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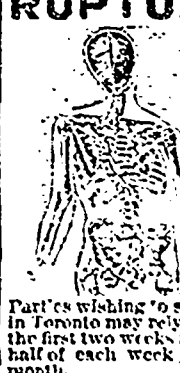
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OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., OCTOBER 27, 1883.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 160.

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

We again remind those of our readers who have not yet decided upon competing for our Biblical prize that the time is getting short, and if they intend competing they had better do so at once. Even if you are not successful in winning the first—or any prize—you will, at any rate, for three months get TRUTH every week, which, with its stories, its music and its fashions, is well worth the 50 cents which is all that is required to secure it and a place in the competition. Now is the time; send along your answers and your fifty cents. You will not be kept long in suspense. Remember that the first prize is a lady's valuable silver hunting case watch, the second a handsome solid gold gem ring, the third a neat English neck chain and the fourth a silverplated butter knife.

TRUTH is modest, but now and again it feels constrained to let its readers know what is thought of it. Therefore it makes no apology for printing the following flattering opinion just received all the way from Michigan:—"I like your paper ever so much, and I intend to subscribe again. If possible it speaks more truth on most

subjects than any paper I read." But almost everybody says the same!

Is there really a feeling against Confederation springing up in the North-west? TRUTH will not say that there is, for it does not know, but there is a good deal of talk in that direction, and where there is so much smoke it is all but certain that there is more or less of fire. Time will show. In the meantime, there is no use in presuming too much on the surpassing loyalty of all the people away up in those regions.

Is the color prejudice still so strong in Canada that it will manage successfully to oppose the entrance of colored boys into the Public and High Schools of the country? If one might judge from some late doings in Windsor, there might be some fear of such being the fact. The good sense, however, of the overwhelming majority will surely keep the comparatively handful of fools in good order. It is too late in the day for any body, in Canada at any rate, to enter upon such retrograde work, and too late, if he tries, to succeed. There are more undesirable children with white skins than with black, by a great way, and more of such as well. TRUTH has no sympathy either with black churches or black schools. If God's image in ivory cannot stand God's image in ebony, things are in a bad way, and the less it talks about being made in God's image at all, so much the better.

TRUTH has not heard any thunder against "Mowat" for a day or two. How is that? Is he not going to "go" after all? And what about "Meredith"? Does the other side allow him any virtue whatever? Scarcely. This is the misery with things as at present managed. A political opponent is scarcely allowed credit for an excellence, though as a matter of fact he may have many. As a matter of fact, both Mowat and Meredith are very worthy gentlemen, honorable, intelligent, and much else, and yet for pity's sake let any one think of how they are abused. If the truth stated about men and things in general be on a par with what is urged about these two, what faith can be put in it?

That was an awful process of worrying to which Mr. Bethune's child was subjected. It makes one feel all-overish to think that there are such brutes at large, brutes which so belie all that is generally believed about the nobleness of the dog, etc. One would almost say, in view of such a possibility, that the more dogs can be slaughtered so much the better.

Sanguine people are already speculating on one of Toronto's harbors being at the mouth of the Humber. This is taking time by the forelock, and no mistake. It is quite possible though, in time, but it will take time, and not a little of it.

There is going to be a great amount of journalistic effort put forth in Toronto

some of these days. It is said that the *Week* will soon appear under the able editorship of Mr. Roberts, and that the *Evening Canadian* is to come out as a non-party paper, under the editorship of Mr. Dent. All right. The more the merrier, and the survival of the fittest theory will leave additional room for sufficient experiment and substantiation. What is to become of Pat Boyle? Is he going to sink the editor in the mere publisher? That would be too bad. What a fall would be there, my countrymen! An evident bloody old Saxon conspiracy to spite Ireland!

The marriage "aiders" are still busy trying to get up a boom. Those who have tried say most emphatically that they have been badly bitten. No wonder. The thing is not on a business basis, and bears absurdity on its very face. The best provision for marriage which young people can make is that which comes from saving, economical habits, with the steady avoidance of whiskey, tobacco, and all other iniquities. If anybody thinks that a society is going to give him a hundred dollars on the payment of five, he is quite too awfully simple for this world, and should make off as speedily as possible to more Arcadian scenes.

Lord Coleridge has been having a right jolly time of it in the the States. It is to be hoped that his stomach and nerves will not suffer in their tone by all this driving and wining. It is pretty hard work, but probably his lordship can stand it.

What a set of donkeys those dynamiters are! Though they had managed to blow up the Canada with Prince George on board, what then? Would it have helped their cause one bit? No indeed. It would simply have rendered the whole Irish cause disreputable and hindered unmeasurably the very thing the fellows profess to promote. Why are they so dull?

The story goes that a boy lately died at Washington and that when his body was opened, his bowels were found to be fitted out almost like an old marine store. There were danson stones by the dozen, a copper cent, a nickel, tooth, buttons, etc., etc. No wonder then he died. Why, he had even orange seeds so long in his stomach that they were found to have sprouted. "Think of that, my cat!" Seriously, boys should take care and not yield to such boa-constrictor habits.

There is no more certain sign that a man is a cowardly bully, as well as an unmitigated boor at heart, than using harsh, insolent language to those whose position prevents them from retorting in kind. And how often one sees that sort of thing! Some fellow, disguised as a gentleman, finds some trifling mistake in his butcher's bill or his tailor's account, some-

thing has been sent to him that he never ordered, or something omitted to be sent that he wanted very much. And what does he do? Instead of going quietly to the man and telling him his mistake in a perfectly decided yet gentlemanly manner, he abuses him before his customers like any low bred cstermonger. He ought to be kicked out of the place for his insolence like the cad that he is. But he knows he has the advantage, and meanly makes use of it. He is a good customer very likely, and uses the cad's argument that a man may do anything he likes if he only has money.

It may well be doubted if there is any very effusive loyalty in Canada. To judge by the expressions of the daily papers, there is no great regret felt at the departure of the Marquis and the Princess, and very little enthusiasm over his successor. The truth of the matter is, that these big wigs feel their stay among us a kind of exile. Canadians know that they feel in this way, and there cannot, therefore, in the nature of things, be much affection or real regard either on one side or the other. They come and go like the shadows they are. It may be to be regretted, but as to such being the fact it is to be feared there is no doubt what ever.

Matters seem drifting more and more into war between France and China, and if the result be what is feared, no one can say how far the conflagration will extend. France is managing to alienate from her the most of the nations of Europe. What she proposes to gain by such isolation is a puzzle to most onlookers. That the issue may be the upbreak of the Republic is far from unlikely. But it is also possible that a new outburst of the French revolutionary element may take place, though as a whole the French people are too comfortable to repeat the horrors of the first revolution.

What about that matrimonial episode in which one of Toronto's "good families" flourishes so unworthily? The girl, if she has not loved not wisely but too well, will be all the better of being quit of the graceless milkop, and his snuffing, supercilious parents. No doubt the father of the young hopeful began life as a rag-picker and has continued to cherish rag-pickers' ideas and upstarts' absurdities. Still, the young woman, though very likely better than either her intended or his PA, will be better without him. She would have been made miserable, and the wretched youngster would have grown weary of her, and blamed her for bringing him into antagonism with his father. It is all right if she can get off with the dress-maker. The very fact that her cara sposa failed to meet her, shows that he is a poor tool, not worth a second thought. Dry your tears, good girl, and rejoice over the happy escape you have made.

Some worthy far-seeing folk may be inclined to say that Bishop Sullivan acted very imprudently when he refused the comfortable and dignified position of Bishop of Huron. Some may even go the length of affirming that he refused simply from fear of what the public might say, and especially from fear that they might laugh and declare that that was about the amount of his Missionary zeal—all very fine, but quite ready to evaporate when a fat living came round. TRUTH has quite a different idea. Would it not be more charitable, and upon the whole as near the facts of the case, and a great deal nearer, that the alleged reason was the real one, and that the Bishop's interest in Algoma really forbade his thinking about a life of ease or dignity either? Dr. Sullivan is a manly man as well as a devout Christian. Why should it be thought a strange thing that he should retain a poor and difficult sphere, simply because it was such, in preference to one of quite another character? No reason at all, except the accursed uncharitableness of those who ought to feel better. In Dean Baldwin the Episcopalians of Huron have got a first rate bishop. He is able, earnest and energetic, and evangelical. He comes to his work in the full vigor of mature manhood, and has therefore, the prospect before him of a long and successful Episcopate. TRUTH sincerely hopes that the most sanguine expectations of the most enthusiastic friends of the Bishop-elect may be more than realized.

It is perfectly in order for Canada to throw up her cap over the result of the late Fishery Exposition, for she has carried off prizes not a few, and these of the first-class, for various kinds of fish preserved in a great variety of ways. It will surely, in the course of time, begin to dawn upon the most thick witted Englishman, that Canada is something better than the traditional few acres of snow, and that even a true born Briton might learn a wrinkle or two on certain subjects, by a sojourn in this Dominion. To be sure, Canada is only a colony, and therefore not likely to deserve any such notice as the neighboring Republic. Still, it is becoming more and more evident that she is not quite so insignificant as she has generally been thought by her dear friends across the water. A good many think that if Canada were a little more self-assertive, and talked independence now and then, she might get more notice, and be somewhat more highly and more becomingly appreciated. It will all come in due time. Meanwhile she is doing what will be found the best preparation for a distinguished career,—she is growing, and may bye and bye come to that stage when it is generally thought that individuals and nations can manage their own affairs.

The disallowance of the Civil Rights Act by the Supreme Court of the United States, is causing a very unnecessary amount of stir and anxiety among the colored people. There are some things which mere law cannot effect, when backed by overwhelming public opinion, and equal social treatment is one of these. It is all right for the law makers to struggle

as much as possible in this direction. But the most effectual way to bring things in to a right condition, is to educate public opinion, and thus shame those who are inclined to treat any class with unfairness and contempt out of such folly and wickedness. It will take a good while before the color prejudice be obliterated. But the process will be hastened all the more by those who are the objects of that foolish and sinful dislike showing by their becoming conduct and refined manners, that they do not deserve any such treatment, but what is very much the reverse.

The capital sentence pronounced the other day amid many tears by Judge Morrison, on the poor betrayed girl McCabe, for the murder of her illegitimate child, will surely never be carried into execution. This is the old story of the woman suffering and the man going scott free. TRUTH does not excuse women that allow themselves to be betrayed to their ruin. There must be something inherently indelicate and ill-regulated in such. But then let any one think of what these girls in a great many cases are, how ignorant, how unwarned, how easily coaxed on to their ruin, how ready to hope the best of those whom they have learned to love. The whole makes up something unutterably sad. They ought, of course, to know that men never seduce the woman they love. Yes, they ought to know a great many things which they don't. But, is this ignorance of theirs, or even this indelicacy and lax morals, to be taken as sufficient reason for their bearing the consequences of their sin alone, and for their heartless male associates in sin being altogether passed over? TRUTH thinks that such an idea is very monstrous, though at the same time it repeats for the hundredth time the fact that girls ought to know better than to believe the lies which too many men think it fine fun to utter, in order to lead such as they are to their destruction. Resent, girls, the slightest approach to indelicate familiarity, as you would the deadliest insult. Let your womanhood be your protection. The honorable won't tempt you to your injury. Don't give the dishonorable a chance.

So the vice-regal reign of the Marquis of Lorne and his Princess wife has come to an end, and these two distinguished personages are on the ocean, homeward bound. All that needs to be has already been said on the subject. The good wishes of most Canadians, if not all of them, will go with the illustrious pair. The Marquis has not been so gushing as was his truly Hibernian predecessor, whose tongue was certainly rubbed on the Blarney stone if ever was that of mortal man. Still, he has had other compensating excellencies, which will make him and his residence in Canada remembered with respect. It is too soon to be forecasting what the "Coming King" shall do or say. TRUTH always, in such circumstances, hopes the best.

The advanced wing of the English Liberals have been in conference at Leeds, and have come to certain resolutions indicating what they think the Liberal party ought to do. It is generally understood that the result will be a new Reform

bill next session for the purpose of assimilating the franchise in cities and country places. If such a measure is carried, the farm laborers, to a large extent, will be put in possession of the franchise with what result time only will show.

The great Morrice case, which threatened to shake the whole country, has been successfully arranged. It would, however, be folly to think that all reasonable ground for anxiety in reference to the commercial prospects of Canada has been removed. There is, on the contrary, every likelihood that the country is sweeping the outer circles of the whirlpool of bad times, and may at any time be drawn much further in than is either desirable or safe. Meantime, the factories have reduced their working time to four days a week. This means privation and pinchery to very many homes and, of course, poor trade to many store-keepers. But over-production and reckless expenditure will always issue in some such fashion. The wheat crop has, also, in many parts of the country, been an absolute failure, which, of course, adds to the difficulty and danger. On the whole, though TRUTH is no croaker, the outlook is anything but encouraging.

Rat Portage is likely to be noticeable for more important things than its being the scene of contest between Ontario and Manitoba. It is, in all likelihood to be the great watering place of the west as far as Canada is concerned. Its situation is unrivalled, and when matters quiet down and Ontario is left in undisturbed possession of the country, as she will be, then Rat Portage will go ahead. There is no summer resort for the weary ones of Manitoba either so near or so attractive, while pilgrims from the East in search of rest and pleasure will assuredly make their way in crowds to those regions which are as picturesque and restful as can be imagined. Those who know both, say that the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence are not a circumstance to the glories of those regions.

If there is a single soul in Manitoba not excluding Premier Norquay himself, who actually believes that Ontario is going to withdraw from the disputed territory, TRUTH is sorry for him; he shows a verdancy and a power of faith which are positively refreshing. No, dear, sir. Ontario is there to remain for many a long day and year, and will only be extruded by civil process with all which that implies. The whole face of things is settling down already into quietness, and before many months pass Rat Portage will be as much in reality, as in right, a recognized part of this Province as is Port Arthur or Owen Sound. Why, how could it be otherwise? The Lake of the Woods has been recognized as part of Upper Canada since 1799. Can Manitoba show anything of a like ancient claim?

The absurd talk about "sluggers" and "bull pups" has only crowned those who have indulged in it with ridicule and contempt. Sensible onlookers have naturally asked if that was all that could be said in favor of the claims of Manitoba. Go, go, foolish individuals, don't make

quite such consummation — of yourselves. Have you not even the faintest sense of the ridiculous in your mortal bodies or wooden brains?

The increase of wealth in England is something very remarkable. In 1660, the wealth was such that, if equally distributed, each person would have had \$225 for his or her share. In 1812 it had risen to \$635. In 1882, it stands at \$1,245. The whole wealth last year was estimated at about forty-three thousand millions of dollars. Think of it. Some must have vastly too much and others vastly too little. It is a pity that such should be the case, but so long as vice, idleness and general inefficiency prevail it is to be feared that this will, to a greater or less extent, continue to be the case.

TRUTH is glad to learn that the water meter plan is becoming more and more a success and will issue in a largely increased revenue to the city. Under its operation some factories are paying ten times more for the same service than they did. This is as it ought to be, and will help greatly in putting a stop to the enormous waste which has been going so generally and for so long a time.

There is to be a grand celebration in Toronto of the 400th anniversary of Luther's Birthday. This is as it ought to be. Luther stands out as a grand heroic character, and all the wretched stuff which has been so frequently circulated about him now goes for what it worth, and that is just nothing at all.

Archbishop Lynch very properly discourages the importation to Canada of girls from Irish workhouses. They are a most undesirable element to add to Canada's population. The very least amount of such emigrants the better. Far rather have none at all.

It is dreadful to think of Canadians purchasing land in the United States! At least so it is said! It must be equally dreadful to purchase any other articles which these Yankees have to sell. And if so, surely it is as bad to sell anything to those wretched fellows. By all means let us have a Chinese wall set up and keep Canadians from having any dealings with the God-forsaken Samaritans.

Is there such a thing as dreams "coming true," as the boy would say? It seems so. At least there is any number of stories going about, illustrations of this supposed peculiarity of sleeping reveries. Almost everybody has his private collection of such verifications, and those who produce them get as angry as may be if there is the slightest symptom of scepticism exhibited. Now it is the coffin that is seen brought into the house. Now thirteen at table had something to do with it. But in every case the result was wonderful, and anybody who won't believe in dreams after that is not worth speaking to. Then what a lot of things are said about "warnings," death watches, and death rattles, etc., etc. It would be interesting to learn who has the management of those dreams, and who gives those warnings. What about spirit rappings,

etc.? TRUTH will not incur the indignation of any of its readers by enlarging on this very fascinating but somewhat risky topic. Very likely a good deal could be said on both sides.

Some time ago a prize of a hundred guineas was offered for the best essay on Christian Missions. The adjudicators have declared the Rev. Dr. Paterson, of New Glasgow the successful competitor. Of course the essay will be published. It was with this view that the prize was offered. Some how or other prize essays have never added much to the wealth of the literature of a country. It is to be hoped that this will be an exception.

The Provincial Board of Health is always doing useful work by publishing weekly bulletins of the state of the country in the matter of epidemics. It is to be hoped that all are giving the attention to these reports which they deserve, though it is to be feared in a good number of cases they are left unread. Come now, all of you, read, think and inwardly digest what the guardians of health say on their important specialty.

There are given some terrible accounts of the French doings in Tonquin. But why cry out about what is essentially horrible and barbarous? All war is of the nature of butcherly brutality any way one likes to take it. It is all very well to talk about the chivalry and what not of warriors, etc. As Sir Harry Smith said after a pretty lengthened and varied personal experience, "The business of the soldier, gentlemen, is a damnable one." It is just that and no mistake, let poets rant and pedants declaim to the very top of their bent, in the opposite direction.

It would not at all be a matter of surprise if the French and English drifted into war over the Madagascar business. It has been an infamous business all through—a clear case of the wolf and the lamb. But then, has Britain never played a similar game? and has she any business to interfere? In the meantime Missionary Shaw has got quite a considerable in name of indemnity for his treatment, and this, it is said, without any pressure from the English authorities. So far so well. It is to be hoped that things will turn out better than at present they appear to.

The amount of gambling going on in bank shares is simply enormous while the infamous struggles of the bulls and bears in the Stock Exchange are simply the doings of highway robbers, neither more nor less. Men's property is being sacrificed to the demon of greed and gambling, and the owners are helpless.

There will be plenty of work for all the charitable societies of the city during the coming winter. On this account it is the more necessary that resources should be husbanded and that all work in concert so as to detect and discourage imposters. The fraud class grows very rapidly and cannot be warned against with too much earnestness. TRUTH is glad that a movement for the winter has already been made, and that it is determined, if pos-

sible, to help without pauperizing. If the whiskey shops could only be stopped nine-tenths of the battle would be gained. Idleness, imprudence and drink! what ruin this redoubtable trinity is working!

There is nothing more necessary than some well defined rules for the protection of fish and for such rules being carried stringently out. As things are at present there is really no "close time" for any class of the finny tribes, though it is pretended that there are some ten days or a fortnight. As with forests, this foolish imprudence will one day be regretted and sooner than many people think.

TRUTH is glad to learn that the eldest son of the Prince of Wales has gone to Cambridge, it is to be hoped to actually study, not to fool away his time as one with his prospects may very easily be tempted to do.

By all means let all Ontario people go strongly in for showing forth the glories of the Kakabeka Falls. They are as fine in their way as those of Niagara, and let the hope be cherished that they will never be desecrated as the latter has been. A great future awaits Algoma in the not far off future, and therefore the more reason that this Province should hold on to every inch of that now celebrated territory. Any of the inhabitants of Ontario who talk of giving it up ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Is it reasonable that the bad workman should be paid the same wages as the good provided he be member of a union? It does not seem so. On the contrary such a plan must cut off all motive to excellence and improvement. Yet this is exactly the case so far as TRUTH has been able to ascertain in the Plasterer's strike. Why should a man not worth a dollar a day be paid two, because he is a brother? He is a pauper if he receives more than he really earns.

The Edict of Nantes was promulgated in 1598 by Henry IV. It gave the Protestants of France a guarantee that they would not be disturbed in the free exercise of their religion. This continued in operation for 87 years and was then suddenly revoked by Louis XIV. with most disastrous results. Above half a million of the most industrious inhabitants of the country went away and a great many more would have followed had they been allowed.

It is 330 years to-day since Michael Servetus was burned at Geneva as a blasphemer and a heretic. TRUTH has no wish to enter into all the outs and ins of that much discussed question as to how far Calvin was culpably involved in that transaction. Enough to say that it was a matter ever to be deplored that any one should be put to death for his religious opinions. Pleasant that things have changed for the better since that time, though the persecuting spirit is not yet quite extinct. Though to be sure it is difficult to settle exactly what persecution really is.

Madame Pfeiffer who died this day twenty-four years ago was a very remark-

able woman. She had an ardent desire to travel, and in order to this saved more or less every year from her household expenses till she got all her family "raised" and off her hand. She then started on her pilgrimages, and her doings in the travelling line were as wonderful as could be imagined. She went two or three times round the world to Iceland, Madagascar, Borneo, and a great many other out of the way places. She has left very pleasing narratives of her journeyings. These have had a wide circulation and the proceeds helped her to still further travel. She travelled in countries in which no man could have gone without the certainty of being murdered. One of her maxims was that wherever human beings could live she could, for if she could not use their food she had but to fast a day and then she could, and if one day would not do, then if she fasted another she were sure to be able. A nice idea, but not very pleasant to think of particularly. She was 45 years of age when she first started on her travels and she continued the work till her death, which took place when she was turned of sixty.

Is there any reason why there should be a recognized hangman? Is there any reason why the sheriff should not do the final work in carrying out the law's sentence? TRUTH can think of none. If it be honorable to sentence a man to die, why should it not be equally honorable to put him to death? To murder people as soldiers is thought not only pardonable but positively glorious. How a man is thought to be an honorable heroic character laying about him like a man with a big knife which he calls a sword is more than any ordinary person can imagine. It is as dirty and detestable as the work of a butcher in the shambles, and not half so useful any way one can take it.

It would seem scarcely necessary to tell people not to pick up letters or papers, &c., that may be lying on a man's private desk. But after all there are those who need such warnings. They are regular Peeping Tom's of Coventry. They would look over the shoulders of a man at the very time he was writing to his wife. TRUTH has been told that even members of Parliament are sometimes guilty of such infamy. Any person having the slightest gentlemanly instinct in his body would not read anything not intended for his eye, would not even hear what it was never intended he should.

The warning against borrowing books is always in order, but always useless. People will borrow, and never return what they borrow. The best way for every one is never to lend, and consequently never to borrow. There is apparently no sort of property recognized in books any more than in umbrellas.

It is said that the Duke of Wellington never allowed a letter to remain unanswered. In this as in a good many ways the "old fellow" showed himself to be a gentleman. By all means answer, however trivial the communication, however insignificant the writer.

TRUTH does not profess to give rules on etiquette. Still there are a great many

things that need to be said in this line if the whole truth is told. Some people for instance have a disagreeable habit of repeating scandals and malicious gossip. Others sneer at persons whom they know, and are continually cracking jokes at their expense. Dear readers of TRUTH, don't. Such ways of doing are poor, paltry, and contemptible in the extreme. Cultivate the amenities and not the asperities of life.

The 400th anniversary of Luther's birthday takes place about the 11th of next month. TRUTH is glad to learn that Toronto is not to be behind others in celebrating the event.

So colored people in the States are not protected by the Civil Right Act of 1875 as they thought. That Act secured them equal rights in hotels and railway cars with their white neighbors. The Supreme Court of the U. S., however, has declared the Act unconstitutional, and it accordingly goes to the wall. This will not prevent justice being eventually done to the colored people of this continent. But that justice will have to come from the enlightened Christian public opinion of the people rather than from any mere legislative enactment. In any case it might be unjust and unfair to other people if anybody with the cash could force himself into a hotel whether the presiding Bonifacio wished it or not. Let the quondam slaves of the States, and the colored people the world over act in a becoming manner, and eventually they will conquer unreasoning prejudice, and secure every reasonable social advantage and recognition.

Murderers have always had, at least lately, great advantages over other criminals. They are coddled and fussed about in a most marvellous and unjustifiable fashion. Now all this gets to be too absurd. Why should these offenders be so attended to? Apparently the greater the crime, the greater to do.

The advisability of doing away altogether with the office of a hangman is being vigorously discussed by various English periodicals. They claim that it is a debasing, demoralizing thing for any man to be a public executioner, and they are undoubtedly right. No one, unless he were a ruffian at heart, could even apply for such a position, and if he is successful in securing it the inborn scoundrelism of his nature speedily reveals itself. The remedy proposed is to make the execution of criminals a regular part of prison routine. Now one official will need to undertake the duty, and now the other. When put into respectable, responsible hands, in this way the argument advanced is that the odium now attaching to the office will disappear.

These little dog-carts drawn by lilliputian ponies are really very pretty things. And how many there are of them to be sure! A new one seems to appear on the scene every day. And the little creatures how proud they are to be sure! They evidently feel themselves the observed of all observers, and arch their dainty necks, and stretch their lithe little limbs, and try to show themselves to the very best advantage. And the owners too—how good they feel. What a fine sensation it is to have every one looking at them with a kind of half-envious admiration, thinking of the wonderful things wealth will do!

Temperance Department.

Church of England and Temperance.

The Rev. Canon Baldwin, who was last week elected Bishop of Huron, is one of the most earnest and enthusiastic temperance workers in Canada. In season and out of season his zeal in behalf of the good cause knows no abatement. Especially has he been zealous in regard to the importance of temperance effort among the children. His labors in temperance matters have not been at all confined to his own church, but he has shown himself quite willing, at any time, to join a hand with well meaning men of any denomination, or no denomination, in this enterprise. During the past few years in the great halls and leading churches of the City of Montreal, his presence has been familiar at most of the temperance gatherings, and his voice has also been often heard at the cross roads school houses in the adjacent country when his engagements have permitted him to attend. His elevation to the important position of Bishop of the largest Church of England diocese in this Province will be much to the advantage of the temperance work in his new field of labor.

It may be here mentioned, also, that Bishop Bond, of Montreal, has long been associated with Canon Baldwin in his temperance work, and has been no less zealous and able in his advocacy, both of total abstinence and prohibition.

Bishop Lewis, of Ottawa, is also an able advocate of prohibition, and a lecture of his in its support, delivered in the City of Ottawa a few years ago, is one of the ablest of the kind in our Canadian temperance literature.

Bishop Sweatman, of Toronto, is also showing a very commendable interest in the temperance work, and he is now the President of the Church of England Temperance Society for this Province.

It will be seen, from the above facts, that the leaders in other Protestant Churches will have to look well to their laurels, or they will be left behind in this great cause of humanity. It is not many years ago since very few prominent men in connection with the Church of England gave, apparently, much attention or countenance to this work at all. Now, however they have, there seems to be a very united effort on their part, to remove one of the greatest stumbling blocks the church has lying in the way of its true progress.

The Church of England Temperance Society in this Province is now doing a larger amount of organized temperance work than probably any other similar church organization in Ontario. Local branches are being established in a number of places and a good number of successful Bands of Hope are at work under its auspices. We are glad to see that an able correspondent in the *Christian Guardian* recommends a similar practical movement in connection with the new united Methodist Church.

NEWS AND NOTES.

PERHAPS NOT.—The *Chicago Signal* says that a New York man was fined \$300 for giving tobacco to a giraffe in Central Park, but it ventures the opinion that he

would not have been fined a cent if he had only given whiskey to a boy.

PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.—The mayor of Manchester has made public the fact that he recently visited the worst sections of that city on five successive Sunday evenings between the hours of 6 and 9 o'clock, and asserts that during those visits he did not meet with one drunken man. He believes, "with Lord Shaftesbury, that Manchester is marvellously improved from what it was a few years ago," but this gratifying expression is materially saddened by the statement that on his last visit he found that more than half of those arrested Saturday night and Sunday for drunkenness were females.

THE DOMESTIC DANGER.—That was an argument for prohibition which even the drinker can appreciate, which was made by an Ohio drinking man. He said "I have three boys. One of them is old enough to drink, and is drinking. He learned it in the saloon. My prayer is, and my vote shall be cast, to close the saloons before my other two boys get into them and get to drinking; and I know scores and scores of other drinking men who are as anxious as I am to close the saloons before the little boys reach them."

THE BOYS IN BLUE.—There are between nine and ten thousand men in the Royal navy who are pledged total abstainers; the officers' branch has 150 members. The number of abstainers in the army is estimated at 20,000, including 8,252 in regiments stationed in India.

HARD TIMES AHEAD.—It is plain enough that the business outlook for the distillers in the United States is gloomy enough,—from their stand-point, at least. A leading organ of the business states that the distillers are running, at present, at only twenty per cent of their capacity, and besides that enormous quantities of the production of other years are yet on hand and cannot be sold. Then, too, the prohibitionists are getting stronger and bolder every year and threaten to carry every thing before them before long.

ADULTERATED BEER.—The scarcity and high price of hops during the past year have had their effect in tempting many beer makers, in the United States, to use many cheap substitutes. It does not appear that all this adulterating process has been monopolized in the United States. According to the *Daily Telegram*, of this city, a good deal of adulteration has been practiced here also. Writing on this subject on the 17th inst., the *Telegram* says: "It is affirmed that beer and porter are highly adulterated with quassia, grains of paradise, elm bark, and various other deleterious and highly injurious compounds, greatly to the injury of all who drink them." The writer adds that "The life and health of a large proportion of the community are at stake, and if the law does not clothe the inspector and the police with the necessary power (to stop this) the sooner it is amended the better." A sure and simple remedy against all this evil and danger lies in total abstinence.

THE ONLY REMEDY.—John B. Gough, in a speech at Woodstock, Connecticut, not long since, made these pointed remarks:—You talk about moral suasion. Make it your own case. A young man once said to me: "I believe in moral suasion. I believe we have no right to

attack these men." I told him a little fact that occurred, and I asked him: "Suppose that was your mother that was kicked out of the ruin-shop when she came to plead with Mr. Leonard not to give her boy drink, and when he made her little boy nine or ten years old drunk and sent him home out of spite, because she tried to prevent his selling liquor to her boy, what would you do?" He said: "I would shoot him as I would a wood-chuck." I said: "I would not. I believe in the simple way. I believe in the annihilation of the traffic in intoxicating liquor; and the sooner we get rid of it the better."

HOW OTHERS SUFFER.—Cardinal Manning, at a public meeting in Stratford, England, in November, 1882, said: "This, to me, is the strongest argument on this question of personal liberty. Every household in this country consists on an average of five persons, the father, the mother, and three children, and every head of a house that drinks tyrannizes, day and night, over the other four that are under his rule. The life of the wife and mother, and the welfare of the children, from the moment that the head of the house, the father, takes to drinking, become wretched and full of misery. Where is liberty, when four to one of the population are exposed to domestic tyranny, which may not fall under the restraint of the police, and may go perpetually to the destruction even of life?"

TORONTO T. R. S.—On Sunday afternoon last the first Sunday afternoon meeting for the season in connection with the Toronto Temperance Reformation Society was held in Temperance Hall, Temperance st. The attendance was not large, owing much, probably, to the want of better publicity. The meeting was an interesting one, with good speeches and good music. These meetings will be held every Sunday afternoon during the season, from three to four o'clock. It would add much to the number attending if these meetings were well advertised in the city papers each Saturday. The West End Society also continues to hold large and interesting public temperance meetings in the Occident Hall, Queen st., at the same hour each Sunday afternoon.

TOO MUCH FOR A PRIVATE.—An Austrian Lieutenant came upon two private soldiers, one of whom was lying dead drunk on the ground, while his comrade was standing near the inebriate, apparently in a quandary as to what to do.

"Is the man unconscious?" asked the Lieutenant.

The soldier saluted and replied:

"No, Lieutenant; he has only been drinking a little too much."

"Then why don't you make him move on?"

"Beg pardon, but nobody can move on who is as drunk as he is. You couldn't move on, Lieutenant, if you were, neither could a Major if he was that far gone. I really don't believe, Lieutenant, that the Colonel of the regiment himself could get up if he had as big a load as that private soldier has on board."—*Austin Siftings*.

A blundering compositor, in setting up the toast: "Woman—without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read: "Woman, without her man, would be a savage."

QUERIES.

TRUTH would like to know when the *Mail* is going to get some new torns of abuse. The present are worn out, like old type.

TRUTH would delight to learn the harm of Canadians buying Dakota lands if the investment is good.

Is there anything really sinful in circulating an American Green Back? Or taking it as a present if offered?

Are there any "sluggers" in Toronto? What or who was the immediate ancestor of a human "bull-pup"?

Is the commercial flurry all over because Morrice has had an extension?

Where is there plenty of money and little wealth?

Who is the biggest fool in Toronto? The first correct answer gets a leather medal.

Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible?

Where is the first mention made of corporal punishment as a necessary part of domestic discipline?

Why is the tail of a fish like the late Prince Imperial? Give it up? Because it is the end of the *Bony-parts!*

Why ought there to be more Arctic expeditions? Because—because—TRUTH was going to tell, but it dare not.

Who is the wisest man in Toronto?

Who has the reddest face and the best made coat?

How many more people are to be maimed or murdered before the promised elevated bridges are fitted up on the Esplanade?

What is the City Council about? And what new men are coming out at next election?

Is there going to be a nice little tussle over Calvinism between Dr. Dewart and McLaren? Go ahead, gentlemen, and at once.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HORSES: THEIR FEED AND THEIR FEET. A manual of Horse Hygiene. By G. E. Page, M. D., author of "How to Feed the Baby," "Natural Cure," etc.; with a treatise on shoeing by Sir George Cox and Col. M. C. Weld. New York, Fowler & Wells, 753 Broadway.

This is a very useful little book, on a very important subject. The work exhibits a good deal of close observation, and much careful study. The author's style is clear, compact, and thoroughly intelligible to all. The best means of feeding and keeping horses in condition are fully discussed, and the causes of disease and methods of cure given. The vexed question of shoeing is ably discussed by Sir Geo. Cox and Col. Weld, both of whom are authorities; and the little book will be found very useful indeed to all owners of horses.

FRENCH CELEBRITIES, as seen by their Contemporaries. Translated by Francis W. Potter. New York, Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey street

A series of pen-portraits of the most eminent Frenchmen of our day, given us by their contemporaries. It would be difficult to name seven men more representative of French genius in different fields, than Marshal de MacMahon, Leon Gambetta, Jules Grevy, Louis Blanc, Charles de Freycinet, Victor Hugo and Ferdinand de Lesseps, whose careers are delineated. The volume has the merits of the best modern French literature, being crisp, clear and animated. The several narratives are especially interesting at this time to the reading public from the prominence given these Frenchmen in the daily press.

Good Templars' Department.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

T. W. CASEY, G. W. Secretary, Editor.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

To all Good Templar Workers.

In order to give encouragement to all Good Templars to assist in extending the circulation of temperance literature, and to make known more extensively the advantages of our Cause and Order, Brother James Johnston, P. D., of Toronto, generously makes offer of the following beautiful prizes. They may be relied upon as, in every respect, equal to what is here represented.

FIRST LADY'S PRIZE.—To the Sister procuring the largest number of subscribers for TRUTH before February next, a set of beautiful fine gold bracelets worth at least \$8.00.

SECOND LADY'S PRIZE.—To the Sister procuring the second largest number of subscribers for TRUTH, a solid gold Good Templar's brooch, or locket, manufactured expressly for the purpose, worth at least \$4.00.

GENTLEMEN'S FIRST PRIZE.—To the Brother sending the largest number of subscribers for TRUTH, Brother T. W. Casey, Grand Secretary, will give, a solid gold Good Templar's pin, or \$4 worth of choice temperance literature, as may be preferred.

GENTLEMAN'S SECOND PRIZE.—To the Brother sending the second largest number of subscribers for TRUTH, Brother J. B. Nixon, G. W. Treasurer, will present a fine gold Good Templar's pin, or \$2.00 worth of choice temperance literature, as may be preferred.

These offers will hold good from now until February 1st. The names may be sent in from time to time, as fast as procured, and they will be duly credited.

The competition is open to all members of the I. O. Good Templars in good standing any where in the Dominion of Canada. Parties intending to compete will please send their names at once to the Publisher of TRUTH, Toronto, for lists, envelopes and samples of the paper, with six cents accompanying for postage and samples.

Begin at once, so as to get a good start, and report from week to week, if possible. Lists will be open for all desiring to compete.

As a trial trip, subscriptions may be taken for three months, at one-fourth the regular yearly subscription rates, and every four such names will count for one full subscription, in the competition. The names may be procured from any where, and the papers will be forwarded to any address as fast as the subscriptions are received.

THE PASSWORD.—The quarterly password for the November quarter has been sent out this week by the Grand Secretary to all lodge deputies from whose lodges the returns for the current quarter have been received. Any deputy failing to receive this circular and blanks, will please notify the Secretary at once, by post card.

MANITOBA.—We understand that the new Grand Lodge of Manitoba has been

organized by Bro. Thomas Nixon, of Winnipeg, formerly of this city. We have not the particulars yet. The membership of the Order in the "Prairie Province" is largely made up of old time Good Templars from the various subordinate lodges of Ontario.

NEW LODGES.—We are happy to announce that Bro. W. H. Rodden, Grand Lodge organizer, has been successful in organizing the following new lodges within the past few days:—

"Polar Star," Churchville, Peel Co., Hardy Baskerville, W. C. T.; Andrew Douglass, P. W. C. T.; Marion Douglass, W. V. T.; Simeon Joyce, W. S.; Butler Wilson, L. D. Night of meeting, Tuesday. "Hope" Lodge, Brampton, Peel Co.; night of meeting, Thursday. J. P. Rice, W. C. T.; Levila Snell, W. V.; Thomas A. Dickin, W. S.; John Reynolds, L. D.

MORE PROGRESS.—A new lodge,—"Prairie Flower," has been instituted at Plympton, Selkirk County, Manitoba, by Bro. Thomas Nixon, a worker so well known to many in and about this city. In connection with the organization there was a well attended public meeting, "and a good time generally." There were 18 charter members. Hector O'Neil, W. C. T.; Minnie Johnston, W. V.; Wm. Malcolm, W. S.; Rev. W. R. Morrison, L. D. Night of meeting, Thursday.

MADE HAPPY.—Bro. A. R. Scobie, P. D., of this city, for many years a well known worker in our Order, and Sister Jackman, P. W. V. T., also an active working Templar of this city, united in taking another long life obligation on the 10th inst. Mr. and Mrs. Scobie have the hearty congratulations of their many friends, in and out of the Order. We unite in extending our best wishes for long life and domestic happiness.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.—How often does your lodge have one? It seems to me some of our lodges might exert a mighty influence in this way. What if you don't draw in a large number, keep them going, you will find some who would be benefitted thereby. There is plenty to do for every lodge in our Order, plan out your own line of action, keep on moving. Some of our lodges would have a better record at the end of the year if they would but learn to go alone, they are like wheelbarrows, they never move in any direction unless they are pushed, whereas they ought to keep moving themselves and the community around them at the same time. Lodges will thrive and prosper in proportion as they engage actively in temperance work outside of the lodge room; of course it is optional what line of action they will pursue. If they wish to engage in aggressive work the field is wide and the rum-seller will bear watching. One lodge that we know of induced the various ministers to unite in preaching a temperance sermon every Sunday night through one year, in one or another of the churches, the lodge attending in a body. We are convinced that if the members of our lodges would settle down to active earnest effort the cause of temperance would thrive and prosper, the traffic of rum would begin to totter, and the object for which Good Templarism was instituted would surely and speedily be accomplished.

"GOOD OF THE ORDER."

FOR READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

Join Hands.

BY MISS ADRIANA FURBER.

Join hands!
The mists are lifting,
All the east is red,
What through black clouds, fiercely shifting,
Mutter overhead,
Storms have come and storms have vanished,
And the green earth stands
Trusting till her ills are banished,
Friends, join hands!

Close ranks!

Across the valley
See the foeman stand,
Massing for the coming rally,
Ready for command,
Ours to meet and check their scourging,
Our reward, the thanks
Of the souls this war is purging,
Friends, close ranks!

Forward march!

The field's before us,
Homes we love at hand;
With the God of battles o'er us
Tread we now the land.
March, till purity shall level
Safe highway for peace,
March, 'gainst hellish rout and revel,
Forward for release,
March!

Two Words.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Away they speed—the words;
Oae, like a winged seed,
Lit on a soul that gave it room,
And straight began to bud and bloom
In lovely word and deed.

The other careless word,
Borne on an evil air,
Found a rich soil, and ripened fast
Its rank and poisonous growths, and cast
FRESH seeds to work elsewhere.

The speakers of the words
Passed by, and marked, one day,
The fragrant blossoms, dewy wet,
The baneful flowers thickly set
In clustering array.

And neither knew his word;
One smiled, and one did sigh,
"How strange and sad," one said, "It is
People should do such thing as this!
I'm glad it was not I."

And "What a wondrous word
To reach so far, so high!"
The other said, "What joy 'twould be
To send out words so helpfully!
I wish that it were I."

Be Sure You're Right.

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead!"
That's what a brave man wisely said;
And every man in wisdom's light
Can surely tell the wrong from right,
So that, the evil knowing, he
May work for good and victory.

There may be some who'll jibe and sneer,
At honest effort, but it's clear
That he who dares to do the right
Shall some day conquer in the fight,
If, heeding not the scollar's cry,
He march right on o'er faithfully.

The grandest victories ever won
Are blessings sent for good deeds done;
And richer far than crowns of gold,
Or gems of fabulous wealth untold,
Is that bright crown of gratitude
The world gives to its brave and good.
Oh, toiler standing at the plough!
Oh, work man with the sweating brow!
Yours is the mission to fulfill
The carrying out of Heaven's will;
And yours the triumph of success,
If bravely on you ever press.

Take courage, then, and do your best;
There'll surely come a day of rest.
When sweetest flowers shall strow your way,
And chill December turn to May.
March with a hero's firmest tread—
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead!"

Lend a Helping Hand.

Lend a helping hand, my brother,
To the weary in the way;
You will find life's burden-bearers
Journeying onward day by day.
When you see the faltering foot-steps,
And the faces white with pain,
Lend a helping hand, my brother,
God will help you back again.

Lend a helping hand, my brother,
To the overburdened one;
Make his load a little lighter
Ere the setting of the sun.
Lift the weight of care and sorrow
From the soul bowed down so low,
Spreading sunshine in the pathway
Of the sad ones, where you go.

In the march of life, my brother,
Have you never weary grown?
Had the heavy burden lightened
Which you thought to bear alone?
By the hand outstretched to help you
By each hopeful word and smile,
Lend a helping hand, my brother,
It is grandly worth your while.

PRACTICAL HINTS.—A recent issue of the California Rescuer contains a valuable essay from the pen of Bro. Thomas A. Thompson on "How to promote the cause of Temperance through subordinate lodge work," from which we clip the following extracts. Let them be carefully read and thought upon by every earnest working Canadian Templar. Many valuable hints in regard to future success may be obtained here:—

HEALTHY TEMPERANCE SENTIMENT.—How shall we obtain it? by giving full vent to frivolity and nonsense, the reading of two or three selections at one session from the "Bad Boy," a comic song and adjournment? We think not; we believe in a good social time, but let it be combined with appropriate social taste, plenty of singing, wise selections, and chats on vital topics of importance to the lodge. Get the members interested in temperance work. Is your lodge small? increase your membership, don't parade your leanness as an excuse for not doing more, grow larger! you can promote the temperance cause that way, pledge yourselves, as one of our neighboring lodges did, double up in dollars, or members; twenty-four, the full membership, pledged themselves to bring in a new member before the quarter closed or pay the initiation fee, and they did it.

MISSION WORK.—Vote some of your surplus cash for the purchase of Temperance literature papers, tracts, etc. Appoint committees who will judiciously distribute them, keep their eyes open and come to the lodge with an account of their successes and failures, it will introduce a little change from your regular programme and won't hurt you. We do not deserve any credit for suggesting this, it is an old idea, which has been worked to advantage in days gone by, and may be in working order among some of our lodges now for all we know. In looking over the records of a lodge some sixteen years ago we found such a committee appointed whose special duty it was to look after the fallen, the care of the drunkard was theirs, they went to his home and talked with him there, they took care of him at night when reeling along, or lying in the gutter; and by thus carrying out the principles of our Order brought sunshine and gladness to many a home.

When an editor secures "information from a distinguished source" he is giving a sly hint that he has interviewed himself.

ROSE: A WACASSET ROMANCE.

BY LULU WHELDON MITCHELL.

CHAPTER I.

I have a great deal of obstinacy about me, for a small and rather meek-appearing woman, but I never thought of opposing any of old Doctor Percival's orders. Dear me, no; not even when he insisted that I should go to Wacasset in May. I submitted as a matter of course, after the manner of Doctor Percival's patients in general, thought it was a month too early.

"You need toning up, Miss Sterling; need salt winds and salt water. Fidgeting and fussing over your aid society and your benevolent association and your soup kitchens has drawn too heavily on the vital forces. There's no sense in your wearing yourself out for an ungrateful set of shiftless people, with never a 'thank you' for your time and money and strength. But if you don't take proper care of yourself I won't be answerable for consequences this summer."

Here the good old doctor paused and frowned and tried to look very fierce. But nature had given him a pair of kindly blue eyes which frustrated such attempts at severity. Sharp eyes they were, to have detected threatening symptoms of which I myself was scarcely conscious. But I was weary and worn out after a hard and busy winter, and so it came to pass that instead of rebelling against Wacasset in May, I set to work packing my trunk with an actual feeling of relief.

There were few passengers on the boat so early in the season, and when the bell was rung noisily and "Wacasset!" echoed through the salon, it seemed as if there was a good deal of ado being made over the one lady in gray who was getting off, after her one unpretentious trunk had been landed end over end, by a stout deck hand on the wharf.

There was nothing to stop for at Wacasset, and the *Twilight* moved away into the fog, taking her handful of passengers, whose faces, as long as any were distinguishable, seemed to express unbounded amazement that a well-dressed woman, evidently from civilized centres, should be getting off at that rude, thinly settled, little island, with a trunk.

At Wacasset, however, I had spent my summers for a number of years, with such regularity that I knew every family living in the rough cottages sprinkled among the rocky hills and along the shores,—father and son, most of them,—for it was fifteen years ago that I first climbed over these rocks and ran down these sloping hillsides with the light, tireless feet of twenty.

The sun of my life rose and set here. Yonder, in the bay, is the spot where the brave young fellow, whose wife I was to have been, went down beneath the sparkling waters. It is a subject I rarely mention, and I will not enlarge upon it in these pages. But knowing this you will understand better, perhaps, how it is that the unattractive little island is dear to me, and how summer after summer sees me here, a grave, middle-aged woman, rambolling about with sketch-book or magazine, or sitting on the rocks chatting with the old light-house keeper, John Lancaster. He is a quiet, pleasant-spoken man, who keeps the lamps "trimmed and burning," and—he knew my Robert.

CHAPTER II.

Wacasset, I decide shortly, is little changed. The patches of verdure show a brighter green against the rocky background, and the sunshine lacks the fervency of July, as it shines upon me, or rather my light cotton umbrella top, as I stroll over the yellow sand.

Here and there a new baby's blinking eyes and tow head are exhibited for admiring inspection, and I have the privilege of naming the very last arrival, a

tiny morsel of humanity rolled in flannel and punching its fat hands into its eyes (after the manner of very young infants) the moment it is awakened by the sound of my voice addressing its mother.

"This makes the thirteenth, Mrs. Kent?"

I cannot help the surprised tone.

"The thirteenth, 'm.' A baker's dozen, exactly. I won't say 's' we wanted this one, but we'll find a way to take care of her. The other children are growing up fast. Ted and Tom go with their father, now, and Dolly and Emmie both have good places in the factory at Lowell."

The tired woman turned in bed restlessly, and I shook up her pillows and made her some fresh lemonade. The practice of the past winter stood me in good stead.

"And Rose would have it that nobody but you must name her, though we didn't look for you so early,—not for a month or two. Rose, she?"

But I interrupted:—

"Where is Rose? I want to see her.

She is not away from home, surely?"

"I don't see's we could let Rose go, she's that handy and helpful about,—always was. Hark! that sounds like her step, now; she's been to carry old Granny Hardy some curd cheese."

A tall, full-formed girl entered and set the pail she carried on a shelf, before she saw me.

"Rose! you look as fresh as the flower you are named for," I exclaimed, as with outstretched hands she stepped quickly toward me. "I have been sitting with your mother until you came. And you are well?—but there is no need of asking it—and happy?"

"Quite well, thank you, ma'am."

Rose's bright smile of greeting showed the even rows of white, sound teeth between her pretty lips. Her warm-hued, chestnut curls clung about the roundest, whitest neck in the world, and the hands she gave me in a close, friendly clasp, though brown as a berry, were as well formed as those of many a Boston belle. My bonny Rose! Memory carried me back to a day when Robert had lifted her to his shoulder and carried her so, as we walked up and down together in the twilight, she scattering, as we went, the loosening petals of a handful of late roses, upon our shoulders. He had been fond of the pretty child, and year after year as I had seen her pass through childhood to the ripe beauty of her twentieth year, she had grown into my heart with her winsome ways; she seemed to link me, as no other could, with the golden past.

Was I mistaken, or had a change come over Rose, which, in the first moment of meeting, I had overlooked? It seemed to me, as we sat in the sunny doorway, talking in low tones, that a shadow never seen before dwelt in those bright eyes, and the merry laugh rarely fell from her lips. I was an old friend,—she had told me last year that she had promised to marry Jack Lancaster, so I ventured to whisper,

"What is it, Rose, that troubles you? If it is a lover's quarrel, they are more sweet than bitter in the end, as lovers say."

She looked up with "Haven't you heard?" and then a querulous voice sounded from the bed, and I had no more time to speak to her. I named the baby *Austice*, after my mother. A sweet, old-fashioned name,—it always reminds me of caraway.

CHAPTER III.

I have been sunning myself on the rocks a good hour. The tide is out, and I amuse myself by poking at some unhappy barnacles with the tip of my umbrella. There are all sorts of curious, sprawling things in the little shallow pools, getting as close in the shelter of their prison walls as circumstances and the awkwardness of their ungainly bodies will allow. All around float lovely seaweed fringes; I do not disenchant myself by removing any of it from its native element, but sit contentedly observing its

away beauty as it moves lazily with the motion of the water. The salt air has abundantly borne out Doctor Percival's anticipations. Already I feel new life in my veins. I am revolving in my mind a project of bringing home of my pale, peaked, little Boston waifs to Wacasset, when I hear a man's heavy step, and turn to behold my old friend, John Lancaster. It is the first time I have seen him since my arrival.

He gave a tug to his cap, and in response to my invitation, sits down near me, fingering his pipe.

"Well, John, still at your old post, I see," I said by way of preliminary, as John, sitting with his eyes turned toward the far horizon, did not seem ready with any remark.

"An' like to stay, Miss Grace, till one or the other o' us pegs out."

I looked at the staunch, weather-beaten light-house, standing like an impassive sentinel on the point beyond, and then at the keeper, grizzled and gray.

"You're thinkin' it's like to be me that tumbles first, Miss Grace. Your eyes tell what you're thinking about, same as they allus did."

"When Jack comes home from his trip and settles down into a landsman, he will be able to assist you. Those lamps, I know, make a great deal of work, and you are getting along in years, John, to be going up and down such steep flights of stairs every day. And the responsibility! think of it, in the terrible storms we have off the point."

I had been attending to my barnacles, and was not prepared for the change on the old man's face as I looked up, at these words spoken quietly, but with an effort.

"They haven't told you then—about—my—trouble?"

I saw it was indeed trouble. I shook my head, in silence.

The old keeper loosened his neck-handkerchief, and with his eyes fixed on one point afar out, told me regarding his trouble. It was about the only person in the world belonging to him,—his Jack.

I cannot write down the old man's story as he gave it, with choking pauses, broken words, and unfinished sentences, eloquent of his grief. The language was neither fine nor grammatical,—it might look poorly in print. You would not feel its pathos, for you did not sit beside the bowed figure of the roughly clothed, weather-beaten, old keeper, and feel your heart aching and your cheeks getting wet at the sound of his voice.

But briefly it was this:—

In one of the storms so prevalent there in late autumn, the boat Jack sailed in was driven on the rocks and went down in a terrible gale.

The Boston papers had given an account of the disaster, but I had seen no copy containing the names of the crew.

"There was no doubt that Jack had been aboard?" I ventured.

The old man shook his head; he had heard nothing since, not a word or "a bit o' writin'."

I said what I could of comfort, and came away, leaving the keeper sitting motionless in the bright sunshine, his eyes never wandering from that fixed, distant point.

"And oh, my poor Rose," I thought. As I glanced up to the brow of the hill I saw Rose. She was not alone. Her companion was a gentleman of about thirty-five years of age. He wore brown whiskers, English cut, and his clothes fitted well.

CHAPTER IV.

The little *Austice* threw space, and held out her fat arms knowingly whenever she saw me, which was not often of late, for the little house was overfull now that Dolly and Emmie were home for a holiday.

A vague, impalpable shadow had arisen between Rose and me, and though words never gave it substance, it was keenly felt.

Jack Lancaster had been always a great favorite of mine. I had been his trusted confidante, and felt (a foolish notion, possibly) as though responsible for Rose's constancy. So I felt vexed with Rose, that she should so soon be on with the new love, for Mr. Stanley Graham, her companion on the hill, was recognized now as "Rose Kent's city beau." Unjustly vexed, perhaps, for though Rose passively accepted his courteous attentions and companionship in her walks and rows, there was, at times, little of pleasure manifested in her sad eyes, and in her manner an entire absence of coquettish encouragement. Notwithstanding she was envied by every girl on the island, there was no assumption of such new dignity as would indicate the appreciation of her good fortune.

"She doesn't care two pins," was my indignant comment, and the shadow between us deepened. I went less and less frequently as days went by, and when I did stop a few moments, the terror of Mrs. Kent's monologues so jarred on my ears that the subsequent intervals between my calls were lengthened.

Yet I could scarcely bring myself to blame her. A hard-working, disappointed woman all her life, it was most natural that her motherly pride and ambition should desire this match for Rose, very strongly. Rose, too, saw, every hour in the day, innumerable ways in which this sacrifice of herself could brighten the dull horizon of the future for those dear ones in the poverty-pinched home.

Sheltered by high, semicircular rocks, I lounged one clear morning, on the yellow warm sands, just beyond the light-house point. I dreaded to open my magazine. Stanley Graham's bright cynical sketches therein had often proved amusing, but what if my beloved Wacasset was the theme this month of his ruthless pen, embellished, as I half suspected the article might be, with a pen-portrait of Rose, posed sensationally as "The Island Beauty?" The voice of the object of my meditation startled me. He and Rose were standing facing each other, near the water edge. Screened from their view by the high rocks, it seemed wiser to stay than go. He was paler, graver than usual. There had been something decisive between them. Rose kept her head bent down and away as they walked slowly up the sands toward my rocky nook.

"You are very good to ask me again, sir, when you know I can never care for any man as I did for—him," she said, without looking up. "They say some can love twice, but they're not such as me, sir," she continued in a low but earnest tone. "But if you feel the same, now you know how it is with me."

She hesitated, but raised her eyes bravely. He caught eagerly at the faint consent she gave.

"Rose, my own! Dearest! Am I selfish in being so glad? I found, in the few days I spent away from you last week, that my hopes of future happiness and contentment centred so entirely in you, that I cannot give you up. I wish, dear" (he presses the little brown hand tenderly), "that I could make you half understood how happy you have made me."

Not a suggestion of condescension in speech or tone, though he was so far above her in the social plane.

"He loves her truly," I said, relinquishing my prejudices as I caught a glimpse of his radiant face bent over Rose's lovely brown head. It was not his fault that he was not Jack.

CHAPTER V.

Rose came herself to tell me of her approaching wedding day. We sat in the bay-window of my little parlor, looking towards the sea. Old John walked slowly along the beach. Rose's eyes followed the old man's bent, mournful figure out of sight, and shortly after she laid her brown head down on my lap and cried as if her heart was indeed breaking. I stopped short in a little congratulatory speech I

was making,—and which had a formal sound in spite of me,—and wopt over her until my lids were swollen and my handkerchief a mere mop.

"Rose, Rose, this will never, never do I blamed you at first, dear, when I thought you had forgotten him, but now I know you were true as long as there was any hope, I do not. I understand just how and why you are going to marry Mr. Graham. Do not pain yourself by a single word of explanation. And"—I said the most comforting thing last, and was rewarded by seeing the convulsive sobbing which so distressed me cease—"I am very sure, if Jack knew all, he would not feel hard toward you; he would understand, just as I do, Rose."

The wedding was to be in the little village church, to gratify Mrs. Kent and enable all Wacasset to view the ceremony, for the interest in "the wedding" was universal and absorbing.

Preparations for the event went on in every household. Finery long folded from the light was brushed and aired. China crepe shawls brought from overseas by sailor husbands were carefully shaken out and laid ready to drape some anticipating matron's shoulders. Best coats and gowns of an archaic type were pressed out and refurbished, and the keeper of the "general store" was obliged to secure the doubtful assistance of the cobbler's boy, such was the demand for the vivid ribbons and primeval back combs on his shelves.

Rose moved about as one in a dream, white as a lily, with eyes that betokened sleepless nights. I was glad that Mr. Graham could not see her. He had gone to Boston for a few days, immediately previous to the wedding. The marvellous bridal dress and veil which had arrived during his absence had been exhibited by Mrs. Kent to the admiring, appraising eyes of every woman in Wacasset; but Rose, as she touched the snowy, shimmering heap, only shivered.

I was helping her dress the evening she was to be married. Mr. Graham had arrived, and had sent up a necklace composed of three strands of pearls for his bride's slender throat. I fastened them and gave her her bouquet. Regardless of her floating veil she threw her arms about my neck. I held her to me quietly, soothingly.

"It makes no difference now to Jack dear."

It may have been a cruel thing to say, but it seemed best.

"What if he isn't dead, Miss Grace?" She ventured the words as if afraid of the sound of her own trembling voice. "I have heard his voice in my ears all day."

It was too late for "what ifs" then, but as Rose, a half hour later, amid a breathless hush, stood with Stanley Graham before the white-haired clergyman, awaiting the words that would make them one, she heard old John's exultant voice ring out shrill and quavering,—

"Jack, my boy! Jack's here! he's come home."

There was a commotion near the door, and a tall, bronzed young sailor made his way forward.

With a cry from the depths of her heart, forgetful of all but that Jack stood looking at her with reproachful eyes, she swayed toward him, and fainted, all in her bridal white, in his arms.

"She was never mine. You are taking only what was always yours," said Stanley Graham; and so Jack took his place. As Graham kissed the bride's forehead I heard him murmur,—

"God bless you, and good-by, my only love!"

Ah! how my heart ached for him; and there were tears in Rose's eyes for a time after he went quietly away.

Jack's story is too long to tell here, but should you ever find Wacasset, there is small doubt of your hearing it, somewhat embellished, possibly, by the vivid Wacasset imagination.

Our Young Folks.

WILL VAN LEAF'S WATERMELON APOLOGY.

A Story for the Boys.

BY MARGARET HYTINOK.

"Talking about apologies," said Will Van Leaf, "did I ever tell you about my watermelon apology?"

"You never told me," replied Ned Morningstar. "You may have told some of the other fellows."

"Come to think, I might have known I hadn't," said Will, "cause I've only been back to school three days, and in those three days you fellows have scarcely given me a chance to get a 'word in edgeways,' as my grandmother says; you've had so much to say yourselves."

It was a fine day in October. School was just out and the boys were lingering on the school house steps. They had been listening attentively—with the exception of Will Van Leaf who listened impatiently—to something Frank Smith was telling them, when at last Will found an opportunity of introducing his story of the season. He had not returned to school until a month after the fall term began, and since his return, though he had been fairly inundated with accounts of summer vacation adventures and fun, he himself, to quote his own quotation, had scarcely "found a chance to get a word in edgeways." But now his chance came in this way: Frank Smith, describing a wonderful squirrel he had seen in the woods one day, declared that its tail was four feet long. "I refuse to believe it," said Ned Morningstar. "I never saw nor invented a squirrel with a tail longer than three feet and a half, and I'll bet I've seen and invented more squirrels than ever you have."

"Ah! ha! So you accuse me of falsehood," said Frank Smith, placing his hat on the extreme back of his head and throwing himself into a fighting attitude, "and that is something my proud spirit cannot and will not stand. So come on or make an apology."

Then it was that Will Van Leaf said: "Talking about apologies, did I ever tell you about my watermelon apology?" And receiving a unanimous negative, followed by a unanimous request to "go on," he went on: "Well, you know, our folks spent most of last summer at Uncle John's; he owns a big farm on Staten Island, and there was a lot of boys boarding up on the hill at Widow Pratt's, and of course I soon got acquainted with 'em. And didn't we have jolly times boating and swimming, and playing ball, and acting theatricals, all made up by ourselves; you bet!"

"Well, just half-way between Uncle John's and the boarding house was old Bartholomew's place. 'Old Bear' most everybody called him behind his back, 'cause he had such shaggy hair and eyebrows, and growled instead of speaking, and was so awfully ugly in every way. And he had the biggest watermelon patch for miles around. And one day three or four of the hill chaps and me—"

"And I," corrected Ned Rowe, called by his comrades "Grammar Ned." "Oh, bother!" said Will, "let me go on with my story in my own way, Grammar Ned: you can save up the mistakes and give 'em to me when I'm through," but he accepted the correction all the same.

"Well, three or four of the hill chaps and I were standing one morning peeping through the crack in the fence at Old Bear's watermelons, and oh! we did feel such a longing for 'em, they were so jolly ripe and fat, when along came 'Serious Dick.'"

"Who was Serious Dick?" asked Frank Smith.

"A fellow 'bout 16 years old, who worked for Uncle John, and always looked and talked as though he was preaching," explained Will. "Well, he came along and he stopped and peeped through the crack in the fence, too, and then he

says very solemn, 'Ain't them beauties!' Don't you correct again, Grammar Ned, Dick said 'them'—I didn't. 'Ain't them beauties,' says he, 'and there's a dozen of 'em so ripe they're ready to burst and ought to be picked this minute. They won't be no good in a day or two. And won't it be a sin and a shame to see 'em a-rotting, for Old Bear don't go to market till day after to-morrow, and he wouldn't give one away, no, nor sell one to anybody around here, no matter what happened. I say, boys,' says he, 'I wouldn't blame you a bit if you borrowed a few of them melons to-night. If you do, save me one, and I'll do as much for you some time or other,' and then he winked and walked off, looking as serious as ever. Well, that set the ball a-rolling, and we boys talked it over and agreed that it would be a shame to let such melons rot on the vines, and so that night we pried a board off the fence and crawled into the patch and borrowed a dozen of 'em. Eleven of 'em we ate on the spot, and the twelfth we saved for Serious Dick. I carried it home—pretty heavy it was too—and stowed it away in one corner of the barn under the hay. And the next afternoon—I didn't see him before 'cause he'd gone to New York with a load of cabbages—I saw Serious Dick going into the barn and I ran out and whispered to him, 'your melon's in there in one corner under the hay.' But Dick started back and rolled up his eyes, and acted as if he was half scared to death. And says he, 'Let it stay there. I wouldn't touch it for nothing.' 'Why, what's the matter?' says I. 'There's a dreadful row about them melons,' says Dick, speaking very slow and deep, 'a dreadful row. Old Bear's missed 'em and he swears they was the choicest of the lot, and he'd marked 'em himself 'cause they was to be sold this werry day for a dollar apiece. And he says, in langwidge it would make your blood run cold to hear, that he will find and punish the thieves if it costs him t-w-e-n-t-y dollars.' 'Good gracious!' says I, feeling myself turn white; 'how do you know?' 'Met the constable a-looking for 'em as I come along the road from York,' said Dick.

"Oh, dear, what shall we do?" says I. 'I haven't got a cent, and I don't believe the other fellows have either. If we had we might pay him for 'em; but we spent all our money last Saturday, 'cause we expected to go back to school again so soon.'

"Guess you won't go back to school for a week or two," says Dick, getting solemn and solemn every minute; "fraid you'll spend that much time in the lock-up." 'Is there no way of getting out of the scrape without my telling my mother about it?' says I. 'I don't want to tell her. She'd feel so awful bad—though she'd get me out of it somehow I know. Boys' mothers always do. You ought to help us,' says I, 'cause you were the first one to speak about taking the melons.'

"Speaking and taking's two different things," says he. 'But if you want my advice, I'm willing to give it to you. P'raps the old man isn't such a bear as he looks. Most folk's ain't 'zactly what they looks, and if I was you boys I'd go to him and make a handsome apology, and I shouldn't wonder if he let you off.'

"Well, I didn't stop for any more advice, but hurried as fast as I could to the house on the hill, where I knew the other fellows were at dinner, and I give one signal shout and pretty soon they came out with their mouths full. Hobe Berry, he had his pie in his hand, and he offered me a bite, but I didn't feel like pie just then—neither did he nor any of the rest of 'em when I told about the constable and the lock-up. They all looked as serious as Serious Dick then, and some of 'em were for saying right up and down that we hadn't been near the watermelon patch for weeks. But says I, 'I for one ain't going to tell any lies about it. We stole the watermelons and that's bad enough without lying about it, and I propose that we own up and make an apology to old—

I mean Mr. Bartholomew.' 'I second the motion,' Ted Higgins chips in. 'But who's going to do the talking? We can't speak all together like the chaps in the primary. 'I'll do it,' says I, 'for knowing Uncle John so long perhaps he'll take it better from me. And it had better be done at once. I saw the old man in the patch as I came along. So, fall in—right about face—march!'

"And off we marched brave enough until we came in sight of Old Bear and his men loading a big truck with melons for the market. Then our knees began to wobble, and Hobe Berry, he whispered, 'Let's cut and run.' But I kept right on and the rest followed until we stood in front of the old man, and I began: 'Mr. Bartholomew.' 'Hey!' he shouted so loud and fierce that I fell back on Ted Higgins' sore foot and he yelled fit to be heard a mile away, and I felt sorry I hadn't cut and run when Hobe Berry wanted me to, but it was too late then, so I went on: 'We boys are very sorry we took those watermelons last night, and we've come to ask you to forgive us, and let us pay for 'em as soon as we can.' 'Stole some of my watermelons did you?' says he when I was through. 'That's the first I knowed about it. But you've come just in time with your 'pology. Off with your jackets and help load up. That's the kind of pay I'll take.' And we did help load up until our arms and backs ached—oh! how they did ache—and I don't believe there was a tireder lot of fellows anywhere when old bear let us put our jackets on again. And after we'd put 'em on and was wiping the perspiration from our heated brows—that's like they say in printed stories—'long comes Serious Dick. 'I thought it would be all right,' says he, 'and so I ate the watermelon you kindly left for me, and I found it werry cool and refreshing.'"

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move!

I shrank!
From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.
How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

*Ten years ago the name of Lydia E. Pinkham was scarcely known outside of her native State. To-day it is a household word all over the Continent and many who read the secular and religious journals have become familiar with the face that shines on them with a modest confidence, in which we read the truth that "Nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

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Boys' Shirts and Drawers,

ALL SIZES, AND CHILDREN'S

COMBINATION SUITS,

PRICES LOW:

346 Yonge Street, Cor. Elm.

ONLY A DEAR LITTLE FLOWER.

Song and Chorus.

By FRANK HOWARD.

Andante con espressione.

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines. The tempo is marked 'Andante con espressione' and the dynamics are 'mf'.

1. On-ly a dear lit-tle flow-er,..... I treas-ure in mem-'ry of you;..... It brings back sweet mo-ments of
 2. On-ly a dear lit-tle flow-er,..... When sad and a-lone gives me cheer;..... What mat-ter tho' now it is

The first two lines of the song are set to music. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: '1. On-ly a dear lit-tle flow-er,..... I treas-ure in mem-'ry of you;..... It brings back sweet mo-ments of' and '2. On-ly a dear lit-tle flow-er,..... When sad and a-lone gives me cheer;..... What mat-ter tho' now it is'.

glad-ness,..... And whis-per of love fond and true. To - geth-er we roam'd in the
 fad - ed,..... To me it will ev - er be dear. When far, far a - way from you,

The third line of the song is set to music. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 'glad-ness,..... And whis-per of love fond and true. To - geth-er we roam'd in the' and 'fad - ed,..... To me it will ev - er be dear. When far, far a - way from you,'.

wood - land,..... And down by the brook's moss - y shore,..... We
 dar - ling,..... And long - ing your sweet face to see;..... It

The fourth line of the song is set to music. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 'wood - land,..... And down by the brook's moss - y shore,..... We' and 'dar - ling,..... And long - ing your sweet face to see;..... It'.

2

rall.

vow'd by this dear lit - tle flow - er,
fills me with hope for 'the mor - row,

To love and be true ev - er - more.
And tells that you're faith - ful to me.

colla voce.

CHORUS.

Air.

On - ly a dear lit - tle flow - er,

That tells of our love fond and true;

Oh,

Alto.

Tenor.

On - ly a dear lit - tle flow - er,

That tells of our love fond and true;

Oh,

Bass.

Pinno.

rall.

dear - ly this sweet lit - tle flow - er,

I cher - ish in mem - ry of you.

rall.

dear - ly this sweet lit - tle flow - er,

I cher - ish in mem - ry of you.

rall.

colla voce.

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OUR MOTTO:—Pay as you go, then you won't owe.

\$3 Eaton's have a handsome stock of ladies' cashmere Jerseys new goods, in black seal navy, grenat and myrtle.

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95c. Is the price at Eaton's for a first-rate quality in ladies' Canadian lambs-wool Vests; a big stock of ladies' underwear

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75c. Is the Price for Ladies' Black and Tan Undressed Kid Gloves. Every lady should see them

\$1 For a splendid line of extra long Tan-Colored Undressed Kid Gloves. Come and get a pair.

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\$40 Will buy you an exceedingly handsome black Otto man, silk cloth, trimmed with fur, plush, or fancy ornaments. A splendid variety to choose from.

\$5 And you can secure one of our black beaver cloth dolmans, trimmed in a variety of styles. These goods are much under the usual figure.

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50c. Ask to see Eaton's black cashmere at 50c. per yard; it is of very fine quality, beautiful shades of blue black, every piece warranted.

32¹/₂c. Is the first price of Eaton's Tapestry Carpets. You can see a large stock of Carpets in the leading makes of Hemp, Tapestry, Brussels, or All-Wool.

12¹/₂c. At Eaton's New Store a big pile of dress goods can be seen for 12¹/₂c. per yard. They have some useful lines in tweed, cloth and fancy materials, suitable for fall wear.

"POSTAGE NOT STATED."

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

I was tall, overgrown, awkward, and sixteen, with a pervading consciousness that my hands and feet were very large, and the added misery, in the case of the former members, that they were always red, and I never knew what to do with them when in company. I was making a visit at grandmother's delightful, old-fashioned country home, when one morning the dear old lady called me to her.

"Here is something for you, Jim," she said, "an invitation to a children's party at Mrs. Edwards."

"Children's party," I repeated, probably with a shade of scorn in my voice, as indicating that I was no longer to be placed in that juvenile category.

"Not children exactly," corrected grandma, with a smile at my masculine dignity. "Young people, I should have said. Mrs. Edwards' daughter Florence is fourteen, and Tom Byrne and all the boys young men, I should say, with a twinkle of amusement, "will be there."

I had sundry misgivings that I should not enjoy the party at all, being as yet very much afraid of girls, though beginning to admire them as mysterious and fascinating beings. However, I accepted the invitation, as I found that all the boys I knew were going, and the party was to be quite a "swell" affair for the village.

When the evening came it found me with the rest, seated in a large parlor, very unhappy because of my arms and hands, which would by no means arrange themselves in any graceful or becoming manner, and extremely bashful, but full of admiration for a lovely black-eyed girl about a year younger than myself, whom I knew to be Tom Byrne's sister.

She sat some distance from me, but she had given me a sweet smile when I first came in, and now from time to time cast glances at me which increased at once my bliss and my confusion.

Various games were suggested and played, but they were of a quiet character, such as "Twenty Questions," "Proverbs," etc., so that I had no opportunity of approaching any nearer to Mabel, who showed herself very brilliant in her questions and answers during the progress of these intellectual amusements.

Then somebody suggested that we should play Post Office.

"Post Office! what is that? how do you play it?" I whispered to Tom Byrne, my next neighbor.

"Don't you know how to play Post Office?" he asked with scorn of my ignorance. "Oh, well, I suppose you city fellows don't know anything."

"I never heard of this," I assented meekly.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is; a girl asks for a letter for some boy, and then you have to ask how much postage, and if she says one cent, you have to kiss her once."

"Oh!" said I.

"Yes," replied Tom, "and you kiss her twice for two cents, and three times for three cents. It's quite fun if it is a pretty girl," he added judiciously.

"I suppose so," I replied vaguely.

"But I forgot to tell you," he added, "if she says 'postage not stated,' then you kiss her as often as you like. Huh! they are going to begin."

To be sure, one of the oldest boys was appointed Postmaster, and one girl after another went out into the entry, each presently knocking at the door and asking for a letter, whereon the boy called for sheepishly followed her into the hall, and to judge from the sounds of screaming and scuffling which generally followed, paid his postage under considerable difficulties.

I watched the game in a state of bewilderment. What if a girl should call for me? But no one did and I was half disappointed, half relieved, that I

was exempt, when at last it was Mabel Byrne's turn to go out.

She left the room with a lovely blush on her beautiful face. The door was solemnly closed behind her, and then after a brief pause, there was a faint knock. The Postmaster opened the door a few inches.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"There is a letter here," she replied.

"For whom?"

"For Mr. James Hill."

"How much to pay?"

"Postage not stated," was the faint reply.

They all laughed loudly and looked at me, for that was my name. The blood rushed in crimson floods to my face. I got on my feet somehow, and with my heart torn between a wild desire to get into that hall and a wish to sink utterly away from human kind, I stumbled out of the room.

The door was closed behind me and I found myself almost in darkness, as the hall was but dimly lighted. I paused a moment, and then I heard a sound of quick breathing; another heart was beating as violently as my own. For once in my life I knew what to do with my arms. I caught hold of her. I scarcely know how. The darkness gave me courage and I held her in a close clasp, and pressed my lips to her cheek in three or four half-frightened kisses, before she could free herself from my embrace.

"There, there! Mr. Hill," she said, with a faint merry laugh, "don't be so bashful again. I'm sure your're bold enough now!"

"Have I paid my postage?" I stammered.

"Indeed, yes; enough and to spare. Come, let us go back to the parlor."

She led me in, a willing prisoner, and the rest of the evening I was her bond slave; her partner in all games, her companion in the dance, (wherein I excelled the country boys, and gloried in my accomplishment,) and, at last, crowning delight of the evening, her escort home.

This was all. The next day I returned to my home in the city, and Mabel Byrne became only a memory; strong at first, fainter as time went on, but sweet always. When I saw other girls I compared them mentally with the picture my imagination painted of Mabel, and they never seemed half so fair and sweet as she.

But then, I did not see many other girls. My bashfulness, instead of diminishing, seemed rather to increase upon me as the years went by. I avoided society, and was so much of a recluse from ladies that my mother was quite worried lest I should become a confirmed old bachelor. Perhaps one reason why I retained my diffidence was that my pursuits were among books, and not among people. I had made the science of geology my study, and at twenty-seven found myself in a comfortable position as assistant professor in one of our best colleges, the salary of which with my own income added, making me so far at ease that I resolved to devote my summer vacation to a tour in Europe.

Equipped with bag and hammer, August found me making a pedestrian tour of Switzerland, with a special view to the study of its glacial system and lithology. I avoided the well-travelled ways, thus escaping the society of all other tourists, and I was therefore utterly amazed when one evening, as I drew near the house which was my temporary abiding place, a tall form strode toward me out of the darkness and a hearty voice cried out.

"Jim! Jim Hill!"

"Who is it?" I replied with a half nervous start.

"Ah! I thought it was my old friend. Have you forgotten Tom Byrne?"

Of course not, for I had met him occasionally since we were boys, and I was heartily glad to see my former comrade, always one of the best of companions.

"I saw your name on the book at the Inn," he explained; "and was sure it must

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be you. At any rate I thought I would start out to meet you."

"But how came you here?" I enquired, "in this out of the way corner of the world."

"Because it is out of the way. Mabel and I are making a trip in search of the picturesque. You know she is quite an artist!"

So Mabel was with him. My heart gave a curious thump, and for a moment I could scarcely make a sensible reply.

"Yes," he went on, "she is so devoted to her art that it seems to quite absorb her life. She has not thought of marriage, and does not care in the least for the ordinary run of society. She will be glad to see you, though," he added consolingly, "as you are a man of science."

We walked back together to the little inn, and presently I was shaking hands with a beautiful and stately woman, whose bright, dark eyes flashed with the strange intensity and fire that I had never seen in any other eyes but those of Mabel Byrne.

She greeted me very cordially and after we three had taken an evening meal together, there followed a delightful evening in the little parlor that Tom and his sister had secured.

For once in my life I felt myself quite at ease in a lady's society. In the first place there was Tom to keep me in countenance by a predominance of my own sex in the company, then Mabel did not expect me to talk of airy nothings, that light foam of the social whirlpool which I had never yet been able to skim. She spoke first of my scientific pursuits, and showed so much knowledge of the subject that I really found myself talking with earnestness and enthusiasm of the formation of the country, and especially of the glacial system and the curious marks of its action borne by the specimens I had collected.

She in her turn contributed to the evening's interest by telling me of her work, and showing me her sketches, which were really of a very high order of artistic merit. There was no school-girl weakness in her handling of the brush, but a force and poetic thought that had won her already honorable recognition in the world of art.

"And you never heard of Mabel's paintings until now?" asked Tom.

"No," I confessed. "You know I have been quite absorbed in my special studies."

"Yes, and you have not seen Mabel for ever so long, have you?"

"No," I replied, "not since that summer ten years ago, when I was at my grandmother's."

"Jolly times we had, too," said Tom, reflectively. "Remember that party at Mrs. Edwards'?"

A sudden rush of blood to my face utterly confused me. I stammered a reply, and Tom, to my relief, went on with some rambling reminiscences. It was some seconds before I dared to look at Mabel. Surely she was blushing, too!

The next morning we all went on a trip up the slopes of the mountain. Mabel in short, gray suit, alpine hat, and stout boots; Tom carrying her drawing materials. Thus we made this, and many another delightful expedition.

Life took on new colors for me. There was a radiance and glory about it that I had never dreamed of before. Every day I found fresh reason for admiring my beautiful companion, and our walks through the deep valleys and up the rough mountain sides were to me like enchanted journeys through a realm of fairies. In this loveliest country in the world, with this most glorious woman by my side, I was, indeed, as one transfigured by the light of the grand passion that took possession of my soul.

At first I knew not what had befallen me. I thought only that my pleasure in Mabel's society sprang from a similarity of tastes and pursuits, and the charm of her conversation; but gradually I woke to the overwhelming fact that I loved her with the one great love of my life, that

seemed to me now to date from the days of long ago, to have been always with me, and to stretch out into the future to make it transcendently glorious, or a long despair.

And yet as soon as I had learned my own secret, my former bashfulness came back upon me with tenfold intensity, and I found myself often embarrassed in her presence, while at the thought of telling her my heart's story, though my brain was smitten with dazzling delight at the dream of successful wooing, yet I was so overwhelmed that utterance would, as I was sure, be an impossibility.

And Mabel? Her eyes were very kind to me. They turned to me with a softened castro that thrilled me with hope; and yet, if I attempted even a compliment, I blushed, floundered, and was lost.

One evening we were talking of all manner of subjects, grave and gay, and so strayed to marriage in general, and especially to the matrimonial lot of some of our old friends.

"You remember Boyd, don't you, Hill?" asked Tom.

"Tall, bashful fellow, like me?" I added.

"Yes," replied Tom, laughing. "He married Miss Cutting our former school teacher. I always thought she proposed to him."

"Sensible girl!" I exclaimed. "I think it is positively a woman's duty sometimes to help a man out. You remember that book of the late Dr. Horace Bushnell, published some years ago, called 'A Reform against Nature'?" In it he denounced the whole Woman's Rights movement, but maintained that every woman ought to have the right to propose marriage to the man she liked. I think he was scientifically correct."

I spoke with great eagerness, looking always at Tom; but at the last words my glance turned to Mabel, her eyes were fixed on mine, and the look I met there sent the blood to my heart with such a swift, tumultuous rush, that I grew faint with confusion, and presently rushed out of the room and to bed—though not to sleep.

The next day I went out in the afternoon by myself for a scramble through a damp and very rough gorge, where Tom and Mabel did not care to accompany me. I was half glad to be alone for I was nervous over my audacity of the night before; yet at the thought of Mabel's kindly eyes, so overwhelmed with blinding happiness, that I had to look many times at a bit of rock before I could see the strata that denoted glacial action.

It was late sunset when I reached the inn. The last rosy light was flushing the distant mountain peaks with that marvellous beauty which is one of the wondrous charms of Swiss scenery. I made my way without pause to Mabel's parlor, led thereby a force that seemed to draw me by a power beyond my control. The room was quite dark and she was alone. As I entered she came toward me, with a quantity of letters and papers in her hands.

"These came while you were away," she said.

Mechanically I took the papers. Among them there was a large package on which I dimly discerned the word "Due," followed by an illegible stamp.

"You have paid something on this," I said, "how much was it?" and looked up.

"Postage not stated," replied Mabel. Promptly, smilingly, she uttered the words. Then her dark eyes softened and faltered. The papers and letters were scattered over the floor. I had caught her in my arms with all the audacity that had been once before mine in my boyish days.

Only now as I pressed passionate kisses on her brow and lips, I found voice at last to utter the yearning that was consuming my heart. — *Vio Lewis Monthly.*

"BUCHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

Health Department.

Water as a Health Agent.

Without water in the living organism, motion would be impossible. The muscles, ligaments, cartilages, tendons, would be stiff, inelastic, immobile. The human skin is about one twenty-fifth part water; teeth, one-tenth water; bones, one-eighth; cartilage, one-half; muscle, three-fourths; brain and blood, four-fifths; bile, milk, and pancreatic juice, nine-tenths; urine, lymph, gastric juice, nine-tenths; while perspiration and saliva are only one-fortieth part solid matter. Water is not only a permanent constituent of all organisms, and of all substances that enter into the composition of the human organism, but, like all other materials of organization, it is being constantly changed. It has been calculated that a healthy adult man takes into his system about four-and-a-half pounds of water daily, and, of course, casts as much out. Much of it he takes in with the food he eats, some of it as a drink; while he casts out in the urine about two pounds, through the lungs one pound, and somewhat over a pound through the skin.

Pure water is that which contains no element save its own proper and unvarying constituents; but no water is perfectly pure. It is so powerful a solvent that it dissolves a little of nearly everything with which it comes in contact. But approximately pure water may be found, and it is very important for us that the purest shall be used.

The impurities found in water may be described as mineral, vegetable, and animal. The form of mineral impurity found in the water generally used is salts of lime, either carbonate or sulphate, making what is known as hard water. The proper test of hard water is soap. When soap comes in contact with the sulphate of lime, as in washing, it curdles, forming a new soap, which will not dissolve, and which is often seen floating on the surface in the form of a greasy scum. The better plan of testing water for lime is to "dissolve a little soap in alcohol, and place a few drops of it in the water to be examined. If it remains clear, the water is perfectly soft; if it becomes turbid or opaque, the water is ranked as hard."

The vast importance of using only soft water for cooking, drinking, and bathing can readily be seen. The lime in hard water injures its solvent properties, and hence it is not suitable for bathing. Hard water, nor any other containing impurities, should be used for cooking or drinking; because the impurities of whatsoever kind, are foreign and adventitious matters, that cannot be used in the vital processes, and hence only tend to obstruct and derange these processes, and to exhaust vital power in the attempt to cast them out. The kidneys are the organs that take up and cast out most of these mineral impurities. The lungs and skin carry off their water chiefly in the form of vapor, leaving their solid impurities behind. These solid impurities must be got rid of, and inasmuch as lungs and skin, and even bowels, will not dispose of them, the kidneys must. Hence the very serious tax on the kidneys wherever hard water

is in general use. It is not wonderful, therefore, that gravel, stone in the bladder, and many kidney difficulties should exist. Hard water is irritating to mucous surfaces, obstructing to circulating fluids, and for various reasons a common cause of bilious, dyspeptic, and nervous disorders; or if not an adequate cause, certainly an aid in their development.

Freckles can be removed according to Dr. J. V. Shoemaker, by the careful application of a little ointment of the oleate of copper at bed-time. He makes the ointment by dissolving the oleate of copper in sufficient oleo-palmitic acid to make a mass.

The Great Dr. Virchow

has resigned from the medical association of Berlin. He won't be forced to keep "his light under a bushel." He approves of advertising any remedy or combination that will cure, regardless of medical ethics. The surgeons of the International Throat and Lung Institute, head office London, England, and branch offices Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Detroit, Mich., using Dr. M. Souvielle's wonderful invention the Spirometer, are curing thousands of cases of bronchitis, consumption, catarrh, asthma and catarrhal deafness, and are making it known to physicians and sufferers all over the world. Physicians and sufferers are invited to call and try the Spirometer free. It is impossible to call personally write, enclosing stamp, for list of questions and copy of International News, published monthly. Address Dr. M. Souvielle & Co., 173 Church street, Toronto, or 13 Philips Square, Montreal.

An elastic stop, buoyant spirits, and clear complexions, are among the many desirable results of pure blood. The possessor of healthy blood has his faculties at command, and enjoys a clear quick perception, which is impossible when the blood is heavy and sluggish with impurities. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and vitalizer known.

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Seal saques are made to fit the figure closely.

Fur top boots are stylish for little girls and boys.

A new lace pin is in the form of a small green worm.

Polonaises are cut very long, both at the back and front.

Very dark red is the fashionable color for riding habits.

Forget me noes are the favorite flowers for corsage bouquets.

Black Russian lambskin will be much used to trim black jackets.

Pointed lace capotes will be the leading opera bonnets this year.

Veils of plain Brussels net are more fashionable than the dotted ones.

Cat-tail chenille fringe is used for trimming dresses, bonnets and wraps.

Four buttoned kid gloves, heavily stitched on the back, are worn again.

The Brighton is the name of the new short jacket designed for young ladies.

Fritz nets and nets for the back of the hair are studded with nidescent beads.

Highland kilts for small boys are made in velvet and plush as well as plaids.

Flat, crossway folds hanging like tucks on the skirt is one of the novelties from abroad.

The favorite hair-pins are gem-studded daggers or ornaments showing devices of heraldry.

Chenille caps for evening wear, reach to the waist and are to be seen in all the new shades.

Pigeon gray, sapphire blue, and all colors of red are the favorite colors for children's dresses.

White and cream-colored Jerseys, braided with gold or silver braid, are worn with evening costumes.

The new white camel's hair dresses for evening wear are embroidered in green leaves and white blossoms.

Velvet is much used as a trimming for wool dresses, and may be of the same shade as the dress material, or of contrasting color.

Jeweled headed pins, with very long points, are called Jersey pins, and are used in place of bowches or lace pins to fasten the collar and lace jabots.

Half sashes are made of wide velvet ribbon or of narrow satin ribbon of two shades, sewed in the seams on the side of the corsage and tied in a point in front.

Fine broadcloths, with closely woven surfaces, London cloths in herring-bone patterns, and irregular twilled cloths are used for the popular tailor-made costumes.

A COLLAPSE OF VITAL ENERGY in lung disease is greatly accelerated by the loss of flesh, strength, and appetite which invariably attends it. It is one of the chief recommendations of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, that by reason of the blood-enriching and nourishing properties of the last named ingredients, it renews failing strength by compensating for losses already sustained, while a healing and soothing influence is at the same time exerted upon the inflamed membranous lining of the throat, lungs and bronchiae, by the Cod Liver Oil. Digestion is stimulated and appetite improved; the nervous system requires tone and vigor, and the secretions undergo a healthy change when it is used. Purchasers should see that the bottle is sold at 50 cents and \$1.00 have the firm's name blown in them, and that the wrappers bear a facsimile of our signature. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.



FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1.—This dainty capote is of violet velvet, with a poke front of silver neck lace with velvet spots. The lace is plaited slightly in two rows. A large bow of velvet ribbon is fastened at the left side with a bird of paradise next the face. Strings of satin faced velvet ribbon tied under the chin in a large bow.

No. 2.—Poke bonnet of dark ruby velvet, tied under the chin with velvet ribbon strings. A bouquet of Judes tinted ostrich tips droop towards the front over the brim, which is faced with a shirring of Judes aurah.

No. 3.—Matador hat of black felt, faced

on the rolling brim with black velvet, and trimmed with a scarf of black velvet fastened in a bow on the left side of the front with a handsome gilt buckle. Seven short ostrich tips are bent over the brim all the way around on the right side.

No. 4.—A stylish walking hat of French gray felt bound with a ribbon of the same color. The soft brim is caught up at the right side and faced with velvet of a slightly darker shade. A band and bow of grey velvet trim the crown, and a fine cut steel buckle is fastened in the bow. Two long ostrich plumes of the lightest Judes tints droop over the right side.

No. 5. The becoming shape is a high, square crown of black velvet, and a shoving poke brim lined with shirred crimson surah, and covered with a fluted puff of black velvet. A large bright plumaged bird is placed on the left side toward the front, and the hat ties under the left ear with black Ottoman ribbon strings.

Stylish hats and bonnets are furnished through our Purchasing Agency for from \$3 upward, according to the materials. In an order, it is always best to state complexion, color of hair and eyes, the purpose for which the hat is to be used, and any preference in regard to color, etc.

Our 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.

A wife is called a better half because a man had better half her than not half her.

Scirio, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

I am the pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

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Bicycle Department.

Toronto Bicycle Club Races.

The Toronto Bicycle Club held their Second Annual Races on the new "Athletic Grounds," Rosedale, on the 20th inst. The weather was unfavorable, the day cloudy and the air raw and cold, and the attendance was not as large as had been anticipated; nevertheless, about 700 people assembled—many being friends of members of the Club, while a number were attracted by such names as Ross, Doolittle, and Westbrook appearing in the list of entries.

The Committee had put on the programme the hour at which each race was to be started, and set a good example to the managers of sports, and to clubs generally, by adhering to the advertised time at the commencement and throughout the afternoon.

Nearly all the entries were well contested, and the success of this, the first purely bicycle race meeting in Toronto, was undoubted, and if the financial aspect does not show a gratifying result, the Committee can congratulate themselves on this attempt in every other way, and take courage at the interest shown in this, to the public, comparatively new sport, and we prophesy for future meetings a large gathering of spectators, and what is essential—for we take it that while events of this kind are not undertaken with a view to the receipts, the money question is necessarily present, at least to the point of covering expenses—success from a monetary standpoint.

Following is the prize list:
 Slow race—1st, C. Blackford.
 One mile, open—1st, gold medal, W. G. Ross; 2nd, silver medal, F. Westbrook. Time, 3:29.

One mile, (junior) club—1st, W. H. Brown; 2nd, F. Boustead. Time, 4:35.

Three mile handicap, open—1st, F. Westbrook. Time, 10:55.

One mile (club), non-prizemen—1st, F. Webster; 2nd, E. B. Froland. Time, 4:05.

Two mile club championship—Club trophy, value \$30, and silver medal, P. E. Doolittle. Time, 8:09.

Half-mile combination race, club—1st, T. Blackford; 2nd, H. Kyrie. Time, 3:02.

Five mile, open—1st, gold medal, W. G. Ross, 2nd, gold and silver medal, P. E. Doolittle; 3rd, silver medal, J. Craib. Time, 20:54.

Two mile (club) open to those who never won a first prize—1st, A. J. Boyd, 2nd, H. Kyrie. Time, 8:54.

Half-mile hurdle race, open—1st, F. Westbrook; 2nd, F. J. Campbell; 3rd, T. Blackford. Time, 3:15.

On Thursday of last week Messrs. R. McKee and F. Foster, of the Wanders club, rode to Oshawa and return. The roads were very bad, and in some places almost unrideable. All the hills, except the well known Highland Creek hill, were successfully climbed. They left the Don bridge at 7 a.m., and reached Oshawa in 2 hours and 45 minutes, including stoppages. This probably is the fastest time which has been made on a bicycle between those two places. Dinner was had at Oshawa, and the city was reached at 5 p.m., after a ride of 68 miles.

THE FACE WEALS A YELLOWISH HUE, pimples appear upon it, sick headaches, vertigo, morning nausea, and pains in back, side and shoulder blade, are experienced when bile enters the system and poisons the blood. Expel it from the circulation, and direct it into its natural channel, the bowels, with N. Thompson & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Great Blood Purifier, which has widely superseded mineral drugs having a dangerous reaction. Indigestion, Constipation, Impairment of the Blood, and Kidney Complaints are entirely overcome by its use.

Therms Myers, Braebridge, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I feel. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of cough, cold, sore throat, &c., immediate relief has been received by those who use it."

"Why would you dislike to be an auctioneer?" asked Ralph. "Because his profession is for-bidding," replied Will.

The Tower of London.

Some curious ceremonies are still kept up in the tower of London. That of locking up the tower at night is the most ancient, and certainly the most stately one. A few minutes before the clock strikes eleven, the porter, with an attendant, appears before the main guard-house, carrying a lantern, and calls out "Escort Keys." The guard, supplied always from the Queen's Household Troops, then turns out and escorts "Keys" to the outer gate, called the "Spur," each sentry challenging as they pass his post, "Who goes there?" "Keys." After the gates are securely locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation as before. When they come in front of the main guard-house the sentry stationed there gives a loud stamp on the ground with his foot and demands, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Pass, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The porter then calls out, "God bless Queen Victoria!" to which the main guard responds, "Amen." The guard then presents arms, the officer kisses the hilt of his sword, and the keys are deposited in the lieutenant's lodging. After this all ingress and egress is impossible.

A Human Ostrich.

Elmore Beach, aged ten and a half, died recently from the enlargement of the abdomen. An autopsy showed that the small intestines were obstructed with twenty large seeds of daisies, a copper cent, a nickel, a tooth, two buttons, and other indigestible articles, which were taken from them. The liver was swelled to such a size that it took the place of the lungs, and nearly everything else. One of the kidneys was greatly displaced. The doctors say this case is very remarkable. The mother states that some time ago the boy vomited a large worm which had protuberances like a horn and legs. He also vomited orange seeds that were in the stomach so long that they had sprouted.

Where to see the Great Trotters New York.

(Cincinnati Times-Star.)
 No two men in America have had more experience with fine trotting stock, and none are better judges than Calvin M. Pricat, of the New York Club Stables, 28th street near Fifth avenue and Dan Maco of the Excelsior Stables, West 29th street, New York, the champion double-team driver of the United States. Both of these gentlemen say, that for painful ailments in horses, such as cuts, bruises, swellings, lameness, stiffness, St. Jacob's Oil is superior to anything they have ever used or heard of. This is also the opinion of Prof. David Robarge, the celebrated horse shoer of the metropolis, and thousands of stock-owners throughout the country. As a pain-cure for man and beast St. Jacob's Oil has no equal. Mr. Priest recites the case of a valuable trotter, so stiff from rheumatism, that he could not move an inch. By one, thorough application of St. Jacob's Oil at night, the animal was completely cured, and was fit for the race-track the next day.

Seated upon the hearse with the driver in a Philadelphia Chinese funeral procession was an official who carried an immense banner, which he now and then waved as a warning to the demons to keep a respectable distance from the coffin. Another man flung abroad strips of paper written over with mystic puzzles, intended to excite the curiosity of the demons, and keep them so busy with picking them up and trying to read them that they would forget what they came for, and let the sleeper in the coffin alone. On arriving at the open grave the bearer of the banner waved it vigorously to keep the demons back while the grave was filled.

The use of Pills, Salts, Castor Oil &c. and other nauseous, griping Cathartics is unnecessary, as a pleasant substitute is found in Dr. Carson's Bitters, which act as a Cathartic without griping or causing nausea. All druggists sell it. 50 cents a Bottle.

Imported Jerseys have sash backs.

Plain Russia.

Russia is so destitute of striking geographical features that there would seem to be no reason why a great city should spring up at one spot rather than at another. For hundreds, nay, for thousands of miles together it is one dead level, one vast over-extending plain, bounded only by the horizon, which it seems to cut in a straight line, as in the contact between sky and ocean. The sun sets behind this level expanse as it does at sea. Look over the intervening space into the far distance and the illusion is complete. You might fancy yourself in the midst of the Atlantic in a calm. Even the Ural Mountains are said to be a geographical imposture. There is a general elevation of the surface of the country, but no breach of continuity, no vast or even perceptible upstepping. In such a country a little hill has its value, and the Kremlin is a little hill thrown up on the serpentine and picturesque but shallow Moskwa. The spot has also the political recommendation of being situated as nearly as possible in the centre of old Russia—that is, of Russia as it was before its enormous extension eastward.

A Murderous Lover.

A romantic story comes from Lima. Fifteen years ago Miss Carmen Vidaurro, daughter of the Supreme Court Judge, was a reigning belle in that city, whose hand young Zavallos, son of the Peruvian Minister to France, sought in marriage. Her father frowned on his suit, and in the meantime an Ecuadorian, of good family fell in love with her, and, not venturing to declare his passion at first, knowing her affections to be engaged, obtained employment in her father's house in the guise of a butler. When he afterwards declared his love he was promptly dismissed. Two or three days after he stabbed her a dozen times and left her senseless upon the street. She recovered and her assailant was sent to prison for fifteen years. Zavallos married her and became a leading lawyer of Lima. The prisoner will be released next month, and has declared that his sufferings must be avenged by the death of his former love and of her husband. Terrified by his threat, the affrighted wife and husband have sought safety by flight to Paris in a steamer that left a few days since.

A New Planet.

From certain perturbations in the orbit of Mercury, astronomers have been led to suspect that there was a planet near the sun the elements of which had not yet been calculated. One of the French astronomers who observed the recent eclipse of the sun in the South Pacific Ocean, declares that he saw Vulcan, as this new body is called; but this discovery is not confirmed by the other astronomers. Vulcan cannot amount to much as a globe, nor is there the slightest probability that any form of life can exist upon its surface. Were a sensitive being to be born on that orb, the sun would make it "too hot" for him to live. It will be over a hundred years before any eclipse takes place by which the alleged discovery of the French astronomer can be verified.

MOTHER SWANS' WORM SYRUP.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25 cents.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

OWING to the great increase in our business and the many requests of our lady patrons, we have opened an office at 120 King St. East, two doors east of the English Cathedral. We have also secured the services of Dr. Strangways, who has for seven years made a special study of diseases of the Liver, Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys and the disease peculiar to the ladies. Dr. Strangways will give free consultations to all parties calling, whether they purchase our remedies or not. He will also explain to inquirers the principle on which our remedies are founded, and how it is that they make so many wonderful cures, even where the best physicians failed. Don't forget that at our retail office you will find the clearest physician in Toronto to give advice and tell you how to cure yourself and avoid ever being sick.

Correspondence invited.

Address

NOTMAN PAD CO.

120 King St., East, Toronto.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for "Vell's" "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

M. C. Quelin, the celebrated French actor is making notes now and then for his promised book on Gaiety. He intends to dwell more particularly on Gaiety's usual gifts as a critic of art and of literature. The book, when it does appear, will not be large. M. C. Quelin has now in press a lecture on "L'Art de dire le Monologue," in which he discusses the question as to the proper delivery of verse on the stage.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blisters, Sores, Itch, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years."
 W. H. MOORE.

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR A NEW DISCOVERY.

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

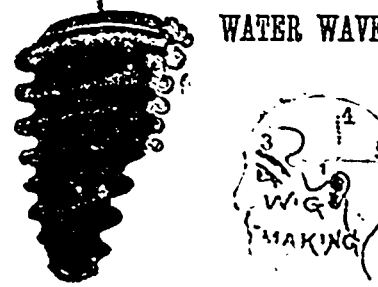
But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. It will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded, that it is impossible for it to become rancid. BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

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

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

NO SHAM, BUT REAL WATER WAVES.



Copyright secured. (Copyright applied for.) 20,000 sold since I first introduced them. No Designs, Fresh Stock, No Old Trash. The only Fashionable Hair Store in Toronto. W. Switchee, Coquette, Bang Nets, Connex Nets, Golden Hair Wash, Novelties in Hair Ornaments, &c. Wholesale and retail at the Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge Street, between King and Adelaide Streets. **ADOREN WILKINSON**

Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't just know what is the matter, but they have a combination of aches and pains, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, biliousness, intermittent fevers &c.

Office of Edward Elliott,
Wholesale and Retail Grocer,
Cor. Henry and LaGauchetiere Sts.
Montreal, Nov. 7th 1887.

I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite and am much better in every way.

EDWARD ELLIOTT.

SULPHUR AND IRON BITTERS is not a drink and does not contain whisky. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Sold by all dealers. Price 50c.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases.

J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Just now Henry Irving is an object of interest in New York, and doubtless to many here who look forward with pleasure to his visit to this city during the present season. Few actors have been the subject of so much fulsome adulation and ridiculous disparagement; and while we are all, doubtless, willing to wait to form our own individual opinion of the man and the actor, it may not be uninteresting to read somewhat of what other people have to say of him. In *Lippincott's Magazine* for November is a timely "Sketch and Criticism" of Henry Irving by the Rev. Robert Laird Collier, which will be found interesting reading just now, when the American press is discoursing the merits and mannerisms of the man who has worked so remarkable a revolution in things theatrical in London. Speaking of the methods of work adopted by Irving Mr. Collier says: "He re-studies and re-reads his parts. He in no instance so illustrates the beauty of his genius—the moral beauty of his genius—as in the readiness with which he alters and modifies his intellectual conception of his characters as well as the least detail of outward appointment." "The secret of Mr. Irving's power," says our author—"for secret it is—is a hidden mystery." His faults are palpable and ever present, indeed one must shut one's eyes and ears to them. It is necessary to forgive them even before they are committed, and afterwards not only to forgive seven times but seventy times seven.

Mr. Irving has the spell-binding power of an enormous personality. One feels his presence. No sooner does he put his foot on the boards than his audience know—not through his speech or his action, but through this 'hidden mystery' of personality—that they are the spell-bound captives of an exceptional, indeed unique, histrionic power." Of the much talked of mannerisms of gait and speech, says our author: "These stage peculiarities characterize both his walking and his speaking. Mr. Irving strides the stage at times with a rigidity that seems artificial, and his speaking is not unfrequently absolutely indistinct. He occasionally recites passages in a sort of rhythm which his own ears seem to mistake for emphasis, and in certain cadences of voice not only words but entire sentences are unintelligible to the audience. However, these mannerisms do not make Mr. Irving a great actor, and happily they do not intrinsically mar Mr. Irving's great acting."

In the *Century* for November there is also a sketch of another "footlight favorite"—the famous actress Mme Modjeska, who has acquired so permanent a reputation and grown so constantly in public favor. The author—J Ranken Towse—thinks that "her greatest strength lies in the direction of pure comedy, and that she imposes too great a strain upon her physical strength, and exceeds the limits of her inspiration in simulating the stormy passions of tragedy, or even the emotional throes of the modern lachrymose drama. She can portray *haineur*, anger, or scorn, but not the frenzy of either rage or despair; she can be infinitely tender and exquisitely pathetic, but the agony of a great nature is beyond her grasp. She can alleviate the pangs of suppressed sorrow with admirable and touching truthfulness, but the full expression of tragic grief or horror is not within her range." This will, we think, be accepted by those of our readers who have witnessed the gifted actress' imperfections, as a just criticism of her power. "She is," says our author, "undoubtedly advancing in artistic growth. She is, and long has been, entitled to a place in the front ranks of living players, but it is not easy to determine her exact position. Whether Modjeska has genius or not is a question which the reader may decide in his own way, according to his own definition of that much abused term. She has at least the power of infusing life into her creations, and of exciting sympathy in their behalf,

which is to create an illusion and to fulfil the principal aim of the actor."

Just now American actresses and American plays seem to be all the rage in London. Mary Anderson, Minnie Palmer, Lillian Russell, all have had the London cookneys—and London fashionables—at their feet; and now comes the news of the instantaneous success in London of Mrs. Burnet's charming little idyl, "Esmeralda," which was placed on the stage in an admirable manner, and acted in a manner that left nothing to be desired. The *Times* calls it "a simple, truthful picture of American life, truthful at least in essentials if not in detail," and thinks that the play, "with many faults, possesses a distinct value, and must be assigned in that respect to a higher rank than any recent production of the English stage."

The variety stage may not be the most elevating form of the modern drama, but there can be no doubt it is a very popular form, and many a now famous actor and actress has graduated therefrom with honors. And as a little noisiness is now and then relished by even the wisest, the variety artist is by no means to be despised as a caterer to our amusements. To criticize so varied and lengthy a programme as that now being presented at the Grand would be impossible. Suffice it to say that if we have seen very much better performances of a similar nature, we have also endured very much worse—and survived to tell the story.

The Adelaide Street Rink is more than crowded day after day and night after night to witness the performance of Jacob's Novelty Company. Just now the wild Zulus are decidedly the attraction, but they are not all that is worth going to see. Mr. Jacob is to be congratulated on the success attending his efforts to place before the public really innocent amusement at a figure which is within the means of all.

Mr. Edward Fisher, the popular conductor of the Toronto Choral Society, has been appointed to a similar position in a similar musical organization in Guelph. We congratulate the former on this evidence of the appreciation in which he is held, and the latter on having secured the services of so able and gentlemanly a conductor.

A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DISEASE.—A fruiting indiscretion in diet may lay the foundation of confirmed dyspepsia, and there is no fact in Medical Science more positively ascertained or more authoritatively asserted than that dyspepsia is the parent of a host of bodily ills, not the least of which is contamination of the blood and the maladies of which that is the direct consequence. Their original cause is, however, thoroughly eradicated from the system by NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CORE, a medicine which only requires regularity and persistence in its use to cure dyspepsia and the many ills that arise from it. No deleterious mineral ingredient is contained in it, and though its action is thorough in cases of costiveness, it never produces griping pains in the abdominal region, or weakens the bowels like a violent purgative. It invigorates the system through the medium of the increased digestive and assimilative activity which it promotes, and is also a most efficient remedy for kidney complaints, catarrhs, and all diseases of the blood, female weakness, &c., &c. Price \$1.00. Sample Bottle 10 cents. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CORE. The wrapper bears a *fac simile* of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Jones & Johnston of Charlotte, N. C., are settling the estate of McWilson Miller, who died in Mecklenburg county, leaving \$1,500 in personal property and 200 acres of land. He was a bachelor, and made no will. He had eleven brothers and sisters, only one of whom is living. Their descendants, who are scattered throughout the Southern States, number 150. The arithmetical problem in Charlotte is, How much will each of the 150 get after all the legal expenses have been paid?

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters, as it is not a whisky drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone-set tea, that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right, try Hop Bitters.—*Nunda News*,

Mr. Peter Vermett, Hochelaga, P. Q., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured me of Rheumatism after I tried many medicines to no purpose. It is a good medicine." Just think of it—you can relieve the twinges of rheumatism, or the most painful attack of neuralgia—you can check a cough, and heal bruised or broken skin, with a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, costing only 25 cents.



Prepared for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Women. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of humors from the blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man, woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 23 and 25 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.



PIANOFORTE TUNING & REPAIRING.—R. H. DALTON, 211 Queen Street West. Leave orders personally or by post card.

FOR WRIGHT'S IMPROVED PILLOW—Sham Holder call on or address MISS HENDERSON 80 Maitland St., Toronto.

THE KING OF ALL

THE LIGHT-RUNNING

"NEW HOME"

Sewing Machine.

It surpasses all others for Simplicity, Durability, Reliability, and Beauty. And is unequalled for Ease of Management and Capacity for Wide Range of Work. The Light-Running "New Home" uses a straight, self-setting needle, and makes the double thread "Lockstitch." It is adapted to every variety of sewing, from the lightest muslin to the heaviest cloths or leather, and will do a greater range of work than any other machine. The Light-Running "New Home" never gets out of order and will last a lifetime.

Every Machine warranted for 5 years.

FOR SALE BY

C. GENTLEMAN,
545 QUEEN ST., WEST.

Throat, Bronchitis, and Lung Diseases. A speciality. Send two stamps for large treatise giving full treatment. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

Cork-Lather, which is water-proof and very elastic, is cork powder consolidated with India rubber.

Two-Thirds of a Bottle Cures. Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I have been taken your "Favorite Prescription" for "female weakness." Before I had taken it two days I began to feel stronger. I have taken but two thirds of a bottle and believe I am cured.

Gratefully Mrs. H. C. LOVETT, Watka, Ill. The following cement is less expensive than that made with red lead, one part of manganese ore, one part of white p pccalay mixed with linseed-oil-varnish, or two parts of red lead, five parts of white lead, and four parts of pipe clay, mixed with linseed-oil-varnish.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or antibilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

An excellent stain for giving light colored wood the appearance of black walnut may be made and applied as follows: Take Brunswick black, thin it down with turpentine until it is about the right tone and color, and then add about one-twentieth its bulk of varnish. This mixture, it is said, will dry hard and take varnish well.

THE BEST DRAFT HORSE—M. Newgas, one of the principal extensive horse dealers of Chicago, says as follows of the grade Percheron Normans: "Of draft horses I handle more Normans than any other breed. They are more enduring, have better feet, are finer built, more attractive, and are true to work. They are broken before they are ever harnessed. They will sell in New York, conditions being equal, for from \$50 to \$75 more than a C yde-sale. I advise farmers to breed their mares to Percheron-Norman horses in preference to any other breed."—Chicago Tribune. About 1,400 Percheron-Norman horses have been imported from France by M. W. Lunham, of Wayne, Ill., 390 of which the present season.

When you have the wood work in a room painted, it is a good plan to have about two inches of the floor painted also; have the paint the same color as that of the base-board; then if, when changing carpets, the carpet will not come close to the wall, the little space left will not be so unsightly.

Important When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Oil cloth may be kept bright when almost worn out if, after washing it, you take a flannel cloth and dip a corner of it in kerosene, and rub the oil-cloth with it. Of course a very little oil goes a great way and care must be taken not to use too much.

The most incredulous are forced to admit that for perfection in colors the Triangle Dyes have no equal. Ask for three cornered package, and see that you get it. 10 cents.

They all tell the same story. Mr. W. Thompson, Jeweller, Delhi, suffered for years from Dyspepsia, got no relief until he used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. He says "it was just the medicine I needed. It has cured me."

Following the erection of a memorial to F. d'ing at Taunton, a monument is to be erected to Samuel Johnson at Lichfield to mark the centenary of his death, which took place on Dec. 13, 1784. Whatever variety of opinion there may be about the literary works of the great Cham of Literature, he deserves a memorial as a great moralist and a good man.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto, Canada.

The first librarian of the Free Library of Manchester England, whose labors extend over half a century, Mr. Edward Edwards, has had a civil list pension of four hundred dollars given him by Mr. Gladstone.

As English and Americans begin always in a settlement with a public house, a church, and a prison, the French always begin with a cafe, and Honkong already boasts one. It is the central feature of the place, and the Tonginese waitresses have already learned to gabble bad French, and assume the coquettish air and gait of Parisian dressier attendants.

"A. P." 148



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

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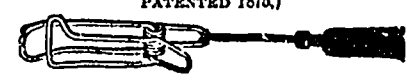
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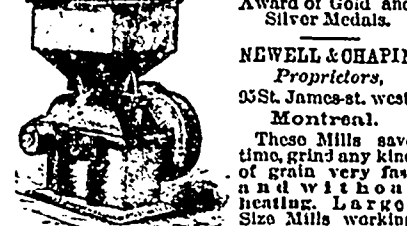
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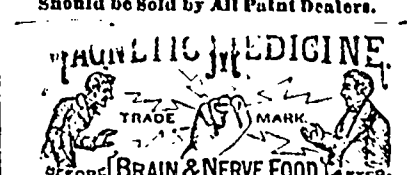
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And her father, careful for her future, had commenced the operation of banding her feet to secure that degree of stumpyness dear to Celestial eyes. The District Attorney has commenced proceedings against parent Hi Loy for cruelty to his daughter, and as the Six Companies are defending the case it will likely be carried before the Supreme Court, and it is possible that nine robed justices will gravely sit in judgment to decide, if an American woman can confine, compress and lessen her daughter's waist by an ingenious instrument known as a corset, whether foot cramping by the Chinese is not an inalienable right guaranteed by the Constitution of the great and glorious Republic across the line.

A Knotty Question.

This is the question that troubles a French Justice of the peace. A drover and a butcher in the market adjusting their accounts went to a tavern to drink together. During the meal the butcher took from his pocket a bank note of 100 francs value, wherewith to pay the drover, but in handing it over let it fall in a dish of gravy. He snatched it out, and, holding it between a thumb and forefinger, waved it to and fro to dry it. The drover's dog accepting this movement as a friendly invitation, and, liking the smell of the saturated note, made a spring at it and swallowed it. The butcher was furious. "Give me my money," he demanded, "Kill the dog and open him." "Not by a blanked sight," replied the drover: "my dog is worth more than 100 francs." "Then I owe you nothing. Your dog has collected for you before witness." "My dog is not my cashier. And besides, where is your receipt?" "The Justice will have to settle this." "Let him." And now for weeks the Justice has vainly been seeking law or precedent for such a case, and the townsmen have been on the verge of a riot over it again and again.

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Wm. Magarth. J. N. Sutherland, St. Catharines. Mr. Delaunay, a scientist, predicted, in a memoir presented to the French Academy of Sciences in 1881, the catastrophe at Java, making a mistake of only two days. In the same paper he stated that another and more terrific convulsion will occur in the same place in 1886.

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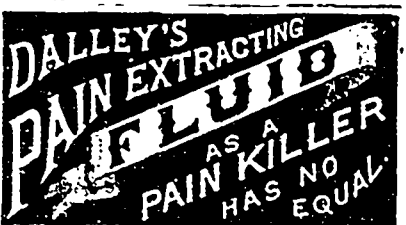
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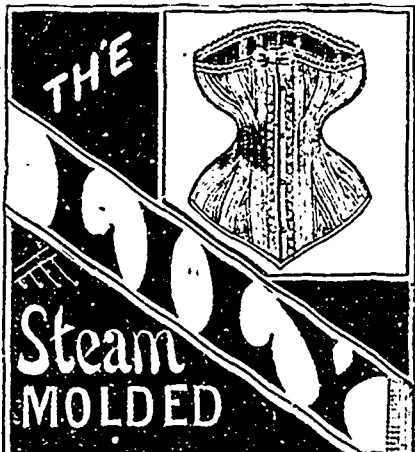
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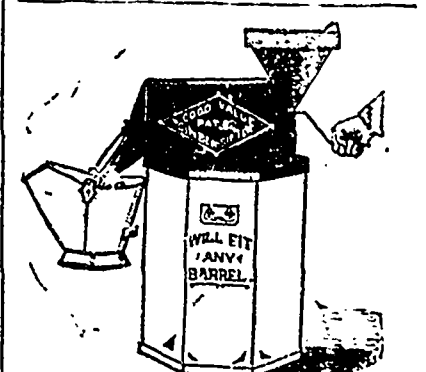
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Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapids Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening &c., of the channel of the upper entrance of the Gallops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapids Plat Canal, together with the plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A map, plans, and specification of the works to be done at the head of the Gallops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock-keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of *Five Thousand Dollars* must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited in the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The envelope thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not however bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order
A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.
D. P. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 25th Sept., 1883.

PETLEYS' CARDINAL POINTS

—: GREAT :—

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Ladies' Cloth Dolmans, handsomely trimmed, only \$3, at

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Ladies' Cloth Ulsters in all the newest shades, only \$3.25 and up, at

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Ladies' Rubber Circulars, all sizes, only \$1.25 up, at and

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Rubber Cloaks, only \$1.25 and up, at

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Fine Wool Hose in Grey, Brown, White, Black, Blue, and Cardinal, only 10c. per pair and up, at

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Warm Underskirts at 25, 35, 45c. and up, at

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Fine All-Wool Hose only 25c. per pair and up, at

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LADIES'

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Fine All-Wool Canadian Blankets at \$2, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3 per pair and up, at

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The Leading "One Price" Dry Goods, Carpet, and Clothing House,

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Heavy Warm Comforters, "Handsome Patterns," retail at lowest wholesale figures, at

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In Fine Silk Finish, Blue-Black, at 25, 35, 45, 55, 65, 75c. and up, at

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In Blue, Seal, Navy, Peacock, Myrtle, Bronze, Grenat, and Cardinal, at 50c., 75c., and \$1 per yard, at

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We are showing Satins in all the leading colors at 25c., 50c., 75c., per yard and up, at

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Tapestry Carpets in all the newest designs, at 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65c., and up, at

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Brussels Carpets at 75c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10 per yard and up, at

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The Choicest Stock of Best Quality Brussels Carpets in Toronto, Retail at Wholesale Prices at

CARDINAL POINTS

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Visitors are always welcome, and are treated with the same deference as customers, for two reasons. First, we are proud of our establishment, and have pleasure in showing the elegant and useful specimens of artistic skill that we have gathered from the foremost manufacturers of Europe and America in our line, and secondly, because the visitor, some day, sooner or later, will want a watch, clock, jewel or piece of silver and will then remember us. This may seem a selfish reason, but it is the same with all men in business, only some dare not tell it. We spend a good deal of money every year inviting the public to visit our store, and we mean just what we say. Now take us at our word and come. If you see anything you like we will gladly tell you the price and sell it to you if the price suits you; but in no case will you be importuned to buy anything.

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