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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., AUGUST 9, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 201.

To Our Readers.

We direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of our Biblical Competition No. 11, closing September 16th. The time is getting short now, and those who have not yet sent in their answers had better beatir themselves. The list of prizes offered is the most valuable yet offered by ourselves or any publisher in connection with a paper; and it is unnecessary for us to say that the prizes, one and all, will absolutely and beyond a doubt, be delivered to the fortunate winners as soon as possible after the competition closes and the names are announced. The long list of acknowledgements which appear in our columns from week to week are sufficient guarantee that there is no sham about our prizes, no fraud about our competitions. If you are inclined to doubt us, write to any of the reward winners and ask them, and then, if satisfied try to be one yourself.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

Is it quite understood to what result things are tending on the Island? The number of inhabitants is continually increasing. There is no probability of any system of drains. There are stagnant swamps, which will, by-and-by, be wholly poisoned. The whole place will become a mere sponge, full of filth. The land will all get into the hands of private parties, and instead of a place for pleasant recreation, it will become a mere malarial abomination. Would it not be better to guard against such a state of things in time? Is it not a great mistake to sell any of the land? Why not make it all into a public park? In any case it is worth guarding against turning one of the nicest spots into one of the nastiest.

How can the genus rough be abated? Somehow the creatures turn up every where and always with the same essential features. And generally they know very well how far they can go with safety and when they are out of the clutches of the law and the police. Every place of pleasant resort is cursed with the presence of these wretches, far worse a plague than any which ever afflicted the land of Egypt. They get on to the steamers and make themselves ugly and disgusting by their drunkenness and profanity. They get into the parks and do their best to drive away all decent self-respecting men and women. They smoke at all times and in all circumstances, and if remonstrated with answer with insolent defiance or brutal coarseness. Sometimes they take the shape of mechanics, sometimes of clerks, sometimes they try to masquerade as gentlemen. Then they are found in the

masher line, sometimes they are half grown louts, sometimes they are evidently full grown cads. But in all cases they are not fit to be touched with a ten foot pole. Sometimes they have "girls" with them, and that is worst of all. Is there no protection from such fry?

Spending of smokers, TRUTH is inclined to ask how it comes to pass that such a vast majority of the lovers of the weed, fragrant and otherwise, are so utterly selfish in taking their solitary, and to non-smokers, most offensive pleasure. They really have as a usual thing, "no bowels." It does not matter where, smoke they will, if they can by hook or crook, get a chance. And they take every advantage of the good nature or courtesy of those who, for the moment, may have the misfortune to be thrown into their company. Of course a very large proportion of the coltish fraternity never think of saying either to man or woman. "By your leave." With all the perking impudence of sparrows they push themselves everywhere and have their chimneys forthwith set in working order. On board steamers and every where else. On cars whenever they have a chance. At railway stations, in short everywhere, they are at it. But those who affect the gentleman are not much the better. They may ask if smoking is disagreeable, but with such an air as implies that if it is, you must at once be a baby and a booby. Do they not know that to all non-smokers their tobacco "reek" is simply abominable, and that from mere courtesy people will sometimes say "Oh not at all" when they ought never to be put in the awkward position of either suffering untold agonies or appearing churlish. Even ladies are sometimes victimized by the selfish cads by not having the ready wit of one who replied to the question, that she did not know whether it was disagreeable or not, as no gentleman ever smoked in her presence. Then there is something simply abominable in turning second-class cars into smoking places, and thus punishing people for being poor.

Every one has seen poor sickly women with children subjected during long journeys to the horrible fumigation of cheap cigars and bad tobacco. And then, Oh, goodness gracious, how they do spit! How they open their cavernous jaws and deluge the place or the spittoon with oceans of the most disgusting saliva. How they try to turn expectoration into a fine art, and like Benjamin's left-handed slinger, seek to spit to a hairsbreadth and not miss. When to smoking there is adding chowing the result is simply awful. A smoker or chower sitting in a decently clean and well aired room for an hour will give it a characteristic smell for days. Why all this? Have non-smokers no rights? No feelings that have any claim for consideration? What about the principle.

That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me!

The greatest and most successful soldiers are those who have the greatest horror of war and who are the readiest to join in condemnation of any resort to it except on the last necessity. It is in fact the sum of all the villainies involving the repeal of all the ten commandments and of many more if such there were.

There is something simply appalling in the fact that in Europe there are about thirteen millions of young men supported by the rest of the population, kept in idleness away from home and from all social ties, that they may be ready at the word of command to fly at each other's throats and murder one another in circumstances of agony and blasphemy and horror, one hundredth part of which the most vivid pen and ink sketch could not make known. The more one thinks of it the more strongly must the conviction be that some one has monstrously, most horribly blundered. All these men fed, clothed, drilled, lodged. Kept from all the amenities of family and home simply for purposes of mutual slaughter. They have no quarrel with those whom they are ready whenever told to begin and mangle and massacre, and yet all who favor and perpetuate the gigantic iniquity call themselves Christians and profess to be followers of Him who is the Lord of Love, whose motto is, Peace and Good Will, and whose command has ever been, "Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who despitefully use you and persecute you." In the presence of such crowds of hired assassins all the world over such words seem the bitterest mockery that men could possibly utter.

From 1855 to 1880, that is, in twenty-five years, the following is a summary of lives lost either in battle or subsequently from wounds and disease.

Crimean War.....	750,000
Italian War (1859).....	45,000
War of Schleswig-Holstein.....	3,000
American Civil War—the North.....	280,000
“ “ “ South.....	520,000
War between Prussia Austria and Italy in 1866.....	45,000
Expedition to Mexico, Cochinchina, &c.....	65,000
Franco-German War of 1870-1	
France.....	155,000
Germany.....	60,000
Russian and Turkish War of 1877	225,000
Zulu and Afghan Wars 1879....	40,000

This makes a grand total of TWO MILLIONS ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHT THOUSAND human lives sacrificed. Why? Because men will be brutal, unreasonable, unjust and oppressive and have had the cunning to set other people to cut, and slash, and kill each other rather than go on with that operation among themselves. What end was served by all these monstrous wholesale murders that could not have been more satisfactorily gained by arbitration were men only passably reasonable and fair and just? And what did those same bull-dog exhibitions of murderous hate and savage cruelty cost in

hard cash? Let any one ponder over the following table and say:—

Crimean War.....	£340,000,000
Italian War of 1859.....	60,000,000
American Civil War —	
North.....	940,000,000
South.....	460,000,000
Schleswig-Holstein War	7,000,000
Austrian and Prussian War, 1866.....	66,000,000
Expeditions to Mexico, Morocco, Paraguay, &c. (say only).....	40,000,000
Franco-Prussian War	600,000,000
Russian and Turkish War, 1877.....	210,000,000
Zulu and Afghan Wars, 1879.....	30,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$2,653,000,000

Turn the above enormous sum into dollars and we have more than THIRTEEN THOUSAND MILLIONS OF THESE COINS utterly and absolutely thrown away, and a great deal worse than thrown away. Let the readers of TRUTH think the matter over, and see if they can help coming to the conclusion that a system which results in such a frightful sacrifice of life and property in the short space of 25 years must be the very firstborn of hell, the sum of all possible iniquities which, instead of being a subject for exalting pride, and raving commendation ought to fill every man and woman with loathing, horror and shame.

Talk of the "glories of war!" Sir Harry Smith well said on a public occasion when feted in London as the "hero of Aliwal," "Ours, gentlemen, (that is a soldier's), "is a damnable business." "Nothing," said the Duke of Wellington, "is so saddening as a battle gained except, perhaps, a battle lost."

The Peace Society of England has long been in existence and has been very much ridiculed. Its aim is surely a good one. It wants to put an end to war and to have international disputes settled by arbitration. Surely among people professing to be Christians such views and aims are not fit subjects for ridicule. On the contrary they would seem to lie in the very line of the teaching which all Christians say they applaud and approve of—the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. To any dispassionate onlooker there is a wonderful agreement between such aims and what is said in the Sermon on the Mount. Still there has been an awful amount of hissing and laughing and ridicule over the so called Quixotic aims of the Peace Society. The stupidest have thought themselves quite justified in joining in the laugh. The dullest have tried their wits at its expence as if nothing could be so monstrous and absurd as trying to put an end to war and to get nations as well as individuals, to settle their quarrels by arbitration. The laughter, however, is gradually dying away. Even fairly stupid people are wakening up to the conviction that ridicule in this case is largely misplaced, and that members of the Peace Society are not such "asses" after all.

We have no wish to doubt the accurate eyesight or the descriptive ability of the Kingston News, but with regard to the wonderful egg of which it published an account some time ago, which was described as half white and half-bluish green, and having at the small end the figure of a man and a figure 2 in brown—well, we feel as if seeing in such a case would go a long way towards believing. We do not wish to be too skeptical, however. Curious things happen in this world. And besides, the farmer who brought the egg, may have been an "old subscriber," in which case it was, no doubt, expedient, if not absolutely necessary, for the News to see eye for eye with him, if not with the bodily organ at least with the eye of the imagination.

An example which might well be followed in every county where a similar organization does not already exist, has been set by the medical profession of Waterloo. We are glad to hear that the medical gentleman in that county have formed an association for concerted discussion and action in sanitary precautions and in meeting contagious diseases. This is the sort of spirit that ought to exist among medical men everywhere, and we sincerely trust that this association of Waterloo will be abundantly successful in their efforts, and that they will receive the hearty support of the community in any measures they may deem it prudent or necessary to adopt.

There is abundant reason for thankfulness in the promising condition of the crops in every country in the world. For several years there has been nothing like so general a prospect of a splendid harvest. In Ontario as far as we can learn, the outlook is very cheering. In Manitoba too, though some of the crops are not quite up to expectations, there is yet every likelihood of an unusually good average yield. And the effect on that country of one or two good crops will do more to re-establish confidence in its future than all the pamphlets or newspaper articles that have ever been written.

The dentists and medical men in the United States—some of them at least—put an extraordinary high value on their services. We think our own doctors can do pretty well in the way of charging for their more or less happy guess work or real scientific knowledge as the case may be, but they can't hold a candle to the Yankees. The case of the New York dentist who charged \$700 for putting a woman's teeth in good shape is already well known. The latest example of high charging is that of a medical man in Binghamton, N. Y., who presented a little bill for \$10,000 for professional services rendered during the nine months preceding the death of one of his patients. The Chinese custom is in some respects not a bad one—to pay the doctor only as long as he keeps us healthy. No one grudges the doctor a fair remuneration for his services. He has great responsibilities for which no doubt he has a right to be pretty well paid. At the same time some of the fraternity charge exorbitantly. If one could always be sure that he was getting something really valuable for his

money, he might grind and bear it with greater equanimity. But that is where the hitch comes in. You visit a doctor, have a short conversation with him, he makes perhaps an examination, sometimes a very cursory one, he writes a prescription, you pay him two dollars, and go with your prescription to the druggist, where you cannot always be sure that a considerable percentage of the price of that also does not go to your doctor. He may have diagnosed your case quite incorrectly, made a mere guess in short and a wrong one at that, and positively made you feel worse than you were before, but the next time you go to him, he never fails to charge again for the purpose of trying another experiment.

It is a somewhat noteworthy fact that Blaine, Cleveland, Hendricks, Arthur and Garfield, were all at one time or other in their lives, school teachers. The two present candidates for the Presidency were both teachers of the blind, and were both, it is said, quite successful at it. It is surprising how many men in the Republic in all walks of life, who though they may never have reached such prominence as the men just named, have yet been highly successful in their respective spheres, have started in life as teachers of the young. It would almost seem to be the essential first step without which ultimate success is impossible, or at least improbable. Be that as it may however, the position of pedagogue is an honourable one, both on its own account, and on account of the many distinguished men who have risen from its ranks. It is not a lucrative one however, and that fact no doubt in some cases has acted as an incentive to more ambitious spirits to push their way farther upwards.

The Great London, according to Moody the evangelist, is the most religious city in the world. He says it possesses to a greater extent, than any other great metropolis, a vast amount of "sanctified wealth," which is rare in America. Rich Americans, as a rule, were born poor, and their families are not like families in London, who "were born in wealth and are able to breathe its atmosphere without choking." America, in Moody's opinion, requires missionaries more than England does.

At the recent meeting of the Presbyterian Assembly in this city, a good deal of significance was rightly attached to the fact that the Episcopalian synod sent a deputation to convey the fraternal greetings and affectionate good wishes of those who, though they may be called by another name, yet profess in a higher and nobler sense to be called by the one great name of Christian. There is no reason for thinking that there was anything but the frankest sincerity in the spirit that animated this deputation. There is a growing feeling among all sections of the Christian church that if they are to do all the good they might do and ought to do, in the way of influencing a world which they all agree is lying in wickedness, they must agree to differ on certain unessential points, and putting away all intolerance and unchristian exclusiveness, clasp one another's hand and stand shoulder to shoulder on the ground that is common to

them all. "By their fruits ye shall know them"—a scientific law that is as unyielding in the spiritual and moral worlds as in the physical. And it is by that law that this world judges. If it sees different bodies of men professing to be Christians and having springs of conduct, hopes and aspirations of divine origin, and who yet regard one another if not with positive aversion at least with cold formality and exclusiveness, it may be tempted to say of Christianity as an old Maori chief said of it—"All—nonsense."

Lulu Hurst the Georgia wender, as she is called, found her New York exhibitions so profitable that she has been "doing" Newport in all the glory of fine dress and fine equipage with the very best of them. She is credited in some quarters with having cleared not less than \$12,000 during her short stay in New York, where people are always free enough with their money if only they are thoroughly amused. The genuine New Yorker hardly cares how thoroughly he is being cheated by what pretends to be something different from what it really is, if he is kept in good humor. Should he miss the fun, however, he is a tremendous kicker.

Thorough going radicals are oftentimes the most pitiable of cranks. A bull after a red rag is hardly more unreasonable. It was recently reported in general European journals that Massini the famous tenor was hissed at Madrid during the performance of "The Huguonots" by a fraction of the radical public because, forsooth, the king had seen fit to present him with one of his own favorite riding horses.

A rag picker in New York some few days ago found an old letter with a Brattleboro five cent stamp on it. This was quite a treasure, as that particular stamp is the rarest of all in an American collection. The lucky finder sold his "find" for \$300. Letters have since appeared in some of the newspapers, doubtless from envious collectors, casting doubt on the whole story, and trying to belittle the value of these stamps.

The Charles St. Presbyterian Church of this city seems to have some difficulty in getting a minister. Once or twice, or even oftener they have been almost unanimous in the choice of a man, but something has come in their way to prevent them getting him. The last man on whom they got their eyes was Rev. J. K. Smith, of Galt. Their hopes have met with no fruition however, and they are still on the lookout.

Speaking of Presbyterians, it may be remarked that in numbers, wealth, and the influence that comes from these, if not also in real godliness, and the might of good example, they are steadily increasing. It cannot now be said with the same truthfulness as it could be said some years ago, that Toronto is an Episcopalian city.

It may not be generally known that cities have a right to require telephone and telegraph companies to paint their poles. Such is the case, however. It may well be doubted if a coat or two of paint would improve the look of these unsightly things.

Some kinds of paint indeed might even make matters worse, and as nothing is said in the Act as to the particular color to be used, the companies would of course use the very cheapest, which is practically the same thing as the very ugliest. These poles ought to be done away with altogether. Painted or unpainted they are an eyesore, and the wires strung between them are not only unsightly, but dangerous.

The Montreal Star did a very foolish thing in stirring up the Globe on the subject of Sir John Macdonald's moral character. We have seldom known the Globe to speak out its mind with more refreshing frankness. Some of the wisacres profess to see signs of decadence in the old ship, since the hand of the Browns was withdrawn, but that is all nonsense. When the occasion comes for speaking out, it seems to TRUTH as an independent outsider, untrammelled by party ties it can speak its mind as clearly as the best of its critics. On the occasion in question at any rate there was no mincing matters. Indeed there could be none. Sir John's defenders must be mad, or think other people so, to adopt the line they generally do. They ought not to attempt defence where defence is impossible. Even the paltry excuse that the public has nothing to do with the private life of a public man, cannot avail here. The public has everything to do with the personal habits of one of its public servants who insults it as Sir John Macdonald has time and time again insulted it by flaunting his vices in its very face. Granted for the sake of argument that it is none of Canada's business if one of her statesmen gets drunk in his own house, and reels about his own grounds in a state of maudlin intoxication, but as the Globe said, it is an entirely different thing when the same statesman appears in his place as the leader of the nation in a condition of drunken imbecility, disgracing not only himself by such an exhibition, but the nation whom he represented. TRUTH is no partizan paper, and speaks not as a rabid grit sheet, but expresses a perfectly free and independent opinion.

The young ladies of the "Limestone City," it seems have taken a somewhat new, though not a novel, departure. They have formed an amateur rowing club. This is quite right, and TRUTH wishes the fair athletes *bon voyage* whenever and wherever they go. Rowing is good healthy exercise, and will develop their muscles splendidly. They use outriggers of course. Before very long we may hear that the ladies' club of Kingston has carried off the prize for the four oared race at some amateur regatta. When the race comes off if within any reasonable distance of Toronto, we shall all make a point to be there.

What with lawn tennis, boating, swimming, athletic exercises, and what not, girls are making great advances. And every right-minded person is glad to see it. The old stupid story that it's a girl's first duty to look pretty and delicate, though it may linger in some quarters is doomed to ultimate extinction, and in theory at least is all but utterly exploded.

od. Let girls have plenty of out-door physical exercise, not conducted to the point of exhaustion, but in a common-sense rational way, and they will be vastly the better for it, both physically and intellectually. There is no reason in the world why girls in their own sphere should not be as strong and vigorous as boys are in theirs. Both among boys and girls we suppose there will always be those who are more or less delicate and sickly, and who cannot stand anything like physical strain, but if the physical education of girls were as well looked after as that of boys, the exceptions in the one case would be as rare as in the other.

The excitement over the Dublin scandal among the aristocratic circles in Ireland and elsewhere is reported to be something intense. And small wonder that it is so. The revelations so far made, it is said, are shocking beyond description, and wholly unfit for publication. Indications are that the official circle of the Irish capital has been a perfect moral cesspool. Men who stand high in social estimation are said to be implicated. For their own sakes and the sake of their friends it is earnestly to be hoped that they may be able fully to clear themselves of the foully horrifying charges made against them.

Farmers should always be careful in their dealing with smooth-spoken fellows who are anxious to get them to act as agents for one thing or another, and who insist on them signing some sort of a contract which they present to them. If the farmer is going to sign anything of the kind he should take the precaution of writing it out in duplicate himself, or in some way at least keeping some sort of a check on his "friend." Quite lately we understand, some farmers in East Garafraxa and Caledon were taken in by some swindlers of this kind. They were lured into giving orders for hay forks, and then induced to become agents for the manufacturers. The agreements they were persuaded to sign were really binding obligations on themselves to pay \$25 each for twelve forks, on the day the demand was made. We repeat that farmers cannot be too careful about dealing with travelling hucksters of this kind. It is much the safer way to refuse to have any dealings with them.

In a letter to Mr. Ohas. Hamill, Chairman of the music Committee of the Chicago Musical Festival Association, Theodore Thomas said: "You must convey to the members of your chorus the assurance of my appreciation of the good work accomplished by them during the festival. Their deficiencies are minor ones, and mostly due to the disadvantage of rehearsals under which you are compelled to labor. In some respect the chorus is unsurpassed." High praises this from a man like Thomas, but no doubt quite well deserved.

Everyone remarks on the improved appearance of the Yonge St. Avenue since the positions of the sidewalks were changed. Let the good work continue. There is still much to be done before that avenue is what it ought to be. And without delay, by all means, let these hideous

disfiguring cedar trees disappear. Uglier things could not be imagined. And they serve no useful purpose of any possible description, which might in the smallest measure compensate for their lack of good looks.

Are prize fights going to be recognized among the honored and recognized sports of Toronto, taking the same level as Lacrosse or Cricket? TRUTH hopes not. And yet things look very much that way at present. Prize fighters again are coming to be looked on a kind of heroes and their feats of derring-do are spoken of in terms of admiration and praise. Of course the things that are permitted and praised are merely "sparring matches" "with hard gloves!" but that dodge is too thin. If we are to get back to the brutalities of the prize ring let us have the honest thing at any rate. What the Toronto police preside over and patronize is prize-fighting all the same. If it is legal, all right. If the law condemns it, then put it down.

The women are few who could afford it, and those still fewer, we think, who even if they could afford it would be willing to imitate Mrs. A. T. Stewart, who while she is at Newport is said to get herself weighed every Saturday, and pays the man who has charge of the scales five dollars on every such occasion.

It is generally understood that Eno, the notorious Wall St. thief, and forger, the man who disgraced an honorable name, and who narrowly escaped the jail to which less-deserving criminals would have inevitably been consigned, has taken a large house in a fashionable street in Quebec, furnished it luxuriously, and is now with his beautiful wife and interesting family receiving the hospitable attentions of the blooded, landed, titled or otherwise distinguished aristocracy of that ancient city. He will no doubt join a church and become a pillar and shining light therein. No one apparently seems to think any the worse of him for his peccadilloes. As in the case of the famous actress, his lapses from virtuous conduct are regarded merely as "little accidents," about which really, don't you know, it is "bad form" to make any fuss. Truly, a fashionable world is the queerest of all. Instead of being the most exclusive, it is in reality the most hospitable of all worlds, providing that the would-be entrance has the one essential—money.

Stedman, the poet-banker of Wall street, has been offered the vacant chair of English Literature in Yale College. The Yale Alumni of New York city, it is said, are ready to add \$50,000 to the endowment of the chair, if he accepts it.

While on the subject of trees, we might respectfully suggest that energetic warfare should be conducted against these detestable cottonwood trees—of which there are more in the city than is at all desirable. We are sure that all house-keepers who are afflicted by the near neighborhood of any of these trees, will agree with us, that they are insufferable nuisances, and ought to be exterminated without mercy.

There is a likelihood of quite a lively newspaper discussion between someone signing himself "Historicus" and Rev. W. T. McMullen of Woodstock, on the important and interesting subject. "Is the institution of marriage ofryan or semitic origin?" So far, we are happy to say, the disputants have been quite good-humored and respectful, and what, for their readers, is perhaps even a more welcome thing, their effusions have been blissfully short. Go it, gentlemen. A fair field and no favor, and may the best man win.

Cases of poisoning from the use of ice cream have been unusually frequent this season. TRUTH has no wish to act the alarmist, or in the slightest degree hinder the sale of this most delightful of summer delicacies, it merely calls attention to a suggestive fact. Every now and then references are made to people who have been made seriously ill by indulging themselves in this way, and no satisfactory explanation apparently has yet been given. It is only fair to say, however, that the great majority, if not absolutely all of such cases have been reported from the States. At present we cannot remember one case of the kind happening in Canada this season. And that is well. But what has happened elsewhere may happen here, if the makers are negligent or unscrupulous. If proper care is taken to secure pure materials we do not see how such cases of severe if not fatal poisoning could possibly occur.

According to the Winnipeg Sun the General Hospital of that city is a deserving institution not very adequately supported. The City Councils gives it a yearly grant of \$5,000 and the Local Legislative allows it 31½ cents for each patient. In addition to these the Canada Pacific R.R. pays 75 cents a day for each patient undergoing treatment and who was injured while actually working for the company, while the Dominion Government allows 60 cents daily for each immigrant removed to the Hospital from the immigrant sheds. These are all the resources at the disposal of the officials, if we except the comparatively trifling revenue derived from private patients who pay for their support; and it must be apparent that they are scarcely adequate to the requirements of such an institution.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, U. S. Minister in England has been unfortunate of late. He had a very severe attack of gout some few weeks ago, and scarcely had he got rid of that tormentor, when its twin brother rheumatism fastened its talons upon him, and doomed him to further suffering.

The enthusiasm over the baths on the Island seems to have completely died out. Two years ago there was a perfect *furor*, but to-day there is none of it. Can we wonder at this? Scarcely, we think. The place is not suitable, in some ways hardly decent. The mud on the bottom of the bay is too easily stirred up, and makes the water anything but refreshing to look at. When everybody did it of course each received moral support from the others, but nowadays it is only the

very brave who can bear to be made spectacles to curious onlookers while they disport themselves in the muddy water of the bay, or take the long trips in their dripping clothes from the pier to the dressing houses. One day we saw two or three girls making heroic efforts to learn to swim, the professor pulling them along by a rope, while amused idlers enjoyed the fun. It is a pity that Toronto has not a suitable place where young women could learn this useful accomplishment in a more private way. If it had, swimming would become more popular, which it is never likely to do with the present arrangements.

A wise and humane ordinance has been passed by the city government of Chicago. It requires shop-keepers to provide seats for their female employees. This was as it ought to be. It is a heartless thing to keep young women hanging about on their feet for hours without opportunities for resting themselves. When not actually engaged in serving customers they should be allowed to sit down if so inclined. And even while serving customers we cannot see why it should be thought careless or inattentive to do so sitting instead of standing. That however is a matter of comparative unimportance. Few girls object to standing when there is real necessity for it, but the things to insist on is that they should have liberty and the facilities to rest themselves properly on proper occasions. We do not know to what extent this is the case in Toronto. We fear, however, that sufficient attention is not paid in this respect to the comfort and health of the young women employed. Efforts should be made to bring about a better state of things. Girls would do their work to much better effect, if they were more thoughtfully treated.

A great many people have been asking for weeks past what all the fuss is about in the O'Brien case in Dublin, and among the big wigs at the Castle, the Post Office and other places. The simple facts are that O'Brien owns a paper, and is at the same time a very active member of the Nationalist party. He has been watched with special care by officials. According to his own account he has been annoyed and persecuted. In retaliation, he charged his leading prosecutors with offences of such a nature that happily they are not so much as named, and are understood not to be practised in countries calling themselves Christian. These offences are still capital crimes, even by the modified and modernized law of England. The consequence of such charges was a criminal prosecution against the newspaper man. He pleaded justification, and brought such evidence that the jury decided in his favor, and what is more significant, the principal people charged have either fled the country, or have been taken into custody. No wonder then that this has caused a flutter of excitement in high places. It reveals a rotten state of things. Whether or not old heathenism is coming back again TRUTH shall not say, but old heathen vices as indicated in the first chapter of Paul's epistle to the Romans, seem to be getting again into the ascendant, if these Irish officials are to be taken as fair specimens of their class. It is to be hoped they are not, though those who profess to know, affirm that unnatural vices are more commonly practised than many people have any suspicion of.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Oliver Mowat—With a Few Thoughts About Giving and Taking—Baby Farming—A Few Hints to the Girls.

The politicians, at least the Grit section of these gentlemen, were all agog last week about receiving Mr. Mowat with suitable honors when he comes back from his legal war about the middle of September. Of course I was there, and listened with both ears, and an open mouth to all that was said, and I agreed with the sentiment that the little premier *did* deserve to be received with all honor, for he has, really, fought a tough, stout battle and has succeeded against somewhat formidable odds. Besides, I don't see why only the Liberals should rejoice in this success. It has been a gain to the Province, and to every man, woman and child in it. Why not then let all be glad? But party feeling and party spirit come in and spoil all. One thing I was specially pleased with, and that was, that Mr. Mowat declined anything like

A MONEY TESTIMONIAL,

or even anything of money's worth. He is a wise little man in his day and generation. Even those who would have been the readiest to contribute will be the first to acknowledge that they respect him all the more for his having declined the intended honor, and declined it with any amount of thanks. Mr. Mowat is not yet going out of public life. He has still offices to bestow. He can still confer favours. He is still liable to be approached if not with offers at least with solicitations. Let him stick to his plan at all hazards, and let us have, at least, one public man, and a great deal more than one,

WHO WILL NOT TAKE PRESENTS

or lay himself under questionable obligations to any man or any body of men under the sun. It is said that the highest honor which can be given to any Russian official is implied in the remark which can occasionally, though but rarely, be made with truth, "He's a noble fellow, sir, a noble fellow. *He takes nothing. He takes nothing.*" JACOB sends his salutations to "Mowat" and bids him persevere in the line laid down. "Take nothing, dear sir. Take nothing. Let no one be able to say he helped to secure you in bread and butter." Yes, these presents to public men may be very nice, but they are liable to misconstruction, and ought never to be given till their recipient has finally and forever left the public stage. Poverty is no disgrace. The very opposite. But it is awful for any man, public or private, to put himself so at the mercy of a miserable uncultivated pauper-proud cad as that the latter shall be able to say, "He won't do me a small favor but he pocketed my money all the same." That's simply awful. Sooner than run that risk, if I were Mr. Mowat, I would live like Benjamin Franklin, in his celebrated case of snubbing the small big-men of his early days—on saw-dust pudding and a drink of water. He would then be able to say to all and sundries as Benjamin did. "The man that can, as I have done, make his supper heartily from

saw-dust pudding and a drink of water, needs no man's patronage and no man's coppers." It is nice when people are willing to give "a substantial" expression of approval for public service, but it is better the other way all the same. One moves more lightly and more freely. All right, Oliver, you know your Bible, and you remember when a king offered a present to sturdy old Abraham, it was declined with the remark, "Lest thou shouldst say I have made Abraham rich. That's enough. Jacob has had his say."

What is all this fuss about baby farming? When there was such terrible mortality among the infants in the Foundling Hospital under the charge of the Nuns at Ottawa or Montreal, some ill-natured people said that it was because the Sisters had no experience in that sort of work. Such nonsense! It was because of the vice of the parents and the previous ill-treatment the babies had received. Many of these foundlings suffer from syphilis and other unmentionable diseases—the sins of the parents coming down upon the innocent children. What else is to be expected in such circumstances but death? And is death very much to be deplored? It is, perhaps,

HARD AND HEATHENISH

to say so, but is it not a mistaken kindness try to bolster up into life such diseased, ricketty, sickly, forsaken waifs? There are thousands of children murdered every year by the indifference and stupidity of their mothers quite as much so as was the poor little waif over whose untimely end Toronto has lately been so exercised. Stop vice and you will soon stop baby farming.

Come, come, JACOB, you are getting positively heathenish altogether. The next thing will be, you will be actually advocating the punishment of the seducer, though a majority of our law givers—pricked in their consciences, perhaps by their own memories—have said that there is nothing very particularly wrong in men fooling thoughtless girls out of their virtue and all which that implies. If JACOB could only get the ear of all the girls who read TRUTH and could only induce them to follow his advice, wouldn't it make a vast difference in this whole very delicate but very important business? Don't you know, girls, that of all the women in the world, the one he loves will always be the last with whom any man, old or young would ever use undue liberties or to whom he would hint at the most distant approach to any thing that was indelicate? *He could not do it. Love is an infinite respect. A kind of worship.* Do you fancy any man that deserves the name of a man would either shock or dishonor the object of his idolatry? Not he. So much is this the case that, girls, if you will believe old JACOB—and he knows—no man that really loves, would even think of using any liberties with the one he really preferred which he would be ashamed or afraid her father or mother should know. Nay, will you allow me to go a little further, and say that any woman who does not resent with all the energy of her nature such liberties, whether slight or serious, has little self respect and no knowledge whatever of man's nature. To her it is a studied,

gross deliberate insult, and ought to be so treated. It is an intimation on the man's part that he believes she is no better than she ought to be. Do you understand? See that you act accordingly. It will save you a great deal of trouble and heart-ache, and may keep you from evil worse than death. But girls are such fools, in many cases, and men such knaves!

I was over at the Wiman Baths a short time ago. Alas, alas, the glory has departed. To bathe yonder would be a work of superhuman effort, and after all it would be a failure as sure as I am

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Laugh if You are Wise.

Nothing makes a person so savage as when he has been telling the company a good story, they are afraid to laugh right aloud and substitute just a petite almost unmeaning, quite, idiotic smile, when just one good hearty laugh would have touched them all and put them in good humor for the rest of the evening.

A good rousing laugh beats all the herb syrups and malt extracts in creation. You can tell its doing you good while you're indulging in it. What's worse than to have a fellow continually about you with a "Chadband" countenance; his nose forming the apex of a triangle, the base of which is his mouth, and looking so mournful that you wonder he doesn't sigh himself entirely away and be at rest?—and I wish he would. "Ye merrie hearts doeth good lyke yo physicke," in fact more. These old "miserables," for whom the weather is never right, the seasons never proper, the crops never looking well, and everything going wrong, as they think, out of sheer nonsense, want bundling off to a Crusoe island, where they could tell out their griefs to the bird and its kindred spirits, and not be continually worrying honest, hearty folk who want to enjoy life and and out the best way to do it.

The time seems in a great measure to be gone by for the regular good laugh. People titter—people smile; people giggle, but they don't laugh—they seem afraid of shocking the proprieties. Why should I half choke myself and look inexpressibly foolish, just because I must laugh. Take and laugh if you want to—laugh if you are wise and you will find things gradually putting on a rosy tint, instead of that everlasting smoky gray they always seemed when you looked at them. The world's not half so bad as folk for their own ends would have you believe. Don't take for granted what they say—don't believe that everything in the world is a hollow mockery, just because the Reverend Somebody says so. Hunt the world yourself, and may be you will be surprised at the large amount of real comfort and enjoyment you will find in it.

Get up in the morning, and if there are many hills in your neighborhood, get up on them and look round. It tells you it's a splendid world. Get away from the city and go out in the country; get on the grass and look at the trees, listen to the birds and pick the flowers, and you'll find your heart going right up from nature to nature's God. There's something in the sunshine that makes you feel buoyant lively and altogether contented with everything and everybody. You feel you want to jump the stiles, scramble through hedges and maybe climb the trees. You don't want to go plodding painfully around—you bundle through and enjoy it. I wouldn't change one of my hour and a-half rambles for all the Lord Mayor's dinners and, in fact, any of the other supposed forms of high enjoyment in existence. It's jolly to notice each time you go by a certain place how the various growths change their hues: it's bonnie to know just where to go for a cowslip or a bee—orchid or a bachelor's button, or skoto-legs—or where to find the first wood nuts, and where to look for dewberries, and where the wild straw-

berries look prettiest and last longest, and a thousand and one other things too enjoyable to put on paper. You try it, and say good by once and forever to blues, frowns, dumps and low spirits. Look at the millions and millions of things created just for you to enjoy, and you move around turning up your nose and calling it tame. Tame forsooth; when, if you started right away now, you couldn't in your lifetime see a thousandth part of the beauties that make this world so fair.

"Laugh if you are wise"—i. e., be wise and enjoy yourself. You were meant to love God's handiwork. You were meant to see brightness where brightness is, and man was created a laughing being that he might express his appreciation of things so fair.

"Nothing is sillier than silly laughter." True, true. You must understand what you are laughing at. An endless smile A tittering countenance is wretchedly silly; but what is better than a wholesome, honest-looking face, with beaming good-humored eyes, the light dancing up and down in a very ecstasy of merriment?

This is the man who gets your confidence; the one you trust, whilst you have an aversion for that stupid, quiet, aggravating smile which your better feelings revolt against, and at which your lips involuntarily curls.

A child's soft, rippling laugh, a boy's don't-care merriment or a man's hearty laugh are all things that do us good to hear and make us happier for the hearing.

Cholera Germs Under the Microscope

Some specimens of the peculiar germ which the now famous Dr. Koch has discovered in India, Egypt, and latterly in France, in the bodies of persons who have died of the cholera, and to the presence of which he attributes that terrible scourge, exhibited for the first time in public recently at the Imperial Theatre, by the aid of the gigantic microscope which is now being shown there. The germs, which, it is needless to say, are no longer in an active state, have, it is stated, been specially procured recently from the cholera district in the South of France. As magnified some two million times, and shown by the aid of the electric light upon the great screen occupying the entire proscenium of the theatre, they appear nearly of the size of the palm of one's hand. They are quite colorless, and in the shape of coils representing circles and shapes not unlike the figure 8, precisely as described in Dr. Koch's work on the subject. The microscope is the same as that which was used at the Crystal Palace for the entertainment of "Les Invisibles," or the wonders of the world unseen by the naked eye, which is now given twice daily at the Imperial Theatre.—*London Daily News.*

The Verdict of Experts

"Fetch in your corpse," demanded the foreman of a Texas coroner's jury.

The body was laid before them. The jury made a careful examination, and questioned the attending surgeon.

"What was he shot?"
 "Square through the heart."
 "Dead in the centre of the heart?"
 "Right in the centre."
 "Who shot him?"
 "Jack Daniels."

A dozen witnesses declared Jack fired the shot, and Jack himself admitted it.

The jury consulted softly for some time.

"Well gentleman of the jury," said the coroner. "What is your verdict?"

"Waal Jedge, we've come to the conclusion that Jack Daniels is ther dandiest shot in these parts, and dont you furgit it."

"Sit down," said an honestly-dressed vivacious young lady at a fashionable watering-place "sit down; it's about the only thing you can do here without paying for it."

Music and the Drama.

The Pauline Markham Company

This admirable company of artists—re-engaged for a second week—have appeared in three different pieces during the present week. We regret that the exigencies of time and space will not allow us to notice more than one of these pieces—Boucicault's "L'Ed Astray." The story is, doubtless, well known to our readers. The heroine, *Armand Chandee*—admirably played by Miss Markham—neglected by her husband, (Randolph Murray) misunderstood, as she thinks, by her friends, turns for consolation and sympathy to *George DeLesparre*, (Charles Barton) a poet and romancer, whose works are calculated to inspire with feelings of admiration and respect just such a woman as *Armand*. The breach between husband and wife is widened by the presence of an adventuress *Suzanne O'Hara* (Helen Adoll), and culminates in a duel and a separation; winding up, of course, with a reconciliation. The heroine, as we have said, was admirably played by Miss Markham, who was frequently applauded, and called before the curtain several times. As the husband, *Rodolph Chandee*, Mr. Randolph Murray appeared to even better advantage than in "Moths;" his impersonation giving evidence of close and careful study. Mr. Chas. Barton made an admirable *DeLesparre*, and Mr. Germaine a good *Baron*, although moulded somewhat on the *Dundreary* pattern. The two adventurers, *Major O'Hara* and his sister, were admirably acted by Mr. Geo. Bird and Miss Helen Adoll. Harry Miller, as the true-hearted friend and lover *Hector*, won much well-deserved praise, and as his wilful sweetheart *Mathilde*, Miss Edith Bird deepened the good impression formed of her last week. The small part of the *Countess* was carefully played by Miss Sarah Clark. The costumes of the ladies were costly, handsome and in good taste, and provoked much admiring criticism from the ladies present. The performance throughout was marked by all those points of excellence alluded to last week, and well deserving of public patronage.

The programme of the Toronto Choral Society for the season 1884-85, is now before us; and the specially attractive character of the works selected for performance gives every guarantee that the Society will present its patrons with a musical feast fully equalling, if not surpassing, those already enjoyed. Next year being the bi-centennial anniversary of the birth of Handel will probably be observed throughout the musical world as a Handel Jubilee year; and it has been decided to celebrate the event in Toronto by the production of one of the great master's greatest, and to Toronto means least known, works, the sublime orator, "Samson," which we think we are correct in stating will on that occasion receive its first performance in Canada. It will be produced with such solo talent, orchestral effects and strength of chorus as will worthily honor the event. Among the other works to be produced will be Neil W. Gado's new cantata "Psyche," performed for the first time at the last Birmingham Festival, as well as a number of high class part songs and miscellaneous selections, somewhat similar to those which have proven so acceptable in previous years. Considering the Society's present high standing of efficiency, there is every reason to expect that the season

of 1884-5 will be even more brilliant and successful than its predecessors. The system adopted last year, of confining the admission to the regular concerts to honorary Members and their friends will be continued during the coming season.

At the Summer Pavilion, the St. Quinton Opera Co. produced "Patience" Monday night, with the following cast. *Bunthorne*, Mr. Wolfe; *Duke of Dunstable*, Wm. Redstone; *Grosvonor*, Chas. Bowers; *Col. Culverley*, Henry Rich; *Lady Jane*, Sara Hall; *Patience*, Miss St. Quinton. There was a large audience present, and the opera received a very creditable presentation, the principal members being frequently encored. Of Miss St. Quinton, it is unnecessary to speak. Both she and Mr. Wolfe have proved themselves artists of a high order, and have made themselves decidedly popular. Our local tenor, Mr. Redstone, made quite a hit as the *Duke*. The performance Monday was under the patronage and presence of the Mayor and other prominent citizens.

The late Mme. Taglioni's stago costume would have surprised ballet dancers of the present day. The fact was that she never in the whole of her career wore a dress which allowed her knees to be seen. Her own high ideas of her art were well expressed in the robe she administered to one of her admirers in Milan, who begged her to shorten her dress "just a very little." "Signor," replied the dancer, "I do not dance for men, I dance for wives and for daughters."

London *Truth*, referring to the performances of Augustino Daly's company says—Daly's company furnished an entertainment as original and interesting as London has seen for many years. They have seldom seen audiences so thoroughly delighted. It was refreshing to sit under these quick, bright, intelligent, sympathetic performers, French in their facility, American in eccentricity, after the dull clumsy wooden-headed dreariness often palmed off upon us as a substitute for fun.

The attraction at the People's Theatre next week, will be John A. S'even's and his excellent company in his popular melodrama "Unknown," which has already been produced successfully before Toronto audiences.

Mierzwinski, who is creating quite a sensation in European musical circles, is to undertake a grand concert tour beginning in December and lasting three months or more. He will visit the principal cities of Europe.

Christine Nilsson, who has got socially higher than any other prima donna of her time, is to spend a week as the fellow guest of the King of Sweden at Taymouth Castle, the seat of Lady Breadalbane.

OIL IN THE HOME.

"Some time ago," says a correspondent, "I came across the story that I inclose to the *Phreological Journal* editor. A wider circulation than the paper has in which I found it should be given it, because of the homely truth of the principles illustrated."

"Come, bring the oil-flask, that's a pet," said Samuel Parsons to his wife, as he finished screwing on a new lock to his front door. Of course he need not have said, "that's a pet," unless he liked; but he used to think that it was a great shame that women were called all sorts of pretty names before they were married, but none afterward. "I say," says he, "many of the poor creatures are cheated with pretty names; poor creatures! they think they will always get them; but they may find them very scarce after the finger is in the ring."

We do not mean to tell all the names he called his wife before they were married, but now he called her "pet"; and, as soon as she heard the loving word, she threw down her duster on the chair and sped off to the kitchen for the flask. The flask had a feather in it, as such flasks generally have, and Mr. Parsons, taking the feather between his forefinger and thumb, oiled the key of the street-door

right well, and then locked it and unlocked it a dozen times. At first, it worked rather stilly, and required some strength of wrist to turn it, but, as it worked to and fro, and as the oil began to make its way into the wards, it worked more and more easily, until at last, Tommy, his little son, who was standing by, was able to turn it almost with a touch; and then Mr. Parsons said that it would do.

The operation finished, he thought he would just give his knife a touch of the end of the feather; less than a drop out of the flask would do, just a mere touch—that was all it wanted; and, presently, to young Tommy's great delight, his father made the blade go up and down, click, click. Tommy overtly approved of the result, for he began to click, click, with his tongue and the roof of his mouth, in imitation; and how long he might have delayed his father, we can not tell, if it were not that Mrs. Parsons took him up in her arms and made off with him, she calling Tommy a "saucy rogue," and kissing him all the way, and he, on his part, click, clicking, as though his mouth were a cutler's shop, and you were opening and shutting every knife in it.

Some folks might think that Mr. Parsons had done enough in the oiling way for one day; but there was one thing more to do, and then he would be quite ready to take his potatoes to market. One or two of the wheels of his wagon had been a little creaky, and so he took his pot and gave the axles a touch of its contents. You could have rolled all he put upon them into the size of a couple of marbles, but it was quite enough; the wheels gave over their creaking. If the old proverb be true, "Silence gives consent," no doubt they approved of what he had done.

"Now, then, I am off to market," said he. "Good-bye, Jenny, pet." Oh, that little word "pet"; did not the cunning fellow oil his wife's temper, and even almost her very joints, for her day's work when he called her that little name? "Good-bye, Tommy, my darling." Oh, you cunning man, there you are with your oiled feather again, for, when Tommy was naughty, and his mother reminded him that she must tell his father when he came home, and "father would be sorely grieved if his darling was naughty"; was not Tommy good? for, child though he was, he was able to reason this much in his mind: Tommy is father's darling, and he would not vex him; darlings ought not to vex those who love them. Never mind, good reader, if there is a flaw in the logic; nursery logic is sometimes very funny reasoning, but it answers the purpose; naughty Tommy became good, and click-clicked about the house as merry as a cricket, instead of sprawling and bawling on the ground; and all because his father happened to call him his darling before he went out.

"I say, Polly," said Mr. Parsons to the servant-maid, as he left the house, "do not forget to clean up those irons, if you can manage it, that's a good lass; you will find the oil-flask behind the kitchen door." And so, with a cheerful smile on his countenance, Mr. Parsons took his departure for market. Ah! cunning man; before he went out he oiled his wife and child, and now he oiled his servant-maid; and when he turned his back upon his own door, he left smiling faces and glad hearts behind him, and, I warrant, he found them all smiling to receive him when he came home.

Meeting his neighbor, Mr. Smith, at the market, he said to him, "I have great faith in oil, Mr. Smith, in fact, I oil almost everything; this very morning I oiled the lock of my street-door and my pen-knife, and greased my wagon-wheels; and I oiled my wife and child; and I gave the servant-maid a touch, too, and I tell you what it is, neighbor Smith, I slip along famously, where I find another sticks fast."

Mr. Smith's torn nail seemed to give him a fresh twinge when the pen-knife was spoken of; and, as to the wife, his

conscience reminded him how harshly he had behaved to his own wife at breakfast.

"What do you mean by citing your wife, man?" said Mr. Smith, rather tartly; "you have not been sneaking, have you, and knocking under to a woman?" and Mr. Smith edged away from Mr. Parsons' side, as though he was near some slimy serpent.

"No, indeed," he answered, "I have not been knocking any way, neither under nor over, but I just gave her and the little one a loving word before I started from home, and I said a kind word to the house-maid, to cheer her up through her work for the day; and, for the matter of that, I gave an old apple-woman a touch of my oiled feather, too; few people say kind words to her, and so I did, and, I dare say, it helped her through the day, too! I would not cringe to any one living," continued Mr. Parsons, "not to the queen herself; but to cringe is one thing, to be civil, respectful, and loving, according as the case requires, is another; I never know all to come of it, and I have often known good. Yes, neighbor, I have known the good of it in my own house, over and over again. There is my Jenny. You do not know the work there is in that little creature; bless you! she would work herself to the finger-bone, if you gave her a kind word. I have known her to sit up seven nights with me, without taking off a single article of her clothes—for instance, the time I broke my leg; and when I said to her one morning, as the day was breaking, and I looked at her red eyelids, 'Jenny, my darling, I can never pay you for all this,' she laughed and said, 'Why, Samuel, how can you tell such a story? you have paid me now.'

"Paid you, my wife! why, what do you mean?"

"Did you not say 'my darling'?"

"To be sure, I did."

"Well, was not that payment to a woman's heart?"

"And she looked so earnestly at me, that I felt the tears come in my eyes. Oh, neighbor, I could not say it as she did, for these women have a way of speaking that does not belong to the men. Sometimes I think there is a kind of pipe that makes music in their throats; but ever since that day I have been ten times as loving as I was before, and I try to say a kind word, not only to Jenny, but to every one I meet. I believe, neighbor," continued Mr. Parsons, "that women are of that nature that they will do anything for love, there is no use of our driving them, of our scolding and ordering, and banging them about; that only makes slaves of them; but give them a little love and they will do wonders."

As Mr. Parsons found that his neighbor was listening, he was encouraged to go on, even though he received no answer. "And I do the same," said he, "by every girl that comes as a servant to me. Servants are made of the same stuff as their mistresses; they all have hearts, and the same kind treatment will reach them all."

Thus discoursing, Mr. Parsons arrived at his own farm-yard. There was Jenny, his wife, ready to meet him with a kiss; and there was Tommy, who received his father with a click, click, leaving it a matter of speculation as to whether he had not been clicking over since the morning. And then there was Polly, the servant-maid, standing close to the irons, which shone as though they were fresh from the shop, she hoped they would catch her master's eye, and she knew that she would get a kind word.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—Helps.

THE GREAT LINTON MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED

THE DIARY CONTINUED.

No existence could be more calm and tranquil than mine now. Everything is orderly and regular, and yet one is never made uncomfortable by a sense of restriction and suppression such as Mrs. Gower's stringent regulations caused. Were I naturally untidy and careless—I don't think I am very—I should be neat and orderly instinctively in granny's house, and with her example before me. At seven o'clock we rise, and at eight we sit down to breakfast—tea, a pat of fresh butter, a little brown loaf, two eggs or rashers of wasted bacon, served on a cloth as smooth, white, and spotless as possible. The most pressing affairs of the day are done between breakfast and dinner. After that granny does for half an hour, and then sets herself to read one of her favorite books—*Pickwick*, which she enjoys heartily, *The Voyages of Captain Cook*, in three ponderous volumes, and *Pilgrim's Progress*, which sometimes tickles her sense of humour, though I cannot see how or why, and sometimes excites a feeling of veneration and devotion. But she loves most to chat, and, if I have not a book in my hand, she will glance over the top of her glasses now and then at me, and with increasing frequency, until at last she closes her book, and, drawing off her spectacles with a queer little twitch of her eyelids, says—

"Now, lovey, let us have a little gossip about things in general."

After tea, William, in his white cap and apron, comes into the shop, and granny and I go out for a walk. And a very pleasant part of the day's routine this is, for granny has something pleasant to say—some sage reflection, or sweet or humorous remark about anything that we chance to regard, no matter how insignificant in itself the thing is. She is very widely known, and no royal person "walking abroad"—that is one of her phrases—could receive more frequent marks of respect nor acknowledge them with more becoming grace.

At half-past eight we have supper bread and butter, with cream-cheese or some fruit; and after that Jane comes into the parlour and takes her seat in the corner, and granny reads a chapter of the Bible aloud. William has been present at this ceremony once; but on other evenings he has gone out for a stroll, and to smoke his pipe, which he prefers.

"The comfort of piety is less necessary to men than to us women," granny tells me, in explanation of his defection. And then we separate, granny and I, with a kiss and kindly wishes, and go to bed.

Surely, under such favourable conditions, I ought to be happy—or, if not happy, at least not discontented with my lot! And yet, when I lie down at night, my heart is heavy; and it is not light when I rise in the morning. There must be some foolish or evil bent in my disposition. Why else, when my reason tells me I should rejoice, does my heart repine? It is madness to grieve because that is not which never could have been. It is wicked to think of him, yet my heart glows, as I write, with unquenched love. I have prayed and prayed for strength to think of him no more until my rebellious thoughts have made the prayer a mockery.

CHAPTER XVII.

November 11—Kennington.—There has been a very thick fog to-day, the first I have ever seen. Granny would have kept me at home, but I would not be persuaded by the dear soul. It was with difficulty I assured myself that I had not lost my way, and, had it not been for the brass plate on the gate, I could not have distinguished the school where I had an engagement as teacher of French from the houses on either side. Nearly all the day-scholars were absent. Miss Fletcher

scolded me for coming whilst praising me for my attendance, and, as soon as it grew a little less dense, insisted upon my going home.

I was surprised to hear that Mr. Gower had visited granny this morning. "A little matter of business brought him, my dear," she said, but that made his coming only the more odd, since business in the ordinary way is about the last thing in the world that would make him undertake such an unpleasant journey. Granny has been grave all day. I hope with all my heart that this business matter is not the cause. It would not surprise me to find that she is pinched for money, for trade is worse now than ever, ladies and gentlemen being afraid to go out in such weather as we have had since October, and she cannot sell enough biscuits in a week to pay William's wages.

November 15—Thank Heaven, the fears I had lately on granny's account were ill-founded! This being a half-holiday—Wednesday—I left Miss Fletcher's at twelve o'clock, and, thinking of nothing in particular except it was that the fallen chestnut-leaves smelt very nice, that it was pleasant to see a little sunlight once more after the horrid fogs, that it is very droll to keep ringing a bell when one has muffins to sell, or on some such unimportant subject—had just passed the corner of Audrey Road, when I was nearly scared out of my senses by the three girls, Beatrice, Edith and Maud, bouncing down upon me, like great Tom-boys as they are, from the wall by the doctor's where they had been waiting in ambush for me. I think I am getting cross as well as old. Certainly it takes less to irritate me now than it used. I felt quite angry with the girls for frightening me, instead of being delighted to see them.

"You shouldn't do that!" I said, kissing them all the same. "There are two ladies on the other side of the way who look quite astounded."

"Oh, isn't ducky proper now she's a governess?" exclaimed Beatrice.

"Hush, Miss Gowah!" said Edith, with mock severity. "Don't you know that walls have ears, and that 'ducky' is not your teacher's proper name?"

"I vote we walk two by two, and be careful to keep your eyes before us," said Maud.

"Don't be stupid—I don't mean to be cross—but you—frightened me," I said, with another kiss at each break where I have put a dash for one of them. "Why, who could have expected to see you? Where's Gwenny?"

"Oh, she's gone with ma! That's why we're here."

"The enemy has retired in complete disorder," said Maud, with a triumphant flourish of her hand.

"And the first thing we did when Gwenny told us they weren't coming back to-day was to look in Bradshaw and find out how we were to get from Camden Road to Clapham with the least delay."

"Yes; and we made up our mind to startle you as you were going home."

"And we did."

"We are a happy family!" said Edith; and then her sisters cried out in chorus, "We are, we are, we are!"—and the two ladies on the other side of the way must have been more shocked than before.

For my part, I could not help laughing at the exuberant spirits of these dear girls. Edith and Trix had hold of my arms; Maud, compelled to take an out-side place, said—

"Very good, my dear children. I warn you that, if I'm to go outside to oblige you now, I shall sleep with ducky to-night."

"Are you going to stay all night?" I asked.

"Of course we are! We're going to

take granny by storm. Won't she open her eyes and lift up her dear old hands in surprise to see us marching in?"

"Oh, I'll tell you what! Ducky shall go in first; then, when we've counted fifty, Trix shall go in; then Edith shall follow after another fifty; and, when I've counted the same, I'll walk in. Granny will think there's never going to be an end to the gang!" she said.

"Gang!" said I.

"Is that very wrong, ducky? So sorry! I meant 'crew.'"

Thus they rattled on, one piece of nonsense after another, until at length they all ceased, as if from exhaustion. Then I asked where Mrs. Gower was gone.

"To Marlow."

"Marlow!" I exclaimed, with a strange trembling, and wondering what could possibly take Mrs. Gower thither at this time of the year.

"Haven't you heard?"

"Don't you know what's happened?"

"Didn't pa tell you when he came last week?"

"No," I replied, more and more astonished by these rapid questions.

"What has happened?"

"Why, Elgitha has run away from the Abbey!"

"Run away?"

"Yes, with Barton—Gilbert's servant—a bare, wicked woman! I know she'd do something shameful in the end."

I remembered Barton, the handsome servant that had waited upon us when we were crossing the Channel, and I remembered his covert unpleasant glances at me from behind his master's chair.

"Ma doesn't know that she's run away with a footman, or, if she does, she pretends not to know. Gilbert has said nothing about it."

"That's characteristic of him, poor old fellow!" said Beatrice. "He has never said a word about his wife's faults. He just lets people think that he's cruel and tyrannical to his wife, and suffers ma to circulate whatever rumours it may please her to invent, without attempting to throw the blame off himself upon Elgitha by showing what a vile creature she is."

"I wish some one would tell the whole truth. Pa ought; but he is such a coward!"

"He told us. The lawyer engaged by ma to investigate matters found it out and told him, you know, ducky. Gilbert has not said a word even to the lawyer engaged against him."

"Against him?" I said, in astonishment.

"Yes. It's an awful blow to ma to have it supposed even that Elgitha has run away from her husband. People would imagine that she did not run away alone, and there'd be an end to ma's status in the nobocracy. People couldn't be proud of knowing the ma of Lady Linton if it was widely conjectured that Lady Linton had brought shame upon her husband. Ma would be at a discount."

"Take a back row at once."

"It would be as bad for her as if pa were to open a butcher's shop."

"What a bit of fun that would be!"

"Hush, Edith!" said I.

"Well, one may as well say a thing as feel it; and I know we should all rejoice in our hearts at ma's mortification. I don't see anything to respect, let alone reverence, in a woman who is just as snobbish in her own circle as the Jews at Margate. Fine airs and coarse feelings are the very essence of vulgarity. What do you think, ducky? Don't you think that we three girls, though we do use slang, and are rough and rude, are less vulgar than ma?"

"But what can Mrs. Gower do to injure Sir Gilbert Linton?" I asked. "If Lady Linton has gone away, and her husband refuses to ascribe a reason, it seems to me that nothing more can be said."

"That shows how little you know of ma. She'd do the wickedest, meanest thing in the world to save herself from falling in the estimation of her friends

and admirers. Look what a triumph it would be to all the little sycophants who court her society now if they could cut her dead in society or snub her anyhow! They hate each other like cats in a bag, these superfine super-ah Camden Squ-aah ladies!"

"You haven't answered ducky's question as to what ma's doing to injure Gilbert. She's trying to make it suspected that Gilbert has murdered Elgitha."

"Oh!"

"Isn't it shameful? You see, ducky, when our sweet step-sister bolted with her husband's footman and her jewels, she thought it best to cut the river between herself and Sir Gilbert as soon as possible. So the boat was taken from the beathouse, and, when it had carried her across, it was left to float down with the current. The wreck of it was found the next morning at the foot of a weir."

"Is it known that she crossed?" I asked, with a faltering voice.

"Oh, yes! She and the footman were seen twice afterwards. Of course no one is supposed to know that. The solicitor told pa, because he thought pa was as greatly interested as ma in proving Sir Gilbert guilty of murder."

"And because pa will have to pay the solicitor's fees," suggested Maud.

"Ma will more heaven and earth to save her daughter's reputation. You may be sure she will find means to suppress the rumours that Lady Linton has been seen since the night she left the Abbey. The solicitor hinted to pa that a certain sum of money judiciously spent would make those people who saw Elgitha doubt their own senses and believe that they were mistaken. Ma's put us all in deep mourning."

"But we took it off as soon as she was out of the house this morning."

"Yes; and she's gone down to Marlow to show her crape. People always believe in crape, you know; and I believe, if a hundred witnesses were to swear they had seen Elgitha, the world would point to ma's crape and say it was impossible."

"I wish it was not mean to write anonymous letters. I should like to let every one on ma's visiting-list know the whole truth."

"It's an awful shame! Poor Gilbert! It seems as if there was never to be an end to his punishment for having trusted a woman."

"Oh, I think he's less to be pitied now than before she left him! He's not obliged now to stop at the Abbey for fear she will disgrace him in his absence. He must have expected such an event. We know for certain that he has had to keep her a prisoner since that abominable affair at Brighton."

"Ducky doesn't know anything about that."

"It isn't the sort of thing ducky would care to hear. It's one of those scandals that we are supposed not to understand, you know, dear; but Trix has a cutting from a Brighton paper, given her by Laura Drake, who was there at the time, and that puts it plain enough for a child to comprehend. Mr. Drake knows the proprietor of the paper, and he was told that Gilbert bought up the whole edition of the paper and paid a heavy sum that no further reference should be made to his wife's shame."

"Surely, with no evidence against Sir Gilbert, Mrs. Gower dare not openly accuse him of having killed his wife?" I ventured to say. "It is an absurd, preposterous charge!"

"Catch ma doing anything of that kind openly! Don't you know her way, ducky—how she will pretend to give no opinion, and yet cunningly lead people to suppose the very worst?"

They talked for some time, but I did not catch all they said, my mind being charged with more food than it could at once digest.

"And ho?" I asked, after a while.

"What has become of him?"

"He is at the Abbey. Pa has not seen him, and he wrote only a formal note acknowledging the receipt of pa's note

and our messages. I am not surprised; he must hate the whole lot of us. I suppose he will wait until the result of the investigation is known, and then I should think he would go abroad to live. I would. I should detest every person and thing that could remind me of such a woman. We shall never see him again."

"Oh, poor Gilbert!"
My heart echoed that cry.
"And now do let us talk of something else," said Beatrice.

November 20.—No news. I think granny must have scolded the girls for telling me so much. She knows that my heart is unhealed, but how should they understand my feelings—they, who fall in love twenty times in the year, and seem never better pleased than when they have a new flirtation to talk about? I dare say they know what happened in September, and look upon it simply as a rather improper legerity on the part of their step-brother-in-law which I have long since forgotten. In answering my letter of the 19th, Beatrice alludes as briefly as possible to the questions I asked.

"I'm sorry, dear," she writes, "that I cannot answer all your questions. There is nothing to tell. Ma is at home, posing as a very ugly and stony kind of Niobe. Pa says she has prudently called off the dogs of law, seeing that they were as likely to serve her as Actæon's hounds served him. You will be glad to see that I do not neglect my *Maugnull's Questions, et-cetera*.

Granny watches me closely, and is kinder, if possible, than ever, doing all that is in her power to divert my thoughts from sombre reflections and turn them into bright channels. She knows that my love is not extinguished, and that the old look about my face and my sober mien are not the mere result of teaching French. Poor granny! Solitude in my welfare makes it difficult for her to be silent upon the subject which she perceives occupies my mind, while instinctive good taste withholds her from speaking. It is easy to see which way her thoughts tend. She spoke in compassionate terms last night of those persons whose follies or vices make them the detestation of the world, and hinted significantly at our duty towards them.

"Is there any one in the world, my love," she said, "so miserable as they—without hope, without the pleasant recollection of a single good action, without one loving friend, without the slightest consolation in their wretchedness? Would the most unhappy of those who suffer from the faults of others change places for a moment with them who suffer only by their own wickedness? How are we to judge them? How are we to say what share of blame is theirs? Not by our own standard, for maybe we have had neither their feebleness nor their temptations to withstand. We must make allowances for them as we should for children who do wrong, or persons of unsound mind. I cannot help believing that the tendency to evil is something beyond our own control, and that the love of evil-doing is a kind of mania; and those so afflicted are surely to be pitied and helped. Don't you think so, love? And we must admire those persons who, having the misfortune to be connected with such people, renounce selfish desires and inclinations to rescue them from the misery of their own creating, and prevent them, if possible, from falling lower, just as we must blame and hold in contempt others who abandon them to their fate in order to pursue their own personal pleasures."

Granny misjudges him, thinking him perhaps all to blame for my unhappiness; and she forms an unjust estimate of his character if she thinks he will neglect a duty that is apparent to her. I have so much confidence in him that I write this without fear that his act will make me blot it out in shame. He will not ask me, now that he might be better justified himself in making me an offer. It is granny only who starts with anxiety

when a step is heard upon the threshold.

CHAPTER XVIII.

March 25.—Kennington. — At length the long winter is ended. The window-boxes are bright with spring bulbs, snowdrops, and crocuses, the hyacinths are just showing colour, and the little parlour is fragrant with cut wallflowers. The sun has shown with great brilliancy, making the air quite warm in the middle of the day; and the atmosphere is so clear and bright that my thoughts have dwelt involuntarily upon the sea as I walked to school and back, and whenever my pupils suffered my attention to stray away from them. Granny seems a little unwell today; she complains that the east wind is not good for old bones, and is restless and nervous.

March 27.—Granny's anxiety continues. To-night, when I asked for the *Times*, which is usually brought after tea and left with us until the morning, she said, with some embarrassment, that it had not been delivered; but the moment after, unable to deceive me, or even to let me deceive myself, she added—

"My love, I will tell you why I have told the man not to bring the paper. It is because there is something in it which I do not wish you to read."

She said no more; but it was enough to make me understand that there is bad news concerning him. Lady Linton has been discovered perhaps, and there is a repetition of the public scandal at which the girls hunted in the autumn. Granny must be right, and my curiosity to know what has happened is undoubtedly wrong. Nevertheless I cannot help hoping for a letter from the girls, or better still, a visit.

March 29.— . . . Letter from Maud, but no allusion to any uncommon occurrence. I found the *Times* upon the table this evening, and, as I might have assured myself, not a line in it concerning any one of my acquaintance. After all, it may have been only an unpleasant case which granny, with characteristic nicety, considered improper reading for a young woman.

April 3.— . . . Letter from Beatrice, most affectionate and sweet, but the most serious and least careless I have ever had from her. I believe it was composed and then copied—a thing quite unprecedented in the history of her correspondence with me. I feel sure that something has happened, or is now taking place, which I am not to know, which in some way affects me. Not only does Tris write in guarded terms, and granny find it impossible to fix her attention patiently on one thing, but even Miss Fletcher regards me with a kind of considerate interest. She and granny do chat a great deal on half-holidays, and it is just possible that my affairs are not a secret from the best and most trustworthy of Mrs. Simpson's old friends. She may have thought it necessary to tell her all last autumn, when it was proposed that I should teach at Miss Fletcher's school. That just serves to increase my belief that some fact concerning him is being kept from my knowledge.

April 10.—This afternoon, as granny and I were sitting at tea, a cab drew up sharply before the door, and, before it had quite stopped, Mr. Gower, with a newspaper in his hand, jumped out and came hurrying to us.

"It's all right," he began, as he crossed the shop, seeing our astonishment, or at least my astonishment—"it's all right—he's acquitted!"

"Acquitted!" I exclaimed. "Of what?"

"Why, of murder, my dear! And thank Heaven for it!" he replied, pushing back his hat and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "There's the evening paper, granny; you'll find a line about it. Just come from Reading. Thought you'd be anxious to know how it had ended, so took a cab and came on straight. Give me a cup o' tea, there's a good soul! I'm pretty well exhausted

with the excitement of the day and that confounded Underground Railway!"

"There is no occasion to use unpleasant words, Joseph," said granny gently, as she opened the tea-caddy to prepare some fresh tea for Mr. Gower.

"Bug pardon, granny. One may be pardoned for giving vent to one's feelings after bottling 'em up so long!"

Granny shook her head gravely, and glanced at me anxiously, as if she thought it would have been better for me had he kept his feelings bottled up still longer, and left me in ignorance. I had sunk into a chair, and sat trembling with anxiety and I know not what emotions, wishing to know more, yet unable to ask a question. Mr. Gower, following the direction of granny's glance, caught sight of me, and, seeing my condition, started from his seat, came to my side, and with great concern exclaimed, as he took my hand—

"Why, my dear, what's the matter? Hang it all, I might have known! And yet the girls told me that you know all!"

"The girls are just as thoughtless as you," said granny. "Gertrude knows nothing of the dreadful business. Now she must know all, and you had better tell her while I make the tea."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Gower, when granny had left the room, "with all due respect to Mrs. Simpson, I see no harm in your hearing all about it. While there was a doubt as to the result of this trial, it was right of course to keep you in the dark. But good news can harm no one, I think; and, to tell the truth, it was as much for your sake as for granny's or my own that I brought the news; for, though I concluded from my own observation and the girls' that you had ceased to have any—any feeling, you know, for Sir Gilbert, I felt sure you would be glad to hear of his escape from a very serious dilemma. The girls wouldn't have kept the secret long if I had. They couldn't. You must have found it out, or suspected something."

"I have suspected something. There was something in the *Times* which granny did not wish me to see. I know it referred to him."

"Ah, that was an account of the inquest! I'll begin at the beginning. You know that last November Lady Linton left the Abbey; that, after her departure, several honest people were prepared to swear that they had seen her with a man on the Oxford side of the river, or that they had not seen her, as their interest guided them? At the Monkden weir the boat was found bottom up. It was concluded that, if Lady Linton were discovered, her body would be found to have taken the same course as the boat, and accordingly all about the weir a great deal of search was made to no purpose. It must be admitted that the men who made this search did so with the foregone conclusion that they should find nothing, it being a matter of common notoriety amongst this lower class of people, who draw their information from the servants of the Abbey, that Lady Linton had eloped with her husband's valet—John Barton. Consequently their search was far less thorough and discriminating than if it had been made by unbiased and intelligent persons—the police, for example. My precious wife, as I have no doubt the girls told you, tried to establish the belief that her daughter had been murdered, and to a certain extent succeeded. A great many friends supported her theory; and during the winter Mrs. Gower has been more popular than ever with that class of people she affects. Meanwhile Gilbert stayed at the Hall, perhaps to discountenance the rumours against him, perhaps to receive his wife if she repented and came back for forgiveness. He's quixotic enough for anything when he's put on his metal. At any rate, he stayed there, which was certainly not the sort of thing a murderer would do."

"At the beginning of last month he gave orders that the boat-house, which had been flooded during the winter, should be put in repair. The workmen

went there, throw open the gates and windows, and the master-man began to look about to see what was necessary. The first thing he noticed was a quantity of fur clinging to the scum and slime which had accumulated on the surface of the water and formed a kind of dam against the water-gates. His first idea was that a fox or some such creature had got under the gates at low water and been drowned there. But another workman noticed that there was not only fur, but long hair in the slime. I see, my dear, that these details are unpleasant to you. They are revolting, and that's a fact, and, as they are not necessary, I'll say as little about 'em as possible. The long and short of it is that the place was dredged, and there they fished up the remains of Lady Linton."

"Gilbert identified the fur lined cloak—of which a portion still remained intact—the watch, bracelets, *et-cetera*, which were found amongst that awful mass of decomposition. Mrs. Gower was prepared to swear to each of the poor wretch's bones of course. My dear, it's all right, I've come to an end of the horrible details. Beyond identifying the remains and giving the briefest possible account of his wife's disappearance, Gilbert gave no evidence at the inquest. The doctor who had attended Lady Linton declared that she had exhibited strong symptoms of insanity, and it was clear that Gilbert hoped that her death would be attributed to that cause. You can understand how repugnant to a man his feelings it would be to expose his wife's vices and make them the subject of public conversation. In all probability a verdict in accordance with the doctor's view of the case would have been returned had it not been for my precious wife's interference. She protested that for a long time previous to her death Lady Linton had gone in fear of her life, and produced a heap of letters from her daughter in which Gilbert was accused of violence, cruelty and an intention to murder her; and upon that evidence the jury gave a verdict of wilful murder against Sir Gilbert, and he was duly committed to take his trial."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lightning-Rods.

It is a general impression that the chief value of lightning-rods is to shield buildings from harm by conducting electricity from the clouds to the earth. Even intelligent people are often surprised when told that the rods secure safety by allowing the electricity to escape that gathers on the roofs and sides of buildings. But the cases where the electricity goes upward from the earth to the air, largely outnumber those in which the current sets in the opposite direction.

The process is a very simple one. The electric equilibrium in the air is disturbed, and one kind of electricity gathers in great force on the earthward surface of the clouds. This at once disturbs the equilibrium on the earth, and attracts the opposite kind of electricity to the earth's surface. When the tension becomes too great—or the mutual attraction becomes irresistible—electricity leaps either from the clouds to the earth, or reversely, and for the moment the equilibrium of both at that point is restored.

But in conducting points, such as lightning-rods present, are numerous enough to dissipate steadily the force gathered on the earth's surface, there will be no sudden leap, and no lightning shock. In the famous experiment of Franklin with his kite, if the lightning from the cloud had run down the string to the key, the ball experimenter would have suffered the penalty of death for his rashness. But it was only the electricity of the kite and the string, decomposed by the attraction of the electricity in the cloud, that escaped by the key, and therefore the shock was a light one.

We should never play with favor; we cannot too closely embrace it when it is real, nor fly too far from it when it is false.

Temperance Department.

EDITED BY G. W. SECRETARY.

TRUTH contains each week full and reliable news from every part of the Good Templar work. Any information in regard to work generally received. Address all such to T. W. CAHNEY, G. W. H. Napanee, Ont.

The Prohibition Party.

The Prohibition Party in the United States continues to grow stronger from year to year, though whether it will ever become strong enough, as a separate political party, to accomplish success yet remains a subject of great doubt. During the past two or three Presidential elections this party have had candidates of their own, but of course, they had no idea of success in the election. It was merely a sort of agreement to "stand up and be counted." This year the usual Prohibitionist National Convention has been held and ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, has been nominated the candidate for President. He accepts the nomination and a canvas will be made in his favour. It is merely playing at an election but the impression is that the play may have its serious effect on Blaine's success. A great majority of the prohibitionists belong to the Republican party, and in consequence almost every vote given to St. John will be one lost to Blaine. The Republican National Convention at Chicago this year ignored the important question of Prohibition entirely in their platform making, though a good deal of attention was given to the "wool question," the "Chinese question" and several others of much less importance. The feeling of a good many now appears to be to resent the slight and "bolt the ticket" of their old party. As the chances of success appear to be so evenly balanced between the two great parties this time any considerable movement like this tending to interfere to any extent will be of greater interest than at almost any time before.

It may be here mentioned that the Republican candidate, Mr. Blaine, is a resident of Maine, and an ardent supporter of the Maine law. His testimony in regard to the practical success of prohibition in Maine is very decided and important, though, it is said, he is not a temperance man himself.

Ex Governor St. John is, probably, the strongest candidate the prohibition party could have brought into the field. He is a well known public man, an experienced and successful politician, and an earnest and popular temperance worker. He has been twice Governor of Kansas and stood at the head of affairs in that State when the Prohibition constitutional amendment was put into force.

Should any material loss come to the Republican party out of the present campaign it may have the effect of making the leading wire pullers and platform makers a good deal more considerate of their temperance adherents in the future. As it is the Republican party gets a strong support from the German vote, which is very large in the United States, and it is very known fact that the Germans are pretty decided opponents of prohibition. The Republican leaders have therefore a delicate task before them in dealing with the temperance question. They cannot ignore it, however, at this late stage in the agitation.

Saltire and Prohibition.

Titus Salt, father of the present Sir T., commenced business in 1834 as a woollen manufacturer in Bradford, Yorkshire, England. He had probably been till then a skilled workman, for sometime after, being in Liverpool, he noticed in passing a warehouse, a number of bales of a singular looking wool, of which he pulled some samples from a hole the rats had made, and took them home.

That was a lot of Alpaca wool, from a species of Peruvian sheep of that name. It had been sent from Peru as an experiment, but merchants and manufacturers laughed at it, as they once did at Anthra-

cite coal, deeming it useless. Mr. Salt experimented with his samples, then purchased the lot and originated the manufacture of Alpaca cloth of various kinds, which became very popular, and the excellent Quaker gentleman made a large fortune in it.

He was a very benevolent, philanthropic citizen and abhorred rum. To get away from the dram shops, he purchased a site on the River Aire in Yorkshire, and erected there an immense model factory, occupying with all its belongings 20 acres. This with the town of 1,000 comfortable dwellings for his working people, he called Saltaire.

No dramshop, no liquor was ever allowed there; Saltaire, like Bessbrook in Ireland, Vinoland in N. J., Greeley in Colorado, Grinnel in Iowa—has been a model temperance colony with a model population, enjoying all the comforts and blessings of a community free from the curse of rum and prospering accordingly.

In 1869 Mr. Salt, in consideration of his noble record, was made a baronet, Sir Titus Salt. He was Mayor, member of parliament honoured with many distinctions, a helper of many good institutions, but what did him the highest honor was his tender, loving, generous solicitude for the physical welfare and moral improvement of his dependents and operatives, whom he surrounded with every possible inducement to live well and happily.

The grand old patriot-hero-prophet-saint died in 1876 aged 73. There has probably never been more than two rich men—like him—in the world in one century. John G. Richardson, of Bessbrook, Ireland, is much such another.

Drink and Crime.

The Toronto News of Monday says.

"There were twenty-three persons sent to jail in this city yesterday, three-fourths of those arrested having been taken for drunkenness."

This is just the old story over again in regard to drunkenness and crime. There was nothing unusual in Toronto last Sunday to cause more drinking than usual. The Police and the Drunks were much as they usually are. The important question to the great public is How long are things to go on in this way? Will the people always be content for the liquor traffic to turn out a lot of drunken men, dangerous to the safety of community and for a large number of policemen to be regularly engaged in running into prison the same drunkards so as to save the public from harm? Surely the attempts to stop drunkenness, as our laws now stand is a failure. The facts and figures, well known to every intelligent reader, demonstrate this beyond a shadow of doubt. For years and years an honest attempt has been made to stop men from getting drunk by imprisoning those caught in that state, but the plain facts show clearly enough that all these "horrid examples" count for but very little in that respect. The experiment is a terribly expensive burden to the tax payers and apparently fruitless of results. Though over a thousand arrests have been made yearly in Toronto yearly for the crime of drunkenness for some time past the crop continues to increase. The yearly number is getting greater than ever, and no reasonable man will pretend to say that the operation of the present law is at all likely to suppress the evil. Drunkenness comes from drinking, and drinking surely goes on where there is selling, and selling is pretty sure to continue where there is manufacturing. The conviction grows stronger and stronger that some such heroic measure is needed as an effective law prohibiting the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors. Let the men who find fault with such measures point out any thing else practical.

The Order in England

The fifteenth annual session of the Grand Lodge of England was opened by the G. W. O. T., Dr. F. R. Lees, F. S.

A. (of Leeds), in the Church Mission Hall, Portsmouth, on Whit Monday, at 6:30 p. m., officers and representatives from all the counties occupied by the Grand Lodge being present. After conferring the Grand Lodge degree upon a large number of brothers and sisters, a public meeting was held, when an address of welcome was presented to the G. W. O. T. from the local tent of the Independent Order of Rechabites. Dr. Lees replied in a speech of great force, setting forth the facts and principles of the temperance movement.

The session was resumed on Tuesday, when the progress of the Order and cause throughout the jurisdiction was under consideration. Most of the officers were re-elected, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

1. That this Grand Lodge receives with satisfaction the report of the present condition of the charter suit presented by Bro. Stockbridge, and learns with pleasure that the suit is to be pressed to a speedy issue, and thus Grand Lodge pledges itself to do its utmost to raise funds to carry on the action.

2. That this Grand Lodge recommends the circulation, during the coming summer, amongst farmers and laborers of the cheap tracts of Mr. Livesey and the Church of England Temperance Society showing the evil and needlessness of intoxicating drinks for harvest labor.

3. That this Grand Lodge congratulates Sir Wilfred Lawson and the Alliance on the progress of sound ideas on the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and on its passing in the House of Commons of the local option resolution, but urges upon all true and enlightened temperance reformers the necessity of so voting and speaking as to make the Parliament understand that the popular veto is in their judgment, the only method of effectually dealing with the evils of the present system, and that the license system is not the cure but the cause of them.

A Silly Objection.

It is funny to think of how many silly objections are brought by the defenders of a bad cause. Some people object to total abstinence and to the removal of temptations to drink on the ground that it is taking away one of the elements needed for the training of human nature. A certain amount of temptation is necessary, they say, to the development of human character. Whatever it may have been originally, human nature is of that make at present that, if left to be developed only under sunny skies, with no experience of storm and winter, it will become a very feeble and flaccid thing. But, while admitting the beneficial influence of trial and temptation, surely we shall be agreed that there would be quite enough of these in the world if all these that are created by strong drink were swept away. Temptations would still abound, and man would still have a sufficiently wide theatre for the exercise of his self-restraint, if all the alcohol now existing were poured into the sea and never another drop produced.

Then it must be borne in mind that, by being taught to practice the principle of total abstinence, men are not removed from the reach of temptations to drink. These temptations still surround them, and all that total abstinence does is to furnish them with a greater power to resist. It simply says, *Never take the first drink and you will never want the second.*

New Brunswick.

The order in New Brunswick has never been numerically very strong, but good healthy progress is being reported. The annual session of the Grand Lodge was held at Sussex last month, and the officers reports indicate an encouraging state of things. The membership in New Brunswick is reported 1,671, being fully double the number of the previous year. Over a thousand new members were installed during the year. The

finances are also in a healthy condition, a balance of about \$70 being reported in the treasury after all expenses were deducted. The officers this year are.—G. W. O. T., J. R. Pidgeon, Indian town; G. W. O., A. T. Patterson, St. John; G. W. V., Mrs. R. M. Taylor, Hallsboro; G. W. S., Samuel Tuffis, St. John; G. W. T., A. H. Hotherington, St. John; Gr. W. C., Rev. M. Grac, Hallsboro; G. W. M., F. J. Todd, Fredericton; P. G. C. T., R. M. Taylor, Hallsboro; Supt. Juvenile Templars, James P. Nowlan, Letele.

NEWS AND NOTES.

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY.—It is stated that forty per cent of the electors of the County have signed the petition to submit the Scott Act in Prince Edward. The Dunkin Act was voted on four times in that county and it was in force for some years, though because of the many anomalies and defects of the law and the opposition of some law officers it was never very effective. It seems pretty evident, however, that the people of the county are not satisfied with the existence of the present liquor license system.

TEMPERANCE CAMP MEETINGS.—It is announced that a temperance camp meeting will be held at Milton, Halton County, commencing on Thursday 14th inst. and lasting six days. A number of able temperance workers from various parts are expected to be present and assist. We have not received fuller particulars. The "temperance week" at the Thousand Island Park is now in progress and will close on Sunday evening next.

TORONTO DEMONSTRATION.—A public temperance demonstration is announced to take place in Toronto on the 18th inst., being the civic holiday for the city. There will be an afternoon demonstration in Queen's Park, and all the various temperance organizations are expected to take part in it. A committee of active temperance workers have the matter in hand.

COMBINING TOGETHER.—An American paper says. "The liquor dealers met in Chicago last month and resolved to have a national association of brewers, saloonkeepers and tobacco men to combine against the prohibitionists. They claim to have a capital of two million dollars." Are the tobacco men to make common cause with the liquor men? It is very doubtful if the liquor sellers can be as successful in such an alliance as they would like to be.

Good Templars' Directory.

- SOUTH WOODLEE, ESSEX CO. HOPE**
of Rochester Lodge No. 187, meets Friday evenings. W. C. T., J. A. Smith; W. S., Frank Fair; L. D., E. J. Smith. 120-228.
- POLINTON, YORK CO., UNION STAR**
Lodge No. 266, meets Wednesday evenings at Templars Hall. W. C. T., R. J. Douglas; W. S., A. J. Brown; L. D., Wm. Norris. 122-223.
- SARINIA—OSHEWAY (INDIAN) LODGE**
No. 210, meets on Monday evenings at the Indian Reserve Church. Visitors welcome. W. C. T., PETER RIDD; W. S., J. THOMAS; Supt. P. O. 121-203.
- QUELPH, ONT.—HEAVER LODGE NO. 52**
meets every Monday evening in Good Templars Hall. Visitors from other lodges always welcome. W. C. T., R. McDONALD; W. S., HENRY MOULDER; L. D., J. J. MAHONEY. 121-204.
- HUMBERTSTONE, WELLAND CO.—HUMBERTSTONE LODGE NO. 376**
meets every Saturday evening at Good Templars Hall. Good Templars Visitors always welcome. W. C. T., D. H. CROW; W. V. MISS H. WEAVER; W. S., MISS A. NEFF; L. D., JAMES KINNEAR. Port Colborne, P. O. 123-206.
- ALDERVILLE (ROSENKATH P. O.)**
Northumberland Co., Massachusetts Lodge, No. 54, (Indian) meets Tuesday evenings at the Mission School House. W. C. T., Mrs. H. G. man; W. V. T., Sister J. Marston; W. S., Wm. Lukes; A. S., A. Salt; W. T., Sister M. Chubb; W. F. S., Thos. Marston; W. M., Wesley Blaker; J. G., Miss M. Jack; O. G., E. Conlago; W. C. N. Black; L. D., M. Lukes. 123-208.
- LONDON MILLS—SMITHSON, KINGSFORD LODGE (INDIAN)**
meets at Good Templars Hall, Rama, every Saturday evening. W. C. T., Mrs. Ann Sandy; W. V., Fanny Sandy; W. S., Sarah Sandy; W. J. S., Joseph Yellowhead; W. C., (Chief) Joseph Reason; W. T., Lillian Williams; W. M., John Wesley; L. D., Gilbert Yellowhead; O. G., Sam Rocks; L. D., Gilbert Williams. 120-30.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill.
NO. XXV.

It is somewhat curious to notice the different views taken of the same things by different individuals. Some, for instance, of our respected correspondents have been hinting that for the last few weeks we have been giving too simple Enigmas. Others have been as strongly averring that they have been pretty hard pressed to make out the answers. We are glad that so many are becoming so well acquainted at least with the letter of Scripture as to be able to read off the answers to our questions without the slightest trouble. Will these good friends excuse us if we say that we have to consider the claims of very different classes and that it is necessary to lead on as the larger portion may be able, without over-driving them or filling them so with disgust as to lead to their giving up altogether. There is a misapprehension still on the part of some about our prizes. One writes that he sent a perfectly correct answer, and yet did not get a prize. It is plain that all cannot get a prize, and we have once and again explained that we are guided in making our awards by taking into consideration priority of reply, general neatness of get up, and the judicious thoughtfulness and intelligence of the appended notes. It is quite possible that we make mistakes, but it cannot in the nature of things be intentional, for we know personally scarcely one single solitary correspondent among the many we are pleased to possess. If we met them on the street we should not know them, except from their dress, from Adam, and prejudice, whether for or against, is in such circumstances impossible.

Postal effusions, when up to the mark, we like, but they must come up to at least a certain standard of excellence before we give them the benefit of our circulation. Occasionally still we get letters that must be intended for Mr. Wilson, as they complain of no notice being taken of answers to the "very simple questions," which evidently concern "gold watches," &c. Now once for all we say we have nothing, whatever, to do with these, and can take no care of them whatever. The two departments are entirely separate, and there is no use trying to mix them.

We are in receipt of a postical effusion of some ten pages. We are afraid we must say No to the idea of its publication. We give a specimen verso from the 10th page:—

Jehosaphat, though a good king,
did certainly wrong in that thing;
By helping that most wicked wretch,
Whose neck a rope should freely stretch.

Now, friend, this won't do; you must give your muse a sharp prod with the spur and make her show her paces to better advantage than in the above. While we say this we are quite sure that our correspondent's heart is all right, and we have no doubt he makes conscience of his very thoughts. We quite reciprocate the kind wishes of the following additional stanza:

I like this less Enigma well,
And hope you'll ne'er be cast to hell;
But live, for Christ's sake, your life below
And when you'll leave you'll to Him go.

The answer to No. XXII is as follows:—

Mercy, Hosea vi. 6, etc. Seat, 1, Sam. iv, 18.

Mercy-seat, Exod. xxv. 22.
1. Mattan, 2 Kings xi, 18; 2 Chron. xxiii. 17.

2. Elymas, Acts, xiii, 8.
3. Rechabites, Jer. xxxv, 18.
4. Cyrus, Isaiah xlii & xlv.
5. Shiloh, 1 Sam. i, 3; Josh xviii 1, &c.
6. Ezra. Ezra ix.
7. Aholiab, Exod. xxxvi. 1.
8. Thomas, John xx, 24—29.

The prize winners this week are:—
Edward John Saphir, North Georgetown, O.

W. A. Wingfield, Oshawa, Ont.
E. Hayward, Box 264, Guolph, Ont.

We should this week take up too much of our space if we mentioned all who deserve commendatory notice at our hands. But we cannot refrain from mentioning, Wm. Jamieson, Moorfield; Ernest Grigg, Hamilton; Mrs. Macnachten, Cobourg, and E. E. Braithwaite, Unionville. This last we should have given the first place among the prize winners both for neatness of writing, carefulness in general getting up and general good sense and accuracy. There was one mistake however, in the answers which forced us reluctantly to pass the paper over.

The 7th question was "The second heaven-taught artist, by whose aid God's courts and all therein at first were made." Now we could not agree with the idea, that "Adam" was a correct answer to that question or that the following explanatory remark made it so:—The second Adam was Christ himself. He is the source of all joy and happiness while the first Adam was the source of sin and death.

For No. XXV. we shall give a rather more difficult and lengthened one so as to meet the views of those who have been thinking that we have been rather easy-going and simple in our Enigmas for a few weeks past.

1. Use thus for Him the members He has given.
2. Who doeth this fulfils the law of Heaven.
3. One to another without grudging give.
4. In want or wealth rejoice each day ye live.
5. To Caesar give the things that are his own.
6. In following Christ by this ye shall be known.
7. There must no shade of evil on thee light.
8. 'Tis thus ye should illumine sin's dark night.
9. With good it is ye must overcome the foe.
10. The gift thou hast received let others know.
11. When billows are safe in this rock remain.
12. Falst not nor tire: do well—the end is gain.
13. Think not of self, let others claim thy care.
14. To follow this we need be oft in prayer.
15. The only holdfast here thy soul can stay.
16. Help one the other whilst it is called to day.
17. This must ye do, God's Kingdom draweth nigh.
18. Leave not the helpless in their need to lie.
19. Ye must acknowledge God is every way.
20. 'Tis He alone can help in trouble's day.
21. To Him at morn and evenlog I must pray.

The texts that point the enigma writ above
Are exhortations from God's word of love.
The initial letters placed in proper plan,
Will show what service demands of man.

Send open at ends or with the envelope enclosed; put Printer's Copy on the outside; and one cent will carry four ounces. Mark XXV. on the outside. It saves a great deal of trouble.

—Editor of Enigma Column.

A CAUTEMALAN VILLAGE.

Primitive Customs and Costumes of the Inhabitants.

The bulk of Central America is yet unsurveyed, and as the Spaniards have never developed the faculty of location to a great extent, and are absolutely incapable of judging of distances, an explorer is dependent upon his own resources for data to define his position from day to day.

The village of Cahal numbers but six years. It had its origin in a desire of some of the inhabitants of Cajabon and San Pedro in the department of Vera Paz to escape from labor upon the coffee estates; so they fled to the wilds upon the northern foot hills of the Santa Cruz mountains and made homes for themselves and their children. The Santa Cruz range of mountains borders the lake of Yzabal upon the north. In a direct line the village is about thirty-five miles a little south of west from the mouth of the river Sarstoun, and nearly fifty miles due west from Livingston.

The town is built on six spurs of hills, all pointing toward "a low green valley," and the houses are scattered, with a delightful want of uniformity. They are thatched cottages, with stockade sides and ends; windows would be useless, and therefore they have none; doors they have, but they are unhung—some entire; to open them they are taken away entirely. Their floors are the trodden face of good mother earth, and chairs ditto. Yet the village and surrounding valleys have a population of at least fifteen hundred. The men of Cajabon are easily distinguished from those who come from San Pedro, for their nether garments are such as were worn by our grandfathers, ending at or above the knee, but those from San Pedro wear pantaloons to their ankles.

The women ordinarily wear the single robe common to the race far and near; that is two or three yards of home-made cotton cloth wound about the waist, with the end tucked in to hold it in place. Their dressmaking is not expensive after the cloth is woven. For extra occasions they use a square piece of cloth with a hole cut out of the center to put the head through; this hole is embroidered with colored yarns, so that when it is on it extends the effect of the colored beads, which are almost universally worn on the neck. The men use a square blanket of home-made cotton, but theirs is only thrown over their shoulders; some use short jackets neatly bound and embroidered. The people are more than ordinary in their looks; they are muscular and healthy, evidently not working more than enough to keep them robust.

Four years ago the government found out that this village had assumed considerable proportions, and they sent here a secretary with title of command, and he has since governed with the aid of an Indian alcalde and a few assistants.

The secretary is the only person speaking Spanish in the whole settlement. The Indians use the cachical, a language in which the consonants appear to be the more emphatic and numerous.

The tortilla of Indian corn is the principal food of all the people, though beans are grown and eaten to some extent. They have plenty of hogs and chickens, but no other domestic animals, except dogs, which are numerous.—Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Indian chief while in Washington was taken to see the burlesque show. After the performance he remarked, through an interpreter, that the great father was very kind to send the poor Indian blankets when they were so much needed at home.

IN THE HOLY LAND.

The Jericho of the Old Testament a Mere Heap of Shapeless Stones—Oriental Pictures.

The only town in the Jordan valley today, near the place where the Jordan debouches into the Dead sea, is Riha, occupying the site of Jericho of the New Testament and Gilgal of the Old. The Jericho of the Old Testament is merely a heap of shapeless stones about two miles away. I went down during harvest week, the most dangerous season in the whole year. We were well armed, and the bands of robbers whom we met out marauding seemed to respect this fact. Once or twice our passage was interrupted by armed guards, but the exchange of a few words between them and our own Bedouin escort developed the fact that they were protecting pilgrims also, or were accompanying humble fellahoon with their season's crops to the Jerusalem market. Thus carefully does the peasant of eastern Palestine have to protect his rights; and not infrequently it happens that he is even then despoiled of his goods.

East of the Jordan there is a country much more fertile and productive than this. Indeed, there are actual forests around the magnificent ruins of Gerash. Consul Merrill has described to me a visit which he paid to a temple there with three hundred pillars, each six feet in diameter, and also to two theaters, one with a seating capacity of six thousand, and the other with a seating capacity of ten thousand. But all that laud is vacant, simply because there is no security of property or person there.

Riha consists of a colony of plaster huts, roofed with gravel and brush, and full of the vilest filth imaginable. The people seem to be mostly Nubians, a coal-black race, and they and their cattle, donkeys, hens, cats, diseased dogs, and the accumulated rubbish of fifty centuries live heterogeneously together. Around this apology of a village is a miserable palisade of brushwood, supposed to serve as a protection from the Nomadic tribes. The latter had their dirty tents of goats' and camels' hair spread close to the rude fence. Such a combination of parasitic races it is seldom one's lot to see. Even the villagers begged backwash of us without exception, as though we—Mr. Floyd and myself—were gods sent among them to distribute benefactions. Children lay around in the dirt only a day or two old. The professional robbers (I distinguish now between the real Bedouins and these villagers, who are more amateurs) were seen at several places in the city, and usually had a cloth wrapped around the lower half of their faces, concealing the mouth.

Here I saw the common Oriental picture, two women grinding at a mill.

I also witnessed there the native process of churning. A woman had a sheepskin filled with milk, which was suspended from the roof. Seizing the two hind legs of the skin, the women pushed the bag back and forth violently, causing it to hit the wall each time. The butter, when it came, was pure white, saltless and tasteless, like the butter in all eastern countries.—Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat

Eight Miles of Frogs.

Tom Barry yesterday morning took a ride to Almaden, and when just past the Sycamore Grove Exchange he saw something that made his eyes open in wonderment, and for a long time he could not credit his senses, for the road was perfectly lined with frogs, averaging the size of a large cherry. He supposed that they would last only for a little way, but for eight miles he saw nothing but frogs, and to make sure that he was not dreaming, got out of his wagon, caught a whole box full, and brought them to town to prove the credibility of his story. He says there are millions of them.—San Jose Herald.

TRUTH.

LADDIE.

Words by H. L. D'ARCY JAXONE.
Andantino grazioso.

Piu mosso.
p ♩ *con dolcezza.*

Music by CIRO PINSUTI.

1. Oh, Laddie was somebody's darling, So somebody of - ten
2. Laddie was somebody's darling, But somebody's love grew

said; And his lov - ing breast was a per - fect rest For somebody's wea - ry head. And some - bod - y's smile was like
cold; The i - dol he made a vic - tim was laid, At the shrine of the god of gold; So sunlight was chang'd in - to

sunshine When walking by somebody's side, And oft as he told the sto - ry of old, So somebody's lips.. replied, "O
shadow, And he bow'd his head in the strife; In a bro - ken heart he buried each part Of the light and love of his life. "O

REFRAIN. *meno mosso con espress.*

Laddie, Laddie, Laddie, I nev - er can love but thee; Un - til death doth part, you have won my heart, And are
Laddie, Laddie, Laddie, Thou wert made for more than this,.. To be lov'd a day and then flung a - way, Just
Laddie, Laddie, Laddie, Come back if 'tis but to say The angels a - bove have found thee a love, And

* After 3rd verse go to Coda.

cres. rit. dim. rall. molto rit. Use small notes in second verse.
all the world to me; Until death doth part you have won my heart, And are all the world to me."
bought and sold with a kiss; To be lov'd a day and then flung a - way. Just bought and sold with a kiss.
borne thy burden a -

2

1. *p* 2. *p meno mosso.*

O! O! Laddie was somebody's darling, As somebody knows to-day, but

poco cres. *cres.* *p*

love tarried late, for the Golden Gate Has sever'd their lives for aye, But in the green acre of Heav'n, Where somebody knows he

poco cres. *cres.* *p*

un poco cres. *rall.*

sleeps: O'er a grassy grave where moon daisies wave, Somebody kneels and weeps, Somebody kneels and weeps,

un poco cres. *mf* *rall.* *dim.*

molto rall. *rit.* CODA. *con passione.* *p animando.* *cres.* *poco rall.*

Somebody kneels and weeps. O! way! Come back, come back, if 'tis but to say, The angels above have found the a

molto rall. *rit.* D.S. Refrain. *f* *p animando.* *cres.* *poco rall.*

f *rall. assai.* *molto rit.*

love, And borne thy burden away! And borne thy burden a-way!

f *rall. assai.* *col canto.* *a tempo. p* *p* *rall.* *pp*

Eaton's

BIG

CLEARING SALE.

As the season is rapidly advancing and we are anxious to clear out all that remains of our spring and summer stock before our fall importations arrive, we are marking our goods and in many instances are putting them at less than half price. It will be studying your own interest to take advantage of this opportunity.

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Special lines of Kid Gloves at 25, 35 and 50c pair.

Mousquetaire Gloves \$1, \$1.25 pair.

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While our big sale continues we have decided to clear out all lines of Ladies' and Children's Cotton and Balbriggan Hose, and in marking them nothing has been considered except our limited space of time, and the prices we have put on them is certain to accomplish the object. Come and see for yourself.

Boys' Jersey Suits 25 and 35c, a genuine thing.

LACES AND RIBBONS.

To-day we are offering the balance of our Ribbons at very low prices.

Silk Lace Ribbons, 25c a yard, reduced from 50, 75 and 85c.

Moire and Plush Ribbons, 5 and 10c yard, worth 15, 20 and 25c.

Oriental Laces, Maltese, Torchon, Creme, black and colored Spanish Laces at clearing prices.

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A splendid assortment of Ladies' Hand Satchels in plush and leather, all colours, 40, 50, 65, 75c and \$1 up.

Special Reduction in Boys' Jersey Suits To-day.

Pants, Coat and Cap, a complete suit for 25 and 35c.

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Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, 6, 7, 8 and 10c. large sizes.

A splendid line of Ladies' hemstitched Handkerchiefs with coloured border, at 6, 8, 10, 12 and 15c.

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Pure silk Handkerchiefs, 25c, former price 50, 75 and 90c.

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To arrive next week, special line of Oriental Lace Collars, 15c, worth 75c.

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Ladies who have sewing to do, either put their work out, or buy the best sewing machine they can find. All the public institutions in the city use the light-running and noiseless "Wanzer" O. And we specially recommend the machine because it is more improved and better value than any other sold in Canada. A five years warranty given and all instructions rec. Chief office, 82 King Street, West, Toronto.

A letter has been received by a Hamilton gentleman from the notorious D. B. Ohisholm, who says he is in Melbourne, Australia, and doing well.

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W. J. CALGEY,
188 WILTON AVE.
Wholesale and Retail Butcher. Full supply of choice Meat, Hams, Bacon, Poultry, Lard, Vegetables, &c., &c., always on hand.
Families waited on for orders.
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After 25 years of unceasing experiments, of time, labor, and expense, I have finally discovered a preparation for the removal of all premature and useless hair from the faces and arms of ladies. It is safe, effective, harmless and painless. Leaving no disfigurement or traces of the application. If properly applied the roots will be completely destroyed. No future growth need be apprehended. Sold in Boxes at \$2 each, or 3 Boxes for \$5.00.
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It conceals the evidence of age. One application will make the most stubborn red and rough hands beautifully soft and white. Remember that "MAY DEW" is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and that is injurious to the skin, but a new and great discovery, a vegetable liquid, that causes the cheek to glow with health, the neck, arms and hands to rival the Lily in whiteness. Impossible to detect in the beauty it confers any artificial character. It cures Greasy Skin, Freckles, Wrinkles, Pimples, Black heads, Grow's Feet, Blisters, Face Grubs, Sun Burns, Tan, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Sore or Chapped Lips, Barber's Itch, Tetter, etc. It frees the pores, oil glands, and tubes from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes. By its use all roughness and redness is prevented; it beautifies the skin, and will make it soft, smooth and white, imparting a delicate softness; producing a perfectly healthy, natural and youthful appearance. The best face lotion that the world ever produced. We will send a large bottle to any address on receipt of price—one dollar. When ordering mention this paper.

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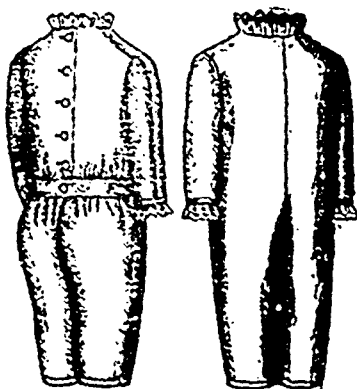
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Price, 10 cents.



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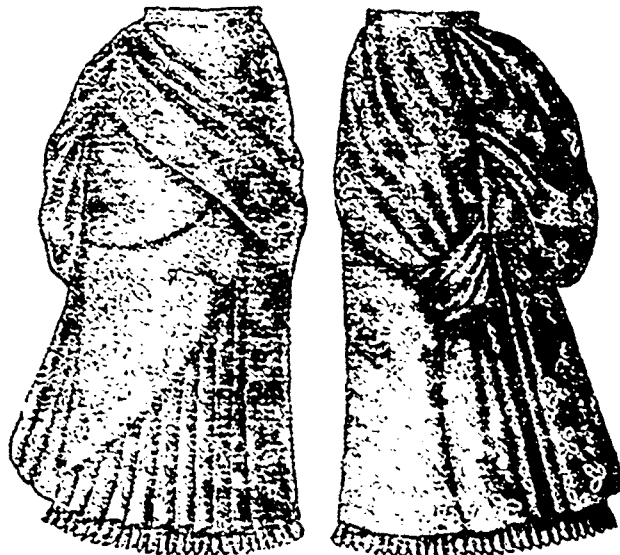
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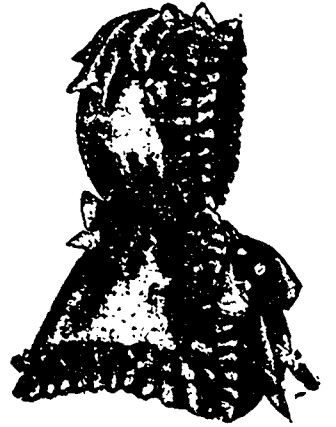
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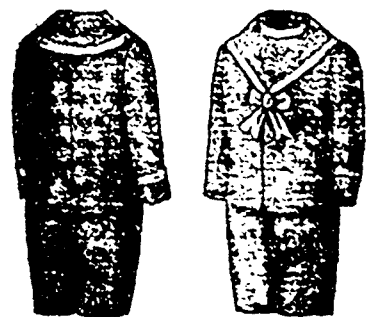
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One size.
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Health Department.

Milk—From the Hygienic Point of View.

Many persons who discard meat, do not hesitate to partake freely of milk, sugar, butter, etc., and to use pastries, cakes and puddings, that are little else than a combination of these, with the addition, it may be, of spices and other seasonings. Now, a plain diet of Graham bread, with beef or mutton, roasted or broiled, and a fair allowance of fruits and vegetables, would be much more wholesome than the above articles, or the dishes that are manufactured out of them.

As to milk it is the natural diet for the young. But for grown persons, and especially for those who live in cities, or who incline to sedentary habits, is not the best, or one of the best articles of diet. Before arguing the question, however, let us make a note of the fact that milk is one of those secretions that is readily affected, not only by the food the animal eats, but by the conditions, physical or mental, of the creature itself. If the health of the cow deviates from the normal standard, the character of the milk is immediately changed; if she is mentally disturbed, as by anger or fright, the mammary glands will secrete, not a wholesome, but a poisonous fluid. A mother not unfrequently kills her child, or throws it into spasms, by nursing it after she has been badly frightened, or after a violent fit of anger; and many a child has been "salivated, purged and narcotized by mercury, drastic purgatives and opiates, respectively administered to the mother."

But the question is asked, "Suppose the animal is kept in the best possible condition, every way; would milk be objected to as an article of diet?" Most assuredly not—for young calves. Nature has provided the very food that is needed for all her babes. The milk of the cow, like that of other mammals, including the human, is intended for the nourishment of the infant; and as soon as the calf is able to take more solid food, the maternal supplies, where nature is not perverted, are dried up. But the unnatural practice of milking cows, has distended the milk glands, and thus converted them in a large measure, into depurating organs; and the milk supply is not only increased, but prolonged beyond the period that nature intended. Add to this the improper foods, as swill-feeding, the confined air, and other unhealthful conditions with which the animal is surrounded, particularly in large cities, and we have not only a prolific source of disease, but an explanation, in part at least, of the enormous death-rate among young children; this it will be noticed, is always largest in cities, where the milk used is poorer in quality than country milk.

But returning to the direct question, suppose we have the best of milk, from perfectly healthy cows, what is the real objection to its use? To this question there are two answers; the first is founded on experience, and may be stated as follows: It is the most universal testimony of persons of sedentary habits, dark complexions and "bilious temperaments," that milk, even of good quality, does not agree with them; and where there is torpor of the liver, or other dyspeptic conditions, it usually causes distress. The reason of this will directly appear. As already stated (and herein is the second answer), milk is designed by nature for the young of all mammals; it contains a small per cent of solid substances, but enough for the needs of the infant; and these substances are just the elements, and in the right proportions, to make those soft, fatty tissues which the little creature needs for the protection of its small bones and delicate organs. As the child or young animal grows, and the teeth develop, other and more solid materials should take the place of the milk; this change must, of course, be gradual. Many mothers do their babes harm, and in fact make them sick, by

giving them solid food before they are able to masticate it properly. And no less detriment is done to the full-grown child when we give him an aliment that requires no mastication with the teeth, and which is designed only to make soft, "baby tissue." Such food is now needed as will make good, firm muscles, sinewy tendons, strong bones, and all the other tissues that belong to the adult man or woman.

"But how about cream?" Well, cream, if used to the same extent, would perhaps be more injurious than milk; it contains an abundance of fatty material, and if habitually taken is a prolific cause of biliousness. Young children that are fed largely upon cream—or butter, or meat, particularly fat meat—become gross and plethoric, and are apt to break out with boils, or "scald head"; or if a nursing mother uses these articles to excess, her child will suffer in consequence. Ordinarily, cream does less harm than milk, from the simple fact that it is served in a very limited quantity; that is, as a condiment, rather than a beverage; and it is less employed than milk, even as a mixing material in breads, puddings, etc. For grains, mushes, plain puddings, etc., the juice of fruits make a far more wholesome dressing than cream; and were we in the habit of using fruits in this way, the palate would not only tolerate readily the new combination, but we should come to like it.

Milk, if used, should be taken, not as a beverage, but as a condiment, and then very sparingly, particularly by those persons who live in cities and whose work is indoors and of a sedentary character; while invalids as a rule, would certainly be better without it.—*Health in the Household.*

Unhealthy Workrooms.

Very few people have any idea of the conditions under which much of the manufacture of ready-made clothing is carried on in our large cities. The great extent of the trade, and the strong competition which exists in it, result on the one hand in the employment of large numbers of women to run the machines and do the finishing work of various kinds, and on the other hand in attempts to reduce the cost of their employment in every possible way, not only by paying very small wages, but by crowding them in ill-ventilated rooms, and furnishing the least possible accommodation for them. It is true, remarks the *Military Engineer*, that this is not always the case, and that there are some employers on a large scale of this kind of this labor, who are wise and kind enough to provide large, airy, well-lighted rooms for their workwomen, but some of the subcontractors and managers of small establishments, to whom may properly be applied the terribly significant name of "sweats," give little consideration to the health of their employes.

It is true that little complaint is made by the latter; even when they are questioned they will be exceedingly careful to say nothing that will seem to reflect on their employer, and it is by no means easy to see how their condition is to be improved. The English Government has tried its hand at legislation on this subject, but the results, as given in a recent number of the *London Lancet* in the form of a special report on the Polish colony of Jew tailors in London, are not very encouraging. It seems that owing to the recent exodus from Russia there are now some 30,000 Russo-Polish Jews huddled in colonies in the east end of London, most of them miserably poor, unable to speak English, and almost absolutely dependent on "sweats" for employment. They are ready to accept starvation wages, and to aid their employers in defying factory acts, sanitary acts, and other acts designed to protect them, but which, with their connivance, are practically, to a great extent, a dead letter. They are moreover ignorant of modern sanitary appliances.

The *Lancet* reporter refers to one colony of about 150 persons, where some of the

rooms are so dark that candles must be used in the middle of the day, and out of fifteen water closets four were broken and only one clean. "Though provided with a waste preventer and a flush of nine gallons, the whole system was so foreign to the inhabitants that they had not yet learnt to pull the chain so as to flush and clear the pan." In another colony the closets were so neglected and damaged that they were removed to the yard, the result of which is that the inhabitants instead of going down stairs simply throw the excreta out of the windows.

We have this same class of people in the tenement house population of our own cities, notably in New York and Chicago, and their brutal ignorance and liking for filth must be taken into account in all plans for improvement. But where they are willing and able to work at such a trade as tailoring, it certainly ought to be possible to insist that they shall have enough light and fresh air in their workrooms, and the more so since in the long run this is to the advantage of the employer as well.

Under the most favorable circumstances the trade is not a healthy one, but in crowded rooms, with ceilings only eight or nine feet high, no ventilation, and the air filled with dust and foul organic matters, diseases of the lungs and air passages disable and destroy the occupants with terrible rapidity and certainty.

Water in Dyspepsia

Water, either pure or in organic compounds, is an effective sedative and depurative; it aids the process of eliminating the indigestible or noxious elements of various articles of food, whose ingestion, therefore, excites thirst. But, without waiting for that urgent appeal, we should remember that the diet of our instinct-guided relatives contains about ninety per cent of water, and that a dearth of fruit should be compensated by artificial compounds, supplying the requisite amount of fluids in a palatable form. The remedial influence of many famous spas is due to the water as much as to its mineral admixtures. About fifty years ago, the Brooklyn hotels were crowded with visitors, attracted by the fame of a doctor who cured all manner of diseases with pure rain-water. The mystic motto of Thales, "*Ariston men hydor*" ("The best of all things is water"), might perhaps be explained from such facts. Our diet, in fact, is much too dry, and could be improved without resorting to lager-beer, which redeems its deleterious influence to some degree by helping the Germs to digest their pugon comestibles. Water in some of its combinations, is also an effective aperient; in watermelons and whey, for instance; but still more in conjunction with a dish of legumina—peas, lentiles, and beans. No constipation can withstand the suasion of a daily dose of peasoup or baked beans, flavored with a modicum of brown butter, and glorified with a cup of cold spring-water; and, moreover, the aperient effect is not followed by an astringent reaction—the cure, once effected, is permanent. Plethoric dyspepsia is almost invariably accompanied by close stools, and the drugs that have been swallowed to ease Nature—for a day—would poison half the living creatures of the American continent.

Consumption.

Dr. Edgar Holden, Medical Director of Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Newark, N. J., says: For many years, even among the best informed, the impression has prevailed that consumption exhibits a preference as regards development, for certain ages. Thus, it has been the conviction that those who escape the marasmus and tubercular meningitis of infancy come again into danger at puberty and that again between thirty-two and thirty-eight a climacteric is reached at which the mortality acquires its maximum of intensity, then diminishing, to de-

clare a wholesale sweep between sixty and sixty-five.

These views have grown out of an experience apparently well founded, since the mortality in every physician's personal field of observation has seemed to be greatest at those periods, but the conclusion is nevertheless a fallacy, and it has been made broader and deeper by statistics of mortality in which the ratio of deaths from consumption to the total number of deaths has been relied upon.

Rare facilities for prosecuting an investigation to obtain a correct result have led me with considerable labor to a conclusion as startling as I trust it will be found conclusive, namely, that death from consumption, instead of being, as is almost universally supposed, most prevalent in early adult life in this country, is in reality not so, but grows relatively more frequent as life advances. This is true in the community at large, and among selected lives is actually less at the ages hitherto deemed most susceptible.

Hot Water for Inflamed Mucous Surface.

Dr. George E. Shepherd, of Hartford, Conn., adds his testimony to that of many others by saying in the *Medical Record*: "I have used hot water as a gargle for the past six or eight years, having been led to do so from seeing its beneficial effects in gynecology. In acute pharyngitis and tonsillitis, if properly used at the commencement of the attack, it constitutes one of our most effective remedies, being frequently promptly curative. If used later in the disease or in chronic cases, it is always beneficial, though perhaps not so immediately curative. To be of service it should be used in considerable quantity (half pint or pint) at a time, and just as hot as the throat will tolerate. I have seen many cases of acute disease thus aborted, and can commend the method with great confidence. I believe it may be taken as an established fact that in the treatment of inflammations generally, and those of the mucous membranes in particular, moist heat is of service, and in most cases hot water is preferable to steam. All are familiar with its use in ophthalmia and conjunctivitis, as also in inflammation of the external and middle ear, and I feel confident that those who employ it for that most annoying of all slight troubles to prescribe for, viz., a cold in the head or acute coryza, will seldom think of using the irritating drugs mentioned in the books, nor of inducing a complete anesthesia with chloroform in preference to the hot-water douche."

The Art of Early Rising.

The proper time to rise is when sleep ends. Dozing should not be allowed. True sleep is the aggregate of sleeps, or is a state consisting in the sleep or rest of all the several parts of the organism. Sometimes one and at another times another part of the body as a whole may be the least fatigued, and so the first to wake, or the most exhausted, and therefore the most difficult to arouse. The secret of good sleep is, the physiological conditions of rest being established, to work and weary the several parts of the organism as to give them a proportionally equal need of rest at the same moment; and, to wake early and feel ready to rise, a fair and equal start of the sleepers should be secured; and the wise self-manager should not allow a drowsy feeling of the consciousness or weary senses, or an exhausted muscular system, to beguile him into the folly of going to sleep again when once he has been aroused. After a very few days of self-discipline, the man who resolves not to doze, that is, not to allow some sleepy part of his body to keep him in bed after his brain has once awakened, will find himself, without knowing why, an early riser.—*The Lancet.*

White and black lace scarfs are revived for neckwear.

Current Events.

Canadian.

A passenger by the steamship *Brooklyn* for Quebec, named Anderson, mysteriously disappeared while the ship was coming up the St. Lawrence.

Mrs. W. Beauchamp, of Kingston, has received a letter from England stating that she has fallen heiress to an immense fortune by the death of a rich aunt. Her maiden name was Ann Clarke.

Five houses in Montreal belonging to Thomas Craig, formerly President of the Exchange Bank, were recently sold by the sheriff to satisfy judgments for debt. The amount realized was \$6,100.

Burglars made a big haul at Ayer's Flats, Que., Sunday, securing \$600 in the general store of W. Parker, the telegraph agent. The description of the perpetrators agrees with that of the Lennoxville and Sherbrooke burglars.

A movement has been started in the Limestone city for a centennial celebration in the fall, the town plot having been surveyed one hundred years since by the Government surveyor.

Business men from Winnipeg and other North West cities are arriving in Montreal in great numbers, and making extensive purchases. All speak in glowing terms of the immense harvest throughout that country.

A young daughter of a farmer named Hornes, living near Molton, Essex County, Ont., was bitten on the foot by a rattlesnake while picking whortle berries. Antidotes were promptly applied, but without success, as the girl died in a few hours.

The Knights of Labor demonstration at Hamilton was an immense success. The procession was fully a mile in length, and took twenty minutes to pass a given point. A notable feature was the appearance of a number of female cotton and shoe operatives.

Word has been received that the Johnston surveying party is all safe. The report of the drowning was started by some Indians who found a canoe which came over the falls, and which they thought belonged to the surveying party, and they therefore supposed the party to have perished.

The members of the British Association are arriving at Montreal almost every day in goodly numbers to attend the annual meeting in the last week of this month. One of the latest arrivals is the Rev. Professor Bonney, the permanent secretary. Those already in the country, numbering probably about one hundred and fifty, have proceeded east and west to visit various cities before the inauguration of the proceedings.

American.

Arizona's total production of copper this year is expected to be nearly 50 per cent greater than last year's yield, which amounted to 17,000,000 pounds.

The Atlantic coast and lake fronts of the United States are reported to be in a defenceless condition, the fortifications rapidly decaying, and their armaments obsolete and worthless.

A rose bush at Antioch, Mich., has bloomed this season without a bud. The petals have developed in regular order around the stalk, and the effect is singular and beautiful. They seem to have grown from the stem like common leaves, but form splendid crimson roses.

Bug Cophas (colored) was hanged at Cambridge, Md., Saturday, for the murder of Mrs. Celia B. Murphy. When the sheriff cut the rope, the cap, not having been securely fastened, flew off, exposing the distorted features. The scene was sickening. Death resulted from strangulation.

A severe thunderstorm visited Beatrice, Neb., before daylight recently. Lightning struck the farm house of Nathan Miller, near Maryville, Kan., killing his

four daughters while they were asleep. Their ages were 17, 13, 9, and 7. The mother is in a critical condition on account of her bereavement.

After the performance of O'Brien's circus at Portsmouth, N. H., the employes ordered all persons off the ground, enforcing their command with tent stakes and stones, although no resistance was offered. One lady was struck in the stomach with a stone and severely injured. A man had his arm broken and several others were injured. Shooting was then resorted to, but the police broke up the row and arrested four circus men.

English.

Both Houses of Parliament have rejected the Manchester Ship Canal bill, the object of which was to provide for the construction of a canal from Manchester to Liverpool.

The leaders of the Conservative party have consented that Lord Churchill shall act as leader in the House of Commons whenever Sir Stafford Northcote is absent, which it is expected will be frequent because of ill health.

It has been decided by the British Government to establish military pigeon stations at all the army centres, both at home and abroad. An officer has been sent to France and Germany to study the system of employing pigeons. It is estimated that 30,000 pigeons will be required.

Twenty men so far have been implicated in the disgusting Dublin scandals. They all occupied respectable places in the community. Among them are stock brokers, justices of the peace, castle officials and a doctor and several soldiers. Warrants have been issued against several who fled.

The agricultural statistics of Ireland continue to show a steady decrease in the number of separate holdings. In 1883 the number was 667,725, being 6,482 less than in the previous year. The number of larger holdings had, on the other hand, increased as follows: Those above 30 and not exceeding 50 acres, by 495; above 50 and not exceeding 100 acres, by 84; above 100 and not exceeding 200 acres, by 12; and above 200 and not exceeding 500 acres, by 84.

In the House of Commons previous to the vote on the Irish Constabulary bill, the adherents of Mr. Parnell demurred to the provision charging certain districts in Ireland for extra police, and urged that the extra force be either removed or their maintenance charged equally to the whole country. The bill was finally passed by a vote of 90 to 33.

Foreign.

The Russian police have expelled five Jewish merchants from St. Petersburg for residing there without permits.

Mr. Stanley scouts the idea of sending aid to Khartoum. He declares that Gen. Gordon has the choice of three easy routes of retreat.

The Portuguese Government has arranged for a cable from St. Vincent to Cape Verde and from Senegal to Guinea, St. Thomas, and Angola.

Up to 1861 the majority of travellers in Switzerland were Swiss, then after them came German, French and English. In 1881 the last headed the list, then came Germans, Americans, French and Italians.

While Judge Puy was giving evidence recently in the Civil Tribunal, at Perpignan, against his brother-in-law, for the defamation of his character, the latter shot him with a revolver, inflicting serious injuries. The assailant was arrested.

Owing to irreconcilable differences between France and England the Egyptian conference has adjourned sine die, without coming to any conclusion. It is expected England will now act independently of the powers.

It is reported that the Czar has abandoned

his contemplated visit to Copenhagen in consequence of having been warned by the St. Petersburg police that the nihilists and anarchists at Paris and in Switzerland had gone to Denmark and were concerting another attack upon his life.

A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Savary, President of the Board of Directors of the Bank of Lyons and Loire. The Deputy at the Chambers has fled to America on account of the frauds of Savary. The founder of the bank, and Moreau, the Secretary of the Board, has also fled.

Emigration from Italy to foreign countries is yearly increasing; in 1883 it reached, according to official statistics, 169,101, mostly peasants and the lowest class. The two Americas receive a little over a third of all the immigrants, and latterly a drift from the Buenos Ayres coast to the United States has become noticeable.

Some returning interest is felt in the affairs of Egypt. The *Pall Mall Gazette* attacks Mr. Gladstone's Government for its inaction in the Nile country, and the *Times* stoutly condemns it. The *Daily News* only offers as apology the declaration of Stanley that Gen. Gordon can escape if he desires to escape. It still remains a mystery whether there will be any autumn campaign. The probabilities are all against one.

Religious.

The arrest of Rev. Dr. Hinckle for serious offences has created a sensation. The affair will drag into court Bishop Bedell and his wife and many other prominent persons.

On the appeal from the Jews in Jerusalem the Sultan has annulled the sale of part of the Mount of Olives, which contains the graves of the prophets Haggai, Zachariah and Malachi. The purchasers were the Russian Priesthood. The burial place of the prophets has been secured to the Jews in perpetuity.

Rev. Father Francois Deloage, who for the past 35 years has been a missionary on the Gatineau, at the Desert, and in the Hudson's Bay district among the Indians, died recently in Ottawa. He was a most successful Roman Catholic missionary, and his death will be felt as a local loss over a large area of the Dominion.

Archbishop Elder has addressed a letter to the clergy and laity, giving reasons for not inaugurating active measures for liquidation of the indebtedness of the late Archbishop Parcel. He says it would be an act of injustice and oppression on his part to declare the debt a diocesan one. He will, however, do all in his power towards collecting subscriptions for the discharge of the obligation.

The English Presbyterians are accustomed to put forth an annual address to the children of the denomination on New Year's day. The address for next New Year's is to be drawn up by Rev. John Edmond, Highbury, London, who has long held the first place among the London clergy as a preacher to children. The beautiful custom is very popular, and the next annual address is looked forward to with unusual interest.

The McAll mission,—so-called,—for France, reports for the year the attendance of 726,968 adults and 195,019 children at its religious meetings. The receipts have been £11,392, of which £3,351 was sent from America, £3,030 from England, Wales, and Ireland, £2,955 from Scotland, £1,834 from France and Switzerland. Expenditures, £10,607. Paris has eight stations, and the labors among the working-women have been productive of much good.

The Papal Consistory has been officially fixed to meet in September. Probably twelve Cardinals will be created. The Superior of the Franciscan brothers of Brooklyn, is making a tour of Ireland, to obtain recruits for the mission in America. The Archbishop of Oregon appeals to

English Catholics for funds to establish new missions in Alaska and Vancouver Island. Father Hogan, president of the College of St. Sulpice in Paris will soon sail for Boston, where he will found a seminary.

Personal.

The King of Annam is dead. He had been ill for a long time.

Forty London cabs, with a stable of sixty horses to run them, are owned by Lord Rosebery.

A French almanac predicts that Emperor William and Gen. Moltke will die before Dec. 31, 1884.

Lieutenant Croely is thirty-nine years old, is tall, thin, dark, with blue eyes and black hair, very near-sighted but handsome.

Henry Ward Beecher is ill at his home in Peekskill. His family are alarmed at his condition. Later despatches announce an improvement.

The late Paul Morphy gallantly allowed Queen Victoria to beat him at a game of chess, but treated Napoleon III. and Kaiser Wilhelm differently.

Mr. Gladstone has been Prime Minister altogether nine years and a half, a longer service than any other since Peel and Pitt, who served eighteen and fourteen years.

The future queen of the Netherlands will be the richest woman in Europe, being heiress to four million dollars of her late brother and vast private possessions of her father, the present King.


Rev. Enoch Sanford, who has just been decorated with a D. D. by the University of New York, is the grandson of a Mr. Sanford who, on the heights of Abraham, carried from the field the wounded and dying Gen. Wolfe.

In his household expenses Jay Gould spends fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Tilden, although a bachelor, spends more, August Belmont's expenses are a hundred thousand a year, and W. H. Vanderbilt's are said to amount to two hundred and fifty thousand.

Victor Martin, who undertook to walk from Paris to Rome and back within a given time, accomplished the feat in fifty days, less two hours, "and gained," so says a Gallic contemporary, "\$1,000 from an Englishman, Mr. William Thomson, an enraged wagerer." Martin met with quite an ovation on his return.

The Orange Tree.

The orange tree is the longest-lived fruit tree known. It is reputed to have obtained the age of 300 years, and it has been known to have flourished and borne fruit for more than 100 years. No fruit tree will grow and produce fruit so well under rough treatment. It commences to bear the third or fourth year after budding, and by the fifth year it will produce an abundant crop, but its yield will increase gradually under favorable circumstances, and as the years pass on it will become a very productive tree. The early growth of the orange is quite rapid, and by the tenth year it will have increased more than in the next fifty years, so far as its breadth and height are concerned; but as its age multiplies its fruit stems greatly, and an old tree will sometimes bear several thousand oranges.



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WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

TORONTO, July 28th. SIR.—I write to acknowledge the receipt of my prize in TRUTH competition No. 10. The prize a volume of Shakespeare, I am very much pleased with, I consider it a beautiful book.

OSHWAGA, Ont., July 7th, 1884. S. F. WILSON, Esq. SIR.—I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of watch, being prize No. 67 in your Bible Questions No. 10.

GUELPH, Ont., 18th July 1884. S. FRANK WILSON, Esq. DEAR SIR.—Your book of Hood's poetry which I won in Competition No. 10 came duly to hand.

ST. GEORGE, July 11th, 1884. DEAR SIR.—The watch won by me in TRUTH Bible Competition No. 10 has come to hand.

TORONTO, July 1st, 1884. MR. S. F. WILSON. DEAR SIR.—I am glad to have an opportunity to thank you for the prize awarded me in TRUTH Competition No. 10.

Received the handsome copy of Shakespeare's works won in No. 10 TRUTH Competition. E. M. WILEY. HAMILTON, July, 17th, 1884. SIR.—I write this to let you know that I received my butter knife and send my thanks and best wishes.

Received the butter knife, am much obliged. It is very nice indeed. S. W. MOMENT. BOX 235. W. G. W. GARNHAM.

Received the receipt of a beautiful volume of "Shakespeare's Complete Works," awarded to me as first prize, in Enigma XV.

DEAR SIR.—I owe you an apology for tardiness in acknowledging the receipt of the prize won by me in your last competition. I should have been most pleased to send you my thanks and expressions of pleasure on account of its beauty.

DEAR SIR.—I hasten to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of a beautiful volume of "Shakespeare's Complete Works," awarded to me as first prize, in Enigma XV.

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DEAR SIR.—I hasten to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of a beautiful volume of "Shakespeare's Complete Works," awarded to me as first prize, in Enigma XV.

\$10,000.00. "LADIES' JOURNAL." BIBLE COMPETITION. No 7. CLOSING SEPTEMBER 11. Open to the World.

GREAT CLUB OFFER. The Leading Rewards are Lot 50x150 at Toronto Junction, Plains, Organs, Sewing Machines, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, &c.

The proprietor of the Ladies' Journal now announces a magnificent list of rewards for correct answers to Bible questions. It is surprising how little is known of the Bible.

All money must be sent by post office or express. No information will be given to any one more than is stated here.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1st.—Is DIAMOND referred to in the Bible? 1 so state first reference.

Now, any one having a knowledge of the Scriptures ought to be able promptly to answer these questions with a little study, and so secure one of those rewards.

- THE FIRST REWARDS. 1.—One elegant Rosewood Piano, a magnificent instrument. \$325 00 2.—One Fine Cabinet Organ by Bell & Co., Guelph. 250 00

The above two hundred and twenty-seven costly rewards will be given to the first two hundred and twenty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above.

- MIDDLE REWARDS. 1.—A lot 50x150 in excellent position at Toronto Junction; clear title, and will be shortly worth double or treble its present value. \$250 00 2.—A very fine cabinet Organ, by Fall & Co. 225 00

The lot at West Toronto above described will be given to the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, and the five hundred and thirty-one remain following the middle one will be presented to the five hundred and thirty-one persons sending the next correct answers following the middle one.

- CONSOLATION REWARDS 1.—Two gentlemen's solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watch. \$100 2.—One fine quadruple plate Silver Tea Set, 8 pieces. 100 00

The list of consolation rewards will be given to the last one hundred and fifty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above.

By subscribing in a club with your neighbors you will secure some considerable advantages—that is, there must be least thirty of a club, and all who send correct answers to the Bible questions may have their choice of a handsome ring, heavily gold-plated ladies' gold brooch, which retails at about one dollar and a half, or a triple-plated butter knife.

Prizes in last competition went all over Canada and to many parts of the United States.

Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

Let children know something of the worth of money by earning it; over-pay them if you will, but let them get some idea of equivalents; if they get distorted notions of value at the start they will never be righted.—Talmage.

The sting of every reproachful speech is the truth of it; and to be conscious is that which gives keenness to the incentive.—R. South. Who could live surrounded by calamities did not smiling hope cheer him with expectation of deliverance?—J. Hamilton.

EARTHQUAKES.

A Scientific Belief that They are Caused by Subsidence, Not Explosion.

Prof. Samuel Kneeland, A. M., M. D., of Boston, says, in a lecture on earthquakes:

The old theories of the causes of volcanoes have gradually lost the confidence of geologists. Mallet's theory is now generally admitted as the best explanation, to wit, that, in cooling from a highly heated molten matter, the crust of the earth has shrunk upon the centre, more readily according to its thinness, and the most so, therefore, in the former geological ages: this shrinking and falling in of strata of immense extent and thickness, by the motion develop a great amount of heat, sufficient to melt rocks and the sedimentary deposits between the crust and the nucleus, which by the agency of steam from admitted waters, are brought to the surface in the form of lavas.

That the same cause has produced both the elevation and depressions on the earth's surface may also be inferred from the fact that the height of the loftiest mountains and the depth of the deepest ocean are about alike. As connected with the cause of earthquakes here maintained, it may be mentioned that the 1794 eruption of Vesuvius yielded 46,000,000 cubic feet of lava, that of Etna, in 1769, twice that amount and that of Skaptar-Tokul, in Iceland, in two years, twenty-one cubic miles. Where the heat generated by the friction of substance is not sufficient to liquefy the rocks, mud volcanoes, as in Java and Hawaii, are produced; and as the volcanic energy lessens, geysers and hot springs denote the expiring forces. Though in such localities you may expect the earthquake, as a rule, you need not fear an outburst.

The theories of earthquakes are numerous and fanciful in the extreme. No satisfactory connection with the atmospheric conditions has been proved, except as a more accessory; they occur everywhere, at all seasons of the year and in all geological formations and times. They seem to follow no laws of periodicity, and are apparently independent of volcanoes. The theory of their nature usually accepted now is that of Mallet, viz., that an earthquake is the passage of a wave past an observer, in any direction, with a force and velocity depending on the activity of the cause and the nature of the strata through which it passes—a vibratory movement, like that of a wave of sound, transmitted, reflected and refracted by earth; it may originate beneath the sea, causing a destructive tidal wave hundreds of miles distant. This wave can be measured by cunningly devised instrument.

Having visited the earthquake-ridden districts of Iceland, the Sandwich and Philippine Islands and the Mediterranean basin, I am of the opinion that almost all extended modern earthquakes have been the result of subsidence and not of explosions.

Wherever, in the cooling, shrinking crust, support is taken away by contraction, pressure, chemical action, emission of lavas, corroding and heated waters, occasional explosions, aided possibly by terrestrial, meteorological or astronomical causes, the strata fall in; these may be hundreds of miles in extent and leagues in thickness, with more or less violent depression, producing a shock which may be transmitted to great distances by land or beneath the water. In certain fractures of the crust, produced even in remote geological ages and in favorable strata, much heat and consequent chemical action may liquefy the surrounding rocks and cause a flow of lava. This undermining or erosion I conceive to be the predisposing cause of earthquakes, the shock being the effect carried for long distances, with a violence and direction depending on the strata.

In old geological times the dislocations or uplifts of strata, called "faults," were doubtless accompanied by earthquakes

and were then their most common cause; but as the tension and pressure which formed the then immense folding have in great measure ceased, subsidence may be a more satisfactory explanation than upheaval.

STRICKEN TOULON.

Sickening Scenes in the Almost Deserted City.

I have just spent two days at Toulon. I found the arrival platform at the station completely deserted, and I could get no food at the hotel. I procured this elsewhere, however, and at 4:30 in the morning I was up and out in the streets. There were but few people about, and of course no shops were open. The persons I met included market people carrying fruit, vegetables, &c., and workmen bound to their several places of occupation. They all seemed to have a grave pro-occupied expression. There were also some revellers with bottles of rum in their hands and unsteady in their gait. They were accompanied by a few poor things of the other sex, who by their wild haggard looks showed that the general fear and panic had taken hold of them: Indeed, together with their male companions, they appeared to be almost wild with fright, though they sang songs loudly and talked noisily. I encountered also a few stretchers

CARRIED BY DRUNKEN BEARERS

who, I suppose, had filled themselves with rum as a preventive against cholera. I saw no policeman. A few workmen bound for the arsenal and dockyards were walking in couples talking gravely. On my way I saw a number of written notices on the doors of the shops. They said, "Shut up on account of absence of proprietor," or "on account of death from cholera," or "Have gone to the country: for liquidation of bills apply to Mr. —, Huissier, or Notaire, Rue—" seven-eighths of the large wholesale and retail importing and exporting firms had closed their establishments, so also some of the small grocers, butchers bakers, &c. The streets were swept by strong lusty peasant girls in place of the accustomed street sweepers. What few public conveyances I saw were drawn by caricatures of horses, boney, spavined, half-blind, and generally knock-kneed. The drivers were exorbitant, saucy and in some cases tipsy. Intoxication in fact, is now almost the rule in the cholera-ridden city amongst certain classes.

Norwegian Head Dresses

The most common head dress of the Norwegian consists of a simple kerchief of cotton, sometimes of silk, embroidered at the corners. It is doubled, folded over the head, and tied under the chin. In sunny weather it is allowed to project over the forehead, so as to shield the face from the sun. The corner, which hangs down behind, shows the embroidered pattern and protects the neck and the back of the head. In the neighborhood of Bergen, however, more elaborate head dresses are seen. The patterns are various, but they are all more or less picturesque. In most cases they consist of a crown of white dimity held out by a light but stiff board. Both the kerchief and the red tapes by which it is tied hang down the back almost to the waist. In keeping with this is the blue bodice, worn over a white blouse, and held in its place by red and yellow shoulder straps. Still more characteristic and imposing are the bridal crowns worn in some parts of the country, particularly in the Bergen province, and in Thelemarken, where the primitive customs of the country are still preserved, though in other parts they are rapidly disappearing before the inevitable advance of civilization. These crowns are very elaborate and, on the whole, uncomfortable looking erections. They are profusely decorated with inexpensive gems; but, tawdry as they often are, they are sacredly preserved as heirlooms, and are proudly shown by their possessors to their children and grandchildren as titles of honor, if not to nobility.

To Correspondents.

M. PICKEN.—Thanks. Next week. EBEN GAIL (Ann Arbor).—Scarcely suitable. Your parents' gentle corrections, to which you so pathetically allude, have evidently been of but little benefit. Better let them try again.

A MOTHER.—Thanks for your trouble in sending us the clippings from the Milwaukee paper. We regret however that we cannot utilize them, as although concerning a matter of interest and importance, they are more of a local than general nature.

HALIFAX.—It would perhaps have been more satisfactory had you given your name, with date of letters; but under the circumstances we can only assume that your letter containing answers to second set of questions was received here a little too late for first set of prizes, rather too soon to take their place among the middle prizes, and of course, as regards the consolation rewards, were out of the question altogether. You must see for yourself that it is a matter of perfect indifference to us who wins the prizes. Not one in a hundred prize winners are personally known to us. As to the "possible reason" number three, which you "do not entertain for a moment," it must be obvious to any one that the mere suspicion of such being the case would be ruinous to our success in everyway. The "favourable opinion" which you have formed of TRENCH'S "voracity, purity and management," is very flattering, but it is only what many others of our readers think, and to destroy that good opinion by the slightest attempt at unfair dealing or fraud—would, on the very lowest possible considerations, be nothing short of suicidal madness on our part.

Scholars are frequently to be met with who are ignorant of nothing saving their own ignorance.—Zimmerman.

Any man may do a causal act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of their temperament.—Sterne.

There is a gentle element, and man may breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul, and drink its living waters till his heart is pure, and this is human happiness.—N. P. Willis.

No grace is more necessary to the Christian worker than fidelity; the humble grace that marches on in sunshine and storm when no banners are waving, and there is no music to cheer the weary feet.—S. J. Nicholls.

Not another pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my bilious attacks, such as Dr. Casson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and it is a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents."

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ABOVE ALL COMPETITORS. THE LIGHT RUNNING

New Home Sewing Machine!

It is the simplest, easiest operated, best made, and most elegantly ornamented machine in the world, combining every requisite to produce a perfect machine.

Every machine warranted for five (5) years. FOR SALE BY G. GENTLEMAN, 545 Queen Street West, AGENT FOR TORONTO AND VICINITY.

THE BEWITCHED BLACKSMITH.

The Singular Power of a Maine Man Recalled by a Former Townsman.

"I don't know what there may be in this Lulu Hurst business," said a former resident of Gardiner, Maine, now in business in this city, "but I do know that John Downs, of Auburn, Maine, possesses a power that is much more extraordinary than the Hurst girl's, even if there be no deception about the latter. Downs is known as the bewitched blacksmith. When I left Maine, fifteen years ago, he had just become aware that the exercise of his power was involuntary, and he was in great distress of mind over its possible consequences, having just had a painful demonstration of what might occur from its presence. He was not a particularly strong man himself, but by touching others he seemed to endow them with extraordinary strength. This singular power he was able not only to confer on human beings, but he could infuse animals with it. I remember once seeing a team stalled in a road leading to Auburn. They were attached to a heavy load, and the forewheels of the waggon ran into a deep rut, and the horses were unable to pull them out. The driver was about to remove a portion of his load, when Downs chanced to be driving by. He stopped and, telling the driver to leave the load as it was, alighted. He rubbed each horse on the head and neck, and almost instantly they became nervous and restless. Downs told the driver to start them up. He did so, and the horses hauled the load out with the greatest ease, and went off at such a gait that the driver found difficulty in controlling them. Boys who were barely able to lift the heavy sledge hammers in Down's blacksmith shop had only to receive the power from the bewitched blacksmith's touch to swing them with the ease of old Vulcan himself. This singular strength given to others would remain in force from ten minutes to half an hour, and in passing away left the subject weak and depressed, and sometimes quite ill. For this reason Downs finally refused to make subjects of any one. He was possessed, also, of great mesmeric power, and with this he furnished no end of amusement to his friends. Every day he had some one running on; the most foolish of errands, or performing all sorts of odd monkey shins. On one occasion a stern, dignified, and greatly feared clergyman of the place

DEFIED THE BLACKSMITH

to place him under the influence of his alleged mystic spell. In five minutes time Downs had despatched the clergyman to a tobacconist's, a long distance away, for a clay pipe and five cents' worth of tobacco, with which he returned as meekly as the most obedient errand boy.

Downs finally ceased exercising this power also, and had not subjected any one to it for more than a year. Charles Woodward, a well-known business man of Auburn, and a great friend of the bewitched blacksmith's, the two having been in the army together, returned home from a long absence from town about that time. Downs went to his place of business to see him. He shook hands with him heartily, and threw one arm about Woodward's neck. This was on a Thursday forenoon. Soon after Downs went out Woodward began to dance and sing and manifest an exuberance of spirits that astonished his associates. Although a man of steady and very regular habits, he did not go home all Thursday night, and did not put in an appearance until late Friday morning. He boarded with a man named Edward Blake. Blake thought that Woodward, singular as it seemed, was celebrating his return home. Blake learned that Woodward had been around town smashing things generally. When he returned to his boarding house Blake got him to bed, and sent for a physician. People called to see Woodward, and he astounded many of them by

telling them numerous family and business secrets of theirs which he had had no possible means of becoming acquainted with. The physician said Woodward was suffering from hysteria, and advised that he be rubbed with strong mustard water. Blake undertook the task. He had rubbed Woodward but a short time, when he was seized with a strange nervous twitting and contraction of the muscles. At the same time Woodward came to his senses. Blake took up the singing and dancing, and acted as Woodward had been doing for two days. Besides that, he became possessed of wonderful strength, and it required four strong men to manage him. To this was added the still more remarkable power of telling what the intentions of any one of his attendants was, and what he was thinking about, making it impossible for them to use strategic measures in dealing with him.

"It was not until Woodward was restored to his senses that it was known that Downs had been to see him. It is then at once believed that he had been under the strange influence of the bewitched blacksmith, and that this had been transmitted to Blake. Downs was at once sent for, to see if he could not remove the spell he had inspired. He visited Blake at once, and by rubbing him soon restored him to himself. For the first time in his life, as he said at the time, Downs himself felt the influence of the power or whatever it might be called, as he removed it from Blake, and for several minutes he could restrain himself with only the exercise of his will to the utmost. He said that he had felt depressed and nervous ever since his visit to Woodward on Thursday, and had not been able to account for it. There was no thought of mesmerism in his mind when he greeted Woodward on that day. He said then that he would never shake hands or touch anyone again, if he could help it. I have never seen him since I left there, and I had almost forgotten the bewitched blacksmith until the performances of the Georgia Wonder called him to my mind."

FAMILY MATTERS.

It is recommended for cleaning paint to wring a flannel cloth out of warm water, dip into whiting, and rub the paint up and down until it is clean. Wash off with cold water, and rub until dry.

Bread, biscuit, rolls, and the crust of pies are greatly improved in flavor and color if they are lightly brushed over with milk just before they are put into the oven. A little sugar dissolved in the milk is an excellent addition also.

Here is a recipe for a cool and pleasant drink for summer, which will be found quite a good variation from lemonade. Take the juice of six oranges and six lemons, adding sugar to suit the taste. Put to this a quantity of pounded ice and some sliced a pine-apple, pouring over it two quarts of water.

To make real cream soup, boil the remnants of a roast of veal until the meat falls from the bones. Strain and cool. The next day put on to boil, with a slice of onion and one-third of a cupful of raw rice. Let it simmer slowly for an hour. Add salt and pepper to taste. Just before serving add one cupful of rich milk, or cream if you have it, heated in a separate dish.

To make chicken stew, boil a chicken, cut it up in neat joints, and put them in a frying pan with two ounces of butter, and two large onions, cut in thin slices; season with a little salt, and a tablespoonful of dry curry-powder; stir these in the pan until the onions brown, then add a gill of good brown stock, bring it to the boil, and serve it with plain boiled rice.

The boy who will cry and make an awful fuss if compelled to take a bath in the house will consider it the acme of romantic pleasure to tramp miles over a dusty road to take a swim in a stagnant pond.

Time is Money.

Time and money will be saved by keeping Kidney-Wort in the house. It is an invaluable remedy for all disorders of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels and for all diseases arising from obstructions of these organs. It has cured many obstinate cases after hundreds of dollars had been paid to physicians without obtaining relief. It cures Constipation, Piles, Biliousness and all kindred disorders. Keep it by you.

True modesty is beautiful, but it announces the supremacy of the idea of perfection in mind, and at the same time, gives truth and sincerity the victory over force and vanity.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worms Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It costs only 25 cents to try it.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

The Voice of the People. No family Dyes were ever so popular as the Diamond Dyes. They never fail. The black is far superior to logwood. The other colors are brilliant. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington Vt.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while petty sayings are as ossily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

Mr. R. C. Winlow, Toronto, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It assists digestion wonderfully. I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fulness after each meal."

There is but one virtue, the eternal sacrifice of self.

A Host of Bodily Troubles are engendered by chronic indigestion. These, however, as well as their cause, disappear when the highly accredited invigorant and alterative, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, is the agent employed for their removal. A regular habit of body, and a due secretion and flow of bile, invariably result from its persistent use. It cleanses the system from all irregularities, and restores the weak and broken down constitution to health and strength.

God bless our women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.

Robert Lubbuck, Cedar Rapids, writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil both for myself and family for diphtheria, with the very best results. I regard it as the best remedy for this disease, and would use no other." When buying Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, see that you get the genuine. Beware of imitations.

Unselfish people are always polite, because good manners are only the absence of selfishness.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

Gold can buy nearly everything in this world except that which a man wants most—happiness.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Balm, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

Any man can pick up courage enough to be heroic for an hour; to be patiently heroic daily is the test of character.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Storer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased at the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

For several years we have furnished the Dairy men of America with an excellent artificial color for butter so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.

But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

Beware of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.

Why?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM, by causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby **CLEANSING the BLOOD** restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time **PERFECTLY CURED.**

PRICE, \$1. LIQUID OR PILL, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt. Send stamp for Diary Abstract for 1894.

STARCHMENT.—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, Picture Frames, Jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune has denied it.

What makes me laugh when others sigh No tears can ever bedow mine eye It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.

What is it makes me hale and stout, And all my friends can't make it out, I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

Prefer knowledge to wealth; for the one is transient, the other perpetual.

So if you're sad, or pained, or ill, Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill, But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

Experience is a trophy composed of all the weapons we have been wounded with.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

Happiness consists not in possessing much but in being content with what we possess.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough (which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man; when you get it red hot it loses its temper.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

\$15,000.00.

"Truth" Bible Competition.

NO. ELEVEN.

THE FINAL ONE.

Closing September 15th.

A NEW PLAN.

For Persons Residing Anywhere in the World Outside the City of Toronto.

The Largest List, and Most Valuable Ever Offered by Any Publisher.

Residents of Toronto Inadmissible.

A SMALL FARM FREE.

Special Club Offer.

Four Pianos, Three Organs, Silver Tea Sets, Sewing Machines, Gold Watches, Silver Watches, and Innumerable Other Valuable Rewards.

Don't Delay Sending in Your Answers.

At the solicitation of many friends Truth announces one more—the final—Bible competition. Owing to the fact of so many valuable rewards going to citizens of Toronto, this competition will be open only to persons living outside the city of Toronto. Any one residing in any other part of the habitable world will be eligible to compete for these magnificent rewards. The questions—which are supplied by an eminent Presbyterian minister—are very difficult, but the rewards are valuable. Everything offered in previous competitions has been promptly and cheerfully handed over to the successful ones the moment they are known. Full and complete lists of all those who gain rewards are given in Truth the week following the close of each competition. There will be no change, and no postponement in any way; everything will be carried out exactly as stated.

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS.

- 1.—Where is Gold first made mention of in the Bible?
2.—Where does it state in the Bible that there was only one language and one speech on the whole earth?
3.—Where is the first reference to the Bible? (By the word it is meant a place of rest or refreshment commonly known now as a hotel.)

Every one competing must send one dollar with their answers, for six months' subscription to Truth. And aside from the rewards themselves, they will find that they have made the best investment of one dollar they ever did. Truth is full and big value for the money. Bear in mind that you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, and you will get Truth for six months in any case for your one dollar, which is the regular subscription price, and will also get one of these rewards, provided your answers are correct, and reach Truth office in time. Don't delay.

Read the great list of

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1 and 2.—Two Elegant Grand Square Rowwood Pianos, by the celebrated makers, Stevenson & Co. \$1,100 00
3.—One celebrated "Bell" Organ, the finest organ makers in Canada 250 00
4.—One beautiful quadruple-plated Silver Tea Set 100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Stem-winding and Stem-setting, latest style, Solid Gold, Hunting Case Watch 100 00
6.—One lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watch, latest style 75 00
7 to 16.—Ten new-wind Williams' Singer Sewing Machines 650 00
17 to 22.—Ten Gentlemen's beautiful Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case

- 27 to 31.—Five Ladies' beautiful Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case Watches 150 00
32 to 35.—Twenty Waterbury Watches 100 00
36 to 40.—Fifty-two volumes Universal Cyclopaedia. An excellent work 100 00
104 to 200.—Ninety-seven Ladies' beautiful Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, latest style patterns, splendid value 150 00
201 to 223.—Fifty-two Elegant Triple-plated Butter Knives 63 00

The above magnificent list of awards will be given to the first two hundred and fifty-two persons who send correct answers to each of the three Bible questions given above. Then follows the big list of MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. FIVE ACRES OF BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED LAND, adjoining the corporation of Niagara Falls, free from all incumbrance, clear title, splendidly situated for fruit raising, sloping gently towards the south, overlooking the town, and within sound of the great cataract; not a stump or an unweary foot of ground in it; land on opposite side of road held at \$1,000 per acre. \$3,000 00
2.—One Beautiful Square Grand Rosewood Piano, by Stevenson & Co. 500 00
3.—One Elegant Cabinet Organ, by the celebrated firm of Bell & Co. 250 00
4.—One Beautiful Silver Tea Service, best made, quadruple plate, six pieces. 100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Watch, Stem-winding and Stem-setting, h. e. 100 00
6.—One Lady's Hunting-case Watch Stem-winding and Stem-setting 95 00
7 to 12.—Six beautiful heavy black corded Silk Dress Patterns. 300 00
13 to 18.—Five celebrated Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. 325 00
9 to 24.—Eight Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case Watches. 100 00
27 to 33.—Four quadruple-plated Silver plated Teapots, latest designs. 60 00
34 to 41.—Eleven Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case Watches. 231 00
42 to 49.—Eighteen Solid Nickel Silver Watches, American Movement. 270 00
50 to 111.—Fifty-two volumes Chambers' Etymological Dictionary. 166 00
112 to 133.—Two hundred and forty-seven Ladies' Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, new and elegant designs. 404 00
134 to 150.—One hundred and forty-five Silver-plated Butter Knives. 146 00

These five acres of land above described will be given to the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last. The five hundred and four costly articles, beginning with the piano, that follow No. 1 of the middle rewards, will be given to the five hundred and four persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or centre reward that takes the farm. The land mentioned above could be divided into building lots and sold to great advantage, as there are no vacant houses in the town of Clifton or Niagara Falls, as it is now called. Then, that even the last may not feel that they are to be left out, Truth will give a series of

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Beginning with any other of those fine pianos, by Stevenson & Co., which have been received with as much satisfaction by prize winners in previous competitions. \$550 00
2.—Then follows another Bell Organ 250 00
3.—Another Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces, best quadruple plate 100 00
4.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch 100 00
5.—Lady's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch 95 00
6.—One celebrated "New Home" Sewing Machine 65 00
7 to 11.—Five beautiful heavy Black Silk Dresses. 250 00
12 to 21.—Eighteen Solid Gold Silver Watches. 600 00
22 to 41.—Twenty Ladies' Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case Watches. 340 00
42 to 51.—Sixteen Solid Nickel Silver Watches. 240 00
52 to 71.—Fourteen renowned Waterbury Watches. 70 00
72 to 233.—One hundred and thirty-eight elegantly bound volumes of Universal Cyclopaedia. 424 00
234 to 311.—One hundred and two Ladies' Fine Rolled Gold Pins or Brooches 234 00
312 to 401.—Ninety Solid Triple Silver-plated Butter Knives. 90 00

The further you live from Toronto the better you can compete for these last or consolation rewards. Bear in mind that it is the last correct answer received at the office of Truth that gets number one of these consolation rewards. The offer is open till the 15th September, and as long as your letter bears the postmark, where mailed, of the date of 15th September, it will take its place in the order received at Truth Office. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters from distant points to reach Toronto, but don't forget that your letter must not bear a later postmark than Sep-



BEST QUALITY.

COAL AND WOOD - - LOWEST PRICES.

OFFICES—20 King St., W., 413 Yonge St.; 586 Queen St., W.; Yard, Cor. Esplanade and Princess Sts. Y at Niagara and Douro; Yard, Fuel Association, Esplanade St., near Berkeley.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.,

Miners and Shippers,

Wholesalers and Retailers.

tember 15th. All competing must send with their answers one dollar for six months' subscription to Truth, which will be sent to any desired address. Wherever you live, outside Toronto, you can compete at any time between now and the closing day for either the first or middle rewards, and as well as, of course, for the consolation rewards. Some one will get those five acres of land—why not you? Look up your Bible now and see if you can find the answers to these questions. It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to Truth, which alone is good value for the one dollar. It consists of 28 pages of choice and pure reading matter for the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. The publisher could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless he was certain of your patronage in years to come, and you are almost certain to become life subscribers to Truth if you take it for six months, it is such a splendid weekly (not monthly) magazine.

SPECIAL CLUB OFFER.

If twenty-five persons join and send \$50, each one of the twenty-five whose answers are correct will get their choice of solid-rolled gold brooch, new and elegant design, worth at retail two dollars; a Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, worth about same amount, a World's Universal Cyclopaedia, or a volume elegantly bound of Shakespeare's Complete Works. Of course each of the club will have the same opportunity of gaining one of the rewards in the regular list (in addition to the certainty of one of the prizes aforesaid), as though they had sent in singly. This is simply an extra inducement to clubs.

The rewards in last competition were very widely scattered over Ontario and Quebec. In fact, every province was represented in the list, not excepting British Columbia. A great many also went to the States.

No information will be given to any one beyond what has above been stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money now. If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward, and that is where the biggest ones are. Truth directs special attention to the fact that competitors are not permitted to compete, neither are persons

who in previous competitions won prizes exceeding one hundred dollars in value, and as no Torontonians are allowed to compete, the field is now open for a fair and square race for those rewards to any one, on the habitable globe, outside Toronto. No money will be received by telegraph, or in any way but through the postoffice or by express. One dollar only required. Try your skill. You are sure of good value for your money anyway. Address S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide street, Toronto, Canada.

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO.

Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES And Spring Rollers for Dwellings, Etc. No. 417 Queen St., West, Toronto, Ont.

RUPTURE CURED

CHAS. CLUTHE, Surgical Mechanic, 118 King St. West, Toronto, Ont. and Cor. Main & Huron Sts., Buffalo, N.Y. has been consulted in many of our Canadian Cities. For dates, etc., send stamps or reply cards for answer. All ruptured or deformed people should make a note of this, as Mr. Charles Cluthe is known all over Canada as an expert in Mechanical Treatment of Rupture and deformity. Parties wishing to see Mr. Cluthe at his office in Toronto may rely on finding him at home the first two weeks in each month, and (by mail) half of each week for the remainder of the month.

Harper's Bazar Pattern House

All cut patterns published in Harper's Bazar New York (WEEKLY) sent to any address on receipt of price. Send for Sheets and cuttings. A Choice Selection of French and American Millinery. Dresses and Mantles in the Latest Styles at reasonable rates. Dress Trimmings, Fancy Hosiery, etc. W. J. THORNHILL, 374 Yonge St., Toronto.

Shop-Window Price Tickets

FROM 5 CTS. PER DOZ. UPWARD. Tickets for over 1 the Queen of the West! In commerce and in the world Her goods are the best, the cheapest, the best. And handsomely dressed as her belles! For IMMEDIATE PURCHASE, send tickets to show they will make people talk, if only they knew. By these Cards what your prices may be! 23 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO.

BIG SALE OF DRESS GOODS!

In order to clear out the balance of our stock of Spring and Summer **DRESS GOODS** we will offer remarkable value in this department for the next thirty days.

Beautiful Summer Goods at 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 35 and 50 cents, worth from fifteen to ninety cents per yard.

Fine French Muslin t five and ten cent per yard, worth from fifteen to twenty-five cents.

We will also offer at the same time the contents of our large Silk Department at and below cost of manufacture, as we take stock on the first of August, and are anxious to clear out as many goods as possible before that date.

In our Millinery and Mantle Departments price is no object, as the goods must be sold, and buyers can have them at their own figures, as we will not take them into stock.

Ladies will save money by visiting during this month the stores of

PETLEY & PETLEY,

128 to 132 King Street East, Toronto.

BIG SALE OF CLOTHING

Boy's Summer Suits at One Dollar, \$1.50, Two Dollars, \$2.50, Three Dollars, \$3.50, Four Dollars, \$4.50, and up.

Men's Summer Suits in Halifax Tweeds, Serges and Worsteds at \$7.50, \$10, \$12, \$13.50, \$15, and up.

Men's Fine Suits to order in Tweeds, Serge and Worsteds at \$15, \$16.50, \$18.00, \$22.50, and up.

PETLEY & PETLEY

128 to 132 King street, East.

HENRY HOAD, FAMILY BUTCHER

Cor. Buller & Lippincott Sts., (opposite Salvation Army Barracks). Dealer in all kinds of fresh and salt meats, at lowest prices. Give him a call. Orders called for daily.

FRANZ & POPE IMPROVED

Automatic Knitting Machine, outwits all competitors, and stands the test of years, constant use. No family should be without one. See the agent.

Godard & Elgie,

7, READING, 10 Richmond St., E. Toronto

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NOS.

95 & 97 YONGE ST.

TORONTO.

CHAS. WATSON, Marble Works

formerly of 33 Adelaide St., has been REMOVED TO DEER PARK adjoining Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

A. B. FLINT

In selling White Spot Muslin, 12 1/2c., White Victoria Lawn, 12 1/2c., Black figured Bunting, 8c, worth 20c., Ladies' Rubber Circulars, \$1.50, worth \$2.00., Balbriggan Hosiery 15c, worth 20c., Gents' White Shirts at \$1.00, worth \$1.25., Gents' Silk Vests and Pants, \$2.50 each., Black and Cream Silk Lace, 37 1/2c. worth 75c., Ladies' Countlet Kids \$1.25., New Royal Lace Shawls at 1.95., Gents' Linen Collars 15c. each, worth 20c.

A. B. FLINT,

109 KING STREET, EAST.

D. F. TOLCHARD, GROCER,

Families supplied with the freshest and best Groceries at lowest possible prices. All kinds of fresh fruit in season.

NOTE THE ADDRESS, Corner of, Kongo and St. Mary's Sts., TORONTO.

R. SHEPPARD & SON, MARBLE, GRANITE & STONE WORKS,

Monuments, Headstones, &c., on hand and furnished to order. 181 QUEEN ST., WEST, TORONTO.

Rev. J. Edgar, M.D.:

Eclectic Physician, CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

ROBERTSON BROTHERS; CARPENTERS, &c.

Jobbing of all kinds executed on the shortest notice and at reasonable prices. 208 Queen Street E., Toronto

THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD
For infants and invalids. Good everywhere, with unparelleled success. Not a medicine, but a stomachic food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists in cans and by WOLKRIE & Co. on every street.

Mother and Nurses! Send for a pamphlet. It sets forth giving your address in full, WOLKRIE & Co., Palmer House, sole manufacturers for America.

TORONTO

Silver Plate Co.

WORKS AND SHOWROOMS:

410 TO 430 KING ST., W.

We Repair and Replate Silver-ware and make it as attractive as when first made.

TEA SETS, EPERGNEES,

CASTERS, BASKETS, BUTTER DISHES, ETC.

Designs furnished for any article, either in Electro-plate or Sterling Silver, and estimates given.

We employ designers and workmen of long experience, and our facilities for manufacturing are unsurpassed.

Toronto Silver Plate Co.

410 to 430 KING ST., WEST, TORONTO.

Women's Protective Home

COFFEE ROOMS, AND Free Registry Office for Servants.

Principal and Superintendent, Madam Van den Bruggen. Matron, Miss Wilson, 221 Queen Street, West, Toronto. Ladies in want of servants and seeking opportunities of doing good should communicate with the Superintendent.

The Auxiliary Publishing Co.

We have advertising space reserved in our hundred and ten of the best weekly papers in Canada, published in towns and villages. The total circulation of these papers is 114,000 copies per week. Rates very low. Send copy of what you wish to advertise and we will promptly return you an estimate of the cost for one time or one year's insertion in our ad list. Our list is suitable for almost every kind of advertising, such as "Farms for Sale," "Business Chances," specialties of all kinds, merchandise of every sort; in fact, anything which goes either direct or indirect to the consumer. Address,

S. Frank Wilson, Proprietor Auxiliary Publishing Co., 23 & 25 Adelaide St., W., Toronto.