a member of our church, a most

"Sho is a member of our church, a most estimable young woman."

"Sho is, indeed," Lois adds, speaking all at once without being referred to. It is the first time she has lifted her voice in the aristocratic council. But she is not so timid as she thought. They might discuss the propriety of a mitting King or Kaiser, and she would have kept modest silence—but not when there is to be balloting for good humble Hannah. "She lives in Aunt Hurd's family, and I know her well. I do trust you will include her, for there is a wide circle which she influences to whom the rest of

you will include her, for there is a wide circle which she influences to whom the rest of us, no donot, are entire strangers."
Yes, it is Mrs. Hurd's servant. The girls are silent for one short unworthy moment.
"Neither is there respect of persons with Him,' suggests Mr. Whitney.
"Wo shall, of course, be glad of Miss Gregg's help," says Miss Stillman, slowly Presently she adds, as if in self-disdain, "And as she is not present to-night to hear all these details, I, myself, will call upon her, and add my request to Miss Gladstone's and Miss Hurd's, that she join us." There is a slight but curious inflection upon Saidee's name as if it might be a bit of challenge.

lenge. At this inappropriate point, Caddie Green-

ough laughs.
"I, for one, understand this plan of yours "I, for one, understand this plan of yours, Mr. Whitney. I can see the sweep which these parlor prayer-meetings are meant to take. I dare say it was quite the correct thing in A—— on these visits of invitation to go into the basement and invite the servants as well as the mistress. Wasn't it, now? Yes, I thought so. Well," looking cround upon her friends, "why not, my dears? If it is to be the same Heaven at last, surely a few prehiminary meetings here cannot harm you."

By this time Saidee Hurd has become

By this time Saidee Hurd has become able to speak. Humble forevermore as the Master she has decided to follow, she turns

Master she has decreed to Nortie St. man.

"This Hannah is quite a favorite with us. Sister Elizabeth—and you know how she thinks of religion, Nettie—well, the says Hannah is one of the few facts on our side that restrain her from hopeless unbestration in "

"Yes, girls," Mrs. Whitney adds, "the

"Yes, girls," Mrs. Whitney adds, "the prayer-meeting Hannah Gregg organizes will be started with 'live coals from the altar.'" "Suppose we meet again to-morrow night," says the exclusive Anna Francis. She is making an effort to come around gracefully to that point of Christian fellowship which the rest have reached, where she supposes the results ought to be a suppose a property of the suppos supposes she really ought to be, and where, to do her justice, she is finally quite willing to stand. "You have sickness at your to stand. "You have sigkness at your house, Saidee, supposing you all meet at ours,"—she includes Lois with a smile—"and be sure you bring this Miss Gregg. Who knows but she may have ideas that will be of use?"

The evening rasses quickly. Mrs. Guthrie has stipulated beforehand that Mr. Max shall do a certain amount of talking.

"You must put our girls in communica-tion with the age, my dear Max," she has said. "You must show them that the great benevolences and the mighty social improvements, and the bulk of reform, is hereafter to be intrusted to the hand of woman—that

she, like Mary at the sepulchre, is to run forth bearing the Christ-tidings."

"I can talk that idea as heartily as you like," Max has answered. "For I believe in it. I believe that God, who makes use in it. I believe that God, who makes use of all things for the ultimate uplifting of humanity, is about to make wide use of the unrest which is now distracting the world

independent action to spread Christ's kingdom—the church journals are all full of we-man's work!"

"If you can only make our wealthy girls with their unused leisures see this, your

with their unused leisures see this, your ministry will be well begun, my dear Max!" she urges him.

Mr. Whitney is bidding Saidee and her cousin good-night. It has been a silent walk; but now as he takes her hand he

says:
"Well, dear Saidee, the old business of doubting on your side, and of proving and comforting on mine, is forever done, I trust. I see it and thank God. Still, shall I not

I see it and thank God. Still, shall I not hear from you?"
Saidee smiles faintly.
"I scarcely think, Max, that I am beyond the need of a friend."
Loss says her good night, and is following Saidee m, when she finds herself detarned. There is an unwonted color flickering over Mr. Whitney's check. And Saidee, looking back, sees the two, sees even that, pauses, then goes un-stairs alone.

"These meetings—this plan—I should be very glad to hear—" The well-prepared speech becomes confusion. "May I write to you, also, Miss Gladstone?" he concludes abruptly.

Lois is surprised, but also pleased,
"I'm no letter-writer myself," she replies,
but I have sometimes heard yours to Sai-

dee, and I shall not at all object to having some of my very own."

She means her little speech as pleasantry, but Mr. Whitney receives it, to her further surprise, with great attention and gravity. His look is so intent that the little smile factor has her beauty to the head of the content that the little smile factor has her beauty to the head of the content that the little smile factor has been beauty and the head of the content that the little smile states the second of the content that the little smile states the second of the content that the little smile states the second of the content that the little smile states the second of the content that the little smile states the second of the second of the content that the little smile states the second of the content that the little smile states the content that the little smile smile smile states the content that the little smile smil fades from her lip, and when he lifts his hat and is gone without another word, she goes

and is gone without another word, she goes very thoughtfully and slowly up the stairs. She stops as usual in the sick-room. Mrs. Hurd is there, asleep on the sofa. The nurse, too, is nodding in her chair, but her uncle, himself, is awake. He is a faint, pale shadow of himself; but the crisis is gust, and he is in possession of all his faculties. He turns him gust with constituting the possession of all his faculties. his eyes with something like a smile as he sees who it is, and receives what she says

with something of his old bluff heartiness.

"Yes, do thank God—I suppose you have, though! I believe you are the only one in the house that holds much communication with him."

with him."
But his face flushes up, and he has to shut his eyes to squeeze back the tears, Lois can see; all at once he reaches out for her hand. "I mean you shall have reason to thank him—I know—I know. I know pretty well where I should be now if you hadn't held your brave little finger up against the leak in the dam—the girls have told me, I know it all. I'll see to you the first thing I do after I get out of this. Not one woman in a hundred, of the kind I know at any rate after I get out of this. Not one woman in a hundred, of the kind I know at any rate, would have supposed the could do any

thing."
Lois laughs at him, softly, and coaxes him
Sho makes light of back to his pillows. Sho makes light of what she has done, and tells him how even Hannah wanted to help him; and then they have their kindly little merriment over the

simple proffer.

She sends nurse out for a nap; and takes

up the Bible at his request.

Her pleasant voice soothes his restlessness. He opens his eyes sleepily as she lays the book down.

Lois leans back in her chair and wonders at her own exceeding happiness to-night. "Their peace is like a river," she murmurs to herself in the midst of vague sweet thoughts that lapse through her mind, one upon another, like the soft ripples of a sumpor stream mer stream.

Yes, Lois, like a river, full, flowing, absorbing, exhaustless, bearing happy hopes for others, like white ships, upon its shining

As the mantle clock strikes cleven, she starts up. She calls the nurse and goes to her own room. As she passes Saidee's door, she hears her name spoken, and goes in. She finds Saidce sitting in her hat and shawl just as she has come up-tairs. She does not seem to want anything of Lois after all; and the two sit a long while before the glowing coals, talking a little in a desultory way.

"There, darling, good-night now," Saidee says at last, turning to her with a smile that suddenly makes all the silence gone before something sad.

fore something sad.
Lois kisses her as she rises. "God has

been very good to you, dear Saidee."
Saidee answers with a long soft sigh.
"Yes, he is good. Ho brings me face to face with a new happiness before he takes away concerning the sphere of woman, and that the old—brings me face to face with my thousands are to accept the anyantages of work before he scatters my dreams."

Linda has made many preparations ffor this walk with Hannah.

"I'm going down to the far end of town Saturday week," Hannah has said to her, "and if you'll keep your boots laced from now till then, and your hair smooth, and put on a clean apron regular after dinner, you shall go with me."

Linda has frequently been out with Mrs. Underwood, the cook; but that now isn't held to be any honor.

"Sho'n' I looked 'bout off a piece," Linda says to Hannah in a low tone. "And she took me into a saloon and bought us both a

Sno'n' I looked 'bout off a piece," Linda says to Hannah in a low tone. "And she took me into a saloon and bought us both a glass of nasty beer-I tell you I were ashamed then, Mi-s Hannah!"
"I should think so," says "Miss Hannah."
"Different tells of the says "Miss Hannah."

Philinda's bed-room opens out of Hannah's and this afternoon each is in her own, dress-ing for this "outing." Hannah, more than once, smiles pitifully over the little dishmaid's attempts at fitness—they are such a desperate endeavor to do, and to look, as other girls.

For two days now, the heavy sweep

strucy-colored hair has been in braid for crimps—"skollops," Philinda herself calls the style; and, to be sure, it does "skollop" now, with startling distinctness, all over her head and down her back: for Philind as own, and she won't pick it out and fluff it.

out and fluff it.

"Oven brooms!" she calls the heads of some of the young ladies as they go by. Linda's finances will not yet compass "hairribbons," and the crimped tresses get tied back with a stout new shoe-string.

Linda looks like a young Spartan, as she stands tying the shoe-string. She has two cast-off ribbons of little Theo's, silken and blue; but they are soiled as well as wrinkled, and, after much smoothing, Linda has disc reded them, not only for this occasion, but in good and all. She cannot quite bring berself to throw the treasures in the disc redd them, not only for this occasion, but for good and all. She cannot quite bring herself to throw the treasures in the rag-bag, but she tells Mrs. Underwood:

"A soiled ribbon is low—lower oven than a mussed calico, I think. And I know Miss Hannah would 'nuff sight rather I'd

wear a clean shoe-string—though 'tain't what I'd like to wear a walkin' out with her. But I won't wear an old second-hand ribbon—declar if I ain't hated dirt, a week or so back, bad as she!"

Yes, and for the same "week or so back"

Yes, and for the same "week or so back"

Linda has spent all her spare time washing and scrubbing face and arms. Says she: "I'm goin' to scrub through this yellow skin, and see if there isn't red and white

under it-Miss Hannah thinks mebbe there

Such a water-fowl as she has been! "At Such a water-fowl as she has been! "At it again," cook laughs a dozen times a day! Hannah has been touched by the girl's earnestness. She has been as pleased as Linda's self to see the thick impure skin growing first ruddy and shining, then thin, then clear, with the pink glow promising some day to settle into position upon cheek and lip; and she has treated the earnest, ignorate thirly the pink glow promising some day to settle into position upon cheek and lip; and she has treated the earnest, ignorate thirly the pink therein. ant child to many items of homely hygeine and has taught her various womanly Lies of needle and clothes brush. But yet as she comes to Hannah's door,

announcing herself as ready, Linda feels "she is a figger to go ou with a lady!"

Hannah does look, if not exactly a lady, exceeding ladyish, in her trim walking dress and beaver jacket, and her dark hat with its close curling feather—both gloves and beat fit walk and walk to say and boots fit well, and veil and neck-tie are in quiet taste.

Poor Linda! She has starched and ironed her chocolate-colored calico frock, brushed her plaid showl, picked out afresh the faded blue ribbons of her summer hat, polished her shoes, lacing them through every evelet snug and tight, has even belated the purchase of the one winter dress for weeks

chase of the one winter dress for weeks by buying gloves and a collar—and yet after all, to be a "figger!"

"Miss Hannah," says she as they walk along, "If I could a done it, I'd had a dark ribbon, if no more'n a band, on my hat just to save your feelin's! I thought o'borryin' two shillin', but cook she said as how a man if he began to borry' most, always, got into if he began to borry most always got into trouble, and a slip of a girl like me better let it alone. I wouldn't have you think, Miss Hannah, that I don't know enough to despise wearin' a summer hat into the windle with the work of the poor I shiple!

despise wearin' a summer hat into the winter—that's the poorest of the poor, Ithink!

"Never you mind me," says Hannah
good-naturedly. "You look pretty neat,
and we mush the pect too much out of
seventy-five cents a week. Wen I begun a
goin' out to service, Linda, I didn't 'ave any
bunnet at hall, and I had a sick mother to
keep, and I had to run 'ome to see her after

described mister to death for the Market to they make to they said he tried
to hug every girl in the school, but the job
was too much for him.

A piece of sponge cake made by a Vassar
girl has been presented to President elect
Cloveland. It is said that Mr. Cloveland
bunnet at hall, and I had a sick mother to
keep, and I had to run 'ome to see her after

night wen my work was done, and go as 'ard as over I could go, with an old shawl pinned over my 'ead; that's wot I did!" "And yet you've riz to this!" Linda looks

"And yet you've riz to tins!" Linea looks
Hannah over again from hat to boots. "Such
good clothes as you've got now, and I've
heard cook say"—here she lowers her voice
—"that you had more money'n you could
shake a stick at, a-laid up, and a-drawin'
out interest in the Savings Bank. Have

Hannah smiles—"Maybe so." Hannah herself thinks it is a pretty tidy sum.
"But, sir," Linda breaks out again. "Pd

rather go with an old shawl pinned over my head as you did,—then you don't look as if you tried to do anything—than to be seen a-wearin' a last summer's hat when there's a-wearm a last summer s nat when there s snow on the ground! You can't think how I do feel with that on my head, and a great heavy shawl on my back—why, I feel as if I should-fly, I'm that light-headed with

It!"

Hannah is silent. She is considering that since she has roused this keen sense of the proprieties and decencies in the hitherto stolidly content scrubbing girl, it probably is her duty to see that this same sense is not allowed to become a source of pain. Hannah always calculates her expenditures to a nicety; and she sees, now, that she will have to give up mere than one personal confort if she enables this poor little friend to go into the street without feeling ill-natured and envious—still, this is no new experience and envious-still, this is no new experience

with Hannah Gregg.

They have come out upon Main Street.
As they turn the corner, Hannah steps into
the shop where she buys her own modest
bonnets. With few words she selects a tidy bonnets. With rew words sine selects a truy black straw, velvet bound, orders the gay ribbon changed for a band and loops of a crimson that suits with Linda's shawl, matches a hair ribbon, and invests the girl

with them on the spot.

Linda's features work absurdly all the while the new hat is being settled upon her submissive head. Hannah is quite aware of the catch and swallow in the little throat, and she hurries her out into the street.

"Now if you do get Linda Labelt feel to

"Now if you do cry, Linda, I shall feel to send you back 'ome!"
"Cry!—who's a-cryin', I'd like to know!"

"Cry!—who's a-cryin', I'd like to know!"
says Linda. The tears are sparkling down
her cheeks while she speaks. "Goodness
inc,—where you goin' to, Hannah!"
For, finding herself turning here and there,
she is now following the swift. Hannah up a
flight of out-door stairs at the side of a cor-

light of out-door stairs at the side of a cor-ner grocery. Near the top she hears a sew-ing-machine—one of the heavy, iron, cog-wheeled sort. At Hannah's sharp rap, a tall, delicate-looking girl comes to the door, her work in her hand. A flaw of hectic color stains a pale cheek. "Why, Miss Gregg! Come in—that is, if you can get in!"

She goes hurriedly before them, and emp-tics a couple of chairs of their confusion of coat sleeves, and linings, and stitched coat

There is another girl in the room, a taller and paler copy of the other. She sits at the machine which she has stopped upon their entrance. Without rising, she turns and

machine which she has swepped approached and cutrance. Without rising, she turns and speaks to the visitors.

"You'll excuse us, Miss Gregg," she says, glancing deprecatingly around the room? Every chair is full of work; there are two lines hung with portions of coats; the bare floor is littered with shreds and cuttings of coats, and some canvass and wadding; a cloth and serge, canvass and cuttings of charcoal pressing iron stands on the stove pipe; press board, sponges, water basins, are on the table all in company with a pan of unwashed dishes. There is but a low fire,

of unwashed dishes. There is but a low hre, and the room is drearily chill.

"Never mind, Miss Talt," says Hannah.

"Of course I knew 'twas the last of the week, and I should find you huried.

Hannah speaks in a motherly tone although she is at least five years younger than either of them.

"I dow't believe you went to held at all.

"I don't believe you went to bed at all last night, did you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The increasing number of Jewish under graduates is much remarked at Oxford.

Some Iowa girls almost whipped their school master to death for favouritism to annother girl. The poor fellow said he tried to hug every girl in the school, but the job was too much for him.

"The leading denominational paper in Canada, '-N, Y. Christian at Work.

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that every one who farms, has a garden, orchard dairy, or keeps bees, poultry, and sheep, will find the RUBAL a valuable addition to their family reading.4 SPECIMEN COPIES OF BOTH PAIERS Sent Free

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### 'Ladies' Journal" Bible Competition- Inc. 9.

During the year ending with September last, the proprietor of the Ladies' fournal has given a very large and valuable lot of rowards to his subscribers. gregating an immense amount of money. We are sure that the Plance, Organs, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Toa Sets. Books, etc., have given great satis faction. A good deal of exettement has been caused by the advent of some of these sostly prizes into the towns and villages of Canada and the United States. They have been sent to all parts almost, of the wo countries, quite a number even going to England, and other distant places. Full lists of the winners are always published in the LADIES JOURNAL aways published in the LADIES JOURNAL immediately at the close of each competition, names of winners are given in full, together with the street and number, where possible, to inquiry can readily be made by those who are doubtful. There can be, there fore, no fraud. We can positively testing the control of the control o ty to the fairness of the matter ourselves. as we know everything is carried out ax-actly as promised. For the benefit of hose of our readors who desire to com pete, we give the plan in detail.

To the fifteen hundred persons who correctly answer the following Bible questions will be given, without extra harge except for freight and packing of goods, beyond the regular half dollar year by subscription, the beautiful and costly cowards named below. We will give the Bible questions that require to be an wered first:

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS
Where are HORSES first mentioned in the

1. Where are HORSES first mentioned in the Bible?
2 Where are CATTLE first mentioned in the Bible?

They are not very difficult, but require s little study to look them up. So don't delay; the sooner you answer them the better. Here you have the list of first rewards. Number one in this list will be given to the sender of the first correct answer to those two Bible questions Number two to the sender of second correct answer, and so on till all this series of first rewards are given out.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

1. Six Hi ndred Dollars in Gold Coin ... 500

2. One Grand Square Plano, by a clebrated of maker ... 600

3 and 4.—Two Grand Square Plano, by a clebrate of maker ... 600

5 and 4.—Two Grand Square Plano ... 600

5 and 4.—Two Grand Square Plano ... 600

5 and 4.—Two Grand Square Plano ... 600

1. \*\* and 9.—Two Fine Quadruple Plato Sliver Tea Services ... 800

1. \*\* and 9.—Two Fine Quadruple Plato Sliver Tea Services ... 800

1. \*\* and 9.—Two Fine Quadruple Plato Sliver Tea Services ... 800

1. \*\* and 9.—Two Fine Quadruple Plato Sliver Tea Services ... 800

1. \*\* to to 15.—Sliv Gentum en Elgin Watches ... 600

15 to 21.—Fliv Ladices Solid Gold st mwinding and Stem setting Gentum en Elgin Watches ... 600

15 to 22.—Flive Ladices Solid Gold st mwinding and stem-setting Gentum for state of the services ... 800

16 to 50.—Ten Foroward Williams Singer ... 800

17 to 50.—Ten Gentumon's Solid Hn ting ... 800

18 to 50.—Ten Solid Quadruple Sircer Plato Ten Services et elegant designs ... 800

18 to 60.—Ten Solid Quadruple Sircer Plato Ten Spoons ... 800

19 to 10.—One Hundred and Thirty Riogantly Bound Volumes of frangson's Poems ... 800

10 to 10.—One Hundred and Thirty Riogantly Bound Volumes of frangson's Poems ... 800

11 to 50.—One Hundred and Ni ety welbound volumes of Word's Cyclopodia a library laiself. ... 577

Then follows a series of middle recoords which will be given in this way: At the logge of the companytion all the approximation and the series of the companytion and the approximation and the series of the companytion and the approximation and the series of the companytion and the series of the companytin THE FIRST REWARDS.

which will be given in this way: At the close of the competition all the answere received will be counted by three disin terested persons, when to the render of the middle correct answer (of the whole list) will be given number one of these middle rewards. To the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two, the next correct one aumber three, and so on till all these middle rewards as enumerated below are given away. Here is the list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1. Seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold 750

8. 9, 10 and 11 -tic.r Ladies' Solid Gold

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

#### THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

8 to 10.—Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Services. It to 18.—Eight Ladies Solid Gold Hunt-ing-case genuine Stein-winding and stein setting ground: Eight Watches 19 to 29.—Flover Heavy Black Sik Dress I atto ns. 30 to 80.—Forty-one Fine Black Cashmero Dress Patterns. 91 to 150.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated Tra

This altogether forms one of the must attractive and reasonable plans we have ever seen. The aim of the proprietor of he Ladies Journal is of course to increase his circulation. In fact, he says so, but adds that he also hopes to encourage the study of the Bible, but frankly states that his part of the plan is not his sole aim, and goes on to explain that he has lost so unch moncy by dishonest agenta, and that spent so much moncy by dishonest agenta, and that spent so much in valuable premiums to encourage them to send large lists, that hereafter he has decided to give all but do it note, and you'll not regret it, bese things duret to subscribers, for you may depend.

answering those Bible questions. Aside from the rewards offered you are sure to be pleased with your half dollar investment, as the Ladies' Journal consists of twenty pages of the choicest reading matter, and contains the sum and substance of many of the high priced fashion papers and magazines published in the States, and all for the low price of half a dollar, or one years' subscription It also contains two pages of the newest music, short and sorial stories, household linua Fashion articles by the best authorities, finely illustrated. In short it is about the best monthly publication we know of anywhere for tifty cents, and is as good as many at a dollar. Be sure to remember that everyone competing must send with theirauswersfiftyceuts by post-officeorder, sorip, or small com They therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards as fifty cents is the regular yearly subscription price to the Journal. The competition remains open only till fifteenth February next, and as long as the letter is post marked where mailed either on the day of closing, (15th February) or any time between now and then, it will be in time and eligible to compete. You answer this promptly now, and you may doubtless secure one of the first veteards. If you answer anytime between now and fifteenth of February, you may secure one of the middle rewards, and even if you answer on the last day (15th Feb. )and you live a good distance from Toronto, fifteen days being allowed after date of closing for letters to reach the effice from distant points, you are almost certain to secure one of the consolation rewards. At all events we most heartily recommendit, and trust many of our readers will avail

themselves of thes excellent opportunity of securing at once an excellent publi-

cation and a possibility of a piano, organ,

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#### GREAT HOLIDAY .COMPETITION BIBLE

NUMBER 13.

We have decided that instead of giving large sums of money and valuable articles in the way of Pranes, Organs, Sewing Machines, Silver Tea Sets, Gold and Silver Watches, solver ica Sets, Gold and Silver Watches, etc., etc., to agents, to give all those things direct to subscilicis for answering Bible questions in the following manner. To the twenty-four hundred persons who correctly answer the two following

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

 Is husband mentioned in the Bible?
 Is wife mentioned in the Bible? One afterence or answer to each question will suffice.

Will be given in the order mentioned be-low, the following valuable and costly list of First, Middle, and Consolation Rewards:— FIRST REWARDS.

First great roward will be given the sender of the first correct answer to the loregoing little questions.

2, 2 and 4. Three Magiffeenit Grand Square

5, Gand 7. Three fine to red 10 stop Cabinot Organs
to 15. Eight Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting Genuine Elgin Watches.
16 to 28. Thirteen Ladles' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches.
19 to 40. Twelve best Solid Quadruple Plate Silver Toa Sats, six pieces
11 to 70. Thirty Gentleman's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches
11 to 100. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches.
101 to 13. Thirty on Solid Quadruple Plate Cake Baskets, now and degant Patern.

Plate Cake Baskets, now and degant pattern.

180 to 300 time hand and severny dozen sets of hor y Sold Silver Plated Teasystons.

180 to 502. Two hundred and four elegantly bound volumes of Shakspere's Poems

181 to 715. Two hundred and six fine Silver Plated Sugar opposes and Butter Knives.

All these seven hundred and fifteen re-All these seven hundred and lifteen rewards will be given out strictly in order the core or answers to those libble questions are received at Taurn other. The first correct answer taking number one (\$1,000 in gold)

the second correct answer taking number two, (one of the pianos), and so on till they are all given away.

Then after this list will follow the Middle Rewards which will be given in this way:—At the conclusion of the competition, (Feb'y 15th.) all the answers received will be carefully control by these distinctions. foth,) all the answers received will be carefully counted by three disinterested parties, when in the sen er of the midule correct answer will be ever with rece a fine right testimed with a correct answer following the middle one will take manner two, tone of the panes). The next correct answer, number three, and so on till all these rewards are given away. Here you have the list in full.

### MIDDLE REWARDS. Number one. A fine stylish tretting horse and Car-

Number one. A fine stylish tretting horse and Carrago.

2. 3, 4 and 5, Four Square Grand Pianes, by a celebrated maker.

6. 7, 5, and 9. Four fine toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker.

2. 100

10 to 20. Ten fine Solid Gold Stemwinding and Stem Setting genuine Eighn Watches.

21 to 3.2. Ten tadies' fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stemsetting genuine Eight Watches.

22 to 3.4. Ten tadies' fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stemsetting genuine Eight Watches.

23 to M. Eighteen Solid Quadruple Silver Plates Tea Services.

24 to 7a. Thirty Bouble-barral English Twist brack-loading Shot Guns.

25 to 10. Ferry sets (10 vols. to set) Complete Clander's Encyclopadia.

26 to 10. The translation Gentlemen's Solid Conferent manning Case or Open Tace
Watches.

Conserved the state of the stat 863

After these will follow the Constation Review is for the fact comers. So even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete, as it is the lot correct answers that are received at TRUTH office

your letter must be post mark it where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition which is F-bevary fineath, (liften days allowed after date of closing for letters to reach us from distant places,) so the more distant you are the better your opportunity for securing one of these elements and could gant and costly

### CONSOLATION REWARDS.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Resewood Square Plance
4, 5, 6, and 7. Four Gentleman's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches.
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladles' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches.
12 to 17. Six Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Tea Services.
13 to 29. Eleven sets Chamber's Encyclopadia (10 vols. to set)
10 to 30. Ten Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case or Upon Paco Watches.
10 to 90. Filty-one Aluminum Gold Hig. Case Watches
11 to 121. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Elekets, elegant designa.
122 to 200. Eighty-one down Solid Silver Plated Tea Spoons.
201 to 400. Two hundred volumes Teamyson's Roems, elegantly bound.

This finishes the largest and most el

450 of the competition on fifteenth February, with the full name, streetand number, when in cities, and in fact all the addresses at completely as possible, in order that all may be satisfied that there is no fruit or humling in this matter. In order to reven fraud, the proprietor of TRUTH reserves the right to deny an person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. We have always done evaluers promond during this year in conducting these competitions, and our reconducting these competitions, and our re-putation for fair and honorable dealings, is too well established now to risk overthrowtoo well established now to risk overthrowing it. Look up these Bible questions, it will do you good apart from anything else. These competitions have done, we are assured, a great deal to promote the study of the Bible among all classes. Now this may be your last opportunity to secure an elegant piane, a gold watch, a fine horse and carriage, in addition to a half year's subscription to one of the most widely circulated and popular weekly magazines you may lave, so at cend to it now. Don't delay. All money must be sent through the jest office or be express. None can be received by telegraph, Don't forget that we don't guarantee tha everyone will get a prize, but out of nearly twenty-four hundred rewards you doubtles will secure something. Be prempt. Answer will secure something. Be prompt. Answer as soon as possible after seeing this notice, and Trurn will at once be forwarded as as acknowledgement of your subscription, and your letter will take its place in the order it is received at this office. There is no favor itism, and all are treated clike, fairly and quarter.

# S. FRANK WILSON.

Proprietor TRUTH,

### imirie's PRICE TICKETS,

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EALED Separate Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for licating Apparatus, Hamilton, Ont.," will be croceived at this office until Thursday, the 11th Docember next.

Plans and Specification can be seen at this Department and also at the Clerk of Works Office, New Public Callding, Hamilton, on and after Thursday, It the instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each: ender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheave made payable to the order of the flourable the 31 "ster of Public Works, squal to free perent of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party deciline to enter into contract when called on to do so, or if he fall to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the tender of the importance of the tender be not accepted the tender of the partment will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F H ENNIS.

Bearetary,

Ottawn, November 24th, 1881.

# Department of Public Works, Ottawn, November 24th, 1881. } FUN AND MYSTERY.

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Bave you seen it? The givent collection of ever Gemes, Carde, Tricks, Puzzles Songs etc., offered for anything like the money. AM USWMENT FOR A WHO & SKASON, for the old or young. Our NEW BUDGET contains the following: Holler's Conjuring Pack; The Mystle tracle; Guide to Fliritartion; ID new Kvening manner; Set of "Hold to Light Carde;? Set Colored Chromo Carde; the Star Puzzle; S ways to Got Rich; the "13" Pozzle; 6 Beautiful Face Pivures Language of Jowels and Flowers; 101 Selections for Autograph Albums; 11 Popularions for Autograph Albums; 11 Popularions for Autograph Albums; 12 Chinese Block Puzzle; the Roman Cross Puzzle; Great \$5 Prize Puzzle; 1 S to Transformatica Pictores, obserge color right before your eyes, and Games of Fortune.

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Now is your time to get up club orders for our celebrated Tess and Coffe a and stone a careful Tess and Coffe a and stone a careful Tess and Coffe a and stone a careful thiose Ross or Gold Brand China Tess 300 (44 places) our own importation. One of these beautiful china tess are given away to the party sending an order for \$25.00. This is the createst inducement over offered. Send in run orders and enjoy a cup of good Tess or Coffe and at the same time procure a hand-sime China Tes Set. No humburg Good tess is the good and at the same time procure a hand-sime China Tes Set. No humburg Good tess is the good tess in the procure of the same time procure a hand-sime China Tes Set. No humburg Good tess is the good tess in the procure of the same time procure a hand-sime China Tes Set. No humburg Good tess is the process of \$50 and \$50. and \$50 an

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This year's crop just received at the

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that takes these rewards. The plan is this, 33 and 35 Adelaido at . . Toronfo. Canada. 98 KING STREET EAST.

Words of Warning and Comfort. "If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer

f you are simply alling, or if you feel weak and dispirited. without elearly know-

ing why, Hop Bitters will surely cure you.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your every-

ties, or a man of letters toiling over your midnight
work, Hop Bitters will most surely strength-

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

- Or if you are in the workshop, on the
- farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel
- that your system needs clensing, ton-ing, or stimulating without intoxicat-ing, if you are old.
- blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you new life, health, and vigor."

own fault if you remain ill. If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a—cure to Hop Bit-ters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilcad" in Hop Bitters.

- -If you are a frequenter, or a resid t of,
  -a miasmatic district, barricale your
  - -tem against the scourge of all coun-
    - -Malaria, Epidemic, Bilious and Inter-
      - -mittent Fevers by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough skin, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath and health. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

A Lady's Wish.
"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her 'friend." "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. How?" inquired the

"By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe."

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

### Caution to Dairymen.

Ask for Wells, Richardson & Co's. In-reoved Butter Colon, and take no other. Bewane of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for every other one is liable to be come rancid and spoil the butter into which it is put. If you cannot get it write to us at Barlington, Vt., to know where and how to get it without extra expense. Thousands of testshavebeen made, and they always prove it the best. it the best.

It was remarke? of a young lady who was seen returning from the post-office, tearing a note into shred- as she went along, that she had been to that bourne from which note raveier returns.

note raveier returns.

The people of this country have spoken, along declare by their patronage of Pr. Thomas' Exhibitic Oil, that they believe it to be an article of genuine merit, adapted to the cure of rheumatism, as well as removes the pain of fractures and dislocations, external inputies, come, bunions, piles, and other maladies.

NEW TEA AND COFFEE HOUSE .-- In another column of this jue nal will be found an advertisement of the Canada Pacific Railway column of this joe mal will be found an advertisement of the Canada Pacific Railway Importing Company. The object of this company is to supply dealers, agents, and others, with toa and coffee, at a very small advance on import prices, and in such packages and quanties as may be most convenient for them. The very best toes of India China and Japanaro supplied, India teastins and coffee being a specialty. This comalso offer for a short time to introduce their goods into every family in Canada; most extraordinary inducements, field Band, and Moss Rose China Tea Sets being given away free to ladies getting up club orders for these goods. They also offer first-class Lithographic Portraits of Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. Oliver Mowat, and Her Majesty the Queen, free to every purchaser of 5 lbs., or three tins of coffee. No doubt but many of our readers will be favourably impressed with this system of doing business, and hereafter use this company's goods. Mr. J. A. McMurtry, is the company's manager in Toronto.

"I have never sold a remedy that has given with each resident in a string artification." Burded.

"I have never sold a remedy that has given such entire satisfaction as Burdock Blood Bitters; I sell more of it than of any other dollar preparation," says J. E. McGar-vin, druggist, Acton.

The ancients thought the world was square. The nineteenth century, however, knows their is very little square about it.

A Walnut Hills girl is mad with a down-town drug clerk because when she asked him for something to bang her hair with he teld her they didn't keep curry-combs.

If you are costive, or dyspetic or suffering from any other of the numerous discusses of the stomach or bowels, it is with its long train of distressing symptoms will follow. Cure it with Burdock Blood

The bone collar button has done more to release man from the tyranny of woman than all the philosophical works on humanity ever

Amos Hudgin, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for the past six years. All the remodies I tried proved useless, until Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspetic Cure was brought under my notice. I have used two bottles with the best results, and can with cor idence recommend it to those afflicted in like manner."

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Broken down conditions of the system that require a prompt and permanent tonic to build up the blood and restore failing vitality will be benefited at once by Burdock Blood Litters.

A Family Medicine.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs Life Fills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canala, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

A New Haven man has invented a walk-ing machine. Intended especially for actors who get "strapped" in the coun-

A Run for Life....Sixteen infles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a last sent for a bottle of Briggs Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

The hand organ has seen 108 years since its inventor died. Verily, the evil that men do live after them.

STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivery, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, murg. Jars, Jamp Plasses, chinney or naments, picture frames, jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc.

The clothing dumny may have its gar-nents stolen, but 'twill be sure to have its

For worms in children, he sure and inquire for Sitt zer's Verminge Candy. The genuins article bears the signature of the proposets on each loss. The public are respectfully informed that the Verminge Candy can be purchased of the principal drugglists and dealers through out the United States and Canada.

"Changeable Hosiery"; is a fashionable overty. Come to think of it that is a good novelty.

Hare You Tried It f. It so, you can testify to Its marrellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaint, diarrhoss, cholera morious, diventery, cramps, coite, sickness of the stomach, and sowel complaint.

Is the poet who writes cheerful songs a cheer-up-odo-ist?

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stoped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of by. Wistar's Fulmoale Syrup.

Sculptors have carned a bad reputation because they chisel many of their subjects of by. Wistar's Fulmoale Syrup.

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DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES LIVER COMPLAINTS,

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleaness the system of the poison-ous humors that develope in Kidney and Uri-nary Disease, Billoumens, Januaice, Constipa-tion, Piles, or in Hasumatism, Neuralgis, Ner-yous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

IT WILL SUPELY CURE

CONSTIPATION, PI\_ES,
and RHEUMATISM,
By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs
and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD

restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the west forms of these terrible diseases
have been quickly relieved, and in a short time
PERFECTLY GURED.
PERCE, \$1. LIQUED OR DRY, SOLD HY DRUGGISTS,
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3 Send stump for Dlay Almans for 1884.

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Canned Salmon from Oregon and toma-toes from New York are now shipped to the

SORE FIFE.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the like.

The Pall Mall Gazette, under Mr. Stead, has made great advance of late, and is now regarded as the leading evening paper of England.

What is it makes me halo and stont. And all my friends can't make it out. I really could not live without. Briggs Life Pills.

Stoke Park, with the churchyard immor-talized by trays clegy, could not find a purchaser the other day, and was hought in at St. 1,000,

What makes me laugh when others sigh to tears can e'er bedew mine eve, it is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

I'ref. Austin states that nearly all gas pipes are pervious to carbonic exide, and that to insure safety they should be galvan ized or painted.

So if you re sail, or greevel, or fil, Pray, do not put a doctor's bill, But take a dose of — Briggs" Life Pills.

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#### Regulars.

One of the strongest proofs of the value of Kidney-Wort as a remedy for all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, is the facthat it is used and prescribed by "regular" physicians. Phillip C. Ballou, M.D., of Monkton Vt., says: "Take it all in all, it is the most successful remedy I have ever used."

How many sticks go to the building of a crow's nest?—None, because all are carried.

The great results which have attended the regular use of Quinine Wine, by people of delicate constitution and those affected with a general prostration of the system, speak a general prostration of the system, speak more than all the words that we can say in its behalf. This article is a true medicine and a life-giving principle—a perfect reno vator of the whole system—invigorating at the same time both body and mind. Its the same time both body and mind. Its medical properties are a febrifuge tonic and anti periodic. Small doses, frequently repeated, strengthen the pulse, create an appetite, enable you to obtain refreshing sleep, and to reel and know that every fibre and tissue of your system is being braced and renovated. In the fine Quinine Wine, propared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, we have the exact tonic required; and to persons of weak and nervous constitutions we would say, Never be without a bottle in the house. It is sold by all druggists.

"Have you read my last speech?" said a

"Have you read my last speech?" said a prosy orator the other day to a friend. "I

"My customers say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best blood purifier in the market," thus writes Wm. Lock, of McDonald's Corners, Unt.

A boy at school, when his class was called up war asked, "What is the German Diet?" "Sav.erkraut, schmapps, and sausages," he ~\_micũ.

Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

Probably the meanest thing that a man ever said was uttered by Fogg the other day. Being asked to give his opinion as to the best remedy for polygamy he replied, "Mrs. Fogg.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these trouble-some excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

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"Do politicians sing, pap?" inquired a Third Street urchin of his father. "Yes, my boy," was the reply; "they usually give pap."

No one buys a "Pig in a Poko"—in other words, purchases on mere guesswork—who buys for his or her relief Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The fact is too well known to have room for any peradventure that it is a soccommentative for Indigestion, Costiveness. cign curative for Indigestion, Costiveness, Impurities of the Blood, Kidney and Female troubles, and other infirmities.

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DEAR GIR,—The result of the instrument you adjusted on my child some six menths use on the fact a miracle (the foot, as you know, was a club foot from birth). The precess ald not make my wife any trouble, and the child nover complained. The little simple instrument you made, Mr. Clutche, is really more valuable than the united that the times its weight in gold. No borson can distinguish any difference between the foot now, and any person having children with club foot. I would cheerfully recommend to too to thereal master of mochanical ideas, which was the meant to role to my mind for life to have a crippled child.

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#### "No Physic, Sir, in Mine!"

A good story comes from a boys boarding a hool in 'Jersey." The dist was monotonous and constipating, and the learned Principal decided to introduce some old siyle physic in the apple-sauce, and await the happy results. One bright lad, the swartest in the school, discovered the secret mine in his sauce, and pushing bock his plate, shouted to the pedagogue. "No physic, sir, in mine My due told me to use nuthin" but Dr. Pierce o "Pleasant Purgarive Pellets," and they are a doing their duty like a charm! They are anti-bilious, and purely vege-

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Yengar one getsworthing to stop that cough, "Fre-to-re," all do h in me tune. Try Periodia, Marver falls. hneget 22 cent Couth and Cord Cure.

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Sociled respectable people would heritate considerable before pilfering your pockets in a crowded thoroughfare. That would be too tee. The same discrimination is not indicated by the socilied respectable drugget when that wonderin term cure, PUTNAN'S PAINLESS CONSENTRATION, is saked for. He will also the property of policy or present in the most gented numer by substituting chesp and danger-ous asbetuntes for the genuine Putramie Corn Extractor. Watch for these grademen, and take mone other than Puttanua Com Bitmater. Sold by drongua composition. N. C. Polamia Co., K. an-Barra Treation

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A Jersey City girl's parrot has learned to make a noise like the smack of a hus when the girl's beau calls. Knowing bird

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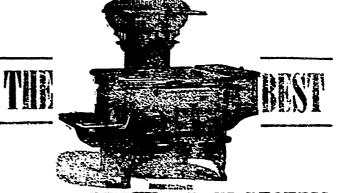
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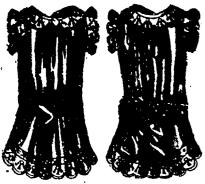
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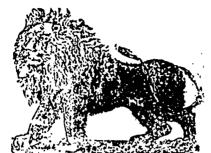
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