

TRUTH

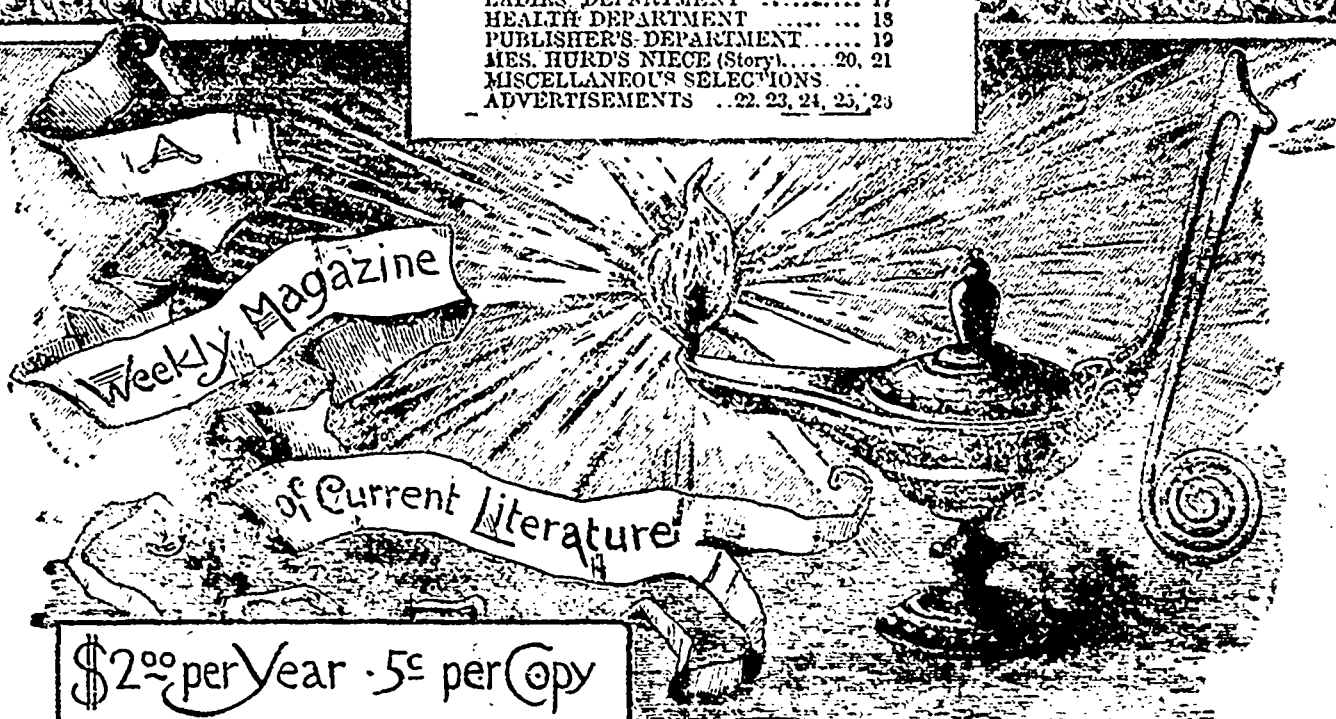
CONTENTS.

DECEMBER 13th, 1884.

	PAGE
WHAT TRUTH SAYS	3, 4, 5
Lord Randolph Churchill	
Mr. Moody's Visit	
Sewer and Sewer Gas	
TRUTH'S CONTRIBUTORS	6, 7
The West India Trade, by Sir Francis Hincks	
Mr. Moody and the Convention, by Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., B.D.	
Prohibition not Retrograding, by Hon. Neal Dow	
THE LIGHT OF COLD HOME FORD (Story)	8, 9
TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT	10
OUR YOUNG FOLKS	11
PRIZE STORY NO. 6.—ANDY	12, 13
POETRY	14
Original and Selected	
JACOB FAITHFUL	15
LADIES' DEPARTMENT	17
HEALTH DEPARTMENT	18
PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT	19
MES. HURD'S NIECE (Story)	20, 21
MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS	
ADVERTISEMENTS	22, 23, 24, 25, 26

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- Fringed Cards, Hand-Painted Cards, Ivory and Porcelain Cards and other novelties at 10, 15, 25, 50, 75 cents, and \$1.00 each which will be selected with care for different tastes and needs.
- Birthday Card Packages, excepting for Nos. 1 and 2, put up also, mailed same as the Christmas Cards, or if so desired they can be assorted Christmas and Birthday Cards mailed same day as order received, each must always accompany order. Address **HATTAWAY BROS. & Co., 33 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.**

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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17th YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., DECEMBER 13, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL V. NO. 219.

Truth's Arrangements.

The publisher of TRUTH is happy to announce that arrangements 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 expected 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 sanitary 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 questions.

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 hoped for from 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 of great value will also appear in regard to the various leading colleges and other educational institutions of the Province.

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 be a welcome and profitable visitor, always containing matters of interest to every member of the family.

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

Will the many friends of TRUTH kindly encourage the publisher in his efforts by speaking a good word in its behalf to others, and in sending in subscriptions if possible. TRUTH would be a capital present to any in-

telligent friend for the New Year. A couple of dollars could not be more judiciously spent. TRUTH will be sent six months for \$1, or on a three months trial trip for 50 cents. Kindly send in all the names you can at once. It will 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. McLVANEY.
A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN PROSE, by EDWARD J. WHITE.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES, by Rev. Hugh Johnston, M. A., B. D.
CHRISTMAS REVERIES AND REVELRIES.
Besides the continuation of our regular serial stories.

Among the poetry will be found Clement C. Moore's favorite poem, "The Night Before Christmas;" J. G. Whittier's "Snowbound," Charles 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, amusing and reasonable, 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 issue 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.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS

Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska, lectured again in Toronto, on Friday evening, and was greeted with a full house at St. Andrew's Hall. He is now recognized as a leading mind among the prohibitionists of the United States. He is certainly 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 extravagances of language and gesture too

often seen and heard on the temperance platform. 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 attractive 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 *Presbyterian* readers in the coming months.

They propose to produce rain-storms artificially 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 \$5,000 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 prize.

If Carlyle had only eaten 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 TRUTH, 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 cry, 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 stragglers 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 ourselves unable to devise a remedy, except by just advising the girls to put forth renewed exertions, and to bring all their powers of fascination to bear. They can do a great deal

in a manner quite modest and becoming, if 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 them as 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. Who can devise a cure? The genius who does so, who invents some means of bringing young men and women together, will certainly deserve a fortune. He will deserve thanks at any rate, a reward he is much more likely to receive. How would this plan do, as proposed by an Almonte 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:—

"At a reception lately, a South Carolina lawyer proposed that one man in the company should be selected as president, who should be duly sworn 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 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 gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each 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 communications from those assembled. He discovered that the attachment of twelve couples was reciprocal, but he only communicated the fact of reciprocity to those interested. The subsequent result was that eleven of the twelve couples were married." We earnestly 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 o'her 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 left 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 Wall street. The younger brother went west, and is also said to be doing well.

See Special prize offer in Tip-Top, page 2.

How can it be explained that we never hear of drug clerks combining for self-relief? Dry goods clerks, and grocery 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 due enjoyment of existence. But drug clerks—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 than almost any other 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 so. Even the most favorably situated among them have not the time they ought to have for needful relaxation and recreation. Many of them cannot even 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 plainness 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 ludicrous, and yet after all the fact is unquestionable that crowds of all classes hurried to his meetings and hung on his words. No doubt of it, Mr. Moody is quite a level-headed 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 prayers 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 entirely sympathizes with us in the idea that ladies should go to the Public Reading Rooms and sit beside and take 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 quite sure that there are plenty of women 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 discourages anent Henry Irving's Hamlet. His personification, says the critic, will challenge comparison most closely with the Hamlet of Edwin Booth, "whose personal advantages 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 electric, Irving's Hamlet is electric. Here is an actor, a great actor, weighed down by mannerisms, a bad accent, here and there positively bad reactions, who yet presents a wholly new Hamlet, so full of new beauties, his conception so perfectly presented, the mere playing of the part so thoroughly well done, that all physical disadvantages disappear for the time—are lost in the admiration which the satisfying completeness of the impersonation compels."

Few mistakes have been so expensive, as the mistaken construction of the new English double-screw, armor-plated turret-ship *A. Aemmon*. 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 \$1,000,000.

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 much too exclusive attention to such. We put in a plea for young women. They have souls to be saved as well as the men. And if their souls 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 surely. Perhaps it is thought that young women 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 day.

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 "Ouida's" books being there. The atmosphere of the library 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 revolutionize agriculture by a new kind of cultivator. This is nothing more nor less than a wind plough. It is a machine 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 sized one of sixty horse power may be de-

pendent 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 always try to be open to conviction at any rate. 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 of 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 Randolph 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 enough 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, liberal-minded, courteous gentleman.

A villainous 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 doubt, 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 this are rare.

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, slowly it may be, but yet surely, that the

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, unless 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 statute 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 twenty-fifth anniversary of Adelina Patti's debut in that city. There has seldom been anything like it. People went frantic altogether. Men fairly shrieked themselves hoarse 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. Great 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, and has 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 rectors 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 prohibitive. 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 accomplish the purpose for which they were designed in the first place—that, name-

ly, of setting a man on some sort of pedestal, real, or more or less imaginary, above his fellows.

If there is any truth in the old saying the ears 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 undoubtedly popular sympathy as voiced in the newspapers, is entirely against him. The editor of the *Reid* 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 pruned into the mysteries of his Lordship's private affairs, and has retailed for an eager public, the story of his parsimony and manners. Lord Coleridge must feel the humiliation very terribly, but little sympathy need be expended on him if the way in which he is reported to have treated his daughter be correct. No wonder that 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 is 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 servant, that he is paid his wages by the public, 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 do 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.

Novelle, alias Newbold, alias a good many other things, tried hard to knock his worthless brains out against the prison wall 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 may.

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 think of it! A missile weighing more than half a ton 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 tell him so. He must be a perfect whelp of a man. The fellow wants a wife. All very right and proper. But he has no particular girl in his eye. Perhaps the girls in his own

neighbourhood know him too well—so what does he do but send this precious missive to the superintendent at Castle Garden. The wretched manikin and contemptible dodder-head, 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 waiting for husbands, but we think as things have turned out, that most of them would have been too good for such a fellow.

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 describe himself. Fought 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 eleven inches high, weighing 170, pounds and am 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 so on. To 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."

Truth 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 anything but despicable fighters. It is a miserable job all through, but it is just as well that the strong high-handed aggressor 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 without 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 sense 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 awakening.

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 well 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 homo of luxury they ought certainly to stick by it. What is the use of making a fuss at the last and running off with some Lochinvar of an old lover with all the etc's? It does not do, girls. Girls, know your own

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, also the most impudently forward man could not use undue 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 indignation and horror, as a gross insult, tho' all but unpardonable 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 pardonable kind of idolatry. How should any one then, think of taking the object of his idolatry and trailing it in the dust? Girls, remember 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, my ideal, my Goddess, my very incarnation of purity. Alas! Alas!" And the disenchantment is for life.

Highlandmen!

Crofters, Cotters, Deacons and all others,
Stand up like men before your oppressors.

Demand restoration of 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. Spare 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 obnoxious landlords, agents, etc. Set fire to the heather to destroy the game; disturb the deer; poison game dogs.

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 PEOPLE!

This of course is simply infamous, but it 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 references to people who wrote as if for bare life to the public journals on all imaginable subjects. 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 which 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. Coverton and Bryce represented the Dominion and Provincial Boards of Health, it was stated that no instance had yet occurred when cholera had failed to appear in America the next year after its appearance in Europe, and Prof. Laut Carpenter expressed himself when here, that an epidemic of cholera, under our present sewerage, and water-supply systems, would decimate the population of Toronto. 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 take the place of pure air in the lungs, to that extent the cerebral function is incapacitated; 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 present impure condition 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 digestion depends. This is no imaginary idea though your tony professional paragrapher 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 trunk sewer was advocated. This could not be commenced before next summer, by which time the epidemic 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 clearly the duty of the city council, the Board of Health, and the public press to 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.,
PASTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN

The great Christian Convention of Toronto conducted by the world-known evangelist, Mr. D. L. Moody, is now a thing of the past, but its influence 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 earnestness 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 in the Genesee 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 held?" 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 sanguine were not prepared for such great results as have been witnessed.

Tickets were issued for each service, 25,000 in all, and distributed among the churches. These tickets of admission were eagerly sought by non-church goers as well as by Christian people. Hundreds applied in vain for them after they had been distributed, and hundreds that had them struggled in vain for admission. From the first service, beginning on Tuesday morning, the spacious building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the wondrous gatherings day by day, instead of falling off, only increased, 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 assuredly are extraordinary facts.

THE CHARACTER OF THE CONGREGATIONS

was not less remarkable or surprisingly gratifying. When the sea of human faces settled down into the earnest thoughtful calm of close attention you could observe every class of society represented. The rich, the poor, the young, the aged, the thoughtful and cultured, the uneducated and lowly, tradesmen, clerks, shop-girls,

servants, along with many merchants, business men, toil-pressed and care-worn with notes to meet, paper to be discounted, yet leaving the pressing engagements of the week to listen to the message of the Gospel. Eminent professional men, physicians, leading lawyers, and politicians, heads of Colleges and Universities, Bishops, Moderators, Presidents of Conferences, and ministers without number.

And the Spirit of God brooding over all the vast assemblages.

The question has been repeatedly asked, "What are the true

SECRETS OF MR. MOODY'S SUCCESS
and popularity?"

Men are but instruments; it is God who worketh. Mr. Moody has with him the accompanying power of the Divine Spirit; he presents the facts 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 his whole manhood, and he is clothed with all 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 believes 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 Blanc gleaming from afar, a speculation? he knows better, for he has seen them. So infidelity with its negations is nothing to Mr. Moody; 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 sinner 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 listeners 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 naturalness. There 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 wonderful directness and power. Peoplesay he is not eloquent. But this is true eloquence, the eloquence of nature.

4. Another power of his is the power of detail. There is no narrowness. He does not select the angles or corners of truth, but he fills up the picture. He knows the responsiveness 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 together of Elijah and Elisha, or Joseph of Arametha at the cross, drawing out the nails from the pierced hands. His addresses are largely interspersed with anecdotes and incidents, not flat, stale and unprofitable, but strikingly life-like. What an experience he has had! Beginning with his Sunday School Mission in Chicago, then his Monday prayer meeting and Young Men's Christian Association work, then at the head of the Christian Commission work during the war, and since, his evangelistic work in both hemispheres, his life has been full of incidents and episodes and these are constantly recurring to his mind and used to rivet home the truth.

HE NEVER FORGETS

an incident, so that in drawing from his own experience for illustrations, he has an un-failing fountain. A personal reference in proof of this: When L. Punahon and his party were on the Pacific Coast, Mr. Moody was engaged in evangelistic work in California and as we came out of the Yosemite Valley we spent the Sabbath in Sacramento. Mr. Moody secured Dr. Punahon to give an address in the evening. As I sat down with him at the Queen's the other day he called up a circumstance in connection with the meeting, and asked: "Do you remember that setter dog?" I had forgotten and he went on to tell how that while he was down 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 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 get over that dog, but in five minutes they had forgotten all about it."

5. This brings 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 listeners 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.

6. Mr. Moody is also full of sympathy. Men feel that his touch, while frank and manly, 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 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 a full heart, he tells them of the love of God and seeks to echo the ministry of Jesus, who spoke of 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 and awakens 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.

HIS OTHER CHARACTERISTICS.

To sum up some of his remaining characteristics. He has great will power. He marshals his forces like a general.

He has a talent for government not inferior to that of Napoleon. He simply commands. His executive tact 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 good.

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

He will not suffer himself to be coddled and petted, will allow no resolutions of thanks, and desires that his whole being be absorbed in seeking the divine glory.

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

He has no hobbies and crotchets. His methods are not sensational. He believes in the power of song and makes music the handmaid of the gospel.

The congregations are touched and melted and the singing of simple gospel 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 fountain of his power is from a divine source.

His memory, judgment, reason, his whole

intellect, has been made vigorous by the quickening influence of the Holy Ghost; he lays under tribute every nerve, bone, and sinew, he devotes every power of heart and soul to the work of preaching the gospel. Is not here the hiding of his power?

Verily it is a sublime spectacle to see a man with no early advantages, without the culture 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 gospel not only the common people but the most thoughtful and educated, helping by his fruitful suggestions and methods the most distinguished and successful pastors in all the churches and giving a stimulus and inspiration to all the dominions of Christendom.

WHAT OF THE RESULTS
of the convention? We believe it has been 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 gleaming and burning, will show an increase in the churches and bring numbers under the influence of the gospel.

As far as the convention itself was concerned it has been most quickening both to individual and church life. 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 individuality to imitate his methods and adopt his modes of speech and action, will nevertheless catch the spirit of the man, and all on fire with faith and hope and courage and affection and enthusiasm, help their fellow men to live the only truly noble life—the life lived with Christ in God.

This one thing his visit has done: It has helped to answer in some measure the intercessory 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 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 to holy fellowship and united prayer to personal communion and companionship, has helped under the hallowing and transforming influence of the Holy Spirit, to lower the denominational fences, and bring the leaders of the churches into pleasant familiarity 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 repairing of decayed charity and restoring 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 reliable authority, that the British West India Colonies have obtained from her Majesty's Government an assurance that the influence of Great Britain will be employed 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 ground for assuming that there would be

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 exports on the same terms as the United States. Heretofore Canadian exporters have found no difficulty in competing fairly with their neighbors, 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 advantage 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 more open to criticism, as it admits sugar of inferior quality on better terms than that of higher grades. The effect of the present tariff 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 onerous as to interfere to any appreciable extent with consumption, and the only ground on which 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 revenue 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, duty 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 States, and admitted the products of the Spanish Colonies duty free, it must be obvious that as a necessary consequence, 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 the sugar duties at a sacrifice of revenue 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 that the new policy would lead to any extension of trade. At present there is no obstruction 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 consequence would almost necessarily be the abolition of the sugar duties. It must be apparent that Canadian exporters have been unnecessarily 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 interests 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.

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

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 to delight Ruskin, who would be sure to esteem "Nig Six" far above the snorting peace-disturbers which go to free now-days.

PROHIBITION: NOT RETROGRADING.

BY HON. NEAL DOW.

DEAR TRUTH:—I notice a very moderate and gentle article in the Toronto *Mon-Sun 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 retraced their steps. The once fair promise of the Maine Law is to-day, with few 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 annoying, to see how quietly it assumes facts to be which 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 one of them has done so, except Pennsylvania, whose local opinion 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 prohibition or local option. More than half of 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 *Times* 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 *Times* than the fact that in a National Election, 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 ever seen, which abolished slavery, elevating four millions of colored people from the degradation of chattelhood to the condition of citizenship, in equal rights before the law, expending in the work more than seven thousand million dollars and more than three hundred thousand lives—that party has been bidden by the people to stand aside and make room for the party that sought 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 *Times*, 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 differs little from the coinage of this, except that its workmanship is better. A gaming-table then had a pair of dice, and a lady's toilet-table 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 Pompeii 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 eruption." Of one modern article, however, this writer could find no counterpart among all the matters recovered from Pompeii. There was no classic cockcrow.

See Special prize offer in TRUTH, page,

Music and the Drama.

The Passing Show.

"This world is all a fleeting show For man's illusion given."—Moore.

DEAR TRUTH,—As author, actor, and adaptor Dion Boucicault enjoys a reputation which is little short of world wide. Few men, indeed, have been so successful in such a three-fold capacity; yet there are men to-day, with a much more circumscribed clientele, who enjoy far more popularity, and are infinitely his superiors as actors. Not that Dion is not a clever and artistic actor—no one can deny him both cleverness and artistic ability—but he lacks that magnetic influence which is so marked in some actors, and which, coupled perhaps with less ability, makes them far more popular favorites. Take Joe Murphy, for instance: he plays Irish characters, as Boucicault does; his plays possess far less literary merit and artistic finish than do Boucicault's; it may be admitted that he possesses less ability than Boucicault 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 he is 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 popular characters, and has been supported by a carefully selected company which included his son and daughter, both of whom gave most satisfactory and intelligent support.

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 have hit the public taste successfully, and large and delighted audiences are the rule rather than the exception.

The question 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. Bonstead's offer is timely and generous, and I trust that there may be no difficulty in finding other nineteen equally generous. There should be no difficulty in the matter.

Another choral society, under the conductorship of Mr. E. W. Schuch, has been formed, and has commenced the study 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 Polo 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 Alexander 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 sovereign. 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 likewise its pleasures and its joys.

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

Queries.

Two years ago the "hot water cocktail" was widely advertised as a novelty. Now again the "hot-water cure" is heralded as something new in medicine. The whole scheme is to drop a pinch of salt into a tea-cupful of hot water and to swallow the dose 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 *hot-water cocktail* in the early morning. But as for the novelty of the scheme, there are old men living in Toronto who have been drinking hot water with a little salt in it every morning before breakfast for half a century.

An English rival of Mr. Oscar Wilde'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 caught 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 beneath 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 "save a brick" at the wearer.

Berlin is to have an umbrella loan society, with branch offices scattered all over the city. The business of lending umbrellas 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 curious matter when a number of persons deliberately ally themselves for the declared purpose of lending umbrellas, and put themselves about to make the borrowing of these evanescent articles more easy.

Exchange Department.

- Rare foreign stamps, for others. Send lists. C.W. JERRARD, 331 Wellesley St., Toronto.
- A hand bracket saw, with blades and drill, and a bow-gun, for a miniature steam-engine. PRACY LOWRY, Pontiac, Ill.
- Five good books and six numbers of *Wide Awake*, for the best of cents between 1783 and 1857. WILL W. REED, Jun., 23 E. Tenth St., Erie, Penn.
- A pair of 8 1/2-inch Acme club skates, in good condition, for a pair of the same make 10 or 11 inches. VICTOR DAZOS, Hillcrest, Belleville, Ontario.
- Five triangular Cape stamps, for any kind of fossil. 3 Paraguay, for specimens of minerals. 3 Shan, for Indian or Mound-builders' relics. B. JONES, 116 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
- Two thousand different postmarks, 200 of which are foreign, for the best offer of a set (4) of boy's boxing-gloves. Accepted offer answered. RALPH SHERWOOD, 339 Warren Av., Chicago, Ill.
- A 4-draw sycamore in excellent order, for a good steam-engine; 5 different postmarks or 3 foreign stamps, for every match or other revenue stamp sent—not less than 15 taken. JESSIE SHUMAS, 179 Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.
- Carpenter's Chest, with Tools, in exchange for intermediate or storage passage ticket to England; for London, Liverpool, Southampton or Bristol. Apply H. J. CHAMBERLAIN, 244 Congress Street, West, Detroit City, Michigan.
- Sixty-two advertising cards, 10 postmarks, 16 stamps, and the game of Grandmother Hop-hazard, for the best offer in minerals, curiosities, or coins. Accepted offer answered. H. W. HIRSHING, Box 144, Dedham, Mass.
- Twenty-five foreign stamps, all different, for a stamp from Hayti, Hamburg, Guatemala, Luxembourg, and Natal; an unused 8-cent registered stamp from Canada, for stamps from Central and South America. GEORGE DE BUON, 385 Brunswick St., Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.
- Fifty-six numbers of *Golden Days*, Alger's *The Western Boy*, Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, (paper cover), a lancewood box, and a volume of an amateur paper, for a pair of 10 1/2-inch all-clip or lever roller skates. JOSEPH MULLIN, Lock Box 1631, Bradford, Pa.
- A complete set of 2 telegraph instruments (batteries included) a pair of roller skates, and a strong horse-shoe magnet, for Wright's *Practical Pigeon-keeper*, *Shooting on the Wing*, *Wright's Poultry-keeper*, or any pigeon or poultry book; or the above and a silver-plated watch, for a solid silver watch (open-faced preferred). E. M. B., care of Postmaster, Wolfville, N. S., Canada.
- Two tube colors with brushes, an electro-magnetic battery, a collection of almost 200 tobacco-tags, 3 fine topaz crystals, an Indian axe and skinner and 5 perfect arrow-heads, a whale's tooth, petrified wood, cut and polished Jasper, cut and polished gold, silver, nickel, copper tin, zinc, lead, and iron ores, and a jointed fishing-rod with tackle, for a good snare-drum. JOSEPH SCOTT, 409 Ontario 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 churn-attak," 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 evening meal like upping sowens, to her mind. Still with all her prejudices, Hannah could not resist overseeing the big pans of Devonshire cream mantling and wrinkling as they were scalded on the hot hearth, or having a sharp eye on the pounds of golden butter sent to Moortown market. Also she loved the big dishes of junket rarely, and soon learned to make them as if to the manner born. Then no one could turn out a more excellent weekly hatch 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 scrubbing 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 northern energy astonished the easy-going, rather lazy, gentle people around her.

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 grew more taciturn, 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 darling.

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. He 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 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 young, immature brain. Then, if for once the child sat on the floor, with her feet stretched before her (almost unnaturally quiet, Rachel thought, for she was generally like the trickiest spirit of mirth and mischief imaginable), Magdalen would break into a tiff at finding she 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 far deeper feeling and stronger understanding. The scenes of jealousy that ensued were painful 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 distinction between herself and 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, could take a fair winning manner, so seductive, so strangely 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 void; 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 Cold-home. No one guessed, when at rare times she met the child alone—by no mere accident, 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 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!

"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 darkness 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 music of a Feast;
Since now, alas,
The mirth that was
In me, is dead or ceast.
"But Time, Alas,
Has laid, I see,
My Organ fast asleep;
And turned my voice
Into the noise
Of those that sit and weep."

—HERRICK.

On Saturday half-holidays, which were among their happiest days, Blyth used to take Joy long, rambling excursions over the 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 lone 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 would have implied loss of honor; so, promising themselves to steal past Cold-home with hushed footfall and bated breath, they plunged with daring recklessness down the steep cliff-side, where the noise of falling 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 every minute; but safety lay seventy feet below them, for they could not climb up 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 glen were indeed as dangerous all the way, to its mouth. Therefore, as none of the superstitious country-folk or moormen cared to pass the lone cottage of the wisht* sisters, as they now called

*wicht means weird or uncanny, in these parts

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

"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 feet 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 could come, Joy had loosed her hold, and somehow dropped on a ledge a little below, being as lithe 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 woman."

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

"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 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 your neck. And now here, at these, little hop-o-my-thumb places, you ask for help."

Joy only looked at the gruff young Saxon, with laughing, sweet, black eyes. She was as fearless and self-reliant as any woodland nymph, following this mad sylvan adventure with a faun; but as caressing and full of wiles, too, as the earthiest of little Delilahs. In this lay her charm. So she only clasped Blyth's hand tighter in silence, until, hot, exhausted, and with large rats 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.

"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?" murmured Joy, shrinking close to his side and looking timidly round, her more ferid imagination, of Southern root and tropical birth-influences, impressed, as was not Blyth's steady, sterner nature.

The glen was dark. On either side the trees almost met across the high cliffs; while here and here and there crannies, among rocks and bushes, looked black as midnight caverns, open by day. In front, the foaming white water came billowing down, leap upon leap, from a far, narrow streak of light 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-grasses waved in the hurrying 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 never 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 stunted, 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

"Fancies that frolick o'er the earth."

Tender bluebells hung on their hollow stalks in the thickets, gleaming azure in sky company. There was a twittering and singing everywhere to be heard from bracken and brake in this sweet, secluded hollow, where no rough winds came down or disturbing foot of man trod. This narrow moorland rift, rather than 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, scuttling with jerking white tails, sat up and gazed curiously at the children, thinking, each and all, it seemed, "We know Magdalen, we love Rachel, but who are you?"

"What is that?" both Blyth and Joy had exclaimed simultaneously, as a strain of strange music faintly reached their ears. They paused, looked at each other, wondering in hushed murmurs what this might mean; then hand-in-hand the boy and girl stole on together, keeping behind the shelter of the bushes as they approached the cliff sound. It was delicate music, played on strings, for certain: as now and then their 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 sound that intensified the bass, like the drum in a band of shrill light pipings.

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 throat, and her sleeves were rolled up as if to show the rounded whiteness of her arms.

She had placed a fantastic garland of bluebells 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 that 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 lingering fingers; 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-girls in India who have sung and danced to "Mutriya 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 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 ecstasy, bowed to all sides, pressed 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 graceful windings and turnings with imaginary partners, at whom she threw coquetishly bright or languishing glances, 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 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, threw 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 returned 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, when both shivered, as low moans came from that prostrate form, those 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 spirit must wander, groping and weeping for light and company, or else tasting a fearful, delirious joy, to be afterwards 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 ears and wrung the hearts of the children, who felt weak to the marrow, their bones, hearing them.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

"The balmies 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 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 dog for miserable bedding; of indignities; of broken limbs and ribs; and the last glimmer 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 lifted 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 velvet coat, listened to Berrington—her 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 hold 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 forbore to speak of what they had learned, except to each other.

"So that is why Miss Rachel and Miss Magdalen live always alone. How do you not often thought, Blyth—no, *felt*, their lives 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.

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 was so quick in appreciation, she was almost Blyth's companion in intelligence; for girls

"Grow upon the sunny side of 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 mother's name of Hawthorn signified little; for once, when he had a cousin, if Joy was his cousin, his father had told him no, with a kindly admonition not to talk or trouble his own head, et 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 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 maids. Otherwise, what with the child's swarthy looks, not unlike Rachel herself, Berrington might not have escaped the gossipping 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 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 would 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 thoughts secret, too. Also he supposed, feeling as grave as a young owl, she guessed 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 yoke?"
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 the steep lane leading to the village, which lay in a shadowy coombe.

The banks that rose on either side were nearly thirty feet high, and so steep and tangled with holly, briar, 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 at their household labors, for it was three of the afternoon.

Rachel went slowly, therefore, down the narrow stony road, hollered by so many winter rains, and generation of travellers

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 lincened out-cropping rocks, or rain-slips exposing red soil, the waving fringes and banners of ferns and briony, the glory of broom, growing far up, and red campion and bluebell mingling in startling contrast; the proud hollies, like a serried 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 over the road, making 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, ruined down the street that the gossipping housewives all washed their potatoes therein before cooking-time. Rachel could see the village lying deep below her now as she gazed down a bend of the road.

The thatched cottage straggled picturesquely in the valley among the apple-trees, their cob walls of mud and pebbles leaning at all angles, and washed either white, buff, or a favorite warm pink. Noisy children, hens, ducks, and domestic animals scrambled and swarmed about the doors, with cheerful noises that came up the hill. How untidy, 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 afar; and she thought, with a pang, 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!

But where was Joy? Some other children who lived on an upland farm, too, came tripping by, lushing 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 gladly have blessed their sunny heads and clear eyes. The lane turned sharply round some high rocks now, behind which Rachel heard a little voice singing, or, rather, trying to sing. She listened, then cropt nearer—

"Taza bo taza,
No be no!"

sang the little voice again and again, like a young bird repeating the first parent-words 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 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 glance 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 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, dreamily.

"Yes, yes; teach me! The other children at school 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 flushed a deep, hot red; but she turned it in sudden impulse up to the 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 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 dry as she went on, huskily, "Child, child, you must not judge your father. He may have been all that, and yet—and yet— Oh! how can we tell? Perhaps he never knew!

nerves meant to work such ill. What can you do of your age, what can even women, guess of a man's temptations and trials? Never speak 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 child slowly.

"We do not know—no one does. He was alive, we heard, two years ago, but then we lost all news of him: dead to us, at least."

"To us," repeated little Joy, whose lustreous dark eyeballs were fixed with the gently merciless scrutiny of her innocent ego 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 not? I know that, because your face looks so sorry, as if you wanted to cry. But why don't you tell me of 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 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 little 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 throat. What was the great praise of Martini, but that he made the hautboy emulate the sound of the human voice? Nature has given to man the first and finest of all instruments in his own frame; the ancients were employing their time useless when they endeavored to demonstrate in what country music first saw its origin. It is doubtless, coeval with the human fabric, and natural to all countries where men have lived.—[The Current.]

Giving Way to Moods.

It is unphilosophical and wrong to yield to moods. They rob life of much of its enjoyment. 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 task and compel the obedience 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. Moodiness 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 injure health and happiness. To repress and overcome it, is to suppress a form of disease, which in its fuller developments is distressing and dangerous.—[Pittsylvania 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 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 sympathies enlisted with the latter, even though, in the beginning, his prejudice might have been in favor of the former? It is commonly taken for granted, and with a good share of reason, that he who has the best share of an argument will exhibit the most coolness.

Temperance Department.

FRUIT desires to give, each week, information from every part of the Temperance work. Any information gladly received. Address T. W. CASBY, G. W. S., Editor, Napua, Ont.

What it Means.

A correspondent of the *Week*, W. F. C., writes in regard to the position of Prof. Goldwin Smith in opposition to the Scott Act. He is of opinion that the Professor knows really little about the "true inwardness" of the drink traffic 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 "Dystander" once became thoroughly 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 look upon the Scott Act more as a present expedient, a temporary counteractive of evils that loudly call for remedial legislation, he would be willing to let it have its day, and be the forerunner of a system which shall neither tempt on one hand nor absolutely deprive on the other. A mad dog is rushing at me; I would like to beat a good rifle or a shot gun 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 abate 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 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 vendors, and the Government which licenses them may pocket money out of the seduction of the people to vice. Granted that no one is *forced* to drink, but the allurement is incompatible with a state of good morals, and utterly inconsistent alike with the golden rule and the petition: 'Lead us not into temptation.'

Alcohol as Food.

Dr. Lee says:—Food must nourish, that is, build up and repair, the blood and organs and tissues formed out of it, by supplying the materials of which they are composed. But alcohol does not contain the constituent elements of the body—certainly not in any available form, and cannot, therefore, build it up. It has no iron or salts for the blood; no gluten, phosphates, or lime for the bones; and no albumen, a substance which is the basis of every living organism. And even if it had any of these elements, it is an established fact that the body derives alcohol from its precincts, whether introduced as beer, wine, or grog. Drink alcoholic liquor, and in a few minutes it can be smelt in the breath, or collected from the skin or water. Since alcohol will not stick to the living tissue, and is rapidly expelled from its organism, the belief that it can nourish is an utter delusion. Thus it cannot fulfil the first end of food.

Baron Liebig, the greatest of German chemists, said:—"Beer, wine, spirits, etc., furnish no element *en masse* of entering into the composition of the blood, muscular fibre, or any part which is the seat of the vital principle."

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, in his great work the "Manual of Physiology" said: "Alcohol cannot supply anything which is essential to the due nutrition of the tissues."

Prof. Charles A. Cameron, of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, says: "That alcohol is incapable of forming any part of the body is admitted by all physiologists. It cannot be converted into brain, nerve, muscle, fat, or food. As an ordinary food

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.

Sons 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, of the Order to be in a flourishing condition in this jurisdiction, and the financial condition sound. Upwards of forty divisions have been organized since the last annual meeting and several dormant ones re-uscitated. 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 balance in the hands of the Treasurer.

The following officers were elected for the current year: G. W. P., J. W. Manning Esq., Almonte; G. W. A., F. 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 Tracy, Kingston.

It will be seen that nearly all the officers are eastern men this year. They are all, we believe, men of zeal and experience in the temperance work, and, in their hands there is good reason to believe that the interests of the Order will be well sustained.

NEWS AND NOTES.

RAMA, SIMCOE Co.—Kissisabetta Lodge (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. Rocks.

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 inhabitants.

MORE FRATERNITY.—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.

ELFORD, ESSEX COUNTY.—A new Lodge, Sylvan No. 492, was installed in Elford, Colchester township, on the 28th. ult., by Rev. C. P. 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 Bailey, W. V.; Thomas Weyburn, W. S.; Annie Mustard, W. T.; Wm. Duggan, F. S. The prospects of a flourishing lodge are good.

MARKSVILLE, ALGOMA.—Lorne Lodge, St. Joseph's Island, writes Bro. Joseph Hyland, L. D., is in a flourishing condition; its roll of members still increasing. The weekly meetings are made pleasant social reunions by means of select readings, recitations, debates, and music interspersed 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.

WOODSTOCK LODGE.—The officers for the current quarter are, W. C. T., Bro. W. H. Gribble; W. V. T., Sis. W. D. McHenry; W. Sec., Bro. W. J. Dickson; W. A. Sec., Bro. Thompson; W. F. Sec., Bro. W. J. Packer; W. Treas., 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. Packer; W. O. G., Bro. R. Hoays; W. R. H. S., Bro. W. Cole; W. L. H. S., Sis. P. M. Carter; P. W. C. T., Sis. R. Ross; L. D. Bro. G. Poore. Night of meeting, Monday.

ON THE RIGHT ROAD.—Douglas Jerrold was both witty and wise. Though a drinking man himself he said some very caustic things to other men who drank. Once when walk-

ing 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 60 and 60 years ago not a half dozen abstaining medical men could be found in the country; now it was well known that there were five or six thousand. When he entered Parliament in 1845 there was only one teetotaler 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 Maldstone Lodge reports 103 members with eleven initiations last 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 selling 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, F.S.

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 lodge celebrated the victory with a thanksgiving service, which was well attended, and a good time we had. The question now asked is what have we, as Templars and Temperance workers to do. I know that our work is not yet done and I would suggest that some practical suggestions be published through the columns of TRUTH 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. Ryo, W.S.; Jas. Miller, F.S.

NOR YET ENLIGHTENED.—Switzerland today is said to be the most drunken country in Europe. For some years past 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 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 following extract is taken:

"The public house engenders intellectual activity, and is a remedy against misanthropy, egotism, vanity, narrow ideas, and vividness of imagination. Spirituous liquors give a cheerful tone to society, efface 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.

See Special prize offer in TRD-BITS, 17c.

A resident of St. Louis started one morning overtaking 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 first time in a number of years. The locomotive they sent upon it ran clear through the house, smashing most of the lower story, and shaking the sleeping family out of their beds. There was an immense amount of freight and disorder, but nobody was hurt.

A SKEPTICAL CLERGYMAN.

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

London Advertiser.

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 the secular press. Some minds are so constituted 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 ecclesiastical are slow to adopt what may conflict with their notions of self-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 London specialists. For several years he pursued the ever fleeting phantom, but at length 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 drawn to a widely-rested means of restoration in cases like his own. He reluctantly began its use. Every few weeks he had chemical analyses made, and finding constant improvement, he eagerly persevered, 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 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 skepticism at the use of an untried 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 relapse. 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 whom we see it publicly endorsed by such eminent persons of quality as the Right Rev. Bishop Edward Wilson, the Rev. W. S. Henderson, 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 *Globe*, and others equally well-known, we unhesitatingly commend it to the favor of our readers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. MEDILL.—See answer to M. Moecrip. M. MOECRIP.—Any story sent will receive due consideration, and if accepted will appear in its turn.

J. G. S.—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. Lothrop & Co., Boston, 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 awarded a prize that any received previous to it are barred out. Any story that comes up to our standard will be eligible for competition at any time during the continuation of the competition.

Our Young Folks.

Evening Skies for Young Astronomers.

December 15th, 8.30 P. M. Saturn is still our only evening star; he is now at his brightest and is still in the constellation *Taurus*. 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 *Canis Minor*, *The Little Dog*, an hour high. This name *Procyon* means *Before the Dog*, because it always rises a little before *Sirius*, the *Dogstar*, which we can see just above the horizon in the south-east. The *Twins Castor* and *Pollux* are in the east also, but without *Jupiter*, their brilliant guest of last spring. Above them is *Capella* in *Auriga*, *The Charioteer*. *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 *Andromeda* have passed to the west of our south mark. The most conspicuous star over our mark is *Hama*, 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 *Aldebaran* on the 21st of May.

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARRYL.

CHAPTER I.—HOW THE GOBLIN CAME.

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

That particular Christmas eve was a snowy one and a blowy one, and one generally to be remembered. In the city, where Davy lived, the storm played 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 better; 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 forgotten.

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 little fun with the weather; but presently, discovering that this particular storm was not friendly to little boys, he had retreated 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 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 begun 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.

Then there stole in at the door a delicious odor 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 fancying 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 brass 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.

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 coconut, and he had great bulging eyes, like a frog,

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 trousers,—for they were all of a piece—and bright scarlet in color, as were also his little coat and his high, pointed hat and a queer little clock that hung over his shoulder. His mouth was so wide that when he smiled it seemed to go quite behind his ears, and there was no way of knowing where the smile ended, except by looking at it from behind—which Davy couldn't do without getting into the fire.

Now there's no use in denying that Davy was frightened. The fact is, he was frightened 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, eating them with great relish. Davy watched this alarming meal, expecting every moment to see the little man burst into a blaze and disappear, but he finished his coal in safety, and then nodded 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 believe 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 out walking, nor seen any fairies peeping 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 stare at the little man in a shamefaced sort of way and wonder what was coming next.

"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 Voyage."

"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 still for years, and it seemed very ridiculous to ask him anything about going anywhere, so Davy felt 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 Goblin jumped down off the knob of the andiron, and skipped briskly across the room to the big Dutch clock, rapped sharply on the front 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 weights and brass wheels and curious works, as he had always supposed, the clock was really a sort of boat 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 reappeared, carrying two large sponge-cakes in his 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 remonstrance the Goblin clapped one into each seat, and scrambling into the clock sat down upon the smaller one, merely remarking:

"They make prime cushions, you know."

For a moment, Davy had a wild idea of rushing 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 moment'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 great swoop toward the window.

"I'll steer," shouted the Goblin, "and do you look out sharp for lighthouses!"

Davy had just time to notice that the Colonel was hastily scrambling down from

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

CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNING OF THE BELIEVING 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 exceedingly pleased to find that it had stopped anowing and that the air was quite still and delightfully 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 window, was now a round affair with flaps running to a point in the centre, like the holes the harlequin jumps through in the 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, carelessly, "that's one of the circular singumstances that happen on a believing voyage. It's nothing to what you'll see before you come back again. Ah!" he added, "there comes the 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 shouted with laughter, and the Goblin smiled harder than ever. Suddenly the 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 Farina, the housemaid, 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. 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 into the kitchen of a witch-hazel tree and 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 coverlet.

"I suppose my shoes are somewhere about," he said. "Perhaps the squirrels are filling them with nuts."

"You're quite right," replied the Goblin, cheerfully: "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 liberties being taken with his property, when the clock began rolling over in the air, and he had just time to grasp the sides of it to keep himself from falling out.

"Don't be afraid!" cried the Goblin, "she's only rolling a little," and as he said this, the clock steadied itself and sailed serenely away past the spire of the village church and off over the fields.

Davy now noticed that the Goblin 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," thought Davy; but as the Goblin continued to smile complacently and seemed to be feeling 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 toast!" 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 "Barkora!"—and the next instant a shower of little blue woolly balls came tumbling into the clock. To Davy's alarm they proved to be alive, and immediately began scrambling about in all directions, and yelping so furiously 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.

"Bless me!" cried the Goblin, turning very pale. "they're sky terriers. The dog-star 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 fellows before the solar sisters come after them. Here, jump into my hat!"

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 waited off, gently rocking from side to side as it went.

Davy 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 hat was so big."

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

"I verily believe he's 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 birds now began to swoop up and chuckle at him, and others flew 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 sheep. Then a great creature with ruffled feathers perched upon the brim of the hat where the Goblin had been sitting, and after solemnly gazing at him for a few moments, softly murmured, "In a Cockalorum," and flew heavily away. All this was very sad and distressing, and Davy was mournfully wondering 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 Goblin's hat had entirely disappeared, leaving nothing but the brim upon which he was sitting. He hurriedly examined this and found that the hat was really nothing but an enormous skein of wool, which was rapidly unwinding as it spun 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 through the air.

He was on the point of screaming out in his terror, when he discovered that he was falling very slowly and gently swaying from side to side, like a toy-balloon. The next moment he struck 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 vanilla, when he fell crashing into the branches of a large tree.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PRIZE STORY.

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 offered 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:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any books or periodical by any author. 2nd. It must not exceed in length six (6) columns of *Truth*. A little variation in length either way, will not be considered an obstacle to its acceptance. 3rd. Every accepted story will be published in *Truth* in its turn, and the gold watch awarded upon publication. 4th. Every competitor must send in his contribution either printed or *planned* 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 sent one dollar for six months' subscription to *Truth*. 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 selected, which may fail to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used.

ANDY.

Aunt Hitty shook her head in smiling protest as I held up a photograph with the request, "Just tell me about this one, Auntie."

The dear soul had settled herself to the hugging 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 he was in the middle—two of the girls being 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 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 been 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 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 earnestness pleased me, and it was a pleasant picture to carry away, the bright-faced little fellow, so happy and eager, 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 replied. 'It was too much work. I gave 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'll beat his all hollow. Just you let me show it to you after I get it working!'"

"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 swamp. He got four last week, but I'll beat that!"

He says he'd like to see me, but I'll show him!"

"'Somehow, he made me think of an old black horse we had, who, when first harnessed, champed and pawed and seemed ready to tear everything to pieces, but who, when steady work began, gave out entirely."

"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 education, though he was a man to turn a penny over pretty 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."

"All the little ornaments that freshen up a young girl's dress he, rumbled at, and even the butter-money, which Lyddy Ann said 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 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 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."

"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 soar above the grovelling herd and write my name in imperishable lustre in the annals of my country. 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 that 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 'President some day.'"

"Dear child! how proud and happy she looked as she talked! But the time went on slipping quietly away from all of us, and some in the neighborhood were married, and some were dead, but the most of us were living quietly as usual, when Andy graduat-

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 angry, 'Hitty, because a lad has been to college, must he set himself up to be the Hub of the Universe? True learning is modest to my thinking; something after the manner of charity according to the Apostle, 'vaunteth 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 over the picture you've been looking at. It was a rainy day, and she paddled through the mud 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 far: when everybody wants one. This is the very best. 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 become a doctor, and is going to Brooklyn to attend lectures? Father says there never was a doctor in the Paxton family. Andy is so enthusiastic 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 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 afraid they fret him. He's made such a gentleman of himself."

"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! Achamed of his folks, Gerty! said I. 'If it's a true man, you shame him by supposing it. I he's ashamed of those who've lost his best friends, then there's no manliness in him."

"'He's not ashamed,' she said, eagerly. '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 disturbing him, when he sat so contentedly reading in the rocker? Then father is always so unwilling to get the horse up from the pasture 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 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 hurting her feelings? So I did not reply. She was so gentle one couldn't bear to hurt her."

"By-and-by as she was busting away on her work, she said, 'Selina Pimbley 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?'"

"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 pennies. I can turn my old one."

"I was sure now when I heard her say this that her own earnings went to help Andy. 'Loving, unselfish child!' I thought. 'I hope for her sake he'll make a noble man."

"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 of law."

"The moment I heard it my thoughts went back to his boyhood, and I saw again that plot of land south of the currant-bushes, with the old hen scratching away in the wilderness of weeds. Ah, yes, I thought, the boy is the father of the man. Little Andy didn't like the work, the hoeing 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 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?'"

"'Gertrude 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, 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 stunted 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 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 to all sorts of uses, from making carriage-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 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 young folks began to talk about working in it."

"But still this was as nothing compared with the metal business. To hear Andy talk about that was like standing on the 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. 'It's a dog's work,' he said, 'to plough, and wear, 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!'"

"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 for us!'"

"'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 if 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 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 account 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 persuading Enos to mortgage his farm for three thousand dollars so as to give him capital to help that rogue carry 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. I'm going to see and have a talk with him. Perhaps he'll think it isn't my business, but

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

"But Enos took affront at Simon'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 soap-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 work, and Andy left home and went West.

"Gertrude sobbed 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 not bear to stay home and see us in trouble. It 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."

"But as the months passed by and they got no word from him, Gerty suffered terribly. And the whole family suffered, 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 nothing 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 slated 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 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 Sereny's lap and Ellen bathing 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 Hitty, 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.'

The last berry was hulled and the dish rounded over. Aunt Hitty arose, washed her stained fingers, 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 weeks ago?"

Did I remember? Yes, distinctly. The seely-looking, glib-tongued, middle-aged man with an odor of stale tobacco and whiskey 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.

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

"Yes, dear. That was Andy!"

Poverty has its cares, my son, but then wealth has its cares, too, more than poverty, ten to one. Look at the panics on the money market every week! Do you ever hear of a panic 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 DOLLARS IN GOLD for the best selected or original Tid-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 therefore 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.

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 immediately after the publication of our first issue in January. Look up your old or 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 points) and must not exceed a half column in length.

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

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

Pass the butter gently, Mabel, Show it lightly through the air, In the corner of the dish, love, You will find a nut-brown hair. What fond memories it awakens Of the days ere we were wed, When upon my fine coat collar Of a day laid your little head. Lovingly I stroked those tresses, In the happy days gone by; Now I strike them every meal time In the butter or the pie. A. E. H.

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

His wife was the son of a soldier 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 his wife and children smiled with grief, At the death of this honest, trusty thief. A. E. H.

Four French Funnysisms.

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 Tom. Left because he kept too close an eye upon me."

A stranger in a small town, having lost his way, accosts 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 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 personæ: Little boy of 8, little girl of 6.

He—Lead 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 auntie 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, the shrill small voice was heard distinctly from the end of the car—

"I've got a beautiful new mamma. I've got 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 gone 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 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 needn't 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 Americans.

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 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 peaceably 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 will continue till they go again where their fathers are and till the evil spirit comes again and takes the "Boston man" to himself—They 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 exception.

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

"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 stalwart did, which caused the remark: "He! he is looking for the presidency." As for the man shaken he grew 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 beauty, Bol?"

"Well, a great deal will depend on what color her eyes turn out to be, and if they are both the same size and whether she 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 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 about babies, his mother-in-law says. ROE SIGMA.

Graham Flour Short.

Customer—You have not left me any 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 haven'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 Authority.

First Dramatic Man You are still the manager of that beautiful theatrical star, Miss de Blank, I suppose?

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 season?"

"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 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.

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."

OLD TIME THE HEALER.—Before the wise men cease 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 groaning 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.

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 crammed 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-clad, Sir."—[All the Year Round.]

The London correspondent of the American (Paris) *Reieter* relates this: An epicurean Bishop was neatly taken in by a smart boy at Banbury. Being desirous of tasting the famous cakes, he beckoned to the lad to come to him to the window of the railway carriage, and asked the price of the cakes. "Three pence each, sir," replied the boy. 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 ingenuous manner, "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 sadness in all faces. "Why this gloom?" queried the old man as he lay down his bundle and felt 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?" asked the old man as he looked around him. A hush fell upon the crowd, and no one replied. "Praise that comes after death," whispered the Sage, "does not even cut down the undertaker's bills. Better squander your time sawing wood for his widow." Moral: The widow will be expected to take in plain sewing to support herself.

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 I am 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 COUNTEINANCE, 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 literature.

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

DID 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 propriety, and we did manage to avoid putting a plural verb to a singular noun, and now that I remember, we were never allowed to say, "I done it."

Geography? Oh, Heaven help us, we had few, few maps, and these of the most primitive fashion, but somehow we got a pretty fair notion of the general lie of the world. Knew the oceans, continents, and countries, and could do something with the chief towns the world over. History? Oh well, we had some notion of that, too. Perhaps we might have been gravelled if asked the names 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

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' ends—all 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 queerest wood-cuts and coarsest yellow paper that I thought so grand long ago. I shall never forget the pictures of the fight between Christian and Apollyon 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, Bluebeard, and Henry Penny? Not one whit.

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

JUST AS SOLEMNLY AS THE BIBLE.

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 disenchanted 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 knew we about "inspection and simplifying?" 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 knew 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 epiglottis. I feel astonished to think how little we knew of "roots;" how helpless the drilling we got in the prefixes and affixes. Oh well, we were pretty carefully instructed in writing, and we learned the catechism and read the Bible with some measure of diligence.

What boy can forget the day when he first became acquainted with Cook's voyages, or with Captain Bligh and the Mutineers of the Bounty? JACOB would give something to see once more the copy of the "Buccaners of the Spanish Main," from which he first learned about Morgan and "Three-fingered Jack," and so forth. It was little he knew about Anson—only what he got from the little books that were called the "Kildare Street Library"—but it made the world a great deal bigger like. "Aye," says some nice young lady reader, up in all

the *clinks*, "And so that was the way you went on in your young days, JACOB!" Just about it. You see we had but few advantages. "And do you mean to say that you never went to college?" Hush! Don't ask too many questions of the old man.

Oh, it was a weary wrangle when the teacher thought we might send home a weekly letter all out of our own heads. Composition! What knew we of composition? It was

A THING OF SORROW AND TEARS

to write two sentences. The whole household 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 little lamb" models. Not The vision of Mirza or "O! Eternity, eternity! how are our bold-est and our strongest thoughts lost and overwhelmed in thee!" were the simplest "pieces" to which we had access. We had to read Pitt's "Atrocious 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 Cornelius 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 the great examination day a piece commencing "Virtue is of intrinsic value and great desert." What more 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.

But, JACOB, JACOB, you are garrulous, even to idiosyncrasy, this week and by much too communicative and autobiographical. Yes, I never thought in those days that I should ever be able to write so long a letter. Never! As sure as my name is JACOB.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

No Money. Try Your Skill.

NO XLII.

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 novelty 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 reverse. 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 out-lived 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 are the source of pleasant and profitable employment to not a few, and that some at any rate, have, through them, been led to read and study the Bible for its own sake. Few pleasures are more exquisite than that which such assurances impart. Of course we cannot expect to please all, but the number who have expressed both their pleasure and approval is sufficient for any ordinary person's ambition.

The correct answers to No. XXXIX are as follows:

1. Glory, Dan. ii. 37; vil. 14. Matt. vi. 29.
2. Royal, I. Chron. xxix. 25.
3. Ebel, Deut. xl. 20; xxvii. 13.
4. Altar, Josh. viii. 30-2.
5. Tyre, Isaiah xxviii. 1; Ezek. xxvii. 12-13.
6. Naal, I Kings xviii. 20; Rom. xl. 4; Jud. ii. 23.
7. Angels, Judges xiii. 3.
8. Bear, Dan. vii. 5.
9. Yea, 2 Cor. i. 20.
10. Laban, Gen. xxxi. 43.
11. Obal, Gen. x. 25-29.
12. Nebo Deut. xxxiv. 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. Pomroy, 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 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:—Byron, 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.
3. A Jewish ruler, treacherously slain By those he did with kindness entertain.
4. A holy King, who pious letters sent, To call the tribes of Israel to repent.
5. An ancient city, famed for wealth and pride, But now a barren rock, as prophesied.
6. 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.
8. The banks on which in vision was foretold The story of two monarchies of old.
9. A King who seized upon his neighbor's land, And who was killed attacking Israel's band.
10. Who caused the walls of Zion to be built, And cleansed his nation from their sin and guilt?
11. The finest spot e'er known on earth below, Before sin entered, bringing death and woe.
12. A holy man to whom the Lord foretold That he his blessed Saviour should behold.
13. Who was the mother of God's chosen race Who once was favoured by his special grace?
14. What bird will on its wings its offspring bear, Type of our Saviour's gracious love and care.
15. This letter, as initial, is not found, In Scripture name and word of English sound.
16. A prophet of four-score years and more, Who witness to the infant Saviour bore.
17. A beast which typified great Babel's King, An emblem of the woe that tyrant bring.
18. The spot a prophet by a sign made known, Where Babel's tyrant should erect his throne.
19. Of whom do we in Paul's Epistles read He risked his life to bring him aid in need?
20. The sea where Jesus walked upon the wave And of his Godhead thus a proof he gave.
21. Where did the Israelites their God forsake And for their worship vain an idol make?
22. Who was commanded by the Persian King, For Salem's walls the needful wood to bring.
23. Whose valliant son led Israel's chosen band And brought them safely to the Promised Land.
24. A holy youth removed in early prime, To save him suffering for his father's crime.
25. Who o'er Assyria's realm bore regal sway And carried part of Israel far away?
26. A man who would not leave his much tried friend, But in his wanderings would on him attend?
27. The Mount where Jesus oft retired to pray And where He will descend on the last day.
28. 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 safely 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 solemn feast was made; A place where once God's wrath was stayed; The name of one who sat and prayed, An Israelitish ruler who his office did degrade, The way a King of Israel his enemies repaid.

A name the central form—if placed by turn— Of one who hoped for what true manhood spurns.

Editor Enigma Column, TRUTH OFFICE.

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25 " " " 12½ " "	
15 " " " 7½ " "	

Eaton's Xmas Sale.

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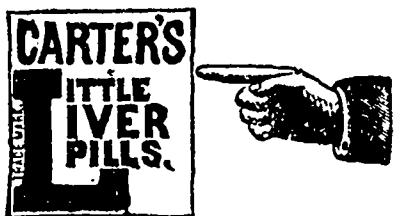
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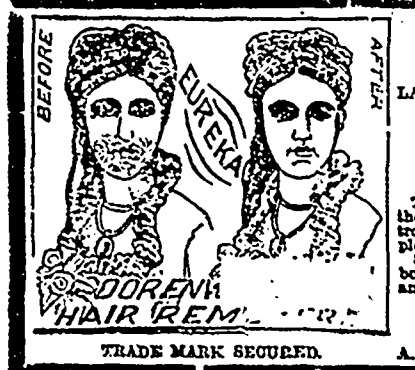
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This preparation is invaluable, for it not only removes the hair but by careful observance of directions destroys the root, also softens and beautifies the complexion; it is safe, harmless, and painless. Sent to any address on receipt of price. \$2.00 for one bottle or three bottles for \$5.00. Write address plainly, and enclose money to

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105 YONGE STREET TORONTO.
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Ladies' 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 measure 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 life in which those whom you meet make more or less impression on the formation of your 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 acquaintance, by all means secure their autograph. It is 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 historian, but the greater number of signatures are those of personal friends, many of them poor people, mostly aged and reduced gentlemen to whom the lady in question was wont to minister in a remote village in Scotland.

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 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 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 epic-gram. The following, which bears the well known signature of R. W. P. is a good specimen of what is here 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 duller still
When we would be brightest?
This then shalt ask thyself
Who is an album writter.

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, brief space,
Of all wild things on earth or wings, now which one
shalls I trace?
To wish all roses strew her path, 't might be all her
hours,
Her life a witch's garden in milk or filled with
flowers?
Ah! not to her too comes love's cup with fire, & burn'd
wine;
And she who fears or seems to taste knows not the
Powers Divine.

Of course it is quite absurd to ask any expert students of verse 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

expression of feeling, a good wish, a text from scripture, a quotation, a simple thought, what the French call a *pensee*, is always an appropriate expression of character. For instance I find in the above-mentioned album, over the signature G. M. A., "Life is half over before 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 quantity of tomatoes, cut them up, mash them 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 teaspoonful of cayenne pepper; 1 pint of vinegar; 2 tablespoonsful whole cloves (tie in a bag separate); 4 ounce of mace (tie in a bag separate). Boil the whole slowly for seven hours, stirring to prevent burning.

COLD CATSUP.—3 peck of tomatoes; 1 cup of salt; 1 lb of white and brown mustard seed; 1 tablespoonful black pepper; 2 or 3 pepper pods (nearly minced); 2 stalks of celery (minced) or seed; 2 onions; 1 tablespoonful ground cloves; 1 tablespoonful ground mace; 2 tablespoonsful ground cinnamon; 1 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 pulverized 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. 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 the consistency of a rich custard. 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 the mixture.

BRAISED DUCKS WITH TURNIPS.—Obtain a pair of fine, young and fat ducks. Having secured 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 broth made 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 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 CABBAGE.—Select a cabbage that is young and solid. After washing it, let it soak for half an hour in enough water to cover it, adding to the water a tablespoonful of cider vinegar. Then make a stuffing by mixing some sausage meat with finely minced chestnuts. Drain the cabbage thoroughly, scoop out the centre, and fill the cavity with the stuffing, pressing it in tightly and tying some of the leaves around it to

keep it in place. Now make a good stock by dissolving two ounces of Johnston's Fluid Beef in a quart of boiling water. Then place some slices of bacon in the bottom of a stew-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 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 Christmas 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 of 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 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 rings. Join these into a chain by slipping a narrow strip of paper, three inches long, through two rings, and gluing the ends together. Join on another ring with another strip of paper, and so on. Cut out of card-board as many stars, 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 crescents, 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 cutting the paper into tiny strips. Fasten a bunch of these to the "butterflies," by passing a cord around both. Small candles, for 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 pressing 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 hang 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 note how differently people regard flowers. Why, I can tell almost the moment a woman enters whether she is fond of them. Women who love flowers always have sweet faces, soft ways and gentle dispositions. One of that sort rarely 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 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 petals. 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 initiated

ed 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 are in the habit of harnessing proficient staggers with animals unaccustomed to the shafts, professors of the dance have discovered that nothing exploits the culture of a pupil like having "the benefit of his daughters to practice with." Of course, the number of people engaged in his calling is a proof of the large proportion of persons in town requesting 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 study.

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 megilip 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 prettily 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 soapy 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 sulphuric acid, chloride of lime, 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 article of butter he must churn often. Never let the cream get over three days old, no matter how cold it may be kept. If cold, it will get old, flat, and frisky. If sour, the churning will eat up the best butter globules. Churn as often as you can.

A lady came here who had been suffering 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 affected part. It relieved the pain at once, 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 being troubled with ants. We were five years since with both large and small ones. I tried insect powder, tansy, 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 moppboard. Filled the crevice 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 fashion will do away with the, to us, wicked practice of wiring flowers.

When a girl or boy does a piece of work well, whether it is washing the dishes or feeding the calves, why not encourage the child with a bit of honest praise? Appreciation and judicious praise will go farther towards inspiring a child with a desire of doing his work well, than all the cross words in Webster's dictionary.

Health Department.

[A certain space in each number of this journal will be devoted to questions and answers of correspondents on all subjects pertaining to health and hygiene. This department is now in charge of an experienced Medical Practitioner, and it is believed that 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.]

CHOLERA MORBUS.

(Continued.)

BY ROBT. SPROULE, M.D., 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 diarrhoea 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 diarrhoea. Perhaps the next in frequency is the variety in which there is a first constipation of the bowels, followed by violent diarrhoea and vomiting, or speedily by collapse 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 pouring two or three pailful of water right over him as he lies flat on his back, then rubbing the skin quite dry and returning him to his bed, 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 aromatic spirits of ammonia, of opium, sulphuric ether, or perhaps best of all, of good brandy or whiskey. Beef-tea 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 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 present in the muscles, rubbing with the dry hand in a direction from the heart gives some relief. Should the patient happily survive the cold stage, febrile 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., both in males and females. These then are the critical hours and a true knowledge of their danger is of the very greatest importance in the treatment, and especially in endeavoring 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.

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

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 zone with us and indeed are by no means difficult to guide to a speedy and happy end provided the proper steps 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 inflammation of the air passages; if in the head for instance it is called *Coryza*, 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-exercise or over work when it is not able to react on the cold and make it beneficial and invigorating, that the process of nature is paralyzed by it and an inflammatory action set up. No one applies to a doctor 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 attack 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 be immediately cured by the inhalation of iodine 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 tincture 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 48 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 sedlitz 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 seaman took with rousing effects, never contemplated by himself or the too-venturesome captain. That worthy jumped too hastily at conclusions, like the Turkish physician of whom Mr. Oacanyan tells the following story. Called in to a case of typhus, the doctor in question examined the patient (an upholsterer), prescribed 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. Indoors he went, to learn from the convalescent that being consumed with thirst, he had drunk a pailful 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 upholsterer."

Lady Barker's New Zealand shepherd found a somewhat similar potion of infinite use. When his mistress expressed her surprise at his possession of a bottle of Worcestershire Sauce, Salter said: "You see, mum, although we get 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 myself a box of Holloway's Pills—of which you do get such a lot for your money—and also a bottle of Painkiller. But last shearing they was out o' Painkiller, so they put me up a bottle o' cam pepper, and likewise that ore condiment; which was very efficacious, especially toward the end o' the bottle. It

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 twelve 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 hurt 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 stones should be wrapped up in the petticoat of a widow who had never wished to marry again; upon learning which the Highlander renounced all hope of completing the charm.

Lady Duff Gordon once gave an old Egyptian woman a powder in a fragment of the *Saturday 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 Llana 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 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.

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 know you did; but where is the prescription?" "I swallowed it," was the reply. The patient had made a pill of the paper, and faith in the physician's skill had done the rest.

In some Lancashire districts the country people believe that to cure warts the same number of pebbles as 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 head.

Whooping 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 QUERIES.

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 future.

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

A. A. PORT HOPE.—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 bedtime for two or three nights and they will drop off or be readily scraped off.

ANNE T., PETERSBURG.—Q. "My hair is falling out and I fear I will get bald. What can I do to prevent it?" A. Bath 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. 1. Spirits of camphor oz. 2. Tincture of cantharides (Spanish fly) dr. 3. Water oz. 2. Wash well every morning with cold water and carboic 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 vomiting 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 Quassa, of each equal parts, mixed in a little bottle.

A. B., BELLEVILLE.—Q. I have been troubled every fall with a sore throat which sometimes becomes so bad that I am confined to bed for a week or ten days and cannot pursue 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 throat with it several times a day on the least symptom of "sore throat" appearing. Your description of your complaint is not quite full enough. Powdered alum, dr. 3. Oxinel (vinegar and honey) oz. 4. Compound tincture of lavender, dr. 1/2. (this if not convenient may be omitted) water 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 relations which subsist 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, 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 unequal 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 food 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 tropical region. As M. Richet puts it "it is no exaggeration to say that an Englishman eats ten times as much as a Hindoo, and if, when in a hot country, he persists in the same regimen, he eats ten times too much."

The Basis of Hope.

True hope is based 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 evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up the battle of life with dead 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 ease; now health is ease and the absence of it quite evidently distressing.

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 humanity.

Plenty of sunlight is almost as necessary to the health of growing children and young people as plenty of exercise. Infants should never be nursed or kept out of the day light.

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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN stands in the front rank of denominational journals on this Continent. —Thorold Post.

A most able representative in the press of the Church for which it speaks: evidently bound to keep up with all the requirements of our rather exacting time. —Toronto World.

Its columns are thronged with strong and interesting editorial articles and paragraphs, news of the churches, and general selections, together with a valuable advertising patronage. —Toronto Globe.

It will now compare favourably with any of the New York religious weeklies. —Port Hope Guide.

It is conducted with marked ability and filled from week to week with matter that should be in the family of every Presbyterian. —Berlin Telegraph.

The New York Christian at Work is no doubt within bounds when it speaks of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN as "the leading denominational paper in Canada." The general editorial matter shows a breadth and liberality of view that renders the paper welcome in any household. —London Advertiser. (Second Notice.)

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The PRESBYTERIAN and RURAL for \$2: The price of THE PRESBYTERIAN alone. We are certain that every one who farms, has a garden, orchard dairy, or keeps bees, poultry, and sheep, will find THE RURAL a valuable addition to their family reading.

SPECIMEN COPIES OF BOTH PAPERS Sent Free to any Address on application to

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\$20,000 I

'Ladies' Journal' Bible Competition—No. 9.

During the year ending with September last, the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL has given a very large and valuable lot of rewards to his subscribers, aggregating an immense amount of money. We are sure that the Piano, Organ, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, Books, etc., etc., have given great satisfaction. A good deal of excitement has been caused by the advent of some of these costly prizes into the towns and villages of Canada and the United States. They have been sent to all parts almost, of the two countries, quite a number even going to England, and other distant places. Full lists of the winners are always 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, so inquiry can readily be made by those who are doubtful. There can be, therefore, no fraud. We can positively testify to the fairness of the matter ourselves, as we know everything is carried out exactly as promised. For the benefit of those of our readers who desire to compete, we give the plan in detail.

To the fifteen hundred persons who correctly answer the following Bible questions will be given, without extra charge except for freight and packing of goods, beyond the regular half dollar year subscription, the beautiful and costly rewards named below. We will give the Bible questions that require to be answered first:

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS

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 a 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 Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$ 600
2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker. 400
- 3 and 4.—Two Grand Square Pianos. 400
- 5 and 6.—Two Fine Toned, 10 Stop Cabinet Organs by a celebrated firm. 500
- 7, 8 and 9.—Three Fine Grand and Four Silver Tea Services—six pieces and One Five O'clock Tea Service. 300
- 10 to 15.—Six Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genue Elgin Watches. 600
- 16 to 20.—Five Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-setting Genue Elgin Watches. 450
- 21 to 25.—Ten renowned Willems' Singing Sewing Machines. 600
- 26 to 30.—Ten Gentlemen's Solid Fine Time-cases or Opened-faced, Coin-Silver Watches. 300
- 31 to 35.—Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant designs. 200
- 36 to 40.—Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons. 400
- 41 to 50.—One Hundred and Thirty Elegantly Bound Volumes of Frayser's Poems. 300
- 51 to 55.—One Hundred and Sixty-two bound volumes of World's Cyclopaedia a library in itself. 570

Then follows a series of middle rewards which will be given in this way: At the close of the competition all the answers received will be counted by three disinterested persons, when to the sender of the middle correct answer (of the whole lot) 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 number 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 coin. \$ 750
- 2, 3 and 4.—Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker. 1,500
- 5 and 6.—Two Fine-toned Cabinet Organs, by celebrated maker. 750

- 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Six Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-setting Watches. 400
- 12 to 15.—Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea Sets. 300
- 16 to 20.—Thirteen Biegans, Heavy Black & Cross Patterns. 620
- 21 to 25.—Twenty Elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns. 300
- 26 to 30.—Ten Pairs Fine Laced Corsets. 140
- 31 to 35.—Thirty Quadruple Plate Cruet Stands. 300
- 36 to 40.—One Hundred and Sixty-seven Elegant Gilted Gold Brooches. 600
- 41 to 45.—Three Hundred and forty elegant three beautifully bound volumes, Shakespeare's poems. 1,025

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

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$ 500
- 2, 3 and 4.—Three Fine Grand Square Pianos. 1,500
- 5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker. 750
- 8 to 10.—Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Services. 300
- 11 to 15.—Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hunt-ing-goose genue stem-winding and stem-setting genue Elgin Watches. 800
- 16 to 20.—Eleven Heavy Black Silk Dress Gowns. 600
- 21 to 25.—Forty-one Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns. 442
- 26 to 30.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated Tea spoons. 600
- 31 to 35.—One Hundred and forty elegant rolled gold brooches. 600
- 36 to 40.—One hundred and ten fine silver plated outer knives or sugar spoons. 110

This altogether forms one of the most attractive and reasonable plans we have ever seen. The aim of the proprietor of the Ladies' Journal is of course to increase its circulation. In fact, he says so, but adds that he also hopes to encourage the study of the Bible, but frankly states that this part of the plan is not his sole aim, and goes on to explain that he has lost so much money by dishonest agents, and has spent so much in valuable premiums to encourage them to send large lists, that hereafter he has decided to give all these things direct to subscribers, for

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 year's subscription. It also contains two pages of the newest music, short and serial stories, household hints Fashion articles by the best authorities, finely illustrated. In short it is about the best monthly publication we know of anywhere for fifty cents, and is as good as many at a dollar. Be sure to remember that everyone competing must send with their answers fifty cents by post-office order, scrip, or small coin. 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 anytime 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 rewards. 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.) you have a good chance from Toronto, fifteen days being allowed after date of closing for letters to reach the office from distant points, you are almost certain to secure one of the consolation rewards. At all events we most heartily recommend it, and trust many of our readers will avail themselves of this excellent opportunity of securing at once an excellent publication and a possibility of a piano, organ, gold watch, silver tea set, or some other of the many rewards offered. The address is Editor of the Ladies' Journal, Toronto, Canada. Don't delay attending to this but do it now, and you'll not regret it, you may depend.

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IS THE MOST PERFECT FITTING IN CANADA.

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GREAT HOLIDAY BIBLE COMPETITION NUMBER 13.

We have decided that instead of giving large sums of money and valuable articles in the way of Prizes, Organs, Sewing Machines, Silver Tea Sets, Gold and Silver Watches, etc., etc., to agents, to give all those things direct to subscribers for answering Bible questions in the following manner. To the twenty-four hundred persons who correctly answer the two following

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Is husband mentioned in the Bible?
2. Is wife mentioned in the Bible?
One reference or answer to each question will suffice.

Will be given in the order mentioned below, the following valuable and costly list of First, Middle, and Consolation Rewards:-

FIRST REWARDS.

- First great reward will be given the sender of the first correct answer to the foregoing Bible questions. \$1,000 in gold.
2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos 1,050.
5, 6 and 7. Three fine toned 10 stop Cabinet Organs 750.
8 to 15. Eight Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting Genuine Elgin Watches 1,170.
16 to 23. Thirteen Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches 750.
24 to 40. Twelve best Solid Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Sets, six pieces 600.
41 to 50. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case Watches 600.
51 to 100. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches 600.
101 to 147. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Plate Cake Baskets, new and elegant pattern 625.
148 to 200. One hundred and seventy dozen sets of heavy and silver plated Teaspoons 620.
201 to 205. Two hundred and four elegant bound volumes of Shakespeare's Poems 610.
206 to 215. Two hundred and six fine Silver Plated Sugar spoons and Butter Knives 200.

All these seven hundred and fifteen rewards will be given out strictly in order of the correct answers to these Bible questions are received at TRUTH office. 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 counted by three disinterested parties, when in the sum of the middle correct answers will be given a fine stylish watch as a reward. The next correct answer following the middle one will take number two, (one of the pianos). 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 squish trotting horse and Carriage \$1,000.
2, 3, 4 and 5. Four Square Grand Pianos, by a celebrated maker 2,100.
6, 7, 8, and 9. Four fine toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker 2,100.
10 to 23. Ten fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches 1,000.
24 to 32. Ten Ladies' fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches 1,000.
33 to 40. Eighteen Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services 1,440.
41 to 70. Thirty Double-barrel English Twist breech-loading Shot Guns 2,700.
71 to 110. Forty sets (10 vols. to set) Complete Chambers' Encyclopaedia 2,000.
111 to 114. Twenty-five Gentlemen's Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watches 620.
115 to 117. Twenty-seven Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches 640.
118 to 120. One hundred and eighty-eight dozen sets of heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons 600.
121 to 129. Three hundred and fifty Solid Gold Breeches, newest design 1,050.
130 to 139. Three hundred and fifty-six copies of Milton's and Tennyson's Poems. 605.
140 to 154. Three hundred and fourteen Solid Silver Plated Sugar Spoons or Butter Knives 314.

After these will follow the Consolation Rewards for the fact comers. So even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete, as it is the list correct answers that are received at TRUTH office that takes these rewards. The plan is this,

your letter must be post marked where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition which is February fifteenth, (fifteen 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 elegant and costly

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood Square Pianos \$1,540.
4, 5, 6, and 7. Four Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches 400.
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches 400.
12 to 17. Six Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services 540.
18 to 29. Eleven sets Chambers' Encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set) 500.
30 to 33. Ten Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watches 300.
34 to 50. Fifty-one Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches 1,000.
51 to 121. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Cake Baskets, elegant design 450.
122 to 200. Eighty-one dozen Solid Silver Plated Tea Spoons 445.
201 to 400. Two hundred volumes Tennyson's Rooms, elegantly bound 450.

This finishes the largest and most elegant list of rewards offered by any publisher in the world. It will possibly be the last unless the results of this competition far exceeds the preceding ones, as I certainly cannot afford to continue them. I have now kept faith with my subscribers and the public in continuing these Bible competitions for a year, as promised, and this great one offering this immense list of rewards, will be a fitting close to the affair. Send in mind every one competing must bear in mind with their answer for which TRUTH, (the cheapest and best weekly for the money) will be sent six months. You therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, as one dollar is the regular subscription price of TRUTH for a half year. You cannot fail to be well pleased with your dollar investment even if you do not succeed in gaining any one of these rewards, as TRUTH is extra good value for the money as thousands of our subscribers have testified. Long lists of winners in previous competitions appear in nearly every issue of TRUTH, and full lists of winners in this entire competition will be published in the issue of TRUTH immediately after the close of the competition on fifteenth February, with the full name, street and number, when in cities, and in fact all the addresses as completely as possible, in order that all may be satisfied that there is no fraud or hurrlug in this matter. In order to prevent fraud, the proprietor of TRUTH reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. We have always done this in previous years during this year in conducting these competitions, and our reputation for fair and honorable dealings, is too 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 piano, 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 have, so attend to it now. Don't delay. All money must be sent through the post office or by express. None can be received by telegraph. Don't forget that we don't guarantee that everyone will get a prize, but out of nearly twenty-four hundred rewards you doubtless will secure something. Be prompt. Answer as soon as possible after seeing this notice, and TRUTH will at once be forwarded as an acknowledgement of your subscription, and your letter will take its place in the order it is received at this office. There is no favoritism, and all are treated alike, fairly and squarely.

S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor TRUTH, 33 and 35 Adelaide St., Toronto, Canada.

IMRIE'S PRICE TICKETS, 23 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO. Send Fifty Cents and get a box containing over 200 useful prices.



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED Separate Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed 'Tender for Heating Apparatus, Hamilton, Ont.' will be received at this office until Thursday, the 11th December next.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at this Department and also at the Clerk of Works Office, New Public Building, Hamilton, on and after Thursday, 5th 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 tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into contract when called on to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, F. H. ENNIS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, November 24th, 1881.

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Good News to Ladies

Now is your time to get up club orders for our celebrated Teas and Omelette and secure a beautiful Moss Rose or Gold Brand China Tea Set (41 pieces) our own importation. One of these beautiful china tea sets given away to the party sending an order for \$25.00. This is the greatest inducement ever offered. Send in your orders and enjoy a cup of good Tea or Coffee and at the same time procure a handsome China Tea Set. No humber Good tea 1 Y Lyon. Black Japan, English Breakfast, Gulong, Assam, H'm's assa, Gunpowder or Imperial at 40c, 50c, and 60c and very best at 70c are warranted pure and unadulterated goods. Common at once getting up a club. We shall be glad to have you as our club agent and any order you may send us can secure you all receive the prompt dispatch, care and attention. For further particulars, address THE CANADA PACIFIC TRADING AND IMPORTING COMPANY, 121 Bay Street, Toronto. P.S.-If not convenient for you to accept of Club Agency, please mention it to some friend that would like to act for us.

NEW TEAS! NEW TEAS!

This year's crop just received at the VICTORIA TEA WAREHOUSE, which for quality, and price cannot be excelled by any house in the trade, as we neither give presents or employ agents or peddlers, to sell our far famed Teas. You can order by mail, or otherwise at the lowest wholesale prices. DELIVERED, CHARGES PAID, TO ANY EXPRESS OFFICE IN ONTARIO. Send for price list containing fifty varieties, grades and mixtures. All put up in 5, 6 and 10 pound packages of 20, 50, and 60 pounds Each, at prices from 30c. per lb. and upwards.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED IN EVERY CASE. EDWARD LAWSON VICTORIA TEA WAREHOUSE, 98 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

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 fact that 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 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 renovator of the whole system—invigorating at 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 feel and know that every fibre and tissue of your system is being braced and renovated. In the fine Quinine Wine, prepared 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 prosy orator the other day to a friend. "I hope so!" was the reply.

"My customers say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best blood purifier in the market," thus writes Wm. Lock, of McDonald's Corners, Ont.

A boy at school, when his class was called up was asked, "What is the German Diet?" "Sar, erkraut, schnapps, and sausages," he replied.

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 troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

How to secure a long honeymoon.—Easter is said to be the proper time for marrying. This gives the couple a long honeymoon, and they will be in just the right condition to repent when the next Lent comes round.

D. Sullivan, Malcolm, Ontario, writes: "I have been selling Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any other medicine I have ever sold. I consider it the only patent medicine that cures more than it is recommended to cure." Unprincipled persons are selling imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Do not be deceived.

Fact that has been overlooked by naturalists.—The tortoise never suffers from catarrh. He is too slow to catch cold.

Do IT YOURSELF. With Diamond Dyes any lady can get as good results as the best practical dyer. Every dye warranted true to name and sample. 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for attacks of bilious headache, and it always gives immediate relief," says J. White, flour and feed merchant, Riverside, Toronto.

"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 Poke"—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 leave room for any peradventure that it is a sovereign curative for Indigestion, Costiveness, Impurities of the Blood, Kidney and Female troubles, and other infirmities.

Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the secretions, give strength to the debilitated, eradicate all humors of the blood and give excellent satisfaction to all.

With an eye to business—A musical young lady says that a composer may very properly make overtures.

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The above two lines are very prettily got up, and will sell fast at 30 and 50 each. We can also fill orders for more expensive cards at lower rates. Send us \$1, \$2, \$3, \$5, \$10 or \$15, and we send you a nice assortment.

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March 7th, 1881. DEAR SIR,—The result of the instrument you adjusted on my child some six months ago is pronounced by every person having seen the fact a miracle (the foot, as you know, was a club foot from birth) The process did not make my wife any trouble, and the child never complained. This little simple instrument you made, Mr. Clutche, is really more valuable than ten times its weight in gold. No person can distinguish any difference between the feet now, and any person having children with club foot I would cheerfully recommend you to the real master of mechanical ideas, which was the means to relieve my mind for life to have a crippled child.



Ever Yours Thankfully, L. ROEHM, 22 Liberty St., Hamilton.

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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEY AND BOWELS.

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Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 75 NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533 OXFORD ST.,) LONDON. And are sold at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford St., London, they are spurious.

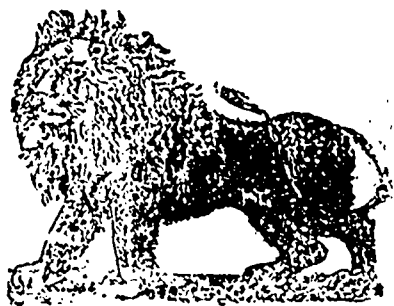
These Three Little Friends are going Travelling, and they want to visit all the Good Little Boys and Girls in America. Wait you Let us Come to Your Home! We will start as soon as you send 25 cents to pay our way. Our Escorted Wardrobe consists of 32 Pieces. Our garments are of Every Fashion and Style. If you send for us we will go where you live, and singe you all the year. Ask Mamma and Papa to send for us, and we will wear our Reception Dress.

Only 12 Cts for 3 French Dolls WITH AN ELEGANT WARDROBE OF 32 PIECES.

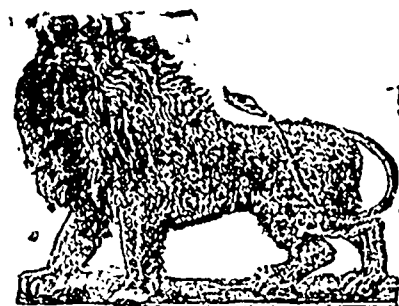


Consisting of Reception, Evening and Morning Dresses, Frock, Street Gowns, Coats, Hats, Handkerchiefs, Shawls, Mittens, Bustle Petticoats, Corsets, Sailor Suits, Military Suits, Brass Street Jackets, Watertight Rain Coats, Travelling Trunks, Dress Suits, &c. These Dresses and Suits in this elegant Wardrobe represent nine different colors, and they are lovely beyond description. Several being from designs by Worth of Paris. There is one Little Boy and two Little Girls in each set, with pretty faces and life-like beautiful features, and their Wardrobe is so extensive that it takes hours to dress and undress them in their different Suits. Every Child and every Mother that has seen them go in celebration of them. Children will get more real enjoyment out of a set of these French Dolls than out of articles that cost \$10. Every person that buys them sends immediately for more. A lady writes us that her 14-year-old boy and girl played for five long hours with a set of these French Dolls, and they felt very sorry indeed to think that they must stop and eat their supper, and if mothers only knew how much amusement there is in these Dolls they would willingly not divide the price asked for them. Sample set, consisting of Three Dolls with their Wardrobe of 32 Pieces, to be sent for 12 Cts. Five sets, Six Dolls 24 Pieces for 20 Cts. 12 sets for 21 Cts. 21 sets for 24 Cts. 42 sets for 24 Cts. Express \$1.00 you get 12 dolls for 12 Cts. Any Little Boy or Girl or any Aunt, male or female, can call on us every day. If you do that you make over \$20 a week. If you send for one or two for a week we will send our Secret Method and Full Directions how you can make more than one Hundred Dollars a month out of these Dolls. You have not one day to lose, as each day is so many dollars lost to you. This is an opportunity not valuable for you to lose. These Dolls are Gems of Beauty. ADDRESS E. WASON & CO., 120 TILDEN ST., NEW YORK.

2ND IMMOLATION SALE



AT THE GOLDEN LION



R. WALKER & SONS desire to the great satisfaction of the public, carried on an IMMOLATION SALE last DECEMBER, by which all who patronized it were made the richer, have been requested to start another this season, and as they have about THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF GOODS ON HAND which they desire to clear off before the end of the present year to make room for their SPRING IMPORTATIONS, and also the present year being one of their most successful business years, being well sustained by the public in general and their thousands of customers in particular, they feel they can afford to give the public for the balance of the year their services for nothing, and will now sell all their goods WITHOUT PROFIT to themselves, being satisfied with the profits already made, thus

IMMOLATING THE PROFITS TO THE PUBLIC FOR 30 DAYS.

This is a genuine sale—every article in the house will be sold at a REDUCED price, and as many goods average TEN OR TWENTY PER CENT. profit this will be the amount you can save by buying during the sale. This is one of the grandest opportunities ever offered, and specially in these hard times it will be a great boon to Mothers and Fathers of large Families, as there will be offered

\$100,000 of Clothing and Cloths,
\$100,000 of Silks, Dress Goods, Flannels, Hosiery, and Fancy Dry Goods.
\$100,000 of Carpets, House-furnishings, Mantles, and Millinery.

Besides this General Reduction, there will be SEVERAL LINES offered at a Discount of Thirty Per Cent. from former prices. Clothing will be made to order at the Reduced Prices. Sale begins this morning at Ten o'clock.

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Upholstery and Curtain Materials in Cashmere, Satin, Damasks, Row silks, Turcoman Cloths in Plain and Cross Stripe, Ramies, Jutes, Grape Cloths; Cretonnes in single and double widths. Double width Satins and Sateens in every shade.

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