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# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

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## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

The plumbers have a hard time of it all the world over. Every body seems to take a pleasure in girding at them. Their charges, it is said, are exorbitant, their dawdling and waste of time simply outrageous, while their "scamping" tendencies and general bad work doings have made them the reproach of all honest workmen and the terror of all decent householders. Indeed, it has come to pass that not outsiders merely blame them. The more respectable of their own body are crying out "shame" and calling for repentance and improvement.

The master of the Worshipful Company of Plumbers in London, England, has been reading his fellow-craftsmen a lesson. Mr. Shaw, the master in question, denounced defective plumbing as one of the greatest crimes that man could commit. He said further that the damage done in this way every year to health and life was simply incalculable. In comparison all that dynamiters and assassins have accomplished or will do is so insignificant as not to be spoken of. The plumber's work is often, we are afraid, done in such a way that its various shortcomings cannot be traced, but plenty of its shortcomings can be fully followed and they are certainly atrocious. This master plumber insists upon universal inspection as greatly needed and an exemplary punishment wherever bad workmanship is found out.

What is true of England is equally so of Canada; perhaps more so. Were plumbing done as it might and as it ought to be, there would not be one water-pipe frozen in Toronto or anywhere else from one year's end to the other. The cause of all these domestic trouble and catastrophes is bad plumbing, and that alone. Well, just think of it. The late cold snap caused the outlay of thousands of dollars in rejoining water-pipes, and in Toronto alone the loss of millions of gallons of water in the effort to keep things square. Pipes are taken in a vast number of cases just where they will be most exposed to frost. Then the lead is often poor, the joints leak, and everything is just the reverse of what it ought to be. The stories that are told of the diabolical freshings of some of the Toronto plumbers are simply so shocking as to exceed any ordinary faith. Yet many of these can be only too easily authenticated. What is to be done? "O! reform it altogether."

And the plumbers are not the only sinners through they get the credit generally of being so in this department. The same tendency is everywhere and among all classes of workmen and contractors, and not only so but for the erection of a house without daily, hourly, watchful superintendence and what sort of a thing will be the result? In the end it will cost double what was said at the first would be sufficient and will not in any respect be half up to the mark bargained for. What cracks there could be speedily be in all the woodwork! What miserable plastering! What fraudu-

lent bricklaying! What portentously bad locks! The whole not "cheap" Anything but that! But "nasty" with a vengeance! Have man altogether parted company with their consciences? It would seem in a great number of cases as though they had. Think of the bad bricks put into sewers. Think of the scamping work on block pavements. The great thing is not to put in good work, but to take care not to be found out when bad work is put in at good prices! It is very terrible, but it has a very great amount of truth about it all the same.

Then is there any such thing as good painting or good paint? How long will white paint stand on a fence before it can be rubbed off like whitening? Not long—not two years at most, in many cases, though it used to be fifteen or twenty. Why? Because the paints are all adulterated, and only here and there the genuine thing is used. Friends all! Repent and sit in dust and ashes. Why, if a man could thoroughly establish his character for doing fair good work whether watched or not, he would make his fortune. We have heard people remarking with a sort of helpless look of wonder that such and such a butcher would supply a child just as fairly as the best judge of butcher's meat. That is, he was simply honest, and men stood aghast in wonder as at the sight of a white crow. Another tells of a house-builder who needs no superintendent! If that man could continue uncorrupted among all the evil influences around him, what a fortune he would make! Most of people doubt it, but after all honesty answers best in the long run. Oh, plumbers, carpenters, bricklayers, butchers, grocers and house-builders take a note of the fact and turn over a new leaf.

In next week's TRUTH there will appear a well written article in regard to McMaster Hall, the Toronto Baptist College, from the pen of one of the leading gentlemen connected with that institution. It will be illustrated with a very fine view of the building. Others of similar leading Canadian educational institutions will follow in due course.

Is it understood that home is a place where friends meet? So it is generally understood, but it is frequently a mistaken idea. Guests usually come not in a pleasant, free and friendly fashion, but once or twice a year, at what seems very like a great meeting of creditors. At other times families in general seem to keep themselves to themselves. It is a great pity that such should be the case, but it is true all the same, and in no locality we think more so than in Toronto. A man who thinks to "drop in" of an evening for a little friendly chat, will soon find himself undecieved, and will never, no almost never, be repaid in kind.

The basin of the Congo is a tremendously large stretch of country, about twice the size of Brazil, and according to Stanley, with about twenty millions of people. There ought to be a good trade with those folks. The Manchester men have been assured that they could then have a yearly market for \$130,000,000 worth of their dry goods.

Think of that, ye cotton makers of Canada, who have been over-producing!

Many children attending London schools come without dinner, their parents are poor. It is not to be expected that dinnerless boys and girls should make much progress at their lessons. To remedy this, cheap dinners have been inaugurated, and we are assured that good, wholesome and sufficient meals can be had for two cents, and pay all expenses thereby. Just think of it. Irish stew and bread for a hundred can be supplied for \$1.75, or little more than a cent and a half. Could not the benevolent in Toronto do something like this, and obviate to a great extent soup kitchens altogether?

How curious the different ways in which people show their kind-heartedness. One man last year sent to the editor of London Truth 5,000 new six-penny pieces for distribution among the children in London hospitals and workhouses. This year he has bettered it by sending \$,000 for the same purpose. It will make 8,000 little hearts quite glad.

Toronto has to mourn over the fact that prize fighting within her bounds is greatly on the increase, and can be set about without any fear of interruption or punishment. It is certainly loathsome to think of two human brutes battering each other as they do every now and then in this city under the pretence that it is thereby a grand natural cultivation of science. Such talk is a great deal too thin, and if our police and police commissioners were doing their duty, the iniquity would have been stopped long ago.

Cannibalism it seems has revived in Hayti and has also been found prevailing at Cape Coast Castle. It is said that by a particular kind of superstition prevailing there, cannibalism is thought to be indispensable.

There is a dog story going the rounds of the London papers which is worth producing. It seems that a few weeks ago a rough terrier barked fiercely at the door of the Charing Cross Hospital. When admitted he limped in, squatted on the mat, and held up an injured fore-paw. The house-surgeon came, whereupon the dog followed him at once across the hall to the accident-room, jumped at once, when invited to do so, on the chair, and again held out the injured paw. It was dressed, when the dog licked the hand of the surgeon and loudly barked its gratitude till it had to be turned out, showing great reluctance to leave. Dr. Bellamy, the house surgeon, confirms this statement, and adds that on Thursday the dog came like any other out-patient to have his paw dressed. It is not known to whom the dog belongs.

The French have not got the Chinese contract off their hands, and may not for some considerable time. If they were reasonable peace would be soon made up, for the Chinese do not want to fight but they can't help themselves, for the French want a great sum of money, which the Chinese have not to give.

The Duke of Argyle is not at all sure that the rise in the standard of living of the crofters is not one of the causes of the present agitation. The special correspondent of the *St. James' Gazette* thus describes his visit to a crofter's hut, which, he declares, was a palace in comparison with some of the dwellings he visited:—"At last my eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, and I was able to make out the forms of the inmates of the hovel. They sat huddled together on a low back settle, warming themselves, and greedily watched a battered pot that, suspended from an improvised tripod above the fire, contained a quantity of thin broth, the main ingredients of which were, as I afterwards discovered, potatoes and fish! I shared the poor people's meal of broth and oatmeal cake, while the smoke curled upwards, and hung beneath the roof in an impenetrable cloud." It is on faro of this description that the crofters have waxed fat, and kicked.

The *Financial Reform Almanac* of Britain for 1885, shows how the aristocracy have drained the public purse since 1850. The net result is that 532 noble families of 7,991 members have held 13,883 offices in that period, and have received £108,614,652 sterling as their pay. No doubt much of this money has been honestly earned in the public service, and there can be equally no doubt that by far the larger part of it has been quite unnecessary expenditure.

The following graphic and truthful description of "War," by Thomas Carlyle, has been often quoted, but it is worthy of being so again:

What, speaking in quite unofficial language is the net purpose and object of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Drumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these by certain "natural energies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Drumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, and much weeping and swearing, they are selected, all dressed in red, and shipped away, at public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Drumdrudge, in like manner weaned, till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and thirty stands fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire" is given, and they blow the souls out of one another and in place of sixty brick, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew she! tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart were the earliest strangers, say, in so wide a universe there was even, unconsciously to themselves, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governments had fallen out, and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.

Colonel Van Zandt spoke in quite a flattering way recently of the raw material of the militia. He regarded it as in no respect inferior, in some respects even superior, to the State Guards of the United States. Well, this is encouraging, but it is nothing new. Everybody knows that knows anything about the subject at all, that there is no better material to make a soldier out of than the average Canadian.

It is certainly one of the mysteries of life how some girls get married, while others are altogether left out in the world. Some of the latter are just as nice as anyone could wish, and yet they seem never to get over a chance, while many of their more fortunate sisters have really nothing to recommend them, at least nothing that an unprejudiced on-looker can see. They are not pretty. They are not useful. They are not particularly good housekeepers. They are not intellectual, indeed they have not two ideas in their silly heads to keep one another company. They may be idle, frivolous, vain, foolish, empty-headed, or even vicious girls, and yet they win the goal of every woman's desire—a house of their own and a husband, while other women with ten times more beauty, a hundred times more wit and intelligence, and a thousand times more genuine goodness and loveliness of character, are neglected.

For want apparently of something better to talk about, the Reform press in Ontario quarters is even yet writing in very useless talk about Sir John A. Macdonald's new title. They might employ their wits to very much better advantage. Comment of course was quite in order, and very hostile comment was to be expected, and was quite legitimate, and we are inclined to think not altogether uncalled for. But there is no use to be continually harping on the same string, especially when all such exercise is perfectly futile. The thing is done, and can't be undone. Sir John is really a G. C. B. with all that the title implies, and the Reformers should frankly accept the situation, and be thankful that it is no worse. What would they have done had he been made a Lord, or perhaps even a Marquis? Why, one shudders to think what would have been the effect on bilious editors had that taken place. But it hasn't, for which the special Providence that watches over the welfare of young and struggling democracies, be abundantly praised.

A decision recently given by the Judges of the Superior Court of Massachusetts is of interest to all newspaper men. We are not aware that a Canadian decision has ever been given on the subject.

In one of the Sunday papers of Boston was published what appeared to be an important piece of evidence relating to a murder which occurred in that city about twelve years ago.

The District Attorney, feeling that justice might be defeated by the premature disclosure thus made, summoned the reporters who wrote the article, and they declined to give the name of the informant on the ground that it was a privileged communication.

The question then was, Could the reporters be adjudged guilty of contempt for persisting in their refusal to answer before the Grand Jury? The judges gave an adverse decision.

People talk about hard times and the great difficulty felt by multitudes in making ends meet, but after all have the people in general not themselves to blame? They drink whiskey and beer in such frightful quantities, and smoke tobacco to such a monstrous extent, that it is not impossible that there should be hard times from these two expenditures alone. Perhaps the people in the States drink a little more than we do and smoke tobacco somewhat more industriously. Yet after making all allowance we come pretty well up. In the States there is consumed about 1 1/2 gallons of whiskey to every man, woman and child in the

country, and about 10 1/2 gallons of wine and beer. How can people but poor when they waste at that rate?

It is impossible to think without a shudder upon such occurrences as the burning of the orphan asylum at Brooklyn the other week. It is customary to term such fatalities "dispensations of Providence." They might more justly be called "visitations of human negligence." There have been few examples more glaring of what might well be called temptings of Providence than this St. John's Asylum. Hundreds of boys, the majority of them mere children, were imprisoned in a vast structure almost wholly composed of wood. Five stories in height, we believe it was, and a Mansard roof in addition. There was no fire escape. The means of egress were few. The room used as an infirmary was immediately over an apartment used as a drying room for fuel. In such a building a conflagration was almost certain to come sooner or later, and very nearly as certain when it did come to be attended with loss of life. It has come at last, and the loss of life has been terrible. There is not half the supervision exercised that there ought to be over the construction of buildings intended for the accommodation of many persons. The most complete arrangements possible should be made for just such eventualities as happen every now and then. And especially when children and women have to be considered the necessity for such action is all the more exacting. There are many places besides the St. John's Home that are veritable death-traps. The same results or worse would follow under similar circumstances that followed there.

The Yankees have done a shrewd thing in this Nicaraguan treaty of theirs. It is difficult to see what right Britain has to interfere in such a case. It is a mutual arrangement between two independent countries.

Franco and Portugal are inclined to "act ugly" about this Congo Valley business. Franco if she is wise will not involve herself any further with foreign powers. She has quite enough to do with China.

Is Russia, by the way, going to side with Franco against the Celestials? Some of the Government organs, it is reported, are strongly urging the good opportunity now presented for seizing Corea and settling accounts with China. With Franco on one side and Russia on the other, China would have her hands full. Singly she could manage them. Together it is doubtful if she can do so.

The Russian Government is making a new departure in the way of pawnbroking, and we are inclined to think, a good one. Hereafter there will be no such thing as a private pawnbroker. That business will be a Government monopoly. No profit will be sought. Paying necessary expenses will be all that is looked for. Six per cent. interest per annum will be the maximum rate.

The bar of Ontario lost a distinguished ornament in losing Mr. James Bethune. Though a comparatively young man he had thoroughly established himself as one of the ablest men of his profession in the Province.

The Toronto Globe called attention the other day to the case of some one who writes to the New York World offering to give \$1,000 to the person who will satisfactorily explain why it is that people entering a crowded elevated-railroad car, instead of moving up to the middle of the car, persist in hanging about the doors. If some one else will offer another \$1,000 for a satisfac-

tory explanation of how it is that so many men, and women too, will force their way into already over-crowded street cars which the struggling horses can scarcely drag along, then two very important phases of social economy will doubtless be placed fairly on the way of full elucidation.

That fashionable club-house generally known as Henry Ward Beecher's church, is stirred to its depths just now, it seems, about the course that reverend gentleman saw fit to take in the Presidential election. Everybody knows that he was an out and out partisan of Cleveland's and never tried to mince matters in the way he spoke of Blaine. This not unnaturally gave deep offence to many of the wealthiest and most influential men belonging to his congregation, and now when the season of pouting is at hand, it is becoming pretty clear just how sore they feel about it. Many of them have left the church, and it is said that instead of the \$34,000 which the pews brought last year, the amount this year will not be more than \$15,000, or \$5,000 less than Beecher's salary.

Every now and then the question of vivisection *pro* and *con* is vigorously debated. It is a question of course on which much heated controversy is to be expected. Impossible that it should be otherwise. Matters of such moment are involved, that these discussions in cold blood would not be creditable to human nature. Some of the tortures inflicted in this way in the name of science have been simply horrible. The only possible excuse for them is that science and humanity have been benefitted thereby. Unless the scientists can show that this result may be looked for with tolerable certainty they know that they cannot hope to escape the storm of obloquy that would certainly be poured upon them. As it is they have very considerable difficulty in avoiding it. The cause of the present revival of the discussion is the account given by a surgeon of some extraordinarily successful cutting out of a tumour from the brain, an operation rendered possible by previous experiments on dogs. Of course he and others like him take the ground that the lower animals have no rights that must not give way to the superior rights of man. If he can hope to be in any way benefitted, then it is quite justifiable, to put them to any discomfort in order to compass that result. Like many other important questions, this is one of degree. It is quite true that to a certain extent the rights of the lower animals must yield to those of man, and that even their lives may have to be sacrificed in order not to save his life merely, but to enable him to live that life as fully and freely as possible. It is a question, however, a very grave and serious question, how far this right over the happiness of the lower animals can be justifiably permitted. Assuredly it cannot be allowed to go any length that the scientific zeal of some men might lead them. They say they are the best judges. Not necessary by any means, for they are not impartial. They are prejudiced to begin with. Their wish is father to the thought, and the decision in their case. They will not admit that to be wrong which their scientific curiosity prompts them to attempt.

While we are writing the British Detectives are on the *qui vive* to find out the perpetrators of the London Bridge villainy. The generous reward of £5,000 offered by the Corporation of the City has put them on their mettle, and everything that professional skill, working for the love of the thing, as well as prompted by hope of reward, can do, will be done to discover the

miscreants. We have very little hope that their searchings will come to much. There will be arrests of course, but it is highly doubtful if the real villains will be found. Not very much is expected from the expedient of getting faces sketched from the descriptions of those who say they saw the men suspected of the crime. Everybody of course will hope that the detectives may be successful, and the miscreants meet the due reward of their iniquity, but we confess that to our mind as yet the prospects for this are few enough from encouraging.

"Don't marry for money"—the warning is given often enough, but it comes with redoubled force from the sad experiences of the wife of the Russian Grand Duke Sergius. She is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and a daughter of Princess Alice of Hesse. It is well enough known that the royal house of Hesse was often enough in straitened circumstances. That is abundantly plain from the memoirs of the Princess. Having felt all the miseries of genteel poverty the young princess no doubt thought the best thing she could do when Duke Sergius came avowing was to take him. She was sure of a good living at any rate. Wealth would be hers, as well as high position, and all the comfort and ease and elegance and consideration that come from wealth allied with high position. And so she married him. But lo! scarcely six short months have elapsed when we find her seeking earnestly for a divorce. She has found that some things are harder to bear than poverty after all. This she thinks too hard to bear, and she will fling it off. She will have none of it. She will make a scandal rather than stand it. The haughty Guelph blood that she inherited resents the insult to her wifely honour. And so she will have a divorce. Efforts are made of course to prevent the thing leaking out, but all in vain. Matters of that kind cannot be kept secret. The news is flashed over the whole globe that the six months bride of Duke Sergius of Russia is already seeking divorce. It is said that the Czar and his wife have exercised their personal influence to such good effect as to prevent an open rupture. That will be only for a time in all probability. The Princess showed very proper spirit in trying to get rid of such a fellow, who is evidently like so many other people of royal blood, a thorough rouse.

The Lord Mayor of London, it seems, according to the wisdom of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the Home Secretary, acted with an amount of zealous haste that was quite out of place in offering that reward of £5,000. Before taking such an important step, he ought to have communicated with the Government. His course was an unjustifiable imputation on the ministers. Not the right thing to do at all. The Lord Mayor, like the sturdy freeman of the metropolis that he was, very properly gave Sir William Vernon Harcourt to understand that the conduct of the city of London was in no way to be regulated with regard to such matters, even by her Majesty's ministers. It had its rights and would exercise them without saying, "by your leave." Sir William, in short, was politely told that the conduct of the corporation of London was none of his business.

Literary circles are kept wonderfully lively by the publication of great men's biographies. They give a spice and sprightliness to life that would otherwise, we fear, be sadly wanting. The memoirs of Tourgenieff, the great Russian novelist, which are coming out just now, gives a very unfavorable estimate of Sarah Bernhardt. He is fiercely contemptuous, calling the diva

one, bold, wor- so le- ties of co- to be for n- thing have speak down herea dezer over l- call amou- pect-  
It the fe- att- We n- of a- the c- sym- was a- there- tempt- convi- cano- of the- to ten- were- van e- fest u- It cau- dred y- missi- the s- treat-  
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The- Macka- is to be- it is sai-  
Ram- spring- promin- cond o- whom- the ran-  
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The n- in avers- ing vo- state an- rapids is- an mind- on the- best in- lack-  
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ono, an "ugly moulder, a posturer, and bold grimacer." These are certainly hard words to apply to one who has been petted so long as the Queen of the Stage. But then these clever people are so apt to be jealous of one another. And their feelings are apt to be so strong that one may be pardoned for not accepting all their *dicta* on men and things as so much gospel. Bernhardt may have given Tourgenieff some special reason to speak ill of her, and when he came to jot down his impressions he "got even" with her as far as he could by a little ill-natured description. Sarah Bernhardt may be an overrated woman, but in all fairness it cannot be said that she wants genius, and to call her names is simply to display an amount of venom which leads one to suspect that personal spite is its moving cause.

It would be sympathy wasted to lament the fate of the anarchists condemned for the attempted murder of the Emperor William. We may pity them as the deluded victims of a mad frenzy that leads them to attempt the commission of diabolical outrages, but sympathy there can be none. Their trial was a perfectly fair one. As far as appears there was no prejudging the case, and no attempt to strain evidence to accomplish their conviction. The sentences though severe cannot be said to be excessively so. Three of them were condemned to death, and two to ten years' penal servitude. The others were discharged. This shows the great advantage that has been made in the more perfect understandings of the laws of liberty. It cannot be doubted that less than a hundred years ago men charged with the commission of such a crime would not have had the same chance for their lives, or been treated with such moderation.

An Episcopalian clergyman has turned up in one of the Southern States, who is said to bear a wonderful resemblance to Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. People are found credulous enough to believe that he really is Booth. Who the man was who was shot in mistake for him they do not say, nor how all these years have been allowed to pass without elucidation of the mystery.

The approaching marriage of Manza Mackay's daughter to the Prince of Calati, is to be celebrated with great simplicity, so it is said.

Rumor speaks of the marriage next spring of the youngest daughter of a once prominent clergyman in this city to the second of two retired partners, the first of whom recently married another daughter of the same reverend gentleman.

Hard as times are there seemed to be no lack of the usual festivities of the Christmas season. There were the usual number of good things devoured. Presents were given as in other years, and altogether people seemed to enjoy themselves quite as well as they usually do.

That was a big blaze of oil they had in New York State the other day. It didn't take long for a million dollars' worth of property to disappear.

The natives, poor fellows, can only stand in awe-struck silence and gaze at the daring voyagers who urge their frail boats among the breakers. Shooting the rapids is something quite new to the Egyptian mind. Such a thing had probably never been thought of within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and a long way further back.

Now is the time for church bazaars, and sales of five cent pin cushions at fifty cents each, and aprons worth a quarter dollar a

dozen at seventy cents a piece. When the innocent young man moreover handeth a five dollar bill to pay for one of the aforesaid aprons and is sweetly told that "they don't give change."

It must have been a very bitter experience for Bismarck when the Reichstag refused to niro a secretary for him. The old man thinks he has too much to do. The Reichstag virtually said they thought so too, and that if he could not do the work he had better resign. It is to be feared the vice-chancellor has fallen on evil days, and that an evil generation has arisen that knows him not.

He has got plenty of friends yet, however. It is said that when the Reichstag had expressed itself on the secretary question, offers came to Bismarck from all parts of the empire, of enough to give him what he wanted.

There can be no doubt that when he and his master pass away, an event that cannot long be delayed now, in any case, a change will come over the aspect of affairs in Germany. They are the representatives of the old order of things. The new era is eager to have its hand on the helm of government.

What the outcome of this colonizing spirit which Germany has developed so suddenly who shall say? Will it lead to European complications? Much more unlikely things have happened. This annexation of part of New Guinea especially, is not suited to establish very harmonious relations between Germany and Great Britain. The general impression is that the British Government has allowed itself to be enchained in that connection. The Australian colonies were very anxious to annex the whole of New Guinea, but the Home Government discouraged the enterprise, and the result is that a foreign power has secured a foothold in a country that would form a base of supply for operations against Australia in case of war with England. Germany, however, would need to have a much more efficacious navy before she could do much with such a base of operations.

The American papers are paying a good deal of attention to Sir John Macdonald's Confederation scheme. Comparatively few of them, however, seem to attach very much importance to it. They regard it as the brilliant dream of aspiring politicians. We are by no means certain that they are right in this estimate. We incline rather strongly to the opinion that there is more in it than many Canadians even are willing to admit, and that the scheme of confederation will prove to be the plank on which the Conservative party hopes to keep itself afloat at the next general elections.

It is much to be desired that some more economical way could be devised of keeping water pipes from freezing than by letting the taps run. During the last cold snap, Toronto is said to have wasted 10,000,000 gallons in this way. Nor is it a very effectual remedy either. On very cold nights people should keep their kitchen fire going. That will prevent a necessity for calling in the plumber the next morning.

Various unpleasant discoveries have been made by New York chemists as to the nature of some of the substances used to give candies their bright tempting appearances. Not a few of them are rank poisons, and are used in quantities sufficiently large to make candy colored by them anything but safe. It is just as safe for every one and especially children to eschew these brilliant morsels. If they must eat candy, let it be the plain unvarnished sort.

Wingate, the defaulting cashier, who left Toronto and made his way to New Orleans, has been let off after disgorging some \$3,000. His victims were very fortunate in getting so much out of him. They treated him generously enough in letting him down so easily.

Strange to think of the national treasury of such a wealthy state as California being nearly exhausted. And yet this is said to be actually the case.

Many people in the States have the idea that Canada is a country of snow and ice compared with which their own is a perfect paradise of endless summer. Such a notion is not borne out by facts. They have quite as much frost and snow, and just as cold weather as we have. It may not last quite as long perhaps, but even in that respect there is very little difference.

Burglars have a fine field for their operations at the New Orleans Exposition. There is a silver brick there weighing a couple of tons and valued at \$200,000.

Though electricity may eventually take the place of gas for lighting purposes, yet that time at the earliest is probably a good way off, and in the meantime some contrivance is urgently needed, that shall make such distressing accidents as happened in the American hotel here some days ago, an impossibility. Such gas stop-cocks as that in the room where the poor girls met their death, had no business there at all. And yet it is to be feared there are only too many like it in the city. The fact of the matter is there are hundreds of people who habitually use gas, who are either ignorant that it is a highly dangerous substance, and needs to be dealt with very cautiously, or constant familiarity has made them careless. That is one thing in favor of electric lighting—its freedom from danger.

The Canadian voyagers on the Nile are finding the work much harder than they expected. The first few rapids were mere child's play, but subsequent ones they were forced to confess gave them all they could do.

They are upholding the credit of Canadian raftsmen, however, and are winning golden opinions from all sorts of people.

A notable instance of human gratitude was afforded the other day in Pennsylvania. An express train from Chicago with about 250 persons on board, was saved from destruction by the self devoted heroism of a humble signal man. The brave fellow might have deserted his post and saved his life; but the train would have been wrecked, and many lives destroyed. He saved these lives at the expense of his own. The grateful passengers there and then collected \$75 for the benefit of his widow and children. About 30 cents apiece that is. This reminds us of the story that has been told of the poet Burns. A man had fallen from a pier into the water, and was in imminent danger of perishing. He was rescued, however, and magnanimously presented his saviour with a shilling. The bystanders, enraged at his meanness, were about to throw him in again, when Burns interposed, saying, "O, let him alone; he knows best what his life's worth."

The Newmarket folks talk hopefully of the prospect of getting a beet root sugar manufactory established in that town. It is proposed to form a joint stock company with a capital of \$200,000, to be organized under the Limited Liability Act, the shares to be \$100 each, and to be paid in calls of

10 per cent., as required. We wish the scheme all success.

Cleveland they say is a plain, honest fellow, a Democrat every inch of him, hating sham and pretension of every kind. It is thought unlikely that he will affect the magnificent tan-tem turn-out, in which some former Presidents and quite noticeably President Arthur, have shown such a brilliant example. Wiseheads are prophesying a reign of almost Spartan simplicity in the White House.

The law clerks in the city have been making another of their periodical lamentations over the way they are treated. They seem to have some reason to complain. Not twenty-five per cent. of them, we venture to say, perhaps not ten per cent., get the same attention from those to whom they are articleed, as the average indentured apprentice gets from his master. The signing of the articles is, we fear, a mere formality, at least on one side. It is a kind of machine that cuts but one way. The average lawyer seems to think it enough to give the young aspirant a chance to breathe a legal atmosphere in such matters as copying deeds, serving writs, and making collections. Not a square deal by a long way.

There is some talk yet that Sir David Macpherson is to be made Lieut.-Governor of Ontario. The *Mail* says it is mere talk, and anyway, if the rumour were true, a better Lieutenant-Governor than Macpherson would not be found. This in answer to a very indignant article of the *Globe's* in which it was plainly stated that if Sir David did become Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Mowat might expect to hear from him in a very disagreeable manner. Let that be as it may, if David is appointed, and it is certainly not improbable, we shall just need to make the best of him. And as the office is a purely ornamental one, to make the best of him one would think ought not to prove the most difficult of undertakings.

A Montreal interviewer recently button-holed an American officer on the subject of the Canadian Militia. The great want he thought of our militia is trained officers. He had noticed "a great want of ability" in this respect, he said. Right he is. Except in one or two crack regiments, the officers of our militia are lamentably deficient in nearly everything they ought to know. They must brush up.

Let every parent try to realize the importance of instructing his children in these minor moralities of life: the rules and regulations which govern the conduct of men and women in their social intercourse with one another. It is the poorest kind of wisdom that ignores these things, or professes to regard them as of little or no importance. They are of very great importance. It is not so necessary, of course, for man's everlasting welfare that he should refrain from eating with his knife, or making a loud noise during the process, or going about with finger nails looking as if they had been used as garden tools, or scratching his head or picking his nose, or doing a great many other things in public which badly trained people so frequently do. It is not so important, we repeat, for his soul's everlasting well being that he should know when to do or not do certain things of that nature, but there can be no doubt that they may have a very great influence over his happiness in this life. Yes, and for aught we know to the contrary they may have a greater influence over the happiness of even the life to come than anyone is able to suppose.



## Truth's Contributors.

### A Happy New Year.

BY REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M. A., B. D.

"I wish you a happy New Year!" How often have we heard it? How often have we repeated it? It has been on the lips of every one. The old year is gone. Poor old man, in the darkness of midnight, Dec. 31st, 1884, he died.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
Alack; our friend is gone  
Close up his eyes, tie up his chin,  
Step from his couch and let him lie  
That standeth there alone.  
And waiteth at the door

The old man whose heart has not been gladdened a, hum? and who has not enjoyed some of his rich gifts?

Now he is gone, and we have brushed away our tears and welcomed the New Year. We exchange greetings and congratulations, and wish our hearts as well as our lips utter, "I wish you a happy New Year."

It is a reasonable wish, for happiness is what we are all seeking for, living for, working for. But such a rare, precious jewel is not to be obtained by merely wishing it.

And if the year is unhappy, we must be happy in its successive parts, happy from day to day.

A rare possession is this.

After the death of Abderman, Caliph of Cirdora, the following paper was found in his handwriting: "Fifty years have elapsed since Sheam Caliph I have possessed riches, honors, pleasures, friends; in short, anything that man can desire in this world. I have reckoned up the days in which I could say I was really happy, and they amount to fourteen."

Fourteen happy days out of nearly twenty thousand! with wealth, pleasure, honor, all that men call the *summum bonum*, the highest good.

The trouble is that we look for happiness when it cannot be found in our surroundings in outward circumstances, and not in ourselves; and so are continually reminded of the legend of Anosta concerning a tree. Many-branched and covered with delectable bunches; but who so shook that tree to win the fruit, found too late that not fruit, but stones of crushing weight came down upon his head.

For the year to be happy it must be a thankful one. Ingratitude is one of the basest of crimes. How many mercies in the past? The business cloud lifted, the child born, recovery from sickness, life sweetened in a thousand ways.

Life has been but a precious chain in which one golden link has clasped another, every hour being a link and every day lengthening the chain.

2. For the year to be happy it must be a watchful one. Each one has his besetment, and the heart itself is like a beleaguered city, beset with enemies without and in danger of being betrayed by treacherous foes within. Our passions are snares. They are lions in ambush. They are tigers that lurk in dark jungles. They burn as the fires burn. They sweep as storms and wintry winds sweep. One companion may be as a whole world tempting us. One impure imagination may break up the great deeps of our evil hearts. One sudden flash of infernal fire may kindle our passions into a very blaze of perdition. Therefore it is *beforehand* or never.

For the year to be happy it must be a year of work. Happiness is always in the ratio of usefulness. Not long ago a man appeared at the counter of a bank, asked for and received specie for bills on the bank to the amount of one thousand dollars. He had kept those bills unused for twenty years. Had he deposited them in the bank at interest he would have received more than double the amount. So our talents lie unused, wrapped up in a napkin instead of being employed in doing good. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

For the year to be happy it must be a year of growing and abiding trust in God. There is a sweet antidote to every care and anxiety and unrest.

Business men are living under a constant

strain of effort—in sufficient capital, keen competition, and the fear of going to the wall. Can they not take it a little easier? Tired mothers have their faces all covered with lines of care. Why do they fret? God forgive us for our distrust and unbelief in carrying burdens too heavy for us, instead of casting all our care on Him who careth for us. To live a single moment at a time, hilling it up with the best fruit of the noblest well-doing, is the secret of a happy year. Over-anxiety will poison and destroy the happiness of the year. The fear of future evils is in itself the greatest of evils, and to conjure up anxieties is to inflict unnecessary tortures upon ourselves, and like madmen destroy the real bliss of the present. The invisible hand of time has swung open the door of a new year, yet can we live only a moment at a time. The most precious gift that Heaven sends us is time, yet it is doled out by the moment. But it gives all that a man ought ever to ask, an opportunity, and there is no achievement that we may not secure if we know the value of the moment and put ourselves into it. "Give me health to-day" says Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." What, reader, has the past year been to you? Has it been one of wasted opportunities, blasted hopes, or ruined prospects? What will 1885 be to you? Here every man must be his own biographer. Shall you be better, wiser, and so happier? Look forward. Yonder is a grave. Are you hastening to it? Yet may the present afford time for repentance, new resolves, and a long step forward in the Divine Life. I wish you a happy New Year.

### The Field of Truth.

BY D. WYLIE, BROCKVILLE.

When TRUTH touches matters of a public nature there is nothing of partyism discernable. This is well. A family paper cannot descend to political bickerings. Were such a course followed the paper would lose much of its popularity. When matters of public interest are dealt with, *truth* is aimed at. The reader is consequently left to decide for himself, as to the good or evil likely to result from the discussion of the question dealt with. Canada has long been a field of political strife. From a Tory point of view, all is right, while from a Liberal point of view, all is wrong.

In the old land, the question of a redistribution of seats in the House of Commons has been a source of much discussion. In carrying out this important measure "the grand old man" of England has acted honorably. Before laying the bill before Parliament, he held a conference with the leaders of the Opposition. How different from the action of "the grand old man" of Canada when dealing with a similar subject for our Dominion. His plan was not to please his political opponents, but to legislate them out of their seats.

Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, has legislated out of Parliament a greater number of his own political friends than of his political foes. The number of his friends thus dealt with is fifty-seven, while only forty-eight of his enemies have been interfered with. The Parliaments lose eight seats and the Home Rulers only three. There are sixteen constituencies, in which one of two members will have to retire to private life, but in which the interest of the minority is cared for, as the candidate lowest on the poll will receive the first place. These constituencies number sixteen, while the number of Conservative constituencies similarly placed, only number eleven. From this it will be seen how Mr. Gladstone has added to his truthfulness as an honorable statesman. So much is this the case that the *Daily Telegraph* says:—"To sum up in a few words the characteristics of the Redistribution Bill, it is large and it is simple; it goes far and is easily understood. The one-member principle which pervades it almost throughout—for it will apply to more than five sixths of the constituencies—has many recommendations and few disadvantages. It will simplify contests, and thus tend to educate electors. The cost of elections will be considerably reduced. The contact of the member with all his constituents will be facilitated and form a reciprocal education. The plan will tend to secure indirectly the representations of minorities and to prevent the swamping of one class by another numerically superior."

Had Sir John Macdonald acted as Mr. Gladstone has done, what an amount of obliquity would have been prevented on one side, while the people of Canada would have honored the "old man" for such an act of political disinterestedness.

In speaking of Sir John, the memory goes back to the night when the mob set fire to the Parliamentary buildings in Montreal. Sir John was then a much younger man than he is now, but his leadership was beginning to bud. The writer was a witness to the acts of vandalism performed that night. He saw the mob enter the building, the splendid chandelier broken to pieces, and the mace torn from its place and carried from the chamber on the shoulder of one of the mob, the Speaker's chair invaded and the House dissolved by the daring occupant. The mace was carried to Sir John at his hotel, but he would not receive "the bauble," and it was said referred the rabble to Sir Allan Macnab, with whom it was left. The night was one of terrors, yet no life was lost, although some of the Reform members received "more kicks than coppers," as the saying is. One gentleman, the late Mr. Lyon, of Ottawa, although a large, powerful man, was kicked from the entrance to the House all the way across the street, step by step. One member, the late Mr. Stevenson, of Picton, while stones were rattling through the windows, took refuge on a seat between two windows, and remained in his prison till a lull came, when he started on the run for the door leading to the library. He was the only member at the time left in the House, the others having decamped as soon as the "ones entered the Chamber through the broken windows. Col. Grey was the only member who acted the part of a hero. He boldly confronted the mob, and, seizing one fellow by the collar of his coat, pitched him out of the House. Yes, it was a terrible night, and the three following days will long be remembered as days of despair to men who boasted of their liberty as British subjects.

### Insane Asylums.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M. D., MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT ASYLUM FOR INSANE, TORONTO.

There are in the Dominion eight Public Asylums for the Insane. There is one in Nova Scotia, at Halifax; one in New Brunswick, at St. John; one near Quebec; one near Montreal; one at Kingston; one at Hamilton; one at London and one at Toronto. One is being constructed at Selkirk, near Winnipeg, Manitoba, and another in British Columbia. In the eight asylums already in operation there are about 6,500 insane. This will make about one lunatic to every 620 persons of our population. The proportion is much less than in the United States or Britain. This calculation is made on an average of 3,100 patients in Ontario; 2,400 in Quebec, and 1,000 in the two Eastern provinces. We might make a slightly larger estimate than the above to account for those in jails or retained at home. The latter class is not large in the Dominion. Besides the public asylums there are two private asylums, in which are about 75 patients, but the most of these are opium eaters, or dipsomaniacs, and are not usually classed among the insane. In all the provinces, except in Quebec, the Local Governments supervise, control, and support these institutions out of the public funds. In Quebec the asylums belong to private corporations. The Government of the Province send all the insane paupers to these refuges, paying a stipulated rate per week for their maintenance. This system has been called "farming out," and as may be readily understood, is liable to abuses, which are inherent in such a system. It is easy to see that such a company may increase the profits to the lease holders by pernicious administration. The cheaper the patients are fed, clothed and nursed the greater are the dividends. The plan is essentially a vicious one and liable to grave derelictions of duty under the best inspection. Even when well conducted a jealous public may be prone to misjudge their actions of those who may have pecuniary interests in an asylum thus administered, especially in the retention of patients, as a source of revenue. The honest officials have often to meet small suspicions, just as a hotel landlord would in unduly retaining a guest. The insane are a helpless class of unfortunates, and all incentives to treat them well should be held out to those

having supervision. Self-interest should always be excluded as a factor in this case of "One more unfortunate." It is not a good system which even tempts to riggardliness in furnishing necessary supplies and comforts, even when the desire to act conscientiously may exist. It is well not to tempt even the most benevolent in such a work, essentially charitable as it must be.

In Ontario the Superintendent is a medical man and the Chief Executive Officer. He is guided by Statute and By-law in the discharge of his duty. The financial affairs are virtually in the hands of the Government, and are administered by the Inspector. The Superintendent has full charge of the Asylum economy. He is responsible for its administration, and has full power to hire and discharge all servants and attendants. The Government Inspector is obliged to visit the Asylums in his charge at least three times in a year, but as often as may be necessary. All reports of the Chief Officer are made to him for Government inspection. The Ministry of the day is in this way made responsible to the people for the proper administration of such institutions.

The liberty of the subject is sufficiently guarded in the requirements for admission. There are two methods which are legal. The first is by two medical certificates of "legally qualified medical practitioners." These must not only contain a general statement that it is the physician's belief that the person examined is insane, but must also state the facts observed by himself, as well as those related by relatives or friends, on which such an opinion is based. If these are not satisfactory to the Superintendent, admission is refused of the patient charged with insanity.

The second method is where a person is arrested because of disorderly conduct, and supposed to be insane, thereby assumed to be dangerous to himself or others, or not able to look after himself. Such is committed to jail and is taken examined by the County Judge, the jail surgeon and one other medical man. All the evidence in such cases has to be examined and approved of by the Provincial Secretary, and also by an Asylum Superintendent before admission to an asylum. It will be seen that the chance of anyone not insane being incarcerated in an asylum is exceedingly small. The friends, the medical men, the asylum officials, the attendants, the Inspector and County Judge would require to be in collusion to deprive such a person of freedom. The probability of such being the case is almost impossible in this Province. In a public asylum the safeguards against undue detention are many, and not the least is the desire of the chief officials to have as good a record as possible of discharges, and his having no interest in such an establishment beyond the well-being of the afflicted in his charge. His effort in a pecuniary sense is to procure all the needs and comforts he can in reason for the benefit of his patients. The oversight is thorough, and all well organized asylums enforce discipline as strictly as if they were military camps or barracks. Nearly all the scandals which have arisen in Britain and in the United States in connection with the insane, has been in district poor houses, without proper organization or oversight. They are under municipal control, and the great aim of the most of these bodies is to run these county houses as cheaply as possible. Poor buildings, inferior food, cheap attendance, loose discipline, cruelty and immorality have been too often the result. Seldom are these charges successfully made against Provincial or State Asylums properly officered and organized under direct Governmental control. It may be of interest to know what each patient costs the taxpayers of this Province. Taking one year with another, the annual outlay a person is \$132. This covers all expenses, including salaries, repairs, gaslight, fuel, clothing and food. When it is considered that this is only \$2.50 a week for all such purposes, it will be seen that economy can scarcely go lower, if ordinary comfort and efficiency are considered. If the household expenses of the poorest family are noted, it will be seen that 30 cents a day of expenditure would mean rigid oversight in purchasing and in prevention of waste. The clothing is mostly used for the men and wincey for the women, with woolen and cotton underclothing, according to the time of the year. The food is as varied and substantial in our free wards as may be found in a dollar a day hotel, or at a farmer's table.

Tid-Bits.

\$20.00 IN GOLD

Given Each Week for the

BEST TID-BIT.

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

The following stanzas are original, and are sent by Dr. D. M. Welton, McMaster Hall, Toronto, to whom the \$20 in gold will be promptly paid on application.

The Prize Tid-Bit.

When Winter comes earth seeks repose,
And lest she feel the chilling storm,
God covers her with virgin snows,
And tucks them in to make her warm.

She sleeps her weariness away,
And when the hours their signal ring,
God marks unerringly the day,
And wakes her with the kiss of Spring.

A Temperance Parody on "John Anderson, My Jo."

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
I'd siller in my pockets, John,
Which noo, ye ken, I want;
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But mark ye, how you've treated me,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
We've been over lary together,
Sae ye maun tak' ae road, John,
And I will tak' anither;
For we maun tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I shall hae the bill to pay,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Ye've beard' d out t' m' een,
And lighted up my nos, John,
A fiery sign atween;
My hands w' paley shake, John,
My locks are like the snow,
Ye'll surely be the death o' me,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Twas love to you I ween,
That part me the sae ear, John,
And sit aye late at o'er;
The best o' friend's maun part, John,
It grieves me sair, ye know,
But "we'll nae mair to you town,"
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Ye've wrought me muckle skath,
And yet to part wi' you, John,
I own I'm unco' faith;
But I'll join the temperance ranks, John,
Ye needna say me no,
It's better late than ne'er do weel,
John Alcohol, my foe.

The Aesthetic Lovers.

He stared her as onward they strolled
In a path that was rustic and devout,
If she noticed the beauty of scene:
She replied: "It's pelucidly, utterly,
Infectiously, aestrially, pruvius!"

He asked her again, as they sat
On the top of the lofty stone fence,
How she liked the position of things,
She answered: "It's perpetually,
Indiscreetly, spectrially, imminae!"

While sweetly like doves they did coo,
He caught sight of her snug little shoe,
She asked what he thought of its mitigoos,
And he said: "It's consummately, awfully,
Crystallinely, ostensibly, quietly,
Enthusiastically, stellularly too!"

Who is to be Believed?

A traveller at one of the railway stations in France was pacing up and down the platform when another gentleman, by way of entering into conversation with him, inquired if he was going to Marseilles.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.
"Very well, if you have no objection, we will travel together. Is it your first visit to Marseilles?"
"Oh no! As I am a commercial traveller, I go by this line."
"You are a commercial traveller? How very strange; quite a remarkable coincidence, why, I am a traveller as well, and represent one of the first houses in Paris."

"Really?" Well, between ourselves, I may tell you that I do not think that you can turn out such good workmanship in Paris as we do in our town.
"Fiddle-sticks! Why, you cannot have heard of our latest invention, which got us the gold medal at the exhibition?"
"No, I did not know about it; let us hear what it is."
"Then just listen. We fitted one of our large safes with imitation bank notes, and after we had closed it, we kindled a large fire all round it, which we kept burning for twenty-four hours, and when we opened the box guess in what state we found the papers?"

"Well, I suppose they were uninjured."
"Better than that, friend, they were positively damp."
"Ah! ah! that's a good joke; but it is nothing to what we can do. Our principal made once quite a little safe, inside which he placed a rabbit; then he made a fire all round, which was kept up forty-eight hours, and when they opened it, what do you think had become of the rabbit?"
"Judging from your statement, I should say it was roasted."
"Nonsense! It was frozen."

How to Cook a Wife.

While men spare no pains in obtaining the best materials for this excellent dish, they often seem totally regardless after the first mouthful of the necessary precautions to render it permanently sweet; and if through neglect it turn sour they slander the dish when the fault is in themselves.
It is true the merits of this dish cannot be ascertained at first taste, which is always sweet, the after-piece is the proper criterion of the merits, which depend entirely on the cooking of the dish. Our great object therefore, is not to make the wife sweet, but to keep her so. This may be accomplished in the following manner. Obtain an adequate supply of the purest water of affection with which gradually and gently surround her. Should the water during this process become ruffled, a little of the original balm of courtship will soon restore it to its natural smoothness. The fire should be composed of true love with a few sighs to increase when necessary, the flame should not be too warm yet never suffered to abate entirely, as 'taint would spoil the dish. Coolness is often the ruin of this dish, erroneously asserted by some cooks to be necessary which cook add also sprigs of indifference, but this is a very dangerous practice, as a good wife is exquisitely delicate and susceptible. A few over-greens such as industry, sobriety, and fondness are necessary, and a moderate quantity of the spirit of coaxing and oil of kisses may be added, which gives the whole a most delectable flavour. Garnish with the flowers of endearment and kindness, and you will enjoy the delights of a dish compared with which all others sink into insignificance, namely "A Good Wife."

Mrs. M. Hollis.

How To Cook a Husband.

What Mrs. Glass said of the Hare is as necessary now. 'Ere you can cook him you must first 'catch him.' Having done so the operation will be as follows: Many good husbands are spoiled in the cooking, some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them by conjugal coldness. Some smother them in hatred, contention, and

variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. Such women always serve them up with tongue sauce.

Now it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good, if managed in this way. But they are on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows.

Get a large jar of carefulness (which all good wives have on hand,) place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love, let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear, above all, let the heart be constant. Cover him over with affection, kindness and subjection. Garnish with modest, becoming familiarity, and the spice of pleasantry, and if you add kisses and other confectioneries, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation. We would advise all good wives to try this recipe, and realize how admirable a dish a husband is when properly cooked.

One Idea or Sunrise in Eastern Lands.

"And ye tell me, yer honor, that you've been away out there in Egypt and India and them places?" asked a countryman of mine with mouth and eyes wide open, staring at me in great curiosity.

"Yes, Mickey, both in Egypt and India," I replied.

"Sorra a bit o' me but I'd rather go to the East than ate bread and buther."

"Deed then, I am not of your liking this time, Mickey, my boy."

"Och! to be shure, yer honor, but thin ye've seen him dozens o' times gettin' up in the mornin' beyant the bush wid a roar and a leap that would frighten a wet turfstack, as I'm towld."

"Who in the name of all that's wonderful do you mean, man?" I asked in astonishment.

"To be shure I mane the Sun himself in all his splendour, yer honor, Glory be to God!"

ROE SIGMA.

He Didn't Mean That.

A young lady attending a medical college was told of the incessant change in our structure by the lecturer on Philosophy—a young and handsome professor—"So you see, Miss Blank," he continued, endeavoring to explain to the interesting class and addressing the attentive Miss Blank, "In about six week you will positively cease to be yourself."

The young lady blushed and replied softly, much to the amusement of the class:

"Yes, Georgie dear, just six weeks all but two days!" Poor Georgie.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I need not tell you anything further of the duty of cultivating a kindly disposition; but I will tell you a little story about two dogs. George had a nice little dog that was gentle as a lamb. He would sit by George's side quietly for an hour at a time. He would not bark at passers-by nor at strange dogs, and would never bite anybody or anything. Thomas' dog, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs and would sometimes tear them quite cruelly. He would also fly at the lions and cats in the neighborhood, and on several occasions had been known to seize a cow by the nostrils and throw her. He barked at all the strange men that came along, and would bite them unless somebody interferred. Now, boys, which was the dog you would like to own, George's or Thomas'?" Instantly came the answer in one eager shout—"Thomas'!"

HOW THE BAWDIAN WAS KEPT.—Senor O—, a well-known contributor to the Spanish press, had once the misfortune to occupy an apartment between and contiguous to those of two amateur instrumentalists. One played the bassoon, the other the violin, and their incessant practising sadly interferred with his literary labors. To rid himself of the nuisance, he one morning went to each and offered them a considerable sum if they would consent to remove into other lodgings. The offer was accepted by both "musicians." A week passed over, still the noise went on as before. The Senor went to remonstrate with them: "You promised me to change your quarters." They replied, "So we did, and we have kept our promise—in fact, we have changed apartments!"—El Diaro.

SPECIAL PREADING.—A bully fired off a gun at one of his comrades for a very slight

provocation. Fortunately it missed him. The latter made good use of his cane in legit' nato self-defence. The lawyer of the first gives the following version of the incident. "The two friends met, a dispute arose—(sinking his voice to a whisper)—my client very quietly discharged his gun—(in stentorian tones)—and his opponent dealt him return an eno-o-rmious blow with a stick!"—Charivari.

Life has its glimpses which we would do well to cherish and make the most of. Never do we see or know, much less do we feel or experience, the whole of anything. Only by receiving little by little as it comes to us, eagerly yet patiently, and putting together what we receive as skillfully as we may, do we attain any degree of clear or true conception. He who insists on more than this will forfeit all.

Women are formed for attachment, Their gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained it and knows now to deserve it. But that very keenness of sensibility which, if well cultivated, would prove the source of a man's highest enjoyment may grow to bitterness and wormwood if he fails to attend to it or abuses it.

A Frenchman who was troubled with gout was asked what difference there was between that complaint and rheumatism. "One very great difference," replied monsieur. "Suppose you take one vice, put your finger in, you turn do screw till you can bear it no longer—dat is do rheumatism; den s'pose you give him one turn more—dat is do gout!"

Hearing a noise at night, Jones descends with a lighted candle, and discovers a burglar escaping with a full sack. "Hallo," he cries, "come back, you." "Eh, what?" returns the burglar. "Ah, yes, the silver candlestick! 'rmit me." He takes it from the astonished Jones, and puts it into his bag. "Ten thousand thanks. Have I forgotten anything else?"

A father complained bitterly of the way his children destroyed their clothing. He said: "When I was a boy I only had one suit of clothes, and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days." There was a pause, and then the oldest boy spoke up and said: "I say, dad, you have a much easier time of it now—you are living with us."

A soldier of a cavalry regiment was brought up for stealing his comrades liquor ration. He was an Irishman, and his defence was unique: "I'd be sorry indade, surr, to be called a thief. I put the liquor in the same bottle, and mine was at the bottom, and shure I was obliged to drink his to get at my own!"

They don't have old maids in Russia. When a lady finds herself at about twenty-five, without any prospect of matrimony, she sets out on a pilgrimage, or a round of travels, and turns up some years after a widow. It is not etiquette to enquire in a lady's presence after her dead husband in that advanced country.

Some men have tact. Said the bridegroom who didn't wish to either offend his bride or die of internal disturbance: "My dear, this bread looks delicious, but it is the first you have ever made. I cannot think of eating it, but will preserve it to show to our children in after years as a sample of their mother's skill and deftness."

"Didn't you tell me you could hold the plough?" indignantly cried a farmer to a green Irishman, whom he had taken on trial. "Arrah! be nisy now," said Pat: "how can I hold it and two horses drawing it away from me? But give it to me in the barn; and, be jabbers, I will hold it with anybody."

REASONABLE INDULGENCE.—In an advertisement for a young gentleman who left his parents, it was stated, that "if Master Jacky will return to his disconsolate parents, he shall be no more put upon by his sister, and shall be allowed to sweeten his own tea."

COOKE THE TRAGEDIAN.—Of strong memory few examples will compare, in force, with that of Cooke, the tragedian; who, it is said, committed the entire contents of a daily newspaper in the space of eight hours.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear." "Well, yes, it is extremely—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

## THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"Blythe, blythe, and merry was she  
 Blythe was she that had Len.  
 Blythe by the banks of Ery,  
 Blythe in the Glentu wet glen,  
 The high and hill a live wand red wide,  
 And over the row a dshae loon;  
 But theme was the bestest lass  
 That ever rod t a dowy green.

*Old Song.*

So Joy went to school. Not far; it was only half a day's journey by coach. Dick used to drive her to and from the "Black Bull" (where the mail-coach changes horses) in the spring-cart; for old Berrington was growing stiff in the knees and did not get easily in and out of any vehicle, much as he would have liked to see his pet thus later or earlier—on her journeys.

Spring came with flowers and showers, then Joy returned at Easter-tide. Summer brought hay fields and harvest, then none more merry than Joy in the Red House Farm fields through the long sunny holidays. Autumn and its apples and cider-making she sorely missed, but came back for the Christmas merry-doings. Then they had monster fagots piled in the great kitchen fireplace, and young Steenie Hawkshaw, and girls and boys from the other farms more far than near around, indeed, came to have romps under mistletoe bough, and to make havoc in the glorious piles of pasties, apple-pies, mince-pies, and cakes that Hannah had prepared for her darling's return.

Good Hannah! she declared herself most lonesome when Joy was away; yet, in truth, her hands and mind were so full with the day's work at the farm, year out, year in, and she herself so happy in thus being busied, that her nursing's absence gave her only that last luxury—something more to look forward to. Then, when home-coming arrived, how she and Fanny Berrington would perform a mutual litany of admiration and thanksgiving, in which Hannah uttered the praises and the farmer said amen, by assenting emphatic grunts and puff of smoke.

What prodigious advances Joy had made in learning and looks! How faintly she tripped like a young lad, while her hair grew glossier and rippling, rolled up in a little love-knot; so to say, at the back of her pretty head. And her eyes became brighter, and lips redder, and her figure taller and more womanly. The truth was, beyond singing and sewing, both of which she loved dearly (that is, ballads, and pretty embroidering of the finer sort); Joy had very little to do for schooling. She learned far more gladly at the farm from Hannah how to bone a turkey and stuff it for supper, in a way new in those parts, than arithmetic. Still no one was smarter in counting the pounds of butter for market, which she did with help of her ten pretty fingers spread out, declaring to Blythe, who was an excellent scholar, that Nature plainly meant them so to be used.

The old farmer took more and more pride in his pet, calling her his "heart's Joy." But Blythe, who had grown a big lad, now between boy and man, was getting shy and awkward, and reluctant to dance with Joy and the other girls, yet furiously sulky if Steenie Hawkshaw, never bashful, caught and kissed the Red House maiden like the rest, under the mistletoe's waxy berries.

Meanwhile, once a week, or sometimes twice, Joy would trip alone over the fields dutifully to the lonely brown cottage. Thence she returned with often blither steps, it must be owned, to the fuller joyful domestic life at the farm. But sometimes her young heart would be prematurely heavy with thoughts of the sadness away up there in the glen. Then Hannah would be surely waiting for her, to ask "Is all well?" and would coddle and attend her till she partly forgot about it. Perhaps Hannah thus atoned to her own conscience for living in comfort at the Red House, and gradually coming to think of Cold-home and the glen a miles farther away than they really were.

Hannah herself went very seldom now; but then—she was not wanted. After all, in conversation she was only dull, she thought, and a servant serving another master besides. Truly, though the kind soul still heartily loved both her former mistress in spite of holy Scripture, yet all she had to tell was of the fowls and bees, the butter and apples at Red House Farm. The past was a topic strictly forbidden; the close inquiries as to Magdalen's health were

dangerous, and often she dared not go at all for weeks, having received a secret message from Rachel to stay away. She would gladly have helped at such dark hours, but the sight of any one but Rachel only made Magdalen worse, it was found after one attempt. It is strange how our love slowly turns from those who do not want help to those who do. Hannah would not own it to herself, yet her ardent attachment for her first young mistress, Magdalen, had thus become transferred to Joy. Meanwhile she had long lived as paid house-keeper at the Red House, and was happy.

If little had been said of her lately in this story, it is because there is little to tell. Her daily walks were between the kitchen and dairy fowl-yard and garden. Her loneliest hours were passed at set times in a service of cleanliness at the deserted shrine of Joy's room, when the latter was at school. Here the worthy woman dusted, aired, and polished, even doubly as much as in the untenanted chambers of the fine, rambling old farm house. Then she would say her prayers at night, content to think that do must left in the dark corners reproached her conscience.

If at times a thought like a north blast struck Hannah that perhaps she might have to leave all this with the child and her mistress again, she shivered to herself, stout, strong woman though she was. She had known wanderings and romances of perils enough; let her rest only now in this blessed land if it might be! What with spring-cleanings and sheep shearings, and harvest-suppers and cider-makings, picklings and preservatives, she had change enough in her life to content her.

As to Rachel, the seasons to her now meant Joy's coming and going; her winter began when school opened in autumn, and December's dreariest days budded with gladness at seeing the child. No one knew, not even the girl Joy, how that large, lonely heart pined for her. Magdalen was sometimes vexed, and spoke her thoughts, that her daughter had not more accented phishments like herself, bright talent that would shine in society. "Some day when they left the moors." But Rachel, if she sighed, smiled also. It is natural in us all to wish the young, in whom our lives and thoughts are centred, to carry on our tastes and life-efforts into a later generation.

"But the child is not of Magdalen's own nature, nor like me," she thought. "She is meant just to love and live, satisfied wherever her lot is cast; and such a woman is blessed and wise in her seeming unwisdom."

And year by year, the more Rachel Estoua was drawn with her whole heart to the child, and longed to have her nearer to herself, the more she saw that it must not be. The lonely life of two women who felt dumb from lack of expression was not fit for such as Joy. Poor farr, a dark past for all background of thought, and sometimes as the subject of their rare talk—hopelessness of the coming years! these were not meet for that young lark which sang and fluttered from pure gladness in its spring-time of life.

One day this was brought strongly home to her.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"Oh, the wafts of heather honey, and the music of the breeze,  
 As I watch the great hearts feeding, nearer, nearer,  
 'Tis the day.  
 Oh, to lark the eagle screaming, sweeping, flinging  
 round the sky"—C. KINGSLEY.

It was a late September day, warm and still, when old memories stir and rise more in our minds as the year softly dies. Magdalen and her sister had gone up on the moors to spend a long day there in the fresh air and sunshine, as till winter began they mostly always did. Rachel sometimes rebelled inwardly against what seemed, as regarded herself, wasted days spent in so useful work for other children of men, only to be jerking over the hills. Then she chided herself. It was God's work, and if her Maker choose thus to employ the high faculties He had given her, might she not remember that "they also serve who only stand and wait?" She dared not let Magdalen stray anywhere alone except up the glen, which last was both lonely and safe.

They were shaking bogs on the moors, treacherously green from rank marsh grasses and edged with sundew and cotton-grass, any one venturing over which might lose their life in a horrible way. Many a day, out of pure freakishness, Magdalen would wander nowhere else but in these parts, shunned by even the few shepherds and moor-men who passed thereby.

Often for work's sake, Rachel would cut heather to make brooms, and carry it down in a blooming pile on her strong shoulders at sunset. But frequently Magdalen was vexed with her for undertaking this toil.

"It was such labor." Why, your hands are so coarsened afterwards as if you had been hugging and ditching!" she would cry, looking at her own small fingers, which she carefully kept smooth and white.

"Dear, it brings me in a little money to give to the poor."

"The poor! There are few poorer than ourselves. Why, I would rather go with less food or fire or something. Don't do it, at least to-day, Rachel, to please me; it is lonely for me to see you working, and, as I say it will spoil your appearance so much, if ever we go back."

So she would break off her sentences. Rachel, understanding, would stop her work. As to Magdalen being ever shorn of any few comforts, Rachel dismissed the thought at once, as the poor creature herself soon for got it. If they ever went back! Ah! Rachel knew hers was a life-task, without any hope to lighten its gloom, not so much as a rush-light a glimmer.

So, on this special day, the sisters were sitting silent and side by side in an ancient sacred circle of upright stones called the Gray Weathers. There were nineteen of them, some small enough, half a dozen, others nine feet high. Tradition said they were once all young folk, who began dancing here on a Sunday after noon, and were suddenly turned to pillars of stone in punishment for their sin. Furthermore, at noon on a hot day these stones might still be seen, it was believed, courtesying softly, and rising and sinking in a ghostly dance with their gray granite partners.

Joy loved to believe this, and declared she herself had certainly seen them from afar swaying like shadows on water, though it had been a hot mid-day in broad sunlight.

"Why, of course!" Blythe answered, smiling, with a rather disparaging air, having few superstitions housed inside his handsome flaxen head. "Just so in winter, when they light the stove in church, you may see the air above it quivering and dancing too in a sort of haze. The summer sun is the stove that heats our moors and makes objects near the earth seem tremulous, the devil is not the piper to our poor Gray Weathers."

"Blythe, you are a boy without any reverence," retorted Joy, with dignified reproach, having a most wholesome awe of the devil herself.

It was very warm for September. All around the sisters' eyes strayed wide over rugged, deer-steer moor that lay up hill and down dale, black bogs showing in some of the hollows. Yet, rugged or not, it was a grand view under that hot, wide sky, softened by an autumn haze and a few lazy clouds low down on the horizon. It was so free—only a few loose stone fences might be seen at great distances, marking rather than enclosing large tracts; and these walls the straying mountain sheep and ponies easily jumped. All around Nature was mistress, and her way was shown in a thousand signs, had one eyes to see her delicate handiwork; but in a few plain words, there was neither sight of human dwelling nor sound of man. Overhead, a moor-buzzard might be seen; and other birds, such as red warblers, golden plovers, coots, and water-ouzels, were in marshy places, and black grouse and landrails, with small song birds, on the moors. The cloud-shadows swept unbroken in grand breadth over the hills—who notes them in the hedged and wooded lowlands?

True, where man ploughs and sows, he paints the smiling champagne country with bright colors unknown up here, miles of brown-gold wheat, leagues of paler corn and of mead-grass, scarlet clover, orchards of rosy flowers of ruddy fruit. Here the heather that made the hills all one broad, violet flush, is over, the golden furze that vied therewith in wide-spread glory is past too, for the most part—what remains? All along the bed of the Chad down yonder mountain-athes spread low and graceful among gray or white granite boulders, and the brilliant red of their berries glows like

flame beside the water's brown current. There are acres of giant bracken, so golden that a bit of mellow sunset appears to lie on earth, or shading into brown in an unimaginable richness and difference of tints.

This little upland world is all colored in subdued tones, grasses and marsh plants, lichen or mossy rocks, weather beaten crags on the hill-crest, tiny flowers that scarcely attract the eye till clearly looked at. Yet what infinitely variegated hues the moors have, what a movement of lights and shades; what an exquisite sense of rest and pleasure! Tired eyes feel jarred by no inharmonious contrasts, here where unity of design spreads for leagues around; and, lastly, a peace falls upon the soul in the solemn stillness, where the slow seasons bring such gentle change, and the land rests in a Perpetual Sabbath, unvexed by labor.

Magdalen spoke first, and dreamily, as they sat together.

"Joy is away riding over the moors somewhere. The hounds are out cub-hunting," she said. Blythe Berrington was to take care of her."

"Where were they to meet, dear? You never told me," and Rachel sat more upright, and looked intently round on the hills that were like a sea, of which the great rolling earth waves had been suddenly arrested in full motion.

"I forget—I hardly listened." And Magdalen went on with a silent amusement—plating little butterfly cages, as children call them, of rushes she had gathered on her way.

The silence was resumed; but before long Rachel exclaimed, low, "What is that?"

Across the broad, green hill-side before them, on the far side of a deep comb, as she gazed, surely her keen vision caught sight of something like a fleeting speck—another; and while she still doubted, what seemed a white patch, a fragment of snowy cloud from the sky, swiftly racing over the moor. Then followed a scarlet dot in motion—more red dots.

"It is the hounds there is the hunt!" Magdalen cried, in excitement.

The hill looked as steep as a house-roof, as seen from the stone circle; but distance deceives.

"There is a darker clump of riders not redcoats. Joy must be among them," Rachel uttered, watching these last specks with intense earnestness of gaze.

To right of the hounds fled away a little cluster of what seemed at this distance tiny shadows, that was a herd of ponies. To the left, another, up the hill-face—those were red cattle. The pack swept up to the sky line; the darker flecks as the riders still ascended—followed them to the breezy ridge—disappeared.

"The play is over," said Rachel, then.

Her sister rejoined, grumbling. "Yes; it was like the ghostly hunt on the Hart mountains. It is too bad—all over so soon! We shall see no more now, I suppose."

Not so, however. After a few minutes a musical sound came faintly wanted to their listening ears; again, again! Down in the glen, among the copse-wood, the hounds, were giving tongue now. They must have come at a tremendous pace to be there so soon. Then a reddish object became visible, making for a gorse-patch by the Chad, stealing out soon by another corner as the hounds dashed in. He shot straight up the slope to the stone circle, leaping along among heather and gorse, came the handsome red creature, a fine cub-fox. Magdalen and Rachel, who had risen to their feet, stood still as statues. Perhaps poor Reynard thought them only two more of these upright Druid stones as he flew past in his hot race for life, with the hounds, who had now crested him, steaming up the slope at a blood-thirsty pace.

He cut straight toward a treacherous black bog, between the two nearest hills, with descending cunning. Another few moments, and the sacred circle was full of a mass of eager hound heads, and white and dappled bodies, and waving tails, as the pack lured through in full cry. Behind, three riders came thundering noiselessly up through the heather.

What, Joy! Joy herself, riding on a moor pony with handsome Steenie Hawkshaw, wearing pink, and tugging close beside her on a black hunter, while a more modest black Sunday coat kept as jealously near on her other side. He was mounted on his good mare Brownberry, he meant a pride, and he was watching sternly from under his broad

brows both and, above all, whip, seising "We are behind—bag delirium of e last words co dark fair ha behind her in in brightest l glowing chee wearing a l rough bay po of the moors, one.

"How well if I were but her blue eyes of the scene, she watched quagmire wit heard nothing.

But Rachel stroke, behind ed r and, an: not a human l sister's poor c lated riders: shaw's burly mud on one si and his hot te Seeing the sis whip at the

"See there we have had b witches lookin devil fly away

There came ing exclamati broken sound t ngue, Hawk: "Best let ther as the sportsm past the sacre uttered, and s men were, loo gorge rose. " s id in her hea: Then, from lo with fearful c frenzy should e against them.

Her sister ha: maintained w through which ering. Blyth in a masterful track he knew and the shep

"This way, only safe part."

"Don't mind and you shall H: cress Steenie H: Blythe's boyis!

"Joy! My fa of you."

"Then you c: mockingly answ: "Is he your m: The two you

hate l each othe: the other. Bly: pride, and he t: looked younger: and raw, with o: his body was a: though bearing: strength. But:

young man, mid: His gypsy face, with black whis: Bacchus now, early to appear:

Joy looked, o: laughing featur: expression, like: still in his teen: fast, there was:

Go on, Mr. J: she cried, and: The sagacious, the ground and: ing its fore-legs: angered, struck:

Obstinate b: brought down h: its back, behind: as he forced his c: Joy's pony sno: forward against:

l lge, lost its f: young Hawksh: plunged deeper i: wildly flounderi:

"Help me, B: sweet young voi: of all sounds h: Blythe Berrington



brows both his impetuous charge, his rival, and, above all, the hounds. Joy waved her whip, seeing the dark figures first.

"We are leading them all—the rest are behind—bogged. I think," she called, in a delirium of ecstasy, as they galloped by, her last words coming fainter on the breeze. Her dark hair had broken loose, and was blowing behind her in a veil; her face was joy itself in brightest being, with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks. Her still childish figure wearing a blue short habit, she sat her rough bay pony as if, like a true daughter of the moors, she and the little animal were one.

"How well she looks, the little flirt! Oh, if I were but young again!" cried Magdalen, her blue eyes sparkling with the excitement of the scene, as, leaning on a stone pillar, she watched the three ride down to the quagmire with such intentness she saw and heard nothing else.

But Pachel's fine ear caught fresh hoof-strokes behind on the soft sward. She looked round, anxious to escape the sight of more human beings, who always excited her sister's poor crazy brain. Some of the belated riders were coming up, old Hawkshaw's burly figure foremost, a mass of mud on one side from his eyes to his spurs, and his hot temper the worse for the bogs. Seeing the sisters, he pointed the butt of his whip at the with a brutal oath.

"See there!—blast them! No wonder we have had bad luck to-day, with those old witches looking on to spoil sport. See them—devil fly away with them!"

There came bursts of laughter, but warning exclamations from the other men—broken sounds—such as, "Keep a civil tongue, Hawkshaw." "The black sisters." "Best let them alone." The voices hushed as the sportsmen urged their panting horses past the sacred circle; not a sound was uttered, and several of the farmers, as these men were, looked the other way. Rachel's gorge rose. "As if we had the evil-eye," she said in her heart, deeply hurt and indignant. Then, from long habit she quickly turned with fearful caution lest Magdalen in a frenzy should scream and leap out in anger against them.

Her sister had heard nothing. She remained with eyes fixed on the bog below, through which the hounds were now sounding. Blyth Berrington waved to Joy in a masterful way to come after him by a track he knew of old, and few save himself and the shepherds.

"This way, Joy, follow me—this is the only safe part."

"Don't mind him. Let me be your guide, and you shall have the brush," laughingly cried Steenie Hawkshaw.

Blyth's boyish face flushed red.

"Joy! My father desired me to take care of you."

"Then you can do so by coming after her, mockingly answered his hereditary enemy.

"Is he your master, Miss Joy?"

The two young fellows in their hearts hated each other. Joy looked from one to the other. Blyth's tone had nettled her pride, and he truly, like most fair haired lads, looked younger than his age. Long limbed and raw, with only callow down on his face, his body was as yet thin and awkward, though bearing the promise of future great strength. But Steenie already was a grown young man, middle-sized and stout enough. His gypsy face, high-colored and full-lipped, with black whiskers, was that of a youthful Bacchus now, though it might coarsen early to appear a Silenus, like his father.

Joy looked, one swift moment, at his gryn laughing features, then at Blyth's wrathful expression, like a righteous Saint Michael still in his teens. The hounds were running fast, there was no time to tarry.

"Go on, Mr. Hawkshaw—I'm after you!" she cried, and pressed her pony forward.

The sagacious, moor-bred animal sniffed the ground and stopped dead short, stiffening its fore-legs to a decided nay. Joy, angered, struck it sharply.

"Obstinate beast!" cried Steenie, and brought down his heavy luning-whip across its back, behind the saddle, to help matters, as he forced his own hunter past her.

Joy's pony snorted with pain, and sprang forward against its better will and knowledge, lost its footing, struggled. In front, young Hawkshaw's heavier horse had plunged deeper in the morass, and both were wildly floundering to regain firmer ground.

"Help me, Blyth—help me!" rang the sweet young voice that had the most power of all sounds human or otherwise, over Blyth Berrington's mind.

He forgot the bay of the hounds, then in full cry in view of their tired fox, turned back on his own sure path (indeed, his eagle eyes had hardly quitted Joy's figure but to guide his mare, and he had checked Brownberry even before that cry struck on his ears). Just a few moments—then, having dismounted, Blyth caught Joy's bridle, and cheered her little steed by voice and hand to some strong efforts that lauded it with trembling flanks on the sound heather. But her saddle had turned, and he must needs see to the girls, while good Brownberry stood obediently by, though with pricked ears, hearkening to the distant sounds of the hunt.

"Hooray, I'm out!" shouted Steenie Hawkshaw, bogged no longer, who had struck on Blyth's former track, and was pursuing it with joyful selfishness.

Two minutes more, and Blyth, with Joy safe in his wake, was after Steenie, followed in cautious single file by the later riders. A last gallop over a breezy upland, then the good cub ended his short life in a rocky and—

"Here is the brush, Miss Joy, I told you I should get it for you," cried young Hawkshaw, with gay bragging, bringing his trophy up to the two riders from the Red House Farm, who had come—just late.

Joy scornfully knitted her pretty brows and turned from him.

"Keep it yourself. You would not have been in first at the death if Blyth had not turned to help me."

CHAPTER XXVII.

As Rachel Estonia went homeward with her sister, she could not help often repeating to herself, "Those old witches!"

It is always a shock to be called old for the first time. Can one be really old and not feel it? Though still a beautiful woman, however tried by hardships and sorrow, the brutal words rankled to Rachel's mind like the evil of a poisoned arrow, even albeit her Christian charity had made her draw out the dart by forgiveness. Oh! if she and her sister were so scouted and shunned, how dared she wish even in thought for Joy's young life to be blighted by living with them in Cold-home's dreary mud walls?

"That young Hawkshaw looked pleasant as he rode past beside Joy," said Magdalen, suddenly, that night.

There had been silence in the cottage for two hours. The lantern burned in the window-sill, the thin red curtain was drawn before it, so that a warm glow like firelight was shed therefrom. Magdalen was crouched as usual among her cushions on the settle with her guitar, but did not touch it. Her sister was knitting stockings by the light of a tallow candle; at moments she glanced at Magdalen watchfully—she was afraid.

"Pleasant! He must be different from his father, then," Rachel answered, rousing heavily. Curiously, her thoughts had been on the Hawkshaws, too—"those old witches."

"Why, your favorite, Blyth Berrington, is a mere farmer's son in comparison. Young Hawkshaw looked like quite a gentleman."

Rachel dropped the subject gently. She knew what was in her sister's mind, and sighed in her own. Women are always prophetic of possible marriages for the children they love. Ah! well, she trusted Joy might like the plain farmer's son best.

Presently, Magdalen's eyes began to sparkle, and she pushed away her guitar impatiently. It fell with a clang; yet fond though she was of the instrument, calling it her "Ariel, her little treasure," she never heeded it, but muttered to herself intelligibly, with ever increasing vehemence and quickness. Then Rachel rose, and barred and locked the door, putting the key in her pocket. It was as she feared. The sight of the cub hunt and riders recalling thoughts of her past life, of youth and gaiety, had roused the sleeping furies in poor Magdalen's brain, to which her light bright spirits had turned.

That night, as on many a one before, Rachel took her life in her hand when she locked the cottage door.

She must be alone. If a breath of rumor spread among the moor-folk around, who knew but they might believe themselves in danger—might drag the frightened, shrinking creature Rachel loved so dearly to the hopeless dungeon of a county asylum,

whence there would be no joyful coming forth again to enjoy the freedom and health-giving breezes of the moor once more.

What danger there was in-doors Rachel would brave in faith, thanking God in heart for her great physical strength. Outside, the river was deep and swift in the pools, and the moor wide and treacherous at parts; and what risks might not a distraught soul run, if broken loose from restraint, and wandering out there through night and bog by the water side.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LITERARY NOTICES.

CHOICE LITERATURE. John B. Alden, New York, November, 1884.

This publication seems to us to be one of the best selected extracts from the British serial publications of the last month. The first two articles only are ill-chosen for most American readers, especially in Canada, where we are only too familiar with the Ice King to care much for gossip about glaciers. Lord Cochrane's account of the Republic of Chili, "the England of South America," is taken from the *Fortnightly Review*. Professor Seely, *Contemporary Review*, discourses the various phases of the literary life of Goethe, the early period of which was influenced by Shakespeare, and produced the Shakespearian drama *Gotz von Berlichingen*, the second period of reaction to purely Hellenic and classical models, which produced the *Hermann and Dorothea*, and the third in which both were fused with harmony in the crowning glories of *Faust*.

In passing we would remind Canadian readers that a fair notion of this rare poetic drama may be gained from Miss Swauwicher's translation, the best by far yet done into English, which has been reprinted as a cheap piece in one of the popular series of English poets. But the most delightful essay in the number is that on the novels of Charles Reade by the poet Swinburne in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which the great merits or equally great demerits of the novels of that realistic and dramatic storyteller are weighed in the balance of a most candid and appreciative critic. In fact the essays relating to the modern novel in general are unfit to be read by all that large class of modern novel readers who are also among the most active brain workers in business as in other departments of literature. Mr. Swinburne considers Reade's chief fault to have been a tendency to stage-effect, and that his novels are too unequal to survive long in literature in spite of the great beauties of *Christie Johnstone*, *A Terrible Temptation*, and *The Autobiography of a Thief*. The essay is a masterpiece of criticism, lit up with genial humor, and written in the most perfect of all prose styles, the prose of one who is also a Master poet. Sir John Lubbock contributes (from the *Contemporary Review*) a paper on Forestry, interesting, but with little original matter, and certainly not to be compared for force and beauty of style, to the report on Forestry compiled by Mr. R. W. Phipps at the instance of our Ontario Government. James Anthony Froude, the historian, has a charming narrative of a yacht voyage among the fjords of Norway, and the last article by the great French critic Taine, expresses some of the fallacies of the communistic school with reference to Socialism and Government.

The great industries of America form the subject of a series of articles which will commence in the January number of *Harper's Magazine* with a paper entitled "A Pair of Shoes," written by Howard Mudge Xenhall, a leading shoe manufacturer in Lynn. This article "begins with the beginning and ends with the end," tracing a shoe from the existence of the skin on the back of the animal through the treatments of tanning and currying which make it leather, and so on amid the scores of processes which, in these days of the division of machine-labor, do each its part towards making the complete shoe. A pair of shoes it seems contains forty-four separate pieces, and goes through the hands of perhaps a hundred people, although it costs the wearer but two or three dollars. One hundred

and thirty thousand people are employed in this industry, and their average earnings are somewhat over \$350. These industrial articles are planned to give, in readable fashion, a clear idea of how the important articles of industry are made, who make them, how much they earn, and how they live, in short, to inform Americans how they are clothed, fed, and otherwise served in these days of machinery, and how their fellow-Americans earn their respective living. This enterprise is directly in line with the *Harper* ideal of informing while interesting the great body of the people.

*Lippincott's Magazine* begins the new year very favorably. The January number is now issued, and it well maintains the reputation of its predecessors. There is a lengthy and well written article on "The Premier of Canada," from the pen of Mr. James Macdonald Oxley, of Ottawa. The writer is a great admirer of "The Chief-tain," and sets forth his hero in sufficiently glowing colors to meet the views of his many warm admirers. There is also an interesting paper on "The Bismarcks," giving some curious and valuable information regarding the ancestors of the great German statesman. The other reading is up to the usual standard. Published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

He who conquers himself is the greatest conqueror.

Failure after long perseverance is much better than never to have striven and so have incurred failure.

If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of growning in their virtue, how many would they gain to the good cause!

The glory of man consists not merely in looking up to what is above him, but in lifting up what is below him, the noblest and most exalted character is also the tenderest and most helpful.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.—Would you have influence with those who look to you for guidance and instruction? Bear with you the law of kindness. Would you command their respect? Let your words, though they may inflict pain for the time, drop kindly from your lips.

So far from duty and happiness being antagonists, they are necessary each to each for their perfect development. There can never be a just and true and righteous life where the element of happiness is ignored or contemned, and there can never be true happiness where a life of duty is scorned or avoided.

Children should be taught, so far as they are permitted to concern themselves with the character of those around them, to seek faithfully for good, not to lie in wait maliciously to make themselves merry with evil; they should be too painfully sensitive to wrong to smile at it, and too modest to constitute themselves its judges.

"I know not," says Ruskin, "if a day is ever to come when the nature of right freedom will be understood, and when men will see that to obey another man to labour for him, yield reverence to him, is not slavery. It is often the best kind of liberty—liberty from care. The man who says to one; Go, and he goeth, and to another Come, at the cometh, has in most cases more sense of restraint and difficulty than the man who obeys him."

Eloquence appeals chiefly to sentiment; its object is often to make people do something which the cooler and better judgment would reject, and to carry them away "almost against their will." A masterpiece of eloquence may be inaccurate and deceitful—may, in fact be a lie. The lawyer who defends a prisoner whom he knows to be guilty, and who by his ability persuades the jury to pronounce an acquittal, may be a very great orator; but he is not sincere.

Truth is said to be precious as a diamond; but it has a value that no diamond can have—the power of continually unfolding into new and higher forms. We cannot compute its worth and lock it up like a precious stone; we may rather regard it as the seed that contains the promises of continuous within itself harvests for the ever increasing needs of future generations. Frugally should we preserve it, liberally should we dispense it, pizing it for what it has been and is, but still more for what it is capable of producing.



## Temperance Department.

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

### Prohibition Workings.

BY HON. NEAL DOW.

In the States, and it appears in some parts of Canada too, a class of anti-prohibitionists are pretty industriously at work, whose stock-in-trade seems to be to hold up the State of Maine as a horrid example of all the evils sure to follow in the train of a prohibitory law. Sometime they say the people are all given over to opium eating, because they cannot obtain drink. That was an old lie, but they worked it industriously some years ago. We answer, that we never heard of it, though we live in Maine. They say that there are more divorcees in Maine than elsewhere, all coming from prohibition. We answer that in the States, where license prevails there are as many as in Maine, in some of them more, but, whatever the number, they have no more connection with prohibition than have the eclipses of the sun or moon; they result only from our lax laws upon that subject. They say that the business of Maine has been greatly hampered and harmed by prohibition. We answer that there is no State in the Union that has prospered more than Maine has done under their policy. They say Maine does not increase in population like other States, solely on account of prohibition. We answer that our climate is harsh and our soil stony and thin and sterile, and for that reason our young people go off to other States, where the soil is fertile and the climate genial. Our sons, in the States of their adoption, become governors and members of legislatures, and of Congress, and of the Senate, and judges, and college presidents and professors, and leading and prosperous business men in their several localities, and our daughters become teachers and professors in female colleges. Our sons also are found throughout the country occupying the equally honorable positions of engineers and mechanics and farmers, and railway men and millers, whose enterprise and intelligence and success in business have made them marked men in their several localities. In a large part of our territory an entire generation has grown up—men and women—who have never seen a saloon and are ignorant of their effects upon the condition of the people.

These Liquor League advocates do not seem to be conscious of the fact that their objections to prohibition run on different and opposing lines. First, that prohibition does not prohibit; that in Maine there is more liquor selling than ever, and consequently more drunkenness and pauperism and crime, all coming from the abundance of beer and whisky. Second, that because people are shut off from the liquor they go away from the State, and its business suffers in consequence of this emigration. In our harsh climate and on our hard soil, where we are all obliged to work, and where the liquor traffic is almost extinguished, we raise, strong, stout, brave men and women and train them in our well endowed schools and colleges, to fit them for any and every department in life, and then we send them away with God's blessing into larger broader fields of work, enterprise, and usefulness, where they make for themselves honorable positions among men, influencing for good every community where they make a home.

It cannot be possible that the people can fail to see, wherever these mummy parsons and lawyers go, that their mission is a fraud and a lie. If the Maine Law really increases the sale of liquor, as these men affirm, would the ramsellers organize liquor protective leagues to defend the trade against prohibition, and spend large sums of money to employ such people in the work of falsifying the facts in relation to the actual results of prohibition? The rum lawyers of Kansas and Iowa declare that prohibition in those States has done nothing in diminishing the volume of the liquor traffic. At the same

time the brewers and distillers are loud in their lamentations that they are ruined, because their investments, involving their all, have been rendered valueless by prohibition, and they call pitifully upon the State Government to compensate them for their now abandoned and useless distilleries and breweries.

There is a gentleman in Portland living here now for a year. A friend of his in Ohio wrote to him to know whether the Maine Law is usually a success or a failure. This was his reply—"I have been living here now a year. I see all sorts of people, and mingle with them freely, many of them gentlemen who, like myself, are not fanatics, not sentimentalists, not teetotallers. I have had no connection with the temperance movement here or elsewhere, though I am on good terms with some temperance men, as I am with many who have no sympathy with the temperance cause, and very little with those engaged in it. If a friend from abroad should come into my office, and I should wish to offer him a glass of wine, I know of no place in the city where I could find it. There are such places here, and on inquiry of persons whom I know, I could learn where I could go to obtain the wine, but it would be in such a place and of such a character and surroundings that I would not take a friend to it, and no man with self-respect would go there."

### Temperance and Politics.

At the recent great Conservative convention here the members all gave a wide field to the Temperance question, as leading party leaders usually do. We are gravely told that new planks were added to the party platform, and resolutions were adopted in regard to several political issues, but the platform makers were apparently perfectly oblivious to the fact that the most interesting and important of all the questions before the people of Canada to-day is the question of the further continuance of the licensed liquor traffic. Not one line or one point was given as to the position of a great political party in regard to the greatest question in Canadian politics to-day. Just before the convention closed, Sir John was on his feet speech making when, according to the *Daily News* report, some delegate ventured to interrupt him and ask, "What about the Scott Act?" The great chieftain paused a moment, took up a glass of cold water from the table, took a drink and smiled pleasantly at the audience and then went on with the usual speech. Of course all the audience laughed at the mysterious hint, and that was all the attention given to the Scott Act question, so far as we have learned, during the entire two days' deliberations.

Had there been a Reform convention of two days duration at this time, or indeed at any time just now, it is quite likely that there would have been a similar ignoring of this issue in any platform that might have been agreed upon. Had any one of the Reform leaders been interrupted with a similar awkward question, it is quite likely he would have evaded a direct answer as surely, if not as adroitly, as the shrewd old Premier. The leading lights of both sides systematically evade this question in all their great platform deliverances, simply because they are afraid that any straightforward utterances would "embarrass the party."

As parties are yet made up in Canada the temperance and anti-temperance men are pretty thoroughly mixed up. In Sir John's Cabinet of to-day there is one of the most respected temperance workers in the Dominion, in the person of Sir Leonard Tilley, and there is one of the largest brewers in the Dominion, in the person of the Hon. John Carling. Probably it would be a dangerous experiment to attempt to throw either man overboard. On the other side of the house sat, during last Parliament, one of the largest distillers in Canada, in the person of Mr. Wiser, and on the same side are now ranged leading temperance men and leading liquor sellers. The Reform party is not now strong enough to attempt to cast either class aside.

In Lennox County a Parliamentary election is now pending, and the candidate on the one side is the leading liquor seller of the county. There are a large number of temperance men belonging to his party and it is

quite probable that most of them will vote the party ticket all the same. Some of the leading supporters of the opposing candidate are men largely interested in the liquor trade, and they stand for their man straight through. Of course, both candidates and both parties would gladly remain silent on the temperance question if they could. Of course, both give it "a-half-an-half" treatment, as it is, so far as they can possibly do so.

It may require years of overturning yet before the temperance question will become a well defined party issue in Canadian politics, but that day *must* come, in our humble opinion, and the sooner it comes the better.

### The Distillers and Grain.

The same cry is raised to catch the ears of the farmers in the States as in Canada, that the legalized liquor business must go on so as to furnish a grain market for the farmers. To listen to some of these "arguments" one would be almost induced to come to the conclusion that the Canadian farmer would be all but destitute of a market at all for his corn, rye, and barley were it not for the demand of the brewers and distillers.

The facts go to show, however, that Canada does not produce enough corn each year for its own requirements outside of the distiller's demand, and that every bushel of corn, or its equivalent, distilled in Canada is imported from the United States. It is also clearly shown, by the official facts, that only about 200,000 bushels of rye are annually used for distillation—not a tenth part of our crop. It is also clearly proved that out of an annual crop of over twenty million bushels of Canadian barley but 1,200,000 bushels are consumed by the liquor makers—a quantity about equal to that used for seed by the farmers.

The *Farmers' Review*, an ably conducted American journal, writing on this subject, says that though so much is heard about the importance of the distilling interests of the country as affording the farmer a market for his grain, yet the official report of the Commissioners of Internal Revenue shows that the total amount of grain of all kinds (principally corn and rye) used in that country in that way is less than nineteen million bushels. The crop of the country last year was estimated at two thousand million bushels, and the total demand of the distillers would be equal to but one bushel out of every 105 of the corn crop, and the farmer must seek elsewhere for a market for the other 104 bushels.

The *Review* closes by saying—"So far as a market for the farmer is concerned, the distilling business cuts but an insignificant figure, and would scarcely be missed if it were to cease entirely." The same remark would hold true in regard to Canada also.

### GOOD TEMPLARS.

IN MEMORIAM.—The family of Brother D. Smellie, of St. John's Lodge, Toronto, have suffered a terrible bereavement in the loss of its brightest and loveliest ornament, Sister Jeannie Smellie, a bright and beautiful girl of twenty summers, an only daughter, died on Saturday, Dec. 20th, after a few days' illness. She was at her usual place in St. John's Lodge the week previous, and took part in the entertainment of the meeting, by assisting her mother in musical entertainment. She was seldom absent from the Lodge for years, and we have no hesitation in saying that she always cheered the members by her sunny presence. She was suddenly cut down, like a beautiful summer flower by the winter's frost. Nearly the entire family of Bro. Smellie are among the most active members of the Lodge, and the entire membership of the city deeply sympathize with them in their hour of great affliction. They mourn not as those without hope.

On Monday of last week a large number of the Toronto Templars met at the house of mourning to pay their last respects to one so lovely in life. About a hundred of the male members marched in procession to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, where the beautiful Templar burial service was read by Bro. W. C. Wilkinson, C. D., and W. H. Rodden, D. W. C. T.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no shrill, however defended,  
But one vacant chair.

### NEWS AND NOTES.

RED TAPE.—The action of the Dominion Government in regard to the Scott Act petitions from Perth County has been such as to give much trouble and annoyance to the workers there. It may all be the result of red tape—too common among public officials anyway—but it is little less vexatious on that account. The petitions from the County were duly advertised and deposited in the Registry office at Stratford in August last, and they were placed in the hands of the Secretary of State the first day of September with a view of securing an early vote. The Government allowed over a month to pass before any definite action was taken, and then they submitted the question to the Supreme Court for a decision whether these petitions ought not to have been filed in both registry offices in the County, and another month or so was spent in that way. The Court was of opinion that the petitions must be filed in both registry offices or in the sheriff's office. The Scott Act Committee of the County then asked to withdraw the petitions so as to refile them in accordance with the decision, and were informed by an Under-Secretary that said petitions had been filed as "a record of the Department," and would not, therefore, be given up. The only course to pursue, under the circumstances, has been to get at work again and circulate an entire set of petitions throughout the entire County. This is now being done, and though it will involve a good deal of extra work, additional cost, and more delay, the Government will be asked in due time to fix a day again. It will then be seen if some new technicality will not be resorted to, and if the Government will consent to more delay. A year of time to the liquor interests has been gained in that way, but probably their gain in the transaction will end there.

WESLEYAN JUVENILE WORK.—The following statistics, clipped from the report of the Temperance Committee of the last Wesleyan Conference in England, shows how industriously the Methodists in the old land are working to educate the rising generation. The total number of Bands of Hope reported this year is 2821, an increase of 177. The number of members is 291,959, an increase of 20,789. As the increase in our Sunday schools is 10,508, the Bands of Hope are gradually gaining upon the Sunday-schools. At the same time, as we have now 852,459 Sunday scholars, much must still be done before we attain the high but practicable and most desirable ideal of enrolling every Sunday scholar in a Band of Hope. When the Band of Hope returns are analysed, it appears that 1738 of them, with 182,367 members, are organized according to Conference rules, while 1072, with 105,595 members, have not yet availed themselves of the admirable and carefully considered organizations sanctioned by the Conference.

The great majority of the Bands of Hope—2639, with 273,677 members—are connected with Sunday schools. There are now only 161 Bands not thus connected, and it is probable that in these few cases there may be special circumstances necessitating their isolation. But with such exceptions, it is a great mutual advantage that the Band of Hope should be closely identified with the Sunday-school. This intimate union furnishes the Band of Hope with a perpetual stream of recruits, and tends to leaven the whole school with temperance principles.

DRINKING AND THE CHOLERA.—A Chicago paper publishes the following significant paragraph: "Speaking of the Cholera in France, a Paris correspondent says: 'A vast majority of those who have died of cholera during the past few weeks have been hard drinkers. The cholera had just finished what alcohol had begun.'" It is a well authenticated fact that the last year of the great cholera scourge in Canada the intemperate were among the greatest victims. It would undoubtedly be so again should the disease unfortunately visit our land. Doctors say that men addicted to drink would find it dangerous to stop just when such a disease is in their midst, and about equally as dangerous to go on. It would be better to stop at once, therefore, and "brace up" before the emergency comes.

Our Young Folks.

Small Things.

A traveler through a dusty road / Strewed across on the lea, / One took root and sprouted up, / And grew into a tree. / Love sought its shade at evening time, / To breathe its early vows; / And age was pleased, in hours of noon, / To sit beneath its boughs. / The ornurous loved its tangling twigs, / And birds sweet music bore; / It stood a glory in its place, / A blessing evermore. / A little spring had lost its way / Amid the grass and fern, / A passing stranger scooped a well, / Where weary men might turn; / He walled it in and hung with care / A jule at the brink— / He thought not of the deed he did, / But judged that toll might be. / He passed again—and lo! / By summer never dried, / That cooled ten thousand years, / And saved a life beside! / A dreamer dropped a random thought, / 'Twas odd, and yet 'twas new / A simple fancy of the brain, / But strong in being true; / It shone upon a genial mind, / And lo! its light became / A lamp of life, a beacon ray, / A monitor flame. / The thought was small—its issues great / A wate h-flo on a hill, / It shed its radiance far a-down, / And cheers the valley still. / A nameless man, amid a crowd / That thronged the daily mart, / Let fall a word of hope and love, / It nestled from the heart. / A whisper on the tumult thrown / A transitory breath— / Raised a brother from the dust, / It saved a soul from death. / Oh, germ! Oh fount! Oh, word of love; / Oh, thought at random cast! / Ye were but little at the first, / But mighty at the last

The Child and the Year.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

And the child to the youthful year: / "What hast thou in store for me, / "What of beautiful gifts, what cheer, / "What joy dost thou bring with thee?" / My seasons four shall bring / Then treasures, the winter's snows, / The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring, / And the summer's perfect rose. / All these and more shall be thine, / Dear Child, but the last and best / These I must earn by strife divine, / If thou wouldst be truly blest. / Wouldst thou this last, best gift? / 'Tis a conscience clear and bright, / A peace of mind which the soul can lift / To an infinite delight. / Truth, patience, courage, and love / If thou unto me canst bring, / Will set thee all earth's ills above, / O child, and crown thee a King!"

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARROLL.

CHAPTER V. THE MOVING FOREST.

"Oh, dear!" cried Davy, speaking aloud / To his mistress, "I do wish people and / Things would n't change about so! Just so / As ever I get to a place, it goes away, / And I'm somewhere else!" And the little / Boy's heart began to beat rapidly as he look- / ed about him; for the wood was very dark / and solemn and still. / Presently the trees and bushes directly / about him moved silently apart and showed / a broad path beautifully overgrown with / moss and turf; and as he stepped forward upon / it, the trees and bushes beyond moved / slowly aside in their turn, and the path / grew before him, as he walked along, like a / red carpet slowly unrolling itself through / the wood. It made him a little uneasy at / first to find that the trees behind him / moved together again, quietly blotting out / the path,—but then he thought: / "It really doesn't matter so long as I / don't want to go back," and so he walked / along very contentedly. / By and by, the path seemed to give itself / a shake, and, turning abruptly around a / large tree, brought Davy suddenly upon a / little butcher's shop, snugly buried in the

wood. There was a sign on the shop, read- / ing, "ROBIN HOOD: VENISON," and Robin / himself, wearing a clean white apron over / his suit of Lincoln green, stood in the door- / way, holding a knife and steel as though / he said, "Steaks? Chops?" in an inquiring / way, quite like an every-day butcher. / "Venison is deer, is n't it?" said Davy, / looking up at the sign. / "Not at all," said Robin Hood, prompt- / ly. "It's the cheapest meat about here." / "Oh, I did n't mean that," replied Davy; / "I meant that it comes off of a deer." / "Wrong again!" said Robin Hood, / triumphantly. "It comes on a deer. I cut / it off myself. Steaks? Chops?" / "No, I thank you," said Davy, giving up / the argument. "I don't think I want any- / thing to eat just now." / "Then what did you come here for?" / said Robin Hood, peevishly. "What 's the / good, I'd like to know, of standing 'round / and staring at an honest tradesman?" / "Well, you see," said Davy, beginning / to feel frightened, "I did n't know you / were this sort of person at all. I always / thought you were an archer, like—William / Tell, you know." / "That's all a mistake about Tell," said / Robin Hood, contemptuously. "He was n't / an archer. He was a cross-bow man,—the / crossbow one that ever lived. By the way, / you don't happen to want any steaks or / chops to-day do you?" / "No, not to-day, thank you," said Davy, / very politely. / "To-morrow?" inquired Robin Hood. / "No, I thank you," said Davy again, / "Will you want any yerterday?" inquired / Robin Hood, rather doubtfully. / "I think not," said Davy, beginning to / laugh. / Robin Hood stared at him for a moment / with a puzzled expression, and then walked / into his little shop and Davy turned away. / As he did so, the path behind began to un- / fold itself through the wood, and looking / back over his shoulder, he saw the little / shops swallowed up by the trees and bushes. / Just as it disappeared from view, he caught / a glimpse of a charming little girl peeping / out of a latticed window beside the door. / She wore a little red hood and looked wist- / fully and went out of sight. / "I verily believe that was Little Red / Riding Hood," said Davy to himself, "and / I never knew before that Robin Hood was / her father!" The thought of Red Riding / Hood, however, brought the wolf to Davy's / mind and he began to anxiously watch the / thickets on either side of the path, and even / went so far as to whistle softly to himself, / by way of showing that he was n't in the / least afraid. He went on and on, hoping / the forest would soon come to an end, until / the path shook itself, again disclosing to / view a trim little brick shop in the densest / part of the thicket. It had a neat little / green door, with a bright brass knocker / upon it, and a sign above it bearing the / words, / "SHAM-SHAM: BARGAINS IN WATCHES." / "Well!" exclaimed Davy in amazement. / "Of all places to sell watches in, that's the / preposterest!" But as he turned to walk / away, he found the trees and bushes for the / first time blocking his way, and refusing to / move aside. This distressed him very much, / until it suddenly occurred to him that this / must mean that he was to go into the shop; / and after a moment's hesitation he went up / and knocked at the door with the bright / brass knocker. There was no response to / the knock, and Davy cautiously pushed open / the door and went in. / (TO BE CONTINUED.) / The Moon Children. / BY EVA MULLER. / Long ago, before astronomers had begun / to take care of the Moon and put it into / ugly almanacs every month, it was much / pleasanter to think about. The New Moon / stuff was piled up in great soft clouds like / sunset clouds, only not quite so yellow / more like vanilla ice cream, you know. You / could not always see it—only when the / sun was shining in a particular way upon / it; but the Moon children always know / just where to find it, and the moons were / always ready exactly at the right time. / A little while before sunset on New Moon / night a little wee girl went flying to the / Moon Cloud, and said, in a silvery sweet / voice, / "Where is my dear New Moon?" / "Then a voice said, "Here it is," and out / of the soft cloud rolled a lovely New Moon,

all shaped and smooth, ready to be hung in / the sky. / The little wee girl softly clasped her / dimpled hands around the New Moon, and / they flew away together till they found the / New Moon's place, near the sunset. They / staid together for two whole weeks, but / every night they went a little farther away / from the sunset, and both the New Moon / and the little wee girl growing larger, till / at last they were too big to stay as New / Moon any longer. Then the little wee girl / kissed the New Moon, saying / "Good-bye, darling New Moon; go and / shine for ever." / Then the New Moon broke into a thou- / sand pieces, and each piece became a little / star, and found its place in the wide blue / sky to shine for ever. The little wee girl / came down to the earth, and when she found / a little girl of her own age who was sweet / and good, she staid with her, and they grew / up together. No one ever saw the little / Moon Child, for she was an angel from far / up above the sky; but she was always be- / side her little chosen earth girl, trying to / keep her good and happy. / As soon as the Moon was gone another / little girl went and got the New Moon out / of the Moon Cloud, just as the little wee / girl had got her New Moon. But the Full / Moon girl was older, and she had more to / do. Her Moon was larger, and had to / draw the tides in the sea, and scatter the / clouds in the sky, and turn the storms, and / make newly planted seeds grow quickly, / and to shine gladly upon weddings; and / oh, it had many other things to do which / can only be done by the Full Moon; so it / is no wonder that both the little girl and / the Moon were tired enough after two / weeks, and were glad to rest. / The little girl kissed her Moon good-bye, / and flew down to earth to be a companion / to some gentle, pure-hearted girl of her own / age, for she too was an angel. The Full / Moon was too old to make stars out of, so / the queer old woman who lives at the North / Pole among the Polar Bears came and car- / ried it away to make Northern Lights of. / Some say she keeps all the old moons in a / wonderful box made of ice, and when she / opens the box to look at her treasures the / light streams out all across the sky, and / then we see the Northern Lights. After / the old woman carried off the Old Moon an- / other little wee girl had come down and / brought a New Moon; then came the Full / girl, and so on every month till December. / The December New Moon has always / been the best and dearest, for in December / comes Christmas. A tall beautiful angel / then came, standing in the lovely New / Moon, and, holding in her arms a baby / angel with loving eyes and outstretched / arms, she said, in a voice like the sweetest / music, / "I am the Christmas angel, and I bring / you all a Merry Christmas." / A Little Hero. / Accidents on the water are always fre- / quent in the summer. So many boys and / girls go in boats and bathe nowadays, with- / out knowing how to swim, that one reads / nearly every day deaths by drowning. / Down at the foot of East One-hundred-and- / twenty first Street, New York, is a boat- / house, with a float from which the boats are / launched. For some curious reason the / most unsafe places are always the most / fascinating for little boys and one can always / depend upon finding a number about this / dangerous spot, where a mistep will plunge / them into the water over their heads. Here / they will play with little chips of wood for / boats, launching them in the river, and pre- / tending that they are going to make long / voyages to China or Hunter's Point. / It was in this delightful sport that Willie / O'Brien and Fritz Mischel were engaged one / day, when the accident of which I am / about to tell occurred. Willie is only six / years old, a little bright-eyed, curly-haired / fellow, still in dresses, while Fritz is a year / or two older, and promoted to knicker- / bockers. In order to navigate his chips / better, Fritz had stepped into a boat that / was lying alongside, while Willie still re- / mained on the float. / Several gentlemen were sitting on the / piazza of the boat-house, when they heard a / scream, and saw Fritz topple overboard and / disappear under the water. Two of them / rushed down the steep and slippery gang- / way, ready to jump in and pull the little / fellow out; but before they could get there / they saw Willie lean over the edge of the

float, and catching the sinking boy by his / outstretched hand, draw him safely in. / How he got the strength to do it no one / imagines, though Willie himself did not seem / to think he had done any remarkable thing. / His own account of the exploit, as he told it / to the gentleman who visited him to get the / material for this article, is very simple and / brief. / "We was a playin', Willie says, "an / he was a-standin' on the side er the boat, / an' he asked me to give him a little shove; / an' I shoved the boat a little, an' he fell in. / He hollered, 'Willie! an' then I run to the / float an' pulled him up." / "How did you pull him in, Willie?" the / gentleman asked. / "I took a hold of his two hands." / "Wasn't he bigger than you?" / "Yes; jes' 'bout as big as this feller"— / pointing to a boy with whom he was playing / horse—"only a little bigger." / "Didn't you get wet?" / "Yes, a little wet." / "Weren't you afraid of drownin'?" / Willie opened his brown eyes as if he / didn't know what fear was. / "No sir; not a bit." / "How old are you?" / "Six years old." / "And do you go to school?" / "No, sir; but I'm going next winter. / Get up Tom." / Willie was playing horse all the time the / gentlemen talked with him. He was quite / unconscious that he had done so brave a / deed, and seemed to think it rather a bore / that he must stop playing and answer a lot / of questions. / Washing Made Easy. / Take a common tin boiler two-thirds full / of soft water, cut into it two-thirds of a bar / of soap (common soap); let it come to a / boil, when the soap is all dissolved add / five table-spoonsful of kerosene oil; let this / solution come to a boil under cover; then / put in your finest and best white clothes, / boil twenty-five or thirty minutes; suds out / in soft water; suds second time and then / rinse in boiling water, wring and hang out; / take next batch of clothes, use same boiling / water, add two table-spoonsful of kerosene / oil and remaining one-third bar of soap; / serve the clothes same as before. Continue / the process for your entire washing. The / dirtier clothes should be soaped a little / extra on the streaks and spots before boil- / ing. The clothes need absolutely no rubbing / on a board or through a machine. Flan- / nels and calicoes may be washed through a / similar solution. The clothes will look as / though they had come from a first-class / laundry. / Dress Not Sinful Vanity. / Ruskin is the first great writer who has / treated the subject of dress with due gravi- / ty. He has shown us that a serious study / thereof is a needful virtue, instead of a sin- / ful vanity, and that a harmonious and well / constructed gown is as much a work of art / as a picture or a statue. Neither can it be / argued that the work is mean, since it is to / adorn human beings, who are, after all, na- / ture's masterpieces. His words are but the / expression of an opinion held by all artists / from time immemorial, and indirectly ex- / pressed by most of them. For there is / neither drama nor painting in which cos- / tume, both as to color and drapery, does / not form an all-important element, and / there are few impressive scenes in our works / of fiction in which the dress is not mention- / ed. The unconscious tribute to its insignifi- / cance is not only due to the realistic force of / such descriptions, but also to their power in / expressing character. —[American Queen. / In a bedroom furnishing, as in life, it will / be found that the greater the "sham" the / bigger the "spread." / Employment is the great boon of life, a / man with nothing to do is not half so inter- / esting a sight as a ripening turnip. / A Girl Who Looked Beyond To-day. / She had not made up her mind about it. / There was a pensive smile fringed with / doubt between them. She was engaged in / deep meditation with herself, and was look- / ing on the floor, when he said, "Matilda, / why not give an answer to my proposal?" / "Why, I was just thinking how you will / look when you get old!" she replied.

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# THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 8.

The following attractive and well written story has been chosen as our prize story for the present week, as being appropriate and well written. The sender, Miss Magie Aiken, Stratford, Ont., can obtain the Gold Hunting Case, Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting genuine Elgin Watch offered as a prize by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and Registrar's fee.

One lady or gentleman will win a Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting genuine Elgin Watch valued at about \$20.00 offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must become a subscriber for the "RUTH" for at least six months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with name and address clearly given. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended an additional half year for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at the office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fail to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story, when used. Address—**Editor's Prize Street, "RUTH" Office, Toronto, Canada.**

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

John Garnet sat by the fire, with his eyes bent down upon it, thinking. The curtains were drawn, and the lamp was lighted, and he thought to have been snug and happy, but he was not. He had just heard outside the window one passer-by shout to another, "A Happy New Year!" and he couldn't get rid of the sound. He didn't know what it meant, he thought, angrily—how should he? No one ever said it to him—no one cared whether he was happy or sad.

He shifted his chair uneasily, for it seemed to him that a voice answered him—a voice coming out of the distance, an echo of something heard long ago, and half forgotten: "To be wise is to be merry in season, and to be good is to be happy."

"Happy!" said the old man, with his chin on his hands; "I don't know what that means either, if there is any meaning in it." Yet time was when you were happy and merry, too, John Garnet. You were not so rich then as you are now, but what good is your money to you? And John might have answered "none," but that he stuck doggedly to the maxims with which he had hedged round these later years of his life.

"It is mine, said he; 'it is power, I have no friends; they are all false, or dead, or changed; it is but my money remains, and I take care of it."

Here the sound of children's voices broke on his ear, and he raised his head to listen. They were singing a New Year's carol.

"Stuff!" said John Garnet, impatiently; and he got up from his seat with the idea of sending them away, but then he knew that they were singing at the next house, not at his door. There was no fear their doing that, he thought; he was too well known. And the smile which he tried to make grim and mocking; had a strange, bitter sadness about it, in spite of him. It was very odd, but he couldn't help listening to the voices outside,—could not help pondering to himself over—the words that bore the message of goodwill and peace. Presently he crossed the room, and went out into the hall. Then he opened the street door, and all the while it seemed to him as if some one else was doing these unusual things, and he was only looking on.

His open door let out a yellow gleam on the snowy street, and he saw that the children had finished their carol, and were coming towards him. Again he thought bitterly, "they won't sing at my door; not one of them will wish me a Happy New Year." And the look which he cast on each childish face had something in it of wishfulness—a sort of half-pitiful, half-self-sorrowful longing that one of them at least would give him this wish. But they only stopped talking and stared at him.

"Come," said John, with his hand in his pocket, "a penny for the man that can tell me what a Happy New Year means."

One of them grinned and hung out lustily, "A pocket full of money and a cellar full of beer."

John looked at them and groaned. "A pocket full of money, eh? So that's a Happy New Year. Then all I can say is that it is a mistake and wants improving. Here, take the pence: there's one for each."

Perhaps he expected a burst of cheering to follow such unusual liberality, but if so, he didn't get it. The children were quite silent, examining the coins suspiciously; and he went so far as to suggest "buttons" but he was hissed down, for the half-pence were real and very bright.

As they trooped off, John Garnet felt

that each foot mark in the snow oppressed and saddened him. It was a little hard when he was ready with his gift, that they had no thanks, no genial response for him, nothing but wonder. When he turned to go indoors he saw that one of them had stayed behind, and was sitting contentedly on a stone step, examining his penny in the yellow light.

He was a small child, a fair haired pale-faced little fellow with black rings under his eyes, and clothes that, though they were neat, might have been warmer and more abundant.

"Well," said John stooping towards him. "what do you say for it?"

"I wish you a Happy New Year."

The child looked up smiling as he said it, and something stopped the backward step which John Garnet had been about to take into the house. A sudden pain it was he had never felt anything like it before. It stung, half from the wistful eyes of the boy which were so like other eyes coming out of the past to reproach him, half from the sentence he had heard at last and addressed to himself.

"Come in and warm yourself," he said patting out his hand.

The child looked at the ruddy gleam inside, at the snowy street, then at the penny and from that to the old man with a sudden mistrust.

"You won't take it from me?" he said.

Young as he was, the boy might have seen some sign of that sharp pain which came again to John's heart; for the small, cold fingers coiled up round the lonely man's hand at once, and in another moment he was seated, a tiny atom, in the big easy chair of the so-called miser, stretching out those same cold fingers towards the fire, and staring into with solemn eyes. They did not speak to each other, this oddly assorted pair; but presently the child, drowsy with the sudden change into the warm firelight, dropped his head, and let it fall on the arm of the chair; and then John shading his eyes with his hand sat watching him.

"So like," muttered the old man, softly; "so like, so very, very like!"

All the room behind the boy's chair seemed to grow full of ghostly eyes that looked at John Garnet in mute reproach out of a past, the memory of which he had tried to kill but could not.

Why was he alone? Whose fault was it that he sat there solitary, with no interest in life, counting the joyless days indeed as they passed behind him; but only to wonder with a dreary wonder how many more he should have to count? And what were all these shadows in the room with him to-night, haunting the New Year's hearth with no hope or promise brightened?

"Pale ghosts," said John, "all of them." But he made no effort to wash them. There was that at his heart which made him court the presence of these faces once so familiar to him, and the voiceless words that seemed to beat down on their lips.

"We were your friends once, it is true. We have gathered round your hearth at many a Christmas-tide and New Year. Whose fault is it that we do so no longer? You know. You did a cruel deed, and the consciousness of it spread like ice through your veins, and chilled them. You would have done worse than you did; it was not will that failed—only power. Because you threw away your son with a curse for his manly truth and honor; and because you knew you were mean and base, and that we should know it too, you hated us. You shut yourself, in your obstinate pride—the

worship of gold, was it?—away henceforth from all who had known you and believed you different. You closed your heart to all kindly influences—to all pity and charity and human affection. So shall the Christmas and the New Year's hearth be cold and merciless for you. So shall the holy time that brings to men the shadow of a great peace on earth speak only to you of a gnawing unrest and discontent. So shall you die unpitied and alone."

The hand over the old man's eyes trembled, and his lips moved, but no sound came from them. Was it all a dream?—or why did they taunt him thus, these voices out of a world which was so far away, and yet so strangely near to-night?

"He was my own son," so spoke the stubborn man's heart, pleading against itself. "He had no right to disobey me. I had gathered riches for his sake; but they, too, were mine—not his. I did him no wrong. I made him choose between me and the girl whom I had been cheated into believing was an heiress and he chose. That was his own doing. When the smash came, and I knew that she would be penniless, I knew also she would give him back his promise. If he chose to disobey me he did it with his eyes open, and I was right to cast him off; and—he is dead!"

A strange awe and dismay seized him at the words. It seemed as if all the phantom voices had joined together to whisper it through the room; as if he had hardly realized its meaning until now.

"Dead—in a far off land, and in poverty! What have I done with the letter the poor lad wrote you on his death bed? Where is the wife whom he committed so piteously to your charge? Was it her fault that he kept his plighted faith, when you would have him break it? When you thought she would be rich, you joined their hands; when you knew she was poor, you would have parted them. Because you could not do that you cast them out upon the world, a helpless pair; for both had been reared in luxury. You might have heard from time to time of their struggles, but you would not; you might have known—you did know—of the manful battle your son was fighting with the world, but you shut your ears. Where are the little ones he left behind when that battle was over? You might hear him speaking to you, through them if you would; but he is dead, and you cannot bring back the past. That part of your punishment is hard to bear, though your icy front is unmoved before men."

A sound from the cosy chair roused him suddenly. It was only that the little carol singer coughed in his sleep—a short painful cough, like one that used to stab him with terror years ago. It made the old man lean forward with a quick, startled eagerness, to look again at the face which was thinner than ever in its repose.

"So like!" he said again; "so very like!"

He bent down and touched the boy's cheek gently, and stroked his hair. By-and-by he raised him softly and held him in his arms. The muscles about the old man's mouth began to work, and a wonderful softening stole over the rugged features. It seemed as if the very feel of the small burden upon his breast brought back the warmth which had left it long ago; and made him almost a child again himself.

"Your name," he said, gently, when the lad woke up in wonder and a little fear, "what do they call you?"

"My name is Antony," he replied. "But they call me Tony."

"Tony what?—Garnet?" he asked.

"Yes," said the boy. "But you hold me too tight. Let me go, my mother will miss me and be frightened."

The old man's voice was strangely tremulous as he said, rising up from his seat. "Yes, yes, we will go, both of us. And you will show me where your mother lives. Come!"

When they passed out into the lighted street it seemed to John Garnet as if a weight of full years had been lifted away from his heart. The very houses wore a new look and the flickering lamps threw down hopeful gleams across his path. His small guide, stopping at the half open door of a poor cottage, looked up at him curiously; but John stood back in the shade, that he might see and be himself unseen.

A few moments more and John Garnet was standing in the ruddy glow of the cottage fire, his head bent down and his lips trembling, for the sight of a fair girlish face, which he remembered well, and the cap of

widow hood that shaded it, had touched him sorely.

Stretching out one hand to her he said, with an earnestness that has something piteous in it, "forgive me, for I have suffered. I cannot bring the dead to life, but I can cherish those whom he held dear, if they will let me. Come home with me my daughter; come and make it a home indeed, for his sake, for I am lonely."

From her he turned to the boy, who was still beside him, looking on with wondering eyes.

"What was that you said to me just now, when you sat on the doorstep?" he asked. "You have not forgotten?"

"No," replied the boy.

"Say it again, ladlie, will you?" pleaded the old man. "Will you say it again, and wish that I may have it?"

The boy looked from one to the other wistfully, and some dim idea that this stranger meant to be good to them lighted up his face as he repeated, "A Happy New Year."

"A Happy New Year to everybody!"

John Garnet wished it with all his thankful heart, as he sat at the host's place at his table, and opposite to him there was a fair face in a widow's cap. It is true that this face bore marks of trouble; but it was brighter than when he had seen it in the cottage hearth, for her load of care for the future was taken away. John Garnet glanced at her as he rose up and stood looking along the well filled table. There was a wonderful difference in him. Even the carol singers, if they had seen him, would have hesitated to assert that he was the same John Garnet who gave them a penny each. And they were the faces of old friends that met him when he glanced over his guests. If in the past he had been to blame, (and he knew that he had,) the chill wall of separation between them was broken down now. They had been very good to him—better than he deserved.

John Garnet thought this, standing before them at New Year's festival to speak words of welcome and gladness to them all. Trying to put some of this self blame and repentance into his words, he was conscious that a little buzz of voices rose up round him and smothered his own. Trying after that to speak of his lost son, of his own hardness and neglect, and his punishment, something made him hesitate and falter and break down.

It was only the touch of small fingers curling up around his own; and the upward glance of two brown eyes, so like those other eyes which he might meet no more. John Garnet faltered a moment in his speech, the lifted child into a seat at his side, passing one arm round him.

"Through God's mercy," said he, "I hope and a brighter life before me; bright in seeking the happiness of others, which is the only true way to my own. I was alone and very desolate. I did sorrow for my son; but it was a barren and selfish grief which refused goodwill to those whom I had left sorrowful also. Now his wife, my daughter, the mistress of my house, and his children are mine too. It is more than I deserve."

"Old friends—true hearted as I know you were—I estranged myself from you in a bitterness of heart, and the stubbornness that would not brook reproach. You forgive me, and gathered round me again. Bear witness for me, all of you, that I humble myself, and am thankful. With my heart I thank you, and bid you welcome to the home which is no longer desolate. And so to you all here, and to the whole world, A Happy New Year."

### Indiscriminate Kissing

The evil of indiscriminate kissing is related by a Detroit physician as the grounds health alone. He has several children, and very many callers. "If one of my children happens to come in they are almost certain to talk to it, and you know almost the impulse with people who notice children to kiss them. Bah! it makes me shudder. Tainted and diseased breaths, lips blue with cancer, foul and decayed teeth. You will kill a stranger who would waylay a young lady daughter and kiss her by the cheek, but the helpless, innocent six-year old child is susceptible as a flower to every breath that blows, can be saluted by every one who chances to think of it. I tell you it was Judas alone who betrayed by a kiss. Billions of lovely, blooming children are killed into their graves every year."

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THE SPHINX.

"Riddle me this and guess him if you can—"  
—Dryden.

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

NO. 6.—AN ANAGRAM.

[The "pleasant place to live" named by the proper transposition of the italicized words is also concealed in one of the quotations.]

OLIVIA:—"John, there was a tramp here this evening who scared me half to death. He went down cellar and stole all the pies and cakes that I had baked for your birthday to-morrow."

JOHN:—"Ah! Olivia, Lion and I hope the scare will not do you any serious damage. What a villain! Oh, I ought to have locked that door before I went away. Well, never mind, I will have Mr. Caramel get us up a nice little supper."  
D.

NO. 7.—A UBIQUITOUS CHARACTER.

My home is in the country places—  
With the children running races,  
In their innocence confiding,  
In their mischief, I am hiding.

Now with city crowds competing,  
Calmly social call completing,  
In the classic halls of science,  
With scholars making close appliance.

With them in their recitations,  
With them in their recreations;  
Leading in their curious dancing,  
Through their calisthenics prancing.

In the sanctum with the preacher,  
In the school house with the teacher.  
Search for me in all these places,  
And find me peeping in your faces.

NO. 8.—A CURIOUS QUADRUPED.

In Madagascar he resides,  
And from the light of day he hides,  
That curious little quadruped,  
Of sloth-like aspect, it is said.  
His name is just as dull as he;  
It has six letters as we see,  
Or, in one sense, it has but three;  
And I assure you, not in fun,  
That these are vowels, every one.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 9.—AN ANALYTIC CHARACTER.

Of my third and fourth my whole declares  
That they are in my second; that they are in  
the initial letter of my third; that they are  
altogether imaginary; and also declares  
that while my first is readily spoken, my  
whole is unpronounceable.

SEKEM.

NO. 10.—FIVE VIEWS OF IT.

I.

When Patti was in Scotland once,  
Of her a lass inquired;  
"What do you do with your sweet voice?"  
"Why *whoe!*" laughed the admiral.

II.

Before her mirror, practicing  
The round eyed lady stare,  
I caught my charming blue eyed friend,  
A-making *whoe!* with care.

III.

The frigid night my charming vase  
Of choice Venetian glass,  
Was shivered, though no hand was near;  
"Whoe!" was the cause, alas!

IV.

In solitude the drunkard makes  
Confession to his cup;  
"Terceriti" (present tense) then "*whoe!*"  
Yet quaffs its contents up.

V.

If now my riddle seems obscure,  
And darkens as you on it,  
A glance through *whoe!* at your coal fire  
May throw some light upon it.

HARRY THURGOOD.

NO. 11.—A KINDLED FLAME.

My colors first I bring to view,  
Like seaman brave or soldier true,  
And then to second I begin,  
Like politician; with noisy din,  
Join these together, rightly turning,  
You will find them literally "burning."  
R. R. NUGS.

NO. 12.—A HIDDEN PALINDROME.

Composed of two words, the first being the name of a town and the second a place of business in that town.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5 are concealed in New York Bay, and 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 in Brooklyn Beach.

MEADOW LARK.

NO. 13.—A RIDDLE.

Acknowledged first of womankind,  
I never was of woman born;  
A follower daily of the sun,  
I never yet have seen the morn.  
AN.

A PRIZE FOR ANSWERS.

The sender of the best lot of answers to "The Sphinx" published before February 1st will receive a well-bound copy of the World's Universal Cyclopedia.

Each week's solution should be mailed within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

A Kind Bear.

The author of "Flemish Interiors" has recorded an interesting anecdote obtained at Nancy. It relates to one of the curious gates of that picturesque old city known as "La Porte Masco." Masco being the name of a bear once the pet of the municipality, whose den or pit had been constructed close to the gate in question. The historian Lionnois is the authority for the following singular and touching narrative:—"In the year 1709 a small Savoyard left his mountain home, after the manner of Savoyards, to seek his fortune in more prosperous lands. Weary and footsore, he arrived as far as Nancy, and sank down exhausted as he reached the gate of that city. Though there was no police in those days, doubtless some corresponding terrorism hovered over the heads of little beggar boys, and probably there were also notices signifying 'La mendicite est interdite,' for in order to escape the oppression of his fellow-men the little Savoyard, who had not where to lay his head, slunk into the dwelling-place of Masco, and confidingly threw himself on the generous forbearance of the bear. Masco, without referring the case to the Charity Organisation Society of Nancy, at once understood the mute appeal, and made welcome the new guest who had come to share his captivity; he received him between his sluggish paws, and hugged him to his furry and compassionate breast.

Silence from Good Words.

Have any of our readers ever wondered at what is an undoubted fact, that among a great number of not only so-called Christians, but of many real ones, there is in conversation a silence as of the grave on religious matters? They discuss politics often, and literature and art and science with the gossip of the day and the scandal of the world, but let the name of God be pronounced in their society, and there will ensue a blank, awkward, stupefied silence, while if religion is introduced in a free, frank, fashion, lips will be closed, faces will gather blackness, and all will feel that a terrible social blunder has been made. How comes this? We ask our readers to give us their views on the curious phenomenon which, as far as we know is, among all who make any pretensions to being interested in religion at all, peculiar to certain sections of the Protestant world.

He drew his breath with a gasping sob, with a quivering voice he sang; but his voice lacked out, and could not drown the accompanist's clamorous bang. He lost his pitch on the middle A, he faltered on the lower D, and foundered at length like a battered wreck adrift on the wild high C.

What the Philosopher Said on Christmas Day.

BY MISS. W. H. DANIELS.

The Philosopher lay on the soft fur rug, with his toe in his mouth, thinking.

Though not remarkably large in any other respect, he was a great philosopher. Indeed his entire life had been spent in profound cogitation upon most important subjects. He had reflected and experimented upon the phenomena of light and sound, with gravity so undisturbed and interest so absorbed as to draw upon him the admiring observation of all who knew him.

The Philosopher was bald-headed! Philosophers are apt to be. Arduous and protracted mental effort is said to result frequently in the removal of Nature's beautiful covering from "The wondrous cage of thought." But in the case of this particular philosopher, the danger of overtaking the brain had become earlier apparent: his hair had never grown at all! The round head, which held such remarkable ideas, had always been bald!

The philosopher was also toothless! Was he, then, so very aged?

Being constantly absorbed in the consideration of matters of such great importance, he had given little heed to the passage of time; and, perhaps for that reason, he could not have told you his own age; but he was certainly of the opinion that he had lived very long indeed. A settled dignity and calm was expressed upon his countenance as of one too long familiar with events to be disturbed by their changes. Indeed, he could not remember when he had not been alive; which would seem to imply that he had always lived.

He did not object to being without teeth. He thought that, in the nature of things, bones ought to be covered with warm rosy flesh. His own were; and he did not care to make an exception in favor of teeth. They might as well stay where they were; he had a conviction that this would save him a great deal of trouble.

Besides, it left more room to put his toe in his mouth.

The Philosopher believed that he had discovered the true design and purpose of the human toe. He observed that the community at large seemed to suppose that it was intended to be tied in clumsy leathern bags and to be walked upon. This the Philosopher felt to be an error. He did not propose to walk. Why should he give himself so much needless trouble? People knew where he wished to go, and what he liked to have; and it was not only their obvious duty, but their highest pleasure, to carry out his desires. The Grand Turk himself was not more serenely sure of being carefully and devotedly served. Then, if that soft, dimpled foot was not meant for walking, for what was it intended?

Upon this problem the Philosopher had expended much thought, while holding that clubby member in both hands and scrutinizing it closely. Usually he looked at it after the manner of ordinary mortals; but sometimes, when his interest was most absorbing and the question what to do with it especially perplexing, he would look on the left side of his foot with his right eye, and on the right side of it with his left eye,—the method by which all great metaphysicians endeavor to examine both sides of a subject.

It was in one of these rapt moments that an inspiration came to him: the object of the toe was—to complete the circuit! Quicker than thought he popped it into his mouth. The experiment abundantly justified his conclusions: he had undoubtedly discovered the chief end of man. From that hour, whenever he wished to indulge in deep and continuous thinking, he was careful first to arrange this return circuit for the current of thought.

The Philosopher had his own revered deity, and his religious beliefs were at once strong and steadfast. The divinity of life and love, which he worshipped was embodied in a female form.

She often appeared to his delighted vision, coming from he knew not where, in the immensities of space; but never failing to bend over him, with heaven shining on her lips. His faith in her was boundless: he trusted her love more fully than his own wisdom or strength; and he knew that in her tender care were perfect safety and happiness.

The Philosopher never gave utterance to the thoughts which thrilled his being. He

knew the power of silence,—the mighty influence of a nature strong enough to repress at will all expression of itself. In vain had proud friends and admiring followers be sought him for a single word. In vain they said to each other, "What do you suppose he is thinking about?" He only turned his large blue eyes upon them in a silence the mystery of which shut them out from all communication with the wonders of his inner life. They might observe him, and, if they were wise enough, read the processes of his mind from results; but he never deigned further to enlighten them.

Not that he did not desire to speak; of course he did. Sometimes a thought arose so grand and strong as almost to lift his soul away from its clay; or a loving feeling, so sweet and tender as to bring heaven's angels down to his side. At such times his heart overflowed with longing to tell his happiness; but he was aware that "The wine of thought should have ample time to settle and clear, before being drawn off into flasks of speech;" in accordance with which decision, he would thrust his rosy fist into his mouth, as a stopper to keep the words back.

It was on Christmas-day that he lay on the rug, thinking. And he was thinking of Christmas,—of all the love and blessedness it holds;—all the forgetfulness of self and thought for others which it means.

At this moment his beloved divinity bent over him; and as he looked up into her beautiful face she said, in the language which such divinities oftentimes use, "What was him finkin' about, old fessus? Was it Kismus? So it was; what does him fink about it?" and with that she pulled the little rosy connecting link of thought from his mouth.

That was too much for even his powers of repression. He had to speak then. All his love and his deep comprehension of the true wisdom found voice in a moment.

The Philosopher smiled as he gave utterance, for the first time, to his opinions concerning Christmas. And the Philosopher said:

"Ah-h, Goo-oo-oo-oo!"

Philosophers need not necessarily speak the English language. Indeed, it has long been considered essential that the profoundest thought should not be too easily understood.—St. Nicholas's.

Warming Up.

"But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant," cried the invalid earnestly: "I am cold and it warms me." "Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here, this stick is cold" taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth, and tossing it into the fire, "now it is warm; but is the stick benefited?" The sick man watched the wood first send out puffs of smoke, and then burst into flame, and replied, "Of course not, it is burning itself!" "And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain." Oh, yes, alcohol will warm you up; but who finds the fire? When you take food, that is fuel, and as it burns out you keep warm. But when you take alcohol to warm you, you are like a man who sets his house on fire and warms his fingers by it as it burns.

NORWEGIAN JELLY.—Make a little nicey flavored fruit jelly, put it into small dariole moulds, and after turning it out ornament the top of each shape with thin shreds of blanched almond.

GAMBERT PUMPKIN.—Ornament the bottom of a buttered pint mould with a spoon fried cherries split in halves, and a little angelica, which has been cut into fancy shapes, or in any convenient pretty way. Take two dozen finger sponge biscuits, cut them even at the sides, and of equal length. Make a wall round the mould with the biscuits, putting first a light side then a dark side outermost. Half fill the mould with pieces of broken cake. Put into a basin the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs. Beat them lightly just to separate the yolks, and add a pint of milk, an ounce of castor sugar, and eleven drops of essence of vanilla. Pour the custard over the crumbs of cake in the mould. Lay a round of buttered paper on the top of the pudding, and steam it gently for from three-quarters of an hour to one hour. It will be done when it feels firm to the centre.









Ladies' Department.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

AN ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—A table brick loaf of baker's bread grated, ten eggs, half a pound of sugar, one pound of suet, one cup of molasses, two pounds stoned raisins, one of currants, two ounces citron, one nutmeg, a glass of brandy, and one of wine. Boil in a cloth six hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

A NICE APPLE PIE OR TART.—Halve and core about ten good greening apples, put into a sauce pan three cups of white sugar, one lemon sliced, a little mace, and a large cup of water. Let this boil up. Then lay in the apples carefully and let them simmer until they are tender and clear; take them out on a dish with a spoon, keeping them as whole as possible; let the liquor boil away until there is only enough juice left for the pie; line the plates with crust and lay in the apples carefully. Add a glass of wine to the juice, put a double edge of puff paste around the rim of the plate, turn in the juice, brush over the paste and the apple with the white of an egg and sift a little fine sugar over it. Bake until the crust is done.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Peel and slice crossways a quarter of an inch thick some apples; remove the core and dip them one after the other in the following batter: Put in a basin about two ounces of flour, a little salt, two teaspoonsful of oil and the yolk of an egg; moistened by degrees with water, stirring all the while till forming a smooth consistency to the thickness of cream, then beat the white of an egg till firm, mixing it with the batter, it is then ready to fry; use any fruit as fritters. If no oil, use an ounce of butter previously melted, adding it to the batter with the white of an egg.

DOUGHNUT.—One pound of sugar, half pound of butter, six eggs, half pint of milk, cinnamon; flour to roll out stiff.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS.—Twelve ounces ground almonds, one and a half pounds of sifted sugar, four ounces of grated chocolate flavoured with vanilla, whites of three eggs; mix all together to a stiff paste, lay them in a pan on a sheet of paper, bake in a moderate oven.

ICING FOR CAKE.—The whites of two eggs to a pound of very fine white sugar, with a very little vanilla or orange flower water; beat them together until very light. Have ready in a cup a little lemon juice. Begin to lay on the icing in a very thin coat with a knife; occasionally dip the knife into the juice; set it in a warm place to harden, then it will be ready for the next coating, which will be much smoother and whiter than the first.

SILVER CAKE.—Three quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of fine white sugar, the whites of sixteen eggs, the rind and juice of one lemon, a little mace, one cup of milk, two pounds of flour. Bake it about an hour.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, whites of three eggs, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar (put into the flour dry) four cups of flour, the grated rind of one lemon, three cups of grated cocoanut.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Beat up the yolk of four eggs; add one cup of white sugar, half a cup of cream, the juice and rind of one lemon, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a half a teaspoonful of soda. Beat the whites of the eggs to a strong froth and mix them with the other ingredients; add two cups of flour. Stir the whole up lightly.

A Tribute to Women.

In his "National Syndicates of Capital and Labor," the "Third Number," of the series, Theophile Harang contends, with a vast array of authorities in confirmation of his view, that facts and examples show that woman is not the weak and puny creature which she is taken to be, and that, if her physical powers remain undeveloped, it is not on any account of any natural cause preventing their development, but on account of the education she receives, which education has a tendency to render her delicate, feeble, hardly fit to meet even the requirements of nature. It seems that the training of women has only in view to make of her as we have said before, a dwarfed

subject; vitiated blood and consumptive propensities, whose only aim is to show herself frivolous and effeminate in the extreme; to court and please man and seek his protection in some way or another. What a serious mistake this is, and what a drawback it becomes in the onward march of man towards a higher state of civilization and towards a grander destiny! In the animal kingdom, breeds are not improved by crossing subjects having vitiated blood and degenerated tissues, but by the constant and continuous mixture of the purest, richest and most healthy blood.

Perhaps the moral influence of woman has never been felt anywhere as much as it has been in the South, during and after the civil war. Thousands of women who had been raised in affluence were suddenly thrown from gilded portals of fortune within the naked walls of want and misery, yet, clad in the purity and honorableness of their domestic virtues, they did valiantly accept the situation carved out for them by adversity. They have suffered without complaining. By moral courage they have annulled, in part, the rigid degrees of fate, and they have taught to man the grandest and most solemn lesson of fortitude and endurance which he has ever received. How could he have faltered in presence of such an example? For generations to come, the influence thus exercised will be felt, and when in years hence, the gallant Southerner reconciled with his brave Northern brother soldier, will have buried in oblivion all causes of strife by the accumulation of new, larger and more substantial wealth, due to progressive ideas in accord with the onward march of man towards the infinite, he will think of the past and feel his heart full of praise at the remembrance of the women, who, with cheerful endurance, led their fathers in the path of duty during the dark hours and made great men of them.

Regard for Order.

Nothing conduces more to the comfort and happiness of home than regard for order. The work of to-day is to a great extent the repetition of the duties of yesterday, a large portion of which has been brought about by the negligence of others. Every mother appreciates this as she steps into the deserted apartments of the children early in the day. Sarah's books scattered loosely over the table top while the shelves show empty spaces; articles belonging to Mary here and there meet the eye of the order-loving head of the home. So with the boys—boots, hats, tops and balls, which to the owner it was but the work of a minute to be placed where each belonged, lie scattered everywhere, making in the aggregate a deal of unnecessary labor for some one else.

Discouraged mother, the remedy for this is what? Determine not to be the servant of your children; their respect for you will diminish so far as your attitude before them is that of a menial. Many mothers unconsciously slip into this position in their effort to save time, trouble and those little conflicts so jarring to one's nerves that invariably ensue when the taste and will of the younger person are crossed.

If Sarah's books are found out of place, wait for her return home that she, not you, may have the responsibility of putting them where they belong. So with Mary and the boys; throw upon each one the responsibility of order, until it ceases to be a burden. We are all what our habits make us, and what better work can we do for those committed to us than to see that these right habits are formed? A little decision will soon bring this about.

We know of one mother who by this plan has shaken off many of those petty cares that are at times so rasping to the disposition. The question has been frequently asked her, "How do you, with so large a family, accomplish so much?" It seems to me I am never done." "My children all know what I require of them, and the work seems to move off itself. I am never willing to do for a child what that child is perfectly able to do for itself," is her reply. As a result, in the midst of manifold cares, a fair degree of health and limited means, she is moving quietly along in the line of self-improvement, sitting herself to take the judicious and intelligent guidance of the boys and girls as they approach their manhood and womanhood.

Housework.

Girls whose parents can afford to keep servants sometimes get the impression that it is quite out of the question to engage in any kind of household work, some even leaving the care of their own room to the charge of hired help. Such girls seem to us the embodiment of laziness. There is no reason why every girl should not understand the running of household machinery; so that if at any time mother was sick and unable to oversee the usual arrangements, the daughter might be able to take her place, managing satisfactorily. It is a false notion that to become a housekeeper is to become a domestic drudge; and if any of the girls who read this have made up their minds to that effect, let them abandon it instantly and by experience prove it a libel. When there are two sisters in a family, a good plan is to divide the work, each one being responsible for that portion entrusted to her care. Let each understand clearly what is expected of her, not doing it haphazard, but promptly and regularly each week; or the work could be altered if this arrangement would be more agreeable. One reason we would give in favour of household work for girls is that it gives a chance to learn the many details connected with woman's work that cannot be learned in any other way than by experience, and without which knowledge no woman can govern a house well. We don't want to convey the impression that the girl should shoulder the responsibility of her home, but simply to show her how much better it is to be able to know how to do it, should it ever become necessary. Housework is not degrading; on the contrary, we consider it elevating, for she

"Who sweeps a room as if Thy law makes that and the action fine."

And a girl can be just as much a lady in sweeping cap with broom in hand as in breakfast cap reclining languidly with book in hand. The truest, noblest and best woman we know has been trained from her girlhood to look practically to the ways of the household, and yet she is a lady in every respect—an ornament to the most cultivated society. When you have homes of your own, girls, and are obliged to get along with little or no help, you will be thankful for the training you have imposed upon yourself; youth; or if it fall to your lot to have servants in abundance, you will still be glad that you can rule and direct them; and should they leave you without any warning, as they are sometimes disposed to do, you will be "mistress of the situation," able successfully to take hold until such time as relief may come.

The Way to Wealth.

"The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse," he that is known to pay punctually, and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time and on any occasion raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings; therefore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever. Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account, for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect—you will discover how wonderfully small, trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience. In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted) will

certainly become rich, if that being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavors, doth not, in His wise providence, otherwise determine.

The Last Baby.

The last baby born in the family is very apt to be a baby all his life, even in manhood. The first one, of course, creates the deepest interest during his early days. The intermediates are simply bright or pretty. None of the degrees of comparison is ever lavished on the intermediate baby. It is the first and the last child which create the gossip and attract notice. But as the first grows up and the others follow, everything tender seems to cluster about the last born. He doesn't have to wear the old clothes of the others. They are constantly reminded that this one is their youngest brother, they must play with it, and everything new that comes into the house must be inspected by this last addition. He is always supposed to be the flower of the flock. As he grows older and stronger the old people cling to him the closer. As long as he lives, there is home. The others have become men and women and gone away, but the baby remains at home with the old people. It is a bitter day when he leaves. His going out from the homestead is the first signal for the grief which sits at the hearthstone during the long winter nights and thinks of the boy out in the world. It is the beginning of the robbery of home.

The Want of Energy.

Want of energy is a great and common cause of the want of domestic comfort. As the best laid fire can give no heat and cook no food unless it is lighted, so the clearest ideas and purest intentions will produce no corresponding actions without that energy which gives power to all that is of value, which is never more necessary or available than in the mistress or mother of a family. Those who have it not—and many are constitutionally destitute of it—would do well to inquire of their experience and their conscience what compensating virtues they can bring into the marriage state to justify them in entering on its duties without that which is so essential to their performance. They should consider that the pretty face and graceful languor, which, as it is often especially attractive to the most impetuous of the other sex, gained them ardent lovers, will not enable them to satisfy the innumerable requisitions and secure the social happiness of the fidgety and exacting husbands, into which characters ardent and impetuous lovers are generally transformed.

A Word to the Ladies.

Jane Eyre says: "I know that if women wish to escape the stigma of husband-socking they must act and look like marble or clay, cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of feeling, of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike constructed by the world into an attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! well-meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them after all. Do not, therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good-hearted; do not too harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves, because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves because if you showed too much animation some pragmatical thing in breeches might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to devote your life to his inanity."

Domestic Sunshine.

What a blessing to the household is a merry, cheerful woman, whose spirits are not affected by wet days or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a little piece of sunny weather. The child goes to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes out into the world in a conqueror's spirit, no matter how he is annoyed abroad, at home he is sure to find rest.

MRS. E. B., WALKERTON

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## Health Department.

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

### Hygiene: What It is and What Its Aims Are.

BY ROBT. SPENCER, M. D., M. A.

To within the last few years the modern science of hygiene existed merely as an offshoot on the pedestals of Phrenology (the knowledge of healthy life) and Pathology (the knowledge of diseased life). Now it has attained to an independent position among the great branches of scientific and, indeed, of general education; and before many years we may hope to see it taught in every school and college throughout the land. It is certainly of more importance to the general reader than astronomy, chemistry, botany, etc.

Taking the word hygiene in its largest sense it signifies rules for the perfect culture of mind and body. It is impossible to dissociate the two. The body is affected by every moral and mental action; the mind is profoundly influenced by bodily conditions. For a perfect system of hygiene we must combine the knowledge of the physician, the schoolmaster, and the priest, and must train the body, the intellect and the moral soul in a perfect and balanced order. If our knowledge were exact and our means of application adequate, we should see the human being in his perfect beauty, as God, perhaps, intended him to be, in the harmonious proportions and complete balance of all parts in which he came out of his Maker's hands, in whose divine image, we are told, he was in the beginning made. But is this impossible? In the scheme of Providence it may not be meant that man should be healthy. Diseases of mind and of body may be the cross he has to bear; or it may be the evil against which he has to struggle and whose shackles he has finally to unloose. The last disease will disappear, we may believe, only when man is perfect; and as in the presence of the Saviour all disease was healed, so, before perfect virtue, sorrow and suffering shall fade away. Whether the world is ever to witness such a consummation, no man can say; but as ages roll on, hope does in some manner grow. In the midst of all our weaknesses and all our many errors, we are certainly gaining knowledge, and that knowledge tells us in no doubtful terms that the fate of man is in his own hands.

It is undoubtedly true, that we can even now choose between health and disease, not perhaps always individually, for the sins of our parents may be visited upon us, or the customs of our life and the chains of our civilization and social obligations may gail us, or even our fellow-men may deny us health. But, as a race, man holds his own destiny, and can choose between good and evil, and as time unrolls the scheme of the world, it is not too much to hope that the choice will be for good.

Who will dare to say in these days of scientific progress and success, what hygiene, with its liberal endowments and ardent followers, may not accomplish in ages yet to come? For a little let us review what it has already done the world over. As far back as authentic record extends we can trace its workings, and steadily onward, through ancient, mediæval, and modern ages point proudly to its progress, and predict, we hope without sin, its brilliant future; when the grand task is finished and disease for ever banished; or so thoroughly under control, that for this world, its dread terrors are conquered and gone forever, when hygiene has triumphed and man is free.

### Military Hygiene.

It is an ancient adage and one worthy the brilliant age in which it was first made,

that the health of the people is the wealth of the nation.

Nations, armies and tribes have at all stages of the world's history, risen to positions of power and eminence by the aid of learning or knowledge of discipline; by the employment wisely of the moral and physical abilities with which they have been endowed by nature.

It is a notorious fact that the most rigid disciplinarians and strictest sanitarians have ever been the ablest commanders and most successful generals. These men knew the value of good health in those on whom they had to call for support in the hour of need, and enforced the requisite sanitation. Modern armies are even more closely watched with regard to individual health, than they ever were before with a few exceptions. The men are now a-days instructed in the simple rules of hygiene by competent officers throughout the whole British, French, German and other enlightened European services both Naval and Military, and many of the Colonial divisions of these nations enjoy some similar advantages, though we are sorry to have to say in many instances the instructions are lamentably insufficient, and the subject but poorly understood by many of those entrusted with the health of the Colonial soldier. And this we notice in many of our Canadian corps; indeed in some hygiene seems to be thoroughly ignored—a dead letter. This is emphatically wrong.

The health of the young growing or drilling soldier is actually of more importance to the service than the drill itself, during the earlier period of his training. Individual or personal and camp sanitation should be taught in every battalion of our militia volunteers and standing corps by some one well versed in the principles and practice of hygiene both civil and military, and there and then only will the teaching be properly appreciated as a valuable acquisition to be employed throughout his entire life by the intelligent man.

This subject of military hygiene is of especial interest to us now having as has now been done, enrolled the nucleus at least of a standing army. True our regular force is only about 750 strong, still, even with that strength much in the way of educating the militia might be accomplished and very satisfactorily done, too, through it. A certain course of instruction might be given to every man along with the ordinary rudimentary surgical and medical teaching which he is supposed to receive in permanent barracks; in practical military hygiene; and out of the number thus informed, some of the most intelligent and most proficient might year after year be selected to instruct the militia battalions under the supervision of the battalion medical officers or other competent officers. There are very many points of the very gravest importance to the soldier comprehended under the head of military hygiene and to an intelligent and educated body of men such as the Canadian volunteers undoubtedly are, the subject would elicit profound interest and the Canadian army would with no reasonable doubt in the course of a few years become more than double its present efficiency.

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

Better is death than perpetual sickness said the ancients.

Miss Frances E. Willard, gives as a rule of life or diet, plain living and high thinking, and as a warning, high living and plain thinking.

Sickness of the stomach is most promptly relieved by drinking a teaspoonful of hot soda and water. If it brings the offending matter up, all the better.

Swift said the reason a certain university was a learned place was that most persons took some learning thither and few brought any away with them, so it accumulated.

LAXATIVE SUGAR.—Rochelle salts, parts 10; sugar of milk, parts 30; oil of lemon, sufficient to flavor. Mix. Dose, one or two teaspoonful, with milk or coffee, at breakfast.

The British Medical Association were recently told by Dr. G. Johnson that a patient of his, fifty-five years old, had been cured of Bright's disease by a milk diet, having eaten nothing else at all for five years.

Sir Spencer Wells says that an epidemic

of scarlet fever was caused lately in an English country town by the opening of the graves of some people who had died of scarlet fever thirty years ago.

Dr. Somerville, a celebrated Scotch physician, asserts that children should not begin school till the age of seven years, and says that in his opinion one hour is quite enough for a child to be kept at lessons. In my own opinion the doctor must have been a lazy youngster, and still retains a fellow feeling. He is mainly right, however, I think.

A Philadelphia physician says that a great deal of what passes for heart-disease is only mild dyspepsia, that nervousness commonly is only bad temper, and that two-thirds of the so-called malaria is nothing but laziness. Imagination, he says, is responsible for a multitude of ills, and he gives for an instance the case of a clergyman who after preaching a sermon would take a teaspoonful of sweetened water, and doze off like a babe, under the impression that it was a *bona fide* prescription of morphia, whereas, in lack of this harmless little dose, he would toss about restlessly for hours.

A lady who writes about the awkwardness of petticoats, and signs herself "Discomfort," has contributed a novel suggestion on the thrilling question of woman's dress to an English journal. Her husband will not allow her to wear the divided skirt, and she admits that this compromising garment is a delusion. Avoiding high heels, tight corsets, and those ridiculous humps called "dress improvers," she toils through life in heavy petticoats, yet lives in the sweet hope of being able to suggest a "wearable compromise." What it is she does not define, but a bold allusion to Turkish trousers has let the cat out of the bag. Her quaintest suggestion is contained in the postscript, and is to the effect that if the British peeresses could be reformed in the matter of dress, the British public would follow suit, and the next generation would have healthier bodies and better minds.

Pope Benedict XIV ordered a wood to be cut down which separated Villatari from the Pontine marshes near Rome, and for many following years there raged throughout the whole country, and in places never before attacked, a most severe and fatal fever. The same effects were produced from a similar circumstance in the environs of Campo Santo. In the West Indies it is quite wonderful how near the marsh the planter, provided he is protected by trees, will venture to place his habitation. This neutralizing influence on malarial disease effluvia is possessed in very different degrees by various trees. The eucalyptus is the most powerfully intercepting of any, but it will probably not grow in this country, owing to the severe winter frosts. Pine is of all others the healthiest tree to plant about houses in this country, for not only is it a deodorant and disinfectant, but in certain forms of diseases of the respiratory organs it seems to exert a curative influence, as for example, in some stages of consumption and in asthma. It is the presence of her extensive pine forests which renders France in a great degree the favorite resort it is as a winter residence for consumptives, and the author can testify to its efficacy; of course a mild climate is also combined and the effect of the two on diseases of the lungs is often marvelous. [Health and Healthy Homes in Canada.]

CHLORAL AND BROMIDE OF POTASSIUM.—Again we have to record with deep regret a sad proof that those who give or take chloral or bromide of potassium for sleeplessness are guilty of a deplorable error and do a grievous wrong. The narcotics which poison sleep also deprave the higher nerve centres, enfeeble the controlling powers of the will and leave the mind a prey to the depressing influence of a conscious loss of self-respect and self-confidence. The cultured mind feels the ignominy of the intellectual and moral depreciation with great acuteness, and in the end succumbs to the sense of powerlessness to recover self-control and do right. The deprivation wrought is purely physical. The baneful influence of the lethal drug is, so to say, organic. The essential elements of the nerve tissues are blighted by the stupefying poison, as by alcohol in habitual drunkenness. In short, the recourse to chloral and bromide is precisely the same thing as recourse to alcohol. The man or woman sent to "sleep"—the mocking semblance of physiological rest—by a dose of either of these narcotics is sim-

ply intoxicated. No wonder that habitual drunkenness of this class first impairs and then destroys the vitality of the mind organ, and places the subject of a miserable artificer at the mercy of his emotional nature, and makes him the creature of his passions. When will the public awake to the recognition of facts with regard to the most pernicious of stupeficients? Persistence in recourse to them has no better excuse than unwillingness to search out the cause of the "wakefulness" which prevents natural sleep.

### MEDICAL QUERIES.

S. T., MIDLAND CITY. Q. Please send me a prescription for inflamed eyes? A. Sulphate of hydrastia, 2 grs.; Distilled water, 1 oz.; Make solution. This is an excellent wash for inflamed and granulated lids.

S. F., MASSALON. Q. I am troubled with sore eyes; they are red and feel as if there was sand in them. What will I do to cure them? A.—Get someone to drop a little of the wash prescribed for "S. T., Midland City," into them three times daily.

M. B., EGLINGTON. Q. I'm greatly troubled with dyspepsia and have taken a great deal of medicine. What can I do for it. A. Regulate your diet to suit your stomach and take a teaspoonful of the following mixture three times a day, before meals in a little wine and water. Tincture of Rhubarb and Tincture of Aloes—equal parts.

A. V., BRANDON. Q. Can you send me the prescription for Dalby's Carminative?—A. Magnesia, 2 drachms; oil peppermint, 3 drops; oil nutmeg, 7 drops; oil anise, 5 drops; tincture of castor, 1 1/2 drachm; tincture of assafoetida, 45 drops; tincture of opium, 18 drops; essence penny-royal, 30 drops; tincture of cardamom, 95 drops; peppermint water, 7 ounces; mix.

C. D. S., DUNCHURCH. Q. I work in a foundry and am constantly being burned and sometimes severely. I want something to keep by me to apply at once even if I have to send for a doctor afterwards? What is caron oil and is it good for burns. A. For slight burns apply immediately a little dry baking soda to the burn; this you could keep in a box near you or in your pocket. Caron oil consists of equal parts of pure olive oil and lime water and is one of the best applications that we are aware of for burns and scalds.

R. S. M., OXFORD. Q. I have a large neck. The doctors call it broncoile or Goitre. What can I do for it? A. Iodide of potassium (often called hydriodate of potash), 2 drachms; iodine, 1 drachm; water, 2 ounces; mix and shake a few minutes, and pour a little into a phial for internal use. Dose, five to ten drops before each meal, to be taken in a little water. EXTERNAL APPLICATION. With a feather, wet the enlarged neck, night and morning, until well. It will cause the scarf skin to peel off several times before the cure is perfect, leaving it tender, but do not omit the application more than one day at most, and you may rest assured of a cure, if a cure can be performed by any means whatever.

### Suicide.

Without hair-splitting, it may roughly be said that the great majority of those who kill or try to kill themselves in these modern times and in civilized communities are perfectly well aware of the nature of the deed they are performing or attempting, and do the deed with a, so far, intelligent purpose of escaping from misery which seems unendurable or because of some terror or shame that for the time overwhelms them. The law is mercifully interpreted for the sake of survivors, but, as a matter of fact, scarcely one in a hundred of the so-called cases of "temporary insanity" are correctly so described. It is heart-breaking or brain-tearing trouble that makes men and women long to die or impetuously seek refuge in death, either in the belief that in dying they will sleep, or that consciousness will end in eternal oblivion. We do not say that there is a clearly defined process of reasoning in all these cases, though in the majority we believe there is; but in very few instances indeed is the real inner feeling one which differs greatly from the yearning to escape—anywhere, anywhere out of this misery.—[The Lancet.]

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NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"MORRISBURG." — Bogus by sending yours.

OLD BILL. — Too long condensation is indispensable

OAK LEAF — Your Christmas story came too late. Sorry.

M. S. C. — Story is too long. Didn't wish a continued one.

G. E. J., MILLS COVE, N.S. — Your Cyclo-pedia has been sent.

DR. E. B. H. — Sorry Christmas article was too late. Will use it next year, if we live.

HAMILTON. — Sorry you are not able to take such a hopeful view of the world and its prospects.

D. B., DAREY ST., TORONTO. — I think, on reading the prize Christmas story, you will agree with us in our decision.

E. A. M., CESHINO. We regret that your lines are hardly up to our standard, although speaking highly for your friendship and affection.

Mrs. C. S., NOTTAWA. — Your poetry is excellent, and we appreciate it well in the office, but are afraid it will hardly pass the committee.

D. A. H., CORSCA, PA. — Thanks for story sent. It is certainly good for a child of the age you state. It is under consideration and if suitable will be published.

R. W., CITY. — Glad you like our Christmas number, we think it hard to beat, although we hope to eclipse it next year. The subject matter of your communication will receive attention.

W. B., GRANGE AVENUE, CITY. — Would you publish some short items or letters on "Scientific Subjects," varied of course? Being a student of science myself, although holding a certificate for Hydraulic Engineering, also a certificate for general Civil Engineering, I shall endeavour to make articles short and pointed and interesting. — Have a full supply at present, etc.

R. D. P., BEAMSVILLE. — We have already frequently stated that in order to allow competitors at a distance as fair a chance of competing as those nearer home, competitions are made known at an earlier date in outside papers than in TRUTH. This arrangement is only fair to those living at a distance. We are sorry you have not been successful; but you must not forget that you are not the only one who has tried and failed, and finally succeeded.

A SUBSCRIBER OF "TRUTH." — Your ten questions are too much for us, but we answer them as we can. 1. A gentleman would neither ascend nor descend first. 2. Certainly not. 3. Why not if she pleases. 4. It is understood that it is the lady's right to say whether or not she will recognize on the street a gentleman to whom she may have been introduced or with whom she may have a slight acquaintance. It is a protection to her against intrusion or a familiarity. Among intimate friends, however, it would be absurd to follow out this rule rigidly, though many gentlemen invariably do, not recognizing on the street even their own wives or sisters, unless the permission has been given. 5. It is very impertinent for any gentleman to send any such card unless to a recognized lover. Indeed, a gentleman should not do it. 6. Certainly not. Why should he? 7. Better not. It would be a piece of impertinence. 8. Girls of 16 are in these days very precocious. 9. Ladies of any age cannot be too careful in the distribution of their presents. 10. All taste. There are brunettes and brunettes, and there are blondes and blondes.

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.

People who wonder why men's hair turns gray before their whiskers, should reflect that there is about twenty years difference between their respective ages.

Keep your promise to the letter, be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life, and win you the respect and trust of your friends.

A modern philosopher, taking the motion of the earth on its axis at 17 miles a second, says that if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend you go 17 miles an hour without taking cold.

AN OLD MAID ON MOTHERS-IN-LAW

BY "KLEANOR KIRK."

Yes, I'm an old maid, and I glory in the title. I am master and mistress. I go where I please, and return when I feel like it. No man can call me mother-in-law, and that is one of the greatest comforts I have in life. I haven't gone to all the trouble and anxiety of nursing a child through colic and teething and whooping-cough and measles, and to all the expense and trouble of educating her how to cook and make her own clothes, for the express purpose of having her gobbled up by some man whose first business will be to separate her from her mother. I don't say that I haven't been lonesome sometimes in my life, and that to have somebody to take care of me, and to take care of, wouldn't have been heartening to soul and body. But that comfort, satisfying as it might have been, would never have paid me for giving a daughter of mine to a stranger.

Some of you remember the widow Manchester, who lived up on the Clove road. Well, I sewed for that family year in and year out, when I was a considerably younger woman than I am now, and it was there I first made up my mind that there were some troubles I would not put myself in the way of bearing. Mrs. Manchester had one son and one daughter. Her husband left her just enough money to scrape along with; but she was a wonderful manager, and the way she brought those children up was a sight to see. She was never very strong, and sometimes I'd take hold in the kitchen when she was kind of poorly, and help her out that way, till finally it got to be a settled thing that I was up to the Clove pretty much all the time. Hastings was a high-spirited, affectionate boy, and very fond of his books. Alice was two years younger than Hastings, and was the most affectionate and obedient child I ever knew. These children were perfectly devoted to their mother, and she to them.

As I said before, I was there year in and year out, and I never heard a word between them that the whole world might not have listened to. After a while Hastings went away from home to prepare for college. Mrs. Manchester taught Alice everything except music, and she had a fine master for that. That girl would play the tears out of my eyes faster than any funeral I ever attended, and I used to say to myself, as she'd sing for herself and me between daylight and dark, "that girl's heart is tuned to sorrow, and she'll have more of that than anything else," for it trembled in every tone; and her laugh, though it was the sweetest and the ringiest I ever heard, always seemed to me full of tears. Everything that was sensible Alice Manchester was taught to do; and her mother said to me more than once, "Melissa, there is one thing I am sure of, and that is that Alice will bring her common sense into all the matters of life. If she ever does marry, it will be a man who is in every respect worthy of her."

It did seem as if the poor woman was correct in this feeling, for if Alice Manchester, with all her schooling and training and loving, didn't choose wisely, what girl in the world would be likely to? Mrs. Manchester had an idea like a great many other folks, that because she had done her duty, she would get her reward. I could have told her to the contrary then, young as I was; but it did seem some way as though she would have better luck than most people. Well, there came a time, when Alice was going on eighteen, that I had a long fit of sickness, and didn't go to Mrs. Manchester's for nearly two months. But the first time afterwards that I stepped foot into the house, I knew that something had happened, and something not very pleasant either. Mrs. Manchester looked like a shadow, and Alice, who was usually so glad to see me, was so stiff and formal that I just thought I must have offended her in some way. I didn't ask any questions, but found out where my help was most needed, and went to work.

"We are going to have some company to dinner, Melissa," Mrs. Manchester said to me, "and I wish you would get up something nice."

"How many?" said I.

"Only one," said Mrs. Manchester.

"A gentleman?" I asked. You see I knew the whole story then just as well as if it had been all written out before me.

"Yes, a fifth or sixth cousin," she said, "and I wish you would get up something nice."

Mr. Keith Reynolds, who is spending his vacation in the village.

"All right," said I, as cheerfully as I could. "You needn't bother a bit about dinner. I'll have everything just as you would like it."

It was all I could do to keep the tears back as that pale, feeble, heart-aching woman walked out of the kitchen. It seemed to me as if she had received her death blow, and I wasn't very far out of the way. I had some peas to shell, and it was so warm in the kitchen I took them out in the garden where it was cool and shady. The garden opened into an apple orchard, and I had hardly got settled before I heard the sound of voices on the other side of the wall. That was the first and last time in my life that I ever listened to a conversation which was not intended for my ears; but there was such a strange and - I was going to say - unwholesome quality in the man's voice, that, right or wrong, I determined to hear every word of it. The first thing I heard Alice say was this, and it was plain to me that the trouble was upon her that I always felt was sure to come.

"But, Keith," said she, "I think it would kill mamma to be entirely separated from me."

"But, darling," said the underhanded, deceitful wretch, "I didn't put it as strongly as that. What I meant was, that when I married, I wanted my wife entirely and exclusively to myself. You must not blame me, dearest, if I share the popular aversion to mothers-in-law."

"But mamma, Keith -" Alice commenced to say.

"Is everything that lovely; I really think you are right," the villain interrupted. "But you know, Alice, love, what the Bible says - 'Forsake father and mother, and cleave only to your husband.'"

"But when there is no necessity of forsaking father and mother," said Alice.

"Oh, well, we'll not borrow trouble," said the man. "I have no doubt but things will fix themselves right. Of course, darling, when a woman is married, her duty is to her husband."

Here it was all out. This is what this loving and conscientious mother had toiled and sacrificed for, - to bring up a daughter in all sweet and sensible ways; and when she was ready to be a stay and a comfort to her, to give her up to a man whose chief object in life was to separate her from her child. My blood boiled in my veins, and it really seemed to me as if I must go and give that villain a piece of my mind. Then I thought I'd have a talk with Alice. But I gave that up also, for among the other things I had learned by experience was not to interfere with a girl's love affairs. What effect would anything I might say be likely to have upon a girl who had grown so wildly in love in the course of a few weeks as to take such talk as this, and not send a man about his business? Throwing straws against a gale of wind would be no comparison to the foolishness of arguing with her.

I got a good look at the fellow before he came in to dinner, and how any girl of good taste, to say nothing of good judgment, could have seen anything to like in him, was beyond me to imagine. - a tall, pompous, masterful young man, who would expect his wife to see with his eyes, and always ask his opinion before she expressed one. This was not all, but it was the first thing that struck me.

Well, Alice Manchester married, and went away with her husband, and was just about as dead to her mother as though the earth had opened and swallowed her. Hastings married a few months later, and brought his wife home. But she was a frivolous nobody of a woman; and after a little while grew so jealous of her husband's love for his mother that he was obliged to take her away. Not long after this, Mrs. Manchester was taken to her last home, and if ever a human being died of a broken heart, that woman did. Alice's grief at the funeral was terrible to witness. There was something in her face that told me that she had found her husband out, and realized to the fullest extent the great wrong she had done.

Now the point I want to make is this: The men who object to mothers-in-law are usually the men who will bear watching, - the men who are in the habit of drinking and carousing, and whose intention is to neglect their wives. They realize that they can't pull the wool over the eyes of a woman who has years and experience on her head. The lies that their trusting wives will swal-

low went go down a mother-in-law's throat. The man who means well by the woman he marries, will have a genuine respect for the woman who has succeeded in making her child so desirable and attractive. The judgment and affection that have brought her daughter to so successful a womanhood will be just as valuable after marriage as before.

I don't say that there are not some meddling women who, as mothers-in-law, are not at all desirable; but I do say that a girl's mother is usually her best friend, and the men who endeavor to separate a mother and daughter is an interloper and a renegade. Keith Reynolds turned out a drunkard. I knew he would.

When anybody talks to me about "forsaking father and mother, and cleaving to their wife," quoting, or rather misquoting, scripture to suit their own selfish ends, I almost wish that somebody would put an end to them, and put it out of their power to say so.

Bits of Advice.

BY MRS. MAJORIE FRECKIT.

There are people who never do the least thing without such a fuss, so many words and questions, and so much needless bother, that they tire out themselves and everybody else. If they have a ferry to cross, you would think they were going to Europe. If a pin pricks them, you would fancy from the outcry that they had been cut by a knife. They keep the house in a sort of hubbub from morning till night.

There are others who contrive to go through the days and weeks quietly. They bear illness and pain very gently and patiently. When they have a task to learn or a little work to do, they set about it quickly and silently, and keep at it till they have finished it. It is a real comfort to be with them.

There are very few things, my dears, about which it is worth while to make a fuss. Please remember that. Not long since I found Julius in a state of great vexation because he thought his name had been left out on the programme for the school exhibition, at which he was to perform on the violin. He had spent months in the study of his piece, and now the Professor intended to rob him of the honor which belonged to him and give the place to Sidney.

Julius talked and fretted and fumed, and I listened and knitted, and tried to calm him. Presently the programmes arrived, and there was Julius announced as the first violinist of the occasion, and Sidney as the second. All his annoyance had been about nothing.

I sometimes have a great deal of fun all by myself watching the ways of the sparrows. They fly about, and chatter, and quarrel, and seem to be playing *Such Ails About Nothing* from morning to night. The robins I watched last summer in a maple tree were much staidier, better behaved birds, and their songs were twice as sweet as the sparrows' vulgar chirping.

There is a long word which I like, and which I know you will let me use if I tell you what it means. Efficient. An efficient person is a person whose work amounts to something worth doing.

A young friend of mine, named May, is shut into the house most of the time through illness. But when I go to see her, she never frowns, or laments that she can not go about as other girls do. On the contrary, she always has a flower or a picture to show me. Sometimes, when quite well, she has learned a new tune, and plays it very sweetly, and the last time I paid her a visit she had just set the last stitches in a dress for her sister. May is efficient, not fussy.

Some people are often in a state of mind about their crimps, or their frizzes, or their dress. If the hat is a little out of style, they fancy that all the world gazes on it in wonder. If their dress does not precisely satisfy them, they can think of nothing else. Poor things! The truth is that in this busy world very few of us are so important that our dress, if neat and in order, needs give us much concern.

You have heard the homely saying about men who spend all day "running round in a half bushel." That is the way with fussy, fidgety men and women. All men and women, of course, were once boys and girls, and they the more ought to be what they now are. So mind your ginnings.

## MRS. HURD'S NIECE.

SIX MONTHS OF A GIRL'S LIFE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DINNER ROOMS.

It is December. Hannah's Dinner Rooms have been opened this last sunny fortnight. Oddly enough, they seem to have given Lois and Saidee, and even Elizabeth, something fresh and interesting to talk and think about. For one thing they get a healthy sort of enjoyment as they come in contact with the Mary-Ann side of the queer co-partnership.

Even the learned Elizabeth smiles in an amused way when Mary Ann is mentioned. Mary Ann is fit to have stepped out of a Dutch painting—or at least to step into one—such a bluff, rosy, apple-faced young woman standing sturdily upon a pair of very stout and very trim feet, and continually astonishing Hannah's three fine lady-friends with her breadth of shoulder, her muscular arms, and the swinging steps with which she marches off, with a full pail in either hand. But she is most tidy and wholesome, and even Elizabeth rather enjoys contemplating her; at least she sketches her in water colors and hangs her up in Theo's blue-room, much to the delight of that little girl.

Lois is honestly happy these days. She does not mind Aunt Alice. She pervades the whole house like sunshine. She shines out, naturally; her nature is radiant, diffusive instead of being prim as even Saidee has thought her, she turns out to be a busy, rambling, kindly disposed little body; upstairs and down, every one is indebted to her for pleasant services. It does her especial good to see that she is a general favorite. She is no longer shy. She has already found that wealth and culture help to make nice people still nicer.

With tolerable grace Mrs. Hurd accepts the new order of things. She cannot wholly ignore one whom all delight to honor, but she secretly dislikes, more than ever, the unconscious girl whose forgiving affection is a constant reproach.

Mrs. Hurd has many secret annoyances. She misses the quiet, fashionable atmosphere in which she is most comfortable. Those little fanatical neighborhood prayer-meetings have turned society upside down, for the time at least. They are still following each other in blessed succession. The young people of the best families have quietly gone into the church.

Even gay Cad Greenough has become a Christian, and, still her honest, fearless self, has proclaimed it far and near. Restless Caddie—she is a most unerring missionary. Her outspoken astonishment at the hesitation of any human being to follow Jesus as Lord and Master does not fail of effect. Those of her own gay friends who do not avoid her entirely are following, one by one, into the Master's vineyard.

"I do think that just my own common sense, my own ideas of duty and propriety, would have led me to be a Christian, finally," she says to Elizabeth Hurd. "And how one can read the Bible as much as one ought, and in the fulness of all its daylight persistently walk right on out to the edge of the precipice, I cannot see."

Elizabeth smiles faintly. "If you can really reason it out, Caddie, I am glad. I am the other sort of Christian—a Christian simply because 'the love of Christ constraineth me.' It sometimes greatly troubles me, my good Caddie, that I, who prided myself upon my trained logical powers, can give no reason for this change, no clear history of it. I am obliged to say with cousin Lois, and with Hannah Gregg, 'I know it is so, because I know it is so—and only know it, too, through my feelings.'"

"Why, you poor, happy Elizabeth!" cries Caddie. "That is the very best kind of religion!"

Happiest among the hard things Mrs. Hurd has to endure these days is the "loving tendency" which is a certain kind of religion exerts throughout the city. Now there is a certain way of going into the basement, and shaking hands with her usual fellow church-members, which she could always consistently do, and which she has always rather enjoyed. But to see the different circles of society mixed up, and shaken together, until, go where one will, one is never sure whom one may meet—Mrs. Hurd shakes her head.

Moreover, she is just finding two things worse than all the rest—her own daughters are getting a habit of "running around to see Hannah;" and it is to be the fashion this winter among her own particular friends to consider the "Dinner Rooms" a most wonderful idea.

She lets Elizabeth alone. Yes, and Lois, too. But she treats Saidee to various little lectures in which her actual sentiments reveal themselves. Absurd as it may, or may not, be, she attributes the whole to Lois, to Lois' power in the family.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," says Saidee gently, she does not treat mamma to any satire these days; this is one of the little differences which the vital love and consecration has made with Saidee. "I wish you knew, dear mamma, how much better this kind of Christianity is, which has no caste. If I had only the old, cold kind, and just enough of that to keep my name on the church record, I should be unhappy now—I could not live, I think. All these changes, all these things that you deplore, mamma, have come just in time for me."

Mrs. Hurd does not inquire what these enigmatical remarks may signify. She has little taste for these "inner searchings." If Saidee, so gentle and tender now, is longing for motherly sympathy, it is quite in vain.

This bright wintry day, Lois sits sunning herself in Hannah's great up-stairs kitchen. She really enjoys the buzz and the din which Hannah and Linda make—for of course Hannah has taken Linda.

They are keeping the two large stoves in full blast—busy, prosaic, but to them delightful toil. Upon one is an immense boiler of potatoes, over which is the great steamer of golden squash. On the other stove big saucepans stand, ready for Linda's cut meat. Hannah lifts the cover of another big steamer, and Lois gets a peep in; she sees a huge apple roil, cracking open flakily, and says she'd like a slice of the fragrant white puff herself.

The ovens are filled with bread, great, snowy, faintly golden loaves. Some jars of daintily stewed apples stand steaming on a table, and the whole place is redolent of the slowly-brewing coffee.

Lois has seen the place often in all its glory; but the stir, and the bustle, and the neatness, and the fragrance of the cookery, and the thought of the poor bodies whom it is all for, make it a new pleasure each time; and she goes into the dining-room and surveys the long white tables, with their flowers and snowy napkins and pretty glass and cutlery, as if it were some beautiful spectacle. The shades are drawn up, the cheerful sunshine flows in, and every corner is cozily warm.

The clock proclaims it ten minutes to twelve. Now the bustle begins anew. Linda prints a funny, hasty moment before the glass, and then sets cups, saucers and spoons a-jangle. Lois ties on an apron and dishes the vegetables, while Hannah, with a great sizzling and frying, superintends the meat.

Then the noon bells ring, one and another all round—for they are down among the factories and shops and Mary Ann, her cleaning suit in a bundle on her arm, hurries in, neat and respectable, in street dress, and in a trice is ready to help. She and Hannah fill scores of plates, and Lois and Linda bear them in to the tables.

They are scarcely ready before there is the sound of steps and voices. Within ten minutes, enter at least sixty women and girls. It seems such a sorrowful company to Lois. There is laughing, light chat, pleasant haste, but all the same there is scarce a face that does not show anxiety, or trouble, or ill health.

Among them, too, here and there, she sees what the out-spoken Linda calls a "brazen face." With a whisper, Linda points out one now to Lois as she dishes up a fresh supply of vegetables.

"I don't think much of her. But I s'pose she's as hungry as the best of 'em, and I see to it she always has a good plateful!"

Hannah, too, for that matter, takes care that they all "have a good plateful." Lois sees that, in all its details, she carries out her plan just as generously as it was con-

ceived. It is to warm and feed these desolate women, not to make money.

Lately, Lois has heard Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Guthrie, and others, say grave things; and she, too, has doubts, noting the big spoonfuls and the motherly care, whether this good Hannah will be able to "make both ends meet."

All are here and seated. With her hair freshly smoothed, her sleeves down and buttoned, collar and apron the whitest, Hannah walks down the room, and, pausing at one of the tables, with simple dignity says Grace. Out of respect to Hannah every head is decorously bowed.

"I'd like it, to 'ave 'em not be in such a hurry," says Hannah deprecatingly. She and Lois are slicing the pudding, and they hear the soft continuous clatter at the table. "But, poor things! they be in a hurry, and they 'ave to be, and we musn't expect no great manners."

Mary Ann, who is chief waiter, brings a list of names on a bit of paper. "Twenty loaves to take home."

Hannah explains that some of them buy bread for the meals at home.

"But I'm afraid," she says, "as some of 'em never gets to touch a mouthful 'twixt dinner and dinner!"

"Afraid! I know so, Miss Lois!" puts in Linda. She is pouring sauce lavishly over the slices on the pudding plates. "That Mary Shurtloff, now—she's just a-stuffin' of herself to-day! You ought to see her! I ketch'd her a-slyin' up the pieces of bread some o' the other 'aft, to her own plate, and a-workin' 'em into her pocket. There's as much difference among them as anybody, some a-makin' pigs of themselves, an' some as proud an' partikilar as a lady. Now that Kalista Pinckney! She looks the hungriest of the lot, with her great eyes, and thin cheeks—she and that Tillie Taft. But I do just admire to see 'em at the table. They're as much ladies as Miss Saidee herself—bein' poor no need to make any difference with such things, and I'd no as it does."

Five minutes longer—the pudding is dispatched, and every soul is gone, not to be seen again until to-morrow noon. Lois, at the window, watches them disappear down the different streets among the shops and factories, like so many poor, gray, gloomy birds.

"They was all afraid they'd loose too much time a-comin' 'ere," says Hannah. "'Time's the chief thing. But I 'ad my own ideas of this same long walk, and the full 'ot dinner, hand the little change hand shakin' up, and taste of fresh air; 'a ready some of 'em tells me they do full as much work."

"Lois sits down with 'the family.'" She finds the homely dinner excellent. She gives a bold little jump and inquires into Hannah's economics. Hannah is quite willing to talk of them, and does talk at length of her savory joints and hashes, pot pies, Indian puddings, baked beans, and brown and white loaves.

She makes a great point of the way she avoids expensive steaks and roasts, says she can economize in everything except fruits. There she don't believe in any but the richest and freshest, and, withal, longs for such quantities.

"But they do cost so, and yet it do make my heart ache w'en I go to market and see 'em, and can't afford to get 'em for my girls." They are all "her girls," though many of them are twenty years older than Hannah's self.

But Lois is quite satisfied that they fare well and abundantly, and, also, far better than Hannah can afford. She boldly inquires now concerning the expenses. Hannah is not quite so ready with her answers here. But finally she lays her little account-book in Lois' hands.

"No, Miss Lois," she says, "the boarders alone don't quite pay. I feels pretty bad, sometimes, but I can't make up my mind to give 'em any less or any poorer. And Mary Ann—she says we must remember that we 'ave our livin' out of it; and she says she shall earn enough outside with the cleaning to pretty near make it even. So we let it go. We've both got a little somethin' in the bank, and if there's trouble, we believe that the Father above will straighten it out."

"Oh, you poor girls!" says Lois. "So you don't get anything but your board for all your hard work here!"

"Don't go to puttin' hit into words, Miss Lois," says Hannah hastily. "I don't want to hear it if 'tis so. Hit never were a partnership for savin' hnp money, hit were a partnership for doin' good, an' if we're run-

nin' behind, it's to soon to know it—we've 'ad 'ardly a sip at it yet. Let it last so long mean to run the rooms 'till I sink my last penny. God will then provide a wife if he penny. God will then provide a way if he wants it to go on!"

Lois is aware that poor Hannah is burrowing the coffee-pot and wiping the spoons, with tears trickling down her cheeks. This devotion to an unselfish idea touches her heart. It arouses her sympathy and her energy.

She puts on her hat to go. "Be of good cheer, little woman," she says to Hannah. "You don't believe the Lord will forget you when you are trying so hard to feed this great flock of his sparrows. Maybe I oughtn't to tell—but I will, Hannah—all the young people are invited to the parsonage to-morrow, and Saidee says it is to talk over something connected with your rooms. So go to your prayer-meeting to-night and pray with faith. How are your prayer-meetings, Hannah?"

Hannah smiles through her tears. "Oh, Miss Lois, there is comfort there! I have seven girls now a-prayin' for the rest—and they were hall out to church on Sunday. Dr. Guthrie 'imself came over last time—they all think he's such a good man, and they a'ways mistrusted him before! I know'd it the first minute I clapped eyes on him. An' Mr. Nelson, 'e's a-comin' the next time—they say he do 'elp wonderful 'where M goes! But, Miss Lois, I'm sorry for 'em to the bottom of my 'eart, for the very first thing is to want to go to church, and like a not they 'ave a't a thing that'll do to wear!"

"It's an awful wretched feelin' a-wakin' up to be somebody when ye never have been," interposes Linda. "Yo wants many things all to once to carry it out any how decent, and that takes money—takes just as much as if you'd got it—not a cent less."

Lois laughs, but goes home, her tears dropping behind the little gray veil, over poor Hannah and her parish.

CHAPTER XXII.

GOLDEN SKIES AND GREY.

This evening, on their way home from the parsonage, Saidee and Lois stop at the post office. There are letters in the evening mail for both.

Saidee, looked at her own, hastily glanced up; but Lois has slipped hers in her muff.

"Mine is from Max," Saidee says; and despite herself a shade of inquiry creeps into her tone.

Lois' pale cheeks flame into rosiness, and she looks away. "Mine, too."

They walk on home, side by side, in silence, that strange little silence which often, now, falls between the two, although they have long been growing dearer to each other.

Growing dearer yes; but there has been a great change in Saidee's manner toward her cousin. Her old, sweet, gay ways, her chiding, half coaxing, have gone. In place has come a tender care, touched with something so like sadness that Lois asks more than once, "Cousin, have I grieved you in any way?"

"No, darling, no, in no way," Saidee answers.

This sweet prompt reply, somehow, is sadder than all the rest.

Besides, there are other little mysteries and vague troubles Mr. Whitney's letters for instance. As Lois has told Mr. Whitney she had grown to know him quite well through his correspondence with Saidee. When her own first letter comes it strikes her as strange that Saidee should show such indifference, a laughing indifference to her pleasure, but all the same a refusal to share it. "So many of my own do please spare me!"

It is queer too, that now Saidee never speaks of the letters which arrive for herself. Mr. Whitney's name even is seldom mentioned.

But if she is thus growing to forget her old school friend, Lois often thinks she never before seen so close and beautiful friendship as exists between Saidee and her mother. She sometimes envies Saidee to herself. Mrs. Whitney has remained simply the same gracious Christian who she at first admired, always ready with cheer and appreciation, but reserving her tenderness for Saidee—even the favorite Caddie Greenough never gets quite so close to her as she does.

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ous change in Mrs. Whitney's manner. She has a queer feeling now and then, that Mrs. Whitney may be making a study of her.

"To-day, at the parsonage, she has fancied that 'Max's mother'—this is the way Lois unconsciously thinks of her—has paused to listen when she spoke, and has treated her with some added respect and regard—that is the word—"regard," in the affection she bestows upon Saidee.

Lois muses of all these secret things as she works on home, the letter clasped in her hands within the muff. This letter will it be like the last one?

So, in sweet silence, she follows through the gate, and up the walk, and into the hall, and is going up-stairs to her room when Saidee gently puts both arms around her. Soft kisses are pressed against her cheek—Lois wonders to feel the warm face wet with tears, but Saidee gives her no time to speak.

"Ho has told me, darling. I have known it all along. Go read it—your letter—and God bless you forever and forever, dear cousin Lois!"

These last words fall softly, solemnly, like a benediction, and Saidee hastily turns aside into the unlighted drawing-room.

Lois goes up the stairs, wondering, and with truly no pronouncement of what awaits her, close at hand.

Late in the evening she steals from her room, and knocks softly at Saidee's door. Twice, thrice—no answer. Saidee has gone to bed.

But next morning, when Saidee comes down, she goes into the greenhouse where she knows Lois will be at her favorite morning task. There she is, at the warm south windows, with idle shears.

She turns with a sudden blush at the light. Saidee takes her hands and looks into the soft clear gray eyes in the old gray ray.

"There! there!" she says, "what a waste of blushes! Don't, dear. I know the first part of the story, you remember—my chief interest is in the unpublished half. How does the little girl answer him?"

"How?" The little echo has a surprised affection that tells Saidee all.

She lingers a moment to hear from Lois' happy lips the plans and the hopes of the life she knows so well—knew before she was new Lois.

"Lois," she says, "there is no girl in the world I would so gladly have him choose. I know of no one so fit to go with him into the wild life of a mining country and to help civilize and uplift the neglected humanity there. We all think, my dear, that you would be almost lost to your proper destiny, just doing the easy work of a Christian here—any who are left can do it."

She smiles once more down into the soft gray eyes. Then she goes up to her room. She sits down and muses concerning the "easy work of a Christian" which remains to her "who is left."

Thank God! she can think of it with joy and longing! Thank God for the womanly heartache over the dreary lives of her young sisters! Thank God for the clear vision of usefulness which her cousin called yesterday as she suggested what those who wealth might do through Hannah's sons! She thinks with a glad brave impulse what her share may be in the new mainly missions.

No, it is no unlightened future into which Saidee gazes. She feels that such a life as she now means hers to be is worth the living. She has held to the hope that she might find her happiness thus in this su- periorment of trial and self abnegation, which she has long known must finally come in the course of God's providence.

Saidee had it so truly his child now that she can call her sorrow by this un- reachable name—"God's Providence." What natural paganism of a strong and heavi- ly- stricken soul bitterly names "Fate," this Christian girl cheerfully recognizes as the her's wisdom for the child.

She bends her face low with tears. But the same moment she thanks the Father for the great blessing and the great recom- pence of work. Ere the sun has gone down she sees the blessing which is to comfort and strengthen, standing in the near future a pale moon in the afternoon sky—also faint now, but she knows it will grow and shine, and light up all the world in the sun's down.

"Thank God!" she says, "thank God, I've never for one moment hated or despised you, unconscious Lois—my love and

my blessing shall follow you to the last! And as for me—

"What will it matter by and by whether my path below was bright, whether it wound through dark or light, under a gray or golden sky, when I look back on it by-and-by?"  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALICE RAYNER'S NEW YEAR.

A Toronto Vignette.

BY FLORENCE FAIRFAX.

"We needn't expect any New Year Callers so there's no use in wasting coffee and visits is lying out, and a good thing too!" cakes. The old superstition about *la jour d'un* said the Finance Minister, otherwise known as Alice, alias Molly, or with the "younger girls, in moments of insubordination, as Mrs Skinflint, Mother Cheese-parings, or other soubriquets indicative of school-girlishlike of economic science as applied to the practice of domestic cookery.

Local groans from short skirted members of the opposition greeted this proposition of the Finance Minister. Alice has made a proposition of compromise; she would provide the refreshments, some one might call, and it would look inhospitable not to do as everyone did on such an occasion.

"Alice expects her beau!" exclaimed sixteen-year-old Lucy, ungratefully deserting the leader of the opposition. "My rain-beau you mean, Lucy. Mr. Willet never walked home with me before he was so good as to give me the shelter of his umbrella last Friday in the thaw!" Alice replied good humoredly, and all parties having agreed to accept their sister's offer, the scheme was approved by their mamma, a mild and gentle lady, active in all home duties, but a sort of titular Governor-General over her daughters whose real functions consisted in registering the decrees of her Majesty. So after tea, which Alice has cheered by the addition of a dozen of crumpets, the girls, Marian, Alice, Evelyn and Lucy sally forth on a shopping expedition to procure the dainties for the entertainment of possible visitors on the morrow. For it was New Year's Eve. An anniversary sad as with echoes of the requiem are the Do Profundis to most men and women who have passed thirty, is the festival of festivals to the young who have never known a heart ache, whose treasury of hope is in the cloud- land of the future!

Alice Rayner and George Willet were both employees of the wealthy firm of Downs and Phinsley, wholesale publishers, Front Street, Toronto, but with a difference. George was the nephew of the wealthy senior partner Mr. Hiram Downs. Alice was employed as what, in theatrical language, might be termed a "supernary," sometimes a bookkeeper, sometimes a proof-reader, or filling the place of an absentee in taking account of stock, or tuing up an invoice. Her father Ephraim Rayner had died several years before in the service of the firm and Alice was glad to earn a few dollars a week to supplement the scanty home income to which all the girls contributed what they could.

Alice had a comfortable position in the firm. Mr. Downs was a little grumpy, especially at seasons when chronic gout and fine crusted old port wine insisted on their mutual incompatibility of temper; but his junior partner, Mr. Phinsley was a generous and kind-hearted man, although the oval dis- placed a cro won't to credit him with an extra share of those powers of fascination, exercised for business purposes, with which the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," has endowed Mr. Ouley Gammon. Sweet was his smile to teachers who came to subscribe to the *Schoolroom Sketches*, an Educational journal owned by the firm; if a school trustee visited the premises he was shown over them by Mr. Phinsley, who would piece his arm with affected playfulness round the great man's neck.

George Willett had charge of the book- room on the second flat, and Alice had a desk near his official sanctum. A friendly intercourse had grown up between them, not one that interfered with work in busi- ness hours, for both were sensible and con- scientious workers, but the kind word at

the beginning or ending of the day's toil or at recess time and noon. Then from the silent bindery up stairs, where some sixty girls were employed at from \$2 to \$3.50 a week, rose a babel of chatter, then Lucy Rayner, who was employed at odd and end jobs in the bindery would descend thence with a teapot and two cups to which a third was sometimes added for the benefit of George Willett, at the request of that gentleman. But on one occasion when George and the two girls were partaking of that innocent re- freshment, laughing as they talked in the sympathetic glee which is the freemasonry of youth, they were startled by the un- wanted arrival of Mr. Downs, who, in no gentle tones, desired George to remember his engagement to take luncheon with him at the club. From this time George and Alice never seemed to have a moment's talk together without being surprised by a visit from Mr. Downs, whose keen black eyes were bent on the young lady with a ser- vitude not a little embarrassing. But one day Christmas Mr. Phinsley had met a party of school trustees whom he was carrying to a ten cent feast of buns and coffee at a con- fectioner's. Mr. Downs was immersed in business details, and George thought he would like a chat for a few minutes with Miss Rayner. She was sitting at her desk, not attempting to work. She was very pale, and the tears fell thickly down her face. George could not help seeing it. "Dear Miss Rayner, may I not call you Alice?" he said, "I cannot help seeing your trouble, do let me share it. I feel in distress at seeing you cry, and perhaps after all it is about some- thing that may not be so bad as you think it." She told him that she had just heard a report that Mr. Downs intended to dispense with her services as the existing state of business compelled a reduction of their staff. Her sister Lucy had been ill with a low fever so common when the Jan- uary thaw comes in December. George comforted her with many kind words, and promised to use all his influence with his uncle to reverse the sentence he had given forth as to Alice's dismissal. "I find this work of running the *Schoolroom Sketches* too much for me and shall apply to my uncle for help, so cheer up, dear Miss Alice, better times will come with the New Year." Those were his last words as he bade her good bye at her mother's door, whither he had accom- panied her that she might share the protec- tion of his umbrella. Not much had passed between them, a walk against a head wind and beating rain is not favorable to free and unreserved conversation, but some- how Alice felt cheered by the consciousness that she was regarded with friendly inter- est, and returned with ready cheerfulness her sister's many jokes about Alice being es- corted by no less a personage than the nephew of the head of the firm.

But when Alice was alone that evening the reaction came; the thought suggested by her sister in just became a source of bitter depression. How good he had been to her in her bitter troubles, how gentle and noble he seemed in every day's work; it would not be his fault if their scanty means were less- ened by her dismissal from her employment; as for other thoughts, she set them aside as she looked at the mirror which reflected a petite figure, hazel eyes, a face with no pretensions and regularity of feature, but in its way winning and full of expression.

New Year's day came but brought no callers, and the coffee and cakes which had been prepared had been set aside for an early tea, when a loud ring was heard at the door, and presently Mr. Downs was ushered into the small and ill-warmed parlor. He asked to see Alice. When she came he told her in a not unkindly tone that his nephew George had spoken very earnestly to him of his need of an assistant in editing the *Schoolroom Sketches* and had suggested that Miss Rayner might with advantage be en- gaged to fulfil that duty. Mr. Downs had thought over the matter and had concluded to offer the position to Miss Rayner: the object of his present visit was to make the proposal to Alice and to show her a new of- fice which he had chosen for the editorial work of the paper.

Alice joyfully assented and put on mantle and bonnet. As they walked Mr. Downs rallied Alice a little on the duty of gravity of demeanor in her new position. "I don't want to catch you two editors of *Sketches* laughing and talking together in time that ought to be devoted to duty," he said. Alice inwardly resolved never again to "giggle or make giggle" during office hours. They stopped at a small but elegantly built

white brick house, with Queen Anne win- dows and Mansard roof, the hall door of which Mr. Downs opened with a latch key. Opening off the hall was a small room ar- ranged as an office, with the desks and all the paraphernalia of an editorial sanctum. All the furniture, even to the inkstands, pens and office knives, were quite new and of the best. "I shall leave nephew George to arrange about terms. When that is done you can see me in the dining-room. In spite of Dr. White this cold weather is a fair excuse to fill my glass again with some good port wine." He left the room. George entered. "Will you be my partner, Alice, not only in the editorial work, but for life and for all things? I have long watched your patient struggle with difficul- ties, your buoyant self help and cheerfulness, and I have said to myself with Ten- nison's Knight: 'Now by God's grace is this the moment for me!'"

No reply was spoken or needed. Alice laid her hand in his and looked with one happy, earnest gaze her acceptance of hap- piness. Then a visit to the dining-room, where Mr. Downs sat with a wineglass full of port before him and one leg propped in a chair as a precautionary measure against gout. The surprise had been of the old gen- tleman's contriving; he had long watched Alice's business-like habits and most heartily approved of his nephew's choice. After being kissed by her new uncle and having received his blessing in the shape of a cheque for a hundred dollars, Alice yielded to George's permission to take one look over the house, from the comfortable kitchen as new and neat as a toy, to the drawing-room, where Alice could not resist sitting down for a moment at the handsome grand piano. She played a few bars of Keble's hymn for New Year's Day:

"If thou wouldst reap in love,  
First sow in holy fear;  
So like a winter's morn may prove  
To a bright and endless day."

A Comfortable Pillow.

Here is a story of two girls. Their names were Annie and Nelly. While Annie was say- ing her prayers Nell trifled with a shadow- picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone she would talk to Annie. "Now, Annie, watch!" "Annie, just see!" "Oh, Annie, do look!" she said, over and over again. Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayer and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be out in just a few minutes. Presently Nell took to "bouncing, punching, and "Oh; dear- ing." Then she lay quiet a while, only to begin again with renewed energy. "What's the matter?" asked Annie at length. "My pillow" "tossing, thumping, knead- ing." "It's fat as a board and as hard as a stone; I can't think what ails it." "I can't see you what's the matter," said Annie; "there's no prayer in it." For a second or two Nell was still as a mouse, then she scam- bled out on the floor, with a shiver, it's true, but she was determined never afterwards to try to sleep on a prayerless pillow. "That must have been what ailed it," she whis- pered, soon after getting into bed again. "It's all right now." "I think that is what ails a great many pillows," said mamma, who had been listening all the time to the story, although we did not hear her open the door and enter the nursery, "on which restless heads, both little and big, night terrors and turns; there are no prayers in them. Nelly's remedy was the best, the only one." Prayer made the pillow soft, and then she sank to rest as under a sheltering wing.

Hasty Temper.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. An- ger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

A cheerful temper is like a grain of musk. It imparts its fragrance to everything that comes in contact with it, yet it always re- mains the same.

The common ingredients of health and long life are—  
Great temperance, open air,  
Easy labour, little care.



Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 23 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$1.00 per year. Advertising rates:—30 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months, \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrears is made, as required by law.

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letters. All postmasters are required to register letters when so requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCE.—Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post-Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

THE DATE AGAINST YOUR NAME on the address label shows to what time your subscription is paid.

THE COURTS have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, 60 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

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. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—60 cents per single line; one month, \$1.80 per line; three months, \$5.25 per line; six months, \$9 per line; twelve months, \$16.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

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Business in connection with any of our publications, or the Auxiliary Publishing Company, can be as well transacted with either of our branch establishments as with the head office in Toronto.

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Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and other large advertisers will advance their own interests by getting our estimates for any advertising whether for long or short dates.

Advertisements inserted in any paper published in Canada at publishers' lowest rates. As we pay "spot" cash for all orders sent to publishers, and the class of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other.

Publishers will kindly send their papers for filing regularly. Do not advertise till you get our quotations.

S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

S. Frank Wilson, of Toronto, is an energetic and enterprising publisher, and his leading journal, TRUTH (for he has more than one) is partaking of the spirit of its master. It is greeting the holiday season in a new dress and handsome title page. The literary department is to be fully up to the typographical one in merit, as several of the best writers in Canada have been engaged as special contributors. TRUTH is a manly journal, with a clean record and deserves to thrive.—Kingston Daily Whig.

TORONTO "TRUTH."—This popular weekly magazine came to hand last week in a new dress, presenting a handsome appearance with its artistic title page. TRUTH is progressive and has attained a position never reached by any other weekly magazine in Canada. For the coming year articles by some of the ablest and best known men in Canada will be a feature, while a number of serials of a high order of merit will appear during the year. TRUTH is published by Mr. S. Frank Wilson, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, at \$2 per annum.—Prescott Messenger.

TORONTO TRUTH.—TRUTH is now well recognized as the most widely circulated and best sustained weekly journal of its class in Canada. Each number contains 25 well-printed pages of choice reading matter, bound in a neat paper cover. Besides well-written editorial notes on current events, and a large variety of the best and most interesting literary and family reading, each week's issue will contain carefully written articles by some of the ablest and best known men in Canada, specially prepared for its pages.

TRUTH of this week contains special articles from Sir Francis Hincks, ex-Governor of Windward Islands, on the West India Trade with Canada; Hon. Neal Dow, of Portland, Maine, on the spread and success of Prohibition; Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D., of Metropolitan Church, on Moody's recent visit to Toronto; Dr. C. P. Mulvaney, Toronto, an article for ladies; original poems and much other valuable reading. Send 5 cents for a sample number. Subscribe for TRUTH. It will make a valuable weekly visitor to yourself or your friends. Only \$2 a year, or three months on trial for 50c. TRUTH would make a valuable and acceptable New Year's gift to your friends. Send your orders to S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

LANSING, Michigan, Dec. 11th, 1894. S. F. WILSON, Esq. Please accept thanks for the gold brooch in Bible Competition No. 12, and obligo much. ROSWELL BURR, P. O. Box 840.

TAMWORTH, 15th Dec., 1884. S. FRANK WILSON, Esq. I beg to acknowledge receipt by this day's mail of the watch awarded me in Bible Competition. Yours, etc., JAS. Z. CARROTH.

ORILLI, Dec. 2, 1884. S. FRANK WILSON. DEAR SIR, I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a brooch which I got in one of your competitions. I remain, yours truly, F. G. EVANS.

GLEN MEYER, Dec. 13, '84. MR. WILSON, DEAR SIR,—Please accept my thanks for the butter knife awarded me in the TRUTH Competition No. 11. It is much better than I expected. Hoping you will excuse me for not writing before, and wishing TRUTH every success, I remain, yours truly, LAURA A. DOANE.

BRANTFORD, Dec., 10th, 1884. S. FRANK WILSON, Esq. Miss Jessop wishes me to thank you for the cruet which was received last week. It is certainly nice, and if the plating is really good you deserve credit. Trust my book will come soon. Yours, W. F. STRANGWAYS, M. D.

HAMILTON, Nov. 5th, 1884. MR. FRANK WILSON, DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for prize in Competition No. 11, a solid rolled gold brooch, of which I am well pleased. Wishing you success in the future, Yours truly, JOHN PATTERSON.

PORT ROBINSON, Nov. 10, 1884. S. F. WILSON, Esq. DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of butter-knife awarded me in Bible Competition, No. 11. I am very much pleased with it. Wishing you every success, I remain, yours truly, ALMEDA ROCK.

RIVERBANK, Nov. 11, 1884. To the Editor of TRUTH. I wish increasing success to TRUTH. Nearly every mail I send one of your publications to some friend, with the hope of getting them to subscribe. W. HOLLIS.

ALBURNH SPRINGS, Vt., Dec. 14, '84. S. FRANK WILSON. DEAR SIR,—I received the brooch all right, which was the prize I won in Bible Competition, No. 11. Please accept thanks for the same; it is very pretty. Yours, Mrs. J. W. NILES.

24 Chatham St., KINGSTON, Nov. 10th, 1884. MR. S. FRANK WILSON. DEAR SIR,—I take this opportunity to acknowledge the brooch awarded me in TRUTH Competition, No. 11, which I received last week; I like it very much; also TRUTH, which I wish every success. Yours, etc., E. M. FULLON.

We publish the following letter, as it doubtless expresses the opinion of many of our competitors and readers:— BRANTFORD, Dec. 22nd, 1882. MR. EDITOR, DEAR SIR,—I was one of the competitors for the \$10.00 Original Prize Christmas Story, and was, like others

I suppose, a trifle disappointed at my defeat. But on reading Miss Montgomery's pathetic and beautifully written story, I do most heartily endorse your decision, Yours with Xmas wishes AGENT PRISCILLA.

The following is an extract from a letter by an Irish correspondent:—"We always watch for TRUTH with the greatest interest. The price is wonderful in value; I do not know how they manage to give such good ones. It seems to be the best paper I ever got from America."

LIST OF WINNERS OF THE MIDDLE REWARDS IN "TRUTH" COMPETITION, NO. 12.

Following is a continuation of the successful competitors in the middle rewards, competition No. 12:

- Chambers Dictionaries, continued.—403, Geo. F. Bell, 42 James St. N., Hamilton; 404, E. W. Garnett, Bethany, Ont.; 405, G. Flynn, Mountain Grove, Uden, Ont.; 406, Mrs. G. W. E. Clerihew, 110 Queen St., Kingston; 407, M. Foster, Omamee, Ont.; 408, Miss Ellic Fitzpatrick; 409, J. Shelton, Carlton Place; 410, Mrs. J. Wood, Cobourg, Ont.; 411, K. M. D. Howell, Comber, Ont.; 412, J. Dixon, Dresden, Ont.; 413, Mrs. J. A. Clark, Box 11, Maudan, D. I.; 414, W. A. Godfrey, Middleton, N. S.; 415, W. McCabe, Goderich, Ont.; 416, E. M. Wiloy, Princess St., Kingston; 417, T. W. Hughes, Brandon, Man.; 418, Mrs. Janice Gillespie, Berkeley; 419, John Montgomery, Kertch; 420, Ernest Norman, Eversley; 421, T. H. Latimer, Kimball; 422, William B. Crompton, Aspidin; 423, Albert Smith, Otter Lake, P. Q.; 424, Mary J. Holmes, Vennachar, Ont.; 425, Florence Pawnder, Millivan's Corners, Ont.; 426, A. S. Nash, Winger, Ont.; 427, Mrs. R. R. Anderson, Wilbur, Ont.; 428, Lydia McKim, Catarqui; 429, Sadie B. Irving, Manitowaning; 430 to 710.—Two hundred and eighty-one triple Silver-plated Butter Knives. 430, S. S. Dunsmore, Harmony, Ont.; 431, Lottie Stuart, Sunnyside, Man.; 432, David Reekie, Wilfrid, Ont.; 433, W. Blaiklenny, St. John, P. Q.; 434, Mrs. B. Smith, Otter Lake, Que.; 435, J. C. Macpherson, Box 83, Milltown, N. B.; 436, Mrs. Dandae, Greenwood, Antigonish, N. S.; 437, C. C. Henry, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; 438, Charlotte Le Broey, Georgetown, P. E. I.; 439, Mrs. A. J. Graham, Gorham, Coos Co., N. H.; 440, Geo. E. Faujoy, Round Hill, Greenich, N. B.; 441, Jessie Smith, Box 71, Truro, N. S.; 442, P. M., (Garden of Eden, N. S.); 443, Miss C. Barton, Newcastle; 444, Geo. B. Philans, Brockport, N. B.; 445, John F. Robinson, Spring Hill, N. S.; 446, Mrs. F. Bent, Oxford; 447, Capt. D. McDonald, Peaks Station, P. E. I.; 448, Mrs. Harrie Harrison, Murney, Man.; 449, Mrs. Forsyth, Halifax, N. S.; 450, A. H. Sanders, Milton, N. S.; 451, Angus McPherson, La Guerre, P. Q.; 452, Chas. L. Holden, Youngstown, Ohio; 453, Katie McDonald, Ludington, Mich.; 454, Lizzie E. Waterman, Camden, Ohio; 455, L. C. Koonty, Haines, Ill.; 456, Kate Chisholm, Brockville; 457, Wm. Russell, Richmond Hill; 458, A. Reeves, Alliston; 459, E. M. King, Cookstown; 460, Mrs. Stewart Acheson, Stratford; 461, Lucy G. Gould, Guelph; 462, Carless Yates, Mitchell; 463, A. J. Pell, Brandon; 464, Edward H. Rumbold, 406 Market St., Wilmington, Del.; 465, Mrs. Julia Burbour, Alpena, Mich.; 466, J. Locke, Lockport, N. Y.; 467, M. S. Mason, Bridgeport, Conn.; 468, J. M. Duggan, Winnipeg, Manitoba; 469, T. C. Carter, Montreal, Quebec; 470, James T. Rogers, Gorrie; 471, Mrs. Geo. Culbert, Erin; 472, Barbara McLean, Cannington; 473, Mrs. S. McCance, 332 Columbia St., Newport, Ky.; 474, Mrs. G. A. Hall, Van West, O.; 475, S. G. Sheppard, Box 24, Tedionte, Warren Co., Pa.; 476, Mary Hungerford, Strathroy; 477, Mrs. E. D. Ayers, Walkerton, Ont.; 478, M. B. Burbridge, Windsor, Ont.; 479, Mrs. R. R. Smith, Winona, Ont.; 480, W. Tew, Waterford, Ont.; 481, Mrs. G. P. Pego, Somerville, Mass.; 482, Mrs. S. R. Inzani, Napoli; 483, Mamie Buckley, Danburg, Conn.; 484, Mrs. M. A. Allington, 80 Seelye Ave., Chicago, Ill.; 485, Mrs. W. Pugh, St. George's Hall, Kingston, Ont.; 486, Mrs.

- A. E. Davis, Kettleby, Ont.; 487, Mrs. A. C. Pyle, Tamesville, Ont.; 488, Phil. Edward Clarke, P. O.; Ont.; 489, T. Hancock, New Toronto, Clarke P. O.; 490, George C. Brown, Paris Sta., Ont.; 491, Mrs. W. Greene, Paris Sta., Ont.; 492, Henry Pringle, Belleville; 493, Chas. Martin, Southampton; 494, Etta L. Zinkan, Southampton; 495, Susan D. Ellis, Rosedale, Ont.; 496, Abbe E. Eggman, Norwich; 497, Mrs. Millicent Harrison, Mildmay; 498, L. M. Jelles, Niagara Falls; 499, Mary Bawtinham, Brantford; 500, S. C. Chamberlain, Gravelly, Ont.; 501, Mrs. William Black, Cobourg; 502, John F. Gordon, Clayton; 503, Joseph F. Sutton, Cavan; 504, R. E. Clarke, Belleville; 505, Mrs. Fred Wright, Bowmanville; 506, Eliza Foster, Sharon; 507, W. E. Openshaw, Port Sidney; 508, Maurice Foster, Kettleby; 509, Stephen Perrin, Miramich, Ont.; 510, Annie Stewart, Vernon; 511, James Stewart, Whitewood, N. W. T.; 512, Thos. Lovens, Broadview, Manitoba; 513, Mrs. W. Palmer, Shellfish, N. B.; 514, Susan Masterton, 114 Nazareth St., Montreal; 515, Ada Cumming, Now Horton, N. B.; 516, Mrs. David Cannon, Paris, Ont.; 517, Mrs. R. Skinner, Niagara Falls, Ont.; 518, Jas. Cady, Kingsville, Ont.; 519, E. Thomas, Hartford, Ont.; 520, Geo. Wyllie, Elora, Ont.; 521, W. C. Boyle, G. T. R., Delhi; 522, A. S. Bowes, Toronto; 523, Jennie Kemp, Delhi, Ont.; 524, Mrs. A. Tredgold, Paris; 525, R. Bredin, Air Lib, St. Thomas; 526, Mrs. M. R. Lockhart, Victoria Ave., Hamilton; 527, Mrs. S. Henry, Stony Creek, Ont.; 528, Thos. Lacombe, 226, Queen Ave., London; 529, Beatrice Platt, 344 Clarence Square, London; 530, Caroline Beares, Clarke's Bridge, London; 531, Mrs. T. Storey, 235 Ontario St., Stratford; 532, M. A. Mossing, Georgina, Ont.; 533, J. Hawke, Mono Mills, Ont.; 534, M. McEachron, Sherbrooke, N. S.; 535, L. A. Harrison, Bond Harbor, Me.; 536, Kate McBride, Egbert, Ont.; 537, Mrs. A. Patterson, Brookholm, Ont.; 538, Clara A. Fraser, Springfield, Ont.; 539, L. Huntington, Westmeath, Ont.; 540, M. Murphy, Langton, Ont.; 541, W. J. Greer, Lake Dow, Ont.; 542, W. H. George, Tecumville, Ont.; 543, Mrs. J. Culley, Teesville, Ont.; 544, Elizabeth Gilmour, New Sherbrooke, Ont.; 545, Mrs. G. H. Patterson, Dominion City, Man.; 546, Nellie J. Gillivray, Smith's Falls, Ont.; 547, J. Rose, Smith's Falls, Ont.; 548, W. Major, Cape LaRonde, N. S.; 549, M. J. S. Bingay, Barton, N. S.; 550, Estio Nichol, West Selkirk, Man.; 551, Mrs. A. S. Gladwin, Musquodoboit, N. S.; 552, J. P. Graham, Windsor, N. S.; 553, Mrs. Phillips, G. T. R. Richmond, Que.; 554, Mrs. Geo. Taylor, Brooklyn, Quebec; 555, Annie E. Campbell, Mataguas Bridge, P. E. I.; 556, R. H. Langbridge, N. S.; 557, J. H. Frazer, Albert, N. S.; 558, A. M. McMillan, 404 King St. W., Toronto; 559, Mrs. H. McCaughy, 38 Conway St., Toronto; 560, Amie Green, Box 337, Cambridge, N. Y.; 561, D. M. Ross, Abilino, Kansas; 562, Mrs. A. Ferris, Ardock, Dakota; 563, W. Philbrick, Box 1, 374, Bedford, Me.; 564, Mrs. G. Hawkins, 166 Dufferin St. Stratford; 565, Albert Thompson, Remond Falls; 566, Mrs. Floyd Winters, Hal Valley, N. Y.; 567, Mrs. M. Prescott, Newport, Maine; 568, Mrs. L. B. Josse, East Fasselboro, Me.; 569, E. Miller, He Store, Va.; 570, Arthur Rende Revelle, Chicago, Ont.; 571, Wilber J. L. Car Gormley; 572, Andrew McNeish, Melworth; 573, Marian Evans, Port Ryan; 574, W. C. Boyle, Delhi; 575, Wm. McDelhi; 576, Mrs. E. D. Taylor, Bank Falls, Conn.; 577, Peter Skinner, Arripit, Ont.; 578, Mrs. Jno. Cameron, Minnedon, Man.; 579, R. H. Robertson, Portage Prairie; 580, Mr. J. J. Heckman, Lunenburg, N. S.; 581, Geo. Turner, Roseneau; 582, M. M. Tucker, Orono; 583, J. Arnold, 163 Division St., Kingston; 584, John Thomson, Gananoque; 585, E. Mills, River, Mass.; 586, John H. Lawns, Warrington, Fl.; 588, J. D. Smith, Mossa, Ont.; 589, M. McNeill, Wendigo, O., Ont.; 590, L. Baldwin, Vienna; 591, Mrs. E. Chace, St. Catharines, Ont.; 592, Mrs. A. M. Thompson, Paisley, Ont.; 593, A. Disher, Merriton, Ont.; 594, Fanny Mencke, Naticoke, Ont.; 595, Mrs. Je. Thompson, Arlewright, Ont.; 596, M. Lauder, Deer Park, Ont.; 597, Thos. Gifford, Glenburnie, Ont.; 598, Daniel Bell's Corners, Nepean, Ont.; 599, Mrs. Dixon, Omagh, Ont.; 600, Mrs. E. W. gan, Bell's Corners, Ont.; 601, J. Kenan, Ida, Ont.; 602, W. Armstrong, St. Bonif.

\$50,000.00!

THE

GREAT HOLIDAY BIBLE COMPETITION

NUMBER 13.

Your letter must be post marked where mail not later than the closing day of this competition which is February fifteenth...

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood Square Pianos. \$1,640
4, 5, 6, and 7. Four Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches. 400
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches. 400

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

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

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

FIRST REWARDS.

- First great reward will be given the sender of the first correct answer to the foregoing Bible questions. \$1,000 in gold.
2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos. 1,650
5, 6 and 7. Three fine toned 10 stop Cabinet Organs. 750
8 to 15. Eight Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting Genuine Elgin Watches. 1,170

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

Then after this list will follow the Middle Rewards which will be given in this way:— At the conclusion of the competition, (Feb'y 15th,) all the answers received will be carefully counted by three disinterested parties, who to the sender of the middle correct answer will be given number one a fine stylish trotting-horse and carriage. The next correct answer following the middle one will take number two, (one of the pianos). The next correct answer, number three, and so on till all these rewards are given away. Here you have the list in full.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- Number one. A fine stylish trotting horse and carriage. \$1,000
2, 3, 4 and 5. Four Square Grand Pianos, by a celebrated maker. 2,100
6, 7, 8, and 9. Four fine toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker. 2,100
10 to 20. Ten fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches. 1,000
21 to 32. Ten Ladies' fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches. 1,000
33 to 50. Eighteen Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services. 1,440
51 to 70. Thirty Double-barrel English Twist breach-loading Shot Guns. 2,700
71 to 110. Forty sets (10 vols. to set) Complete Chamber's Encyclopedia. 2,000
111 to 134. Twenty-three Gentlemen's Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watches. 600
135 to 160. Twenty-seven Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches. 540
161 to 350. One hundred and eighty-eight dozen sets of heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons. 1600
351 to 600. Three hundred and fifty Solid Plated Gold Brooches, newest design. 1,050
601 to 940. Three hundred and fifty-six copies of Milton's or Tennyson's Poem. 865
941 to 1254. Three hundred and fourteen Solid Silver plated Sugar Spoons or Butter Knives. 314

After these will follow the Consolation Rewards for the last comers. So even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete, as it is the last correct answers that are received at TRUTH office that takes these rewards. The plan is this,

Exchange Department.

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

A splendid violin, with bow and resin, for a good banjo. D. A. Grimes, Box 31, Nepton, Ky.

A small Newfoundland pup, for a good snare-drum in perfect order. DANIEL N. PIERCE, 143 Farwell Av., Milwaukee, Wis.

A handsome pair of buffalo cow's horns, for a good concertina, with 2 banks of keys and leather edges. JESSE B. BURKHAUS, Saratoga, La Moure Co., Dakota Territory.

Fifty foreign stamps (all different) and six (6) numbers of the Boy's Own Paper for a stylographic pen. Please address all answers to OLIVER PRINGLE, Cobourg, Ontario, Canada.

An artist's sketching camera, for a magic lantern with slides, in good order; 20 picture cards, for an Indian arrow-head; 25 for a spear-head. HERVEY A. SANDROD, Plattville, Grant Co., Wis.

A large collection of minerals, etc., for minerals, fossils, and curiosities not in my collection. All communications answered. ANTHONY CHAMBERLAIN, 284 Pavonia Av., Jersey City, N. J.

A violin and bow in good order and an automatic shading pen, for the best offer of old and foreign coins, foreign stamps, Indian and Mound Builders' Relics, etc. Address ALBERT E. KNIGHT, Dickinson Centre, Franklin Co., N. Y.

What offers for first 15 numbers and the 17th of Century Magazine; also Dr. Cowan's Science of a New Life, good as new, cost \$3, all in first-class condition. W. M., 204 Gerrard Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

Twenty foreign copper coins (all different), a Spanish silver 2-real piece, and 2 books in paper, for the best offer of a stamp album with or without stamps. HARRY BROWN, Niagara Falls St., Ontario, Canada.

Volume LVII of Youth's Companion and The Countries of the World (in 2 volumes), for the best offer of a steel-spoke rubber tire bicycle, 42-inch wheel, with brake, bell, and fixtures. Columbia preferred. J. M. VAN HERWEDEN, Flushing, N. Y.

One hundred varieties of foreign stamps, for a 24-cent of 1899, 20 for the 90-cent of 1899; 22 Internal revenue or 50 varieties of foreign stamps for the 24-cent Interior or 7-cent War. DAN. L. DORSET, 237 Central Av., Indianapolis, Ind.

A font of new short type, 3 dozen cards with your name on, a nice dictionary, and an instrument for enlarging drawings, for the best offer of a printing press, type, or anything suitable for a boy. GINO F. FORSTER, 377 E. 20th St., New York City.

Twenty-five postmarks for 2 arrowheads, 50 for a spear-head; 2 fine specimens of quartz, iron pyrites, and 75 postmarks, for an Indian tomahawk; minerals, postmarks, and cards, for Indian relics and minerals. A. PALACZYK, Castleton Cor., Staten Island, N. Y.

A good fishing-rod with 3 joints and 50 pretty picture cards (no two alike and in good condition), for a printing-press, a scroll saw, or something else that is useful. All communications answered. EARLSTON, 1426 S. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Penn.

RARE STAMPS:—A large and rare collection to dispose for good offers in any line. Japanese and German collection very complete. Make your offer and name your stamp. No stamps taken in exchange. A pair of 104 in. Acme Club caskets, also, to dispose of Address Box 231, Markham P. O.

A book entitled Nebraska and the North-West, in good condition, and Hand Book of Business, and a cabinet photograph of the Lincoln Monument, for a small printing press and outfit in good order. Accepted offers answered. E. M. LATUAM, Arboville, York Co., Nebraska.

Advertising cards, tobacco tacy, pieces of silk, satin, or plush, and toilet-mats made of Java canvas or butchers' linen embroidered to order, for shells (not more than 2 of the same kind), minerals, Indian relics, or any curiosities suitable for a cabinet. All must be in good condition and labelled. JOSEPHINE MAY, Box 235, East des Moines, Polk Co., Iowa.

One hundred rare foreign stamps, (no duplicates) from Venezuela, Jamaica, Hungary, New Zealand, India, Brazil, South Australia, U. S. of Colombia, Mexico, Victoria, New South Wales, Sandwich Islands, Honduras, and Cuba, and 1600 postmarks (no duplicates), for a polytypicon in good condition. E. F. TOWN, Carlstadt, N. J.

Alphabetical Puzzle.

The following original little puzzle has been sent us by Mr. A. W. Herdman, of Big Island, N. S. Perhaps some of our readers may like to amuse themselves by attempting its solution:—

- January, These three letters form a word meaning to shake.
February,
March,
April,
May, An ingredient of soap,
June,
July,
August,
September, A heavy clumsy fellow
October,
November,
December,

What to Leave Out.

It is quite impossible to read everything, to go everywhere, to see everybody, for all of which opportunities offer, without losing in this rush of life the power to take a distinct impression. Now to hold one's self susceptible to impressions; to keep one's self in rapport with select and sympathetic currents, to be responsive to the finer and subtler influences, is to hold the key of the situation. It is often the book we do not read, the entertainment at which we do not assist, the individual we do not see, that does the most real good. Life becomes deteriorated and miscellaneous if it is not subjected to the severe scrutiny of selection, a matter of which it is easier to preach than to practice. Over-possession is the fatal endowment of modern life.—(Lilian Whiting.)

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

There's no trouble about twisting the tail of a sleeping bulldog. The disagreeable part comes when you let go.

Nerviline, What is it?

Poison's NERVILINE is a combination of the most potent pain relieving substances known to medical science. The constant progress made in this department of science points upward and onward. Nerviline is the latest development in this movement, and embodies the latest discoveries. For neuralgia, cramps, pains in the head—external, internal, and local—Nerviline has no equal. Expend 10 cents in the purchase of a sample bottle of Nerviline and be convinced of its marvellous power over pain. Sold by druggists. Large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists.

"Ignorance is bliss," said a pedantic know-all to an old soldier. "Then, you ought to be very thankful for the blessing God hath bestowed on you," replied the veteran.

Cold feet and hands are certain indications of imperfect circulation of the blood. Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters promotes the circulation, keeps the bowels regular and induces good health. Large bottles at 50 cents.

25 ELEGANT CHROMO CARDS, NO TWO ALIKE, with your name printed neatly on them for 10 cents. E. H. HOHDEEN, 135 River St., Toronto, Ont.

GEO. ROGERS.

346 YONGE ST.

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

GEO. ROGERS,

346 Yonge St., Cor. Elm.

JAS. HICKEY,

Merchant Tailor & Clothier,

230 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

WARRANTED VISITING CARD ALIKE THE HAND USED IN THE BEST OF CRYSTAL. YOUR NAME BEING FULLY WRITTEN IN THE LIGHT BY THE USE OF A CHROMO-CARD. GROUP W. JACKMAN, N. W. 10th, Ont.

THE STENOGRAPH.

A SHORT-HAND MACHINE.



New York. C. E. Cady, Met. Business Coll.
Philadelphia. Thos. M. Flerey, Bus. Coll.
Baltimore. Bryant, Stratton & Sallier, Coll.
Washington, D. C. Spencerian Business College.
St. Louis. W. M. Carpenter, Business Coll.
Chicago. E. F. Brown, 173 La Salle Street.
Milwaukee. H. C. Spencer's Business College.
Pittsburg. A. M. Martin, Stenograph Sch.
Buffalo. J. C. Bryant & Son's Bus. Coll.
Providence. Stowell's Business College.
Omaha, Nebraska. Stripe & Davis, Stenograph Sch.
It is taught in about 40 other Business Colleges in the United States.

C. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor TRUTH, 33 Adelaide St., Toronto, Canada.

# \$20,000!

## 'Ladies' Journal' Bible Competition. No. 9.

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

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

### THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where are HORSES first mentioned in the Bible?
2. Where are CATTLE first mentioned in the Bible?

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

### THE FIRST REWARDS.

1. Six Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin ..... \$ 600
2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker..... 500
- 3 and 4.—Two Grand Square Pianos..... 1,000
- 5 and 6.—Two Fine Toned, 10 Stop Cabinet Organs by a celebrated firm..... 500
- 7, 8 and 9.—Two Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Services—six pieces and One Five O'clock Tea Service..... 300
- 10 to 15.—Six Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and 8 in setting Genuine Elgin Watches..... 600
- 16 to 21.—Five Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches..... 450
- 22 to 30.—Ten renowned Williams' Sewing Machines..... 600
- 31 to 40.—Ten Gentlemen's Solid Hunting-cases or Opened faced, Coin-silver Watches..... 300
- 41 to 45.—Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant designs..... 200
- 46 to 50.—Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons..... 400
- 51 to 55.—One Hundred and Thirty Elegantly Bound Volumes of Teanyson's Poems..... 300
- 56 to 60.—Two Hundred and Ninety well-bound copies of Word's Cyclopaedia a library in itself..... 570

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

### MIDDLE REWARDS.

1. Seven hundred and fifty Dollars in gold coin..... \$ 750
- 2, 3 and 4.—Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker..... 1,800
- 5 and 6.—Two Fine Toned Cabinet Organs, by celebrated maker..... 750

- 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four Ladies' Solid Gold stem winding and stem setting Watches..... 400
- 12 to 17.—Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea Urns..... 300
- 18 to 20.—Fifteen Elegant, Heavy Black Dress Patterns..... 500
- 21 to 25.—Twenty elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns..... 240
- 26 to 30.—Ten Pairs Fine Lace Curtains..... 100
- 31 to 35.—Thirty Quadruple Plate Cruet Stands..... 300
- 36 to 40.—One Hundred and Sixty-seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches..... 500
- 41 to 45.—Three Hundred and Forty-three beautifully bound volumes, Shakespeare's poems..... 1,425

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

### THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin ..... \$ 500
- 2, 3 and 4.—Three Fine Grand Square Pianos..... 1,500
- 5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker..... 750
- 8 to 10.—Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Services..... 300
- 11 to 15.—Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting case genuine elgin-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 800
- 16 to 19.—Seven Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns..... 500
- 20 to 25.—Forty-one Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns..... 442
- 26 to 30.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated Tea Spoons..... 300
- 31 to 35.—One hundred and forty elegant rolled gold brooches..... 500
- 36 to 40.—One hundred and ten fine silver plated butter knives or sugar spoons..... 110

This altogether forms one of the most attractive and reasonable plans we have ever seen. The aim of the proprietor of the Ladies' Journal is of course to increase his circulation. In fact, he says so, but adds that he also hopes to encourage the study of the Bible, but frankly states that this part of the plan is not his sole aim, and goes on to explain that he has lost so much money by dishonest agents, and has spent so much in valuable premiums to encourage them to send large lists, that hereafter he has decided to give all these things direct to subscribers, for answering these B.B.'s questions. Aside from the rewards offered you are sure to be pleased with your half dollar investment, as the Ladies' Journal consists of twenty pages of the choicest reading matter, and contains the sum and substance of many of the high priced fashion papers and magazines published in the States, and all for the low price of half a dollar, or one year's subscription. It also contains two pages of the newest music, short and serial stories, household hints, Fashion articles by the best authorities, finely illustrated. In short it is about the best monthly publication we know of anywhere for fifty cents, and is as good as many at a dollar. Be sure to remember that everyone competing must send with their answers fifty cents by post-office order, scrip, or small coin. They therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards as fifty cents in the regular yearly subscription price to the Journal. The competition remains open only till fifteenth February next, and as long as the letter is post marked where mailed either on the day of closing, (15th February) or anytime between now and then, it will be in time and eligible to compete. You answer this promptly now, and you may doubtless secure one of the first rewards. If you answer anytime between now and fifteenth of February, you may secure one of the middle rewards, and even if you answer on the last day (15th Feb.) and you live a good distance from Toronto, fifteen days being allowed after date of closing for letters to reach the office from distant points, you are almost certain to secure one of the consolation rewards. At all events we most heartily recommend it, and trust many of our readers will avail themselves of this excellent opportunity of securing at once an excellent publication and a possibility of a piano, organ, gold watch, silver tea set, or some other of the many rewards offered. The address is Editor of the Ladies' Journal, Toronto, Canada. Don't delay attending to this but do it now, and you'll not regret it, you may depend.

### Life In the Present.

A "live" man respects the nineteenth century. He does not think that wisdom died out when its eighteen predecessors departed. His eyes are not in the back of his head. He reads books, but he studies men. Great poets have, for the most part, passed their lives in cities. "Never write a page," said the late Lord Lytton to a young London author, "till you have walked from your room to Temple Bar, mingling with men and reading the human face."

The men who make their mark on the age are those who know it, and sympathize with its life. A professor in a theological seminary confessed that for half a century he had read more Latin than English. He failed to impress his students, for he was obsolete, even while facing them.

Guizot says that Shakespeare's success is due to his masterly knowledge of his own age and country, and to the fact that he wrote in a spirit of loyalty to them both.

Raphael went about Rome and Florence seeking faces and attitudes worth reproducing upon canvas. Curran studied law during the day. At night he studied men in the coffee-houses of London, selecting those which "were most fertile in game for a character-hunter."

Napoleon's boast was, "I know men." He disguised himself that he might talk with sailors and fishermen. When he wished to study some great subject, he would gather about him those who were authorities on it, and set them arguing with each other. When he said, "Good-night, gentlemen!" he knew all about the matter that was worth knowing.

Walter Scott would talk with any one who would talk to him. He visited the fish-market at Billingsgate, in order to learn the dialect of the fisherwomen. His novels are read to-day because they are true to life, though they are called romances.

Students who confine themselves to the past are as dead, so far as serving their generation is concerned, as the eras they love. They are almost sure to mourn over the present and to distrust the future. The former days are to them better than these, and the future is likely to be worse than either.

Professor Phelps, in his instructive and interesting "Men and Books," tells a suggestive anecdote about two clergymen, which illustrates the difference in character between the student of books and the student of men. The two ministers, who had been classmates in the seminary, met after a separation of twenty years. Each had a fair measure of success.

"I have had a hard life of it, but I enjoy a hard life," said, in a cheery tone, he who had lived among his brethren. "It pays to have a hard life. I have such a glorious trust in the future!"

"I have had a hard life too," said the other, who had lived in the dead past, speaking in a mournful tone. "I try to endure it patiently, but I shall be glad when it is over. The future looks dark, and I look to me. My chief satisfaction is in the past."

This man says Professor Phelps, "was weary and foot-sore from walking backward. A few years later he was gathered to his fathers, with whom his mental life had been buried for twenty years." His friend still lives, enjoying his hard life, not growing old, but keeping his heart young that he may do good work for the men with whom he loves to associate.

The past has its uses, but it is no place for a man to live in. The apostle of Burmah, Adoniram Judson, was an old man when he died, full of good works. But his wife, "Fanny Forrester," thirty years his junior, said, "He was the youngest man I ever knew." He kept himself young by his faith in God and his hope for him.

An office boy attended at an English revenue office on the last day for paying income tax. "I've come to pay Mr. B.'s tax," said the youth, putting both arms on the counter. "I suppose you allow the usual two and a half?" "No, my boy," said the inspector, gazing benignantly through his spectacles at the small specimen of humanity. "There is no discount here." "Very well," replied the small boy, "then I'll pay it this time, but my instructions are to close the account." "We think that I'll will prosper."

### An Interesting Game for Young People.

In looking over my desk I have come across a game which has given considerable amusement to little folks' meeting at our houses. I found the hint in an old paper some time ago, and carried out the idea for myself. The game is called "Plantations." Some person says, I plant such a thing—say an Indian bow—What grows from it? Answer. Arrow-root. The questions must be so constructed that the answer will be something in the vegetable kingdom. I enclose my copy as I got it up for a party of children.

yours respectfully,  
L. S., PETERBORO.

PLANT.	WHAT GROWS UP.
An Indian bow?	Arrow-root.
A set of surgical instruments?	Bone rot.
A deer's antlers?	Buck-wheat.
A sword or dagger?	Blood-root.
A single gentleman whose wardrobe needs repairs?	Bachelor's buttons.
Unkind words?	Bleeding-heart.
An old hen?	Chick-weed.
A young horse?	Colt's foot.
A kitten?	Catnip.
A lady's tippet?	A fir tree.
Loving words?	Hearts-ease.
Solomon?	Sage.
A watch?	Thyme.
A dude?	Coxcomb.

### The Desire of Money.

When once the desire of making money outside and in excess of the need of spending it takes possession of a man and becomes his ideal of happiness, he has abandoned all chance of the reality. He will never have enough—never! The desire of wealth is like that of fame, of place. Get to the top of this near peak, which seems to you to be the ultimate of your ambition, and which, when won, will land you on the pinnacle of your hope, and you will find that others still higher and farther, will reveal themselves before you as points to be gained. If you do not gain them, then have all your previous success been in vain, and you are relatively no better off than when you began.

Professor Blackie says: "There is nothing a student ought to be more careful about than the sound condition of his flesh and blood."

"Outsells all other blood purifiers. I hear customers say it cures when other medicines have failed," says J. F. Belfry, druggist, Shelbourne, of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Intellect in a weak body is like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller will convince you that it has as equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you.

Health must be earned; it cannot be bought.

Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no bene it until she tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed, and her rheumatism cured. There are limitations of this medicine for sale; see the wrapper for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

A Complete Revolution in the state of stomach harassed by Dyspepsia is caused by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Bitters, or great blood purifier, a medicine specially adapted to renew healthful action in that organ and in those which most closely cooperate with it, the bowels and the liver. Easy digestion, an increase of appetite, a free secretion of bile, mark the radical change which it produces.

The weaker the body is the more commands; the stronger it is the more obeys.

SOME may think that Burdock tea would be as good as Burdock Blood Bitters, but the latter compound there are a dozen other medicinal medicines equally as good as Burdock for Blood, Liver and Kidneys.

The fate of chess-player, New Orleans ed when at five years ago he went to E ment by his chess-players Among his mental conc which blindfo time. He y tagonists. T nounced it an it has been c But an Eng was playing mind, which prolonged st recorded the toxiated with played eight tined the ex for weeks. Suddenly h fever, from th covered. Ho chess board, l For years h New Orleans, self, but never There is a fi says: "He hardeneth his royed." The referring to m no such limita It emphasizes ong delayed eeds not the boy or his so either he whi ins against hi Some funny phone-lines occ go a young f here he is en and rang up th The connectio blood inquired "Yes, George, ou alone?" "as down" there uth there, do ith my darlin, d unbuckle th her mouth," s Miranda; and i ass by. And farther about alky mare so dwise a man to eck of an obst as it, and hol words of love i e nearest lam rl, who mixes se, smiles b mcerred. Occupation What a glorio e human heart don yield to ben grief sits e mournfully feels ong spirit is sl becomes ou w upon you d e wares, wreat her seek, by rk waters that 2 a thousand e life always pe hose waters w e birth to fres er and holier i tests the path tacle. Grief, ing, and mos ds himself to wh. I lunge w-men. you want kn if you want fe on want pleas



Despising Warnings.

The fate of Paul Morphy, the once famous chess-player, who died a year or two ago at New Orleans, recalls the warning he received when at the height of his fame. Twenty-five years ago, when he was but twenty-one, he went to England, and created astonishment by his success in defeating the leading chess-players.

Among his wonderful feats of memory and mental concentration was the playing, while blindfolded, of seven games at one time. He vanquished six of his seven antagonists. The world of chess-players pronounced it an unparalleled exploit, although it has been equalled since then.

But an English paper warned him that he was playing a dangerous game with his mind, which would suddenly snap under the prolonged strain. Mr. Morphy's friends seconded the warning, but his ambition, intoxicated with success, controlled him. He played eight games blindfolded, and continued the exhausting and irregular strain for weeks.

Suddenly he was smitten down with brain fever, from the effects of which he never recovered. He lost control not only of the chess board, but of his own actions.

For years he was seen in the streets of New Orleans, smiling and talking to himself, but never conversing with any one.

There is a familiar Hebrew proverb which says: "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed." The proverb is usually quoted as referring to moral retribution. But it has no such limitation.

It emphasizes the suddenness with which long delayed retribution attacks one who heeds not the warnings given either by his body or his soul. The one law asserts that neither he who offends his brain nor he that sins against his spirit shall go unpunished.

Telephonically.

Some funny things happen on the telephone-lives occasionally. Several evenings ago a young fellow repaired to the store where he is employed, after working-hours, and rang up the residence of his sweetheart. The connection was made, and the young blood inquired, "Is that you, Miranda?" "Yes, George dear," came the reply. "Are you alone?" "Yes, darling." "I wish I was down there." "I wish so too." "If I were there, do you now what I would do with my darling?" "No, George." "Well, I'd unhook the crupper and put some dirt in her mouth." "Oh, you brute!" cried Miranda; and now they never speak as they pass by. And the man who was talking so farrier about the best plan for starting a balky mare says that anybody who will advise a man to put his arms around the neck of an obstreperous horse, and hug and kiss it, and hold it on his lap, and whisper words of love in its ear, ought to be hung to the nearest lamp-post; while the telephoner, who mixed the conversation on purpose, smiles blandly on all the parties concerned.

Occupation the Remedy for Grief.

What a glorious thing is occupation for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and pompfully feeds upon its own tears, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles beset upon you dark and heavy, toil not with waves, wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you to a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of those waters will fertilize the present, and the birth to fresh flowers that will become fiercer and holier in the sunshine which penetrates the path of duty in spite of every shade. Grief, after all, is but a selfish thing, and most selfish is the man who dedicates himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy or happiness to his fellow-men.

One of Mary Anderson's dresses in Juliet is of trailing gold samite still with gold embroidery, shot tunic heavily fringed with gold, puffed sleeves of gold and crimson velvet, and crimson velvet cap. She looks best, however, in the flowing robes of white linen made after the fashion of the twelfth century.

W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was so badly afflicted with Kidney and Liver Complaint that his life was despaired of. Four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

Disease is not a consequence of life; it is due to an unnatural condition of living; to neglect, abuse or want.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe says: "The formation of all intellectual and moral worth must be laid in a good healthy animal."

Consumption is Scrofula of the Lungs and is often incurable, but the Scrofula from which it arises may be cured by the purifying alternative tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Professor Tyndall says: "Take care of your health. Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat; what can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft."

O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario Co., N. Y., writes: "I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have had asthma for eleven years. Have been obliged to sit up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly all night on a feather bed, which I had not been able to do previous to using the Oil."

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Sitzer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers through out the United States and Canada.

A little kindness goes a good ways. Have You Tried It?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Balm, the grand specific for all summer complaint, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and local complaint.

It is foolish to be obstinate over trifles. STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, picture frames, jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc.

Faith is the medium between despair and preparation.

For Life.—Sixteen miles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

Good luck must come to these who nobly earn.

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

Fretting does a good deal of mischief and never yet accomplished any good.

Briggs' Genuine Electric Oil.—Electricity beats the brain and muscles, in a word it is nature's tool. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

A tart temper, like other evils is apt to sour whatever it comes in contact with.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

Instead of complaining of the thorns among the roses, we should be thankful there are roses among the thorns.

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

The Queen of Holland can be seen any day, dressed in black, walking on the public streets, accompanied by a single lady.

What is it that makes me hale and stout, And all my friends can't make it out, I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

Florence Marryatt was recently asphyxiated by escaping coal-gas in her sleeping-room at Toronto, and it took more than an hour to revive her.

What makes me laugh when others sigh No tears can ever bedew mine eye, It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

The grave on the left of the cut is of black undressed kid, for evening wear, with an open work lace-like top embroidered in.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill, Pray, do not try a doctor's bill, But take a dose of Briggs' Life Pills.

Words of Warning and Comfort.

"If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer

If you are simply ailing, or if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters will surely cure you.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will most surely strengthen you.

If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating without intoxicating, if you are old,

blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you new life, health, and vigor."

If you are costive, or dyspeptic or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your

own fault if you remain ill. If you are wasting away with any form of kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a—cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of, a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—Malaria, Epidemic, Bilious and Intermittent Fevers by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough skin, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath and health. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. How? inquired the first lady.

"By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe."

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile poisonous, stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

All the year round Burdock Blood Bitters may be taken with good effect upon the entire system, but especially is it required in Spring and Fall for Biliary troubles and Bad Blood.

There's no possibility of exaggerating the importance of restoring and caring for the body of man.

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

God pities where mortals only blame.

A. Lough, of Alpena, Michigan, suffered twenty years with Dyspepsia and general debility, but found permanent relief in Burdock Blood Bitters,

Dr. SPROULE, M.A.,

Member Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland; member King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland; Licentiate in Midwifery, Bachelor of Medicine, Paris University, France; member of the Imperial College of Surgeons and Physicians, of Bengal; Medical Doctor, London University, England; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario; late Surgeon Royal Navy; late Commissioner on Cholera and Fevers, India; Staff-Surgeon Indian Medical Civil Service; Foreign Corresponding Member of the Vienna Institute of Science; Author of "Cholera and Fevers, in relation to diseases of the heart and lungs;" "Health and Healthy Homes in Canada;" "Practical Hygiene for general readers;" "What can we do till the Doctor comes," etc. Correspondence by letter solicited on all legitimate diseases. Office and residence 81 Lippincott Street, Toronto.

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Millinery & Fancy Goods

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A fresh supply of Laces and Winter Goods just arrived. Orders promptly attended to.

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Ladies' Reclining a Specialty, Mattresses Re-made, &c.

All kinds of Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed.

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A new photographic scene, the first of its kind in town just received at

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CABINET PHOTOS \$2 PER DOZ. UP.

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At Lowest Summer Prices, for Prompt Delivery

Best Beech and Maple ... \$5.50 per Cord

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Best Bright Pine for house use, by carload ... 2.75 "

All sizes of Hard and Soft coal, Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Coal and Society Prices for prompt delivery.

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Toronto Window Shade Co.

Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated

Oil-Finish Cloth Shades

And Spring Rollers for Dwellings, Etc.,

Young People, I have come, given considerable meeting at our, t in an old paper, t out the idea for, d "Plantations," such a thing— grows from it, questions must answer will be kingdom. I ear up for a party of, tfully, s, PATERNOBO. HAT GROWS UP. w-root. cot. wheat l-root. elor's buttons. ing-heart. c-weed. s foot. ips. tree. ts-case. ne. omb. sonoy. making money, need of spend man and become, has abandoned. He will never desire of wealth. Get to the h seems to you in ition, and which, n the pinnacle of find that others will reveal them, to be gained. I have all your pre and you are rela hen you began. "There is not more careful about of his flesh and l purifiers. I have n other medicines Belfry, druggist food Bitters. is like gold in ves' Worm Exte u that it has a Buy a bottle re you. d; it cannot be t and Broadway, two years through every remedy, l no bene it is electric Oil; s satisfaction the entirely removed. There are law for sale; see the ric Oil. care of his health, s to take care in the state epia is caused by's Vegetable Diet, a me list healthful nut which most close vels and the fire e of appetite mark the radi is the more co is the more burdock tea was ood Bitters, but are a dozen oil is good as Burd 1978.



A New Hampshire shoemaker makes squeaky shoes to order and has all the work to do. They are ordered by men who have pews near the pulpit and pay to come in late.

Yes you can get something to stop the cough "Pectorals" will do it in no time. Try Pectoral. It cures falls The Great 5 cent Cough and Cold Cure

**How Would it do?**

This bad weather requires a remedy. It seems as if the whole responsibility should rest on Vennor and Wiggins, for we had some kind of weather before they appeared upon the scene. How would it do to string them up? Would it make things better? Another hint of importance—don't hang on to your corns as weather indicators. Better string them out root and branch. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will do it quickly, painlessly, and with certainty. Don't buy dangerous flesh-eating substitutes. Get Putnam's and no other.

Hooey and bustles will be all the fashion again next spring, and six fashionable women will once more manage to occupy all the room in a street car.

**A New Way to Pay Old Debts.**

Shakespeare tells how this can be accomplished in one of his immortal plays; but debts to nature must be paid on demand unless days of grace be obtained through the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is not a "cure-all" but invaluable for sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, consumption, and all other diseases of the pulmonary and other organs, caused by scrofula or "bad blood." Scrofulous ulcers, swellings and tumors are cured by its wonderful alterative action. By druggists.

Opium and sawdust enter largely into the ingredients of the cigarette, and these things were never known to have any bad effect on the soft-headed class who smoke cigarettes.

**Don't Wear Cumbersome Trusses** when our new method without use of knife, is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture. Send two letter stamps for references and pamphlet. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

An Indiana husband who is seeking divorce claims that his wife scalded him with the teapot on eighty-four different occasions. There are some patient men in this country.

Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed combines French Brandy, Jamaica Ginger, Smart-Weed and Camphor Water, the best possible agents for the cure of diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery or bloody-flux and colic, or to break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

The bread baked at Naples is the same size and weight and shape as was baked 6,000 years ago, but we are glad to learn that street beggars are a new generation.

**Cataract—A New Treatment:**

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Cataract. Out of 1,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioners are benefited, while the patent medicines and other so-called cures never record a cure at all. Sir... with the claim now generally believed... the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the humor, M. Dixon at once effected his cure to their astonishment; this accomplished the cataract is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cured effected by him four years ago he cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure cataract in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured cataract. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure the majority of cases being cured at once treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on cataract—Montreal.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has come to the conclusion that too much dignity injures a man's character and chances. He should have just enough to keep him level when a lurch of the street car throws a 210 pound woman into his lap.

A friend thinks that the winds must be great mathematicians because they sigh forever.

There is a curious diversity of taste among smokers as to the kind of pipe they prefer. Some like the clay pipe best, others prefer the "bar room", others again the meersaum, some must have their pipe well seasoned before they can enjoy it, others again must have a new pipe and throw it away whenever it becomes a little old. But though this diversity of taste among them is curious it is not at all curious that there is substantial unanimity among them that the "Myrtle Navy" brand of Meersaum, Tackett & Son is the genuine article.

An Italian Count has offered to marry an Ohio girl, if her father will come down with \$50,000 in cash, but the old man thinks that he will wait for a cheaper bid from an American "Hon."

**Young Men! Read This.**

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

The female base ball club of Philadelphia is now in New Orleans, and the girls are receiving so many offers of marriage that the organization will probably fall to pieces.

Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Syrup should be in almost every family in Canada, it is one of the best and safest cough remedies known. In large bottles at 50c.

**TRON GALLOWAY & Co.,** Cotton, Woolen, Silk, Cashmere and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont. **\$75 TO \$300 AND EXPENSES A MONTH GUARANTEED TO AID IN CURE OF EYES.** Glasses FREE. Send stamp for reply. W. A. MONTH & CO. Toronto, Canada.

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SEND \$1.00 for Gaskell's Compensium and learn to write well. W. COOKE, Harlow Ark. U. S. A.

**NINETY SEVEN ARES—THIRTY DUSH PINE** oak, etc. timber from B. Sanford, worth timber worth attention, would sell timber separate, soil, well, orchard, never-failing spring, wood, etc. terms easy. Apply to H. SANFORD, Cedar St., Hamilton, or A. K. NARAWAY, Echo Place.

**FREE** by return mail. Full description of Wood's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting, PPOF MODY or onto, Ont.

**FOR SALE—AT A BARGAIN—OR WILL TAKE** in part payment term of city property for nearly new car and land in small station on main line, Canada Southern Railway, west. Apply Box 151, London.

**PRIME FOR SALE \$600.** ONE-THIRD (ASH) balance easy terms. 150 acres, partly in 20 20 concession 2, township Yarmouth, county Kent, Canada. All acre cleared, balance well wooded. 1000 ft. creek, good orchard, address, Mrs. ELIZABETH TETZEL, Opera P. O. Cor. V. Terrace, Hamilton.

**FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR FIRST-CLASS** Ontario Farm or city property, 640 acres of land in Kent District, "The Garden of Southern Manitoba" of which half is broken and broken this season, 300 acres, which is all ready to sow the seed on in the spring. The first crop will more than pay the price for land. Terms liberal. Address Box 151, London, Ont.

**FOR PLEASANT SEWING**—USE ONLY—Clapperton's Spool Cotton!

Warranted FULL length, and to run smooth on any sewing machine. See that CLAPPERTON'S name is on the label. 25¢ For sale by all Dry-Goods Dealers.

**Compound Oxygen.**

H. LINDSAY, GROCER, 60 KING STREET West, Toronto, writes—Have suffered for years with Dyspepsia; felt great distress after eating, and not at bed or in sleep; thought there was no help for me that I must suffer while I lived; was induced to try Compound Oxygen at 73 King Street West; at the end of three weeks could eat any food I wished, and gained six pounds; have now taken one month's treatment and feel like a new man altogether; no more of my complaint, which has troubled me every winter for years.

**VIRGINIA FARMS GREAT** HARGAINS in lands of all kinds. Catalogue free. New Map of Va. etc. H. L. STAPLE, Richmond, Va.

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The most convenient meal for farmers in their own season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for one. W. W. CLARK P. O. Box 20 Montreal.

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King Street, East, Toronto. Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

**FREE** A book of 100 pages on "Cure of the Heart" sent free by the Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J. Hand stamps for postage.

**CONSUMPTION** I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by which thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so many are cured in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE to either with \$1.00 ASH TRIFLE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and I O address. DR. T. A. SHOCLER, 141 Fourth St., New York.

**R. U. AWARE** THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red tin tag, that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Muffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

**RUPTURE.** EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS, with a Special Spring; the best ever invented. Took ten years to perfect. Cures every child, 8 out of 10 adults. Holds the work firm, during hardest work, or money refunded. 25 years' practical experience. Circulars free. Address, THE EGAN IMPERIAL TRUSS CO., 23 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, Ont.

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**The Albert Toilet Soap Co's** ARE UNSURPASSED FOR Purity and Excellence.

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**YORKSHIRE CATTLE FEEDER** FOR fattening and bringing into condition, Horses, Cows, Calves, Sheep and Pigs. THE YORKSHIRE CATTLE FEEDER is used and recommended by first class breeders. Milk Cattle produce more milk and butter. It fattens in one-fourth the usual time, and saves feed. Price 25 cents and \$1 per box. A dollar box costs 10 Feeds.

**HUGH MILLER & Co.,** AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTS 107, King St East, Toronto. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

**JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF** It is the only preparation of the kind which contains all the nutritive elements together with stimulating properties of beef and the element which has the power to supply a nutriment for brain, and bone, and muscle.

**MERRIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,** MANUFACTURERS OF: Finest Electro Gold and Silver Plate. New York, Merriden (Cl.), Chicago, San Francisco, London, (Eng.). BRANCH FACTORY—Cor. Cannon and Wellington Streets, Hamilton, Ont. TRADE MARK. 1517 Rogers Bros. A1. MARK.

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**Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.** Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Lew. dunderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F. to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information, apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore, J. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John's N. F.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allan, Mac & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

**Dominion Line of Steamships** Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from:

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Toronto,	Dec. 4	Toronto, Jan. 11
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Rate of passage: Cabot, Quebec to Liverpool, \$50.00; \$65.00 Return; \$90.00, \$110.00, \$140.00, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate rates, \$30.00, \$40.00, \$50.00, \$60.00, \$70.00, \$80.00, \$90.00, \$100.00, \$110.00, \$120.00, \$130.00, \$140.00, \$150.00, \$160.00, \$170.00, \$180.00, \$190.00, \$200.00, \$210.00, \$220.00, \$230.00, \$240.00, \$250.00, \$260.00, \$270.00, \$280.00, \$290.00, \$300.00, \$310.00, \$320.00, \$330.00, \$340.00, \$350.00, \$360.00, \$370.00, \$380.00, \$390.00, \$400.00, \$410.00, \$420.00, \$430.00, \$440.00, \$450.00, \$460.00, \$470.00, \$480.00, \$490.00, \$500.00, \$510.00, \$520.00, \$530.00, \$540.00, \$550.00, \$560.00, \$570.00, \$580.00, \$590.00, \$600.00, \$610.00, \$620.00, \$630.00, \$640.00, \$650.00, \$660.00, \$670.00, \$680.00, \$690.00, \$700.00, \$710.00, \$720.00, \$730.00, \$740.00, \$750.00, \$760.00, \$770.00, \$780.00, \$790.00, \$800.00, \$810.00, \$820.00, \$830.00, \$840.00, \$850.00, \$860.00, \$870.00, \$880.00, \$890.00, \$900.00, \$910.00, \$920.00, \$930.00, \$940.00, \$950.00, \$960.00, \$970.00, \$980.00, \$990.00, \$1000.00.

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**THE MODEL** Washer AND BLEACHER.

weighs but a pound. Can be carried in a small van. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned within 30 days. \$100.00 NEW WASHING MACHINE FOR ITS SUPERIOR Washing made light and easy. The clothes have the pure whiteness which no other machine can give. No rubbing required, no friction, no injury to fabric. 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE WAS REDUCED to \$25.00, and if you found another, money refunded. See what the "Canada Free Press" says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and varied advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap from the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid C. O. D. Send for circular.

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