

Crowley

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NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 181.

TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

Word comes that the great appeal case to the Privy Council of McLaren vs Caldwell, involving the Streams Bill question has been finally set at rest by a judgment in favor of Caldwell. This looks as though Mr. Mowat was right again and Sir John wrong again in their interpretation of the law. What a pow-wow there has been for years and years past about that McLaren Caldwell case! It was not so much that many people cared about the interests of the one party or the other, important as they may have been—as because the party leaders had become implicated in the issue and therefore everybody talked about it. The Tories made it as clear as noon-day that the Mississippi river, at that particular point at least, was not a floatable stream at all—that at times “a chip” would hardly float through it, and that to acknowledge the legal right for anyone to use the improvements on such a river, even by paying a reasonable toll for so doing, was an act of gross spoliation, and must never be tolerated in a free country. The Grits, on the other hand, assured the public that to acknowledge a man's sole right to a stream like that would be to rob the Province of nearly all the value of its great timber limits along over 240 streams similarly situated. Stump speeches were full of legal wise saws and modern instances in regard to the matter, for it was one of the burning questions in elections for years past.

Then, the whole question of “Provincial rights” got deeply involved in this question—more so than in any other before the country. Four times the Ontario Provincial Legislature passed an Act intended to relieve Mr. Caldwell and others similarly situated in such streams difficulties, and three times have these acts been disallowed by the Dominion authorities, as a higher political power. Whether the last Act will now be disallowed, under the circumstances, remains to be seen. It is now stated that the Streams Bill will be much more to the relief of Mr. McLaren than of Mr. Caldwell, as matters now stand. Surely it is high time that important issues like these should be settled without a political pow-wow over each case. It is high time, too, that the increasing conflict of authority between the Provincial and the Dominion governments should come to an end. These conflicts involve the tax payors of the country in great and unnecessary burdens of expense, and do much to disarrange many important business interests. The politicians and some favored lawyers may reap good harvests out of them, but no one else does.

And so the “Conspirators” have all been committed for trial! The news came like a thunderclap on some of the parties interested, and reports say that it

was too much for the nerves of at least one of the parties interested, who had to be carried out of the Police Court after the announcement was made. A *prima facie* case was evidently made out, but wait till the other side is heard! There will be some tall swearing, some big fees, some legal sharpness, and all that kind of thing before the miserable case comes to an end: Every good citizen and every honest man ought to go for fair and even justice being meted out in this matter. It is as clear as noon day that there is a wicked black conspiracy on the one side or the other. Either base men were in conspiracy to buy up members of the Legislature and by bribery and pollution turn one party out and put another party in, or else men still more base and more wicked were in a conspiracy to entrap innocent men and stab their reputations and their influence for all time to come. Let us have the clearest and fullest possible investigation. The well-being of the people of this Province is at stake and if ever even justice ought to be administered without fear, favor, or partiality, it is in connection with this particular case.

As an indication of the progress of public sentiment in the Dominion in favour of prohibition in connection with the drink traffic the following facts may be made mention of, which are certainly very significant:

In the entire Province of Prince Edward Island the Scott Act has been adopted by large majorities. There are three counties and the city of Charlottetown. A retail liquor license has not been issued in that province for years. As an evidence that the workings of the Act have been such as to meet the reasonable approval of the people, it may be stated that an attempt was made to repeal the Act in Prince County a few months ago, and it was sustained by a larger majority than at first. There have been five votes taken in Prince Edward Island and in every instance the majority in favor of local prohibition has been large.

In Nova Scotia there are eighteen counties and in twelve of these the Act has already been adopted. The majorities in its favour were larger than the majorities usually are at other popular elections in the Mayflower Province. It looks as though the Act would soon be adopted in the entire Province. An amendment has just been made to the Act by the Dominion Parliament which will make it more efficient in Nova Scotia and will also hasten its general adoption. The popular feeling there now is evidently in favour of its adoption and its thorough enforcement.

In New Brunswick there are fourteen counties and in nine of these the Act has been adopted. In most cases the vote in its favour was two to one, and in some instances considerably more than that.

In no instance has there been a majority against its adoption. There are also in the Province the cities of St. John, and Fredericton, the Provincial capital. In St. John a vote was taken which resulted in a tie, and the Act was not therefore legally adopted. Probably another vote will be taken there as soon as the time comes round when it can be again legally submitted. In Fredericton the first vote on the adoption of the Act in the Dominion was taken and it was carried. At the expiration of three years an attempt was made by its opponents to have it repeated and another vote was taken, which resulted in a verdict again in its favour. The verdict of the people of New Brunswick in favour of the adoption of the Act is of much significance in connection with the Prohibition question. They are next door neighbours to the people of Maine, where the prohibitory law has been in force for more than thirty years. If the law had been a failure in Maine, as some persons are anxious for us to believe, our fellow citizens in New Brunswick would have been well aware of the fact, and surely they would have avoided the adoption of a similar law, under the circumstances. The facts, however, are that all the counties in that Province adjoining Maine were among the first to adopt the Act, and that, too, by decisive majorities.

In Ontario there has been a good deal more hesitation about moving for the adoption of the Act, probably much in consequence of the failure of the Dunkin Act, years ago. It is now becoming evident, however, that the Scott Act is a much more efficient restrictive law, and the movement is becoming general. The Act has been in force for a couple of years in Halton County, and its original promoters declare themselves satisfied with its working. It was carried a few weeks ago in Oxford County by a majority of nearly 800. In Welland County it was defeated by a considerable majority and so it was in the city of Hamilton and in the County of Wentworth. In Lambton County two votes have been taken. In the first instance the majority was in its favor, but the vote was declared void because of a legal technicality. In the second vote it was defeated, owing a good deal to the fact that many became somewhat discouraged in consequence of the previous failure.

In the Province of Manitoba votes have been taken in two Counties and majorities were recorded in its favor. There appear to be peculiar difficulties in the way of immediate progress there, and it is not probable that further steps will be soon taken in regard to the measure.

In the great North West Territory prohibition prevails. The Act of the Dominion Parliament giving a constitution to

that Territory provided for prohibition and it has been fully as well enforced as any other law in the Territory. There is the testimony of its advantages from such eye witnesses as Lord Lorne, Dr. Grant of Queen's University, and other eminent men, who are not themselves prohibitionists. Surely great success has attended the efforts of the prohibitionists during the past few years.

It is now rumoured that the English and the American Governments are to unite in common cause and concerted action against dynamite conspiracies and assassins. This is as it should be. Governments should ever freely unite in stamping out any movement tending to unnecessary disturbance of peace and safety and malicious destruction of life and property. It has been very discreditably to the American authorities that for years and years a class of base and brutal men have been allowed to go on with impunity in their open boast of organizations expressly designed to destroy the public property and endanger the lives of the people of a friendly country, as well as to collect large sums of money for that express purpose. In few other friendly countries would anything so dangerous and so disgraceful have been so long permitted.

Every year more and more young women from intelligent and refined circles must earn their own living. That is the condition of the time, which can not be gainsaid. Two concessions on their part are equally necessary to their material success and peace of mind. One is that they shall be willing to step outside the overcrowded ranks of teachers, of whatever sort, of incompetent authors and decorative artists, of copyists, saleswomen, or clerks, and courageously accept some vocation where there is still room, or find a new place for themselves. The other is that they shall abandon the foolish notion that they can be happy only in one way or under one set of conditions, when there are fifty other ways in which they may be happy, or at least steadfast and cheerful.

The question of wages makes no appeal to sentiment. It is simply one of demand and supply. The shop shop worker gets twenty-five cents a day, because thousands of women can do her work as well as she. The accomplished needle woman, going out by the day to fit and sew, gets three dollars and her meals, because the demand for her kind of work is greater than the amount obtainable. Intelligent household service is even rarer, and commands proportionately better wages. Neither tears nor rhetoric nor pangs of suffering can change this state of things. Only the resolve of women to do the work that pays best, however hard and hateful, and to do it as men do theirs, without complaint and without condescension, will avail.

The murderers, John and George Stephenson, were hung at Regina last week for a murder committed in June of last year. The guilt of the men was undoubted, and they made a full confession of their crime on the gallows. Yet they hoped to escape up to the very last, through the active efforts of able lawyers. As it was they escaped punishment for almost a year, much in consequence of the tardiness of the legal authorities, and of the skill of the legal gentlemen fed to assist them. Such long delays in administering justice have a most demoralizing effect, and in every instance there should be a searching enquiry why a delay was necessary at all—or if there was a delay without any necessity for it. The legal gentleman and the dilatory legal officials are much more responsible for much of the lynch law outrages than they are willing to acknowledge. The facts ought to be thoroughly ventilated.

The question of women's work and wages is not to be settled in our generation. Every day's newspaper contains some complaint of inadequate pay or unfair treatment on the part of the employers, with an implied appeal to the humane public to right the wrong. No doubt there is a certain foundation for the protest. Women are the weaker side in the controversy, and the weakest must go to the wall. But no close observer of the feminine habit of mind can fail to have been struck with a certain air of condescension which most women maintain toward their work, and which explains, in a degree at least, their discontent. Men take up their business, be it hard or easy, pleasant or hateful, with a matter-of-course determination to accomplish it which ignores its quality altogether. Women sigh over theirs, lament the hard necessity which brings them to it, patronize it as not quite worthy of their attention, and are always looking over the edge of it toward a free beyond.

Writing in regard to the closing of the late session of the Ontario Legislature the *Montreal Witness* says:—"The Lieutenant-Governor's speech mentions the act confirming the agreement with Manitoba, by which the question of the boundary award is referred to the Privy Council for decision. The election law has been amended so as to make bribery more difficult. A contagious disease act was passed, and a factory act requiring machinery to be guarded from possible contact with employees, and making other provisions for the safety of operatives, was passed. The License Act has been more restrictive, and the penalties for violation has been increased. A fair amount of work has been done this session by the Ontario Legislature, but the Government has probably been strengthened more by the corruption of its enemies than by the useful work which has been done."

The United States government may yet find abundant reason to regret its supineness in regard to the Irish dynamite demonstrations so long tolerated in the country. Men of a vicious stamp are becoming familiarized with the idea that dynamite may be used as legitimate and

effectual means of revenge for real or supposed wrongs, and it may become a dangerously common idea to use it on enemies at home as well as abroad. What if the dynamiters should take it in their heads to dynamite some of the public buildings of the United States as well as of England or Canada? There are rumors that balls filled with the terribly dangerous explosive were thrown about during the late Cincinnati riots, and that a part of the very serious destruction of property was brought about in that way. It may be but a drop before a shower. Let brutal and ignorant men get accustomed to the idea of using dynamite whenever real destruction is desired, and a time of terror may soon come.

The statement that a plot has been discovered to destroy the principal Dublin prison by dynamite should be received with some reserve. It is, moreover, exceedingly improbable that such a discovery would lead the Government to transfer the Irish Invincibles from the gaol in question to some of the English prisons. The incarceration of a lot of violent dynamiters in the Tombs would be one of the best guarantees that that edifice could have of its immunity from explosions. The British Government thoroughly appreciates this view of the matter, having held ever since the Westminster affair that the Houses of Parliament were perfectly secure as long as the Home Rulers retained their seats.

When first proposed as a means of disposing of our poor frail bodies, cremation was looked upon with little short of horror by the generality of people. Things have changed since then, and cremation bids fair to become, at no very short distance of time, the universal custom. Such improvements have been adopted in the construction of crematories, that complete combustion is secured, without the loss of any of the constituents of the body, and the method of transferring the body to the furnace and preserving the ashes for the friends, is divested of every disagreeable feature. The question of cremation is a topic of discussion in our leading journals and magazines, and with few exceptions is now very favorably regarded. It is more economical than our present system, it is certainly superior, from a sanitary point of view, and it does away with the fear of grave desecration, and the dread of burial alive.

Foreigners in China, according to the Pekin correspondent of the *Pull Mall Gazette*, makes a great outcry about the stupidity of the Chinese in holding out against railways. Chinese do hold out against railways, and they are quite right, he says, in doing so. They feel that to introduce railways at present would be to flood the country with foreign engineers, contractors, managers, machine mechanics, engine drivers, &c., and once there the Chinamen fear that they would never leave, but get a hold on the country, and that China would become a second India and pass under foreign rule. Rather than have the foreigner they go without the railway, and bide their time. Railways and all the rest will come as soon as they can make and manage them

without help. Coming up to Pekin from Tientsin he was surprised to look out of his boat and see telegraph posts stretching along the country, and learned that there had been a telegraph established between Tientsin and Tung Chou, a place fifteen miles from the capital. It was erected under foreign supervision, but is worked entirely by Chinamen. China feels herself competent to work a telegraph, and has it, not only from near Pekin to Tientsin, but from Tientsin onward to a river port near Shanghai. As soon as China feels that she can work a railway the railway will come. A great deal that is said about China being ready for railways is premature. There is hardly a place in the north of the empire where a railway would pay. What China wants first is good roads. After some ten or fifteen years of good roads an intercommunication traffic will spring up which will call for railways, but at present no such traffic, except, perhaps, on one route, has been developed and a railway, if built to-morrow, would stand rusting its rails in idleness.

It is not so much surprising as humiliating to observe how strongly what we call the supernatural impresses mankind, even in these days of enlightenment and progressive discovery. In the days of our ignorance it was inevitable that this dread should be great and universal. There was really very little to illumine the human understanding and to suggest for its consideration that the unknown is not necessarily unknowable. Until within what must be deemed recent days, no single discovery of any magnitude had been made except the magnet and the mariner's compass; and, although these objects, with their phenomena, might have been held to point to the solution of other mysteries, they did not at first seem to imply or involve nearly so much as they are now seen to involve and imply when regarded in the light thrown upon them by other inventions. Now however, in the broad light of science, with all we know of the recently unknown and all that our present knowledge shadows forth, it is a shame to our nature that we are not rather eager to solve the enigma than scared at the remaining mystery of the supernatural. For the purposes of amusement the lore of demonology and witchcraft may be preserved or even dressed up in a new form under the name and guise of "Spiritualism"; but it is discreditably to sane and fairly strong minds that a lingering dread of the supernatural should be found to haunt the chambers of imagery, that there should not only be credulity, but actual dread in relation to subjects which probably have no existence outside the consciousness of those who are oppressed and worried by them, and, if they had, should wholly lack the power to disturb or affright. As for "authenticated ghost-stories," there are legions of such narratives extant, and, for aught TRUTH knows, a considerable proportion of them may be true—that is relations of fact, so far as those by whom they are related are concerned. That objects—call them "apparitions" if any one pleases—have been seen or heard TRUTH does not for a moment doubt or deny, but in such a manner, and in such manner only, as flashes of light

have been seen before the eyes of persons who have been struck on the head or whose brains have been over-stimulated, and in such manner as sounds are heard in sleep, or even when in the act of awakening, or even wide awake but abstracted, as it were, and in a condition to be misled by impressions on the sense of hearing. We will go further, and admit that there may be influences which our mind—or our brain—can exert on another, sympathetic disturbances which one nervous system may set up in another. The possibility of such intercommunication between similar organisms is evident, just as one reed instrument will affect another. We can understand all this, and we can believe that much that will hereafter be discovered may be very surprising and as marvellous to us, if we could anticipate the discoveries of future ages, as the telegraph would have been to our benighted ancestors if they had lighted upon it; but that there is nothing supernatural—that is, above and beyond nature in the sense of being disconnected from it—we are assured, not because the thing is impossible, but because the whole harmony of creation and the philosophy of science combine to render the conjecture that anything supernatural exist, needless and absurd. Rest assured we are integral parts of a vast whole which is the sum of the forces we see and feel at work within and around us, and which neither stultifies the initial principles of its development in its highest phase nor consummates its perfection in discord.

Another of those terribly disastrous cyclones passed through parts of the State of Indiana last week. The village of Oakville, consisting of about thirty houses, is reported to have been swept out of existence. Four persons were killed and a number wounded. At another village, Reynoldsburg, several houses. At Pittsburg a good deal of damage was done, and a wire mill was wrecked, seriously injuring some of the workmen. In another county four persons were reported killed and twenty-two injured by falling buildings. Trees were prostrated across a railway track and an express train thrown off in consequence. To reach the climax a telegram from Huntsville states that: "A baby was carried several miles in the woods where it was found alive this morning." At this distance it looks as though there must be some terrible lying as well as terrible wind down South. These destructive cyclones appear to be growing more frequent and more disastrous in the South and West. Three disastrous ones have been reported within a month.

When once a start is made in applying the principle of protection it appears a difficult matter to decide when and where to stop. That fact is becoming more and more evident in the United States each year. At first the decision was to protect manufactured articles so as to encourage home industry allowing raw material of all kinds to enter free, but the lines have kept widening out and interest after interest has been clamoring for protection and received it too. In the beginning the idea was that by the protection of infant industries they would

soon become strong and their competition could be invited. At a later time, however, it became a popular theory that the labourers a home must be protected against the cheap labor of other countries where laborers were little less than paupers. Then came the contention that the cheap laborers, like the Chinese, must not be imported any more than the products of the cheap laborers, and it is urged that the immigration of such should be prohibited. A New York journal now states that an agitation is springing up, commencing in New Jersey, against the immigration of skilled laborers from Europe. Next, in natural sequence, probably, will come a movement against all immigration so as to protect the common laborer, the skilled mechanic, and any other class in the country who may feel it the duty of the law and government to interpose in their behalf. Protection may be the wisest and best course for a country, as some affirm, or it may not be, as others contend, but in any case when it is once entered upon it is difficult to draw the line as to just how far it should go.

The American Whiskey Interests.

In the United States the whiskey interests have been struggling hard for some time to obtain special legislation at Washington for their immediate relief. Millions of barrels of whiskey have been manufactured more than there was a demand for, and according to the revenue laws it could remain a given time in bond before the excise tax must be paid; but the time has been expiring when millions of dollars must be paid in excise tax before sales could be effected. An attempt was first made to get the time extended but that failed. Then it was attempted to get special permission to import it into Canada, in bond, and allow it to be returned when sold, but our Ottawa authorities refused to consent. Last year a powerful effort was made for special legislation at Washington but nothing came out of it. This year a still more determined effort was made at Washington and it has failed again.

The New York Tribune, writing on this matter, says that there is testimony to the effect that, last year, the whiskey men raised \$600,000 to pass the bonded extension bill. They failed then, however, and now they have failed again. The Tribune then remarks:

"The result will be wholesome in reducing the production of whiskey. The refusal to pass a similar measure in 1883 led to a reduction of the product from 150,000,000 gallons in that year to 74,000,000 gallons in 1883. Another such a falling off will be a national blessing. And if, as the distillers threaten, the whiskey goes out of the country to escape taxation, the people will bid it good riddance. It has been fitly characterized as the dynamite of modern civilization."

This is certainly pretty strong language for a popular journal like the Tribune, strongly opposed as it is to prohibition.

A New War Implement.

More ingenuity and expense are lavished upon the improvement of implements of human destruction than on any thing else. Millions are paid for improved war ships calculated to be more destructive

than any ever before built, and on cannons and smaller guns capable of killing and wounding a larger number of men than any previously in existence. The latest experiments are in the perfection of a dynamite gun capable of such destruction to life and property as was never before equalled. The United States Government are now having a series of experiments tried at Fort Hamilton in connection with this new invention. The idea is to enclose the dynamite in a strong metal projectile, which will burst with irresistible fury when it strikes the object at which it is aimed. The dynamite gun must be "fired" with compressed air instead of gun powder, as the sudden explosion of the latter would probably cause the dynamite to explode in the gun itself. Compressed air, it is well known, has a great power, and is now used quite extensively for driving many kinds of machinery. The new gun consists of a long powerful brass tube of two or three inches bore, and forty feet in length. The compressed air is produced by an engine on purpose, and is admitted from a strong reservoir into the gun tube behind the projectile. It is claimed that a projectile containing one hundred pounds of dynamite may be accurately thrown a mile or more by such means. The bursting of such an amount of such a powerful explosive would produce results such as can hardly be imagined. Of course the hope is that, in case of a siege a city or fort could be destroyed, if not wiped entirely out of existence, inhabitants and all, in the course of a few hours. Probably the war authorities will soon be asking appropriations to experiment on something still more infernal as an instrument of destruction.

Free Libraries.

Apdopros to the opening of the New Free Library in Toronto the following facts in regard to some of the leading Free Libraries in England will be of interest. They are clipped from the Edinburgh (Scotland) Advertiser:—In Manchester full attention has been given to each of the three chief departments of a public library—namely, (1) the reference and consulting library, in which the larger, scarcer, more costly, and more special works are provided for students and readers generally; (2) the lending libraries, from which residents are entitled to draw books for home reading; and (3) the newsrooms, in which as large a selection of the current journals of the day is provided as the means of the institution permit. The reference library now contains about 75,000 volumes, and the six lending libraries, placed at convenient points in the several districts of the city, contain about 75,000 volumes. There is a newsroom, abundantly provided with selected London and provincial newspapers and magazines, attached to each of the six lending libraries. From the beginning—more than thirty years ago—these institutions have been most popular. Last year the libraries were visited by more than 2,300,000 persons, or 9,000 daily, and nearly 1,200,000 volumes were issued to readers, of which more than half were for home reading.

In Birmingham the same general policy has been followed, and with similar re-

sults. There is a reference library of about 65,000 volumes, and five lending libraries containing together about 50,000 volumes. To each lending library is attached a newsroom. All are very largely frequented by the public.

In Liverpool attention has been given principally to the reference library, for which have been purchased very many of the largest, most important, and costliest works in British and foreign literature, and which has in consequence become probably the richest consulting library belonging to any provincial town in the country. It is open to all persons; and students of all branches of science and knowledge have the privilege of consulting freely the greatest works in their subjects. It now contains nearly 80,000 volumes, and the number of volumes issued to readers exceeds half a million annually, exclusive of 300,000 of weekly, monthly and quarterly periodicals. There are also two lending libraries, containing together 44,000 volumes, from which nearly 400,000 volumes are issued annually for home reading.

Other countries, it may be observed, are showing greatly increased interest in public libraries. In France, Germany, and Italy they are rapidly increasing in number, importance, and usefulness; and in the United States the municipal authorities and citizens generally have devoted large sums and great care and thought to this department of public work, and with so much success that now the best types of the free town libraries must be sought in America.

Timber Preservation.

EDITOR TRUTH.—An article appeared in your columns on the preservation of timber. It is well that the subject is attracting the attention of others than lumbermen, and in another way.

Our forests are not inexhaustible; like all sublunary things there is a limit beyond which we cannot go.

In many parts the end has been already reached, and to places, from which lumber of different kinds was formerly exported, timber has now to be sent. We are importing walnut and whitewood, woods which at one time were to be obtained in plenty in the Western part of this Province.

"Experience teaches fools." We were wise to learn a lesson which the natives of other countries have been taught; and having learned, endeavored to profit thereby.

From an article now before me, the following is condensed:—

"In 1835 the Island of Mauritius was covered to nearly three-fourths of its extent—300,000 acres—with forest; in 1870 this was reduced to 70,000 acres. In the following year, an exact survey gave but 35,000 acres. In Ceylon, looking from the top of a mountain, an unbroken forest ranged. Six years later it had disappeared. A member of the 'Eclipse' Expedition to Ceylon states that from a calculation made, one-third of an inch per annum was being washed away from the cultivated surface of the island. In Jamaica, timber for building purposes has to be imported. In New Brunswick the hemlock is fast disappearing, 10,000 trees per annum being used by a single manu-

facturer for tanning purposes. That is, the bark. In Demerara the work of destruction will soon clear off all the timber. In New Zealand the present generation may look for the end of the timber woods."

France, too, is an example of the pernicious destruction of forests. A recent writer laments the loss sustained in many parts by the total disappearance of the forests. Regions formerly prosperous, are now sterile deserts. Many other places could be mentioned from which the forests have been cleaned entire, and which are now paying the penalty of their shortsightedness.

It is admitted, by persons in a position to know, that many years will not have gone by, at the present rate of consumption, before we will be suffering from a want of timber, as well as the consequent destruction of our soil.

Each issue of our trade journals contain statements of the amount of lumber manufactured at some of our numerous mills—tens of thousands of feet at this mill, hundreds of thousands at another. For example, Gilmour & Co's mill, Trenton, cuts up daily 350,000 feet of lumber, 100,000 ps. lath, 100,000 pickets, as well as heading and shingles. This is the largest mill in the country. Hundreds of mills cutting from 6,000 feet and upward daily, are busily engaged in reducing our forest wealth. Portable saw-mills wind their way into the heart of our woods and cut right and left, leaving saw dust, etc., to furnish fuel for a fire. Our square-timber men down the choicest trees, and in felling destroy numerous others. Cattle and camping parties also contribute their share to lay bare our forests.

Our exports in 1883 of the products of the forests amounted to nearly \$26,000,000, which is an increase of \$1,000,000 over the previous year.

The Curator of the Arnold Arboretum, Prof. Sargent, states in his report to the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, that the average annual consumption of pine in the United States was ten millions of feet yearly, and that only eighty billions of feet remained, including much poor timber.

Many of our hardwoods are becoming each year more scarce, such as white ash and oak, cherry and butternut, rock elm, walnut, etc.

The writer is not aware of what has been done by our local legislature in the matter of foresting. No doubt there is plenty to be done. It were well for us had we less politics to the acre and more trees. The subject of the preservation of woods should be brought more prominently before the public, and some means adopted and applied to the increasing of our forest wealth. We know, or can readily find out, what has been, and is being done elsewhere, and surely the Canadians can do likewise. That we are fast denuding our forests is a fact, that very little is being done in the way of preservation is another. It is time we were up and doing; not thinking whether we, who plant, will live to see the fruit of labor, or departing, leave those who follow to reap the benefits.

A. STURSON.

Toronto, March 24, 1884.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

The Old Man Has Somewhat to Say About Municipal Matters, and Other Things of General Interest.

It will always take place that one in Jacob's position sometimes hits and sometimes misses, though it is no presumptuous immodesty for him to say that the hits are a great deal more numerous than the misses. I understand that some did not much like the references of last week to the coming semi-centennial celebration. I can't help that. They were correct and deserved all the same. Nothing more need be said on the subject. The money I suppose has to be spent. The processionists have to tramp through the streets. Foolish rapid speeches have to be delivered. A dull book has to be published and general self-glorification has to be the order of the day. Well, so be it. The money will get into some folks pockets, and it will be taken out of others, and the thing will then after end. So be it. It is to be hoped that the weather will be good, with the visitors in perfect voice and not too declamatory. How much wine is to be drunk?

I have of late been going a good deal about the city and find it all dreadfully dirty. The highways are bad, but the back lanes are worse. How does it come to pass that the scavenger carts come to some places with all the regularity of clockwork, while at others they are scarcely seen all the winter? It is surely about time that all the wells in the city were shut up. They are all more or less polluted with sewage, and the water is not fit for human use. No doubt the city water is also sometimes pretty bad, but it is nothing to what is found in the wells.

As the snow goes away the havoc made in the block pavements begins to be fully seen. It is pretty bad in some places, but after all it might have been

A GREAT DEAL WORSE.

In most of the streets there is not a block out of its place, and even on Yonge street, it can't be said that the spectacle is a discouraging one. Some places on King and Queen are not what they ought to have been, still taking all in all there is no use in saying that the cedar block pavement has been a failure. It is doubtful at the same time if it will wear so long as its promoters said it would.

The outlying villages in the suburbs of Toronto are coming gradually in and putting themselves under the wing of the metropolis. This is as it ought to be. It is better for all parties. But could it not be managed when the city is extending in the way it is to have larger wards and fewer Aldermen? The City Council is getting unwieldy. If the area were wider would there not be the greater likelihood of superior men being ready to stand for city honors? And could the trading ward politician not in this way be got quit of?

The respectable citizens must understand that they cannot neglect their civic duties without in one way or other suffering for it. And they ought not only to watch how municipal matters are managed, but to be ready with the Council when asked. The office ought to seek the men, not the men the office. No doubt being an alderman entails a good deal of trouble, and the withdrawal of a good deal of time from private business. But some body must take the trouble, and it is far better that those should do so who would be above private jobs, and would not seek to recoup themselves by questionable way.

I was over to the island on the first

boat, and saw all the desolation which some of the papers have so graphically described. It is bad enough, but I don't think it is quite so bad as some would make out. The winter storms of Lake Ontario are, however, bad enough, and good solid work is required to stand up successfully against them. The island is a nice place for a summer residence but JACOB would not like to spend the winter there.

The Free Library has been getting under way. Of course I got myself certified by a rate payer, and have certified my certifier in return. It is all right, though it looks

A LITTLE RED TAPISH,

something of the nature of accommodation bills. The reading-room is well frequented, though still in a good deal of confusion. Nobody can reckon on any magazine or paper being at a particular table. All is higgledy piggledy; as to people keeping papers only for a certain time there is nothing of it. But there is no sense of judging things before the time. The stands for papers will be up by and by, and one will be able to see where he is to go when he wants to see a particular paper or magazine. By the way, though I do not grudge the dirty little *gamins* the use of the illustrated papers, I don't see why they ought to monopolize them altogether. The sooner a printed catalogue is proposed the better, and then every reader ought to be obliged to purchase one, and make out a list of books for presentation at the counter so that he might be supplied with the first one on his list which is available.

I was down the other day at the Union Station. Surely anything more unsatisfactory cannot be well thought of. Strangers have no chance to get any information about trains or anything else, and even those who are not strangers may well be put out. But the railway authorities have it all their own way, and so need not be civil or obliging or anything else.

Why are some of the newspapers in Toronto always blowing their horn so vociferously? Can't they be satisfied with being first clap without continually shouting out that they are the best papers in all creation? If they are so good the public will by and by make the discovery without their shouting. There is one especially of this kind who is especially silly. It is continually snapping at its big neighbor, like a poor little masterless cur after the heels of a Mastiff. It is sure this one is going down the hill. It is sure that one is not nearly as readable as another that could be mentioned. It proclaims on the housetops that its own poor little foolish talk are just about the wisest and cleverest things in creation that its sayings are most quoted, its facts most relied on and its opinions most thought of. Such nonsense, all this, and yet JACOB knows that its conductors go cap in hand begging for an advertisement for dear life while most of what it has are either dead or given in charity to get quit of the impertinence and for almost nothing. Have respect, young men, to

THE NOBLE CALLING OF JOURNALISM, and don't make yourselves ridiculous, and a respectable profession contemptible. A healthy man does not tell every man that he can walk. He walks.

Is there to be a great Music Hall in Toronto? It is said so. It is proposed to erect it in connection with the new City Hall. It would pay and pay well if in a central position and with the charges made strictly moderate.

It is generally said that servant girls are much more numerous than they used to be and wages not nearly so high. Better that it should be so. The more a certain class set about kindling their own fires and doing their own dish washing the better. It will help all round. It is the curse of a great many girls that they are kept in complete idleness. This is good for neither body nor soul. Neither for mind nor morals.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Current Events.

Canadian.

There were thirty persons immersed in the different Baptist churches in Toronto on Sunday of last week.

A terrible disaster occurred near Port Arthur, Manitoba. There was a premature explosion of a blast on the railroad works and six men were immediately killed, and several others injured.

The Canadian Pacific Railway telegraph line is now in operation between Montreal and Algoma Mills. It is also completed between Winnipeg and Michipicoten on the Lake Superior branch. At the present rate of construction it is thought telegraphic communication will be established all through Canadian territory, between Winnipeg and Montreal, by the 1st of May.

An interesting decision on the effect of marriage with a wife's sister, on the rights of property, was delivered at Osgoode Hall, Toronto on the 2nd, by Chancellor Boyd. Briefly, the decision was that, after the death of the wife, the husband is entitled to a life interest in the property as tenant by courtesy, and further, that to entitle a husband to tenancy by courtesy a legal marriage only is necessary. It need not be canonical.

The *Globe* says:—The increase of burglaries all over the Province is calculated to excite grave alarm. Toronto has had more than her usual share. Kingston had seven private residences and a church burglarized within a week. Hamilton has just had four daylight robberies in three days, while many towns and villages throughout the province have also suffered from recent burglarious operations. Who or what is responsible—the hard times, the carelessness of the people, or the inefficiency and inactivity of the police and constabulary forces?

The *Winnipeg Sun* says:—The perfect system adopted by the Canadian Pacific Railway for procuring a weather report from every station along the line has proved of invaluable service to the company during the past winter. When a storm was reported at any point along the line, and it was evident from its violence, and the direction of the wind, what course it would probably take, a report was sent to head-quarters, and all necessary preparations were made. In this manner very little loss or inconvenience resulted to the company from the storms of the past winter.

The editor of the *Calgary Herald* thus writes of the change in the North-West:—We arrived in Calgary early in August, last. On the following Sunday there was a horse race, two foot races, a baseball match, and two auction sales. Besides these, the billiard saloons were open and the stores doing a rushing business. Being fresh from the orderly decorum of an eastern Sabbath, it jarred upon our feelings to find people desecrating the Lord's day in such a manner. What a change has taken place! Last Sunday there were seven services held in Calgary, besides Sabbath school. "The sound of the church-going bell" was heard pealing forth its sweet-ringing notes, and a quiet, subdued manner was observed everywhere.

United States.

It is estimated that the now *Jeannette* expedition to the north in search of the Greely party will cost something over a quarter of a million dollars.

President Arthur has made a proclamation restoring to the public domain all of the Turtle Mountain Indian reservation in Dakota, except two townships, which have been reserved for Indians.

At Columbus, Georgia, the steamer *Rebecca Eteringham* was burned to the water's edge on the 3rd inst., and thirteen of the passengers and crew were burned to death. The others had a narrow escape.

The loss of property is estimated at \$24,000.

There is a "Day Nursery" in Philadelphia where about sixteen children from three months to nine years old, are received each day, nursed, fed, and amused, while their mothers earn bread outside. They are provided with swings, hobby horses, toy waggons and other play things. After work hours are over the mothers come and take their children home and pay six cents apiece for the care given during the day. Many women are thus enabled to earn bread for their little ones.

The whistling craze is the latest in fashionable circles. In New York there is a coloured man who was once owned by Henry A. Wise, but more recently a waiter at Long Branch, who has as many pupils as he can attend to. They are mostly misses ranging from 10 to 16 years. He guarantees whistling, according to his system, to reduce the size of the mouth and give the lips a pouty, kissy appearance. In addition to this the exercise is good for the lungs, develops the chest, and induces cheerfulness.

Personal.

El Mahdi, the leader of the rebels in the Soudan, is reported the possessor of no less than eighteen wives. Some writers are amused at the idea that Chinesso Gordon should expect to send a man like that home by the more powers of moral suasion.

Mrs. Bowell, wife of the Hon. Commissioner of Customs, died recently in Southern California. She had been ailing with lung disease for some time and left her home at Belleville for California some months ago hoping to benefit by the change of climate.

Hon. John Stevenson, of Napanee, died at his residence last week. He had been a very successful and energetic business man, and by his own energy and industry he became very wealthy. He represented the County of Lennox in the first Ontario Legislature and was elected Speaker of the House.

Mr. J. C. Miller a wealthy lumber merchant of Parry Sound, Ont., died in Southern California on the 3rd inst. He had been in poor health for some time, and went to California health-seeking last summer. He was at one time a member of the Ontario Provincial Legislature, and a gentleman held in high esteem by those who knew him.

Lady Brassey, whose cheerful writings descriptive of the voyages of the yacht "Sunbeam" are so popular, writes, that when on her way to Egypt she was given a new pet, a long haired pig by the inhabitants of Navarino, and she evidently took to it as kindly as to pug and poodle dogs. She describes it as the quietest little animal imaginable, and enjoyed herself comfortably among the pillows on her sofa. This may make a new rage among pets.

Lady Manners has been writing some disagreeable things about the "higher circles" in English life. She says that in many of the Scotch and English country houses now a-days the time is largely occupied in eating. A succession of meals, each partaking more or less of the character of a dinner, occupies the guests, with brief intervals throughout the entire day. Bread and butter, with tea or spirits, on rising, hot and cold meats at ten, the game, with all sorts of puddings and jellies at two; tea, crumpets, and muffins, at five; and dinner and supper after that time. The thing is overdone.

Religious.

Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, having returned home from a visit to Rome, reports that at the conferences recently held there one of the chief subjects was "the higher education of the clergy, especially with regard to the physical sciences, so that pastors may be better prepared to refute the errors of modern scientists who pretend to discover a want of harmony between science and revelation."

Temperance Department.

The Scott Act Amendments.

The Canada Temperance Act had a narrow escape in Parliament at Ottawa last week. This time it was the senate who came very near "amording" the measure so as to destroy its efficiency and usefulness. It appears that in regard to Nova Scotia, where, for years, no licenses have been issued in some of the counties where the Scott Act has been adopted, the law needed an amendment. It provides that it shall not go in force until the licenses issued expires, and the courts there have decided that, as there are no licenses to expire, the law could not go in force at all. To meet the case, some of the leading friends of the Act in the House, waited on the Premier, and requested a necessary amendment to cover this legal defect. The Bill embodying the amendment passed the Commons, and when it was in the Senate on the 4th inst, a few of the so opposed to the Act undertook, while the matter of amendment was in hand to give it such additional ones as to leave the whole Act worthless.

Senator Dickey, of Nova Scotia, proposed an amendment providing the Act should not be legally adopted, unless a majority of three fifths of all who voted was in favor of the act. Of course no such majority is needed at any other election, but a large number of the Senators voted in favor of this proposal, and the vote stood 25 to 27.

It is much to be regretted that Sir Alexander Campbell, the Hon. Minister of Justice in the present Government, and the leader of the Conservative party in the Senate, used his powerful influence to have the amendment adopted, and so did nearly every Senator appointed by the present Government during the past two years. Here is a list of the votes: *Yeas*,—Almon, Archibald, Botsford, Sir A. Campbell, Carvell, De Blois, Dover, Dickey, Fergusson, Glazier, Howlan, McKay, McKindsay, McMillan, MacLellan, Nelson, Northwood, O'Donohue, O'Dell, Plumb, Robitaille, Smith, Turner—25.

Nays,—Allen, Armand, Bellerose, Buillargeon, Chaffers, Chapais, Flint, Gerard, Grant, Haythorne, Leonard, McClellan, McInnes, Miller, Macpherson, Pelletier, Power, Pozer, Reesor, Scott, Skead, Stevens, Sutherland, Trudel, Vidal, Wark—27.

The *Globe* says: "Every Liberal Senator present voted against the amendment, the majority being made of 13 Liberals and 14 Conservatives."

Senator Allinon then moved another amendment, still more mischievous, allowing the sale of ale, porter, beer, cider and light wines, not containing over 12 per cent. of alcohol, where the Act shall come in force. The vote on this amendment was nearly the same as on the former, except that Senator Plumb voted against it, and Senator Turner was absent. Had the last amendment carried the Act might as well have been repealed, so far as the temperance men are concerned. It is pretty evident that prohibition is much in need of more friends in the Senate than it now has. It is not probable, however, that another attempt will soon be made there to destroy the Act as it now stands, nor is it probable that any such measure, if passed by the Senate would be approved of in the Commons.

Starting Just Right.

Amos Lawrence was one of the most honored citizens of Boston, alike for high personal character and for eminent success in business. He attributed his success to a purpose early formed to do just right. During his apprenticeship in a store at Groton, it was the uniform custom to take a drink every forenoon. He says, "We five boys were in the habit, every forenoon, of making a drink compounded of rum, raisins, sugar, nutmeg, etc., with biscuit, all palatable to eat and drink.

"After being in the store four weeks, I found myself admonished by my appetite of the approach of the hour for indulgence. Thinking the habit might make trouble if allowed to grow stronger, without farther apology to my seniors, I declined to partake with them.

"During the five years of my apprenticeship, I never tasted a spoonful, though I mixed gallons daily for my old master and his customers.

"I decided not to be a slave to tobacco in any form, though I loved the odor of it then, and even now have a superior Havana cigar given me by a friend, but only to smell of.

"I have never in my life smoked a cigar; never chewed but one quid, and that was before I was fifteen; and never took an ounce of snuff, though the scented rapoe of forty years ago had great charms for me."

Amos Lawrence not only accumulated great wealth but, what was better, used it benevolently and wisely for the public good, and thus his early restraints were changed into resources of happiness and life's best compensations.

FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—At London, Ont., on the 3rd, Thomas Murray, shot himself in a tavern where he was drinking heavily. The bullet entered his ear but took a slant forward instead of penetrating the brain. It is hoped that his life may be saved. The unfortunate man expressed a regret that he did not end his existence.

FOOL AND MONEY PARTED.—James Byron an old pensioner in Toronto, received his quarterly allowance on Tuesday of last week and at once went on a spree. He lost all his money and was taken to the police station at night drunk and insensible. The next morning the Police Magistrate let him off, thinking he had punishment enough.

NEARLY DROWNED. At Amherstburg, Ont., on the 2nd inst., a farmer named Mullen while on a spree jumped off a wharf into the Detroit river to drown himself. The cold water sobered him at once and he made great efforts to save his life, by clinging fast to some floating ice. He was carried quite a distance down the river before he was rescued from his perilous position. It is now hoped that he will stick to cold water.

ROBBERED.—An elderly man named Geo. Washington, came from Bowmanville to Toronto to make some payments on the 1st inst. He appears to have put "pleasure before business" and got drunk in the outset. Wandering in the street in an intoxicated condition he fell among thieves and was robbed of \$50, after which he was found by the police and locked up for the night. He had on his person a cheque for \$3,151 which escaped robbery.

AN ERRING FATHER.—A Detroit telegram of the 2nd inst. says:—James Pajo, a farmer living near Essex Centre, came to Detroit several weeks ago to make arrangements to bring his family. He has since been missing from his home, and his family becoming alarmed at his absence sent the eldest son, twelve years of age, to Detroit in search of him. This boy told his story to the police this afternoon, and a search of the records revealed the fact that his father had been arrested and sent to the House of Correction for drunkenness for thirty days. The boy will be taken care of by the police until his father's release.

THE TORONTO SHOOTING CASE.—One day last week a man named Horace F. Alkins, an artist of some skill in this city, entered a house on Jarvis street and fired two revolver shots at his wife and John Hackett with the evident intent to kill both. Hackett was badly wounded and there is yet danger from his wound. The *Globe* commenting on the sad case says:—"The latest tragedy in Toronto, in its salient features, is just like so many which have gone before. The husband, wife, and paramour were all more or less

intoxicated at the time of the shooting. Whether or not the domestic infelicity was at first caused by intemperance, we may not say. Very likely it was."

NEWS AND NOTES.

SIGNIFICANT FACTS.—Chicago *Inter-Ocean*:—The statistics of Edwards County, Illinois, should be a weapon of defence for the temperance reformers. In twenty-five years, no liquor seller has been allowed to locate upon its soil, and it is asserted that during that time only one criminal has been sent to the penitentiary from that county.

ARKANSAS, U. S.—The *Signal* says: | Arkansas, with her Home Protection law which puts the mother's death signature to the saloon system, has ridged three-fourths of the State of that system. It has given to the travelling public a line of railroad one hundred and sixty-five miles long, along which not a drop of intoxicating liquor can be procured. Can Kansas or Maine do better than that?

PROHIBITION IN SIMCOE COUNTY.—It has been arranged to hold a convention of the temperance workers of Simcoe County at Barrie on Tuesday of next week, 15th inst., for the purpose of organizing committees in each municipality in the county with a view to the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act. On the 3rd inst. Mrs. Younns lectured on temperance to a crowded house in Barrie, and much enthusiasm was manifested. Judge Ardagh occupied the chair, and Junior Judge Boys is among the active friends of the work.

WHAT REMINDED HIM.—At Manhattan, Kansas, a saloon-keeper was being tried for selling liquors; an Irishman was on the stand, and refused to testify whether the beverage he drank there on a certain occasion was intoxicating. The county attorney failed to get decisive information. Judge Martin, of Topeka, then tried and failed to get an answer. He then ordered the clerk to enter judgment against him for ten dollars, and turned to the sheriff and ordered him to take the witness to jail, and keep him there till he was ready to testify. This prescription brought Pat's recollection to light, and he testified that the "stuff he drank" was intoxicating.

LESSENING THE EVIL.—The *Mail* of Monday had a well written editorial on the revenue from drink, from which we clip the following closing paragraph:—"But that an enormous percentage of the crime, the disease, the idleness, the improvidence, and general worthlessness which make men a burden upon society are fairly chargeable upon the excessive use of intoxicating drink, is a fact that is too well established to admit of any reasonable doubt. The fair inference, therefore, is that the narrower the limits within which the use of these articles is confined the better will it be for the community and for the individuals of whom it is composed."

HIGH AUTHORITY.—Dr. Andrew Clark is one of the best medical authorities in England. He is the physician of Mr. Gladstone, and it was to him Sir John A. Macdonald went for advice when last ill. In regard to moderate drinking, Dr. Clark says:—"So long as you take a little, there is in the human system a tendency to take more." This is just the difficulty; when you have eaten, your hunger vanishes, and there is no desire for more; when you drink water you are no longer thirsty; therefore in these cases your appetite is a sufficient guard and safeguard. But when you drink intoxicating liquors, your desire for them increases, and "there is a tendency to take more."

EFFECTS OF RUM ON PIGS.—Mr. W. Mattieu Williams once witnessed a display of drunkenness among three hundred pigs, which had been given a barrel of spoiled elderberry wine, all at once with their swill. "Their behavior," he says, "was intensely human, exhibiting all the

usual manifestations of jolly good fellowship, including that advanced stage where a group were rolling over each other, and grunting affectionately in tones that were very distinctly impressive of swearing good fellowship all around. Their reeling and staggering, and the expression of their features, all indicated that alcohol had the same effect on pigs as on men; that under its influence both stood precisely on the same zoological level."

ALWAYS BAD.—At a recent public meeting in New York, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher thus expressed himself:—"There are some bad consequences attending almost every business. I do not doubt the blacksmith throws some cinders in the people's eyes. Bakers do not always distribute bread that is digestible. There is a good deal of bad butter sold. The cheese is not much better. There is a good deal of so-called cider which is not good. The general drift of all kinds of business is beneficial, and only incidentally mischievous. But the sale of liquor is only incidentally beneficial, and generally bad. If I were to speak not of liquor dealers, but of liquor itself, I would charge it with almost every iniquity known to human experience. I would declare that liquor is a demoralizer, a monster, a thief, a murderer, a poorhouse builder."

TEMPERANCE INSURANCE.—Mr. O. J. Kennard, M. B. for Salisbury, has contributed a letter to the *Times* on Temperance Insurance Statistics, which contains facts worthy of note. The "Temperance Section" of the business done by the United Kingdom Temperance Company has been kept in the books wholly distinct from the "General Section," and the results of comparison are ominously satisfactory to the abstaining portion of the community. The expected claims by death in the temperance section for the last seventeen years were computed by actuaries to be 2,644; they really amounted only to 1,861; for the same period the computation for the general section was 4,408, the actual result 4,339. Thus the mathematical gain is secured to temperance of no less than just 30 per cent., and abstainers prove to have by far the best of it in reference to longevity.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.—Writing of the recent vote on the Prohibition resolutions in the House of Commons, at Ottawa, Prof. G. E. Foster, M.P., says:—"The House has therefore by an overwhelming vote declared.

1. That it indorses the principle of complete prohibition as applied to the whole traffic in intoxicating liquors.

2. That so soon as public opinion will sustain it, the House is prepared to enact such a law.

Now, let the people of Canada make known to Parliament the extent and sufficiency of its sentiment. How?

1. By adopting and carrying out the Canada Temperance Act wherever possible.

2. By petitioning Parliament to enact a Prohibitory Law.

3. By pledging members of Parliament, irrespective of party, to vote for such a law.

HONEST LABOR.—Labor, honest labor, is right and beautiful. Activity is the ruling element of life and labor—we can imagine nothing without it. The noblest man of earth is he who puts his hands cheerfully and proudly to honest labor. Labor is a business and an ordinance of God. Suspend labor, and where are the glory and pomp of earth, the fruits of the fields, the palaces and fashioning things of matter for which men strive and was? Let the labor-scourer look at himself, and learn what are the trophies of toil. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is the debtor and slave of toil. The labor which he scorns has tricked him into the stature and appearance of a man. Where does he get his garments and equipage? Let labor answer. Labor makes music in the mine, in the furrow and at the forge.

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

She looked at me in a frightened irresolute way, and then she formed with her lips rather than spoke the words.

"Yes—rather cold—now."

"Wouldn't you be more comfortable in one of the rooms up-stairs while the fogs last?" I insinuated shyly.

But I saw that her breath was beginning to come fast, and the faint pink to tinge her cheek as it did when she was excited.

"Did any one tell you to say that to me?" she asked in a whisper.

"I told Mr. Rayner, when I wrote, that we had a slight fog here on Tuesday night, and this morning I had a letter saying that he thought it was bad for you to sleep on the ground floor when the mists had begun to rise high, and that he had told Sarah to prepare the large front spare-room for you."

Instead of looking grateful for this proof of her husband's thoughtfulness, she became agitated, and at last her agitation grew almost uncontrollable; she trembled and clung to the bars inside the window, and I saw that her forehead was wet with the effect of some strong emotion—it looked like fear.

"At last—at last! I have been here too long," she gasped.

I thought that the effect on her nervous temperament of making her leave the room against her will would outweigh any physical good the change might do her. The wild look was coming into her eyes which I had seen there twice before, and I was afraid of her being seized with a paroxysm while I stood there on the other side of the barred window, powerless to help her; so I said gently—

"Of course Mr. Rayner would not wish you to go if you did not wish it."

But she shook her head, and, putting her face between the bars to be closer to me, she said, in a low broken voice—

"Do you know what his wishes mean when Sarah carries them out?"

I stood looking at her, appalled. Her terror was so real that it infected me, and for the moment I almost shared the poor lady's mad belief that there was a conspiracy against her. But her next words restored me to my senses.

"Are you against me too?" she asked piteously. "I always thought you were; but then you were kind to my child—and I don't know, I don't know whom to trust!"

"You may trust me, dear Mrs. Rayner, indeed," said I earnestly. "I would not have suggested your leaving your room if I thought it would cause you so much pain. Indeed I did not know you were so much attached to it."

She shuddered. There was a pause, during which she stared at me sternly and searchingly. But I had no cause to fear her poor mad eyes, so I returned her gaze, and she grew gradually calmer.

"Miss Christie," said she at last, in a whisper, "you have influence in this house. That night when Haidee was ill you made Sarah obey you. If I may trust you, give me this proof—get me one day's respite. Let me stay in my own room till—to-morrow."

Her voice sank till I could hardly catch the last words.

"I will try," said I softly. "And, oh, Mrs. Rayner, shall I tell Sam to take the dead leaves away in a wheelbarrow? I am sure it can't be wholesome to have them so close to your window."

"No, no, leave them—never mind," said she hurriedly. "You must be in the water. You will catch cold. Go—Heaven bless you!"

She shut down the window in a frightened way, and disappeared into the room. I could not see in, for the window-sill was some eight or ten inches above my head. I turned and splashed my way back, with my teeth chattering, to the house, and changed my wet shoes and stockings, half crying for pity for the poor, helpless, forlorn lady for whom I could do so little.

At tea-time she came into the dining-room, and, as Sarah was there, I practised the innocent deception of pretending not to have seen her before that day. I thought it better that the lynx-eyed guardian should not discover that I had found a way of communicating privately with her unlucky charge. So I said again at tea-time that I had had a letter from Mr. Rayner, and that he thought that on Saturday she had better move into spare room.

"Saturday!" interrupted Sarah sharply. "Yes," said I, rather frightened at telling such a story. "Do you think you would like to go to-morrow, or would you rather go to-night, Mrs. Rayner?" I asked gently.

"To-morrow," said she, with a steady look which I took as an acknowledgment; and I turned to Sarah.

"I will answer for it to Mr. Rayner, if there has been any mistake," I said, as modestly as I could, for it was an awkward thing to have to give orders before the mistresses of the house, however tottering her reason might be.

"Very well, miss," said Sarah, to my surprise.

For the second time my use of Mr. Rayner's name had acted like a charm; and I wondered how this woman, who had dared so much to cut me off from communication with Laurence, could so easily submit to receive orders from me.

After tea, Mrs. Rayner in her turn surprised me by a warning which seemed to show keen observation. She came and stood by me at the fire-place while Sarah was clearing the table, and once, while the latter was for a moment out of the room, breathed softly into my ear, without turning her head.

"Take care—she hates you, and she is dangerous!"

I glanced up quickly; but Sarah was already back in the room, and Mrs. Rayner's face was as impassive as ever.

I was so much used to living in fear of Sarah that the warning did not make any particular impression upon me, and I went to bed neither more nor less afraid of her machinations than usual.

I woke up in the night without being conscious of any cause for doing so. I had started at once into full wakefulness, and I saw that Haidee was sleeping quietly, and that the fire was still alight, but had burnt low; and I thought I would replenish it.

Then, as I raised myself on my elbow, I thought I heard a sound, too faint to be called a noise, outside the door. So I kept quite still and listened intently. I heard nothing for some time, then again a muffled noise as of something being shuffled softly from one stair to another, then again no sound.

The turret staircase was uncarpeted; it had once been polished, but the bees-wax had worn off long since and had not been renewed. I got out of bed softly, lighted my candle by putting a match to the dying fire to avoid the noise of striking it, crept to the door, and literally put my ear to the keyhole. And, after a few moments, I heard the same soft shuffling again. It might be Nap, Mr. Rayner's retriever, trying to find a stair softer than the rest to lie upon; yet they were surely too narrow for him to make the attempt.

Whatever or whatever it was seemed to be making it way down by very slow degrees, until it seemed that it must be about six or seven stairs from the top. I screwed up my courage and resolved to give the intruder, human or otherwise, a fright. All the locks were kept in good condition at the Alders, and there was not such a thing as a creaking door in the place. I turned the key with the least noise, then the handle, and flung open the door, stamping my foot and brandishing the candle. I heard Haidee scream; I had forgotten her.

My plan succeeded only too well. A figure which had been crouching on the stairs sprang up. It was Sarah.

Before I had time to do more than recognize the savage frightened face, her foot slipped, and, with a piercing cry, she fell backward down the stairs. The staircase had one turn. I, trembling at the door, saw her long thin hands clutching and struggling to save herself at the corner; but she had fallen, and I heard a heavy thud, and then a groan. She had fallen headlong to the bottom.

For one second I leaned against the wall unable to move; then, trembling so that I could scarcely find the top stair, I stepped forward to go down. But on the second stair my foot suddenly slipped, and, if I had not been going very slowly because of my agitation, I must have fallen. On the next stair I slipped again; on the next to that, putting out my foot very cautiously, I found a string fastened across.

With a sudden suspicion, I sat down without advancing farther, and slid my hand along the stair. It was slippery; so were the others. The turret staircase was dark even by day; if I had been running down stairs at my usual pace, nothing could have saved me. It was a trap set by Sarah, if

not for getting rid of me altogether, at least for seriously injuring me. She was groaning the stairs one by one when I had heard her; in her alarm at my sudden appearance, she had sprung up, her foot had slipped on the greasy plate below which she had been using, and she had fallen herself a victim to the trap she had laid for me. And, as the horrible truth broke upon me, I heard another groan and a murmur I could not distinguish.

Sick at heart, and for the moment almost as helpless as she, I crawled down the stairs, wondering and fearing what spectacle would meet my eyes at the bottom.

CHAPTER XXIII.

All the stairs below where Sarah had slipped were safe and in their usual state. At the bottom, an almost senseless heap lay Sarah, with one arm twisted under her and her head in a pool of blood. She was moaning, with closed eyes, and did not know me when her eyes opened and she stared round her.

The noise of her fall had by this time brought out Jane from the distant nursery; and she ran for the cook, who was an older and more experienced woman, and who indeed proved useful in this emergency. It was past midnight; but, late as it was, I was obliged to send Jane into the village for Sam, to tell him to take one of the horses and ride as fast as he could to Beaconsburgh for the doctor. Meanwhile the cook declared her belief that one of Sarah's arms were broken, for she faintly when it was touched; and then, having discovered that the blood was flowing from a great gash at the back of her head, she bound it up as well as she could to stop the bleeding. Then I ran down-stairs for some brandy, which we put to her lips from time to time, but in vain tried to make her swallow. And then we sat in the cold, in the dim light of a candle, both of us crouched on the floor, the cook supporting the wounded woman against her knee, I a little way behind, lest she should recover full consciousness and know me.

It was a ghastly thing to be sitting there with that horrid stair on the floor within a few feet, listening to the feeble moans of the wretched woman whom we hardly expected to live until help came, holding our breath when for a few moments the moaning ceased. I thinking of the awful retribution her malice had brought down on her, not daring to speak to tell her I forgave her, lest my voice should have some terrible effect upon her wandering mind. And so we sat shivering not with cold alone, until the front-door bell sounded through the silent house, and Jane, who had not dared to come up-stairs again since she went to send off Sam, opened the door, and we heard the doctor's heavy tread on the stairs.

It was Doctor Lowe. He called first for more light. Jane brought a lamp, and he signed me to bid her to go away. After asking me whether I was hysterical, and hearing me answer "No," he told me to hold the lamp while he made his examination. He said afterwards that I had strong nerves; but nothing but fear of him kept me steady at my post, as, with averted head, I heard the sharp little cries the wounded woman gave two or three times. The cook had been right; the arm that lay under Sarah was broken; the Doctor could not tell yet whether her spine was not injured too. He cut off her long black hair and strapped up her head, which had received a gash which might affect the brain, he said; and he set and bandaged the broken arm. Then we brought a mattress, and very carefully lifted her on to it, carried her to her room, and put her on the bed.

"Who is going to sit up with her?" asked he.

"I will," said I, but added doubtfully, "if—"

"If what?" said the Doctor, turning upon me sharply.

I drew him a little apart and said—

"Doctor Lowe, do you think the sight of any one she disliked very much would be bad for her?"

He looked at me very keenly as he answered—

"No. She won't be able to recognize anybody; but I warn you she will be restless. How did the accident happen?"

"She fell down stairs."

"The staircase leads to your room, doesn't it? How came she to be there at this time of night? Why don't you tell me the truth, and save me the trouble of making stupid guesses?"

I told him the truth, and his only comment was—

"And don't you think the moral of that is that you should leave this place as soon as possible?"

"I sha'n't stay here long," said I, smiling, and thinking of Laurence.

"Oh, you think that young fellow at the Hall is going to marry you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I tell you frankly, I wouldn't take a wife from this house."

"But then you wouldn't take a wife from anywhere, Doctor Lowe. If you did, you would think more of the girl than of the place she came from, just as Laurence does."

"You have a sharp little tongue. I pity Laurence when he comes home late."

He asked after Haidee; but I could not let him see her, as the staircase was not yet ready; so, after giving me instructions about the treatment of Sarah, he left the house.

There was a fire already in her room, for she was by no means the ill-used creature she liked to think herself. I seated myself in a chair beside it, prepared to watch until morning, when the cook had promised to take my place. Before long the patient began to grow restless, as the Doctor had predicted; she turned her head from side to side, tried to raise her broken arm, which had been set and bandaged tightly down, muttering and meaning incoherently. Presently she was quite quiet, and I hoped she had gone to sleep. I think I must have dozed myself for a few minutes, when I was startled into full wakefulness by a low hoarse cry of "Jim!"

She had managed to move her head so that her great black eyes, glittering now with fever, were fixed full upon me; and my heart beat fast, for I thought she must know me. But she repeated, still staring at me—

"Jim!" Then she added in a whisper, "They are after you, Jim! It's about the cheque. You must be off to-night. Go to the old place. I'll put 'em off, and I'll let you know."

Then more mutterings and exclamations, and before long she began again to speak coherently—

"It's too risky, Jim. I'll do it, if you want me to; but it's putting yourself in danger as well as me. All right, I'll pass it."

Then she broke out passionately—

"It's an ill thing you're going to do, James Woodfall. What do you want of a lady for a wife? Her money's none so much, and, as for her pretty face, it's the face of a fool. I'm twice the woman to look at that she is, and I'm only twenty-five; and I've stuck to you through thick and thin. Why don't you marry me, Jim?"

And it flashed across me, as she went on addressing to me reproaches, coaxings, encouragement, and defiance, that she was living over again some long-past passages in her life—passages, I could not but gather, of a very questionable character. For it was plain that this Jim, or James Woodfall, who occupied all her thoughts, had been a very bad man indeed, and that Sarah had assisted him in every way in his wicked deeds.

"Don't go for that, James," she said once imploringly. "It'll be a lifer if they can catch you; and they've had their eye on you lately. There's many a safer way of getting money than that."

Another pause, and then came a speech which chilled me with horror.

"Dead men tell no tales, Jim," said she, in another fearful whisper. "It's easy done, and it's safer. What's an old man's life that you're so shy of touching him? You've done many a riskier thing. Why do you always turn coward at that?"

I could scarcely sit and watch this woman silent after that. I seemed to see murder in her fierce fiery eyes; and I shuddered even as I moistened her dry lips and touched her burning forehead. She rambled on in the same style, mentioning other names I had never heard, and not a word of me or Mr. and Mrs. Rayner, or even of Tom Parkes, until she broke out angrily—

"Jim's mad about that little Christie girl, Tom, and he says he'll marry her in spite of everything, and I've got to bring it about," she hissed between her teeth.

What awful confusion in her mind was there to connect me with her criminal lover of years before? There suddenly woke up in my mind the remembrance of the evening when, hidden in my "nest," I had overheard a conversation between her and Mr. Rayner's mysterious visitor, who had afterwards turned out to be Mr. Carruther's manservant, and I remembered that she had then expressed jealousy of some man called

"Jim." Was it the same man? How was it that he never appeared? I had thought at the time that she must mean Tom Parker, and that the woman who was jealous of was Jane; but, on the whole, she got on well with Jane; and the only person in the house against whom her animosity took any serious form was myself. And now she fancied this "Jim" wanted to marry me—and I had never even seen him!

She was rambling again in the present, though, for the next speech that caught my attention was—

"It's a good weight Tom—Jim might have lent you a hand. The water's deep in the cellar; but it won't hurt the jewels, and the plate'll clean. Come on."

Was it the Denham Court robbery that was on her mind now? I held my breath while she went on—

"Tom, that sneaking Christie girl's got wind of it somehow. Jim's that gone on her he won't listen to me; and, if I don't prevent it, she'll be his ruin."

Again that strange confusion of my name with that of the unknown Jim! My brain seemed to be getting as much confused as her own. I held tightly to the arms of my chair as I listened to her ravings, as if in a futile attempt to steady body and mind. I was mad to discover who this James Woodfall was, and I left my chair, and draw, a fascinated, nearer to the bed as she said—

"Take care, Jim. You risk too much. There must be some thief-taker in the world clever enough to recognise the forger James Woodfall in jewel-robber—"

At that moment, while I listened with pulses beating high and eager eyes for the name, the door opened, and the sick woman, distracted by the noise, cried, "What's that?"

It was the cook come to take my place. But the reaction from the high-pressure tension of my nerves during the last few hours was too much for me. I fell fainting to the floor.

The next morning I awoke late, with a headache and an unpleasant feeling of having gone through some horrible adventure. I told Haidee, who had been very much alarmed, poor little thing, by my antics at the door when I frightened Sarah, and by the noise of her fall, a much modified story of the whole occurrence, and then ventured down the stairs very cautiously; but Jane, instructed by the cook, had already removed the grease and made them safe again.

But I never again went down those stairs at night-time without a shudder.

I telegraphed to Mr. Rayner to inform him of the accident, without, of course, mentioning the cause, as soon as the Doctor's early visit was over—he said she was suffering from brain-fever, and ought to have a regular nurse. I received a telegram from Mr. Rayner before dinner-time—

"Am much distressed about accident. Give her every care. Have sent off an experienced nurse already."

And by the afternoon train she arrived—a silent, middle-aged woman, the very sight of whom inspired respect, which in my case amounted to awe.

The fright in the night had made Haidee rather feverish again, so that I thought it better to delay her coming down-stairs yet another day. But she got up and sat by the fire in my room, and I sat with her during a great part of the day. Just before dinner we heard a light unaccustomed step on the stairs and a knock at the door, and Mrs. Rayner came in. Seeing her in the full light of my four windows, I was shocked by the change in her since I had first come to the Alder's, little more than two months before. Her cheeks were so wan and hollow, her eyes so sunken in their sockets, and her lips so drawn and livid that I seemed to be looking at the face of a dead woman. She made little reference to the previous night's adventure, only saying—

"I hear Sarah is ill. I had to go in search of my breakfast myself this morn'g. I hope she is better."

But the look on her worn face of relief from a hated burden told her words. She had not dared even to visit her child while that happy was about. I was sorry Sarah's illness had been caused by me; but I could not feel much sympathy with her; her wailing speeches of the night before had shown her real cruel, vindictive self too plainly.

When we were called to dinner, which Mrs. Rayner said she would have with me to day, I went down first, in order to leave her with her child for a few minutes. At the foot of the turret stairs, where a mat had

been put to hide the traces of the horrible stain, I found the evil h Mona, as dirty as usual, playing with a large bunch of keys—Sarah's housekeeping keys. I thought they would be safer in my care than in Mona's; so I took them from her, nor without a struggle and many tearless screams and howls on her part. I did not come into much contact with this young person now, as, when neither Mr. nor Mrs. Rayner appeared at meals, she had hers in the nursery, with Jane, which she much preferred, as it did not entail so much washing and combing.

I thought to myself how much annoyed Sarah would be if she knew her keys were in my possession; but I was glad I had found them when, later in the day, after tea Jane came to me and said Mrs. Saunders, the nurse, could not drink the draught also from the cask, and wanted some bottled stout.

"And cook says, 'What shall we do?' miss. She's making such a fuss about it."

"Where is the bottled stout kept, Jane?" said I, thinking of my keys.

"It's either in the cellar, miss—but Mr. Rayner keeps the key of that—or else in Sarah's store cupboard."

"That is in the left wing, isn't it?"—"Yes, miss."

Very well, Jane. I have found Sarah's keys; so I will look in there and see if I can find any," said I.

I did not much like taking this task upon myself; but it would not do to offend the nurse; and I thought it better to venture in to Sarah's domain myself than to trust the duty to Jane.

"Oh, and, if you please, Miss Christie, could you get us out candles and some moist sugar? They are in there I know, for Sarah went to Beaconsburgh for them yesterday."

I said I would; and, lighting a candle, I rather nervously pulled open the heavy door of the left wing and entered that mysterious part of the house sacred to Mrs. Rayner. Oh, how cold it was as the door closed behind me! I was growing nervous after the adventures I had had lately, and I did not like the muffled thud of that door as it swung to after me. The storeroom was the first door on the right, I knew; and I tremblingly tried the keys until I came to the one which opened it. I shivered. It was colder than ever in there, a great bare room, with shelves and cupboards, and old hampers and boxes, and odds and ends of lumber. I could not help thinking how angry Sarah would be if she knew I was in the room, where no member of the household but herself ever ventured, and which had therefore grown into an importance it did not deserve, for it was a very ordinary apartment, and the cupboard I first opened, in search of candles and moist sugar, was a very ordinary apartment, with the usual stores of jams and pickle jars and household stores of all kinds, except, of course, I thought angrily, as I shivered again with the cold, the candles and moist sugar of which I was in search. I opened another cupboard, I searched on the open shelves, but could not find either of the things I wanted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Population of Russia.

On Jan. 1, 1882, the inhabitants of Russia numbered 91,118,514 living in sixty-three provinces and eleven districts. During the year 1881 there were 4,849,863 births and 2,820,438 deaths registered, the growth of the population being 1,217,425 inhabitants. At this rate the population would rise to a hundred million in 1890, and in sixty to seventy years it would double. At present the population of the empire is ninety-four millions. The growth of population is largest in the southern parts and smallest in the northern, where also the mortality is greatest. It is difficult to say whether this is to be attributed to the climate or the economic conditions of the country. The average of life in Russia is twenty-six years in Europe and thirty-one in Asia. This fact is explained by the enormous mortality of young children. It has been ascertained that sixty per cent. of the children die under the age of five years, which means one and a half million of deaths per annum among young children. It has also been proved that more than half of the male population die before attaining the age of military service. On an average, a person is born in the Russian empire every eight seconds, and a death occurs every eleven seconds. In St. Petersburg a human being passes away every fifteen minutes.

THE SPHINX.

"I'll do me this and guess him if you can."—*Dryden.*

Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine, U.S.

NO. 40.—A REBUS.

GA(1)X0S

At dead of night these visions rise,
They haunt me through the livelong day;
I may their phantom shapes despise,
But ne'er can keep them all away.

UNCLE CLAUDE.

NO. 41.—WORD VALUES.

1. What word, meaning a cover, equals 551?
2. What word, meaning energy, equals 1,006?
3. What word, meaning "black and blue," equals 557?

UNCLE CLAUDE.

NO. 42.—A PORCINE PRISON.

The mythic hamadryades
Were said to live and die in trees,
The oak their house and tomb.
'Tis also told that toads are found
Within a forest monarch bound,
Suffering a prisoner's doom,
But, stranger yet, the porcine breed,
Has by your humble bard been "tread."
Will you, when lacking nobler game,
Correctly give the tree its name?
In every branch and part of it,
In every limb and log it has,
We clearly see a hog it has;
If of a hog it be bereft,
'Tis strange that we have many left.

J. K. P. BAKER.

NO. 44.—A CURIOUS PROBLEM.

"What's one-fourth of a mill and one-third of a dollar.
And one-fourth of a cent, if you add it?"
As quick as a flash every upper room scholar
Hold his hand up to show us he had it.
"Tis thirty-three cents, six mills and one twelfth."
"That is right!" cried the school with a roar;
But the teacher said, as he shook his head,
"I think you will find it is more."
The teacher was right and the scholars were, too,
Yet how both could be right I would question of you.

J. L. P. BAKER.

NO. 45.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

[The meaning of the italicized words are transpositions of one another.]

I will *weight* my beast with *metal*,
and take it through the *valley*, to bargain
with the *smelter*.

A. B. WELLS.

NO. 46.—CHARADES.

What treasures bright, hid from our sight,
Long in my first have lain;
Objects there lost what'er their cost
We seldom can regain.
In youth my last is often cast
To earth in sportive play;
From my lofty whole the wished-for goal
Was seen at break of day.

II.

Should fortune smile upon your lot,
And you become my first;
Be mindful that your bounties are
With liberal hand dispersed.
My second is employed to make
The garments that you wear;
A valued relic is my whole,
Preserved with watchful care.

Wm. COATES.

THE APRIL PRIZE.

For the best lot of answers to the puzzles published during April will be given a volume of Shakespeare's poems. Each week's answers should be mailed within five days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles.

THE PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

1. For the best original contribution to this department during 1884 a cash prize of \$5.00 will be presented.
2. For the best variety of contributions furnished during the year a prize of \$2.00 will be awarded. The winner of prize No. 1, will not be given this prize. Competitors should write on one side of their paper, and send answers with their favors.

ANSWERS.

- 26.—A wagon.
- 27.—Schiller, Browning, Meredith, Spenser, Stowe, Howitt, Landon, Herrick, Dryden, Aldrich, Goldsmith, Willis, Goodrich, Bryant, Hood, Keats, Lowell, Swift.
- 28.—F-i-g, effigy.
- 29.—The Little Corporal, Napoleon Bonaparte. 2. The Father of his Country, George Washington. 3. The Hero of Waterloo, Lord Wellington. 4. The Great Captain, Gonzalvo de Cordova. 5. Alexander the Great, Alexander of Macedon.
- 30.—Tea, cat, ate.
- 31.—An-i mate
- 32.—None.

Palestine.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—Prof. Hull, who has returned with his party, brings with him materials for the construction of a geological map of the Holy Land very much in advance of anything which could hitherto be attempted. The Professor is of opinion that at the time of the exodus there was a continuous connection of the Mediterranean and the Red seas. As regards the Dead Sea, he has discovered that it formerly stood at an elevation of 1,400 feet above its present level—that is to say, 150 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The history of this gradual lowering of the waters will form a special feature in Prof. Hull's forthcoming report. He has also found evidence of a chain of ancient lakes in the Sinaitic district, and of another chain in the centre of the Wady Arabah, not far from the watershed. The terraces of the Jordan have been examined, the most important one being 600 feet above the present surface of the Dead Sea. Sections have been carried east and west across the Arabah and Jordan Valley. Two traverses of Palestine have also been made from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. Prof. Hull has in hand, besides his scientific report, a popular account of his journey, which will first appear in the transactions of the society.

A Barrel Post-Office.

Hunt up on your map the Straits of Magellan; look at the mountains hanging over; imagine the point of rock that leans the farthest out, and think of a barrel hung by a heavy chain swinging there. That is a post-office! The postmaster doesn't stay up there to deliver the mails, and no postman unlocks it; in fact it has no key. Yet it is a grand old post-office. Ships coming along that way stop and fish out packages of precious letters that have been dropped therein, see if they can find any that want to travel their way, and, if so, they take them on; in their place they leave a package which is to go in another direction, and some day a ship comes along, studies the direction of that package, "Ah, I can take that," and away she sails. And the barrel swings, doing its duty day by day without being watched, sending joy to many hearts.

J. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, J. O. G. T. Items of information...

The R. W. G. Lodge.

The regular annual session of the R. W. G. Lodge will be held this year in the city of New York, commencing Tuesday, May 27th.

The Grand Lodge Meeting.

The next regular annual session of the Grand Lodge J. O. G. Templars for this Province will be held in Toronto commencing Tuesday, June 23rd, at 10 o'clock.

The Grand Lodge is now entirely out of debt and may be able to report some funds in the treasury this year, as well as an increase both in the number of members and the number of lodges.

Peel County Lodge

A District Lodge for Peel County was organized at Brampton, on Monday 7th inst., with very good prospects of future usefulness.

The following officers were elected and installed by the Grand Secretary: W.C.T.—Wm. Tilt; Derry West.

It was arranged that the next session will be held in Brampton the second Tuesday in June, commencing at 10 o'clock.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted: "That we endorse the action of the Ontario Branch of the Prohibitory Alliance...

In the evening a very respectable public temperance meeting was held in the P. Methodist Church, which was well filled.

and Bro. Tilt also took part in the meeting.

NEWS FROM LODGES.

TIVERTON, BRUCE Co.—Bro. James McArthur, in sending for some temperance dialogues for the benefit of the Lodge, writes: Our Lodge is increasing in membership.

PEEL COUNTY.—A meeting to organize a District Lodge for Peel County will be held at Brampton on Monday next.

CONGRATULATIONS.—Our esteemed Bro. J. L. Holmes, well known as a prominent worker in our Order, has done a very sensible thing as will be seen by the following notice.

Receipts from Lodges.

The G. W. Secretary acknowledges the following receipts from lodges during the month of March.

Table with columns for lodge name and amount. Includes entries like Maple Leaf, Orwell \$ 2 31, Oak Hills, Warkworth 5 19, Forest Home, Inwood 1 05, etc.

FOR SUPPLIES.

Table with columns for lodge name and amount. Includes entries like Life Boat, Gorrice 3 10, Alliston, Alliston 1 00, Clinton, Clinton 1 00, etc.

Select Readings.

The Children.

(Found in the desk of Charles Dickens after his death.)

When the lessons and tasks are all ended, And the school for the day is dismissed, And the little ones gather around me...

And when they are gone I sit dreaming Of my childhood so lovely to last; Of love that my heart will remember...

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's, And the fountains of feeling will flow, When I think of the paths streep and stony...

They are idols of hearts and of households, They are angels of God in disguise, His sunlight still beams in their tresses...

Seek not a life for the dear ones All radiant, as others have done But that life may have just as much shadow...

The twig is so easily bended, I have banished the rule of the rod; I have taught them the goodness of knowledge...

I shall leave the old house in the autumn To traverse its threshold no more, Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones...

I shall miss them at morn and at evening, Their songs in the school and the street, I shall miss the low hum of their voices...

There was a famous nobleman Who flourished in the East, And once, upon a holiday...

Now while they sat in social chat, Discouraging frank and free In came the steward with a bow...

"Indeed!" exclaimed the nobleman, "Then buy it in a trice! The fies: had that over swam..."

"Go, bring him here," my lord replied; "The man I said would see: A merry wag, by your report..."

The steward said as he was bid, When thus my lord began: "For this fine fish what may you wish?"

"Not, by the rod; but this is good," The laughing lord replied; "Well, let the fellow have his way..."

He bared his back and took the fish As it were merry play; But the fisher struck he said, "Good master groom, I pray..."

"I have a partner in the case, The fellow standing there; Pray take the jack-toff his back..."

"What can the fellow mean?" "I mean," replied the fisherman, "With countenance serene..."

"What you propose" my lord replied, "Is nothing more than fair; Here groom, lay on a hundred stripes..."

Then all that goodly company, They laughed with might and main, The while beneath the stinging lash...

Then, turning to the fisherman, Who still was standing near, He flung his hand with golden coins...

"Laugh and Get Fat." "Lack we motives to laugh? Are not all things, anything, everything, to be laughed at?"

There's nothing here on earth deserves Half of the thought we waste about it, And thinking but destroys the nerves...

One plagues himself about the sun, And pines for, though every weather, What thou he'll risk—how long he'll run...

Another spins from out his brains Fine cobwebs to amuse his neighbors, And gets for all his toils and pains...

My brother gave his heart away To Mercandotti when he met her; She married Mr. Ball one day...

For tears are vastly pretty things, But make one very thin and taper; And sighs are much a sweeter string...

Oh! in this troubled world of ours, A laughter-ino's a glorious treasure, And cedar-like, born from flowers...

Grand Lodge of Canada. G.W.C.T., J. H. Flagg, Mitchell. G.W.C., Edward Storr, Ottawa.

HUMBERSTONE WELLS AND CO.—HUMBERSTONE Lodge, No. 53, meets every Saturday evening at Grand Templars Hall.

Our Young Folks.

THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

BY MRS. SUSAN T. PERRY.

A little girl had been reading a beautiful story about the "Bell of Justice," which a good king once had hung in a tower, on one of the public squares of an old city in Italy. Every one who had been wronged could go and ring that bell, and so call the magistrate of the city and tell the case to him, and if it were possible the wronged one would receive justice. So many people had pulled the bell-rope that after a time it was quite worn out, and somebody, finding it too short to take hold of, had tied a wild vine to it to lengthen it; and one day an old stalling horse who had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and in trying to eat the vine, rang the bell, and the magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found the old horse, and he caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and had been worn out, to appear before him. He told the inhuman man that as the poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice, and that the remainder of the horse's life he should provide proper food, drink and stable.

The little girl thought this was a beautiful story, and she wondered why the president of the United States didn't have towers erected in all public squares of the large cities, and a "Bell of Justice," hung in them. She knew so many people that didn't get their rights at all. If there was such a tower where she lived she would go that very morning and pull the bell. And why? I will tell you.

This dear little girl was very poor and she had a sick mother—a dear good mother who had worked so hard ever since their father died to keep her children—four of them—in food and clothes. But now she was too ill to work, and there was very little money in the house. It was the night before Thanksgiving, and the little girl saw crowds of people going home, and nearly every person was carrying a turkey, and chickens, and other good things for the Thanksgiving dinners, of course.

"We can't have any Thanksgiving dinner," said the little girl, aloud. "How good a dainty bit of a turkey's breast would taste to poor mamma, and a few spoonful of cranberry sauce! O, my! if she could only have it the rest of us would willingly go without."

The mother heard her little girl and she called her to the bedside.

"Don't worry about mamma, little daughter," she said. "I am so feverish that I have no appetite, and can get along without anything, but I do wish you children could have a nice Thanksgiving dinner."

"O, how I'd ring that 'Bell of Justice' if I could only get hold of the rope!" exclaimed the little girl, "and then somebody would come and say, 'What do you want?' and I would say, 'we haven't got any Thanksgiving dinner, and nothing to be thankful for.'"

Then the little girl buried her face in the bed-clothes, and cried as hard as she could cry. Her mother softly smoothed her little daughter's head, and said:

"Darling, you have a great many things to be thankful for. You have mamma still with you, and all of the little ones are together. The doctor told me this morning that he thought I was out of danger, and would get well again. I am very thankful, for I knew that you would all have to be scattered about, only the Lord knows where."

"Everybody else has got a turkey and lots of things to be thankful for, too. Things are not given out equal in the world, and there ought to be bells of justice all over." The little girl had nuzzled her nose and tears with, these words as she spoke them one by one.

"But you know my child, that the

Lord reigneth. He is a just God, and although we cannot understand his ways, yet we must believe in and trust Him," and the mother kissed her little girl, and told her to take a few pennies from the drawer and go out and buy some milk for the children's supper. "Perhaps I will drink a little of it," she said.

The little girl started out on her errand but she had to go long ways, for everybody seemed to be out of milk. They all said, when asked, "We haven't a drop; so much has to be used for Thanksgiving, you know." This didn't make the little girl feel any more comfortable. She was tired, so she sat down on the steps of a large church. "There is a bell up in this spire," thought the little girl as she looked up. "But it is over and over so high. Why, that steeple must be nearly to heaven. If I were on top I am sure I could look in. I wonder where the rope is and how to get at it to ring it. As long as they don't have towers on the public squares, they might let us ring the church bells when we wanted justice done us." The little girl put her hand on the knob of the door and turned it. It was not locked, and she went into the great church. She didn't really intend to pull the rope of the bell, but she thought she would like to see it. So she looked about, but there was no rope to be seen. Then she went up a narrow flight of stairs, and there she saw the great bell. It was very much larger than it looked, to be when she sat on the steps. She was just going to strike it with a hammer she found there to see how loud the sound would be, when a man came running up the stairs. He looked astonished when he saw the little girl, and said gruffly:

"What are you doing here?" The little girl was so frightened that she didn't know what excuse to offer, so she burst out crying and said:

"We haven't got any Thanksgiving turkey!" "Did you expect to find turkeys up here?"

"No, air, O, no," said the little one; "but—I—thought—maybe—this church bell might be a 'Bell of Justice.'"

"Indeed," said the man, "you are a very strange child."

But he was kind-hearted, and wondered very much at this little girl being in the church tower. So he said:

"Don't be frightened, little girl. Tell me truly what brought you here."

He spoke so kindly that she told him the whole story.

"Why, bless your heart, child, there are lots of folks who come here to church every Sunday that will be glad to give a Thanksgiving dinner, said the man. "Law sakes, I'll give you a turkey myself. You get your milk now and go home, and I'll see that you have a good Thanksgiving dinner. Mrs. Stevens will give you a chicken pie, and Mrs. Horton, she'll give you cranberry sauce, and Mr. Field will give you the celery and all the other fixings from his store. I take care of the church and I know them all. Child, every church bell ought to be a 'Bell of Justice.' I'm glad you came to it."

The next morning all the good people in the church sent things to the little girl's sick mother, and some of them came to see her and told her she should have everything she needed while she was sick, and plenty of work when she got well.

The little girl did indeed find a "Bell of Justice" in the high church tower.

"I can never be thankful enough to God for this Thanksgiving," she said to her mother the next morning. "I am so sorry I distrusted the Lord. I never will lose faith again as long as I live."

"I hope not," said her mother.

"Just to leave in his dear hand. Little things: All we cannot understand, All that we see: Just to let him take the care, Every promise: Finding all we let him bear, Changed to blessing."

Fairy Lodge

The following description of an ideal children's play-house, by Mary A. Lathbury, in *St. Nicholas* for April, may be found to contain helpful hints for some of both our grown and growing-up readers:

"On the level brow of a mountain, within a hundred miles of the office of *St. Nicholas*, stands a lovely home. There are many beautiful and interesting things in and around the home, gathered from foreign lands and from our own, and nothing has been left undone that could help to make the six children of the home wise and happy. But the happiest thought of all was the building of the little cabin, called Fairy Lodge.

"There was a great deal of pleasure got out of the building and settling of the Lodge. I think the great chimney must have been built first, for that, when the logs are ablaze in it, forms the heart and lungs of the house. The fire-place almost fills one side of the 'living-room,' and all the old-time utensils are there—the andirons, the crans, the tongs, the bako-kettle, the iron tea-kettle, while the bed-laws hang by the chimney-side.

"There are no 'modern antiques' in Fairy Lodge, and everything is a bit of history. The cupboard at one end of the fire-place is filled with rare old odds and ends from many a broken set of china. On the right of the fire-place stands the spinning-wheel, and the great arm-chair is drawn close to the braided rug before the fire. There are chests and drawers with brass corners and handles, and chairs, and tables with spindle legs; old-time mirrors, and a clock with a time-worn face; and, in a corner, the big wool-wheel, the swifts, and the reel.

"There are interesting pictures on the log walls—miniatures of men with high rolling collars, and of women with short waists and puffy sleeves; and there are documents of historic value, yellow with age and heavy with seals, in frames of tarnished gilt. There are books also, in which the 's's' are all 'f's,' as one of the six children said,—and palm-books full of 'quavers,' 'semi-quavers,' and 'demi-semi-quavers.'

"There is a kitchen, opening out of the 'living' room, which has the modern innovation of a 'cook-stove.' The two elder girls practiced cookery at the Lodge, and could not reach the best results with a tin bake-oven and a long-handled frying-pan.

"On those long and lovely days when there are guests at the home, the Lodge, as you may imagine, is a cozy retreat for the girls and their friends. There is the last recipe from the Cooking Club to be tried in the morning, and a tea at five o'clock. There is no hurry, for there is no heavy work to be done before 'company' comes.

"There is an old-fashioned flower-garden in front of the Lodge; and the old-fashioned flowers have had the honor of going, each summer with the flowers from the home conservatories, in thousands of bouquets, through the Flower Mission, to the city hospitals and sick-rooms of the poor."

Our Tame Crow.

Dick's methods of hiding things was very amusing. After covering a piece of food, for example, he would walk around it, cocking his eye, and if observing an exposed point he would lay a chip over the place, and again walk all round and examine the whole. He followed mother into the cucumber patch and imitated her in picking the fruit. Receiving a sharp rap for so doing, he rolled on his back and threw up his claws in his fighting posture. She supposing him dead went on with her work. After sulking awhile he flew on to the fence and sat there angrily muttering curses. Soon he revenged himself by removing the clothes-pins as fast as she placed them on the line, and letting the cloths fall to the ground, all the while uttering a harsh scolding sound. The old lady by a sudden motion caught and tied him to a waka. But when she was

gone he got the string loose, and keeping clear of the close-line met us on the way home very cross and surly, but would not go near the house for a long time. A lady of the village having spread some clothes on the grass to bleach, Dick deliberately smeared his feet in a mud puddle and kept tracking all over the clothes until driven away. A neighbor shingling a barn left his knife sticking up in the roof. Dick seized it in his bill and flew off, and only dropped it after long chasing and hurling missiles at him. At another time he took great interest in the building of a boat, and frequently watched the operation. When the painting began Dick was particularly attentive. The man having gone into the shop Dick deliberately walked back and forth from stem to stern, filling the fresh paint with tracks, and then uttered a loud "caw" to call the owner's attention to his mischief. Dodging a stick hurled at him, he flew off in high glee.—Dick often went to the school house, and lingered around the outside during study hours,—but every now and then tapped the window panes, to the amusement of the children but to the disturbance of good order. His wings to kick him off safely when any attempt was made to punish his intrusion. Numerous thefts in the village were believed to lie at his door, yet he was so alert and cunning that no one seemed disposed to harm him, and so he lived on in his mischief, until he disappeared one day in late autumn, probably a victim to a sportsman's gun.—J. F. KELLY, in *American Agri-culturist* for April.

Did I Guide You Straight?

When General Wolseley was about to undertake his march over the plains of the Nile for his last engagement with Arabi he secured the services of an educated young Scotchman, who was familiar with the course, to guide the movements of his army. Before they took up their march the General said to him:

"Now, I want you to guide me straight; guide me by the star."

During the battle that followed, the young man was mortally wounded. Hearing of this, General Wolseley visited him in his tent. As he entered, the dying soldier raised his eyes and said:

"Didn't I guide you straight, General? Didn't I guide you straight?"

And the General could only acknowledge that he did.

Is this not a most appropriate question for parents, pastors, and teacher to ask as we look upon the 8-als committed to our trust? By our example have we led our followers only in the paths of safety? In our instructions have we declared the truth, warmly, earnestly, plainly, affectionately? Have our warnings been faithful and tender and loving?

In our exhortations have we pled with them "as dying men with dying men?" In our supplications for them at the throne of grace, have we wrestled for them as did He whose heart's desire and prayer for Israel was that they might be saved? Can it be said of us—

"He watched and wept, He prayed and felt for all:

As a bird each seed on 'swardment' tides To tempt its new-hatched offspring to the skies.

He tried each art, revealed each dull device Altered to brighter words and led the way."

Can we say, as we will want to say when we look up from our dying beds, "Didn't I guide you straight?"—*Wm. A. Presbyter.*

We may rightly pause and consider when we do not know which course is best or wisest. We may weigh and balance reasons, review the past and forecast the future, bring new light from every available source to bear upon our decisions, and pause until we can see clearly the path to tread, when an honest and sincere doubt terrifies our minds. But let us beware of tampering with our natural and clear convictions of right and wrong, or deliberating when we ought to be acting.

God Sees Always.

'Twas evening time and the shadows
Were rowing dark, and long,
The flowers had closed their petals
And the birds had ceased their song;
When a voice tenderly said
Her tired boy down to sleep,
And he told him that God would send
His angels, a watch to keep.

And if he should do they would take
His spirit to God above,
To be a bright and shining angel
In that beautiful home of love
"But mother," the little boy said,
In a voice of thoughtful tone,
"I should not like God to see me
With my little night gown on."

Sweet child! In thy innocent lore,
Would we were a like thee,
Only remembering over
That God can always see.
And we should be always watchful,
That He may see naught but is right,
In our thoughts and words and actions,
Whether morning, noon or night.

—The Christian at Work.

CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

The color died slowly out of Mrs. Bruce's face—a naturally florid face, in which pallor became ghastly. She looked round her with wide frightened eyes, and said, in a hoarse whisper—

"Why do you talk of that awful time now?"

Cristino met the startled glance with a cold and cruel smile.

"Because it has all come back to me to-night with the sight of Vance; he has never forgiven me Nora's death—he never will. And he will avenge her now by preventing this marriage!"

There was a dull assured conviction in Cristino's tone which decidedly frightened Mrs. Bruce; but she answered quickly—

"What nonsense! Cristino, you have never done your brother justice, you wrong him shamefully now. Nora's troubles, poor, mad, unhappy child, are all done with and forgotten; and, if you did not see a little unadvisedly in her affairs, he has no special right to resent it."

"He arrogates the right," Cristino said bitterly; he always cared more for Nora than for me—perhaps that was why I hated her so fiercely. He will sacrifice me to her memory now."

"But how can he, child?"

"How can he? Oh, the task will be very easy! Listen, mother. Israel Benjuda cares for me and me only. Nothing in my position or surroundings will alienate his regard—I have his word for that. But in me he will have neither speak nor bluish. I must be exactly what he thinks me, or I shall not be his wife."

"Well!" Mrs. Bruce interjected, as Cristino paused with glittering eyes and sharply indrawn breath.

"Well, Vance will refuse to speak to me, as he has refused to open my letters. The Baron, naturally curious as to the cause of our quarrel, will question and investigate; and then— You may guess the rest," she finished with a short bitter laugh.

Mrs. Bruce both looked and felt thoroughly dismayed, and at a loss for consolation. Her children had always been impracticable, and altogether beyond her guidance. It was quite possible that Vance, urged on by the burning indignation he had shown at the time of Nora's death, might now take vengeance on Cristino; but in her heart of hearts she did not think it probable. With all his faults, her scapegrace son had always been loving and soft-hearted. Surely she, his mother, whom in all his wandering and alienation he had never forgotten, could move him still!

"Your fears are far-fetched and improbable," she said hurriedly, for the entrance music was drawing to a close, and she knew Benjuda would soon be back; "but we will take care to give them no solid foundation in fact. You and Vance must not meet first in the Baron's presence. You know how easy it is to talk your brother over; trust me for the rest."

Cristino shook her fair head despond-

ently. Perhaps some faint stirring of conscience reminded her how thoroughly she deserved her punishment, and forbade her to hope for escape; still there was something in her mother's words. The cloud on the white brow grew a shade lighter, the lips were less cruelly compressed, and when, a little later, her lover returned, very flushed and self-complacent and smiling, very apologetic too for the length of an absence that had seemed to her extremely short, she was able to smile up in his face, and chide him with prettily tranquil grace for his desertion of their box.

"There was metal more attractive on the other side of the footlights, no doubt," she said, with a demure droop of the white lids. "The young lady in the canary-colored gown is an exceedingly pretty person—"

"And a very charming person also," agreed the Baron gaily, as he drew up his seat between the two women and prepared for further enjoyment. "She is an old friend of mine too; and we had naturally a few remarks to exchange. But it was not Miss Lovings who detained me."

"It was Vance?" Mrs. Bruce asked eagerly; and again Benjuda shook his sleek black head, amused by their evident curiosity.

"Not altogether Vance, though I saw, spoke with, and congratulated him. By-the-way, he is a very fine young fellow, Mrs. Bruce; he and I will be capital friends. I know the coming man when I see him, and generally manage to make his acquaintance too," he added, with his genial little chuckle of admiration for his own cleverness.

"But, if Vance did not detain you, who did?" Cristino asked, bringing him back to the point with languidly persistent curiosity. It really mattered nothing to her, but she was conscious of an odd desire to know.

"A lady," said Benjuda gravely—"a lady, though not the one in the canary-colored gown—an old friend of mine, and a very handsome woman, though a little past her first youth. You may have met her perhaps, for she travels about a good deal—Lady Olivia Blake."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"My dear Arthur, your eyes are heavy, your face is pale—that means another bad night. You must see Sir James to-day."

"Indeed I must not," Arthur Beau-pro answered, looking up into his mother's anxious face with a haggardly affectionate smile, as he suffered her to arrange his comfortable chair and hover round him in her tender mother-fashion. "I am off to the sick-list, mother, and want nothing but a little fresh air now."

"But your wound has been troubling you again, dear!"

Arthur nodded a little abstractedly. The old wound that ached and throbbled so sorely through the long watches of a sleepless night had not the fanatic's-knife thrust for which he was invalidated home, but that crueler stab which Mrs. Beau-pro fondly hoped he had forgotten.

Forgotten! There was no hour of his life in which that spectral memory ceased to haunt and torture the young man's faithful thoughts. But he was not one to wear his heart upon his sleeve, or force others to share the gloom of his great sorrow, and he played his part so bravely that, allowing for the lassitude of physical weakness, even his mother thought him little changed, and began to nourish faint hopes that love and hope would bloom again in the cruelly darkened life.

"There is his cousin Claire Fontayne," she would think. "The child is good as gold, and waits on him like a sister—an heiress too, and—oh, if my poor boy would only forget and give his heart to little Claire, he might be happy even yet!"

With an innocent diplomacy, she contrived that Miss Fontayne should be launched with her in these "convalescent" days—and in one way at least her efforts were crowned with success. The shy, romantic

little girl was very much disposed to idealise and worship her handsome cousin, who, in the character of wounded hero, was naturally doubly attractive. But Arthur's manner from first to last was simply and frankly kind. Mrs. Beau-pro could not flatter herself that his heart was touched. But her faith was large in time and the magic influence of companionship, and she hoped on gallantly still.

But she was not thinking of her project as she watched her son's worn face.

"Your own prescription is best, dear," she said gracefully. "Fresh air shall be your only doctor. We will go for a long drive."

"And deprive Claire of the Albert Hall concert, after your promise to chaperon her?" Arthur asked with a faint smile. "She will be in despair if dear aunt Beau-pro abandons her."

"Dear aunt Beau-pro's" face was a study of contending feelings.

"I had forgotten Claire," she admitted vexedly; "but do not mind that, Arthur. The child can go some other time. She is a dear unselfish little thing, and will only be too delighted to renounce a pleasure for you."

"The more reason that we should not suffer her to do it," Arthur said very decidedly.

There was a half-sorrowful, half-angry recognition of his mother's project in the young man's thought. Did she think, because Nora's name never passed his lips, that the dead girl was forgotten? Did she think that the heart in which his unhappy love was shined would ever open to another tenet?

"No, we will not disappoint little Claire," he said, with returning brightness. "And you shall have your way too, mother. You can drop me at Kensington Gardens; the day is exquisitely fine, you most prudent of nurses, and, while you listen to the music, I can sit under the trees."

Mrs. Beau-pro would have preferred that she and Claire should sit with him; but on this point Arthur was firm, and, with visible reluctance and a faint protest against the loneliness to which it would condemn him, his mother accepted this arrangement at last.

The loneliness! Arthur felt that it would be basest ingratitude to complain of the untiring energy with which his mother strove to rouse and interest him. He must be talked to, must be amused; since he could no longer forget his troubles in manly work, he must drown them in childish play. Above all, he must never be alone and he must never think. The kindest of prescriptions and the cruellest. His thoughts she could not fetter; they hovered over and always round the one torturing memory; but, oh, how wildly and persistently he craved at times to be alone!

Well, fate would favor him for once! Mrs. Beau-pro, handsome and stately as she always looked in her rich matronly attire, and the slim pretty little girl who merged comfortably in her ample shadow, only peeping from time to time from under the falling lace of her pink-lined parasol to see that Arthur was comfortable, and to answer his rather forced civilities with a shy little schoolgirl phrase, duly deposited him in the grand tree-shadows of the "long walk," and, with an anxious backward look and caution against catching cold, left him at last.

The day was fine and warm; the sun lay like a golden glory on the tall tree-tops, and fell in long tremulous lines across the velvet smoothness of the turf. Arthur Beau-pro leaned back against the rugged stem of the old tree that shadowed him, and abandoned himself to a very luxury of quiet thought. It was a moment in which he expected all the aching memories of the past to rise up before him like living things, sure that they need not be crushed back upon themselves, or masked behind a smile.

But, somehow, what he expected did not come to pass. Perhaps the influence of the air and sunshine, the quiet beauty of the grand old garden, deserted on this

bright autumnal day by all but a few nursonaids and children, lulled his weakened senses to forgetfulness. Whatever the cause, he grew less and less conscious of the past anguish and present pain, and sat in a serenely placid, half-enjoying frame of mind, watching the busy nursonaids and their attendant soldiers, listening to the shrill sweet laughter of the children and the soft whisper of the wind among the trees, until his thoughts grew still vaguer and more hazy, and at last he fell asleep.

That sleep lasted perhaps half an hour; then he woke with a chilled, uncomfortable feeling, and the sound of a child's pitying whisper in his ear.

"Oh, poor man, how ill he looks, whiter and thinner than I am, and his arm in a sling! Oh, Nora, do look!"

The last cry, the appeal to "Nora," fell on the sick man's ears with the force of an electric shock, sending the blood flying madly through his veins, though he scorned himself even then for the wild folly. Were there not fifty thousand Noras in the world, and was not his Nora dead?

He opened his eyes. A little lame girl, with a pale pinched face and fair hair falling over painfully rounded shoulders, was watching him with eyes of pitying wonder. At a little distance, holding the rail of an iron chair, as though for support in some sudden weakness, was a tall slender woman dressed in deep black, with a crape veil drawn across her face.

Something in the pose of the graceful form and small stately head brought back that maddest fancy to Arthur Beau-pro's mind. He brushed his hand across his eyes; they had grown dim and misty. The sunlight fell upon the down-bent head and soft rings of snow-white hair beneath a black bonnet. The thought was even madder than he fancied. In spite of the litho slender form and stately carriage, it was not even a young woman who stood before him.

"I thought you were asleep," the child said shyly; but she still lingered, in spite of what the young man fancied was an entreating gesture on her companion's part. He thought also—but his gaze was dazzled and uncertain—that some strange emotion caused that companion to tremble from head to foot.

"I think your mamma is ill," he said hesitatingly; and his voice sounded hoarse, broken, oddly unlike his own.

It seemed to alarm the child; for she drew back a step or two, eying him with wide-eyed wonder.

"My mamma is not here. Oh, you mean Nora! She is never ill; I am always. My back is bad, and my head aches dreadfully; but Nora—"

As she turned with some contempt to illustrate her remark, she too seemed struck by something strange in Nora's attitude and persistent silence. The egotistical little speech died away in a faint murmured sound; she moved, with slow dragging step, back to her companion's side.

"Are you ill, Nora?" she asked curiously, laying one hand on the slim black arm, and trying to peer into the shrouded face. "I would rather go out with Nettie than with you. Nettie is never tired and never cross."

She spoke in an aggrieved petulant tone; but the woman did not seem to heed her. She clasped the small hand, and led the girl away, with rapid and uncertain step, from the bewildered man. It all passed so quickly that he had no time to disentangle his thoughts, to dream of speech or action; but, as he saw the woman who was "Nora," and not the ghost of his dead love, who was gray-haired and old, and yet moved with the free quick step of early youth—as he saw her passing from him without one word, one backward look, all the keen anguish of his troubled thoughts found vent in a brief bitter cry.

It reached her. It reached her and brought her back. She paused, cast one startled glance over her shoulder, and then—Arthur could never tell how it all happened—just as the dark waters seem-

ed closing over his head, she was kneeling at his feet, clasping his cold hands with her warm loving fingers, looking into his face with her dark, loving, passionate eyes, calling him with her own tender voice to live and look on her, and not to break her heart.

Yes, it was Nora—Nora in living flesh-and-blood reality—changed, oh, so changed from the Nora of the old days—changed even from the wild-eyed maddened Nora he had left upon her wedding day—a new Nora, with eyes that were ineffably sad through all their glad and tender light of recognition, with a pale spiritual face that, crowned with such untimely snow, looked like the face of a virgin-martyr, pure and fair and sweet!

The shrouding veil thrown back, the eager eyes upraised, the soft hands clasping his—so Arthur Beaupre's lost love came back to him that day, not in a dream or vision, but in reality and truth. And so for a little while they clung together, forgetting all things in the blessed sense of reunion. Death might have found them in that moment, and found them both content.

But presently, like ice falling on fire, memory and fear awoke—fear for her. If not dead, if not in that one safe spot that earth could offer her as a refuge, then Nora was in cruel peril still. The man drew away from her with sudden terror, looking round with wild haggard eyes. All the weary weeks and days that had worn themselves away so drearily, so slowly, became as nothing in a moment—Lord de Gretton's murder was a thing of yesterday, and Nora a hunted fugitive still.

"Your veil—son—no one will see you!" he cried harshly, though indeed there was no one in sight. "Nora, do not stay a moment here!"

She rose in an instant, and the pale lovely face contracted as in a spasm of sharpest agony; she just glanced at the child, who had seated herself on the grass at a little distance, and was apparently taking no heed of her, then said, in the sweet low voice he had thought hushed for ever—

"There is no danger. You forget that I am dead!"

Arthur shuddered at the words spoken with such sorrowful firmness. Did not this calm acceptance of a living death mean as calm a confession of that crime of which it maddened him to think—which, looking into the pure proud face, it seemed so impossible to connect with her?

"Dead? You are not dead!" he cried, speaking with savage roughness, born of his cruel pain. "Oh, Nora, I almost wish you were, rather than living thus!"

"Why?" She winced a little, and grew a shade whiter; but in her wide clear eyes there was no trace of shame, only a hopeless half-ignant pain.

Somehow that look dazzled and thrilled the haggard watcher with the sweetest hope. Was it possible? Yes, since Nora lived, all things were possible! Was it true that he had foully wronged the girl he loved so dearly?

"Arthur"—the sweet clear voice was infinitely sad—"is life even harder and more bitter than I thought it? Have you too?"—she paused a second, drawing a long painful breath—"condemned me?"

The accusation of her voice was the sweetest music it had ever made for Arthur, the anger of her eyes more welcome and precious than any look of love. Both seemed to give him new life and strength, and yet to sting him with remorseful pain. He forgot his weakness, and rose quickly to his feet, clasping the small cold hands with convulsive force, and saying, with broken fervour—

"Only tell me, Nora, that I was wrong, and I will do as myself, by my own eyes and ears, the whole world, everything but you!"

She drew away her hand, and stood before him in perfect silence, but silence that struck him to the heart. Somehow the positions had reversed themselves; she

was the judge and he the trembling criminal.

"Was there not one person to believe in me? Did all the world think me guilty?"

The cry broke almost unconsciously from the pale lips. Arthur saw the old lost look—the look of desperation and abandonment—showing her face once more; and yet he could not speak the words that burned upon his lips, for at that moment the solitude was broken in upon by a little group of passers-by. He could only draw her upon the bench, and jealously try to screen her from observation.

It was an odd irony of fate that posed them thus in this easy lover-like attitude, while the girl's heart was hot with indignant pain, and his throbbled with hate and wild remorse.

As the strangers passed, she could have risen; but he kept her prisoner still, and whispered, with an eager passion that gave him strange and sudden strength—

"No, you shall hear me, Nora! Was it strange? You were mad—a trapped and helpless creature, with hopeless misery in your heart and a wild fever in your brain. If fate had placed a weapon in your hands at such a moment—"

"I might have used it," she finished, with a convulsive shudder. "But, Arthur, as Heaven hears me, I did not; I am as innocent of Lord de Gretton's murder as that child—as you!"

Oh, blessed fullness of conviction that rushed upon the tortured man with that clear unflinching speech! Oh, blessed lifting of the load that had well-nigh crushed him to the earth! He could not speak or move, he could not see the dear proud face for tears that blinded him—he could only lower his face upon his hands and utter all the gratitude and praise in one great voiceless sob.

"I cannot prove it, Arthur. All the past is one dark dreadful dream. I only know that I am innocent."

"And I will prove it!" Arthur Beaupre cried proudly; but she shrank back with a little cry—

"Oh, Arthur, I am dead!"

Before he could break in with an eager protest, they heard a sudden cry, and, looking up, saw Vaneo Singleton coming towards them with a look of blankest dismay. He did not recognize Arthur at first—it was long since they had met, and time and sorrow and climatic influences had changed the young soldier much—the sight of Nora in conversation with any one made him uneasy.

"Vaneo, have you forgotten Arthur Beaupre?" Nora said gently; and then he held out his hand in frank welcome, though there was only an added consternation in his look, and muttered blankly—

"Mother, Cristina, and you! By George, things are coming to a crisis now!"

"So much the better," Arthur said firmly and proudly; "they could not, and they should not, stay as they are for ever!"

Vaneo twisted his long moustache with what, in any other circumstances, would have been a look of serio-comic dismay.

"No, no, of course not. The difficulty is, what would you do?"

"Find out the real murderer," Captain Beaupre said grimly—so grimly that Vaneo looked round, as though dreading the echo of his words.

Nora sat with clasped hands, eagerly listening; her face was quite calm and composed now, but in the great sad eyes there was the faint dawn of hope and joy.

"A terrible task, I fear," Vaneo said nervously—"a cruel trial to Nora's nerves at the best. And—oh, you must come to us and talk it over! I cannot keep her here."

His own nerves were so evidently shaken that he dared to try them no longer. Moreover, Arthur remembered that it was time for the appearance of Mrs. Beaupre and Miss Fitzayne, so he made no effort to detain them; and the three were soon out of sight.

But, oh, what a changed world was

this one which he looked with happy misty eyes—no more a world that had crushed and overwhelmed, but a world he would yet convince and conquer—for was not Nora living and innocent?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Music and the Drama.

"Siberia."

Bartley Campbell's romantic, spectacular drama "Siberia" has met with a most pronounced and well deserved success on its first production in this city. It is a most interesting story, admirably told, and most dramatically worked out.

Like all of Campbell's plays it is intensely emotional, its language is vigorous and terse, its scenes are telling, and its tableaux strikingly dramatic. As its name implies, it is a story of life in Russia at the present day, and gives a very vivid idea of what life there is under such circumstances. The story too, affords ample room for scenic effects, which are made the most of, the scenery being exceedingly pretty, and meeting with much applause.

Mr. Campbell has been fortunate in securing a company admirably adapted to the requirements of the play. Miss Adele Belgarde, as Sarz, the christian daughter of a Jewish father, who becomes, unintentionally a Nihilist through force of circumstances, gave a most impassioned impersonation. Miss Emma Vaders, as her sister Marie, was also highly successful, and fairly shared the honors with her; nor must we forget to mention Miss Gertrude Johnston, whose impersonation of the Countess Phelora was a very strong one; and Miss Frankie McClellan, who made an admirable, piquant little flower girl.

Mr. Atkins Lawrence, as the hero Nicolai Neizoff, the Nihilistic student, was most satisfactory, and the same may be said of his friend Ivan Nordoff, as interpreted by Mr. Hardie Vernon. Our old friend M. C. Daly was exceedingly happy in his impersonation of the old servant Trolsky, and Messrs. Abbott and White, as Jaracoff and Sarpta respectively, were as villainous as could be desired. The cast, however, is a very large one, and all were well suited to their parts. A feature in the third act was the cornet playing of Miss Alice Coleman and Mr. Chas. Pettit, which met with well deserved and reiterated applause.

Mr. T. W. Keene is a good actor, and exhibits considerable improvement since his last visit to Toronto, but he cannot be called a fine actor, much less a great one. There is still too much inclination to rant and rear, and tear a passion to tatters. Nevertheless his impersonations exhibit careful and conscientious study, and some of his scenes are particularly striking.

He has improved so much, however, during the last couple of seasons, that there is every reason to believe that he will continue to rapidly improve, and that he will ultimately reach a very high position as a Shakesperian actor. As is too frequently the case, the company supporting him, with one or two exceptions, was a very average one, the costumes poor, and the scenery too frequently inappropriate.

Marie Litton, the popular English actress is dead. She first attracted attention by her impersonation of *Effie Deane*, at the Princess theatre, in 1868. She afterwards appeared in a number of re-

vivals and modern comedies. Her best efforts were put forward in raising the standard of the public taste by the best productions of the masters. She was still a young woman, and her early demise is much regretted.

Those who saw "Young Mrs. Wipthrop" as played by the original company, will remember the charming and life-like rendition of *Ethel*, the blind girl by Miss Maud Stuart, and with what fidelity she simulated the fixed, enquiring stare of blindness. The result of this strain upon her eyes, sad to say, has been to injure them seriously, and she is now in Philadelphia undergoing a course of treatment which it is hoped will avert the blindness with which she is threatened.

When the Chevalier De Kowatski, who accompanied Miss Thursby in her concert tour during last season, was admitted to the harem of the Sultan of Turkey to play for the inmates, on either side of him stood four Moorish attendants with drawn daggers to prevent him from looking at the ladies lounging on the divan.

Louise Pomeroy has returned from Australia and is now playing in "Cair, or the Forge Master" with John A. Stevens company at the Baldwin Theatre in San Francisco. She will be remembered as a graceful Shakesperian actress, who took Adelaide Neilson as her model, and copied her closely.

It is reported that the charming Miss Marjory Bonner, who will be remembered as a member of Mlle Rhea's Co., is soon to join the principal "Silver King" company.

In our next we shall have some remarks to make about the Choral Society's Concert.

USES OF PAPER.—Under the generic term of "paper" other substances used in combination with paper pulp are comprehended in a general description and occasional notices. When some wonderful story is read of the substitution of paper for wood, stone, the metals, for mortar and plaster and concrete, and other compositions, the reader should not understand that it is the material defined as "a substance formed into thin sheets or leaves, made of pulp obtained from rag, straw, bark, or like materials, pressed and dried." Paper, for so many and so differing uses as are attributed to it, must have something besides a vegetable pulp in its composition. In fact the term "paper" is a misnomer for products that derive all their special qualities from foreign materials, held together by the paper pulp acting as a matrix. Thus asbestos, in filaments or powder, may be mixed with paper pulp to form a convenient unflammable and possibly an incombustible material, shaped while plastic to convenience for special uses. So clays in almost impalpable dust may become a part of the paper-pulp production, and be a substitute for other materials. Other mineral substances may be mixed with the pulp; and, in short, there appears to be scarcely any limit to the uses that may be made of paper pulp, mixed with foreign substances, moulded and pressed to form.

AN IMPROVED PERAMBULATOR.—Messrs. Simmons & Co., of 21, Railway Approach, London Bridge, S.E., have patented a very ingenious improvement on the ordinary perambulator. The horizontal push-bar at the back is replaced by two handles made like pistol-butts in shape, and the right hand one is connected by simple gearing with the fore-carriage. By simply turning it in any required direction, the perambulator is guided as desired, whilst, if left, the fore-carriage can be so twisted out of line with the trailing wheels that the machine is rendered immovable, and thus many serious accidents caused by the running off of perambulators left alone for a moment or two can be avoided.

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The Old Homestead on the Hill.

Words and Music by VICTOR HAWLEY.

Moderato, con espressione.

PIANO. *mf*

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. Dynamics range from mezzo-forte (mf) to forte (f).

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major and 2/4 time. Dynamics include *rall e dim.*

1. I know a spot more dear to me, Than all this world be - side; Which
 2. I passed that home-stead on the hill, A few short months a - go; My

Musical notation for the first two lines of the song, including the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

in my mem-'ry o'er shall be My fondest joy and pride;..... It is the spot where
 heart was sad and felt a thrill Which none but mine could know;..... There stood the house, the

Musical notation for the next two lines of the song, including the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

I was born, The homestead on the hill, Where, 'mid the wav-ing grain and corn, I
 trees, the shed, And well-sweep hang - ing high, But ten - der hearts had long since fled, To

Musical notation for the final two lines of the song, including the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

roamed and played at will... The mea - dow and the brook's white bed, The or-ward and the dwell in yon - der sky..... The brook still murmur'd down the glade, The breezes gent - ly

wood, The play - house in the old wood-shed, Thro' many a tem - pest stood..... sighed, The birds their same sweet mu - sic made, As when dear moth - er died.....

CHORUS.

Air. Long years have passed and changed the scene, But in my mem' - ry still.... Fon!

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Piano. *colla voce*

re - - col-ec - tion: shall keep green, "That homestead on the hill".....

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A necessity in every household is a little closet or cabinet hung out of reach of children where the mother can keep the bottles containing remedies for burns, bruises and sprains, etc. Much suffering, if not life itself, is saved by knowing where to go at once for some simple medicine.

Pillow-shams, in accordance with the now fashion of having colors in bed furniture, are made with a square of blue, red, or pink satin, edges with a wide lace insertion, a narrow stripe of satin and an outer border of lace four or five inches wide. The satin centre may be either painted or embroidered.

The craze of mosaic patchwork can be used to good advantage in covering the lid of the blacking-box, and is really ornamental; if a band of plush or velvet is put around the edge the effect is very pretty. Another way to ornament with the patchwork is to make a panel of it, with a strip of plain silk or satin, on each side, and a narrow band of velvet at each end; at the lower end, fringe or small balls should be put on.

An inexpensive but neat table cover for a common room is made by taking a square of cretonne for the centre. Choose cretonne with very small figures, and of not too bright colors; for a border put a band of linen around it—dark drab linen; fringe this out, and make quite a deep fringe; where the linen joins the cretonne, on the seam put a row of fine feather stitching and on the corners also. Dust does not show on this spread, can be easily shaken from it.

Luxurious Canine Pets.

Little dogs are growing more luxurious every day. Mats, rugs, and biscuits crumbled in cream are made ready for them at the fashionable dressmaker's while they and their mistresses are waiting to be fitted. The little dog must have a paletot of velvet brimmed with fox, so that he carries the conquered skin of his hereditary enemy on his back. In the morning, when he is not paying visits, he wears a plainer paletot of flannel lined with scarlet, with the monogram of his house embroidered on the back and a gorget coming up high under his bell-hung leather collar, with also a bunch of flowers on the left shoulder. For his afternoon drive his coat is lined and faced with silk, and the collar is of velvet. If the weather is below zero, he wears sealskin, and for travelling, the Campbell or Murray tartan, with red leather harness and reins. Dog-collars are made of massive gold and silver, with diamonds, emeralds, opals and rubies spelling out the name of the favourite. Let us hope that these are of imitation stones, else Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart will get stolen for other than their own intrinsic merit, however great that may be. Two very stately lion poodles, with their fair mistress, walk every day in the Fifth avenue. They are said to be worth their weight in silver.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Wives of English Statesmen.

Nearly all the recent premiers of England have enjoyed the advantage of having had wives of great devotion and considerable ability, to whose tender care and sympathy in their ambition they have been largely indebted. The devotion of the Countess of Russell, who is still living, and the Countess of Beaconsfield, had something of romance, says the *London Athlete*. Mrs. Gladstone, who is nearly the same age as the premier, accompanies her husband, as did Lady Beaconsfield, everywhere, and frequently remains in the ladies' gallery to the close of the night's sitting. Lord



FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1.—A picturesque and stylish shape, in ecru-colored English straw. The brim, which is rolled high on the right side, is faced with golden brown velvet, and a band of the same shade of velvet is wound around the crown, and arranged in a fan-shaped bow in front. Two ostrich tips, ecru with a pinkish hue, fall coquettishly over the front, while an aigrette at the back of these rests against the crown.

No. 2.—The suggestion of jauntiness about this hat should make it as popular for the young as it is appropriate. The Milan straw is in alternating braids of two colors, gray and dark red. The facing is of *coquelicot*, or poppy red, velvet, and the edge is bordered by a handsome

gilt cord. Four bows of red Ottoman-faced velvet ribbon are placed at the left side, and a bunch of brilliant *coquelicots*, or wild poppies, is set against the front of the high crown.

No. 3.—This pretty capote, is fine Tuscan straw of a cream white hue, is faced with blue velvet, and trimmed with the admired hawthorn blossoms in the delicate white shade which combines so well with the variegated leaves. A tiny humming-bird nestles in each branch, and a small aigrette springs from the right side. The broad strings, which trim the back and tie in a large bow in the front, are of blue *crepe de Chene de epingle*.

No. 4.—This hat, which is known as the Henri Trois shape, is of English straw,

has a high, square crown, and a brim projecting a trifle in front and slightly curved at the side showing a facing of hunters' green velvet. A band of the same velvet is arranged about the crown, and three ostrich tips of a similar hue fall over the left side.

No. 5.—A shape that will be much admired by young ladies. It has a square crown, and a wide brim looped up on one side and having an under facing of chocolate brown velvet. Loops of the velvet are in front of the crown, and two ostrich tips of the fashionable *ecru* tint fall prettily at the front and side. The hat is of *ecru* satin straw.

Palmerton, more than, perhaps, any other first minister, however, was indolent for his position and its maintenance to his wife, who was physically and mentally a remarkable woman. Up to her death in 1869, a 85, four years after her husband, she could read without glasses, and talked with all the fire and energy of a young woman of 20. Her voice was most cheery, musical, and soft. Her eyes were of a bright blue, and, in spite of a very evident wig, she was a very handsome old lady. She had some peculiarities, always shook hands with her left hand, and pronounced gold "gould," and china, "choony."

A young man applied for a position in a doctor's office. "What can you do?" asked the physician. "I kain't do nothin' yet, but I want to learn how to hack off legs. Got a nat'ral hankerin' for sich work. Cut one of the Pendleton boys all ter pieces tuther day, so pap Towed I'd better be a doctor."

"Papa, why did Washington cut down the cherry-tree?" asked a 6-year-old son. "I will answer your question by asking you one: 'Why did you break that pane of glass this morning?'" "Er—er, because, er—er—" "Well, my son, that's just the reason George Washington gave his father."

The Khedive's Mother.

The mother of the Egyptian khedive who recently died was a Circassian slave, and one of the four women to whom the ex-Khedive Ismail was married after the Oriental fashion. By one of those wives he had several children, by another two daughters, another was childless, and the fourth was the mother of Towfik. This son was not intended to be the heir to the throne, and his mother was not exalted to a high position until long after the birth. Ismail did his best to set the claims of Towfik aside, but he was the eldest of all the family of sons, and the sultan, having set aside the Moslem law of succession in 1866 in favor of the rule of primogeniture as it prevails in Europe, refused to make any further modifications. So Towfik was finally accepted by Ismail as his heir and his slave mother given a rank commensurate with the prospects of her son. The latter has not followed in his father's footsteps in the arrangement of his household, but is the devoted husband of one wife.

Why is a baby like new flannel?—Because it shrinks from washing.

There is an old Gaelic saw which runs thus: "If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

On engravings

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Paris London, and New York

An article is going the rounds of the press entitled "The Umbrella in France." That settles it, then. For a while we cherished the hope that we might regain possession of that umbrella, but as it has crossed the ocean to evade us we might as well give it up.

A nicely dressed woman on the street always looks like an angel until she catches her skirt in the hoop of an ash barrel on the sidewalk and tumbles it, an' then—well, the man of well-balanced mind doesn't remain near enough to see just exactly what she does look like.

No home complete or happy without a light-running Wauzer 'C' or 'F' machine. If it is complete, "it is n-happy," and if it is happy it is not complete. More "Wauzer" improved machines calling in Canada to-day than any other make. Reason why: because they have reached the top of the tree, and are noiseless, light-running, and have more improvements than any American machine—82 King St., West, Toronto.

Health Department.

HEALTHY HOMES.

Valuable Hygienic Hints.

The infirmaries of the future will be refrigerating rooms. The germ theory of disease, in the present sense of its advocates, may require various modifications, but the progress of medical physiology has left little doubt that the phenomena of numerous disorders of the human organism have all the characteristics of a zymotic process,—a process of fermentation. That process is initiated by the agency of moist and impure warm air, and can be arrested by the influence of cold air. Cold is the most powerful disinfectant: heat and moisture, the progenitors of organic life, likewise develop the life-destroying germs of disease. The Latin word *febris* is a congener of *ferere* and *fervid*; and a common fever is, indeed, in many ways a representative disease. That fevers can be cured by cold air is proved every year when the November frosts stop the malarial diseases of the Mississippi Valley; but the pathological significance of that fact is still far from being generally understood. The Northern nations have become so accustomed to dread frost, the giant Haimyr of the Scandinavian saga, as the chief enemy of man, that they have forgotten the meaning of nature's protest against a health-endangering excess of warmth. In a temperature that tempts us to take refuge in the shady pools of the mountain brooks, we not only stick to the sweltering atmosphere of the city, but aggravate our misery with several layers of superfluous clothing and heat our blood with greasy viands and hot narcotic drinks. After protesting again and again, and exhausting her means of self-defence, nature at last succumbs to odds, the blood begins to ferment, to putrefy, and the life of the patient depends upon the efficacy of such antidotes as quinine, arsenic, or alcoholic bitters,—the very drugs that would counteract a process of putrefaction. But after the suppression of the fever-symptoms, nature has to struggle against the after-effects of the remedy, and as soon as that struggle has been brought to a successful issue, the battle against the original disease is apt to recommence. Cold air on the other hand, would cure the evil by a direct removal of the cause. I predict that a time will come when climatic fevers will be successfully treated by refrigeration alone; even in yellow fever the process of the catalytic blood-changes can be arrested by the combined influence of cold air and a cooling frugal diet. The same holds good of typhoid fever of brain-fever, of scarlet fever, of cholera, and of pulmonary complaints. The efficacy of cold air in peptic disorders may be inferred from the gastric vigor of Polar nations. Cold is a peptic stimulant, and an open bed-room window would often secure immunity from the effects of that frequent incident of fashionable life, a suppur of seven courses,—or curses, as Dr. Abernethy used to call them. Venetian blinds are preferable to heavy curtains when it becomes necessary to exclude the light, as in the treatment of brain-fever, neuralgia, chronic headache, and various other complaints that are aggravated by insomnia. Sick animals retreat to the tree-shade, and a mild twilight, tempered with a greenish or light-blue tinge, is the best artificial substitute.

The nursery, on the other hand, should be the sunniest room in the house. Organic development requires light. The biggest trees, the brightest flowers, grow on the south side of the mountains. House-plants wither, and in a perpetual shade even the fertile soil of a tropical forest cannot develop a vegetable germ: I have seen Andansonian groves where on an area of sixteen acres not so much as a tuft of grass clothed the nakedness of the ground between the trees. The checkered shade of a Northern pine forest stunts and pals its herbage; and a

similar phenomenon may be observed in the back-alloys of our great cities. The children of the slum-tenements have just light enough to allow them to live, but they wax haggard and hollow-eyed, and look pale, unless a pulmonary complaint mimics the glow of health with a hectic flush. They wither like twilight-plants. A chronic want of sunlight is an evil which no physician can cure and abundance of food can only palliate. Abundant sunlight, quite as much as exercise and dietetic advantages is the secret of the robust health which peasants and savages transmit from generation to generation. When the good-wife of a Frisian fisherman has to leave her cottage, she lets her youngsters wallow in the warm sands of the dunes, and, like the ostrich, trusts the welfare of her brood to the care of the sun. In winter especially, children should occasionally be treated to a full sun-bath, in a sunlit room of sufficient warmth to make clothes superfluous. There is no doubt that there are summers when shade-trees become a priceless blessing; but in the neighborhood of a dwelling-house they ought to be trees that shed their leaves in winter.

Next to sunlight, play room is the most essential condition of a model nursery for young bipeds or quadrupeds. The best arranged menagerie of that sort I ever saw was not the in-door kindergarten of the original Herr Froebel, but a *findelzimmer*, or foundling-ward, in a convent of Ursuline nuns, whom necessity had made inventive. The confiscation of their landed entails had made them slaves rather than sisters, of charity, and obliged them to diminish the dependence of their little proteges by making them as comfortable as possible and by making it nearly impossible for them to hurt themselves. With a view to the latter end, the floor and the lower walls of the ward were thickly padded, as well as the salient angles of the furniture, which consisted only of a large, low table and a number of rocking-benches. The window-niches were barred with a net-work of woven wire and the approaches to the fire-place were defended by a stout screen of the same material. Along the wall the benches were ranged at equal intervals, and, on closer inspection, proved to be strapped to little iron rings in the wainscoting. The chimney-screen was fastened in the same way, and the permanence of the table in the opposite corner was secured by its weight. All the intermediate space was devoted to sporting-purposes. The floor was strewn with worsted balls, rubber balls, rubber tape-worms that could be coiled up or drawn out to a limitless length, a *calze*, or barrel-shaped wooden cylinder, muffled with old blankets, and a large assortment of rag-babies. But all these luxuries were characterized by the same peculiarity,—their absolute innocuousness. The rubber balls were too large to be swallowed; the *calze* might roll about, but it was too hollow and too well muffled to hurt anybody: the iron rings of a grapple-swing dangling from the centre of the ceiling were just low enough to be within reach of a youngster standing on tip-toe, but too high to be used as slung-shots, the very flower-pots in the windows were fastened in such a way that falling leaves could not drop outside of the screen. It was a paradise without serpents. The inhabitants of this in-door Eden were as playful as young squirrels: they chased each other, chased their rubber balls, vied with the *calze* in rolling about the floor, but they never cried. The causes of grief had been removed, especially the chief cause,—restraint. Dr. Pago is probably right in stating that most infants are overfed: many of them are certainly underdressed,—too thinly clothed in some respects to protect them against the vicissitudes of a climate like ours. But such mistakes are the veriest trifles compared with the baneful delusions of the swaddling fallacy, the insane idea that young children must be wrapped up like bags and hampered in all their move-

ments, that they must be kept for hours in a nearly horizontal position, that they must be swaddled in such a way that they can hardly stir. Young apes in the same predicament would scream from morning till night; adults would tear their fotters with their teeth or die in a fit of apoplectic rage. Watch little kids at play, and see every now and then their vitality exuberates in voritable jumping fits. Mrs. Colin Mackenzie ("Six Years in India," vol. ii. p. 88) describes a group of nursing hanuman monkeys: "Many of them had one or two little ones, the most amusing, indefatigable little creatures imaginable, who were incessantly running up small trees, jumping down again, and performing all sorts of antics, till one felt quite dizzy watching their restless activity." At an age when the whole system ferments with the desire of exercising the sinews of every limb, thousands of man-children are bandaged into mummies and dosed with opiate to silence the protests of outraged nature.

The appurtenances of a model nursery should comprise a pot department. Altruism, *alias* benevolence, the most distinctive instinct of our species finds its first normal expression in the protection of our dumb fellow-creatures, and only in default of a better object seizes upon such substitutes as rag dolls and dime-novel favorites. I remember a Mexican farmer whose orchard had been so pestored by four-handed foragers that he questioned the wisdom of nature in creating such absolutely unprofitable brutes as cayuchin monkeys. But on second thought he admitted the rashness of his indictment. "After all," said he, "how would children get along if it were not for the pet capuchinos?" Squirrels, the monkeys of our Northern woods, would make ideal pet, but for the activity of their sharp teeth; a hutch of tame rabbits in a wire cage, however, are both harmless and entertaining, and withal rather inexpensive, as they content themselves with a diet of cabbage-stalks, while their fecundity insures the survival of the species even under the disadvantages of despotism.

By a curious psychological arrangement of the human constitution, pleasure leaves a more lasting trace in the memory than grief; but many adults have nevertheless preserved the recollection of one deeply-impressed sorrow of their childhood,—the misery of overheated rooms. Jean Paul describes the horrors of a stove-heated school-room, where his only source of solace was a knot-hole in the wall that established a communication with the external world and enabled him to imbibe an occasional draught of life-air, though he had conceived a moral scruple against a practice which tempted him to desert and share the almost "intolerably envied" happiness of the outdoor creatures. "I knew they would charge me with black ingratitude if I should run away," says he. "Good God! how I longed to prove my affection by working for them in wind and weather, fetching in cord-wood from the woods and splitting it into the nicest, handest pieces, carrying messages over the snow-covered mountains and returning in half the time any one else could make the trip,—doing anything that would save me, not from my books, but from that glowing Moloch of a big stove, and that stifling, soul-stuffing smell of our dungeon!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Simple Home Remedies.

The following remedies for many simple ailments we find recommended in *Hall's Journal of Health*. And while the remedies may not be new to many of our readers, they will be found useful to all. We now publish them that they may be at hand for ready reference.

Half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water and drunk will instantly relieve "heart burn" or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a

tumbler of water, it will in a few days cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if at the same time no attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above for constipation. As a gargle for sore throat it is equal to chlorate of potash and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time, it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and allaying the irritation. In doses of one to four teaspoonful in half a pint to a pint of tepid water it acts promptly as an emetic, and, in cases of poisoning is always on hand. It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects. It is a valuable astringent in hemorrhages, particularly for bleeding after the extracting of teeth. It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is therefore a most excellent application for superficial ulcerations. Mustard is another valuable remedy. No family should be without it. Two or three teaspoonful of ground mustard stirred in half a pint of water acts as an emetic very promptly, and is milder and easier to take than salt and water. Equal parts of ground mustard and flour or meal made into paste with warm water and spread on a thin piece of muslin with another piece of muslin laid over it, forms the indispensable "mustard plaster." It is almost a specific for colic when applied to the "pit of the stomach." For all internal pains and congestions there is no remedy of such general utility. It acts as a counter-irritant by drawing the blood to the surface; hence in severe cases of croup a small mustard plaster should be applied to the back of the child's neck. The same treatment will relieve almost any case of headache. A mustard plaster should be moved about over the spot to be acted upon, for if left in one place it is liable to blister. A mustard plaster acts as well when at considerable distance from the affected part. An excellent substitute for mustard plasters is what is known as "mustard leaves." They come a dozen in a box, and are about four by five inches. They are perfectly dry, and will keep for a long time. For use it is only necessary to dip one in a dish of water for a minute and then apply it. Common baking soda is the best of all remedies in cases of scalds and burns. It may be used on the surface of the burned place either dry or wet. When applied promptly, the sense of relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain, and the healing process soon commences. It is the best application for eruptions caused by poisonous ivy and other poisonous plants, as also for bites and stings of insects. Owing to colds, over-fatigue, anxiety, and various other causes, the urine is often scanty, highly colored, and more or less loaded with phosphates which settle to the bottom of the vessel on cooling. As much soda as can be dipped up with a tea-spoon piece, dissolved in half a glass of cold water and drank every three hours will soon remedy the trouble.

VARNISHES MADE WITH BORAX.—It is well known that shellac dissolves in borax solution, and this solution is often utilized for various purposes, both as varnish and cement. The following are the proportions employed: Ten parts of borax, thirty parts of coarsely-pulverised shellac, and two hundred of water. It is dissolved by warming in a steam-bath for a few hours; when cold, it may be filtered. To make it more pliable, add a few drops of glycerine. It may be given various colors by introducing soluble pigments. For black it is recommended to use soluble nigrescine; red varnishes are obtained by adding eosine or fuchsine; for blue; either methylene blue, alkali blue or marine blue; for green, use malachite green or brilliant green, and for violet, methyl violet. The black borax varnish, colored with logwood, &c., is used for polishing ladies' boots and shoes, being cheaper than alcoholic varnishes. Borax varnish can be employed for dry-plate photographic negatives, as it may be flowed on while wet.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill.
No. VIII.

We occasionally got a threatening letter and we are not a bit put out by its receipt. Here is for one instance. The letter is anonymous—is signed "A Constant Reader," and altogether leaves the impression that the writer is concerned for the credit of TRUTH, and anxious to guide us in the way we should go. We are not sure whether our friend is a lady or a gentleman, though from the style of writing we conclude the former. It seems that she had tried and had failed to get a prize, though some as far off as Owon Sound or Chatsworth had succeeded. The reason is plain enough. It would not do to give the people about Toronto all the advantage, so advertisements go out to a distance a little while before, so that all may start fair and in the same way. TRUTH is mailed before the city ones are circulated, so that all may have about the same chance in that also. Now good lady isn't all this fair? Then comes in the awful threat in this wise: "I am a school teacher with a wide circle of acquaintance and considerable influence which I mean to use against this swindle." Come now, you would not be so cruel. Though you, dear lady, have not got a prize, you would not squelch TRUTH altogether. Would you? No, you say you are ours "very sincerely" and we believe you in spite of all your threatening. This lady has also great fault to find with Mr. Wilson for not getting "better theological help" in framing questions. The fact is we suppose, Mr. W. does what he can. He has doctors of divinity and what not. To err however, is human. To forgive, divine. In spite of all her indignation the dear lady will continue to be a "Constant Reader," we are quite sure, and will, we doubt not, secure a gold watch or a piano if she perseveres. Let her try some enigma in our columns, and if she deserves it she will get the prize without fail.

Another says "I have found great pleasure in the research. If I have not met all the conditions it is because I have only received one number of TRUTH having recently, become a subscriber."

Another writing from Whitby says: "If your Bible problems are received with as much interest wherever they go as in our little household, it is not much wonder you are flooded with correspondence. We look quite eagerly for them each week." He adds: "We like TRUTH very much indeed. It is a good family paper and we wish it all prosperity. We were specially pleased with the beautiful poetic solution of No. II. in last week's number, and hope we shall hear from that lady again." That is just what we hope also and from many others as well. We wish above all things to make TRUTH a good family paper not distinctively what is called a "religious one" but one that has something for different tastes though all in the way of purity and good morals. What is needed at the present day is not so much papers and magazines on religious subjects, but papers on ordinary secular subjects written in a religious spirit. We wish and so does every one connected with the production of TRUTH to make it such a paper as will be welcome in all honest honorable christian homes; such as can be read aloud in the family circle from beginning to end without the slightest impropriety and without causing the faintest blush on the cheek of the most sensitive maiden. There may possibly have been a sentence or a clipping incompatible with this slept in unawares. We

are not aware that there has, but if so, we regret it and shall only be too much obliged in any case when it is pointed out. We want TRUTH to be a clean paper from beginning to end, and we think our oldest and most constant readers will be the readiest to testify that it has been this since ever it commenced. We have no controversy with stories if they be good ones and of a healthy moral character. We don't think it a sin to laugh or to put in a funny anecdote if it is compatible with propriety. It takes a great many different persons to make up a world and so does it take a great many different things to make up a popular magazine. And so we don't think therefore that there is anything wrong in having Scriptural Enigmas and fashion plates very near each other, or Jacob Faithful here, or short editorials and temperance there, so long as it can be said, as has been said of TRUTH, that the magazine which contains them is one of the cleanest published.

Well now, who succeeded in Contest No. V.?

Jennie Turnbull, 10 Wilson street Hamilton.

Josephine Graham, Brampton, Box 317.

J. J. Allan, Windsor Mills, P. Q.

We give the poetical solution of the last as the best we have received this week, though not we think equal to the solution formerly printed. We do not know whether the writer is a lady or gentleman, but in any case we shall be happy in addition to the prize to put the name on our list of subscribers for the Ladies' Journal for a year. As the answers are given in this reply nothing more is needed to guide all to the correctness or mistakes of their own.

"Our God is Merciful."

We read in the Holy Scriptures,
Of the mercy of God to man,
And His wonderful plan of redemption.
Formed ere the world began.

And in Moses, and the Prophets
We are shown his chosen race,
Growing stiff-necked and rebellious
And casting away His grace.

1. By the king of Israel, Omri, (1 Kings 16:24.)
Samarita's hill was bought,
2. And to Judah's king, Uzziah, (2 Chron. 26:2.)
Were gifts from Ammon brought.

3. But unfortunate Zedekiah, (2 King 25:5, 7, Jeremiah 39:6, 52:10.)
Hea. broken by grief and pain,
Saw his sons all taken in Riblah,
By Babylon's king and slain.

But again when the tribe of Judah,
To the Lord, did cry with might,
Then the Ethiopian army,
4. To Gerar took its flight, (2 Chronicles 14:13.)

The prudent man foreseeth
The evil, and layeth him low,
And vigilant Nehemiah
5. To Ono refused to go, (Nehemiah 6:2.)

6. The imprudent warrior, Samson,
By Delilah's wiles was betrayed (Judges 16:4, 18.)

7. And Godallah by Ishmael, (Jeremiah 41:2.)
Laid in the dust was laid.

8. From the powerful hand of Edom,
Was the city of Sela rent,
When the man of war Amaziah
O'er their land in triumph went. (2 Kings 14:6.)

9. By Malchiah, thoson of the goldsmith,
Was the gate of Miphkad built, (Nehemiah 3:31.)

10. And Eliam's daughter Bathsheba, (2 Samuel 11:3.)
Shared in David's greatest guilt.

11. When Ahaz reigned over Judah,
Came Rezin, with malice and wrath, (2 Kings 16:6.)
Laid waste the plains of Judah,
And took by storm Elath.

12. But worse still than these were to follow,
As king Zedekiah knew,
Whom the army of the Chaldeans (2 Kings 25:5; Jer. 39:5; 52:8.)
O'ertook and overthrew.

And now the troubles came trooping,
O'er unhappy Judah's land,
13. Which Zachary, the grandson of Iddo,
(Zechariah 1:1.)
Had foretold at God's command.

14. And soon the sceptre of David,
Passed away from Judah's land,
And the Roman governor, Felix (Acts 21, 25 and 26.)
Sold justice on every hand.

15. When king Ahaz went to Damascus,
He admired an altar there,
And sent to the Levite, Uriah (2 Kings 16, 10 and 11.)
The pattern prepared with care.

16. But his great forefather, Jacob,
A simpler altar raised,
At Luz, when he rose from his slumbers,
And the God of Abraham praised. (Genesis 28:19.)

Among many others who might be favorably mentioned are J. A. Johnston, Whitby; Mr. T. J. Caldwell, New Carlisle, P. Q.

For No. VIII. we give two enigmas. The former of these can scarcely be called Scriptural, though the thing referred to is always most earnestly commended in the Scriptures. It is contributed by a correspondent who does not favor us with his or her name. We hope that it is original, though we don't profess to know so thoroughly the whole range of Enigmas as to say either that it is or is not. All we can say is that we have never seen it before; and, consequently, till we know the contrary, we give M. A. M. credit for its authorship:—

My first is alien to this frigid clime,
But even here it may be found i time;
In water still my second lingers ever,
Glides in the stream but rushes in the river;
My cruel third can run my middle through,
And yet I am quite as innocent as you;
Did sailors put my fourth into the sea,
The ocean w'd find a resting place would be;
Without my fifth no horse would be complete,
We might have fire, but never could have heat,
My whole is a jewel of infinite worth,
The purest, the rarest that sparkles on earth;
In vain it is sought for where diamonds
abound,
And yet in the lowliest cot has been found.

Perhaps some may be of opinion that this is sufficiently difficult to stand alone to be puzzled over for a week. We do not think so, however, and consequently we add the following Scriptural enigma, and for the first three correct answers to the two, we offer a copy of Pope's Poems, or any other volume of poems on our list which may be mentioned by the winners when they send to Mr. Wilson their 12 cents for postage:—

1. A man who listened to St. Paul, and trembled at his stern command.
2. A place once mentioned by St. Luke.—a village in the Holy Land.
3. One by a miracle destroyed,—usurping an unlawful claim.
4. A houseless, wandering sorcerer, who kept their founder's law and name.
5. A prophetic servant false and base, was smitten for his greed of gain.
6. Name too, a well-known mountain where a prince of Midian was slain.
7. He who was raised to highest power, once kept his father's flocks and herds.
The initials of those names will show a maxim in St. Peter's words.

We again request that no money, under whatever pretext, may be sent to us, and no message to the publisher about subscriptions and misdirections and mistakes. We can't take in hand to attend to or deliver such messages. They ought all to be sent to Mr. Wilson direct. We also really cannot engage to retain or return any MSS. Far better take a second copy. If the writing is not worth the copying it is not worth the sending, and we have too many things to attend to to even pretend to keep track of what we cannot use. Of course, do what we will, there will always be some ready to find fault. We try, however, to hold the balances equal, and if, in doing so, we are blamed, we must just endure with the greatest equanimity we can command. We are not surprised to have received complaints—our surprise is that there has been so few, and so gentle and so good-natured withal. Might we also hint that, while many of the answers are written out with exquisite neatness and care, others are given in a very slovenly style. We shall not give a prize to any one, even though his answers are correct, in this careless, hurried fashion. The writing may be poor and cramped, as of one not much accustomed to putting pen to paper. That is all very well. We welcome all such with special cordiality, and shall be only too happy to accord them the prize if they gain it. But dirty, slovenly indifference, as if the writer fancied it was a merit to show how badly, how rapidly and how illegibly he could write; No; that won't do. Better not write at all than do it after such a fashion.

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

Exorcising the Devil.

Fears of the devil seems to be more the character of Chinese religion than love of God, and when these ignorant dwellers on the water experience some accident they promptly resort to means of driving his rather Satanic majesty back into the water whence he came. You can not take a walk along the Bund without encountering over and over again illustrations of this national tendency. Joss sticks will be burning aboard the sampans, or the snapping of fire crackers at your elbow in midwinter will nearly carry you off from your feet. Inquire what it means and you will be told that an effort is being made to "drive Joss away." One of the most curious notions popularly entertained (and one at which the Chinese are fond of pointing as evidence of their superior reverence for that which is literary) is a scrupulous preservation of any paper which may have writing upon it. If this paper must be destroyed, it is solemnly consigned to the flames: but the custom is to preserve all bits thus written upon. Letters are always kept in the household filed away for future reference; and as Chinese letters consist of long strips of paper, it is customary to paste all letters of a single correspondent together.

Laying hens thrive with much sunshine and plenty of food, both green and dry, with a full supply of pure water, and some form of lime.

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

A good smile is the sunshine of wisdom.

The people of this country have spoken. They declare by their patronage of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, that they believe it to be an article of genuine merit, adapted to the cure of rheumatism, as well as relieve the pains of fractures and dislocations, external injuries, corns, bunions, piles, and other maladies.

A quiet conscience makes one so serene.

Farmers—Try It.

Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Color will be found to be the only oil color that will not become rancid. Test it and you will prove it. It will not color the butter-milk; it gives the brightest color of any made; and is the strongest and the most reliable.

In every man there is a loneliness, an inner chamber of peculiar life, into which God only can enter.

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

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

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

SPRING AND SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

Our assortment of Gentlemen's Underwear Drawers and Hose in Cashmere, fine Lambs-wool, Merino and Merino Shab, Brown Cotton, (Cassia and Silk) is very large and well assorted this season, and the value is particularly good.

Boys' Jersey Suits and Boys' Underwear in great variety.
Sporting Suits, Bathing Suits, Belts, Hose and Hosiery in endless variety.

PRICES LOW.

GEO. ROGERS,
346 YONGE ST., COR. ELM

TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS

BY T. W. SPENCER.

CHAPTER IV.

Captain Bowood had spoken truly. Lady Dimsdale and Mr. Boyd were sauntering slowly in the direction of the house, deep in conversation, and quite unaware that they were being watched from a little distance by the woman in black whom Mrs. Bowood had taken to be an applicant for the post of French governess.

Oscar Boyd was a tall, well-built man, verging towards his fortieth year. His complexion was deeply imbrowned by years of tropical sunshine. He had a silky chestnut beard and moustache, and hair of the same color, which, however, was no longer so plentiful as it once had been. He had clear, frank-looking eyes, a firm-set mouth, and a face which gave you the impression of a man who was at once both thoughtful and shrewd. It was one of those kindly yet resolute faces which seem to invite confidence, but would never betray it.

Lady Dimsdale brought quite a heap of flowers into the room. There was a large shallow vase on the centre table, which it was her intention to fill with her floral spoils. "You look as cool as if this were December instead of June," she said.

"I have been used to much hotter suns than that of England."

"I hardly know you again at first—till I heard you speak."

"Fifteen years are a long time."

"Yet already it seems to me as if I should have known you anywhere. You are different, and yet the same."

"When I arrived last evening, I did not know that you were here. I heard your voice before I saw you, and the fifteen years seemed to vanish like a dream."

"It seems to me like a dream when I go back in memory to those old days at the vicarage and call to mind all that happened there."

"Do you ever think of that evening when you and I parted?"

"I have not forgotten it," answered Lady Dimsdale in a low voice.

"How little we thought that we should not meet again for so long a time!"

"How little we foresaw all that would happen to us in the interval."

"It that telegram had arrived ten minutes later, how different our lots in life might have been!"

"Life seems to be made up of ifs and buts," she answered with a little sigh.

"That evening! The scent of new-mown hay was in the air."

"The clock in the old church tower had just struck seven."

"Under the hill a nightingale was singing."

"Far off, we heard the murmur of the tide."

"Fido lay basking among fallen rose-leaves on the terrace."

"Wagging his tail lazily, as if beating time to some tune that was running in his head."

"We stood by the wicket, watching the last load of hay winding slowly through the lanes. I seized the moment—"

"You seized something else."

"Your hand. If you had only known how nervous I was! I pressed your fingers to my lips. 'Laura, I love you, I stammered out."

"Daring Laura, was what he said, murmured Lady Dimsdale to herself.

"Before I had time for another word, Hannah came hurrying down the steps."

"Dear old Hannah, with her mob-cap and prim white apron. I seem to see her now."

"She had an open paper in her hand.

Your aunt had taken ill, and you were instructed to go to her by the first train. You gave me one look—a look that haunted me for years—and went into the house without a word. An hour later, I saw you at the train; but your father was there, and he kept you by his side till the last moment.

"That miserable journey! For the first twenty miles I was alone, then an old lady got in. 'Dear me, how damp this carriage feels,' she said. I rather fancy I had been crying."

"And we never met after that, till last evening."

"Never!" murmured Lady Dimsdale almost inaudibly.

"Two days after our parting, I was ordered abroad: but I wrote to you, not once or twice only, but many times."

"Not one line from you did I ever receive."

"Then my letters must have been intercepted. I addressed them to your aunt's house in Scotland, where you were staying at the time."

"Aunt Judith had set her heart on my marrying Sir Thomas Dimsdale."

"And would not let my letters reach you. Week after week and month after month I waited for an answer, hoping against hope; but none ever came."

"Week after week and month after month, I waited for a letter from you, but none ever came."

"And your Aunt Judith—she who intercepted my letters—was accounted a good woman."

"An excellent woman. Even on wet Sundays, she always went to church twice."

"So excellent, that at length she persuaded you to marry Sir Thomas."

"It was not her persuasion that induced me to marry. It was to save my father from ruin."

"What a sacrifice!"

"You must not say that. How could anything I might do for my father's sake be accounted a sacrifice?"

Oscar Boyd did not answer. Lady Dimsdale's white slender fingers were busy with the arrangement of her flowers, and he seemed absorbed in watching them.

"And you, too, married?" she said at length in a low voice.

"I did—but not till more than a year after I read the notice of your marriage in the newspapers. Life seemed no longer worth living, I cared not what became of me. I fell into the toils of an adventurer, who after a time inveigled me into marrying her."

"Your marriage was an unhappy one?"

"Most unhappy. After a few months, we separated, and I never saw my wife again. Her fate was a sad one. A year or two later, a steamer she was on board of was lost at sea; and so far as is known, not a soul survived to tell the tale."

"A sad fate indeed."

The subject was a painful one to Oscar Boyd. He crossed to the window, and stood gazing out for a few minutes in silence.

Lady Dimsdale's thoughts were busy.

"What is there to hinder him from saying again to-day the words he said to me fifteen years ago?" she asked herself.

"If he only knew!"

"How strange it seems, Laura, to be alone with you again after all these years!" he spoke from the window.

A beautiful flush spread swiftly over Lady Dimsdale's face. Her heart beat quickly. In a moment she had grown fifteen years younger. "He calls me Laura! she murmured to herself, "Surely he will say the words now."

"I could fancy this was the dear never-to-be-forgotten room in the old vicarage, that that was the garden outside. In another moment, Fido will come bounding in. Hannah will open the door and tell us tea is waiting. We shall hear your father whistling softly to himself while he counts the ripening peaches on the wall."

"Oscar, don't!" cried Lady Dimsdale

in a voice that was broken with emotion.

Oscar Boyd came slowly back from the window, and stood for a few moments watching her in silence. Then he laid a hand gently on one of hers, took possession of it, looked at it for a moment, and then pressed it to his lips. Then with a lingering pressure, he let it drop, and walked away again to the window.

Lady Dimsdale's eyes followed him; she could have laughed or she could have cried; she was on the verge of both. "Oh, my dear one, if you only knew what stupid creatures you men are!" she said to herself. "Why isn't this leap-year?"

Presently Mr. Boyd paced back again to the table, he seemed possessed by some demon of restlessness. "With your permission, I will relate a little apologue to you," he said, and then he drew up a chair near to the table and sat down. "I once had a friend who was a poor man, and who was in love with a woman who was very rich. He had made up his mind to ask her to be his wife, when one day he chanced to hear himself stigmatised as a fortune-hunter, as an adventurer who ought to marry a rich wife in order that he might live on her money. Then, although he loved this woman very dearly, he went away without saying a word of that which was in his heart."

"Must not your friend have been a weak-minded man, to let the talk of an empty busybody come between himself and happiness? He deserved to lose his prize! But I too have a little apologue to tell to you. Once on a time there was a woman whom circumstances compelled against her wishes to marry a rich old man. When he died, he left her all his wealth, but on one condition—that she should never marry again. Any one taking her for his wife must take her for herself alone."

"Laura!" said Oscar in a voice that was scarcely above a whisper.

She turned her head and looked at him. Their eyes met. For a moment each seemed to be gazing into the other's heart. Then Oscar went a step nearer and held out both his hands. An instant later he had his arms round her and his lips were placed to hers. "My own at last after all these weary years!" he murmured.

The figure in black had come a step or two nearer. She slung back her veil with a sudden passionate gesture.

"Oscar Boyd!" The words were spoken with a sort of slow, deliberate emphasis.

The lovers fell apart as though a thunderbolt had dropped between them. Oscar's face changed on the instant to a ghastly pallor. With one hand he clutched the back of a chair; the other went up to his throat, as though there were something there which stopped his breathing. For the space of a few seconds the ticking of the clock on the chimney-piece was the only sound that broke the silence.

Then came the question: "Who are you?" breathed rather than spoken.

In clear incisive tones came the answer. "Your wife!"

The day was three hours older.

The news that Mr. Boyd's wife, who was supposed to have been drowned several years before, had unexpectedly proved that she was still in existence, was not long before it reached the ears of everybody at Rosemount, from Captain Bowood himself to the boy in the stables. As soon as he had recovered in some degree from the first shock of surprise, Oscar had gone in search of Mrs. Bowood, and having explained to her in a few words as possible what had happened, had asked her to grant him the use of one of her parlors for a few hours. Mrs. Bowood, who was the soul of hospitality, would fain have gone on the instant and welcomed Mrs. Boyd, as she welcomed all her guests at Rosemount, and it may be with even more *empressement* than usual,

considering the remarkable circumstances of the case. Mr. Boyd however, vetoed her proposition in a way which caused her to suspect that there must be something more under the surface than she was aware of; so, with ready tact, she forbore to question him further, and at once placed a sitting-room at his disposal.

In this room the husband and his newly found wife were shut up together. Mr. Boyd looked five years older than he had looked a few hours previously. He was very pale. A certain hardness in the lines of his mouth, unnoticed before, now made itself plainly observable. His brows were contracted; all the gladness, all the softness had died out of his dark eyes as completely as if they never had an existence there. He was sitting at a table, poring over some railway maps and time-tables. On a sofa, separated from him by half the length of the room, sat his wife. She was a tall, dark, shapely woman, who had left her thirtieth birthday behind her some years ago. She had a profusion of black hair, and very bright black eyes, with a certain cold clear directness of gaze in them, which for some men seemed to have a sort of especial charm. Certainly, they looked like eyes that could never melt with sympathy or be softened by tears. She had a long Grecian nose, and full red lips; but her chin was too heavy and rounded for the rest of her face. Her clear youthful complexion owed probably as much to art as it did to nature; but it was art so skilfully applied as sometimes to excite the envy of those of her own sex to whom such secrets were accretes no longer. In any case, most men conceded that she was still a handsome woman, and it was not unlikely that she was aware of the fact.

She sat for a little while tapping impatiently with one foot on the carpet, and glancing furtively at the impassive face bent over its books and maps, which seemed for the time to have forgotten that there was any such person in existence. At length she could keep silent no longer. "You do not seem particularly delighted by the return of your long-lost wife, who was saved from shipwreck by a miracle. Many men would be beside themselves with joy; but you are a philosopher, and know how to hide your feelings. *Eh bien!* if you are not overjoyed to see me, I am overjoyed to see you; and I love you so very dearly, that I will never leave you again." Only a slight foreign accent betrayed the fact that she was not an Englishwoman.

Oscar Boyd took no more notice of her than if she had been addressing herself to the empty air.

She rose and crossed the room to the fireplace, and glanced at herself in the glass. There was a dangerous light in her eyes. "If he does not speak to me, I shall strike him!" she said to herself. Then aloud: "I have travelled six thousand miles in search of you, and now that I have found you, you have not even one kiss to greet me with! What a heart of marble yours must be!"

Still the impassive figure at the table made no more sign than if it had been carved in stone.

There was a pretty Venetian glass ornament on the chimney-piece. Mrs. Boyd took it up and dashed it savagely on the hearth, where it was shattered to a hundred fragments. Then with white face and passion charged eyes, she turned and faced her husband. "Oscar Boyd, why don't you speak to your wife?"

"Because I have nothing to say to her." He spoke as coldly and quietly as he might have spoken to the veriest stranger.

She controlled her passion with an effort. "Nothing to say to me? You can at least tell me something of your plans. Are we going to remain here, or are we going away, or what are we going to do?"

He began deliberately to fold the map he had been studying. "We shall start for London by the five o'clock train," he

said. "At the terminus, we shall separate, to meet again to-morrow at my lawyer's office. It will not take long to draw up a deed of settlement, by which a certain portion of my income will for the future be paid over to you. After that, we will say farewell, and I shall never see you again."

She stared at him with bewildered eyes. "Never see me again!" she gasped out. "No—your wife!"

"Estelle—you know the reasons which induced me to vow that I would never regard you as my wife again. Those reasons have the same force now that they had a dozen years ago. We meet, only to part again a few hours hence."

She had regained some portion of her *sang-froid* by this time. A shrill mocking laugh burst from her lips. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear. "During my husband's absence, I must try to console myself with my husband's money. You are a rich man, *caro mio*; you have made a large fortune abroad and I shall demand to be treated as a rich man's wife."

"You are mistaken," he answered, without the least trace of emotion in his manner or voice. "I am a very poor man. Nearly the whole of my fortune was lost by a bank failure a little while ago."

His words seemed to strike her dumb.

"In three days I start for Chili," continued Oscar. "My old appointment has not been filled up; I shall apply to be reinstated."

"And I have come six thousand miles for this!" muttered Estelle under her breath. She needed a minute or two to recover her equanimity—to decide what her next move should be.

Her husband was jotting down a few notes with a pencil. She turned and faced him suddenly. "Oscar Boyd, I have a proposition to make to you," she said. "If you are as poor a man as you are—and I do not choose to doubt your word—I have no desire to be a drag on you for ever. I have come a long way in search of you, and it will be equally far to go back. Listen then. Give me two thousand pounds—you can easily raise that amount among your fine friends—and I will solemnly promise to put six thousand miles of ocean between us, and never to seek you out or trouble you in any way again."

"For a moment he looked up and gazed steadily into her face. "Impossible!" he said drily, and with that he resumed his notations.

"Why do you say that? The sum is not a large one. And think! You will get rid of me for ever. What happiness! There will be nothing then to hinder you from marrying that woman whom I saw in your arms. Oh! I am not the least jealous, although I love you so dearly, and although"—here she glanced at herself in the chimney-glass—"that woman is not half so good-looking as I am. No one in this house but she knows that I am your wife. You have only to swear to her that I am an impostor and she will believe you—we women are such easy fools when we love!—and will marry you. *Quo dicitis vous, cher Oscar?*"

"Impossible!"

"Peste! I have no patience with you. You will never have such an offer again. *Ma's je comprends*. Although your words are so cruel, you love me too well to let me go. As for that woman whom I saw you kissing, I will think no more of her. You did not know I was so near, and I forgive you." Here she turned to the glass again, gave the strings of her bonnet a little twist, and smoothed her left eyebrow. "Make haste, then my darling husband, and introduce your wife to your fine friends, as a gentleman ought to do. I will ring the bell."

Mr. Boyd rose and pushed back his chair. "Pardon me—you will do nothing of the kind." He said more sternly than he had just spoken. "It is not my intention to introduce you to any one in this house. It would be useless. We start for London in a couple of hours,

I have some final preparations to make, and will leave you for a few minutes. Meanwhile, I must request that you will not quit this room."

She clapped her gloved hands together and laughed a shrill discordant laugh.

"And do you really think, Oscar Boyd, that I am the kind of woman to submit to all this? You ought to know me better—far better." Then with one of those sudden changes of mood which were characteristic of her, she went on. "And yet, perhaps—as I have heard some people say—a wife's first duty is submission. Perhaps her second is, never to leave her husband. *Eh bien!* You shall have my submission, but—I will never leave you. If you go to Chili, I will follow you there as I have followed you here. I will follow you to the ends of the earth! Do you hear? I will haunt you wherever you go! I will dog your footsteps day and night! Everywhere I will proclaim myself as your wife!" She nodded her head at him meaningly three times, when she had finished her tirade.

Standing with one hand resting on the back of his chair, while the other toyed with his watchguard, he listened to her attentively, but without any visible emotion. "You will be good enough not to leave this room till my return," he said; and without another word, he went out and shut the door behind him.

Her straight black eyebrows came together, and a volcanic gleam shot from her eyes as she gazed after him. "Why did he not lock me in?" she said to herself with a sneer. She began to pace the room as a man might have paced it, with hands behind her back and her fingers tightly interlocked. "Will nothing move him? Is it for this I have tracked him? His fortune gone! I never dreamt of that—and they told me he was so rich! What an unlucky wretch I am! I should like to stab him—or myself—or some one. If I could but set fire to the house at midnight, and"—She was interrupted by the opening of the door and the entrance of Sir Frederick Pinkerton. At the sight of a man who was also a gentleman, her face changed in a moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Chewing Gum

"I suppose you don't know that chewing gum is made from petroleum?" said the confectioner. "Here is a lump that we have just received. A few days ago it came out of the ground in Pennsylvania, a dirty, greenish-brown fluid, with a smell that would knock an ox down. The oil refiners took it and put it through a lot of chemical processes that I don't know anything about, and after taking out a large percentage of kerosene, a good share of naphtha, considerable benzine, a cart load or so of tar, and a number of other things with names longer than the alphabet, left us this mass of nice clean wax. Now it has neither taste nor smell. We will take this lump, cut it up, and melt it in boilers. This piece will weigh two hundred pounds. We add thirty pounds of cheap sugar to it, and flavor it with vanilla, wintergreen, peppermint, or any pleasant essential oil. Then we turn it out on a marble table and cut it into all sorts of shapes with dies. After it is wrapped in oiled tissue paper and packed in boxes it is ready for the market. You can imagine that somebody is chewing gum in this country when I tell you that a lump like this will make ten thousand penny cakes, and we use one up every week. There are dozens of manufacturers using almost as much of the wax as we do. I believe this petroleum chewing gum, if honestly made, is perfectly harmless, and that is more than can be said of some of the gums made from the juices of trees, especially the imported article."

Each human life is a crystal rather than a surface; it has many faces, and each face seems to him who sees it a complete life; and yet all the faces form but a part of the one life whose depths are concealed from sight.

SNAKE-CHARMING.

The Methods of Orientals who Handle Dangerous Reptiles.

The Eastern snake charmer of to-day is only half a fraud. Among the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Persians, the secret of snake-charming by music has been held for ages in superstitious reverence as a power only to be acquired by enormous study, backed by supernatural favor. In India instances of music attracting snakes are very numerous, and the ordinary serpent charmer relies upon the widespread belief, in the power of melody, to obtain some credence for the feats he affects to perform. As a general rule it does not matter to the charmer that upon the premises where he operates a snake has never been seen, for he sits down to pipe, and in five minutes has captured, in various corners of your room, a dozen reptiles, indeed, if he could only have carried more concealed about him, he would have caught more. The sleight of hand with which the trick is performed constitutes its only claim to admiration. So notorious is the deception, that the snakes, when caught, are never killed, as being the private property of the charmer.

The favorite snake for exhibition is the cobra, partly because of its more striking appearance, and partly because its deadly character being so well known, any trifling with it appears to the uninitiated public more wonderful. In most cases, the charmer, however, has rendered the reptiles perfectly harmless by drawing their poison fangs, and the exhibition then becomes merely one of the snake's highly trained condition. On the other hand, however, it often happens that the basket contains the veritable death-dealer, and a cobra with his fangs undrawn is nearly always forthcoming if the temptation in money be sufficiently strong. Then, in the handling of the creature when once exposed, there is no hesitation, for hesitation means death, and in the swift seizure or sudden release there is danger of an exceptional kind. A cobra strikes, when it has really made up its mind to strike, with lightning rapidity, and to dodge lightning successfully, requires considerable agility.

The snake-charmers, however, when put upon their mettle, will grasp the great cobra with impunity, owing solely to the superior speed of their movements, for by a feint they provoke the reptile to strike, and, before it can recover its attitude, seize it below the jaws. It is the same thing with the ichneumon or mungoose. For a long time it was believed that poison could not hurt a mungoose, until one was held while a cobra bit it; then the mungoose died in about four minutes, and it is only by superior agility that he can overcome the cobra in a fair fight. And, as in case with the mungoose, the snake-charmer, when actually bitten, dies as rapidly as any other creature, and in spite of all the power of his charms, roots and snake stones, there can be no remedy except instant amputation, and the snake-charmer himself knows this well. As a means of general security he confides in his dexterous sleight of hand, but in case of accident he carries a broad-bladed knife.

The Oriental has an inexhaustible appetite for entertainment, and provided it can be seen for nothing, and sitting, he will squat all day before a puppet-show. That the exhibition in question is a stale one, matters nothing, and the same performer is therefore certain of a welcome as often as he chooses to come. This partially explains the extraordinary popularity of the snake-charmer's entertainment, for, though judged on its own merits, it has little in it either to arrest attention or evoke admiration, the tubriwallah's performance commands at all times an interested audience; for, of all the many castes, or tribes which pretend to have power over the serpent world, the Sanyas, or tubriwallahs, constitute the chief Indian snake charming guild. He is, as a rule, a wild-looking creature—the

snake-charmer—with his yellow cloths all fluttering about him, and his hair arranged in a strange confusion of coils and wisps, under and among rags of the same color—the professional hue—as he struts into a village, piping on a reed stuck into a gourd, while his assistant, a small un-kempt morsel of humanity, follows in his wake, with a box of mysteries and a basketful of wonders.

Arrived at the well, the couple sent themselves, and the villagers collect to see the show. But first the performer has to insure some payment—a meal and a night's lodging, at least—and thus arranged satisfactorily, the proceedings begin. The same stupid old toothless cobra is hustled out of its basket, picked up and dropped a hundred times, as if it were a dangerous thing, and then, with a boisterous ostentation of pluck and dexterity, finally seized by his neck, half throttled and thrust back into his bag. This wonderful feat, enacted over and over again, with precisely the same "business" and pantomime, constitutes the first part of the entertainment, and the wonder-worker proceeds to "charm." The old cobra, sick to death of what it has come to consider ill-timed foolery, is once more jerked out from the bag, and while the magician plays on his execrable pipe, the poor, battered reptile lifts a foot of its length off the ground, and distending its hood, sways gracefully to and fro in time with the music. The master now requires no stick to keep his pupil at work, for it is evident that the cobra enjoys the melody, and that its motions are voluntarily and naturally sympathetic. But except as an illustration of the power of music over the dreadful thing, the second part of the entertainment is as dull as the first.

There can be no doubt, however, that the terrific power given by Nature to venomous snakes, invests them, even for the most intelligent, with extraordinary interest; and any performance that requires the handling of them, must have a corresponding excitement for others, besides native villagers. In his fearless manipulation of the deadliest species, the tubriallah has a certain claim to respect—the same claim as have all exhibitors, who, for the entertainment of their audience, trifle with sudden death. Yet, as regards the supernatural power they profess to have over the creatures which they torment and play with, there is hardly another imposture—so inadequately supported by performance. The parade of fangless worms is absurd enough, and in the never-failing crop of reptiles to be gathered by the pipe player from among the furniture of a room or the shrubs in a garden, there is only food for laughter.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Berlin has one drug store to every 16,260 inhabitants; Breslau one to every 13,000, and Cologne one to every 11,000. A Chicago writer expresses surprise at these figures, for his is a large German city, yet it supports a drug store for every 1,500 inhabitants.

It is reported that at one of the Gethin coal mine explosions a collier was able to traverse the whole of the working in making an exploration while the pit was yet full of gas, his cap, saturated with cold tea and held to the mouth and nostrils, proving an efficient safeguard.

In 1664 John Calvin and Michael Angelo died, and Galileo and Shakespeare were born. In 1624 Galileo died and Isaac Newton was born. Thus it will be seen that the persecuted and suppressed astronomer of papal Italy preceded only by 88 years the welcomed and honored astronomer of protestant England. There is a touch at once of earthly pathos and of celestial glory in this—that the great and rejoicing Newton came just when the great and sorrowful Galileo went away. The coincidence in the death of Michael Angelo with that of Calvin is seen as a beautiful one, when we consider the diversity of their genius and the singularity of their loves.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, weekly, 28 pages, issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy.

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MORE GOOD WORDS.

I am more than pleased with the JOURNAL and delighted with TRUTH. I think them splendid value for so small a price.

MARY REYNOLDS, Hamilton, Ont.

The book, Chamber's Dictionary, came to hand to day all right. I shall show it to my neighbors and help the circulation of TRUTH.

JAMES MILLS, Mountain View, Olen, Ont.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of Tennyson's Poems as my prize for Bible questions, with thanks.

MRS. W. T. LONG, Guelph.

Printers are not generally credited with much knowledge of the Bible, but there is one in Petrolia who evidently knows enough to win a prize, as appears from the following extract from the Petrolia Advertiser of a recent date.

Received three numbers of TRUTH. I am delighted with them. In my opinion TRUTH is, from a moral, religious and social point of view, by far the best weekly adapted for the family circle of every class and as such its continued success and prosperity is beyond doubt.

H. G. VON HONAR, Hamilton.

We fear we were perhaps a little too hasty in some of our remarks last week.

The following letter will explain what we mean.

Hagersville, April 2nd, 1884.

To the Editor of Ladies' Journal:

DEAR SIR,—Received the Silver Tea Set and am greatly pleased with it. It is all that you represented it to be, and the Journal also.

A. BAGSLEY.

N.B.—I left Lambton for Hagersville the morning I received the prize and so I had not time to write to you before.

A. B.

OUR BIBLE COMPETITIONS.

Awards and Prize Winners in No. 9 which Closed April 7th.

Following are the correct answers to the three questions propounded, as answered by the prize winners whose names appear below.

1st.—Who rebuilt a city (with fatal results to his own family) that lay under the curse of God? Hiel, the Bethelite, I Kings xvi, 34.

2nd.—Name an Ethiopian who delivered a prophet from danger in Ebed-Melech, Jer. xxxvii, 7-13.

3rd.—Name a wife given as a reward of valor? Achsah, Jos. xv, 16 and 17; Judges i, 12 and 13.

1st. One Square Rosewood Piano, W. J. Turnbull, Paris Mfg Co., Paris, Ont; 2nd, One Cabinet Organ, W. S. Walker, Galt, Ont; 3rd, One Silver Tea Service, Mrs. A. M. Jackson, Guelph, Ont; 4th, One Gentleman's Solid Gold Watch, Mrs. W. Bredin, Box 546, Kingston, Ont; 5th, One Lady's Solid Gold Waltham Watch, Cnas. Palmer, Box 70, Dandak, Ont; 6 to 8 Three Sewing Machines 6th, Edward Flauder, Gananoque, Ont; 7th, Grace B McNaughton, Box 19, Maple, Ont; 8th, Cassie Cameron, Alton, Ont; 9 to 11 Three Silk Dresses, 9th, Elsie Croighton, Guelph, Ont; 10th, A. Mary Evans, 50 Charles St., Hamilton, Ont; 11th, R. H. Ashbury, Sturton, Ont; 12 to 19 Eight Solid C in Silver Hunting Case Watches, 12th, Peter Murray, S. Elmo, Co., Glenarry, Ont; 13th, Mrs. J. Thomson, Hillsburg, Ont; 14th, Miss Harriet Baker, Stayner, Ont; 15 h. A. C. Lovkin, Newcastle, Ont; 16th, W. D. Atkinson, Richmond Hill, Ont; 17th, Robert D Young, 98 Park St., Hamilton, Ont; 18th, Thos. H. Taylor, 6 Nelson St., Hamilton, Ont; 19th, D C Taylor, 4 Nelson St., Hamilton, Ont; 20 to 27 Eight Solid Nickel Silver Heavy Bevelled Crystal Open Face Watches, 20th, Elizabeth Patton, Box 297, Galt, Ont; 21st, Lizzie McKee, Aurora, Ont; 22nd, R. v. W. S. Westney, Pickering, Ont; 23rd, Rev. P. G. Robertson, Aurora, Ont; 24th, E. M. Wylie, 412 Princess St., Kingston, Ont; 25th, Joseph G. ome, care of Sanford & Co., Hamilton, Ont; 26th, M. McPadden, Sanderland, Ont; 27th, C. H. Weir, Islington, Ont; 28 to 37 Ten Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, 28th, Mrs. Jas Campbell, Lndesborough, Ont; 29th, Geo. S. Jones, West Famboro, Ont; 30th, David Car, Collingwood, Ont; 31st, H. J. Javelock, 88 Bellevue Ave., Toronto; 32nd, A. D. Kitchener, 286 Borden St., Toronto; 33rd, Ethel Dyke, 194 College St., Toronto; 34th, Geo. D. Norman, 47 Richmond St. East, Toronto; 35th, David Garbut, Bamsville, Ont; 36th, Fanny Potts, 66 Grosvenor Ave., Toronto; 37th, Miss Adams, 80 Bond St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; 38 to 43 Six Beautiful Solid Gold Diamond Rings, 38th, Mrs. W. Edwards, Selriogville, Ont; 39th, George Horne, Cannington, Ont; 40th, M. B. Atkinson, St. Henri, Que; 41st, Mrs. M. Richard, Orono, Ont; 42nd, Fred. Fox, Hornby, Ont; 43rd, Sarah A. Hillas, Bellfontain, Ont; 44 to 49 Six Elegant Solid Gold Gem Rings, 44th, Mrs. R. McWha, Shelburne, Ont; 45th, W. J. Barber, Box 260, Sarnia, Ont; 46th, Annie Rennie, Ailsa Craig, Ont; 47th, Levi Mackey, Greenwood, Ont; 48th, Mrs. J. Hay, Delaware, Ont; 49th, J. M. Robertson, Port Hope, Ont; 50 to 54, Five Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dinner Forks 50th, Geo. D. King, Fincall Ont; 51st, Mrs. Lving, Strathroy, Ont; 52nd, A. Parsby, Richmond Hill, Ont; 53rd, Mrs. J. Stackhouse Sarr, St Andrews, Que; 54th, A. McKillop, Martinsown, Ont; 55 to 60 Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dessert Forks, 55th, Clarissa Anderson, 117 William Street, London, Ont; 56th, Duncan McIntyre, Avon, Ont; 57th, Mrs. K. E. Sinclair,

Look Box 4, Cannington, Ont; 58th, Mary E. Dain, Streetsville, Ont; 59th, George Black, G. N. W. Tel. Co., Hamilton, Ont; 60th, Ernest Grigg, Concession St., Hamilton, Ont; 61 to 66 Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons, 61st, Mrs. W. D. Norris, 20 Alexander St., Toronto; 62nd, Mrs. Mary A. Ferguson, Pickering, Ont; 63rd, Mrs. J. Luttimer, Fraserville, Ont; 64th, Lizzie L. Lindsay, 116 Victoria St., Hamilton, Ont; 65th, J. Walker, 44 Walnut St., Hamilton, Ont; 66th, Geo. Walker, Drawer 29 Galt, Ont; 67 to 72 Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dessert Spoons, 67th, Mrs. Carlton Grimes, Lawrence, Mass; 68th, Mrs. W. A. Wingfield, Oshawa, Ont; 69 h. Miss Moses, St. Louis Tollgate, Que; 70th, Geo. E. Thomson, Oshawa, Ont; 71st, Geo. Edwards, Rossmore, Ont; 72nd, H. J. Craig, Oshawa, Ont; 73 to 78 Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Table Spoons, 73rd, Jas. Allen, Churchill, Ont; 74th, Mrs. A. Wilson, 45 Bay St., S Hamilton, Ont; 75th, Jas. H. Barkwell, 631 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ont; 76th, Mrs. L. ngmore, Kleinburg, Ont; 77th, Mrs. J. Forman, K rkfield, Ont; 78th, John Bray, Cobourg, Ont; 79 to 85 Seven R owned Waterbury Watches, 79th, Ernest McCann, Iroquois, Ont; 80th, W. M. Kay, Smith's Falls, Ont; 81st, Kate S McParlane, Keono, Ont; 82nd, Nellie E. Cameron, St. Catharines, Ont; 83rd, J. H. Chant, Elginburg, Ont; 84th, Alfred Varcoe, Warkworth, Ont; 85th, W. S. evenson, Jr., P. r's, Ont; 86 to 163 Sixty Eight Beautifully Bound Volumes of Shakespeare's Complete Works, 86th, Ella Jacobs, Coboury, Ont; 87th, Jas. Wilson, Meyersburg, Ont; 88th, Saml. Millikan, Springlank, Ont; 89th, W. A. Milliken, Cathie, Ont; 90th, J. F. Murray, 290 Saorbourne St., Toronto; 91st, R. J. Mann, 270 Picadilly, London, Ontario; 92nd, Jas Blair, Aberfoyle, Ontario; 93rd, Mrs. A. Younger, 369 Logan Street, Hochalaga, Montreal, Que; 94 h W Willor, 1 Poulette St. Hamilton Ont; 95th, W. Wilson, 428 St. Paul St., Montreal, Que; 96th, Jas. Bourne, 79 St. Francis Xavier St., Montreal, Que; 97th, G. A. Armstrong, 229 Commissioner St., Montreal, Que; 98th, A. P. Slandt, Methodist College, Montreal, Que; 99th, Gideon Moody, Richmond Hill, Ont; 100th, Jas. Green, 16 Lincoln Ave., Montreal, Que; 101st, Nellie Judco, Caledon East, Ont; 102nd, Jas. Murray, Ridgerville, Ont; 103rd, Will T. Ness, 118 King St., West, Toronto; 104th, Ball M. Tilt, 8 James St., Hamilton, Ont; 105th, Robt. Campbell, Allendale, Ont; 106 h. Mrs. A. B. Muir, 396 Gay St., Montreal, Que; 107th, Miss Marian Kydd, Montreal, Que; 108th, Jas. Gibson, Allendale, Ont; 109 h. Wm. Webb, Scarborough, Ont; 110th, J. Milliken, Stratroy, Ont; 111th, Mrs. S. J. Lewis, City Hospital, Hamilton, Ont; 112th, Wm. Medill, Histon, Ont; 113th, Miss A. Whyte, S. rathroy, Ont; 114th, John Quinney, Metcal's St., Ottawa; 115th, Mrs. M. S. McGillivray, 120 Victoria St., Ottawa; 117th, Margaret Fraser, P. rth, Ont; 117th, Alice Pettaway, 403 Cumberland St., Ottawa; 118th, J. Pet away, 493 Cumberland St., Ottawa; 119th, E. Merritt, 107 O Connor St., Ottawa, 120th, M. J. O'tman, Toronto, Ont; 121st, Mr. M. Cashman, 280 Adelaide St., Toronto; 122nd, Robt. Kennedy, Ashton, Ont; 123rd, D. Kellock, P rth, Ont; 124 h. W. A. Lander, Elcar, Ont; 125 h. W. Cole, Cole's C rcers, Ont; 126 h. C. H. Bastow, 180 Bathurst St., Toronto; 127th, Fred Johnson, N rth Port, Ont; 128th, Allan Ritchie, Manotick, Ont; 129 h. Mrs. W. Rowat, Manotick, Ont; 130th, Mrs. R. L. Roll, Brighton, Ont; 131st, S. W. Cuspanan, Kirby, Ont; 132nd, Mary Bell, Beech Ridge, Que; 133rd, E. J. M. Chamberlain, 595 Wellington St., Montreal, Que; 134th, J. S. Broomfield, No. 1 Police Station, City H. I. Montreal, Que; 135th, Mrs. J. L. Charles, Glencoe, Ont; 136th, Edward Foster, Kilmanagh, Peel Co., Ont; 137th, W. Lewis, Mono Mills, Ont; 138th, Mrs. W. B. Dick, 34 Leonard Ave., Toronto; 139th, F. J. Nixon, D awner 26 Three Rivers, Que; 140th, J. W. Wilmott, E. at Taedford, Vt; 141st, Mrs. J. Wood, Erin, Ont; 142nd, J. A. Jerome, Orono, Ont; 143rd, Mrs. Boylan, E in Ont; 144th, E. Leadlay, Royal Hotel, Stratford, Ont; 145th, Mrs. J. Anderson, Ringwood, Ont; 146th, Mrs. Præbe Henderson, Box 214, Prescott, Ont; 147th, John Brownridge, Fergus, Ont; 148th, R. Woods, 18 Brynman St., Yorkville; 149 Robt. Parvis, Lambton Mills, Ont; 150th, Mrs. J. A. Ohlmann, Preston, Ont; 151st, Mrs. R. Grant, Paris, Ont; 152nd, John F. Brownridge, Pickering, Ont; 153rd, Ambrose Wintter, Preston, Ont; 154 to 190 Thirty Seven

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The consolation and other awards will be duly announced.

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Number Ten, Closing May 15th.

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- 1st Who was that foreign King of long name, who for a time ruled over the Israelites?
2nd. Name the longest reign among the kings of Israel?
3rd. Name the shortest reign among the kings of Israel?

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12 Copies, beautifully bound, Tennyson's Poem 97.50
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The number one of these rewards will be given to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last, and the senders of the

next one hundred and fifty-four correct answers following the middle one, will be awarded the remaining prizes.

And the last comers are not to be overlooked, as there is a long list offered of

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

Short round jackets, tailor-made and of figured terry, will be much worn and plain velvet will be used for trimming them.

Indian muslin embroidered in silk drapes most gracefully, and worn over pale colored surah, make most elegant and attractive dresses.

The woolen materials most in favor at present are broche woollens, and those with chequers and spots in velvet; these are the best and the most stylish of any for demi-saison costumes.

Girls' hats like their mamma's chapeaux, are chiefly trimmed with bows, rosettes, and cockades of ribbon velvet. Feathers, wings, and pompons will all give place to velvet cockades, which are used for trimming hats of all kinds and of all shapes.

The "Argosy" gloves are made of soft kid, in all fashionable colors; the cut is excellent, and the sewing all that can be desired. The tiny tassel which finishes the lacing can be tucked in or displayed; it certainly adds a coquetish grace to this prettiest of gloves.

The spring fashions are still only mere conjectures outside the manufacturing world, the weather being too variable to encourage any change from winter garments. One day we imagine ourselves in the month of May, so brilliant and warm is the sun; but the morrow brings cutting winds, had, and all the discomforts of a hard winter.

It is a fact worthy of note that the toilettes, both for outdoor and evening wear, which have had the greatest success, are those the dominant characteristic of which is simplicity. The cause of this is two fold, for a short figure is flattened and crushed by overloading the draperies, while a tall, stately figure never looks so well as when the finely curved lines are set off by simple style.

It is scarcely this month to speak of bonnets and hats, as there is but little change from the winter modes. Some few straws have made their appearance, however. It is hardly sufficiently understood by ladies in general that straw, as a bonnet or hat material, is essentially spring, summer, and autumn wear; it is never worn in winter by fashionable women who understand the art of dress.

THINGS USEFUL

Cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease from washing fabrics.

A spoonful of kerosine oil put into cold starch will prevent the iron from sticking.

A piece of soft flannel is the very best thing to use for wiping dust off silk dresses; better than any brush ever made.

Clear boiling water will remove tea stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

Ten pounds of sausage meat allow one-fourth pound of salt, one ounce of pepper, one-half ounce of allspice, and, if liked, one-half ounce of sage.

If you cut the back legs of your chair two inches shorter than the front ones, the fatigue of sitting will be greatly relieved, and the spine placed in a better position.

For felen, take equal parts of gum camphor, gum opium, castile soap, and brown sugar; wet to a paste with spirits of turpentine. Prepare it, and apply a thick plaster of it.

Dr. J. H. Johnson, of Washington, recommends the use of vasoline as a local application once or twice a day to remove the itching and burning sensation caused by the eruption in scarlet fever.

To make starch for colored articles, combine graham and calicoe, dissolve and add to every pint of prepared starch

a piece of alum the size of a nutmeg. By this means the colors may be kept bright.

Charcoal forms an unrivalled poultice for wounds and old sores. It is also invaluable for what is called proud flesh. It is a great disinfectant. It sweetens the air if put in shallow dishes around the apartment, and foul water is also purified by its use.

A certain poetess is said to make "good jellies as well as good poetry." An editor has the assurance to suggest that she also make a new departure—i.e., send her jellies to newspaper offices and can her poems. Jellies discount poems as "inside matter" every time.

To give starched linen a high lustre, add to half a pound of the prepared starch, a very little ultramarine blue and a piece of stearine about the size of a nutmeg; boil two or three minutes longer. Starch the clothes in this, rubbing the starch well into the cloth and polish with a hot iron.

The suggestion has been made that sanitary advantages would result from the use of sewer pipes of glass. They would, doubtless, be expensive, but they would, probably, be very durable, and their hard, smooth surface would offer no lodgment for refuse matter, thus offsetting the question of cost.

Recipe for Indian pudding; One quart of boiling milk, one cup of meal, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of butter, one egg, one-half cup of molasses, and a little salt. Bake one hour. Mix the meal, flour, butter, egg, and molasses together and then turn the boiling milk on them.

Horseradish will prevent pickles from moulding. Cut in little round slices a piece of horseradish root as large as your finger and twice as long, and throw them into a two gallon jar of sweet pickles just before setting it away, and you will find them all right when you go in haste to get a dishful for the table.

A fireproof ceiling has been invented. It is composed of tiles supported from joists by hangers, and hanging facing tiles placed against the sides of the joist and top tiles placed between the upper joists. The top tiles and the tops of the joists are covered by a layer of cement, rendering the ceiling secure against fire.

For orange cake: Two cups of sugar, two cups of flour; the yolks of five eggs, and the whites of three; two tea-spoonful of baking powder, the juice of an orange; bake in layers and spread the following mixture between; Beat the whites of two eggs until light, add the grated peel of the orange and four table-spoonful of sugar.

Discussing the resistance of disease germs to disinfectants, the Germschitz remarks that it is extremely probably that the germ which produces small-pox epidemics is present in the form of living bacilli in the fluid which is the principal bearer of the infection—the lymph removed from the pustules. The degree of vitality of the bacilli varies in the different kinds of lymph, that from cow-pox losing vitality much more readily than the so-called human lymph.

For ants in the closet, the best trap is an ordinary dinner-plate, the interior of which below the rim, is smeared with laid. Lay cards or a few sticks from

the shelf to the edge of the plate, to afford a bridge upon which the insects can pass up to the inside of the plate and reach the lard of which they are very fond. Of course this trap will only succeed where the temperature will keep the lard soft and adhesive. From time to time scald out the plates, apply fresh lard and set them anew. To sprinkle the shelves well with slaked lime will drive away insects. And the free use of borax is good especially against the encroachment of cockroaches.

Dish Washing.

Though many do not find "pearls in dish water," yet we know that some do find pleasure in dish-washing. When my little "maid-of-all-work" came to make her home with me, she had much to learn, and, like most girls, had no particular love for the above-mentioned duty. I told her, however, that if she would follow my directions implicitly, in less than a month she would love the work which then seemed so distasteful. As the *modus operandi* might benefit others, I will give it, believing that every duty pertaining to the house-keeper may be made pleasant, if set about in the right manner. In the first place, all milk dishes should be thoroughly cleaned and scalded. This being attended to at once, their removal gives more room, and the same water is useful for washing the cooking utensils, pots, pans, etc., etc. Next, place on the stove a large tin dish-pan (containing soap, or pearline and water) into which slip the plates as the table is cleared; then gather all knives, spoons and forks. These should be washed and polished before commencing on the dishes. Now remove to the table and wash from the water containing soap with a clean, clear water, from which stand perpendicularly to drain in a large tray, remembering always to use in washing a tooth-brush (kept for the purpose) about all handles, and cut glass-ware. We find the tray a great advantage, it so greatly facilitates the work of drying. After each piece has found its appropriate niche in the closet or pantry, we turn our attention to the pots, and kettles, when to a few vigorous scrapes with a bread-cruzer shell removes the loosened particles, and after one more wash in the water with which we have rinsed our cup towels, the dreaded dish-washing is over.

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Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

- 1st. To prevent falling out of the hair. 2d. To prevent too rapid change of color. 3d. As a dressing.

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AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

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How to Keep Birds in Health and Song.

Mr. B. Cottam, of London, contributes the following rules regarding the care and attendance requisite for singing birds.

- 1. Give them a bath every morning with a regular supply of good seed and water.
2. The best and cheapest known food for all insectivorous birds is an artificial compound known as "Mocking Bird Food."
3. A little watercress, lettuce, or sweet apple may be given occasionally.
4. Clean out their cages thoroughly and give them clean river sand twice a week, sand being necessary for digestion as well as for cleanliness.
5. Hang your birds where they will have fresh air and plenty of sunshine, but not in a draft. Drafts lead to colds, and colds to most ailments to which birds are subject.
6. Protect your birds from sudden and extreme atmospheric changes.
7. In sickness or in moulting give soft food, consisting of hard boiled eggs, maw seed and soda biscuit, in equal proportions with a sprinkling of cayenne, all mixed up finely together.

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\$4,000.00 REWARD.

In "Ladies' Journal" Competition No. 5, Closing April 21st.

The proprietor of the Ladies' Journal offers another long list of rewards, by far the most valuable yet given. This is likely to be the closing competition of the season.

- THE QUESTIONS. 1-Does the word grandmother occur in the Bible: if so, where. 2-Is it recorded anywhere in the Bible that a prophet or prophetess had anything to do with a college. 3-Give the name of an Uncle of Aaron.

The valuable and costly articles given below will be cheerfully handed over to the first two hundred and twenty-one persons who send correct answers to the above Bible questions, just as quickly after the closing day, April 21st, as possible.

- THE REWARDS. 1. One Grand Square Rosewood Piano, \$500 00
2. One Fine Cabinet Organ, value 225 00
3. One Beautiful Silver Tea Service..... 110 00
4. One Gentleman's Solid Gold Hunting Case Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watch, Box Case, latest style, elegantly engraved..... 200 00
5. One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, Genuine Waltham..... 90 00
6. Six Elegant Black Silk Dresses, patterns from Pettley's Great Silk House, Toronto, \$20 each 180 00
7. Five Beautiful Triple Silver Plated Ice Pitchers, valued at \$30 each..... 150 00
8. Five Ladies' Elegant Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, valued at \$18 each..... 90 00
9. Five Gentlemen's Heavy Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, valued at \$18 each..... 90 00
10. Six Elegant Now Spring Print Dresses, patterns from Pettley's, Toronto, \$5 each 30 00
11. Five Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, valued at \$17 each..... 85 00
12. Five Hunting Case Solid Nickel Silver Watches, \$16 each 80 00
13. Five Open Face Solid Nickel Heavy Bevel'd Crystal Watches, \$15 each 75 00
14. Seven Renowned Waterbury Watches, \$5 each 35 00
15. Twelve Sets, (half dozen each), Triple Silver Plated Tea Spoons, \$4 each 48 00
16. Thirty-nine Beautifully Bound Volumes of Shakespeare's Complete Works, \$2.50 each 97 50
17. Fifty-six Volumes, Beautifully Bound, Tennyson's Poems, \$2.25 each..... 126 00
18. Sixty-one Elegant Triple Silver Plated, on Solid Steel, Butter Knives, \$1 each 61 00

Every competitor must send fifty cents in Post-office order, scrip or small coin, (no postage stamps), for which the Ladies' Journal will be sent for one year to any desired address. Post-office orders are procurable at any post-office, and are an absolutely safe way of remitting. Letters should be registered unless remittance is made by post-office order.

Since the above was written, we notice that in addition to the costly rewards offered above, the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, and the twenty persons next following who send correct answers will receive the following rewards, respectively:—

- MIDDLE REWARDS. 1. One Waver Sewing Machine, \$60..... 60 00
2. Six Hunting Case Solid Nickel Watches, valued \$15 each 90 00
3. Eight Open Face Extra Heavy Crystal Solid Nickel Watches, \$12 each..... 96 00
4. Six Well-Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems, \$2.25 13 50

Then even the last ones are to be remembered in a long list of consolation rewards. These rewards will be given to the last seventy-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above.

- THE CONSOLATION REWARDS. 1. To the last correct answer received, One Elegant Silver Tea Service of six pieces, latest design..... 100 00
2. One Gentleman's Beautiful Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Waltham Movement, case finely engraved..... 50 00
3. One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, Genuine American 30 00

- 4. Seven Fine Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, value \$20 each..... 140 00
11. Six Hunting Case Solid Nickel Silver Watches, \$15 each 90 00
17. Eight Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, value \$14 each..... 112 00
25. Six Open Face Solid Nickel Watches, Heavy Crystal, value \$12 each 72 00
31. Twenty-five Elegant Triple Silver Plated Pickle Forks, value \$1.10 each..... 27 50
36. Twenty-two Solid Triple Silver Plated Butter Knives, value \$1 each..... 22 00

Each competitor must, in every case, send fifty cents for one year's subscription to the Ladies' Journal with their answers. It may be of some advantage to you if you mention where you first saw this notice. The letters must all be post-marked where mailed not later than April 21st, the closing day of this competition. The correct address is Editor Ladies' Journal, Toronto, Canada. The names and post-office addresses (and street and number, when in the city), of those who are successful in obtaining these rewards, will be given in the May number of the Journal. Our readers may be assured that all the rewards, as given above, will be promptly and cheerfully handed over to the successful ones, as soon as possible after the close of the competition. We know the publisher of the Ladies' Journal, and we are certain he will do as stated above, or we would not give all this space to this long description of this plan. The Ladies' Journal is a 20 page Monthly Fashion and Domestic Magazine. Two full pages of newest music are given in each issue; large illustrations of the latest things in fashion circles; one or two serial stories and a short story; domestic and household hints; besides a large quantity of miscellaneous reading, particularly of interest ladies. In short, it is the cheapest publication, and the best for the money we know of. So if you don't succeed in obtaining a reward, you cannot fail to be pleased with your fifty cent investment.

Don't forget that the regular annual subscription to the Ladies' Journal, is fifty cents, so you pay nothing additional for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards.

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A.P. 172

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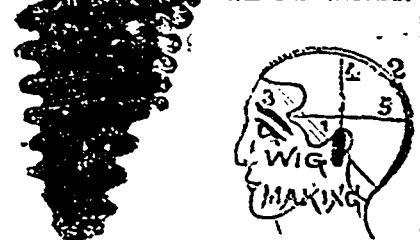
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