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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

The Rev. Mr. Bin, of Markham, has discovered that the second prize poem, read at the Burns Anniversary in this city, was a bare-faced piece of plagiarism. It would be somewhat startling to the reading public to be told what an immense number of poems and stories it accepts as original are, in fact, nothing but the work of gross plagiarists, amongst whom TRUTH unhesitatingly classes Jules Verne, as one of the most bare-faced. Fortunately for him, the works of Edgar Allen Poe are not much read either in France or England. Were such the case, those readers who are now so enchanted with his "Voyage to the Moon," his cipher stories and others, would be speedily made aware that Poe went over much of the ground traversed in the former, in his "Adventures of Hans Pfaal," whilst his "Gold Bug," and his essay on Cryptography clearly show that his ideas concerning that art were by no means original with Verne. Plagiarism is far more common than most of us are aware of, and it is safe to say that many of our most brilliant Canadian editorials were never conceived in the brains of our brilliant Canadian editors. A few volumes of the *Tulcar* or the *Spectator*, in the time of Addison and Steele, are most valuable adjuncts to an editorial sanctum in this country.

Respecting Edgar Allen Poe, to whom we allude, it is astonishing how very little the majority of moderately intelligent people know about one of the brightest and most original intellects of the nineteenth century, and it is high time that the stigma fastened upon Poe's reputation by his first biographer, Griswold—who was one of the poet's bitterest enemies was removed. More recent biographies show us one of America's greatest poets and essayists in his true character,—that of a gifted genius and a most amiable, though unhappy, gentleman. It is safe to say nine out of ten people never read any of Poe's works with the exception of "The Raven" and "The Bells,"—two works which the writer himself placed but little value on. The vindictive spite of Poe's biographer, Griswold, is apparent on every page of the latter's work, and it is a most lamentable thing that he was ever permitted to so grossly malign a man who was his superior in every respect.

Long, prozy sermons are well-nigh out of fashion, but, judging from the following anecdote, the truth of which is vouched for, it seems that clergyman still exist who can inflict very terrible harangues indeed on their defenceless hearers. Common charity forbids us from disclosing either the gentleman's name or that of his parish, but the paper from which the story is clipped, is a reliable one. Here is the anecdote: "A clergyman had a very intelligent dog, which committed a grievous fault one morning. His master did not beat him, but took hold of him and talked to him most bitterly, most severely. He talked on and on for a long time in the same serious and reproachful strain, and the dog died in the course of

a day or too." If one of this gentleman's sermons would kill a dog in the middle of winter, what would be the effect of his discourse on his much-to-be-pitied congregation on a hot, sweltering August day? The thought is too awful.

The civic authorities are holding up their hands in awe at the immense amount of water wasted throughout the city by people allowing their taps to run incessantly in order to avoid the entrance into their domiciles of that being, who is as much feared as the grim old gentleman with the scythe and hour-glass himself, namely, the plumber. If the water works people cannot supply us with water whose quality we can appreciate, surely we may be allowed to make up for its deficiencies, if possible, by making away with as great a quantity as possible. We must have something for our money. As things are at present, it looks very much as if we should never get water fit to drink until the powers that be take it into their heads to use more of it themselves for purposes of imbibition. This is one argument for the speedy passage of the Scott Act.

TRUTH would like to know what Prince Henry of Batenburg intends to do to earn the money which the English people propose to settle on the Princess Beatrice when she becomes his bride. It seems too bad that so much money should be spent in supporting royal paupers; it is bad enough to compel the British taxpayer to help to keep the home article in idleness; but, when it comes to feeding a host of Germans in addition, the thing is preposterous. Luckily, Beatrice is the last of Her Majesty's unmarried daughters, but the members of the royal family are very prolific, and, as it appears to be the fashion to present every grandson of Queen Victoria with a grant of several thousand pounds on the attainment of his majority, there is no saying when the drain on the public purse will be stopped.

All accounts from Mexico agree that there is something of a "Catholic reaction" in progress. The civil Legislature of recent years has been strongly anti-clerical. The church property, estimated to be in value one-half of the entire real estate of the country, was "nationalized," the monastic orders were abolished and the Jesuits banished, full religious liberty proclaimed, religious instruction was forbidden in the public schools, religious rights were restricted in the interior church edifices and ecclesiastics were forbidden to wear any distinctive dress in the streets. These enactments were not merely statutes, but were incorporated into the Constitution. For a long time the ecclesiastical party was completely crushed, but of late it has shown a disposition to defy the Government. Now religious processions march through the streets, and the sacerdotal garb is seen in public.

That Lord Wolseley and his expedition will reach Khartoum eventually appears now to be pretty certain, but the question next arises, will they be able to get back again? To do so will be equally as difficult,

if not more dangerous than getting there, and it will be a pretty how-dy-e-do if Wolseley and his followers are cooped up in Khartoum until yet another expedition can be arranged for their relief. The end is not yet, but it is to be hoped that all will be well when it does come.

Not long ago Lord Tennyson received permission from the Premier to read some of his poetry before that tremendous autocrat, the Czar of all the Russias, and an English paper, alluding to the matter, asks, "What will the poet-laureate do for the Premier for permitting him to read his work before the Czar?" That does not seem to us to be the main question. If his poetical lordship reads some of his latest productions, it might be asked, with some trembling: "What wouldn't the Czar like to do to the Premier for having given the permission?" However, the Czar might look forward to a violent death by dynamite with some equanimity after hearing Tennyson read some of his recent effusions.

In these dull times a good many people are trying to economise in every possible way. Some "cut off" in one way. Some in another. Some drop the cigar. Some the occasional "nip." Some insist upon their wives wearing their old bonnets. Some even go in for vegetarianism and for swear butcher meat under the pretense that it is not wholesome, but really because it is too dear. It is all right. By all means let people be economical. They will be all the better of knowing how little is really necessary, and how independent and healthy one feels on a crust and a glass of water. If these hard times do nothing but bring people down to "hard pan," they are a blessing of no ordinary kind. Man really wants but little here below. He is stronger and happier when he really knows that such is the case. But while economy is first rate, and comparative fasting far from being to be despised, it is always well to make quite sure that the economy comes in at the right place and that the fasting is of the right description. People are intent upon saving, but the mischief is they often try to save in the wrong place. They knock off part of their food, while they let their "beer" stand. They stop their charities, but keep on at their cheroots. They take their children from school, while they can't give up their occasional can of oysters. They "stop their paper" as if it were a luxury, and go in for a new "tile," as if the old one was not tolerable; and they often cry they can't afford to "advertise," though they might just as well say that because they sell little they will therefore not open their stores at all. We specially protest against this last folly, not from any selfish consideration, but because we feel it is the cause of many suffering great loss. Can't afford to advertise! Why, good friends, the opposite is the fact. You can't afford not to do so. Instead of advertising less when the bad times are on, the wise tradesman always advertises more. In good times it may be said business comes itself, but when the bad comes, more

strength and effort and diligence have to be brought into requisition, and one great way of doing this is by the free use of printer's ink. What is advertising? It is really extending one's front shop all over the country. It is keeping one's self before the public. It is making people think and speak of the advertiser whether they will or not. Even queer, absurd advertisements have their uses. There are advertisements continually appearing in the papers that are read the very first thing. People laugh as they ask: "What is—saying this morning?" But they read all the same, and in the long run they find themselves in that man's store or workshop, or whatever it may happen to be. We have known persons who spent ten or twenty thousand dollars a year in advertising and found their advantage in it all. Shrewd fellows they, who would not throw away unnecessarily a single dollar. They know that the greatest misfortune that could overtake any one who lives by the public was to allow himself to slip out of sight. He must, in order to prevent this, make something of a stir, and he finds that advertising is the cheapest and most effective means of accomplishing it. It is no wonder that we hear some no doubt complaining they never found advertising do them any good. How could they expect it when they dealt in such homeopathic doses? They have very possibly opened their hearts to a poor little couple of inch ad. for two insertions, and then because the way to their establishments was not forthwith blocked up with intending customers, they fly off at a tangent and cry out that advertising is all a humbug. Besides, they are not only parsimonious to a fault in their advertising, they show no genius in the "make up" of their appeals to the people. There is no "go," no "inspiration," no character about these appeals. They are as dull as ditch water, and as pointless as the base of the Rocky Mountains. But look at the man who really knows the science of advertising, and just ask their opinion about its profitability. They would as soon think of giving up their breakfasts as giving up their talks to their patrons. Pay! We should just think it does pay. Nothing better. Nothing half so well. Some seem to think they are doing an act of charity, as if they were giving a dime to a tramp, when they send an advertisement to a newspaper. They are quite mistaken if they fancy they are doing an act of charity in such a case to any but themselves. They are making an investment of the best kind. Indeed, few investments of any kind are so good. None, latter. It is of course necessary not to bury such advertisements in what has little or no circulation. But live men know too well what they are about to be guilty of such a folly. Some more than usually partisan may indeed ask whether this paper or that is *Lib* or *Conservative*; but the true man of business asks only about the circulation, bargains for a good place in the page, and is quite as ready to take the cash or order of the greatest *Lib* as of the most *inve* *orate* *Tory*.

It is poor economy to try to save on advertising. Ink your hat, and if necessary, darn your gloves, but keep your ad. in real live papers—like TRUTH, for instance.

The prohibitionists are, we fear, too far making a political question of the Scott Act. The question with politicians of both sides seems to resolve itself into just so much political capital, and each party seems anxious to grasp or reject it simply and solely to that end. The spirit of the Act, either for the good or the evil of the state or individual, never seems to cross the political mind. Financiers say that the Scott Act will be ruinous to Canada; that it will take a certain amount out of the general treasury cannot be denied, and that that certain amount will have to be made up out of taxation there is just as little doubt. That some people will use and some will abuse alcohol under any circumstances. However, that prohibition will increase the individual and general happiness of this Dominion, as well as the personal prosperity of its people no prejudiced person can deny.

A great deal of talk has been going on lately about the Congo Conference, and it may not be out of place for TRUTH to tell some of its readers what it all means. Stanley first thoroughly explored the valley of the Upper Congo and established a route. He was then, as representative of the Belgian Geographical Society, together with M. de Brazza, acting for the French Government, commissioned to examine the country more minutely, which he did and established trading stations along the river; so forming the country of the Upper Congo into a Franco-Belgian territory. Now steps in Portugal and claims the country by right of ancient discovery and occupation. Other European powers decline to recognize her claim, and on various pretexts of treaties with the native princes, and explorations, put in claims for themselves. The upshot is that a conference was thereupon called to consider these various claims, and the result is that a kind of independent state or colony has been formed on the Upper Congo under the joint protection of all the powers. A railway is already projected, and as the country is very fertile and exceedingly productive it will be a boon to the civilized world as well as to uncivilized Africa. In the year 1878 the writer visited the then explored country of the Congo, and found it, to him at least and his comrades, quite salubrious.

The new bill introduced lately into the United States Senate will go far to promote a more friendly feeling towards that country from Englishmen; the surprising part is that such action has been so long delayed. There is no doubt that dynamite and other powerful explosives are extensively manufactured in the United States, and that the purpose for which it is manufactured is perfectly known to the authorities, and to a great extent winked at.

President Cleveland has at this moment lying before him more petitions and applications for office, it is stated, than he could possibly enter into personally during his whole four years of office. There are about one hundred thousand officials regularly employed by the United States Government, and of this vast civil army no fewer than five or six thousand will be dismissed under the new reign. In the State of Kentucky alone there are thirty-six thousand applicants for government employment out of a total population, men, women and children, of one million three hundred and twenty-one thousand; or, in other words, about one man in every fifty desires a government birth.

Amongst of this army of Government officials in the United States, it may be stated that there are not two hundred of this one hundred thousand men and women who

hold their appointments through family interest, while in England, where the civil service alone outnumber them, there are not one hundred who do not count on underhand interest of some kind, while all, or nearly all, the best and "fastest" places are held by impecunious scions or connections of the nobility and aristocracy—too proud to beg and too lazy to work.

It is nearly a quarter of a century since the Democrats were in power, and they are now naturally hungry for office, but to make a sweeping change at present would not be politic in Cleveland, and he seems to have no intention of doing so. His election, if not secured by the independent Republican party, was at least greatly aided by it.

The greater part of the Canadian contingent now serving in Egypt will shortly return home. Early in February they will leave Alexandria for England, en route to Halifax. About seventy-five of them have re-enlisted and will go on with General Eafles' division to Khartoum. The Canadians have done good service in Egypt, notwithstanding that not more than half of their number were experienced boatmen. There is, however, a sad side to the adventure. There have been nearly a dozen deaths from drowning, and other causes, and some of these poor fellows leave desolate wives and little children to mourn and bitterly feel their loss.

A piece of amusing news comes from Ireland in the shape of a telegram to the effect that the Lord Mayor's horses of Dublin refused to enter the castle yard the other day, and that his lordship had to make use of the Lord Lieutenant's carriage. It is feared that the coachman, who is known to be a Fenian, has administered the oath to the horses and that they are quite disaffected.

There is at present in the minds of many English, and in their hearts, a gross spirit of retaliation against all Irishmen, women and children, and hundreds of letters are being received by the English press, urging the cruellest measures against all creeds, classes and ages and against both sexes of the Irish. Thousands of good and loyal workmen have been discharged for no other reason than that they are Irish, and persecution of every description is rife throughout England against any who are so unhappily placed as to be in any way in the power of this class. There are hundreds of thousands of pure and loyal Irish who suffer degradation at the hands of these indiscriminate, would-be avengers, and these loyal and law-abiding subjects, persecuted by the country and the Government they would serve, are thrown over, and, by the force of circumstances, compelled to loath and despise such illiberal bigots. We almost fear that Earl Dufferin and Lord Walsley, as well as our own good Governor-General, Lord Lansdowne, (all Irishmen), would run a fair chance of rough handling by these bull-dog gentlemen were they in power.

The Queen's "Royal baron" of beef was last Christmas cut from a short-horn of Her Majesty's own breeding, and weighed over three hundred pounds. This large joint is always roasted at Windsor Castle, and on Christmas eve it is dispatched to Osborne, where it is placed in the centre of the side-board in the Queen's dining-room, flanked on one side by a woodcock pie, and on the other by a boar's head—a genuine *à la d'Anglais*, of which Her Majesty receives several at Christmas from her relations in Germany, as well as other national dainties of the Fatherland.

The following letter from a Belfast merchant to the *Morning News*, is a worthy example, and deserves to be reprinted in every journal throughout the land: "SIR,—Numerous inquiries having been made as to my reasons for withdrawing the sale of wines, brandy and spirits advertised to be held at my salerooms on the 18th and 19th instants, they are as follows:—After advertising, and on reflection, I came to the conclusion I could not conscientiously sell this class of goods, believing as I do, that the traffic in these drinks is causing three-fourths of all the pauperism, lunacy, and crime which the people of this kingdom are subject to, and suffering from, and which is gradually reducing their energy, vigor, health, and wealth. Though I lose both commission and advertising for above motives, I have absolutely withdrawn the sale.—James McCann." If some of our Canadian wine and spirit merchants would follow Mr. McCann's example they would receive many a sincere and hearty prayer.

The subject of whether roller skating is hurtful to girls and young people in general is freely discussed in the newspapers just now, and deserves a more impartial consideration than, for so far, it has received. Medical men differ greatly in their opinions regarding it. Some say that the exercise is healthy, and others that it is not of the right kind, and is injurious, while moralists endeavor to taboo it altogether. There is only one thing certain about the whole subject, and that is that the girls and boys will attend skating rinks of both kinds, say what we may.

The financial difficulties of General Grant, and his action in connection with Vanderbilt's proposals, are subjects of much editorial comment in the English papers. The *Liverpool Post* says: "From fighting the enemy of his country, he has turned to fight the Wall-street beasts. Napoleon watching the sunset across the Atlantic was not half so painful a spectacle, or half so acute a sufferer, as Grant receiving the banners and badges of conquest from the hands of the money king."

It is stated in certain English newspapers that notwithstanding the hard times at present existing in England, Ireland, and Scotland, there is no noticeable increase of pauperism in the Old Country. The explanation is evident enough to people living in Canada and the United States. *All the paupers are sent out here.*

Pauperism is decidedly on the increase in Toronto; and why is this so? It is not difficult to find an answer. It is the old, old story of intemperance, recklessness and waste, of opportunities thrown away, and of good advice unheeded. And yet, notwithstanding the many examples of sin and misery, one has only to look around to see others following the same evil courses. Parents, it may be, have done their duty, have properly taught their children. They have given them good counsel and good examples, yet, in many instances, instead of appreciating and maturing that knowledge, they think they must do as they see others do, enjoy pleasure, if only for a season. In time, however, often when it is too late, they find out that to follow out the right way is easier and better, and brings the only true happiness. If young people would only realize that to them must sooner or later come the responsibilities which they owe to their country, they would strive to prepare themselves for the grave duties which sooner or later must devolve upon them. And then when that time does come they will find themselves looked up to with confidence and respect.

The temperature has been lower this winter at Toronto than it has been for the twelve previous years, and yet for so far the snow that has fallen has been comparatively little. Business men in the towns and cities, and farmers in the country, were complaining of the "dull times" and of the broken state of the roads owing to that absence, but now that the snow has come at last matters do not seem to be in a much better condition from a business point of view; the city is certainly somewhat more lively and there is a little more general traffic, but on the whole money seems to be just as scarce as ever. Many blame the farmers, and say that they are at fault in holding back the grain, and, on the other hand the farmers, retort by saying that the prices now offered for grain are simply ruinous and that they can themselves hold it back for better prices as well as the wholesale grain merchants can.

A scheme has been launched for the formation of a land farming company in the North of Scotland. The nominal capital is to be \$50,000. The object of the company is to undertake the farming of about one thousand acres of land on the Haulker estate of the Earl of Kintore. Entry to the land will be at Whit Sunday, 1885, and it is proposed that the chief employees, farm managers, grieves and cattlemen, as a stimulus to exertion of skill and carefulness on their part, shall have half the surplus profits divided among them after payment of a dividend of four per cent. to shareholders.

The new rotation of time adopted by the International Meridian Conference with a view of putting an end forever to the necessity for using a.m. and p.m., was thought by many to be as impracticable and was novel, and they were of opinion that at least in the present generation it would be necessary to remind one's family of being twenty-five minutes past twenty-three o'clock, and consequently time for bed, if they intended to go at all, instead of a much past eleven p.m. But the change is already upon us, and there is no doubt that in many ways it will prove of value in keeping correct records of time, especially in meteorological registrations.

The London (England) *Times* states that in every foreign war office detailed plans for attacking England, if it should become desirable to attack her at all, have long ago been considered, and perhaps perfected.

We speak of the distance of the earth from the sun in a common-place everyday manner, calculated to diminish or blunt our conception of the vast distance between us and that luminary. As to the distance of 93,000,000 miles, a cannon ball would travel it in about fifteen years. It may help us to remember that, at the speed attained by the limited mail express on our railroads, a train which had left the sun for the earth when the Mayflower sailed from Delhaven with the Pilgrim Fathers, and which ran at that rate day and night would in 1885 still be a journey of some years away from its terrestrial station. The fare, at the customary rates, it may be remarked would be rather over 2,500,000 dollars so that it is clear that we should need both money and leisure for the journey. Perhaps the most striking illustration of the sun's distance is given by expressing it in terms of what the physiologists would call velocity of nerve transmission. It has been found that sensation is not absolutely instantaneous but that it occupies a very minute time in travelling along the nerve. So that if a child puts its finger into the candle, there is a certain, almost inconceivably

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ably small space of time, say the one-hundredth part of a second, before he feels the heat. In case then a child's arm were long enough to touch the sun, it can be calculated from this known rate of transmission, that the infant would have to live to be a man of over a hundred before it knew that its fingers were burned.

Closely as England is knit to India by telegraph and steamboat lines, there is, nevertheless, a mighty, increasing, and most ruthless war going on out there about which we hear little or nothing. It is between man on the one side and the whole tribe of venomous snakes on the other, and every year records an appalling amount of slaughter. According to official statistics quoted by the *Laborer* paper, the *Civil and Military Gazette*, out of a grand total of 22,905 human beings killed last year in India by "wild beasts," no fewer than 20,667 fell victims to snake bites. But man had his revenge on his ancient foe. In the Bombay Presidency alone, rewards were paid for the deaths of nearly 500,000 venomous serpents, and the Punjab, which had previously been rather apathetic in the matter, brightened up and gallantly slew its 50,000. The other divisions did not do so well, and the result is seen in a very high rate of death by snake bite in both Madras and Bengal. Europeans very rarely suffer harm from snakes, their boots protecting their feet, the part of the body which is struck by most serpents. The cobra rears itself and strikes higher, when there is time to take up that attitude of attack, but by so doing it becomes plainly visible, and can be avoided or killed without much risk. In spite of the recorded slaughter, no mention is made that the snakes show signs of becoming scarcer. Nor will that be likely to happen until the jungles which afford harborage to the enemy are cleared away.

Both sides are most likely, as is often the case in such matters, in error; the cause of the depression in the money market does not lie at the door of either. The world over at the present time there is a distinct slackness, and that slackness has existed in most places for the last twelve months. The high prices which have governed the grain market hitherto cannot actually be paid for produce, and the money is locked up in gigantic railway schemes and mining operations, etc. What we want is a better outlet for our Canadian products. The regular market is full to overflowing, and bread stuffs are consequently cheap. Again, British India is now able to compete, notwithstanding her great distance, with any nation or country in the world in supplying the English market with almost every article of consumption; this is owing to her cheap labor, and her articles are all genuine and of the very best quality; there are, for instance, no wooden hams or shoe-pig outs exported from India, and her tobacco is equal to, if it does not surpass, the best Virginian leaf.

Now that the valley of the Congo is opening up there is an extensive market thrown open for all kinds of manufactured goods. The dress of the natives, men and women, is stamped and plain unbleached cotton pieces, wound round the loins and thrown over the shoulder like the ancient Roman toga. Why cannot some of our enterprising Canadians enter this market and compete for its profits.

Produce, too, of the colder climates will always find a ready market in the tropics, especially bread stuffs, and as yet there is little competition. Mouldy and condemned biscuits will rapidly on the west coast of

Africa, and the pay is made either in gold dust, ivory, palm oil, india rubber, or other valuable commodities which are there plentiful. Empty bottles a few years ago formed a valuable article of commerce. Their value varies as we approach the large towns where Europeans are established, the value rapidly falling till they become almost as cheap as they are here; but a little inland we have known as much as a good fat goat, six fowls, and two dozen of eggs to be given for an empty beer bottle! Stewards of ships and messmen of men of war often in this way make a great deal of money out of the natives, as they pocket the money allowed for the purchase of articles of food, and buy them with the empty bottles.

In the matter of competing with India, Canada could never succeed in the European market, owing to the extremely low wages paid to the working classes there. What would a man in this country think of a wage of about three dollars a month, and keep himself and family out of it. And yet that is the regular pay of a laborer in the tea-growing districts. A coolie (laborer) man gets six rupes, about three dollars per month, a woman gets four rupes, about two dollars, and a chockra, that is a boy or girl under twelve years of age, gets three rupes, about a dollar and a half a month, and they find clothes and house themselves on that, and are happy and contented, yes, and sometimes comparatively rich too. They live frugally, and waste absolutely nothing. If they have a cow or two they sell the milk and butter. They always have fowl and pigs, and silk worms, and often goats and horses. They till a patch of land, grow sweet potatoes, yams, fruits, Indian corn, mustard, rice and various vegetables and in their own way are quite contented, more so I am sure than we are, with all our refinement and luxuries. China is to-day the only nation on earth that can compete with India, and she does so in a very lame and imperfect manner; what she fails in accomplishing fairly she endeavors to make up by fraud.

Whither Drifting?

"Wives submit yourselves to your own husbands; husbands love your wives and be not bitter against them."

Such is the advice the bachelor St. Paul gives to all married folk; which, were it only followed more closely than it is, would save much domestic trouble and sorrow, and prevent much public shame and disgrace.

That this is an age of independence we all admit; and too many husbands and wives are too apt to act independently of each other, without thinking at all of the possible ulterior results. Upon such it cannot be too strongly impressed that marriage, whatever else it may be, is a business-like copartnership, and that for one partner to act independently of, or in opposition to, the other is almost sure, in the long run, to end in ruin if not disgrace to both. Confidence begets confidence, it is true, but the converse is, unfortunately, true also, and distrust invariably breeds distrust. No commercial partnership can successfully exist unless the members of the firm work together in perfect unity of purpose, and the same holds good of the marriage partnership. There must be no distrust, no playing at cross purposes; or the firm will inevitably find itself, sooner or later, in the *Gazette*—i. e., the *Divorce* or *Law Courts*. There must be no striving for the mastery, no seeking to be first, no bickering or mutual recriminations, or bankruptcy will be the result. They must work together—not independently—for the common good, and their mutual happiness; they must be blind

to their "own sweet wills." that they may seem—as they ought to be—but one; and where differences of opinion may arise—as they will so long as human nature is human nature—meet one another half way, each conceding a little, so that the result may be mutually satisfactory and mutually beneficial. Without this complete confidence between man and wife there can be no real copartnership, no true happiness.

These are thoughts that husbands especially would do well to ponder over. Men, while bachelors, are too apt, we fear, too look upon women as inferior creatures, more accessories and luxuries, created for their special amusement, and subject to their sovereign will and pleasure, and although, in the various stages of courtship they may fall into the other extremes, and elevate them into angels and goddesses, they sometimes fall, after marriage, to disabuse their minds of such errors—forgetting that, whatever she may have been before, the woman now becomes "a help-meet unto him." The consequence is that—possibly without meaning, or thinking of it—he fails to let her share his thoughts and aspirations, his joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, as she ought. Unconsciously he creates in her mind a sense of injustice and neglect, a feeling of want of confidence and mistrust, and above all, a fear of the loss of that love which is her's by right, which, if not remedied, will inevitably lead to the most deplorable results. Love is woman's "whole existence;" her ruling passion, strong even in death; and if she fails to find it where she has a right to expect it, she will seek it elsewhere. No one knows of the "fightings within and fears without," the battlings with temptation, the combat between her sense of what is due to herself and her husband, and the cravings of her heart for that affection which is its very life, the fervent prayers and bitter tears through which a woman thus situated passes ere she conquer or fall. If she conquer, no one is the wiser; but if she fall—who gives her credit for the struggle?

Still another thought, upon which wives—and indeed their daughters too—would do well to ponder. In this age, and more especially on this continent, women are allowed a freedom of action and an independence of thought not dreamt of in past ages or in other lands; and with this result—that such liberty of thought and action is too apt to be abused. A woman may be very imprudent, very thoughtless, very foolish; she may do very many things which she ought not to do, and be guilty of great apparent impropriety of conduct in perfect innocence of heart and with no thought of sin. But she cannot do so with impunity. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness will be around and about her; watching her every move, noting her every word and look. If she give the neighbors opportunity to talk—no matter how innocently—they will talk, and she must bear the consequences. Her friendships may be of the purest and most platonic nature; but her every action will be misconstrued, every word misunderstood, every look misinterpreted. This is a lesson which has been learned over and over again by bitter, bitter experience, and which will, we fear, continue to be learned by bitter experience only. A "woman's kingdom" is by her husband's side, and in her husband's heart. A true woman will be content if there she reigns supreme; and a true woman always will reign supremely there.

One word more. It will be observed that we have left love pretty much out of the question; preferring to look at the matter from a purely commercial point of view.

This we have purposely done; for it seems to us to be more and more the tendency of the age to make marriage a purely commercial transaction, a matter merely of dollars and cents, of barter and exchange—and we might add, in too many instances, of buying and selling—leaving out of the question, and indeed rendering impossible, that idealism and romance, by which, in the olden times, it was surrounded. And to this mercenary method of entering upon the most solemn event of a man or woman's life, this leveling down to the lowest possible standard of the noblest and most God-like attribute of our nature, is due a great deal of the domestic and marital misery of which the world is witness. Slowly but surely, its influence is making itself felt. There are signs, as a well known London "society" paper recently remarked, that a miasmatic poison is insidiously creeping into our midst under the fairest guise of fine words and phrases, silently spreading itself abroad, whispering into delicate ears of greater liberty and freedom, of self-reliance, and a semi-heroic disregard of ancient trammels fettering the social intercourse of the sexes. Aided and abetted by the powerful and fascinating pens of fluent writers like "Ouida" and her followers, whose avowed object is to destroy the sanctity of the marriage vow, the poison slowly gathers strength, and even now is bringing forth its fruit. Well, indeed may we pause and ask whither are we drifting? For what the end may be who can tell?

Home Conversation.

Nothing in the home life needs to be more carefully watched and more diligently cultivated than the conversation. It should be imbued with the spirit of love. No bitter word should ever be spoken. The language of husband and wife, in their intercourse together, should always be tender. Anger in word or even in tone should never be suffered. Chiding and fault-finding should never be permitted to mar the sacredness of their speech. The warmth and tenderness of their hearts should flow out in every word that they speak to each other. As parents, too, in their intercourse with the children, they should never speak save in words of Christ-like gentleness. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that children's lives can grow up into beauty in an atmosphere of strife. Harsh angry words are to their sensitive souls what frosts are to the flowers. To bring them up in the nurture of the Lord is to bring them up as Christ himself would, and surely that would be with infinite tenderness. The blessed influence of loving speech day after day and month after month, it is impossible to estimate. It is like the falling of warm Spring sunshine and rain on the garden. Beauty and sweetness of character are likely to come from such a home.

But home conversation needs more than love to give it its full influence. It ought to be enriched by thought. The Saviour's warning against idle words should be remembered. Every wise-hearted parent will seek to train his household to converse on subjects that will yield instruction or tend toward refinement. The table affords an excellent opportunity for this kind of education. Three times each day the family gathers there. It is a place for cheerfulness. Simply on hygienic grounds meals should not be eaten in silence. Bright, cheerful conversation is an excellent sauce and a primo aid to digestion. If it prolongs the meal and thus appears to take too much time out of the busy day, it will add to the years in the end by increased healthfulness and lengthened life. In any case, however, something is due to refinement, and still more is due to the culture of one's home life. The table should be made the centre of the social life of the household. There all should appear at their best. Gloom should be banished, conversation should be bright and sparkling. It should consist of something besides dull, threadbare commonplaces. The idle gossip of the street is not a worthy theme for such hallowed moments.

Truth's Contributors.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

FROM TORONTO TO SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M. A., PASTOR METROPOLITAN CHURCH, TORONTO.

Having found myself suddenly hors de combat, my good physician insisted on my taking rest, and some of my noble officials of the Metropolitan church, thinking that a change of scene was also desirable, I yielded to their kind proposal, and took a two or three weeks' run away from work and worry, and so in a few hours I was whirling along the Great Western on the way to New York. Pausing at Hamilton for rest, my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lester, were easily persuaded to accompany me, and we left Canada with frost in the air, and snow upon the ground, and the thermometer down among the zeros. Having travelled the Erie, as well as the New York Central, we concluded to try the new iron road, the West Shore, which runs in close connection with the Grand Trunk, and carries passengers, in competition with the other lines, at the amazingly cheap rate of a cent a mile—that is about \$4 50 from Suspension Bridge to New York. At Albany we found the air balmy and spring-like; the fields were bare of snow, and the run down the west shore of the Hudson, with its gleaming waters and purple mountains on the other side, was charming in the extreme.

The great metropolis seemed more alive than ever; the streets thronged with business and ablaze with light and fashion, the thunder of Broadway, the roar of the Bowery, and the murmur of Fifth Avenue. Along its miles of river docks were crowded steamers and vessels of every size, from every shore. Its public buildings and bridges, parks and avenues, are too well known to need description, and so we plunge into the roaring, surging, living crowd of traffic choked men, crammed Broadway, and tetch up at the office of Love & Alden, the great agency for tours and excursions to the south.

The out-rate business in travel is quite satisfactory to us, and, taking advantage of the reduction of rates to the New Orleans Exposition, we find ourselves in the position for obtaining, at an extraordinarily moderate expense, a glimpse of the winning charms of the whole fair sisterhood of the Southern States.

A little later, and we are found on board the *Chattahoochee*, one of the finest iron steamships of the Ocean Steamship Co., of Savannah, bound for the land of the pine, the cedar, and the vine. The bell sounds; there is the rushing and hissing of steam; we feel the motion of the screw; the pulsing of the strong-unsled engine, and amid the wailing of farewells the vessel moves out toward the open sea.

As we steam down the harbor, no noller view can be presented than the panorama of cities with their towers and spires, massive buildings, the North and East rivers with their forests of shipping, and the mighty bridge rising in mid air like some mystic structure.

We pass the Islands, among them Baldoe, where the foundations of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty are being reared, and the Government forts, by which the entrance to the metropolis is guarded, and are now out upon the broad Atlantic, and as we get a glimpse again of old ocean, boundless, endless, and sublime, we cry out with Campbell, "Hail to thy face and odors, glorious sea;" even though we may expect to toss and pitch, and pay tribute to old Neptune, yet we love old ocean's saturnalian days and roaring nights of revelry and sport.

Never sink lights are out of sight, and every trace of shore, so let us look around us. Our ship is indeed a leviathan of the deep, an elegant and commodious floating palace. It is one of four new vessels of the line, built two years ago at a cost of \$350,000 each, of three thousand one hundred tons; its compound engine is 1600 horse-power, and the ships well proportioned, and complete in

all its appointments. Its elegant saloons are furnished with highly polished hardwoods; its state-rooms are large and well ventilated. The table spread is sumptuous, including delicacies from the markets of the South and North, and the eating done on board can champion the world.

The passengers belong largely to the "invalid brigade"—worn out physicians, parsons, commercial men, and feeble looking women, but at meal times you would not suspect any failure of health.

That dire malady, the bans of ocean travel, has never once broken out among us.

Great things are said of the *mal-de-mer* as a therapeutic measure, the general stirring up relieving the stomach of its accumulated bile, but I, for one, am glad to be relieved of this house-cleaning process.

I attributed it in no small degree to the thorough ventilation of the state rooms. It is foul air that has much to do with sea-sickness, for the tempest may scowl on the face of the deep, and the billows roll, yet with an abundant supply of fresh air we may bid defiance to the horrid qualms.

Our captain is a typical American, genial, experienced and thorough-going.

At eleven at night every light in the state-rooms must be extinguished, and every day at eleven he makes a thorough inspection of the ship. He gave me his history. He was an orphan boy; at eleven he went to sea, soon became an officer, then master. He has sailed round and round the world, and a more thoughtful, careful, intelligent, reliable seaman one does not need to find than Captain Catharine. He is proud of his nation, and with great gusto told us that when the Great Eastern was rudderless and helpless in the storm, an American sea captain on board constructed a rudder of ropes and brought her safe into harbor.

Among the passengers are an operatic company en route for New Orleans. They are busy with rehearsals, and we have snatches of the most classic music, mingled with the sounds of the banjo and airs other than classic. Just as we were departing from New York a lady passenger inspected carefully the saloons, and then said to her companion:

"No pianos on board, thank God." She had not counted on a whole company of musicians.

We watch the stately ship go by, and are amused by the gambols of the dolphins, as in their graceful antics they toss themselves in somersaults in the air, and plunge one over the other as if playing at leap-frog.

Early next morning we pass Cape May, where the fair Susquehanna pours its waters into the Atlantic through the Delaware Bay. At noon we are at the north of the Chesapeake Bay, which receives the waters of the stately Potomac; in the evening we see the tree-covered islands of North Carolina, and pass the stormy Cape Hatteras.

This was the terror of early mariners, and many a ship has gone down here, gulphed in an ocean grave. But our good captain told us that he had been passing up and down the coast for twenty years, and had never encountered a terrible rounding of the Cape. The chief difficulty is that the winds suddenly change, and the vessel that has had a favoring gale is suddenly met by opposing blasts that strike from another point of the compass. At noon we are off the coast of South Carolina, and pass the Port of Charleston. And now our good steamer slackens her speed, for she has to wait the evening tide to bear her into the Savannah River, and but for this delay we would have accomplished our sea voyage of over 700 miles in less than 50 hours.

Political Corruption.

BY COL. WYLIE, BROCKVILLE.

Is political corruption less prevalent now than it was half a century ago? When Castlereagh held power in England, and sought to stem the all but universal cry for reform by having poor agents traverse the country and incite the masses, or rather those accounted leaders of the people, to give utterance to their grievances, marking these for Government persecution, political corruption was at the base of these base actions. No wonder the anger of the populace was aroused, and less wonder that the name of Castlereagh was

abhorred. So much was this the case, that his self-destruction was a subject for lampoons. Doggerals were plentiful. The following is a specimen from the pen of a Scottish local poet, read and remembered by the writer:—

"Noo Castlereagh is a'en awa,
He's paid the debt o' nature's law,
He cou'dna wait till death wou'd ca',
But he took his life hissel, O!

"When he approach'd the gates o' heav'n,
The de'il got out in a yell,
Oh! here comes Castlereagh himsel,
G'e him j on cooey corner."

Whether politicians of the Castlereagh school, from his time to the present day, will receive a similar destruction is not yet recorded; imagination is left to do duty in the matter.

Why should professed politicians be more corrupt than other men? Yet the cry is heard from both political parties of corruption in political measures, in leading partisans, in political services, in the dispensation of offices, in the management of the press, and even a growing indifference to the fact among the people themselves. It has even come to this, that to hear a man denounce corruption is no proof that a man is a Tory or Reformer; corruption may be denounced, but actions are more powerful than words.

Good men of both parties see and abhor the fact. These are men, however, and sorry 'tis, 'tis true, who seek either to condone the evil or openly uphold it. Some men maintain political corruption to be inseparable even to the purest administration. But why is such an idea essential to the well government of the state? Is it capable of a true aspiration, presenting at once its inherent nature, and its inseparable moral turpitude? To pervert, in any sense, the measures, the appointments, the powers of government, whether legislative, judicial, or executive, from common to private ends, from catholic or universal, to individual or partisan aims, whether on a large or small scale, whether secretly or openly, whether with a redeeming hypocrisy, or with an unblushing avowal of avarice—all these come directly under the name of political corruption, and so the great instinct of mankind has rightly named it. It is a disease in the body politic, destructive of its healthy organization, unfitting it for the performance of its true organic functions, and an unnatural violation of the purpose for which government is created. It is worse than private dishonesty, inasmuch as it is a breach of the highest earthly trusts. It is worse than private gambling, for it puts at stake, not the gambler's own property, but what has been committed to him as a secure deposit in the names of millions now living, and many more millions yet unborn. It adds the meanness of theft to the lawlessness of robbery. It is lying, it is perjury; it is the foulest, the rankest, the most Heaven-daring perjury. It is a violation of the solemn oath taken to guard against the private feeling, or the private partisan interest in the management of a commission sacredly intended for the public good.

Justice and common sense will characterize the evil as a decided breach of trust. This has ever been supposed a higher crime than ordinary theft, or ordinary dishonesty, where no great confidence is reposed, and cannot, therefore, be said to be violated. Private gambling is universally condemned as vile and abominable, but the private gambler, as has been said, gambles with his own property. The political gambler, on the other hand, employs for his purpose the peoples' offices. The stakes are not his own, but deposits of the highest value committed to his care and keeping; offices created especially for their most careful conservatism, he regards in no higher light than the rewards of private partisan services, and the punishment of partisan opponents. Trusts so sacred might well beget, in any honest mind, a feeling of religious awe, even without the religious solemnities of an oath, and yet his morality and religion may be summed up in the maxim: "To the victors belong the spoils."

The enormity of the evil may yet work out its own cure. The honorable men of both parties have a personal interest in the reform of such an abuse, because the irresistible tendency of the practice is to exclude all of this character from public trusts. It may not be said that the doctrine openly avowed must bring into power the worst party, but if it does not bring into power the worst party, it has a most

decided tendency to do so, unless a salutary defeat comes now and then for its purification. This, however, may be attained, if it does not give access to the worst party, it must certainly tend to the advantage of the worst faction of any predominant party; and not only that, but must also bring up to the political surface, the worst men of that worst faction, thus ever producing a worse political pestilence, a more wide-spread and malignant moral malaria.

Music and the Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—What may be justly described as an innovation, was the production of "Notice to Quit" at the Grand last week. The opportunity of witnessing a performance where each character is portrayed by an artist of exceptional and undoubted ability is rarely, if ever offered. But Mr. McKee Rankin's company is composed of those who have long been known to the public as star performers. It was to be expected, therefore, that the audiences which assembled to see "Notice to Quit" would be more than ordinarily critical. So they were. At every performance the audience was composed of those who knew what good acting was, and who expected from this company something out of the ordinary. And they were not disappointed. Unfortunately for theatre-goers, such companies as Mr. Rankin's are too rare. The cast of the play could scarcely be improved, except, perhaps, in the case of Mr. Rankin himself, who, in the role of the villain John Rivers, is compelled to bury the peculiar faculties which made his reputation in Sandy in the "Danites," *Je l'Emmeroud* is undoubtedly the strongest part in the piece. Mr. Frank Mordaunt assumed this character, and he never played a role which suited him better, and he never, we think, more emphatically displayed his great talent as an actor. In some scenes, notably the meeting between the father and long-lost son, he displays a dramatic power which few actors possess. We have only space to mention the extraordinary performance of Mr. J. J. Wallace as *Jacob Neutral*. It was, without doubt, one of the most brilliant pieces of versatile and eccentric acting ever seen here.

On Saturday afternoon and evening the Hamilton Opera Co. presented at the Grand "The Pirates of Penzance." This was a social as well as theatrical event. Being under the patronage of the Lieut-Governor and Lady Robinson, it attracted a large and brilliant assemblage.

Monday and Tuesday evenings of this week Henley's company presented the comedy of "Dan's Tribulations."

MONTEFORD'S MUSEUM.—Skiff & Gaylor's novelty company was the attraction last week. Lots of fun, good houses, and everybody satisfied. This week the old and popular "Muldoon's Pic-nic" is on.

The "Bunch of Keys" is to be produced in Australia.

Mr Edwin Booth's business at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, N. Y., has been very large, the gross receipts of last week being over \$11,000.

Mrs. Langtry has sent instructions to her agent to buy for her out and out the house she formerly lived in at 13th street, New York, if it can be had at a reasonable price. She states that she has determined finally to become an American. There is an agent of hers already on the lookout for a piece of Newport property, where she will take up her summer residence and probably her official one, because she has not abandoned the idea of her divorce suit, and has been assured that divorces are easier in Rhode Island than in New York.

The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people; and we never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarrelled with it, but it was he, and not it, that was in the wrong.

Good manners declare that their possessor is a person of superior quality, no matter what his garb, or however slender his purse. They prove his respect for himself, and also prove his respect for those whom he addresses.

Tid-Bits.

\$20.00 IN GOLD

Given Each Week for the

BEST TID-BIT.

We are giving weekly a prize of TWENTY DOLLARS IN GOLD for the best selected or Original Tid-Bit, which, in the judgment of the committee, is thought suitable for this page. No conditions are attached to the competition except that each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least three months, and must therefore send along with their Tid-Bit, half a dollar for the quarter's subscription. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended an additional quarter for the half dollar sent. Competitors must send ONE TID-BIT only (the one among their collection they think is the best). The article, or Tid-Bit, need not necessarily be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any pamphlet, book, newspaper, magazine or any other publication, and should be attached to a sheet of paper on which is written the name and post-office address of the sender. If two or more persons happen to send in the same article, the first one received will have the preference, if it is considered by the committee as worthy of the prize offered. We want to make this one of the most interesting pages in TRUTH. Look up your old or new scraps, or send us something original, and whenever it is published the prize will be promptly forwarded. The article, or Tid-Bit, may be only one line (if it contains the necessary points) and must not exceed a half a column in length. Address—Prize Tid Bit Committee, "TRUTH" Office, Toronto Canada.

A RICH PRIZE GIVEN.

This page will contain each week the best of all the Tid Bits sent, and each subscriber is invited during the following week to send to the Publisher his or her ballot, naming the Number of the Tid-Bit best entitled to the prize; all such to be mailed not less than six days from the date of its publication. The Tid-Bit receiving the largest number of votes to be awarded the prize.

A printed form of coupon will be found in the last column of page 27. Cut this out, fill up the blank, and enclose it in an unsealed envelope, or pasted on a post-card, to the Publisher. In either case the cost is but one cent.

Every subscriber is invited to compete, and every subscriber is asked to vote. Let their be a friendly contest in connection with this page.

[1] —Original.

A Nation's Prayer.

O Thou! the Great Creator—Thou Who made this boundless sphere, O, bend'd knees, we to Thee bow, Incline, O Lord, Thy ear.

We thank Thee Lord, for favors past, That Thou didst condescend To grant to us prosperity; May we our lives amend!

Upon this favored land, O Lord, Do Thou increase our store, May peace and plenty be our lot Both now and evermore.

GEO. D. LUCAS.

20 Louisa St., Toronto.

[2] —Original.

A Rejoinder.

DEAR TRUTH,—In your number of Dec. 29th, under the heading "Tid-Bits," there are some verses subscribed a "Wisely Anonymous Man." If you could find space for the following as a reply to him, I would be greatly obliged:—

I know a man so wondrous wise; So deeply learned in his art, He knows the hidden mysteries Of a woman's tongue at tea.

He knows her very heart and soul Is in her sisters' hate; He knows the charm of sewing school Is gossiping and spate.

He trembles for the trading man, If down she tries to beat him; He hears the silly little lamb Will let the woman cheat him.

Let his model woman might amaze, And fill his dreams with wonder, He makes her out both deaf and dumb— What a cunning little blunder.

I know a man, a little man, So dwarfish in his mind, That he tries to find a smaller thing, And hits on womankind.

Poor little thing we pity him; To scorn him is unkind, For he is only half a man, Quite deaf, dumb and blind.

A BURNING WOMAN.

St. Catharines, N. B.

[3] —Original.

An Acrostic.

Thy name is wondrous, thy fair fame Round the earth afar shall spread, Until each home within the land Thy golden treasures have explored— Hence gladly greet thee every week.

Truth is mighty, and shall prevail, It eavesling storms of choicest lore Unknown to millions, yet required To make our leisure hours in life Happy and full of cheerful content.

Mrs. O. GRINDELL.

Jarvis, Ontario.

[4] —Original.

About Truth.

My grand-pa, Levi Beach, now seventy-five years of age, composed the following for my TRUTH tid-bit competition:—

"Oh send out thy light and thy truth."—Ps. 135.

Truth is of God, and cannot fail, It stands secure and must prevail— Though Heaven and earth may pass away, The word of truth shall with us stay.

Truth, like its author, is divine; May each one say that it is mine. Shall we not on the truth rely? Our Savior says 'twill sanctify.

NATHAN COLB.

Paola, Kansas.

[5] —Original.

Our Countrymen

[Slain in the Egyptian desert, Saturday Jan. 17th, 1885, at their posts; nine commissioned officers and sixty-five non-commissioned officers and men.]

Hush, O! the roll, The true reveal- g roll! A name—a his- k—my- ou doh quiver— Another, yet another; O hear of Eng. and shiver. On the cruel bank, g sand of the far Egyptian land Rank on rank they totter'd, a white-rose hearts, a grim, determined lead; Lo! the cannons flash a d roar, the smoke, the groans, the groans, The surging charge, the gall- g eye; life's gain and O the a-dances of the glad, sea of the sobbing, proud strain; My Royal Flag is dip-ped in the children's blood again; From their graves, so them hand down Kravey's down, the so-queers crown Victorious, a-er- ma. Let them sleep, wherefore weep! Hush! MRS. J. STREET.

[6] —Original.

An Attempt to Prove Man a Verb.

"A verb signifies being, action, passion, suffering." Man is a being; on that there needs no light; He can eat, run, jump, walk, drink and fight, Man feels passion; can both hate and love The things of earth, as well as things above. Man suffers, too, from hunger, cold and gout— Oft by his folly these are brought about.

"A verb is either active, passive, or neuter." Man's active when attending his affairs, And helping others through this world of cares. Man is also passive when he lies in bed, Neglects his business, cares not how he's fed. You will admit man's neuter when a sot— The most contemptible part of speech amid the lot.

"A verb is regular, irregular, or defective." Man is a regular humberg, one may plainly see, because he's seldom home at the hour for tea. Man is irregular when out late at night, Coming home at all hours, a miserable, boozey sight. Man is defective when deaf, dumb, lame or blind— Or if, escaping these, through love has lost his mind.

"A verb also has its moods, indicative, etc." Man is in the indicative mood when he boldly claims his rights, Or wipers softly to his dear, "I love you day and night." Potential when he tells her "she may safely trust to him, That he will be her guiding star throughout this world of sin."

While subjectively he adds "If you will but be mine, The happiest verb e'er conjugated, my dear, will then be thine."

When in the imperative mood he must not be trifled with, Or the poor passive verb will find his love a myth. When in the infinitive to this his mind is apt to fly— To live, to love, to be beloved, and then, alas! to die

"Verbs have their tenses, present, past and future." When our verb—man—is blent with common sense, He's sure to make the best use of what we call present tense. He also will be guided by his knowledge of the past, And try to make the coming year more prosperous than the last.

Will look hopefully to the future making up for any loss, Knowing that it's better for a man to bear his cross.

"Verbs have their terminations in d, or ed." Men have their terminations; some a modest Eq., And some a K.C.B.; while some win theirs in school, 'tis true, Such as B.A., M.A., LL.D., and many are, alas— Though they never wish to sign it—nothing less than A.B.

Mrs. W. C. GRAMAK.

Portage La Prairie, Man.

[7] —Selected.

About Love.

What is love, that all the world Talks so much about it? What is love, that neither you Nor I can do without it?

Love's a tyrant and a slave, A torment and a treasure; Having it, we know no peace, Lacking it, no pleasure.

"Would we shun it, if we could? Sooth, I almost doubt it; Faith, I'd rather bear its pain Than live my life without it."

M. GILLIES,

Hamilton, Ont.

[8] —Selected.

The Death of the Just.

How calm is the summer sea's wave How soft is swelling its breast. The bank it just reaches to lave, Then sinks on its bosom to rest.

No dashing, no foaming nor roar, But mild as a zephyr its play; It drops, scarcely heard, on the shore, And passes in silence away.

So calm is the action of death On the halo of mind of the just, As gently he rifles their breast, As gently dissolves them to dust.

JANE ROCH.

Not a groan, nor a pain nor a tear, Nor a grief, nor a wish, nor a sigh; Nor a cloud, nor a doubt, nor a fear, But calm as a slumber they die.

JANE ROCH.

[9] —Selected.

Shakespearean Acrostic.

Home-keeping youths have never homely wits. A woman's thought runs before her actions. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage. Love delights in praises. Every one can master a grief but he that has it. Thought is free. Puffers not took reap thanks for their reward. Rich honesty, sir, dwells like a miser in a poor house. In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke. No man means evil but the devil. Comparisons are odious. Every why hath a wherefore. Omittance is no quitance. Fat paunches have lean pates. Duty never yet did want his meed. Every man with his effects is born. No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en. Make a virtue of necessity. A madman's epistles are no gospel. Reason and love keep little company together nowadays.

Keep a gamester from his dice, and a good student from his books, and it is wonderful. MISS HANSMAN.

187 Jarvis-st., Toronto.

[10] —Selected.

The Bible's Contents.

"Matthew," "Mark," "Luke" and "John" The holy Gospels wrote, Describing how the Saviour died, His life and all he taught. "Acts" proves how God the apostles owned, With signs in every place; St. Paul in "Romans" teaches us How men are saved by grace. The apostle in "Corinthians," Instructs, exhorts, reproves; "Galatians" shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves; "Ephesians" and "Philippians" tell what Christians ought to be; "Colossians" bids us live to God, and for eternity. In "Thessalonians" we are taught the Lord will come from Heaven; In "Timothy" and "Titus" too, A bishop's rule is given; "Philemon" marks a Christian's love Which only Christians know; "Hebrews" reveals the gospel, Prefigured by the law. "James" teaches, without holiness Faith is but vain and dead; "St. Peter" points the narrow way In which the saints are led. "John," in his three epistles On love delights to dwell; "St. Jude" is awful warning gives Of Judgment, wrath, and hell. The "Revelation" prophesies Of that tremendous day, When Christ, and Christ alone, shall be The trembling sinner's stay. MRS. TURTIS.

Guelph, Ont.

[11] —Selected.

Not at Home.

Love stood upon the doorstep, And twirled about the pin, And whispered through the keyhole "Is anyone within?"

But she was busy sweeping And dusting high and low, And to his book was deep in, So they let him knock and go.

Better the book unwritten, Better unswept the floor, Than such sweet and seldom visitor Turned from the thankless door.

CATHERINE E. TAYLOR.

St. Helens, Ont.

[12] —Selected.

Under the Snow.

Thus under the snow—four feet low— That form still silent lie, But a spring shall shine, and a Voice divine Shall one day bid it rise. So I will not weep, for the angels keep That grave in their loving eyes.

When earth and its snow, beneath the glow Of that spring, shall melt away, That form shall rise beyond the skies, And bask in Heaven's ray; Shall re-unite with the spirit bright Which left its lifeless clay.

W. H. BOONER.

London, Ont.

[13] —Selected.

Neglected Opportunity.

For the sake of recreation, Once I asked an explanation From a young man (no relation) What was meant by "osculation," While I white-l my location To invite the sweet sensation.

Well,—imagine my vexation When he gave me the translation, And its latin derivation, And a lot of information, Like a pedagogue's oration Just as if we were at school! Wasn't he an awful fool?

R. J. GREEN.

Newmarket, Ont.

[14] —Selected.

Alphabetical Curiosity.

A jovial swain may rack his brain, And tax his fancy's might To quill in vain, for 'tis most plain That what I say is right.

[In the above lines you will find all the letters of the alphabet, with the exception of the letter E. I think it rather difficult to compose even a verse without the letter E being used.]

Mrs. A. L. NORTH.

Allandale, Ont.

[15] —Selected.

Must Keep His Word.

The following is *apropos* of a recent court case, Boulton vs. Burke, about which the political papers have a good deal to say:—"So you say you cannot help me get the post office?"

"I am sorry, but I cannot."

"Didn't you tell me that if I voted for you for Congress you would be under ever lasting obligations to me?"

"Yes."

"Well—"

"But you see if I should get you the post office I would be paying off the obligation."

"Certainly."

"And I promised that the obligation should be everlasting. I must keep my promise, sir."

A. D. KRAN.

Orillia, Ont.

[16] —Selected.

Four Thousand Ways.

Taken from an old book belonging to our library. It is a wonderful piece, and can be read upwards of 4,000 different ways. By beginning with the centre letter, T, and taking the most zigzag course to any of the four corners; it will be found that it invariably makes the following words, viz.:

Taylor is our president.

Mrs. (Rev.) W. HAYES CLARK.

Bolton, Ont.

THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"How strange it is to wake
And watch while others sleep,
Till light and hearing ache
For objects that may keep
The awful inner sense
Unroused, lest it should mark
The life that haunts the emptiness
And horror of the dark."—PARSONS.

That terrible night the long hours passed almost silently for the two sisters. They sat close together, as for protection, over the low fire which Rachel fed at times to keep up vital warmth in Magdalen.

At first they had spoken together in whispers, but only saying what both knew—that Gaspard was a convict; that he was in hourly danger of being recaptured, and being sentenced to worse penal servitude; that it was terrible!

"Will you not tell him who you are before he goes?" asked Rachel, with an effort.

"I do not know yet. Don't torment me, Rachel—let me think. He might only know of joy to ruin her marriage or ask blackmail of her all her young life. Besides as he called me mad and gray, he might admire you still!"

This last was said with such intense bitterness that Rachel bent her head on her two hands, and felt as if unable to bear it. Was nothing sufficient to atone then, in Magdalen's eyes, for the wrong so innocently done? Not the sacrifice of Rachel's life the love and self-denial of every hour during days and weeks that had grown to long, long years?

Then she felt, after a few moments' this worst anguish of soul, a soft pressure of Magdalen's body leaned close against herself, an arm passed caressingly round her neck, and her sister's head laid upon her shoulder.

"Oh, Rachel, forgive me; you know I don't mean it," said the poor creature. "I am only mad when I say these things, so you needn't mind me. If ever I get to heaven, as I hope now, it will be your work, for without you I should have gone quite deranged these dreadful years, and so been ruined body and soul; because then I could never have repented of all my own old sins. But I have been better lately, have I not?"

Rachel said, tenderly.
"Yes, dear. I don't mind."

Her heart melted with affection as she looked down at the worn, delicate face beside her; at the hair still curling so prettily as it escaped from Magdalen's hood, and in which, whatever Gaspard had said, fair streaks still mingled with the gray.

Rachel said truly that she did not mind; for such a carcase is enough to gain forgiveness from any woman who loves truly.

And after this both sisters had remained long long silent. Inside the other room the heavy breathing told them that Gaspard's ill sleep, at last Magdalen sat upright, and said in a whisper, as if she could bear some suppressed wish no longer,

"I must see him again. I want to be quite sure what he looks like now. Do not come, Rachel; I want to go by myself."

Lighting a tallow candle, which she shaded carefully with one hand, Magdalen stole on tip-toe into the sleeping-chamber. She stayed a long time, or what seemed so to Rachel, left alone with all her nerves strung to highest tension.

Magdalen was his wife. She had a right to go, but still—He was sleeping, for the heavy breathing could be heard through the open door; yet who knew that he might not awaken any moment?

But still—but still—this was not the vague fear pressing on Rachel, growing each moment to such heavier weight, she too could bear the suspense no longer; and, springing up in her turn, she followed her sister into the next room.

Only just in time—
Magdalen was standing bending over the bed, her eyes fixed on the sleeper's upturned face and exposed, brawny neck with a strange, self-horrified, yet magnetized expression. She held the light partly concealed behind herself with one hand; but the other, which had evidently withdrawn the knife from Gaspard's waistbelt, was slowly stealing towards him, while grasping the weapon with twitching fingers. Rachel saw it all in a glance, and said softly, in her ear,

"Remember Joy! He is her father!"
Magdalen started so violently that she trembled all over, and she gazed helplessly

in Rachel's face as if imploring mutely that she might not be accused of meaning ill.

"Come away, dear; come back with me," murmured Rachel, low, taking the knife and light from those nerveless fingers, and leading her sister back into the cottage-kitchen.

Once there, Magdalen sank down in a violent fit of smothered weeping, which Rachel did not attempt to check, believing it would best relieve her brain. She was right; for at last, when exhausted, Magdalen looked up, and was able to speak coherently, though interrupted still by occasional low sobs. She was weak, but again in her right mind.

"I don't know how I could think of such a thing! Oh, surely I could never have really done it," she repeated, shuddering. "It was not as if I was myself, Rachel, but something seemed saying quite loud in my ear that Gaspard wanted to cut our throats, and that it would be kinder to stab him to the heart, rather than that our two lives, and perhaps Joy's also should be taken—and then all seemed to grow red before my eyes, like blood!"

"I believe the devil does so tempt many persons, and that some evil spirit did really whisper to you," returned Rachel, deeply moved with horror of sympathy, yet all the more strong and solemn in religious faith.

"Oh, Magdalen, if the powers of darkness are so near us let us pray. We are told you know, that by prayer alone we shall be granted help in an hour of need. Let us pray, dear, together."

"Yes, yes; pray that good angels may be sent to us instead," faltered Magdalen, looking round as though she could see the ghostly visitants she so dreaded beside her in the cottage. She knelt close to Rachel, shivering, who placed a protecting arm around her shoulders, and raising her own noble head with the grandly solemn yet simple look of a human being addressing the heavenly Father, whose omnipresence and actual presence there in the cottage, though unseen, she believed in, yet, as fully as ever her patriarch forefathers, who had spoken with God face to face in the desert—she prayed aloud in undertones of great emotion.

When, after long intercession and entreaty for Magdalen, for Gaspard, herself also as a fellow-sinner with them both, during which her whole soul and heart seemed bared before her Maker, Rachel ceased—calm and exalted as one whose petitions are granted. Magdalen, who had listened awe-struck, though weeping often in penitence, turned and kissed her.

Now her kiss was so rare that Rachel felt a great surprise; for Magdalen, while always accepting her sister's unspoken devotion as a matter of course, invariably expressed an almost whimsical distaste to any personal show of affection between those who, living together, knew she said, or ought to do so, of their mutual regard. She had often in this way rebuked Joy, whose exuberant nature, however, could not be so easily checked. And Rachel in her own heart had as often longed for some refreshment in her desert of that water which she submissively believed the closed well contained.

For in things of the heart, mere spiritual faith without proof is apt to grow disheartened, and the plant that never blossoms seems no better than a dead stick.

"Rachel," Magdalen said, "I never have known, till this very moment, how much you have done for me all these years—nor what you really are! You have been my good angel. I have forgiven Gaspard now, all, with my whole heart, and I feel pardoned myself. I seem to feel so white and clean too by that forgiveness that, if I were to die at this instant, it might be a happiness to me."

"Dear," suggested Rachel, "let us show forgiveness besides feeling it. His pockets must be empty, leaving prison, and by sunrise he is sure to waken and leave us. We have money, let us put all we can spare for him, and he will find it when he has left us."

"Yes, yes; but shall we tell him who we are? Advise me Rachel; I feel as helpless as a child, and cannot think what is right, though I wish to do it. There is Joy—"

"Shall we leave it as we prayed, to God's guidance?" said Rachel, staggered herself; for alas, she now expected no late repentance, no good to Gaspard from such a revelation.

He would only insist, perhaps, on staying hidden in the cottage, and who could foresee the effect upon Magdalen. She repeated again, firmly, after short reflection.

"We shall be shown what is best to do; do not fear that. Now help me to get out our bag."

The sisters kept a little hoard of gold hidden under the hearth-stone. Hannah only, besides themselves, knew of this treasure, for it was the last of Rachel's small fortune, to be kept, in case of her own death, for Magdalen's use. The difficulties of putting this money in a bank, owing to their circumstances of life had seemed enough to induce them to hoard it themselves like the peasants among whom they lived. Rachel, being stronger, lifted the stone by a contrivance she had made of first removing a brick from those that edged it, and so inserting her hand. The tiled-herth-stone showed a snug little cavity below, from which Magdalen eagerly lifted out an old-fashioned satin bag, embroidered in purple silks. Drawing up a stool beside Rachel, who was still on her knees by the fireplace, both sisters put their hooded heads together in whispered consultation, while Magdalen, opening the reticule in her lap, ran her slender fingers through a little glittering heap of sovereigns it contained. They could hear the young house-martin chirping outside under the eaves in the stillness as they two bent close side by side, for the dawn was coming.

"How much can we spare him? Let us give him all—all we can! for Joy will be rich enough when she marries," Magdalen eagerly murmured. "It is only yours, you know, Rachel, for mine was all spent by him—but you agree? Yes thanks, thanks. Ah! my God!"

The words came with such terror from her lips, while her eyes dilated looking back, that Rachel quickly saw—oh, horror, Gaspard da Silva just roused from sleep and stealing close upon them, his eyes still drunk with slumber, yet fixed with a savage, terrible joy on the gold, his brawny brow hand with its strong muscles clinched. There was a cry of entreaty! He heard not; understood nothing! Quick, blinding blows! a horrible, hopeless struggle—the women put up their arms helplessly to defend themselves. Magdalen, sinking, made by some inexplicable instinct—she could not have told why—a last convulsive effort to hold the bag, that was being wrenched from her clinched fingers—

With a brutal execration the convict caught up the knife that still lay on the table by the lantern, where Rachel had placed them both, and aimed a blow that must have stabbed the poor woman at his knees, but that Rachel caught his arm. Healt stunned herself, she yet averted the full force of the stroke but it grazed her own neck and shoulder, inflicting a long flesh-wound.

"Gaspard!" she cried. The hood fell back on her neck, revealing her still beautiful face deadly white, in its setting of rich black hair. The murderer paused with his arm raised, and the muscles of his face yet working in the frenzy of blood-thirstiness, and glared with fear as at a spirit-being. "Do you not know us? I am Rachel, and that is Magdalen, your wife!"

She pointed to where, on the floor, her sister had fallen almost insensible, her face also now visible, but like that of the dead, her long hair curling about her. Gaspard gazed at her, wild-eyed—back at Rachel.

"Witches! ghosts!" he cried, with a horrible curse. Then, still clutching the gold, he burst away from the sight of that pale face and those imploring arms—out of the little brown cottage under the cliff, and away into the chill and mists and coldly coming dawn on the hills.

CHAPTER XL.

"This as nighte, this as n.
Eerie nighte and alle,
Fro and salt, and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

"If hoen and shoon thy garst none,
Eerie nighte and alle,
The whilnes shall prick thee to the bare bone,
And Christe receive thy saule."
Lyke-Wake Dirge.

All the next day a lonely man was wandering, wandering over the hills, lost in a fog that covered the moorland far as ever his weary feet could stray. Sometimes, sitting down under the poor shelter of a bush—dulled—cursing fate and the life he still clung to, he would try to think. Which way had he come? Where was he?

With the dawn he had found himself at the topmost height of the Raven's-tor.

The cold, white light in the east, stealing upward through the thin mists that veiled the world and sky, told of the coming sun. Down in a deep, broad valley below him were huge, opaque clouds—one shaped like a whale, he thought, others like monstrous, woolly white animals. Up rose Phœbe Apollo, glorious in morning splendor, his beams warming the earth far and wide, and shooting at last into the valley below. At that gleam, as if obeying a master spirit's summons, the huge white clouds rose slowly at once into the warmed higher air. Up and up, like enormous sheep crowding to their shepherd's call, they hastened, faster and yet faster.

Once more the beautiful, ancient myth was daily fulfilled. Indra leads forth his cows to pasture in the plains of heaven; moisture-laden at night, they will noiselessly sink down to rest, brooding near earth once more.

Ah! the sun was rising higher, with faint but revivifying warmth, on chilled human marrow and bones. "Poor Tom's a-cold!"

The man, crouched among the piled stones of the huge natural cairn aloft starts, hearing the black ravens solemnly flapping over his head, and looks up at them with haggard eyes. Why do they come there? For him—to pick his bones, if his pursuers, hunting the country far and wide, force him to stay hidden here in damp brushwood and bracken, hungry and wet for days, maybe, till his flesh rots, leaving only a skeleton lying in their cursed lair? Had he eaten food last night—had shelter? or was it all a wild, horrible dream, a nightmare? Perhaps yonder two black birds overhead were only those two witches watching him under another form! His heavy brain was bewildered, yet he told himself fiercely again and again that the cottage and those two he had seen there was all a dream—an illusion of the senses! Liberty had driven him mad.

Yet his pockets were heavy with gold. And he! what was this? the full sunlight showed him specks of blood on his shirt; blood—here, Rachel's!

Ah, God!—if there be a God!—fate, cruel fate! it was *truth*, then?

Her own face that, after all these jail years and memories of crime, had looked so sweetly up in his; her voice, her praying arms raised, and—her blood, hers, on his shirt!

The convict—for Gaspard da Silva no longer seemed himself after all these years in which he had not heard his real name in prison, or among his evil associates—bowed his head on his knees.

So had Rachel Estonia sat in that very spot on the desolate moor, how often in the by-gone years, but with what different thoughts in her heart.

At last, after a time, the man felt a perceptible sensation of chill, though the air should have been rising and growing warmer. He raised his head. What was this? The sun no longer shone, except like a dull lamp, hardly visible through obscuring white mist. He started up and stared wildly round, but already nothing could be seen of the surrounding country.

A fog on the moors—he knew what that meant. Perhaps a fog from his enemies, perhaps, perhaps, that he could not find his own way.

No thought of giving back the money that weighed down his pockets was even now in his mind. His only idea on leaving the cottage and taking himself once more to the shelter of the hills was the instinctive fear that a hue-and-cry might be raised after him for this robbery. If he could but skirt along the upper moorlands till night fell, then descend and make his way to the nearest great town, where he might be harbored among those who would shelter him as he till danger was past—

All that day miles away in the low cultivated country, the country-folk could see the fog rolling in swaths of mist on the moors, passing in great clouds over the hills, only parting at moments to close together in thicker curtains than ever.

It was a gray, mild summer's day with them; thin mists, the edges of the great fog swept down to them at times, but still the work of mowing the hay-meadows went on. "A terrible day on the moor!" they would say at times, pausing to sharpen scythes and looking up afar. They little thought a man was wandering on those hills, lost, lost, soaked to the bone, heavy with cold, but hungry.

In the late afternoon the sun made

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brief effort, and piercing the upper stratum of vapor touched the highest hill-tops. Up one of these the wanderer was now climbing out of valleys and combs, in which the mist was so thick and blinding their nature and death could be guessed by no man, while he had slipped and been bruised often on the cliff sides. Ha! aloft here it was pleasant at last. A man could feel warm and at ease almost but for the cruel hunger-pain gnawing at his vitals.

Gaspard stood in the pale sunlight and looked up at the mild blue sky flecked with cloudlets. Around him was a clearly-defined area of a few square yards, but on the shoulders of the hill the fog was like great wool-becoes. He stared hard, with all his might, striving to discern some outline of the new country which must be below his eye, but in vain.

Close behind rose a tor, as on almost all these hills; but something in the shape of these rocks, like granite chesses piled on each other, struck him as vaguely familiar. As he gazed, a slow flapping of wings sounded overhead, and two solemn black birds rose and sailed slowly away.

It was the Raven's-tor! He had come back to the very spot he had left that early morning! Then he blasphemed.

There was a chasm on one side of the hill, a sheer fall for the few yards he could see. He had half a mind to fling himself down there on the soft gray vapor that hid all horrors of the descent and have done with it all; but the gold that jingled in his pockets as he moved restrained him. He sat down under a broom-bush, every twig of which was coated with moisture, and pouring a glittering stream of coins through his fingers, gazed over them. He would still defy the world, buy life, liberty, pleasures—

Ah! Raising his eyes, he saw white, curving shapes rising like spectres from the abysses full of mist below him. Were those women?—two women pointing at him with wan, long spirit fingers. He trembled, and cold drops broke out on his brow. Then he laughed at his own superstitions, seeing now it was only some faint, misty, mist here, that had stirred the vapor below. But the fog was rising surely—rising to rob him of his sunlight and warmth, and choke him once more with its cold, death-giving breath. There were ivy-trails falling down a wall of rock that jutted out to one side of the chasm; he would watch them as a tide-mark. He waited; inch by inch rose the wavering mist, in slow smoke-wreaths, rising slowly, touching the ivy; falling—then rising, rising, rising creeping upward inch by inch, with merely a few mocking, deceitful ebbs again.

Night had come. There was no moon, and the faint twilight of early summer only showed a ghastly contrast of rifts of deep blackness in the moor valleys, alternating with steaming, rolling swaths of white mist. At last the man heard the welcome sound of running water as he descended a path that led to a river's-b'nd. Surely he knew the spot: this was the ford of the Chad, and across there stood the cottage he had reached last night—but this night there was no lantern lit there!

It was too dark to guide himself by the trees: yet he adventured himself hardly enough into the water, thinking that a second time he would go to the cottage at any risks, and see. The water became deeper and deeper at each step. Still, surely he knew the look of the rocks to right and left. Suddenly he was carried off his feet; his strength left him, and there came a strong rush of water singing in his ears. Striking out against the force of the current, dashed in the dark against wet and slippery rocks that hemmed in every side, Gaspard da Silva found himself overcome in the depth and icy cold of the Deadman's Pool!

CHAPTER XLII.

"Shine! shine! shine! Four down your warmth, great sun! While we back, we two together, Two together! Winds blow south, or winds blow north; Day come white, or night come black."

Singing all time, minding no time, While we two keep together."

The sun shone gloriously next day on the Red House meadows where the hay-making was in full swing. The air was full of summer accents; there were jokes and mirth and cider passing down the ranks of the mowers, and among the women tossing the newly-cut grass.

It was such a day when the pure joy of

living sends a thrill through the frames of those who can appreciate its subtle essence of delight; when the pain and sorrow and death in the world seem small things compared with the present full sense of being, and the more veiled belief in our background of mind that thus we shall continue to exist in spirit through eternity. Blyth and Joy stood together, watching the hay-makers. In their now gladness it seemed as if, while they kept thus side by side, that they saw together and thought together.

"I feel so happy to-day, Blyth. It seems as if, almost, I had nothing left to wish for on earth," said the girl.

She raised her hands to screen her eyes from the sun, looking round with a heart full of love on the hills, some veiled in haze, some basking in the moonlight heat; on the cool, winding Chad among its bushes and poplars and at the red farm-walls beyond the meadow, where the garden glowed with flowers.

"I have the promise of all I wish for; but still I should like to know what day you will make it all really mine," said Blyth.

Joy blushed.

"It is so soon—Oh there, I think the father wants to speak to me." And on this pretence she went lightly over the grass, thus hiding her slight confusion, to where old Berrington sat under the hedge, with his hands clasped atop of his stout stick. He, too, was supposed to be watching the men at work, but his eyes rested more often, with twinkles of sly satisfaction, on the young couple.

When Joy left him, Blyth's eyes and ears became free again to oversee the mowers; and so he heard old Dick remark, with a certain emphasis (Dick had already repeated the matter once or twice, but his young master had not heard him).

"And so hur had no lantern alight at Cold-home last night, do 'ee say? God gi' no poor creature has lost un's life, then, at the ford—Well, well, now! And it lit there, for what's?"

"What is that, Dick?" Blyth sharply asked, understanding that he was meant to take notice of the remark.

The men told him that there had been no light set in the cottage window by the wisht-sisters during the past night; some of the villagers coming back from a wedding had noticed it, and being afraid of the ford, because it was so dark that night, had gone round by the lower fields.

Blyth became thoughtful as he heard this.

"What is the matter? What are they saying?" asked Joy, tripping back.

Blyth made a pretence so as to lead her away a few steps out of earshot of the men; then he said, with assumed carelessness,

"The river was very full last night, and there was no moonlight. They hope that no life was lost; that is all."

How silly it seems to believe, as they do, that some one is sure to be drowned in it every year. And yet how often it does so happen: cried Joy, referring to an old moor superstition. Then clasping her hands behind her head, and looking down at the little river on whose banks they stood, she sang whimsically the old couplet,

"Chad! Chad! River of Chad! A dead man's body maketh thee glad."

The river flowed with a laughing ripple by the hillock on which they stood, those two young lives, full of present and hopes of future happiness. The clear water was lit by the sunlight till it seemed pure and limpid as innocence; its little eddies sparkled like smiles. Who could have guessed that only two miles higher up from this scene of healthy labor and sunlight and innocent gaiety in the Red House Farm meadows there was a stark body lying at the edge of the Deadman's Pool, with eyes turned blindly to the summer sky?

Blyth now became somehow so ill at ease in his heart on hearing that there had been no light in Cold-home window the past night, that he soon made a pretext for stealing away from the hay-field. Hastening to the farm, he found Hannah, and asked her to go with him to reconnoitre if all was right at the cottage.

"By good-luck, Hannah, it is the day for bringing their basket of provisions. We can leave it at the Logan-stone; and if this is a false alarm, you can say we shall be working late in the hay-field, so it was easier to come at noon."

"We will so, Master Blyth. 'I'll have the eggs and butter packed before you can turn yourself round. Oh, dear heart! but

I hope she's not taken worse, and poor Miss Rachel alone there, too," sighed old Hannah with gusty sounds of fearfulness, as she bustled about making her utmost haste.

Helped by Blyth's able head and useful hands she was soon ready and on their way to the glen. Arrived at the Logan-stone, Blyth put down the heavy basket, which he lightly carried, at the accustomed spot. Then he advised Hannah to skirt the river-side by the path of the ford till near the cottage, which would have a less premeditated air of approach should Magdalen be looking out, and shrink, as usual, from human faces.

In this way, Hannah agreeing, they both passed by the Deadman's Pool. Blyth afterwards could never rightly explain to himself what uneasy feeling made him take a few steps through the bushes to look at it—perhaps only some impression or idea left by the haymakers' talk. But on looking down at the pool, into which the water poured white with all the force of a mountain torrent that had been pent between narrow rocks till it burst out now as from a spout, and then whirled round and round in deep eddies, he started back with horror, for there lay close to his feet a something jammed between two stones.

At his exclamation Hannah hastened also to the spot, and both stood gazing in mutual awed silence till the old woman suddenly gave a long cry, and then clasping her hands to her head, uttered, in a whisper of surprise and great horror,

"Who, Lord ha' mercy, it is—it must be him! Oh, to think of seeing my master like that after all these years—and I that never forgave him! He served the devil, and there are his wages. Lord have mercy on his soul!"

She sank back sobbing, and rocking herself to and fro.

"What do you mean, Hannah? This was a convict, you see. Surely you don't really recognize him as—as any one you know?"

"Yes, yes, but I do. Convict or no convict, this is, or—God have mercy on his poor soul!—that was, the Count Rivello, Gaspard da Silva."

Blyth shuddering at the news, stood still thinking; but then after a few seconds stepped down into the pool, and exerting all his strength brought the corpse out and laid it on the moss under the alder trees.

"What has happened at the cottage—at Cold-home? Come at once and see," said Blyth, cutting short the old woman's needless lamentations.

Quaking in her shoes as they reached the porch, Hannah knocked, calling out that it was she, with the entreaty that Miss Rachel would speak to her a moment.

The door was ajar. A loud sound came in answer, as of some one endeavoring feebly to answer them.

They entered hastily at that, stepping lightly and cautiously, and found Rachel lying on the settle, apparently very ill.

She roused up at their footfall, and raised her head.

"What is it? Magdalen has gone out," she said, faintly.

"Oh! Miss Rachel, are you so bad as that, and us never to know?" cried Hannah, shocked. "What has happened to you? What is it?"

"What has brought you? Has anything strange happened?" returned Rachel.

"Your face is all bruised and your neck bandaged," went on the old nurse. "Oh, poor dear! Was it Miss Magdalen?"

"It was not my sister. Don't ask me questions, Hannah—it was all an accident. What has brought you both? Tell me at once! I know there is some news—something. Go on—I desire it."

Hannah who was hesitating and attempting, but failing always to frame words, though her lips moved, began at last.

"It's very terrible. It's the worst, and yet it's the best news for us. All things are ordered by Providence; and, if he had escaped free who knows—I'm speaking of him, my dear—the count. Well, he must have been in the prison up yonder all these years, and last night—"

She stopped short. But it was enough. With a convulsive effort Rachel raised herself, catching at the side of the settle, as if hardly able to support herself. They then saw with mute concern that her face was deadly pale under her hood; she had dark hollows beneath her eyes, and an ugly bruise on one cheek.

"Have they caught him, then? Have

they taken him back to prison again?" she asked, in a hollow voice.

Hannah could not speak, and looked at Blyth, who answered more bravely, not supposing the news could touch Magdalen's sister with very deep feeling now, yet with reverent pity in his manly voice.

"He will never be taken to jail any more, Miss Rachel. You need not fear that—you need fear nothing now."

A spasm of pain that darted across Rachel's features startled him. As if aware of it herself, she hastily drew her hood more forward, concealing her face. Then strangling a sob in her throat, she breathed, rather than said aloud, rapidly,

"He is dead? Tell me, quick, Blyth Berrington, how it happened; tell all, truly."

"He was drowned last night in the Chad, down there. I have just found the body, said the young man, unwillingly, yet forced to obey her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Writing a Novel.

There are, undoubtedly, men who have the knack of telling stories, and can reel off every day a certain number of manuscript pages. When their novel is finished, they can on that same day begin to write another. Anthony Trollope was a representative of this class.

But men like Dickens and Thackeray, who put their life into a novel, are exhausted when they have completed it, and require weeks of rest, before resuming their pen. Dickens' characters became so real to him that he entered into their lives as if they had been living, and he was their confidential friend.

Thackeray was seen coming out of his house one morning, the tears running down his cheeks.

"What's the matter, old fellow? Have you lost a dear relative?" asked a friend.

"Yes; I've just killed Col. Newcome!" answered the novelist, with a sob.

After Mrs. Stowe had described Eva's death, she herself went to bed and was sick for three days. Before a chapter of the story was sent to the publishers, it was read to the family. After they had listened to the description of Eva's death, the house was as still and solemn as at a funeral.

There is no doing a great work without pain and exhaustion, and the novelist who creates a book which moves the multitude, must pay the penalty of his genius.

Henry Ward Beecher once said, "I have made it a rule of my life to read none of the writings of my relatives, and with two or three exceptions have adhered to that rule."

One of the exceptions was made in favor of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In speaking of his experience in reading it, he said,—

"I had got well into the second volume. It was Thursday. Sunday was looming up before, and at the rate at which I was going, there would not be time to finish it before Sunday, and I could never preach till I had finished it.

"I recommended my wife to go to bed. I didn't want anybody down there. I soon began to cry. Then I went and shut all the doors, for I did not want any one to see me. Then I sat down to it and finished it that night, for I knew that only in that way should I be able to preach on Sunday."

"Well," Mrs. Stowe answers, when persons speak to her of working up something as she did in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "that wasn't mine; that was given to me."

Disagreeable Candor.

A man who never reminds his friends of unwelcome facts or tells them unpleasant truths is sure to be liked; and, when a man of such a turn comes to old age, he is almost sure to be treated with respect. It is true indeed that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasant assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over one's passions. Frequently that which is called candor is merely malice.

Temperance Department.

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

Scott Act Amendments.

The liquor interests of the country are evidently ill at ease in regard to the present position of the Scott Act movement throughout the country. As things now are going it seems evident enough that the Act will be adopted in a majority of all the counties of all of the provinces of the Dominion in a short time. To attempt to persuade the people to any other course now appears to be a hopeless task for the liquor interests. The people are evidently tired of the existence of the legalized drink traffic in Canada, and are willing to adopt any efficient law calculated to put an end to it.

It now seems evident that if there be any successful work done at all, it must be done in mutilating the Act itself of its efficiency, and not in trying to persuade the people not to adopt it. The bare hope remains that Parliament can be managed when the people cannot be.

Petitions have been in circulation for some weeks past asking for an amendment to the Act, requiring a majority of three-fifths of all of the electors voting before it can be declared adopted. The reason assigned for such an important change in our elective system is that the Act will not be as efficient as it ought to be, unless sustained by a great majority. The sudden desire the liquor men manifest to make the Act as efficient as it possibly can be made, looks suspicious on the very face of it. No men have as much reason to dread its efficiency. The *Times* states that these petitions are now being promoted in every bar-room. Of course they are in the interests of the bar-room, and not in the interests of temperance. They will soon be presented to the House, and the people should study with care the division lists on this matter.

A wholesale liquor dealer in this city is reported to have taken into his confidence a representative of one of the daily papers here, and secured him that arrangements are now being made for the largest possible number of the liquor dealers of the country to go to Ottawa soon, and in a body make a formal demand of the Premier for immediate action for their special benefit and relief, either by a repeal of the obnoxious Scott Act, or by such amendments as will virtually amount to the same thing. No equivocation or delay will be tolerated. In case Sir John makes any suggestion about "Tomorrow," Mr. Blake will be at once approached, and overtures made to him! The business must be settled and one hour of the dilemma must be grappled at once. A considerable big talk like that has been heard before. In fact business men on both sides have indulged in it. It is an easy thing to make plans for the electors' future conduct, but it is not so easy to get the electors to follow them out.

We sincerely hope that just such action may be taken. Every effort now made to precipitate such a crisis is sure to hasten the triumph of the right, as right in the end must prevail. It is not at all probable, however, that any such foolish step will be taken, even though the promoter of it should urge it on with all his power.

Another Advance.

A vote was taken in Carleton county, Ont., on Thursday of last week on the Scott Act; and it was adopted by a majority of about nine hundred. Carleton adjoins Ottawa city, and is therefore called the Metropolitan County of Canada. Many were not sanguine of victory there, but so strong has public opinion grown that majorities much larger than even the friends of the Act had reason to expect have been rolled up in county after county.

On Thursday, 26th inst., a vote will be taken in the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham, and we shall be disappointed if another handsome majority is not given.

Personal Liberty.

The *Evangelical Churchman*, of this city, is very outspoken and very favorable to total abstinence and prohibition, and its influence for good is great among those members of the Church of England who are its constant readers. In a recent well written editorial article in regard to the question of prohibition, the following remarks are made, which are certainly well to the point:—

Is the interference with personal liberty, involved in prohibition, justifiable? Unquestionably. If the object of good government be the highest good of the greatest number, it would be easy to show that this can only be secured by means of the restrictions placed upon individual will and action. There is no law which does not restrain some one's own sweet will. Things which might be allowable for an isolated individual, become intolerable in society. A stone can be thrown in an open field, but not in a crowded city. Men may even plead conscience on behalf of what the law is bound to restrain. Mormonism claims to rest its violation of the fundamental basis of the state in the family, upon the religious convictions of its votaries. No one for a moment allows that this fallacious plea can be admitted. In every case in which law interferes with individual action, the matter must be determined by two practical considerations:—the extent of the evil to be removed, and the amount of the benefit conferred. Judged by either of these standards the expediency and the right of prohibition cannot be questioned. In no case is legislation called upon to deal with more appalling and wide-reaching evil. In no case are the benefits to the individual, morally as well as physically, and hence to the family and to the state itself, more manifest and extensive.

A Mexican Drink.

A Mexican correspondent of the *St. Louis Democrat* thus writes:—The native drinks are chiefly tequilla and native wines. The tequilla is the ordinary mescal of the interior, refined. It is made from the mescal plant, of American sloe. The outside leaves of the plant are stripped, and the bulb-like centre, which strongly resembles a cabbage, is subjected to a fermenting process in pits, very much after the manner of making malt. It is then subjected to a distillation, producing a liquor containing a much higher percentage of alcohol than the ordinary whisky of commerce. The common product is of a slight straw-like color, and is what is known as mescal. Tequilla is principally produced in the State of Sonora, where its manufacture is carried on as a regular industry, and with the greatest care. The plants are specially selected, and the liquors distilled at a low temperature are rectified. Thus produced, tequilla is colorless, agreeable to the taste, and void of the burning sensation commonly felt after partaking of American whiskies sold over the bar. This is due to the absence of the deadly fusil oil to which medical men attribute the fearful effects following immoderate indulgence in our native tippie. The night's indulgence in tequilla leaves no ill-effects the following morning, and in the words of an Irishman whom I overheard summing up its virtues: "There's not a headache in a hog's head of it."

NEWS AND NOTES.

THE STUDENTS AND THE SCOTT ACT.—It has been quite the fashion in a number of Toronto institutions to take a vote of those associated in regard to the Scott Act. In most instances the majorities have been in its favor. Last week the students of Trinity Medical College, of this city, indulged in a lively debate on the merits of the Act, and afterwards took a vote in regard to the desirability of its adoption. It turned out that there were 82 in its favor to 10 against it. Well done, for the coming doctors.

A PRACTICAL HINT.—At the annual meeting of the Toronto Temperance Electoral Union, held in this city last week, Mr. Jas. Thompson, the Secretary urged that it is now the duty of the temperance people to see that before the next municipal election the female voters are organized into temperance societies. He said, as a rule the women would vote on the temperance side, and with the aid of the female voters control ought to be obtained of the city council next year, as far as temperance matters are concerned.

Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D., the well-known pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, of this city, has found it necessary to take a few weeks' relaxation from duty because of ill health. He is now in Florida, and will remain south for a few weeks. The first of a series of racy letters to the readers of TRUTH regarding the sunny South, from his facile pen, appears on another page. These letters will appear from week to week for some time, and are sure to be read with great interest.

A TENDER REGARD.—A Little Rock lawyer of prominence went home the other morning at an unseemly hour. "Why are you so late?" asked his wife. "I am not late. I am early." "Why didn't you come home last night?" "Drunk." "Couldn't you walk?" "Not without staggering." "Why didn't you stagger home, then?" "Well, I'll tell you. My house has the name of being an orderly place, and I don't want people to be seen staggering into the yard. Every man must protect his family, you know."

STILL MORE VICTIMS.—Scarcely a week passes but sickening records are published of some terrible tragedy or accident the direct result of the licensed drink traffic. Here are two of that class that were recently published in one day:—

At Kendal, near Port Hope, says the *Guide*, M. B. Olan, sawyer for G. W. Soper, had his feet frozen while under the influence of liquor. Amputation of both feet took place. The poor fellow lost about one-half of each foot, and stood the operation well.

Rev. Manly Benson, the eloquent pastor of Central Methodist Church, of this city, has promised TRUTH a valuable descriptive paper regarding the famous Tower of London and London Bridge, both so recently injured by the dynamite fiends. The article will probably be published next week, and will be of special interest just now. The author visited London not long ago, and made its famous sights and scenes a subject of special study. His recent lecture on London and its wonders was the most interesting on that subject we have ever had the pleasure of hearing.

NOT VERY SUCCESSFUL.—The efforts of the Toronto Electoral Union, so far as the municipal elections in January were concerned were not of a very satisfactory character. In three wards out of the four where work was attempted there was failure. Mr. W. Carlyle, a defeated temperance candidate, said he found that the temperance men did not work so hard for the cause as they would for politics. Several good members have left the association because of the interference with the municipal elections, and they could not be induced to connect themselves with it again.

THE PROHIBITION PARTY.—In a personal letter of the Hon. S. D. Hastings, of Wisconsin, to the editor of TRUTH, he says:—"As soon as I can get time to do so I intend to write you an article in regard to the Independent Prohibition Party, now organized in this country. I regard this as the great and most important advance step that has yet been made in the temperance movement in the United States. So my mind it is the beginning of the end. It involves a tremendous fight, to a great extent, even with friends, but I feel sure it is right, and that it is the way and the only way to final and speedy victory."

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—Rev. Father Elliott, a zealous Catholic priest, of Chicago, recently gave utterance to the following sad truths:—"Yet all the time drunkenness is a most hateful and loathsome vice. No heart so hard as the man's who rolls his child to enrich his enemy. No man so frightfully cruel as the one who turns himself from a loving husband into a wolfish brute. No murders so cruel as those done upon friends, and sometimes upon kindred, by half-drunken men. No music so sad as the heart-rending merriment of the saloon. No irony so devilish as that which calls joy the death-lance of immortal souls about the liquor dealer's counter."

THE PLAINSCITE.—Writing of the late Alliance Convention in this city, the *Canada Presbyterian* clerics a good article by saying:—"The general opinion seemed to be that in the interest of temperance legislation it was wise for the present to concentrate effort on the adoption and defence of the Scott Act. A resolution introduced favoring prohibition to this extent that the question be submitted to the people at the

next general election met with little favor. The leaders of the temperance agitation very wisely do not seek for legislation in advance of public opinion. Neither do they care to lag behind. The Scott Act has been a powerful factor in the education of the public mind. The discussion it has occasioned has led thousands to consider the question who otherwise would have scarcely given it a thought. Popular discussion helped forward the cause immensely. Its opponents have discovered the weakness of their position, and show no eagerness to enter the arena of public debate. Their trust is now in more occult agencies. The week in which the Dominion Alliance is engaged is a great and blessed one. It will grow in magnitude until it ends in the removal of what has everywhere proved itself a personal, social and national curse."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S., Quiney, Dakota, U. S.—Thanks for your verses, but they are hardly up to the standard. Try again.

W. A. S., Damariscotta, Maine—Will be glad to see the particulars of the first death warrant Queen Victoria ever signed, if you will kindly send them.

Mrs. J. T. B., Concord, N. Y.—Thanks for the story you send and those kindly offer. As it is, we have all we can make use of for some time to come.

ARE SUBSCRIBERS supposed to send a dollar with a story, tid bit or poetry, or do you give premiums for poetry? Yes, and their term will be extended a half year.

J. B. H., Castalia, Iowa.—There is more real truth than real poetry in what you send, and it will not be published on that account. It would not appear as well in print as you imagine.

DR. H., London, Ont.—It is positively against our rules to submit any story to the committee unless the subscription fee accompanies it. We cannot make an exception in any case.

N. W. DOUGLAS, Kansas.—Thanks for your offer of articles and other select reading matter. We cannot avail ourselves of it, as we have more now arranged about than can be made use of in TRUTH for months to come.

M.—There are twenty civil Knights Grand Cross of the Bath, all in high positions. It is justly regarded as a great honor, and it is not, therefore, wonderful that Sir John Macdonald and his friends should be proud of the honors he has received.

Geo. R. Dundas. Printed matter, unless in a sealed envelope, should be allowed to pass the mails at one cent per four ounces. The same is the case with manuscript "printers copy" not containing any other private correspondence. If enclosed in an envelope it should not be sealed, or if in any other wrapper both ends must be open and exposed. A good many contributors sending matter to TRUTH office would save stamps by remembering these facts.

WHITE VIOLETS.—Printed stories set for competition may be printed on both sides. They are all judged on their merits whether written or printed—whether on one side or both. If yours failed it was simply because some other was considered preferable, and not because it may not have been worthy in itself. As a matter of fact quite a number of capital stories have to be rejected each week because but one copy can be accepted and used. We would often like to award to more than one really deserving, if possible. If you try again you have an equal chance with others.

P.—It is very well for you to wish to acquire good manners, but you must bear in mind that they are not to be learned from books, but to be prompted by the heart. A really well-mannered man may know little or nothing of the rules of etiquette. But if he knows and practices "whatever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them," he could not well be really a bad man in his manners. The nervous man, the vain one, the selfish man imagines that manners can be learned from books, as the boy learns the multiplication table by saving them over and over to himself. Not so. The finest qualities of manners, like noble music, address the soul directly, and are not describable in words. Somewhat of their art may be learned by observing certain elect men and women; but the source of all good behavior and lovely manners is a secret of the heart, and there alone a man can find it.

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Our Young Folks.

They Didn't Think.

Once a trap was baited. With a piece of cheese; It tickled so a little mouse, It almost made him sneeze...

Once a little turkey, Fled from her own way, Wouldn't ask the old ones Where to go or stray...

Once there was a robin Lived outside the door, Who wanted to go inside, And hop upon the floor...

Now my little children, You who read this song, Don't you see what trouble Comes of thinking wrong?

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARRIE.

CHAPTER X.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK'S FARM.

It was quite an ordinary-looking farm-yard and quite an ordinary-looking cow, but she stared so earnestly up at Davy that he felt positively certain she had something to say to him.

"Are you a market-gardener?" "No," said Davy. "Why?" "Because," said the Cow, mournfully, "there's a feather nest growing in the vegetable garden, and I thought you might explain how it came here."

That's the house the Jack built. Pretty, isn't it?" Davy turned and looked up at the house.

It certainly was a very pretty house, built of bright red brick with little gables, and dormer-windows in the roof, and with a trim little porch quite overgrown with climbing roses.

"Then you must be the cow with a crumpled horn!" "It's not crumpled," said the Cow with great dignity. "There's a slight crimp in it, to be sure, but nothing that can properly be called a crump."

"Did you toss him?" inquired Davy. "Certainly not," said the Cow, indignantly. "Who ever heard of a cow tossing a cat? The fact is, I've never had a fair chance to toss anything."

"I'd dearly love to see Mother Hubbard," said Davy, eagerly. "Well, you can," said the Cow, indifferently. "She isn't much to see. If you'll go in at the kitchen window, you'll probably find her performing on the piano and singing a song."

Davy stole softly to the kitchen window and peeped in, and, as the Cow had said, Mother Hubbard was there, sitting at the piano and evidently just preparing to sing. The piano was very remarkable, and Davy could not remember ever having seen one like it before.

Mother Hubbard was dressed, just as he expected, in a very ornamental flowered gown with high heeled shoes and buckles, and wore a tall pointed hat over her nightcap.

"I had an educated pug, His name was Tommy Jones; He lived upon the parlor rug, Exclusively on bones."

"I went to a secluded room To get one from a shelf; It wasn't there, and I presume He'd gone and helped himself."

"He had an entertaining trick Of feigning he was dead; Then, with a reassuring kick, Would stand upon his head."

"I could not take the proper change And go to buy him shoes, But what he'd sit upon the range And read the latest news."

"And when I ventured out one day To order him a coat, I found him, in his artless way, Carreering on a goat."

"I could not go to look at hate But that, with childish glee, He'd ask in all the neighbors' cats To join him at his tea!"

While Mother Hubbard was singing this song, little handfuls of gravel were constantly thrown at her through one of the kitchen windows, and by the time the song was finished, her lap was quite full of it.

"I'd just like to know who is throwing that gravel," said Davy, indignantly. "It's Gobobbles," said the Cow, calmly. "You'll find him around at the front of the house. By the way, have you any chewing-gum about you?"

"No," said Davy, greatly surprised at the question. "So I supposed," said the Cow. "It's precisely what I should expect of a person who would fall out of a cab."

"But I couldn't help that," said Davy. "Of course you couldn't," said the Cow, yawning indolently. "It's precisely what I should expect of a person who hadn't any chewing-gum."

"And with this the cow walked gravely away, just as Mother Hubbard, made her appearance at the window.

"Boy," said Mother Hubbard, beaming mildly upon Davy through her spectacles, "you shouldn't throw gravel."

"I haven't thrown any," said Davy. "Fie!" said Mother Hubbard, shaking her head; "always speak the truth."

"I am speaking the truth," said Davy, indignantly. "It was Gobobbles."

"So I supposed," said Mother Hubbard, gently shaking her head again. "It would have been far better if he had been cooked last Christmas instead of being left over. Stuffing him and then letting him go has made a very proud creature of him. You should never be proud."

"I'm not proud," replied Davy, provoked at being mixed up with Gobobbles in this way.

"You may define the word proud, and give a few examples," continued Mother Hubbard, and Davy was just noticing with astonishment that she was beginning to look exactly like old Miss Peggs, his school-teacher, when a thumping sound was heard, and the next moment Gobobble came tearing around the corner of the house, and Mother Hubbard threw up her hands with a little shriek and disappeared from the window.

Gobobbles proved to be a large and very bold-mannered turkey, with all his feathers taken off except a frowsy tuft about his neck. He was pounding his chest with his wings in a very disagreeable manner, and altogether his appearance was so formidable that Davy was half inclined to take to his heels at once.

"I can't abide boys!" "Why not?" said Davy. "Oh, they're so hungry!" said Gobobbles, passionately. "They're so everlastingly hungry. Now, don't deny that you're fond of turkey."

"Well, I do like turkey," said Davy, seeing no way out of the difficulty. "Of course you do!" said Gobobbles, tossing his head. "Now, you might as well know," he continued, resuming his thumping with increased energy, "that I'm as hollow as a drum and as tough as a hat-box. Just mention that fact to any one you meet, will you? I suppose Christmas is coming, of course."

"Of course it is," replied Davy. "It's always coming!" said Gobobbles, angrily; and with this he strutted away, pounding himself like a bass-drum.

Poor Master Reynard.

A well-known member of Parliament and Master of the Fox Hounds, recently related the following, which, being strictly true, may not be without interest to our readers.

Last year the huntsman of the Witrall (Cheshire) Harriers had a young fox offered to him by a laboring man, and effected its purchase for the modest sum of thirty shillings. He immediately set about making arrangements for a day's run with the harriers with all the enthusiasm of an old fox-hunter, and gloried in the prospect of a rattling burst across the country.

Meanwhile, however, the fox must of course be fed, and this duty devolved upon the huntsman, who made him as comfortable as a fox in confinement could possibly be. He soon became quite the pet of the household, and the children grew so fond of the furry little fellow, with his bright eyes and kittenish ways, that they could not bear the thought of parting with him; and Reynard himself seemed to feel quite at home, in blissful ignorance of the future.

Even the huntsman himself grew quite attached to him, and when at last the frost broke up, it was with very different feelings to those he had previously entertained that he set about the preparations for the run.

In due time, however, the field assembled, huntsmen and hounds all the more eager for the enforced delay. A "southerly wind and a cloudy sky," the landscape glittering with the morning dew, and gay with scarlet and green. The fox was turned out, and after a few minutes' "grace" the whole field started in hot pursuit.

Poor Reynard soon took in the situation, and, with that cunning for which he is celebrated, not unmixed with a certain other quality with which he is not usually credited—I mean trustfulness of disposition—he doubled upon his pursuers, and made straight for the horses.

With wonderful sagacity, considering his terror and distress, he singled out his quon dam friend, the huntsman, and, without a moment's hesitation—which would have cost the poor brute his life, for he was then almost in the very jaws of the dogs,—he leaped upon the saddle and nestled closely against his red-coated protector. His panting breath and piteous eyes were too much for the heart against which his own was beating, and his life was spared.

Under these circumstances the hunt was abandoned, and Master Reynard was reproved. He was once more installed as the family pet.

Is it Ever Right to Lie?

Is it ever right to lie? This is one of the questions that used to be much discussed in boys' debating societies. We well remember taking our part in such discussions. In theory boys are apt to be rather severe moralists. To the best of our recollection the preponderance of opinion among the boys was generally against falsehood in all its forms.

"I defy gentlemen on the other side," a young orator once exclaimed, "to mention an instance of justifiable lying!"

"Well, Mr. President," replied one of the boys, "I offer the celebrated falsehood uttered by the Constable de Bourbon before the walls of Rome. He lay upon the ground mortally wounded, his life fast ebbing away. Some soldiers came rushing on to the assault, and not recognizing their general in the dying man asked him if it was true that Constable de Bourbon had been killed. The expiring chief, unwilling to discourage his troops replied,—

"Bourbon is at the front. March on!" This story was at first a poser to the lads, and it was contended, on the other side, that war reverses some of the most binding rules of morality, and even makes killing men a meritorious act. How much more would it justify a falsehood, spoken by a dying man for a noble purpose? Nevertheless, in all ordinary conditions, killing is murder, and lying is base.

At this point of the debate, up started a little fellow in a back seat, and asked "the gentleman in the affirmative" what was his authority for the anecdote, adding that the story itself might be a falsehood.

Such indeed it proved! The first speaker had found the anecdote in his French Reader, but on referring the next day to the accredited history of the Constable de Bourbon, he found no trace of the supposed heroic lie. The dying commander merely told some of his comrades standing near to cover him with a cloak, so that the soldiers might not be discouraged from continuing the attack by seeing their general dead.

The discovery of the truth put a merited stigma upon the falsehood, and led most of the young debaters to the conclusion that lying is wrong even when it seems to be most justified by circumstances, and does injury in the cases where it seems to do nothing but good.

At the first thought nothing would appear to be more harmless than a story made up to increase the glory of a brave man; say, for example, the hatchet story told of George Washington. We find, however, that such inventions often do more harm than the most malignant calumnies.

We side with the boys. Lying may not always be base; but it is as wrong as it is unwise. Think it over.

It is a mistake for fathers to toil all their life that their children may escape toil all theirs. Suppose the calculation correct, and permanent illiness secured for the next generation, what evidence is there that the boys and girls will be happier and better for it? The boys will be exposed to the devices of "sharks," and the girls to those of fortune-hunters. Leave something for them also to do.

To lose sight of the end in the eager use of means, to forego results gained for the sake of results imagined, to live in a perpetual climb without admitting that we have climbed at all, to hope without ever recognizing "the substance of things hoped for," is a sort of slow suicide. It sacrifices life itself in the effort to improve it. Life passes away and slips from us while we are preparing to live. We lose realities while dreaming of its possibilities.

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 12.

One lady or gentlemen's Gold Watch, valued at about \$75, is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent in by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must become a subscriber for TRUTH for at least six months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended an additional half year for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at TRUTH office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address—*Edison's Prize Story*, "TRUTH" Office, Toronto, Canada.

The following attractive and well written story has been chosen as our prize story for the present week. The sender can obtain the Gold Hunting Case, Stem-Winding Elgin Watch offered as prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and Registration.

AHEAD OF TIME.

SENT BY J. H. FLAGG, G. W. C. T., POLICE MAGISTRATE, MITCHELL, ONT.

"Now I am going to show you why I struck out for myself."

I had been driving a mile or two with my cheery friend, Dr. Mary Stedman, and until that moment was unaware of any motive for the ride other than the usual one of pleasure to us both.

"I have a warm place in my heart for my native Vermont," she went on, "and knowing how I love it, I am sure you have often wondered why I did not remain here instead of seeking a home and a profession for myself among strangers."

I had often speculated on this very subject, but there was no time to confess it, for at that moment my companion reined up suddenly, and with "Here we are!" jumped from the carriage.

"This," pointing to a weather-beaten but still comfortable-looking house, "is the homestead. Since the death of our parents my eldest brother has lived here. You needn't be at all disturbed," as I naturally hesitated about intruding among strangers, "for my sister-in-law expects us."

"How cool! how neat! how shady and comfortable!" were my first exclamations as I followed my leader into the old-fashioned parlor.

"Just so," she responded drily. "And, my dear, you might search from cellar to garret of this great house, and though you stood upon ladders and peered with a microscope on your hands and knees, you would never be able to find a fly."

Mrs. Stedman looked as her sister-in-law described her—"like a very, and a troubled ghost." She was painfully thin and haggard, and at least a dozen times during our short call I noticed her mournful eyes fill with tears.

"Well, Sarah," said the doctor, "you are as busy as ever, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," our hostess replied; "there is never any end to work."

"Been making butter to-day?"

"A little over forty pounds this morning."

"Before breakfast, I suppose?"

"The doctor's tone was somewhat crisp. "I churned at four and I have just worked my butter over. I don't mind so much when churning doesn't come washing days; but, you see, cream has got to be attended to whenever it is ready."

"Been washing, too?" my friend inquired.

"Oh, yes! And it did seem as if I had every garment in the tub that there was in the house!"

"So you've made forty pounds of butter," said the doctor, "washed—and what else?"

"Not much else beside the regular work. I picked some beans for dinner; and made a few pies; that's all!"

At this point my friend, much to my surprise, turned the conversation into other channels, and soon after we took our leave.

"It seems to me you have neglected an opportunity," I remarked, as soon as we had driven away.

"I supposed you'd think so," my companion answered; "but you can form no conception of the amount of breath I have wasted on that very case. I am regarding it now solely from a scientific standpoint. I think I can calculate the length of that woman's days within a fraction of time."

"I should think your brother wouldn't allow his wife to work so," I remarked.

"What does he know about it?" said the doctor, "He comes into the house for the

three meals that are prepared for him, and when night comes he goes to bed and to sleep, or he drives over to the village and spends his evenings with his friends. My brother works hard, but he works out of doors, and that saves him. Sarah has an excellent reputation as wife and house-keeper all over the country. She has helped my brother 'lay up'—in Vermont vernacular—several thousand dollars. It doesn't need a prophet to see that another wife will have the benefit of this one's toil, though it is probable, if she comes from this section of the country, she'll not have sense enough to be benefited by anything!"

"If your sister-in-law would only have a servant," I suggested.

"A servant!" said the doctor. "Do you think my brother and his wife are strong enough to bear the finger of scorn that would inevitably be pointed at them should they employ a servant? It is far better, my dear, to work one's self to death than to be called lazy and shiftless and extravagant. If this were not the case, they would not think they could afford a servant. My brother is dominated, soul and body, by the spirit of economy, and his wife is a reflection of himself. "Here we are again," my friend continued, coming to a stop before the door of a more modern and more pretentious mansion. "My youngest sister lives here. It seems singular, doesn't it, that I have never introduced you to my relatives before? The truth is, you and I are only perplexities to these good people. We turn them out of their beaten tracks for a while, with no other result than to add to their hard work and anxieties. Ten years ago my sister Anna was as healthy a girl as there was in Vermont, and the brightest and wittiest one of the family. I had some hopes that she would keep out of the mill, and, if she did marry a farmer, and settle down here, that she would furnish an example of common sense to her neighbors; but she is just like the rest, only worse, perhaps."

All this as the doctor hitched her horse, and we walked up the long gravelled walk. Sister Anna was scolding one of her children when we entered the house, and we were upon her before she had finished her loud-pitched harangue.

"I don't believe any one ever had such contrary youngsters as I have got!" she remarked apologetically. "They do worry one so sometimes that it seems to me I should enjoy myself in my grave."

"Send a couple of them to me, Anna, whenever you feel like parting with them," said the doctor.

"I would in a minute if their father was willing," the lady replied. "I don't know how to bring up children," she added, "and, if I did know how, I haven't any time. To tell the truth, I have such a pain in my side all the time that I'm not fit for anything. I wish you'd give me some of that medicine, Mary, that you gave me last summer."

"I suppose you work just as hard, Anna, as though you hadn't a pain in your side," the doctor remarked.

"Of course I do," was the somewhat irritable response. "Who is there to do it if I give up?"

"Where is the pain, Anna, and how long have you had it?"

The doctor's bones were even, and her manner so calmly professional that I had at the time no suspicion that any of it was assumed.

"It is under my left shoulder-blade," her sister replied, "and I haven't breathed a long breath since last November. Sometimes it is worse than others, and I am conscious of it every minute."

The doctor drew a chair to her sister's side, and took her hand in hers.

"Dear me, Mary, my pulse is all right," said the invalid, doing her best to make light of the situation.

"How many men does your husband hire this summer, Anna?" the doctor inquired, as she prepared some medicine.

"Only six this year."

"And you cook and wash for them, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"How many cows have you?"

"Fourteen."

"And you make butter for market?"

"I average about sixty pounds a week."

"What time do you get up in the morning?"

"About four o'clock."

"What time do you go to bed?"

"Anywhere from ten to twelve; and then with a glance in my direction, "you see, farmers have to keep ahead of time. If they didn't manage to do this they couldn't lay up anything, to save their lives."

"Anna," said the doctor, taking no notice of the above remark, "I intend to stay in Vermont a month, unless I am needed in New York. Would you like me to take charge of your case during that time?"

"My case!" her sister repeated in great perplexity. "I don't suppose I shall need anything more than that medicine."

"I will gladly do all I can for you, Anna," the doctor resumed, "and when I am compelled to go back I will leave you in good hands; but it must be on condition of the most perfect obedience on your part. You have had coughing spells every morning, do you not?"

"Yes, Mary, but how in the world did you know that?"

"No matter how I know it. That I do know is sufficient. To begin with, Anna, your husband must find other places for his workmen, and some one must be found immediately to do your housework. You must go to bed every night at eight o'clock, and remain in bed till after breakfast. You must have all sorts of nourishing food, and pork and codfish must be eliminated from your bill of fare."

"Mary, what do you mean?"

There was a look of terror in the poor woman's eyes, and her lip quivered painfully.

"I mean, if you do exactly as I tell you, you may get well; if not it is impossible," the doctor replied. "If you think I am exaggerating, or don't know what I am talking about, send for any reputable physician you please and ask him to tell you the truth."

"Oh, Mary! There isn't any way of doing the things you speak of. Clarke feels awfully poor this summer and I have been trying harder than ever to make the ends lap over."

"Where is Clarke?" the doctor inquired.

"He's down at the creek, haying."

"I will drive down and have a talk with him right away," said my friend, making ready to leave.

"Oh, Mary! Don't you think there is any other way?"

The poor woman had broken down completely now, and the doctor held her for a moment in her strong arm and caressed her fondly.

"No other way, sis," she replied; "but we will do the best we can. There's no telling what a good rest and careful nursing may do for your poor, tired body, my dear."

"I was going to take you to some other place," the doctor remarked, as we drove away, "but it would have been the same old story—work, work, work, without rest or change, from year's end to year's end. My mother killed herself by her attempts to get ahead of time. Two sisters have traveled the same road that Anna has started on, one of them absolutely dropping dead in her kitchen in the midst of her work. This is the kind of thing I could not endure to see go on. I knew it was all wrong as soon as I knew anything, and when I became old enough to have a voice in my own education I persisted in taking a different course. My sister Anna has tried so hard to get ahead of time and make things 'lap over' that she has abused and probably killed herself, beside criminally neglecting and mismanaging her children. I don't suppose she has averaged over five hours' sleep out of the

twenty-four during the last five years, and think of that amount of rest for a woman whose brain and muscle are forever in use! Every year I come up here and find things going from bad to worse among my relatives and most of my friends, and the horrible part of it is that nothing one can say or do will ever have the slightest effect."

"Don't you think your very natural anxiety about your sister may have colored your diagnosis a little?" I inquired.

"Not in the least," my companion answered. "Anna's pulse was one hundred and twelve. The respiration was labored and ominously frequent. There is no mistaking such signs."

"How could she keep at work with such a pulse as that?" I asked.

"By the exercise of will-power," said the doctor.

"In our family will-power is a direct inheritance. If it could only have been put to a good use, how much might have been accomplished! My dear, this will power eats salt pork when good beef and the most nutritious food are absolute necessities. It makes all its cream into butter that the cat may 'lap over.' It drinks skim-milk, and works nineteen hours out of twenty-four."

Soon after this the doctor dropped me at my boarding-house.

"Now you know all about it," she remarked in parting, "and if any one ever asks you why Mary Stedman did not remain among her relatives, you can say that she declined to live among criminals and suicides."

Five months after the above incident sister Anna died, and one year from that date the widower married again. The second wife is a duplicate of the first, working night and day and "laying up" for a future which it is more than likely she never will enjoy.

Dr. Lyman Beecher's Absence of Mind.

Dr. Beecher was noted for his absence of mind and forgetfulness. Mrs. Beecher once received a sum of money, and it was the occasion of great rejoicing that it enabled them to pay a bill for a carpet, so she committed the money to her husband, charging him to attend to the matter immediately. In the evening the Doctor returned from the city in high spirits. He described to us a missionary meeting he had attended. "Doctor," said Mrs. Beecher, "did you pay for that carpet to-day?" "Carpet! What carpet?" responded the Doctor. "Why the one I gave you the money to pay for this morning." "There!" said the Doctor, "that accounts for it. At the missionary meeting they took up a contribution. When they came to me I said I had no money to give them—wished I had—at the same time feeling in my pocket, where, to my surprise, I found a roll of bills; so I pulled it out and put it in the box, wondering where it had come from, but thinking the Lord had somehow provided."

Good Habits.

There are many little matters which enter into good manners which must be learned as to be habitual, if we practice them at all. For example, manners of table involve certain forms of eating, the disposal of hands, the observance of acts of politeness, all of which should be constantly practised, in order to become natural. So in general society, the art of being agreeable involves great delicacy and tact. Too much or too boisterous conversation, a frieze uninterested manner; lack of agreement in discussion of topics, the assertion of personal peculiarities, and much else, are entirely out of order.

The Educational Weekly is a new and ably conducted journal, being published in Toronto by the Grip Publishing Company. It gives every promise of being a first-class journal—the leading one of its class in Canada. Its name indicates its character. John E. Bryant, M. A., is editor, and among the promised contributors are a considerable number of the leading educationalists of the country. It will probably be deemed a necessity to every intelligent educationalist. There are sixteen well printed pages in each issue. \$3 a year.

OUR DEAF AND DUMB POPULATION.

BY H. MATHISON,

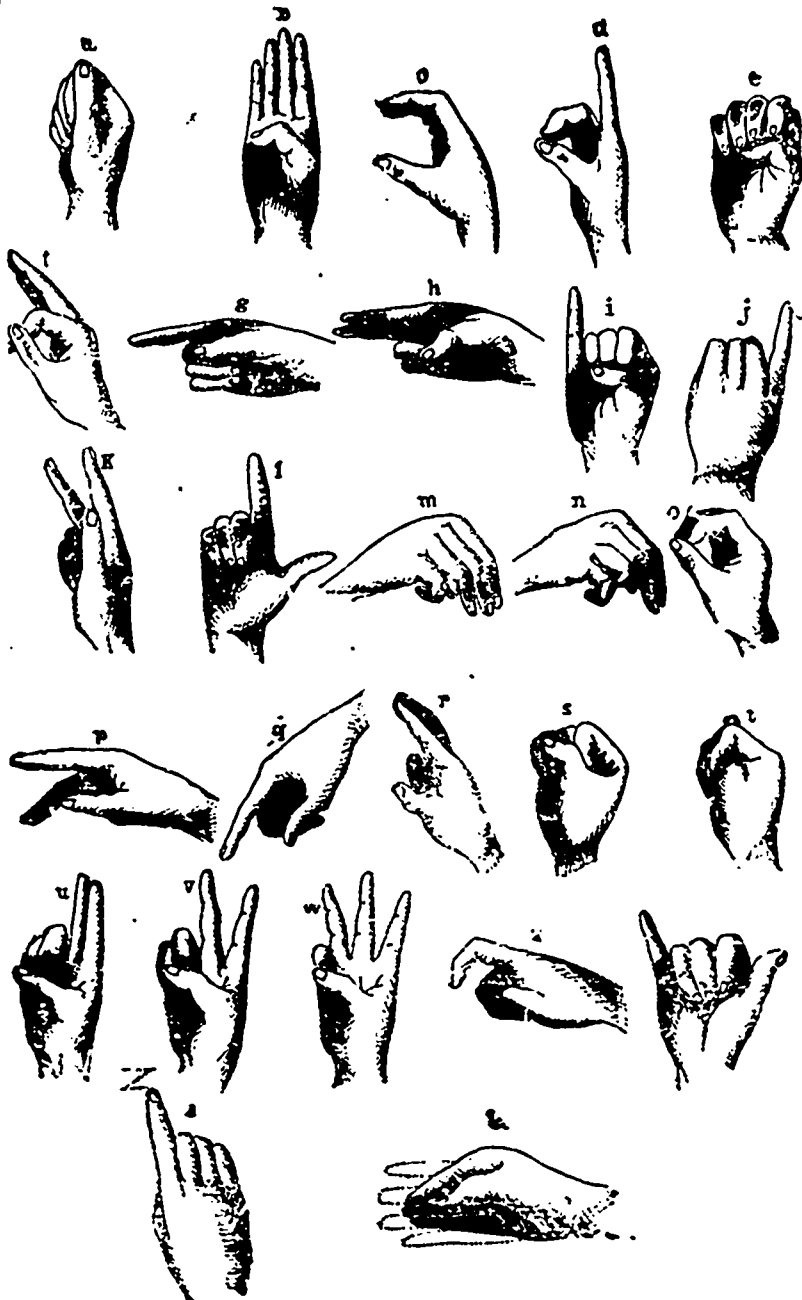
Superintendent of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

In a former article I mentioned the fact of the establishment of the Provincial Asylum for the education of the deaf and dumb, at Belleville. A few words now may be of interest in regard to the methods by which teaching is imparted to this unfortunate class of our population.

The Institution was formally opened for the reception of pupils on the 20th October, 1850, and during the first session there were one hundred in attendance. W. J. Palmer, M. A., was the first Principal, and held office until September, 1879, when he retired. At the opening, four classes were formed, taught by J. B. McGinn, D. R. Coleman, M. A., S. T. Greene, B. A., and Mrs. Effie Terrill; but before the close of the term, owing to increased numbers, two other classes were found necessary, and Mr. J. T. Watson and Miss A. Perry were placed on the staff. The number in attendance has increased year by year until now there are 235 pupils, and up to Sept. 30th, 1884, 661 children had been enrolled. They came from every county in the Province, viz.:—Algoma Dist. 1, Brant 20, Bruce 20, Carleton 20, Dufferin 1, Durham 17, Elgin 14, Essex 14, Frontenac 10, Grey 29, Haldimand 6, Halton 7, Hastings 26, Huron 40, Kent 19, Lambton 19, Lanark 8, Leeds 11, Grenville 4, Lennox & Addington 2, Lincoln 6, Middlesex 37, Norfolk 15, Northumberland 16, Prescott 4, Russell 7, Ontario 18, Oxford 12, Peel 6, Perth 32, Peterborough 12, Prince Edward 4, Renfrew 14, Simcoe 28, Stormont 9, Dundas 8, Gt. Garry 5, Victoria 5, Waterloo 20, Welland 7, Wellington 26, Wentworth 23, York 40, Parry Sound 1, Muskoka Dist. 7, New Brunswick 2.—Total 661.

The causes of deafness were:—abscess 1, accident 1, affection of the ears 2, burn 1, cancer 1, cerebro spinal meningitis 16, cholera 1, colds 31, congenital 262, diphtheria 1, drantry 1, fall 14, fever (bilious) 4, fever (intermittent) 2, fever (scarlet) 49, fever (malaria) 1, fever (typhus) 5, fever (typhoid) 6, fever (undefined) 8, fits 18, gathering in the ears 1, gathering in the head 4, inflammation of the brain 7, inflammation of the ears 9, inflammation of the lungs 2, inflammation of the pulmonary organs 2, inflammation of the spinal marrow 1, measles 17, mumps 4, paralytic stroke 1, rickets 1, scabs 1, scalds 3, scald heads 2, shocks 2, sickness undefined 19, spinal disease 30, swelling on the neck 1, tetanus 3, water on the brain 5, whooping cough 1, worms 2, causes undefined 89; in all a total of 661.

It will be seen from the foregoing that of the whole number 262 were born deaf, the remaining 399 having lost their hearing by various diseases or undefined causes. Abbe Lambert and other writers aver that the cause of deaf-muteness may be ascribed to damp atmosphere, uncleanness, scrofulous and nervous temperaments, marriages of consanguinity, a fault in the construction of the ear, exposure to cold directly after birth, drunkenness in one or other of the parents. In Germany the great proportion of deaf-mutes is found among the Israelites, where consanguineous marriages are common, and the smaller number among the Roman Catholics, to whom such marriages are forbidden. Hereditary transmission is not of such frequent occurrence as is generally supposed. Not one of the parents of the 661 sent to the institution are known to be deaf and dumb, but a few of the grand-parents were mutes, so that the affliction is passed on to a generation in these cases. Mutes are married in the Province have speaking children in every case. There may be some who are not heard of, as several instances are reported in the United States where the children of deaf and dumb parents were also deaf and dumb, but they are rare that no theory of transmission can be based upon them. If there is one more than another that seems to contribute to congenital deafness it is the marriage of near relations. It is difficult



DEAF AND DUMB ALPHABET.

matter to obtain reliable information on this point, but where there are two, three, four and five mutes in the family one half of the number of parents acknowledge the relationship of first and second cousins before marriage. The relationships existing are stated to be, first cousins, 40; second cousins, 12; third cousins, 4; distantly related, 16; not related, 561; unknown, 21; in all, 661. One family contained 5 mutes, 3 families 4 each, 9 families 3 each, 529 families 1 each, in all 661.

The religious denominations represented include Presbyterians, Methodists, Roman Catholics, Church of England, Baptists, Bible Christians, Lutherans, Mennonites, Plymouth Brethren and others. The Presbyterians and Methodists being the most numerous.

The object of the Institution at Belleville is to afford educational advantages to all youth of the Province, who are on account of deafness unable to receive instruction in the common schools, and all deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, are eligible as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of twelve weeks during the summer of each year. If a year or two more would be a benefit to a pupil the privilege is usually granted. To obtain a fair general education, speaking children usually attend school a longer term, and experience has shown that it requires years to bring the deaf child up to the point where the hearing child begins. In the United States institutions the number of years allowed are six, eight, ten, twelve and fourteen. It is necessarily individual teaching, and no teacher of the deaf and dumb can instruct more than twenty pupils in a

class and do good faithful work; a less number can be taught with corresponding advantages; the larger the class the slower the progress and the smaller the class the faster the progress. The subjects taught are writing, reading, composition, arithmetic, geography, history and drawing. Language, and the ability to express it, is the great want of deaf mutes, and practical exercises in its use occupy the greater part of the school hours. Instruction in articulation and lip-reading is given to those who can profit by them, but the system relied upon is the combined one—Manual alphabet, writing, signs and articulation—on which nearly all American instructors are agreed, and which has grown out of an experience of 66 years in the United States. Dr. Peet, Principal of the New York Institution, in speaking of the combined system, says that "It recognizes the fact that all words are mere signs to the profoundly deaf, and are representative of ideas and not of sounds; that it is the eye and not the ear through which the mind is reached, and that the language of gestures, which are the natural pictorial expressions of the visions in which the deaf-mute thinks, and to which he invariably resorts when compulsion is not put upon him, is a valuable instrument in his instruction. It also recognizes the fact that alphabetic language, of which, when he comes to school, he is entirely ignorant, must be acquired by him in order that he may read understandingly and write idiomatically and correctly. It also recognizes the fact that the manual alphabet is the clearest and least ambiguous instrument of personal intercourse conducted in the language which hearing persons employ, and is the most easily interchangeable with

writing. It also recognizes the fact that the fleeting motions of the lips are, for the purposes of instruction, obscure and uncertain. At the same time it defers to the undeniable desire on the part of parents and friends that the deaf children so dear to their hearts should understand them when they speak to them, and should greet their ears in reply with spoken words." It is often asked, How is a deaf child taught when he is first sent to school? In the first place he is taught how to form the letters of the alphabet with his fingers and to write them. Then he is shown a number of objects, the names of which embrace the whole alphabet. As he writes the name the object is put before him and he thus associates the object with the name ever afterwards. He is taught and told to "Touch the hat" and asked "What did you do?" to which he will reply in writing, "I touched the hat." Other exercises follow and in time he will have learned the use of personal pronouns, verbs, adjectives and other parts of speech, acquire a natural system which teaches by practice without rules of grammar; be enabled to attach words directly to ideas, and to express his ideas in writing and understand simple language when written by others. Some make more satisfactory progress than others, and although the most favored are behind thoroughly educated speaking persons, the wonder is that deaf and dumb children can be taught and learn so much.

While the mind is being trained the fact that nearly all the pupils, after they leave the institution, will be compelled to rely upon their own resources for a living is not forgotten, and the day is divided into hours of labor, study and recreation, with a view of securing habits of industry and promoting health as well as intellectual and moral development. The boys are taught shoemaking, carpentering, farming and gardening; the girls tailoring, dressmaking, knitting, the use of sewing machines, plain sewing by hand, fancy work, and various household duties. The industrial department is looked upon as a very important part of the establishment. Throughout the country ex-pupils may be found, self-sustaining members of the community, employed as artists, decorators, wood-carvers, printers, shoemakers, machinists, carpenters, farmers, bookbinders, sailmakers, blacksmiths, carriage-makers, moulders, spinners, tailors, milliners, seamstresses, dressmakers, and domestic servants. A few are carrying on business for themselves and a considerable number are married, settled in happy homes, blessed with speaking children and a fair share of the comforts of life. Some are entirely self-supporting, others partially so, and a few dependent upon the generosity of their friends and relatives.

Every deaf child in the Province may have the benefit of an education, if its parents or friends are willing to send it to the Institution. There is room for all applicants at present, and, if more accommodation is necessary to meet the wants of the future, it will be provided. A letter to the superintendent will secure particulars of admission and any desired information. If parents feel themselves unable to pay \$30 a year, admittance may be had on board, tuition, care, books, and medical attendance secured free of charge. Only eight or ten of the 235 now present pay anything, so that the institution may be said to be practically free. Indigent orphans, in addition to above, are clothed by the Province. The expenditure for maintenance last year amounted to \$40,957.68 or \$168 for each pupil. The legislative grants have always been sufficient for the necessities of the Institution. Efficient inspection is a guarantee that care of the pupils is all that can be desired. The following are the names of the officers and teachers:

- Cabinet Ministers in charge: Hon. A. S. Hardy, Provincial Secretary. Inspector, R. Christie. Superintendent, H. Mathison. Physician, J. B. Murphy, M.D. Bursar, A. Livingston. Matron, Mrs. M. Spaight. Clerk and Storekeeper, D. S. Canniff. Teachers:—D. R. Coleman, M.A.; J. T. Watson, P. Denys, S. T. Greer, B.A.; J. H. Brown, J. B. Ashby, D. J. McKillop, Mrs. Effie Terrill, Miss S. Templeton, Miss M. M. Ostrom, Miss M. S. Sawyer, Miss A. Horkins, Miss M. Bull. Industrial Inspectors:—Miss H. B. Luckenstaff, M. O'Donoghue, Wm. Hurac, and Wm. Douglass, Supervisor.

The Poet's Page.

Old Letters.

ELIZABETH PASTOR.

-For Truth.

On the coals I laid the letters, and though they were not to blame, Yet I watched them writhe and quiver in the clutches of the flame...

There are wounds I thought would never bleed, or ache, or smart again; But I learned of my mistake, to-night, with sudden sting of pain...

O'er me—as I snatched the letter with a sudden burst of tears— Drifted scenes I thought forgotten; drifted from the distant years...

First a swallow-haunted river, near whose margin, cool and deep, In the arms of dusky shadows, white pond lilies lie asleep...

Tender words across the distance, thrill me with a strange delight, As of old I heard them, mingled with the voices of the night...

Woodland walks in sheltered nooks, where two youthful lovers stray'd O'er drifts of golden sunlight edged by shifting shores of shade...

Then two low but rocky ledges, with a brawling stream between, O'er whose foam-flecked, wave-washed margin, fern fronds droop and willows lean...

And two happy lovers, talking, through the woodland lily stray, Reach the bridge and pass beyond it down the shadow-haunted way...

Sift the fire. The scene is changing; I can hear the north winds blow Through the bare and chilly forest. All the paths are white with snow...

And a boat upon a river, without steersman, sail or oar, All alone on turbid waters drifts towards an unknown shore...

Drop the curtain, pallid showman; lay the shifting scenes away, Fling no more your sombre shadows o'er the pictures of to-day...

True Courage.

BY MRS. CHRISTINA F. FOSTER.

-For Truth.

We speak of men of backbone And fear-as real in hours of strife, Whose courage plays the hero's part...

They gaze on scenes which ruin brings, As if unconscious how to feel, More either men they stand as kings, Whose heart and brain and nerves are steel...

There's men that stand upon the field, With dauntless men and heart of rock, Who would not to the foeman yield...

They can stand up with dauntless front, And courage flashing in the eye, And stem the battle's fiercest brunt...

There's some can hear the tempest wail, When its great heart throbs high with pain, And never know in heart a quail...

But 'tis a nobler courage far To stand for truth when men will sneer, Than that displayed on fields of war...

For courage may be nobler far That dares say "no" when others yield, Than that which leads the van in war...

Brave is the soul that stands alone, The butt of ridicule and jeer, And dares with virtue kinship own...

Its braver far to say you're poor, And say you can afford to cost, Than daily feel what those endure...

Its nobler far to wear a coat Of texture rough which is your own, Though publishing your humble lot...

Be brave in all the things you do, Be never backward in the right, But be a soul sincere and true...

Gone Before.

J. O. FAIRBANKS.

-For Truth.

Little Olive—Died Oct. 24, 1882.

When the harvest moon was shining, And the autumn winds blew cold; And a myrtle hand was painting...

Oh! how dear is life around us, Since our darling baby died; Empty cradle, little dress...

Could we but have seen her spirit As it gained the glittering strand, Heard the rapturous song of "Welcome"...

She will never know the sorrow Of life's dark and toilsome way; Never feel the heavy burdens...

Sweetest Olive I preclaim blossom I Though we miss thy form so fair, Yet we would not wish to call thee back...

STRATFORD, N. S.

Tom's Soliloquy.

BY M. A. MAITLAND.

-For Truth.

And so I must bundle away to bed, 'Tis a hard and cheerless doom,— Sent up from the gloom of the embers red...

How I wonder why I was made at all, And what I was made to be, When neither in parlor, kitchen, nor hall...

There is room for every amperling guest, And I hate them one and all, For I'm always earlier sent to rest...

And I must resign the coalcat chair, No matter how tired I be, For the sake of that growling, gouty bear...

'Tis "Tommy," come here," and "Tommy, go there," At every one's beck and call, And whether the weather be foul or fair...

To-day, when our set had the highest score In the game we played on the sea, I needs must struggle to the plucky shore...

I am only a clumsy, awkward lad,— At least so my sisters say, I am always plotting on something bad...

When I am a man—as I mean to be— And have lots of rouping boys, They will never torment or worry me...

They may whistle and shout the whole house over, And wrattle and whoop and call, They may spin their tops on the parlor floor...

They may rummage the pantry shelves at will,— For school is a hungry place, And the boys are ready to eat their fill...

My boys will just be the fellest lot, The best and heartiest fed; And I won't give them the coarsest spot...

STRATFORD, Ont.

The Daisy.

A. G. GIDD.

-For Truth.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep, Need we to prove a God is here; The daisy, fresh from nature's sleep...

For who but he who arched the skies, And pours the day-spring's living flood, Wondrous alike in all his tricks...

Would its green cup, its wily stem Its fringed border nicely spin, And cut the gold-embossed gem...

And fling it, unrestrained and free, O'er hill and dale, and desert soil, That man, wherever he walks, may see...

Only a Vision.

BY J. A. WILKINSON.

-For Truth.

It was only a dream—a vision, But I stood on a lofty mountain Than the world hath ever seen...

And the old and young there assembled, With burdens too precious to bear; And their moans and lamentations...

And I raised my eyes toward Heaven, Not a ray of sunlight was there; Fiery clouds swept along, as if driven...

And I listened in awe as that warning Came in tones stern, yet tender as love; Reaching down in that sorrowful valley...

And up from those depths, dark and dreary, Rose a prayer, such as earth never heard; So full of unutterable pleadings...

And I heard songs of praise and rejoicing, Such music as earth never heard; Entrancing my soul with its rapture...

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And I heard songs of praise and rejoicing, Such music as earth never heard; Entrancing my soul with its rapture...

Peacefully murmuring towards the sea, And I knew there was rejoicing in Heaven, When the wanderers returned to the fold...

I, too, would have joined in rejoicing With the friends of the dear long ago; One, fair as the angels, awaited me...

And there was no way down from the mountain, And I sank with a bitter cry On the bleached and storm-swept rocks...

Room For You.

BY GEORGE D. HOWARTH.

Who shall sweep away the errors Crowding on us from the past? Whoshall clear the mists and shadows...

Soon we busy teeming millions Will have ended all this strife, And the myriads crowding on us...

Ah! the workers in the vineyard Are too faint and all too few, And the field of honest effort...

Room for boyhood, strong and sturdy— Manhood honest, brave and true; Room for manly, lusty vigor...

Room for every sweet-voiced singer That can thrill the heart with song; Room for thoughts and words and actions...

Statesmen, warriors, men of science, Once, my friends, were boys like you; And the grandest deeds of history...

The Spirit of Content.

BY MRS. M. A. MANN.

Why stand droop in sadness? Why sorrow and repine? The earth is full of gladness...

What though the fruit ye gathered Proved bitter to the taste? Though fierce the blast you weathered...

Life hath its joys and pleasures, Thick strewn along the way, In duty's path fall measure...

One gem, best in possession, May yet to thee be sent; The best of earthly blessing—

Hope Resurrected.

BY MRS. MYRA DOUGLASS.

I thought that hope was dead, I saw her lie, So cold and lifeless, on the unfeeling ground...

I bowed my head above her form so dear, Sad, pitying tears I dropped upon her face, And thought of hours, that she and I so near...

I cried aloud, O'ercome with grief and woe,— "Oh, must I yield thee to the dreadful tomb, And thy dear love and comfort never know..."

Oh, is no life still left within the form? There's warmth within, I feel, I know there must be spirit of life still left...

She moves—she lives—unlooses that soft eye, That eye, that ever beamed so kind on me, And with soft murmuring to my wonderment...

Oh, previous Hope, I hold her once again! Life I can bear if she is e'er my friend, My late accept of sorrow and of pain...

And I wait the joys the future may me send, Follow's Weekly.

Ladies' Department.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Good flavoring for sauces is made by putting half an ounce of watercress seed into one quart of vinegar. The seed should be crushed before putting it in, and it will then be soon ready for use. Celery vinegar is made in the same way.

Par-nip balls are excellent for an entree. Parboil six large parsnips, and let them get quite cold, then peel them and grate them, beat two eggs until very light, and mix with the grated parsnip, adding enough flour to give coherence to the mixture; flour your hands, and make small flat balls. Have hot lard in a shallow kettle, and drop the balls gently into it; fry them until they are well browned on both sides. Send to table very hot.

A pretty banner for the wall is of black satin with a cluster of wheat and a few daisies embroidered upon it; it has tassels in three colors across the bottom, and one tassel on each end of the pole at the top; in the right hand corner is a bow of narrow ribbon; it is almost like a rosette, so many loops and ends compose it.

A lovely needle-case, in which a thimble and small scissors may be carried, is made of a strip of white flannel a trifle over two inches wide and about thirteen inches long. This is ornamented with five rows of gilt braid, put on lengthwise, with feather stitching in crimson silk between each row, and out-side of the outer rows; the strip is then lined with crimson and satin, and it is bound with satin ribbon to match. There is a little pocket of satin at one end which is square; in the middle are three leaves of white satin button-holed with crimson silk, and in three sizes, the smallest on the outside, of course; there are two bands of satin ribbon stitched to the lining, through which scissors and tape, needle, etc., may be slipped; the case folds twice, the end which is left on the outside is pointed, to this point is fastened a narrow satin ribbon, which ties the case together. This is a very convenient article, and is also ornamental, it is so bright and unique in design.

Honor a guest by making some addition to the table adornment, no matter how trifling. An old lady who adopted that theory and really acted upon it, not long ago insisted upon a caller remaining and taking a cup of coffee with her. The guest felt honored indeed when presented with the coffee served in a cup out of which no one had drunk "since my brother died," ten years before. The coffee was good, but judge of the lady's surprise when she saw in the bottom of the cup half a dozen hooks and eyes, and two or three small buttons; the cup had been used as a receptacle for such articles for some time, and the old lady in the exercise of unwonted hospitality had overlooked the fact that the cup needed washing. Possibly other people have had the experience of attempting to help themselves to sugar, which was firmly fixed in the depths of a best china bowl, and which had evidently thus hardened since the family last had guests. It is just the watchful care over such details as this that marks the difference between the slovenly and thoughtless housekeeper and that other, so worthy of all honor, the successful housekeeper, whose refinement is exhibited in everything that pertains to her home. One might forgive the old lady for the hooks and eyes, but could not respect her, or cherish even a faint desire to be again seated at her table. The sooner all women recognize the fact and accept it to make the best of it, that constant care, eternal vigilance is the price of a well regulated home, the sooner will the faces of our friends wear calmer looks, and the disfiguring little wrinkles over the nose cease to be transmitted to posterity.

An agreeable flavor is sometimes imparted to soup by sticking some cloves into the meat used for making stocks; a few slices of onions fried very brown in butter are nice; also flour browned by simply putting it into a sauté-pan over the fire, and stirring it constantly until it is dark brown.

Bands of velvet called armlets are worn outside of the sleeves near the top, and fastened with an ornamental clasp.

Every lady must have a shawl. They are absolutely necessary, but select one with an Indian name—Dacca, Kashmir or Dhawar.

What Girls Should Do.

Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your sex; the incapacity of the female mind for accuracy is a standard argument against the equality of the sexes.

Do be exact in money matters; every debt you incur means loss to some one, probably to some one less able than you to bear it.

Do answer your letters soon after they are received, and do try to reply to them with some relation to their contents; a rambling, ill-considered letter is a satire upon your education.

Do, when you talk, keep your hands still.

Do observe; the faculty of observation, well cultivated, makes practical men and women.

Do attach as much importance to your mind as to your body.

Do try to remember where you put your gloves and card-case; keep the former mended and the latter filled.

Do recollect that your health is more important than your amusement; you can live without one, but you'll die early without the other.

Do try to be sensible; it is not a particular sign of superiority to talk like a fool.

Do put your hair-pins in so that they will stay; it looks slovenly, to say the least, to see them half dropping out.

Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual respect the feelings of other people.

Do get up in time for breakfast.

Do avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; do reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable.

Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

Do cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry; every man likes to talk about himself; a good listener makes a delightful wife.

Do be contented; "martyrs" are detestable; a cheerful, happy spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere; do avoid whimpering; it is as bad as giggling; both are to be condemned; there is no excuse for either of them; if you have anything to say, say it, if you have not, hold your tongue altogether; silence is golden.

Do be truthful; do avoid exaggeration; if you mean a mile say a mile, not a mile and a half; if you mean one, say one, and not a dozen.

Do, sometimes, at least, allow your mother to know better than you do; she was educated before you were born.

Do sign your full name to your letters.

Table Covers.

The tendency of the taste of the present day is toward an increase of color, a tendency to be encouraged, since brilliant touches here and there blend into harmony the discords of the most ill-conceived homes.

A room may be plain in its appointments, with a wall paper hopelessly dull and old-fashioned, and yet look bright and attractive if there is a mass of glowing red in the table cover and the borders of the curtains. Indeed, a rich, beautifully bordered cloth for the centre table works of itself an effective transformation.

Imagine, for instance, the charm added to a parlor by a table cover composed of a yard of peacock blue flannel, two and a half yards of creamy linen crash (the coarsest kind) and half an ounce of blue worsted to match, put together in this wise: First cut a large square of the flannel as the goods will admit. This forms the centre piece. Then divide the crash into halves, and the halves into two equal lengths, thus making

four strips. Sew these as a border around the centre piece, joining them diagonally at the corners. Separate this bordering into accurate thirds by pencil lines; leave the upper thirds plain, fringe the lower third as a finish to the cover, and draw out all the lengthwise threads of the middle third. Through the up and down threads left run in and out a strip of blue flannel the requisite width, and as a last dainty touch head the fringe with a blue feather stitching of worsted.

A still handsomer cloth of peacock blue is cut from the soft, double-width, double-faced Canton flannel that resembles plush—though but a dollar a yard—and has a border of real peacock feathers, each one overlapping the other, and lightly held in place by numerous invisible stitches.

Another tasteful cover of the same material is a deep wine red tint with a border of golden half moons. These are shaped out of flannel, and must measure five inches from tip to tip. Baste them on the cloth about an inch apart, and button-hole all around with yellow floss.

A plain, broad band of old gold flannel fastened each side with loose slip stitches of dark blue is also effective, especially if there are curtains to match, with similar bands across the top and bottom.

Very elegant covers are fashioned of plush or velvet in rich, quiet shades, ornamented with the popular applique designs of poppies, sunflowers, cat-tails, and meadow grasses, arranged as borders or large corner pieces and held in place by the simple button-hole and herring-bone stitches.

Small, gay covers can be made at a trifling cost of two unbleached Turkish towels sewed together and trimmed with narrow, parallel rows of bright ribbon or black velvet, embroidered with bugs, bees and butterflies; and evenly bound and tacked along the edges with many brass-headed nails, they form extremely pretty patterns for square footstools or the quaint little cross-legged chairs of oak and walnut.

Hints on the Care of Plants.

In the event of house plants getting frozen, they should, says the *Garden*, be immediately placed in a low temperature, only a few degrees above the freezing point, and kept in the dark until the frost has altogether left them, and for some days afterward they should be kept cool and away from sunshine.

If the soil in the pots is frozen hard, bury the plant, roots and stems, in earth or sand in a cool cellar so that it may thaw out gradually. Should heliotropes, coleuses, or other tender plants get "burned" by frost, it is utterly impossible, no matter how soon we "catch" them, to restore to health the leaves and shoots that get frozen; but geraniums, century plants, and many others bear slight frosts without apparent injury.

Do not overwater the plants. Carnations, callas, justinias, and other fast growing plants now in active growth or coming into bloom require plenty of water. Succulent plants of all kinds need very little. Evergreens need merely to be kept moist, and plants being wintered over for next summer's garden merely water enough to keep them from wilting. If any of the house plants are sick keep them dry rather than wet, and never, under any circumstances, give liquid manure or other stimulents to a sick plant.

Dyeing Gloves.

Any lady may dye her soiled gloves without difficulty, says *Science News*, at a very trifling cost, by the following recipes:

For black, first brush the gloves with alcohol; when dry, brush them again with a decoction of logwood; when this is dry, repeat the logwood wash, and, after ten or fifteen minutes, dip them into a weak solution of green vitriol.

If the color be not jet black a little fustic may be added to the logwood. The gloves should be thoroughly rubbed with a mixture of pure oil and French chalk as they begin to dry to give them a smooth, soft, and glossy appearance; they should then be wrapped in flannel and placed under a heavy weight. Should there be any holes

in the gloves they must be carefully mended before commencing the dyeing process, and the tops should also be sewed up to prevent any of the dye getting on the inside.

Gloves can be dyed brown by using a decoction of fustic, alum, and Brazil wood; this should be applied in the same manner as the foregoing. A decoction of sumac and a very weak solution of green vitriol produce gray, greenish gray being obtained by the addition of logwood and fustic to sumac. Fancy shades can be produced by using the aniline colors in solution, they can be simply applied with a sponge. Thus soiled gloves may be made as good as new.

Domestic Virtues.

Every mother ought to teach her daughter practically how to keep her house in order; how to make bread and do all kinds of cooking; how to economize so as to make a little go a great way; how to spread an air of neatness and comfort over her household; how to make and mend her husband's clothes; in a word, how to be a good housekeeper. Then, if she has no domestics, she can make her family happy without them; if she has domestics, she can effectually teach them to do things as they ought to be done, and make them obey her. She can then direct her domestic affairs, and be mistress of her own house; which, sad to say, too many in these times are not. Domestic soon ascertain whether their mistress knows how to do things, and if she does not, they have her in their own power, and almost always take advantage of it. But do not get the false notion that the domestic virtues of a woman preclude the highest and most accomplished education. Some of the most intelligent, refined and finished ladies have been the most excellent housekeepers.

Cleansing Wool or Silk Fabrics.

If, among the innumerable benzines and cleansing fluids afloat, one does not happen to have anything satisfactory to obviate the effects of any overwhelming accident, as, for instance, getting wagon grease on some costly fabric, try the yolk of an egg. We have used it for years, and like it still. Separate the yolk from the white as perfectly as possible. Then stretch the fabric on a board, and with a soft clothes-brush dip into the yolk, and rub the spot till the grease seems loosened. The yolk will not injure the most delicate colors, but the rubbing may, if too severe. Then rinse with warm rain water, rubbing the edges with a damp cloth and clapping the whole between dry towels. If the stain is not quite gone repeat the process. It will not do so well for fabrics mixed with cotton or linen.

Insight in Women.

Those who have suffered sharply see keenly; and it is difficult to conceal much from women. They have the strangest facility in reading physiological language—tones, gestures, bearing, and all those countless signs which make the face and eyes such tell-tales of the soul. They will look into your eyes and see you think, listen to your voice and hear you feel. The coy and subtle world of emotion—now infinitely reticent, now all gates flung down for the floods to pour—is their domain. They are at home in it all, from the rosy fogs of feeling to the twilight borders of intelligence.

The first requisite for a clear, pleasing complexion is good health, though there may be good health without a fine complexion. But give this and a proper care of the face, and every woman may banish from her toilet table every sort of cosmetic. And sometimes, even when the general health is not of the best, the only unpleasing effect upon the complexion is that it will lack that healthful tone which forms one of the chief elements of beauty. However, there are few women who cannot possess, with the exercise of a little care and trouble, a complexion more beautiful and pleasing than any that can be got out of a box, and which will have the inestimable advantage of being always ready for use in an emergency.

T. EATON & CO.

190, 192, 194, 196 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

Our Big Clearing Sale inaugurated in the first part of January continues with unabated interest, and in order to make it doubly interesting we continue to add fresh fuel to the fire in the way of Special Bargains in every department.

Dress Department :

Special line of heavy all wool Dress Goods, in dark mixed colors, 25c a yard, regular price was 40c., sale price 25c. Extra fine Ottoman Dress Goods, in plain self colors, in Grenat, Brown, Electric and Peacock Blue 37c a yard, regular price 50c. Heavy Welsh Flannel Dress Goods, 32 inches wide, in Brown, Bronze, Grenat, suitable for Heavy Winter Dresses, Morning Wrappers, &c., 15c. a yard, regular price 28c.

Popular :

The line of Colored Brocade Velvetens at 55c., reduced from 80c., to be had in leading colors, very suitable for Dresses, Waists, Skirts, &c. We are also offering special prices in all makes of Velvetens, Silk Velvet, Plushes, &c.

Crapes :

We call special attention to Crapes, Rainproof, Silk Crapes. Best makes are always kept, from 45 cents to \$3.50 a yard.

Shoes :

This department has been steadily growing in importance. Our aim is to supply Ladies' Fine Shoes at same small profits as other dry-goods. This department is to be found at north-west end of store.

- Ladies' Pebble Button Boots, \$1 per pair.
- Ladies' Dall Buff Button Boots reduced to \$1.25.
- Ladies' Fine Button Boots, worked button-holes, reduced to \$1.50.
- Ladies' Polish Calf Boots, buttoned, \$1.75, regular price, \$2.25.
- Ladies' Oil Goat Boots \$3., reduced from \$2.50.
- Splendid assortment of Ladies' Fine French Kid Boots.
- Misses' Boots in all sizes.
- A good serviceable Button Boot for Misses at 80c.
- Finer Goods in Misses' size, \$1.
- Babies' and Infants' Shoes
- Ladies' Fine French Kid Slippers in New American Styles, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50.

Shawls :

Extra Bargains in this department. Wool-Knitted Shawls from 35 cents up. A special lot of 15 doz., 45x45 inches in plain colors, Cardinal, Black, White, Sky, Grenat, Slate, Apricot and Fawn at 50 cents each, regular price 85 cents; also 24 doz., 54x54 inches in same colors, and heavier goods, \$1.00 each, regular price \$1.50 and \$1.75. Sale price \$1.00. Also the balance of Wool Woven Shawls, full size, in light fawn colors, also stripes, at \$1.50 each, the regular price was \$3.00 each.

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WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK
Silk Embroidery
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Silk Plushes,
\$2.50 AND \$3.00 PER YARD.

FELTS,
All Colors, 2 yards wide,
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Roman Satin
(18 inches wide) 85c. PER YARD.

ROMAN SATIN, 54 in. wide.
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Also a complete stock of Berlin, Scotland, Andalusian, Saxony and Ice Wools, all of which we sell at 12 1/2 cents per oz.

We have reduced our Tinsel to 10 cents per ball; our Macramé Cord to 15 cents per ball. A trial solicited. Can send goods to any part of Canada.

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CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Bloating, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end there, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
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at all prices from 1c. each to \$2 each. Comic and Sentimental. Utely or artistically designed. Fifty per cent. discount to store-keepers and others ordering an assortment. Send us 50c., \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10, and we will send you a nice assortment.
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For 25 cts will be mailed, (graded value,) 10, 7, 4, or 2 beautiful Birthday Cards, no two alike, large and artistic.
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In the above are included Prang's American Heidelberg and Faulkner's English, and other artistic series. Orders filled also for more expensive Cards. Send us \$2, \$3, \$5, or \$10, and we will send you a fine assortment at lowest rates.

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LADIES!
If you want to try a fine Style in Lacy Bangs, Waves, Switches, etc., increase your shade of hair in color, and amount, and I will send you my style or color by return mail. If you have nice long hair that you want to sell, send it to me by mail, and I shall send you money what it is worth in return. Address: A. DOREN WEND, Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Circular sent on application.

A QUICK SHAVE.
A Death Blow to Superfluous Hair.
LADIES, when you are distressed with superfluous hair on face or arms, try a bottle of
DOREN WENDS,
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This preparation is invaluable, for it not only removes the hair but by careful observance of directions does away the roots, also softens and beautifies the complexion; it is safe, harmless, and painless.
Send to any address on receipt of price, \$2.00 for one bottle or three bottles for \$5.00. Write address plainly, and enclose money to
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105 YONGE STREET TORONTO,
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OH! DAT WATERMELON.

Arr. by JOHN BRAHAM.

Piano introduction consisting of two staves of music in 2/4 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

1. My old misses promised me, Gwine to git a homo byo and bye, When she died she'd set me free,
 2. Shoo-fly cut a pig-un wing, Gwine to git a homo byo and bye, Rat-tle snake rolled in a 'possum's skin,
 3. Sis-ter Sue, and old aunt Sal, Gwine to git a homo byo and bye, Both lived down in Shim-hono al,

Musical notation for the first system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Gwine to git a homo byo and bye, She did live till she got bald, Gwine to git a homo byo and bye,
 Gwine to git a homo byo and bye, Cow path croaked gwine frough de wood, Gwine to git a homo byo and bye,
 Gwine to git a homo byo and bye, Name of de house, name on de door, Gwine to git a homo byo and bye,

Musical notation for the second system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

And sho nev-er died at all, Gwine to git a homo byo and bye, Den Oh, dat wa-ter mel-on,
 Mis-res ses I shan't, I ses I should, Gwine to git a homo byo and bye,
 Big green spot on de Grocery store, Gwine to git a homo byo and bye,

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Lamb of goodness, you must die. I'm gwine to joo de con-tra-band children, Gwine to git a homo byo and bye.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Health Department.

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

Hygiene for Smokers.

Under the above unique title, Dr. Felix Bremont, a smoker himself, has published an interesting article in a French magazine. The testimony contained in the following extract from it is weighty because it comes from a user of tobacco, and not from a prejudiced theorist:

"This article is not intended for school-boys desiring to enjoy their cigarettes out of sight of their tutor, nor for children who try to play the man by taking up one of his faults. It is addressed to smokers, but does not purpose to increase the number of them. Its design is to indicate what precautions may be taken to diminish, as far as possible, the inconveniences of smokers' glandular irritation; but it affirms the reality of these inconveniences, and declares it impossible to remove them completely.

"The first hygiene principle relative to tobacco is, do not smoke at all; don't smoke at any age. More than one old smoker will agree with me that it would have been good for him if he had never lit a cigar; for he suffers now if he cannot smoke a half-dozen of them in the course of the day. The habit of smoking creates a fictitious want that is, perhaps, more imperative than real wants, and which is a constant trouble to those who feel it. When I have a pressing engagement after dinner, I cut my meal short so as to have time to smoke a cigar; and there is to me nothing to suggest doubt in the story related by Philibert Audebrand of Father Schoene, director of Louis Philippe's park of Monceaux, who loved two things—his plants and his pipe. From morning till night he lived in the garden, and from morning till night he carried a short pipe in his mouth, which he would not take out for any one. 'It may pass before me,' said Louis Philippe to him one day, 'but to smoke so in the presence of the queen and the princesses?' 'Sire,' replied Schoene, 'it is stronger than I am. If your majesty is not satisfied with my service, I shall have to present my account; I shall probably die with vexation over the matter, but it will be with my pipe between my teeth.' Do not enroll yourselves, then, beardless readers, in the battalions of Nicotia. Initiation into her mysteries has painful accompaniments, and her fervent worship brings trouble of another character. Tobacco is smoked in cigars, cigarettes, and pipes. Placed in contact with the mouth, the cigar, which cannot escape some chewing, colors the saliva and charges it with the toxic principles of the tobacco—elements, principally nicotine, that should be carefully rejected. A person smoking only a simple light cigar may, perhaps, see the end of it without spitting, but, if he consumes any number of them, he must spit frequently. This is less indispensable when a cigar-holder is used, and the adoption of such a mouth-piece is recommended by hygiene as a means of avoiding the direct contact of the mouth with the tobacco, and considerably diminishing the inconveniences of smoking. Cigar-holders are made of amber, shell, glass, bone, cherry, birch, lilac, jasper, maple, and cane. Holders made from the last wood are the best, because they are generally longer than the others, whereby the smoke may become cooled, and because, being very cheap, they can be frequently renewed. Other inconveniences, involving questions of cleanliness, are avoided by the use of the cigar-holder. Too many hands touch the tobacco while it is being manufactured into a cigar for one to be able to say it has not been soiled, and cases of its having been the vehicle for conveying contagious diseases are not unknown.

Deep Breathing.

Hall's Journal of Health contains always many novel suggestions in regard to remedies and sanitary matters. Of their practical value TRUTH does not pretend to be qualified to speak. The following suggestions are given for what they may be worth. They can be tried without any danger, at any rate:—

In this season, when coughs and colds are "all the rage," any method of preventing them, and checking the first symptoms without drugs, may be of inestimable value. Therefore the following suggestions are offered.

When you find you have a cough, and before it gets to be deep-seated, go into the air and practice deep breathing. Draw air into the lungs until they are completely distended, raising the arms above the head during inspiration to more fully expand the chest. Hold the air in the lungs for a few seconds, then breathe it out slowly. Repeat the operation a dozen times or more, and after an hour try it again.

Persistence in this treatment will often cure a newly-contracted cough in a few hours. If the cough is of long standing, pain may be felt under the shoulder-blades and across the chest during the breathing, but as this is caused by the tearing away of adhesions of the lung tissue, it will usually pass away in a day or two, and the fact that it is felt shows that the lungs need thorough inflation.

Three cases have recently come under our observation where this treatment has proved beneficial.

The first was that of a lady who had been troubled with a dry cough for several months, but whose lungs were apparently sound. In three days she cured herself entirely by deep breathing, and, although a month has gone by since then, there has been no return of the cough.

The second was a gentleman who thought his lungs were failing. Deep breathing gave severe pain, as above described, but it soon passed away. A burning sensation was also felt in the lungs at each deep breath, owing to the access of oxygen to irritated lung tissue. The cough decreased in frequency and violence, he has gained in general health, and recovery will probably ensue.

The third was the Editor of the Journal of Health. He "caught cold," which settled into a severe cough. A dozen inhalations would stop the cough for an hour or two, when it would return and be stopped again in the same way. Two days' treatment drove it away entirely.

Sometimes the first deep breath is interrupted by a cough, but after a trial or two the inclination to cough can be controlled, and after five or six breaths are taken a sense of relief is felt and the desire to cough passes away.

A physician friend informs us that he has seen many cases of supposed consumption speedily cured in this way. At all events, it can do no harm to try it, and benefit may result.

The Two Membranes.

Two of the membranes of the body are of pre-eminent importance from their extent, their work, and the diseases to which they give rise. Their chief office is to secrete fluids for the purpose of keeping the parts soft, lessening friction, and aiding in the passage of substances.

One is the mucous membrane, the other is the serous. The former lines every cavity of the body that has an external outlet—the nostrils, mouth, gullet, stomach, the ducts of the liver, the intestines, bladder, etc., and the bronchial tubes of the lungs.

The serous membrane lines the cavities of the chest and of the abdomen, and also covers—as the skin does the body—the brain, heart, lungs, liver, etc. It also forms a sac around the heart, which it encloses, and is called the pericardium. It moreover lines the heart within, where it is called the endocardium.

It may aid the memory of some of our readers if we add that *endo* means "within," and *peri* "around."

The brain also is enclosed with a second serous membrane, called the arachnoid. As the brain substance extends down through the spinal column, so the investing serous membrane follows it. A similar membrane lines the smooth surface of the joints.

Coryza—a "cold in the head"—is an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nostrils; pharyngitis is an inflammation of the same membrane in the back part of the mouth; laryngitis, in the larynx, or vocal box; bronchitis, in the bronchial tubes.

So, too, the mucous membrane of the stomach may be inflamed, causing a large secretion of "phlegm"—mucus. Inflammation of the mucous membrane of the liver or gall ducts prevents the flow of bile, causing most agonizing pain and jaundice. A similar inflammation in the intestines gives inflammation of the bowels, or enteritis.

An inflammation of the serous membrane of the brain causes at first delirium, and then stupor, by the pressure of the accumulated fluid. This is cerebral meningitis. When the inflammation affects the membrane of the brain and the spinal cord, it is cerebro-spinal meningitis. Pleurisy is inflammation of the serous membrane of the chest and lungs; pericarditis, that of the heart-sac; endocarditis, that of the inner membrane of the heart; peritonitis, that of the abdomen.

Cleaning Teeth.

The majority of those who clean their teeth do so upon getting out of bed in the morning and upon going to bed at night. Personal convenience and comfort have appointed these times, but it is better to cleanse them after every meal. The leaving of remnants of food between the teeth is what greatly helps to make work for the dentist. If the little cavities and spaces between the teeth are filled with food, the teeth will decay through the fermenting of the little remnants. Says a writer on this topic:

We have now in mind an old gentleman under whom we worked as second-hand in the weave-shop twenty-one years ago, who cleaned his teeth invariably after he left his morning, noon, and evening meal, with a reasonably stiff tooth-brush and the hardest old white castile soap he could purchase at the druggist's.

Five cents' worth of soap, which would amount to about a third of an ounce, for such soap is really valuable, would last him three months.

His soap and brush were always kept in an inner vest-pocket rolled up in clean, white flannel, which was as carefully washed every week or changed every week as the week came to its end.

This man at that time was fifty-five years of age and is still living, and his teeth two years ago, when we last saw him, would positively shame those of any woman we ever saw.

He is now upwards of seventy; never knew what the toothache was, never had a dentist look in his mouth, except to admire the teeth.

Unconsciously he had been following the most common-sense practice possible, avoiding chemical action and attaining what not one in twenty thousand Americans do attain—sound teeth.

Dangers From Impure Water.

Too much reliance is placed on the senses of taste, sight and smell in determining the character of drinking water. It is a fact that has been repeatedly illustrated that water may be odorless, tasteless and colorless, and yet be full of danger to those who use it. The recent outbreak of typhoid fever in Newburg, N. Y., is an example, having been caused by water which was clear and without taste or smell. It is also a fact that even a chemical analysis sometimes will fail to show a dangerous contamination of the water, and will always fail to detect the specific poison if the water is infected with discharges of an infectious nature. It is therefore urged that the source of the water supply should be kept free

from all possible means of contamination by sewage. It is only in the knowledge of perfect cleanliness that perfect safety is guaranteed.

The local European volunteer health commission in Alexandria, where the cholera has been raging along back, is unearthing, according to the Sanitary News, some very unsanitary conditions in that city. They have found a large native cemetery, underneath which runs a canal, with which communicates a well, the water of which is used to wash dead bodies. A drinking fountain adjoins this well, and the canal is the water supply of a crowded portion of the town. In the mosques are stagnant pools of water used for ablutions proscribed by religious belief, the water in which, being unchanged, gets indescribably foul. Such nuisances are difficult to abate because of religious prejudices. Is it any wonder that pestilential disease attacks such a locality?—Hall's Journal.

Eating.

Hurried eating is a breach of good manners. Americans are proverbially fast eaters. Not the boorish or low lived, but the "best" people, so called, are often guilty of this indecency. Dr. Willard Parker, in a recent lecture, gave the following bill of fare seen to be eaten in Albany by a "legislator" in three and a half minutes: Two boiled eggs, two large potatoes, a beef steak, two goblets of milk, a plate of ham and eggs, a plate of buckwheat cakes and a large cup of coffee. The poor man, however, complained to a friend that he "didn't feel well, and was troubled with dyspepsia!" What sort of legislation can be expected from such bilious creatures? Animals do better. The carrier pigeon arrives from its long flight exhausted, refuses food, taking, perhaps, a little water, and settles down to rest. Then it will revive and eat. Instinct teaches it that when the nerve power is gone it can't be turned on at the stomach for digestion; the steam is too low. The proprietor of the Astor House restaurant says that it is strange "to see the way these Americans go at their food. A man will start at Wall street, run all the way to the Astor as fast as his legs would carry him, and shovel in his lunch as though his life depended on his getting through in five minutes. Then he will stand around here and talk for an hour or longer without thinking of going back to his office. I have seen them go over and converse for a solid hour with the cashier, after running through their feed like chain lightning."

Eight Hours to Sleep.

The value of sleep to brain-workers cannot be exaggerated. In a recent lecture Dr. Malins, a famous English physician, said that the brain requires twelve hours sleep at 4 years old, gradually diminishing by hours and half-hours to ten hours at 14, and thence to eight hours when the body is full grown and formed. Goethe, in his most active productive period, needed nine hours, and took them; Kant—the most laborious of students—was strict in never taking less than seven. Nor does it appear that those who have systematically tried to cheat nature of this right have been, in any sense, gainers of time for their work. It may be a paradox, but it is not the less truth, that what is given to sleep is gained to labor.

MEDICAL QUERIES.

A correspondent asks TRUTH for a remedy for inflamed eyes, and another asks for a cure for water brash. For the benefit of those requiring such remedies, please publish the following:

FOR WATER-BRASH.—Eat small portions of raw carrot at intervals of say half an hour. It is an excellent remedy.—R. H. W., Port Hope.

FOR INFLAMED EYES.—Take off the inner bark of the soft maple, (from a young tree is best), put in a clean kettle with soft water, boil slowly, until about the color of writing ink. When cool, bathe the eyes freely; it gives immediate relief, and a few applications will effect a permanent cure.

C. C., CORTLAND, O.—Q.—About two years ago I strained my eyes reading night. Since that time I cannot read much at a time, especially nights, etc., etc. A—Consult a specialist on diseases of the eye.

LO

"Oh, it is I for myself," she said, and then she looked at me. "I know you surely—" she said, and then she looked at me. "I know you surely—" she said, and then she looked at me.

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LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Oh, it is hard that I must say all this for myself," she says, in a stilled tone of shame and angry reproach.

"I know what you mean," he says, confusedly—"that we shall be husband and wife in name only. But consider: this," gravely, "is a step that once taken is difficult of recovery. And—what will the world say?"

"Why need the world know?" exclaims she, eagerly. Her hands have fallen from her face, and she has come a degree nearer to him. The mask of indifference has fallen from her beautiful face, and for the first time he sees all the earnestness of which it is capable.

"There are such things as servants," says Donat, gently. "Still"—seeing the shadow that crosses her face—"as you have taken this idea so much to heart, I am willing to defy the world with you."

"You consent, then," she says, with a sigh of the most intense relief. "I thank you. You have given me back my self-respect. You don't understand that, perhaps, but you have—Now, indeed, it is an honorable sale between us two. You shall be free to come and go as you like, and I shall be free too. But, wherever my freedom leads me, I shall give you back upon my death-bed your name as clean as when I took it."

Great tears stand in her azure eyes.

"To see you is to know that," says Clontarf, quietly. Then, after a slight pause, "You will marry me soon?"

"Whenever you like."

"Next month, then? will that hurry you too much?"

"No, I think not. I dare say if I make a point of it I shall be ready by then."

"And where will you like to go? we must arrange that, I suppose. So many questions are asked. Rome? Spain? Norway?"

"I should like Paris," she says, a little timidly. "We need only stay there a short time. You would like to be home for the shooting, would you not?—and—we both know Paris so well that we cannot be bored there."

"True." A grim smile crosses his face: there is, however, a touch of amusement in it. To hear one's bride providing against that king of terrors, boredom, is in itself unique. "Everything shall be exactly as you wish it," he says in a friendly tone. "Come," smiling, "you must not begin by regarding me as an ogre. It must be bad to have to take a husband at all on such terms as ours, but—"

"Or a wife either," murmurs she, her eyes very sad and prophetic.

"I shall feel ashamed if you compare our relative positions," says Clontarf, gently; "Do not force me to acknowledge, what I already know, that on all points I have the best of the bargain. Do not be ungenerous."

"I have many things to thank you for," she says, slowly.

"Well, now I think we have pretty nearly arranged everything," says Donat, cheerfully. "In the future, friendship, I hope, lies before us; let us begin it now." He takes her hand again, and, bending over it, presses his lips to it very lightly. It is as cold as death. She smiles faintly. She looks utterly weary and overdone.

"Now I must go," says Clontarf, seeing her ever-increasing pallor.

"Good by," she says, calmly. As he leaves her and walks down the room to the door, she still stands erect, and as he makes her a final salutation at the door she smiles again, and even manages to return his bow. Then, as the door closes on him, she gives way, and, sinking into a chair, covers her face with her hands and bursts into tears.

"She is handsome, but an icicle," says Clontarf to himself, as he slowly descends the stairs. "So much the better for her, as I should certainly never have been able to fall in love with her. She is without feeling, and much too difficult. All things considered, her little arrangement, if slightly embarrassing, is a very sensible one."

Thus musing, he turns an angle of the staircase, and finds himself unexpectedly face to face with an old woman. She is evidently a little lame, because she supports herself with an ebony walking-

cane, and keeps one hand upon the balusters besides. She looks keenly at the young man out of two dark piercing eyes, and by a gesture brings him to a standstill.

"Well, and how has your wooing sped?" she asks sharply.

Clontarf, amazed, stares at her in turn.

"I really cannot remember," he says, hesitatingly, "that I have ever had the—"

"No, you have never had the pleasure of my acquaintance until now," interrupts she, brusquely, "and a very little of it, let me tell you, young man, would use up all the pleasure. Your father will agree with me there. He knows me, or thinks he does, and I know him, and what his value is which in truth isn't worth talking about! My name is Costello, and it is my niece with whom you were conversing just now. Well, as I have now satisfied your niece, answer my question. Is it yes or no with her? Have you brought matters to a crisis at last? How have you sped? Eh?"

"Madam," returns Clontarf, gravely, "your niece has done me the honor of accepting my hand." He is not at all sure whether he is amused or angry.

"And you have done her the honor of accepting her fortune," snarls the old woman, giving her stick a thump upon the floor. "And now, doubtless, you and your precious father think you are at liberty to make ducks and drakes of it, and that you have bought it dear enough by bartering for it your barren title. But I tell you no, no, no!" with three or more emphatic thumps of the ebony stick. "I see that her money isn't squandered. It was hardly and honestly earned, and shall be kept for her for whom it was intended. I'll fight, step by step, and penny by penny, any rascally lawyers your father may choose to send about settlement. I'm her guardian in a certain sense, and I'll see her righted. So let that old dandy beware."

"Madam," says Clontarf.

"Hold your tongue," says Mrs. Costello. "I'm not afraid of you either, though you are young and handsome. And as for your father, tell him to be prepared. I shall circumvent him on every point. I give him fair warning. Let him know from me, flourishing the stick again, "that my mind is made up."

"I assure you, madam," begins Clontarf, haughtily; there is no difficulty about deciding between the amusement and the anger now, he is literally fuming with rage.

"You needn't," interrupts she again, contemptuously, "on this subject I shall assure myself. Don't give yourself any trouble, my good boy; I'm equal to the occasion. There! go—and," severely, "tell that old man, your father, that Anna Costello has her eye on him!"

With this she hobbles away from him, and mounts with difficulty three steps. There, however, she pauses, and looks down again upon the stricken if indignant Clontarf.

"Tell him, too," she says, in a grating voice, "that he may as well give up the powder and patches and juvenile airs now, because the wrinkles of seventy don't go well with 'em, and he's that if he's a day."

With this last gentle thrust she disappears.

"What an abominable old harridan!" says Clontarf, when he has recovered sufficient energy even to think again. "And so this is my aunt! I see I am to gain something by my marriage besides money." Here he descends a step or two, but slowly and thoughtfully, and finally stops short again.

"Bless me," he says with a sudden rush of pity, "what a wretched life she must have led that poor girl upstairs!" He seems really distressed, but being Irish, quick change in his mood is a necessity to him, and presently he bursts out laughing.

"How she does love the governor! he says. "His 'juvenile airs!' mimicking her tone—'ha! ha! 'tis a pity not to tell him of it: only if they came together afterward there might be blood shed. And as for me! why"—here his unbridled hilarity dies a sudden death—"she accused me of she insinuated that—that—oh!—really, now you know!" says Clontarf, indignantly, as though appealing to an imaginary audience; after which, pulling himself together with an angry abrupt, he runs rapidly down

the stairs and precipitates himself into his cab.

CHAPTER IV.

"Love will not be constrained by mastery."

To-day, though slumberous August, has just given place to golden September, & the sun is burning as fiercely and madly as in those lusty days of his youth when he made love to languid July.

Every blade and leaf is quivering beneath the intensity of its regard; a yellow mist is hanging over the distant sea. The cattle far away in the fields are lowing piteously; some, more fortunate than others, kneer-deep in water, are chewing the cud contentedly, regardless of their sisters' complainings; a little petulant wind is dancing through the shrubberies, making a tender music as it goes, and adding another harmony where

"Every sound is sweet,...

Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The means of doves in immemorial clime,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

All these sweet sounds, and more, fall dreamily upon the ear to-day.

It is still summer; there is not a thought of autumn, or death, or decay, in all the genial air. Some late roses climbing up the veranda of Kilmalooda—the residence of Lord and Lady Clontarf—are hanging their heads wearily because of the unwonted heat, and are crying sadly in their dumb fashion to be plucked and carried in-doors to the cool and shaded rooms beyond.

Kilmalooda is old, grand, and massive. It had originally belonged to an impecunious Irish peer, but had been thrown into the Land's Estates Court, and pulled out of it again by old Costello, who, having tired of the novelty of a fashionable house in town, had decided on trying the effect of a country residence—a "baronial residence," he always called it—upon his neighbors and associates.

Kilmalooda being in the market, and having been the property of "a real swell" (old Costello again), he bought it, lands, furniture, live-stock, everything, just as it stood. The furniture, however, being old, dark, subdued, and absolutely priceless in its way, was an abomination in the eyes of its new master, who had a hankering after gilding and glass, and indeed a generally lively taste on most matters. He had actually given directions for the remodeling of the house inside, and for the introduction into it of many impossible articles, calculated to make weak eyes water and stout hearts quail, when kindly death stepped in to the rescue and carried him off to a land where, let us hope, gilding is unknown.

A balcony, reached by marble steps, runs along all one side of the house; it is up this the roses are creeping, and it is on to this that just now Lady Clontarf steps lightly. Pushing aside the frail lace curtains of the drawing-room window, she comes from the dusk of the shaded room within to the bright and dazzling warmth of the open air.

She is clad in a soft blue clinging gown—a blue so pale, indeed, as to be almost white. Her eyes are bright and clear, and full of the days' content. Her lips are smiling. She has now been three weeks Lady Clontarf. Her brief honeymoon has come to an end, and yesterday she returned to her old home. No cloud is in her sky, no suspicion of evil in her heart. She and her husband are as good friends as any one could desire. As though the beauty and freshness of the day have entered into her soul, she throws off the air of cold indifference that has grown almost habitual to her, and lets her lips part in a little happy song. She has gained the topmost rung of her ladder; her ambition is satisfied. She has, she tells herself, all she was determined to obtain—rank, position, the consideration of the world.

The scent of the sad roses is stealing up to her, the murmuring of a tiny burn in the garden below as it tumbles over its brown pebbles reaches her ear. Far, far down below, the smoke from the tiny village of Rossmoyne rises up in thin gray blue columns and quivers in the ambient air. How fair a world it is, how sweet, how tranquil!

"Poor dad," she says to herself, with a smile that ends in a sigh. "How pleased he would be if he could only see me now!"

And then, somehow, she falls to thinking of how, if he were alive now, he would be going about boasting to everybody, in that loud voice of his, of "my son-in-law, Lord Clontarf, & a my noble relative the marquis—my girl's father-in-law, don't you know?"

At this she grows a little hot, and her pale cheeks deepen in tint; she draws her

breath quickly, she is conscious of a positive sense of relief in the knowledge that it is now forever out of his power to so offend, or to bring that horrible sense of shame home to her. Then follows a sharp pang of keenest self-reproach, and she upbraids herself bitterly for the cruelty of the thought that could make cause for rejoicing out of a father's death—a father who, with all his faults, had at least never been anything but kind to her. A sigh escapes her, and the glad light dies from her eyes. The sun seems to have faded a little, the brook runs but slowly, and all the music is gone from it. Her eyes as she gazes at the distant ocean are full of tears. A moment since she had been glad and exultant, now "her joy to sorrow lifts."

A servant, approaching, hands her a packet.

"With Lord Dundeady's compliments, my lady, and, as he is driving over here in about an hour's time, he hopes you will permit him to take luncheon with you."

The marquis' home—Dundeady Castle—is situated about six miles from Kilmalooda.

Doris gave him an answer, the man retires. Turning the packet over and over in her pretty slender hands, she wonders curiously what it is in it. She and her father-in-law as yet have been but bare acquaintances to each other, and this little message from him lying still unopened on her palm may mean to her nothing at all or a very great deal. Its coming has already done her good. It has roused her from her remorseful reverie. Almost she has forgotten her melancholy of a moment since, and her lips have recovered their pleased expression.

As yet that little toy, her title, has not lost for her its first freshness, and she thinks of it again (now that the servant in his address has reminded her of it) with a certain amount of satisfied vanity. Then she breaks the seal of the packet.

Opening the morocco case it contains, she gazes upon a very ancient and exquisitely lovely diamond necklet, that glitters and sparkles in the brilliant sunlight so as to almost put the rays of Phoebus self to shame. A few words in Lord Dundeady's writing are folded up inside the cover of the case; taking them out, she reads them hurriedly:

"Rummaging in an old bureau just now, I found this. It was my grandmother's, it is yours—with my love! I compliment it, in thinking it almost fine enough to rest upon your neck."

Thus the old bean, Doris, delighted both with the gift and the note, laughs aloud.

"Eh? What is that I hear?" cries a shrill voice from behind the curtains. They part again, and the old woman, Mrs. Costello, supported by her stick, hobbles into sight. "Murdoch tells me that grinning old fool is coming to luncheon. What for now, I wonder? What does he want to beg, borrow, or steal? Eh? What's that in your hand, Doris? You're hiding something from me. Yes, you are! I am not blind yet, though I dare say many a one would have me so. What bauble is that?"

"A present from the marquis," says Doris, holding it out in both her hands, that her aunt may see it in all its excessive beauty. "A diamond necklet that belonged to his grandmother. Is it not charming? Is it not kind of him?"

"Diamonds!" says Mrs. Costello, regarding with contemptuous disbelief the exquisite thing that lies glittering in Doris' palm. "Where would he get diamonds at this time o' day? Now, mark my words, the little of 'em he ever had are sold or mortgaged this many a year. His grandmother's, forsooth! It's time now he forgot he ever had a grandmother! Diamonds, said he? Ay," begrudgingly, "Irish diamonds, it may be; any one would know by the look of them they weren't genuine things."

Angry and disheartened, Doris closes the jewel-case, and turns away.

"Ay, ay, ay," snarls the old woman, vehemently. "Turn from me now to your grand new relations. Quite right; quite right; my lord the marquis of Carabas has claims on your filial duty, no doubt! Go with the tide, girl, and forget what—Eh?" with a brisk charge of tone, "what's that: 'Where's, wasn't it?' That's the old deceiver, I suppose." She hobbles toward one of the doors, and then stops again. "Don't think I'm running from him," she says; "with your good eye, my lady, I'll see him before he leaves, and tell him again what I think o'—Warn him of that, with my love—Eh? Eh? Do you hear? with my love."

Cackling and nodding, she beats a retreat, and Doris, with a sigh of relief, hears the door close behind her. Yet the sound of the wheels did not emanate from Lord Dundeady's chariot; and Doris, having ascertained this fact from a window that overlooks the avenue, turns once again to the contemplation of his present.

She slips it round her neck, and, standing with folded hands before a mirror, sways her body gently to and fro, to make the gems catch the light, and is delighted with the effect, and indeed with herself too.

Then she wonders, when the old nobleman comes, in what fitting words will she thank him, and makes up the dearest little speech in the world for his edification, which she totally forgets an hour afterward, when the necessity for it arises. She adds up, too, indifferently, the chances for and against Clontarf being in time to see his father, and then she yawns a little, and, going out again to the balcony, sinks into a low chair and falls into a musing trance once more.

This evening Vera, the little sister she has not seen for four long years, will be with her. A sense of joy at the approaching reunion fills her heart. Then Vera was fourteen, now she must be very nearly eighteen. Why, quite a woman!

Lady Clontarf smiles as she pictures a grown-up Vera. Such a little baby of a thing as she was when last they were together, all soft yellow curls, and rosy lips, and eyes so blue and innocent that they suggested heaven and its sky. A strange idea that she is old enough to be Vera's mother has taken possession of her. Yet in reality there are but two short years between them.

Kit Brabazon and Vera must be about the same age. Doris hopes earnestly they may be friends. But even Kit will be older in most ways than her Bebe, as she generally calls Vera. She will never be very old, dear Bebe, she is so childish, so laughing-loving, so gay! Why, her letters even now are vague enough to drive any solemn person out of their wits. Yes, Kit will teach her to be sensible, dear little innocent tender Vera.

So thinking, Doris lets her eyes wander thoughtfully over the glowing landscape before her, past the swelling lawns and stately trees to where in the far distance Coole lies basking in the sunshine, with the high hills of Carrigfodha on its left, and the sun rushing in soft streams across the valleys on its right. The river, too, running at its feet, and flowing past Moyno House, looks like a gleaming band of silver in the glowing light.

At Coole live Mr. and Mrs. Desmond, with their uncle, The Desmond. As a rule, Kit Brabazon too is always to be found there, though her home is commonly supposed to be with her aunts, Miss Priscilla and Miss Penelope Blake, at Moyno, a pretty old house about half a mile further away.

Just now, not only Kit but two or three other people are staying at Coole,—Dicky Browne for the shooting, Neil Brabazon and Mr. Mannering for Kit,—the latter openly, the former surreptitiously, his suit being by no means so favorably received by Kit's sister Mrs. Desmond as that of his richer rival Mr. Mannering. How Kit means to give it is a more important matter still, and one as yet hedged round by doubt, though perhaps there have certain rare moments when—

Miss Beresford is roaming through the gardens of Coole at this moment, with a rather discontented expression upon her misgonne face; she is alone, all the merriment having been carried off shooting, *bon gre mal gre*, by Brian Desmond. Yet it cannot be said she is altogether left to her own devices, being closely, though furtively, pursued at every step by the under-gardener, who regards her with mingled feelings of admiration and distrust.

"She has the purest face an' the softest tongue in the country, an' a touch of the 'com-ether' every way," says Mr. Doyle when questioned about Kit. "But she plays the very devil wid me flowers."

His feelings reach positive agony now, as she stoops before a bed of late carnations, and, carelessly picking one of the beloved flowers, puts it with indifferent appreciation to her nose. Though apparently disparaging the virtues of the thing she has plucked, she yet stoops as if to possess herself of its brother. This is one too much for Doyle.

"Miss Kit, miss, I beg yer pardon," he says in a tone that trembles with agitation, "but I think the mistress wants them flowers for the dinner-table to-night or to-morrow."

"Carnations for the *epergne*!" says Kit, with widened eyes; "and to take the flowers from the garden! Why, she always has them from the conservatories," regarding him with manifest distrust.

"Generally, miss, it must be said. But only yesterday she laid her eyes on that there bed, an' said as how she fancied them. If ye would condescend now, miss, to take a posy from any other bed, why—"

"Oh, certainly," says Kit, with a view to giving him the advantage of a most impartial judgment. "Strict justice he shall have," says Kit to herself, "but nothing more." She smiles grimly, and instantly pounces upon a bed of rare geraniums and calls it her choicest treasure.

"Oh, not that, miss," cries Doyle, almost in tears. "The *maister* likes them. He wants to show them to the markis when he comes over. Ye wouldn't see the like o' them anywhere, miss, at this time o' year. 'Tis a pity, I will always say, that ye haven't studied the thing. There, now! ye look at the size o' the flower in yer hand! why, 'twould have been twice that size to-morrow, an' the sun behavin' as it is for the last week! If ye'd just kindly turn to another bed, miss, an'—"

"This one?" says Kit, directing her thieving attentions to an exquisite *Gloire de Dijon* rose-tree that stands in a bed devoted entirely to himself. He deserves it; he is indeed a king among flowers.

"What a beauty at this time of year!" she says genially; and bending forward, she deliberately prepares to snip off one of the three last roses of summer that adorn it. Doyle springs forward.

"Oh, Miss Kit!" cries he. "Be the powers, 'twas well I stopp'd ye in time. The baby, *Maister Brian* inside is that fond o' them. May blessings light upon him! fair, 'tis he himself, when Mrs. Maloney brings him this way, that stops just here, an'—"

"Baby!" says Kit, turning upon him sternly. "How can you quote him, Doyle, when you know he couldn't see the difference between a rose and a cabbage? I'm ashamed of you! Why don't you say at once that no one is to touch a flower in this garden, and be done with it. But such a subterfuge as that—! Do you suppose an infant of four months knows anything about roses? Now, do you, Doyle? Answer me that, if you can."

"I do declare to you, Miss Kit, that the cleverness o' that child passes belief. I wouldn't think it, now, to look at him, would ye? An' yet I think, but for the spakin' part of it, he's as knowin' as yerself."

"He is not," says Kit, indignantly; "and it is just to save your flowers you say all that. You are so mean about them that some day I am sure a blight will fall upon them and wither them all up."

This terrible prognostication, sounding to the superstitious Doyle like a curse, so cows and terrifies him that at once he resigns all hope of saving his heart's children, and involuntarily crossing himself to avert evil, moves backward and beats an ignominious retreat.

"Routed with great slaughter," says Kit to herself, with a malicious smile, and for the next half-hour plays pretty havoc with the flowers, unmolested.

But time drags with her, and is a grievance rather than a joy. What a long morning it has been!—and what an unclouded sky, all one tiresome blue! not so much as a wink in it. Good gracious, if Italy is always like that, how she would hate Italy!

Some people, no doubt, would like the exquisite monotony of it; but then some people would like anything. Shooting, for example! The idea of spending a whole day in a murderous assault upon defenceless little birds! How cruel, how senseless!—sport, indeed! Now, it isn't one bit that she misses anybody (with a vehement shake of her head), or is lonely, or wants any one back again, that has given rise to these withering comments, but, really and truly, only an honest surprise that people should care to pass hour after hour trudging through broken fields with so utterly paltry an object in view.

By-the-by, when did Monica say the men would be home from their "slaughter of the innocents?" She wishes she could say when would "the man" be home? but that tiresome Mr. Mannering seems determined to stay on at Coole, though she is positive he can't shoot anything. In fact, Dicky Browne

told her so. Strangely enough, in spite of her scornful reflections of a moment since, this doesn't seem to add any lustre to the mental picture she has drawn of Mr. Mannering.

"Why doesn't he go back to his beloved England?" she says pettishly, apostrophizing a yellow rose. "I don't encourage him to neglect it as he is doing."

"Kit," calls Monica, thrusting her head out of the dining-room window, "come to luncheon, do! the servants are tired of looking for you, and the cutlets are fast resolving themselves into leather."

Certainly—whether for that reason or for any other—the cutlets don't seem to do Kit much good. She is silent and *distraine* all through luncheon.

"You've been quarreling with somebody," says Monica, glancing at her keenly, when she has seen her favorite cream go away un-tasted. Mrs. Desmond is not so long a wife that she has forgotten all about it.

"No, I haven't," says Kit, so curtly that Monica knows she has guessed aright, and is much discomfited by the knowledge. That there has been a skirmish of wits between Kit and some one unknown is as clear to her as the day; and that Kit is now angrily and half repentantly going over and over that skirmish again, with her inner self as judge and jury to excuse her or condemn, is equally apparent. There is indignation in her pretty eyes, and a little—a very little—grief; evidently her inner self is being very lenient to her. Was it between her and Mr. Brabazon that that secret disturbance arose? Of this Monica, though with an unpleasantly strong suspicion of the truth upon her mind, cannot be quite sure. To feel a quarrel, one must either love or hate the one quarreled with. That Kit does not hate Neil Brabazon is only too well known to her married sister, who would indeed fain have had it otherwise. If she should insist upon loving him, it would be a terrible pity, and one that ought to be prevented at all risks. Why should her pretty Kit be wedded to a hopelessly briefless barrister, when here was Mr. Mannering, with as many thousands a year as the other had hundreds, only waiting for a look, a word, from her to cast it all at her willful feet? That Mr. Brabazon has openly declared to Kit his affection for her, is known to Monica; what Kit's answer was is, however, unknown to her. That it was hardly as satisfactory as an ardent lover could desire she has guessed from certain signs and tokens. Evidently Kit had hesitated. Much might come of this hesitation. Procrastination is a thief; it might steal from Brabazon even those faint sweet friendly sentiments that Kit half coquettishly acknowledged she entertained for him. "There is always hope," says Monica to herself, even whilst gazing at her sister's downcast countenance.

The day closes in, and evening descends apace,—a warm and sultry evening, with not a suspicion about it of cold or damp. A breath from the departed summer has come to it:

"The falling day
Gilds every mountain with a ruddy ray;
In gentle sighs the softly whispering breeze
Salutes the flowers, and waves the trembling trees."

Monica, who has been haunting Kit all day with an evident desire to say something to her from which her heart revolts, now, plucking up courage, follows her into the orchard, where, as a rule, Miss Beresford is to be found all day long, guarding(?) the plants.

"Kit," she says, taking the plunge with a shiver, "I want to ask you about Mr. Brabazon."

"You used to call him Neil before his uncle married," says Kit, in a rather impossible tone.

"Used I? Well, never mind that. He has proposed to you, I know. Have you accepted him?"

"No," coldly—perhaps a little defiantly. "I think you have shown great good sense," says Mrs. Desmond, with a sigh of relief, though conscious that the relief stands on a very frail foundation.

"I wonder if you would have said that a month ago, before Sir Michael got married," says Kit, with abominable persistence.

"However," maliciously, "not accepting one man doesn't make one accept another."

"Certainly not; but—"

"I suppose I should have shown even greater good sense if I could have brought myself to accept Mr. Mannering?" says Kit, with a little scornful laugh.

"I think if you could do so—"

"Well, I couldn't," says Kit, decisively. "Not now, perhaps, but—"

"Neither now, nor at any other time. I wouldn't," says Miss Beresford, slowly, "as mercenary as you, Monica, for all I possess."

"That is so very little, darling," says Mrs. Desmond, with tears in her eyes. It is horrible to her to be called mercenary, but how can she let this girl she loves so dearly make herself uncomfortable for life? "So very little that I cannot bear to see you contemplating a marriage with a man who has literally nothing."

"I am not contemplating anything. I don't believe—so far as that goes—that I shall ever marry anybody, and certainly not a man who hasn't a feature in his face or an idea in his head. Why, just look at his nose!"

"I don't see anything wrong with Mr. Brabazon's nose," says Monica, determined to be just even to her foe, "and I believe he has as much brains as most young men."

"Mr. Brabazon!" cries Kit, flushing crimson. "Who is talking about him! And who has a nose except Mr. Mannering?"

Monica, discovering her error, and finding herself in the wrong, is very justly incensed.

"I have," she says, with great dignity. But Kit treats the dignity with contempt and scorn.

"The idea," she says, "of pretending you thought I was alluding to Neil. One of your jokes, I suppose; but a sorry one, let me tell you."

"You mentioned no name," says Monica. "Well, I shall now. I was speaking of Mr. Mannering."

"I don't think any one but you would say he was totally devoid of brains."

"He isn't raving mad, if you mean that, or even, strictly speaking, an imbecile, but he is as near the latter as decency will permit."

"I think you should not speak so of a man whose only fault is—"

"Loving me too well," quotes Kit, with an irrepressible if rather angry laugh.

"It isn't kind," persists Monica, gravely. "And is it kind of you," demands Kit, vehemently, "to flout and sneer at the man I like ten times better than any other man know, even though I am not sure that I quite love him? Ah! when you were worried about Brian, before your marriage, it wasn't in such a fashion as this I treated you!"

This is a terrible reproach. Mrs. Desmond's own love-affair, having been a very genuine one, had run anything but smoothly. There had been serious complications, and divers difficulties, in all of which she had been supported by Kit's unbounded sympathy. There had, too, been certain situations that had owed their triumphant terminations to Kit's assiduity. Monica's heart melts within her as all these memories rise.

"Oh, Kitty, I am not ungrateful or forgetful," she says, miserably; "but if you really think that—"

There is no knowing to what extent she might have committed herself but for the appearance of two young men, who, entering the orchard at this moment from the eastern side of the yew hedge, advance rapidly toward her, and so check the words that are lingering on her lips. One is Neil Brabazon, the other Dicky Browne.

"Ah! they have returned from the shooting," says Mrs. Desmond, quickly.

"So I can see," returns her sister, coldly. Mr. Browne is all smiles. Mr. Brabazon is all the reverse. There is a sense of injury about him not to be mistaken. There is, too, a determination not to look at Miss Beresford that is perfectly clear to everybody except Miss Beresford herself, who being equally bent upon ignoring him, loses sight of this fact.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Is showing a very large assortment of Gentlemen's Woolen Underclothing, Ribbed Wool Shirts and Drawers 40c. up. Shetland L' Wool Shirts and Drawers \$1.25 up. Cashmere Wool Shirts and Drawers Merino Shirts and Drawers \$1.00 up. In small and large men's sizes. Boys Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, Boys Plain Shirts and Drawers, Boys' Wash Shirts and Drawers, all sizes. Prices Very Low.

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CLOSIN

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During the last, the pre has given a rewards to immenso an that the P's Watches, S have given of extreme of some of t and village States. 'Tl almost, of t her even ge tant places. always put immediate names of w -th the at so inquiry who are do no fraud. fairness of know every promised. readers wh plan in det To the fi rectly ansv will be giv for freight the regular the beauti low. We require to

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1. Screen 1 each 2, 3 and 4. 5. 6 and 7. 8, 9, 10 an 11 to 17. 18 to 21 - Dre 22 to 30. 31 to 40. 41 to 50.

1. Screen 1 each 2, 3 and 4. 5. 6 and 7. 8, 9, 10 an 11 to 17. 18 to 21 - Dre 22 to 30. 31 to 40. 41 to 50.

1. Screen 1 each 2, 3 and 4. 5. 6 and 7. 8, 9, 10 an 11 to 17. 18 to 21 - Dre 22 to 30. 31 to 40. 41 to 50.

"LADIES' JOURNAL"

Bible Competition No. 9,

CLOSING FEBRUARY 16th.

\$20,000.00.

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

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

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Where are horses first mentioned in the Bible?
2. Where are camels first mentioned in the Bible?
They are not very difficult, but require a little study to look them up. So don't delay; the sooner you answer them the better. Here you have the list of first rewards. Number one in this list will be given to the reader of the first correct answer to these two Bible questions. Number two to the sender of the second correct answer, and so on till all this series of first rewards are given out.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. Six Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. 600
2. One G. and Square Piano, by a celebrated maker. 600
3 and 4. Two Grand Square Pianos. 1,000
5 and 6. Two Fine Toned, 10 Stop Cabinet Organs by a celebrated firm. 500
7, 8 and 9. Two Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Services—six pieces and One Five Piece Clock Tea Service. 800
10 to 12. Six Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches. 600
13 to 15. Five Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches. 450
16 to 20. Ten Renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. 600
21 to 25. Ten Gentlemen's Solid Hunting-cases or Open-faced, Coin-silver Watches. 500
26 to 30. Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant designs. 200
31 to 35. Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons. 400
36 to 40. One Hundred and Thirty Elegant Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems. 300
41 to 50. One Hundred and Ninety well-bound volumes of World's Encyclopedia a Library in itself. 570

Then follows a series of middle rewards which will be given in this way: At the close of the competition all the answers received will be counted by three disinterested persons, when to the sender of the middle correct answer (of the whole list) will be given number one of the middle rewards. To the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two, the next correct one number three, and so on till all these middle rewards as enumerated below are given away. Here is the list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. Seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold coin. 750
2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker. 1,650
5, 6 and 7. Three Fine-toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker. 750
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem setting Watches. 400
12 to 17. Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea Urns. 300
18 to 21. Thirteen Elegant, Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns. 538
22 to 25. Twenty Elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns. 940
26 to 30. Ten Pairs Fine Lace Curtains. 100
31 to 35. Thirty Quadruple Plate Crystal Brides' 800

- 36 to 37. One Hundred and Sixty-seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches. 600
38 to 40. Three Hundred and Forty-three beautifully bound volumes, Shakespear's Poems. 1,020

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

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS

- 1.—Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. 500
2, 3 and 4.—Three Fine Grand Square Pianos. 1,500
5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker. 750
8 to 10.—Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Services. 800
11 to 13.—Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-cases genuine stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watches. 800
14 to 16.—Eleven Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns. 500
17 to 19.—Forty-one Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns. 442
20 to 22.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated Tea Spoons. 360
23 to 25.—One hundred and forty elegant rolled gold brooches. 500
26 to 30.—One hundred and ten fine silver-plated butter knives or sugar spoons. 110

This altogether forms one of the most attractive and reasonable plans we have ever seen. The aim of the proprietor of the Ladies' Journal is of course to increase his circulation. In fact, he says so, but adds that he also hopes to encourage the study of the Bible, but frankly states that this part of the plan is not his sole aim, and goes on to explain that he has lost so much money by dishonest agents, and has spent so much in valuable premiums to encourage them to send large lists, that hereafter he has decided to give all these things direct to subscribers, for answering these Bible questions. Aside from the rewards offered you are sure to be pleased with your half dollar investment, as the Ladies' Journal consists of twenty pages of the choicest reading matter, and contains the sum and substance of many of the high priced fashion papers and magazines published in the States, and all for the low price of half a dollar, or one year's subscription. It also contains two pages of the newest music, short and serial stories, household hints, fashion articles by the best authorities, finely illustrated. In short it is about the best monthly publication we know of anywhere for fifty cents, and is as good as many at a dollar. Be sure to remember that everyone competing must send with their answers fifty cents by post-office order, scrip, or small coin. They therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, as fifty cents is the regular yearly subscription price to the Journal. The competition remains open only till sixteenth February next, and as long as the letter is post marked where mailed either on the day of closing (16th February) or anytime between now and then, it will be in time and eligible to compete. You answer this promptly now, and you may doubtless secure one of the first rewards. If you answer anytime between now and fifteenth of February, you may secure one of the middle rewards, and even if you answer on the last day (16th Feb.) you will live a good distance from Toronto, fifteen days being allowed after date of closing for letters to reach the office from distant points, you are almost certain to secure one of the consolation rewards. At all events we most heartily recommend it, and trust many of our readers will avail themselves of this excellent opportunity of securing at once an excellent publication and a possibility of a piano, organ, gold watch, silver tea set, or some other of the many rewards offered. The address is Editor of the Ladies' Journal Toronto, Canada. Don't delay attending to this but do it now, and you'll not regret it, you may depend.

Weight and Height of Man.

It is well that all should know what the normal weight of man really is. The following shows the relative height and weight of individuals measuring five feet and upwards:
Five feet and one inch should be 120 pounds.
Five feet two inches should be 126 pounds.
Five feet three inches should be 133 pounds.
Five feet four inches should be 136 pounds.
Five feet five inches should be 142 pounds.
Five feet six inches should be 145 pounds.
Five feet seven inches should be 148 pounds.
Five feet eight inches should be 155 pounds.
Five feet nine inches should be 162 pounds.
Five feet ten inches should be 169 pounds.
Five feet eleven inches should be 174 pounds.
Six feet should be 178 pounds.

Gentle Accomplishment.

How sweetly gentle and calm are gentle manners! Courtesy is often finest when negative; when, instead of seeking to entertain others, we let them entertain us. It is a small thing to be silent, and it is often the kindest thing we can do for a man is to let him talk. Gentle respect puts the shyest and most timid man at ease and at his best, and to do that is a finer pleasure than detailing one's own notions and experiences in the most eloquent and happy periods. Do not be in a hurry. Emerson says "Hurry is for slaves." Ah! the slaves who are bought and sold in the market-places do not hurry. It is the greedy man, who is free to get and to keep all that he can lay his hands on, who hurries. "I do not like to go North because the men there are all in such a hurry they cannot be civil," a Southern man once said to me. I am not sure that a finer sense of the sweet kindness that is one of the springs of gentle manners would not have softened this criticism, for the sake of the Northern woman alone among strangers who listened to him; but to a candid mind not puffed up with vainglory the criticism is suggestive. No doubt the great prosperity of the North may be partly owing to the push and energy necessary to live in it, and developed by the rigor of its Arctic Winters; but there is hurry which is mere clutter and noise. This hurry never accompanies the great undertakings of strong men, but it is characteristic of small minds and weak nerves. It is rarely graceful or gracious, and always robs courtesy of its finest charms.

How to Speak.

Those who have won their spurs on the field of oratory are often asked to advise young men anxious to become public speakers.

John B. Gough, one of the most brilliant examples of the natural orator, has been pressed again and again to reveal the secret of his art. His reply, we believe, is usually,—

"Secret! Bless you! I have none to reveal. If a man has anything to say, why let him say it—that's the only way I know to become a speaker."

Mr. Gough's advice is not unlike that given by Job Wolmsley, a Yorkshire temperance lecturer, noted for his humor and rough eloquence. A young gentleman, ambitious to shine upon the platform, once called upon Job, with the usual question.

"Tha wants to be a public speyker, doo' tha, lad?" said Job, looking at the youngster, in a quizzical way. "An' tha thinks awm the chap to put tha up to a wrinkle about it? Tha's right, I am."

"Now, harks tha! When tha rises to mak thy speyck, hit taable an' open thy mouth wider than afoor."

"Then if nowt comes, tak' thyself off, and leave public speykin' to such as me."

Very dressy filling for the neck and sleeves of silk dresses is made of finely pleated crepe lisse, which is edged with exceedingly small beads—either pearls, crystal or gilt.

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOBLE, 469 POWER'S BLOCK, BOSTON, N. Y.



21ST ANNUAL

Statement

-OF THE-

TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

HAMILTON, CAN., Jan. 1, 1885.

Paid-up Cash Capital, \$600,000.

ASSETS.

Table with 2 columns: Asset type and amount. Includes Real estate, Cash on hand, Loans on bond, etc.

Total Assets \$7,826,456 83

LIABILITIES.

Table with 2 columns: Liability type and amount. Includes Reserve, four per cent., Life Dept., etc.

Total Liabilities \$5,879,006 15

Surplus as regards policy holders \$1,947,450 68

Summary of Business.

Table with 2 columns: Business metric and amount. Includes Number Life Policies written, New Life Insurance written, etc.

JAS. G. RATT, Pres.
RODNEY DENNIS, Secy.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Asst. Secy.
GEORGE ELLIS, Acty.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Supt. of Agencies.
J. H. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

SEEDS EVERYTHING FOR THE FARM & GARDEN. Our new Catalogue for 1885 mailed free to all who apply. A choice selection of SEEDS, SEED GRAIN, SMALL FRUITS, &c. Send for one. Address PEARCE, WELD, & CO., LONDON, ONT.

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE,

HAMILTON, CANADA,

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A. BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

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LIST OF WINNERS -OF THE- CONSOLATION REWARDS IN 'TRUTH' COMPETITION NO 12.

The following persons have answered the questions given in this competition (No. 12.) and are entitled to the rewards as given below:—

- BUTTER KNIFE—(Continued.) 572. J. W. Higgins, Oswego, N. Y.; 573. Mrs. J. Taylor, St. Joseph, Mo.; 574. L. Shicht, West Monroe, N. York; 575. G. Church, White, Ont.; 576. Rev. J. Taylor, Otsego Lake, Mich.; 577. Mrs. C. Simon, Nebraska City, Neb.; 578. Thos. Patterson, Fremont, Neb.; 579. Mrs. Johnston P. Byron, Ill.; 580. E. Lincoln, Oak Grove, Iowa; 581. F. J. Amery, Smith Hill, Ont.; 582. M. Denton, Meaford, Ont.; 583. Mrs. Wm. Fetterly, Huntville, Ont.; 584. S. McCully, Haultux, N. S.; 585. Laura E. Morrey, Hurland, Miss.; 586. D. B. Cowan, E. Fairfield, Va.; 587. Cora E. Comford, Bronson, Florida; 588. Jas. Logan, New Glasgow, N. S.; 589. Wm. Baxter, No. 3. Joachim St., Quebec; 590. Ellen Burrot, Parry Sound; 591. L. R. Westover, Frelighsburg, Que.; 592. Jno. Fieldau, Gasperaux, N. S.; 593. Jno. Middleton, Point Fortune, Que.; 594. Jas. Irving, Summerside, P. E. I.; 595. D. H. McPherson, Ft.

- Peter, N. Peter N. S.; 596. M. B. Smith, Southampton, N. S.; 597. H. Webb, Tracey Station, N. B.; 598. Mrs. J. Long, M. Intyre, Ont.; 599. Mary E. Carson, Gridley Ill. 600. Charles Norman, Allentown, Ont.; 601. Mrs. Margaret A. Allen Fordwich, Ont.; 602. Robt. Cooke, Duncannon, Ont.; 603. Mrs. Rastebary, Stinson St., Hamilton, Ont.; 604. Isabella M. Campbell, Keene Ont.; 605. H. M. Tomlinson, Box 399, Sherbrooke, Que.; 606. Wm. J. Young, supt's office, G. T. R., Richmond, Que.; 507. Mrs. R. Sutherland, Park Corner, New London, P. E. I.; 608. Louis C. Wurtell, Actonville, P. Que.; 609. Geo. Rathburn, Choverie, N. Scotia; 610. James N. Johns, We mouth Bridge, N. S.; 611. Mrs. Neil McLean, Glencoe, South Island, N. S.; 612. Jeremiah Wallace, Jackson, P. O., Ont.; 613. Lewis Day, South Bethlehem, Pa.; 614. Mrs. Jennie Williams, Warton, P. O., Ont.; 615. J. R. Wright, 50 Logan St., West, Toronto, sent from Winnipeg; 616. Mrs. C. M. Reynolds, 5419 Arnold St., Town of Lako Chicago; 617. Thomas Carson, Stellarton, Pictou Co., N. S.; 618. Mrs. Sarah Ritchie, Napier, P. O. Ont.; 619. Samuel Sharpe, Hphogin, Kings Co., New Brunswick; 620. D. G. McLean, Sunnyead, P. O., Whitewood, N. W. T.; 621. Phoebe A. L. Payson, Pound Hill, Annapolis, N. L.; 622. Fred R. Moysie, Bedgwee, P. E. I.; 623. Annie Hoysted, St. Eugene, Ont.; 624. Mrs. John Allan, Glen Tay, Ont.; 625. Bertha P. Beem, Black Creek, Welland Co. Ont., sent from Dublin; 626. G. F. Gordon, 222 Maynard St., Halifax, N. S.; 627. Mrs. W. Walsh, Fenelon Falls, Ont.; 628. J. Campbell, Pointe au Chene, Que.; 629. C. Martin, Craigilea, Man.; 630. A. R. Leet, Nicolet Falls, Q.; 631. A. Beer, Moncton, N. B.; 632. Mrs. A. McFayden, Tignish, P. E. I.; 633. Mrs. J. Russell, Tilley, N.W.T.; 634. Rev. S. E. Knight, Pt. Carling, Ont.; 635. M. Young, Sidney Crossing, Ont.; 636. Warren Elson, Byron, Ont.; 637. Mrs. B. Bennett, Springfield, Ont.; 638. G. Evans, Derry West, O.; 639. Mrs. Thomas E. Kershaw, Holsteir, Ont.; 640. Robert C. Prince, Havelock, N. S.; 641. John E. Glennie, Gowrock, Ont.; 642. James H. Park, Nicton Falls, N. S.; 643. Maggie E. Kennedy, Ponty Pool, Ont.; 644. Lizzie Moynra, Linden Valley, Ont.; 645. John S. Duguid, 89 Walton St., City; 646. John Clarke, 330 Thuro Terrace, Huron St., City; 647. John Spence, Prince of School, Brooklin, Ont.; 648. Mrs. Wm. Baird, Trenton, Ont.; 649. Bella Ferguson, 49 Bellevue Ave., City; 650. C. E. M. Murphy, Shual Lake, N.W.T.; 651. Mrs. E. P. Jacobs, Stanwood, Ont.; 652. Lizzie Orr, Stroud P. O., Ont.; 653. Geo. T. Iveson, Glen Ross P.O., Ont.; 654. Burnett, 95 Yonge St., City; 655. Geo. M. Beach, Lyn P. O., Ont.; 656. Geo. McCarthy, Bethany, Ont.; 657. Beasie Hicks, Bowmanville; 658. Matthew Robinson, Kemptville, Ont.; 659. W. H. Demer, 96 P. O., Almonte, Ont.; 660. G. B. Cooke, 1769 Notre Dame St., Montreal; 661. Jessie Yeo, Campton Hope, Ont.; 662. M.E. Murray, Tamworth, Ont.; 663. And. Green, Pembroke Ont.; 664. J. W. Walton, 151 King St. W., Hamilton; 665. John Robson, Harwood, Ont.; 666. M. Herton, 98 Wood St., City; 667. Wm. Jones, 153 Bathurst St., City; 668. K. McKenzie, Maloc, Ont.; 669. A. Scott, West St., Orillia, Ont.; 670. M. Griffin, Whithy, Ont.; 671. Thos Ferrier, Elmvale, Ont.; 672. B. R. Eipes, Lancaster; 673. J. La Belle, L. Box 29, Bowmanville; 674. L. Harris, Box 78, Brockville, Ont.; 675. Mrs. K. King, Wyevale, Ont.; 676. A. McCaskill, Newboro; 677. K. S. Cheape, West Hill, O.; 678. E. Glasgow, North Winchester, Ont.; 679. Mrs. Witham, Upper Tachville, Windsor Road, N. S.; 680. Arthur Hoover, Emery P. O., Ont.; 681. Mrs. T. Wright, 733 Richmond St. West, City; 682. D. E. Charlesworth, Port Hope, Ont.; 683. Geo. Hinds, Port Perry; 684. Thos. Milligan, Tottenham, Ont.; 685. S. S. Scoville, M. D., Rat Portage, Kewatin, Ont.; 686. Mrs. Ann Leggett, Newboro, Ont.; 687. Mrs. Richard, Dundalk, Ont.; 688. D. A. McClenahan, Manswood P.O., Halton Co., Ont.; 689. Miss Katie Govenloch, Nepans, Man.; 690. Mrs. Geo. Brown, Meaford, Box 97; 691. Nettie B. Goldsmith, 19 Wese Ave. South, Hamilton; 692. Harriett Aldona, Eramosa, Ont.; 693. Mary A. McDonald, Barnett, Ont.; 694. Mrs. Thos. Freeborn, Topping, Ont.; 695. Ephraim Comfort, Canipden, Ont.; 696. D. N. King, Midland P.O., Ont.; 697. Mrs. Dr. Keder, Tottenham, Ont.; 698. Harry Smith, Prince Albert, Ont.; 699. Tillie Lowry, Beeton, Ont.; 700. Amy Armstrong, Kleinburg, Ont.; 701. Angus

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OUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION, NUMBER 13. CLOSING FEBRUARY 16th. \$50,000.00!

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

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

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

- FIRST REWARDS. First great reward will be given the sender of the first correct answer to the foregoing Bible questions. \$1,000 in gold. 2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos..... 1,600. 5, 6 and 7. Three fine toned 10 stop Cabinet Organs..... 750. 8 to 15. Eight Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting Genuine Elgin Watches..... 750. 16 to 23. Thirteen Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,170. 24 to 40. Twelve best Solid Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Sets, six pieces..... 780. 41 to 70. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case Watches..... 900. 71 to 100. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches..... 600. 101 to 135. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Plate Cake Baskets, new and elegant pattern..... 525. 136 to 306. One hundred and seventy dozen sets of heavy Solid Silver Plated Teaspoons..... 850. 307 to 509. Two hundred and four elegantly bound volumes of Shakespeare's Poems..... 510. 510 to 715. Two hundred and six fine Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives..... 206.

All these seven hundred and fifteen rewards will be given out strictly in order the correct answers to those Bible questions are received at TRUTH office. The first correct answer taking number one (\$1,000 in gold) the second correct answer taking number two, (one of the pianos), and so on till they are all given away.

Then after this list will follow the Middle Rewards which will be given in this way:— At the conclusion of the competition, (Feb'y 16th.) all the answers received will be carefully counted by three disinterested parties. When in the order of the middle correct answer will be given number one, a fine stylish trotting-horse and carriage. The next correct answer following the middle one will take number two, (one of the pianos). The next correct answer, number three, and so on till all these rewards are given away. Here you have the list in full.

- MIDDLE REWARDS. Number one. A fine stylish trotting horse and Carriage..... \$1,000. 2, 3, 4 and 5. Four Square Grand Pianos, by a celebrated maker..... 2,100. 6, 7, 8, and 9. Four fine toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker..... 2,100. 10 to 30. Ten fine Solid Gold Stemwinding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,000.

- 21 to 32. Ten Ladies' fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,000. 33 to 50. Eighteen Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services..... 1,100. 51 to 70. Thirty Double-barrel English Twist breech-loading Shot Guns..... 2,700. 71 to 110. Forty sets (10 vols. to set) Complete Chamber's Encyclopaedia..... 2,000. 111 to 134. Twenty-three Gentlemen's Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watches..... 1,000. 135 to 162. Twenty-seven Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches..... 1,000. 163 to 350. One hundred and eighty-eight dozen sets of heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons..... 1,000. 351 to 470. Three hundred and fifty Solid Gold Brooches, newest design..... 1,000. 471 to 540. Three hundred and fifty-six copies of Milton's Paradise Lost..... 1,000. 541 to 1254. Three hundred and fourty-four Solid Silver plated Sugar Spoons or Butter Knives..... 1,000.

After these will follow the Consolation Rewards for the last comers. So even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete, as it is the letter which answers that are received at TRUTH office that takes these rewards. The plan is this: your letter must be post marked where mailed not later than the closing day of the competition which is February sixteenth, (fifteen days allowed after date of closing for letters to reach us from distant places) so the more distant you are the better your opportunity for securing one of these elegant and costly

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood Square Pianos..... 1,100. 4, 5, 6, and 7. Four Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,000. 8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,000. 12 to 17. Six Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Tea Services..... 1,000. 18 to 25. Eleven sets Chamber's Encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set)..... 1,000. 26 to 30. Ten Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watches..... 1,000. 31 to 90. Fifty-one Aluminum Gold Htg. Case Watches..... 1,000. 91 to 121. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant design. 122 to 300. Eighty-one dozen Solid Silver Plated Tea Spoons..... 1,000. 301 to 400. Two hundred volumes Tennyson's Poems, elegantly bound..... 1,000.

This finishes the largest and most elegant list of rewards offered by any publisher in the world. It is to be hoped that the results of this competition far exceed the preceding ones, as I certainly cannot afford to continue them. I have kept faith with my subscribers and the public in continuing these Bible competitions for a year, as promised, and this great offering this immense list of rewards, will be a fitting close to the affair. Bear in mind every one competing must send one dollar with their answer for which TRUTH, the cheapest and best weekly for the money will be sent six months. You therefore get nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, as one dollar is the regular subscription price of TRUTH for a year. You cannot fail to be well pleased with your dollar investment even if you do not succeed in gaining any one of these rewards, as TRUTH is extra good value for the money as thousands of our subscribers have testified. Long lists of winners in previous competitions appear in nearly every issue of TRUTH, and full lists of winners in this tire competition will be published in the issue of TRUTH immediately after the close of the competition on sixteenth February with the full name, street and number, in full, in cities, and in fact all the addresses as completely as possible, in order that all may be satisfied that there is no fraud or trickery in this matter. In order to prevent fraud, the proprietor of TRUTH reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. We have already done so in the past during this year in conducting these competitions, and our reputation for fair and honorable dealing is too well established now to risk overthrowing it. Look up these Bible questions, and will do you good apart from anything else. These competitions have done, we are sure, a great deal to promote the study of the Bible among all classes. Now this may be your last opportunity to secure an elegant piano, a gold watch, a fine horse and carriage in addition to a half year's subscription to one of the most widely circulated and popular weekly magazines you may have. Don't tend to it now. Don't delay. All must be sent through the post office or express. None can be received by telegram. Don't forget that we don't guarantee that everyone will get a prize, but out of

Twenty-four hundred rewards you doubtless will secure something. Be prompt. Answer as soon as possible after seeing this notice, and TRUTH will at once be forwarded as an acknowledgment of your subscription, and your letter will take its place in the order it received at this office. There is no favoritism, and all are treated alike, fairly and equitably.

S. FRANK WILSON,

Proprietor TRUTH.

25 and 35 Adelaide St. - Toronto, Canada

"Abuse Me, but Confute Me."

To the Editor of the Mail.

Sir,—One thing has been at any rate quite apparent to your readers by the see-saw statements of Mr Taylor and Mr Snelling on the one side, and myself on the other, and that is, that there is no consensus of opinion among experts which justifies anyone in calling alcohol a poison, and that it is neither scientific nor moral to assume this in argumentation. To go on bandying uncertain authorities in such a case is mere fiddle-faddle, and I wash my hands of it after a few words. Some years ago the balance of opinion inclined to "poison," but the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* representing the latest certain results, is against this conclusion. Then Dr. B. W. Richardson, who must be above suspicion on the prohibitory side, says in the Cantor lectures:—"We are driven by the evidence now before us to the certain conclusion that in the animal body alcohol is decomposed." For my part I might have saved myself some trouble if I had been earlier acquainted with the Report of the Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane, for the year ending September 1878 in answer to the head of another similar establishment, who maintained that alcohol "has always and in every form proved itself to be the most pernicious agent that was ever employed—medically or otherwise." Dr. Clark furnishes forty-six testimonies to the contrary from eminent authorities in medicine and physiology. I hold then that the unequalled assertions of teetotal fanaticism are simply unimpeachable. Mr Taylor need not think that I can be dragged through all the "iteration," which most richly deserves the Shakespearean prefix, in spite of the seductive elegancies with which he strews the path. Were I to imitate his method, our discussion would at once become, in a showman's phrase, "a great moral lesson." No, I have more serious work in hand. I mean, as God shall help me, to expose the dishonesty and ignorance and anti-Christianism of the fanatic temperance party. And there is much need. For example, for all the crowds who rave against the moderate drinker as worse than the drunkard, has one come forward to repudiate the villainous blasphemy lately reported in your columns. There is no doubt that while many would shrink from using the words, all the extremists sympathize with the profane writer. Again, but yesterday there came into my hands a packet of American temperance tracts, the mazarine, I believe of much of Mr. Taylor's learning; and from a brief inspection, I dare say plainly a more recklessly lying and demoralizing literature never came from the press. Did not the exigencies of this controversy require it I should not even touch such unwholesome garbage. Of Mr. Taylor's last letter I may say the gist is, "What bad liquors are used." Well, the conclusion of a reasonable writer would be—Let the Government look to their inspection; or let the individual determine, if he can't get safe liquors, not to drink at all. But no, nothing will do but prohibition. It is as if, because in the market fish, flesh, fowl unfit for use are sometimes presented, all must be prohibited. But now, without any circumlocution, I take Mr. Taylor to task before the public, for tergiversation and ignorance. If I fail to bring home my charges, let the

where wine and strong drink are drunk together in the same breath, so that whatever woe lies on one lies on the other also; and it is distinctly dishonest to insinuate a distinction. But more; Mr. Taylor perverts those very awful words of God, not awed by their "thundering." The woe he says, are "thundered out upon the drinkers of strong drink." That is utterly false. How could it be, when the drinking of strong drink is expressly allowed in Deut. xiv. 26? But here are the words themselves: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night till wine inflame them!" Clear then it is that Mr. Taylor has "handled the word of God deceitfully." It thunders not upon the drinkers of strong drink, but upon, in this place, the most obstinate drunkards, who live for no other purpose, who make excess the business of their days, who rise up early for no other purpose, and pursue (radoph) it with the eagerness of a revenger or a hunter; nay, more, who are not content to spend the day in it, but continue till late at night with wine inflaming them for so is the Hebrew, far beyond the English. I ask any one who is not seduced by temperance bigotry, if it is not a gross dishonesty to apply to any drink tag of strong drink what is said with such elaborate carelessness of the most extravagant forms of drunkenness? Is not this an obliteration of the distinction between truth and falsehood, vice and virtue, right and wrong? In a word it is corrupting. Now I a second time challenge anyone to refute what I have so lately said on January 6. But (2) I have to accuse Mr. Taylor of ignorance in assuming with the ease of the fanatics that "the fruit of the vine" in our Lord's words, is unfermented grape juice. Does not any man see, in a moment's reflection, that "the fruit of the vine" is an unnatural expression for unfermented grape juice? Would it not be as just to call cider "the fruit of the apple tree?" Apples are the fruit of the apple, and grapes are the fruit of the vine; so that as the literal meaning won't stand, any unperverted mind would look out for another meaning—a meaning that can be found in the right place, in the Mishna. Now, will the good people, whose oracle is the illustrious Dr. Norman Kerr, be surprised to learn that "the fruit of the vine was the exact technical term for fermented wine in the liturgical use of the Jews! In the Mishna we read (*de Bene dictibus*, cap 6, part I, page 20, Surenhusian): "How do they bless for fruits? For fruits of a tree they say, 'Thou who createst the fruits of the tree;' except for wine, as for wine they say, 'Thou who createst the fruit of the vine.' So that our Lord but used the customary liturgical phrase in speaking of a sacred rite. On other occasions He employed the common term, wine. Let who can refute this. Again, Mr. Taylor shows his ignorance by saying that "the Jews use unfermented grape juice in observing their Passover." I have no doubt he has read that many times in the N. Y. Temperance Tracts; but I set against it one dental, which I think will suffice, from the author of the latest "Life of Christ." Dr. Alfred Eberheim, a convert from Judaism and now a priest of the Church of England "Stepped to the lips in Jewish lore 'is the general sentiment respecting him. In a letter to Prof Bright, of Oxford, dated 15th Sept, 1882, he says: "The wine used at the Paschal supper was undoubtedly fermented and intoxicating. In point of fact it did intoxicate. A number of instances are related in Jer. Pes p 37 c, etc, in which certain Rabbis (who are named) suffered in consequence." Dr. Deitzsch is equally positive. The whole of Dr. Eberheim's letter is worthy of reproduction;

on; though; indeed, Mr. Taylor might have cured his ignorance by reading the *Fora Hebraica* of Dr. John Lightfoot, who was one of the Westminster assembly of divines. I end this letter by observing that most of this lying literature comes to us from the United States, where, as the late presidential election has shown partizan lying practised without any manner of restraint; and I observe further that this vile abuse of the sacred Scriptures is only not on a level with the burning of barns, against prohibition, because it is on a lower level still. In one case it is a piece of property which is destroyed, in the other is the precious Word of God. In one case it is the incendiary, drunkard who is the incendiary. In the other the offenders are a class of persons who, at least, have some education, and are the pretended champions of morality. If my words should not touch the conscience of the prohibitionist, case as it is in triple brass of bigotry, they may at least warn fair minded and well-disposed people against such a mixture of falsehood and ignorance. Gentlemen, abuse me, but confute me.

Yours, etc.
JOHN CARRY,
Port Perry, Jan. 13, 1885

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 the articles called for.

A good pair of parlor skates, for a printing press in complete order. GEORGE DEMAREST, 431 W. 53d St. New York City.

Three vols. of Lever's works. (worth \$8.00) and 100 foreign stamps for three vols of *Boy's Own Paper*. Address H. THOMSON, Bowmanville, Ont.

A German kraitzer, a twenty sixth of a shilling, and a three-penny bit, for a violin instructor, either Howe's or Winner's. JOHN G. RATTRAY, Glenhazel, Ont.

One dozen fine silk cocoons from Kansas, and a specimen of silver and gold ore, for a starfish or an Indian tomahawk. RALPH HOFFMAN, Enterprise, Kansas.

Send 25cts. in silver to me and I will send my new book, containing plain rules for knitting over 100 beautiful designs. Address E. MARIE NILSS, 41 Chapel St., East Gloucester, Massachusetts.

For exchange for books or other articles of equal value, a copy of *John Ploughman's Tale*, *John Ploughman's Pictures*, *Life of James Garfield*, *McBride's Temperance Dialogues*, a printing press, price \$1. I would like a book on short hand. Address J. WM. MOIR, Nappau, N. S.

A good violin and bow with instruction book to learn with, with a lot of choice music, all in good condition, first-class tone instrument, for a gun or watch in good order; the gun either breach-loader or double barrel rifle preferred; must be worth about ten dollars. G. H. WILLIAMS, Flinton P.O., Addington County, Ont.

Systematic arrangements made to exchange 1500 species of New York beetles for a like number in other States during the coming spring and summer. All species sent and received will be named for correspondent as far as possible; full directions for capturing and sending (no pine). Samia cynthia cocoons, for other pupae, shells, minerals, or curiosities. A. C. WEEKS, 120 Broadway, New York City.

I have a very fine case of stuffed birds I would like to exchange for a good pony. The case is about 6 feet high, by 5 feet wide, 18 inches deep, glass front, ash and walnut, and contains about 60 specimens, all of them good, and is valued at \$175.00. Pony must be sound, kind and gentle, and weigh about 1,900 pounds; would also trade for a good upright piano. Correspondence solicited. GEORGE A. BLAKE, M.D., Watertown, N.Y.
Ten good varieties of foreign stamps, such as Venezuela, rare Canada, Peru, Persia,

Hong-Kong, Portugal, etc., for any one of the following, namely, Austria 2-k. of 1850, 3-k. of 1803, 25 or 50-k. of 1847, newspaper of 1850 Baden all values, Land Post or envelopes, of 1831, 1833, 1837, 1800 Basilia 1, 12, or 18 k of 1850, 1, 9, 12, or 18 k of 1802, 8, 9, or 10-k of 1807, 10-k. or 1 or 2 n. of 1876. No other exchanges desired. CHARLES JEFFERYS, 331 Wellesley St., Toronto, Can.

"A Lady."

"Lady—a well-bred woman," says Webster. Here is no hint of pedigree, *proclous* as it is, nor of wealth, nor occupation, nor previous condition of servitude, nor of nationality, nor complexion, nor even of a higher education. The secondary meanings are—a wife, a head of a household. Clearly under this definition any woman may become a lady, for the ladyhood meant is primarily an inward and spiritual grace. It is probable that the common confusion of idea and speech in the use of this arises from its Old World significance as a title indicating social rank. Then, too, an adequate conception of what it is to be a citizen is not common among women, and it is easier to acquire ladyhood by outward state than by inward being. Hence it follows that there exists among us a curious aristocracy of wealth and idleness, and the word lady is very much overworked.

Mr. J. A. Simmers, seedman, 147 King street east, Toronto, has issued a very neat and comprehensive "Catalogue" for 1885, a beautifully printed book of nearly a hundred pages, with fine illustrations of plants, shrubs, and flowers. Intending purchasers, gardeners, florists, and others wishing to lay in a spring stock, would do well to send to the publisher for a copy. It is certainly "a thing of beauty." With such a guide before you it is easy to make out your order and get your supply of choice seeds by mail.

The *Hulton News*, of Milton, Ont., has changed hands, Mr. Starratt retiring in favor of Mr. W. J. Watson, a gentleman of a good deal of journalistic experience. The *News* now appears in a new dress, making a very neat and attractive appearance. It has profited to its former name the *Milton News*. The *Sun* and *News* is a well printed and well conducted local paper and little doubt need be entertained of its good success under its present management.

A Testimonial

CUTLERS' POCKET INHALER I have thoroughly tested, and can heartily recommend to any minister or public speaker as the best remedy for tired throat or hoarseness. No cold in the head, no parched throats, is my experience with this valuable instrument—with Cutler's Inhaler.
NORMAN LA MARSH,
Pittsfield, Maine. Pass or M. E. Couch.

There is a class of men ever ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

The Great Inflammatory Remedy.

NERVILINE the latest discovered pain remedy, may safely challenge the world for a substitute that will as speedily and promptly check inflammatory action. The highly penetrating properties of Nerviline make it never failing in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pains in the back and side, headache, lumbago, etc. It possesses marked stimulative and counter-irritant properties, and at once subdues all inflammatory action. Ormand & Walsh, druggists, Peterborough, write: "Our customers speak well of Nerviline." Nerviline may be tested at the small sum of ten cents, as you can buy a sample bottle for that sum at any drug store. Large bottles 25 cents. Try Nerviline, the great internal and external pain cure. Sold by all druggists and country dealers.

DENTAL.

J. G. ADAMS, D.D.S., DENTIST OFFICE 316 Yonge street, entrance on Elm street. Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.
DR. H. T. ADAMS,
233 KING ST. WEST
SPECIALTY—Diseases of the Stomach & Bowels, in connection with the general practice of Medicine & Surgery. Consultation free.
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 a.m., 2 to 5 p.m., Sunday, 12 to 3 p.m.

A Double Purpose.

The popular remedy, Hagyard's Yellow Oil, is used both internally and externally, for aches, pains, colds, croup, rheumatism, stiffness and diseases of an inflammatory nature.

Among modern toilet inventions are strips of fine felt, highly perfumed, which are intended to be worn inside the dress bodice.

C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says: "I have sold at retail, 150 bottles of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, guaranteeing every bottle. I must say I never sold a medicine in my life that gave such universal satisfaction. In my own case, with a badly ulcerated throat, after a physician prescribing it for several days to no effect, the Electric Oil cured it thoroughly in twenty-four hours, and in threatened croup in my children this winter, it never failed to relieve them immediately.

The haques are made to-day with the high slender darts of English dresses.

A Safe Investment.

Investing twenty-five cents for a bottle of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the best throat and lung healer known. Cures coughs, bronchitis, asthma and all pulmonary complaints.

Poplin, in wool and silk, will be fashionable again; it will be plain, figured and checked.

The true philosophy of medication is not to dress for symptoms, but to root out disease. Northrop & Luman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the Great Blood Purifier, has proved itself equal to this task. It is a most searching without being a violent remedy for Constipation, Biliouness and Indigestion. It is as well adapted to the nervous and physical temperaments of delicate females as to the more robust sex, and is a fine preventive of disease as well as a remedy for it.

Coin buttons and clasps are now made of gold or silver, according to one's purse. A dress made recently had forty gold dollars as buttons.

Remarkable Restoration.

Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, of Buffalo, N. Y., was given up to die by her physicians as incurable with Consumption, it proved Liver Complaint, and was cured with Burdock Blood Bitters.

It is said that ruby-colored laces, ribbons and gloves will soon make their appearance.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer imparts a fine gloss and freshness to the hair, and is highly recommended by physicians, clergymen and scientists, as a preparation accomplishing wonderful results. It is a certain remedy for removing dandruff making the scalp white and clean, and restoring gray hair to its youthful color.

Lace, surah and ribbon are in request for the various styles of fashions patronized just now.

Seriously Ill.

A person suffering with pain and heat over the small of the back, with a weak, weary feeling and frequent headache, is seriously ill and should look out for kidney disease. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the kidneys, blood and liver, as well as the stomach and bowels.

All laces are fashionable, but Valenciennes is the leading white, and Chantilly the favorite black lace.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

Vests made of fur or of the new fringed silk, to be buttoned on the front of bodices, are a novelty.

A Wise Conclusion.

If you have vainly tried many remedies for rheumatism, it will be a wise conclusion to try Hagyard's Yellow Oil, it cures all painful diseases when other medicines fail.

The new coiffure is both elaborate and piled high on the head; false braids and switches are employed as formerly.

Day dresses of woolen materials, plain or figured, combined with velvet, are the leading styles among fashionable women just at present.

A novel use is being made of India cashmere shawls, viz., to form a skirt and vest of them, with a sarong and drapery of black chuddah, or the genuine India cashmere.

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

Those languid, throbbing sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvellous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system, are relieved at once while the special causes of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful, and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

A Postal Card Story.

I was affected with kidney and urinary trouble—"For twelve years!" After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop Bitters. "Bitters!" And I am perfectly cured. I keep it "All the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Salsbury, Tenn.—May 4, 1883.

BRADFORD, PA., May 4, 1878.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors thank you.

J. JAFFER WARR.

\$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me \$3,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."

R. M. Auburn, N. Y.

50, BRUCEVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

Sir—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and it does me more good than all the doctors.

Mrs S. S. BOOKER.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.

The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

Keep genuine without a touch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hope" in their name.

WM. BARBER & CO.

Papermakers,

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

—{ News, Book and Fine Papers. }—

JOHN R. BARBER.

HENRY HOAT,

FAMILY BUTCHER,

COR. BULLER AND LIPPINCOTT STREETS.

Opposite Salvation Army Barrack.

Dealer in all kinds of fresh and salt meats at lowest prices. Give him a call. Orders called for daily.

Dr. SPROULE, M.A.,

Member Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland; member King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland; Licentiate in Midwifery, Bachelor of Medicine, Paris University, France; member of the Imperial College of Surgeons and Physicians, of Bengal; Medical Doctor, London University, England; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario; late Surgeon Royal Navy; late Commissioner on Cholera and Fever, India; Staff Surgeon Indian Medical and Civil Service; Foreign Corresponding Member of the Vienna Institute of Sciences; Author of "Cholera and Fever, in relation to diseases of the heart and lungs"; "Health and Healthy Homes in Canada"; "Practical Hygiene for general readers"; "What can we do till the Doctor Comes" etc. Correspondence by letter solicited on all legitimate diseases. Office and residence at Lippincott St., Toronto.

FOOD FOR FLOWERS I

A Fertilizer made especially for Plants grown in the House or Conservatory; clean, free from offensive odor, largely soluble in water, and producing healthy Plants. Free from Vermin, and early and abundant blossoms, to which it imparts a rich and brilliant color. Ladies try it on your plants. Hundreds of testimonials from Ladies who have used it, and would not be without it at any price. Send directly to us for a package by mail.

No. 1 size will do 20 Plants for one year, 35c. No. 2 size will do 20 Plants for 3 months, 25c.

The money enclosed in a letter will reach us safely. Address.

J. A. SIMMONS, Seed Merchant, 147 King Street East, Toronto.

Our Seed Catalogue, which is free, will be sent free with each package of Seed sent, post paid.

JAS. HICKEY, Merchant Tailor & Clothier, 230 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

PIANO TUNING! R. H. Dalton, 211 Queen St. West. Leave orders personally or by post card.

REV. J. EDGAR, M. D. Electric Physician, Chronic Diseases a Specialty. 68 ISABELLA STREET, TORONTO.

EMERIE'S PRICE TICKETS, 25 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO. Send Fifty Cents and get a box containing over 200 useful prices.

FREE BY RETURN MAIL. Full Description of MOODY'S NEW TALKING SYSTEM of dress making. GUARANTEED TO CUT EVERY garment in garment to fit perfect WITHOUT the use of shears or pattern—can be learned by a young girl without a teacher from the FULL printed and illustrated INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN FREE. Send six 3c. stamps for two sample patterns GUARANTEED to fit perfect or ANY name on postal for description PROF. MOODY 109 KING-ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

A. B. FLINT'S ENTIRE STOCK OF DRY GOODS

To be cleared out previous to removal, SHALETTES, HOSE, VELVETS, DRESSES, SILKS, SATINS, OTTOMAN CLOTHS, Whole stock to be sold out in 60 Days.

ALL NET PRICES. A. B. FLINT, 109 KING ST. E.

WILTON AVENUE MEAT MARKET, W. J. CALGEY, 183 WILTON AVENUE, Wholesale and Retail Butcher. Full supply of choice Meat, Hams, Bacon, Poultry, Lard, Vegetables &c., &c., always on hand.

NOTE ADDRESS, 183 WILTON AVE.

INTERNATIONAL COLONIAL EXHIBITIONS

ANTWERP IN 1885—LONDON IN 1884. IT is the intention to have a Canadian representation at the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION at Antwerp, commencing in May, 1885, and also at the COLONIAL and IMPERIAL EXHIBITION in London in 1884. The Government will defray the cost of freight in conveying Canadian Exhibits to Antwerp, and from Antwerp to London, and also in returning them to Canada in the event of their not being sold. All Exhibits for Antwerp should be ready for shipment not later than the first week in March next. These Exhibitions, it is believed, will afford favourable opportunity for making known the natural capabilities, and manufacturing and industrial progress of the Dominion. Circulars and forms containing more particular information may be obtained by letter (post free) addressed to the department of Agriculture, Ottawa. By order, JOHN LOWE, Secy., Dept. of Agric. Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, December 19th 1884.

ALBERT WHALE, 686 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. UPHOLSTERER & CABINET MAKER. Ladies Needlework a Specialty. Mouldings &c. made, &c. All kinds of Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed. CARPETS MADE AND LAID

THE ACCIDENT Insurance Co. of North America. Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society of England. MEDLAND & JONES, General Insurance Agents, Equity Chambers and 37 Adelaide St. E.

\$75 TO \$200 per month can be made by employment, selling our New Reversible Map of Canada and the United States, and Pictorial Map of the World, showing belts of Standard time. Size 42x28 inches. Price, \$3.50. Send address for circular or \$1.00 for sample map and outfit. C. R. PARISH & CO., 10 King St. East, Toronto, Canada.

CUTLER'S POCKET INHALER

AND Carbamate of Soda INHALANT. A certain cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—even Consumption, if taken in season. It will break up a cold at once. It is the King of Cough Medicines. Relieves Croup or Sore Throat resulting from exposure or over-exercise of the voice, relieved in a few minutes; hence to public speakers and singers it is invaluable. A few inhalations will correct the most severe Hoarseness. It may be carried as handily as a pocket knife, and is always ready. This is the only Inhaler approved by physicians of every school, and endorsed by the renowned medical journals of the world. All others are either worthless substitutes or fraudulent imitations. Over 100,000 in use. Sold by all Druggists for \$1. By mail, \$1.25. W. H. SMITH & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Gas Fixtures. Bennett & Wright's NEW SHOW ROOMS are now open with a Large Assortment of

New & Elegant Designs by the best makers. GLOBES IN GREAT VARIETY. 72 QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO

Harper's Young People AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The serial and short stories in Harper's Young People have all the dramatic interest that fiction can possess, while they are wholly free from what is pernicious or vulgarly sensational. The numerous stories and pictures are full of interest and the papers on natural history and science, and the facts of life, are by writers whose names are the best assurance of accuracy and value. Illustrated papers on athletic sports, games, and pastimes give full information on these subjects. There is nothing cheap about it but its price. An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—Boston Courier. A weekly feast of good things to the boys and girls in every family which it visits.—Brooklyn Union. It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information and interest.—Christian Advocate, N. Y.

TERMS: Postage Prepaid, \$2 00 per year Vol. VI. commences November 1, 1884.

SINGLE NUMBERS, Five Cents each. Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chances of loss. Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

LADIES' PILLA SOLVENS—Only genuine Solvent. Permanently dissolves Superfluous Hair, root and break, in five minutes, without pain, discoloration, or injury. Particulars, &c. See Circular. Sold by all Druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. WILCOCK & CO., PHARMACEUTICALS.

BRUCE'S SEEDS. For the Farm, Vegetable and Flower Culture. Have been used by the Canadian Farmer for thirty years and we claim that they are unrivalled for purity, vitality and general excellence. Our descriptive Priced Catalogue, beautifully illustrated, containing much valuable information, is now published and will be sent free to all intending purchasers. JNO. A. BRUCE & CO., Hamilton, Ont.

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NEW STORE, NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES!

50 PER CENT. REDUCTION ON OLD CATALOGUE PRICES.

For the past five years we have confined our business almost exclusively to Wholesale and Mail orders. We recently made extensive alterations in our Warehouse, especially in our principal Saleroom, which is on the first floor, 10 feet deep, in which SILVERWARE, WATCHES, JEWELLERY, FIRE ARMS, etc., are displayed in 15 large side and centre Show Cases, making of its kind the most elegant display in the Dominion.

We guarantee to SAVE you from 25 to 50 PER CENT. For the convenience of parties living at a distance we publish an Illustrated 120-page Catalogue, containing over 800 illustrations of all the latest and most ELEGANT DESIGNS of Gold and Silver Jewellery, Gold and Silver Watches, Silverware, etc., including a large line of Diamond Rings from \$5 to \$300 each, Diamond Drops, from \$25 to \$500 per pair, all marked in plain figures, and quality of gold stamped, 18 k. C. S.

Gent's 14-k Gold Watch reduced to \$25. Ladies' 14-k Gold Watch reduced to \$20. Gent's Key Wind, Jewelled, cut expansion balance in solid 3oz. Coin Silver Cases, Hunting or Open Face, Reduced to \$8. Gent's Patent Lever, Jewelled, cut expansion balance, Solid Coin Silver Cases, reduced to \$7. Our Catalogue to intending purchasers is invaluable, illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen of ordinary jewellery stores. MAILED FREE on receipt of address.

CHAS. STARK, 52 Church Street, Toronto, Importer, Wholesale & Retail Dealer
4 DOORS NORTH OF KING STREET.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It moved ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once will do again.
Rich solid shades are the thing now in vogue.
We do not sound a needless alarm when we tell you that the taint of scrofula is in our blood. Inherited or acquired, it is here, and Ayer's Sarsaparilla alone will effectually eradicate it.
Hammered silvered jewelry is still in high demand.
To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. For all diseases arising from Impure Blood, such as Pimples, Blotches, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc., etc., it has no equal. Mrs. Thomas Smith, Elm, writes "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia. I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good."
Among the "revivals" of fashion for evening toilets is the low silk or satin corsege under a second one of lace. The low corsege has short sleeves and is round on the shoulders.

A Cure for Drunkenness.
I will send a receipt free to any person sending me their address, that will effect a permanent cure, whether you are a moderate drinker or confirmed drunkard. It can be given in a cup of tea, if so desired, without the knowledge of the person taking it. Send 3 cent stamp. For full particulars address M. V. Lubon, 128 State Street, Albany, N. Y.
Fur is considered more desirable for cloak trimming than plush.
S. Chadwick, of Arcadia, Wayne Co., writes: "I have had severe attacks of Asthma for several years. I commenced taking Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The first dose relieved me in one hour. I continued taking it in teaspoonful doses for a few days, and have not had an attack of it since, now nearly a year."
A Perfect Beauty.
Perfect beauty is only attained by pure blood and good health. These acquirements give the possessor a pleasant expression, a fair, clear skin, and the rosy bloom of health. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the blood and tone the entire system to a healthy action.

BOOKS AT 3 1/2 cts. EACH. Each book is complete, and in cloth bound form would cost one dollar. Titles are - 1. **ESCHER ARDEN AND OTHER POEMS.** By Alfred Tennyson. This charming book contains the histories of some of the most celebrated Statesmen, Authors, Poets, Editors, Clergymen, Financiers, etc., of the present day, illustrated with life-like portraits. 2. **THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF COMMON THINGS.** An encyclopedia of useful knowledge, describing the process of manufacture of the familiar things we see every day around us, likewise the culture and manner of growth of foreign fruits, nuts, spices, etc., with illustrations. 3. **THE LAUREL BUSH.** By Miss Mulock. 4. **AMAZON.** By George Elliot. 5. **CARR ALACK'S LEGACY.** By M. T. Colpor, the celebrated American author. 6. **HENRY ARKELL.** By Mrs. Henry Wood. 7. **RETRIBUTION.** By Margaret Blount. 8. **A GILDED SIN.** 9. **BLUE LIVES AND GOLDEN HAIR.** By Annie Thomas, author of "Playing for High Stakes," etc. Remember we will send all the above books by mail, postpaid, upon receipt of only 35 cents. Just think of it - Ten Books for 35c. Don't miss the chance! Send for them, and if you can conscientiously say that you are not perfectly satisfied, we will refund you your money and mail you a present of them! Not less than the entire lot of ten will be sold. For \$1 we will send you 10 of the ten books, therefore by showing the advertisement and getting four of your neighbors to buy one for each you can get your own books free. In ordering, please state that you want "Book Collection No. 1," and it will not be necessary to give the names of the books. **JAS. LEE & CO., MONTREAL.**

FUN & MYSTERY. Our new budget contains the following: - Heller's Conjuring Park, the Mystic Oracle, Guide to Filtration, 10 new Evening Games, set of "Hold to Get Rich" the "15" Puzzle, 5 Beautiful Face Pictures, Language of Jewels and Flowers, 191 Selections for Autograph Album, 11 Popular Songs, with Music, 15 New Tricks in Magic, Pack of Fun and Comic Cards, 1 Chinese Block Puzzle, the Roman Cross Puzzle, Great 45 Prize Puzzle, 1 set Transformation Picture, a changeable picture before your eyes, and Games of Fortune. ALL FOR 30 CENTS. By mail, postpaid, two packages for FIFTY CENTS, and five for ONE DOLLAR. Return this with order to avoid mistakes. **JAMES LEE & CO., MONTREAL.**

LADIES' GUIDE TO FANCY WORK. It gives plain and practical instructions in Drawing, Oil Painting, and making Wax Flowers; likewise all kinds of Fancy Needle Work, Artistic Embroidery, Lace Work, Knitting, Tatting, Crochet, and Net Work. It contains designs for Monograms, Initials, Cross Stitch Patterns, Knit Edgings, Embroidered Borders and Corners, Machine Work, Applique Embroidery, Berlin Work, Java Canvas Work, Tricot and Burlap, Antique Lace, Braided Lace, Darning Net Work, Tides, Lambrequins, Ottomans, Counterpanes, Rugs, Carriage Boxes, Backsets, Wall Pockets, Waste Paper Baskets, Work Boxes, Work Baskets, Work Bags, Pen Wipers, Hanging Baskets, Catchalls, Pin Cushions, Footstools, Handkerchief Boxes, Glove Boxes, Card Baskets, Sofa Pillows, Table Covers. The book will repay its small cost many times over in a very short time. Every lady will be delighted with it. It is a large book of 64 large 5 column pages, with handsome cover, is finely printed, and, as above stated, contains over 200 illustrations. It will be sent by mail, post-paid, upon receipt of only TWENTY FIVE CENTS, or five copies for \$1. By getting four of your friends to take one book each, you will secure your own free. **JAMES LEE & CO., 1784 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.**

