

**Pages Missing**

# TRUTH

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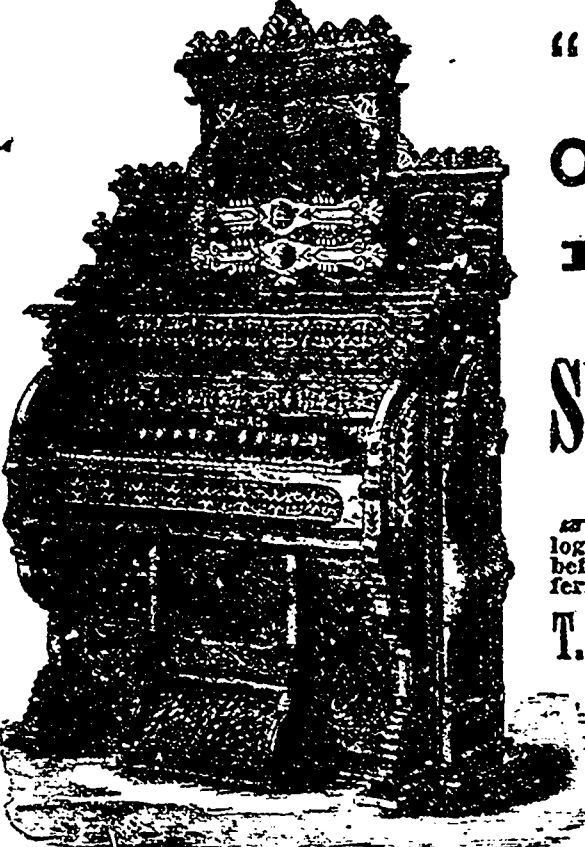
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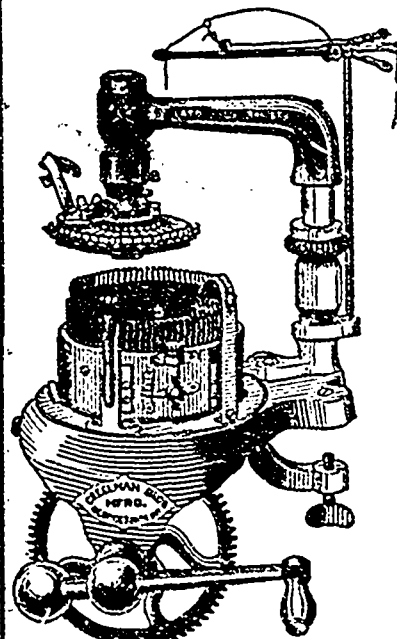


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# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17<sup>TH</sup> YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., APRIL 10, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 288.

### THE SENATE AS A DIVORCE COURT.

Now in order that we may not be mistaken upon the subject which we have chosen for brief discussion we may set out by chronology that abhorrence which every one who respects the social proprieties must feel, of the frequency of divorce in these communities where divorce, as to cause for action, and to methods, is made easy. To undermine the foundations of the marriage tie by making divorce easy, and therefore frequent would be to throw society back again into its original and barbaric beginnings. But the question which we shall endeavor to discuss now, mainly, is, Does the refusal of the Parliament of Canada to give Divorce Courts to certain provinces under the Confederation, lessen the number of applications for the dissolution of the marriage tie?

We may be permitted to state some of the history in connection with the question. On the 2nd of May, 1879, Mr. Hooper, of Lennoxville, gave notice of a bill to enable the Court of Chancery of Ontario to dissolve the marriage contract in certain cases. Mr. Anglin, aiming to be more orthodox than the Pope—who has on special occasions granted divorce, and also does not hesitate to authorize separation mensa et thoro—opposed the measure in its first stage. Leave to introduce the bill accordingly was refused on division. In Ontario no divorce court existed before Confederation, so that a husband or wife seeking dissolution of the marriage tie for whatever cause was first obliged to present a petition to the Senate; when, if the latter body was satisfied that justifiable grounds existed for the request, an act of Parliament authorizing the divorce was passed through both branches of the legislature.

This condition of things, as we have said, had been felt to be intolerable, and it was resolved by certain persons to make a strong exertion to remedy such a state of affairs. But very few scarcely had, or have now, the moral courage to advocate for the Province of Ontario a properly constituted, a dignified and efficient court of divorce; because as soon as any man raises his voice to advocate the same, some hyper-moral individual will say, "O, he wants to make separation between man and wife easy; he would undermine and overturn society by the disorganization of families;—let us oppose him and make relief in such cases as difficult as possible." The result is that the agitator gets frightened, the matter drops, and the Senate goes on dabbling with *seuils gusto*, and without judicial demeanor, in the tub where husbands and wives come to wash their soiled linen.

But a headstrong person at our elbow says, You may abuse the Senate in all sorts of epigrammatic style; you may prove to us, and convince us, too, that their occupation is unsavoury, yet the fact remains that the existence of the Senate as a forum of first appeal, instead of a ready, executive Court, imposes a great check upon divorce.

New this is exactly what we deny. New

Brunswick has a Divorce Court; if we are not mistaken Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island have also one each. But it is a matter of statistics that the number of divorces in the Province of New Brunswick has not been greater, *has not been so great*, in proportion to population as the number in Ontario with its lack of proper divorcing machinery. It is the custom with persons in Ontario who desire a dissolution of the marriage tie, to cross the line and find relief,—a relief which is almost immediate in near courts in republican territory, should they find it inconvenient to remain till the wheels of the Senate make their slow revolutions.

But we know of no case where the Senate has refused to introduce a bill authorizing separation when there was before it evidence acceptable to a properly constituted divorce court; and if it wishes to avoid the charge of having added to its other qualifications that of being a sample-house of obscenity, it will ask Government to take the unsavoury jurisdiction out of its hands, and confer it upon a properly constituted a dignified and efficient court of justice.

We repeat, that if those provinces not affected by the theological sentiment of Quebec have proper courts to deal with the question of the marriage tie, and since the existence of such courts do not lead to the frequency of conjugal separation, that the same functions should be given to the judiciary of Ontario. To turn the Senate into a Divorce court is to give new and unnatural functions to the legislature, and to usurp those of the proper courts of justice.

Financial affairs at Ottawa are not looking so prosperous as they had been during the first years of the regime of the National Policy. The following is a statement of Dominion revenue and expenditure for the month of March and the past nine months compared with the returns for the same period of 1884 and 1885:—

|                                   | Mar., 1886.         | Mar. 1885.          |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Customs.....                      | \$2,099,094         | \$1,533,800         |
| Excise.....                       | 1,917,859           | 462,405             |
| Postoffice.....                   | 127,301             | 139,238             |
| Public Works, Railways, etc.      | 231,380             | 151,207             |
| Miscellaneous.....                | 291,431             | 153,194             |
| <b>Total for Mar.....</b>         | <b>\$5,537,063</b>  | <b>\$2,380,335</b>  |
| Receipts to 25th Feb.....         | 19,523,220          | 20,568,748          |
| <b>Total for nine months.....</b> | <b>\$25,165,283</b> | <b>\$23,949,079</b> |
| Expenditure for Mar.....          | \$1,658,235         | \$1,249,213         |
| Expenditure to 25th Feb.....      | 24,544,400          | 21,715,700          |
| <b>Total.....</b>                 | <b>\$26,202,635</b> | <b>\$22,964,913</b> |

Although Mr. McLellan received about three million dollars of extra revenue during March, yet he is left with a deficit of \$1,037,354 at the end of that month. The Opposition newspapers are delighted that Canada is falling in debt, not indeed that it pleases them to see our financial embarrassment increase; but they gather from the fact that the policy originated by Sir Leonard Tilley was wrong, and that the doctrine of direct taxation suggested by Sir Richard Cartwright was most desirable. They seem to find in the falling off in duties

upon imports a proof that the country is going to the dogs. During the first year of the National Policy we had a surplus of revenue above expenditure; and now the deficit is taken as proof of a retrogression. A hackneyed question like "Protection v. Free Trade" is not an inviting one for discussion, and we write about it at all only after offering an apology. But we take it that this falling off in revenue under these later N. P. years is a proof, and a rather strong one, of the success of that policy. For the very *raison d'être* of National Policy was to prevent imports; to put the country in a position to do its own manufacturing. Of course there are certain products of the soil, and divers articles of commerce, not indigenous to this country which must be imported. These everyone has admitted should be permitted entry with as little hampering as possible; but, if, instead of paying four millions in the year to New England sugar refiners, and double that amount to the weavers of cotton in Massachusetts, we give it to our own working people, we have reason to rejoice; and it is not a cause for sorrowing that we are unable to show revenue upon articles which we do not import, for the simple reason that we have taken to making them ourselves. Therefore it is that we are unable to agree with the opponents of Government in their criticisms respecting the deficit.

Professor Huxley, who is a better authority upon fossils than upon enlightened public policy, writing of the proposed Home Rule scheme, says: "I am as much opposed to the Home Rule scheme as anyone possibly can be, and if I were a political man I would fight against it as long as I had breath in me. Nothing but some sharp and sweeping misfortune will convince the majority of our countrymen that the government's 'average opinion' is merely a circuitous mode of going to the 'devil' and that those who profess to lead, but in fact slavishly follow the average opinion, are simply the fastest runners and the loudest squeakers of the herd which is rushing blindly down to its destruction. 'Have we one real statesman?' he asks. 'Is there a man amongst us of the calibre of Pitt or Burke, to say nothing of Strafford or Pym, who will stand up and tell his countrymen that this proposed disruption of the union is nothing but cowardly wickedness, an act base in itself and fraught with immeasurable evil, especially to the people of Ireland, and that if it cost his political existence or his head he is prepared to take any and every means to prevent mischief?' A man who has lived so much of his life among the relics of antediluvians and ancient remains, must naturally be expected to bring his preferences for the antique into any field wherein he may choose to enter for discussion. It only remains now to get Mr. William Morris and Oscar Wilde into the field, to give some further enlightenment to Mr. Gladstone. We have had Dr. Wild, Goldwin Smith, and Mr. Fanston on this side of the water 'instructing' the 'heart of the empire'—why should not the pre-

cedent so set be followed in England? The weather prophets have likewise to be heard from.

A second article on "The Rights of Labor," by Rev. E. A. Stafford, A. B., appears among our contributors this week. Mr. Stafford treats the question comprehensively, fairly and logically. He suggests means by which the present difficulties between capital and labor may be overcome, and points out the duty of politicians and public teachers in the premises. Another characteristic article by Mr. John Fraser will be read with great interest by old and young. Following up the statistical treatment of the liquor traffic in this country, Mr. T. W. Casey supplies a second contribution upon this important subject. The figures which he gives are suggestive and should cause the public to stop and reflect. "Flowers that Bloom," by Mrs. Jack, is full of valuable suggestions for lovers of garden and house plants.

Some persons in England seem to be of the opinion now that Mr. Gladstone is courting defeat on the Irish Home Rule question. For ourselves we are unable to believe that a statesman of such a stainless character could stoop to a resort so dishonorable.

Our neighbour the *Mail* has been unfortunate during the past year or two in the matter of fires, the upper portion of the building having been again consumed. The destruction of the Central Telephone offices, which were located in the building, has been a source of much inconvenience in the city and this fact emphasizes the inadvisability of putting any system of public convenience at the mercy of casualty. Twice now since the establishment of the telephone system the offices have been burnt, and the community deprived of its convenience. We suppose that it would be impossible to establish a rival system; but the greatest possible guarantee against fire should be provided. The building ought to be fire proof; and the offices ought to be perfectly impervious to flame. It is, we think, the duty of the company to attend to this matter and protect the community against the inconvenience and confusion arising from such accidents. We have come now to rely upon the telephone as a medium of local communication, and have done away with the methods through which we had formerly been accommodated; it is therefore the duty of the company to give us guarantees against the recurrence of preventable accidents.

Prof. Huxley seems to deny to Mr. Gladstone the right of entering the field of scientific discussion. At any rate upon that field the professor completely pulverizes the statesman. We notice with some little astonishment that professor Huxley has just entered upon Mr. Gladstone's "peculiar fields;"—for he appears with a paper on Home Rule for Ireland. New it shall really surprise us if Mr. Gladstone does not inflict upon the mighty evolutionist a punishment similar to that which he himself the other day received at the hands of Darwin's illustrated disciple.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The admirers of Lord Iddeleigh (Sir Stafford Northcote) collected \$12,000, and therewith have presented him with a silver pipe, four dessert stands, and two candleabra.

After chasing a fox all day a party of eleven hunters from West Rutland, Mass., brought up at a hole. The dogs howled, and the hunters dug for two hours and a half, and at last unearthed a woodchuck.

A clerk in Salem, Mass., bought two dollar tickets in the Lynn Grand Army lottery the other day, and gave one of them to a friend in payment of a dollar he owed him. This ticket drew a \$1,000 United States bond.

Five years ago the two daughters of Paul Gosser of Shaboygan county, Wis., married and moved to Milwaukee. The other day Mr. Gosser asked the Milwaukee police to help him find his girls. He said that he had quite forgotten the names of their husbands, and had been looking in vain for them for two weeks.

M. L. La Count of Clayton, Ga., after serving a sentence in the jail at Atlanta for violating the revenue laws, returned home paralyzed in his legs and quite helpless. His young wife in attempting to lift him from the bed to a chair, ruptured a blood vessel and died, leaving him with one child two years and another six months old.

Mr. Rufus Fillow of Cranberry Plains, Conn., being troubled by a thief, set a big steel trap before the door of his hen house and covered it with straw. After several days had passed and no thief had been caught, Mr. Fillow endeavored to rearrange the straw over the trap. It caught him by the hand, and he was held a prisoner until neighbors came to his aid.

Maine newspapers report that game has been very abundant this winter in the well-settled central district of that State. A herd of thirty-five caribou, for example, was lately seen making its way toward Mount Katikidin, upon whose upper slopes these animals find a moss of which they are very fond.

A tipsy colored woman caused great excitement in the Hebrew quarter of St. Louis the other day by meandering along the street wearing as a shawl a "caith," a garment worn by orthodox Jews at morning prayers only. The woman would give no account of how she procured the garment, and had no idea of its sacred character.

Little Mike Connelly was bitten by a yellow dog some days ago. His mother said that in the old country the "lights and hair of the dog that bit you" were a sure preventive against hydrophobia, and so Mr. Connelly killed the yellow dog and bound the lungs and some of the hair on the wound. Mike is doing well, with no signs of rabies.

Mr. Crouch of Randolph, Tenn., thoughtlessly became engaged to two young ladies at the same time, and the father of one of them marched him to his daughter's house at the end of a shotgun. There the young woman and her sister gave him a fearful cowhiding, and he finally made his escape and hurried off, and married the other girl.

Maud, the twelve year old daughter of Dr. R. J. Wilson of Salem, Ind., arose in her sleep the other night and went across the street. Then she went back and stood at her own door fumbling with the lock. Her father heard her and, thinking burglars were there, drew his pistol and, when the door opened, shot. The ball struck Maud in the shoulder. It will not kill her, but it awakened her thoroughly.

Persons who have a superstitious dread of Friday will not be pleased to learn that this is a thoroughly Friday year. It came in on a Friday, will go out on a Friday, and will have fifty three Fridays. There are four months in the year that have five Fridays each; changes of the moon occur five times on a Friday, and the longest and shortest days of the year each fall on a Friday.

A Wabash, Ind., farmer handed \$25 to Archibald Stitt the other day and asked him to give it to his mother. He explained that thirty years ago, when Mr. Stitt's father was County Treasurer, he had been given a receipt in full for taxes when, in fact, he had paid \$10 too little. The Treasurer had made good the deficit, and now the farmer wanted to ease his conscience by paying \$25 to the Treasurer's widow.

The champion hog that was killed in Rhinebeck the other day in the presence of 3,000 persons, for weeks before his death had to be fed with a spoon. He was so fat that he could not feed himself, and so a small boy and a big iron spoon were employed. The boy had no alms, for the hog ate half a barrel of swill daily, but the boy learned to love the fashog, and wept bitterly when he was slaughtered.

When the West Shore Railroad was being built one of the workmen had two fine St. Bernard dogs, which he kept at a shanty at Pegg's Point, near Marlborough-on-the-Hudson. He went away unexpectedly in 1881, and never returned. The dogs remained, and now there is quite a large pack of them. They are fine, large fellows, very shy, but savage, and are known all along the river as the Wild Dogs of Pegg's Point.

One of the boarders in an Augusta, Me., boarding house was annoyed at finding that some one was smoking his favorite meerschaum pipe. So he loaded it carefully with a mixture of powder and tobacco and went to business. When he returned he received an emphatic expression of opinion from an elderly and estimable lady of the family whose face was well swathed in bandages that covered powder marks. As for the pipe that had totally disappeared.

Twenty-five years ago a young Scotchman named Garrick went to Australia, leaving his wife behind him. After some years she heard that he was dead, and came to Hamilton with her little son, and there married Mr. Nicholson. Six years ago he died. Meanwhile Garrick, who had not died, returned to Scotland with a nice little fortune and began hunting for his wife. Two weeks ago she received a letter from him, and a week ago she joined him in Hamilton, and they were again regularly and lawfully married.

Music and Drama.

At the Grand on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Miss Adelaide Moore, the young English actress, created quite a surprise in her really charming presentation of *Rosalind* and *Juliet*. There is a winsomeness about her acting which begets intense sympathy, and where this feeling is inspired in an audience, the performer usually scores a success. Miss Moore is not yet a great actress, but that she possesses the capacity to become such none who saw her will deny.

The great Modjeska appeared at the Grand Thursday and Friday. It is enough to say the different characters in which she appeared were invested with her own intense personality.

Next week the "Mikado" will give a six nights farewell, introducing some new features in the performance.

A New York critic urges that the "cowboy pianist," Babel, is entitled to some consideration, inasmuch as he does not advertise himself to be Liari's favorite pupil.

In Alexandria, Piedmont, a young male soprano, a pupil of Maestro Correggia, is delighting the people, both in church and concerts, by a voice that is said to rival that of Patti.

It is said Barry and Fay are to become reunited as a theatrical firm. That will be a good thing. They are among the cleverest of Irish comedians, and one is exactly the complement of the other.

Patti vigorously resents the imputation that her popularity is on the wane. She asserts that her three concerts in Paris averaged \$9,000 a night, and that her reception was most cordial.

It is hard to believe that that "cowboy pianist" is a cowboy after all. Two or three New York editors have called him a liar and got away. If he is a cowboy he isn't working at his trade or there would be a small of powder in the air.

A boy in the gallery of a Springfield, Mass., theatre disconcerted the actors the other evening during a most affecting part of the play. The stage had been darkened, and one of the actors at another's approach repeated his line, "Hark! What is that?" "Rats" shouted the gamin, and the audience and actor responded.

When Miss Adelaide Neilson was in St. Louis in 1890 she stood in front of the bronze statue of Shakespeare and said: "Old fellow, you have done a great deal for me, a great deal."

Religion in a Pack of Cards.

A sergeant in an English company one Sunday, marched his soldiers to church and commanding them to take out their Bibles or prayer books; each did so, except one soldier by the name of Richard Lee, who took out a pack of cards, and spread them before him. The sergeant said: "Richard, put up that pack of cards." The soldier said: "I shall not do so." The sergeant said: "If you will not do so I shall arrest you after the service is over." When the service was over he brought the soldier before his lordship, the Mayor of Glasgow, who asked the sergeant, "Why dost thou bring this soldier here before me?" "For playing cards in church, your worship," His lordship says, "Soldier, what hast thou to say for thyself?" "Much do I pray your lordship to hear me." "It is well, if you do not well excuse yourself I will punish you severely. Go on and explain." The soldier said, "Your lordship, I have been six weeks upon the march and I had neither Bible or prayer book, nor almanac. I shall attempt to convince your lordship that this pack of cards has served me for all these." "Go on," said his lordship. "When I look upon the ace it reminds me that there is but one God; when I look upon the deuce it reminds me of the Father and Son. And when I look upon the tray it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When I look upon the four it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached, Mathew, Mark, Luke and John. When I look upon the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins; there were ten, but five were foolish and were shut out. When I look upon the six it reminds me that in six days God created the heavens and earth. When I look upon the seven it reminds me that upon the seventh day He rested and hallowed his work. When I look upon the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons who were saved in Noah's ark, namely, Noah, his wife, his three sons and their wives. When I look upon the nine it reminds me of the lepers that were cleansed before our Lord. And when I look upon the ten it reminds me of the Ten commandments which God handed down to Moses upon tablets of stone at Mt. Sinai." The soldier then laid aside the knave. "When I look upon the Queen it reminds me of that great and good Queen the Queen of Sheba, who was as wise a woman as Solomon was a man; she brought fifty boys and fifty girls all dressed in boys' apparel before King Solomon for him to tell who were the boys and who were the girls. King Solomon ordered water to be brought before him for them to wash; the boys washed to their wrists and the girls to their elbows, so that he told by that. When I look upon the King it reminds me of the great King in heaven, who is God Almighty." His lordship said: "Soldier, thou has well explained every card except the knave." The soldier said: "If your lordship will not get angry." His lordship says: "I will not get angry, provided you do not terrify me to be the knave." "No," says the soldier, "the greatest knave that I know of is the sergeant who brought me before you. When I count the pack of cards I find there are 52, which is emblematical of the weeks of the year. When I count the suits I find there are four, which is emblematical of the seasons of the year. When I count the tricks I find there are thirteen, which is emblematical of the weeks in each quarter. When I count the spots I find there are 365, which is emblematical of the days of the year. So, you will observe, your lordship, that this pack of cards has answered me as a Bible and prayer book and almanac." His lordship says, "Richard, you are discharged."

"All's well that ends well." This won't do. A bump on the nose makes its end swell, and there's nothing pleasant about that.

An Arkansas man who had never seen a pair of snow-shoes, followed the track of a pair a mile and a half, the other day, to see "what kind of a varmint made 'em."

A young Swede makes a living in Boston by washing dogs. He goes from house to house in a fashionable quarter, and for fifty cents or seventy-five, according to the size of the dog, gives the pet a thorough bath. It is said that the plan was the thought of a well-known and charitable woman. She wanted to help the young fellow, who was out of work, and interested her friends in the scheme, and now he has about all the dog washing he can attend to.

Vanderbilt's Money.

It is quite an easy thing to say "two hundred millions of dollars," but to persons who haven't that amount of ready change by them, and do not expect to acquire it within the next few years, a contemporary suggests that the bare words do not and cannot have full significance. For the sake of seeing how far such an amount of money will go, let the reader imagine he has placed \$200,000,000 in his vest pocket and is endeavoring to spend it. Two hundred millions of dollars!

Enough to buy 2,000,000 seal skin sacques, which would clothe every woman in Ontario.

Enough to buy 4,000,000 loaves of bread, giving every man, woman and child in Canada and the United States seventy loaves, and every inhabitant of the earth four loaves each, making a pile of solid bread higher than the tallest mountain on earth.

Enough to buy 40,000,000 barrels of flour at \$5 each. If these barrels were placed end to end, they would reach around the earth on the parallel of Boston, or they would fence in every State of the American Union.

Enough to ride 8,000,000 miles at the usual two and a half cent per mile railroad fare, or forty times from here to the sun and back; so far that if a man rode at the rate of sixty miles an hour, it would take him 15,000 years to use \$200,000,000 in railroad fares.

Enough to buy 80,000,000 pairs of boots or shoes at \$2.50 a pair, which would keep every resident of Canada in shoes for ten years.

Enough to buy 1,000,000,000 pounds of beefsteak at twenty cents a pound, more beefsteak than is on the face of the earth to-day.

Enough to buy 4,000,000,000 yards of calico at five cents a yard, making 400,000,000 calico dresses of ten yards each, which would give every woman on the earth who is over fifteen years of age a new dress.

Enough to give every man, woman and child in Canada and the United States a \$3 dinner.

Enough to support 120,000 workmen and their families forever; so much that it would take a laborer, working Sundays and all at \$2 a day, 273,000 years to earn it, or more than 16,000 men could earn in a lifetime.

Enough to make nearly 6,000 tons of solid gold, more than 1,500 horses could haul through the streets.

Enough to buy 800,000,000 pounds of coffee, 400,000,000 pounds of tea, 4,000,000,000 pounds of sugar, 100,000,000 barrels of apples, 36,000,000 tons of coal, 30,000,000 cords of wood, or 2,000,000,000 ten-cent cigars.

The Growth of Children.

It has occurred to a Danish pastor in charge of a large institution for children to observe the process of their growth, and to endeavor to ascertain the laws by which it is determined. He has now been engaged on the subject for five years, weighing and measuring some 130 children daily during all that time. The children are measured once a day, but they are weighed four times—in the morning, before and after dinner and at night. Mr. Hansen asserts that the figures thus obtained prove the existence of three well-marked periods of growth during the year, divisible into some thirty lesser stages. Bulk and weight are acquired between August and December. From December to April there is a further increase, but at a greatly diminished rate. From April to August the weight and bulk gained in the Spring period are lost, so that at the beginning of August the weight is almost the same as at the close of the previous December. The growing period, on the other hand, is in the Spring and early Summer, so that the two processes do not go on together. Mr. Hansen believes that similar laws are discernible in the vegetable world. Be this as it may, he has accumulated a valuable mass of statistics on an interesting subject, and one which hereafter may yield practical results. Food and clothing presumably play an important part in growth, and possibly admit of adaptation to the very natural determination of the vital energy at different seasons.

## Truth's Contributors.

### THE RIGHTS OF LABOR.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, A. B.

When these labor troubles are finally settled the world's civilization will recognize ideas on the subject of speculation widely different from those now entertained by respectable people. Now the world languidly admits that gambling is bad if done under that name. But modify the form, and give it another name, and even the people in the Christian church can see nothing improper in it. On this subject the best moral sentiment is alarmingly low. It offers no restraint to any man's selfish ambition to become the owner of towering millions. It is not by industry that such giddy accumulations can be amassed. That is only possible through a course of reckless speculation. But, when once a man gets fairly on in the way to wealth, he is seized with a passion to found what, by foolish courtesy, is called one of the first families. First family indeed, founded upon reckless but respectable gambling! If he is what is falsely called fortunate, and gets well up into the millions, then he can control the markets used for speculation, or at least know their temper absolutely, so that he no longer takes any risks, but has only to divide with others, in the same position as himself, all that small operators are insane enough to risk. By such a course the Vanderbilts, and the Goulds heap up their vast accumulations. In many cases it has been clearly shown that these millions were diverted from channels which would have carried them naturally into the hands of the laborer. The claims set up that the laborer should have a larger share of the wealth produced are right and just in fact, but they are often laid at the wrong door; for the employer is frequently utterly unable to divide a larger dividend with them than he has done because so much has, through speculation, been diverted from the channels of legitimate business to swell up the useless millions of some speculator on a gigantic scale of gambling. The lot of the working man will not be greatly and permanently improved until he, and all the rest of society, come to entertain a different sentiment from envy, towards the position of the man who has accumulated millions by respectable gambling. Now, the only fault the laboring man, and the average Christian, has with such an abnormal development of wealth is that it is not owned by himself. He would gladly change places with the owner. He would not trouble himself much about right and conscience in the matter. Now this conflict will never end until all good men come to feel that these things are wrong, and guilty, and offensive, in the sight of God. Good men must rise to such a refinement of moral sensibility that they would not be a Vanderbilt by the same methods if they could. Christian people must learn to count the fear of God as better than great riches not gotten by fair methods. This is one of the side lights which shine upon this conflict waged by the "Knights of Labor."

If this difficulty were removed there would be no trouble in reaching an adjustment which would grant to the laborer his rights as fully as recognized in the three principles laid down by Mill.

But, if this were done, still the working man would find themselves face to face with one of the most difficult problems of socialism. An equal division even on Mill's principles would be most unjust. Another element which must be taken into account is idleness.

All men will not work. The Scriptural principle that, "if any would not work neither should he eat," must be upheld. To ignore it is not civilization but retrogression. There is evidence enough that much acrimony and bitterness are added to the present disputes, by this element entering into the problem. Laziness can clamour more loudly than honest industry for a juster division. It has always been so. Probably it always will be so. No solution of the problem will entirely eliminate this unknown quantity.

Another weighty factor which must be taken into account is incompetency, even where there is willingness to do all ones part. Men are not equal, and no laws can make them so. No labor, or other organization has any right to demand that all hands be put upon a basis of absolute equality.

But another graver question, in which every good citizen is interested, is thrust up in this conflict. Not only are the rights of labor and of capital up for re-adjustment, but incidentally the liberty of the citizen is involved. Capital is of no use without labor. Certainly, its power lies in being able to employ labor. That is all clear enough. But labor, in order to enforce its demands goes upon strike. But the strike can have no efficacy if other laborers, who are not in the strike, may enter the places vacated by those who are in it. Supposing such laborers to be on hand, and willing to work, the strikers have no means of enforcing their claim, unless they can in some way intimidate these men, who are willing to take their places, and work. How can they do this? Not by any legal process, for no Government can uphold strikes. There remains then only to the strikers to take the law into their own hands, and restrain all citizens from entering upon the work they have for a time abandoned. But that is an unauthorized interference with the rights of free citizens, which, if tolerated, will overturn all our modern ideas of government. That method of controlling men will carry us back into the feudal ages, when one man, because he was stronger than another, compelled that other to follow him as his man, in life and limb, and held him absolutely subject to his command. Every member of the community is interested in preventing such unauthorized interference with the liberty of citizens. Free institutions do not permit even the Government to infringe upon a citizen's liberty except by a regular process, and the Government must not make any long delay in showing why it has restrained a man's liberty. Will the same civilization allow a labor organization, or any other organization, to restrain any citizen's liberty, without any process but violence, and that, too, for an indefinite time? If it be said, in extenuation of such a course, that the strikers have no other way of enforcing their will, then why not say the sandbaggers and the garroters have no other way of getting a man's money, and that the thief has no way of escaping but by shooting the owner of the house which is being burglarized. That is poor justification. Free men will object to be ruled by any unauthorized authority. If the Knight of Labor cannot carry their points without setting up an irresponsible government over their fellow citizens, then their time for action has not yet come. All reforms have had to endure vexatious delays. By delaying the time of action, under such circumstances, they will go forward, when the right time comes, with a great increase of influence. The most ardent friends of the laborer must feel that the maintenance of established authority is of incalculably higher importance than the triumph of any movement a few years earlier than it could do by a strict adherence to lawful methods.

ment a few years earlier than it could do by a strict adherence to lawful methods.

In this connection a queer conundrum is suggested. The Governments of Canada and the U. S. proceed upon the principle of affording protection to manufactures. Since this policy has been adopted the troubles between laborers and employers have increased. Protection may not be the cause, it may be simply due to the natural development of a great movement. All the same, one cannot but enquire after the true value of a protective tariff, if, as some are beginning to admit, no Government can protect manufacturers in the right of hiring other men who may be available when their hands go out in a body on strike. The question of protection to home industries will soon mean more than simply a high tariff.

This difficulty experienced by the organized laborers in securing their rights without restraining the liberty of any in an illogical manner, can be overcome as soon as they are numerous and strong enough to elect Parliaments, and make Governments, like-minded with themselves. If this be not possible then the success of the movement will have to wait until a nobler moral sentiment grows up in all civilized communities, on all the side issues affected in this struggle. In this improvement of moral ideas the laborers, alike with their employers, and professional men, will need to participate.

If labor organizations combine to affect elections they will help this movement onward. They will form a political party around one of the living issues of their time, instead of abdicate the right to pronounce upon the deeds of their chosen legislators, as so many electors do who think it almost a sin to vote differently from what they have always done, and their fathers before them.

Take any view of it we will, this is not an agitation that is going to end in a little time. It is one of the great movements in the thought of people which often take centuries to work out their results. In its progress much that now seems violent and wrong will be found to be a stepping stone to a grander civilization, and only the storm which leaves the earth a purified atmosphere.

TORONTO, ONT.

### THE HOSPITALITY OF A CANADIAN FARM HOUSE IN THE OLD TIME.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

NO. 21.

"Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease. How often have I paused on every charm, the sheltered cot, the cultivated farm, the never-falling brook, the busy mill, the decent church that topt the neighbouring hill."—Let us attempt to picture in its primitive simplicity and unbounded hospitality one of those plain old Canadian farm houses as they existed over fifty years ago.

Those old homesteads were to be found at convenient stepping places all over Upper and Lower Canada and were noted for their hospitality. Their stables were always open for the traveller's horse, and the best from their cellars, pantries and poultry yards was spread before the self-invited, but ever welcome guest. Every Lower Canadian has heard of the open houses of the French Ségneurs in the old time. It is to be regretted that those old families have been so much broken up and scattered.

Those old halting places were not only useful but necessary in early days in Canada, when money was scarce and few inns stood by the wayside. The hospitable open farm house was a recognized institution over a century ago in the New England States and

along the banks of the Mohawk, by which the farming community extended their hospitality to brother farmers when travelling, and they looked for a similar return when they, in their turn, had to travel on business or for pleasure.

In those early days when a farmer had to travel from fifty to one hundred miles he could calculate to a certainty, his midday halt, or his resting place for the night, and he could also count upon the warm reception he would meet with. There was a kind of Oddfellowship—or something dearer—existing among the scattered farmers of old Canada, by which the visitor and the visited were mutually benefited.

This was a means of conveying and receiving the year's news from widely separated friends at very little cost. This was usually done during the winter months.

The old farmers of Canada looked upon each other as of the same family—as brother Canadians. They were proud of the country of their birth or adoption. They had a common aim—to make homes for themselves and their families. A farmer in those early days might travel one hundred miles with his outfit in winter; say, for instance, from the Dutch settlements in and around the township of Markham, behind Toronto, to visit his friends on the Niagara, without spending five shillings in cash, if he wished, because every farmhouse on the road was open to him, and it was then considered a slight for a traveller to pass by the open door and spread tables.

The people of the present generation know very little of the old-time hospitalities. The writer can recall many of his early tramps, on foot, over forty years ago, through the Niagara and Home Districts, and, in retrospect, fancy himself again entering some one of those old U. E. Loyalist farm houses of Upper Canada, to make some simple enquiry as to the road. The reception was different then to what it is now.

Railways have changed everything in the country parts. The days of Acadian simplicity have passed away; new manners have supplanted the old. All is now changed!

You would be informed on entering such a house:—That it was near the mid day meal, or that night was approaching, and a pressing invitation would be given to partake of food and rest for the night; or you might be informed by the good wife of the house that the good man was out in the fields, and that he would be greatly disappointed if he missed the news from town.

The country people of those days were anxious to get news about markets, etc., and they extended their hospitality in return. Our old readers will recall those days of primitive Canadian hospitality.

The writer, in one of his early tramps, chanced to visit an old U. E. Loyalist settlement, and met with so kind a reception as induced him to spend a week. It was in the Autumn, a charming season. There was plenty of hunting, and being a good shot he enjoyed it to his heart's content, so much so that his sojourn was extended to nearly a month. Deer, partridge, duck, &c., were then plentiful. How often we think of those by gone days spent in the backwoods of Upper Canada. Besides outdoor sports there were also many indoor ones.

Were you ever, fair reader, at a "Husking Bee?" If not, let us give you an inkling as to how such things were done in country parts in the old days. The corn (Indian corn) with the husks on was gathered and plied in a large heap, like a stack, on the barn floor. The neighbouring girls and boys

were invited—or, rather, invited themselves—to a bee, a "hunking bee," to hunk the corn. Then tea and a dance followed on the barn floor after the work was finished.

There was great sport at these gatherings. The loud glee that followed the fiddling of a red corn, which entitled the fiddler to a kiss from the fairest girl, and sometimes a kiss all round, that is, if he had nerve enough to do so. This was a standing custom in the country, as old as our grandfathers. We often detected some fair one slyly slip her prize into the lap of her favorite boy—as much as to say—do your duty. There were also "paring bees," to peel and slice the apples preparatory to stringing them for drying; also, "quitting bees," &c., but we must not forget the old spinning wheel bee.

The young girls—pardon us—the young ladies, of the present day, know nothing except by hearsay of the "Gossiping Wheels" the grand old spinning wheels of early Canadian days. We remember the time when from four to six of these old wheels could be found in some of the larger farm houses, and plenty of work they had to do. In those early days in Canada, the men wore home-made gray, and women stuff gowns. In some of the farm houses the wool of one hundred sheep was carded, spun and woven or knitted at home.

The gathering to a spinning bee would be a novel sight to day. This was a gathering of the young girls from both sides of a concession road to assist a poor neighbor, very likely a widow. The boys of the neighbourhood were sure to invite themselves there for the evening, to close with a dance, or rather what was then called a "hop." It was none of your *lous* and *scraps*, but real dancing—such as old Scotch reels and jigs and other country dances, the girls and boys, and even the old men and women could dance a Scotch reel to perfection, but all this is now changed! Fashion, imperious fashion, has discarded these old farm house dances for new ones having foreign names.

Just fancy yourself, fair reader, on a concession road of Upper Canada forty years ago—on a fine Autumn morning; you would observe, tripping gaily along, fair girls in neat homely attire with a something strapped to their shoulders. What is it? It is one of those neat little old spinning wheels to be used at the spinning bee, to which the fair ones are wending their way. Do not laugh, fair reader; your mother or your grandmother, if brought up in this country, would substantiate this.

The fair daughters of Upper Canada three generations back, venerated the old spinning wheel, and were lovely in their home-made stuff gowns. They needed not the aid of foreign ornaments, but were, "when undorned, adorned the most." It was a jolly time to be there in the evening, to meet the youth and beauty of a country side.

These country people, with their apparent want of knowledge of the outside world, were the keenest of critics of what was proper. You could not pass or pawn on them the sham for the real in good breeding.

"Ride and Tie," an instance of old-time hospitality. The writer found himself, in one of his rambles, some twenty miles off Yonge Street Road, and was desirous to catch the morning stage at Richmond Hill at ten on his way to Toronto. The old Dutch farmer suggested a "Ride and tie" as the only way to do so. This was something novel. A farm horse was saddled, on which we mounted, to ride five miles, and then tie the horse to a tree or leave him at a farm house. A farm boy was sent ahead on foot to mount

the horse at the end of the first five miles and then to ride five miles and tie.

We walked the next five miles, and then mounted the horse again, and rode the last ten miles to Richmond Hill, leaving the horse at the inn there, with a quarter of a dollar to pay for the boy's dinner; thus making the tramp of twenty miles in this ride and tie fashion in a little over three hours. This "ride and tie" through the deep forest of a "concession side-line" was not only a novelty, but very enjoyable. Some of our old readers may recall such another ride.

The old-time hospitality of the farmers of Canada was unbounded; visitor and visited felt themselves mutually benefited. Such were some of the primitive customs then existing in the times of old and in the days of other years in this Canada of ours.

### CANADA'S DRINK BILL.

#### OUR HOME PRODUCTION.

BY T. W. CASEY ESQ., NAPANEE, ONT.

No 2.

In a previous article the figures of the Trade and Navigation returns of the Dominion were given, showing that last year there was imported into Canada, for home consumption, no less than 1,984,227 gallons of intoxicating liquors, for which, according to the statements of the importers, at least \$1,992,107 must have been sent to other countries, besides which corn was imported to the value of half a million dollars for purposes of distillation, and malt to the value of \$17,722, also to be manufactured into intoxicating liquors here. Large as our consumption of imported liquors appears to be each year, it is small compared with the quantity of our home manufactured liquors annually consumed. In presenting the following facts, I shall again confine myself entirely to the Government's official returns, and every figure may be verified by reference to some of the last "blue books." If any of the figures are incorrect or misleading, it may be safely taken for granted that the quantities given are too small and not too large, as it is on the figures thus supplied by these in the business that heavy duties have to be paid, and the temptations are many and strong to make the figures as small as possible.

#### MADE LAST YEAR.

According to the recently published Report of the Inland Revenue Department the following quantities of home produced liquor were taken for consumption during the past fiscal year:

|                    |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Proof spirits..... | 4,274,722 gallons |
| Malt liquors.....  | 4,000,000 gallons |

Total..... 18,340,474 gallons

There should be properly deducted from this 252,429 gallons of proof spirit taken for the production of vinegar and methylated spirits. It should also be taken into calculation that one gallon of proof spirits on which excise duty is paid represents probably three or four gallons of the whiskey and other spirituous liquors retailed by the glass to drinkers. Probably twenty million gallons of home produced intoxicating liquors would be represented by the returns laid before the Dominion Parliament.

The Hon. Minister of Inland Revenue sees a good deal to be thankful for even in figures of such magnitude as these. In his report he says:—"It is pleasing to note, however, after reducing all spirituous and malt liquors and wines—domestic and foreign—to the basis of alcohol, the allowance per head of the population does not

exceed three quarters of a gallon per annum, barely one-third the quantity consumed throughout Europe."

The quantity per head consumed by the people of the Dominion is given as follows:—spirits 1.276; beer 2.533; wine .163. The spirits, of course, represents "proof," or at least one third less than the actual quantity of spirituous liquors consumed.

#### THE GRAIN CONSUMED.

The manufacturers report that the following quantities of grain were used during the years for brewing and distilling purposes:—

|                     | Lbs.               | Bushels.         | Value.           |
|---------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Corn .....          | 49,780,423         | 818,077          | \$487,202        |
| Rye .....           | 10,178,666         | 181,725          | 109,033          |
| Wheat .....         | 1,191,537          | 19,461           | 19,463           |
| Oats .....          | 338,228            | 9,540            | 8,730            |
| Barley .....        | 49,228,213         | 1,024,520        | 618,315          |
| <b>Totals .....</b> | <b>100,710,878</b> | <b>2,049,003</b> | <b>1,233,850</b> |

It is a well understood fact that our commerce largely depends on the surplus grain we have to export after deducting what we require for home purposes. If we unnecessarily destroy over two million bushels of grain each year for liquor making purposes, worth, according to average market rates, a million and a quarter of dollars, we have just that much less to export than we otherwise would, and the country is that much poorer in consequence.

Taking average yield per acre of the various kinds of grain as given in the report of the Bureau of Statistics of Ontario for last year the entire yield of grain of the following number of acres of land was destroyed in liquor making purposes.

|             |             |
|-------------|-------------|
| Wheat.....  | 1,093 acres |
| Rye.....    | 11,333 "    |
| Oats.....   | 267 "       |
| Barley..... | 4,295 "     |

The corn was not produced in Canada, every bushel of it, or its equivalent, having been imported from the United States. Had it been our own native grain it would have probably represented about 27,100 acres more. We have then the field products of eighty thousand one hundred and twenty-one acres of our best tillable land as surely destroyed for all purposes of export as though blight or drought had done its effective work in scourging us.

#### THE LICENSE AND REVENUE.

The total number of distilleries licensed in the Dominion last year was 10, which was licensed half the year, one being in Montreal, and all the others in the Province of Ontario. The license fee for distilleries is \$250. The total excise duty on proof spirits manufactured during the year, is put down at \$3,579,532, and of this sum, \$1,600,802 was paid by the large Toronto distillery, of Gooderham & Worts.

The total number of licensed maltsters last year was 86. Of these, 66 are in Ontario, 12 in the Province of Quebec, 2 in Nova Scotia, 4 in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and 2 in Victoria, British Columbia. The excise revenue collected on malt liquor is reported, at, \$6,343, and on malt, \$477,184.

#### LABOUR AND CAPITAL INVESTED.

A great national need in Canada is additional labour to properly develop our industrial resources. We also stand badly in need of more capital to develop our manufacturing and our resources. What manufacturing facilities we have and what mineral and other natural sources of wealth we possess, that new useless for want of more labour and more capital in the country! What sums of money we are expending every year in trying to induce more labour to our shores, and what thousands and thousands of interest we are annually paying for the capital borrowed of foreign lenders! What vast quantities of manufactured goods we are sending our money

out of the country to pay for when there is abundance of raw material lying useless at home to make if we had the labour and capital at our disposal to manufacture here! Under the circumstances it seems criminal to divert our labour and capital in unnecessary and injurious enterprises. Taking the last Dominion census returns for our guide, we find that the capital and labour invested in liquor-making in 1881 was as follows:—

|                    | Hands employed | Capital invested. |
|--------------------|----------------|-------------------|
| In brewing.....    | 1,411          | \$4,703,447       |
| In distilling..... | 283            | 1,300,000         |
|                    | 1,694          | 6,074,447         |

The same returns puts down the annual product of these manufactures as follows:—  
The breweries..... \$ 4,703,447  
The distilleries..... \$ 1,300,000

Total..... \$ 6,003,447

It will be seen that, according to these figures, the number of hands employed in proportion to the value of the product is ridiculously small,—smaller than in almost any other branch of manufacture requiring so much capital and yielding such a value of products. It is evident, however, that the outside hands in either case are not taken into account at all. Probably more than double the number of hands here reported are engaged in some shape, and a much greater amount of capital is diverted, too.

#### THE INFERENCE.

In view of the great destruction of grain, for which we are having nothing to show at the end of the year, having drunk up the products; in view of the great loss of labour and capital diverted, which is so much needed in really useful industries; in view of the great moral and physical havoc the use of these home products surely entails upon us, who can withstand the conclusion that in the best moral and material interests of the people of Canada we need a law, at the earliest practical moment, prohibiting the manufacture, as well as the importation and sale of intoxicating liquors?

In a future paper some important official figures may be given regarding the sale of intoxicating liquors and the deplorable results arising therefrom.

### FLOWERS THAT BLOSSOM.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

With many window gardeners the heliotrop is a shy bloomer, and has no beauty of foliage to recommend it, but give it a sunny window on rather sandy soil, and plenty of warm water, and it will repay with fragrant blossoms. This flower grows to a large shrub in its native climate, Peru, and the flowers are in clusters, with the fragrance of vanilla so strongly marked that I have known children when passing the bed to say, "there is a smell of ice cream somewhere"—when recognizing the flavoring to which the perfume bears strong resemblance.

The name is derived from the Greek *Helios-sun*, and *trepo to turn*, in consequence of the fabled mythology that Clytie, being deserted by Apollo, pined away with her eyes gazing continually upon the sun—and was turned into a flower with this meaning. It blooms best when basking in the full beams of the sun, and resents drouth and shade. The language is "devotion," and the poet Stedman has sung its praises in a little poem in which he speaks of his lady-love:

"But when she came to the border  
At the end of the garden slope,  
She bent, like a rose bush o'er,  
That beautiful heliotrope."

The pure white flowers are very effective in a green house when they have light and heat, but in a window they are likely to take on a purplish tinge. The plant is easily cultivated and can be propagated by cutting

but they must be kept at a higher temperature than geranium slips, or they will not root. Out of doors at the end of June there is little trouble in striking new plants in the ground, if kept moist, and this is the best method of ensuring good plants for the following winter.

Peeping out of the side of a hanging basket, surrounded by moss, is a tuft of scarlet verbena, that looks as if it longed for the summer days, and the high temperature in which it revels. Like a great many of our brilliant plants it is a native of South America, and was first introduced into this country by R. Burit, of Philadelphia, who received seeds from South America, and cultivated the plants as a garden flower.

Some species are found at the Rocky Mountains, and one hardy biennial in the western States. They are easily grown from seed, and in this part of Canada will seed in the ground and come up the next year, though the colors are more to be depended upon if plants are grown from cuttings of the finest flowers, instead of trusting to seedlings that often deteriorate. Another reason for not planting in the same ground is that they become liable to attacks of aphides at the root, which is sure death. It delights in a loam turned up from new sod, and does not thrive well in sandy soil.

The climate of America seems to suit it better than that of Europe, and florists now grow some magnificent specimens. For massing they are particularly adapted, and make a fine display in autumn when other flowers are becoming scarce. As a window plant they need light and heat, with frequent washings to keep them free from the aphides. In a good basket with plenty of earth and moss they often do very well. The language of the verbena is "sensitivity," and a floral verse allotted to it seems to suit well.

"A kindly speech—a cordial voice,  
A smile so quick, so warm, so bright  
It speaks a nature full of light."

CHATTAUGUAY, QUE.

### COGITATIONS.

Make soup while the bone lasts  
Half our troubles are merely annoyances.  
Promises are virtually falsehoods until they are fulfilled.

It is not what you take in but what you don't put out that makes you rich.

There is apparently no hope at all for the wicked when even the good get left occasionally.

The first problem that a newly-elected official has to solve is how to put 100 pigs in ten holes.

Some rich people find amusement by imagining they are poor, but there is mighty little enjoyment in a poor man imagining he is rich.

### He Had Done Enough.

During a recent political convention in Kentucky, when opposing factions had "locked horns" and when it seemed impossible to nominate a candidate, a man from the orthodox arose and exclaimed:

"Feller citizens, you are all urging the claims of your respective candidates, but you don't give a reason why any of them should be nominated. I came to fight for Colonel John Hornrock."

"What's he done for the party," cried a voice.

"He has done enough. He made five hundred gallons of whiskey last year and—"

His voice was drowned by deafening shouts. Colonel John Hornrock was nominated by acclamation.

David Sinton, Ohio's richest man, is a Scotch Irishman and grew up around the big iron mill at Pittsburgh. He began business as a clerk in a country store at \$4 a month; then was a clerk in a blast furnace, afterward manager, and at last half owner. After that the advance in life was fast. He is worth \$12,000,000, and gives largely to public charities.

### THAT OTHER BOY.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

For every light, a corresponding shadow; for every good, its counterpart of evil; for every son in a family, that other boy, who is nobody's boy; for every boy in a home, the homeless boy.

What is this vagrant, unowned boy? He is the making of the future tramp, criminal, pauper; a burden and a terror to the community, able to undo all the good your boy may grow up to accomplish.

Where is this boy of the dangerous classes? In a hovel attic, cellar, a staying place, dominated by a drunken father, by a drunken or ignorant, or reckless mother; he is an orphan, allowed a crust and a shelter by criminals, who hope to use him in crime when he is a little older; he is a poorhouse; he is bound out to some irresponsible party, who regards him as so much muscular force, ignoring the fact that he has a mind and a soul; he is, perhaps, a little higher in the social scale, with parents and a home, but the parents "let him run," have no idea of governing or counselling him; the home offers him no attractions; he goes to school when he likes, plays truant when he pleases; roams the streets at night, hangs about corners, groceries, bar-rooms, never goes to church or Sunday-school, swears, plays for keeps, and knows the taste of beer and brandy; he is a rich man's boy, perhaps; his mother pays no heed to him, his father sets him a bad example, ruffians decoy him, he has too much money in his pocket, and is just as surely set on the road to end "black-leg" as the boy from the slums. In this last case, as in the others, he is really "nobody's boy" for to have merely begotten or brought forth a child is not to be a parent in any proper sense of that potent word.

What is to become of this multitudinous nobody's boy germ of the mob? If society does not speedily rise up and master the mob, the mob is bound to master society. We must dominate our criminals now, or we shall be presently destroyed by them. But how shall we do this? Mere force is not the remedy; iron, stone walls, an army of policemen will not meet the case. France had once a Bastille and an army as ready to fire on Jacques as on Hans. But the Bastille crumbled suddenly, the army fraternized with the mob, there was a revolution, above which, sole landmark, rose the guillotine, pouring forth a river of blood.

Mobs and criminal classes are to be managed successfully only by moral means, and moral means can only be applied successfully when the mob is in embryo, the plastic state of boyhood.

Nobody's boy is the danger of our future; we can and must make him the corner-stone in the fabric of our hope. But how to do this? Whatever our boy needs, nobody's boy needs. What will make our boy good, safe, reliable, will make that other boy safe, reliable, good. All that we give our boy of encouragement, of fortunate prejudices, of moral environment, we should give nobody's boy. We must make up to him of his disastrous lack of home, of parents, of moralities. Largely considered, this may be an affair of compulsory education of the alphabet and the ten commandments insisted upon for every one; of no vagrants and State-schools for industrial arts; but there are outgrowths of the question too large for the present article. We prefer the simple and practical. That village is clean where every villager sweeps well about his own door-stone. If every neighborhood solved the problem of its own neglected, vagrant, destitute boys, the problem of the country at large would straightly find its solution.

Let us drop the consideration of the great centers, the cities, for the moment, unless they may choose to share in these simple hints for the towns, villages, rural districts. We can not expect to entirely aggregate our boy from nobody's boy. We must not be so fearful of exposing our boy to the other boy's proscenium, that we devote ourselves merely to separating them, as far as possible. Their lives will lap somewhere; let us arrange the meeting point where it will do the one good and the other no harm. No wise, sober, respectable, useful family should rest easy one hour, so long as within the reach of their influence is any lad left to evil influences, or no influences at all; for, in this last case, the evil will come in fast enough.

Here is not a matter of collecting funds, establishing costly libraries, reading rooms,

and so on. Good indeed are those when one can come to them, but the thing is to begin at once, and to bring personal influences to bear on the personal boy.

The primary danger to nobody's boy is from intemperance. All that our boy needs to develop temperance prejudice and principle, the other boy needs. Canvass the neighborhood for him, bring him to a temperance society, buy him a badge and a pledge card. It costs little to get together ten, fifteen, twenty boys of the neighborhood, in some clean, bright kitchen or dining-room well lit and warmed, to talk temperance, sing it, tell temperance riddles, read stories, speak places and end up with a plate of ginger cakes or a basket of apples. The effect will be beyond mere opinions concerning beer and alcohol. You will find these boys going to school more regularly, that they may read and speak better; you will find them coming to the meeting with clean hands and shoes, with brushed hair and clothes; their voices will moderate, their language will be cleaner and civiler.

I remember a neighborhood numbering forty or fifty boys, from eight to sixteen years. One lady established such a temperance society at her home as I have mentioned; badges, pledge cards, leaflets, gingerbread, cost about \$5 or \$6 a year. The other lady collected all the boys she could beg in the neighborhood from friends or from religious societies, raised a subscription of \$20 and bought some more books, turned one of her rooms into a circulating library, chatted with the boys on Saturday afternoons when they came for books, helped them choose, helped them think, and in eighteen months the boys of that locality were new creatures. They were superior boys—mannerly, intelligent, enterprising—not the making of a rascal among the whole of them.

If there are only three boys in a neighborhood given to running the streets at night, those three should be looked after. If there are ten, twenty, fifty, who loaf about, all the more need to provide for them. Follow them up, speak to them, encourage them, interest yourself in them. What, clothes dirty and ragged? Find them work that will buy a new suit. Get some one to make work if there is none ready. Make it a personal favor to you that they should come to your church and sit in your pew or your class in Sunday-school, or to your home and borrow a book. Don't worry them with dull books; consider the stuff you are dealing with. Save up all your papers, especially illustrated, to give them. Make a huge scrap book for them to look over, treat them, as Italians say, *in festa*, a cookie, a glass of milk or lemonade, an apple; stand treat cheerfully. Where is the neighborhood where some empty room cannot be found, and where, among all the neighbors, a table or two, a few chairs, a condemned stove, a few pictures, some window shades, can not be begged or borrowed; where some books, magazines, papers, can not be contributed; where some genial father can not make a few packages of jack-straws, two or three fox-and-geese boards, a box or so of letters to play games of words, a little stationery for who would write a letter? Do you know if such a place is open for the loafing boys, they will top loading; they will make the fire and sweep and scrub the room by turns, and will refrain from swearing and spitting on the floor, and will avail themselves of the wash-bowl, cake of soap and towel set forth in entry or corner? Then with one good friend or another to keep the peace evening after evening, and detail wonders of natural science, or stories of adventure, or mighty deeds of history; to lay bare the many sided evils of strong drink, and sketch the bright fortunes of honest enterprise and industry, the horizons of these neglected lives will widen, they will breathe purer air. Nobody's boy will feel that he is the son of his own deeds, and the father of his own fortunes; his dormant nobility will awake and his ancient brutehood will be eliminated, and the communists of robes of the nineteenth century will die with the century, as did with the earlier centuries that scourge, the black plague.

Finally, to sum up, whenever there is a boy neglected, pressed by evil example, responsible to nobody, there is work for the nearest person whose eyes fall upon him, work for which that person is responsible to God, the country, the community.

In novels marriage ends all. The truth is precisely the reverse; it begins all.

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

What man is deficient in sense he usual makes up in dullness.

Nature is frank and will allow no man to abuse himself without giving him a hint of it.

We never do ourselves so much good as when we are, at least, trying to do good to others.

Remember this: However small you consider your possessions there is some one who envies you them.

Self denial and thought for the happiness of others are among the seeds from which shall spring never-fading flowers.

There is no luck, but there is such a thing as hard work and knowing how to make it answer for what others call "luck."

Like a dream is the life of man; like swift ships, seen for a moment on the horizon's edge and then sailing we know not whither.

In expenses I would be neither pinching nor prodigal; yet, if my means allow it not, rather thought too sparing than a little profuse.

The whole European and American world is undoubtedly advancing to a broader and more philosophical conception of the true meaning of religion.

It is better that joy should be spread over the whole of the day than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies, full of danger and followed by reaction.

More gentleness, more sympathy, more consideration, more knowledge of character, more real respect for one another, are needed in all the relations of life.

A good conscience is an excellent thing, and so too is a winsome manner. It should be carefully cultivated. When frankness becomes rudeness, it should be properly checked.

No matter how low down man may get there is not more than one in every 100 of them but will prove true to a small trust if his pride be strengthened by your seeming faith in him.

Much of the world is prejudiced against facts, because facts stick to the text and don't go out of the way to concoct a palatable medium for the world's own genteel taste and wise opinions.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and, therefore, men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.

Simply believing the truths of religion doesn't make you religious; you may appreciate right and yet not do right; weeping over martyrs is not as heroic as having had your amp suffered at the stake.

One breach of faith will always be remembered, no matter how loyal your subsequent life may be. People may imagine that they trust you, yet all the time they have an eye to the former break.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

It does not disgrace a gentleman to become an errand boy or a day laborer, but it disgraces him much to become a knave or a thief, and knavery is not the less knavery because it involves large interests, nor theft the less theft because it is countenanced by usage.

Helen Jackson never wrote truer words than these, which were penned at a one year ago. "It is a pitious thing to see how, in this life, the gentler and finer organized nature is always the one to suffer most, and come off vanquished in collisions, and the coarse grained, brutal one to triumph."

The bad men in society are always ready for rebellion. The bad element in politics is always treasonable in its nature. When treason raises its bloody hand, every good man and true is in honor bound to enlist for the war in defense of virtue, integrity and allegiance to the best interests of mankind.

Only he who puts on the garment of humility finds how worthily it clothes his life. Only he who dedicates himself to the spiritual service of his brethren, simply because his Master tells him they are worthy of it, comes to know how rich those natures of his brethren are, how richly they are worth the total giving of himself to them,



# AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabia Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE Nihilist," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XLIV.—(CONTINUED.)

Return we, almost with the morning's dawn, to Arabi Pasha's headquarters at the arsenal, so chosen perhaps because the narrow neck of land at that point very nearly converted the peninsula on which the Ras-el-Tin palace is built into an island, and so, in a manner, made him the Khedive's jailer at the outer gates thereof.

But though the war minister as yet the master of the situation, his sovereign to all intents and purposes his prisoner, and all Egypt backing him up and ready to stand by him, we find him on this especial morning ill at ease and with less confidence than usual as to the future, for three of his leading generals have disturbed him thus early, and each had been the bearer of unwelcome tidings.

Sulisman Zoghreb Effendi has brought the news that the populace are eager for another European massacre and that the troops can't be relied upon for preventing it.

Salam Pasha, afterward known as "The Merciful," is bearer of the intelligence that an immense reward has been offered secretly by the Khedive for his head, and that the Sultan of Turkey has reversed round again under British pressure and is about to dispatch thirty thousand troops to Egypt to help restore the authority of Tewfik.

Toulba Pasha, the last arrival and commonly called "Arabi's Brains," brings the information that the British admiral had sent an express to the palace, urging the Khedive to come off to the fleet, so as to escape all dangers from the bombardment that he intended immediately to open upon the forts.

This last intelligence seemed to cheer the war minister rather than otherwise, for he exclaimed:

"If Tewfik accepts the situation all is well, for by the law of nations, for a sovereign ruler to seek refuge from his own subjects on foreign soil or aboard a foreign vessel is an act of abdication. The Khedival throne will be empty from the moment that Tewfik plants foot on the deck of an English ironclad. I could desire nothing better."

But at this juncture a fourth high official entered the Hall of Councils, and on being eagerly questioned by the war minister as to what he had to tell, made answer as follows:

"Your excellency, the Khedive has declined to quit his palace at the British admiral's invitation, saying he will not desert his faithful people merely because he is menaced by a military insurrection, but will rather cast his lot with them."

"Let not that speech of his get abroad," said Arabi, with contracted brows. "It is meant as a bid for popular favor, nothing more. What other news have you?"

"The English and foreign consular and other authorities are all crowding out of the town, early as in the hour, and making their way in boats to the different war vessels, all of which seem to be getting their steam up and two or three to be standing in nearer to the shore."

"That looks like business, gentlemen," said Arabi Pasha, with a grim smile.

"If the Feringhee means acts why should we be bandying mere words?" growled Sulisman Effendi, with a hand on his sword hilt; whereat the fierce Toulba Pasha exclaimed: "If Tewfik won't quietly leave the land of which he has been the scourge and oppressor, why not accord him a grave therein and place his Excellency, the Osman of the Nation, in his place? What is one life when thousands are menaced?"

"Silence!" said Arabi, sternly. "A crime such as you hint at, Toulba, never yet advanced the interests of any cause. I put my trust in Allah and the strength of a good and righteous cause. But I do not intend to remain idle. My forts are ready, my guns are shotted, my artillery men are at their posts and ready to shed their blood for Egypt's freedom. Yet would I still maintain peace if possible, for they who,

save of necessity, draw the sword shall perish by the sword. Which of you will venture with a verbal message aboard the British flag-ship?"

The three pashas and the Effendi all held up their hands at once.

But the war minister chose Toulba to be his emissary.

## CHAPTER XLV.

NELLIE'S FATHER AND MOTHER SET OUT TO DELIVER HER.

Hardly had the war minister finished speaking when a captain of artillery entered the hall, and advancing, in obedience to a waved permission, whispered something in Arabi Pasha's ear, the only word audible being the name of Trezarr.

He found Nellie's father and mother anxiously awaiting him in a room furnished in a manner that suggested a compromise between official and private life.

When they had made brief mention of the dangers which they had encountered on the way they began to make anxious inquiry respecting their daughter.

"What I have to tell you concerning her must be received in the strictest confidence," said the war minister impressively, "by reason that the life of my informant might be endangered were it otherwise, for harem secrets are the most dangerous of all secrets to be acquainted with, since the betrayal of the smallest of them is death, with sometimes the most terrible tortures superadded."

Mr. and Mrs. Trezarr were much impressed by this speech, and whilst its solemnity caused them to tremble for their daughter's safety, it induced them to promise their host in one breath that they would take his advice and be guided by him in all things.

"It is well," replied Arabi; "know then that our dear Nellie is a prisoner in the Khedival seraglio at the Ras-el-Tin Palace and in the power, moreover, of one who hates her and will sacrifice her to an insane jealousy unless she is prevented."

This explanation by no means tended to allay the anxious parents' fears.

"Let me once get hold of my dear child and I'll bring the palace down with my screams but what I'll bring her out," exclaimed Mrs. Trezarr, and she would have gone on in the same strain ad infinitum had not her husband checked her.

Arabi clasped his hands thrice, and the artillery bimbasha appeared.

He called him on one side and gave his directions, and then, turning again towards Mr. and Mrs. Trezarr, said, with a smile:

"That officer is responsible for your safe custody, and in an hour from the present I hope to welcome your return, with your daughter and my affianced wife accompanying you."

With these words he waved his hand, as though deprecating reply and in haste that they should be gone.

No sooner had they passed out of the room, however, than a sudden thought, or rather suspicion, seemed to strike him, and giving utterance to what sounded very like a muttered Oriental oath, he rushed after them, and catching Mr. Trezarr by his sleeve drew him back a few paces, and said in a half earnest and half jocular tone, but the former predominating:

"Mind that you all three do come back to me. Don't be going aboard one of the British war ships along with the Khedive, for as surely as that your daughter shall be a sovereign princess and the most exalted of all women in Egypt if you keep your word and marry her unto me, so surely will I seek upon all the wealth in your bank and mansion at Cairo, of which I hold the keys, and dedicate all that you possess for the national cause, should you be induced on any pretext to break your word to me."

Mr. Trezarr waited not for an answer, but hurried back into the room which he had just quitted, where he seated himself cross-legged on a divan, and calling a young Nubian

slave to light his chibouqua, indulged in the following comforting reflections:

"Trezarr will not now dare to play me false; for his wealth is as dear to him as his very soul, and I can seize upon it at any moment should he venture to leave the country. Then, as to the Khedive, the very thing that I want is to frighten him off Egyptian soil, for I would sooner that his blood was not on my hands, and yet have I every desire that his throne should be left empty, for until empty how can another fill it?"

## CHAPTER XLVI.

ELMARR SEIZES THE AMULET AND NELLIE CATCHES THE WHIP.

When we see abruptly left Nellie in the middle of a former chapter, lying half naked amidst the pile of soft and yielding cushions in the almost stifling heat of her prison chamber, we merely said that she slumbered until morning's dawn. She then awoke to find herself bathed in a gentle perspiration, and the pink spots that the princess' clashed fists had raised on her beginning to turn to bruises.

With a shudder she began to redon her apparel.

Hardly had she completed her toilet when the door of the room was opened and Elmarr came in, bearing on a tray a cup of coffee and some little cakes.

She placed them on the floor, regarded Nellie with an evil leer and was about to withdraw, when our heroine asked her for the necessary requisites for the performing of her ablutions and dressing her hair, whereupon Elmarr grinned and said:

"Her highness, when she has risen, intends to conduct you to the bath and personally to wait upon you there. I am sure that you should feel grateful for such an excess of consideration."

Nellie stammered something or other in way of acknowledgment, but did feel very grateful, for it occurred to her like a conviction that in the bath her loveliness would bring upon her fresh persecutions and sufferings, and that the princess intended to wait upon her for no other purpose than to inflame them, and fiercely gloat over her writhings, her pantings and her struggles the while.

The buffoon read her thoughts in the wild, frightened look of the great violet eyes. She went out of the room and closed the door behind her, whereupon Nellie, feeling faint, drew forth a quaint little silver vinaigrette (a luxury which she always carried about her in that climate of intense heat and numerous evil and unwholesome smells), and applying it to her delicate nostrils inhaled the refreshing essence, hoping that it would do her good.

But the buffoon, who had crouched down outside the door to watch the Feringhee girl through the keyhole, no sooner beheld the pretty and somewhat curiously shaped ornament in the captive's fingers and the use to which it was being applied than it entered into her head that it must be the amulet by means of which she had summoned the devil to her assistance. It was before. With a yell, therefore, she suddenly threw open the door again and with glaring eyes and crooked talons rushed to the attack, Nellie, not at all comprehending the meaning of this hostile demonstration, springing to her feet and trembling all over like an aspen.

When, however, she discovered what the hideous wretch wanted of her, she struggled hard to retain possession of the vinaigrette, for it was dear to her as having been a birthday present from her mother, that mother whom she thought she might never see again.

But the fight that she waged to maintain it convinced Elmarr more than ever that it was that which she suspected it to be, so she clutched the wrist and bit at the hand that held it and at last, succeeded in getting it away from its owner, when she immediately rushed from the room, mingling peals of mocking laughter with shrill and crooked exclamations of triumph.

When the wretch had again closed and secured the door again behind her Nellie began to wonder how the foul hag could feel so elated over such a trivial thing, for that the woman imagined it to be anything more than a silver ornament never struck her for an instant.

Feeling slightly hungry and intensely thirsty, for the wants of our fallen nature will assert themselves in the most unfortu-

nate and the most beautiful, Nellie now turned to her cakes and coffee, and after eating a couple of the former she drank a cup of the latter.

No sooner had she swallowed it down, however, than a strange, burning taste came into her mouth, and she grew conscious that her thirst had been increased instead of lessened, and increased to a most painful degree in addition.

So this was a fresh torture that had been devised for her, and as she remembered having read or been told how that prisoners had been tormented unto madness by thirst, she shuddered, for she thought that perhaps they meant to give her nothing to drink but this drugged coffee, and so to render her in time a raving maniac.

To overcome such thoughts, or at all events in order to try to overcome them, she went over to the window, and through the strong bars of her cage gazed for hours upon the fair world outside.

An interruption came in a most marvellous form, that is to say, in the shape of the Princess Zennah, carrying in her hand a whip and followed closely by Elmarr the buffoon, having a closely stoppered glass jar under each arm.

As she placed these on the floor our lovely heroine perceived that one was half full of scorpions and the other of centipedes, the two most revolting, repellant and deadly of Egyptian reptiles.

She would have shrieked at the sight, for she felt that they were intended for her and knew not that, save by their dreadful flicking as they crawled over her, and perhaps fought each other upon her, they were innocuous by reason of their stings and poison bags having been drawn from them.

But after Elmarr had put down the two jars she disappeared again and then a second time returned bearing a basin, a jug of water, soft towels, perfumed soap and delicate flesh gloves, whereupon the princess observed with an evil smile:

"The white rose of the Feringhees will have to perform her ablutions in her own room on this occasion, for the bath has been monopolized by my brother's wives and favorites. I myself, however, will be her attendant, assisted by the good Elmarr."

"Oh, you mean to hurt me," sobbed Nellie. "What have you got that whip for if it isn't to beat me with? You shall lash me with my clothes on if you do it at all, and I will struggle to the death before you shall set those terrible reptiles to bite and sting me."

Having said this much she essayed to smash the glass of the window, fancying that could she but succeed she might be able to make her shrieks audible to some of the people who were in the boats, but, as though divining her intentions, the buffoon, who was as strong as any man, sprang upon her, forced her away and sent her reeling across the floor.

"Strip!" exclaimed the princess, fiercely cracking her whip. "Off with everything that you have on—everything, I say. Ah, you have lost your talisman, your amulet, haven't you, you white witch? The devil can't save you from us now. That is why you tremble so, I suppose."

Nellie could not understand what she meant, but cried, nevertheless, for mercy.

But "Strip! Strip!" was all that the princess could utter in reply.

But, as though Nellie read her every thought, and her intoxicating aspiration as well, she would not commence to disrobe, so that at an imperious command from the princess the buffoon flew upon her again and began to tear off her clothing, Nellie at first resisting, but soon discovering how futile it was to do so against the superior strength that was opposed to her, suffering her arms to fall limply by her side and remaining as passive as though she had been a lay figure in the hands of her assailant.

Off came her dress, then the princess sprang forward, whip in hand, and lashed, slashed, slashed, with all her strength and fury, at all that warm palpitating and snowy loveliness, the cruel thumping and snowy loveliness, the cruel thumping around back and arms and bosom, and eliciting from the beautiful sufferer shriek after shriek of anguish.

Heaven alone knows what she might have been called upon to suffer ere it was over had not Elmarr suddenly exclaimed, in accents of mingled horror and alarm:

"Your highness, there is a man coming this way. Maloom, Maloom, I forgot to put your shoes outside the curtain. Oh, what's to be done? What's to be done?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

SHOWS WHAT RESULTED FROM A FORGOTTEN PAIR OF SHOES.

There was nothing to be done, simply because it was too late to do anything.

The heavy footsteps had already reached the centre one of the three rooms, and now a shrill female voice was heard exclaiming in not very excellent French:

"Those are my child's screams! They are torturing her! They are surely killing her!"

There was a single word in response, and the princess, dropping her whip, exclaimed:

"It is my brother, the Khedive! Oh, I am lost! I am lost! What shall I say or do!"

Then in an instant her face changed its expression, and seizing hold of Nellie by one of her snowy shoulders, she hissed in her ear, whilst her brilliant eyes seemed to emit rays of light:

"Now it is your turn to have vengeance upon me. My life is in your hands and you know it. The secret of the opal ring and the lotus flower will destroy me. Well, be it so. I would sooner enjoy another buffet at you than cringe to you for pity."

She smote her with both clenched fists at once and as hard as she could strike, and as Nellie staggered backward with a gasp and a half-choking sob, she herself turned sharp round with quivering nostrils, compressed lips and flashing eyes, looking like a superb Cleopatra defying her Roman conquerors, to face those that were coming to disturb her at her inhuman sport, while Elmarr, the buffoon, flew to the other end of the room, and crouching down hid herself behind a pile of cushions.

The next instant, or rather that very instant, the door was dashed open, and in the aperture Prince Tewfik, the Khedive, came to a full stop, whilst Mrs. Trezarr, rushing in, was met by Nellie half way, who, with a paroxysm of sobbing, threw herself into the maternal arms, which, as well as the maternal cloak, was thrown around her.

"What is the meaning of this scene?" demanded the Khedive, furiously, of his sister.

"You had better ask her. You don't expect me to criminate myself, and I am far too proud to excuse or to attempt to excuse myself, even to you," was the disdainful answer.

The princess knew that did her smarting victim tell the story of the lotus flower and of the opal ring as she had related it to her only the preceding day, her doom would be death for having received one of the male sex within the seraglio walls, and how could she hope that she would not tell it after such barbaric treatment as she had just received at her hands?

What was her astonishment when she heard the Feringhee girl exclaim:

"Oh, your highness, I don't wish to say anything. I won't say anything, I have no malice. I only want to forgive the princess and to go away with my mother, that is all."

Her highness gave a great gasp as if relief, but said no word of thanks, and the proud, defiant look still remained on her countenance.

Indeed the Khedive looked the most relieved of the two, for he would undoubtedly have executed justice upon his sister according to strict Moslem law, he yet seemed to feel very glad that Nellie had saved him the necessity of doing so.

A quarter of an hour later Nellie quitted the Ras el Tin palace between her father and mother and surrounded by the armed guards of the war minister, but Prince Tewfik, the Khedive, quitted it not, for despite all the representations and revelations that Mr. Trezarr had made to him concerning his immediate seizure, trial and execution for treason to the state if he remained on Egyptian soil, on Egyptian soil he was determined to remain notwithstanding.

Nellie and her rescuers had hardly got outside the palace gates when she inquired with some curiosity whether they were about to take her, and not being satisfied with such vague answers as "To a place of safety, my dear," and so on, she plied the question again and again until Mr. Trezarr was driven at last to exclaim:

"We are going to the war ministers'."

"I would rather die than marry the war minister. And, besides, I have not been a widow twenty-four hours," said Nellie.

"A widow? The child has taken leave of her senses," gasped Mr. Trezarr.



THE "BABY'S" PORTRAIT!

BY JOHN MERRIE, TORONTO.

Steady now, young "Chatterbox!"  
Rory cheeks and raven locks;  
Mamma wants your portrait now,  
Smile again and smooth your brow!  
Touch your mouth with finger-tips,  
Pearly teeth and ruby lips;  
Papa's pride and mamma's pet,  
High upon a cushion seat!

Rolling eyes of azure blue,  
Watching, wondering, "what's-a-do!"  
While the artist smiles and grins,  
Ere he to his task begins.  
Steady now, young "chatterbox!"  
Sly as any little fox;—  
Tinkling bells—the signal given—  
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!"

For a minute silence reigns,  
Pleasure leaps in all our veins,  
Baby's picture's now complete,  
Lifelike, true, and oh, so sweet!  
Every one is positive  
Never was such negative;  
Beauty smiles at beauty's self,  
Each one hugs the little elf!

Soon a dainty frame is made,  
In the frame the portrait laid,  
Where it lay for many a day,  
As the years roll'd swift away,  
Oft the mother looked and smiled  
At the picture of her child,  
Now a happy blushing bride,  
Still her father's joy and pride.

But at last there came a day  
When the bride must pass away,  
Claimed by lover of her own,  
Happy in that love alone;  
And, 'mong presents rich and rare,  
One was prized—a portrait fair—  
Smiling as in days of yore,  
Now a "Chatterbox" no more!

their escort gained the haven of shelter, though followed by a perfect rain of missiles from behind the hastily reloaded barriers.

TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Hopeful Electrical Invention.

It is a remarkable fact that while almost every month new uses are discovered for electricity, yet, as a matter of fact, for sixty years there has been no new means invented to produce the electrical current itself. We have to depend upon the zinc plate immersed in a bath of acid chemicals, or on friction for which a steam-engine must be used. But the destruction of the zinc in the one case, and the use of the steam in the other, involves a waste of power which in all, save a few particulars, makes electricity too costly to use either as an illuminant or a motive power. An electrical light is very powerful, but gas or oil is very much cheaper. A train of cars was run by electricity thirty years ago, and cost four times as much as steam. But now comes to the front Henry B. Ford, who claims to have discovered the secret of the cheap production of electricity. If he has succeeded, it will make the greatest revolution known to the history of industry. This new process discards the steam-engine, zinc, and the acids, and relies upon carbon in its cheapest and most accessible forms. Mr. Ford claims that with distillery slops, the debris of a gas house, the muck from a swamp, he can produce an electric current sufficiently powerful to replace steam and produce light. Common salt or ocean water is all he needs with the carbonized materials, to induce the current. If his invention is what he claims for it, a steamship can go to sea with some waste carbon, one tenth the volume of the coal which is now indispensable, and a motive can be developed which will cost but a trifle, and yet will be powerful enough to propel the heaviest and largest steamers from continent to continent. If there is anything in this invention, its possibilities are simply incalculable.

The pleasures of the world are deceitful; they promise more than they give. Their trouble us in seeking them, they do not satisfy us when possessing them, and they make us despair in losing them.

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

# THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel.—By MORA RUSSELL,

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

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

## CHAPTER XXV.—LADY MILLS.

All her old friends gathered round Lady Lester with hearty congratulations when she once more found herself settled as mistress of Roden Court. Many of these had indeed been of the same opinion as Mr. Harford, and had never taken very kindly to poor Jim.

"It is a shocking thing," they all said, "this young man's death, but it always seemed so unjust to Alan Lester to lose his inheritance—and poor Mrs. Doyme, some of them added with a pained smile, "she has lost her last chance of Roden now!"

Mrs. Doyme herself had felt that fate had been most unkind to her when James Lester's tragic end finished his evident intentions regarding her youngest daughter. But true to her character, she at once tried to make the best of it, and there are always good-natured people in the world who either do believe, or affect to believe, whatever their friends choose to tell them.

Alan and Lady Lester both knew that had poor Jim lived, in all human probability Mrs. Doyme would have persuaded Lily to marry him, but as Jim was dead, what was the good of talking of what might have been? Lady Lester, high minded, and with a lofty, gentle graciousness of character, which placed her alike above small motives and small words, never, even to her son, spoke of Mrs. Doyme's disappointment. They had both been touched and pleased by Lily's wish to look on Jim's dead face, and Lady Lester had kissed the girl as she went away with her large grey eyes full of sadness and strange awe.

"I think she would not have treated my Alan as her sister did," thought Lady Lester, but on this subject, of course, she was also silent to her son. They loved each other most dearly, those two, but Alan had never told his mother what he felt when Annette's skirt had actually brushed past him on the morning of her wedding day. For his mother's sake he had endured his life since then, bravely enough to all outward seeming, but with such real weariness of spirit that all things seemed of pretty equal value to him.

He felt this especially on the night after James Lester had been laid in his grave. Poor Mrs. Lester had left Roden as soon as the funeral was over, and Alan had gone with her to the station, and then the strain was all over. He stood now exactly in the same position as he had stood some few months ago. He was Sir Alan Lester of Roden Court, and he went out walked up and down on the terrace in front of the house after he returned from the station, and his heart was very sad.

Why had this been? he thought, looking up at the dark misty sky. He had lost faith and happiness, and poor Jim's life, by the strange change that had happened to them both. And Annette—no one ever named her to him now—no one but that once when Lily had spoken of her. But Alan never forgot her. He thought of her smiling, longing, nestling in his arms—his darling—before this had all happened to part them. And now the old life had come back—the old life without its brightness and hope.

And while Alan was thus pacing up and down the terrace at Roden with folded arms and gloomy brow, thinking of his lost love, at the same moment Annette's heart was filled with the bitterest regret as she thought of him.

She had heard that morning from her mother, and knew now that Alan Lester was once more in his old place at Roden, and that her own marriage had been a fatal and irreparable mistake. She had tried, heartily tried, to make the best of it, but Sir Rupert's changeable temper made it impossible to satisfy him. He was suspicious and jealous to such a painful degree that he must have embittered any woman's whole

existence. It amounted almost to madness, Annette often told herself during those dreary journeying from city to city which she had gone through since her marriage. In Italy, about the beginning of the new year, she had been attacked with a sort of intermittent fever, really brought on by worry and constant travelling, and as she did not at once throw it off her husband insisted upon returning to England to consult the doctors there, and the first home news that Annette received was the tragic story of Jim Lester's death and its immediate effect on Alan's position.

Annette shed some very bitter tears, the bitterest tears of all her life, over her mother's letter. For she had loved Alan, and as she thought of him, gentle, calm, always considerate for others, she mentally compared him with the headstrong, passionate being with whom she had linked her fate. Rupert Miles loved her indeed, but with a love that frightened her, that suspected her, that had no sympathy for her, and was full of selfishness.

She was ill when they reached town, yet he would hardly consent for her mother to be sent for. But the doctor he had called in advised this, and so Annette was allowed to write and ask her mother to stay with them "for a few days," and this invitation gave Mrs. Doyme inexhaustible gratification.

Mrs. Doyme in truth had become secretly a little uneasy about Annette, and the Colonel openly so. The Miles' were known to be a "strange family" from root to branch, and Annette's letters had certainly been anything but satisfactory. Among his other peculiarities Sir Rupert insisted upon seeing every line his wife wrote or received. As he scarcely ever left her side, Annette had no chance of writing a private letter either to her mother or to Lily. She had thus never written to Lily since her marriage. She did not care for her natural words to her dear young sister to go under her husband's supervision. She could not write coldly to Lily, and Sir Rupert would have got into a jealous rage if she had expressed her true feelings.

He was particular about trines, and he fixed the day and the train he allowed his mother-in-law, Mrs. Doyme, to be invited. Annette dare not show her real thankfulness once more to be allowed to see one of her own people. If she had, Sir Rupert would in all probability have telegraphed to her mother not to come. He was quite capable of this, and in her four months of marriage Annette had learned that to show any pleasure unconnected with her husband was sure to give mortal offence.

There was naturally great excitement at Kingsford Grange at the idea of Annette's return to England, and at the idea of seeing her again.

"I shall persuade Sir Rupert to come down to Ribton," said Mrs. Doyme to her son and daughter, little guessing how difficult Sir Rupert was to persuade; "and then we shall see more of Annette—it will be so pleasant to have her near us."

This remark was made during Mrs. Doyme's exultation at receiving the invitation to visit Annette for a few days at her house in town, and her son, Major Doyme, who was now staying in Kingsford, pulled his long tawny moustache thoughtfully, and wondered whether his mother were wise to wish to bring Annette once more into the neighbourhood of Alan Lester.

Major Doyme had arrived at Kingsford a few days after Alan had once more taken possession of his old home, and the two men had met with considerable, though entirely unexpressed emotion. They were naturally both thinking of the same thing—of the bright autumn day when Frank Doyme had carried the dead soldier's letter to Alan, all the bitter consequences it had brought. Doyme had blamed his mother, and blamed

Annette, for their treatment of Alan; but Mrs. Doyme had not allowed him to interfere. She never allowed any one to interfere with her, and she could not of course foresee what had happened, she told herself. Had poor James Lester lived, and had Lily married him, as Mrs. Doyme fully intended her to do, Mrs. Doyme felt that no mother could have managed better for her daughter. As it was, who could have expected that a young man of his age, would have already got into one of those "miserable entanglements," and that this wretched young woman would have been mad enough to murder her lover because he was tired of her! Mrs. Doyme had had such circumstances arrayed against her that she could not blame herself because her plans had miscarried. But other people always, blame us when things miscarry. Major Doyme did not tell his mother so, but he thought what a pity his mother had not allowed Annette to act like an honest girl, and how now she would probably have been a happy young wife, instead of, probably an unhappy one. Major Doyme had heard something of Rupert Miles, and he was uneasy about his sister. Without absolutely saying so he had conveyed this impression to his mother, and Mrs. Doyme was, therefore, greatly elated by this invitation to stay with Annette, and boasted she would induce her son in-law to bring his wife to Ribton Hall.

Ribton was great gloomy house, situated some five or six miles from Kingsford, but no one had ever lived there since the Doymes had come into the country. But that might be all changed. Mrs. Doyme drove over and looked at the place one day, and talked a great deal about its capabilities of improvement. She mentally refurnished it, and redecorated it, and being accustomed to manage her son-in-law too.

Lily was very pleased to have her brother at Kingsford, and these two walked across the park to the Court, on the first morning that Major Doyme was at home. Lily had bloomed out during the last few months, and was now such a very pretty girl that naturally Major Doyme felt not a little proud of her. They talked as they went, and were sure of poor Jim, and with a little shudder and a sigh Lily pointed out the spot under the leafless trees where the poor lad was found lying.

"I liked him so much," said Lily in her frank girlish way, "he was so good-natured, and oh! Frank, he looked so beautiful after he was dead!"

"And you saw him?" said Doyme, looking at his young sister.

"Yes; mother was so angry; but Mr. Harford took me, and Alan."

"And you like Alan?"

"Yes," answered Lily, and Major Doyme noticed the sudden blush on the fair face, "everyone must like him. Poor Jim was so fond of him, he used to call him Uncle Alan. It is all so sad."

They found Alan Lester at home, and the two men clasped hands almost in silence.

"Well, there have been great changes," at last said Alan.

"It's been a bad business," answered Doyme, pulling as usual at his moustache: "little Lily here has been showing me where the poor lad was found."

"Yes," and Alan looked at Lily.

"I suppose there's no doubt that girl shot him?" continued Doyme.

"No reasonable doubt, seemingly—yet I can't help feeling sorry for her. It seems poor Jim had promised to marry her, and—"

"And wouldn't, I suppose?"

"He had changed to her, and I think he fell in love with somebody else," answered Alan, with a smile, and he again looked at Lily.

"Not with Lily?" asked Doyme, with a laugh, who had not heard of Jim's admiration.

"So they say," smiled Alan, but Lily shook her head.

"He was just a boy," she said "I—I should think, poor fellow, he fell in love—do you call it?—with every one he came near."

"At all events, this poor Laura Davis had fallen in love with him. She came down here, and young Chaplin heard her swear she should never live to marry anyone else, and the same night poor Jim was shot, and this girl was known to have a pistol with her—it looks very black—but she's to be tried next month."

"Hanging's too good for her," said Doyme, and then they changed the conversation, and after a while, just before they left, Lily with

some of her old rhymer mentioned Annette's name.

"We have heard from Annette," she said, without looking in Alan's face; "and she is in London. She is not well, and mother is going to her on Thursday."

Alan felt ashamed when he thought of it afterwards, of the great throbbing and pang that seemed to tear his heart as he listened to Lily's words. He stammered; he tried to make some common place remark, and he was painfully conscious that both the brother and sister must know that he still loved Annette.

"Do you know anything of Miles?" asked Doyme the next minute, in his quick nervous way.

"Nothing," answered Alan, recovering his ordinary manner.

"One of our fellows was staying with him in Scotland last year; before he met Annette. Rather an eccentric youth, I fear," continued Doyme.

"How is he eccentric, Frank?" asked Lily, now looking anxiously at her brother.

"I hear he's a devil of a temper, my dear; if anything crosses him the whole house is raised; to Cavendish told me."

"Oh! poor Annette," murmured Lily, almost under her breath.

"It was a mistake," said Major Doyme, "however, it can't be helped now, and she must just make the best of him; but don't you be in such a hurry, Lily."

After they were gone Alan could scarcely control his miserable excitement. To hear of her again—Alan—Lily, and with a man without self-control, perhaps cruel and unkind to her!

The idea was terrible to Alan. His love for Annette had been as unselfish as a man's love can be, and had she become his wife his tenderness to her would have known no bounds. It was his nature to protect and cherish anything small and weak, and the dumb beasts know it, and children creep on his knee. But what could he do for Annette now? Nothing, nothing, he told himself. This young madman might beat her, might kill her, and he could not interfere. She had a brother and a father, and Doyme had said "it was a mistake, but she must just make the best of it!"

"Yes," thought Alan, with a bitter heart, "that is what we all had better do. Alas! I loved her so. Oh! my God! I loved her too well."

In the meanwhile, the brother and sister, Frank and Lily Doyme, were walking across the park, and presently they ran up the staircase at Kingsford like a couple of children. They had met the postman, and there was another letter from Annette for Mrs. Doyme, and with her fair face flushed and her fair hair disordered, and with her hat in her hand, Lily rushed into the drawing-room to seek her mother, unaware that any visitor was at the Grange.

No less a personage than Mr. Harford, of Kime, was leaning against the mantel piece, and talking very amicably to Mrs. Doyme. Mr. Harford had been thinking very seriously during the past week. He had found out he was a year older than he had thought he was, for one thing. He had clung to forty-nine, but something had proved to him indisputably that he was fifty. One year did not seem to be much, but Mr. Harford felt that he had now no time to waste if he ever meant to marry at all. And it was his duty to marry—he, a Conservative gentleman, ought to leave a Conservative heir, when he retired to his place among his Conservative forefathers. So he made up his mind to turn over a new leaf. There were certain things to be given up, but Mr. Harford was a man of determination. He counted the cost, the advantages, and the disadvantages of matrimony, and the advantages of being Lily Doyme's pretty face in the bargain, had won the day.

For nearly twenty-five years he had never felt so tender to a woman as he had felt to Lily Doyme on the day after they had seen poor Jim Lester lying still in death, and Mr. Harford had taken her home through the park.

The next day he saw and regret, the look of awe in her eyes, and the white flower on her breast, poor Jim's breast, had quite moved the heart of a shrewd, worldly man.

"She was not a little hump," he thought. "And he never doubted she would be quite ready to accept the hand he was about graciously to extend. It was a rich man, and had indeed little to

found women quite ready to listen to him. Kimmel was a fine old place, and many a girl would gladly have been its mistress. Mr. Harford was not at all good looking; he was tall and stout—very stout he looked leaning there on the mantelpiece, as Lily ran breathless into the drawing-room at Kingsford—but what of that? If his person were substantial, his income was substantial too, and then he was a gentleman. There could be no mistake about that. His expression, bearing, whole appearance bespoke a well bred man. His features were harsh, but his manner was good. People said also that he was generous; at all events no mean action or word was ever laid to his charge.

He went forward and held out his hand with a pleasant smile as Lily ran in, with her letter in her hand.

"You see I've come to see you again," he said.

"Yes," smiled Lily. "This is my son, Major Doynes," said Mrs. Doynes, introducing the smart little soldier who had followed his sister into the room.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance," said Mr. Harford, extending his large hand, and eyeing his proposed future brother-in-law approvingly. Here at least was a member of the family that Mr. Harford, of Kimmel, thought he might like. He did not like the Colonel, and he disliked Mrs. Doynes. But there it is! If he took the fair Lily to his bosom, he could not exactly leave her mother out in the cold. He had thought it all over; he must take the bad with the good, and he had accordingly been making himself very agreeable to Mrs. Doynes, thinking all the while that she was what he designated, "a confoundedly vulgar old woman."

Happily for us all, our thoughts are still our own in spite of certain modern theories to the contrary. Mrs. Doynes could not see through the substantial covering of Mr. Harford's inward reflections. He stood there beaming at her, and Mrs. Doynes quite believed he was admiring her virtuous and matronly character and charms.

And as he saw and approved of the pleased smile with which he welcomed Lily.

"Mother, here is another letter from Annette," said Lily, and Mrs. Doynes having asked Mr. Harford to excuse her, put her glasses on her well-shaped nose, and read the few words that Annette's letter contained, and then turned to Mr. Harford.

"Very gratifying, is it not?" she said. "Sir Rupert has found out my train for me, and arranged all about my journey. One can scarcely expect so much from so young and rich a man; but then he is so devoted to my dear girl."

"When do you go?" asked Mr. Harford. "On Thursday in the mid-day train. I shall be at King's Cross about seven."

"Then what do you say, Major Doynes," said Mr. Harford with alacrity, (thinking what a blessing to get rid of her) "to coming to dine and stay all right with me at Kimmel on Thursday? You and this young lady here," and he turned with a smile to Lily, "and, of course, the Colonel?"

Among Mr. Harford's good qualities was one highly appreciated by his neighbours—he gave first-rate dinners. His wines, his green Chartreuse and his cook were famous in the country. He liked good living himself, and he liked to see others enjoy themselves at his table. Mrs. Doynes knew very well her Colonel would be only too glad to accept the invitation, and she therefore accepted for him.

"How kind of you to ask them!" she said. "The Colonel, I am sure, will be charmed to dine with you—and you, my dear, too, won't you?" And she looked at Lily.

"I'll be very pleased," answered Lily. "You must put up with my bachelor ways, you know," continued Mr. Harford, in sprightly fashion. "We'll have to mend all that some day, eh, Mrs. Doynes?"

"Yes, I'm sure, and with so many nice young ladies in the neighborhood, I don't know how you've remained a bachelor so long, Mr. Harford!" said Mrs. Doynes with a little laugh.

"Time enough yet," answered the owner of Kimmel hopefully. "Well, then, we'll settle it! I'll send the carriage over for you, Miss Lily, on Thursday afternoon. I hope you will come, Major Doynes, and stay till you're tired of me. I've plenty of shooting, and the hounds meet on Saturday at my place, so I hope you won't find it dull?"

Major Doynes was quite ready also to accept Mr. Harford's invitation, and when

Mrs. Doynes left Kingsford Grange on Thursday morning to start on her journey to town she had the satisfaction of thinking that her household accounts would not be much increased in her absence, as her husband and children would be from home.

And as she traveled on her way she decided that if Lily could be persuaded to marry Mr. Harford that it would be a most satisfactory arrangement. True, he was a little old, but then he was in all respects such a desirable match.

"My girls have done very well," she thought more than once on her journey, and she thought this again when she reached King's Cross and found one of Sir Rupert Miles's servants waiting for her on the platform, and Sir Rupert Miles's well appointed carriage waiting for her outside.

"This is as it ought to be," she reflected as she drove through the streets leaning back on the luxurious cushions. There had been days in Mrs. Doynes's early career when she had had no money to pay for an uneasy cab; when an omnibus had been her choicest means of conveyance. But this was all over now. She had married well; her daughter had married splendidly, and her Lily must marry well too.

It was with a proud and elated heart that she entered the stately house in the stately square, which was now her Annette's home. She perhaps expected as she crossed the brilliantly lighted hall, that a door would quokily open, and that she would feel her child's arms around her neck. But no. A footman asked her to kindly walk upstairs, and preceded her up the broad, softly-carpeted steps, and another footman took charge of her luggage, and there was everything in state, but no appearance of Annette.

Then the footman opened the outer drawing-room door, and crossed that magnificently furnished room, still followed by Mrs. Doynes, who was beginning to feel a little nervous, though she was rarely troubled by such weakness. Having traversed the large drawing-room, the footman now reached the folding-doors leading into the inner apartment, and having opened these doors, and raised a heavy velvet curtain, he announced "Mrs. Doynes" in a sonorous voice, and Mrs. Doynes found herself in the presence of her daughter and son-in-law.

She had a stout heart, a heart well regulated against sudden and foolish emotion; but she was startled—she could not help it when she looked on Annette's face.

The bright smiling beauty of yore was all gone. She saw a girl with large, frigid-looking eyes, a pallid skin, and nervous manner. Annette was sitting on a low seat by the fire as her mother entered the room, and Sir Rupert was standing behind her chair, and as Annette rose with a little cry to meet her mother, Sir Rupert spoke in a very authoritative tone.

"Don't excite yourself, Annette," he said.

"My dear girl!" said Mrs. Doynes, clasping her daughter in her arms, and with a very strange and unexpected feeling in her heart.

"You must pardon me, Mrs. Doynes," continued Sir Rupert, now advancing and offering his hand to his mother-in-law. "but the doctor left strict orders that Annette was to be kept very quiet, and I cannot allow any excitement to go on."

This was a little too much for a lady who had raised her husband for twenty-eight years. Mrs. Doynes lifted her head from her daughter's face, and looked steadily at Sir Rupert.

"I think, Sir Rupert, I am not likely to do my daughter any injury," she said. "Annette is quite safe with me."

"I can allow no excitement," he repeated, with an angry gleam in his flickering, light-blue eyes.

But Mrs. Doynes was not to be put down so easily.

"I think, my dear," she said, addressing Annette and ignoring Sir Rupert, "that you and I would like a little talk to ourselves—will you see me to the bedroom intended for me, and we will have our talk there. Sir Rupert will excuse us I am sure."

Annette gave one frightened, nervous glance at her husband, who had turned indignantly away, and then said timidly:

"I will be back directly. Rupert, I will just show mother her room."

"Your maid can surely do that," replied Sir Rupert, now glancing round at his wife.

"Come, come, Sir Rupert, you're not to have all your own way," said Mrs. Doynes, patting her arm through Annette's. "I

have not seen my girl for several months, and you've hid her all to yourself and it's my turn now." And Mrs. Doynes smiled her determined smile at her son-in-law, who made no reply, and then Mrs. Doynes drew Annette away.

They went out on the broad corridor together, and up another flight of the wide staircase. It was a beautiful house, furnished with a sumptuous, lavish taste that told of great wealth and careless expenditure. The late Sir Rupert before he vanished from the world had been a great collector of pictures, and had given fabulous sums for the gems that adorned his walls. Mrs. Doynes was not a judge of art, but she was of rich carpets, of aliken drapery and costly china. She was impressed with the magnificence around her, and when Annette led her into the beautiful bedroom intended for her use, she looked at it with great admiration.

"What a charming room!" she said.

"Well, Annette, I am sure you have got everything."

But her young daughter made no response. She stood a moment with her back to her mother trying to suppress the bitter emotion of her heart. Then suddenly she turned round and with a choking passionate sob, flung herself on her mother's breast.

"Oh, mother, I'm so miserable, so miserable!" she said. "I wish—I wish I were dead!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A New and Valuable Oil

There are now enormous crops of peanuts grown in our Southern States, as well as in Africa and South America. The peanut is relished by many people whose digestion is strong. It makes an economical and fattening food for hogs and cattle, but its chief value now is the oil it produces. Under proper manipulation the nut yields nearly fifty per cent. of a bland, almost colorless fixed oil, not unlike olive oil, and used for similar purposes. It is a non-drying oil, and remains fluid at several degrees below the freezing point of water. Some of our finest and most valuable toilet soaps are made from this oleaginous extract from the peanut.

WHY WE SMILE.

A literary cent or—A penny paper. One swallow doesn't make a Summer, but if it is of the right stuff it will make a fall.

She is called a grass widow, my son, because she is in the heyday of her happiness.

If you're searching for more ignorance than you have on, hand always go to an "intelligence office."

When Foggs heard the landlady below stairs pounding the beefsteak he remarked that Mrs. Brown was tendering a banquet to her boarders.

Rev. Sam Jones says he doesn't want to die for a year after making a horse-trade. He wants that length of time for solid prayer. Mr. Jones says he has been there. It would be interesting to hear from the man he swapped with.

Bagdad, with a population of 100,000, is said to have no place of public resort or amusement. The Bus Bill Association should bear this in mind when making up their schedule for next season.

An exchange remarks that when a man comes home at 3 o'clock in the morning, and after putting his umbrella to bed, goes and stands behind the door till morning, it is time that man was swearing off.

It is easier to raise a hundred dollars for the purchase of a gold watch to be presented to somebody who does not need it than it is to collect the same amount for some poor man from the same persons who owe him the money.

"Pa," asked a little boy, "when a politician goes into office does he have to take a cath?" "Yes." "And when he goes out of office does he take a cath?" "Yes; but there is nothing compulsory about it."

It is a remarkable fact that the questions asked by the man who signs himself "Constant Reader" are generally questions that any primary school scholar ought to be able to answer. Which goes to show that the more constantly read some papers are the less their readers know.



Spur in Widow. HOW MUCH BETTER ARE THAN A WIFE, WHO LOCKS UP THE MISS NOISE FOR MANK



SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS.

QUANTITY OF MATERIAL FOR PATTERNS ILLUSTRATED.

FIGURE 1.—No. 3389.—CHILD'S DRESS. PRICE, 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 18 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 19 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 20 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 21 inches, 2 5/8 yards; 22 inches, 2 7/8 yards; 23 inches, 3 1/8 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 18 inches, 1 1/8 yards; 19 inches, 1 3/8 yards; 20 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 21 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 23 inches, 1 7/8 yards.

FIGURE 2.—No. 3397.—BOYS' BLOUSE. PRICE, 15 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide), for 22 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 23 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 24 inches, 2 yards; 25 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 26 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 27 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 28 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 29 inches, 2 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide), for 22 inches, 1 yard; 23 inches, 1 yard; 24 inches, 1 1/8 yards; 25 inches, 1 1/8 yards; 26 inches, 1 1/4 yards; 27 inches, 1 1/4 yards; 28 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 29 inches, 1 5/8 yards.

No. 3031.—BOYS' PANTS. PRICE, 15 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide), for 5 years, 1 1/4 yards; 6 years, 1 3/8 yards; 7 years, 1 3/8 yards; 8 years, 1 3/8 yards; 9 years, 1 1/2 yards; 10 years, 1 1/2 yards; 11 years, 1 5/8 yards; 12 years, 1 5/8 yards.

FIGURE 3.—No. 3387.—GIRLS' SUIT. PRICE, 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), for 22 inches, 4 5/8 yards; 23 inches, 4 7/8 yards; 24 inches, 5 yards; 25 inches, 5 3/8 yards; 26 inches, 5 7/8 yards; 27 inches, 5 3/8 yards; 28 inches, 6 5/8 yards; 29 inches, 7 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), for 22 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 23 inches, 2 5/8 yards; 24 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 25 inches, 2 7/8 yards; 26 inches, 3 1/8 yards; 27 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 28 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 29 inches, 4 yards.

Lining for underwaist, 1 1/2 yards.

FIGURE 4.—No. 3046.—MISSES' POLO-NAISE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), for 27 inches, 4 3/8 yards; 28 inches, 4 5/8 yards; 29 inches, 4 3/4 yards; 30 inches, 4 7/8 yards; 31 inches, 5 3/8 yards; 32 inches, 5 5/8 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), for 27 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 28 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 29 inches, 2 5/8 yards; 30 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 31 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 32 inches, 2 7/8 yards.

No. 3051.—MISSES' PLAIN SKIRT. PRICE, 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide), for 8 years, 1 5/8 yards; 9 years, 1 3/4 yards; 10 years, 2 yards; 11 years, 2 1/8 yards; 12 years, 2 1/4 yards; 13 years, 2 1/2 yards; 14 years, 2 5/8 yards; 15 years, 2 3/4 yards.

FIG. 5.—No. 3393.—MISSES' JACKET. PRICE, 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), for 27 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 28 inches, 3 1/8 yards; 29 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 31 inches, 3 5/8 yards; 32 inches, 4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), for 27 inches, 1 5/8 yards; 28 inches, 1 5/8 yards; 29 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 30 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 31 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 32 inches, 2 yards.

No. 3399.—MISSES' PLEATED SKIRT. PRICE, 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), for 8 years, 3 1/8 yards; 9 years, 3 1/2 yards; 10 years, 3 7/8 yards; 11 years, 4 3/8 yards;

12 years, 4 5/8 yards; 13 years, 5 1/4 yards; 14 years, 5 1/4 yards; 15 years, 5 3/4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), for 8 years, 1 5/8 yards; 9 years, 1 3/4 yards; 10 years, 2 1/8 yards; 11 years, 2 3/8 yards; 12 years, 2 1/2 yards; 13 years, 2 3/4 yards; 14 years, 3 yards; 15 years, 3 3/8 yards.

FIG. 6.—No. 3402.—MISSES' SUIT. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), for 25 inches, 5 yards; 26 inches, 5 1/4 yards; 27 inches, 5 3/8 yards; 28 inches, 5 3/8 yards; 29 inches, 5 5/8 yards; 30 inches, 6 1/8 yards; 31 inches, 7 1/8 yards; 32 inches, 7 3/4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), for 25 inches, 2 5/8 yards; 26 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 27 inches, 2 7/8 yards; 28 inches, 3 1/8 yards; 29 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 4 yards; 31 inches, 4 1/8 yards; 32 inches, 4 3/4 yards.

Skirts for lining-front, 8 yards.

FIG. 7.—No. 3394.—LADIES' WRAP. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), for 30 inches, 3 yards; 32 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 34 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 36 inches, 3 3/8 yards; 38 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 3 5/8 yards; 42 inches, 4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1 5/8 yards; 32 inches, 1 5/8 yards; 34 inches, 1 5/8 yards; 36 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 38 inches, 2 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/4 yards.

No. 3391.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 20 inches, 7 5/8 yards; 22 inches, 7 5/8 yards; 24 inches, 7 3/4 yards; 26 inches, 7 3/4 yards; 28 inches, 8 yards; 30 inches, 8 1/4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 20 inches, 4 yards; 22 inches, 4 yards; 24 inches, 4 yards; 26 inches, 4 yards; 28 inches, 4 1/4 yards; 30 inches, 4 1/4 yards.

Cambric for underkirt, 5 yards.

FIG. 8.—No. 3396.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 34 inches, 4 yards; 36 inches, 4 1/8 yards; 38 inches, 4 1/4 yards; 40 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 4 5/8 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 32 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 34 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 36 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 38 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 40 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards.

No. 3390.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 50 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), for 30 inches, 3 3/8 yards; 32 inches, 3 3/8 yards; 34 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 3 7/8 yards; 38 inches, 4 yards; 40 inches, 4 1/8 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/4 yards; 44 inches, 4 3/8 yards; 46 inches, 4 3/8 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 32 inches, 2 yards; 34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 38 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 42 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 44 inches, 2 3/8 yards.

FIG. 9.—No. 3398.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 3 5/8 yards; 34 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 36 inches, 4 yards; 38 inches, 4 1/8 yards; 40 inches, 4 3/8 yards; 42 inches, 4 5/8 yards; 44 inches, 4 3/4 yards; 46 inches, 5 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 2 yards; 32 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 34 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 38 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 40 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 2 5/8 yards; 46 inches, 2 3/4 yards.

No. 3407.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 20 inches, 9 1/4 yards; 22 inches, 9 3/8

yards; 24 inches, 9 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 9 3/4 yards; 28 inches, 10 yards; 30 inches, 10 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 20 inches, 4 7/8 yards; 22 inches, 4 7/8 yards; 24 inches, 4 7/8 yards; 26 inches, 5 yards; 28 inches, 5 yards; 30 inches, 5 1/4 yards.

FIGURE 10.—No. 3383.—LADIES' POLO-NAISE. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for 30 inches, 5 1/4 yards; 32 inches, 5 3/8 yards; 34 inches, 5 3/8 yards; 36 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 5 5/8 yards; 40 inches, 5 3/4 yards; 42 inches, 6 yards.

FIG. 11.—No. 3404.—LADIES' WRAP. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 32 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 34 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 3 yards; 38 inches, 3 3/8 yards; 40 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 3 5/8 yards; 46 inches, 3 5/8 yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1 5/8 yards; 32 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 34 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 36 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 38 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 40 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 42 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 44 inches, 2 yards; 46 inches, 2 yards.

FIG. 12.—No. 3388.—LADIES' JACKET. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 32 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 34 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 36 inches, 3 3/8 yards; 38 inches, 3 5/8 yards; 40 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 42 inches, 4 3/8 yards; 44 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 4 5/8 yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 32 inches, 2 yards; 34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 38 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 40 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 2 5/8 yards; 46 inches, 2 3/4 yards.

No. 3417.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for 20 inches, 5 5/8 yards; 22 inches, 5 5/8 yards; 24 inches, 5 3/4 yards; 26 inches, 5 3/4 yards; 28 inches, 5 7/8 yards; 30 inches, 5 7/8 yards.

FIG. 13.—No. 3411.—LADIES' TRAVELING CLOAK. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3 7/8 yards; 32 inches, 4 1/8 yards; 34 inches, 4 1/4 yards; 36 inches, 4 1/4 yards; 38 inches, 4 3/8 yards; 40 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/4 yards; 44 inches, 5 1/4 yards; 46 inches, 5 3/8 yards.

FIG. 14.—No. 3405.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3 3/8 yards; 32 inches, 3 3/8 yards; 34 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 3 7/8 yards; 38 inches, 4 yards; 40 inches, 4 1/8 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/4 yards; 44 inches, 4 3/8 yards; 46 inches, 4 3/8 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 32 inches, 2 yards; 34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 38 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 42 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 44 inches, 2 3/8 yards.

Skirts for lining front 1 1/2 yards.

No. 3403.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (30 inches wide), 10 1/2 yards. Including Material for foundation skirt.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) 7 1/2 yards. Cambric for underkirt, 5 yards.

In civilized society external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a lead one.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XII.

Double Acrostic.

Two celebrated Queens.

1. What should belong to God alone.
2. The father of James.
3. The father of Elhanan.
4. The king who had fifteen years added to his life.
5. A town especially noted for its wickedness.
6. The fifth son of Jacob and Leah.

ANSWER TO NO. IX.

HOPE AND FEAR.

1. H-a-l-l . . . . . Luke xlv 8.
2. O-H-v-e . . . . . Genesis viii. 11.
3. P-e-r-a-l . . . . . Ezra i. 1.
4. E-a-r . . . . . Matthew xxvi. 51.

The following have answered No. IX. correctly:—M. J. Wilkins, City Road, St. John, N. B., to whom is awarded the prize; S. J. Bates, Wm. Ramsay, E. S. Henderson, Miss M. E. Hyslop, Jenny McDonald, D. O. F. Madden, Mrs. T. M. Reid, J. D. Herotage, Mrs. A. T. Albright, Mrs. L. E. Walker, Jas. Varndell, E. M. Wiley, T. P. Butler, D. Towle, Miss M. Richardson, Mary Jane Murray, Wm. Carroll, Alice Falls, J. Cory, Laura G. Springer, Annie O. Wormsted, Alex. McLeod, Mrs. W. S. Hamby, Mrs. Jas. A. Smith, E. A. Lloyd, Walter E. McMullen, Josie Russ, A. H. Doff, Mrs. J. Lahmer, A. D. Strachan, Wm. Brown, Mrs. Thor. Glascoo, Malcol Palmer, Lily Young, Florence Harris, D. Mitchell, Emma Hogarth, Mrs. E. Evans, E. A. Hamling, Mary F. V. Burns, L. Sanderson, Wm. Winalow, Mary Lorenz, Miss Watson, Mrs. E. Turner, Wm. Douglas, Alex. R. Dawson, Richard Atken, Geo. M. Read, Hattie McPhee, Mrs. Jas. Ayitig, J. E. Kent, O. H. Wilson, Wm. Stafford, Ness Miller, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Rieborough, W. H. Bateman, Frank Carruthers, Luoy Hendry, Mrs. Fair, N. P. Porter, Edith McKay, Mary Thompson, Sarah A. Rutherford, J. Robertson, Mrs. Esagen, G. M. Jones, Fred Arnold, W. F. Grooms, John Waddell, Mrs. J. F. Martin, W. H. Nollert, Ellen Willmore, J. S. McCarl, H. E. Hibbs, Mrs. A. R. Macdonald, Mrs. Laylard, M. E. Robinson, Mrs. R. Stokes, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. E. H. Owens, Edith Murray, John Nichols, Wm Carmichael, Mrs. Ogden Hinob, Jas. Stoddart, Dolly Downey, J. McGregor, Alice Tyrell, Douglas Simpson, Ida Walker, Herbert Macnamara, Anna McDonald, Lizzie Woodruffe.

A large number of additional answers to Mr. Hallam's question have been received. A prize, a beautiful volume of the choicest poetry, is given each week to the party first correctly answering the enigma. The book is forwarded to the winner immediately on receipt of 12 cents postage for same.

Sam Jones on Money.

The Rev. Sam Jones, whatever his other characteristics, has a truly Scriptural regard for money. If he is correctly reported, he says: "I have no use whatever for money; I have all the money I want. My needs are supplied bountifully. My family is comfortable and happy, and I can't see what on earth I would do with money if I had it. A couple of hundred dollars in the bank is an abundance, and is all I have. As long as a man has plenty for his wife and children and himself he ought to be contented. I don't think the Lord sent me out into the world to make money; but He did send me out into the world to do good. As far as my wife is concerned, my life is insured for \$12,000, the interest on which, when I am gone, will be enough to keep her; and as for my children, I don't want to leave them \$1. If they are of any account they won't need it; if they are no good, money would be a curse to them."

## THE SECRET OF THE STRADIVARIUS.

My friend Luigi is reckoned one of the finest violin players of the day. His won Jersal skill has made him famous, and he is well known and honored for his talent in every capital in Europe.

If in these pages I call him another name than the one he has made famous, it is solely on account of a promise he exacted from me, in case I should ever feel tempted to make the following strange experiences, we shared together, public property. I am afraid, nevertheless, that too many will readily identify the man himself with the portrait I am obliged to draw.

Luigi—leaving his professional 'greatness' out of the question—would have been a noticeable man in any company—a man that people would look at and ask not only, "Who is he?" but "What has he done in the world?" knowing that men of his stamp are seldom sent upon this scene to live an ordinary everyday life. In person he was very tall, standing over six feet. His figure was graceful, and might even be called slight, but had breadth of shoulder enough to tell it was the figure of a strong man; a face with a pale but clear complexion; dark deep-set eyes, with a sort of far away expression in them; black hair, worn long, after a manner of geniuses of his kind; a high but rugged forehead; a well shaped nose; a drooping moustache; a hand whose long and delicate fingers seemed constructed for their particular mission—violin playing. Picture all these, and if you enjoy the acquaintance of the musical world, or even if you have been in the habit of attending concerts where stars of the first magnitude condescend to shine, I fear, in spite of my promise of concealing his name, you will too easily recognize my friend.

Luigi's manner in ordinary life was very quiet, gentlemanly, and reserved. He was, in his dreamy sort of way, highly courteous and polite to strangers. Although, when alone with me or other friends he loved, he had plenty to say for himself—and his broken English was pleasant to listen to—in general company he spoke but little. But let his left hand close round the neck of a fiddle, let his right hand grasp the bow, and one knew directly for what purpose Luigi came into the world. Then the man lived and revelled, as it were, in a life of his own making. The notes his craft drew forth were like bracing air to him; he seemed actually to breathe the music, and his dreamy eyes awoke and shone with fire. He did that rare thing—rare indeed, but lacking which no performer can rise to fame—threw his whole soul into his playing. His manner, his very attitude as he commenced, was a complete study. Drawing himself up to every inch of his height, he placed the violin—nestling it, I may say—under his chin, and then taking a long breath of what appeared to be anticipatory pleasure, swept his magician's wand over the sleeping strings, and waking them with a charmed touch, wove his wonderful spell of music. The moment the horse-hair came in contact with the gut, the listener knew he was in the presence of a master.

Luigi had come to London for the season, having, after much negotiation and persuasion, accepted an engagement at a long series of some of the best, if cheapest and most popular, concerts held in London. It was his first visit to England: he had ever disliked the country, and believed very little in the national love for good music, or in the power of appreciating it when heard. He disliked, also, the trumpeting with which the promoters of the concerts heralded his appearance. Although his fame was great already throughout the Continent, he dreaded the effect of playing to an unsympathetic audience. His fears were, however, groundless. Whether the people liked and understood his music and style of playing or not, they at least appeared to do so; and the newspapers, one and all, unable to do things by halves, went into raptures over him. They compared him with Paganini, Ole Bull, and other bygone masters, and their comparisons were very flattering. Altogether, Luigi was a great success.

I met him on two occasions at the houses of some friends of mine, who are in the habit of spending much time, trouble, and some money on that strange sport, lion-hunting. His concerts were held, I think, on two evenings in every week; so he had time at his disposal, and was somewhat sought after. We were introduced, and I took a liking to

the quiet, gentlemanly celebrity, who, different from many others whose names are in the mouths of men, gave himself no airs, nor vaunted, by words or manner, the "aristocracy of talent." I could make shift to converse with him fairly enough in his own soft language, so that upon my meeting him the second time, he expressed his pleasure at again encountering me. A few days afterwards we met by chance in the street, and I was able to extricate him from some little difficulty, into which his imperfect knowledge of English and of English ways had betrayed him. Then our acquaintance ripened, until it became friendship; and even at this day I reckon him amongst the friends I hold the dearest.

I saw a great deal of Luigi during his stay in London. We made pleasant little excursions together to objects of interest he wished to visit. We spent many evenings together—nights I should rather say, for the small hour had sounded when we parted, leaving the room dim with the smoke from my cigars and his own cigarettes. Like many of his countrymen, he smoked simply whenever he got a chance; and when alone with me, I believe the only cessation to his consumption of tobacco was when he took his beloved fiddle in his hand and played for his own pleasure and my delight.

He was a charming companion—indeed what man who had seen such varied life as he had, could be otherwise when drawn out by the confidence that friendship gives and I soon found that under the external calmness of the man lay a nature full of poetry, and not free from excitement. I was also much amused to find a vivid vein of superstition and belief in the supernatural running through his character; and I believe it was only my merriment on making the discovery that hindered him from expatiating upon some ghastly experiences he had gone through himself, instead of darkly hinting at what he could reveal. It was in vain I apologized for my ill-timed mirth, and with a grave face tried to tempt him. He only said:

"You, like the rest of your cold-blooded, money-making race, are sceptical, my friend. I will tell you nothing. You would not believe; you would laugh at me—and ridicule is death to me."

Another thing he was very tenacious about—showing his skill when invited out. He invariably declined, seeming quite puzzled by the polite hints some of his entertainers threw out.

"Why can they not come and hear me in public?" he asked me. "Or can it be that they only ask me to their houses for my talents, not for my society?"

I told him I was afraid their motives were rather mixed; so he said quietly—

"Then I shall not go out again. When I do not play in public to earn my living, I play for myself alone."

He kept his resolve as well as he could—declining all of his many invitations, save those to a few houses where he knew he was valued, as he wished to be, for himself.

But when I was alone with him I when I visited him at his rooms; then he was not chary in showing his skill; and, although I blush to say so, at times I had violin playing *ad nauseam*. A surfeit of sweets—a satiety of music. I often wonder if it has ever been any man's lot to hear such performances as I did in these days when I lay, grown careless of the good the gods would send me, at full length on Luigi's sofa; and the master of the magic bow expounded themes in a manner which would have brought the house down. Till then I little dreamt of what, in skillful hands, the instrument could do. How true genius could bid it laugh, sob, command, entreat—sink into a wall of pathetic pleading, or soar to a song of scorn and triumph; what power to express every emotion of the heart lay in those few inches of cunningly curved wood! Now I could understand why Luigi could play so much for his own enjoyment; and at times it seemed to me that his execution was even more wonderful, his expression more thrilling, when I alone formed his audience, than when a vast assembly was before him, ready, as the last impassioned notes sank into silence, to break into a storm of rapturous applause.

Luigi was a connoisseur in fiddles, and owned several pet instruments by the most renowned makers. Sometimes of an evening he would bring out his whole stock, look

them carefully over, play a little on each, and point out to me the difference in the tone. Then he would wax eloquent on the peculiar charms or gifts the master's hand had bestowed on each, and was indignant that I was so obtuse as not to detect, at once, the exquisite gradations of the graceful curves. After a short time the names of Amati, Ruggieri, Guarnerius, Klotz, Stalner, &c., grew quite familiar to me; and as I went through the streets I would peep into the pawnbrokers' and other windows with fiddle in hand, hoping to pick up a treasure for a few shillings. Two or three I did buy, but my friend laughed so heartily at my purchases I gave up the pursuit.

He told me he had for a long while been looking for a genuine old Stradivarius, but, as yet, he had not succeeded in finding the one he wanted. He had been offered many, purporting to have come originally from the great maker's hands, but probably they were all pretenders, as he was not suited yet.

One evening when I visited Luigi I found him with all his musical treasures arrayed around him. He was putting them in order, he said. I must amuse myself as best I could until he had finished. I turned idly from one case to another, wondering how any experience could determine the build of any particular violin, all of which, to my untrained eyes, appeared alike. Presently I opened one case which was closed, and drew the fiddle it held from its snug, red-lined bed. I did not remember having seen this one before, so took it in my hand to examine it—holding it, after the manner of connoisseurs, edgewise before my eyes to note the curves and shape of it. It was evidently old—my little knowledge told me that; and as, even though protected by the case, dust lay upon it, I could see it had not been used for a long, long time. Moreover, all the strings were broken. Curiously, each one was severed at exactly the same point—just below the bridge—as if some one had passed a sharp knife across, and with one movement cut all four.

Holding the ill-used instrument towards Luigi, I said, "This one seems particularly to want your attention. Is it a valuable one?"

Luigi, who was engrossed by the delicate operation of shifting the sounding-post of one of his pet weapons, some infinitesimal part of an inch to the left or to the right, turned as I spoke, still holding his ends of string in his hand. As soon as he saw the violin I had taken up, he let fall the one he held between his knees, and, to my great surprise, said hastily—

"Put it down—put it down, my friend. I beseech you not to handle that violin."

Rather annoyed at the testy way in which my usually amiable friend spoke, I laid it down, saying, "Is it so precious, then, that you are afraid of my clumsy hands damaging it?"

"Ah, it is not that," answered Luigi. "It is something altogether different. I did not know my man had brought that fiddle in. I never intended it should have left Italy."

"It looks an old one. Who is it by?"

"That is a real old Stradivarius, the acme of mortal skill; the one thing human hands have made in this world perfect—perfect as a flower, perfect as the sea. A Stradivarius is the only thing that cannot be altered—cannot be improved upon."

"Why do you never use it?"

"I cannot tell you—you would not believe me. There is a something about that fiddle I cannot explain. I believe it to be the finest in the world. It may be even that Manfredi played upon it to Beethoven's cello. It may be Kruger led with it when the mighty applause rang through the Karntnerthor, shaking it from floor to roof-tree, but which he, the grand deaf genius, Beethoven, could not even hear. Who can tell what hands have used it? and yet, alas! I dare not play upon it again."

Rendered very curious by Luigi's enigmatic words and excited manner, I ventured to take the violin in my hands again, and examined it with interest. I looked carefully at the belly and back, noting the beautiful red but translucent varnish, known alone to Stradivarius, with which the latter was coated. I peeped through the *f*'s, to ascertain if any maker's name appeared inside. If one had ever been there it was completely obliterated by a dark stain, covering the greater portion of the inside of the back. Luigi offered no remonstrance as I took the fiddle for the second time, but sat silent, watching me with apparent interest.

And now a strange thing occurred to me

—let who can explain it. After holding that fiddle a few minutes I felt a wish—an impulse—growing stronger and stronger each moment, till it became almost irresistible, to play upon it. It was not a musician's natural itching to try a fine old violin, as I am no musician, although fond of listening to music, and at times venturing to criticise; neither have I learnt nor attempted to learn the art of performing on any instrument, from the Jew's harp to the organ. And yet, I say, as my fingers were round the neck—as soft as silk it was—of that old violin, not only did I feel a positive yearning to pass the bow across it, but somehow I was filled with the conviction, odd as it was, that all at once I was possessed of the power of bringing rare music forth. So strong, so intense was this feeling, that, heedless of the ridicule I should expose myself to from my companion—heedless, indeed, of his presence—I cuddled the fiddle under my chin, and took up one of the several bows lying on the table. My left fingers fell instinctively into their proper position on the strings, or rather where the strings should have been; and then I remembered the ruined state they were in, and with all my new-born skill, knew that no miraculous inspiration, even if it produced a fiddler, could bring forth music from wood alone. Yet the impulse was on me stronger than ever; and absurd as it may seem, I turned to Luigi with the request on my lips that he would re-string the useless instrument.

Luigi had been watching me attentively; no doubt he had studied every motion, every vagary of mine since I commenced handling the fiddle again. Seeing me turn toward him, he sprang from his seat, and before I could speak, snatched the fiddle from my hands, replacing it at once in its case! then closing the cover, he heaved a deep sigh of relief. I had no time to entreat, remonstrate, or resist; but as he took the fiddle from me, all wish to distinguish myself in a line that was not my own left me, and I almost laughed aloud at the folly and presumption of which I had been mentally guilty. Yet it was strange—very strange.

"Ah," said Luigi, as he placed the fiddle out of sight under the table, "so you have felt it also, my friend?"

"Felt what?"

"The—I don't know what to call it—the power, the sorcery of it."

"I felt—don't laugh at me—had the strings been there, I, who never played a fiddle in my life, could have drawn exquisite music from that one. What does it mean?"

Luigi returned no answer to my inquiry, but said, as if thinking aloud—

"So it was no dream of mine. He, the cool, collected Englishman,—he felt it also. He could not resist the impulse. It was no dream—no creation of my fancy; would he see it, I wonder."

"See what?" I asked, curious to know what his wandering sentences meant.

"I cannot tell you. You would not believe me."

"But what do you mean by the sorcery of the fiddle?"

"Did I say sorcery?—Well I know no other word that can describe it. Although I tell you I believe that fiddle is the finest in the world, I have only played upon it twice; and the second time I drew my knife across the strings, that I might never again be tempted to play upon it without due consideration."

"What is its history, then? Where did you get it?" I asked, by this time thinking my friend was suffering from some eccentricity that genius occasionally exhibits.

"It was sent me originally from London. When I found out its secret, I begged my agent in England to ascertain its history. After some trouble, he traced it to a house, where, for many years, it had lain unnoticed in a garret. That house had once been a lodging house; so doubtless the fiddle had belonged to some one who had sojourned there for a time. I could learn no more about it, save what it told me in its music."

I saw Luigi was far away from any wish to jest, so paused before I asked him the meaning of his last sentence. He anticipated me, and said—

"You wonder at my words. Did you notice nothing else strange about it?"

"Only a dark stain inside; as if wine had been spilt into it."

"Ah!" cried Luigi, excitedly, "that is it! that is the secret—the meaning of the power it holds. If it were not for the varnish that fiddle would be stained outside and inside. That stain is from a man's heart's blood, and that fiddle can tell how and why he died."

"I do not understand you."  
 "I do not expect you to—or believe me—why should you? What have you, an unimaginative Anglo-Saxon, to do with marvels? How, in the centre of a great, cruel, material city, with the ceaseless sound of traffic outside our windows, should you expect anything supernatural? It may be only a dream. Perhaps you would not see it. And yet, one night when I feel strong enough, we will take the fiddle from its case, and I will play it to you—I who have not laid a finger on it for five years until tonight. And then, if its music moves you as it moved me, I dreamt no dream. If not, I will say it was a dream, and I may at last be able to use this masterpiece of Stradivarius."

I begged him to name an early day for the curious performance, but he would make no promise; so we parted for the night.

A month passed by: Luigi's London engagement terminated, and he was now going to win fresh laurels at Berlin. I had seen him two or three times every week, but he had never referred to the conversation which had taken place upon the night I drew the strange violin from its case; nor did he offer to redeem his promise on that occasion. I had ceased to think about it, or indeed only remember it in a jest, laughing at the idea of a superstitious man not being able to play on any particular fiddle. Two days before he left England he wrote me asking me to dine with him that night; and, ding, "I think that I may keep my promise of playing upon the Stradivarius."

We dined at a well known restaurant, and about ten o'clock went to Luigi's rooms to finish the night. The first thing I saw, upon entering, was the fiddle-case lying on the table,—Luigi's favorite bow and several coils of string beside it. We sat down and talked on various topics for about an hour, and then I said—

"I see you have made preparations for the performance. When do you intend to begin?"

Luigi drew a deep breath. "My friend," he said, "you will not blame me if my playing agitates you; and remember, when once I commence I must continue to the end. It is no pleasure to me—it is rather deadly pain. But I am curious, and would satisfy my doubts."

He was so much in earnest that I checked the laugh his solemn manner called up, and merely nodded acquiescence. He then rose, and saying, "We must not be interrupted," called his servant, and after giving him the necessary instructions locked the door, placing the key in his pocket. He then opened the mysterious case, and with tender hands drew forth the violin. His nimble fingers soon detached the several strings, knotted on the new ones, and in the course of about a quarter of an hour the instrument was ready, and tuned to his satisfaction. I felt, as I watched him, I should like to take the violin in my hands once more, to see if the strange desire I had before experienced would again come over me—but hardly liked to ask him to permit me to do so. And now all was ready—Luigi's critical ear satisfied with the sound of the strings, and he seemed about to strike his favorite attitude. Yet I noticed his pale face was paler than usual, and his hand polishing the bow seemed tremulous; and I looked at him a sympathetic feeling of fear—a dread of something, I knew not what—crept over me. It seemed too absurd, however, to be disturbed by an excellent Italian playing a violin in a room with all the appliances of modern everyday life around me; so I laughed away the feeling, placed myself in my favorite attitude for listening to the master's performances—st full length on the sofa—and was prepared to give my undivided attention to the music.

And yet for a while Luigi did not commence, although he saw I had resigned myself to my fate. He had placed the violin under his chin; his left-hand fingers were on the strings, but for some minutes he contented himself with beating a sort of time, or rhythmical measure, with the bow. One would have said he was endeavouring to recall something he had heard once, and only imperfectly remembered.

"What theme are you going to play to me?" I asked.

On hearing my voice he looked at me vacantly, and only upon my repeating the question did he seem aware of my presence. Then with an effort he said, ceasing not to beat time the while—

"Ah, that I do not know, I am no

longer my own master; I cannot choose. Let me beg of you not to interrupt me again, my friend."

I said no more, but watched him with anxious eyes. The left hand fingers slipped, slid, and danced in dumb show up and down the strings, the bow for ever beating time. A sort of shiver passed over him; then, drawing himself up, he swept the bow across the strings, and the fiddle, silent for so many years, found tongue at last.

A wild strain, commanding the listener's attention at once—a strain I know I had never heard before. So curious the opening bars sounded, that, had I dared, I should have said several well established rules of harmony were outraged. And yet, in spite of its peculiarity, I knew that he who created that music was a master in the art. It was not Wagner, I was sure, although somewhat of his remarkable power of expression, and of moving the mind without the aid of melody, was present. The first thirty bars, or so, appeared to me to be of the nature of an overture, heralding the performance to follow. In snatches of mystic music the violin spoke of joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, love and hate, hope and fear—and as my own thoughts responded to the varied emotions, I lay and wondered who could have written the music affecting me so; and thought how fortunate the unknown composer was to have such an exponent of his ideas as Luigi. Yet, as I looked at the latter, it struck me his style of playing to night was different from usual. Effortless though the execution was—marvellous as were the strains those facile fingers drew forth—the whole manner of the man seemed to be mechanical, utterly at variance with the fire and dash that ever characterized his performances. The skill was there, but, for once, the soul was wanting. With the exception of his hands and arms, he stood so still he might have been a statue. He played as one in a trance, and his eyes with a fixed look were ever directed towards the end of the apartment. Swifter and swifter his arm flew backwards and forwards—more strange, eccentric, and wild the music became—stronger in its expression, plainer in its eloquence, more thrilling in its intensity, and ever exercising its powerful spell on the hearer. At last, with a sort of impulse, I turned my eyes from the player and looked in the direction he looked. Suddenly the music changed. There was no lack of melody now. A soft, soothing, haunting measure began—a sort of dreamy far away tune; and as its gentle cadences fell on my ear, hitherto kept in a state of irritating, if not unpleasant, expectation, my thoughts began to wander to old and half-forgotten scenes—distant events came to my mind—recollections of vanished faces, once familiar, looked around me,—all things seemed growing misty and indistinct, and I felt as one sinking into sleep—the sort of sleep that one can almost realize and enjoy.

It was not to be, however. A few harsh notes from the fiddle, sounding like a warning or admonition, recalled me to wakefulness; and as my straying thoughts collected themselves, that lulling song began again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Champion Spanker.

We have heard of pie-eating, egg-eating, rat-catching, and in fact nearly all kinds of contests, but the very latest comes from Tiffin, Ohio. Miss Lizette Horbit, teacher of German in the High School of that city, succeeded in soundly thrashing thirty-five boys in exactly thirty minutes, without getting out of breath. There is a bright future in store for that young lady, and if you don't make her mark in the world, it won't be because of a lack of "git up and git."

Cremation.

A lady customer and a clerk in a store were discussing cremation, the clerk thinking it a most repulsive and inhuman way of disposing of the dead, the lady approving of the practice.

"Well!" exclaimed the lady, "I expect to be burned when I die."

The clerk replied, thoughtfully: "I presume that all depends on where you go to."

The only American statesmen whose names are familiar to the majority of English people are Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, and Grant. Very few, comparatively, know who Gen. Lee was, and, speaking generally, American history is never read.

The Use of Opium by Women.

A New York paper says: Women are more largely addicted to the use of opium than men are. This is true in the country as well as in the city. I have inquired of the apothecary on this subject, and he has told me that he keeps opium ready in little packets for his women customers, who take it "on the sly." They use it for the same reason that poor men get drunk on spirituous liquors. Trouble, care, the burdens of a hard lot in life lead or drive to drink; it first gives them a pleasing exhilaration, and then it drowns their thoughts in the stupor of intoxication. Women have their full share of the troubles of life. Some years ago I saw the report of an asylum for the deranged which gave the occupations of the patients in confinement. More of them were farmer's wives than any other one class of persons. They were young wives too. Burdened with the cares of the household, keeping no hired help, anxious and ambitious, they succumbed to the load. Before losing their reason how much suffering they must have endured! Poor, weak, tired, working when hardly able to drag themselves about, complaining of a sense of generalness that words will not describe they sink beneath the weight and go deranged, or they die. Stimulants are sought in the midst of the struggle. Now it is opium, and now it is strong drink, anything to keep up the spirits or drive away the spectres of harrowing care. The country store supplies them with either the solid or the liquid medicine for their disease, and they take it with a good conscience because it seems to afford at least a temporary relief. This is among farmers in the country. And ladies in the city have even stronger temptations to this vice. When all sorts of parties are going on, parties the very names of which are unintelligible to the innocent ruralist, the exhaustion of life in town is immense. To get dressed for company is a draught on the system. A draught of something is often needed to supply the drain. The round of fashionable visiting, late hours, hot rooms, rich suppers, thin dress and great exposure, reaction following excitement in theatre, opera and balls, all these furnish as strong an inducement to take artificial stimulants as the man of business ever has. Thus women in the city are led into the habit of drinking, sometimes very privately, often without any concealment from the family.

The usual number of new railroads are announced. When a Dakotan hasn't anything else to do he goes out in the woodshed and takes a shingle and maps out a proposed railroad with a piece of chalk.

Canadian Trout Waters.

The new Lake St. John Railway, which runs north from Quebec, gives easy access to a large number of most excellent trout waters. A correspondent of the Quebec Chronicle says: "Not only has the road been completed some 80 miles beyond St. Raymond, but that it is rapidly extending, and in a couple of years the whole road to Lake St. John will be an accomplished fact. The line taken over by the company now extends to Riviere a Pierre, 53 miles from Quebec, and where a year ago nothing but a dense forest existed may be heard the busy hum of scores of mechanics engaged in the workshops of the contractor, where every thing in the shape of repairs, etc., are performed in a workmanlike manner. From this point to the end of the road at Batiscan River, a distance of thirty miles, the line is operated by the contractor and is already in excellent order. A train leaves Riviere a Pierre daily and reaches the present terminus about midday, where the traveler can be accommodated with first-class fare at the Windsor. Just imagine, where a howling wilderness existed a few months ago almost every luxury can now be obtained, and every attention paid to the traveler who may fortunately be induced to visit these parts on business or pleasure. We talk about the land and scenery on the Saguenay River, but nothing can surpass the beauties all along the route of the Lake St. John railway. Gigantic mountains, nearly equalling in height Cape Trinity and Eternity, of the far-famed Saguenay, lovely valleys, meandering streams and magnificent lakes are to be seen in succession as we travel through this interesting country. The railway skirts the borders of the beautiful Batiscan River for some forty miles, which is perfectly enchanting, being a succession of rapids, bays, etc., and studded with islands. An iron bridge is now being thrown across the Batiscan River, and it is expected the road will reach Lake Edward, a distance of 110 miles from Quebec, about the 1st of July next, if financial arrangements are completed. This splendid sheet of water is twenty miles long, about two miles broad, and abounds with the finest trout. From the end of the line to the second crossing on the Batiscan River, a perfect string of magnificent lakes are to be found teeming with fish, offering to the sportsman a chance scarcely known elsewhere, they being within a few hours' ride from the city."

An article in a newspaper is headed: "Whaling is not what is used to be." Well, it's a pity it isn't. There's an awful crop of bad boys growing into manhood.



Near-sighted Old Gentleman (entering Store): HAVE YOU ANY LINEN DUSTERS?  
 Young Snobson (with his most sarcastic manner). I AM NOT A CLERK IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT YET, SIR.  
 N. S. O. G.: NOT YET A CLERK, EH? ERRAND BOY, I PRESUME? WELL, LEGS ARE AS GOOD AS BRAINS IN SOME DEPARTMENTS.



## The Household.

### Practical Recipes.

**CRANBERRY SAUCE.**—Pour boiling water on your cranberries and let them simmer a few minutes, strain through a colander, then add sugar and boil ten minutes. No cranberry sauce is as fine as this. Gooseberries prepared the same way make a fine sauce.

**SAUSAGES.**—If fried, it must be long and gently, but they are much better if baked in the oven with a little water. This steams and thoroughly cooks them; they should be baked until nicely browned and they will not be as dry as when fried. Serve with potatoes, cider apple sauce, plain stewed apples without sugar or sour pickles.

**TO TAKE CINDERS FROM THE EYE.**—In most cases a simple and effective cure may be found in one or two grains of flaxseed which can be placed in the eye without pain or injury. As they dissolve, a glutinous substance is formed, which envelopes any foreign body that may be under the lid, and the whole is easily washed out. A dozen of these seeds should constitute every traveller's outfit.

**VEGETABLE SOUP.**—Peel and cut very fine three onions, three turnips, one carrot and four potatoes put them into a stew pan with a quarter of a pound of butter, the same of ham and a bunch of parsley; pass them two minutes over a sharp fire; then add a good spoonful of flour, mix well in, moisten with two quarts of broth, and one pint of boiling milk; boil up, stirring the while; season with salt and sugar, strain.

**COOKIES.**—One cup of powdered sugar, one half cup of butter, one egg, one half cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda sifted three times through two cups of flour; one half of a small nutmeg and a handful of raisins Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the egg, milk and spice and last the flour. Roll thin, cut into round cakes and bake in a quick oven, pressing one raisin into the centre of each cookie.

**ROLL PUDDING.**—Rub a piece of butter the size of an egg into one quart of flour in which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar and one teaspoonful of soda. Mix with sufficient sweet milk to make a dough that can be rolled out. After rolling it out into a sheet, spread with any kind of fruit, fresh canned or preserved and then roll up, being careful to fold the ends so that the fruit will not run out. Steam one hour and eat with a sauce.

**SORT MUFFINS.**—One quart of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, four tablespoonfuls of yeast, and sifted flour to make a stiff batter. Warm the milk and butter together, and add the salt; beat the eggs very light and stir them into the milk and butter; then stir in the yeast and last the flour. Cover the mixture and set it to rise for three hours or until light in a warm place. Bake in muffin rings or heated gem tins until a light brown. May be mixed at night and used for breakfast.

**TO TAKE FAT OFF SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.**—Thoroughly wet a cloth such as a glass cloth, with cold water, and pour the stock through it; every particle of fat remains in the cloth, and your stock is as free from fat as if it had been allowed to get cold, and the fat removed in a cake. This hint will be found very useful, especially where beef tea, soup or jelly has to be prepared for invalids which is often needed in a hurry. This fat can be melted and clarified, and is quite as good when removed from the cloth as if taken off in a cake.

**BAKED WINTER SQUASH.**—Winter squash may be cooked in various ways, and there is a considerable variety of them. The hard shell are the best for cooking. Wash them and break them in pieces; or, if the shell is soft enough, cut in two and remove the seeds; cut into pieces of convenient size and lay the shells downwards in a dish or bread pan; pour on a little boiling water to start with, place in a hot oven, and bake until soft. When done, the squash is dry and mealy.

**POCKETBOOK ROLLS.**—Take at noon one pint of morning's milk, a piece of butter half as large as an egg, one tablespoonful of sugar and a little salt; boil all together and when cool add one-half cup of yeast (or one-half cup of yeast cake dissolved in one-half cup of water) and two quarts of flour; knead as you would bread and set in a warm place to rise. It will be light by six o'clock in

the evening; then knead it again. At nine o'clock knead it down again, using as little flour as possible. In the morning roll out without kneading about half an inch thick, cut out, spread very thin with butter, fold over, put in a buttered pan and after letting them rise a few minutes bake.

**CHOCOLATE PUDDING.**—Grate two ounces of sweet chocolate; put it over the fire in a saucepan and melt it by gentle heat; heat a quart of milk quietly, stir it into the melted chocolate and let mixture cool; separate the yolks and whites of six eggs, when the chocolate is nearly cool mix the yolks with it, add four teaspoonfuls of sugar, or more if required, and bake the pudding in an earthen dish; set in a pan of hot water for twenty minutes; meantime beat the six whites to a froth, add to them twelve heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, mixing the sugar very gently with the whites to form a meringue; put the meringue on top of the pudding and return it to the oven to color; then take the pudding from the oven and serve it either hot or cold.

### Household Hints.

A delicately made salad is hardly out of place anywhere. It may be served with roasts of every description, if we except game, and is even acceptable with boiled or fried fish.

Paper bags in which many articles are sent from the grocery stores should be saved for use when blacking a stove. You can slip the bag into one of these and handle the brush just as well and the bag will not be soiled at all, and when through with them they can be dropped into the stove, being much preferable to the cloth bag or mitten, which requires frequent washing.

The tiny red ants which are such a nuisance in many pantries may be easily driven away if kerosene is freely used. Those who have been troubled by them know that they always come in lines, coming through some crevice in the wall or floor, and following one after the other in regular order until they reach the shelf above. If kerosene is turned the entire length of this line also on the place where they come in, the floor, etc., they will soon depart. You may need to repeat this a few times, but it is an easy and effectual method of getting rid of them. Leave the door and windows open awhile and the scent of kerosene will soon be gone.

The proper way to prepare beef tea for a sick person is to cut a good, tender, juicy steak in small bits, broil lightly on a hot griddle, and squeeze the juices by the use of a lemon squeezer in a cup previously heated; season with a pinch of salt and pepper, and administer at once in teaspoon doses. This is the pure blood of the beef, and without doubt is both food and strength for the patient. It should always be squeezed into a coffee or tea cup or previously heated, as it is allowed to cool and then is heated, it becomes curdled and is unfit for use. In this way, properly seasoned to suit the patient's taste, it is very palatable and rarely ever nauseates. Having had a great deal of experience in sick, I have found more good results follow from the use of beef blood so prepared than by the use of all the beef teas ever made.

A young fellow named Lemon, living in Hearne, Texas, was cruelly "shook" by his best girl on the eve of their wedding. The backsliding girl coolly observed that she didn't believe she would "take any Lemon in Hearne."

No man can afford to let go of any influence which helps to save him from vulgar and commonplace views of life; from false types of excellence; from the petty competition which strives above all things after material success; from the delusion of current popular opinion; and the desire to swim with the stream, and spread the sails to the passing breeze.

That man has learned a great lesson who has learned to accept himself as he is given to himself. We may build a thousand airy castles as to what we would do if we had the genius of a Milton or of a Newton; but nothing will ever come of such airy castle-building. The real question that should interest us is, What work can we best do, without the genius of Milton or Newton, but with ourselves as we are. When we answer that question, we stand at the threshold of the door that leads to the highest success of which we are capable.

## Young Folks' Department.

### Jumbo Marching Again.

The little folks may be glad to learn something about the great elephant. You all remember the story of his being brought from the zoological garden in London to the United States, and that he was killed last September by the cars at St. Thomas, Ont. Well, Jumbo has been reconstructed, made over, built up, stuffed, set on his feet and looks almost as good as new. In fact two Jumbos have been made out of one. The skin and the skeleton were sent to Rochester to Professor Ward, the naturalist, who has been four months in getting the restored Jumbo, and the skeleton Jumbo ready to trail and move. Now this work has been done so well, that you would almost think him alive. His skin weighed fifteen hundred pounds. When alive Jumbo weighed seven tons and stuffed he weighs three tons.

The skeleton will be to many the more interesting of the two Jumbos. The skin was badly demolished by the freight train that killed Jumbo, yet the restoration has been so perfectly done that a critical examination has to be made to discover any indications of the smash-up. Every bone of the huge mammal has been carefully fastened in its proper place and they are all firmly secured ready for traveling.

Professor Ward in a letter to Mr. Barnum says: "Every bone in its colossal framework has not only been made to keep its proper place in the anatomy but the whole has been made so strong that I think it will bear the quite unusual strain to which it will be subjected in traveling. It has special mechanical adjustments for raising and lowering, applying and taking off its legs etc. This is, I believe, the only mounted skeleton of an adult African elephant in this country. It is an interesting and a satisfactory coincidence that it is at the same time the largest skeleton of a modern terrestrial mammal in the world."

Then an elephant was built up of solid wood of Jumbo's exact form and size. Over this was put his skin and this was nailed and screwed into place over the entire surface and along the seams. There were seventy-four thousand, four hundred and eighty nails used in the work. These nails were partly driven before the skin thoroughly dried, and when it had shrunk all it would they were driven out of sight.

To look at him you would think he was without a bone, and that his "department of the interior" was all wood, iron, clay and hair. I asked a gentleman who was looking at him: "How many little boys could play horse inside of him if the space was clear," and he said at once, "why from a dozen to fifteen!"

Just think of it, one of his toe nails is nearly six inches from one side to the other or as long as an ordinary lead pencil. One of his teeth was about the same length. Then think too how much candy such an elephant could eat!

The glass for his eyes was colored especially for the purpose. His bones are fastened together with brass bolts. Silver-headed screws run his great toes to the base on which he stands.

Jumbo was born in Central Africa in 1861 and was only twenty-four years old when he was killed.

A special car for him has been built in Philadelphia. He leaves Rochester this week and goes to Bridgeport, Connecticut, for Barnum, who will probably make more money out of him dead than alive. He will be placed on a wagon twenty-five feet long and nine feet wide, that weighs 6,500 pounds, especially constructed for him and containing machinery by which the bed may be raised or lowered. On this he will be drawn on a car fifty feet in length and so arranged that the bottom is within six inches of the road-bed in order to allow its precious load to remain upright and still pass under railroad bridges and through railroad tunnels.

This last week Jumbo had a reception. Representatives of Mr. Barnum and editors from New York and several other cities came to look at these two Jumbos before he starts out on his trip. Prof. Ward prepared cards upon which was pictured a tombstone bearing an inscription to the memory of the deceased elephant. He made an address to these representatives and told them of the work and his difficulties and presented each visitor with a

souvenir consisting of a piece of Jumbo's tusk, suitably inscribed.

A great many little children in Rochester have been to see the two elephants made out of one.

### Ruby-Headed Humming Birds.

See what dear little birds we have here. They are so tiny and so beautiful. The plumage of these small creatures is wonderful, so great a contrast in color is seen upon them. Their little heads and nape of their necks is of the brightest ruby color, while the chin, throat and chest are yellow. The tail is reddish, with a black tip, and the under part of the body is a dark olive brown. Poor little beautiful birds, their beauty is the cause of their death too often, for their pretty little bodies are very frequently to be seen in cases of stuffed birds.

These birds are found in South America and the West Indies.

Do you see the funny nest the little birds make for themselves? It is very beautiful as well as curious; it is placed at the bottom; most delicately woven with all sorts of fine threads like spider's web, and it is fastened to some long drooping leaf in a most ingenious manner. From its position the nest is safe from many of the dangers which are apt to assail little birds when building.

The little hen-bird is not so pretty as her mate; her coloring is not nearly so decided, as she has scarcely any ruby shades about the head, or yellow on her throat.

I am sure you must wish that we had some of these dear little birds in America. They would look like lovely butterflies flying about, only much nicer, because they are dear little sensible birds that might get tame and set out of our hands. But humming-birds could never live in our country. They require a hot climate, such as they have in the West Indies.

### A Significant Story.

A wealthy banker in one of our large cities, who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities, and for his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on by his pastor one evening and asked to go with him to the help of a man who had attempted to commit suicide.

They found the man in a wretched house, in an alley, not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed, in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker, with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered about him.

"We had been without food for days," said the woman, when he returned. "It is not my husband's fault. He is a hard-working, sober man. But he could neither get work, nor pay for that which he had done. To-day he went for the last time to collect a debt due him by a rich family; but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker, having fed and warmed the family, hurried home, opened his desk, and took out a file of little bills. All his large debts were promptly met, but he was apt to be careless about the account of milk, bread, etc., because they were so petty.

He found there a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing children's shoes, \$10. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation, while, at the very same time, the banker had given away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered, and will never want a friend while the banker lives nor will a small unpaid bill ever again be found on the banker's table.

No man has a right to be generous until his debts are paid; and the most efficient use of money is not alone in alms giving, but to pay liberally and promptly the people whom we employ.

"Say, old man, I'll have to recall that invitation I gave you for dinner next Saturday." "Certainly; but, old fellow, I hope there's nothing wrong." "Oh, nothing at all; but we've suddenly taken a notion to observe Lent at our house." "Indeed?" "Yes. You see, I dropped a cool \$50,000 in stocks, and my wife has discharged her cook. I'm beginning to take an interest in religious matters."





Exchange Department.

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

An 8 keyed accordion, in excellent condition, and a good banjo, for the best offer of Indian and Mount-builder's relics, or a self-inking printing press with outfit. W. L. McCormack, Box 573, New Castle, Ind.

A gold or silver watch, or both, in good order, for a photographic outfit; a printing outfit, complete, for a bicycle. W. Borchsenius, Lock Box 16, Baldwin, Wis.

A specimen of mica, mica-schist, feldspar, and hornblende and quartz for a good compass in perfect condition. B. H. Moscham, Stokes, Va.

A large-sized, nickel-plated, rosewood-handled scroll-saw, for the best offer of stamps. W. S., 41 Fremont St., Detroit, Mich.

A pair of Barney & Berry silver plated ice-skates, for a pair of roller skates. Wilkie's make preferred. R. D. Stanley, Godrich, Ont.

Worth Remembering.

In a long letter from John H. Hall, of Baddick, Cape Breton, N. S., he says: "I believe were it not for Barcock Blood Bitters I should be in my grave." It cured me of kidney and liver complaint and general debility, which had nearly proved fatal.

Vice Chancellor Bacon has lately celebrated his 88th birthday anniversary, and still holds his place on the English bench with undiminished eloquence, acumen and grasp of facts.

Imperial Cough Drop will give Positive and Instant Relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. For sale by druggists and confectioners. R. & T. WATSON, Manufacturers, Toronto, Ontario.

Queen Pla of Portugal is said to be the best dressed lady in Europe. She is the youngest daughter of the late King Victor Emanuel, and of course belongs to the upper crust.

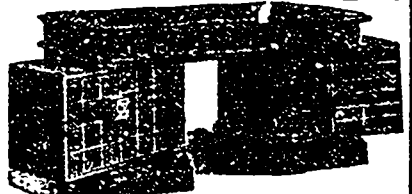
Much in a Little.

Hamilton Dowd, writing from Burns, Ont., says he was afflicted with ophthalmia which were very sore and painful and which nothing relieved until he tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil; less than one bottle cured him.

The old Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, and cousin of her Majesty the Queen, is fond of attending banquets and making after-dinner speeches.

Do not take Pills or Powders containing Calomel, for, at this time of the year, the result may be serious. If you require a dose of physic take Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters; it acts gently on the bowels, purifies the blood, improves the circulation, stimulates the liver and kidneys, and speedily cures Bile, Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion. Search the Drug stores from one end of Canada to the other, and you cannot find a remedy equal to it. Try it and use it in your families. Sold everywhere in large bottles at 50 cents.

A SUCCESS AGAINST ALL PREJUDICES! Williams' Eye Water has proved itself a success to all who have used it according to directions, if their eyes were curable, as will be seen by the undersigned certificate. It cured me, 8 years blind, oculist failed, O. Fortin; it has cured me, oculist would not try me, Alexander Ward; 6 years blind, Chas. Amiot; 4 years, P. Lafour, 83 years blind and now I see, John Leclerc. Ask your druggist for it. Wholesale - Lyman Sons & Co., 334 St. Paul St., Montreal.



W. STAHLSCHEMIDT & CO., Preston, - Ont., MANUFACTURERS OF SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND LODGE FURNITURE. THE MARVEL SCHOOL DESK. (PATENTED JAN. 14, 1893) The Latest and Best. - Send for Catalogue.

Just to Hand! CATARRH

A LARGE STOCK OF BRASS for Fancy Work GOODS AT VERY LOW PRICES.

- Brass Stars, 2 sizes..... per dozen
Brass Bangles, 3 sizes.....
Brass Crocets, 3 sizes.....
Brass Crocets, 2 sizes, hammered.....
Brass Toy Balls, 8 sizes, 10, 15, 20 cents per dozen
Star Crocets, 25 cents per dozen
Bangle Crocets, 2 large sizes, 75c & \$1.00 per doz.
Brass Chain, 3 sizes, 15 and 25 cents per yard
Banner Rods, plain brass, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 inches long, 20, 25, 30, 35 and 40 cents each
Banner Rods, twisted brass 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 inches long, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45 & 50c. each.

Also in stock a Complete Line of Berlin, Shetland and Andalusian Wools, in all colors, at 10c. per oz.

- Ice Wool, best quality, 10c per ball.
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 15c per doz. skeins.
Filzeite, best quality, 5c per skein, 50c per doz.
Fine Embroidering Chequille, all colors, 5c per skein, 50c per dozen.
Silk Arrasens, large skeins, 15c per skein, \$1.65 per dozen.
Tinsel, large balls, very thick, 10c per ball.
Macrame Cord, 1-15 balls, all colors, 10c per ball.
Flush fine quality, 24 inches wide, \$2 per yard.
Flush Ribbon, new styles, very pretty, in all colors, 50c per dozen.
Flush Ribbon, large tassels, quite new, in all colors, 85c per dozen.
Flush Ribbon, large double drop, very handsome, \$1.00 per dozen.
Chenille Cord, in all colors, 10c per yard.
Chenille & Tinsel Cord very handsome, 15c a yd.
Woolen Java Canvas, 18 in. wide, all colors 50c a yd.
Bumela Net, for darned work, 20 and 25 inches wide, 20 and 50c per yard.
Linen Filzeite, all sizes, 4c a skein, 40c per doz.

New Goods constantly coming to hand, as we daily receive the Novelties in

FANCY WORK.

LADIES should write for our Price List, as they will save 25 per cent. by ordering from it. Letter orders receive prompt and careful attention, and goods can be sent to any part of Canada.

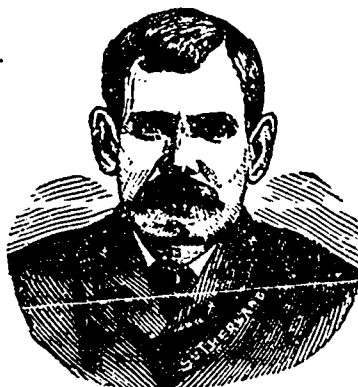
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A GRAND BOOK. HEROES OF THE BIBLE, BIBLE LANDS AND THE WAR IN THE BOUNTY. This remarkable book is fresh from the press with 750 pages of reading matter of thrilling interest and startling truths. Over 50 pages of beautiful steel and wood engravings and maps. It is sold only by subscription; a representative wanted in every district; liberal pay will be given. Full information will be given free of charge by the sole publishers in Canada. International Book & Bible House 46 and 48 Front St. E., Toronto.

DR. C. DORENWEIND'S 'HAIR MAGIC' advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's benefits for hair loss and scalp health.

IS THE ONLY SURE CURE EVER DISCOVERED FOR Baldness, Thin Hair, Gray Hair, Falling Out of the Hair, Dandruff, Etc. The 'HAIR MAGIC' is a perfectly harmless preparation; it contains no injurious properties whatever; it is not a dye, and will not soil the skin, but is a powerful renewer and vigorous tonic. The 'Magic' has made hair grow on bald heads, where every other remedy has failed. As an eradicator of Dandruff the 'Magic' cannot be equalled. For restoring the original color to gray, faded and discolored hair, it has never been known to fail. For sale by all druggists. Ask for Hair Magic and take none but 'DORREWEIND'S'. Sole Manufacturer for U. S. and Canada, Toronto, Ont. Where not procurable through Druggist, will be sent to any address on receipt of price - \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5.

CURED.



Another Victory FOR SCIENTIFIC MEDICINE.

By reference to our files of cases we find that William Tudhope, a retired farmer, of Conlon, placed himself under our treatment on the 18th day of September last year, for catarrh, and on Monday of last week Mr Tudhope walked into the office of this Association and informed us he was soundly cured of his catarrh, and had, since we last saw him, gained twenty pounds. Upon requesting his photograph for publication he at once consented, and we are thus enabled to add another strong link in the chain of evidence that catarrh can be cured. Reader, if your nose is constantly running, or if full of dry scabs or matter, or if you hawk up thick, sticky matter or frothy mucus from the throat, or if you have a dry, hard cough or a dropping in the throat, or watery eyes, or severe pains in the forehead, or roaring of the ears, or slight deafness, this is catarrh. Catarrh is a precursor of disease, first of the bronchial tubes, then the lungs, then consumption; also of ulceration of the stomach and catarrhal dyspepsia. We CURE these diseases. We also CURE chronic diseases, all chronic deformities, diseases caused by the follies of youth and the excesses of manhood. Mention this paper. Address, S. Edward McCully, M.D., Medical Director Medical and Surgical Association of Canada. 283 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.

WATER STAR AUGUR WELL BORING advertisement with details on pricing and contact information for Chas. Stark.

H. WILLIAMS, Felt & Slate Roofer. Manufacturer and dealer in Tanned Felt, Roofing Pitch, Building Papers, Carpet and Dealing Felt, Ready Roofing, etc. For low prices address H. WILLIAMS, 4 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.



BIG REDUCTION ON WATCHES

A combination among manufacturers is now being organized for the purpose of advancing prices; this organization is thorough and embraces manufacturers of watches and watch cases in the United States and the Dominion. To the uninformed this may appear strange and improbable, that whilst the Farmer can positively get no protection, Manufacturers who would over are combining for the purpose of forcing prices up. Any retail Jeweller (if he is willing to post you) will endorse our statement, that the watch trade of this Continent is to-day (though quite recently organized) one of the strongest combinations ever known, that combined capital representing over twenty millions, and sends from Maine to Oregon and Newfoundland to Wash Columbia.

CHAS. STARK advertisement listing various watch models and prices, including Appleton, Tracy & Co., P. S. Bartlett, Peerless Chicago, and Jewelled same as P. S. Bartlett.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY advertisement for Electro Plate, featuring an illustration of a watch and text describing the quality and availability of their products.

A.P. 276.

50 ACRE FARM FOR SALE—CHEAP—Only \$100 required down; balance at 6 per cent. Address, M. J. KENT, London, Ont.

30 Hidden Name and New Verse Cards, 10c; Sample Book, 5c. Gold Rings, Albums, etc., for clubs. STAR CARD CO., Knoxville, P. C.

SALT—ONE THOUSAND TONS COARSE SALT—bulk and sacks; also all other grades salt; special freight rates and lowest prices. Correspondence solicited. Address, WILLIAM CAMPBELL, Goderich.

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

\$3,500, 600 Acre Farm—\$2,000 120 Acre Farm—100,000 roofing slates, 15 casks; 100,000 5 cent muslin; instruments half-price. HURLAND, Toronto.

MACHINERY.

500 Engines, Boilers, Iron, Wood, and miscellaneous machines, for sale. For particulars address H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

A BIG OFFER.—To introduce them we will give away 1,000 Self-operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Day St., N. Y.

SPECIAL ATTENTION.—Something every body should have, a "Wife" fountain pen, the cheapest and most durable ever invented; every pen guaranteed to give satisfaction; agents wanted for all parts of Canada; large commission and no capital required; send for descriptive circulars and special inducements to agents. O. B. BROOKS, Sole Canadian Agent, Toronto.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE, Guelph, Ont. That man only is rightly educated who knows how to use himself, who possesses such practical knowledge and such manual skill as will enable him to compete successfully with his fellows in the business of life. To impart such education, to prepare such men is the design and purpose of this institution. For terms, etc., call at the College or address M. MACDOORMICK, Principal.

GUELPH CARPET WORKS.

J. & A. ARMSTRONG & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF WOOL UNION & DAMASK CARPETS, Of new patterns and designs. Guelph, Ont.

AWNINGS

SEND FOR PRICE LIST. & Awning, Flag, Tent & Camping Depot 169 Yonge Street, Toronto.

MONEY LOAN

THE subscriber has a large amount of money to lend for clients on security of mortgages on productive farm and town property. The lowest current rate of interest is charged, and repayment privileges granted in such terms that the borrower is placed in an extremely favorable position to pay his indebtedness as he finds himself able, without sustaining loss of interest. Special inducements are offered. All communications confidential.

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COLD WATER RICE STARCH

NEVER FAILS.

FREE SEND 3 CENT STAMP TO W. R. CALLAWAY 110 KING ST. WEST TORONTO FOR PARTICULARS

Mention This Paper

A MAN OR A WOMAN WANTED IN EVERY township, to sell Dr. Kalmag's new book, "Live Cells." The keenest and most vigorous specimens of oratory ever written; nearly 700 pages; only 92; full particulars of this and other new books from Schuyler Smith & Co., Publishers, London, Ont.

PLANER KNIVES, STAVE CUTTER, STAVE jointer, cheese box, veneer, leather splitting, bookbinders, moulding, tenoning, and other machine knives of best quality, manufactured by PERNA HAY Gait Machine Knife Works, Gait, Ont.; send for price list.

HEALTH FOR ALL!! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

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

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal. FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment, 73 NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533 OXFORD ST.,) LONDON. And are sold at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 73 Oxford Str., London, they are spurious.

"STANDARD CYLINDER SHUTTLE" SEWING MACHINE. Ontario Sewing Machine Co'y, HAMILTON, ONT. MANUFACTURED BY

"BELL" Organs Are ACKNOWLEDGED SUPERIOR To ALL OTHER MARKS. TONE, DESIGN AND WORKMANSHIP. While other firms are running short time, our factories are running 12 hours per day to keep up with orders. Styles and Prices to SUIT EVERYBODY. Catalogues Free. W. BELL & CO. GUELPH, CANADA.

A. H. WELCH, DIAMOND MERCHANT AND FINE JEWELRY MANUFACTURER. Gold, Silver and Nickel Plating. Ordered Work & Repairing a Specialty. 31 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, NEAR BAY ST. TORONTO.

OUR Ladies' Fine French Kid BOOTS Take The Lead, as We Sell at Very Close Prices. W. PICKLES, 328—YONGE ST—328.

THE IMPROVED MODEL WASHER & BLEACHER

Weights but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days. \$1,000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SURVIVAL. Washing made light and easy. The clothes have 'hat pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 15 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person. To place it in every household send prices and name placed at \$2. delivered to any express office in the Province of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid \$3.50. Send for circulars. Agents wanted. C. W. DENNIS, 215 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

DR. REEVE M. C. P. S. O.

BOW LEGS—My application for the cure of this deformity are unsurpassed. SPINAL CURVATURE—Special attention given to these cases. See my Truss for Eupatorium—Never fails. Files Cured Without Operation, thus avoiding all pain and danger, from which no operation by knife, or otherwise, is free. Prolapsus Ani, or protrusion of the bowels, affectionally cured. Constipation—My treatment restores the parts to their healthy, natural state, and thus cures the disease. Nervous Debility, from any cause whatever, thoroughly and permanently cured. Epilepsy—My familiarity with this disease enables me to treat it with a very unusual degree of success. Tapeworm—My specific never fails to remove it. Catarrh, Lumbar, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, St. Vitus Dance, Scrofula, Rickets, Varicose Veins, Dyspepsia, Deafness, and roaring noises in the Ears, Headaches, Diseases of the Skin, Kidneys, Liver, Blood, Stomach, Bowels, Bladder, Nervous System, Bone and Joints successfully treated. Consultation free. Send for Circular. 148 KING ST., Cor. Jarvis, Toronto.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED. DR. STARKEG AND PALEN'S COMPOUND OXYGEN. NOT A DRUG.

1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. CANADA DEPOSITORY: E. W. D. KING, 53 Church St., TORONTO. No Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen genuine which has not this trade mark on the bottle containing it. A Well-Tried Treatment for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders. Treatise on Compound Oxygen free on application to E. W. D. KING, 53 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. AS A WINTER BEVERAGE it is Irresistible, supplying heat in its natural state, stimulant in a thoroughly laxative form and concentrated nourishment, rendering languid reaction impossible. When sobbing, snow-balling, driving, or engaged in any outdoor winter sports, it is the most warming, giving and nourishing beverage that can be taken.

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Manufacturers of the Celebrated Anchor GUELPH AXLE WORKS... T. PEPPER & CO., Guelph, Ont.

JAMES PARK & SON, Pork Packers, Toronto

L. G. Bacon, Rolled Spices Bacon, O. G. Bacon, Glasgow Beef, Hams, Sugar Cured Ham, Dried Beef, Breakfast Bacon, Smoked Tongues, Mince Pork, Pickled Tongues, Cheese, Family or Navy Pork, Lord in Tubs and Pails. The Best Brands of English Fine Dairy Salt & Pick.

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13 for \$1 00 ALL FIRST QUALITY, and with every 50 Dollar order, an amaryllis, a Ovary-anthemum or Monthly Rose, FREE. The Best Strawberry Plants, 25 cts. a Dozen. I guarantee Plants to please and to arrive in good order at any post office in the Dominion. Large plants by freight or express. J. P. Cockburn, Florist, GRAYSHURST, ONT.

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Sailing during winter from Port au' every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at London, London to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal, weekly, Glasgow and Boston, weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia, fortnightly. For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; E. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brockie, Philadelphia; H. J. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return as of old. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I treat my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed in no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. O. ROYER, Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

New Orleans Road Cart Co's GALT ONT. MANUFACTURERS

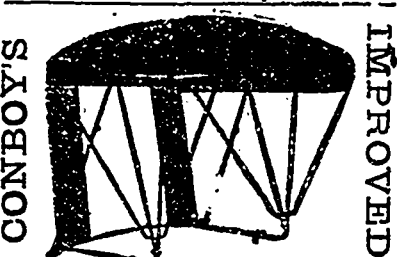
Winters Patent Road Cart, Buggies, Carriages, Sleighs, &c. Send for Catalogue. J. WINTERS, Manager, Galt, Ont.

ARMSTRONG'S Patent Tempered Steel Buggy & Carriage Gears.

Our "Jump Seat" Body on Ellipse Gear meets with a ready sale, and makes a light, handsome, durable and useful conveyance. Rides easy with six or four passengers, and changed from a single buggy to a double carriage quickly and conveniently. Ask your carriage maker for particulars. Catalogue mailed on application to J. B. ARMSTRONG Mfg. Co. (Ld.), GUELPH, CANADA.

FREE LANDS AND CHEAP HOMES

FOR THE MILLION. Along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway in Central Dakota and Northern Nebraska. New sections are being opened up and rapidly settled in these wonderfully productive regions, and the "first comers" will have "first choice" of location. For full information (which will be sent you free of charge) about the free lands and cheap homes, apply to JOHN H. HOKLEY, Western Canadian Pass. Agent, C. & N. W. Ry., E. S. MAIN, 9 York St., Toronto, Ont. General Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.



CONBOY'S IMPROVED CONBOY'S CARRIAGE TOPS are the Best and Cheapest in the Market. Order one from your Carriage Maker. Take no other kind. Send for Catalogue—407 King St. W., Toronto.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind, and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. FLOCOM, Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

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MANUFACTURERS AND MILLERS WILL SAVE MONEY BY USING

McCull's Lardine Machine Oil.

Try it once and you will use no other. Every Barrel Guaranteed. We are the Sole Manufacturers of the Genuine Lardine. Also Cylinder, Engine, Wool and Harness Oils. McCOLL BROS. & CO., TORONTO

Try Our Canadian Coal Oil, "SUNLIGHT" Brand, Finest in the Market.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS! Opium, Morphine, and Kindred Habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send two 5c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials of those who have been cured. Address, M. F. Luban, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Canada.

SHORTHAND THOROUGHLY TAUGHT BY MAIL, or Students attending our Academy will be thoroughly prepared by highest Masters in shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, and Business Training. Advanced students helped to situations. Immediately address, The Union Shorthand's Commercial Academy, Arcade, Toronto.

FOR SALE CHEAP BY PRIVATE TREATY: 10 head Thoroughbred Durham Cattle, with first-class pedigree; 6 head Thoroughbred Ayrshire Cattle, with first-class pedigree; 8 head High Grade Cattle; 6 head Thoroughbred Leicester Sheep. For particulars address H. JAMESON, Simcoe, Norfolk Co., Ont.

SLAUGHTER of the INNOCENTS. THE SPARROWS MUST GO.

By the destruction of many hundred specimens it has been proved that 94 per cent. of the food of the sparrows consist of grain or seeds of some kind, and insect food only about 6 per cent, and that they consume in Great Britain alone four million bushels of grain annually. The Union Ornithologist recommends as follows:—First, "That sheltering or otherwise fostering the sparrow by the public, be discouraged, and that its introduction artificially into new localities, and its sale for such purposes, be forbidden by law." Second, "That all existing laws protecting the sparrow be repealed, and that bounties be offered for its destruction."

Munitions 22 SHOT FOR THE SHOT CARTRIDGE Slaughter.

CONSIST OF A PATENT SHOT CARTRIDGE. These cartridges are made in the ordinary size of Rim and Central Fire for both Pistols and Rifles. The shot is enclosed in a thick paper case, packed closely, and when set in the shell has the appearance of being a bullet. This case is lubricated on the outside. When shot, the paper case is forced through the rifling of the weapon, and thoroughly cleans and oils the barrel, and at the same time acting as a shot concentrator. Upon reaching the muzzle of the rifle or pistol, the case bursts and the shot scatters. The 22 long, 32 long, and 38 long Rim Fire Cartridges are adapted to Revolvers, to Flobert, Remington, Ballard, Stevens, and other Rifles of those calibres. The 22 Cartridges are all made with No. 12 Chilled Shot, while in 32 and 38 the shot is larger, say No. 9 shot, and more of it. These sizes are especially adapted for sparrows or other small birds, and especially for quail, partridge, quail, and other small game. From testimonials received, we notice that for rats and cats they have been largely used, especially for cats. A cat, after receiving one dose, (if able to leave the premises) rarely ever returns, but takes up her abode in some place remote from the man who owns a rifle or pistol and keeps a stock of shot cartridges about his house. The 8 & W. sizes—32 and 38—are used largely by persons who own a better class of revolvers, such as M. H. & Co's Automatic Revolvers, B & W. Revolvers, and the better grade of Bull Dog Revolvers, such as X. L. Bull Dog or better class of Am. Bull Dogs, or any other good O. F. Pistol. Persons who are not owners of rifles can take a few hundred of these cartridges with them on their summer vacations and have really as much sport with them by using them in their revolvers, as do those who carry rifles. The 44 Winchester Shot Cartridges (No. 6 and 8 shot) are adapted to the Winchester Magazine Rifle and all Frontier Pistols of same calibre, and are used for shooting prairie chickens on the western prairies.

Table with columns: RIM FIRE, CENTRAL FIRE. Lists various rifle and pistol cartridges with prices.

NEW GAME LAWS. The recent wide remodeling of the game laws for the Dominion defines the close periods as follows:— (1)—Deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou, between the fifteenth day of December and the fifteenth day of October. (2)—Grouse, pheasant, prairie fowl or partridge, between the first day of January and the first day of September. (3)—No quail shall be hunted, taken or killed during the years 1886 and 1887, and no wild turkeys during the years 1886, 1887 and 1888, and in each case thereafter not between the fifteenth day of December and the fifteenth day of October following. (4)—Woodcock, between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of August. (5)—Snipe, rail, and golden plover of all kinds between the first day of January and the first day of September. (6)—Swans or geese between the first day of May and the first day of September. (7)—Ducks of all kinds, and all other water fowl, between the first day of January and the first day of September. (8)—Hares, between the fifteenth day of March and the first day of September.

We are Canadian Headquarters for the sale of the following well-known goods: Winchester Repeating Arms Co.—Winchester Repeating Rifles; Winchester Single Shot Rifles; Hotchkiss Repeating Rifles; Paper and Brass Shells, Wads, Caps and Ammunition of all kinds. Marlin Fire Arms Co.—Marlin Repeating Rifles; Ballard single shot Rifles; Standard Revolvers; Daly's Patent Hand Cuffs. Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Co.—New Lightning Repeating Rifles, single and Double Action Army, Navy, Police and House Pistols; Double-barreled Breach-loading Shot guns. J. Stevens & Co.—Gallery and Sporting Rifles and Pistols. E. Remington & Son's—Rifles, Guns and Revolvers. H. M. Quackenbush—Air Rifles and apparatuses Tower & Lyon—Police equipment. Litovsk Clay Pigeon Co. Canada Target Ball Co.—Merwin, Hulbert & Co.'s Automatic Army, Police, and House Pistols. Smit and Wesson's—Revolvers. ALSO AGENT FOR THE FOLLOWING WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH MANUFACTURERS: J. P. Clabrough & Bros. Enos, James & Co. Westley, Richards & Co. O. G. Bonehill W. W. Greener. Ryneck & Co. (Limited).

Below we give an idea of the prices of our goods. If you are in want of ANYTHING, or take any interest in shooting, boxing, fencing, etc., send your address on a post card for our catalogue. We have Single Muzzle-Loading Guns - from \$3 00 to \$13 Double Muzzle-Loading Guns - from 5 00 to 20 Double Breach-Loading Guns - from 9 00 to 300 Target Rifles, 22-calibre - from 3 50 to 30 Combined Shot and Rifles, Breach-Loading - from 15 00 to 50 Breach-Loading Sporting Rifles from 4 00 to 150

OUR GUN REPAIRING DEPARTMENT is complete with New and Improved Machinery for Choke boring, re-stocking and all kinds of repairs. We will mail, FREE, to any address, our new One Hundred and Twenty Page Illustrated Catalogue, containing a complete description of every kind of FIRE ARMS and SPORTING GOODS.

CHAS. STARK, 52 Church Street, TORONTO.

THE EAGLE BRAND FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.

Best Wearing, Fitting, Looking IN THE MARKET Every pair and every box bears this eagle AS TRADE MARK. TAKE NO OTHERS. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

# HOUSEKEEPERS

Having an eye to Business will make Their Purchases of

## WHITE AND GREY COTTONS WHITE AND GREY SHEETINGS

Pillow Cottons, Table Linens,  
Table Napkins, Towels,  
Towelings, Etc., Etc.

**AT OUR STORES.**

Grey and White Cottons by the Piece,  
**AT CLOSURE MILL PRICES.**

## LACE CURTAINS.

In this Department we show some Remarkable Value on account of Having Purchased the Stock of a large Nottingham Manufacturer and will show nice Lace Curtains at

**50 Cents Per Pair**

Inspection invited, and if our prices are not Lower than those of any other house in the city don't buy. Persons living at a distance of one or two Hundred miles can save their Railway Fare and Expenses on a Purchase of Twenty-five Dollars.

## PETLEY & PETLEY,

King Street East, Opp. the Market, TORONTO.

**NEW SPRING SUITINGS AND TROWSERINGS, At J. Sinclair's,**

245 YONGE ST., TORONTO.  
**ST. VITUS'S DANCE.**

DEAR FATHER, Feb'y 27 1880  
**DR. THOS. W. SPARROW,**  
152 Carlton Street, Toronto.  
DEAR SIR,—My daughter Laura had been a great sufferer for over three years with St. Vitus's Dance. After trying various treatments, without obtaining any relief, but gradually growing worse, I was advised to give you a trial, for which I am very thankful. After a few weeks' treatment she rapidly began to recover and is now enjoying the best of health. Yours respectfully MRS. O. GRAYSON.  
A 50c Mile Return Ticket on Any Railway to Toronto for Nothing.



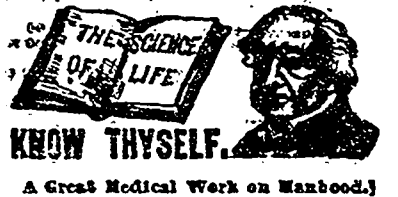
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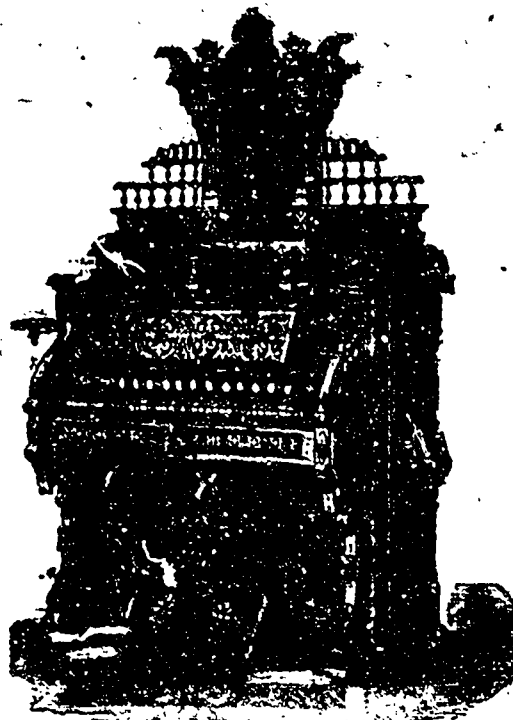
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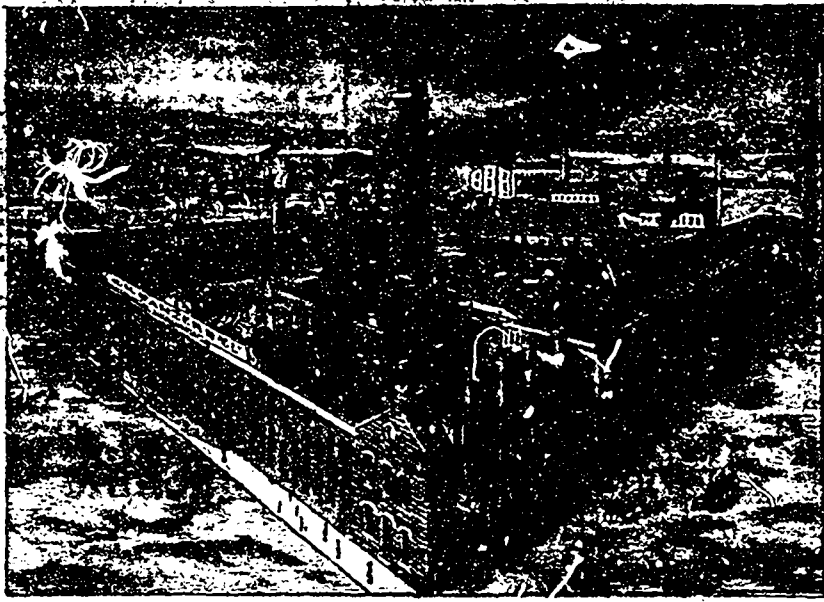
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