

M

Crith

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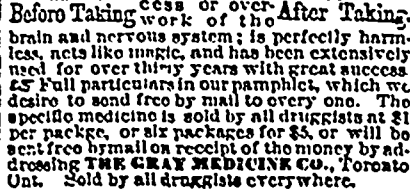
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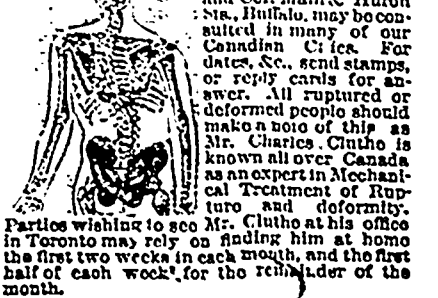
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NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 167.

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A Very Liberal Offer for New Subscribers, and of Interest to Present Subscribers to Truth.

Some little interest has been manifested in the Bible Questions offered for solution during the last few weeks, and, as a great deal of satisfaction was expressed by the recipients of the handsome silver watch and other prizes offered, we want more of our readers, and every one else, to study up the Bible, the best of all books, and in order to encourage this study, we offer the following valuable prizes for correct answers to the subjoined questions:—

1st PRIZE.—One Gentleman's Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, genuine American movement, ordinarily retailed at from \$65 to \$90.

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The above prizes will be given to the first seven persons giving the correct an-

swers to all of the following five questions:—

1.—The shortest verse in the Old Testament.

2.—The shortest verse in the New Testament.

3.—The number of Books in the Bible.

4.—The number of Chapters in the Bible.

5.—The number of Verses in the Bible. The Apocrypha is not included in the term "Bible."

The following are the conditions attaching to this competition:—

Each competitor must, with his or her answers, enclose \$2, for which TRUTH will be sent to any desired address for one year. Mention also must be made of the paper in which you saw this notice. Competition is open to old or new or non-subscribers. In the case of old subscribers, their term of subscription will be advanced one year.

Each question must be answered correctly to secure a prize.

The first seven persons sending correct answers to all the five questions will win the prizes.

The competition will remain open till New Year's day. The names of the winners will appear in TRUTH of January 5th, 1884.

No information beyond what is contained herein, will be supplied to any competitor. Now we want to give these valuable watches to some one. Who will be first?

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

The proposal of Lord Dufferin, made years ago, in regard to setting apart a public domain about Niagara Falls met at the time with a general approval, and it appears now probable that before very long the people will be able to enjoy this grand natural wonder without so many annoyances and impediments as at present. The intention is to appropriate a liberal quantity of land on either side of the river for a distance about the Falls, and clear it of all its incumbrances, so that "nature unadorned" may appear to the best advantage. The commissioners for New York State are about completing their work, and last week at an official meeting the formal resolutions were passed locating the Reserve. It begins some distance above the Falls and embraces a strip of land of from 200 to 300 feet wide along the river, as far down as the Upper Suspension Bridge. Of course the State will take possession of this, the present owners will be paid, and their business moved elsewhere. On the Canadian side similar action will probably soon be taken, and the work will be pushed on to completion. Niagara will become more popular, and a greater resort than ever before, when the Grand Park scheme becomes finished. It will be the work of years, but the public must patiently wait for the good time coming.

The Free Trade party in the United States evidently feel that the election of Mr. Carlisle as Speaker of the House at Washington is a victory for them. The new Speaker has been considered a free trade Democrat, but it is just possible that, like many another Democrat,

his convictions on all debatable questions may hang somewhat loosely upon him. He certainly made a very compromising speech before taking his new position. The Iowa Free Trade League are preparing an address of congratulation to present to him, and intend to urge that steps towards a thorough reform of the present United States protective tariff be taken at once. The anti-N. P. party in Canada are evidently taking considerable comfort out of the fact of the election.

The time for the municipal elections draws near, and the professional wire pullers are at work to induce the electors to bring the grist to their mills. In Toronto and some other localities the wire-pulling politicians are urging that party politics should govern the election of municipal councillors. In Ottawa certain interested ones, it is reported, are urging that church leanings should be allowed to govern the choice, and in Montreal the cry will be to stand by one's nationality. So on it goes all through the country. Men who have axes of their own to grind, and who want the grind stone turned at the public expense, are usually ashamed to let the fact be known, and so some popular cry is raised, such as it is hoped their dupes will listen to. In all conscience, what ought party, or creed, or nationality to have to do in the election of trustworthy business men to look after the business of our streets, and lanes, and the score of other things that every municipal tax payer has an interest in having economically and well done? The tax payers of the country have been unmercifully fleeced, over and over again, by the men who have rode over their heads into place and power on the strength of some party or some sectarian cry.

Gentlemen tax payers and burden bearers, don't be fooled that way this year! Look to your own interests, whoever you are, and elect good, honest, fair minded men from among your neighbors, — such men as you could safely trust with your own private affairs. Send the wire-pullers off about their own business,—if they have any other business than feeding at the public crib, and TRUTH can assure you things will be managed all the more economically and all the more satisfactorily, because of your wise determination.

Some of the Canadian papers are inclined to indulge in considerable humor over the recent remarks made by Lord Lorne in regard to the salubrity of the climate of Canada, remembering that the Princess was away from the country fully half her time, seeking a more healthy climate for herself. TRUTH never believed that the climate had honestly much to do with the absence of the Princess, and it is quite possible that the Marquis knew that it was but a polite excuse for her awkward absence. The climate of Canada has developed as healthy a class

of ladies as can be found anywhere,—and gentlemen too. Lord Lorne does not hesitate to advise his country men to go to Canada, and take their wives with them, to stay, though his wife did not find the climate,—or something else, here, always very congenial to her feelings. It would be better for us if it was well understood that Princess Louise did not find it necessary to leave Canada because of its less healthy climate,—or if her physician advised her to go on that account she certainly was not well advised.

A political "rogue's gallery" appears to be one of the next fixed institutions in connection with Canadian party warfare. In view of the pending elections, west of us, several well-known political wire-pullers are having their movements very closely watched. A few days ago an active politician quietly disappeared from the streets of Ottawa, and at once a dozen or so copies of his portraits were mailed to party men in Middlesex or Simcoe, so that the culprit could be detected on sight. Are we to have a regular system of political detectives?

If one half that the leading party papers are telling can be relied on, there is now in existence a class of political scallawags flourishing, whose principal business is to go from county to county for the purpose of corrupting the electors whose votes may be required at pending elections. TRUTH is slow to believe that things have sunk to such a low level as that with us; but if they have not, then the prominent party papers are lying as basely from day to day as the most contemptible Arab ever did.

It is the fashion just now for the papers here and in other large cities to raise a great outcry against the telegraph and other poles and wires so prevalent in the streets. "Let them be buried underground," is the cry; "they are a perfect nuisance overhead, and the evil grows worse and worse." Matters are getting in a bad shape in this respect, undoubtedly, but TRUTH is much inclined to doubt if it would be much abatement of the evil to have the wires all buried under the streets. The fact is that the underground of our streets is now pretty well occupied by drains, sewers, water-pipes, gas-pipes, and the like, and the demands for such space increase every year. Would it be well, under the circumstances, to tear up our streets afresh for the wires, with the probability staring us in the face that almost every week they must be torn up again to accommodate additional wires, or to make such changes as business necessities almost every day demand? In many streets pavements have now to be too frequently torn up, in consequence of what is already buried. May it not be as well to endure the evils we have as to rush into others we know not of?

There has lately been broached the idea of having cheap concerts during the winter months. Nothing could be better. There is plenty of first rate musical talent in Toronto to make them a success, and at popular prices, such as ten or fifteen cents, they would be financially as well as otherwise sure to be successful.

It is said that a good many young Englishmen are starving up in Winnipeg. Most of them, it is to be feared, are no'er-dowells of their families, who have been shipped off from home in the hope that they might be able to do something for themselves in the great North-West. For such Winnipeg is about the worst place imaginable. There they have found plenty of drink and idle worthless associates, and the end need not be wondered at, when that end is beggary and starvation. One is mentioned for whom a good Samaritan three several times bought a passage ticket for England. Twice it was sold for drink, and on the third occasion the wretched young fellow cursed his benefactor because the ticket was only a second class one. What can be done with such creatures? If they be the natural product of an advanced civilization so much the worse for the civilization.

After all the old plan of heaping coals of fire upon some people's heads answers best. It is not worth while to bother over the foolish malignant misrepresentation of such folks. They want to make a fuss and be sensational, and yet they will take a quarter at any moment from the very persons whom they have done their very best to insult and malign. The check of such fellows, however, is immense. If they can't beg or borrow it would not be safe to say that they would not steal. All right. Go at it if you don't hurt yourselves, it is all but impossible for you to hurt any other body.

There is every likelihood of the present being a very hard winter upon working men in all parts of this Continent. In Chicago alone it is calculated that fully 50,000 men will be out of employment. In Canada there is every likelihood of a similar state of things prevailing. The boom has passed, and the inevitable recoil and collapse have come. If people would only go quietly and live within their incomes, there does not seem to be any reason why there should be dull times at all. Of course bad crops cannot be prevented, but still if in the times only a greater amount of rigid economy were practised the temporary evil could be tided over without much difficulty.

The Australian Colonies are talking of Confederation. They want to annex New Guinea and the New Hebrides, and Lord Derby says that a good many difficulties in that direction would be removed if they became one strong Confederation.

Wives are often very convenient, especially for bankrupts. They get all the bankrupt's property, especially in houses and other real estate safely deeded to them so that the creditors cannot touch a farthing. After that they keep the poor little dears of destitute husbands.

There are some of this most disreputable class to be met every where. The last flagrant illustration of the iniquity is the Craig case, in connection with the Exchange Bank. The wretched man has actually stolen and swindled, and the wife keeps her grand house with all the accretions.

The United States Government is sending back to Britain the pauper emigrants which have been dumped out in the country during the season. This is as it ought to be.

Craig the defaulting Bank Manager has for a good while past been speculating largely with the Bank's funds. A good many others, it is to be feared, are doing the same thing. Can this sort of work not be prevented?

The Canadian Pacific Railway Syndicate has reduced wages all round. There is great discontent and threats of a strike. But that would be in the last degree foolish. Better reduced wages than none at all, and the Company could easily get all the work they wish at the wages offered. It may be bad to have ones' wages docked. But better half a loaf than no bread.

There are lots of nuisances in the East End of the city. What with cow byres, cattle and pig pens, slaughter houses, soap factories, and other abominations, the citizens in those regions must have lively times, and strong olfactory nerves to stand it all.

Is this threatened jubilee of the city's corporate existence not something like a screaming farce? Is it not likely to degenerate into a mere job, with the useless expenditure of many thousands of dollars which might just as well be thrown down the lake? Who cares for a book with all the portraits, and plates of public buildings, and a great deal of useless speech making and worse than useless guzzling? Before all the play is played out, thousands of dollars will be spent, not only of what is voluntarily subscribed, but of what really belongs to the citizens. What the mischief has any of the Aldermen a right to squander any city money on their nonsensical pranks? Willie McMurrich and Arthur Boswell may make guys of themselves if they please, but let it be at their own expense, and the grand book with its frothy declamations, which is to hand down to posterity names born to be forgotten, may be got up as a private speculation by any enterprising printer that pleases; but as a city affair for the honor and glory of Toronto it is not worth a dollar of any man's money.

If what is written in the London Times about the condition of Nihilistic prisoners is true, or half true, the whole civilized world will cry shame over the abominable iniquity. The treatment of the Neapolitan State prisoners which drew forth Gladstone's celebrated pamphlet, and aroused the whole world to a perfect tempest of indignation, was comparatively nothing to that to which both men and women, but especially women, are subjected in Russian prisons. For its own sake the Russian Government ought to

afford every facility for thoroughly testing the truth of the statements.

It is said that an agitation for annexation to Britain has been begun in Egypt. This is just what might have been expected, and it will be what the whole thing will end in.

Every where the talk is the same; workmen either out of work altogether or operating on short time, with the prospect any day of being turned to the street. In Hamilton, in London, in Brantford, and all over, the same thing is found prevailing. The look out for the winter, especially if it should turn to hard frost, is pitiable for multitudes.

The following receipt for the composition of a first-class scandal is not bad:—Take a grain of falsehood, a handful of rumour, the same quantity of nimble tongue, a sprig of the herb backbite, a teaspoonful of "don't you tell it," six drops of malice, and a few drachms of envy, add a little discontent and jealousy, strain through a bag of misconception, cork it up in a bottle of malevolence, and hang it up on a skein of street yarn; shake it occasionally for a few days, and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, the desired results will follow. Altogether that's fairishly good.

The last week has been a wild one in the political world. There has been racing and chasing with a vengeance. Many strong words have been uttered, much strong water swallowed, and a good few dollar bills, it is to be feared, pocketed. Each side has protested that every one of its friends was perfectly above suspicion. It was only the other side that was incurably wicked. That the result of the contest has not satisfied all, may go without saying. That it has fully pleased any is more than doubtful. Still, the world will manage to get along whoever may happen to represent West Middlesex, and the shutters will not be put up on the Provincial windows, whether Mowat go or stay. Nobody is quite indispensable, whether he be a Premier or only wants to be one.

The Boys Home has been undergoing repairs and enlargement on such an extensive scale that it may be said to be a new building. The lady managers want to have it furnished as soon as the enlargement is completed. Among other things they want 75 iron bedsteads, at \$5 a piece. Not a doubt of it they will get all they want, and more. Some gentlemen have already pledged themselves for ten bedsteads each. Let others go and do likewise. This is a charity about which there is no humbug. The citizens know all about it. There may be some hesitation about giving money or clothes for the benefit of those who, according to some accounts, spend most of what they get in whiskey. This, however, is not the case with the Boys Home and its inmates. Now then, send in your fifty dollars, and if you can't fifty, at least send five. It will be a pleasure to you to know that one weary little mortal, who may grow up to be a good citizen of Ontario, rests his limbs on a bed which your

money has purchased. Come, it will be the safest and best investment you have made for many a year.

Nor is it only the Boy's Home which ought to be remembered practically in those dull, short cold winter days. Toronto has many charities equally deserving. Let them all get something. There is no use of the charitable throwing away their money by giving to every plausible tramp who says that he is hungry. All who are tolerably comfortable ought to bear in mind that with very many this winter, the look out is very blue, and that it will take every available farthing to enable individuals and charities to pull through. Don't allow any old clothes to lie merely to be consumed by moths. Send them all to any of the places mentioned in TRUTH a week or two ago. They will all serve some good purpose by helping to keep somebody a little warmer. And surely every one of you knows some decent, struggling family that is trying to get along without public help. Why not interest yourselves in such? It would do your own hearts good, and it would cheer others in the somewhat trying battle of life they have to fight.

There is no use of you husbands trying to get out of liability for your wives debts. You can cry down the honest woman's credit, by publishing far and near that you will pay for nothing not ordered by yourself. Otherwise you will have to pay. Why, man alive, your wife is part of yourself, better even than an agent. An old hunk of a farmer tried lately to get out of his responsibility, but it was no go. He wanted to repudiate his wife's purchases of household necessaries, part of which it was proved he himself had eaten. Think of that, the old scaramouch. Served him right to have him cast with costs, both in the first instance and on appeal. There are some people so mean, and at the same time so hard hided and so hardened faced that there is no possibility of making them ashamed.

The university at Edinburgh, Scotland, is going to celebrate its 300th anniversary by spending thirty thousand pounds on additional buildings. This is something like the thing. To be sure a 300th anniversary does not come often.

Good teachers are not over numerous. Quite the reverse. And they are not so encouraged as to make it worth their while to continue in the profession. They are continually dropping off to other employments. And who can blame? A few dollars less of salary will often cause the dismissal of a competent teacher in favor of one practically useless. If good teachers are to be encouraged to make teaching their life work, they will need to be better treated and better paid.

"Our Fritz" must have had a good time in Spain. He staid longer than was expected and, barring the bull fight with its abominations, seems to have enjoyed himself.

Sir William Taylor Thompson, for many years the British Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Persia, has by his will left £30,000 to the university of St.

Andrews, in order to found bursaries for students of both sexes in equal numbers. He wishes the lady holders of such bursaries to seek especially to qualify themselves for the medical profession.

It has been sensibly suggested that in teaching geography in schools, the maps should have all the railroads as well as rivers laid out, and that the sources of such railways and the towns upon them, should be quite as much made matters of education as the rivers or the mountains. By all means, why not?

So, after all, it seems not to be the fact that the British Cabinet is divided about the policy to be pursued in reference to the extension of the franchise, and so forth. At least so Mr. Chamberlain, the President of the Board of Trade has been saying. Some will be pleased to hear this. Others, of course, will not. Tastes so differ.

President Arthur's Message has, in general, been well received. The fact is Arthur has made a much better President than was expected. He runs a good chance of re-nomination.

It seems to be a bad time for the banks, and for some at any rate of their officials. The rascals connected with these establishments seem more than usually numerous and active. The result is that most of bona fide investors are fighting shy of them all round. In all the deals going lately there has perhaps not been one genuine transaction or any actual change of money. The bulls and the bears have had it all to themselves. The unfortunates already in, of course, have had to see their property made ducks and drakes of, but no outsiders have rushed into the puddle. Those who have bought on margins have been very prettily fleeced, and yet nobody can have very much pity for them. They expected to get other people's money, and they have simply lost their own. The doings in the Exchange Bank which are coming to light seem to have been even more rascally than were at first expected. A manager of a bank has great opportunities, and the hastening to be rich seems often too strong for their honor or honesty. Craig seems to have been a supreme rascal, but what of the Directors? Weren't they what they were for the very purpose of looking after the manager and every one else? But it is the old story. People's money disappears into some sanctimonious rascal's pockets, and then there is the outcry "we had such confidence in him!" That might be, but you ought to have watched him all the same.

There is always every now and then what is called a "fistic exhibition" in this city. It is simply a way taken by brutal dead beats to raise the wind. How it comes about that what are called respectable newspapers give long accounts of such doings is more than TRUTH can make out. Very possibly their constituencies lie largely in those sections of the community chiefly interested in boxing and general blackguardism.

The Chinese war is very popular in France. The French think they will

have an easy job of it. A sort of a march out and a march back again, as it were. That may be, but it may not, with the chances of the "not" being considerably in the ascendant. Before all the play is played out there may be another story to tell. And why should there be war anyhow? What is there in the quarrel which might not be settled easily and speedily if there was any honest desire for fair play, and a just settlement of the dispute? Nothing that any sensible man can see.

Here are the lessons for one evening given to be done by little boys from 5 to 8 years old of the lowest division of the model school-boys who two or three months ago had never written a stroke or tried to make a figure, and could neither read or spell the simplest words. It is the same thing every night. And all that needs to be said is that the teacher who could give such lessons to such children must be a fantastic fool, or the system requiring such things must be an incurably absurd and rotten one:

3424	43215		
8764	58764		
5426	64346		
6343	45675	62342-78497	
4256	32135	60134768767	
5744	76546		
6388	33417		
4667	67563	710610669768	
6784	56758	436485468896	
7463	85673		
5769	76587		

It may be all very well to say that this is nothing. It is nothing to those who can do it. To those little boys newly started in sums and spelling is simply despair.

The palace of the Legislative assembly of Belgium has been burnt, and the famous library containing many rare books and documents has been destroyed. In Ontario there there is no famous library to be destroyed, but there is a growingly valuable one, which it would be a pity to see destroyed or swept away, and which is every day far more in danger than the Belgium one was. They are old, shabby, inconvenient, and not a singly portion of them are fire proof. If they were to be burnt as with all the care taken of them they at any moment may be, the loss to the country would be simply irreparable for any quantity of documents in the Crown Lands Department could not be replaced. If Mr. Mowat had some four or five years ago taken the bit between his teeth and gone for new buildings, however some foolish people might have grumbled, the thing would have been done by this time, and every body would have been satisfied. He lost his chance, however, and now he has more important, though not quite such pleasant, things to attend to.

When one quotes it is always desirable to do so correctly. There is a well-known passage so often referred to as to have become a common place, "It is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, it will serve." Some one lately took the trouble of printing this, and within inverted commas too, as if it were "as wide as a church, and deep as the sea." This makes nonsense. The reference is to a wound, and the "church" gives not the slightest idea of its width, as the "sea" gives no notion of a wound at all. The church is solid and the sea is

not like a wound supposed to be hollow. If one will quote let him be accurate.

A good deal is being said about the condition at present of the London poor. It is no doubt very bad, yet it is never to be forgotten that it is better than it was twenty and still more sixty years ago.

Just let anybody try to realize the amount of double distilled idiocy involved in anybody setting the following questions which were actually asked in England to try the acquirements of boys of 12 years of age, who were candidates for scholarships in the Public Schools:—

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE. Paper 1. Explain briefly the terms, Democracy, Oligarchy, Plutocracy, Pessimist, Anachronism, Swedenborgianism, Free Trade, Reciprocity, Jingoism, Verve.

2. Write the names of six of Sir Walter Scott's novels and give a brief account of some of them.

3. Contrast the action of a horse and a cow in rising from a recumbent pasture and of the chaffinch and blackbird in flying.

4. We read that the anchor lost by Columbus in his third voyage to the West has lately been dug up by a gentleman in his garden in the Island of Antigua. How could this be?

5. Mention some fact connected with each of the following names:—Genserio Mansolus, Diogenes Michael Scott, Lord Bacon, Ravalliac, St. Ivan the Terrible, Louise Michel.

6. Examine the value of the statements. (1). That the same thing on the fire in the grate puts it out. (2). That a poker thrust into it makes it burn. (3). That a poker placed over an expiring fire will revive it. (4). That fire burns brighter in frosty weather.

7. What is a patent? Mention some useful patents. Can you have a patent for a book? What is a patent error?

8. Explain what is meant by Crusted Port, A. 1, Old Dresden, Alkaram, an Heirloom, Nepotism. The survival of the fittest. Abrasiop of the cuticle.

9. If a shrivelled apple be placed under an air pump and the air exhausted the apple gets plump. Explain particularly how this occurs.

It would be difficult to find anything more abominably nonsensical than the above. Still in Canada we can do pretty bad things in this line as well. Think of a school book published in Montreal as one of a series and adorned with such appeals as "Encourage Home Industry," having such lessons on history as the following, which is simply taken on the opening of the book and not so bad as some of the rest. Lesson XIV. What is meant by the English Revolution? Who was the first Christian Emperor in Rome? What Countess aided in the coronation of Bruce, and how was she punished? What was the Amphictyonic Canal? Who wrote the Pilgrims Progress? When and where was he born? Who was William Pitt? What Athenian orator lived in the time of Philip of Macedon and opposed him? When did Peter the Great begin to reign? In what battle was James IV. of Scotland killed? What poem describes that battle? Who was the Old Pretender? Where did Sir Walter Raleigh live? Heaven help

the wretches who had to go on to Lesson XXI. of the same stuff, and worse.

In Arkansas a majority of the electors may banish liquor from within a radius of three miles of any church or school house, and on this question women may vote. It goes without saying that there are many towns in which liquors are not openly sold. In all the towns the license fee is high and in only a few can a man keep a bar if he is unable to pay \$1,000 for license papers. The State demands \$300 for the privilege, and most of the counties require from \$300 to \$500. The towns may make the terms as high as the voters please. This is sensible and shows that Arkansas is bound to go ahead.

A good many seem to forget that there cannot be a greater rudeness than to interrupt another in the current of his discourse. The fact is undoubted, but at the same time it is to be remarked that some are such intolerant talkers that they never give any other person a chance, and that such fellows, whatever their sex, are the better of a little rudeness now and then if it would only teach them to cultivate "the silences." Yes, you abominably wretched talkee-talkees, take the hint and when you have gone on uninterruptedly for three-quarters of an hour, pause for a moment to see if any one else of the company has a single remark to make.

It is said that wedding presents are not nearly so numerous or so valuable as they used to be. TRUTH sincerely hopes that such is the fact. The whole system is one of hypocrisy and black mailing. By all means let the relations and friends of the bride and bridegroom make their presents as valuable as they please, but why expect ordinary acquaintances to pony up? They don't like to appear mean, but nineteen twentieths of the contributors detest this whole affair and wish it were with all other nuisances sent down the sea.

It is a detestable habit, and one far too common to turn acquaintances and friends into ridicule, and excuse the whole by saying that it is only their small innocent foibles that are made fun of. Young man and young woman, if you are ever tempted in that way, TRUTH advises with all honesty to resist the temptation and flee from every thing so unworthy and so discreditable.

There is at present going on a great discussion about giving further help to Toronto University and University College. If it can be shown that such assistance is needed and that the funds have been administered honestly and economically, why not?

Men cannot be too careful as to their making promises of marriage, and women have need to take as good care about believing and acting on these promises. Gail Hamilton thinks that all such promises should be voidable without expense till the very last moment. Far better be without a husband than be in misery with one all one's days. A forced marriage can never be happy, and the women, after all, ought on no consideration to allow themselves to be led astray by such pro-

mises. A promise is not a performance, and if all women would bear this in mind and act accordingly it would save a great deal of trouble and life long sorrow. Mind, girls, an honorable man would never seek to seduce the woman he loves or, indeed, any woman. Mind that, and act upon it. It will save much trouble. If that is only kept fully in view any high spirited girl would never wish to hold a man to his promise when he wished to back out of it. It is because of the ruin he has been allowed to work that the trouble generally comes in and marriage comes merely to hide shame.

In all quarters cases of defaulters because of gambling in stocks are turning up. How can it be otherwise? Young fellows see their superiors doing this and making great hauls. Naturally they think that if it is right for these big wigs it cannot be wrong for themselves. No doubt a well known banker, who is understood to have been very successful in buying on margin, says that those who do not know the inside track should not dabble in shares. Very true. But it is the same as saying that he ought not to play with dice unless he knows that they are loaded and how.

Mr. G. W. Ross, the new Minister of Education, has of late been getting it hot and heavy. He is this bad and the other bad. He has no education. He has not a University degree, and a great deal else. Well he may be a thoroughly educated man all the same. The fact is, that it is greatly to Mr. Ross's credit that he has honestly and pluckily brought himself up from being a poor boy to what he is to-day. All honor to George.

It is curious and distressing to notice how both French and Germans are talking war. Both are counselling peace, but all the while the programme seems to be, "Do you bite your thumb at me?" "I bite my thumb." Can't they let one another alone? The world is sad and miserable enough without two great nations flying at each other's throats like wild beasts.

Now, these Fisk Jubilee Singers are nice people, and their singing is very fine and all that, but it is to be hoped that they will at last get actually away to Europe. They have been saying so for such a length of time, that one scarcely knows what to believe about them. The dodge of "positively the last time" has been played by these folks in Toronto. They should remember that they profess to be religious people and are therefore expected not to resort to the questionable dodges of strolling players or wandering showmen.

The agitation over further help to University College still goes on. The friends of denominational colleges are foolishly sanguine if they think they will ever get back the state grants they had a few years ago, and equally foolish if they think they will prevent more help being given to a Provincial Institute when it is actually proved that it needs it.

There is something simply dreadful in the way certain speakers bore their hearers at public meetings. It seems as if

everybody thought there would be special delight felt and special profit received by listening for a long time to their frothy, foolish talk. It is said that there are some who will talk a couple of hours, when half a dozen others are on the programme. Well, that is quite too awfully horrible. The man who does that deserves to be drowned like a puppy dog. But there are others not quite so bad, and yet they will go on talking for an hour by the clock, when they might see all the while that their hearers are dead tired and anxious for them to stop so that another man might be heard. A sensible man told TRUTH the other day, when congratulated on his growing popularity at public meetings, that it all arose from his making his speeches short. "I don't," he said, "now speak above a third of the time I used to, and there is the consequence." Exactly so. Oh, ye bow-wow bores, whether with or without a handle to your names either before or behind, take TRUTH's advice and "cut it short." You can't conceive how much more popular you would soon become. Aye, even Reverend bores might profit by the suggestion if they would only make their pulpit prelections shorter, and drive them more firmly together.

It is not possible to speak too strongly of the state of the streets and back lanes of Toronto at the present time. The whole system of cleaning, if ever there were any, has evidently broken down, and the inevitable muddle is the result. The ashes are not removed from the back lanes, the greatest thoroughfares have been mud all over, and are never touched except by a few poor old men with inverted spades. What is to be the result? Nobody could venture with certainty to say. Only let the Torontonians, for any sake, not brag.

So Mayor Boswell is to have another term of office. Why shouldn't he? It was very likely the fact that he was "counted in," but he has not made a bad first magistrate as things go. By all means let him walk the course without putting the city to the bother and expense of an election. By-the-by, would it not be well to oblige every voter to say at which polling place he means to vote, so that there may be no opportunity of personation or fraud. TRUTH thinks there ought to be only one vote allowed to each voter, however much property he may have. It is not the property that votes, but the men.

Who is that man in Canada whose record, according to the *New York Herald*, is so fishy? He does no work and he confesses that he owns no property, yet he lives in style, keeps horses, servants, and all *galore*. He was engaged, it seems, in the swindling upbreak of a bank in Boston and has such a hold on the wealthy perpetrators of the fraud that to keep him from "peaching" they are glad to supply him with all the money he wants. Who is he? TRUTH fears there are too many of the kind for this one to be easily recognized.

The growth of Manitoba, in spite of all draw backs, may be seen from the following statistics:—In 1871 there were in

all Manitoba 15 schools and 816 pupils. In 1881 there were 128 schools with 4,919 pupils, and this year there are over 250 of the former and over 10,000 of the latter. The education given is a great deal better than it is in Dakota.

President Arthur in his message refers to the Mormon difficulty. That difficulty when fairly grappled with will be found a very formidable one. Perhaps it will take all the power of the United States to deal with it, and yet polygamy may not be stamped out after all.

Are churches getting too expensive for workingmen and those with comparatively small incomes? It would seem so. They are too costly and too nicely cushioned for poor people to pay their share of the running expenses.

In some sections of this Province it is reported that the farmers are beginning to experience a good deal of inconvenience and loss from the rapid increase of a certain class of English rabbits. They were introduced some years ago, and evidently they have "come to stay," in spite of all the snares, traps, shotguns, and other persuasives to induce them to leave. They burrow in the ground and cannot easily be dislodged. Farmers will do well to be on the lookout for them. In Australia they have been the plague of the farmers for years. A recent report says something like a million and a half of dollars have been spent by the government, besides vast sums by private persons, towards their extermination, but the rabbits continue to hold their own with wonderful tenacity. Over a million acres of land are infested with them, and the cost of clearing the land of the rabbits is, in some cases, more than the value of the land. There is evidently a grand opening for some "rough on rabbits" inventor.

A new danger has just been discovered from corsets! It is reported that the murderer Greenwood, who recently made good his escape from the Sandwich gaol, sawed off the iron bars of his cell window with a steel corset brace. A female prisoner in a cell above is said to have let down the strip by a cord,—possibly a strip from the same corset. Of corset was very stupid in the gaoler to let such things go on without his observation. The free use of that corset brace will cost a loss of some thousands to the taxpayers of Canada, if the fugitive can be recaptured, or the loss of its just due to the gallows if he can not.

Lord Lorne is giving tangible evidence of his good feeling towards Canada. He has taken many an occasion since his return to England to speak a good word in our behalf. Last week, in a lecture at Birmingham, he spoke in high terms of our excellent climate and happy immunity from many fevers prevalent in the United States. Probably he referred to our freedom from cyclones also. His auditor were recommended to Canada as a field of immigration. It's all very kind, and very well deserved also, of our ex-Governor-General. To an intelligent and industrious class of agricultural emigrants, probably few countries in the world af-

ford such real substantial advantages as the Dominion of Canada.

It is said that things are not being managed in Egypt with all the energy which is desirable. Neither the English nor the Egyptian authorities seem to have much stomach for the business. That is very possible, but it is quite as possible that those who say so are mistaken.

In spite of all that is said to the contrary, Ireland appears to be quieting down. Justice will have its legitimate effect in the long run. So the rents are being paid, boycotting is nearly at an end, the farmers are going with increased energy into agriculture, and everything is, all things considered, full of promise. So may it continue to be.

It seems that Tennyson is to be made a peer. Why he should not be is more than any reasonable man can say. Why are there peers at all, anyhow? And what may be the special wisdom which they possess, either unitedly or separately? It would puzzle a conjuror to say. If legislative power and knowledge are wanted, surely Tennyson has as much as a good many others who could be mentioned. And his son and grandson likewise have quite as good a chance of having the requisite and not surpassingly great modicum of brains as any of the motley group that make up the assembly. Let any one run over the list and he will soon see. Three Dukes represent the bastards of Charles the Second. Some more trace their origin to equally questionable sources. Some are the descendants of as worthless, immoral blacklegs as ever walked on the face of God's earth, and some are themselves as as silly and worthless as can be. There is surely nothing to frighten any one from entering the sacred precincts, either on the score of ability or morals. Upon the whole, unless the poet laureate has some fears of compromising his own respectability, there is no reason why he should not flourish as a Baron, though he would be more thought of if he continued plain Alfred. The peerage is but a feather in his cap, and a very small feather at that. But snobbery comes in where one would scarcely expect it, and makes the thing thought of. Some kind friend should say "Don't!"

There is a new figure started in the course of the late election contests. Mowat's party are said "to be steeped to the eyebrows in whiskey and corruption." It used to be steeped to the lips, as the farthest one could go in the process of steeping without being drowned. The eyebrows, however, are now the thing, though how that could be even in the boldest figurative language without the most serious consequences, does not very well appear.

Some, at any rate, of the law students in Toronto seem to have a hard time of it. The willing and the capable get most of the work going, and very likely the others are left out in the cold. Why lawyers, however, should get all their work done for nothing for all the teaching they give their students, is a mystery which "no fellah can easily understand."

Temperance Department.

What We Want.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

We have scores of temperance men,
Bold and earnest, brave and true,
Fighting with tongue and pen,
And we value what they do.
But, my friends
To gain our ends,
You must use the ballot, too.

When we tell our cause,
Politicians only smile;
While they mould and make our laws,
What care they for rank and file?
"Preach and pray,"
They sneer and say:
"We'll make liquor laws the while."

We want men who dare to fling
Party ties and bonds away;
Who will cast them off, and cling
To the Right, and boldly say,
"No beer bloats
Shall get our votes,"
Then shall our cause gain the day.

Temperance Publications.

The publisher of TRUTH is now prepared to furnish any book or other publication of the National Temperance Publication Society, of New York, at the regular publishers' prices. Catalogues and price lists sent on application. Supply yourselves with wholesome and entertaining temperance literature for the winter evenings.

FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC.

A POLICEMAN ASSAULTED.—Walter Gains, a negro, while drunk, violently assaulted a Toronto policeman and was fined \$40 for the offence.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A woman named Clinton, who was run into the Ottawa police station for drunkenness on the 1st inst., made two attempts to hang herself, while in her cell.

DROWNED WHILE DRUNK.—At Charlottetown, P. E. I., recently, Patrick Grimes, fireman of the steamer Heather Bell, fell off a wharf into the harbor, while drunk, and was drowned.

A SAILOR ROBBED.—An intoxicated sailor, named James Mahan, was enticed into a lane in Toronto recently, and robbed of what he had. A fellow bibulist named Jacobs was arrested for the theft but only 90 cents of the amount recovered.

ANOTHER VICTIM.—A Mrs. Mary Hyde, a woman of 60 years of age, died of dissipation and consequent poverty in Chicago last week. It is said that she was a niece of the Duke of Argyll, and cousin of Lord Lorne, but having gone astray she was disowned.

ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE.—A colored woman, named Josephene Shelton, was recently arrested staggering drunk in the streets, Toronto, and made the night hideous with her noise in the cells. She was sentenced to sixty days in gaol, and on leaving the dock she declared she would be "as bad and sassy" as ever. No doubt she will whenever the same amount of liquor can be bought and drank.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.—In Toronto, recently, a woman named Ann Chatfield, who has been living at Mrs. Kelly's, No. 24 Lombard street, was found dead in her bed. In the early part of September last, she was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment for drunkenness. Her term expired on a Sunday morning, and on leaving gaol, she was given quarters at the above address. She was, however, in a weak condition from the confinement and the continuous use of liquor. No inquest was held.

Statistics of Intemperance.

In 1863 the nation found relief for its bankrupt treasury by the imposition of taxes upon various articles and industries. Nearly all of these have been repealed

with the exception of spirits, beer and tobacco. In 1870 2,800 distilleries were licensed, while under the fostering care of the government these were increased in 1881 to 5,210; converting in that year 31,291,175 bushels of grain into 117,728,150 gallons of proof spirits. Nearly 4,000 collectors, gaugers, store-keepers and detectives are employed, who were paid \$5,050,002.28 in 1881 for their services. \$67,153,974.88 were collected and paid into the national treasury as the share of the government in the business. The total amount paid into the United States treasury from 1863 to 1881 from liquor sources was \$835,990,373.15.

In 1865 we produced 16,936,778 gallons of distilled spirits; in 1870 it had increased to 72,425,353 gallons, in 1880 to 90,355,270 gallons, and in 1881 to 117,728,150.

In 1881 we employed 1,829 Christian men and women in foreign lands to help convert the world to Christ, and the total amount paid into the Lord's treasury the last seventy years for missionary purposes was only \$57,728,946. In 1880 we employed in our public schools 282,448 teachers, instructing 9,871,321 pupils, at a cost of \$80,632,838.

There are more liquor-sellers than public school-teachers, and four times as many drinking-places than churches. The American nation must protect the home from the saloon, or the saloon will destroy the home, and with it all that is dear to American liberty and American institutions.—*Nat. Tem. Almanac.*

That's the Trouble.

A few years ago, while riding in a manufacturing district, returning home one Sunday evening from ministerial duties, I was accosted by a man, who though intoxicated, seemed resolved to enter into conversation. He admitted that his conduct was wrong, and said he was constantly forming resolutions of amendment. He was poor and unhappy at home because he was a drunkard, and a drunkard because he was a Sabbath breaker. "Many a time," he said, "I leave the house on a Sunday morning to go to a place of worship, but then the public houses are open. I generally get past one or two, and at the door of the third stands, perhaps, an old acquaintance. He invites me in, and then it is all over with me. I spend the money I should keep my family with, and have to struggle at the same time with headache and hunger." I shall never forget his concluding words; they were spoken with the energy of great feeling. The poor fellow talked himself sober. "Sir," said he, "if the great folks want to keep us poor folks sober, they should shut up the traps that catch us."—*Ec.*

As the Children Saw It.

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I cannot drink anything," said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard.

"This is the first time you ever refused a drink," said an acquaintance. "The other day you were hustling around after a cocktail, and in fact you even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but I am a very different man now."

"Preachers had a hold of you?"

"No, sir, no one has said anything to me."

"Well, what has caused the reformation?"

"I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day, I kept on hustling for a cocktail, as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train. To a man of my temperament, a half-drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more drunk. Failing at the saloons, I remembered that there was a half pint of whiskey at home, which had been purchased for medicinal purposes.

Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing. "No, you be ma," said the boy, "and I'll be pa." Now you sit here an' I'll come in drunk. Wait now till I fill my bottle." He took a bottle which he ran away and filled with water. "Pretty soon he returned and entering the play-house, nodded idiotically at the little girl and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said:

"James, why will you do this way?"

"Whizzor way?" he replied.

"Gettin' drunk."

"Who's drunk?"

"You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?"

"I hurried away. The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing during the day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed that I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me God.—*Ark. Traveller.*

NEWS AND NOTES.

VERY TRUE.—An exchange says:—The introduction of cheap wines into England has been the cause of much mischief instead of good, and Mr. Gladstone is to be asked to repeal the Act that permitted them to come into the country.

MORE PROGRESS.—Five of the principal towns in South Carolina held municipal elections last week and elected prohibition tickets. The question has gone out of politics, and prohibition is spreading surely and rapidly over the State. Columbia, Charleston, and Greenville are the only important towns in which licenses are given for the retail of spirituous liquors.

ANOTHER ADVANCE.—Maine votes next September on a proposition to add a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution. Several hundred town committees have been appointed to organize the movement in favor of the amendment. The temperance women have special committees. It is said that over 2,000 speeches in favor of the amendment have already been made in the State.

THE PROHIBITORY ALLIANCE.—At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Ontario Prohibitory Alliance, on Saturday last, the office of Secretary was declared vacant, and Mr. F. S. Spence, of Toronto, was appointed to the position. Mr. Free, the former Secretary, has been, for some time, absent from the office. It is expected that the annual meeting will be held in January next.

DON'T BELIEVE IT.—The Chicago Signal says: A genius in Dakota has undertaken to show how beer may be milked, if so one may speak, from cows. By scientific feeding of hops, malt and corn, a brownish liquid is yielded which only needs the addition of a little yeast to procure in two days a clear, bright effervescing ale or beer. This is reducing a brewery to rather close quarters, and making a peripatetic beer shop of every honest-eyed cow. In her name, as well as for temperance sake, we protest.

THE WHISKEY HEAD.—The Toronto World has not often had much to say about the temperance question, but here is a pretty out-spoken deliverance from it, on Saturday last:—"The latest revelation in connection with the Exchange Bank, is that some of the directors were on a steady spree for weeks before the collapse. Had they been half attentive to their duties Mr. Craig would not have been able to carry out his robbery. But whiskey-head directors gave him his opportunity. Have we any more whiskey-heads holding high positions, or low positions for that matter? We think we have. Let them go."

A WORD IN SEASON.—Sir John Richardson, the Arctic explorer, than whom there is probably no one better able to give a clear and definite judgment on this point, says that when his party were suffering the greatest privations and exposed to the greatest cold, with no food but the lichens scraped from under the snow, they found it better to use the spirits they had to boil water than to put it into their bodies. The introduction of any kind of spirits into their stomachs only made them colder, and increased their sufferings.

Cold weather is creeping on in this latitude. Let no man be deceived into drinking to keep himself warm.

AVULS CONSPIRACY.—From Fall River the following news item has been telegraphed to the Associated Press: It is said there has been collusion between the medical examiners, agents, and others here for two years in a grave-yard insurance scheme. Broken-down drunkards, consumptives, and unhealthy persons have been insured for sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000, and physicians, agents, and others would hold policies till death of insured and pocket the insurance, or sell the policies to rumsellers who would give the victims enough rum to hasten death, and then collect the insurance. A suspected physician and agent left the city recently.

AT WASHINGTON.—In connection with the report of the opening of the new Congress at Washington a Press despatch says:—"The members of the whiskey lobby are already here, and their effort will be made to secure the extension of the bonded period. Last session a bill passed the Senate, and would probably have got through the House, but at the last moment Mr. Samuel Leo, a colored contestant for the seat of Mr. Richardson, refused to accept more than his salary to get out of the way, and the bill died with the Congress. This year they are on the ground early, and are better organized, and it is likely they will be more successful in the House."

THE NEW DEPARTURE.—One of the Superintendents of a Chicago railroad has recently said: "A comparatively modern thing required in railroading is total abstinence. In former times a little indulgence in the social bowl was winked at; but whiskey has been found to be the foe of railroading. It has caused the loss of a great many lives, and much money. Rail road managers have found that a man who drinks is dangerous. Hence if he indulges even when off duty, he is discharged. If he is on duty a night and then stays up during the day-time he is bounced for not going to bed. Railroads must have not only clear brains, but well rested bodies. They want every man at his best. Conviviality is frowned upon everywhere in the service." This is just as it should be in all branches of business.

THE BELGIANS AHEAD.—The Mail of Saturday has the following editorial note: "The Germans are generally regarded as the typical beer drinkers of Europe. Recent statistics, however, show that the German, with his average of ninety quarts a year, is a mere baby beside the Belgian, who consumes two hundred and twenty-five quarts, in addition to which he manages to get away with twelve quarts of brandy. Indeed, all the figures point to a most terrible state of drunkenness in King Leopold's dominion. There is one tavern to every forty-four inhabitants, and the money annually expended in these drinking-shops is \$95,000,000. Crime is also on the increase. Forty years ago offences accompanied with violence numbered 11,000 a year; now they have reached 36,000. In 1840 there were 204 suicides, and in 1880 there were 533. These figures are so very startling that there arises a suspicion that the Belgian Anti-Drinking Association, from whose report they are taken, may, in their zeal, have painted the picture with too many Rembrandtish shadows."

J. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada. I. O. G. T. Items of information in regard to the Temperance work everywhere always thankfully received by the Editor, T. W. Casey, G. W. S. TRUTH office, Toronto.

NEWS FROM LODGES.

COL. HECKMAN.—In a private letter recently received from Bro. Keens, R.W.G. he writes—Col. Hickman is now in Texas, building up that weak Grand Lodge, and he will go from there to Arkansas and Mississippi for the same purpose. We shall make a fine showing in the direction of building up weak jurisdictions this year, if the means are afforded us for the purpose.

MILLBROOK, DURHAM CO.—Some months ago it was thought Ivey lodge would go down, as a number of members left to form another organization. Bro. C. H. Lowry, L. D., writes, however:—Our report shows that we are not much behind last quarter, although we did lose twenty members. There have been twenty-one initiations. There is a good feeling manifested just now, and if it continues I trust to have a good report for next quarter. We have just the class of young men in at present we should seek to hold." C. H. Lowry, W. C. T., George Green, W. S., Miss Bateson, W. V.

HAMILTON—The Tribune of the 8th inst. says that a very successful concert was given by Rescue Lodge. The singing of Mrs. Watson Stead, Mrs. Hawkins, Miss Ada Close, and J. M. Clark well deserved the praise it received. All these ladies and gentlemen received enthusiastic encores. Miss E. Fletcher, Miss M. Foster, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Rolston furnished the literary part of the programme. These talented artists rendered their parts admirably. Miss E. Cull, Miss A. B. Woodward and Miss Leshe were the solo pianists and accompanists, and rendered their pieces in good style.

RIPLEY, BRUCE CO.—Bro. F. McDon ald, of Water Lilly Lodge, writes. "I am glad to inform you that we are still advancing. We held an open lodge meeting on the 28th ult., it being the twelfth anniversary of our Lodge. We had a full house and a successful meeting. Last night seven new members were initiated, and they tell us there are more coming. Already this quarter twelve new members have joined. I hope we may double that number before the quarter is over. It is encouraging to read the reports of progress from many localities. We are here to work, and let us honor God and help our cause by doing so.

NORTH TORONTO.—At last week's meeting of Excelsior Lodge it was resolved to appoint a committee to wait on the candidates for alderman for ward, and ascertain their views about the adoption of a by-law by the Council separating the sale of liquor in shops from all other branches of the trade. The other temperance organizations in the locality intend to take a similar course.

The Sunday afternoon Temperance meeting last Sunday was very well attended, and an excellent address was given by Rev. Septimus Jones (Church of England). Next Sunday afternoon at four o'clock the usual meeting will be held in Temperance Hall, to be addressed by Mr. Flint, of Rose Avenue.

BARRIE.—Of Lone Star Lodge Bro. Andrews S. Whittell, W. C. T., writes: "Our Lodge, since its reorganization, has done well, and I am in hopes that our returns at the end of this quarter will show a membership of 80 or 90, at least. Every meeting adds to our numbers. For the "Good of the Order" the members of the lodge are divided into two parties, under two captains, who take alternate evenings in giving reading, recitations, music, etc., each piece has so many marks allowed, according to merit, and at the end of the quarter the losing party, I understand, is to "treat"—but of course on temperance

principles. As the programme was only commenced with the present term, and the members are not fairly warmed up to their work, I cannot pronounce yet on the effect, but I expect the spirit of rivalry will add greatly to the interest of the meetings, and induce a number of young people to join our ranks."

GLEN WILLIAMS, HALTON CO.—Of Royal Oak Lodge, Bro. W. H. Rodden, G. L. Organizing Agent, who has just visited it, writes as follows:—"This lodge has a well earned title to the qualities of strength, dignity and duration indicated by its name. Its Bro. T. H. James is a veteran in the cause of temperance, he it was whose faith rallied and led the other promoters of the Scott Act campaign in Halton Co. when symptoms of wavering appeared amongst them, and when the movement was by some friends thought to be a forlorn hope. Like the true soldier Bro. James is courageous and persistent in battle, and in his lodge room he is one of the pleasantest and most unassuming of men. On the evening of my visit a circular from the Oxford Co. Brethren was read, asking for financial aid towards the expenses of the Scott Act agitation there. The Royal Oak response was \$5 being all in the treasury except two cents. In addition to this a special collection was at once taken up, making the sum of \$11 for the object named.

A good programme was then rendered by the members, and all through the meeting bright temperance intelligence beamed from the happy faces there.

It would be a neglect of the right to make this notice without naming the fact that the two offices of Past Chief and Chief Templar are filled by lady members who discharged the duties of the positions with much ability and dignity. Their names are Sister Mrs. Irvie Williams and Sister Miss Lizzie Hutchinson.

It is also worthy of record that Royal Oak Lodge has not missed a meeting in its history of 22 years.

This is the kind of institution that cultivates the healthy sentiment that carries a prohibitory law. Royal Oak Lodge did its full share of the work that gave the victory to the Scott Act in Halton, and made it the banner County of Ontario in adopting the prohibitory legislation that has so notably accomplished a great moral improvement in the County.

Good of the Order.

FOR READINGS & RECITATIONS.

The Herd Laddie.

One morning very early,
I had risen from my bed
And gauged out the sheep-fauld,
To get them early fed.
And Cally he caud w' me,
Companion of the way,
For we were suno to tak the road,
As it was market day.

W' pleasure there I fed them,
For they were a' my care;
Then sat me down to read a verso,
An I offer up a prayer
For the sun may rise in splendour,
And shed his glorious light;
Yet darkness may surround us,
And trials or its might.

The place where I was reading,
Was the Second Book of Kings.
And monie a boannie picture,
Before my mind it brings.
But I saw a lassie greet'en,
And she was there her lane,
For she was now a captive,
And far away frae hame.

For a company of Syrians
Had invaded Israel's land;
And they had been victorious,
And brought back a captive band.
The kindred o' this lassie
May have perished in the strife,
But the captain he had pity,
And spared the lassie's life.

This Captain he was honorable,
And had both wealth and fame;
And if ye'll turn to chapter Fifth,
Ye'll there find out his name.
He has taen the lassie w' him
And brought her to his wife;
And tell't her a the story,
How he had saved her life.

The Laddie listened to him,
And saw the lassie fair,
She said, she'd keep her w' her,
To dress, and braid her hair.
She thanked him for the kindness,
That he had thus expressed;
Then went the lassie to a room,
Where she wad be refreshed.

And this was where I saw her,
When I began to tell;
For when she entered in that room,
Down on her knees she fell;
And asked God to keep her,
And lead her by the hand,
For she was there a captive,
And in the stranger's land.

And this bit o' the lesson,
Is what came hame to me,
That God will hear and answer prayer,
Wherever we may be.
He will guide us when we're waken,
And guard us when we sleep,
He'll bless all those that fear him,
Though a keeper of the sheep.

PART SECOND.

But now we'll turn to Kings,
And see if we can find
An answer to that lassie's prayer,
And if the Laddie kind.
We see she has retained her place,
Won favor, which is better,
And she's found out that leddie's grief,
Her husband is a leper.

For as she waited on her
As her duties kept her near,
She often heard her heave a sigh,
O: saw her drap a tear.
The leddy saw the sympathy
Upon the lassie's face;
An' tell her, she was vexed about
Her husband's leprous case.

"O wuld to God, my mistress,
That the master could hae see
A prophit in my countrie,
For he would make him clean."
The leddy only looked at her,
But ventured no reply.
She ken'd that kind of leprosy,
All treatment would defy.

Fever may burn, or ague el'l,
And pain the body rack;
Yet nature may bear up awhile,
And health come smiling back.
But leprosy, vile leprosy,
Of body, or of soul,
There's naething but the power of God,
Can cleanse, or make us whole.

But other ears had heard them speak,
And read the lassie true.
And to Naaman at the Court,
With the glad news they flew.
They tell't him what the lassie said,
And suno the King was told;
Go to, go to, he cried in haste,
We'll try the power of gold.

Unto the King of Israel,
I'll also write a letter,
And tell him I have sent you there
That he may mak you better,
Ten talents then of silver,
Six thousand bits of gold.
Ten changes too, of raiment,
Together they did fold.

This costly gift to Israel's King,
Will mak him we'll content,
To heal my servant's leprosy,
For the money I have sent.
Naaman and his company,
Then started on the way
With horses and with chari's,
To make a great display.

But the King of Israel's anger rose,
When he had read the letter.
"Do as he tak me for God," he cries,
"That I should cleanse a leper?"
He is seeking for a quarrel;
Now, this very plain.
His royal robes, he therefore rent,
Overcome with grief and shame.

But soon the prophit heard the news,
And sent unto the King
Saying, why are you thus troubled,
With the letter that they bring?
Tell them that they may come to me,
When you receive this word:
For they shall know in Israel,
There's a prophit of the Lord.

Naaman with his companie,
Then drave up to the door;
He thought the prophit would come out,
And cure his leprous sore.
Surrounded by his servants,
In his chariot, he did wait.
But the prophit sent his servant out,
With a message to the gate.

"Drive down unto the Jordan,
And dip beneath the wave,
Seven times beneath the waters,"
Is the message that he gave.
Naaman looked confounded;
And flow off in a rage.
To think the man should speak to him,
As though he'd been a page!

"Behold," he cried, "I thought that he
Would come out here and pray,
With out stretched hands, unto his God,
And it would pass away.
But, go down to the Jordan;
To me its a disgrace.
As if he'd tell't a dirty bairn,
To gang and wash its face.

If washing wad hae clean't me,
I need na gaen sae far.
There's better water nearer hame,
Abana and Parphar."
But his servan's then said, "Father,"
(For they took a different view)
"If the prophit he had tell't you,
Some wondrous work to do,

Na doubt ye would hae tried it,
O: if he'd asked more store
Of gold and silver, than we've brought,
You would hae sent him more.
But his command so simple,
You dare to disobey:
If you had done as you were bid,
Ye might be clean to-day."

"Then drive down to the Jordan,"
He cried, with greatest speed.
"I feel my need of cleansing,
For I am foul indeed."
He plunged into the water:
Seven times beneath the waves;
Then felt the balm of healing,
And God's own power to save.

God's spirit there revealing,
To him, salvation's plan,
That Christ should come with healing
And die for fallen man.
He went back to the prophit,
His mind was filled with peace;
To offer a thanksgiving,
For this his great release.

The prophit bade him go in peace,
No offering would he take;
The power was God's, the glory too,
Was for his own name's sake.
But now, a strange request he makes,
This man of wealth and birth.
He asks the prophets leave, to take
Two camels load of earth.

That he might take it home with him,
And spread it on the sod;
Where he would build an altar,
That he might worship God.
And thus throughout the chapter,
We trace God's finger there:
Man's pride, we see, is humbled;
And an answer given to prayer.

For the prayers of that bit lassie
He to his house did bring,
Has brought a blessing down on them,
And it reaches to the King.

MARGARET MOSCUP.

St. Mary's, Ont.

Grand Lodge of Canada.

G.W.C.T., J. H. Flegg, Mitchell.
G.W.C., Edward Storr, Ottawa.
G.W.V., Lydia Newman, Paris.
G.W.S., T. W. Casey, Napanee.
G.W.T., J. B. Nixon, Toronto.
G.W.C., Rev. E. Fessant, Centralia.
G.W.M., J. J. Mason, Essex Centre.
G.D.M., Isabella Henderson, Toronto.
G.W.G., Annie D. Vellie, Toronto.
G.W.S., W. H. Gribble, Woodstock.
P.G.C.W., Rev. John Shaw, Peterboro.
Next annual session to be held at Toronto,
fourth Tuesday in June, 1884.

IS A SNAIL'S BITE DEADLY?

An Extraordinary Case in New Jersey
—A Physician Who Is Puzzled.

Henry Reynolds, the 7-year-old son of Mr. J. Reynolds, of 112 North Seventh street, Williamsburgh, died last Sunday morning from a cause which mystifies the doctors who have attended him. The boy's death, following that of his sister Lizzie 20 months old, who died last Tuesday, together with the sickness of his other sister Mary and of his brother Willie, who both exhibit the same symptoms as those which marked the fatal sickness that brought death to him and his baby sister, have alarmed the neighborhood, and created not a little discussion among the physicians of the vicinity. The house is a three-story brick building with a basement. It is one of the oldest structures in the block. Mr. Reynolds and his family reside in the basement, whose floor is only two feet below the line of the street, but there is no cellar. Everything about the house is in good order and clean. Mr. Reynolds has his name on the basement door.

"There is my boy," he said to a reporter yesterday as he pointed to the coffin in the clean, well-furnished front basement, "and there are my two children," he continued entering the back basement, and pointing to a bed in which they lay, and over which his wife stood crying. About the room was seated a number of men and women discussing the cause of the death and sickness of the children.

"About four months ago we moved into this," Mr. Reynolds continued. "There is no cellar under it, and the landlord put down a new floor and boarded up that side of the room," pointing to a wall opposite the door. "He did that to keep out the snails and other creepers that infested the place. But it didn't keep them out, for see here, see how they come out of these cracks."

The reporter noticed marks, glistening dots, about the thirty-second of an inch long, on the boards. These dots he traced from the cracks in the boards across the ceilings. On the white ceiling these dots glistened.

"Now look at that hat," said Mr. Reynolds, showing a black felt hat. About the rim, on the top and sides of the hat were streaks about an eighth of an inch wide, which looked as if they had been made by some thick, dark colored liquid.

"When my baby was taken sick," said Mr. Reynolds, "a sore spot appeared on the back of her head, and one night while sitting up with her I noticed an animal about an inch in length crawling up the boards to the ceiling, and then I thought that maybe one of those things had bitten my child and poisoned it. That was about four weeks ago. The sore grew larger until she died. A week after the sore was noticed on the baby, Willie, who lies there dying, was taken sick, and a sore like that on the baby showed itself on his forehead. Willie is 3 years old. Then Mary who is in the bed with him, took sick the other day, but no sore has yet appeared. She took sick after Henry, who is in that coffin there, was stricken down. A week ago to day he was in the street playing, and he came to his mother holding up the little finger of his left hand, saying that it pained him very much. There was a slight bruise on the finger. Dr. Lang attended the baby who was first stricken down, and when the others were taken sick I called in Dr. Murphy, who summoned Dr. Dugan. Dr. Sweeney is now attending the two children who are sick. Two children—I had six—are yet free from the complaint, whatever it is. I kept telling the doctors that I thought my children were dying from the bites of some poisonous animals, and the other day, after the death of Lizzie, Dr. Murphy asked me to catch some of them for him. Not until after midnight did they show themselves. I caught some of them. They are of a grayish color, about an inch long when crawling, but are able to stretch themselves out twice that length, and to contract themselves into a ball. They have two small horns on their heads. I gave what I caught to Dr. Murphy."

Dr. Murphy, when questioned about the death and sickness of the children said: "The case is a very remarkable one. The things given me by Mr. Reynolds were common garden snails. I do not know that they will bite people, or that their bites are poisonous. When I first called I thought the sickness might be the result of sewer gas; but, as the parents and the other children did not manifest any symptoms

and, as I never knew cases such as they had to break out as a result of breathing sewer gas, I was at fault. A brown scab covered the sore. When this scab was pressed, a thin fluid came from its margin. This fluid gave forth a sickening odor. Another strange thing is the places where the sores broke out.—*New York Times.*

Burdette's Lectures to Young Men.

Robert J. Burdette, the facetious editor of the *Burlington Hawkeye*, has been lecturing to large audiences in different parts of the country, and in his amusing style he imparts to the rising generation some wholesome advice. The following is from one of his lectures:

"Be somebody on your own account, my son, and don't try to get along on the reputation of your ancestors. Nobody knows and nobody cares who Adam's grandfather was, and there is not a man living who can tell the name of Brigham Young's mother-in-law." The lecturer urged upon his hearers the necessity of keeping up with the every-day procession, and not pulling back in the harness. Hard work was never known to kill men; it was the fun men had in the intervals that killed them. The fact was, most people had yet to learn what fun really was. A man might go to Europe and spend a million dollars, and then recall the fact that he had a great deal more fun at a picnic twenty years ago that cost him but 65 cents. The theory that the world owed every man a living was false. The world owed a man nothing. There was a living in the world for every man, however, providing the man was willing to work for it. If he did not work for it, somebody else would earn it, and the lazy man "would get left." There were greater opportunities for workers out West than in the Eastern cities, but men who went out West to grow up with the country must do their own growing. There was no browsing allowed in the vigorous West. An energetic man might go out into the far West, and in two or three years possess himself of a bigger house, a bigger yard, a bigger barn, and a bigger mortgage than he could obtain by ten years' work in the East. All young men ought to marry, and no young men should envy old men or rich men. In conclusion, Mr. Burdette said that a man should do well whatever was given him to do, and not despise drudgery. The world wants good shovelers, teamsters, and laborers, but it does not want poor lawyers, poor preachers, or poor editors.

Old Heads on Young Shoulders.

"Don't make a prig of the baby, school mistress. From the day on which they are six years old they must, under the school system of the States, begin to study and sit up straight, and behave properly, and speak correctly, and from that time until the grave hide them, they live and speak and act, verbally speaking they be, and do, and suffer under social and educational surveillance. And I claim that at least six years of the life of a man or woman should be free; free as the air; free to talk as the brook runs, with untrammelled musical prattle and babble. Why, here, a few months ago, came a melancholy looking child, about four years old, and, in presence and hearing painted to me, and said to his mother:

"Mamma, of whom is that gentleman speaking?"

"Poor little prig! My heart bled for him. That afternoon I took the boy down by the target and taught him to say: 'Mamma, what is dot man speaking to you about?' and reconstructed his general grammar on the same easy basis, and—look me in the eye—if that boy didn't tan up like a young Indian in two days, and he gained seven pounds in two weeks.

"You see," the jester continued in the apologetic tone, for he had done an unusual amount of preaching, "you see, we haven't a very broad experience in training children; we have only one chick to cluck over and scratch for, but we're bound he shan't go to school until he's through being a baby, and we know, school mistress, that he's the happiest baby that ever mangled grammar."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Ah! Mr. Paier, have you been to any parties this winter?" asked Glendolen do Smith of his friend. "No, but I have attended three balls already." "Why how delightful, weally! Where were they at?" "At the pawnbroker's," sadly sighed Mr. Paier.

A GHOST STORY.

Remarkable Incident at a Halloween Gathering—Dread Fulfillment of a Promise.

An incident of a rather peculiar nature occurred in Montreal on last Halloween which has given rise to considerable conjecture and rumour. The facts, as obtained from one of the participants by a representative of the *Gazette*, briefly stated are to the effect that seven young ladies, all of Montreal, at a Halloween gathering ten years ago agreed to meet again on the same evening ten years after; the stipulation was "dead or alive," the young lady who made use of that expression reminding the other six of their agreement a short time after by sending them each an invitation for Oct. 31, 1883. This lady was evidently the originator of the little reunion, and laughingly promised to be present, even if dead, and it were at all possible for her to do so. About four years ago this lady died very suddenly. She is described as having been of a quiet, religious disposition, and very tall.

The remainder of the ten years rolled by, and the time for the reunion came. Accordingly, on All Hallows eve the six met at the house of two of their number, who were sisters, for tea; but, according to the original agreement, a chair was left vacant for the missing one. This chair was draped in black, while in front of it were some withered flowers, gathered from the grave of the deceased. Nothing remarkable occurred during the repast, save that the young lady next to the empty chair spoke of a strange nervous sensation, but this was not thought of at the time. After tea they started to the parlor, immediately adjoining, the young lady last mentioned leading the way, and carrying in her hand the bunch of withered flowers. The parlor was quite dark, saving the light which streamed in from the dining room as she opened the door. At that moment she cried:—"Look! look!" and pointed into the parlor, where three or four of them saw distinctly a tall white figure standing at the door leading from the parlor to the hall. She who had first seen it retreated quickly, and was just leaving the dining room by the door from that room to the hall when she again saw the figure, and her cry brought three of the others to the door, and all saw it glide quickly along the hall from the parlor door to the door leading to the street, which seemed to open of itself and close after the figure had passed through.

Only one of the six failed to see the figure at all, she having in both cases been too late, consequently she was very dubious, and believed the apparition to be merely some kind of a practical joke, and at once went and unlocked the door of exit, but this was always kept locked and latched from within, and was found to be still secure, so the trick theory was apparently out of the question as a solution of the mystery.

One informant saw the figure twice, and describes it as being "just the right height"—that is to say, very tall, and wholly draped in white; no hands nor feet were to be seen; and the face was concealed; it seemed to glide rather than walk, and moved very quickly; it did not touch the door at all and did not appear to pass through it, but the door seemed to open of itself and close behind the figure. The sensation produced by the figure was if it were chuckling to itself on having kept the promise to be present, and laughing at the scare produced—at least our young lady informant states such to have been her sensations in so far as she had any apart from the dominant sense of fear.

Such is the story, and we give it for what it is worth without attempting to offer either explanation or comment.

What She Was.

The other day a rather green looking young fellow—though he evidently lived in the city—went into a dry goods store and walked up to one of the lady clerks and the following conversation occurred:

"I want to get four yards of wide ribbon for a girl."

"All right, sir. What color do you want?"

"I don't know. I just want four yards of ribbon, that's all."

"Yes, but we ought to give her some color that will suit her. Is she a blonde or a brunette?"

"She's ain't neither; she's a bired girl."

LOST IN A TRACKLESS FOREST.

Old Nelson Made Inmate by His Wanderings in a Wilderness.

The terrible experience of Old Nelson in the great Wisconsin forest have added to the horror with which the stupendous solitude is regarded. Nelson went out into the woods in company with a friend to look up some land which he had purchased. The men located the land, and while Nelson determined to stay a day or two to inspect the timber, his friend left him and set out for Eagle, a little town on the railroad. They had taken the precaution, as is usual on such expeditions, to blaze their path, and neither had any fear that they would not be able to find their way out. Nelson's friend reached Eagle in safety and went off on another errand. On his return, finding that Nelson had not put in an appearance, he became alarmed and organized a search. Word was sent to all the lumber camps that a man was lost, and several searching parties set out.

The party from Eagle took the trail by which Nelson had entered the forest, and proceeded without much difficulty to the spot where he and his friend had separated, finding no trace of him there, they retraced their steps until they came to a place in the undergrowth which showed signs of having been recently broken down. A careful investigation of the surroundings and a close inspection of the ground convinced the searchers that it was here that Nelson had gone astray. Well provided with compasses, pikes, and saws, the party pushed on, tracing the footsteps of Nelson for some distance, then losing them altogether.

After lighting their way almost aimlessly through the thicket without discovering the slightest clue to the missing man, they were about to give up the search and make their way out when they came upon footsteps again. A light snow had fallen two or three days before, and enough had settled through the tree tops to cover the ground with a light coating. They followed the trail eagerly, keeping up a constant hallooing, and, though sometimes the footprints were faint, they managed to keep them in view until nightfall. Being compelled to go into camp they waited with impatience until morning. In the night some time they were awakened by a furious storm, and toward morning rain began to fall in torrents. When daylight appeared they found themselves thoroughly drenched, and the trail which they had hoped to follow was obliterated. Filled with the gloomiest forebodings, they concluded to abandon the search, and returned as speedily as possible to Eagle.

A few days after they had reached home, and when everybody had given Nelson up as dead, word came from one of the lumber camps near by that the lost man had strayed in there in a pitiful condition. He was almost dead from cold and hunger, and his reason was completely overthrown. He talked in the most incoherent manner of his adventures, and was able to give no account of himself. The poor fellow's clothing hung in shreds; his lacerated and bleeding flesh and his terrible emaciation told the story of his sufferings, however, more eloquently than words. He was tenderly cared for and clothed, and in the course of a day or two was sent to his home, where it was found that his feet and hands had been severely frozen, and that his mental aberration was of the most serious character. Under the treatment that he has received since he was taken home he has become less excitable, and hopes are entertained that he may eventually regain his reason.

His hallucination takes the form of fright, and in his distorted vision all the horrors of his long and aimless wanderings in the heart of the great forest are ever before him.

The Archbishop of Canterbury lately preached a sermon which has excited great attention, and in some quarters surprise. He dwelt in trenchant language on the want of sympathy between classes, and openly asserted his dread of what would be the result of the hate engendered among the lower by the indifference of the higher. It appears that his language had special reference to the indifference shown to the state of the poor around them by the rich city people who go up to London to do business from points within a radius of thirty miles of the metropolis, and show not the slightest interest in the affairs of the parishes in which they live. Clergymen holding livings in such places give ample contribution to the primato's words.

Music and the Drama.

Miss Margaret Mather.

Miss Margaret Mather has reason to be proud of the very flattering reception accorded her on her first appearance in Toronto, the audience being perhaps the largest ever gathered together to witness the first performance of a comparative stranger here. So much "gush" had been written about the young lady, that a good deal was expected of her and perhaps considerable doubts felt as to whether the expectations would be fulfilled. If such doubts there were, however, they were quickly dispelled, and the audience were not long in discovering that they had before them an actress who was not only great, but was capable of greater things hereafter. When it is remembered how comparatively short a time Miss Mather has been on the stage, her impersonation of *Juliet* must be regarded as a very remarkable one; and there call before the curtain after her first exit, showed plainly that she had won an audience which, with all its memories of the idolized Neilson in the same part, was disposed to be coldly critical. Miss Mather is young, and comparatively inexperienced, and yet she gives us a *Juliet* which is almost ideal, and only needs the rounding off and finish which time and experience will supply, to be absolutely perfect. Physically, she is the ideal *Juliet* of Shakespeare's well-worn tragedy. Slight, girlish, and handsome, winsome, and naive in manner, she was, in her earlier scenes, irresistibly charming. It was in the balcony scene, however, that she won her first genuine success. Anything more exquisitely tender than her acting in this scene it would be hard to imagine; the audience was apparently spellbound, and the spontaneous burst of applause which followed showed how closely the scene had been followed; and the fair *debutante* was enthusiastically called before the curtain. In the "banishment" scene with the Nurse, and in the scene with *Friar Laurence*, Miss Mather showed that her tragic powers were equal to the occasion; but it was not until the famous poison scene that they were fully exhibited. In this scene she was undoubtedly great, and her description of the ghastly horrors of the charnel house, was admirable. The last scene, however, lacked force and intensity, and somewhat detracted from the good impression previously made. Taken altogether, however, Miss Mather's *Juliet* is an impersonation that can worthily take its place beside those of more experienced artists. She has evidently made the part a close study, and her conception, while in many ways conventional, shows originality and real talent, if not positive genius. In "Leah, the Forsaken"—a play not often produced here, and therefore not of such drawing capabilities as other and more popular pieces—Miss Mather appeared to singular advantage. With the remembrance of Kate Bateman—the original *Jessie*, and Mame Janashek—by whom the play was last produced here,—we can safely affirm that Miss Mather's impersonation of the persecuted, forsaken Jewish maiden, will bear worthy comparison with that of either or both. Whatever doubts there may have been of her power to sustain a character

which calls for the portrayal of such varied emotions, were dispelled as the play progressed. Love, hate, vengeance, were all admirably portrayed, and the culminating scene in the fourth act, was one of terrible sublimity. The fearful curse was pronounced with an impetuosity, a vindictiveness, and a reality, that completely carried the audience, and secured for the actress a triple recall. This one scene alone stamps Miss Mather as an actress of immense power and great future possibilities; while the entire impersonation—taken in conjunction with her appearance as *Julia* in "The Hunchback"—an impersonation of much merit, which we have neither the time nor space now to more than allude to—takes her out of the category of "one part" actresses, in which some have placed her. It must not be imagined, however, that the fair young actress is without her faults or short comings. She has much to learn yet; but her faults are the result of her youth and inexperience. Moderation, a careful avoidance of over-acting, a due control of her powers, and the eradication of a grievous gasp which in some of her scenes sadly mars their effectiveness, more attention to the proper pronunciation of some of her words, more repose and less jerkiness—these are points which, in all kindness of spirit, we offer to the attention of the young star, and which will, doubtless, be remedied by time, experience and study. Of Miss Mather's support we can say in general terms that it has been very good. The younger Salvini made an acceptable *Romeo*, a capital *Idolphe*, an excellent *Clifford*. His acting, however, is marred by many faults, but he is young, and has the material in him. Milnes Levick is one of the finest *Merrivales* seen on the Toronto stage; as *Nathan* he was effective, and as *Master Walter*, admirable. The remainder of the company was well up to the requirements of their various parts; but call for no special mention. During the remainder of the week, Miss Mather will be seen in the "Lady of Lyons," "As you Like It," and "Romeo and Juliet."

The subscription list for Theodore Thomas' Orchestral Concert is filling up most satisfactorily. The famous orchestra is moving with immense success on its southern tour, and the probabilities are that the concert here will be the event of the musical season. Orchestral compositions from the works of Wagner, Brahms, Beethoven, Schumann, and other prominent writers are promised for the programme at this concert.

"Young Mrs. Winthrop," Bronson Howard's last and very successful society drama, will have its first presentation in this city on Tuesday next, by the Madison Square Theatre Co. It is a purely domestic story, of the drifting apart of husband and wife, until they finally "kiss again with tears."

A Fete, in aid of the Building Fund of the St. Nicholas Boys' Home, is announced for the 19th and 20th inst. It is unnecessary to further impress the fact upon our readers' attention. The object is a deserving one, and should obtain the hearty support of the charitable disposed.

J. M. Hill has completed arrangements by which he leases the Wahle Opera House, Buffalo, near the corner of Court and Franklin streets. He will fix up and redecorate the theatre, when it will be opened in May with Miss Margaret Mather as the attraction.

The Royal Museum still continues to attract large audiences. The perform-

ances are very good, and perfectly free from anything objectionable; so that on that score, there need be no fear on the part of those who have been in doubt about visiting the place.

The Philharmonic Society will produce Mendelssohn's "Elijah" on the 15th of January next. The rehearsals are proceeding satisfactorily, and an excellent programme may be expected.

Mrs. Chas. Watson, late of Ottawa, has made a very successful *debut* in New York, and has received some very flattering press notices.

Henry Irving and his Company will appear at the Grand Opera House early in February. The engagement will be for two nights only.

New Publications.

From the same publishers we have received a copy of *The Pansy*, another of their publications for the young, edited by Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy"), which fully sustains the reputation it has already gained.

From Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons we have received "An Album Leaf," an unpretentious little composition by T. C. Jeffers, of this city. It is well written and attractive, and will no doubt prove popular.

We have received from I. Burt Kimball, Boston, Mass., specimen numbers of *The Artist*, a review of current art, news, and criticism. It is neatly got up, the illustrations are worthy of the attention of artists, while the literary matter is of an excellent, readable nature.

We have received from Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, the Christmas number of *Wide Awake*, which is full of good things, literary and artistic. Among the former may be mentioned the new serials commenced in this number, "A Brave Girl," by E. S. Phelps, author of "The Gate Ajar," "E. S. Brooks," "Wonder Story," "In No Man's Land," and "A Double Masquerade," by Rev. C. R. Talbot. There is a very interesting and timely article, "A Canadian Carnival," descriptive of Montreal's Ice Carnival of last year, by Dr. W. George Beers, whose name is familiar to most of our readers. The artistic contributions are all of the highest order, and the entire number is of the most attractive nature.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Short Line.

From the *Winnipeg Free Press*.

A representative of the *Free Press*, on a recent visit to Ontario and Quebec, had the good fortune to ride over the above line from St. Paul to Chicago, and return, and to his great pleasure found that all the claims made by this popular company were more than justified by his experience. The road-bed, track, and equipment are superb, and the route is down the banks of the beautiful Mississippi river, through Lake Ity, Winona, Lacrosse, and Milwaukee. Securing a section in a magnificent Pullman palace sleeping car he left St. Paul about noon on a beautiful October day, was soon called to dinner in one of the "finest dining cars in the world," to use the language of the company's advertisements, and whether this be true or not, it was certainly the finest he had seen, in elegance of construction, gorgeous decoration, variety of menu and excellence of cuisine—enjoying his *divine dinner*, as well as his dinner. He was charmed by a succession of panoramic views of picturesque bluff, river, lake, and woodland scenery through the spacious plate-glass windows of this "hotel on wheels," and made up his mind that this great railroad had reached the acme of perfection in providing for the luxurious comfort of its patrons. This line is as short and makes as much time as any, and is 120 miles shorter and makes the run in from seven to ten hours shorter time than some.

The Song of the Hen.

A minstrel am I of a single lay,
But I sing it the whole day long,
In the crowded coop or the breezy way
I warble my simple song.
Only an egg, with its clear white shell,
The sea hath no pearl more fair—
And over that ophero I cackled and yell,
And halloo and wrestle and rear.

O, a frail, weak thing is my ovate gem,
As it lies in my straw-bed nest;
But it raketh the orator, stern and stem,
When it catcheth him on the crest.
There is might in its weakness, and when
It goes
Down the afternoon of life,
It can lead a strong man by the nose,
When it mixeth itself in the strife.

I am no slugger, the hawk that swoops
Must hunt for me under the thatch,
And yet in the field or the noisy coop
I always come up to the scratch.
So I sing the only lay that I know,
In numbers becomingly meek;
Because, though "my son never sets," I
Know
That my life will be ended necks weak.

A Grand Opportunity.

A rare chance in the way of bargains is offered by Petley & Petley, who have recently purchased an immense stock of ready-made clothing, manufactured especially for a first-class city trade. It is rather late in the season to make such a purchase as this, but Mr. Petley is a shrewd man of business, and knows what he is about, and he would not have made such a purchase as this, if he had not done so at a very low figure. This is, in fact, the case, and the firm is therefore enabled to offer the goods at prices that will be found ridiculously low. Such a big chance seldom offers, and the opportunity should be embraced by those who want to get nobly suits and stylish overcoats at low prices.

In another column will be found an advertisement from Mr. C. W. Dennis, of the well-known Seven and Ten Cent Store, Yonge St. Mr. Dennis is well-known to us as a thoroughly reliable man of business, whose goods are always as represented, and whose sterling upright-ness in dealing with the public has built up a business that is in every way flourishing and successful.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "I was on a jury in California once. It was a murder case. I didn't want the fellow hung, and so stuck out against the other eleven for nine days locked up in the jury room, when they gave in, and we brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty.' And then I was the maddest man in the State." "Why, what were you mad about Colonel?" "Cause the mob had hung the prisoner the first day we were locked up!"

NEW BLENFIELD, MISS., Jan. 2, 1880.

I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor but feel to bless you for such a relief by your medicine and from torment of the doctor. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic another to take four quarts of blood from me. They could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after these four bottles of your medicine, my skin is well, clean and smooth as ever.

HENRY KNOCHE.

CHRISTMAS GOODS!

- Gent's Silk Handkerchiefs.
- “ Scarfs and Ties.
- “ Kid Gloves and Mitts.
- “ Wool Cuffs and Mitts.
- “ Silk Braces.
- “ Linen Hdkfs in fancy boxes.
- “ Scarf Pins and Cuff Buttons.
- “ Shirt Studs and Jewellery.
- “ White Dress Shirts.
- “ Linen Collars and Cuffs.
- “ Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

A Choice and Large Assortment of Gent's
Furnishing Goods at

GEO. ROGERS'
346 Yonge St., Cor. Elm.

Our Young Folks.

GRACIE'S MISSION.

BY FAYE HUNTINGDON.

Miss Dorothy Dean lived alone at the Dean Homestead; her old schoolmate, Miss Marilla Baker, lived a mile away at the Baker homestead, but not alone. She was "Aunt Millie" to half a dozen nephews and nieces, and dozens more who were not her nephews and nieces, but who had adopted her into the relationship. No one ever thought of calling Miss Dorothy Aunt Dorrie! No, indeed! She was Miss Dorothy to everybody. Her nephews and nieces never made the old Dean homestead ring with childish glee, and the boys and girls who munched "Aunt Millie's" seed cakes, and tramped down the grass in her meadows in their search for the earliest strawberries, voted Miss Dorothy a "cross old thing." When Miss Dorothy visited her old friend, she would say:

"I don't see, Marilla, how you stand it to have such a lot of young ones tramping over your clean floors! I declare, the floor would be clean and white enough to eat off if you didn't let them go galivanting across it with their muddy boots and littering up with trash!"

"O, now Dorrie!" Miss Baker would say; "how you do exaggerate! In the first place, my floors are not clean enough for a dining-table. I do calkerlate to file 'em off once a week so as to keep kinder decent. Mother always allowed that everything should be speckapan for Sabbath; but I don't do so much scrubbing as some."

"La, now, Millie," said Miss Dorothy, falling into the use of the old pet name, "you needn't take that round-about way to compliment me!"

Miss Baker smiled; she knew by the tone of her voice that Miss Dean had swallowed the compliment, if such the hint of constant scrubbing could be considered, and she continued:

"And as for the muddy boots, why, I think the children are for the most part very careful about bringing in mud, and their trash is always clean stuff. They like to bring me bright leaves and mosses, because they know I like to have something green and bright in the house."

"But I don't see how you keep your cookie jar filled. I have seen you bring out three plates full since I came!"

"O, well, this is an unusual day. Mrs. McFinn has gone away, and her five are spending the day by themselves, and that is how they have need of so many cakes" replied Miss Baker, laughing.

"Millie Baker, you just allow yourself to be imposed upon! You never did have any spirit! You ought to have some one to take care of you!"

Miss Baker laughed, and shook her brown curls, which were well streaked with grey, and then she said, soberly enough:

"You are partly right. I have been thinking that the time may come when I shall need to be taken care of, and I have about decided to adopt a girl and a boy, if I can get hold of those which seem to be the right ones."

Then was Miss Dorothy Dean perfectly agitated! She had no words to express her astonishment and her disapproval! It seemed to her the most absurd scheme that ever entered the mind of woman, and she felt it to be her duty to try and argue her friend out of the notion.

"Think of the expense of bringing up two children! And nowadays, when girls must have so many furbelows! Why, Millie Baker, you will be ruined if somebody does not interfere!"

Miss Baker smiled again: "I am that thankful that no one has any right to interfere, except with advice, for which I am always thankful."

And then both women laughed.

This conversation took place in early spring. Six months later I want you to look into Miss Dean's large old-fashioned kitchen. She evidently has a party, and a children's party, too! What can it mean? The table is loaded with all sorts of good things; great pitchers of creamy milk, the whitest of bread, the brownest of cakes, and the flakiest of pies, as well as the fattest of turkeys of the flock, and the jinnest apples and pears! Evidently Miss Dorothy had forgotten that even children's stomachs have a limit as to capacity! Miss Baker is there, and among the group is a bright-eyed boy who seems to consider her as his espe-

cial property. Apparently Miss Baker has found someone to take care of her, and she asks roguishly of her friend:

"What do you think, Dorrie? You see I have taken your advice, and secured some one to take care of me. Do you think he will do?"

And Miss Dean pats the boy on the head, and says:

"Yes, he will do! Only suppose when they grow up he should take a notion to want to take care of my Gracie—what would become of us?"

And Miss Baker answers, laughing:

"Oh, we could fix that! We could all live together, and you and I would sit in the chimney corner with our knitting work and croon away to our heart's content. Don't you see?"

And Miss Dorothy, laughing, turned away to answer the call of a little flaxen-haired sprout who dauncing up to her, said—

"Please Auntie Dorrie, tie my apron! It all comed untied!"

II.

How did it come about? Away back in the early summer Rev. Mr. Grant received a letter from the committee of the "fresh air" enterprise. Now you all know what that means, I suppose? Perhaps some Pansey who lives out in Dakota, or off in California, may not have heard of this New York scheme. Briefly, it is a work carried on by benevolent people in sending the children of the poor in the city out into the country for a few days. Children who live in close, narrow tenement houses, who have never seen the country, some who never saw grass growing, who have scarcely had a glimpse of the blue sky, are given the enjoyment of two whole weeks of pure air and green grass and trees, flowers and fruit. The country people open their homes and their hearts to these little ones, and others furnishing the funds for travelling expenses, the matter is easily arranged.

The letter which was addressed to Mr. Grant was a request for homes for a company of fresh air children. Mr. Grant hesitated a little before asking Miss Dean to take one of the children into her well-ordered house, but finally concluded that he would give her a chance. I do not think he was more surprised at her consent than she was at herself. Whatever in the world possessed me? She repeated this question to herself many times, without getting any satisfactory answer. Once she had her bonnet on to go and tell the minister that she could not entertain the child as she had promised, and that he must find another place; but the truth was, she was ashamed to take back her promise. She laid awake nights, thinking what a simpleton she was to get into such a scrape. She was sure she would not have a carpet left on her floor, a whole window in the house, a flower in the garden, nor an apple in the orchard. It seemed to her that a dozen calamities were sure to follow in the train of that one small girl.

The day came, and with it the children. Miss Dorothy was never more embarrassed in her life than in receiving that mite of a girl. A neighbor had offered to bring the child up from the station, and Miss Dean stood in the doorway to receive her. Should she offer her hand? Would the "Ragamuffin" know what that meant? Neighbor Brown lifted the child from the wagon, and set her down at the gate, saying, "There's Miss D an in the door; run right in."

The little maiden came shyly up the walk, and as she reached the step, she said, "Are you the lady I am to stay with?"

"I suppose I am," was the reply, in a not over-cordial tone.

"Please let me kiss you," said the child. I do not know of anything she could have said which would have astonished Miss Dean more. "My name is Gracie Linn," continued the child; "papa said I must be very careful about making trouble, so you must let me help you. I am quite a nice little housekeeper; papa said so himself."

Remembering this remark the next day, Miss Dorothy asked, "Do you keep house for your father?"

"Well, ma'am, I did; but papa had to be taken to a hospital, and I staid with my aunt lately."

"Where is your mother?" asked the hostess. "Oh, she went away quite a while ago. I think she did not like papa and me very well," and the little voice took on a pitifully sad tone. "Anyway, she wasn't much of a hand to take care of children. Now, papa is different; he used to comb my hair always, until he got too sick."

"Did you go to Sunday-school?"

"Oh, yes; that's where I learned to sing *Jesus loves me*. Do you know *Jesus loves me*?"

Did she? Miss Dorothy had been a church-member for years; but what had she known of that love that reaches out and takes hold of the suffering and sorrowing, and gives health and comfort; that brings the lonely within the circle of companionship and love? Miss Dorothy had not been a happy Christian, but here was a little child sent to lead her into the light of love.

Steadily day after day the child won her way, until at the end of two weeks Miss Dorothy, now "Aunt Dorrie," concluded to keep her. Finding this to be possible arrangements were soon made, and little Gracie permanently established at the homestead, could joyfully sing with her good friend, *Jesus loves me*. The Thanksgiving party was the scheme of dear little Gracie's, heartily endorsed by Miss Dorothy, and carried out by her orders. The guests were the poor children gathered in from the neighborhood and from the village. Those who had always known Miss Dorothy were at a loss to understand this new order of things; but Miss Baker understood her friend, and she said to herself, "That little Gracie has done a wonderful work. She has found a key to the children's chamber in Dorrie's heart, and opened the door."—*The Pansey*.

Coal in the North-West.

A report will shortly be issued by Mr. George M. Dawson, the Assistant-Director of the Geological Survey, on the coal fields of the North-West. Some of the advance sheets have already appeared, and these go to show that the report will demonstrate very clearly that the North-West possesses abundance of coal of excellent quality, and therefore that the fuel problem is practically solved.

According to Mr. Dawson's report, it would appear that the coal and lignites of the North-West are of the tertiary age, and not like those of the East, of the carboniferous system. The district which has been most explored, and with the most satisfactory results, is that in the proximity of the Bow and Belly Rivers, extending eastward from the base of the Rocky Mountains to the 111th meridian. Mr. Dawson says that the fuels in this district vary from lignites, but slightly superior in quality to those of the Souris region, to coals containing a very small percentage of water, forming a strong coke on heating, yielding abundance of highly luminous hydro-carbons, and precisely resembling highly bituminous coal, though of the cretaceous age.

Estimates have been made of the quantity of coal underlying a square mile of territory in several localities. These estimates go to show that the quantities vary from 5,000,000 to 9,000,000 tons. These are enormous figures, and they should dissipate all nervous apprehension of a "coal famine" in Canada for many years to come. Mr. Dawson states that the coal-bearing rocks developed so extensively on the Bow and Belly rivers, and their tributaries, are known to extend far to the north and west, though up to the present time it has been impossible to examine them at more than a few points. On the North Saskatchewan several seams of lignite coal, resembling that of the Souris River region, outcrop at Edmonton. The most important is about six feet in thickness, and has been worked to some extent for local purposes. Thirty miles above Edmonton a much more important coal seam occurs. It has a thickness of eighteen to twenty feet. It is of excellent quality, and much resembles the "Gal-Banks" coal from the Bow River. In other parts of the territory there are indications of large deposits, and thus the prospect of opening out the Canadian North-West is of the most encouraging nature. Canada may be congratulated upon its immense treasures, and its brilliant prospects. —*The Scotsman*.

In every well regulated fish market the scales have the right of weigh.

A miss is not as good as a mile, for a Miss has only two feet, while a mile has five thousand two hundred and eighty. Shoot the maxim maker.

A woman who is kissed by mistake in the dark always screams and makes a great row about it, but one can wager she is provoked in another way when the man commences to offer excuses and says he wouldn't have done it if he had known whom it was.

The Girl That Everybody Likes.

She is not beautiful—oh, no! Nobody thinks of calling her that. Not one of a dozen can tell whether her eyes are black or blue. If you should ask them to describe her, they would only say: "She is just right," and there it would end. She is a merry-hearted, fun-loving, bewitching maiden, without a spark of envy or malice in her whole composition. She enjoys herself, and wants everybody else to do the same. She has always a kind word and a pleasant smile for the oldest man or woman; in fact, I can think of nothing she resembles more than a sunbeam, which brightens everything it comes in contact with. All pay her marked attention, from rich Mr. Watts, who lives in a mansion on the hill, to negro Sam, the sweep. All look after her with an admiring eye, and say to themselves: "She is just the right sort of a girl!" The young men of the town vie with one another as to who shall show her the most attention; but she never encourages them beyond being simply kind and jolly; so no one can call her a flirt; no, indeed; the young men all do by such an aversion as quickly as she. She is wonderful to relate—like her, too; for she never delights in hurting their feelings, or saying spiteful things behind their backs. She is always willing to join in their little plans, and to assist them in any way. They go to her with their love affairs, and she manages adroitly to see Wilko or Peter, and drops a good word for Ida or Jeanie, until their little difficulties are all patched up, and everything goes on smoothly again—thanks to her. Old ladies say she is "delightful." The sly wits—she knows how to manage them. She listens patiently to complaints of rheumatism or neuralgia, and then sympathizes with them so heartily that they are more than half cured. But she cannot always be with us. A young man comes from a neighboring town, after a time and marries her. The villagers crowd around to tell him what a prize he has won, but he seems to know it pretty well without any telling, to judge from his face. So she leaves us, and it is not long before we hear from that place. She is there the women everybody likes. —*Christian Advocate*.

Bric-a-brac.

"You ought to see our moon," said the young lady from Texas at the boarding-house table. "Why we have moonlight nights all the time, not just once in a while as you do here."

There was a painful silence over this and the empty boarder at the foot of the table called for more pancakes.

"And you should just see our stars," pursued the fair astronomer. "They are much larger and brighter than yours and they look as if they were just pinned to the sky!"

"We nail ours on," said the thirsty youth next to the milk pitcher, and closed the discussion for the season.

"Yes," said he, apologetically. "I said the policeman was drunk, but did not mean to state it as a fact. I merely made the remark on general principles."

The attempt to steal the body of the fat girl who was buried at Baltimore the other day will probably be blamed on the printers, as it is known that they are fond of a fat take.

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- "English Mottled,"
- "Perfection,"
- "Palace," and
- "Queen's Own"



For Purity, Durability, and Price stand Unrivalled.

Ask your Grocer for them and take no other. One trial will suffice to prove the economy of using a pure article.

RODGER, MACLAY & CO.,

Canada Soap and Oil Works, Toronto

CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

CHAPTER I.

"We understand that a marriage is arranged between Lord de Gretton of Gretton Castle and Miss Nora Bruce, daughter of Captain Duncan Bruce, R.N."

"There, Nora!" Mrs. Bruce's handsome equine face flushed with triumph as she first read the all-important paragraph cut for the edification of the breakfast-party, and then pushed the fashionable paper across to her step-daughter. "All the country knows it now. My dear, dear child, you are a favorite of fortune indeed!"

Nora's first impulse was to push away the paper angrily; but she felt that her mother's anxious eyes were on her, and, restraining the impulse, answered with tolerable composure—

"Fortune is tickle, Mrs. Bruce"—she never called her mother's successor "mother"—"she may withdraw her favors still."

Mrs. Bruce only nodded, and her son, Vance Singleton, looked up with a half-angry smile from his coffee-cup.

"Do you think Do Gretton will back out?" he inquired gracefully. "No fear of that, Nora! You are a pretty girl, and wiser in your generation than I thought you. Fear as he is, I think he has made an excellent bargain."

Mrs. Bruce flashed an angry glance at the unabashed Vance. Nora's pale face shadowed a little, and Christine Singleton shrugged her slender shoulders disdainfully.

"The first effect of your new dignity, Nora," she said, with her faint supercilious smile. "When Vance begins to pay you compliments, you may feel that you are a great lady already."

Vance smiled, and nodded his black head, quite untroubled by his sister's sneer.

"True for you, Nora. You have risen enormously in my estimation in the last few days; and, when Crissie proves a better angler than she has hitherto been, and brings even the smallest of fish safely to land, I promise her a compliment too."

Christine's eyes flashed dangerously, and Mrs. Bruce hastened to interpose.

"How you children do squabble!" she said peevishly. "One would think you took no pleasure in your sister's good fortune. You will hardly let her speak between you. Nora, my dear"—with sudden affectionate solicitude—"your coffee is quite cold. Ring for some more, Vance; the child has had no breakfast."

Nora smiled a little bitterly, and quite as scornfully as Christine, whose angry glance she had intercepted. For twelve years nothing in the house had been so little considered, as the comfort of Nora Bruce; but the comfort of the future Lady de Gretton was quite a different thing. Had she been one shade less miserable than she was, she must have taken a cynical pleasure in watching her step-mother's transparent manoeuvres, and must have extracted a malicious amusement from the hot coffee, the smoking cakes, the delicate confections, now pressed upon her with such tender care. But, with a broken heart, a shadowed past, and a future from which she shrieks with sickening dread, it is hard to laugh even in bitterness and scorn.

"But that is not the only newspaper-notice Nora has won," drawled Crissie, as she looked up from the bread-and-butter and was cutting fantastically and eating not at all—for, in her new-born care of the bride-elect, Mrs. Bruce had for once ignored her own children. "Did you chance to see the *Univers* last night?"

Nora shook her head indifferently; but Mrs. Bruce colored and bit her lip.

"What nonsense you talk, Christine!" she cried sharply, making a desperate effort to catch her daughter's studiously-averted eyes. "Even if dear Nora's time were not so fully occupied as it needs must be, you know she never cared for society papers as you do."

"Never did care," corrected Christine. "Tastes change—don't they, Nora? Show will be a leader of society now."

"That she will," chimed in Mrs. Bruce proudly; and she seemed to loom larger and more imposing than ever in her smart morning dress and cap of gorgeous color. "Oh, Duncan, to think that our dear child should bring us such pains and joy! It is more than we ever could have hoped for—Heaven

bless her!" And, murmuring the pious benediction, she buried her still blue eyes in a film of snowy cambric.

Vance Singleton grinned broadly as he gave vent to a mimic sob; Crissie drew her faintly marked brows together, and glanced into her coffee-cup. Captain Bruce sidged uneasily under the pathetic appeal and looked across at his daughter.

"Nora is a good girl," he said a little nervously; and the trouble in his voice and in his eyes made the girl's heart ache, yet gave her at the same time the only grain of comfort she was then capable of receiving. She could, at least, with Lord de Gretton's aid, make life a little easier to him.

She smiled back cheerily, glad to see the worn face brighten at that smile, swallowed a mouthful of coffee, and turned to Christine with the careless question—

"And what does the *Univers* find to say of me?"

"Nothing that you need mind," broke in Mrs. Bruce hastily, with a threatening glance at her rebellious child.

"Nothing that I shall mind; be sure of that," she answered, with forced boldness, and a cool stare in Crissie's pale gleaming eyes. "I think I can guess the style of paragraph that Christine must delight in."

"Of course you can, that young lady agreed sedately—"the usual delicate badinage of 'May and December'—Our new heraldry is hands, not hearts; you know that sort of thing—awfully amusing, but shocking style."

"Would not you like to be so pilloried, Cris?" Vance rose and stretched himself as he put the malicious question; and then, without pausing for an answer, he turned to his step-father and said, "I am off to town to-day, sir. No chance of your company, I suppose."

He looked as though he rather dreaded than desired it; but Vance was always civil to the step-father to whom he owed so much, which was one reason why Nora kept a soft place in her heart for her rather graceless step-brother.

He seemed immensely relieved when the Captain answered with a sort of nervous decision—

"Not to-day, Vance; Lord de Gretton is coming over, and—"

"Oh, ah, so he is!"—with a quick grimace of disgust. "Well, so long as I don't take Nora with me, he will not grumble at my absence."

This was indubitably true, as Lord de Gretton had, in his cold and silent fashion, more than once displayed a stately disapproval of Vance Singleton's little ways.

"Shall you be away long, Vance?" asked his mother.

"Not more than two or three days," he answered carelessly; and, looking up, Nora was surprised to see a vivid flush stain the smooth bronzed skin.

Vance Singleton blushing! Even in her self-absorbed misery she could hardly help smiling at such a phenomenon as that.

He caught the glance, interpreted its wonder and amusement aright, and bit his lip wretchedly.

"Good-bye, Nora. I won't forget your wedding present!" he cried, with a revere-fused; and then whistling a little out of tune to cover his confusion, he strolled off.

Nora was not long in following his example. Her head and heart ached heavily, and she longed with a wild eager longing to be once more alone—alone with her knowledge that her fate was sealed, with the memory of her old sorrow, with her sore and aching heart.

Her hours of freedom were so few now, were diminishing with such cruel speed. In six weeks' time she would be Lord de Gretton's wife; and then—then she must fling all her thoughts forward, must let her fancy only play with the future, and never dally with the dead, dead, dangerous past.

In six weeks' time it would be sin to open the big silver locket that had lain in her bosom so long, to gaze through blinding tears into the brave blue eyes, the frank handsome face that smiled back so kindly, to press her chilled lips to the irresponsible glass, and feel as though she touched the cold cheek of the dead—in to dream night and day of the hot red sand in which her soldier-boy had fallen—sin to remember that one golden summer day in which Arthur Beaupre told his love.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur, why did you die and leave me here? Life without you is too hard, too bitter!" she had cried in her rebellious pain, and, in the first bitterness of her grief, had prayed wildly and passionately that she too might die.

But the Angel of death had been deaf to her prayers. Does he ever come for our calling? Does he not rather love to follow those who shrink from and fly from him, and set the willing sacrifice aside? A year, and half another, passed away, and found her not only living still, but with unfaded beauty and undiminished charm; for the man whose mere coming threw the small community into a nervous flutter had wooed her for his wife; and she was from that moment, in the estimation of her neighbors, the luckiest, happiest girl, not only in all Nottleton, but in all England too. Happy? Ah, well, they did not know! Tears had not washed the faint roses from her smooth creamy skin, had not dimmed the brightness of the dark-gray jet-tinted eyes bequeathed her by her Irish mother; pain had traced no wrinkles on the low smooth brow, nor planted one silver thread in the blue-black brightness of the soft rippling hair. The tall slender form was still erect, instinct with supple, healthful grace. Only her heart was dead.

She was so sure of this last fact that she grew to feel a certain pride and safety in the thought, to look with a certain superior scorn upon the world that could hardly hurt her more. With all the hopes and dreams of youth buried in Arthur Beaupre's grave, she was, at one-and-twenty, as safe from fierce pain as desolate of hope.

It was not a good or healthy frame of mind, but it was that in which Lord de Gretton found her, which rendered her pliant as wax to her father's wish, her step-mother's imperious will.

"It will save your father's life, child," Mrs. Bruce said, her shrill voice quivering with nervous excitement, her sharp handsome face all aglow. "Oh, Nora"—there was real pathos in the look she cast across the shabby room of her husband, with his gray head bent above the rickety old writing-table, and the morning sunlight streaming through the high narrow window finding out every line in his fine worn face, every wrinkle in his poor threadbare coat—"remember what a life it has been for the last twelve years for us all! Don't, my dear sweet girl, that I have loved like my own child—don't forget what lies in your power now—don't condemn us to such an existence forever!"

Nora did remember distinctly enough what those twelve years—the years of her step-mother's married life—had been—years of grinding poverty and much pretentious show, years in which she had suffered much more actual hardship than either Mrs. Bruce or her daughter—for Christine Singleton had been persistently put forward at her step-sister's expense—but years that now seemed in the retrospect, peaceful and happy enough.

"Nothing lasts forever!" the girl cried, with a hard bitter laugh. "I thought papa and I were to live alone for ever, Mrs. Bruce; then you came, and all that life ended."

At any other time the retort would have cost her dear, and, as it was, the step-mother's lips quivered; but she forced a smile, and answered snavely—

"As this will end now, you pretty saucy puss—with a marriage! You did not like my coming, Nora; you were a passionate child even then, and you set yourself against me from the first. But your dear father would have married some one, Nora—no is a man that must be looked after—and as well me as another."

Nora laughed in spite of herself; there was something so supremely absurd in the thought of the impatient woman who had long ridden rough-shod over Nora Bruce laboriously explaining her twelve-year-old marriage to the possible Lady de Gretton of the future.

The laugh appeared to cheer the elder woman immensely; she threw one arm around the girl's shoulders and would have kissed her, but she slipped dextrously aside.

"You look so pretty when you laugh, child; those teeth of yours are like little pearls against your pretty red lips. Ah, if my Crissie had only your attractions!"

She paused and sighed profoundly, as though Christine's future was really too gloomy for contemplation. Nora checked her with irrepressible scorn. Nothing about her seemed meaner than this description of her daughter.

"How your opinions change, Mrs. Bruce! It is not so long since you held up Crissie as a model I might vainly emulate, and bewitched me with the long list of her graces and perfections. Mind, I am not grumbling at that," she added hastily, as the other was

about to interpose—"that was natural enough; she was your own child—I your husband's only."

"But dear to me as my own, Nora. You cannot deny that I have been a good mother, a good wife."

Nora shrugged her shoulders; she felt inexpressibly weary of the whole discussion, of the woman's pertinacity, of her own confused thoughts.

"I do not complain," she said. "As you say, my father would have married some one, and it might have been worse."

It was a grudging admission at best, though it cost no small effort to make; but from Lord de Gretton's chosen one it was more than enough; the step-mother was afflicted almost to tears.

"Thank you, Nora dear," she said, with a grateful whimper. "I know that sooner or later you would do me justice, would see that we always acted for your good—your father and I."

"We were not taking of my father," the other interrupted, with jealous haste; "that is quite another thing."

"But it is your father I must speak of, Nora—your poor father, whose future comfort depends on you. Lord de Gretton could do so much to make him happy and set his mind at ease no said as much last night."

Nora did not answer. Mrs. Bruce suspected her of not listening, though in truth every word she spoke sank straight to the very bottom of her sore heart.

It was all true. The man's life had been hard and cheerless; much work and little pay had dimmed the bright eyes and broken the brave spirit with which young Duncan Bruce had set forth upon his life-voyage. His lot had been the lot of many another man who, unbacked by influential friends or powerful interest, essays to make his way in a jealously guarded profession. Younger and luckier men had passed him in the race of life; gates at which his patient merit had battered in vain had opened in his sight to golden keys. No wonder that in his early retirement he felt dazed and at odds with all the world.

"Remember, this is the first piece of good fortune that has ever come in his way, child. For his sake you will not refuse it."

Mrs. Bruce was a clever woman in her way; she saw the girl's softened look, and struck while the iron was hot.

Nora walked straight across the room to the table at which her father sat, forlorn and haggard-looking in the brilliant morning sunshine, a desperate purpose swelling in her heart and urging her on to feverish action. She could make him happy with a word; why should she not speak it? It could not injure Arthur now; and for her what did it matter?

"Papa, look at me, please," she said quite coolly and firmly. "Do you wish me to marry Lord de Gretton?"

He raised his eyes at the appeal, then dropped them quickly on the paper, and said in a low tone—

"You must choose for yourself, child. Lord de Gretton has done you a great honor. He has much to offer."

"To offer you, papa?"

His thin face flushed; but he answered promptly—

"Yes; he can give me what I have not known for years—freedom from debt, peace of mind—a little rest before I die."

pushed back his scanty gray hair with such a tired gesture, but looked at her with such a trustful smile, that she hesitated no longer.

"That is enough, papa," she said bending down to kiss him. "When Lord de Gretton asks me, I will say 'Yes.'"

"Heaven bless you, Nora!" broke in Mrs. Bruce, with an effusive gasp.

Her father said nothing; but, as the girl clung to him with sudden passion, she heard him draw a long breath of relief.

Vaguely and dreamily the girl pondered her past, and nerved herself to face the future, the future that stretched so blank and bare before her.

"I can bear it," she cried, with a sort of bitter pathos—"oh, yes, I can bear it, or my heart is dead! But will it be long? I ask not—I hope not! My mother died at three-and-twenty, and she left love and hope behind; I shall go to mine."

She nerved her moody thoughts until Christine Singleton, in an elaborate afternoon costume, came toiling up the steep hill to where she was sitting to remind her that Lord de Gretton was expected.

"And you will be so fit to receive him!"

she added, surveying the pale girl with much disfavor. "I wonder you care to dream away your days in this wood; it must remind you so of Arthur Beaupre." The cruel thrust went home. The great gray eyes dilated; and, with a face as white as death, the girl hurried down to meet her future lord.

CHAPTER II.

"It will be for her good, I believe," said Captain Bruce a little irresolutely.

"It will be for the good of us all, I know," answered Mrs. Bruce, with no shadow of doubt in her brisk crisp tones.

"De Gretton is a gentleman, though so much older, so unsuited to her, perhaps, in many ways," went on the Captain, with nervous incoherence.

"Lord de Gretton is liberality itself, and, as for age, what does that matter? She has lived out her romance with young Beaupre, and is the most fortunate girl in the world to have so splendidly solid a reality to fall back upon."

"Ah, ye! Poor Arthur, if he had been living—"

"Luckily for us he is not," Mrs. Bruce interrupted fervently; "otherwise the way would have been blocked indeed. It would have been heart-breaking, maddening, to see a marvellous piece of good fortune come in the way of an untrained girl like Nora and run the risk of being rejected. No, no,—" shaking her black head with a sort of easy and cheerful resignation—"I was very shocked when I heard of the poor young fellow's death; but now I can see it was all for the best."

Duncan Bruce thrust his hands into his pockets, jingled savagely the keys therein, and relieved his feelings with an impatient sigh. His wife's neck piety jarred upon his finer taste; but he did not attempt to contradict her. On this occasion, for a wonder, the married pair were really not at odds.

In his inmost heart Captain Bruce was quite as anxious for the marriage as his wife, though he shrank from expressing his wish with her outspoken frankness. He had a conscience, and it pricked him painfully when he saw the betrothed pair side by side and read the e-ill r-pugnance on Nora's pale, beautiful face. But the pricks were only sharp enough to make himself uneasy and unhappy—they did not stir him to save the girl.

"After all," he would argue plausibly enough, "putting us out of the question, such a marriage is the best thing possible for her. She has loved once—she is her mother's own child, Heaven bless her!—and that once will mean for ever; and left to herself, she would make all the rest of her life a dream of sorrow. My beautiful Nora a poor and scornful old maid? No, no! De Gretton will give her loveliness a golden setting; she will have sense to see that, if the new life will give her no ecstatic happiness, it will bring at least enjoyment and content."

So the man, who really loved his motherless child in his own faint half-hearted fashion, swallowed the glittering bait that dangled so temptingly before him, and not only deserted her in the hour of peril, but pushed her forward to her doom.

Perhaps it was hardly strange that, in presence of such strong temptation, Duncan Bruce should prove himself thus weak. Life had never been over-bright to him since Nora's mother died, and it seemed at its very darkest when fate brought Lord de Gretton to Nettleton and across the path of Nora Bruce.

It is not easy at the best of times for a man with a small income and an extravagant family to keep his head "above water;" and when times are bad the inevitable submerged rocks come ever at hand. Mrs. Bruce was no active, energetic woman, a thrifty house-keeper, and a manager of notable talent; but, as she herself said, poor as the Bruces were, they were the principal people in Nettleton, and that consideration demanded some expenditure in dress.

This translated, meant that Mrs. Bruce had a daughter to marry, and that Nettleton was adjourned a Cavalry depot, in which she hoped to find a happy hunting ground for Nora and Cristina.

The step-sisters were hardly likely to prove rivals, she thought, as she surveyed them with a critical appreciation of their widely differing charms. Nora was decidedly the handsomer now; but hers was a beauty that was long in ripening, and she was younger than Miss Singleton by fully

four years; so that for a while the thin, dark, passionate-looking girl contrasted disadvantageously with her light haired, light-eyed, hily-skinned step-sister. But there were some who even in these early days discerned a rare and splendid promise in the gipsy-looking child, and prophesied a day in which Cristina's chill regularity of outline would pass unnoticed in the glow of Nora's ripened beauty.

Among the first to make the discovery was Arthur Beaupre, a blue-eyed, handsome young Lieutenant of Hussars, who had been one of Miss Singleton's most favored and constant partners, until gray-eyed Nora came upon the scene, when he transferred his attentions, with startling and unflattering rapidity, to her.

Cristina was not slow to note his dejection; and she resented it, in her cold silent fashion, bitterly enough. She never, even to her more than sympathetic mother, opened her lips upon the subject; but her crystal-clear, pale blue eyes glittered with an angry fire as they followed the young and well-matched pair about the room, and in her inmost heart she registered a vow to be revenged, a vow that was kept consistently in the bitter days to come.

Arthur Beaupre was more than a pleasant partner, he was an eligible parti, as the prudent Cristina had been careful to inform herself before she accorded the full sunshine of her smile. The eldest son of a rich merchant and landed proprietor, young, handsome, and a general favorite, he had been the mark of each man-courting "mamma," and his marked devotion had been the proudest feather in Cristina's cap of coquetry. To lose him to any one would have been hard indeed, to lose him to Nora was unbearable. She had never loved her step-sister overmuch; she hated her from that moment with a fierce and virulent hatred that was not for one second softened, that even exulted cruelly in her bitter and quick-coming grief.

And yet even the hardest might have been melted by that brief tragedy of love and death. Hardly had the pretty summer idyl been lived through, hardly had the young man told his love and won from the shy sweet girl his lips the faltering confessions of hers, hardly had Captain Bruce's consent been asked and given to the marriage that would give to his brilliant child as fair a lot as he could have desired for her, when, like a thunderbolt out of a summer sky, there came upon the scene of tranquil happiness the news of the South African troubles, the sudden summons to the seat of war.

One day Nettleton gossiped at afternoon tea, on the croquet-lawn, and in the tennis-court over the news of Nora Bruce's engagement and the girl's astounding luck; next day the gossips had fresh food for conjecture, in the departure of the 5th Hussars, and young Beaupre's chance of ever coming back to "the girl he left behind him."

By the lovers themselves the news was very differently received. Arthur Beaupre was too deeply in love not to admit that the summons was at least inopportune, but too true and ardent a soldier to find it wholly unwelcome. The excitement of the coming fray thrilled through his quick young blood and set his blue eyes aflame with a different fire from that which had brought a hot riddle to Nora's cream-smooth cheek.

"You must not fret, darling; you are a soldier's wife, you know," he said, with proud and fond authority. "We shall thrash these niggers sooner than they think, and then I shall come back for my reward."

He looked so gallant and bright, so full of high hope and courage, as he stood there in the morning sunshine, loath to speak the farewell word, and yet eager to depart, that Nora could not bear to damp his spirits with the black shadow of her fear. She gulped her sobs down with an heroic effort, and looked up with pale bravery into his face.

"Heaven keep you, Arthur, and send you back to me!"

"'Til death us do part.' Remember that, Nora. Only death can come between us now."

They clung together for a few brief moments, the dark shadow of a cruel destiny hovering over them the while. Then, with a sharply-indrawn breath that was all but a sob, Arthur Beaupre tore himself away, and Nora knew that she was alone.

"Nora looks wretched," said Mrs. Bruce, making her pettish complaint to her silently observant child. "Really we are the most unlucky family that ever lived! The dress-maker's bill has just come in; and it will make your father more miserable and discontented

than ever, and really is enough to turn every hair on my head gray. Yet see how our campaign has ended! You are altogether unprovided for!"

"I cannot ask men to marry me," Cristina said coldly; but the rebellious blood rose under her transparent skin and warned Mrs. Bruce to let that part of the subject rest.

"Well, well, I did not say you could, child; I wish you would not interrupt so ridiculously. Nora was the person we were discussing; and I do say that it is rather hard the only result of all our trouble and expense should be an engagement that may come to nothing after all."

"Nora must take her chance with the rest of us," Cristina said coldly. "Life cannot be all sunshine even for her."

All sunshine! Even as she spoke the bitter jealousy-prompted words, ill news was flashing over land and sea, the news of an engagement in which our arms had suffered a defeat, in which our foes had been savagely cruel; and first on the long list of the dead was the name of Arthur Beaupre. Mrs. Bruce was selfish and unsympathetic, but not inhuman. Even she shed a few tears when she thought of the young life cut short at its brightest, and of all the innocent hopes that must perish with it. With a little hysterical cry she threw down the newspaper.

"Poor, poor Arthur, and poor Nora too! Who is to break the news to her? I cannot."

"I can," Cristina cried through her teeth; and, looking up, Mrs. Bruce saw that her daughter's face had grown deathly white and her eyes had a cruel steely glitter.

"Can you, Cris?" she asked doubtfully. "I am sure you are very good and brave. But how strange you look child, almost—"

"Almost as though I cared," Cristina supplemented, with a reckless laugh. "Could I care for a man who threw me over and slighted me for—Nora?"

The last word was uttered in sheer surprise, for Nora stood within the doorway, whiter than her white dress, and with a dreadful look of frozen horror in her dark gray eyes.

"Arthur," she cried, in a long agonized

wail that seemed to wound her slender throat in passing, for she clasped it with such a strange pathetic gesture and her pallid lips moved so stilly—"Arthur! What is it?"

Without a word Cristina Singleton placed the newspaper in her hand. There was no mercy in the hard revengeful woman's thought, but the act itself was merciful. To break the news in any tender feminine fashion would only have been to prolong Nora's agony; to strike straight home was wisest and most kind.

There rang through the long room one wild heart-broken cry, the echo of which lingered uncomfortably for many months in Mrs. Bruce's ears, and then Nora Bruce fell to the ground face forward, like one stricken to the heart.

"You have killed her!" the step-mother cried, with mingled fear and anger; but Cristina only shrugged her shoulders with insolent contempt.

"Better for her perhaps if I had. She may live to wish that death had come in such a merciful fashion, and you may wish it for her too."

The words were spoken in the heat of passion, with only such meaning as passion gives; yet Cristina Singleton lived to feel that some spirit of malignant prophecy had descended upon her that day, and made her the mouthpiece of a cruel, overhadowing fate.

For long weeks Nora Bruce lay between life and death, and those who watched her never knew which way the scale would turn. But youth and strength conquered even the wish to die, and slowly but surely the "angel with the amarantine wreath" withdrew.

But in withdrawing he left the strange apathy that made the girl a mere automaton in the hands of those around her. Life held for Nora no possibility of happiness now; she could only, she thought, be more or less wretched; and it was easier to yield and make her father happy than to dash his last hopes and live on in misery at home. And so it chanced that Albert Grant, Lord de Gretton, in the 57th year of his age, became the accepted husband of Nora Bruce, then barely twenty-one.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Andante con espress.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with a wide interval, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante con espress.'.

Lurline.
Largamento.

1. Oh! Thou to whom this heart ne'er yet Turn'd in an - guish or re - gret, The
 2. Oh! Thou to whom my thoughts are known Calm, oh calm these tremb - ling fears; Ah!

The first system includes a vocal line with two parts and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is 'Largamento'.

past for - give, the future spare; Sweet Spir - it hear my pray'r! Oh!
 turn a - way the world's cold frown, And dry my fall - ing tears;

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment.

leave me not a - lone in grief, Send this olight - ed heart re - lief! Send this

Sostenuto

The third system concludes the piece with a 'Sostenuto' marking. The piano accompaniment features a rising melodic line in the right hand.

blight - ed heart re - lief!..... Make them my life thy fu - turo care, Sweet

con molto espress.

Spir - it hear my pray'r! Ah! make..... my life thy fu - ture care, Sweet

Spir - it hear my pray'r! Hear oh! hear my pray'r! Ah!

1st Verso. hear..... my pray'r.....

pp dim. pp

D.S.

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A Gymnasium for Girls.

There is a swell gymnasium for women writes Clara Bella from New York, and I suppose men would laugh at the exercises, just as they heartlessly do when a girl attempts to throw a ball. The exercises consist largely of calisthenics—wheeling, dumb bells, percussion, and the like. The dumb-bell exercises are vigorous and graceful. As a piano gives the measure and a drum the particular emphasis, the gymnasts perform difficult figures with unison and precision. The solid phalanx, a novel movement, is formed by double circles of girls advancing toward the centre until a club body is formed, the girls being united in the smallest conceivable space, and there performing gymnastic posturings. Such a lump of active loveliness would make a man's eyes glisten; but no masculine gaze is permitted. The percussion exercise is odd. The rows of performers are divided into groups of two, and each one of the two percussed the other on arms, legs, breast, and back with quick, decisive strokes to the music. Indian-club swinging is a snapping, seam-opening sort of exercise, and only a few of the girls are adepts at it. At a class exercise I saw seven of these fair athletes lightly dancing around the room. Stopping for a moment to take full breath they then swung the clubs with remarkable strength and ease. Running jumps are only possible to a few. I have, however, seen the bar raised to a height of four feet, and lightly cleared. Others easily made their way through the air by the means of suspended rings. The woman professor in charge of the gymnasium teaches the pupils how to walk. There is a style of walking sanctioned by fashion, the same as there are rules in dress. Instead of assuming a languid, willowy movement and inclining the body forward, which used to be the style, the New York girls are going to the other extreme by imitating the walk of our English cousins. This form of Anglomaniacism is confined to the adoption of the erect position, throwing the shoulders well back. But we are sensible to stop short of the long strides and lolling up-and-down peculiar to the English. The use of the low-heeled walking shoe has considerable to do with this unaffected, sensible style. With the French heel it was only possible to walk in a constrained way of walking on eggs. Another characteristic motion was the rolling from one side to the other, which was doubtless necessary to relieve the pressure on the foot as much as possible. The aim now is to march like diminutive grenadiers.

The Manufacture of Beads.

Beads are largely made in Venice, where glass-making has always been the principal industry. It is said that the invention of beads dates from the thirteenth century, and is due to two Venetians, Motti and Imbriani, who were urged to make experiments by the celebrated Venetian traveller, Marco Polo. Under the Venetian Republic, and for some years after its fall, says our Consul at Venice, the exportation of beads had not reached the importance it has now attained. This was, perhaps, owing to the smallness of the furnaces, and to the difficulty and length of the technical processes required for the composition of the paste.

The Morelli, however, who in 1670 were the principal bead manufacturers, had four ships at sea, carrying beads to the East on their own account; they had become so rich that in 1686 they entered the rank of the Venetian nobility on payment of the sum of 100,000 ducats to the Republic. Since 1815 this industry has become so important as to give, at the present time, employment to about 15,000 persons. The traffic is carried on with all the world, but the principal exportation of beads is to the ports of Asia and Africa. An extraordinary stimulus was given to this industry a few years ago by the prevailing taste for beads for trimming ladies' dresses. A great extension of the manufacture took place, and labor was paid so high that all who could do so, gave up their usual trade for bead-making. But when the demand for beads declined, most of the workmen who had been allured by fancy wages to the bead manufacture, were thrown out of work and compelled to return to their former occupations.

Whatever be the cause, bead making has always been the special privilege of Venice, in spite of all foreign attempts to manufacture this article elsewhere. The wages in glass works are for a licit master about eight

frances a day, for a second master, four and one-half francs, and for the ordinary workmen, from two francs to five francs a day. During the last five years the average annual exportation of beads has been 25,000 quintals, of the approximate value of 5,500,000 francs.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Motors for Sewing-Machines.

Mr. Watkins, a Clerkenwell, England, manufacturer, has lately completed an invention for driving sewing-machines, and which can be applied equally well to every kind of machine. It is contained in a box about 15 inches cube, which supports the machine, and is itself supported by legs like those of the ordinary table, but with no crank, treadle, flywheel, or strap. The box contains a length of steel tape, which is wound up to serve as a coil spring for use, and is prevented from releasing itself by the usual ratchet and click arrangement of clocks. The chief merit of the invention is in a method of compensating the action of this tape in such a way as to make it drive the machine as fast and with as much power at the termination of the run as at the commencement. In Mr. Watkins' spring motor there is a contrivance which causes the tape, as it is wound, to form itself what he calls a "parabolic spiral"—an arrangement by which as it unfolds it compensates its own action and drives the machine steadily throughout its run. The box contains also, a drum on which the chain is wound, a series of multiplying wheels, an instantaneous brake, which is worked from the immediate vicinity of the needle above, a flywheel, and the connections with the sewing machine. The contrivance can be stopped instantaneously by the brake, or gradually by the regulator; and the action is so completely under control that, although when at full speed the needle attains a rate of between 900 and 1,000 stitches a minute, it can be set to work so slowly that the machine scarcely moves. The power of the motor is such that the thickness of the material sewn is of little importance, for the speed of the needle is but slightly reduced by passing through ten or twelve layers of unbleached calico or two of leather. The inventor claims that the apparatus can be applied to any existing machine at moderate cost, and that the working parts are calculated to last for years with reasonable treatment.

The man who does not play a horn is not necessarily untalented.

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FEMININE SPARKLES.

Bless of the bawl—girl babies.
A New York woman keep a coach dog to match her freckles.
New York ladies now take lessons in fencing. They hope to make themselves more killing than ever.

A young man who proposed to his girl and was met with the reply that she "couldn't see it," is now more than ever convinced that love is blind.

"I've got this thing down fine now, Mildred," said Amy to the Boston high school girl. "Don't say 'got it down fine,' Amy, there's a dear; say 'reduced it to extreme tenuity.'"

There are two colored women lawyers in the United States, and when one of them gets to talking the court hears more black's tone than it ever dreamed could be utilized in practice.

A Maine woman offered her husband at auction and no one bid. Then she put up a billy goat, and \$12 was offered. Ever since, in talking with the former, she puts this and that together.

"The dynamite party!" exclaimed Mrs. Shoddy, who was reading over the papers. "Dear me, Augustus, we'll have to give one right away before those Smiths hears of it. I wonder what it's like?"

The following beautiful description of a sunset in Georgia is from the Macon Telegraph: "The rosy heels of the day, as she rakes down the western turnpike, have been greatly admired by the ladies lately."

I throw you a kiss, my pretty Louise.
I throw you a kiss at the door.
But your father's stern boot did the business for me.
For I couldn't turn round to throw more.

An Indianapolis woman is suing for divorce because her husband muzzled her with a base ball mask, and yet if base-ball masks were fashionable she would have worried the life out of him in her endeavors to persuade him to buy her one. This is a world of queer contraries.

Miss Elith (aged 6)—Mamma, they say the Gibbises have come into a whole lot of money. Ella Stanford says they are real common and vulgar, but I think we had better be very nice to them, as there are two boys in the family about my age, and when I grow up something might come out of it, you know.

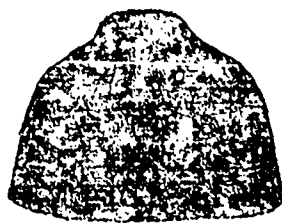
A trade circular, under the title, "What will the Coming Girl Wear?" contains a description of the articles like to constitute the wardrobe of the future. It is a description sufficient to convince anybody that what the coming girl will chiefly wear is a hole in the pocketbook of the man who supports her.

Oh, horror! it is reported that an English nobleman is about to take steps to get a divorce from his American wife. After all the trouble that the dear creatures have been to secure titled spouses, it is really too bad if they are going to lose them through the vulgar instrumentality of the divorce court.

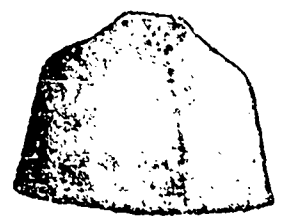
"I was to be married you know," said Blooms to his friend Clark, "but I g-guess it's off, you know, for g-good." "How is that?" asked Clark. "This way," replied Blooms. "She s-said she'd marry me, you know, when all impediments were r-removed." "Yes." "Well, I asked her last night if they were not all—aw—r-removed, you know, and she said 'no—I s-still s-statter!'"

Miss Upper Ten, an ultra fashionable young lady, was called to be with a sister who was dangerously ill in a western city. "What can she do for anyone ill and perhaps dying?" inquired a neighboring acquaintance who had heard of her departure. "She might give information as to which side they'll be most likely to wear harps on this season," said one of the company dryly.

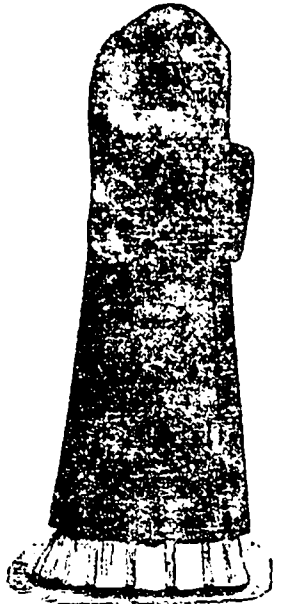
At an inn in the neighborhood of Paris a dog lay stretched at full length in the middle of the hearth. Four travellers were seated around the fire. They were soon joined by the landlord. "What a fine dog! Is it yours, sir?" he said, addressing the first traveller. "No, sir." "Splendid creature! I suppose it is yours?" he asked the second.



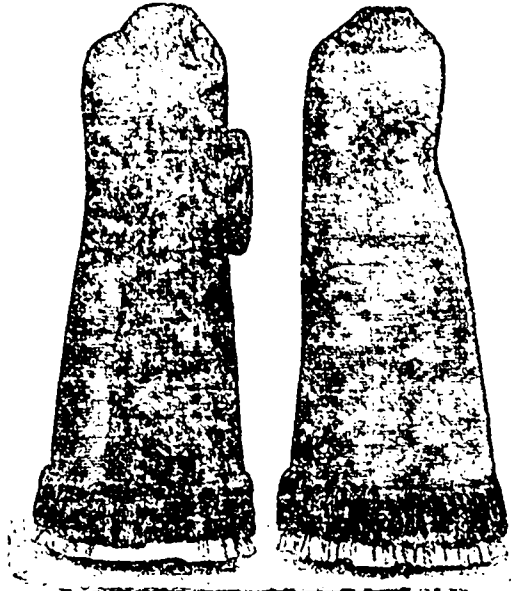
BLACK FOX CAPE.



NATURAL BEAVER CAPE.



SEALSKIN PALETOT.



FUR-LINED SILK CLOAK.



SEALSKIN REDINGOTE.



BLACK FOX MUFF.



SEALSKIN TURBAN.



NATURAL BEAVER MUFF.

FASHIONABLE FURS.

FASHIONABLE FURS.

Furs rank with rich velvet and fine real lace as a mark of distinction. In some countries furred garments are a badge of honor and nobility, and the genuine furs, well made, always furnish the richest and most becoming of all out-door clothing. It is a pity that caprices of fashion and the creation of an arbitrary standing should ever interfere with the service and real comfort to be extracted from the possession of fine furs, or with their beauty and variety; and it could hardly be believed to what extent this is the case. The long and well-known prejudice in favor of dark furs will illustrate our meaning. A prejudice that could only have grown up out of ignorance, for the very dark and uniform color is always the result of dye, and is not nearly so handsome as the natural color and shading. Another illustration occurs in the preparation of "natural" beaver, which has obtained a vogue, though some ladies prefer that this shall be dyed also. To satisfy ultra ideas, the long, rougher hairs, which protect the soft, delicate coat beneath, are all extracted, and this finer and more easily injured surface left exposed. It would in reality be much better to leave it as nature left it, with the fine and softer interior coat protected by the hairs upon the surface; and to those who understand and appreciate nature and the causes of things, who know how jealously the most precious things are guarded, it is a sort of profanity thus to ex-

pose interior beauty to the rudeness of exterior sight and contact. Seal has established itself as the dress fur of the season. Elsewhere will be found a variety of elegant sealskin and other garments from the well-known fur house of F. Boos & Bro., 449 Broadway, whose designs, as usual, lead the market, especially that which is recognized as representing the finest class of trade. Among them is a new and stylish ulster, or long redingote, which is the most distinguished garment of the season, and will be more fashionable next year than this; a handsome pelisse, or square-sleeve paletot; and a dolman, which only differs from those of last year in the superior cut and shape, which improves year by year; a statement which is true also of the jackets specially adapted to young ladies, and which equal the "Jerseys" for the perfection with which they outline the figure. Various efforts have been made to restore such old favorites as mink and Sable to the position they occupied thirty or forty years ago, but without success. Sealskin has established itself too firmly, and is preferred for many reasons. One is, that it is the most dressy of the dark furs, and the only one that does not enlarge the apparent size and render the body almost shapeless; and another is the fact that moths do not attack sealskin. A good sealskin garment, with cuffs and collar of sea-otter, is fit for an empress; is, indeed, a truly royal and princely object to look upon; while its depth and texture soften the complexion and beautify

the least attractive of women. It is also, for one who wishes to dress well, not an extravagant purchase, it being good for several years' steady wear during the cold weather, and always rich and lady-like looking. Fur trimmings in bands, and the like, are much used this year, although braiding for cloth, and plush upon silk, have somewhat taken their place. Capes are still called for, and are accompanied by muffs to match; and we are glad to see that capricious fancy has largely discarded the fussy "bag" and "pocket" muffs, the toy muffs, ribbon and lace-trimmed, which were conspicuous a couple of years ago. Muffs are a solid comfort, or nothing; the only "fancy" styles which have a claim to existence, are the sealskin satchel or "reticuls" muffs, which open at the top, and can be suspended by a cord round the neck, thus proving a great convenience on shopping expeditions to ladies who are apt to drop about some of their belongings. The fashionable capes appear in black lynx, beaver, sea-otter, chinchilla, and black fox fur, and the latest arched and cut high on the shoulders. This is not an improvement in fur; the depth of fur exaggerating the height of the shoulder into a defect; the ordinary pelerine caps, shaped to the throat, are much better. Seal hats and bonnets are trimmed with seal pompons, or feathers matching in color, and are very handsome, when the hats are employed with jackets to form skating sets. What a welcome present to many a young girl!

Our Engravings.

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

A newly-married Texas man shot his bride while she was mixing her first batch of biscuits. His plea in court will probably be self-defense.

A turkey which was being fattened for a Thanksgiving dinner at a Grand Forks hotel has just died of old age. Determined that his boarders shall not be entirely disappointed, the landlord has had photographs of the corpse taken and will place one at each plate.

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Health Department.

Milk and Infectious Diseases.

An outbreak of typhoid fever in St. Pancras, London, has been traced to the milk supply directly, and indirectly to a sycamore tree. During August there were 223 cases of the epidemic within a limited area. The sanitary officer conducting an investigation began by making a map of the district showing the distribution of houses where there had been sickness. He was able at once to discard two theories of infection, namely, the condition of the Regent's Canal and contaminated water from the mains, and speedily to find an adequate cause in the milk supply. Out of 431 persons attacked during the summer, 368 were known to obtain milk from one dealer and the remaining 63 might have done so indirectly. Houses supplied by other dealers escaped; and in families which depended upon the fatal milk-cart, those who drank milk were attacked, while those who preferred beer did not have the fever.

The dealer obtained milk from five farms, but the houses in St. Pancras in which the fever had occurred had been supplied mainly from the same farm. This was in St. Albans; and as direct evidence that this was the source of infection, the sanitary officer ascertained that certain porters in the dealer's employ were attacked after drinking the milk, that there were additional cases on the farm itself, and that houses in St. Albans supplied with the same milk were also infected. The investigation having been narrowed down to a single farm, the water supply naturally fell under suspicion. The milk cans and pails were found to be washed every day in a dairy with water obtained from a well adjoining a cesspool. A sycamore tree stood between them, and its roots probably gave opportunity for the percolation of leakage from one into the other. This was the most satisfactory explanation which the sanitary inspector could give of the outbreak of the fever.

It is by no means certain, however, that the milk was not infected by the prevalence of the disease at the farm. A dairyman in Dundee, for example, who kept his supply of milk in a room where his little boy lay prostrated with scarlet fever introduced the disease in various households, until there were seventeen cases and four deaths. Instances are constantly arising where infectious disease is directly communicated by means of milk that has been directly exposed to contamination in dairies or farm-houses. It is possible, therefore, that the sycamore tree had less to do with the spread of contagion than the inspector supposed. The relative situation of the cesspool and the well, however, naturally suggested the final step in his series of ingenious deductions.—*Tribune*.

New Uses for the Thermometer.

Being called to prescribe for a patient living in the hills above Keyport, who had long been afflicted with epilepsy, and whose mind was now somewhat impaired, I noticed a remarkable pallor of countenance, and that the surface of the body was very cold to the touch, so produced a clinical thermometer to ascertain the temperature. The young man evidently looked upon it as a part of the treatment, and further impressed by the admiring awe of his relatives, closed his lips upon it with as pious a care as though it had been Tyndall's prayer-gauge, and speedily seemed oblivious of all earthly things. So rapt was he that when I went to withdraw the thermometer he gave a start like one rudely assailed. "How did it affect you?" queried I. "Very well, indeed," he replied: "I think it has made me feel much better." And then, raising his hand with an air of benediction, he added: "It had such a quieting influence." An hour afterward I visited a young domestic in another family who was convalescing from a mild attack of typhoid fever, where the temperature had ranged from 100 to 102 degrees for several days. While here I related the above incident to her employers, who laughed heartily, but the girl, with a look of

scornful superiority, cried out: "Pooh! he mustn't ever have seen one before! Why, I have had two at a time in my mouth, and thought nothing of it." "Why was that?" asked I. "When I was on Randall's Island." "Yes, but why? what were two used for?" "Because—because," blurted she in confusion, "my fever was so high they couldn't tell it all on one."—*Medical Record*.

Propagation of Diphtheria by Chickens.

It has been known for some time that pheasants, pigeons, turkeys, domestic fowl, and the like were liable to be attacked by diphtheria. The *Wiener Allgemeine Medicinische Zeitung* informs us that Prof. Gerhart of Wurzburg has carried out a series of observations for the purpose of determining whether the disease may be communicated by this means, and has come to an affirmative conclusion. In September 1881, 2,500 fowl were sent from the neighborhood of Vorena to Neesselhausen, in Baden, where there is a great fowl-rearing establishment. Some of them must have been affected with diphtheria before they started, and in the end 1,400 fowl died of it. In the summer of last year 1,000 chickens were hatched from eggs, collected from many different places. Six weeks after the birth diphtheria manifested itself among the young chickens, and so badly that in a short time they all died. Five cats that were kept in the establishment also became ill of the same malady and died. A parrot that hung in a cage in the house was also attacked, but recovered.

Last November an Italian hen, which had been "painted" about the jaws with carbolic acid by the keeper, bit the man's wrist and foot. Presently he became ill with a smart fever, considerable swelling at the wounded parts, and all the symptoms of traumatic diphtheria. His recovery was very tedious. This was not the only case of the transmission of the disease to men. Two-thirds of all the laboring persons employed about the establishment became ill with ordinary diphtheria, and one man conveyed the infection to his three children. It is worth noting that during all this time no other diphtheria cases occurred at Neesselhausen, or in the neighborhood. The inference seems obvious that all these cases originated with the sick fowl.

The Action of Antiseptics.

M. Gosselin has communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences the result of his researches on the action of antiseptic substances such as a solution of carbolic acid, weak solution of alcohol, and camphorated brandy. He examined under the microscope a membrane submitted to the influence of these substances, and he observed that a solution of carbolic acid at 5 per cent. arrested the circulation of the blood in a few seconds; at 2½ per cent. it produced the same effect. After three applications, and at 1½ per cent., after an interval of ten minutes, alcohol at 86 degrees (Gay Lussac) produces the same effect as a solution of carbolic acid at 5 per cent. The effect of camphorated brandy is also similar. The arrest of circulation was not accompanied by vascular contraction, but was due solely to coagulation of the blood. If antiseptic agents of a suitable strength be used, they cauterize the surface of wounds and prevent the development of germs.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mason—Dr. M. Souveille & Co. Gentlemen.—Yours of last week to hand, and in reply to your enquiry I have much pleasure in stating that from the first time of using the spirometer and the medicine I have improved very much. The bronchitis has entirely left me. I sleep well and have a good appetite. I must also add, that coming to you as I did as a last resort, the cure effected has been wonderful. Gratefully yours. MRS. E. MASON, Jarvis, Ont.

Nov. 10, 1883.

Call personally at the Institute and be examined, if possible, if not write for list of questions and copy of *International News* published monthly, to International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church st., Toronto, or 13 Philip square, Montreal, P. Q.

"Never mind, my young kid, I'm going up to see your mother about this." "That's all right," yelled back the small boy, "you just go right along up there. Pa filled a man full of buckshot the other day for going to see my ma."

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

A Married Couple Confront Each Other Under Peculiar Circumstances.

As strange a romance of real life as is often heard of came to the knowledge of a *Times* reporter within the last day or two. The facts concerning it were obtained from one of the parties most interested in the affair, and as related below are absolutely reliable. This much needs to be said, as otherwise so remarkable a story would scarcely be considered worthy of belief.

Lyman Carman has been a pensioner of the United States since 1866. Before the war he was a resident of southern Michigan and joined one of the Michigan cavalry regiments. When he returned home he was suffering from a frightful wound, a shell having so severely shattered his left hip that recovery or even convalescence seemed almost an impossibility. And in these circumstances, so he states, Mrs. Carman declined to live with him longer, and they separated without having any quarrel or ill-feeling. Contrary to expectation, he recovered, and has since enjoyed fairly good health, and was only slightly crippled by his wound. His name has been on the pension rolls ever since.

About a year and a half ago his wife, who has for a number of years been married to a Mr. Root, and is now living in Illinois, filed an application with the pension office for a pension in consideration of being the widow of Lyman Carman. In her affidavit, and in the sworn statements of other parties which accompanied her application, Mrs. Root, or Mrs. Carman, as the case may be, stated that her husband died six weeks after his return from the field of battle; that his death was the result of the injuries to his left hip; that he was insensible the greater part of the time prior to his decease, and that he died at the residence of an uncle named Fiske. At the pension office it was discovered that in the Michigan regiment named there had been but one Lyman Carman, and as that individual was still alive, and in receipt every quarter of his pension allowance, it seemed scarcely possible his widow could have a valid claim, and inquiries were therefore at once directed to be made. Upon instructions from the attorney general, the federal authorities in this city last week subpoenaed a number of the parties who had been witnesses in both the applications to the pension office. Carman and his wife were both summoned, and they met for the first time in eighteen years in the corridor leading to the United States court. Mr. Carman had already had an interview in the district attorney's office, and had learned, of course, with the utmost surprise, why he had been called to this city. He had only just left the office when, without any preconcerted arrangement, he encountered his wife (who is now claiming to be his widow) on the stairway, and his description to a *Times* reporter of what occurred is substantially as follows:

"Upon meeting my wife I at once recognized her, as she had not materially changed in features or general appearance. I stepped in front of her and said, 'Well, Jane.' She looked me in the face and said, 'I don't know you, sir.' To which I replied, 'Oh, yes you do, Jane. I am Lyman Carman. You must remember me very well as your husband.' She seemed a little surprised, and for a moment sank down upon the steps, but quickly recovered and repeated her first remark that she didn't know me at all, had never seen me before, and that I was not her husband. Subsequently I learned that in conversation with Mr. Holstein, the district attorney, she persisted in disavowing me, and invented a story that while I resembled her dead husband, I was in reality only his natural brother, and that my name was not Carman at all. It is a very ingenious story to be invented so quickly after our unexpected meeting, but the fact is I had no natural brother, but was myself born out of wedlock, and when, during my infancy, my mother married, I was ever afterwards known by the name of Carman. You think it is a curious story? Well, it is. I understand that my wife has said she will never admit that I am her husband unless she is compelled to do so by absolute proof. She says that I am dead, and declares that I died in the house of my Uncle Fiske. Well, my Uncle Fiske is here in the city, and he says that I did not die, and I know that I have been drawing a pension almost ever since my wife left me. Of course I have no special interest in the inquiry the authorities are making, but I don't suppose that my

widow will get any pension as long as I am alive. I have no desire, however, to say anything unkind of my wife, either as to her reasons for leaving me or of her conduct since, and I had never expected to meet her again if this matter had not come up in the shape it has."

In further conversation Mr. Carman said that he had always understood that his wife left him because there was no probability that he would ever be able to provide for her after his return from the war in the style she desired to live. Her tastes had always been somewhat extravagant, and, he said, probably since her marriage to Mr. Root she had been better provided for than she might have anticipated from him at the time of their separation. It may be added that both parties are well educated, and move in good circles in their respective localities.—*Indianapolis Times*.

How to Prevent Divorce.

When the senior Jonathan Trumbull was governor of Connecticut, a gentleman called at his house, requesting to see his excellency. Accordingly, he was shown into his *sanctum sanctorum*, and the governor came forward to meet Squire W., saying, "Good morning, sir, I am glad to see you."

Squire W. returned the salutation, adding as he did so, "I have called upon a very unpleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What would you advise, sir?"

The governor sat a few minutes in deep meditation, then, turning to Squire W. said:

"How did you treat Mrs. W. when you were courting her? and how did you feel toward her at the time of your marriage?"

Squire W. replied: "I treated her as kindly as I could, for I loved her dearly at that time."

"Well, sir," said the governor, "go home and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of the Lord for one year, and then tell me the result." The governor then said, "Let us pray."

They bowed in prayer, and separated. When a year had passed away, Squire W. again called to see the governor, and grasping his hand said:

"I have called, sir, to thank you for the good advice you gave, and I tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when first we were married. I can not be grateful enough for your good counsel."

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. W.," replied the governor, "and hope you will continue to court your wife as long as you live."

The result was that Squire W. and his wife lived happily together to the end of their life. Let those who are thinking of separation in these days go and do likewise.—*Sci.*

Spider Life Wonders.

In a lecture at the Lowell Institute, Professor Wood dealt with the phenomena of spider life. The female is larger and much fiercer than the male, who while paying his addresses is in constant peril, frequently losing some of his legs. In one tribe the female is 1,300 times as large as the male. The spider's thread is made up of innumerable small threads or fibres, one of these threads being estimated to be one two-millionth of a hair in thickness. Three kinds of thread are spun: One of great strength for the radiating or spoke lines of the web. The cross lines, or what a sailor might call the ratlines, are finer and are *terracous*, that is, they have upon them little specks or globules of a very sticky gum. These specks are put on with even interspaces. They are set quite thickly along the line, and are what, in the first instance, catch and hold the legs or wings of the fly. Once caught in this fashion the prey is held secure by threads flung over it somewhat in the manner of a lasso. The third kind of silk is that which the spider throws out in a mass or flood, by which it suddenly envelops any prey of which it is somewhat afraid, as, for example, a wasp. A scientific experimenter once drew out from the body of a single spider 3,450 yards of thread or spider silk—a length a little short of three miles. Silk may be woven of spider's thread, and it is more glossy and brilliant than that of the silk worm, being of a golden color. An enthusiastic entomologist secured enough of it for the weaving of a suit of clothes for Louis XIV.

A Thrilling Adventure.

A recent dispatch to the New York Sun from Springfield, O., says that Mr. Rodney Harlow, a gentleman living near that city, relates the following story, which would be almost incredible were it not from a perfectly trustworthy source...

Believing that it was only one of the many caves with which the region abounds, the party, with the exception of Mr. Harlem, who was much interested in the cave, abandoned the exploration. They cautioned him to be on his guard against concealed closets, and told him to fire his gun if he needed help.

Harlem, after lighting a candle and getting his shot-gun ready for action, entered the opening on hands and knees. The bottom of the passage was dry, but the air blowing through it was damp and sickening, causing the candle to burn dim and blue.

Mr. Harlem said he could have fled had not something seemed to chain him to the spot. It seemed as if enormous weights were hung on every member of his body, absolutely prohibiting flight.

Forty years' experience, in every clime on earth, has proved Ayer's Cherry Pectoral to be the most reliable remedy for colds, coughs, and all lung diseases.

A noiseless piano has been invented, and a monument is already talked of for the inventor.

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

The advance agent warns people of coming theatrical attractions in season for them to leave the town.

simply held it at his side and reached back until he felt the trigger.

At the deafening report he fell back unconscious, and knew no more until he found his friends bathing his face in vinegar and water.

Mr. Harlem was removed to a neighboring farmhouse, where he soon recovered sufficiently to be taken home.

From the neighbors it was learned that a travelling show which had an exhibition near there some time ago had lost a boa constrictor, and it is believed that this was the snake in the cave.

No further trace of the snake had been discovered and it is thought it was killed by Mr. Harlem's shot.

A Touching Story.

Once I knew a working man, a potter by business, who had one small child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of day.

A villain tried to abduct a St. Lou's girl and she kicked him so hard that he has been humpbacked ever since.

THE ELEMENTS OF BONE BRAIN, AND MUSCLES are derived from the blood, which is the grand natural source of vital energy, the motor of the bodily organs.

MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP. Infalible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation.

MOTHERS' TREASURE. Government's Nipple Oil will be found a treasure to nurses and mothers for the cure of cracked or sore nipples.

No home complete or happy without a light-running Wanzel "C" or "F" machine. If it is complete, "it is not happy," and if it is happy it is not complete.

Who says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

EMACIATED, HAGGARD VICTIMS of a cough recover health, spirits and flesh, if they are but sensibly enough to adopt a remedy which the popular voice, backed by professional opinion, pronounces reliable.

There is nothing that will take a man's appetite away like a bill of fare printed exclusively in French.

Tone up the system by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will make you feel like a new person. Thousands have found health and relief from suffering by the use of this great blood purifier when all other means failed.

When a man has his summer suit dyed and tries to palm it off for a new winter attire, you can tell him it's too thin.

Jacob Lockman, Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for rheumatism; he had such a lame back he could not do anything, but one bottle has, to use his own expression, "cured him up."

"How do you know when a cyclone is coming?" asked a stranger of a western man. "O, we get wind of them," was the answer.

MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP. Infalible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation.

A villain tried to abduct a St. Lou's girl and she kicked him so hard that he has been humpbacked ever since.

THE ELEMENTS OF BONE BRAIN, AND MUSCLES are derived from the blood, which is the grand natural source of vital energy, the motor of the bodily organs. When the circulation becomes impoverished in consequence of weak digestion and imperfect assimilation of the food, which should enrich it, every bodily function flags and the system grows feeble and disordered.

MOTHERS' TREASURE

Government's Nipple Oil will be found a treasure to nurses and mothers for the cure of cracked or sore nipples. For hardening the nipples, before the confinement, it is unsurpassed.

ANSWER THIS—Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver, or kidneys that Hux's Bitters will not cure?

Madame Rainsford

THEATRICAL COSTUMER. 248 Church Street, Toronto.

Costumes loaned. The largest stock in Canada for Theatricals, Tableaux, Charades, Amusements, Balls, Caravals and Calisthumpans' at the lowest rates.

Wallace Mason, PHRENOLOGIST,

12 QUEEN STREET, WEST. BOOKS, Stationery and Fancy Goods.

M. MORAN, HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER,

77 QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO. Graining, Glazing, Paper-hanging and Kalsomining.

Oil Painted Window Shades—Plain and Ornamental—Spring Rollers, &c. ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. STEPHEN'S WARD.

GENTLEMEN,—At the request of many electors of the Ward of St. Stephen, I respectfully solicit the favor of your votes and influence at the coming election for Aldermen.

I have a large interest in this Ward as well as St. Patrick's, and if returned I promise to watch your interests as my own.

In a growing Ward, such as ours is, many improvements are required. I shall endeavour, by constant attention to the duties of the office, to secure a full share, at no same time having proper regard to the city generally.

It is impossible for any one to make a personal canvass owing to the shortness of the time and the large extent of the Ward. I trust you will take the will for the deed. Give me a trial and vote for

Yours truly, JOHN RITCHIE, JR. Election 7th. January, 1881.

CHRISTMAS CHEER!

Candied Orange & Citron Peel (Currants, Raisins, Fruit of all kinds,

Groceries and Provisions, FISH, POULTRY,

GAME AND VEGETABLES —AT—

D. F. TOLCHARD'S

Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, 622 YONGE ST., TORONTO

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR A NEW DISCOVERY. For several years we have furnished the dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter...

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER I.

"Wanted, a Governess; must be young." I cut out the advertisement thus headed eagerly from the *Times*. I was eighteen, and my youth had been the great obstacle to my getting an engagement; now here was some delightful advertiser who considered it an advantage. I wrote to the address given, enclosing my photograph and the list of my qualifications. Within a week I was travelling down to Geldham, Norfolk, engaged to teach "one little girl, aged six," at a salary of thirty-five pounds a year. The correspondence had been carried on by my future pupil's father, who said he would meet me at the station at Beaconsburgh, the market town nearest to Geldham.

It was about five o'clock on an afternoon in early August that I sat, trembling with excitement and fright, at the window of the railway carriage, as the train steamed slowly into Beaconsburgh station. I looked out on to the platform. There were very few people on it, and there was no one who appeared at all like the gentleman I had pictured to myself as my future employer. There were two or three red faced men who gave me the impression of being farmers, and at one end there were two young men engaged in securing a large mastiff, which was bounding about in great excitement at sight of the train. I got out and spoke to the station-master.

"There is Mr. Rayner himself, ma'am," said he pointing towards the two young men with the dog.

One of them was now looking about, as if in search of somebody; and I walked timidly towards him. He seemed puzzled as his eyes fell upon me; then suddenly he raised his hat.

"Miss Christie?" he said interrogatively, growing very red.

"Yes," said I, bowing and blushing too.

"Will you come and show me which is your luggage?"

I was surprised and rather confused to find Mr. Rayner so much younger and less self-possessed than I had expected. I followed him and pointed out my boxes.

"The dog-cart is waiting outside," said he; "let me carry your bag."

I followed him through the station. Three or four big dogs began jumping up upon him and upon me as we came out.

"Down, Rover! Down, Luke! Get down, Tray!" said he, raising his voice.

I had noticed what a very pleasant rich voice he had when he first spoke to me, and now I remember how particular he had been in his letters about my music; so I concluded that Mr. Rayner sang. He helped me into the dog-cart, carefully wrapped me up with a rug, and then, instead of getting in himself, patted the neck of the brown mare, who turned her head and put her nose into her master's hand. I was trying to get over my bewilderment. Of course I might have expected that the father of my six-year-old would not be the middle-aged gray-haired man I had pictured to myself; but for him to be a man who did not look more than three or four and twenty was a surprise; and to find him so shy and deferential did not seem quite right, considering our respective positions. He was big and broad, and rather massive, had dark hair and mustache, grey eyes, and a kind simplicity of expression, which perhaps, I thought, with his habit of blushing, made him look younger than he was. He left the mare and stood by me again.

"I am afraid you will find the country dull. You will miss the gaiety of London."

"I haven't led a very gay life," said I;

"I don't think poor people are very gay anywhere."

"But you have not been shut up in a schoolroom before. I can't think how you will stand it. I always hated schoolrooms; and it's a fact that I was never in a school without being told that I was a disgrace to it."

Mr. Rayner did not seem much distressed as he made this confession.

"I dare say you were great at cricket, or rowing, or—or—fighting," I hazarded, feeling that some rejoinder was expected.

"No, I wasn't. I remember giving a boy a black eye once for calling me a dunce. He was quite right, you know. And I remember being surprised that I hurt him so much; for I generally get the worst of it in a fight. They used to say it took a good deal to rouse me; and I didn't do much harm when I was roused," he added, laughing.

"I hope your daughter does not share her father's dislike of school routine," I broke out anxiously.

He started and looked up at me, coloring vividly, and then said, with some amusement in his tones—

"Did you take me for Mr. Rayner?" The next moment he seemed sorry for my evident confusion, and added, looking away, "My name is Reade. Mrs. Rayner sent me to rougham for you; but a waggon ran into it and took one of the wheels off; so I put my cart at your disposal. I hope you don't mind driving in a thing like this?"

"Oh, no!" I said.

"That was Mr. Rayner on the platform with me," he went on. "His dog rushed out just as the train came up, and he asked me to see to your luggage while he held him. I don't know why he is so long."

As he spoke, Mr. Rayner came out of the station, letting his mastiff loose at the door. I saw in a moment that he was a few years older than my companion, and that, while they both wore round hats and Norfolk jackets, he bore the impress of town breeding as clearly as Mr. Reade did that of the country. He was slight, well made, with delicate features and a dark golden beard and mustache. He came up, raising his hat, and shook hands with me.

"You have been marvelling at the barbarism of Norfolk manners, Miss Christie, and asking 'When is the next train back to London?' But I have been warned by my wife not to make my reappearance without a certain parcel from the 'Stores' which has been due at this station about ten days, but has, for some unaccountable reason, failed to turn up hitherto. By-the-way, I hope my sprightly young friend has been entertaining you well?"

"Miss Christie took me for you, Mr. Rayner," said Mr. Reade, shyly, reddening again.

"And has now to suffer the awful disappointment of finding that Mr. Rayner is an old fogey after all. Miss Christie, forgive my gray hairs. You will find me a great deal more trustworthy than any of these gay, deceiving Norfolk lads. Now, Laurence, my boy, if you want us to get home before the mist rises, we had better start."

Mr. Rayner sprang up behind; Mr. Reade got up in front by my side, and took the reins; and off we started, with the five dogs bounding, barking, and growling about the road as we went. We had to drive right through Beaconsburgh; up a long hill to the market-place, which was lively and busy, as it was market-day; down another long hill, lined with the dreary old houses of the *clite* of a provincial town; past a ten yard, over a small bridge crowded with cattle returning from market, and then along two miles of straight, willow bordered road over a marsh. The scenery was not particularly pretty; but I had never lived in the country, and everything was new and interesting to me. Mr. Rayner was occupied at the back with letters and papers, and Mr. Reade listened to my comments with flattering interest and appreciation.

"How beautifully green everything is!" I remarked presently.

"Yes, rather too green," Mr. Reade rejoined, ruefully. "We have had a wet summer, and now we are going to have a wet autumn, I believe, and this place will be nothing but a swamp."

"Don't set Miss Christie against the place, Laurence," said Mr. Rayner rather sharply.

We passed through a low-lying village—some of the houses which were flooded in winter, Mr. Reade told me—up a hill, down a hill, and up another sloping road, at the side of which stretched the marsh again.

"There is the Alders, Miss Christie," said he, pointing with his whip to a pretty red house, half covered with ivy and surrounded by trees, which stood below the road, on the borders of the marsh.

"Here, Laurence, I'll get down and take the short cut," said Mr. Rayner.

There was a foot-path which led from this point of the road straight to the house through a couple of fields and a plantation. After Mr. Rayner had alighted, Mr. Reade and I drove on by the road.

"What a lovely place!" I cried enthusiastically.

My companion remained silent.

"And, oh, what a beautiful pond! I do believe it has water-lilies!" I exclaimed, turning round half breathless at such a glorious discovery.

"I wouldn't have that stagnant water near my house for my children to play about

for something!" said he, in an energetic growl which surprised me.

I said no more until we drove slowly down the sloping carriage drive through the trees which led to the house; then again my admiration broke out.

"Oh, how delightfully cool it looks, with the ivy all over it to keep out the hot sun!"

"Yes, and to keep in the cold moisture, Miss Christie. The ivy hasn't been cut for the last five years; and it ought to be torn down altogether to make the place fit to live in. It is no better than a pest-house!" he went on, getting more and more excited. "I wouldn't let a laborer live in it!"

"A laborer won't have a chance until my lease is up, Laurence," said Mr. Rayner, dryly, coming out of a path among the trees. And the two men exchanged looks which showed that at the bottom of their hearts they were not friends.

But then it was not likely that Mr. Rayner would care to hear his beautiful home called a pest-house.

We drove slowly down to the hall door, which was open, and a gaunt, untidy-looking servant came out and carried in my boxes. Mr. Reade helped me down and stood by me, apparently examining the harness, while I looked in an ecstasy of admiration at the dark red wood thickly covered with ivy, and at the gray stone portico, the pillars of which were stained with picturesque patches of green, while the capitals were overgrown with soft bronzes and brown moss. Then he seized a moment, when Mr. Rayner was speaking to the servant, to stoop and say to me quickly—

"Don't let them put you near Mrs. Rayner's room."

I could not answer, could not ask why. For the next moment he was calling out good-bye to Mr. Rayner, and, raising his hat to me, was walking by the side of the dog-cart up the steep drive that led through the garden to the road. I was sorry he was gone. I wanted to ask what he meant by his strange warning, and to thank him for his kindness. A distressing sense of loneliness came over me. Mr. Rayner who had grown grave and silent and deeply occupied with his letters during the last part of the drive, had gone into the house forgetting to invite me in; the servant had disappeared with my last box. Instead of following her, I stood watching the dog cart and its owner out of sight, until a harsh woman's voice startled me.

"Won't you come in? I'm to show you to your room."

It was the gaunt servant who addressed me. I turned, blushing, and followed her into a long low hall, dark, cool, and old-fashioned, such as the outside of the house had prepared me for; up an oak lined staircase; through a few of those short and inconvenient passages which abound in old houses that have been added to from time to time, to a corner room, shabby, dark, and bare looking, where my boxes were already installed. I sat down on one of these, the only friendly things I had about me, and began to cry. Somebody might, at least, have come to the door to meet me! I thought of Mr. Reade's words, and began to wonder with a new sense of dread what Mrs. Rayner was like. Was she an invalid? Was she—mad? If not, why had she left the correspondence about her child's governess entirely to her husband? My tears dried slowly as I went on puzzling myself uselessly about this mystery which must be so very soon solved; and I was scarcely ready when the servant returned to tell me that tea was waiting for me. But my curiosity was only to be sharpened. Tea was prepared for me alone, the servant saying that Mr. Rayner was busy, and had had his taken into the study. Not a word about Mrs. Rayner—no sign of the pupil! So great were my anxiety and curiosity that I forgot how hungry I was, and in a few minutes I had finished my tea, and was standing by the window looking out into the garden.

It was not yet seven o'clock and a bright summer evening. A light breeze had sprung up and was swaying the tops of the trees that grew thickly round the house. On the side of the dining-room a mossy lawn stretched from the roots of the trees right up to the French windows. I opened one of these and went out. I had never been in such a beautiful garden before. The grass was soft and springy and well kept; there were no stiff beds of geraniums and verbena, but under the trees and against the house, and wherever there was a spare corner, grew clumps of Scotch and monthly

roses, Canterbury bells, prince's feather, and such simple flowers. The house was built on the very border of the marsh, at the bottom of a hill which sloped down, covered with trees, toward the dining-room side of the house. I made my way round to the front of the moss-grown portico—from here one caught glimpses of the marsh through the thick trees. I followed a grass-path cut through them, facing the front of the house, until I came to the pond which had excited my admiration from the dog-cart. Here the vegetation grew unchecked. The water was half covered with smooth green duckweed and water-lilies, and the reeds and rushes, which grew tall and thick round the margin, and encroached much upon the little sheet of water. The path I had followed was continued through the trees, within a few feet of the pond, to the outer edge of the little wood which enclosed the house and garden; there a few rough steps over the fence connected it with the foot path along the borders of the marsh, which joined the road at the descent of the hill. This was the short cut by which Mr. Rayner had reached the house before us that afternoon.

I had turned back towards the garden, and was close to the pond, when I heard a low crooning sound which seemed to come out of the ground at my feet. Looking about I saw sitting among the reeds, at the very edge of the water—so close to it that her little shoes kept slipping in the moist yielding earth—a tiny, elish looking child, about two years old, in a dirty white frock and pinafore, with a small, pale wrinkled face, and thin red straight hair, who rocked herself to and fro and went on with her monotonous chant without seeming at all disturbed by the appearance of a stranger. She only stared at me, without altering her position, when I told her that she must not sit so near the water, or she would fall in and be drowned; but, when I stooped to lift her up, she proved her humanity by screaming loudly and reproaching me in baby language too indistinct for me to understand. I supposed her to be the child of the gardener or of some neighboring cottager; and, not quite knowing what to do with her, I carried her, still screaming, to the house, where I met the servant whom I had already seen.

"I found this child sitting with her feet nearly in the pond!" I said, tragically.

"Oh, yes, miss, there's no keeping her away from the pond! She's there pretty nearly all day by herself. Come now, Mona, it's time for you to go to bed. Dirty little girl, look at your pinafore!"

She took the child from me, thankful to have been spared the trouble of hunting and catching the little wild thing, and carried her off leaving me wondering whether my pupil would be as cerise a creature as her sister. As there was nothing to invite me to stay indoors, I went out again, this time to explore the side of the house which faced the marsh. Here the grass grew untrimmed and rank up to the very walls; and, as I made my way through it, my feet sank from time to time into little unseen pools and swamps, which wetted them up to the ankles after a few steps. However, I went on as carefully as I could, past a tangle of shrubs, yew-trees, and straggling briars, until, pushing aside the low-hanging branches of a barberry-tree, I found myself within a few feet of a window so heavily shaded by gnarled and rotted ivy that for a few moments I did not notice a woman's face staring at me intently through the glass. As soon as I caught sight of the sunken face and large lustrous gray eyes, I know by her likeness to the child at the pond, that this was Mrs. Rayner. I retreated in as leisurely a way as I could, trying to look as if I had not seen her; for there was something in the eager, hopeless stare of her eyes at mine met them which made me feel like a spy.

I crept back into the house and up to my room, unpacked my boxes, and sat down to write to my mother an account of my journey and arrival. I did not tell her quite all that I had seen, or all the strange impressions this first evening had made upon me. I felt very anxious to communicate them to somebody; but my mother was a gentle, nervous woman, whom I had already, young as I was, learned to lead, rather than be led by; I knew that the least suggestion of mystery would cause her an agony of doubt and anxiety about her child which I could not allay by letter; so I contented myself with a description of the picturesque beauty of the place and of Mr. Rayner's kindness. I had to finish this by candle-light, and, when I had ended, I rose and went to the window to give one more look at the scene

under a new aspect. My window, I afterwards found, was over the one at which I had seen Mrs. Rayner's face; it was high enough from the ground for me to have, through the gaps between the trees, a good view of the marsh and the hills beyond.

A low cry of admiration burst from me as I looked out. Over all the wide expanse of marsh, which seemed to stretch for miles on either hand, lay a white mist, rising only a few feet from the ground, but so thick as to look like a silver lake in the moonlight; a range of hills two or three miles off seemed to mark the opposite shore. The mist was dense under my window, too, on the very grass that I had waded through a couple of hours before. As I looked out and tried to imagine little fairy boats in the eld which rose here and there out of the mist-hidden marsh, a shiver passed over me; and I drew in my head with a sudden change of thought.

"How cold it is! Mr. and Mrs. Rayner must be devoted admirers of the picture; you to live in a house that must be so very damp."

CHAPTER II.

I was down in the dining room next morning, with the unfailling punctuality of a new comer, at the sound of the breakfast bell, before any one else was there. Mr. Rayner came in a few minutes, handsome, cheerful, but rather preoccupied; and I was listening to his bright small talk with the polite stranger's smile, when I discovered, without having heard any sound, that Mrs. Rayner was in the room. She had glided in like a ghost, and, without more interest in the life around her than a ghost might show, she was standing at the table, waiting. I was thankful to see that there was no trace in her eyes now of the steadfast eager gaze which had disconcerted me on the night before, nothing but the lightest indifference to me in the way in which she held out her hand when her husband introduced me.

"She must have been pretty ten years ago," I thought, as I looked at her thin face, with the fair faded complexion and dull gray eyes. There was a gentleness about her which would have been grace still, if she had taken any pains to set off by a little womanly coquetry her slim girl-like figure, small thin hands, and the masses of long brown hair which were carelessly and unbecomingly dragged away from her forehead and twisted up on her head.

Then the door opened, and the servants came into prayers, with the eldsh baby and a pretty delicate-looking child, blue-eyed and fair-haired, who was presented to me before breakfast as Haidee, my pupil.

Nobody talked during the meal but Mr. Rayner, and the only other noticeable thing was the improper behaviour of the baby, who kept throwing bits of bread at her father when he was not looking, and aimed a blow with a spoon at him when he passed her chair to cut himself some cold meat. He saw it and laughed at her.

"It is the most extraordinary thing, Miss Christie," said he; "but that child hates me."

I thought he spoke in fun; but, before I had been long at the Alders, I found that it was true that this most unpleasant baby's strongest feeling was dislike of her father, though there seemed to be no reason for it, since he never did anything harsher than laugh at her. She would not even take sweets from his hand.

"You do not know what primitive people you have come among, Miss Christie," said Mr. Rayner, during breakfast. "We dine here at half-past one. If we were to suggest late dinner, we should have to prepare our own food, like excommunicated persons. It is hard, as it is, to keep our modest staff of three servants. They say the place is damp, which, being interpreted, means that it is too far for their 'young men' in the town to come and see them. Were you not surprised at the wording of my advertisement?"

"Yes, Mr. Rayner."

"My wife was afraid was afraid it would frighten off many desirable young ladies by its ogreish abruptness. The fact is, the lady who has just left us, quite a typical instructress of forty, with prominent teeth and glasses, nearly frightened our lives out. She wouldn't talk, and my wife wants a cheerful companion; and she said she was dying of rheumatism, and threatened to prosecute me for deceiving her to such a damp place. So we registered a solemn vow that we would have nothing to do with her antiquity again."

"How could she say anything against such a lovely place?" said I.

"Well, now, Miss Christie, I grant she had a show of reason on her side. I have sometimes thought the place damp myself; but my wife has got attached to it; haven't you, Lola?"

"Yes," said she, without a sign or feeling or interest.

"And so we remain," he went on. "A lady's wishes must be considered; and there are special reasons why they should be in this case. You must know, Miss Christie, that I am a penniless wretch, dependent on my wife, am I not, Lola?" He turned playfully to her.

"Not quite that," said she, gently, but with no more warmth than before.

"Practically I am," he persisted. "She was an heiress, I a ruined spendthrift, when she married me. Yet she trusted me, and the only condition she would allow her friends to make was that I should settle in the country—out of the reach of temptation, you see, Miss Christie."

He spoke with some feeling, and looked affectionately at his wife at the end of his unexpectedly frank confession; but she remained as impassive as ever.

I could not help feeling rather sorry for Mr. Rayner. He was always kind and attentive to his wife; but, whether he was in a bright mood, and tried to make her smile, or silent, and needing to be roused out of his gravity, she was always the same—limp, nerveless, apathetic, speaking when necessary in a low soft voice, slowly, with many pauses. She had a habit of letting the last words of a sentence die away upon her lips, and then, after a few moments, as if by an effort, she would say them aloud. I soon grew quite afraid of her, started if I met her unexpectedly, and felt more restrained in her presence than if she had been one of those brilliant satirical women who take the color out of the rest of their sex. Anxious to shake off this strange diffidence, which was beginning to cast a shadow over my life, I offered to read to her when my short hours of study with my pupil was over.

She accepted my offer, and I went into the drawing-room, that very afternoon and read her some chapters of *Adam Bede*, while she sat in a rocking chair with a piece of embroidery making slow progress in the thin white fingers. I stopped at the end of each chapter, waiting for the comment which never came, and rather hoping for some little compliment upon my reading, an accomplishment I took pride in. But she only said "Thank you" very gently, and, when I asked her if I should go on, "Yes, if it will not tire you."

Presently I found out that she was not listening, except for a few minutes at a time, but that she was sitting with her hands in her lap listlessly playing with her embroidery, while her eyes were fixed on the garden outside, with a deep sadness in them which contrasted strangely with her usual apathetic indifference in all things. Still I read on, pretending not to notice her mood, until such a heavy despairing sigh broke from her pale lips that my heart beat fast for pity, and I involuntarily stopped short in my reading, and raised my eyes, with tears in them, to hers. She started, and, turning towards me, seemed to hold my eyes for a moment fixed on her by the fascination of a gaze which seemed anxious to penetrate to the deepest recesses of my thoughts. A little color came to her cheeks; I could see her breast heaving through the muslin gown she wore; she half stretched out one hand towards me, and in another moment I believe she would have called me to her side, when a voice from behind her chair startled us both.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Chinese restaurant has been opened in Paris in which patrons may be served with such Oriental delicacies as bird's-nest soup, smoked sharks' fin, dried cuttle-fish, salted rat, and eggs that have been purposely kept till they have become opaque and unsuitable for hatching purposes. It is said that the last-named dish requires that the eggs shall be covered with a mixture of cinfers, chalk, lye, soda, powdered licorice root, and oil, and left by themselves for several months. The edible bird's-nests are built by a species of swallow. They are boiled in chicken broth or in milk of almonds. The experiment of the Chinese restaurateur is in its beginning as yet.

A TERRIBLE PROPHECY.

The Red Sunset, Cyclones and Earth quakes Foretelling Coming Disaster—How to Meet It.

The recent mysterious appearances following sunset and preceding sunrise have attracted wide attention from students of the skies and the people generally. During the days of recent weeks the sun seems to have been obscured by a thin veil of a dull leaden hue which, as the sun receded toward the horizon, became more luminous, then yellow, then orange, then red; and, as night settled down upon the earth, a dull purple. At first it was thought these appearances were ordinary sunset refractions of light, but it is now pretty certain that they are either the misty substance of the tail of some unseen comet, in which the earth is enveloped, or a surrounding stratum of world dust or very small meteors. Professor Brooks, of the Red House Observatory, Phelps, N. Y., has turned his telescopes upon these objects and discovered what he thinks are myriads of telescopic meteors. If it is unorganized world dust, or decomposed vapors, as the *Democrat* and *Chronicle* of Rochester, N. Y., remarks: "How is this matter to be disposed of? Will it settle and form a deposit upon the earth, or remain a partial opaque shell about the earth to cut off a portion of the sun's light upon it?"

Whatever the mystery is, there is no denying that some very strange forces are at work in the upper airs. The terrible tornadoes and cyclones which have swept our own country, and the fearful volcanoes and earthquakes which have destroyed so many cities and thousands of people—the tidal waves which mysteriously rise and fall on coasts hitherto unvisited by them—the tremendous activity which is evident in the sun by the constant revelation of enormous spots upon its surface—all indicate unusual energy in the heavenly bodies.

These circumstances recall Professor Grimmer's prophecies that from 1881 to 1887, the passage of the five great planets—Mars, Neptune, Jupiter, Uranus and Saturn—around the sun would produce strange and wonderful phenomena. He says: "The waters of the earth will become more or less poisonous. The air will be foul with noisome odors. Ancient races will disappear from the earth." He attempts to prove his prophecy by the fact that in 1720, when Mars and Saturn made their passage around the sun coincidentally, great destruction and mortality visited all parts of the globe. He also found the same results in previous perihelion passages of the planets, and argues that these circumstances always produce epidemics and destructive diseases which will baffle the skill of the most eminent physicians; that the poor will die by thousands, the weak and intemperate falling first, those whose blood has been impoverished by excess of work or dissipation next and only those who are in comparative vigor shall escape to enjoy the era of renewed activity and prosperity which will follow the period of destruction.

Inasmuch as the entire world seems subject to the sway of the heavenly bodies, no part of the earth, he thinks, can escape scourging. He even predicts that America will lose over ten millions of people; that farmers will be stricken with fear and cease to till the soil; that famine will make human misery more wretched. That hundreds will flee to overcrowded cities for aid in vain. That sudden changes in ocean currents, temperature and surroundings will entirely transform the face of nature and climate of countries; that the air will be so foul with malaria and other noxious gases; that those who survive will be troubled with disorders of the digestive organs. That many who escape other ills will float with dropsy and suddenly pass away, while others will grow thin and drag out a miserable existence in insupportable agony for weeks. Neuralgia pains in different parts of the body will torment them. They will easily tire and become despondent. A faint, hot feeling will be succeeded by chilly sensations, while hallucinations and dread of impending ill will paralyze all effort. "The birds in the air, the beasts of the field and even the fish of the sea will become diseased, poisoning the air and poisoning the waters of the globe." We are told on the other hand that those who shall pass through the period of trial will have larger enjoyment of life and health. The earth will yield more abundantly than ever before. The animal kingdom will be more prolific and life prolonged very materially. This prolongation of life will be ow-

ing to the healthy, electric and magnetic influences that will pervade the atmosphere. It would perhaps seem that the present redness of the sun, and the presence of a belt or veil of cosmic matter, justified in a measure, the prediction of Professor Grimmer, but disturbing as his prediction may be we are told for our comfort that the strong and pure blooded need have little to fear in the calamities, that those who are delicate or indisposed should adopt means to keep the system well supported and the blood pure and that the most philosophical and effective method of accomplishing this is to keep the kidneys and liver in good condition. From the testimonials of such men as Dr. Dio Lewis and Professor R. A. Gunn, M.D., Dean of the United States Medical College, New York, and thousands of influential non-professional people, it seems almost certain that for this purpose there is no preparation known to science equal to Warner's Safe Cure. This medicine has acquired the finest reputation of any preparation that was ever put upon the market. It is a radical blood purifier, which soothes and heals all inflamed organs, strengthens the nervous system, washes out all evidences of decay, regulates digestion, prevents malassimilation of food in a philosophical and rational manner, fortifies the system against climatic changes and malarial influences and the destructive agencies which seem to be so abundant in these "evil days."

It is not our purpose to dispute the correctness of Professor Grimmer's prophecies. As we have said, the marked disturbances of the past few years would seem to give a semblance of verification of his theory. It is certain, as above stated, that we are passing through what may be regarded as a crucial period and it is the part of wise men not to ignore, but to learn to fortify themselves against the possibility of being overcome by these evils. It is a duty which each man owes to himself, and his fellows, to mitigate as much as possible the suffering of humanity, and in no way better can he accomplish this purpose than to see to it that he, himself, is fortified by the best known preparation in the strongest possible manner, and that he exert his influence of his own example upon his fellows to the end that they, too, may share with him immunity from the destructive influences which seek his ruin.

Why Children Should Eat Honey.

Thousands and tens of thousands of children are dying all around us, who, because their over-developing nature demands sweetness, crave and eagerly demolish the adulterated "candies" and "syrups" of modern times. If these could be fed on honey instead, they would develop and grow up into healthy men and women.

Children would rather eat bread and honey than bread and butter; one pound of honey will reach as far as two pounds of butter, and has, beside, the advantage of being far more healthy and pleasant tasted, and always remains good, while butter soon becomes rancid, and often produces cramp in the stomach, eruptions, sourness, vomiting and diarrhea. Pure honey should always be freely used in every family. Honey eaten upon wheat bread is very beneficial to health.

The use of honey instead of sugar for almost every kind of cooking, is as pleasant for the palate as it is healthy for the stomach. In preparing blackberry, raspberry, or strawberry shortcake it is infinitely superior.

It is a common expression that honey is a luxury, having nothing to do with the life-giving principal. This is an error—honey is food in one of its most concentrated forms. True, it does not add so much to the growth of muscles as does beefsteak, but it does impart other properties no less necessary to health and vigorous, physical and intellectual action. It gives warmth to the system, arouses nervous energy, and gives vigor to all the vital functions. To the laborer it gives strength—to the business man, mental force. Its effects are not like ordinary stimulants, such as spirits, etc., but it produces a healthy action, the result of which are pleasing and permanent—a sweet disposition and a bright intellect.

A Rockland man, who had been drinking, went home the other night and growled so at his wife that she called him her sour mash. He said if she called him that again he'd liquor.

Out of date—a burnt-up almanac.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

(From the Boston Globe.)



Mrs. E. L. Pinkham

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says, "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhoea, irregular and painful menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only \$1 per bottle or six for \$5, and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as an abundant testimonial show. "Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity."

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others. Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. A. M. D.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convinced me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. B. F. HARRIS, River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882."

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

Private Medical Dispensary,

(Established 1858), 27 Gould St., Toronto, Ont. Dr. Andrews' Purificants, Dr. Andrews' Female Pills, and all of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for private diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary. Circulars free. All letters answered promptly, without charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communications confidential. Address H. J. ANDREWS, M. D., Toronto.

Home Items. "All your own fault If you remain sick when you can Get hop bitters that never fail." The weakest woman, small est child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good. Old men totter and grow old from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop bitters. My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Mother and Clergyman. Ask any good doctor if Hop Bitters are not the best family medicine on earth. Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as Hop Bitters arrive. My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters.—Ed. Oswego Sun. Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness. Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught. The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters.

A political newspaper is probably called an organ because it is frequently a wind instrument run by a crank.

All of our readers who are interested in farm matters of any kind are asked to read on another page of the announcement of the leading American country journal, the RURAL NEW-YORKER. It was the first to have established an Experiment Farm; the first to originate and distribute rare and new kinds of seeds and plants free among its subscribers. It has probably done more to create the present interest in experiment stations and an improved agriculture than all the rest put together. It is original from beginning to end. It presents over 500 original illustrations yearly of fruits, cattle, grain, house plans, etc., and combines in practice the best interests of the farm, garden, and household with the editorial of a rural journal. Its present Free Seed Distribution comprises eight kinds of seeds, most of which are not offered for sale. These, according to the prices which seedsmen charge for novelties, are worth more than the yearly subscription price of the paper. It is a weekly of sixteen pages, printed on fine paper. It has over 600 contributors, among them the most distinguished agricultural writers of America, Canada, and England. Our readers can lose nothing by sending for free specimens to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, 34 Park Row, N. Y. They will be cheerfully and promptly forwarded.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS." Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping, 15c. Large, 50c.

Prince Victor Napoleon declines to allow his name to be used by the Bonapartists in French political questions.

Both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for "Guide to Health and Nerve Strain."

During a recent heavy rain in Port Hope several small speckled trout were landed down. The story looks somewhat "fishy," but it is well authenticated. Capt. Robbins of that town secured some of the fish and put them in a glass vase for inspection.

DECLINE OF MAN. Nerves Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility cured by "Wells Health Renewer." \$2.

It may not be generally known to our readers that the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., who are the largest manufacturers of fine Gold and Silver-plated Ware in the world, have established a branch factory in Hamilton, Ont., for the purpose of supplying their CANADIAN CUSTOMERS with their wares at the same prices as they are sold for in the States. They have justly earned a reputation for quality and durability unexcelled by any other makers, and have always been awarded the highest prizes wherever they have exhibited, from the World's Fair in 1853 to the present time. The immense popularity and demand for their goods have induced other makers to imitate their name and trade marks, and for the sake of protecting our readers from such imposition we have prepared copies of their trade marks, and purchasers will do well to cut out and take with them when wishing to get the genuine MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY'S GOODS.



Trade mark stamped on all Hollow Ware, such as Tea Sets, Cruets, Butter, Fruit Stands, etc.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. As a source of profitable entertainment for the family, no paper exceeds in interest the YOUTH'S COMPANION. Its list of writers embraces the best names in periodical literature, and it is evidently the aim of its editors to secure not only the best writers, but the best articles from their pens. It is a remarkable thing for a single paper to obtain such a succession of lively and brilliant stories and illustrated articles. While the COMPANION is in the main a story paper, the mental, moral and religious training of young people is an end kept steadily in view. Its articles on current topics are written by the most qualified pens, and present, in a clear, vivid, direct way, the fundamental facts of home and foreign politics, and all public questions. Its original anecdotes of public men are invaluable in their influence in stimulating right ambition and a high purpose in life. Every household needs the healthy amusement and high moral training of such a journal. It is published by PENNY MASON & Co., of Boston, who will send specimen copies upon application.

Paternalism to festive son: "Remember, my son, it's not the coat that makes the man." F. S.: "No, sir, I know it; it's the pants."

Peter Kieffer, Buffalo, says: "I was badly bitten by a horse a few days ago, and was induced by a friend who witnessed the occurrence, to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Ointment. It relieved the pain almost immediately, and in four days the wound was completely healed. Nothing can be better for fresh wounds."

1884. HARPER'S MAGAZINE. ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Magazine begins its sixty-eighth volume with the December Number. It is the most popular illustrated periodical in America and England, always fully abreast of the times in its treatment of subjects of current social and industrial interest, and always advancing its standard of literary, artistic, and mechanical excellence. Among its attractions for 1884 are: a new serial novel by WILLIAM BLACK, illustrated by ANTHONY; a new novel by E. F. ROE, illustrated by GIBSON and FELMAN; descriptive illustrated papers by GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, FRANK D. MILLIT, C. H. FARNHAM, and others; important historical and biographical papers; short stories by W. D. HOWELLS, CHARLES READE, &c.

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Failing!

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

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

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

Office of Edward Elliott, Wholesale and Retail Grocer, Cor. Murray and LaSalle Streets, Montreal, Nov. 7th, 1882.

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

EDWARD ELLIOTT.

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



THE HIGHEST AWARDS

over all others at the Toronto Exhibition. FIRST PRIZE 1882, BRONZE MEDAL 1883.

GOOD VALUE GINDER SIFTER

For Cleanliness, Efficiency, Durability, Speed, and Ease in Working.

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1847 ROGERS BROS. AI, —OR— 1847 ROGERS BROS. XII. This trade mark is stamped on all Knives, Forks, Spoons, Ladles, Cake Cutters, etc.

THE BROKEN PANE.

What the Soft Winds Whispered to the Suffering Child.

It was springtime. The buds were bursting into blossom—the birds sang joyfully as they built their nests—the green grass was hiding the ugly scars of winter. A child's pale face peered through a broken pane out upon the glorious sunshine, and the soft wind kissed her cheeks and whispered:

"By and by!"

Outside the house were life and health and happiness. Inside were sickness, sorrow, and poverty. Child though she was, the shadows had settled down about her as the fog gathers round the ship which the rocks thirst to destroy. There were children there, but no childish laughter. The sunshine streamed into the bare rooms, but it warmed no hearts. It was a poor widow's struggle against that gaunt, grim shadow whose other name is poverty. Hunger and cold and rags dwarfed the body, and gave the face the look of one hunted for years by an implacable enemy. Despair will waste whoever dares enter the struggle, and anxiety leaves its mark so plainly that no one can mistake it.

The child of 12 had known nothing but shadows, grim, silent, stealthy shadows, stealing upon her young life to rob it of every happiness. Even as she looked out upon the glorious world she felt she was no part of it. It was around her, but beyond her reach.

It was midsummer. Every tree was a thing of beauty—every flower a silent tribute of praise to the Creator. The grass had become a velvet carpet—the blossoms were young fruit—the sun was sending his warm rays to cheer the darkest corners. The world was joyous under the blue skies of summer as the pale face again looked from the broken pane. Out in the world around her the children shouted with glee. In the dark old house children hungered for bread. The same grim shadows were there—the same struggle for bread—the same burdens and anxieties and bitterness of heart. The child had grown paler, and the hunted look had chased every other expression away. Her eyes saw the trees, the flowers, the streets, the busy world and its happiness, and her ears heard the summer breeze as it softly whispered:

"By and by!"

What would it bring? What is the "by and by" to those hunted by hunger and striving against poverty?

The other day, when the north wind shrieked and moaned, and the snow-flakes whirled and flew, another face appeared at the broken pane. It was that of a boy who could not resist the temptation to look in. On a poorer bed than he had ever seen—in a room so cold and bare and cheerless that he shivered as he looked—lay the corpse of the child who had looked out upon the spring and summer. The snow-flakes which strayed in at the broken pane were no whiter than her face. There was no smile to cloak its coldness, but around the mouth were lines to melt the heart. It was as if the dead were whispering: "Snow and poverty and despair have beclouded and cut short a young life. Have pity!"

The soft winds had whispered "By and by!" It had come. In life the tears in that boy's eyes would have lightened her sorrows and made her heart braver. They had come too late.—Detroit Free Press.

A TOTAL ECLIPSE

of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is approaching. Unrivalled in bilious disorders, impure blood, and consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

"Talk about pitchers with curves" remarks an eminent base-ballist, "there's no curve like that of the little brown jug"

Young men or middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Standing Bear's son proposes to redress the wrong of the red man. He is studying to be a plumber.

GET THE ORIGINAL.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.

One thought of turkey makes the whole world grin.



FOR THE Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally; this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE. For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N. Y., London, Eng.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made a disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or PALING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 182 Pearl St., New York.

COAL & WOOD

We are now receiving daily large quantities of the celebrated Scranton and Briar Hill Coal, of the best quality, which brands we are handling exclusively this year, and are prepared to supply to the public at reasonable rates, and deliver to any part of the city. We have also on hand all kinds of

HARD AND SOFT WOOD

Attention is also directed to the fact that our Coal and Wood are kept under cover, and consequently will be found by purchasers in best condition.

A trial solicited. Orders promptly attended to. T. BELL & BRO. Office and yard—182 Simcoe street, corner Richmond.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882.

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

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

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

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

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

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

Sold by all Druggists.

W. WILSON, 563 QUEEN ST., WEST, Merchant Tailor, Gents' Furnishings! Winter Stock Complete. All the Latest Novelties. INSPECTION INVITED. PRICES RIGHT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT AN application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, at its next session, for an act to incorporate a company by the name of the Toronto Tenement Building Association, with powers to purchase, sell, mortgage, lease and lot lands and houses; and to take and receive mortgages, assignments thereof, and to deal in, and transact business in lands for the purpose of building houses thereon, and to convey lands and houses, and to make contracts or agreements for the purchase and sale of lands and houses, and for the erection and construction of houses, and other improvements thereon or connected therewith, and with powers to appropriate lands and houses for the purposes of this Company, on equitable terms, and in the public interest, and with a view to the health of citizens, and improvement of the conditions of the industrial classes, and with all necessary and incidental powers to carry out the said purposes. Capital \$1,000,000. BEATY, HAMILTON, & CASSELL, Solicitors for Applicants Toronto, Nov. 16, 1883.

THE KING OF ALL THE LIGHT-RUNNING "NEW HOME" Sewing Machine.

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

Every Machine warranted for 5 years. FOR SALE BY C. GENTLEMAN, 545 QUEEN ST. WEST.

THE WHITE

Sewing Machine is the best machine to buy.

There is no exaggeration in the following statements.

EXTREMELY SIMPLE.—No eye to thread but the eye of the needle.

LIGHT RUNNING.—It can be run with a single thread of spool cotton in place of the loather belt.

You can thread the shuttle with your eyes hut.

You can set the needle without looking at it.

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The belt is put on by simply laying it against the wheel under a spring; it adjusts itself.

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A great variety of convenient attachments with the WHITE.

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JAS. HICKEY, Merchant Tailor & Clothier, 320 CHURCH ST., TORONTO. FRANZ & POPE IMPROVED Automatic Knitting Machine, out-rides all competitors, and stands the test of years, constant use. No family should be without one. See our agent. J. READING, 10 Richmond St., E., Toronto.

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GRAPE SUGAR AND GLUCOSE MANUFACTORY FOR SALE. SITUATE IN THE CITY OF TORONTO.

Under and by virtue of power contained in a certain mortgage made by the Toronto Grape Sugar Company, and which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by public auction at the premises of Oliver, Gault & Co., 27 King St. East, in the city of Toronto, on Saturday, the 12th day of January, A. D. 1884, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon.

All and singular, the leasehold interest of the said Grape Sugar Company in that certain parcel of land situate in the said city of Toronto, composed of that part of Water Lots, numbers six and seven, lying on the south side of the Esplanade, and immediately east of Princess Street, having a frontage on the south side of the Esplanade of 133 feet, and extending southward to the Windmill line.

Upon the premises is erected a substantial brick structure, a portion being eight stories in height, and the remaining portion seven stories in height, surmounted by a tower for a grain elevator. The walls are 27 inches thick at the base, and 14 inches at the top, and rest upon a heavy cut stone foundation built on piles driven to the rock. The building has a frontage of 102 feet by a depth of 115 feet, and is very favorably situated for shipping purposes. Lake vessels can unload directly into the building, while the tracks of the Grand Trunk, Northern and Midland Railways, run directly in front of it. The building contains a large quantity of valuable machinery, and plank, said to be suited for running a factory having a capacity of 1000 bushels per day, which it is thought can be readily increased to 3000 bushels, and with very little change could be adapted for A LAGER BEER BREWERY. The ground is leased from the Corporation of the City of Toronto, for 21 years from the first day of July 1871, at a rental of \$100.00 per year for the first ten years, and at a rental of \$200.00 per year for the remainder of the term, which said lease is renewable thereafter at a valuation. By a By Law passed by the Corporation of the City of Toronto, the factory was—subject to certain conditions—exempted from taxation for a period of ten years. The property will be sold subject to a reserved bid. The terms and conditions of sale will be made known at time of sale. For further particulars and for permission to inspect property, apply to the auctioneers, Messrs. OLIVER, GAULT & CO., or to E. M. CHADWICK, Vendor's Solicitor, etc. Dated at Toronto, 24th November, 1883.

Four Little Ones.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed a little Austin girl, glancing at the steam-gauge on a stationary engine, "it's 63 o'clock. I didn't know it ever got so late as that."

"How many parts of speech are there Johnny?" "Well, in our house there ain't none, 'cause when mammy gets her speech started it never parts; it just reaches from sun to sun 'thout even a crack in it."

"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a good deal more, isn't it, after it is broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."

Little Trot who was taking an observation the other day while her mother was making some old-fashioned crullers. "Fear to me," she exclaimed, "they'd go down easier if you didn't tangle 'em up in such awful knots."

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For a three cent stamp, Wilton Chemical Co., Kingston, Ont., will send to any address, 27 hand colored samples of Triangle Dyes, with directions for use and other information valuable to every house-wife.

A married woman can write better poetry than a single one, because a poet is born, not made.

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"By George! but it's a bullet!" cried one of the men. "Probably shot into the oyster to kill him," added the other. "Well, that is a mystery!" said the man behind the counter. "Gentlemen, that's no mystery to me," replied the farmer, as he deposited the ball in his vest pocket. "At the battle of Kair Oaks, over twenty years ago, I was hit in the leg by that very bullet. It's been a long time working up, but she's here at last, and I'll have it hung to my watch chain if it costs me \$5."

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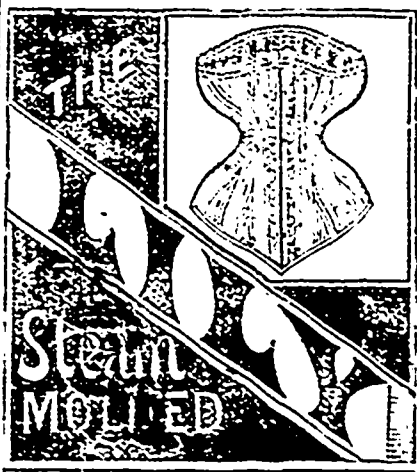
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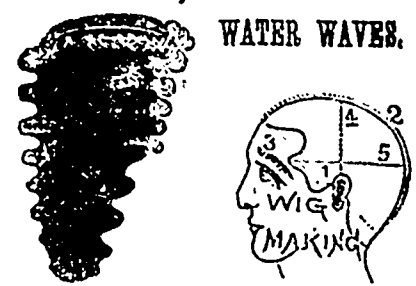
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