

TRUTH

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TRUTH.

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TORONTO, ONT., JUNE 28, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 508.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS

A few days ago those London papers which are supposed to voice the sentiments of the British Government on national and international questions, contained editorial references strongly condemning the policy of the United States Government in relation to the Behring Sea difficulty. The London Times declares, "that the order to despatch American cruisers to Behring Sea smacks too much of the methods of the first Napoleon in dealing with weak statesmen and that if the order is executed British men-of-war must follow. We can only imagine," the Times continues, "that pressure from Irish-Americans has induced Mr. Blaine to withdraw from his apparent desire for a diplomatic settlement. We believe England will agree to a close time for seals in the open sea, but such an arrangement must be international and cannot be imposed upon the world by American gun-boats at the bidding of Mr. Blaine." These strictures have led the American press to come to the defence of their government's action. Foremost among the apologists is the New York Sun. Its defence, which, perhaps, is as strong as can be made, contains nothing particularly new as compared with apologies previously made. The old argument of "necessity in the interest of mankind generally, and of Britain and the United States in particular" is again set up. It says:—"The history of seal hunting shows that indiscriminate slaughter of the animals has always been followed by their practical extermination, even where they have been as numerous as they now are around the Pribylov Islands. Such a result is against the interests of mankind, and even particularly against the interest of Great Britain, because she derives a large income from these very Alaska furs, which are sent to London for preparation and sale." The Sun scouts the idea of any resort to force on the part of Great Britain, and contends that should the British government undertake to forcibly destroy the system of protection which has been exercised for the past twenty years, while the two countries are trying to negotiate a settlement of the controversy, it would be acting the part of an aggressor. It claims that the condition of things in Behring sea is virtually the same as on the Atlantic coast, save that the position of the parties concerned is reversed: that there the American fishermen claim certain rights which the Dominion Government refuses to concede, and the result is a diplomatic negotiation between Washington and London. All this has been urged before and the analogy as often shown to be fallacious.

But the chief interest of the Sun's article centres in the candor and clearness with which it states the ground upon which the government at Washington bases its action. "Our government," it asserts "is not using its power to maintain an exclusive jurisdiction over the eastern half of Behring Sea. What it is really protecting is not the ownership of this vast marine area, but its right in the herd of seals that frequent a couple of islands in that sea, which islands are unquestionably its property. Had not these islands of St. Paul and St. George been for generations

the resort of those millions of seals, they would have practically no value whatever. But as seal rookeries they formed a very large part of the estimated value of Alaska when that Territory was purchased by our Government. It was then urged, and it proved to be true, by purchasing the rights over these Pribylov Islands and the Pribylov seal herd, the Government could lease the islands and the right of taking the annual increase of the seals for money enough to represent a fair interest on the price paid for Alaska. But the islands without the seals would become absolutely worthless; and yet the testimony of experts is that if poachers are permitted to attack the seals with firearms as they annually go to and from the islands, the herd will either be exterminated or will be driven away, and probably to islands which do not belong to the United States. The only other existing resort of the fur seal in Behring Sea is one of much less importance, a group of islands owned by Russia, and leased to a company and protected by her. This is the American position. The Government protects property which it has bought at a large price, from such molestation by those who have paid nothing as would not only render that property common spoil, but soon destroy it altogether." The coolness with which it is assumed that the purchase of the aforesaid islands involves also the ownership of the seals which habitually frequent their shores is matched only by the arrogance with which they are reducing their doctrine to practice. That they have a right to do what they will with those seals that remain within the limits of their waters as recognized by international law—catch them if they can, or proclaim a perpetual close season—no one will deny; but when these free dwellers of the waters assay to go beyond that limit, they become as much the property of one nation or individual as another, and none can say these are mine and I will protect them.

This wholesale destruction and indiscriminate slaughter by sealers whose methods are faulty and which result in exceptional loss of seal life may be greatly deprecated and heartily regretted, but the only power that can be legitimately used in restraining them is moral and not physical force. The argument that the islands would become unprofitable and worthless if minus the seals, ought never to have been introduced. If the United States paid too high a price for Alaska, providing the Pribylov Islands should become unproductive, that is a contingency they ought to have thought of in making the bargain. They may be commiserated for having paid too dear for the whistle, but they have no right to commit an injustice to save themselves from the effects of their lack of prevision. The mere fact of seals going to these banks to breed does not constitute them the property of the United States, any more than the coming of the fish into the bays and inlets of our St. Lawrence islands, makes them Canadian property, with the right of protecting them wherever they may go. If this argument of the Sun, which is the argument of the authorities at Washington, has any force, then Canada has the moral right (for of course the right the

United States talks about is moral) to place a fleet of cruisers upon the high seas and ward off all and sundry who might be disposed to interfere with the fish that seek our shores. What a howl of indignation would go up were such a suggestion to be made! And yet it is only the other agreement with fish in it instead of seals. If the American press is prudent it will not discuss this question on its merits, but will try to raise side issues; for the more plainly it is stated the weaker their cause appears.

It would seem that Edison and Bell are not to be allowed to remain in undisturbed possession of the honor which the world has been bestowing upon them as inventors of the telephone. A French electrician, one Bursual, now claims to have discovered the principle and actually applied it twenty years before the geni of the New World put the idea into practical form. Of course this dispute can only be settled by an appeal to history. Meanwhile, the tardy Frenchman may be assured that the world will hesitate to depose from their place of honor the men whose names have become so closely linked with this useful modern invention; the more especially seeing that there is nothing to show that the inventors on this side the ocean had any hint of what had been discovered on the other. Still if the French genius can establish his claim to priority of discovery he ought in justice to have his claim allowed.

If report speaks truly it is possible that we shall soon have another case for international negotiation. A correspondent at Little Lorraine, Cape Breton, says:—"On the 6th inst. three American sealers came right into the entrance of the harbor among our little fishing boats and hove their seines and captured about 600 barrels of mackerel. Not content with this they unceremoniously cut away the nets and buoys and anything else that happened to come in their way to impede them. They caused serious loss to the fishermen of this little harbor. A new net belonging to Patrick Burke, an industrious old man, who struggles hard for a living, was cut away and destroyed. Several others shared a similar fate. These vessels were a considerable distance inside of the headlands. The fishermen inform me that they were no more than a mile outside of the main entrance to this harbor. The Senator Morgan and Jennie Sovereign, of Gloucester, were two of the vessels.

Considerable speculation is being indulged in by European politicians as to the result; should Prince Bismarck be induced to enter the Reichstag as a private member. It is stated that a deputation of conservatives waited on him recently, and offered him the candidature of a district rendered vacant by the death of its representative. The Prince promised to give the proposal his favorable consideration, which is taken to mean that he will stand. In his presence a new grouping of members would be almost certain to take place, and probably consist of Conservatives, National Liberals, and a small group of the moderate Freisinnige party. The

landowners, manufacturers, and bankers, who are opponents of the pro-Socialist policy, and would be certain to secure the support of a number of Centrists, thus forming a strong combination. With such a force at his command it is evident that the ex-Chancellor could make the path of his successor very unpleasant and difficult. That he would be disposed to take advantage of his power is not probable, however, for though he no doubt feels and feels keenly the blow he has received, the Prince is first of all a patriot whose love for his country would not suffer him to imperil her interests in order to gratify any feeling of revenge for wounded vanity. Besides, he is philosopher enough to see that revenge at such a price would be dearly bought.

Whatever economists may think of the movement—and there are few who look upon it with unmixed approval—the fact is beyond gainsaying that Socialism has made wonderful strides in Germany during the last twenty, and especially the last ten years. Numbering 124,655 votes in 1871 they have grown to 1,341,587 in 1890, and claiming one social democrat in parliament at the former date they now have thirty-five. As might be supposed this success has greatly encouraged their leaders and inspired them to work the more vigorously for the final victory. That the movement should have made such progress is doubtless owing to the burdens which the laboring classes, who constitute the majority in the empire, were compelled to bear. These unredressed grievances have been rendered more oppressive by the indifference of the rich on the one hand and the disregard of the Church on the other. But the vote of February 20 was an eye-opener for those who had no eye to pity or heart to feel. From the Emperor through all classes of society the social questions are now studied as never before. The international congress to consider the problems of labor and the protection of laborers was of the Kaiser's doings, while he still shows himself intent on securing the best means for meeting the just demands of the workman. The church, too, is becoming more attentive. The religious journals are full of appeals to Christians to avoid every thing which tends to promote class distinction and bring into marked contrast the difference between rich and poor. In Berlin the rented pew system is vigorously attacked because it is a discrimination in favor of the rich. A significant ordinance has been issued by the Consistory, ordering that no be considered, even though black-haired, those who do not contribute to the support of the church.

of the dangers which threaten the church and society rather than to a love for the poor and suffering. The Socialists complain that the church has been leagued with the wealthier classes against them and that she has left them in their suffering until they arose to help themselves. They are disposed to look upon Christians as the priest and Levite who passed by the stripped and wounded man who had fallen among thieves, while socialists are the Samaritans who come to his help. Though it is possible that the church has really become conscious of her sins and that these are genuine works of repentance, it must be admitted that the circumstances of her reform are such as give color to the imputation of unworthy motives. It is doubtful, no matter what zeal she may now display, whether the church in Germany will ever regain the ground she has lost or take that part in adjusting the difficulties between capital and labor, which owing to the nature of the message she bears and the lofty and withal practical character of her principles, she is so eminently qualified to play. Through her indifference or unholy alliance she has lost her grand opportunity of acting as mediator and peace-maker. The moral of the German situation is plain and ought not to be lost upon other Christian nations. Even Canada might profit by the experiences of the Fatherland. Though Socialism in its European guise has not appeared among us the contest between labor and capital has already begun. The hour has struck for the Canadian Christian Church to declare her position, to be true to her mission. With unflinching voice she must denounce all wrong-doing, injustice and oppression, no matter whence their source. Not that she must of necessity take sides with the poor and condemn the rich, for the former are quite as likely to be unjust in their demands as the latter, but she must make all feel that the principle of her action is expressed in that law which sums up all others, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and which has for its foundation the two-one fact, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of the race.

No one supposes that the purpose which the Hon. J. G. Blaine had in view in arranging the recent Pan American Congress was wholly altruistic that out of the largeness of his heart and the overflowing of his generosity he invited his distinguished visitors to come to Washington and take a holiday at the nation's expense. No doubt the Hon. Secretary felt kindly towards his guests, and did many things to make their visit exceedingly pleasant and enjoyable; but this was not the whole of his plan, if indeed it constituted any important part of it. Though there may have been other things which it is quite certain that one design of his was to bring about closer trade relations between the countries represented, and to note their mutual benefits. Is this to be realized? Is the Hon. Secretary in seeking to bring money with the

ing reports would induce their fellow-countrymen to purchase their goods from their namesakes of the North, is of a piece with the mistaken policy of the American manufacturer in seeking to develop a trade with foreign nations. The law of trade, he says, is this: that the nation must consult the likes and dislikes, the wants and wishes of the people whom they would supply; in a word, that they must carry to them something they want and can afford to buy. This implies that, as a rule, trade with other nations shall pass through the day of small things before it becomes sufficiently dignified to be called commerce, and that in its inception it is the result of the efforts of one or more men who supply to a people that which they desire.

In violation of this natural law of the genesis and growth of trade American manufacturers have been in the habit of forwarding to Colombia such goods as they thought the Colombians would buy, regardless of the preferences of the people or the conditions of transport. Thus in the matter of cottons and prints both the width and color of the goods are important considerations. The goods being conveyed into the interior on the backs of mules the packs must be of a length that will not galling the sides of the animals. For this purpose twenty-two inches is found to be the most desirable length. Instead of meeting this requirement, however, the American manufacturer continues to make his cotton the standard width, twenty-seven inches, and of course finds it difficult to sell. Then in the matter of color, the women of the interior who are the most conservative creatures upon earth, prefer above all other colors, purple prints with white spots. For generations this has been the fashionable color with these women and bids fair to continue for some time to come. This fact too is disregarded by the Americans who have sent into the country large quantities of pretty prints according to northern notions only to become absolutely dead stock. In this regard the German and English manufacturers are wiser in their generation. They make the prints the native women want and color them with the ugly purples these women admire, and make them of a width that will pack easily on a mule, and then sell them, and the trade grows to such a point that Americans are compelled to pay their Colombian bills for rare woods with exchange on England. Whether the American manufacturer will take the hint and henceforth prepare his goods with a view to the peculiarities of the market remains to be seen. It is a hint, however, that Canadian manufacturers would do well to heed. No nation holds a patent upon the commerce with other nations. Respect for our venerable mother should not go so far as to allow her to get all the plums obtainable. The wealth of our resources, the rapidly multiplying number of our industries, the perfection to which our appliances are being brought, all are raising us into a position to compete with the foremost nations of the world. There is no reason why Canada should not take a place, and not an insignificant place either, in supplying the wants of the outside world. Only our manufacturers search out the laws according to which trade is developed, and upon observing the natural order.

The Holy Father of the Vatican does not appear particularly hopeful or optimistic of the social situation. His words are full with signs of coming evil and of the need for reforms.

of visitors at the Vatican he expressed himself recently as strongly of the belief that great punishment was impending on society for its disregard of and indifference to the Church. "The Lord," he said, "will come no longer with a sweet and peaceful face, but with an angry one, to strike and purify his Church. I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but I feel in my heart sorrowful presentiments. A sea of evil is about to beat against the rock on which the Church is founded, and will leave nothing to be seen on the horizon but the throat of the anger of God. Prayer will not suffice to appease the Almighty." Considering his Holiness' views of the relation of church and state, a relation which to his great grief the nations are not inclined to recognize, it is easy to understand why he should suppose the Lord is about to descend in storms of wrath and punish the apostate and rebellious people. There are others, however, who see things quite differently. There are many who think that it would not be difficult to prove by an appeal to history that the moral tone of society is improving, and that, while complete regeneration has not yet taken place and many evils still abound, the brotherly feeling is stronger and more generally prevalent than ever in the world's history. The spirit of philanthropy, of benevolence, of charity never before moved and controlled so large a company of men and women as now. And this his Holiness would find if he would come out from his palatial prison house, breathe the free air of heaven, and put himself in personal contact with the world which it is so easy to condemn. Thus would he get a juster conception of what men are doing and of the forces that are operating among them.

The effect of his recent speech upon the Royalists of the French Metropolis must have been very discouraging to the Count of Paris, who, fatherlike, bestowed unstinted praise upon his son, the Duke of Orleans, for his patriotism in returning to France in spite of the decree of exile against the Orleans family, and seeking to serve his time in the French army. A Paris despatch says: "The speech provokes no feeling here, not even in Government circles, neither has it aroused any enthusiasm among the Royalists. Some of the Royalist papers of the widest circulation and influence go so far as to say that for the present at least all hopes of the re-establishment of the monarchy must be abandoned. The duty now incumbent upon the Royalist party, they urge, is to try and adapt itself to the republic, to increase its influence in politics and to gain control of the Government." And thus crumbles to the ground the castle built so high by the ambitious but misguided youth. And thus events one after another continue to consolidate the republic and render her foundations more secure.

That magnificent structure, St. Paul's Cathedral, which constitutes one of the finest sights in a city of so many and so great wonders, is in danger of being injured, if indeed not destroyed by the new underground railway, which it is proposed to run within a few hundred yards of the building. Sir Christopher Wren left a memorandum to the effect that the foundations were not as good as he could wish, consequently it is feared that the vibration caused by the trains will endanger the dome, even if the preliminary works do not imperil the entire fabric. The Dean and Chapter are in a state of great alarm, and will endeavour to induce the House of Lords to throw out the bill authorizing the line. Only the good of the greatest number could justify the gov-

ernment in exposing the building to such risks. If no other course can be found for the proposed road then it might be that the cathedral must go; but until this is shown the citizens of London should look to the authorities to save their magnificent house of worship. It is to be hoped that the plans of the railroad will be so modified as to remove all cause for alarm.

The committee who are entrusted with the preparations for the Carnival celebration during the 1st of July week are evidently determined to make the approaching anniversary of the Dominion historic, so far as Toronto is concerned. For four days the city will be in holiday attire, during which the eye will be feasted with sights strange and charming, and the ear ravished with sounds sweet and harmonious. Both land and lake will be pressed into service, and contests and displays innumerable will take place. The proceedings will open on Monday evening, June 30, with a grand promenade concert on Jarvis street, where under the glare of fourscore electric lights and ten thousand Chinese lanterns, and amid decorations the most elaborate, twelve bands stationed at different points along the street will discourse their sweetest music. On July 1st, our national holiday, there will take place the grandest military display ever witnessed in Canada, when there will be 4,000 militiamen in line. This force will be made up of the Beville regiment, the Dufferin Rifles of Brantford, the Prince of Wales' Rifles from Kingston, the Peterborough regiment, the Governor-General's Body Guards, the Garrison Artillery, besides the Queen's Own Rifles and the Royal Grenadiers. Resident officers are of the opinion that the military procession will be at least a mile and a quarter in length. Following our citizen soldiers in the grand march will be the Trades' Union and Societies in an order fixed according to lot. Altogether the demonstration will be one which to see will be to remember. It will eclipse anything ever before seen in Canada and those who miss it will have cause for sincere regret. Ample provision is being made for the comfortable entertainment of intending visitors, while cheap rates will be furnished by all the railroad lines. Toronto extends an invitation to her friends to come and see her when she tries to appear her best. She will treat them well and try to make their visit pleasant and profitable.

The peripatetic vendors of "fresh scotch," "nice ripe bananas," &c. &c., are not regarded with very favorable eye by the members of the guild who reverse the order of things and impose the labor of walking upon those who buy. About a score of grocers and 160 pedlars appeared before the markets and licence committee recently and fought out their dispute. The grocers wanted the pedlars' licence fee increased to \$50, because they injure the former's business; and the pedlars were there not only to resist the adoption of the grocers' proposal, but to endeavor to have the fee reduced to \$10. After half a dozen had spoken in support of their views the matter was finally settled by a compromise in which the fees are somewhat in advance of last year but considerably less than the grocers deserved.

The editor of the New York Times has no patience with Prohibition or Prohibitionists, and takes no pains to disguise his feelings of antipathy. No opportunity to oppose their principles and methods is allowed to pass unimproved. Recently he has been finding fault with them for seeking to take away what he

calls the working man's club—the saloon. He says: "In the great majority of cases it is not for alcoholic stimulation that he repairs to it, but for the more wholesome excitement of intercourse with congenial companions in cheerful and well-lighted rooms. This is a need of human nature which people who are well-to-do, who have intellectual resources of their own, and who can afford pleasant surroundings in their own homes are apt not to consider in connection with the question of temperance. Even if the condition of tenement houses was improved there would remain this need, which cannot be wholly satisfied in the working man's home." There is a modicum of truth in this argument. Not in that part of it, however, which assumes that intoxicating liquors are a necessary part of the furnishing of a place where working men shall meet for social intercourse, but in the notion that working men who feel disposed to seek the society of their fellows, shall be provided with a suitable and inviting place of meeting and free from the temptations incident to gathering in a saloon. To make provision for this want would greatly help the cause of Temperance reform, and while the friends of Prohibition are seeking to influence legislation so as to bring the liquor traffic under the ban of law, they should not be slow in moving along the other line as well. "These ought they to do and not to leave the other undone."

Unless the British Parliament shall refuse to ratify the agreement, it is almost certain that the dispute between England and Germany concerning their African possessions is now practically settled. A draft agreement has been framed which is in the main acceptable to both London and Berlin. By the cession to Germany of the little island of Heligoland, never a very valuable possession, Britain secures the island of Zanzibar and a large tract of country in the interior of the Continent; besides the entire coast line from latitude 1, south, to the borders of Egypt. By the settlement the boundaries of the respective possessions are described, and in such a way as that England's territory shall coincide as nearly as possible with the regions covered by Stanley's treaties. It also stipulates in regard to trading privileges for free transit in the German regions, and that in all East African territories equal rights of settling and trading shall be conferred by the two powers respectively on their subjects. It would have been strange indeed, if even such a favorable settlement had met with universal commendation. This was not to be, the English press being divided in its opinion as to the advantages of the arrangement. The *Telegraph* says the cession of Heligoland to Germany will raise sentimental regrets, but the agreement should be received with thankfulness in that so thorny a problem can be solved in a manner honorable alike to the pacific intentions of both countries. The *Times* thinks England was very fortunate in possessing a bit of land valueless to her for which she secured such an adequate concession. The *Standard* thinks the East African settlement with Germany, while nothing to boast of, gives England nothing for which she need blush. It is not an ideal solution of the problem, but perhaps it is as good as it was reasonable to expect. German friendship is a valuable asset and like other precious things it must be purchased with a price. Of those which condemn the arrangement the *Chronicle* is, perhaps, the most bitter. It declares that, by his concessions to Germany Lord Salisbury has fixed on the brow of the Imperial Unionist party an indelible brand

of ignominy. It adds: "Unless Parliament stops the Government's headlong career of capitulation to Germany, there is no reason why its ally should allow us to keep Malta, or Spain Gibraltar." In Germany the newspapers generally approve the agreement and express congratulations that all the points in dispute have been satisfactorily settled. The agreement, the papers say, will establish the best relations between Germany and England in the near future, which will be a guarantee of the continuance of peace. The *North German Gazette* says the negotiations were a fortunate battle, in which all the participants were victors, and no one was vanquished.

But while the settlement is being so severely criticized by some, and praised in such faltering tones by others, it is interesting to note the high estimate entertained for it by H. M. Stanley. And his approval is the more remarkable seeing that it is not so very long ago that he was filled with indignation unutterable at the dilatory manner in which the British government was acting in relation to its African possessions. Speaking at Berwick the other day he pointed out that by the agreement between the two countries 50,000 square miles of territory were added to the British possessions in Africa. "Instead of a dolorous tirade against the Prime Minister," Mr. Stanley said "now is the time to sing in his honor. It is now possible to realize the great dream of those who are concerned in the exploration and civilization of Africa from the Cape of Good Hope to Cairo." He saw good-will on both the German and the English side. Entering into details of the value, position, etc., of the regions acquired, he declared that if Germany had acquired some territory which England would have liked to retain, England was amply compensated elsewhere, and the granting of free transit in the German regions was as good for the English as the possession of the territory. Further, it would now be to Germany's interest to join England in demanding the freedom of the Zambesi, and thus the Portuguese difficulty would be removed. Dwelling with enthusiasm upon the prospects in Africa, he said he was confident that if he could muster all the chiefs of the regions that England had acquired they would acquiesce in the opinion that the date of agreement would be a red-letter day in the African calendar. He was sure that when the news spread a grand feast day would be held throughout the interior of Africa. He declared that Pemba, if put on the market, would fetch ten times as much as Heligoland, to say nothing of Zanzibar. He would be pleased if the mayor called a meeting of citizens to convey congratulations to Lord Salisbury, who had done more than a legion of explorers could have done." This is strong praise, and perhaps somewhat exaggerated. But whether overdrawn or not this at least can be said of the agreement, that it contains a clear definition of the boundaries of the respective possessions of England and Germany in Africa. And this is an advantage not to be lightly esteemed. It may save much trouble in time to come.

If the Central Farmer's Institute succeed in having their wish gratified Messrs. Awrey and Dryden will soon hear the welcome summons, "Friends, come up higher," spoken by the man who above all others Ontario delights to honor. With a view of bringing this to pass, the Institute has memorialized the Attorney-General and the members of the Cabinet. Their petition

sets forth that hitherto the representation given to farmers in the Cabinet has been out of all proportion meagre when compared with their numbers, and with the magnitude of the interests which they represent; that the farmers not only constitute the bulk of the electors of the province, but they form an overwhelming proportion of those who from time to time have elected and sustained the present Government during the whole period of its existence; and that Messrs. Awrey and Dryden are peculiarly qualified to fill the vacancies, uniting as they do in themselves the representation of the two great branches of the farming industry, viz., general agriculture and the live stock industry. How this suggestion will harmonize with Mr. Mowat's plans doth not yet appear, or which of his friends he may have intended for the responsible positions it is not known. There is good reason to suppose, however, that the appointment of the gentlemen named would give very general satisfaction to Reformers throughout the Province. Both are known as men of sterling character, of sound judgment and good business capacity. It may be presumed that the interests of any of the departments at present vacant would be safe in their hands.

Though there may be no logical connection between the position that a man has the moral right to drink wine if he chose, i.e., that the drinking of wine is not sinful, and the position that the traffic in intoxicating liquors is morally right and proper, the step from one to the other seems to be easily taken. A distinguished Presbyterian divine, whose defence of the former doctrine has more than once brought his name prominently before the public, evidently inclines to the latter opinion also. In the General Assembly, which has just been held, the report of the Temperance Committee was up for discussion when said divine moved the striking out of the sentence which declared that the traffic in liquor was contrary to the word of God. His brethren would not consent to such an interpretation of Scripture, and negatived his motion by a vote of 156 to 42. They have done well in thus again condemning a traffic which has been the fruitful parent of wretchedness, woe, and crime and which has so greatly obstructed the kingdom of God in the world. Had they voted otherwise there is not a grogshop in the land that would not have resounded with the praises of a church so "liberal" and "advanced." Such a commendation from such a source is a load which no church that desires to do the Lord's work can afford to carry. Whatever may be said as to the personal and private right of the individual to drink wine if he feels so inclined, and on this point there is room for good men to honestly differ, the almost universal consensus of opinion among Christians is, that the traffic in intoxicating liquors is directly opposed by every precept and principle of the Gospel. Few will envy the eminent preacher the notoriety he has gained by his recent championing of a traffic whose history is written in blood, and whose fruits are poverty, insanity, crime and death.

The island of Heligoland which Lord Salisbury proposes to cede to Germany in lieu of certain German concessions in Africa is situated about thirty-five miles from the mouth of the Elbe, in the German Ocean, is very small, only a mile long and a fifth of a square mile in area. It is a rock 200 feet high, on which stands a little garrisoned town of 1,000 inhabitants who have to descend

buy their fish and enjoy surf bathing. The sandy flat below has two little harbors lined with buildings crowded up against the rock. Germans live above and keep shops and boarding-houses; Frisians live below and fish, and profess to have as little dealings as possible with the Samaritans on the hill. The island was obtained by conquest from Denmark in 1807 and formally ceded to England in 1814. The value which attached to it on those days as a naval and military outpost has largely departed since the advent of fast steamships, and the altered methods of conducting naval warfare, to say nothing of the ties which have sprung up to bind England and Germany together. As a matter of fact the island was of no great practical value to England, and Lord Salisbury has done well to secure so much for so little. Of course there is the sentimental side of the question to be considered. To surrender any part of her possessions is a new thing with Britain, and naturally causes a wrench of the feelings, notwithstanding the desirable nature of the results. There is a popular notion that England has attained her unique position among the nations of the earth by resolutely taking everything she wanted all over the globe and doggedly refusing ever to give anything up. Hence this abandonment of even so valueless and trivial a thing as Heligoland wore an evil look. It gives an ugly precedence. Nervous people foresee growing out from it propositions to give Jersey to France, Gibraltar to Spain, Malta to Italy and so on all round the territorial sphere. To have such casualties even suggested to his mind seem to the average Briton nothing less than monstrous. Enormies of the Government are taking advantage of this sentiment and are using it to the utmost. It is becoming more and more manifest that a stout fight will take place in Parliament when the agreement is submitted to that body for approval. It will be a pity, however, if national vanity shall be found sufficient to outweigh the great advantage which the settlement will confer.

The craze for racing across the deep which has taken such violent possession of those who go down into the sea in ships is likely to receive a check through the recent investigation into the accident to the City of Paris, which so nearly went to the bottom a couple of months ago. Though the enquiry elicited no testimony that would serve to show that the breaking up of the engine was due to straining it beyond its capacity, and that it was not purely an accident which could not have been foreseen, it is generally anticipated that when the board of commissioners deliver their verdict they will condemn the policy of maintaining such a rate of speed in crossing the Atlantic with the concurrence of Lloyd's. It is a lately forbid ocean racing in fact, and a regulation would, no doubt, be of good of the greatest number. It may happen that a regulation will be made to his advantage to do their best, or it may be incurred that the great

Truth's Contributors.

MERLIN'S GRAVE.

An Interesting Scotch and Welsh Tradition.

The old stories and marvels relating to the mystical King Arthur and his court at Caerleon, in Wales, held for centuries a high place in the estimation of the wonder-loving and romantic. They were the favorite reading of kings and queens, of nobles and their ladies, through the Middle Ages and later, and they formed a choice source of inspiration to bards and seneschals, who doubtless added to and embellished endlessly the wonders which were already wonderful enough. Hence we have a great collection of tales all bearing upon Arthur and the knights and ladies who figured in his court and at his Table Round. So impressed was Milton with the deeds and characters of these old warriors, that he at one time meditated the writing of an epic poem in which Arthur should figure as the hero. What Milton did not do, was, however, attempted by Sir Richard Blackmore, with what ignominious result the satires of Pope and Swift and Dryden are alive to show. But during the most of the last century—perhaps Sir Richard's end less and unreadable epics had something to do with it—the popularity of

ARTHUR AND HIS HEROES

was rapidly waning; their exploits retained too much of what was merely "marvellous" to engage the interest of men and women on whose minds the new age of philosophy and science was beginning to operate. Scott's occasional employment of the Arthurian legends was not sufficient to rekindle their dying popularity; and it was not until Tennyson sent out his *Idylls of the King* that Arthur was once more, though under somewhat different colours, restored to popular favour.

Among those of Arthur's train who thus obtained a fresh lease of life was the blameless King's philosopher and prophet, Merlin. Readers of Tennyson will remember how the wily Vivien tried her charms upon the King himself, and failed.

And after that, she set herself to gain Him, the most famous man of all those times, Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts, Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls, Was also Bard, and knew the starry heaven; The people called him Wizard.

Thereafter, there fell on Merlin a great melancholy; "he walked with dreams and darkness," and so, quitting Arthur's court, he entered a boat—Vivien entering with him—sailed over the sea to the Breton coast, and became a wanderer in the Forest of Broceliande. There, falling under the spell of the temptress, he was urged by her to call the secret spell by which "if any might on any one with woven paces and waving arms," the man so wrought

had ever seem to lie "closed in the hollow tower," from which he had never to be seen. And Merlin, overcome by the charms, "had yielded, told

forth the charm, and as the sun had set, he had been seen no more. The fate of the wizard is thus described by the poet:

"Arthur, lived some centuries after the date of the compilation of so-called Arthurian battles of doubtful authenticity. Whereas the Welsh historian Cildas, who was born in the century in which the battle of Mynydd-y-Mud was fought, and who makes no mention of the battle does not mention any connection with it, and it seems never to have

great Bard of Celtic mythology. It is in the very heart of Tweeddale. The Tweed has already flowed northward in a narrow-valley between closely-flanking hills, leaving far behind its pellucid source amongst the high brown slopes of Hartfell. But here at Drummelzier the valley broadens out, and the river starts on its eastward course with a full current,

BROAD AND MAJESTIC,

overshadowed by the soft green hills that bound its farthest holms. It is a place that is always beautiful, whether we see it in the first fresh greenness of spring or in the full flush of summer; but especially beautiful is it in the waning days of autumn, when the dark wood of Dreva on the one side of the river stands out in sombre contrast to the many-colored groves of Dawyck on the other, where the yellows and browns and bronzes of fading foliage mass themselves in picturesque relation to the darker tints of the solemn pines.

It seems at first sight singular that a Wizard who is especially claimed as belonging to the Kymric or Welsh branch of the Celts should be so associated with the south of Scotland. But Merlin, like Arthur, belongs not so much to a district as to a race. And we must bear in mind that

THIRTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO

the distribution of the population in Britain was different, as regards race, from what it is now. Arthur is called the king of the Dumnonians; but there were two races in Britain so called. One occupied the south-western peninsula of Britain now known as Cornwall; the other occupied the greater portion of the middle Lowlands of what we now call Scotland. That the people of these two far-divided territories were of the same great family of Celts is obvious from the place-names that still exist on the Borders—Traquair, Trahenna, Polwarth, Penvalla, and many others that closely resemble names in Cornwall; as likewise from such river-names as the Tweed, the Teviot, and the Timah, all of which have analogues in Wales. The Cornish, like the Gaelic tongue is regarded by philologists as an older form of Celtic than the Welsh; and the fact that we find names in the south of Scotland that resemble names both in Cornwall and in Wales, may be regarded as supporting the theory that it was the older or Gaelic-speaking Celts who first occupied the country, and that these gave place later on to a second wave of immigrant Celts who spoke Welsh. Bearing this in mind, therefore, it is not difficult to understand how the mythologies of the Celtic race should be found embodied in the place-names of districts so far apart as Cornwall and the Scottish Border.

This co-existence of traditional legends regarding Arthur and Merlin in places so widely separated, is distinctly unfavourable to the claims that have been put forward for these men as being really historical personages. It is difficult to regard them as such. The great battle of Mons Badonicus or Badon Hill, fought 493 A. D., is one with which Arthur's name is associated. But the historian Nennius, who professes to give the names of this and other battles fought by Arthur, lived some centuries after the date of the compilation of so-called Arthurian battles of doubtful authenticity. Whereas the Welsh historian Cildas, who was born in the century in which the battle of Mynydd-y-Mud was fought, and who makes no mention of the battle does not mention any connection with it, and it seems never to have

heard of any military leader by the name of Arthur. If Arthur really lived and reigned and fought the battles attributed to him against the

ENEMIES OF HIS COUNTRY

and his race, it is difficult to understand how an historian who lived during the same years and belonged to the same nation, should have failed to give his life and deeds emphatic record.

If we are unable to recognise Arthur as an historical personage, it is on similar grounds that Merlin too must be regarded as mythical. But a special difficulty crops up in the case of Merlin. According to the Arthurian legends, Merlin was a man of great influence and great powers of necromancy long before Arthur was born; and according to the same cycle of legends, we find the Wizard fighting at the battle of Ardderyd in 573 A. D., more than a hundred years later. And not only so; but the Wizard is reputed to have wandered for forty years among the hills that surround the sources of the Tweed and Clyde, in a state of semi-madness in consequence of his defeat at Ardderyd, thus extending his life to something like a hundred and seventy years. The old legend writers were aware of this difficulty, and so, to get rid of it, were obliged to invent a second Merlin. The one who is said to have lived in Wales under Arthur's father (Uther Pendragon), and under Arthur himself, they call Merlin Ambrosius; the other, who is alleged to have lived in Scotland and to have fought at Ardderyd, they call Merlin Caledonius. We have voluminous and highly-wrought narratives of the wonderful deeds of both Arthur and Merlin; but these narratives are not earlier than the twelfth century, and they possess the unfailing characteristic of all myth stories, that these writers who lived farthest from the time of the heroes are able to give the fullest details of their history and deeds, while the one historian who was contemporary with them is absolutely silent.

Standing, therefore, by the so-called "Merlin's Grave," in these the upper reaches of the Tweed, we may regard the name and place which tradition has so long preserved and identified, as a link connecting us

WITH THAT DISTANT AGE

when as yet the Saxon had not settled permanently in this fair Borderland, and its dales and glens were peopled with men and women who spoke the language which their posterity in Wales speak still. These early Kymric settlers have long vanished from the Borders, but have left behind them the names of Arthur and Merlin—the highest personifications of Strength and Wisdom in the mythology of the Kymric people. In this view, neither Scotland, nor Wales, nor Cornwall, nor Brittany may lay any exclusive claim to have been the scene of Arthur's feats and Merlin's wonders; for the names of these heroes are to be found wherever Welsh-speaking Celts have lived.

We have seen the tradition of Merlin's death which Lord Tennyson has adopted for poetical treatment; that which relates to the death of Merlin the Wild, or Merlin Caledonius, is quite different both as to the locality and the circumstances of it. From Broceliande we are brought back to Tweedside, and instead of the wily Vivien with her woven paces and her waving arms, we have the sticks and stones of a rough band of ancient Border shepherds.

This latter story of Merlin's death is curious, and must have been written by one who was familiar with the locality, as the nature of the ground at the spot where the Wizard is said to have been killed is precisely such as the circumstances attending

his death would lead us to expect. Moreover, it is just possible that the person to whom the name of Merlin Caledonius was applied may have been a real person, as the name given him in life is Llallogen, and it is only Bower in his Continuation of the *Scolichronicon*, which he wrote so late as the fifteenth century, who seeks to identify this Llallogen; with Merlin the Wild. It is possible also that the poems which are attributed to this Merlin the Wild may have actually been written by Llallogen and on account of this poetical faculty and

THE MENTAL ABERRATION

of his later years, the people may have come to regard him as a second Merlin, the one name in the course of time supplanting the other. And so, instead of the place of burial being called after Llallogen—a name foreign to Saxon lips—it was reconsecrated with the more familiar appellation of Merlin's Grave.

In the Life of St. Kentigern—better known in Scotland as St. Mungo—written in the twelfth century, we read of a certain Llaloken or Llallogen who lived in the court of King Rydderch as a kind of jester, but who, after the death of the saint, became very melancholy, and began to utter prophecies, which were rendered memorable by their realisation. Bower, who connects him with Merlin the Wild, gives a different version of Llallogen's relations with the saint. According to him, it happened that Kentigern was in the woods praying, when he was suddenly come upon by a certain madman, naked and hairy, and like a furious savage. The saint addressed him, with the result that the supposed madman gave him some information as to himself. He said he was once the Bard of Vortigern, and was called Merlin; that he had been the cause of the slaughter of all those who fell at the battle "fought between the Liddell and Carwandlow" (supposed to be that of Ardderyd), and that for this great evil which he had done he had been driven forth by Heaven to dwell among the beasts until the day of his death. The saint ministered to him the consolations of religion; and, after receiving the benediction, the Wizard is said to have at once prophesied his own death and that of the king, and again betook himself to the wilderness. It so happened that on the same day Llallogen in the course of his wanderings was met by the shepherds of a certain chief called Meldred, at his place of Drummeldred or Drummelzier, and these, probably regarding the Wizard as the cause of calamity to themselves or their flocks, seized him, and proceeded to stone him and beat him to death. At the last moment the wretched man stumbled over a steep bluff or bank overhanging the Tweed, his body falling upon the sharp point of a stake in the water, and upon which he was impaled. This manner of death, it was found, corresponded with the prophecy which he had that day made, that he should die by

THREE KINDS OF DEATH,

namely, by stoning, by drowning, and by impalement. The high bank above the Powmill Burn, at its junction with the Tweed, corresponds with the description of that over which the Wizard is said to have fallen.

The battle of Ardderyd was that at which Rydderch, by his victory over the pagans, established himself as king of Cambria or Strathelyde, embracing, within it all the petty Fymric tribes, and among them those who inhabited Tweeddale. If partial insanity befell Llallogen after his defeat at Ardderyd, it is possible he may have been allowed to wander about

the king's court, as told in the *Life of Kentigern*; and it is equally possible that in the later stages of his madness he may have taken to the forests and wilds, as narrated by Bower.

In the poems which have been attributed to him, and which will be found in Dr. Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, he is represented as being in his last days haunted by two spirits—that of his sister Gwendyddil, "The Dawn," and that of his early love Hwimleian, "The Gleam." These are the poetical fictions of an imagination stimulated by the nature-worship of his pagan years, and yet may have helped to soften the pressure of those bitter days in which the Wizard wandered friendless and alone, with crazed brain and remorseful heart, by the green-lipped fountains of the silver Tweed.

Saved by a Brave Engineer.

As Frank Repp, the engineer of the Perkiomen mail train which reaches Allentown, Pa., early in the morning, looked out of his cab window on his morning trip the other day he saw a beautiful woman approaching on the track. He whistled an alarm, and she stepped lightly and gayly off the track his train was travelling on the other track.

But it was evident to the engineer that the noise of his train had drowned the roar of another train approaching from behind her in the opposite direction, and that she was unaware of her peril. He noted the several puffs of white smoke that swiftly arose from the locomotive bearing down upon her, but she evidently heard not the whistle's frequent warning of danger. Repp saw her death was certain unless he could in some way attract her attention to her peril. He waved his hand to her warningly, but she evidently misunderstood its meaning, for she slackened her pace, looking at him more earnestly.

He immediately reversed the lever and turned on the steam brakes with a suddenness that alarmed the passengers. He sprang to the side door of the cab, and before his locomotive had come to a standstill he leaped to the opposite track just as his engine got abreast of the young woman and the other locomotive had almost reached her.

With herculean strength and lightning swiftness he caught her up bodily and leaped with her beyond the tracks just as the other engine swept by. Then he sank to the ground, overcome by the effort and the narrowness of their escape. The passengers were loud in their praises of his heroic conduct, and the young woman was prostrated with shock, while overcome with gratitude at the noble conduct of her preserver.

The Curious Derivation of Popular Words.

"Varlet" is the same word as "valet," and each is an offshoot of the feudal "vasal."

Madame is "my lady," and sir has been extracted from Latin "senior" through the French.

"Dandelion," dent de lion (the lion's tooth, and "vinegar" was once vin aigre (sour wine).

A "villain," before the stigma of disgrace was attached to him, was a laborer on the villa of a Roman country gentleman.

"Biscuit" keeps alive the Latin bis coctus (twice cooked), and a verdict is simply a vero dictum (a true saying).

An earl was an "elder" in the primitive society, while pope is the same as "papa," and czar and kaiser are both "Cæsars."

Queen at first meant "wife" or "mother," and a survival of its early signification exists in "queen," used now only in bad senses.

"Jimminy" is a reminiscence of the classical adjuration, O gemini, used by the Romans when they called upon the twins Castor and Pollux to help them.

Redingote is "riding-coat," borrowed by the French from our own language and returned to us in a new guise with the dress-maker's stamp of approval.

"Slop" shop has nothing to do with slops, as some amateur etymologists have asserted, but means clothing shops, the word coming from Icelandic sloppor, a coat.

ELECTRICAL.

A Story of Edison—Electric Cars in Berlin—Interest in the Halifax—Bermuda Cable—Electric Burglar Catching, etc.

A characteristic story of Edison is told by a friend of his who called on business at the Orange laboratory not long ago. The visitor waited patiently for Edison, who was not in sight, and in the interim observed a sharp fusillade of neatly tied-up packages going on from the roof of the laboratory. When the ground was pretty well strewn with these novel missiles an attendant came along and scooped them into a basket. The situation became interesting, not to say mysterious, for although the gentleman happened to be very familiar with the wonders of electricity, and, moreover, with the original way that Edison sometimes has of developing them, he was completely nonplussed. The solution was simple and amusing. He was soon shown into a room, and there was Edison and his zealous coadjutor, Batchelor, opening out the packages which they had been pitching from the top of the laboratory. Each package contained a speaking doll, carefully packed, and the object of the inspection was to find out whether the contents had come unharmed through their rough ordeal, for the inventor argued that if they were well enough packed for that they could take a trip round the globe with safety.

The German Government is not only keenly alive to the advantages of modern science, but is promptly utilizing them. A number of non-commissioned German officers, who have been instructed in telegraphy, have been dispatched to east Africa to join the Wissman forces, with the special object of establishing an improved news and communication service. They will take with them field telegraph apparatus and supplies. Their several garrisons and outposts will be connected in the same way as those of the Italians in Abyssinia.

An important decision was rendered by the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court in a decision sent to the Massachusetts Legislature last month. By this decision cities and towns have the right constitutionally to manufacture and furnish gas and electric light, both for public and private use, and the decision of the Attorney-General is thus completely overruled.

Last week a noteworthy event took place in Berlin in the opening trip of the first electrical tram car that has been seen in the streets in the city. The car runs from the Behrens Strasse to Kreuzberg. People were much amused to find inside the car the words in English, "No smoking."

The complaints which have been made of the iniquity of subjecting firemen on steamers and men-of-war to the frightful heat entailed by forced draught have brought out a number of suggestions for ameliorating the condition of these human salamanders. Among the remedies named is the electric motor blower. It is pointed out that, as every modern passenger steamer has its electric light plant, such blowers could be easily run, and the motors themselves not only take up very little room, but could be placed in any desired position. That the adoption of the electric motor on board ship for this and a variety of other purposes is only a matter of time is shown by the success which has attended its introduction into the United States Navy.

Considerable interest attaches to the laying of the cable between Bermuda and Halifax, and its completion will mark a new era in the history of the island. An American electrician who has just returned from the Bermudas points out how much more paradoxical the absence of telegraphic communication there is from the fact that it is an important British naval and coaling station, with one of the largest floating dry docks in the world, and a large military garrison, and that the prosperity of the island is mainly dependent on its export of vegetables, which brings in a revenue of over \$250,000. The people have become alive to the necessity of knowing what is going on in the world around them; they are putting up better buildings, dredging the harbor channels so

as to admit the largest craft, building docks and wharves, and now are placing themselves in a position to reap the full advantage of daily prices current. This evidently is not the end, for it is rumored that plans for an electric road are already under consideration.

There is reason to believe that the rumors of a coalition between the Westinghouse and Pullman interests in the formation of a company for the construction and equipment of electric street railways are well founded. It is said that one of the features of the new undertaking is an air brake, devised for use on electric cars.

Electric burglar catching has received an impetus in Paris at the hands of an enterprising wine merchant in the Rue Secretan, who has just landed his fifth man in the following way: there is no concierge for his premises, and he has had his store connected with the room occupied by his waiters by means of an electric wire. When the burglar enters the bell in the waiter's room rings, and the intruder is quietly nabbed. The wine merchant's experiment has been so successful that several other traders in the vicinity have adopted his modus operandi, and are now yearning for a real live "midnight marauder" to come their way.

That electricity lends itself very kindly to the correction of vice several instances are on record. Not long ago the owners of a house in the suburbs of this city left for a few days visit in the country. A burglar, seeing the house untenanted, got in through the window and "prospected" the premises to his satisfaction. His comfort of mind, however, was presently materially impaired by the appearance on the scene of a couple of policemen, who promptly handcuffed him and removed him to the station. He was in blissful ignorance of the fact that the window by which he entered the house electrically connected with an alarm in the nearest precinct.

The tests made by the Government on the ironclad Konig Wilhelm for the purpose of determining the practical value of the new electrical steering apparatus are reported as having been most successful. The claim of the inventor that by this apparatus the Captain can control the rudder from the bridge or from any point on deck is said to have been thoroughly established.

A singular and mysterious plot has just come to light in Paris, having for its object the assassination of the well-known electrician, Dr. Cornelius Herz. In 1888 an advertisement in the *Figaro* set forth that an agent was wanted to carry out a difficult and dangerous undertaking. The advertisement was answered by a former police commissary named Amiel. Having discovered that the undertaking was to compass the murder of Dr. Herz, he determined to do a profitable little business on his own account. Hiring a room near the proposed scene of action, he pretended to mature his plans, and did not fail to draw pretty freely on the means which were placed at his disposal for their consummation. Having obtained 15,000 francs, he thought a term of foreign travel would not be out of order, and leaving Dr. Herz and his would-be murderers behind he sailed for Buenos Ayres. Here attempts were made on his own life, instigated, he was convinced, by the disappointed plotter; so, returning to Paris on March 4 last, he submitted the matter, with documentary evidence, to Dr. Herz, who has published the affair. It is not known who the delinquents are, but Dr. Herz is one of the wealthiest men in Paris, and has enemies as well as numerous friends.

The methods usually adopted for indicating the exact spot struck by the bullet in target shooting are crude and often dangerous. With a view to overcome this danger and to enable firing parties to ascertain for themselves the actual spot hit by bullets, an ingenious system of electric self-indicating targets has been devised. The system is divided into the electric target, and the indicating apparatus. The target, which represents the bullet's path, is formed of iron rings, with the exception of one which is square. At the

or square is a strong horizontal spring which is almost in contact with a vertical lever. On a bullet striking any one of the four sections that particular section and its corresponding spring are forced back until the spring hits its respective lever, causing the latter to fall into a horizontal position. As the lever falls it establishes, by means of contact and a battery electrical communication with the indicating apparatus erected at the firing end of the range, thus showing which section of the target has been struck.

Mr. F. W. Jones, who was associated recently with the investigating committee which sought to formulate a law to regulate the use of high tension and other electric currents, has just given in his report to the Chairman of the Senate Committee on General Laws. One passage in this report suggests, somewhat graphically, the difficulties occasionally met with in maintaining the connection on telegraph lines. "The lines on turnpike and wagon roads," says Mr. Jones, "must be patrolled by men on horseback or on wagons, and in spring, fall, and winter such roads are frequently nearly or quite impassible from mud, water, or snow. In many cases of my own knowledge farmers keep shotguns, with which they warn off all line-men from trimming ornamental trees to place the wires in working order. The effect of this is such that on rainy days the telegrams of the public must stop on such wires on account of the leakage of current to the earth through the tree leaves or limbs in contact with the wires."

Prof. Elihu Thomson, who is one of the first electricians in the country, on being questioned regarding the feasibility of substituting electric power for cable power for the propulsion of cars on the Brooklyn Bridge, stated as his opinion that there would be no particular difficulty in superposing on the bridge an electric system, if desired, or replacing the cable system by an electric system. Prof. Thomson, however, adds that he has always been of opinion that the Brooklyn Bridge presents conditions specially favorable for the working of the cable system.

A very significant meeting has just been held in Chicago for the organization of an association of phonograph companies. The most striking feature of the meeting was the exhibition and comparison of the respective powers of the phonograph and the graphophone, which were used on different days. As the sentences were uttered by each speaker they were repeated into the instruments. The phonograph showed superior qualities of recording and reproducing, and indicated far-greater sensitiveness to sound than the graphophone. The results were most remarkable, and seem to point to a new era in verbatim reporting.

The Best Novels.

Which is the best novel written in the English language, is a question in answer to which an interesting classification is made by Rossiter Johnson. The best sensational novel, he says, is Collins' "The Woman in White;" the best historical novel is Scott's "Kenilworth;" the best dramatic novel is Bronte's "Jane Eyre;" the best marine novel is Cooper's "Red Rover;" the best country life novel is Blackmore's "Lorna Doone;" the best military novel is Lever's "Charles O'Malley;" the best religious novel is Kingsley's "Hypatia;" the best sporting novel is Whyte Melville's "Digby Grand;" the best political novel is Disraeli's "Coningsby;" the best novel written for a purpose is Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" the best imaginative novel is Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse;" the best humorous novel is Dickens' "Pickwick;" the best novel is Scott's "Rob Roy;" the best novel is George Eliot's "Middlemarch;" the best American novel is "The Letter" and the best novel is "The Letter" by Keray.

Men and Women.

Miss Philippa Fawcett, daughter of the late Professor Fawcett, the blind English philosopher and statesman, has taken the highest educational honor yet won by a woman at Cambridge University. She is twenty-two years old, and her marks in mathematics far surpassed those received by any man at the recent examinations.

A beautiful album, bearing the signatures of many of the most distinguished personages in this country and England, and containing drawings by a few eminent artists, has been presented to M. Pasteur, the eminent chemist, as a testimonial. It was originated and successfully carried through by Mrs. Priestly, the wife of the distinguished English physician.

Ludwig Lowerstrom, "the black rider" who for twenty four years carried all Prince Bismarck's official messages between the Wilhelm Strasse and the Palace Unter den Linden, and retired from duty at the same time with his master, has been taken into the service of Chancellor Von Caprivi. As formerly, he cares for the transmission of all documents that pass from the Chancellor's palace to the imperial library.

The German Emperor has summoned before him for investigation a young negro prince, known as Alfred Bell, from the Cameroon country, West Africa, who had been sent to Bremen to learn the trade of a carpenter, and who is alleged to have joined a gang of Socialists and Anarchists. If Bell should turn out to be really a Socialist he will not be allowed to return to the Cameroons, for fear of corrupting the natives.

Kaiser William selected a dinner at Konigsberg for delivering his conception of kingship in the following speech: "It was here, in the palace church, that his Majesty the late Emperor William I, again proclaimed before the whole world his Kingship by the grace of God. This 'Kingship by the grace of God' expresses the fact that we Hohenzollerns accept our crown only from heaven, and are responsible to heaven for the performance of its duties. I, too, am animated by this view, and am resolved to act and to govern on this principle."

It will not be surprising if the report proves true that Stanley is going back to Africa next year as Governor of the Congo State. King Leopold has been particularly happy in the Governors who have represented him on the Congo. Dr. Winton who succeeded Stanley, and Janssens, the present incumbent, have both done much to replace savagery with order and good government. But after all there is no name so potent on the Congo as that of Stanley, and it will be a boon to the State if this man of wonderful energy is in command when the new era which the railroad will introduce is ushered in.

Mr. Isaac Pitman of Bath, England, the father of Phonography, has opened an office at 3 East 14th street, New York, for the sale of his shorthand books. The system of Pitman is, to-day, practically doing the shorthand-writing of the English-speaking world, the systems of Ben Pitman, Graham, Munson, and other imitators in America being only variations of the original Isaac Pitman system. There are, however, a great many imitations of the "Isaac" style of shorthand in vogue, and these will be brought to almost absolute nothing, and he will be able to introduce the latest development of shorthand.

Mr. Pitman is now living in New York. He has been a great success in his shorthand system, and has been able to introduce the latest development of shorthand. He has been a great success in his shorthand system, and has been able to introduce the latest development of shorthand. He has been a great success in his shorthand system, and has been able to introduce the latest development of shorthand.

and participation in the learned professions. Although sixty-eight years old, he is full of fire and vigor.

The mistress of a sewing school, Miss Bromberg of Odesa was brought before the court because she used her class rooms for general instruction. The detectives had found in her school thirty little girls with books in their hands learning to spell and to read. Miss Bromberg pleaded that she knew not that it was wrong to teach the children letters, since her school was licensed and she employed a licensed teacher to instruct them. But the Judge informed her that she was guilty of a misdemeanor, for her establishment was licensed only as a sewing school, and she had no right to teach her pupils anything but needle work. On account of her poverty and ignorance of the law, however, he inflicted upon her the mild fine of ten roubles.

The news from Uganda that Mwanga is on top again in that distracted country will gratify all who are interested in African progress, for his success means the predominance of white influences, while his brother, Kalema, is nothing but the tool of the Arab slave dealers who have been doing their worst to drive white foreigners from Victoria Nyanza. Uganda is the natural center from which civilizing influences should spread over Central Africa. Its people have large capacity for improvement, and were unusually advanced in some respects long before they ever saw a white man. The country will continue to attract attention, both because it is the fairest portion of tropical Africa, and also because it is one of the most inviting fields for white enterprise.

Lord Salisbury said in his London speech the other day that nearly all the attention of the Foreign Office was at present occupied with African matters, and he had been informed that the proper thing in after-dinner speeches nowadays was to talk of nothing but Africa. South America, with its vast unexplored regions, really has caused to feel jealous of the preponderating attention given to Africa. Two or three explorers have recently emerged from the almost unknown depths of northern Bolivia and western Peru with a fund of information about these countries and their people that could scarcely be equalled in novelty now in any part of Africa. They found one tribe that believed the accounts they had heard of white men were myths, another remarkable people who do not know what drunkenness is, and another whose favorite weapon is the blow pipe. Senor Fry tells of Indians who wear pig tails and whose language seems to resemble the Chinese. Some peoples were found to be particularly primitive, living almost wholly on wild fruits and unable to count above three. "The Dark Continent," a phrase that Stanley invented, is beginning to apply more accurately to vast regions in South America than to Africa.

The first expedition of the British South African Company left Cape Town in April for Mashonaland and the Matabele country, 1,500 miles north. The remarkable reports that white travellers have brought home of the mineral riches of Mashonaland, of the healthfulness of this elevated region, and its adaptability for white immigration, have aroused much curiosity to know more of the almost unexplored country, and the story of the expedition will be widely read. There is a newspaper correspondent with the party, and he will tell all about the long journey and discoveries in the land which was one of the bones of contention in the recent unpleasantness between England and Portugal.

For many years Du Chaillu's stories of his travels in Africa were discredited, to a large extent, because he reported remarkable things about gorillas and dwarfs, which many learned men declined to believe. A few months ago dwarfs like those he described were discovered just north of the region he visited, and other recent explorations have completely relieved Du Chaillu from the undeserved stigma of drawing the world how in his descriptions of life in the African forests. Probably no famous traveller of recent times has suffered more than Du Chaillu from the ill-founded incredulity of inquirers, and it must be particularly gratifying to him to see that important things which he had called him unreliable are now being proved that the progress of knowledge is not so slow as his descriptions.

Literary and Art Notes.

"Well matched," a short story by Anno Fuller, a new writer of great promise, appears in the last number of *Harper's Bazaar*. The same number also contains a striking poem by Charles Washington Coloman, entitled "The Tryst."

The Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour, the Secretary for Ireland in the British Cabinet, has just cabled to the editor of the *North American Review*, that he has mailed a reply to Mr. Parnell's strictures in the current number of the *Review* on his Land Bill. Mr. Balfour's reply will appear in the July number of the *North American Review*.

"Athletics in and around New York," by W. A. Platt, a paper of special interest and value to advocates of physical culture as well as to all lovers of out-door and in-door sport, forms the supplement to *Harper's Weekly* for June 21st. The article is fully illustrated from drawings by C. D. Gibson. To the same number of the *Weekly* Clarence Deming contributes a timely article, "The Iceberg Biography," which is illustrated by T. de Thutstrup.

The following appetizing, fresh and healthful dishes, are furnished its readers in the June number, of *Our Day*: New Conspiracies of Ultramontaniam in Germany, (Robert Ferguson); National Remedies for Nullification, (Speaker T. B. Reed); Perils of Promises of Indian Citizenship, (Mrs. Tibbles); The Louisiana Lottery Octopus, (Anthony Comstock); Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, (Ex-Pres. Cyrus Hamlin); Boston Monday Lectures—American Opportunities in Africa, Cannibalism, the Slave Trade and the Rum Traffic on the Congo, (Joseph Cook); Book Notices; Questions to Specialists; Vital Points of Expert Opinion; Editorial Notes.

The last number of *The Dominion Illustrated* is largely devoted to the Royal Visit, there being fine views of the Arrival of the Abyssinian at Vancouver, B. C., of Stanley Park in that city and its striking bridge that leads to it, of the Decorated Engine that drew the Royal Party over the mountains, of the Inspection of the Cadets and the Lacrosse Match at Montreal, and other illustrations. The view of Stanley Park, which the Duke of Connaught so much admired, is very effective, and the other pictures are correspondingly good. Presbyterians will appreciate the portrait of the Rev. Dr. Laing, Moderator of the General Assembly. The next issue of *The Dominion Illustrated* will be a special Victoria number, and will be unusually interesting. Address: *The Dominion Illustrated*, 73 St. James Street, Montreal.

The second instalment of Daudet's new story, "Port Tarascon: the Last Adventures of the Illustrious Tartarin," appears in the July number of *Harper's Magazine*. Readers of the opening chapters of this inimitable story are, no doubt, impatient to learn how the last of the Tarasconians embarked on board the *Tootoopumpum*, how they sailed by way of the Isthmus of Suez across the Indian Seas, how they arrived at Port Tarascon, and what manner of reception awaited them there. All these things and many more are told in the July number, which abounds in alternate droll and tragic situations, and in that species of humor of which M. Daudet is so consummate a master. The illustrations are in every way equal to those which accompanied the first instalment of the story. They are twenty-four in number, and are from drawings by the famous French artists Louis Montegut, F. de Myrbach, Luigi Rossi, and Frederic Montenard.

The Chauvaunian for July presents the following table of contents: "The Golden Coin," a novelette complete in one number, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; "Summer Health: How to Keep it," by Felix Oswald, M. D.; Sunday Readings, selected by Bishop Vincent; "The Newer Parts of Canada," by Cyrus C. Adams; "The House of Representatives," by Eugene L. Didier; "The Follies of Social Life," by Charles Ledyard Norton; "Picturesque Dalmatia," "Altruism and the Leprosy," by Frances Albert Doughty; "Mr. Bryce as a Mountaineer," by Elizabeth Robius

Pennell; "Original Packages and Prohibition," by Joseph Shippen, Esq.; "How to Conduct a Round Table," by Edward E. Hale; "What Women should Wear," by Mary S. Torrey; "Homesteads for Women," by Kate Carnes; "Madam Blavatsky," by Frances E. Willard; "New Birds for the House," by Olive Thorne Miller; "Summer Resort Acquaintances," by Felicia Hillel; "The Growth of a Home," by Mrs. Hester M. Poole; "Dinners and Dinner Giving," by Mrs. Emma P. Ewing. The Summer Assemblies of 1860 are liberally noticed, and the usual space is devoted to editorials. The poetry of the number is by Cora B. Bichford, Jessie F. O'Donnell, and Lucy C. Bull.

Whittier, Holmes and Tennyson, the three illustrious "Octogenarian Poets," are discussed by George Makepeace Towle in a charming literary paper, which leads off *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for July. Some admirable portraits and views illustrate it. Mrs. Isabella Hinton's article on "Clara Barton and the Red Cross Association in the United States" is made timely by the account given of the Association's work at Johnstown, Pa., the first anniversary of the memorable disaster at that place having just passed. Quebec, one of the most picturesque fortress-cities in the world, is described, with copious illustrations, by Elizabeth Taylor. Prof. Vallotte's "Panama Campaign," Arthur V. Abbott's "American Observatories," and W. I. Lincoln Adams' description of the new Daguerre Memorial, embracing an account of the discovery and development of photography, are all rich in entertainment as in instruction. There are sketches of romance, travel and adventure, short stories by Lieutenant R. H. Jayne, Lucy Hooper, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Susan A. T. Weas, and others. The customary departments are unusually full and varied. A notable improvement in the typographical and pictorial make-up is also to be observed in this number, which begins Vol. XXX. of the magazine.

Barber's Poles.

Of all symbols, none is so ancient as the barber's pole; few have caused so much antiquarian research. According to the "Athenian Oracle," the ancient Romans were so benefited by the first barber who came to their city that they erected a statue to his memory. Anciently barbers acted in a dual capacity as hair-dressers and surgeons. In Rome they were wont to hang out, at the end of their poles, basins, that weary and wounded travelers might observe them at a distance. The parti-colored staff is said to indicate that surgery was carried on within, the color stripe representing the fillet elegantly entwined round the patient's arm while he was phlebotomized. An illuminated missal, of the time of Edward I., has a plate representing a patient, staff in hand and arm in fillet, undergoing phlebotomy.

Barbers proper, that is hairdressers and barber surgeons, were distinguished by the color of the bands on the poles; the former being a blue and the latter red. As far back as 1797, barbers and surgeons were compelled by statute to display their poles, the latter likewise affixing a gallipot and red rag at the end. The fabulist Gay, in his fable of the "Goat Without a Beard," alluding to a barber's shop, speaks of the red rag pendent from the pole.

Out of Indian Seas.

The Indian marine survey steamer *Investigator*, which returned to Bombay lately from a surveying cruise, has sent a rich zoological collection both from the shallows and the depths of the Indian seas to Calcutta Museum, where specimens are now being grouped and arranged for distribution to specialists in Europe to be determined and described. The fish and crustaceans are being reserved to be classified here. Some very productive hauls of the trawl were made in the depths of the Arabian Sea, the takes including many specimens of deep-sea fishes and crustaceans. Especially worthy of mention among the latter are two new forms of lobster, a great variety of prawns, and some gigantic creatures of the woodlouse tribe, closely allied, if not identical, with the remarkable creature dredged by the United States steamer *Blake* in the Gulf of Florida several years ago.

Bit-Bits.

Why the Birds Twitter.

Algy (unlocking his door as the milkman comes along)—Shay, toll me, John, wha' time ish it, thish mornin'?

Milkman (of a humorous turn)—4:00.

Algy—Haw! It's early. I lawncied it waszh five o'clock!

Looking Inward.

He (passionately)—Do you truly love me? She, thoughtfully—Last week I would unhesitatingly have answered yes. Since then, however, I have been reading a journal which describes with great exactitude and deep analysis several phases of the emotion. If you will hand me this book on the table there I will compare my present sensation with those described, and I will then be able, I think, to answer your question intelligently.

He Wanted it Postponed.

Mr. Johnsing—I'se feelin' mighty bad. I reckon you had better make me some sassafras tea.

Mrs. Johnsing—If you feels so bad maybe I had better run quick for the doctor.

Mr. Johnsing—What yer want ter run for de doctor for? What yer want ter hurry me inter my grabe datter way for? Kaint yer let me die slow?

Slightly Sarcastic.

Wife—Did you bring me that present you promised?

Husband—I have changed my mind again.

Wife—It's a great pity that people who change their minds so often never get a good one.

Social Pastels.

Henrietta—What on earth is that long strip of card-board on the table there?

Miriam—That is Mr. Hick's card. You know his name is Winthrop Stuyvesant Van Reinslaer Henderson de Pell Hick's, and it necessarily makes an awkward card.

His Duties Over.

Husband (reading)—This paper says Jenkins will lead Miss Cuttlefish to the altar shortly.

Wife—Humph! He'll never lead her any further.

In the Hands of an Artist.

Oldurate Parent (wrathfully)—I know what these painter fellows are. Why, that young Palette would run through your money in a year's time.

His Daughter—Yes, papa; but he would spend it with such exquisite taste.

A Religious Drink.

Bibulous—William, what is your latest invention in the way of a mild drink?

William (bridling with professional pride)—De very latest is a religeous drink, wich I calls de soul's so-lace.

Bibulous—Well, give me an old fashioned drink o' gin. I'm an agnostic.

Decisifal Sign-Board.

Owner of fish pond (to man who is trespassing)—Don't you see that sign, 'No Fishing Here'?

Angler (with an injured air)—Yes, and I dispute it. Why, there's good fishing here; look at this string.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Slight Error.

A certain Sunday school recently decided to give an entertainment in aid of the "arch fund." But to the horror of everybody, the program distributed on the evening of the entertainment stated that it was given in aid of "the arch fiend."

He Didn't

Boy—I say, mister, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to have nobody to do nothing, don't you?

GodNeman Addressed—Yes, I do.

A Step Too Far.

She could figure to a fraction the exact rethetic action of each prismatic shading down to infinite detail.

Her taste was undisputed and 'twas everywhere reputed that in color combinations she was never known to fail.

She expended on a ribbon all the energy of Gibbon, and to her a simple threading would transform the face of Jay;

In the art of woman's dressing she was great beyond expressing; but she bought her love a necktie and he fainted dead away.

An Episode at a Country Post-office Window.

Scene—A post-office in a large country town. A long line of impatient applicants thronging up to the angle window, the line headed by two well-dressed ladies. Time, 6:15 p. m.

First Lady—"Is there anything for me this evening?"

Delivery Clerk—"I beg your pardon—the name, please?"

First Lady—"Struthers—Mrs. Alice Struthers, Box 92."

Clerk (returning)—"Nothing, ma'am."

First Lady—"Ah! Sorry to trouble you, but will you kindly go back and look in Mrs. Jackson's box—94?" (Clerk returns with two letters for Mrs. Jackson.) "Thank you." (Hands them to lady number two with a smile, while crowd surges up as closely as politeness will permit.) "Now, if you please, I would like to get some stamps."

Clerk—"Yes, ma'am. What denomination, please?"

First Lady—"Denomination?"

Clerk—"Yes—ones, twos, threes or what?"

First Lady—"Oh! I thought your remarks had a religious bearing? Let me see. What denomination do I want?" (Turning to lady number two.) "I want to send that lace fichu to Nellie, you know, dear. How much postage should you think it would take?"

Second Lady—"I suppose you would want to put it in a box, wouldn't you?"

First Lady—"Oh, of course—such delicate material."

Clerk (impatiently)—"Let me have the package, ma'am. I will weigh it and affix the proper stamp."

First Lady—"... but I haven't it with me. How much postage should you think would be necessary for a lace fichu in a small pasteboard box?"

Clerk—"About ten cents, ma'am."

(First lady lays her shopping bag on the shelf of the delivery window, opens it and begins to search for her purse. The long line of Her Majesty's patrons which has been wiggling about like a snake for five minutes, now makes a convulsive forward movement and jostles lady number one with lady number two. Both turn with a glance of well-bred but withering indignation, and the abashed crowd shrinks into itself.)

First Lady (producing coin)—"Ah! I have just ten cents left. How fortunate!" (Clerk tosses out a ten-cent stamp and the crowd once more surges expectantly forward.) "Oh! that is the new ten-cent stamp, isn't it? What a beautiful green!" (Shows stamp to lady number two and then turns again to clerk.) "What do they call that shade of green, please?"

Clerk (thoroughly exasperated)—"I don't know."

First Lady (deliberately closing shopping bag and looking at stamp in the hands of second lady)—"I should think it was milori green—shouldn't you, dear? Perhaps, though, it is a trifle—"

Clerk (explosively)—"Madam, will you permit me to wait on the gentleman behind you?"

Both ladies (with freezing politeness)—"Certainly, sir!" (They move off and the man next in line is snot up against the shelf by the compressed crowd like a bo't from a cross-bow.)

First Lady—"What a shockingly impolite young man—"

Second Lady (contemptuously)—"A perfect boor!" (And they flung out, vowing that they will never trade at that post-office any more.)

He Was an Expert.

Lady—How nice you removed that bun-

Chiroprapist—Yes, I have had considerable experience. I used to do all the carrying at one of the biggest hotels in this city.

How "Shakey" Recited the Story of Mary and Her Lamb.

A very fat and good-natured but extremely dull German boy was a pupil in a school I taught in a country neighborhood some years ago. The lad's name was Jakey Siefert, but his mother, who came with him on the first day, called him "Shakey," and as "Shakey" he was known from that time forward.

He proved to be as dull as he was good-natured; in fact, although he was ten years old, he was still unable to read.

We were going to close the term with a little exhibition at the school-house in the evening. Nearly all the boys and girls were to have short recitations or parts in dialogues, while others would sing or read essays.

Jakey had not been able to attend school during the last week of the term, but he appeared at the exhibition, and early in the evening came up to me, his round face all aglow with excitement.

"Teacher, oh, teacher," he said, "I haf a piece I would like to speak, too. I haf been a week learning it."

"Very well, Jakey," I said "you shall speak your piece." And when several boys of about his own age had spoken, I called:

"Jakey Seifert."

He came quickly forward, and stepped upon the stage a conical picture of overgrown boyhood and childish excitement. His fat body was clad in a pink calico waist, and around his neck was a huge embroidered white collar, such as used to be worn by our great great-grandmothers. His face was shiny as soap and water could make it.

After a jerkey little bow, Jakey commenced:

"Mary had von leedle lamb."

Then he stopped short and began twitching at his trousers leg with the thumb and forefinger of either hand.

"Mary had von leedle lamb."

He stopped again and fell to twisting around on one leg. His lips moved rapidly, but no sound came from them. Some of the other boys began to laugh. Then Jakey cried out,

"You need not geegle like dot! It vas so—Mary did haf von leedle lamb! It says so in de book!"

Everybody laughed at this and Jakey, recovering his good nature, said, in a comical-ly loud and shrill voice:

"I cannot dink how it vas in boetry. It vas maced in mine head, but it vas like dis: Mary had a leedle lamb. It went to school mit her, vich the teacher he did not like. De children dey did all holler and yell. Dot made de teacher mad. He yooost got after dat lamb. I bet you dot vas goot fun. I vish I vas dere to see it. He made de lamb git out. I would laugh to see dot. Ven de lamb vas out it would not go away. It staid round, going 'la-a-a-a.' dill Mary did come out and den it run up to her voost so glad as never vas. De lamb did love Mary because she was shentle mid it. I like dot lamb story. Good-py!"

Jakey's recitation was the success of the evening and his face shone with pride as he took his seat amid shouts of laughter and applause.

The Pivotal Question.

Says Joe to Sam in fierce debate Upon the woman question, "You've answered well all other points, Now here's my last suggestion.

"When woman goes to cast her vote— Some miles away, it may be— Who then, I ask, will stay at home To rock and tend the baby?"

Said Sam: "I own you've made my case Appear a little breezy, Suppose you put this question by And ask me something easy!"

"But, since the question seems to turn On this as on its axis, Just get the one who rocked it when She went to pay her taxes."

Not Very Satisfactory

"I think I will have to return this bought of you," she said, earnestly the fancier's the other mornin'— "What?"

"Anything wrong, ma'am, with all?"

"Why he's bitten the child for another time if you give to

Insulted the Wrong Man.

"You say the brother of the young lady pulled your nose?" inquired Cholly. "What did you do? Did you resent it?"

"Wesont it!" said Fwoddy, the veins in his forehead swelling with indignation. "Didn't I? Bah Jove, I told him if he evah did it again, bah Jove, I'd have him uh-wested!"

A Handkerchief Specialist.

The other morning, as the departing Gunard steamer was casting off its lines and swinging out into the stream, an elderly-looking business man hastily embraced a lady who was one of the passengers, and rushed down the gang-plank to the wharf.

Going hurriedly up to a melancholy loafer who was watching the busy crowd, the gentleman drew him behind a pile of freight, and said:

"Want to earn a dollar?"

"You bet."

"You see that lady in black on the bridge there?" said the citizen.

"Cert."

"Well, that's my wife, going to Europe. Now, of course, she'll expect me to stand here for the next twenty minutes, while the steamer is backing and filling around, so as to wave my handkerchief and watch her out of sight. See?"

"I ketch on boss."

"Well, I'm too busy to fool around here; stock to buy, biz to attend to. She's a little near-sighted; so I'll just hire you to wave this handkerchief, instead. It's a big one, with a red border, and as long as she sees it, she'll think it's me. Come up to 202 Wall Street where they are well off, and I'll pay you."

"S'posin' she looks through a telescope, or suthin'?"

"In that case you'll have to bury your face in the handkerchief, and do the great weep act."

"That'll be fifty cents extra."

"All right. Time is money. Look sharp now! You can kiss your hand a few times at, say, one dime per kiss;" and snapping his watch the over-driven business man rushed off.

We print this affecting little incident to call attention to the fact that the man thus employed has gone into the business regularly. He is now a professional fareweller, and businessmen and others can save valuable time, and yet give their departing relatives an enthusiastic send-off by applying to the above specialist any steamer day. Go early to avoid the rush.—[Murchow Traveller.

An Alarming Tendency.

"How nice it is for clergyman to be mustered the Rev. Dr. Sworry, for instance— how exquisitely he plays on the violin."

"Well, I don't think it's altogether becoming in a clergyman like Dr. Sworry."

"Why?"

"It might decrease the proper reverence his flock ought to have for him, and they might come to regard him as a fiddle D. D."

Making Little Progress.

George—"Have you and your wife decided yet what to name the baby?"

Jack—"N-no, not quite; but the list three hundred and sixty names which wife picked out has been reduced to hundred and seventy."

George—"Well, that's making progress."

Jack—"Yes; but you see a hundred and thirty names have been eliminated, and another kind of a baby name is being considered."

A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

By CHRISTIAN REID, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER XV.

And without fail he did leave. It was like wrenching apart the very fibres of his being but he knew that there must be no delay. In the first place, it was well that the wrench should be made quickly, and secondly, he was aware that his mother was quite capable of coming in search of him, as she had declared her intention of doing. He was sure that the hospitality of Miraflores would be equal to such a strain, but he had no desire to add to a burden of obligation which already he could hardly hope to repay, and he knew, moreover, that the journey would be very trying to Mrs. Derwent. The thing to do, therefore, was to go, and to go quickly. So the next morning he announced his intention of departure, giving the reason thereof.

Don Maurizio expressed his regret so cordially that it was impossible not to believe in the sincerity of every word. "I hoped that we should keep you a little longer, Mr. Derwent," he said, "and, now that this annoying matter of the investigation into your shooting is over, that we might have had a little conversation on business. But your mother's arrival, of course, makes it imperative that you should go. However, if you remain for any length of time in Mexico, I may see you there. I had not intended to go down for some weeks yet, but I think it will be well to take my daughter as soon as possible away from here. Yesterday's tragedy had been a great shock to her nerves, and the sooner she is away from its associations the better."

"I am sure of it," said Derwent, who felt like a reprobated criminal. The sentence of death—of separation to which he could see no end—that had been hanging over him was lifted; life seemed to flash back into his heart and veins: he was almost afraid that the irrepressible gladness of his voice would betray him. "I am delighted to hear of your resolution," he went on, "for Dona Zarifa's sake, because I am sure the tragedy has been a terrible shock to her, and for my own, because I shall have the great pleasure of seeing you again, and my mother will be able to thank you for your wonderful kindness to me."

"What we have been able to do has been fully repaid by the pleasure of your society," said Don Maurizio. "Frankly, it has been long since I have met so companionable a man. You can be no stranger to Miraflores after this, Mr. Derwent. If you like us as well as we have learned to like you, there is no question but that you will come back."

"I would cross the world to come back!" cried the young man, earnestly.

After this the farewell to Dona Zarifa which he had dreaded became easy. It wrung his heart to see on her face the pallid and purple transparent shadows of yesterday still visible, but even this had not power to damp the happiness with which he said, "I hope to have the great pleasure of seeing you in Mexico, *senorita*. Don Maurizio tells me that he will be there, with you, in a few days."

"In a few days, papa!" she said with surprise. "I thought we should not leave Miraflores for some time."

"I find that it will be necessary for me to return here before going to the city will do us any good to-day and order for our evening."

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all that had been revealed to him there,—the boundless hospitality and clarity, the kind and useful lives, the widely-defused circles of good, the simplicity, the gentleness, and the happiness, which formed a golden atmosphere about the spot.

The third day after this found him entering the city of Mexico again, and hardly able to believe the evidence of the calendar that it had been little more than a month since he had left it to seek the Buena Esperanza. Although by no means sure how far Morell had been engaged in the business schemes of the redoubtable Fernandez, he had telegraphed him from Guadalajara requesting him to look at the hotels for Mrs. Derwent, and, if she had arrived, to keep her in the city. He was not very much surprised, therefore, to find Morell awaiting him at the station.

"Has my mother come?" was his first question.

"Yes: she arrived yesterday," Morell answered, "and had only been here an hour or two when I received your despatch and looked her up. She was very anxious about you, and much relieved to hear that you were on the way to meet her. But, my dear fellow, what can I say for myself? I hardly know how to express my regret that such an accident should have befallen you,—something no one could possibly have foreseen."

"Unless it was your friend *Senor Fernandez*," said Derwent, dryly. "He not only foresaw, but planned, the whole thing, and had it executed."

"Derwent!" Morell exclaimed. He stopped—for they were walking together down the long platform—and looked at the other as if doubtful whether he had heard him aright. "What do you mean?" he asked. "That is a very grave accusation."

"It is a plain statement of a fact," replied Derwent. "The assassin came to finish his work, but was, fortunately, shot before he could do so. He lived long enough to tell the whole story, however." And then he related it briefly.

There could be no doubt that Morell was deeply and terribly shocked. "I knew that he was slippery,—very slippery,—and I suspected that he was a scoundrel," he said, alluding to Fernandez, "but I never could have imagined him capable of such dastardly villany as this. He wrote me that Barrera was certainly accountable for the crime."

"To fasten it on Barrera was his chief object," said Derwent. "By the bye, do you know how he obtained the bond to that mine?"

Morell had the grace to blush. "I do not exactly," he replied, "but I suspect it was in a very unscrupulous manner. He told me that he could bring political pressure to bear. I suppose you think that I ought not to have sanctioned anything of the kind. But our bargain was that he was to get the mines and I was to sell them. I had no business to interfere with his manner of getting them."

"The receiver of stolen goods might say as much," observed Derwent with scorn. "A man of honor does not wish to profit by dishonesty in any form. I tell you frankly that there is not silver enough in all Mexico to tempt me to touch a mine with a title acquired as that of the Buena Esperanza was."

"I hope you do not think that I shall touch it further," said Morell. "Henceforth I shall wash my hands of *Senor Fernandez*. I might endure cheating, but at tempted assassination is a little too much. Here is a carriage. You can drop me at San Francisco Street, and you will find your people at the Hotel del Jardin."

At least the shooting did you one good turn," he added, as they rolled out of the station gates. "It domesticated you in the hacienda of the Ormonds. I said to myself, 'What luck some fellows have' as soon as I heard of it. And how did you like Dona Zarifa as an acquaintance? Odd, wasn't it, discussing her that day in the Alameda?"

Did we discuss her? said Derwent, who was feeling as if the other took an unkind pleasure in even mentioning her name.

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Don Maurizio picked me up in the road, you know. He is a magnificent type,—grand seigneur, yet simple, cordial, kind beyond belief."

"Oh, no doubt," said Morell. "But how about Dona Zarifa? Is she as unapproachable as she looks? Or could a man venture to fall in love with her?"

"That would depend entirely upon the man," replied Derwent. "You have heard, no doubt, that fools sometimes rush in where angels fear to tread. I hope that I am at least not quite a fool. But tell me about my mother. How has she borne the journey?"

He was soon able to answer this question himself. He had hardly entered within the gilded iron gates of the Hotel del Jardin and taken a few steps along the wide gallery that uns around two sides of the immense quadrangle which encloses the beautiful old garden of the monastery of San Francisco, when he was met by a tall young lady, with frank hazel eyes and red-brown hair, who uttered a cry and held out both hands in welcome.

"My dear Geofrey! how delighted I am so see you!" she exclaimed. "And you are really alive and well? What an awful fright you gave us! Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"My dear Sibyl," Derwent retorted, "are not you ashamed to have let my mother come on such a journey? If you had only believed the explicit statement of my letter—"

"But we didn't believe them," she interposed. "At least your mother did not; she thought you were trying to spare her; and, seeing her misery, I thought the best thing for her to do was to come and satisfy herself. I am certain you would have thought so too, if you had been there."

"No doubt I should," he answered. "At least I should be a wretch to find fault with so much goodness, especially on your part. I am deeply grateful to you for undertaking the journey to accompany my mother."

"I am more than rewarded," she answered. "This is the most enchanting place I have ever wandered into. But come! Cousin Margaret is expecting you, and afraid, even yet that you may be brought in on a litter."

He laughed as he followed her toward the door of one of the charming apartments surrounding the gallery, and paused in the sitting-room while she opened the door of the spacious chamber beyond, and said, gayly, "Dear cousin, here is your truant. Come and scold him."

The next instant Derwent saw the slender, black-clad form and pale, lovely face of his mother, with a wistful look in the deep-blue eyes, as she said, "My boy is it really you at last!"

After the first eager questions had been answered, and Mrs. Derwent's anxiety somewhat reassured, Derwent found another in store for him.

"You had no trouble in the journey, I hope?" he said. "It was too bad your having had to take it without a masculine attendant; for that is something you, at least, are not accustomed to, mamma. Sibyl, now, belongs to the new order of independent young ladies,—she would start out, with a maid, to go around the world,—but you are of the *ancient regime*, and I fear that it was very disagreeable to you."

"Oh, has Sibyl not told you?" said Mrs. Derwent. "We did not come alone. I confess I should have disliked that very much, though, of course, my dearest boy, I would have gone that, or anything else, to reach you. But Frank Halbert came with us. It was very kind of him."

"Frank Halbert?" repeated Derwent, in surprise. Then he threw back his head and laughed uncontrollably. "Why, you organized a regular relief expedition!" he said. "What a picture you would have made coming to storm Miraflores!"

"You are very ungrateful, Geofrey," said Miss Lenox. "It may be a laughing-matter to you now, but it was not a laughing matter when we thought we might find you dying or dead. What could two women, in a strange country, have done in that case? One had to think of these things. So it was exceedingly kind of Mr. Halbert to accompany us."

"It certainly was, uncommonly kind," said Derwent, recovering his gravity, "and I beg your pardon for laughing. Halbert is a very good fellow always. Where is he?"

"I parted with him near the post office just before I met you. He went in to make some inquiries. Ah, here he is!"

A handsome man of about thirty, well set up, with keen eyes looking' out of a refined face, appeared at the partly-open door as Miss Lenox spoke. "So here you are!" he said, holding out a cordial hand to Derwent. "It is a satisfaction to see you still living; and upon my word, young man, I begin to fear this thing has been a hoax. You are looking very well."

"Oh, Frank!" said Mrs. Derwent, reproachfully. "I do not think so. He is pale and thin."

"I ought to be looking well," said Derwent, "if the best of care could make most. I have been doing nothing but enjoying an ideal life and recovering my strength. My wound, however, is not yet healed, and gives me some trouble."

"You must have the best medical advice at once," said Mrs. Derwent, while Halbert looked at Sibyl and laughed.

"This is pleasant, is it not?" he said. "Think of our anxiety to reach the sufferer, our hurried journey without pause, our eager desire to relieve him from the discomforts he was supposed to be enduring,—while all the time he was 'enjoying an ideal life' and recovering his strength in the most satisfactory manner! I don't know what you may think of our journey to the land of the Montezumas, Miss Lenox, but I feel rather ridiculous."

"I do not," replied Miss Lenox, loftily. "We came to relieve cousin Margaret's anxiety and to help her in any need that she might have for us. Of course, incidentally, we should have been glad to have relieved Geofrey also."

"But, since Geofrey has behaved so shamefully as not to need relief, you are ready to put him aside severely," said that gentleman, smiling. "Come, now, is that quite fair? I am extremely sorry that you have taken such a long journey for such an insufficient reason, but I feel your kindness to my mother more than I can possibly express. And, now that you are here, don't you think you may find something to enjoy?"

"I am sure of it," replied Sibyl, frankly. "Since our anxiety about you was relieved by Mr. Morell's visit yesterday, I have enjoyed every sight and sound. Yes, on the whole, we will magnanimously forgive you for getting well before we came. And now tell us all about your ideal hacienda."

"I have only one improvement to suggest," said Halbert. "The hacienda is chapter second. Let us have chapter first, the whole authentic account of the shooting, with the cause thereof."

Derwent hesitated for a moment. Should he tell the whole, or only part, of that story? Nothing would have induced him to mention Dona Zarifa's name in connection with the final tragedy when speaking of it to Morell, but these were his nearest friends and relatives: was it not right that he should let them know the full greatness of his obligation? So he told the whole story; and never was narrative listened to with more rapt attention. Three pairs of widening eyes were fastened on his face as he spoke, and when he finished Mrs. Derwent fairly broke into sobs.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, "what can we ever do to show our gratitude to those kind people! They have saved your life twice over. And that heroic girl! How I long to see and thank her!"

"I too, have a great desire to see the girl," observed Halbert.

"I would go across Mexico to see her," cried Sibyl. "Happy creature! to be able to do heroic things, not dream of them! Geofrey, my respect for you has increased. There must be something more in you than I ever imagined, for fate to have selected you as the central figure of such a story."

"I played a very subordinate part in it, Sibyl," said Derwent. "My role was subjective altogether. All the honors belong to Dona Zarifa."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A peculiarity about the blind is that there is seldom one of them that smokes. Soldiers and sailors accustomed to smoking, and who have lost their sight in action, continue to smoke for a short time, but soon give up the habit. They say it gives them no pleasure when they cannot see the smoke, and some have said that they cannot taste the smoke unless they see it. This almost demonstrates the theory that if you blindfold a man in a room full of smoke and put a lighted and laughing cigar in his hand, he will not be able to tell the difference.

The Home.

The editor will be glad to have short letters from any of his friends who feel disposed to write, asking questions, giving advice, hints to other housekeepers, recipes, or anything which they think would add to the interest of this department. But communications ought to be as brief as possible.

—For Truth.

"Of Many Daughters."

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

It never occurred to me in all my romantic girlhood that I should live to have daughters tall enough to look over my head; and it seems very funny that seven little girls called me "mother" before I was thirty-five. But such was my lot in life. Dear old Dan was a happy father of these "silks and jewels, bangs and curls," without a boy to bear his name. But they all had a welcome to his fatherly arms and heart. "She looks like you, wife," he said, when the first was born and insisted on giving her my name. He looked in the blinking eyes of the second and they were like his mother's, so he called her Jane, softened afterwards to Jamie. The third was a plain-looking, good natured baby that, he said, reminded him of his dead sister Rachel, so "Ray" became the pet of the family. The next was a delicate infant and we dubbed her Lily. The fifth looked like my mother and I had her named Eliza. The sixth was such a great disappointment that I was determined to call her Danelda, and she well sustained the name, for "Elder" is her father's counterpart in many ways.

Then one stormy night the last baby came. It was a big snow-storm, and as the wind howled and everything was so dreary we talked a little and I said smiling, "She will be the Hope of our old age." "Then," said Dan, "we'll call her Hope," and so our crowd of little girls grew to womanhood. They suffered childish ills, in a take-it-for-granted manner, enjoying all the fun that they could get out of life, and wore old clothes and cut-down frocks with composure and content. Early in life I marked out a career for each and did not consider that difference in sex ought to make such a difference in their success in life work. The eldest devoted her leisure to music, and fitted herself to teach, but when she wanted to be paid the same price as Professor Bengum, she was told that a gentleman's prices were allowed to be higher than a lady's, and had to be contented to take about one-half, even though doing as good work.

Jamie started out to be a lawyer, but though she was very good at an argument, somebody proved better, for she married Tom Jenkins the second year, and I saved the rest of the school money for her setting out, and took her home to study housekeeping with me. "Ray" grew up as plain as her babyhood promised, but her sunny temper sweetened and brightened all our lives. I wanted to keep her to myself, and Jamie's engagement gave me a decided "turn." I didn't want the girls to marry and spoil all my ideas of a career, so looked for an occupation for Ray, whose principal gift seemed to be to brighten the home, and that could not be classed among the professions, though the most indispensable, I admit, for there ought to be H B after the name of each girl, as an every day help and Home Brightener. But then, it doesn't require a seven years' course of study. When aunt Neville came in from the country she used to wag her head, and say, Oh, let Ray alone, wait till Mr. Right comes along. But I didn't want to wait, and besides I am not such an orthodox believer in predestination as aunt Neville, who is sure you can't

get past what is allotted to you. Ray liked to dig in the ground, and grow plants from seeds in our little back garden when she was quite a child, potting them and selling to the neighbors in summer, till she saved enough money to build a little glass house off of the dining room and grow plants for the florist, who tried at first to get them cheaper because a woman grow them. But little "Ray" had some determination, and knowing they were a first class article she would not sell them under value, but took more pains with the quality of her plants, and now has money in the bank and her career is secured as long as plants are in fashion. "Lily" grew strong and took type writing, but is not able to earn as much as Harry Sayers, who works beside her, and does no more than she, besides going out for a smoke and losing time at noon, which the girls never think of doing. Liza teaches in the High School, another case of reduced pay, but it was reserved for Elda and Hope to show us what women could do. For after they finished schooling, and while they were looking for a career, Dan fell and broke his leg. His business is house decorator and painter and he had a very important contract on hand just at that time, for it was early autumn when everybody wanted work done before cold weather set in. "Elda" took all the work in and superintended it. She had shown a talent for house painting and decorative art, and studied the journals he subscribed for on the subject. She had painted and frescoed our own rooms sufficiently well to meet her father's approval, and caused him to say he wished she was a boy; but it had never occurred to him that her hands were as well suited to the work as a boy's could be, and her brain quite as clear for designing and coloring in artistic taste if only she was trained as a boy would be. Before Dan was better the girls had such a hold on the business, and did so well that he took them fairly into partnership—Hope to keep the books, and Elda as general manager. And so they are still helping Dan in his business, but able to assist him when needed—none the less house-wifely because they understand a trade and can earn their living. There is no need of marrying for a home and there is a blessed independence in being able to earn one's living. House decorating is a work of taste and art, better suited to a woman who knows women's needs and ideas on these subjects and so we have decided that "girls" are as good as boys, if given opportunity.

Strawberry Recipes.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.—Select fresh and perfect berries and pack them as closely as possible in one-quart jars, filling all the little spaces with pulverized sugar. Place the jars on a board in a wash boiler in six inches of moderately hot water. Put jars that are quickly and easily sealed—put on the covers, but do not adjust the tight or sealing wire; cover the boiler and let the water come to boiling heat, and remain so until the fruit is well scalded. Remove the jars, fasten the covers, and put them away in a cool, dark, dry closet where the temperature is not likely to rise above seventy degrees.

STRAWBERRY STIFLE.—For the cake take one cup of sugar, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one-half cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, and one and one-half cups of flour. Wash one quart of strawberries, sweeten quite sweet and let stand until half an hour before eating. Then split the cake in the middle and put in the berries. Just before eating put in a deep dish, cover the top with the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, and then pour over it a pint of cream, or a made cream as follows: Yolk of one egg, one pint of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful of cornstarch;

STRAWBERRY PYRAMID.—Make a light biscuit dough and roll it out about a quarter of an inch thick. Cut out a circle the size of a tea-plate and spread with strawberries. Cover them with a circle about an inch smaller than the other and continue till a pyramid is formed, having dough at the top. Boil this pudding in a pointed bag, well floured, or steam it in a tin pyramid mould for one hour. Serve with hard sauce.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—To one quart of flour add two heaping teaspoonfuls of good baking powder, one tablespoonful white sugar and a little salt; mix thoroughly while dry. Chop up three tablespoonfuls butter in the flour thus prepared. To one large cupful of sweet milk add one egg. Then put the whole together as quickly and with as little handling as possible. Roll into two sheets, each about half an inch thick. Bake in a well greased pan, laying one sheet on top of the other. When done, and while yet warm, separate them and put between the two crusts a thick layer of strawberries, well sprinkled with powdered white sugar. Cut like a pie and eat with sugar and cream.

STRAWBERRY CREAM.—Bruise a quart of fresh strawberries with a wooden spoon in a basin, with six heaping tablespoonfuls of fine sugar; rub this through a clean hair sieve. Add to a pint of whipped cream two ounces of dissolved isinglass or gelatine; mixed with the strained strawberries and put in the mold.

STRAWBERRIES, CANNED AND PRESERVED.—There is probably not, among the list of fruits, one other variety so hard to make look nice when put up as strawberries. They are so very full of juice, and are so apt to turn yellow from cooking. The evening before preserving them clean them and put them in a stone jar with a layer of the fruit and one of sugar to each pound of strawberries. In the morning the jar will be nearly full of juice: drain it off and boil until it is a thick, rich syrup, then add the berries to the boiling juice and let them cook thirty minutes. Put in jars and seal up as other preserves. When opened in the winter they will be found to have retained the perfect strawberry flavor and smell, and will not be the pale yellow color so often seen in this fruit, but will be a pretty pink color.

JAM.—Prepare the fruit in the same way, only put three-fourths of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. After the juice is put to boil in the morning, mash the berries before putting them in the boiling juice and stir constantly for thirty minutes, when the jam will be ready to seal up in jars, or put in glasses which must be sealed over with tissue paper and varnished with the white of egg to keep the air excluded.

Rhubarb and its Uses.

Housekeepers welcome the earliest stalks of rhubarb to give tone and freshness to their dishes which at this season become limited in variety unless there is a good store of canned fruits on hand. Even with a plenty of these preserved and dried fruits there is a longing for the sharp, refreshing acid of the rhubarb, which is healthful as well as appetizing. A few recipes for its use are given below:

RHUBARB PIE.—Two-thirds pint of stewed rhubarb, one large cup of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, one tablespoonful of flour. Mix all thoroughly and bake in one crust. When done spread over the top a frosting made by beating the two whites with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Return to the oven to brown.

RHUBARB PIE.—Peel and slice the stalks, and after filling the lower crust turn it up over the rhubarb around the edge to keep the juice from running out. Add a little salt and six or seven tablespoonfuls of sugar. Sprinkle over flour before adding the top crust which must be pressed down firmly.

RHUBARB SAUCE.—Wash the rhubarb stalks and cut them fine; add a little water; stew until done, adding sugar the last thing before taking up. If the rhubarb is chopped no water is needed and the flavor will be stronger and rich.

RHUBARB SAUCE, No. 2.—This is made by substituting good molasses for sugar, and sweetening and adding it when the rhubarb is first put on to cook. Stew only as long as will be eaten at one meal and it will be found of good flavor and more palatable as when served with cream, however, to always

The American Garden gives these hints about cooking rhubarb. Early rhubarb will served leaves little waiting for strawberries. Do not peel it when young, as the flavor goes into the peel; stew close covered in earthen, never in tin or other metal; when tender, steamed in its own juice, add a tablespoonful of butter and sugar to make a thick, almost candied syrup. Never use soda to lessen the acid, but sprinkle flour or corn starch over, which will take off the sharpness if desired. Or stir in a beaten egg as the rhubarb is taken from the fire. The stewed plant may be served as a compote with whipped cream, or as a meringue tart; spread an inch thick between the layers of a short-cake well soaked with butter or as the sweetmeat with an orange flower cream or in a rolypoly pudding. The compote may be flavored with orange peel, quince or pineapple. Later it may be put down in firkins as a staple preserve.

The Manitoba Crops.

In a letter to Mr. A. J. McMillan, Manitoba Government agent at Toronto, Mayor Kelly, of Brandon, writes:—"As regards the outlook for crops, they never were as good, in my opinion, at this season of the year as they are at present. I have been through the country a good deal, and also make inquiries from farmers as they come to the city, and they are all of the same opinion, that the prospects are as good, if not better, than they have ever been at this season. As you understand, I am, as a miller, greatly interested in the grain crop, and make it my business to find out just how the grain is getting along. I might also state that I have over 500 acres in wheat myself, and am well pleased with the appearance of it. As the prospects are so good, we have let the contract for a new mill of much larger capacity than the old one. You cannot say too much for the prospects at present."

The censure of our fellow men, which we are so prone to esteem a proof of our superior wisdom, is too often only the evidence of the conceit that would magnify self, and of the malignity or envy that would detract from others.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Bloating, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, and they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEADACHE

Acho they would who suffer from but for the pills here they will be cured

The Treatment of Widows in India.

The practice of treating widows as quasi criminals, outcasts, or slaves, is among Hindus of high antiquity. It is probably a substitute for a still older custom, once universal among the conquering tribes of the Asiatic world, of slaying the wives of chieftains on the burial places of their lords. As manners grew milder and men less desperate, and new religious ideas were born, that practice was abolished, and widows were permitted to live, but only as persons whose right to survive must be regarded as imperfect. Their position became that of household slaves, or rather family outcasts, entitled to no honor, bound to servile offices, dressed in the meanest clothes fed with the cheapest food, and regarded by all around them as persons who ought to consider themselves incurably degraded by all around them as persons who ought to consider themselves incurably degraded. Had not the very gods themselves, or the fates, pronounced them deserving of heavy suffering?

It is the rooted belief of every convinced Hindu that unexpected or severe misfortune brought about without human hands is evidence that the sufferer has in some former state of being deservedly incurred the displeasure of the higher powers, and is justly expiating by his own misery his own actual though forgotten guilt. They think this even about themselves, and we have known a respectable Hindu, full of life and energy, and by no means specially bigoted, upon the death of an only son suddenly to renounce the world and thenceforward to live, covered with ashes and repeating only prayers, the painful expiatory life of the sunyasee, or Hindu hermit. What he believed about himself, his friends were more ready to believe about him, and, as the death of a husband is the highest misfortune his wife can endure, those who insult or degrade his widow, even if her own closest connections, do but carry out the visible will of the Divine. The widow is therefore, in theory, at all events, abandoned to her fate. Of course, natural laws are not wholly suspended even by superstition, and thousands of widows protected by personal affection, or by their own abilities, or by their wealth—for widowhood does not cancel rights of property—lead decently happy and contented lives. The majority, however, suffer under the ban typified by the shaving of their heads—that is, they are regarded till death as fallen from all title to respect, and are treated with a habitual indignity which, even when they are exempt from actual oppression, makes the position of millions of unoffending women no better than that of slaves or convicts. So severe is their lot that it excites pity even among those who believe that it is sanctioned by religion, and it would probably have been ameliorated long since but that it fits in with one of the principal Hindu social arrangements—that of early marriage.

A Cold-Blooded Groom.

"Have you brought any witnesses?" asked the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Bathgate, of a middle-aged couple who had come to be married.

"No; we ne'r thoct o' that. Is't necessary?"

"Oh, certainly," said the minister: "you should have a groomsmen and bridesmaid as witnesses."

"Who can we get, Jean, dae ye think?" the bride so addressed suggested a female whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and after consultation a man thought of.

"Jean, an' ask them, 'Will ye come back?'"

"I'll be back after some time," said the man, who had been one of the bridegroom's friends, the minister, and some other people who were present at the wedding, and who were invited to the feast.



FIG. 83.

Fig. No. 83 is somewhat of the bolero shape; is of black straw and velvet ribbon, with gilt gimp on upturned brim, gilt passementerie around the crown, and three large yellow chrysanthemums on the left side.



FIG. 104.

Fig. No. 104 illustrates a shell-shaped toque of fancy straw, which is trimmed with crown loops and strings of black velvet ribbon, and a wreath of yellow roses resting closely against the black straw.

To Restore Worn Clothing.

Take, for instance, a shiny old coat, vest, pair of pants, of broadcloth, cashmere, or any wool. The scourer makes a strong, warm lye, and plunges the garment into it, and works it up and down, rubs the dirty places, and passes it through the second lye, then through several waters. When nearly clean, rolls it up for an hour, and then washes it. An old cotton garment, or a coat, and until the wrinkles

are out, but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them, and passing the iron over that. If any shiny places are seen, they are treated as the wrinkles are: the iron is lifted, while the full clouds of steam rises, and brings the knap with it. Cloth should always have a suds made especially for it, since in that which has been used for white cotton or woolen clothes lint will be left and cling to the cloth.

A Star Quilt.

The most popular quilt at present is the star quilt. For materials get two yards good quality domestic linen, quite heavy, with a smooth surface—a quality worth about 35 cents a yard will do—three bunches wash twist, one bunch etching silk, two gross smallest size brass rings, one five-pointed star perforated pattern (to stamp with). Place the linen on a smooth surface and stamp your star pattern over the surface (or you can get it done for you), being careful to economize space and yet leave room for working.

After the stamping is done, cut out the star on the square; that is, do not cut the point out, but cut a square with the star in the center, leaving about one inch margin from the end of point of star; this is for convenience in working. When the stars are all stamped and the stars cut out, then proceed with the fancy work. With the wash twist work a heavy button-hole stitch around all points of the star; then with the same silk fill each point with one of the filling stitches, either fish-net, brick, cross, or crow's feet, or any other that is preferred; each star may have the same filling stitch, or every star may be filled differently.

Now for the center part of the star, crochet a sufficient number of brass rings over with the etching silk and sew them in a circle to the linen. After the embroidery is done, cut out all the linen from the points of the star with a pair of sharp scissors. This will leave you a five-pointed star. Thirty-six stars will make a quilt large enough, and they are to be set together by points. This will make the edges formed of the points which finish with a small silk tassel. If preferred, bolted sheeting and rope linens may be used.

The colors used are gold and white, old rose and white, green and white, and all white. The number of stars depend on the size you make your stars, but from thirty-six to sixty-four are enough.

A Chinese Bride.

A writer in the North China Herald describes the dress worn by a Chinese lady at her wedding, of which he was a witness, as follows: "At length we were admitted to inspect the bride whose four-hours' toilet was just completed, and a marvelous spectacle, truly, was the figure seated motionless in the center of the room. Gorgiously elaborate was her array from head to foot, the former crowned with a helmet-like erection of a material resembling turquoise-enamel, wrought into the finest filigree work, from which projected glittering artificial beetles and butterflies and other quaint rich ornaments, the whole surmounted by three large, round tufts of crimson silk, arranged tiara-wise. From the brim of this coronet fell all around strings of pearl and ruby beads, about half-a-yard in length. Just visible through these, at the back, were broad loops of jet black hair, stiff and solid as polished ebony, and decorated with artificial pink roses. Her principal vestment was a long tunic, whose foundation fabric of crimson satin was scarcely discernible amid its embroidery of gold; a corner turned back, lined with emerald satin, revealed an underskirt patterned in brilliant red and blue silk, this also profusely trimmed with gold embroidery. A belt of scarlet satin, studded with tablets of white cornelian, crossed the waist behind. From the front edge of her head-dress a red silk veil fell almost to the ground, adding much to her preterhuman aspect."

A Woman's Way.

A woman wage-earner who works from 8 in the morning until 6 at night and occasionally finds herself too weary to sleep, takes down her hair at 10 o'clock, brushes it vigorously, washes her face, neck and arms with lukewarm water, takes a crash towel bath and goes to bed, with a hot water bag at her feet. The light in her room is so arranged that she can, after reading for a few minutes some light pleasant work, extinguish it without rising, and she usually drifts into dreamland in less than half an hour.—Chicago Tribune.

Patterns.

Any pattern contained in these pages may be obtained by enclosing price and addressing S. Frank Wilson, 73 to 81 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. In ordering be careful to state size required, as we cannot change patterns that have been opened.

THE SAVING OF THE FLAG.

A Thrilling Episode from the Austro-Italian War.

The "Reminiscences of General di Revel" contain the following stirring account of the saving of the flag: During the Italo-Austrian war of 1859, on the 24th of June, part of the Forty-fourth Italian Infantry, consisting of a group of about ten officers and twenty-five men, got separated from their regiment during a surprise, and being hard pressed by the Austrians, entered a villa called Feuille, near Alzarea, and prepared for an obstinate defense. They had with them the flag of the regiment, and the oldest officer present, Captain Baroucellit, took the command. After the Austrians had been repeatedly repulsed they set fire to some heaps of straw, hay, and other inflammable materials kept in the garrets of the villa. The Italians, half suffocated by the smoke, and seeing that it would be impossible to defend themselves much longer, determined to save their flag before surrendering. They stripped the bunting from its staff and tore it into small pieces, of which each officer hid a portion under his clothes; the spear-point, being indestructible, was hidden under a fire-place in the house, and the staff was broken into pieces and burned. This done, Lieut. Chiverni, who spoke German, fixed a white handkerchief to the point of his sword, and leaning from a window in the midst of smoke and fire, offered to surrender—a proposition immediately accepted by the enemy. The brave little troop issued from the house and surrendered their arms to Colonel Attempts, of the Honoloho Regiment. "Where are the others?" asked the Colonel, seeing so few men; and when he had ascertained that there were really no more he exclaimed "Bravo! you defended yourselves like lions!" The Italians, taken prisoners to Austria, managed to keep their precious relics secret, and one of them dying, his piece of bunting was buried with him. On the 1st of July following di Revel was appointed commander of the division, and while inspecting the Forty-fourth Infantry was surprised to see no flag. He was told that it was taken by the enemy, but as the matter had never been mentioned, not even by the Austrians, who would naturally have been proud of such a trophy, the General called the officers of the Forty-fourth together and begged them to keep perfect silence as to their loss, and the first time they found themselves within reach of an enemy's flag

TO REVENGE THEMSELVES BY TAKING IT.

When Austria agreed to the convention of the Red Cross, the Italian military doctors were set free, and one of them came to General di Revel and informed him of what had been done with their flag by the group of officers of the Forty-fourth. The general recommended silence, and his wish was respected. On Oct. 9, when Di Revel went to Verona, a merchant of that city was presented to him, and in secret consigned to him the spear-point of the missing flag, which had been found in the villa of Signora Rose Faina, and by her jealously preserved in order to be restored to the Italian army. One can imagine the gratitude of the General. He reported the affair to the Minister of War, begging him to provide a flagstaff. This was done, and when peace was concluded and the prisoners of war returned home, the officers of the Forty-fourth consigned to the General the several pieces of their flag. They were sown together by three workwomen in the presence of two officers of the company, and attached to the staff and spear-point, the whole proceedings being written down, witnessed to and signed, and an account of the saving of the flag added. On Oct. 25th the Forty-fourth Regiment was drawn up in the square of St. Mark, and in front stood Lieutenant Labretti bearing the recovered flag. The guardia voi was sounded, and General di Revel expressed his pleasure at being able to restore to the assembled regiment the actual flag stained with the blood of the handful of heroes who had so valiantly preserved it from the enemy. "One piece only," he concluded, "is missing, and that lies in the heart of the brave man who carried it with him to the tomb." A storm of applause burst from the regiment and the spectators; then, while the men presented arms, the General kissed the flag and gave it to Lieutenant Colonel Zanni, the commander of the regiment, who also kissed it and then consigned it to Lieutenant Labretti, who, bearing aloft

the glorious banner, accompanied General di Revel along the front of the regiment amid renewed acclamations. The General speaks of this incident as one of the most moving in his military career.

Well Merited Praise.

Rev. Thos. Dixon, of New York, the other day paid a well deserved tribute to that great modern engine of civilization, the press. "The modern editor," Mr. Dixon said, "had one hand on the telegraph and the other on the throttle valve which sent his words all over the civilized world. He was the representative of the highest single power of modern civilization. The newspaper could not be expected to be all good, for it was the daily and weekly record of the doings of the world, and the world was never known to go straight for twenty-four hours. The bad must be taken with the good, and all the editor ought to be required to do was to give the evil as evil and the good as good, and not to print evil to suggest evil or to call to evil. The modern preachers received a severe scoring. The editor had," Mr. Dixon said, "taken his place as a guide for the people. Who exposed corruption in high places? Not the preacher. He was somewhere writing an essay on the number of feathers in the angel Gabriel's wings. It was the newspaper. The newspaper alone was free and fearless." This is rather severe on Mr. Dixon's own cloth, and we do not think altogether merited.

A Dead Corpse.

Ann McCafferty was, perhaps, once able to say of Edward Owens, "You were born with butter in your mouth, and that is what makes your orations to the fair sex to be so soft and melting;" but, alas! on Saturday they quarrelled and fought, and were marched off to the police station.

Policeman—She had a bottle of whiskey—

Ann—Is that a crime?
Policeman—And she struck Owens with the bottle. (Laughter.) They were fighting.

Ann—Oh, tits, tits! Wid I waste it like that? (Laughter.)

Edward Owens—Whisht, Ann! (Laughter.) Here's the right set o't. There was a man who dropped down a died corpse—(laughter)—in the Bird Market. Wool, thinks I to myself, maybe, noo, I ken the dead corpse. (Laughter.) Up I'm gain' to the office—

Magistrate—What has that got to do with your being out and quarrelling at three o'clock on Sunday morning?

Edward—Well, I am tellin' ye. I was gain' up to see the corpse. (Laughter.)

Magistrate—You are each fined 15s or ten days.

They Don't Like It.

It is stated that Mr. Gladstone has given much offence to some of his supporters in Parliament by his advocacy of the English Channel Tunnel scheme. It is said that Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Fowler are much irritated by the contemptuous manner in which their leader inveighed against all the ridiculous simpletons, as he considers them, who oppose the bill; and when he sat down they walked out of the House. A correspondent says that he wonders whether Mr. Gladstone ever heard the opinion which Von Moltke expressed to the late Lord Ampthill about the project. He declared that a Channel tunnel would destroy two-thirds of the carrying trade of this country, as goods would be consigned through it overland to Marseilles, Brindisi and other convenient ports, and shipped thence to all parts of the world in French, Italian and German vessels. As to the military view, if a foreign army ever succeeded in landing in England, and obtaining possession of our end of the tunnel, it could bring reinforcements through it as it wanted, and would speedily be in a position to dictate terms, one item in which, in Von Moltke's opinion, would be the retention of Dover and the tunnel in foreign hands.

Her Duel with the Doctor.

An extraordinary duel is reported to have taken place in Vienna. A few days ago a girl, aged nineteen, challenged a young doctor, who had offended one of her friends and refused to apologize. He was challenged in the usual way by two seconds, a student and

an officer of Reserves, and when he ridiculed the idea the girl threatened to horsewhip him publicly. The challenge was then accepted, and a meeting, with seconds and doctors, took place in a hired room in a Vienna suburb. All the rules for a duel with swords were strictly observed. The doctor first acted on defensive, but was soon obliged to fight in earnest, and left off after the second round with a wound in his left side, which was declared not to be dangerous. The girl, a Croatian educated in South America, is said by the seconds to be the best fencer they ever saw. After wounding her adversary she left the place without casting another look at him.

When the Curfew Flourishes.

Those who are fortunate enough to live in the shadow of Battle Abbey still enjoy the exceptional privilege of hearing the curfew every night from Christmas to Epiphany, the eves of saints' days only excepted. Lately it has been found necessary to rehang the valuable and ancient bells, and Dean Crane appeals to the public to subscribe £200 for the expenses necessary to allow the Battle Abbey curfew to continue to "toll the knell of parting day."

The curfew also flourishes at Hastings, where it booms forth nightly from the fourteenth-century tower of St. Clement's Church. Last week the annual "church parade" of the Cinque Ports Volunteers and "Royal Naval Reserve" took place there, the Mayor and corporation making a goodly show with their fine old silver maces. The procession was somewhat aborn of its normal grandeur by one of the ex-Mayors vetoing the use of carriages.

Across the Llamas' Country.

Mr. Rockhill's successful journey across a hitherto unexplored region in the country of the Llamas appears to have been attended with no little peril. His servants were more often in chains than out of them, and Mr. Rockhill himself only escaped death by a series of fortunate chances, so determined were the agents of the Llamas to frustrate any attempt to explore the mysterious and jealously guarded district between Silifu and Tatsienlu, in the Province of Derge. Mgr. Wiet, Vicar Apostolic of Tibet, pronounces the feat of crossing without an escort the immense steppe in that land of grass, where the habits of men are more to be dreaded than the solitude, as the most difficult and dangerous that has been accomplished in Asia during the present century. The district is described as teeming with natural riches, and Mr. Rockhill is stated to have mapped out a route of prime importance for commerce.

1, 100 Men at Work on the Congo Railroad.

Over 1,100 workmen are now engaged on the Congo Railroad. Four hundred of them come from Zanzibar, and the others are mostly Krooboyas from the Liberian coast. The carpenters, blacksmiths, and masons are native craftsmen, who learned their trades in Sierra Leone and Senegal. Most of the force are engaged in blasting and grading operations. A few Cabindas who live on the coast near the Congo are employed as cooks, and about fifty Congo natives as porters.

Up to April 12 about two miles of the roadway had been completed, starting from the western end of the road at Matadi, ninety miles from the sea. Three-fourths of all the difficulties to be met are in the first ten miles before the comparatively level plateau back of the Congo hill is reached. The work is now in charge of twenty-five Europeans, including engineers and superintendents.

Value of Sincerity.

Though a man must be sincere in order to be great, he need not be great in order to be sincere. Whatever may be the size of our brain, the strength of our powers, the tal-

ents of any kind with which we are gifted, sincerity of heart, or of belief, or of life is possible to us all says the *New York Ledger*. It is of itself a kind of greatness which, in spite of many other drawbacks, will make itself felt. The honest, upright man, who lives openly, fearlessly and truly, professing only what he feels, unholding only what he believes in, pretending nothing, disguising nothing, deceiving no one, claims unconsciously a respect and honor that we cannot give to any degree of power or ability wielded with duplicity or cunning. If we could correctly divide the world into the sincere and the insincere, we should have a much truer estimate of real worth than we generally obtain.

Don't try to drown your sorrows in a jug; troubles are great swimmers.

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hard for a man to destroy the fabric of his happiness to form the material upon which to build up the felicity of a rival.

The shadows had already commenced to lengthen across the lawn; there was only the faintest of breezes stirring the green ivy round the ruined monastery. From the street beyond there came the muffled roar of traffic, here soft and subdued to something like drowsy music. A little rain had fallen in the morning, freshening the borders of mignonette and ten-week stock. There was not a "seemly coat of red" to be seen, no figure save that of a girl standing before the preaching-cross, her eyes fixed upon the worn lettering round the base.

Hugh stepped across the strip of lawn, his feet deadened by the elastic turf, and stood by her side. As she turned, half-startled, and her eyes met his, there was something there more eloquent of welcome than any words could be. He took her hand in his and held it for a moment. "I have been talking to your father," he said.

"Yes? I am glad you came, for I should not like you to misjudge him. Your mother was here this morning, and explained the miserable misunderstanding. It was very good of her to come."

"Why did you leave London?" asked Hugh. He had heard but vaguely the preceding remark. "I have been looking for you everywhere."

"Have you? I thought you knew that—that—who I was. I knew you were the son of my father's old friend. I thought I could be happier here than there. It is a beautiful place, and I have got to love it."

They had moved towards the ruin, and with no fixed intent on either side, presently stood within the naked walls, alone and unperceived, shut out as it were from the outer world. Hugh waited patiently till she had ceased to speak, then drew a place closer to her side.

"I have heard most of the story," he said. "Of course there is no one to blame; still, I feel that I and mine owe you and yours a great deal. And yet, selfish that I am, I want to go deeper into your debt. If I had spoken to you a week ago it would have been useless; now I hope differently."

"Say on," said Sylvia gaily, though there was a slight break in her voice. "I am so happy to-day that I could not refuse any favour. Anything that there is in my power to grant shall be yours."

"Many thanks," said Hugh, calmly appropriating the hands Sylvia had held out to him half jestingly. "Then I want this—Now, be silent. I am the governor of this place, and its inmates are subject to my supreme command.—Sylvia, I command you to say 'Yes.'"

"But really!" Sylvia ejaculated, laughing and crying in a breath, her blue eyes filled with tears; "it is so sudden—"

"But not unexpected. Oh! you sweet hypocrite! you deceitful Sylvia! And this is how soon you have forgotten that morning in Kensington Gardens, but five months ago, that you promised to—"

"I didn't," Sylvia cried indignantly—"I didn't promise to marry you."

"No; but you promised, if you didn't marry me, you wouldn't marry any one else," Hugh retorted coolly. "Soe, I am waiting."

"You are very patient," Sylvia murmured; "and I am a happy, happy girl. Oh! how much more do you want me to say than that?"

Mr Corporal Dawson, wandering towards his accustomed seat, heard the voices, and proceeded in. There Ben Choppin discovered him a few minutes later, a rigid statue of astonishment at the unaccustomed spectacle of a beautiful girl with her lover's arm round her and her head upon his shoulder. Ben, taking in the situation at a glance, led his friend kindly, but none the less firmly, to the accustomed seat, where he eyed him for some moments in silent scorn and loathing.

"Jacob Dawson," said he in a judicial whisper, "ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

But the Corporal's energetic and far-seeing mind was busy discounting the future. "If so be as that be the case," he replied mediatively, "it ought to mean summit hexter at Christmas—a low practical remark, accepted by Ben Choppin with the contempt it unquestionably deserved."

In accordance with the Corporal's anticipations, there was a wedding a little later, of so romantic a description that the *clue* of Castleford and neighbourhood had conversational matter enough to last through at least a dozen dinner-parties and such like festivities. The idea of being married com-

an almshouse—unconventional enough in all conscience; but then Goldsworthy of Lugwardino, as every woman in the west of England knows, can trace descent from Llewellyn him. Under the old ruin, roofed over for the occasion, Hugh and his bride cut the wedding cake; and the Corporal and Ben Choppin, the breach being healed, drunk so many toasts that they became exceedingly vain-glorious and inflated with pride, thus engendering a sore feeling with the rest of the Hospitaliers for some days afterwards.

There was but one notable absence from the marriage-feast—that of Harold Abelwhite. He sent the bride a present, the picture Hugh had so greatly admired; and the same day Mrs. Debenham received a present likewise—three sheets of tissue-paper enclosed in an envelope. A week later an enclosure, containing bank notes to the value of five hundred pounds, found its way to the artist's cottage; a little tribute of admiration, said the sender, of Mr. Abelwhite's genius, and to enable him to complete a course of study he had long contemplated. Had he been able to regard the gift as a genuine tribute to his abilities, he might have retained it; but it looked too much like bribing him to silence, hence he returned it. His pictures are yearly increasing his reputation; but in his London studio he has as yet found no time or inclination to design an other castle in the air.

[THE END.]

How to Keep Healthy in Africa.

According to the English newspapers, Dr. Parke, the surgeon who accompanied Stanley across Africa, is as imperious as his chief to the charms of the fair sex in that benign land. While the expedition was wandering in the great Aruwimi forest a young female dwarf appeared on the scene, and, to Parke's great surprise, he made a deep impression upon her susceptible heart. She ignored Stanley entirely, and thought there was no one worth looking at except the young surgeon. She followed the expedition during the few remaining days of the forest tramp, severely taxed the resources of the sign language in her efforts to keep up a conversation with the Doctor, and insisted upon sleeping at the door of his tent. At last, when the ill hearted Parke told her she must go home to her people, and sternly refused to accompany her, she bade him a tearful farewell and departed broken hearted.

There would not be so many stories about the horrors of the African climate if all the white men who go there were more like Dr. Parke. A bright young man from this country was so eager to try life in African wilds that he accepted a position with small pay in the service of a British trading company. He has now lived in Africa for four years, has travelled a good deal, and enjoys the life. In a letter received from him last week he says that a white assistant who had been sent to him lost his health after a few months' stay, and has gone home with a very poor opinion of the country. The young man writes that it was the man's own excesses and not the climate that were to blame for his collapse. He says it takes a person of good sense to live in Africa, and gives it as the result of his observation and a large part of the fatalities among white men there is due to the fact that so many throw discretion to the winds and lead lives of unbridled license, which they would not think of doing in civilized and more healthful regions.

Truly Royal Love.

The Archduchess Valerio of Austria at Vienna on the 16th inst., publicly renounced all claims to the throne of Austria in order that she might marry the man of her choice. The ceremony took place in the Imperial Council Chamber. It was an affecting as well as an impressive scene. The Archduchess, having made her formal declaration, which was duly attached and proclaimed, turned to the Emperor and members of the Imperial family and said a loving husband would make a true woman happier than a thousand thrones. The Emperor took his daughter in his arms and all present were deeply touched.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is in his hand or on his head.

BALLOONING IN MANY LANDS.

The Queer Experiences of Aeronaut Wells on the other Side of the Globe.

Dr. Rufus Gibson Wells, the famous aeronaut has arrived home after a long sojourn in foreign lands. Dr. Wells has an aerial experience covering a period of thirty years, during which time he made over 500 ascents in every country in Europe, in the United States, India, Australia, and Brazil. Notable among these were at the marriage of Princess Isabella to the Count d'Eu in Brazil, the fetes given in honor of the Prince of Wales in India, the imperial assemblage at Delhi, the coronation fetes of the Czar at Moscow and St. Petersburg, and the Paris Exposition. His trunks are filled with valuable presents from kings, princes, and rulers in all parts of the world.

On Oct. 5, 1870, Dr. Wells contracted with the French Government to make a balloon for the purpose of taking Gen. Bazzino out of Metz. During the Franco-Prussian war the Doctor constructed balloons for both Governments. He made two ascents from Rome for the benefit of the poor of the "Eternal City," after making the most remarkable aerial voyage with the Montgolfier balloon related in history. This journey was over the Apennine Mountains, from Rome to Benevento, which is situated almost forty miles from Mount Vesuvius.

"My experiences in India," said the aeronaut, "were very pleasant. At Lucknow a Parsee merchant named Hormiesjes gave me 2,000 rupees for an ascent. He made money on the gate receipts, however. At Allahabad I made captive ascensions, Englishmen and natives paying \$10 a head to ascend. I also went up for the King of Bhurtpore, rising from the famous King's garden. He is very affable, and has 500 wives. The King of Cashmere was much delighted with my entertainment. Cholera appeared and the King went away. He afterward sent me valuable presents, including a bag of money and a cashmere shawl for my wife. The King of Travancore gave me from his own finger a ring set with nine large diamonds. The King of Cochinchina was present at this occasion. He gave me a dress of gold and silver, an elephant tusk worth \$100, a sandalwood box containing gifts and 100 rupees, besides which his Prime Minister and other wealthy people presented to me a flag with the King's coat of arms."

"You have manufactured many balloons?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes. I made a new one at Bhurtpore, which was painted with the heraldic blazonry of the Maharajah. He desired me to carry up an elephant, and selected a suitable one. When the balloon was nearly inflated the rachyderm broke away and escaped. The Maharajah thereupon sent us to his private place at Deeg, where for three days we roamed through the beautiful gardens, and at night slept on the downy beds which had been occupied by his Queens."

"Have you been at Benares, the old holy city?"

"At Benares are nearly a thousand temples, representing many faiths. I visited the Monkey Temple. In the Golden Temple is a stone as big as an ostrich's egg with a hole in it. Through this stone rice and sweetmeats are fed. When I entered they gaily and me with flowers, as customary, expecting a gratuity. A priest who was fanning the stone told me it was warm; that it was a god and could feel like a human being."

"The Rajah at Benares agreed to give me \$400 to make an ascent just at the close of the rainy season. I used the same balloon as in 1864 at the marriage of Dom Pedro's daughter. When the day for the ascent arrived the balloon was in need of recasting with varnish. It was recasted and laid upon the grass to dry. The Rajah had invited many princes. The next morning at inflating time the balloon was found full of holes, thousands of white ants having eaten through it. It took two days to repair the damage, and the ascent was abandoned."

At Batavia, on the island of Java, I made two remarkable ascents, the first ever made there. At Samarang I could not get gas, and the admiring thousands who were gazing at the balloon. I was a goodly sight when Gambetta escaped with M. Bourée, Secretary of the League, having contracted for the first cigar-shaped balloon, which was 175 feet in length.

000. My idea of a successful balloon is one cigar shaped, to carry a ton or twenty horse power engine, and run a screw for propulsion when the air currents are unfavorable. Electricity, however, is best, there being no waste of power."

On Nov. 14 last Dr. Wells made his third ascension at Paris, accompanied by Wm. J. Hammer, Mr. Edison's representative at the Exposition, and carrying a phonograph, they dropped messages to the assembled thousands below. They were the first "messages from the clouds" in history.

Fly-Fishing.

An angler's paradise is this,
Where long-locked willows stooping kus
The merry water's face.
The very spot to tempt the trout,
Rejoicing in the current's rout,
To feed and sport apace.

The line leaps whistling thro' the air,
And on the ripples settles there
A simulated fly—
A thing of life-like form and hue
That could deceive the fish and you,
How practiced be your eye.

Rare was Apelles' skill, I reck,
When hungry birds would come and peck
His painted grape filled dish;
More useful far his art who can,
With some well modeled fly, trapan
The quick and cunning fish.

But shape your puppets as you may,
They should preserve throughout the play
Motions taken from the life;
So let the creature drawing rest,
Then skim upon the water's breast
With changing fancies rife.

But see athwart the stream you shine!
A tremor seizes on my line.
Swiftly the reel uncoils;
And as I check its circling flight,
A mighty trout leaps to the light,
And strives to burst its toils.

The buckling line runs out its length,
And only skill offsets the strength
Of anger and despair;
Just as is wooed some coyish maid,
Indifferent now, then half afraid,
But won with patient care.

At last the gallant prey gives o'er,
And victor's pride shall heighten more
Its own delightful flavor,
When round the camp-fire's mellow light
I tell the story of the fight,
Warmed by its steaming savor.

J. AUSTIN FINCH.

Photographing a Rifle Bullet.

Since they have bethought themselves to take photographs of lightning flashes we have learned far more about these phenomena than eye observation could have told us in years, and problems yet to be solved have been suggested, which, in our complacency, we did not suppose existed. Such are the curious "dark flashes" seen to accompany the bright ones on many a photograph, and which scientists do not yet know how to explain, some thinking they are reproductions of something really taking place in the air, and others that they are produced in the developing or printing of the picture. Nothing is too difficult for the experimenter to attempt—witness the photographs of rifle bullets in motion, obtained recently by two Austrian officers. Scientific journals of standing contain this feat so difficult that at the Exposition of Paris they were not published. The conclusions of the officers, yet unpublished, are that one of the photographs was taken by the editor of the journal, and the other by the editor of the journal. The editor of the journal is not only a photographer, but a scientist.

Publisher's Department.

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THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO. printing 165 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada.

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Do not advertise till you get our quotations. S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor, 75 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

How well we remember grandmother's attic, so fragrant with medical roots and herbs! Poor old soul, how precious they seemed to her!

In the society of ladies want of sense is not so unpardonable as want of manners.

Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure.

The strongest women must have their tears, the absinthe of the eyes.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Though laughter is allowable, a horse-laugh is abominable.

Editor Pemberton

Of the Delhi Reporter—a well known journalist says: "I consider Burdock Blood Bitters the best medicine made, and would not be without it on any account. It should be kept in every house in the land."

Do you know what Duty is? It is what we exact from others.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

"TRUTH" Bible Competition!

NO 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

An unusual interest was taken in the last TRUTH Competition and at the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more. The list of rewards is very large and the prizes valuable.

The questions are as follows: Where is the Bible are the following words first found: 1, WINGS; 2, LEGS; 3, FEET.

- FIRST REWARDS. First, one Very Fine Toned, Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm, \$500

SECOND REWARDS. First one, Fifty Dollars Cash, \$50

- THIRD REWARDS. First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm, \$500

FOURTH REWARDS. First seven, an Elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH, \$350

- FIFTH REWARDS. First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash, \$100

SIXTH REWARDS. First one, an elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm, \$500

- SEVENTH REWARDS. First one, Twenty Dollars in Gold, \$20

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TENTH REWARDS. First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash, \$100

- ELEVENTH REWARDS. First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash, \$100

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NINTH REWARDS. First one, Twenty-Five Dollars in cash, \$25

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Thirty-fifth REWARDS. First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash, \$100

Thirty-sixth REWARDS. First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash, \$100

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Forty-third REWARDS. First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash, \$100

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won.

Prizes include: Pianos, \$20; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Service, \$1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses \$1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Coko Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, \$1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00.

What's the Reason? The causes of summer complaint, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, etc., are the excessive heat, eating green fruit, over exertion, impure water and sudden chill.

Most men resolve to enjoy life, but no man ever yet enjoyed life who had so resolved. Messrs. Parker and Laird, of Hillsdale, write:—"Our Mr. Laird having occasion to visit Scotland, and knowing the excellent qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, concluded to take some with him, and the result has been very astonishing.

We honestly wish we had a pocketbook made of clouds, then it would always have a silver lining. Deafness Cured.—A very interesting 132 page illustrated Book on Deafness, Nerves in the head. How they may be cured at a low price. Post free 3d.—Address, DR. NICHOLSON, 101 John Street, Montreal.

No woman ever hates a ESTIMONIALS. The revolt which is in the stomach is a revolt which is in the average human mind. It is a revolt which is in the average human mind. It is a revolt which is in the average human mind.

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THE ENGLISH IN PERSIA.

Russia Uneasy Over British Progress in the Shah's Domains.

The Russian press is arousing to the fact that English interests are making great progress in Persia. The Moscow *Gazette* says: "Yahya Khan, who, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, five years ago was regarded as a friend of Russia, is now as Minister of Commerce a zealous friend of the English. A short time ago he received from the Shah an official firman granting him concessions for the laying of a road between Teheran and one of the towns on the River Karun, for the tobacco monopoly, and for the establishment of telephone communications in the capital. The Minister has now ceded his rights with regard to the making of the road and tobacco monopoly to the English. It will be asked what right has the Persian Minister to give up such privileges to the English without the Shah's permission; but it is clear as daylight that it has received this permission, and that the concessions were granted in his name only to make the thing appear less suspicious. But this is by no means all. At the present time negotiations are going on to hand over the Mint to the English, as well as to lease the Customs to them. The River Karun, the bank, the mines, the roads, the tobacco monopoly, are all in English hands, so that, without exaggerating, it may be said that England, Russia's irreconcilable enemy, has obtained possession of Persia's best treasures. We Russians have not one privilege, except access to the unimportant Ensell Bay, on the Caspian Sea, and this can be of no use to us, as no good exists from Pirabaza to Kasbin. Before the Persian authorities can entertain the idea of building a road from Meshed to our frontier, that from Teheran to the Karun will be long since finished.

All Men are our Neighbors.

BY REV. DR. PATTISON.

The first point is the setting of the parable, 25-29. Luke alone gives us this matchless story. When it was spoken is not told us; but it was probably an incident in the way, one of the roadside flowers which are so plentiful and so remarkable in our Lord's life. He went about doing good, and as he went he spoke good things as well as did them. Jesus was certainly somewhere in the neighborhood of Jerusalem when a Rabbi skilled in the law of Moses stood up ('rising from his seat among his students as Jesus passed,' says Geike) to put to him the question, of question 'What shall I do to inherit eternal life?' We are familiar by this time with this lively method of discussion. Jesus is found engaged in it himself first in the temple at Jerusalem when but 12 years old, and it remained his own favorite plan and the plan of those who spoke with him. It is practiced now in the courts of law, and by physicians with their patients. If it is not the way in which ministers preach from their pulpits, it should be the way in which teachers instruct in their classes. Was this lawyer sincere? Why not? He belonged, unfortunately for him, to a class of men who often put casuistry before truth. He was one of the human spiders who

Spin and spin

Backward down their thread so thin.

"But for all that, he was probably in earnest now. From the answer of Jesus he got little satisfaction. Life hereafter was to be the reward of a course of right conduct here. This was how he himself read the law, and our Lord assured him that he had read aright: 'This do and thou shalt live.' This receipt for eternal life he himself carried in the little box belonging to his phylactery, and he had been devout morning and evening to repeat it in his daily prayers. The answer, however, did not satisfy the lawyer. It left him, if not beaten, certainly not victorious. For his own reputation he felt bound to say something, although for his own reputation it had been well for him to let well alone. But we are thankful he did not. To his further question, "And who is my neighbor?" we owe one of the noblest as well as one of the most pathetically beautiful of all Christ's parables. This question was one about which the rabbis were wont to spin *ad nauseum*, and it was one about which the lawyer knew, by what he had already heard of Jesus, that this Teacher from Galilee was not in harmony with the teachers from Judea. Here was his one honorable loop-hole of retreat.

Second, the Parable, 30-35. "But is this a parable, at all? Jesus does not call it such. A parable, unlike a fable, never violates the actual order of things natural, and, therefore, it follows that very often the parable will seem to be a narrative of an actual fact. It is so here. This mountainous road was just the very place in which the man might be robbed. 'The incident,' says Trench, 'is drawn from life.' From the blood shed upon it, this very road was called the Bloody Way. A few years later, the Romans placed a fort there for the protection of travelers. Even now the Arabs of the wilderness, lurking in the caverns, make it an unsafe road for pilgrims, unless they are furnished with a Turkish guard. Jericho was a 'great station of the priests and other functionaries of the temple.' The priest in our story was, no doubt, on his way to Jerusalem to take his turn in course at the services. His inhumanity is the more marked since the wounded traveler was a Jew, and he himself bound by the law of Moses to succor him in his distress. Nor was he, as our version leads us to think, in a broad road. This was a narrow gorge, and it needed some contrivance to get out of the way of the half-dead man. The Levite did more than the priest; but he behaved, if that were possible, worse. 'He came and looked on him and passed by on the other side.' These two men, the priest and the Levite, had this much in common with the thief: 'He who unfeelingly keeps his property to himself and he who steals it from another are influenced by the same motive.' 'To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, it is sin.' Robbers and ecclesiastics alike were selfish, and selfishness is not so much one sin as an element in all sin. Every word used to describe the conduct of the Samaritan is weighty. Contrast 'by chance,' spoken of the priest, 'and when he was at the place,' said of the Levite, with 'as he journeyed,' which at a touch gives us the Samaritan fall of business. Contrast 'came where he was when he saw him,' and 'went to him,' with the priest's indifference or neglect, 'passed by on the other side.' See the string of words used to picture the kindness of the Samaritan. 'He saw him, had compassion on him, went to him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, set him on his own beast, brought him to an inn, took care of him.' Every touch in this picture tells. So vivid and natural is the story, that we may reasonably conjecture that Jesus, who knew the fatal road well, was narrating an actual occurrence.

Third, the application of the parable, 36, 37. First, formerly, it was the fashion to spiritualize it. Jerusalem was Eden from which man fell, the thieves were the devil and his angels, the man was the backslider, stripped of Christ's righteousness, and so wounded by sin that life was ebbing away fast; the Samaritan was the Savior; the wine was the sharpness of the law; the oil the sweetness of his gospel; the twopence was the Old and New Testament, and so on. It is enough for us to take the parable, as Jesus spoke it, in answer to the inquiry, Who is my neighbor? Second, the Samaritan, although not, probably, intended to be so here, is in many respects a type of Christ. Christ was despised and rejected of men. He was full of compassion, he came along the very road which we travel; he stopped to care for what George Whitfield was wont to call 'the devil's castaways'; he emptied himself in his humiliation, and when he left our earth he provided for our spiritual nourishment and support. It is delightful to see our Lord in the Good Samaritan, but we have no reason to believe that this was what he intended us to do.

There are secondary lessons which can be drawn from the story, and they are full of beauty. Heart and hand and foot and purse should be at the service of others. We should deny ourselves for the sake of the suffering. No nobler picture has ever been painted than this of what true compassion ought to do. Lecturing in London, William Hazlitt mentioned, as an evidence of the humanity of Dr. Johnson, 'his carrying the poor victim of disease and dissipation on his back through Fleet street, at which a utter arose from some who were struck by the picture as ludicrous, and a murmur from others, who deemed the allusion as unfit for eyes polite. Hazlitt paused for an instant, and then added, in his sturdy and most impressive manner, 'An act which realizes the parable of the Good Samaritan,' at which his moral and delicate hearers shrunk, re-

buked, into deep silence. The main lesson, however, is found in the application of the fact that all men are our neighbors, in 'the thirty-seventh verse, 'Go, and do thou likewise.' No utterance of Jesus was more revolutionary than this, no concession made by Pharisee or lawyer more important in its consequences than that of the questioner here. It was the Samaritan who was the true neighbor, because he showed mercy. No barriers of race, of religion, of prejudice, of social condition, can stand before the brotherhood of man."

Where'er one man can help another,
Thank God for such a birthright, brother.
This is the true man's birth-place grand;
His is the world wide fatherland.

Proper People.

Give me the man with the fibre of oak
To stiffen his spine for the right,
Morticed with courage and grained in the truth,
Whose actions show best in the light;
Strong to stand up in the storm-gales of life,
A man!—not a poor parasite!

Give me the woman though fragile she be,
And bend for the time to the blast,
Who lifts her fair head with a smile on her face
When the rage of the tempest had passed;
The willowy strength of whose spirit is faith;
That can all disaster outlast.

Give me the youth and the maiden whose minds
Are lit with ambition to rise,
To do something great for their race and their God—
Who seek not the earth but the skies;
Whose affections flow pure as the Waters of Life
And whose spirit speaks truth in their eyes.

Give me the child that is childish in all
Of its loving and innocent ways;
Around such a one troops of angels too
Through the mists of a mystical haze;
The pert and precocious belong to the world,
And the world shall consume all their days.

Give me the laugh and the smile that proclaim
A heart strong and faithful behind;
The man and the woman with hand at command
The wounds of misfortune to bind;
Who find not their principal cause for delight
In the troubles and griefs of their kind.

Give me the man who, forgiving though wronged,
With malice no man will pursue;
The fair minded:— who has honour enough
To give o'en the devil his due—
The man in high place who is true to his trust
And the judge who to justice is true.

The man who is honest to all in all things,
And strong to make honour his guide;
The woman who's loyal to virtue and love
And whose "field" is her own freckle—
Oh, these are the people God loves and I love,
And they're found through the whole world wide!

Cardinal Newman at Ninety.

Cardinal Newman, who is now in his ninetieth year, was able on Whit Monday to attend mass at the Oratory, Birmingham, the occasion being the feast of St. Philip Neri. By St. Philip Neri the first Oratory was established, and the society known as the Congregation of the Oratory was organized under the permission of a bull dated July 13, 1575. The English house was founded in 1847, and owes its celebrity to its being the place selected by Cardinal Newman for his abode after his submission to the Roman Catholic Church. The crowded attendance at the Oratory on Whit Monday is in part attributed to the keen desire to see the venerable Cardinal. Relics of the patron saint are in the possession of the community at Edghaston, and it is stated in a local account of Monday's service that these were "exposed for veneration at the bottom of the chancel steps, and were surrounded by choice flowers and candles." Banners of yellow and white satin bearing the words "St. Phillip, servant of God, pray for us" were suspended from the pillars of the church. Cardinal Newman had to be supported by two of the clergy, and required several minutes to walk only a few yards. His genuflection at the altar was accomplished with great difficulty; but, notwithstanding the unfeeling manifestations of age, it is reported that Cardinal looked well. At the close of service he was led to the centre of the chancel, from which he imparted his blessing to the congregation. "When descended the altar steps," says the account, "we quote, 'he was compelled to descend the altar steps, and without the assistance of accompanying priests it would have been a physical impossibility for him to have got to or from the bottom of the steps.'"

had an excellent view of the Cardinal's thoughtful face, upon which time and care have plowed so many furrows, and here he lifted up his trembling hand once again in benediction."

Heaving or Lifting.

An old custom formerly prevalent in many parts of England was that of "heaving" or "lifting," mostly performed in the open street. People formed into parties of twelve or more, and from every one "lifted" they extorted a contribution. There is said to be a record in the Tower of London of certain payments made to ladies and maids of honour for taking King Edward I. in his bed at Easter, whence it has been presumed that he was lifted according to the custom which then prevailed among all ranks throughout the kingdom.—*Chamber's Journal*.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative power in thousands of cases and desiring to relieve human sufferings, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

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Life is the last habit that we wish to lose, because it is the first habit that we form.

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Russia's Great Petroleum Town.

Tiflis is midway on the railway that cuts the Caucasus in its whole width, and puts the two seas in communication the port of Batoum on the Black Sea with that of Bakou on the Caspian. As we leave the capital in the latter direction, the eye is at first ravished and then desolated by the changing aspects of the land. The track follows the hour, which rolls its broad sheet of water majestically through wild forests and rich, tilled soil, while two chains of snowy ridges stretch away out of sight in the distance—the Caucasus to the left, the mountains of Armenia to the right. Soon we leave the river, which goes to join the Araxes towards the south; the plain gets broader and barer; tall cages built of planks perched on four tree trunks rise in the midst of the rich fields like watch-towers. The inhabitants of the villages, who are all Tatars in this region, take refuge at night in these aerial nests; the marshy land is so unhealthy that it is dangerous to sleep there. In spite of these precautions, the peasants whom we see are desecured by fever, their emaciated visages remind us of those of the inhabitants of the Roman Campagna. After leaving Hadji Calvadi, the station in Moorish style where a new line branches off—the "Teheran line," I am told by the engineers who are building it, and who hope to carry it into the very heart of Persia—we enter an African landscape, sad and luminous. The mountain chains become lower, they are now simply cliffs of gilded sandstone festooning against a crude blue sky. At their feet, the desert, a sandy expanse, covered here and there with a rose carpet of flowering tamarisks. Herds of camels browse on these shrubs, under the guard of a half-naked shepherd, motionless as a bronze statue. The fantastic silhouettes of these animals are increased in size and changed in form by the effect of the mirage, which displays before our eyes, in the ardent haze of the horizon, lakes and forests. From time to time we meet a petrol train, composed of cistern trucks in the form of cylinders surmounted by a funnel with a short, thick neck. When you see them approaching from a distance you might mistake them for a procession of mastodons, trying in shapelessness with the trains of camels which they pass. The sun burns in space. Yonder a green band glitters beneath its rays; it is the Caspian. We turn around a hill; and behold! on the western shore, in this primitive landscape, which seems like a corner of Arabia Petraea, a monstrous city rises before our eyes. Is it once more the effect of mirage, this town of diabolical aspect, enveloped in a cloud of smoke traversed by running tongues of flame, as it were Sodom fortified by the demons in its girdle of cast-iron towers? I can find but one word to depict exactly the first impression that it gives: it is a town of gasometers. There are no houses—the houses are relegated further away on the right, in the old Persian city—nothing but iron cylinders and pipes and chimneys, scattered in disorder from the hills down to the beach. This is doubtless the fearful model of what manufacturing towns will all be in the twentieth century. Meanwhile, for the moment, this one is unique in the world; it is Bakou—the "town of fire," as the natives call it; the petroleum town, where everything is consecrated to the worship of an ill.

Kentucky and Pennsylvania. The yield might be increased tenfold, for the existing wells give on an average 40,000 kilogrammes a day, and in order to find new ones it suffices to bore the ground, so saturated is the whole soil with petroleum. C. Marvin (*The Petroleum Industry in Southern Russia*) compares the Apsheron peninsula to a sponge plunged in mineral oil. The soil is continually vomiting forth the liquid lava that torments its entrails, either in the form of mud volcanoes or natural springs. These springs overflow in streams so abundant that it is hopeless to store their contents for want of reservoirs; often they catch fire and burn for weeks; the air, impregnated with naphtha vapors, is then aglow all round Bakou.—From "Through the Caucasus," in *Harper's Magazine* for June.

Inland Navigation.

The Russians have launched a steambost on one of those unfortunate rivers that have no outlet. This is the Murghab River in Central Asia, whose waters, in the old days before Merv went to seed and its great irrigation works were destroyed, used to give such fertility and beauty to that famous oasis. The Murghab, like some rivers in our Great Basin and in Africa, starts out very bravely from its mountain sources, but it wanders off into the wastes of the Kara-Kum Desert, losing volume as it goes, and finally disappears entirely. The first steamer to vex its waters plies between the various river settlements in the oasis, and its appearance is the signal for complete suspension of business while everybody rushes to the river bank to see the new wonder. In a British shipyard gunboats are now building which are now to bear rival flags and watch one another jealously. Two of them were ordered by the British Government and two others by Portugal, and they are all destined for the Zambesi and Shire Rivers. It is hoped that no occasion will arise for them to pepper one another, though they are certainly not expected to cooperate. It is only nine years since the first steamer made its appearance on the upper Congo, and yet to-day, although they had to be carried for 235 miles on the backs of men, twenty-three steam vessels travel many hundreds of miles up and down the upper Congo and its tributaries, and five others are building for the same service. Eleven of these steamers are owned by trading companies, although Stanley said the upper Congo would not be worth a sixpence for trade until the railroad was built around the cataraacts. No feature of recent progress in the newer parts of the world is more remarkable than this rapid development of steam river navigation.

In the Khojah Tunnel.

An article in the *Alahabad Pioneer* gives some interesting particulars concerning the tunnel that has just been completed through the Khojah, on the railroad from Quetta to Candahar. The Khojah Pass is 7,500 feet above the sea, and about 2,000 feet above the level of the surrounding country. The tunnel pierces the range at right angles, and its course is therefore due east and west, and it enters the hill about 1,000 feet below the crest of the pass. The length of the tunnel is 12,000 feet, or 2 1/2 miles approximately, and it will carry a double line of rails. For the first half the floor ascends about 1 in 1,000, and for the second half of the journey it descends at an incline of 1 in 40. There are two main shafts, one 318 feet and the other 290 feet deep, which were sunk in order to facilitate the construction of the tunnel. The chief obstacle to progress arose from the flooding of the tunnel at more than one point. A large spring was cut and the water flooded the shaft on the Candahar side to the depth of 150 feet. It took ten weeks to pump out the water, and the western heading as much as 500 gallons a minute were constantly rushing out of the west mouth. In order to overcome this difficulty a side cutting had to be made. The magnitude of the work is testified to by the banks of shale and rock at the mouth of the tunnel and at the pitheads, which are said to be quite altering the landscape. One curious discovery made in the progress of the work, as the result of a investigation into the cause of the explosions, was that it was the accumulation of gas which had arisen in the tunnel.

Numbers and Numbers.

"Hello, Charlie! I understand you have moved." "Yes; I've gone to the West End." "How do you like it?" "Very well, so far. The society may not be so excruciatingly high-toned, but I like the number of the house better." "Why, what has that got to do with it?" "Well, you see, the old place was 178, and some night, along about 13 or 14 o'clock, when I came home, I used to get tangled somehow and come on to that number at the wrong end. I knew enough to know 871 wasn't the right figures, and then I'd get on a car and ride back a mile, hunting for 178. My present number is 303, and as long as I can see anything at all, I can't see that number for anything else but 303, whichever way I come at it. *Tumble: rous?*" The other man tumbled.

An Englishman was shot dead at Genoa on Monday by a sentry for not replying to a challenge.

"Roamers" are people who go to Rome to see the Pope and "saunterers" was the appellation bestowed on the religious enthusiasts who made the pilgrimage to the saintly terre—the Holy Land.

All Men,

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

A. P. 508.

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Dickens Hunting Names.

Macmillan's Magazine. Till he had fixed upon his title Charles Dickens could not get seriously to work. He was in Genoa in 1844, and had a Christmas story to write. He had never been, he said, so staggered upon the threshold before. The subject was there, but he had not found a title for it, nor the machinery to work it with. "Sitting down one morning resolute for work, though against the grain, his hand being out and everything inviting to idleness, such a peal of chimes arose from the city as he found 'maddening.' All Genoa lay beneath him, and up from it, with some sudden set of the wind, came in one fell sound the clang and clash of all its steeples, pouring into his ears again and again, in a tuneless, grating, discordant, jarring, hideous vibration that made his ideas spin round and round till they lost themselves in a whirl of vexation and giddiness and dropped down dead."

A couple of days later he wrote to Forster a letter of one sentence, "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow." A few days later he writes again: "It is a great thing to have my title and see my way how to work the bells. Let them clash upon me now from all the churches and convents of Genoa. I see nothing but the old London belfry I have set them in. In my mind's eye, Horatio." Thus it was always with Dickens when setting about a new novel. Despondency, doubts, difficulties, and endless experimenting, suggesting, sifting, rejecting of titles. Then, of a sudden, a title found, and he was off on the composition of the book. Never were the preliminary throws more protracted than with "David Copperfield."

Towards the end of 1848 he was making holiday at Broadstairs, his mind running on a subject. "I have not," he writes from there

"Seen Fancy write
With pencil of light

On the blotter so solid commanding the sea—but I shouldn't wonder if she were to do it one of these days. Dim visions of divers things are floating around me. I must go to work head foremost when I get her in." Home he goes, yet gets no further. In February, 1849, he is in Brighton. "A sea-fog to-day, but yesterday inexpressibly delicious. My mind running like a high sea on names—not satisfied yet, though." On Feb. 23 he found titles of some sort, to wit: "Mag's Diversions, Being the Personal History of Mr. Thomas Mag the Younger, of Blunderstone House." Then came a series of variations in the expository part of the title. Blunderstone House after a time becoming the Copperfield House. Then came "The Personal History of Mr. David Copperfield the Younger and His Aunt Margaret." On Feb. 26 he sent Forster a list of six names, which may be found set out at length—at great length—in the Life. Forster and Dickens' children finally determined his choice among the six, and the title once settled all is plain sailing. He went through this elaborate process with most of his titles. There were a dozen tentative titles for "Break House," most of them leading off with Tom-All-Alone's, and fourteen for "Hard Times." It was the same with "A Tale of Two Cities."

Submarine Naval Manœuvres.

The first of a series of experiments with the much talked of Goubet torpedo boat have taken place in Cherbourg Harbor. There were two seamen upon the boat, which was made to sink at the exact spot fixed upon. After some preliminary manœuvres the boat stopped before five ordinary torpedo boats placed side by side in the Commercial Dock. It then passed under them and rose to the surface. The first submergence lasted just three quarters of an hour. The second series of experiments took place in the presence of a large and enthusiastic crowd. Five boats were floating in different parts of the Commercial Dock. A Corigan screw was then swung out from the end of a raft, when the Goubet sank, cutting the cable of the first buoy and engaging the screw. Then, changing its direction, the Goubet made for the other buoys, and successfully cut the lines of each one. After cutting the second cable the two men composing the crew sent out from the boat an empty egg containing a despatch. Some of the cables were cut while the Goubet boat was making full speed. Before rising to the surface the crew placed a floating buoy weighing two English hundredweights under the raft. The experiment concluded with the raising of the screw, which had been fixed in position by a bar of iron parallel to its axis. The second experiment lasted two hours.

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THE BANK OF TORONTO.

The thirty fourth annual general meeting of this institution was held at its Banking House in Toronto on Wednesday, 18th June, 1890.

The report briefly referred to the unfavorable condition of trade and agriculture during the last year and the Banking legislation of the past session of the Dominion Parliament.

The net profits of the year, amounting to \$281,845.68, have enabled the Directors to pay dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, and to add \$100,000 to the Rest Account now amounts to \$1,500,000, a sum equal to 75 per cent. of the capital.

The figures of the Report give the results of the year's operations, and also show the position of the Bank as on 31st May last.

Statement of Profit and Loss Account.

The net profits of the year, after deducting interest due depositors, allowing rebate on current notes discounted, and providing for all bad and doubtful debts, have amounted to the sum of.....	\$281,845 68
Add balance from last year.....	41,992 59
	\$323,838 27

This sum has been appropriated as follows:

Dividend No. 67, 5%	\$100,000 00
Dividend No. 68, 5%	100,000 00
	\$200,000 00
Added to Rest Account \$100,000 00	
Carried forward to next year.....	23,838 27
	\$223,838 27

General Statement, 31st May, 1890.

LIABILITIES.

Notes in circulation	\$1,261,529 00
Deposits	6,374,930 94
Dividends payable 1st June, 1900	100,117 00
Balance due to other banks.....	32,007 30
Total liabilities to the public.....	\$7,768,614 24

Capital paid up	\$2,000,000 00
Rest account	1,500,000 00
Reserve and in respect	121,464 00
Profits carried forward	23,838 27
Total surplus.....	\$3,645,272 27
	\$11,413,886 51

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin and Dominion Notes	\$38,909 85
Notes and Cheques on other Banks, balance due from other banks and other assets immediately available	\$6,120 57
Total Assets immediately available	\$45,030 42
Loans and bills Discounted	2,091,727 56
Real estate and mortgages	7,033 73
Bank premises.....	122,000 00
	\$11,676,801 71

The report was adopted, and general satisfaction was expressed with the progress of the Bank. The former board of Directors was re-elected, and at the subsequent meeting George Gooderham, Esq., was elected President, and W. H. Beatty, Esq., Vice-President.

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Three Crimean Stories.

At the storming of the Redan a private soldier of the Coldstream Guards named Berry was anxious to be chosen as a volunteer for the forlorn hope. He was not selected, however, but he was determined to be there, for he took his rifle and all his comrades' cartridges that he could find and secretly joined the band of devoted men who were waiting in the trenches, with muskets in one hand and scaling ladders in the other, under the command of Captain (afterwards General) Wyndham, for the preconcerted signal. When it came at last and the rush was made upon the fort, Wyndham was first into the Redan, and he was considerably astonished to find that the next man immediately behind him was a private of his own regiment, and, moreover, the very man whose application to serve as a volunteer had been refused. The gallant officer soon had cause to rejoice that Berry was present, for the latter laid about him to such an extent as to save, more than once or twice, his commander's life.

After the fight the brave Coldstreamer was tried by court-martial for disobedience of orders, but, under the circumstances of the case, he was considered by the Court to deserve an honourable acquittal. No cross or other distinction was ever awarded him for his bravery in the Redan.

Many brave acts were done at Inkerman which have never been recorded in any gazette or received any special recognition. In the dim light of that foggy November morning deeds were done that were never surpassed even by the Romans of old—the Coldstream Guards themselves (mustered only four hundred strong, with sixteen officers) emulating the fame of Horatius by holding a two-gun battery (minus the guns), the key of the English position, without assistance, for several hours against the whole Russian army, some seventy thousand strong. Every man of that little band—and every boy too, for there were drummer-boys under sixteen years of age present—was a hero in the truest sense of the word.

The officers were cut down nearly to a man, only three out of the sixteen being enabled to leave the field without being carried from it. In one case—that of Captain Ramsden, who was well beloved by the men of his company—several men formed a rampart around him when he was suddenly surrounded and attacked by a whole horde of the enemy. Many of them fell dead at his feet, and amongst those who were severely wounded was a little drummer-boy, who, with the rather toy looking sword which had often decorated his person at the guard mountings at St. James's Palace, had defended his captain with such energy that his sword was found broken at his side. Unfortunately, however, the bravery thus exhibited by these heroes did not save their captain from being struck down and bayoneted.

A bugler, Alexander Price, having, when the ammunition began to fail, been ordered to sound the "Cease firing!" obeyed the order, and while doing so observed a Russian soldier presenting his loaded musket within a few inches of the head of the sergeant-major. Without waiting to finish the bugle call, he took the instrument from his mouth and dashed it right in the teeth of the Russian in question, who pulled the trigger at an awkward moment, but missed his aim. The bugler, later on, was severely wounded, but he was fully recovered, and lived for many years afterwards with a ball in his left side, which he carried to his death, had he not been shot. It would no doubt have

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." E. A. ANCKER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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ALL KINDS OF INSTRUMENTS FOR PHYSICAL DEFICIENCIES, ARTIFICIAL LIMBS, ETC ELASTIC STOCKINGS, ETC. on hand and made to order. Send for circular and price list.

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The newly-invented Steel Spring Truss covered with soft or hard rubber, is one of the best and easiest Trusses to wear. It can be washed, and used while bathing. It is admirably adapted for Adults and Infants.

DIRECTIONS FOR MEASURING AND ORDERING TRUSSES.—Send circumference one inch below highest projection of hip bone. State if for right, left or double, also age and sex. If for both sides, if one is worse than the other. Also state if you have hard work to do.

PRICE.—Adults, Single, \$2.00 or \$4.00; Double, \$5.00 or \$6.00. Postage 25 cents. Children, \$2.00 or \$2.50; " \$3.00 or \$4.00.

Remit amount and I will forward by Parcel Post. My Patent Limbs are Light and Durable. Send for Circulars

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FOR FAMILY USE.

TOILET, - KITCHEN, - LAUNDRY

IN THE BATH—It destroys all odors from perspiration, removes all eruption from the skin, prevents and cures chapped hands, has a most invigorating effect, cleansing the pores and makes the skin soft and smooth. For Shampooing it has no equal.

IN THE KITCHEN—It readily removes grease from the pots, kettles, dishes, tin and glass-ware and has no equal for general scrubbing, requiring no soda and very little soap.

IN THE LAUNDRY—It works like magic; removes dirt without labor; Bleaching as well as Cleansing white goods, Calico and Colored Cloth retain all their brilliancy; it will not injure the finest fabric, and does away entirely with the use of soda and the rubbing board.

FOR GENERAL USE—It removes grease spots from Clothes, Carpets and Furniture, cures musquito and spider bites, and stops itching.

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Dr. Davis' Pionnyroyal and Steel Pills

for females, quickly correct all irregularities, Sold by all chemists, or the agent, W. N. HILL, 236 1/2 St. Catherine street, Montreal. Sec. PER. EXC.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

It safely Reduces Weight and Cures Corpulency. Prepared by DR. JAMES TRILENE TABLETS (reg'd) for a few weeks. They are small, sweet, soluble, and never fail to INCREASE Local HEALTH and FIGURE without causing any Diet. An Englishman writes:—I was 170 lbs. and could not walk. I had tried all sorts of medicine, but failed. I then took the TRILENE Tablets, and in 10 days I was 140 lbs. and could walk. I feel like a new man. Price 25 cents to THE TRILENE Co., Sole Proprietors, 236 Broadway, New York.

UNDER THE EQUATOR.

Beauties of the Republic of the Sun.

The women of Ecuador are proverbial for beauty, those among the aristocracy being said to have the fairest complexions of any in South America...

Like all women in the tropics, they mature early and fade quickly, but perhaps their average span of forty years includes more heart happiness than comes to women of colder climes...

To be sure, they are notoriously untidy in dress and habits, but the manta or poncho, like the mantle of charity, covers a multitude of sins...

A Far-Off Star.

It is difficult to conceive that the beautiful dog star is a globe much larger than our sun, yet it is a fact that Sirius is a sun many times more mighty than our own.

Sirius shining with far greater lustre than any other star, it was natural that astronomers should have regarded this as being the nearest of all the "fixed" stars...

Astronomers agree in fixing the distance of the nearest star at 22,000,000,000 miles, and it is certain that the distance of Sirius is more than three and less than six times that of Alpha Centauri...

To take a common example of illustrating such enormous distances: It is calculated that the ball from an Armstrong 100 pounder quite the gun with the speed of about 400 yards per second...

Gunning of Female Lunatics.

Like the rest of mankind the lunatic (remarks the Hospital) believes in the doctrine of liberty and equality and nothing is so irritating as the feeling of being watched...

THE CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION!

THE ONLY ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

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A CERTAIN CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE!

All diseases are cured by our Medicated Electric Belts and appliances on the principle that electricity is life. Our Appliances are brought direct into contact with the diseased parts...

1890. A NEW LIST OF HOME TESTIMONIES. 1890.

- Senator A. C. Botsford, Sackville, N. B., says Actina is good for defective eyesight. He tried it.
Rev. Chas. Holt, Halifax, N. S., recommends Butterfly Belt for general debility.
Jas. S. Musselman, Berlin, Ont., general debility and catarrh—cured.
Mrs. Geo. Pianner, Toronto, Liver and Kidneys—now free from all pain and strong and happy.
John Arnott, Iona, Ont., Lame Back cured after trying everything.
D. D. Gilles, Lucknow, Ont., Dyspepsia and Kidneys—after suffering eight months—cured.
Daniel Campbell, Port Talbot, Lame Back and Headache, after suffering for years, cured in less than a month.
Mrs. Lottie Collier, Simcoe, Ont., Weakness and Spinal Affection, strength fully recovered.
G. R. Glassford, Markdale, Ont., Sciatica and Dyspepsia, 15 years, cured in six weeks.
Mrs. McKay, Ailsa Craig, Ont., Sciatica 13 years—no pain after the first day.
A. G. Henderson, Hudson, Ont., Lame Back entirely cured.
B. C. McCord, Medicine Hat, N. W. T., Butterfly Belt worked wonders—Rheumatism, Back, Shoulders and Side.
J. Cameron, Beaver, B. C., feels like a new man after wearing our Butterfly Belt 4 weeks.
F. W. Martin, St. John, Newfoundland, suffered several years with inflammation of the eye—Actina cured in 2 weeks.
W. J. Gould, Gurney Store Works—After laying off 3 weeks went to work—Wore Butterfly Belt 4 days—Sciatica.
James Story, Fittroy, Ont., after wearing Butterfly Belt one night, attended a fair, a walking advertisement for us. 70 years old.
J. B. Johnson, Solgirth, Man., tried a hundred remedies, nothing effective. Butterfly Belt cured Biliousness and Dyspepsia.
Jas. Mansfield, Saskatchewan, N. W. T., Piles and complete prostration—completely cured.
Josiah Fennell, Toronto, for six weeks could not write a letter—went to work on 6th day—Neuralgia.
Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton avenue, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.
Geo. H. Ewley, Union, Ont., a suffering cripple for 17 years with Rheumatism and Scaly Sore Feet, cured in one month.
Jas. Nicholson, Zephyr, Ont., Rheumatism 18 years—Resumed work in the harvest fields the second day.
Mrs. Connell, Lambton, Ont., Catarrhal Bronchitis 2 years, relieved in one treatment; cured in one month.
L. D. Good, Berlin, Ont., cheerfully recommends Actina for Catarrh and Cold in the Head.
David Richards, Toronto, Your Butterfly Belt cured me of Liver and Kidney Complaint of long standing in 2 weeks.
Thos. Guthrie, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in 12 years.
Thos. Bryan, 311 Dundas street, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.
Chas. Cozzens, P. M. Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks feels like his former self.
J. A. T. Ivy, cured of Emission in 3 weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of impotency, writes G. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, writes J. McG. For general debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. M. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S. of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith but was entirely cured of impotency. Many such letters on file.

Catarrh Impossible

Under Its Influence.

CERTAIN CURE. NO VINEGAR OR ACID USED. Combined Belt and Suspensory ONLY \$5.00.



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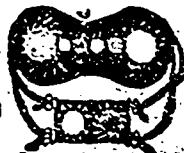
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NAME THIS PAPER.

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while the nurse's back is turned, and when the opportunity comes, the cloak is produced from beneath the mattress, the bonnet from the top of the wardrobe, or from under the skirt of the would-be traveller, who has cheerfully sacrificed its appearance in order to squeeze it into the smallest possible space...

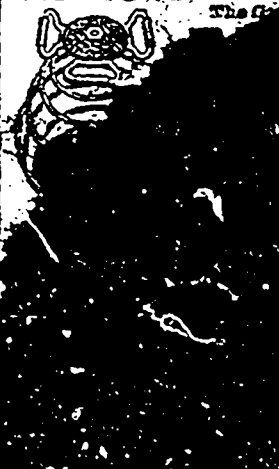
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ON 40 DAYS'



BIRMINGHAM.

The Best Governed City in the World.

A City Run by Business Men on Business Principles.

From an article in *Harper's Magazine* for June we take the following:—Attention has been called to the youth of Birmingham in its relation as the best-governed city. There are many warm admirers of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain who associate his name and enterprise with the city's new birth. It is only measurably fair to do this, but certainly he deserves great credit for many important reforms and accomplishments. His appearance in public life in Birmingham, some time before he was Mayor, was the occasion for the awakening of the best men of the town to an interest in the local government. This was in 1871; Mr. Chamberlain, then in business as a manufacturer of wood screws, entered public life unostentatiously, but was soon elected Mayor, and served three terms in that office. Under his bold and able administration the water-works and gas works were made public property, the Health Department was more than modernized, and the Improvement Scheme which will be explained further on, was instituted. But first as to the gas experiment. Birmingham is the home of the invention of gas-lighting, but the town did not adopt the system until 1817, after London had done so. In time two companies came to supply the city. It was in 1874 that Mayor Chamberlain moved the purchase of those corporations. The tax-payers voted for the scheme in the same year, and the necessary Parliamentary statute was enacted in July, 1875. In the same year the check of the then borough of Birmingham, drawn for £450,000 (\$2,250,000), was paid to the Birmingham Gas Company for its property and rights; and in January 1876, the sum of £103,845 (\$519,225) was paid to the Staffordshire Company for its interests. The systemization of the new undertaking was more or less complicated and costly, but all that is necessary to be stated here is that, as a result, the price of gas has been materially reduced to the corporation of the city and its citizens, and the investment returns

AN ANNUAL PROFIT

of more than \$150,000. The price of the commodity in 1875 was three shillings to three and a half shillings per thousand feet, but in 1884 it had been reduced to two shillings and one penny and two shillings and sixpence per thousand feet. Five per cent. discount is allowed for prompt payment. The officials claim to have shown by an exceptional illumination near the main public buildings that gas, used at its full strength, is capable of competing with the electric light. Their demonstration would not satisfy a resident of an electric-lighted Canadian city, however. It must be remembered that Birmingham has the natural pride of the birthplace of gas-lighting, and that the corporation is the owner of its gas plant, so that it is not an unbiased judge of the comparative qualities of the two systems of lighting.

For more than thirty years the public supply of the water supply of the city has been in the hands of the Corporation. In 1874 Mr. Chamberlain moved the transfer of the water-works, then in private hands, to the Corporation, and the Corporation was convinced by the results of the vote accordingly. During the same year Mr. Chamberlain urged that the Corporation should be a profit on the water supply.

to the consumers. Up to 1884 the annual reduction in water rents had amounted to £25,034.

The Improvement Scheme undertaken by the city under Mr. Chamberlain and the Town Council of 1875 will long be pointed to as one of the most stupendous, courageous, and wise acts ever performed by a municipality. Taking advantage of an imperial statute called "the Artisans' Dwelling Act," giving large towns and cities the right to improve unhealthy areas, the Council improved several highways, and finally bought up a great tract of slums and narrow passages in the heart of the city, and there laid out

THAT NOW BEAUTIFUL AVENUE

called Corporation Street, which is one of the handsomest streets to be seen in any city in any part of the globe. The squalor and crowding had been fearful, and the death-rate outrageous; vice, crime, poverty and drunkenness flourished there and the saloon-keepers were the only persons who led enduring lives. A loan of £1,600,000 was obtained at three and a half per cent. for thirty years, the property was purchased, the great street, twenty two yards wide, was laid out, and the area was rebuilt on leases running seventy-five years. Supervision was maintained over the character, cost, and designs of the new buildings, with the result that in the principal street at least all are stately, substantial, and even elegant. Of course at the end of the leases they will become the property of the city. "This," said Mr. Chamberlain, "will make this the richest borough in the kingdom sixty or seventy years hence. It is the only occasion for which I wish to live beyond the ordinary term of human life, in order to see the result of this improvement, and hear the blessings which will then be showered upon the Council of 1875, which had the courage to inaugurate this scheme." But the stranger sees the result now, and if he will, he may read it in the sanitary reports which show that the death-rate is to-day less than one-half what it was before the renovation was made.

Again, under Mayor Chamberlain, in 1876, the drainage and sewage systems were overhauled. A union was formed with the towns close around Birmingham, under a board in which the city elects twelve out of twenty-two members. The united district comprises 47,275 acres, and an aggregate population of 605,594 souls. Here had been a more or less compact population

SERVED BY NATURE

with only a little river—the Tame, and mainly putting up with old-fashioned methods and conditions. To-day what has been done is pointed to as the best solution of the sewage problem in England. The Drainage Board now manages a so-called farm of 1200 acres in the Tame Valley. The sewage is conveyed thither through an eight-foot conduit, and is passed through the land by an extensive system of filtration by gravity, after which the effluent reaches the Tame River near by in the condition of perfectly pure water. The sludge remaining after the disposal of the fluid is dug into the land. The cost of the farm and appliances was about £400,000, and, roughly speaking, it costs £34,218 a year to operate it. But the meat, milk, and vegetables grown on the farm and sold from it realize nearly £25,000. It is insisted that in time the system will yield enough to pay its cost.

In dealing with this problem the authorities separate the night-soil and ashes from the sewage.

THE NIGHT-SOIL

is controlled by what is called the pan system—metal pans, capacious enough for a week's usage, being periodically carted away in closed wagons, which also remove the ashes collected in a tub in each yard. The wagons are not offensive, and the depositing station presents a view of flowers and of shrubbery outside its enclosure. Here the night-soil is dried and sold as portable, or patent manure. There is a profit of a few pence on the ton in this branch of the work. The ashes are sorted by a tractor, who takes out whatever is of value. The rest is melted in furnaces and into a coarse material, partly vitreous and partly metal, which is used to fill holes, or, when mixed with Portland cement, makes a good paving slab. The Drainage Board has borrowing powers and raising powers for the payment of interest and the payment of loans. For

ties of the different localities in the union, according to the number of rate-payers or tenements.

The Sabbath Ohmo.

Come Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Why dost thy sevenfold gifts impart?

Thy blessed nation from above
In comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable, with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace.

Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of both to be but One.

That, through the ages all along,
Thy may be our unending song:

Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Brief Collect for the Day.

O Thou who dwellest in the sanctuary
not made with hands, eternal in the heavens
Unveil the glories of Thy face to our
waiting souls. May we have close and
tender fellowship with Thee and with
Thy Son in the holy mount. Make us to
know the joy of those whom Thou causest
to approach unto Thyself.

May heaven come down our souls to greet
And glory crown the mercy seat.

Chemical Analysis shows Adams' Tutti
Frutti Gum to be pure and healthful.



**BRISTOL'S
Sarsaparilla.**

The Great Purifier

— OF THE —

BLOOD AND HUMORS

Catarrh

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood-purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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COVERTON'S NIPPLE OIL.

For cracked or sore nipples, also for hardening the nipples before confinement. This Oil wherever used has been found superior to all preparations. One trial is sufficient to establish its merits. Price 25c. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose us the above amount and six cents for postage. C. J. COVERTON & CO., Druggists, Montreal.

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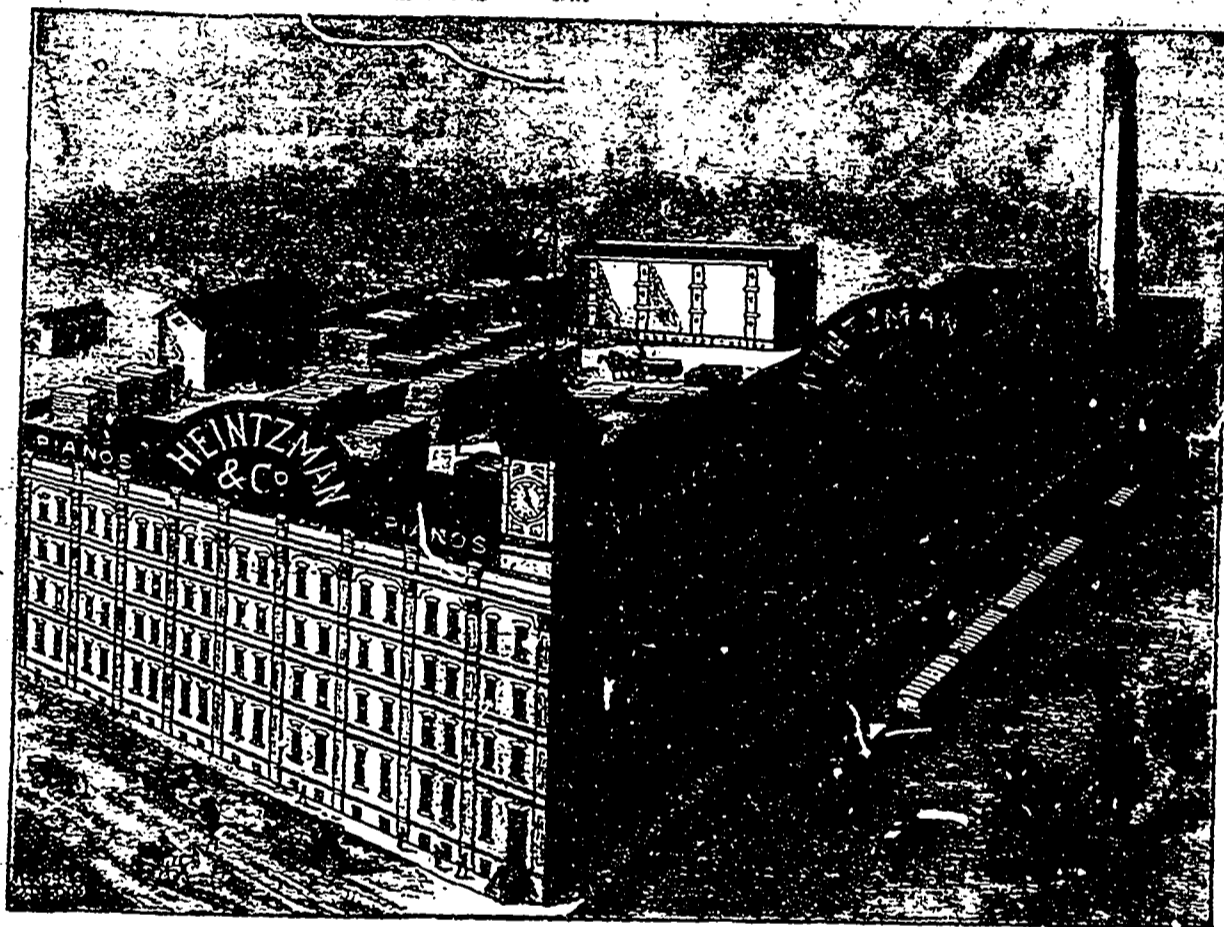
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Fine Singing Canaries!

Fancy Birds, Parrots,
BRASS CAGES FROM 90 CENTS
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5¢ For five cents (stamps or silver) to pay postage, etc., I will send you FREE a Royal Package of great value, which leads on to further! Arthur Labelle, 185 St. James St., Montreal, P.Q.

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Consumption and Asthma, and all diseases of the air passages, treated successfully by Inhalation of Oxygenized Air and Medicated Vapors. Nervous Debility, Impotency, Catarrh and all diseases of the urinary organs permanently cured in a few days. Consultation free. Call or address: **DR. PHILLIPS,** 78 Bay Street, Toronto.

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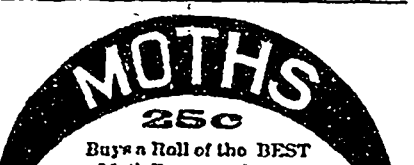
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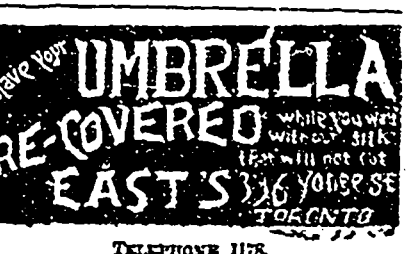


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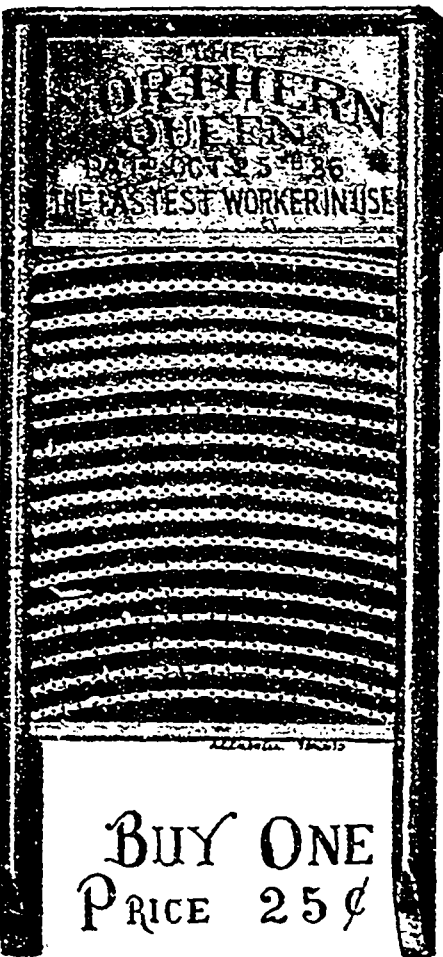


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