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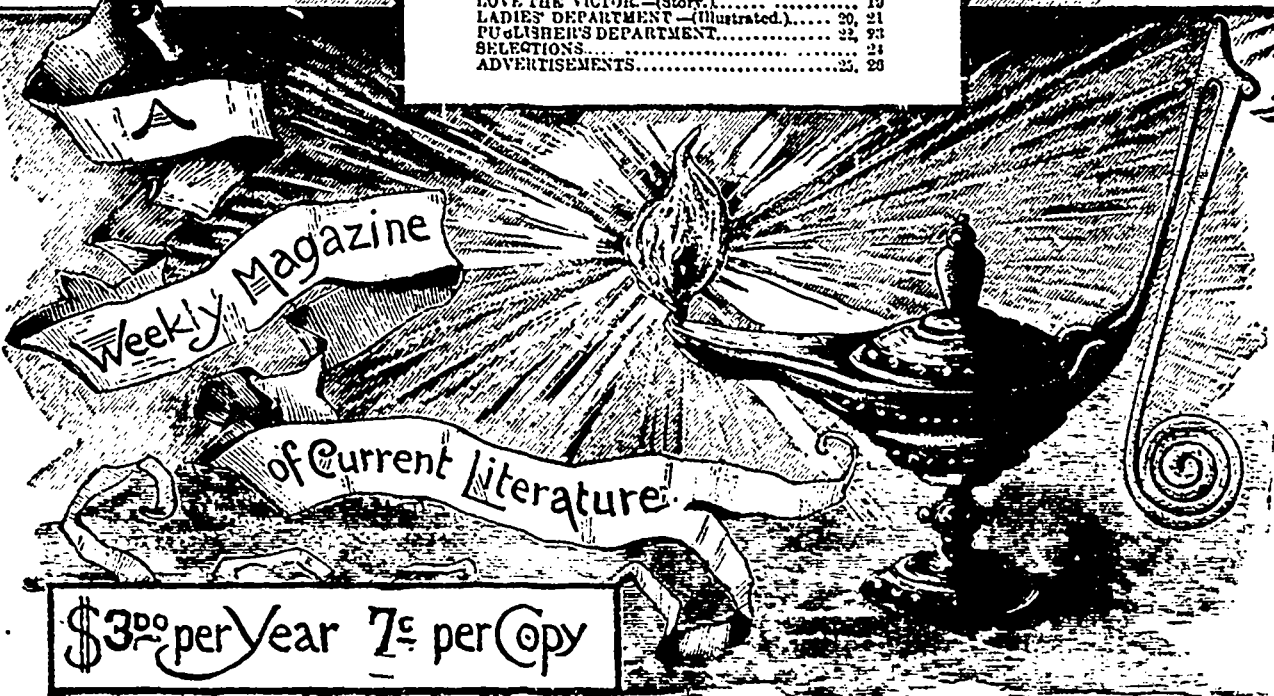
CONTENTS.

JUNE 20th, 1885.

	PAGE.
WHAT TRUTH SAYS.....	3
Mr. Gladstone.....	3
Follies in the United States.....	4
TRUTH'S CONTRIBUTORS.....	4
The Chances in British Columbia.—(By Noah Shakespeare, M.P., Victoria.).....	4
The Canadian Home of Robert De La Salle.— (By John Fraser, Montreal).....	5
The Ontario Education Department.—(By Dr. S. F. May, G.L.S.).....	6
Higher Education of Women.—(By William Houston, M.A., Senator of Toronto Uni- versity.).....	6
Recollections. Egypt.—(By Rev. E. H. Stin- son, M.A.).....	7
THE POETS' PAGE.....	7
IN AN EVIL MOMENT.—(Story.).....	8
THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.....	9
TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.....	10
"Chalk your own door.".....	10
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.....	11
BY THE WAYSIDE (Prize Story).....	12
THE SPHINX.....	13
TID-BITS.....	14, 15
ADVERTISEMENTS.....	16
"WELCOME HOME, BRAVE VOLUNTEERS.— (Music).....	17
HEALTH DEPARTMENT.....	18
LOVE THE VICTOR.—(Story).....	19
LADIES' DEPARTMENT.—(Illustrated).....	20, 21
PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.....	22, 23
SELECTIONS.....	24
ADVERTISEMENTS.....	25, 26

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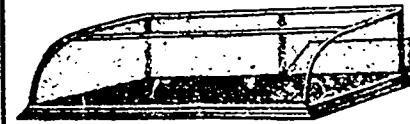
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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JUNE 20, 1885.

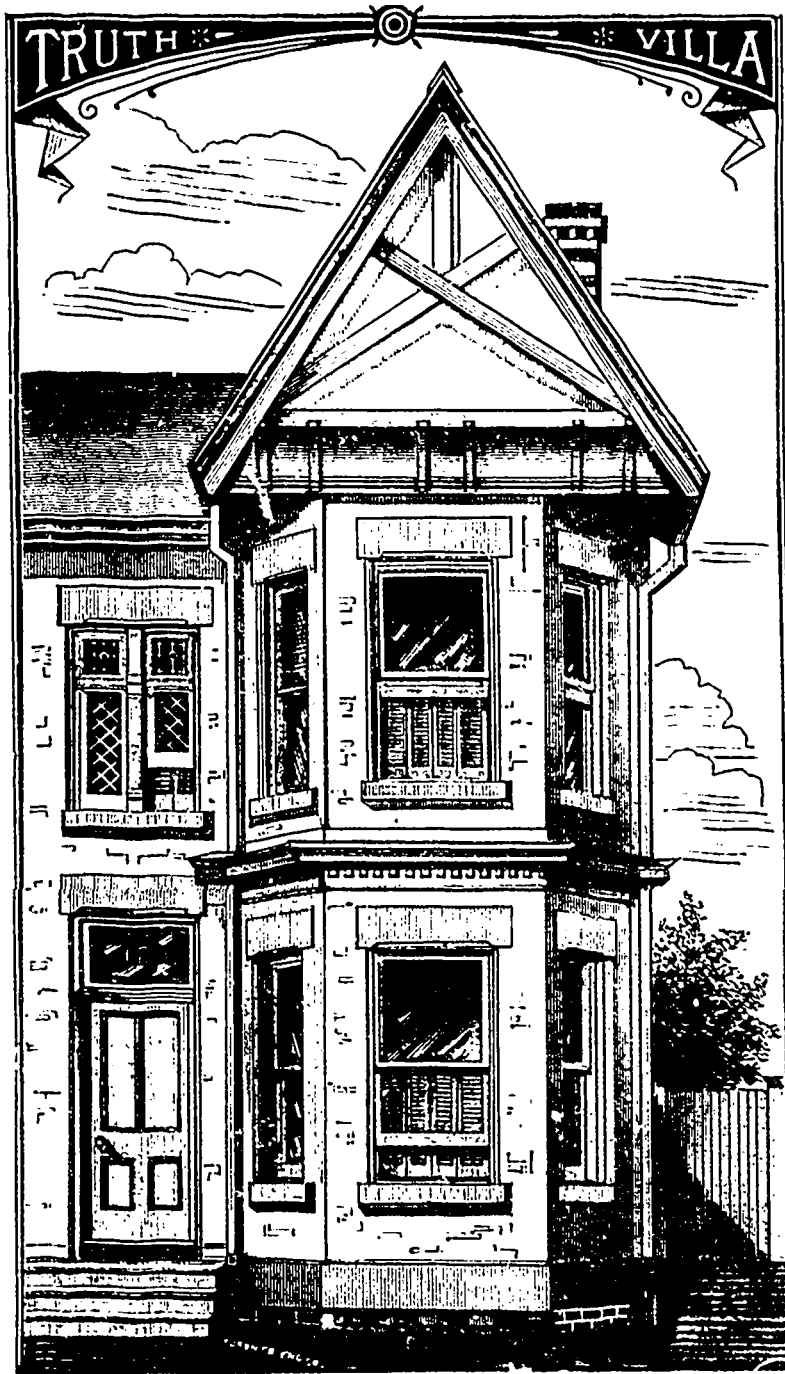
NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 246.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS

Mr. Gladstone, with his recent defeat, probably closes a long and memorable official life. It has been the lot of few Englishmen to enjoy more fully the confidence of his countrymen. Candid men of all parties have given him credit for great personal ability and integrity of purpose. Whatever doubts there may have been about the wisdom of his policy regarding the administration of domestic or foreign affairs, few have doubted that Gladstone meant well at least. He has been successful in carrying through Parliament some very important reforms both as regards the affairs of church and state, and that, too, in the face of the most persistent opposition. He has stood at the head of his party and led on to success when the struggle was indeed fierce. At last, however, he has been defeated on the comparatively insignificant question whether a small additional tax shall be placed on spirits and beer! One of his admirers has compared this downfall to the fate of an able British general, who faced death on many a battle-field, and led on his men to victory in the face of many a danger, but at last met his end by being run over and fatally injured by a swill-cart in the streets of his own quiet town.

The defeat of Mr. Gladstone under the peculiar circumstances that attended his overthrow gives a pretty clear insight into the state of political affairs as they now exist in the British House of Commons. He was not defeated by a great party on some great party issue. It would look as though all the fag ends and all the disaffected ones of all parties united together to assist the Tory Opposition in this work. Of course the opposition of the regular Tory party was expected, but added to this the Parnellites took occasion to vote against him because of his policy regarding Ireland, and the Radicals, because of his too warlike policy, and the Jingo because his policy was much too tame, and the liquor interests because additional duties were to be demanded on their trade. It was indeed a rare combination of men and of parties who agreed in nothing in common except in their attempt to overthrow the Government. In this they have been successful. It will be seen what the effect may be on the nation of such a combination. Whether, under the circumstances, peace may be maintained with Russia, and with France; whether a new line of policy may be adopted towards Egypt, and towards Ireland, and towards the liquor trade in Britain itself, are all questions of a good deal of importance to the well being of the nation, and they must all be settled in connection with the formation of the new Government to succeed the one just driven out of office.

The leading United States papers report the victorious Democratic party in a woefully divided and demoralized state over the spoils of office, since the inauguration of President Cleveland. There was, undoubtedly, a great "hankering for office" in the rank and file of the party, and they worked with a



A WORD IN SEASON.

The above is an exact copy of a photograph just taken, of TRUTH VILLA, to be awarded to the lucky prize winner in TRUTH competition No. 14, the full particulars of which are given on page 22 of this issue. The villa is beautifully situated on Rose street, No. 12, one of the fashionable and desirable streets of this city, off College street. It will make a comfortable and desirable home for some one. May it be yours, gentle reader! Surely the prize is well worth the effort. The publisher of TRUTH is determined to do the handsome thing in making good his promise—as he has always done—and award the prize impartially to the middle answer, whosoever it may be.

The competition has been on for some time now, and will continue for some time

yet. No one can tell when the middle answer will be reached until the whole competition is closed, but the probabilities are that about now is a capital time to send in. Look up your answers, therefore, and send in your name with your dollar subscription for TRUTH, to be directed either to yourself or to some valued friend, who will be sure to enjoy its weekly visits. Send as many dollar subscriptions as you like, and on whatever days you like, and be assured you shall have fair play against all competitors, no matter where you live, or who you are. Such another chance of getting a first-class journal for four months, and a first-class metropolitan residence all for one dollar probably will not occur again in a life time. Who knows but you may be the fortunate owner of TRUTH VILLA?

zeal bordering on desperation for success during the last Presidential campaign. Of course, when victory perched on their banner, joy filled the hearts of the hankering ones. Every man saw his way clear to "a soft place," but the trouble is that there are hundreds of expectants for every place vacant, and the bane of contention is being fought over in a terrible manner. A Chicago paper thus describes the situation:—"If the President appoints a member of one crowd to an office the others immediately telegraph him to withhold the commission as the man is 'manifestly unfit for public office.' If he withdraws the appointment and makes another from the other faction the disappointed ones then deluge him with complaints that he has nominated a man 'whose past record will bring the party into disrepute.' So it goes, lively. The fact is the appointing power is generally a source of weakness rather than strength to any party, and probably always will be. Only one man can be gratified by being appointed, while a score or a hundred are sorely disappointed. The experience of Canadian politicians is much the same as those at Washington."

Last week five young ladies graduated at the University of Toronto, and they took very honourable positions in the graduating class. They were the first female graduates of our Provincial University, but many more are to follow in due time. An excellent paper regarding Higher Female Education will be found elsewhere in this issue of TRUTH, from the able pen of Mr. Wm. Houston, A. M., Parliamentary Librarian of Ontario, a gentleman who has taken a deep interest in this important question, and therefore knows well whereof he writes. The present, and the papers to follow on this question, ought to be carefully studied by all friends of education. TRUTH would like to hear also from other educationists on the same subject.

The excellent paper of Dr. May's on another page of TRUTH, regarding the progress of our educational system in the Province, ought to be read with interest and care by every Canadian. There is nothing that the people of Ontario should feel more proud of than of their liberal provision for the education of the entire rising generation, and the history of our noble system is well worthy of a careful study. Dr. May has been for a quarter of a century officially connected with the education department, and is thoroughly competent to write its history. TRUTH readers are under obligations to him for his ability and pains in connection with these papers. More are to follow.

Amid the universal rejoicings which will be indulged in when the boys come back from the front, let none forget that to General Middleton the country owes a debt of gratitude for his care and solicitude for the lives of those under his command. Let the gallant General receive a welcome in some measure commensurate with the great service he has performed.

Truth's Contributors.

THE CHINESE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY NOAH SHAKESPEARE, M. P., VICTORIA.

We have now in the Province of British Columbia a Chinese population of between eighteen and twenty thousand, with an annual arrival averaging nearly three thousand, though probably nearly as large a number leave again every year for their native country. It is a well known fact that, among the white population of the Province, the feeling against the "Heathen Chinese" is intense, and it is evidently growing stronger, so that unless some remedy is provided before long the consequences will be of the most serious character. Wherever the same people have gone in large numbers to other countries the same hostile feeling has been roused against them. They do not leave China as actual emigrants, expecting to make their homes among the people with whom they go, and intending to help build up the country; they go in ship loads expecting to accumulate as much as they can in a few years and then return to their own land again, taking with them their entire earnings if possible, and enjoy for the remainder of their days the fruits of their foreign earnings.

There are now probably two or three thousand each year leaving the shores of this Province, each one taking with him some hundreds or thousands of dollars, thus bearing away from us a considerable share of our wealth, while as many more are arriving, expecting some years hence to go back laden in the same way. A yearly outflow of this kind tends most seriously to impoverish our country.

In Australia a similar state of affairs took place for some time until stringent laws were enacted against it. In California the Chinese had a similar experience, until public opinion became so much roused that the laws of that country now practically prohibit their landing. British Columbia tried to protect its own interests by enacting a law against Chinese immigration, but the law was disallowed by the Dominion Government, and we are now in that position that we cannot enact a Provincial law against them, nor can we, as yet, get redress by the enactment of a Dominion law. How long the present state of things may last remains to be seen, but surely the earnest appeals of the people ought not much longer to remain unheard.

Now that California is closed against the Chinese, and British Columbia, in spite of its own wishes, is open to them, our province is becoming the dumping ground of all who may come. It is not an unusual thing for a ship load of from four hundred to eight hundred to arrive at Victoria—of men sent out in consequence to the Chinese merchants here—as regularly consigned as would be a cargo of slaves. The merchant receives his invoice and goes and gets his men, providing for them in Chinese quarters of the city. They are then regularly contracted for to the highest bidder among the employers of labor, the emigrants having nothing to do directly with the employer, either in regard to the terms of their labor, or in regard to their payment. In this way an actual slavery is to-day in existence in British Columbia, and that, too, of the most debasing and demoralizing class.

The Chinese do not come to stay, and of course they do not bring their families with them. Often females of the most degraded class arrive and remain as prostitutes, much

to the disgust and demoralization of our own inhabitants.

These men are huddled together in the most objectionable manner. A room large enough for a dining room for a respectable family often contains dozens, if not scores of these degraded people. The sides of the room are shelved all round, like so many large shelves in a shop, and on those the men have their mat and blanket, and so lodge. Even their food and clothing is hardly purchased among us. Their food consists principally of rice, imported direct from China, and a quantity of fish, and their clothing is also all, or nearly all, imported.

A number of men thus living, huddled together like so many herrings in a barrel, and living on such food, having no families to sustain, and bearing the smallest possible share of the burdens of the country, with no voluntary contributions to sustain our churches and other religious or benevolent institutions, can, of course, afford to live and labor at such rates as ordinary citizens cannot afford to do, who have wives and children to sustain, and who expect to bear such a share of the burdens of society as are expected in every civilized and Christian community. No wonder then that the honest laboring men are crying out for redress and justice against such demoralization and slavery.

The immoral tendency of huddling together such large numbers of men, away from all the restraints of home and family and native country, may well be imagined. It is like a moral leprosy in a community where it exists to any considerable extent. The sanitary condition is not better. Men huddled, as they too often are, in a filthy state, without any much respect to the laws of ventilation and health, are apt to have among them diseases dangerous not only to themselves, but dangerous to the whole surrounding community because of their infectious character. It is dangerous, as well as unpleasant, for others to remain in anything like close proximity. How the industrial, the social, and the moral interests of the people of British Columbia, where the Chinese are numerous, are to be properly guarded and respected, is now one of the important questions agitating our people.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CANADIAN HOME OF ROBERT DE LA SALLE.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.
NO. X.

There are few now of the earlier landmarks of French Canada remaining. Those in the towns and cities are, one by one, fast disappearing before the march of modern improvement. It appears to be the rage now-a-days to tear or slash down every relic that reminds us that Canada has a history, and that she had pioneers centuries ago, outstrippers of all in tracing the outlines of trackless western wilds and the shores of then unknown rivers, to whose almost romantic exploits the historian, Parkman, has devoted nearly a lifetime, by writing volume after volume, to instruct the Canadian reader in the history and lives of our early explorers.

La Salle needs no monument along our mountain slope! "No storied urn nor animated bust," to perpetuate or to transmit to future generations the great deeds of his purely unselfish life! This whole northern continent, boundless and vast, bears unmistakable traces of his footsteps.

His life was devoted to and finally sacrificed in the endeavor to extend the boundaries of his native land—old France! His discoveries and explorations were all made in the interest of the land of his birth, the

country he loved; therefore, so long as the noble St. Lawrence winds its course seaward, and our vast inland lakes exist as feeders thereof, or the great and broad Mississippi rolls its mighty waters to the main, these river banks and these lake shores—if all also were mute—will ever silently testify to the memory of that youthful explorer, who first trod or traced their far western or southern shores.

Even over one hundred years ago, when those two cumbersome boats or rafts, as pictured by Longfellow, were floating upon the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi, laden with the wrecks of a nation—the Acadians—one bearing Evangeline, with her guide, the Father Felician, in full pursuit of the fleeing and wandering Gabriel! Even a full century before that time, the youthful La Salle had traced those shores and marked the course of that great river. Wonderful man! Truly, he has left his footprints on the sands of time!

Carriages full of American and other tourists, every day during the summer travelling season, roll along that splendid turnpike, the Lower Lachine Road, pausing and admiring the grandeur of the Lachine Rapids—the old Sault St. Louis—and reaching the quiet waters above; then passing the unknown and almost forgotten and now totally neglected home of the most remarkable explorer recorded in Canadian or American history—the Canadian home of Robert de la Salle, which still stands at the foot of the "Fraser Hill," two miles above the Lachine Rapids.

Imagination carries me back through the dim mists of over two centuries. A scene is pictured before me. It is the primeval beauty of that now historic spot selected by La Salle for his home, which I fail in words to paint. Take that part of the road from the foot of the Fraser Hill, along the river bank westward two miles, to the present wind-mill point. The river bank is about two hundred feet high between these two points. How often, methinks, perhaps thousands of times, had the young—the learned La Salle—learned in all the deep and sacred learning of the Jesuit Fathers—walked or paced, companionless and alone, in deep meditation, over these two short miles of road, during his four years' sojourn there?

Directly opposite to the wind-mill point, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, at the foot of Lake St. Louis, stands the old Indian town of Caughnawaga, a relic of the past. This is truly "storied ground;" La Salle lived there some twenty years before the "Massacre at Lachine," on the night of the 4th of August, 1689, when, within the space of one hour, over two hundred persons were put to death in the neighborhood of Lachine.

To his home at the foot of the Fraser Hill, the first greeting borne on the early morning air would be to him the familiar sounds from the roar of the rapids two miles below. Then we may infer that his daily stroll would be westward to the wind-mill point. What a magnificent view there presents itself! It was there, and there only, where La Salle could have had the first full view presented to him of the broad, smooth surface of Lake St. Louis, stretching far to the west; pointing the road for some daring spirit like himself to lead the way in search of a water channel to China through Canada—hence the name Lachine.

The question now is: What ought to be done with this historic old building? It has been in the writer's family for four generations, and not one stone has been disturbed during the past four score years. It is the intention of the writer to set apart

3,500 square feet—say 70 feet fronting on the Lower Lachine Road, and 50 feet in depth, to enclose the old building, as sacred to the memory of La Salle. Therefore, we may ask, is there not patriotism enough remaining in Canadians to come forward and assist in having this old building restored and to preserve the home of Robert de la Salle from falling into decay, or from being blotted out of existence?

It is due to La Salle's memory that something should be done, and that speedily, by his admiring thousands on this continent. They have now a fitting opportunity to show their respect by giving him a "local habitation," as well as a name, and where can be found a more suitable place than the home in which he lived during the four years of his early Canadian life?

The place can never be disturbed, being eight miles above Montreal, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and would be sacred for all time, free from the calls or the encroachments of modern improvements. Three of the La Salle elm trees, venerable with years, still stand on the river bank, at the head of the old stone wall, as silent sentinels of a by-gone age!

Besides being the home of Robert de la Salle, we recall the long list of noblemen—representatives of Old France—who, from time to time, had slept within its venerable—yes, sacred walls! Such as Champlain, Maisonneuve, Marquette, Frontenac, Joliette, and a host of others who would, of necessity, have started from this place on their religious pilgrimages or warlike expeditions westward.

Just picture that it was in this old building where Frontenac and La Salle traced out the course of those explorations and discoveries to extend the boundaries of Old France, and to see that young man, La Salle, starting from that place on his expedition, westward and southward, in the spring time of 1672, never again, we believe, to return to it.

Now that we have discovered the place, and what remains of his home, it is the bounden duty of Canadians to pay a fitting tribute of respect to his memory. Let us, then, join heart and hand and build Robert de la Salle a monument by restoring or rebuilding his old Canadian home.

THE ONTARIO EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

DEPOSITORY FOR SALE OF MAPS AND APPARATUS.

BY DR. S. P. MAY, C. L. II.

Up to 1850 there were only 1,813 wall maps in all the schools of Upper Canada, and only 168 schools had globes and apparatus.

In 1851 the chief superintendent presented each county council with specimen maps, but even this did not awaken a spirit of emulation among the trustees to provide the necessary equipments for their schools, therefore he applied to the Legislature for a grant so that maps and apparatus might be supplied on the same terms as books. An act to make further provision for the grammar and common schools of Upper Canada which received royal assent in 1855, enacted that a special grant of "a sum not exceeding \$2500 per annum be expended in providing schools with maps and apparatus upon the same terms as books are provided for public school libraries." In 1859 this grant was increased to \$36,000.

During the next twenty years from 1855 to 1875, the Department supplied to the High and Public schools of Ontario 7,450 maps of the world, 20,483 maps of the continents and 23,017 other maps and charts, also 3,004

globes, 875 sets of apparatus, 24,282 pieces of apparatus and 273,510 historical, natural history, and other object lessons; value about \$500,000.

In addition to books, maps and charts nearly 1000 separate articles illustrative of the various branches of science were kept for sale at the Educational Depository including, arithmetic, drawing materials and models, music, chemistry, geography, mineralogy, crystallography, zoology, physiology, ethnology, mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, electricity, magnetism, steam, light, heat, acoustics, etc.

It will be seen that provision was made for the teaching of elementary science in all our schools. This is actually necessary, as scientific knowledge is now required quite as much as practical skill in the manufactures. The prospects of a country depend upon its industrial interests, brute force has been superseded by skilled labor, and a country advances in proportion to the education received by its workmen. The Map and Apparatus Depository was discontinued at the same time as the Library Depository.

THE EDUCATIONAL MUSEUM.

In 1850 the Legislature voted an annual grant of £200, to be expended in plans and publications for the improvement of school architecture and practical science in connection with common schools. An Act was subsequently passed authorizing the expenditure of a sum not exceeding £500 per annum in the purchase of objects suitable for a Canadian Library and Museum to be kept at the Normal School buildings.

An additional sum of £500 was granted for the establishment and support of a school of Art and Design. With this small amount our museum was commenced and from its inception to the present time it has gradually progressed so that it now ranks in regard to utility with similar museums in any part of the world.

The museum was opened in 1856 and the Chief Superintendent says in a special report: "I have been anxiously desirous of preparing the way for and so far as possible, of giving effect to what was contemplated in connection with the School of Art and Design. The copies of paintings which I have procured, present specimens of the works of the most celebrated masters of the various Italian Schools, as also of the Flemish, Dutch and German. The collection of engravings is much more extensive, but they are not yet framed for exhibition. The collection of sculpture includes casts of some of the most celebrated statues, ancient and modern; and busts of the most illustrious of the ancient Greeks and Romans, also of sovereigns, statesmen, philosophers, scholars, philanthropists and heroes of Great Britain and France, likewise a collection of Architecture and some of the characteristic ornaments of ancient Gothic and Modern architecture." In addition plans and publications were procured for the improvement of school architecture, also a collection of specimens including the birds and the mammals and the geology and mineralogy of the different provinces of British North America, and a collection of models of agricultural implements.

THE MODEL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

A large building was erected in the rear of the Model Schools in 1858, sufficiently large to accommodate the pupils of the Model Grammar School and the Normal School Students.

The Normal School was then removed to the rear building and the lecture rooms in the front building were fitted up for the educational museum.

The Model Grammar School was closed in 1863, since that time all the rear building

has been used for Normal and Model school purposes.

In 1870, a change took place in the executive administration of the education department. An Act received the royal assent on 10th January, 1870, by which all the functions of the Chief Superintendent of Education were vested in a minister of the Executive Council to be nominated by the Lieut.-Governor, and to be designated "Minister of Education."

The Government acted most generously by allowing Dr. Ryerson a retiring allowance of \$4,000 per annum, a sum equal to his full salary.

As will be seen from the following extracts from Dr. Ryerson's parting circulars, he was greatly in favor of the administration of the education department being vested in a representative of the Government as Minister of Education instead of a Chief Superintendent of Education, as heretofore.

Extracts from circular to municipal councils: "Feeling that the time had arrived for me to resign the administration of the education department to younger and abler hands, I submitted the best provision I could conceive for the future management of the department, and perpetuation and further development of the school system. I am happy to say that the Government and Legislature have given effect to the plan recommended; and that an honorable gentleman, whom in consideration of his principles, character, ability and attainments, I had for two years pressed to assume my work, has at length been appointed Minister of Education. In his hands I am sure you will find no change in the administration of the department and the school system, except for the better."

Extract from circular to public and high school boards:

"In my successor, the honorable Minister of Education, I am sure you will find higher qualifications and greater energies than I could ever pretend to, and a corresponding zeal and patriotism in advancing and extending the work which our joint labors have prepared."

The Hon Adam Crooks was appointed Minister of Education on 10th of February, 1870.

During this year the department made an exhibit of school appliances from its Museum and Depository at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. As the principal portion of the exhibit is still on view in the Educational Museum, and was awarded the gold medal by the English judges for the Canadian department, an international medal and diploma, by the Centennial commissioners, also, a complimentary award by special judges for the completeness of our display as a collective Government exhibit, I will briefly enumerate the articles exhibited:—

CLASS I.

Reports of Universities and other Educational Institutions, Calendars, Examination papers, etc.

CLASS II.

Large Photographs of Educational Institutions and other Public Buildings in Ontario.

CLASS III.

Large Photographs of some of the principal Public and High Schools in Ontario; models of School Houses, etc.

CLASS IV.

School fittings and furniture, including desks and seats, calisthenic apparatus, gymnasium, etc.

CLASS V.

Pupils' School work:—Specimens of Drawing and Penmanship from the public and Model Schools of Ontario by pupils from ten to fourteen years of age.

CLASS VI.

School method and organization, including Examination papers for Model Schools, High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, School Registers, Time Table, Merit Cards, etc.

CLASS VII.

Specimens of Text Books authorized for use in the Public Schools, High Schools and Collegiate Institutes.

CLASS VIII.

Teachers' professional library books, embracing over 350 volumes on Practical Education, Kindergarten, School House Architecture, English Language and Philosophy, Elocution, etc.

CLASS IX.

Specimens of Library and Prize Books.

CLASS X.

Reading Lessons, Mottoes for hanging on school walls, Writing, Spelling, etc.

CLASS XI.

Numeral frames, Geometrical forms, etc., illustrating the teaching of Geometry and Arithmetic.

CLASS XII.

Drawing books, Models, Mathematical instruments, etc., including the equipments for teaching the various branches of Art Education.

CLASS XIII.

Music Charts for teaching singing in Schools.

CLASS XIV.

Chronological and Historical Charts, Historical Photographs, etc.

CLASS XV.

Topographical and Astronomical Illustrations, including Charts, Globes, Orreries, Tellurians, Dissected Maps, Cubes, Atlases, etc.

CLASS XVI.

Charts, specimens and models, illustrating Geology, Mineralogy, Crystallography, Botany, Zoology, Ethnography, Anatomy, and Physiology.

CLASS XVII.

Chemical Laboratories and Apparatus, Chemical Diagrams, etc.

CLASS XVIII.

Pneumatic Apparatus of various kinds, Meteorological Instruments, Charts, Diagrams, etc.

CLASS XIX.

Apparatus for illustrating the science of Acoustics.

CLASS XX.

Microscopes, Magic Lanterns and other apparatus of illustration of Light—Optics.

CLASS XXI.

Models of Steam Engines and other apparatus illustrating Heat and Steam.

CLASS XXII.

Electrical machines, Electroscopes, Electric and Voltaic Batteries, etc.

CLASS XXIII.

Models, Charts, etc., illustrations for teaching Mechanics and Mechanism.

CLASS XXIV.

Apparatus for Hydrostatics and Hydraulics.

CLASS XXV.

Kindergarten Illustrations. This exhibition received highly commendatory notices from the Press. I will give you a few extracts.

Mr. Buisson, chairman of the Committee of Education from France, says: "Of all foreign countries that attract attention because of the exhibit of new material, Canada is at the head. Besides, Canada occupies in the Educational Department of the Exhibition a place too important not to be studied by itself. To make a brilliant educational exhibition by the side of that of the United States was not an easy thing to do, and for Canada to have succeeded in doing it goes to prove that her schools are in a very prosperous condition." Mr. Buis

son was so impressed with the value of the exhibit that he made a special visit from Philadelphia to Toronto to inspect the Educational Museum. In his report under the head of "Canadian Exhibition," he says:— "There exists at Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, an establishment, the like of which we would be glad to see at Paris, it is a pedagogical museum, embracing school furniture and apparatus, maps, charts, books, and documents relating to teaching and schools, objects of art and industry, in short all that can serve the practical purposes of education. Adjoining the same building in the Normal school with its several connected departments of Model schools which are themselves beautiful schools. The main building contains an educational storehouse and depository like those of the city of Paris, and bureaus for the administration of the affairs and laws of education. The building possesses a fine theatre, vestibule and halls in which are placed the busts of the great men of all nations."

The Hon. Mr. Apgan, State Superintendent of New Jersey, says.—"Ontario presented the finest collection of expensive school and college apparatus exhibited. Without enumerating the articles, which would be tedious, I may simply state that it is doubtful if we could find anywhere in sale a piece of school apparatus for any grade of school from the Kindergarten to the college that was not in the Ontario exhibit."

Toronto Globe says:—"The exhibition of apparatus of every kind from Ontario is far ahead of any exhibit from any other country."

Toronto Mail:—"Pennsylvania takes great pride in its schools and the exhibition of models, maps, &c., is most creditable, as are those from the other states. I am happy to say that the Canadian exhibit in the educational way takes the shine out of them all."

Mr. Whiting, an English correspondent, referring to the Canadian exhibit, says:—"Her school exhibit is not only better than that from any State of this country, but it is the only thing which redeems the British school exhibit."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

BY WILLIAM HOUSTON, M. A., SENATOR OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

I.

The part played by young women in the recent commencement proceedings of the University of Toronto affords a good opportunity for calling public attention to what has been done in the way of providing higher education for women, and to what still remains to be accomplished. I do not propose in this paper to do much more than describe briefly the part referred to, reserving for future articles an account of the more general aspects of one of the gratest social movements of the day.

It is necessary at the outset to explain that the University of Toronto is a corporation which examines candidates for academic standing and grants to those who pass its examinations degrees in arts, law, medicine, and civil engineering. It is prohibited by law from engaging in the work of teaching, and it is bound by law to examine all candidates who offer themselves, whether they come from teaching institutions or not. University College, on the other hand, is simply a teaching institution in arts, having no right to grant degrees to its students, who usually obtain them from the University of Toronto. These two corporations belong to the Province of Ontario, and subsist on the same endowment—a foundation which is purely a public one, and

is as old as the *regime* of Governor Simcoo, in whose instance it was set apart in the form of a grant of land.

There never was anything in the laws of either Toronto University or University College expressly debaring women from either the examinations of the one or the classes of the other. Accordingly, when increased public attention began a few years ago to be paid to the subject of women's higher education, it was only natural that ambitious young women in this Province should begin to desire a University course. It was equally natural that they should seek it first of all in a purely public institution like the Provincial University. The pioneers of the rapidly growing army of female academics were two young women, who in 1877 applied for leave to attend the University examinations. The late Chief Justice Moss, who then presided over the Senate as Vice-Chancellor, gave his opinion that they had a right to the privilege, and they were both successful in securing honors.

For some years, though applicants for University standing came up in gradually increasing numbers, few of them went beyond the first year course, for the obvious reason that this alone was covered by the work of the High Schools, and women were not admitted to the classes of University College. It was only a question of time when they would apply for admission to that institution, and unfortunately, when application was made by one young lady more venturesome than the rest, it was rejected. Others, however, followed her example, and the practice was persisted in year after year until matters were forced to an issue last fall by an intimation, accompanied by a tender of fees, that some of the young women intended to present themselves at the opening of the College classes, and throw on the authorities the responsibility of ejecting them. Such an ultimatum could have but one effect. The law was so clearly on the side of the girls that they were quietly admitted and accorded the full privileges and status not merely of University undergraduates but of recognized College students.

The attendance of women at University College during the past session was unexpectedly large, the students numbering a dozen in all, scattered over the four years. Three of them took the fourth year work, and, along with two who did not attend lectures, took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with distinguished honors. The names of these pioneer "sweet girl graduates" are Miss M. B. Bald, of Welland; Miss Ella Gardiner, of Hamilton; and Miss M. Langley, of Bradford, who attended lectures; and Miss Margaret and Miss Edith Brown, of Toronto, who did not. The last two are daughters of the late Hon. George Brown, who was in his lifetime a member of the University Senate, and one of the most devoted and useful friends of the institution. Miss Bald graduated with honors in the Department of Classics, which includes Greek and Latin; the others with honors in that of Modern Languages, which includes English, French, German, Italian, Comparative Philology, and Ethnology. Miss Margaret Brown carried off the Modero Lang gold medal, the winner of which is entitled to obtain first-class honors in each subject, and the highest aggregate number of marks in all the subjects taken together. I need only add that the competitor for this distinction amongst the male students was keen, a fact which makes the winner's success the more remarkable.

The third year examination was passed by one young woman, Miss Eliza Balmor, of Toronto, whose standing was almost unique in the history of the University. She took first-class honors in the Department of Modern Languages, which includes French, German, Italian,

and History; second-class honors in Mental and Moral Science with Civil Polity, and first-class honors in the special work in Constitutional History and Jurisprudence prescribed in connection with the Blake scholarship. She missed the modern language scholarship and the Blake scholarship each by a hair's breadth, and won only the gold medal donated by the Marquis of Lansdowne for general proficiency in all the subjects of the third year. I need only add to this record the fact that in her second year Miss Balmor took the scholarships in modern languages and mental science without the advantage of lectures, and that she was a winner of scholarships at matriculation and in her first year.

Two ladies passed the second year examination, Miss C. Fair and Miss N. Spence. The former secured honors in the department of modern languages, which includes English, French, German, and History; the latter took a double first class in the departments of classics and mental science. In the latter subject Miss Spence won the College prize at the close of the lecture term a few weeks ago. Of these two Miss Spence attended lectures during the latter half of the session; Miss Fair did not attend at all. The successful first year candidates were eight in number, Miss Cameron, Miss Clayton, Miss Eastwood, Miss Jones, Miss Lennox, Miss Ross, Miss Stone, and Miss Stock. Miss Jones and Miss Lennox attended lectures during the session; the others did not. All but one took honors in some department, even mathematics being preferred in one case, and a glance at the class lists shows that with the privilege of attendance at lectures the girls will give a good account of themselves throughout the course.

One of the pleasantest features of the commencement proceedings this year was the enthusiastic, respectful, and evidently cordial applause with which the male students welcomed to the dais the graduates of the other sex, and also the winner of prizes. Any manifestations of mean-spirited jealousy were, of course, out of the question, but it would have been easy to embarrass young ladies in a novel and trying position by exhibitions of rudeness which, unfortunately, are not unknown in Convocation Hall. These were this year, however, conspicuous by their absence, a circumstance which may not unfairly be attributed to those gentlemanly instincts which the presence of respected members of the other sex are sure to call into active exercise on all public occasions. Never before were commencement proceedings so interesting, and few can recall occasions on which they were so decorous.

To the credit of the male students of University College, now some 400 in number, it should be added that their treatment of their lady classmates has been perfectly unexceptionable. Their bearing has been uniformly that of gentlemen, and while they have not hesitated to invite the ladies to participate in the work of the collegesocieties, their invitations have been extended in the most formal and business-like manner. The satisfactory relations between the male and female students of University College is a strong proof of the wisdom of the course pursued by the Council in leaving them free from absurd prohibitions and regulations in the matter of communication between the sexes.

The brilliant stand taken this year by young women in Toronto University will act as a stimulus to others who may have been halting between two opinions. This is one good purpose served by their success, but it is not the only one. The greatest obstacle heretofore in the way of women who desired a University education has been social prejudice, the strength of which is generally in the direct ratio of its unreasonableness. This feeling is rapidly disappearing, and it will now melt away more rapidly than ever. The young ladies who wore their college caps and gowns were of as good social standing as any young ladies in the Province; their friends and relatives were present in large numbers endorsing their position and hearing public encomiums on their well-earned distinctions; they bore themselves with becoming maidenly modesty in a trying position, and without a scintilla of the "strong-mindedness" which is the bugbear of those who decry the woman's rights movement. By their high courage, earnest work, and proper conduct, the young women who take pride in their standing in the University of Toronto, have done more than they are aware of to advance the cause of their sex in a hundred ways.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EGYPT.

ISMAIL SADYK, AND THE CAUSE OF THE EGYPTIAN WAR OF 1882.

BY REV. E. R. STIMSON M.A.,
NO. III.

"Now longs my fluttering heart to rove;
My feet with livelier ardour move.
Then fare ye well, my comrades gay!
From home at once we take our way;
But far through distant climates borne,
Must all by separate paths return."

It is very pleasant to visit distant latitudes with no object in view save that of economy and the visiting of places of public amusement. It is still more pleasant upon one's return to his own country if reflection affords to the candid mind an assurance that utility has blended with pleasantness, and that not only gardens, and groves, and palaces, and amphitheatres are recollected, but the history, public characters, and the multitudes of products of art, industry, &c., all join with current events to excite a laudable curiosity, and to stimulate the traveller in a wish to impart to others a share of the satisfaction he has realized by meeting for eign people. With such a thought we may say the Egypt of to-day is not by any means the Egypt of a few years ago. Were this not so, the fate of Arabi Pacha, the originator of the war, would have been a parallel to that of Ismail Sadyk, in 1876.

Here is the story told of this man. From it a fair idea may be formed of the character of Arabi, who resisted reformatory resolutions of the Government at a time when they were most needed.

The Ismail Sadyk of 1876 notoriety was what Mr. Pitt was said to be, "a heaven-born financier;" for he was born and bred an Egyptian fellah, without training or culture, and to the day of his death spoke nor understood no language but his own. He was a dark colored Arab, slight and stooping in frame, with sharp features, a face devoid of expression and a shifty, cunning eye. His manner was alternately fawning or brutal, as he spoke to an equal or an inferior; and at first sight he inspired an instinctive repugnance, which he was plausible enough to remove when it suited his interest. Being unable to converse in any other tongue besides Arabic, it is difficult to determine whether he possessed the usual variety of expression and humour shown by men of acknowledged talent. Certainly it is shown by the influence he wielded that he was no common man. His life, though, in his harem and out of it proved his thoughts were low, "to vice industrious, but to nobler deeds timorous and slothful." Proving himself faithful over minor affairs he was promoted to the care of larger ones—the Khedive himself, as premier, employing him as the manager of one of his smaller estates. From thence, after the accession of his patron to the throne, he rose gradually to the post of Finance Minister; and under his auspices was commenced that system of loans and shifty expedients to raise money at any price from foreign or native money-lenders which plunged the Khedive and his country into a quicksand of difficulties from which he could only extricate himself by submitting to a deposition, and leaving the bog of debts and complications for his now reigning son, the Khedive, to encounter.

Ismail Sadyk was reputed, from his early training and experience, to understand better than any man in Egypt, how to squeeze the fellah! which meant to wring the last para out of the poor wretches by the threat or use of the terrible *kourbash*, or hippopotamus-hide whip, in the hands of agents as unscrupulous and merciless as himself—until a cry went up to earth and heaven against his oppressions, perpetuated in the name, if not by the authority of his master, who has ever borne the character of a humane man, constitutionally averse to cruelty.

Ismail attained to a great height of power, and upon this venturesome pinnacle built habits of profligacy and store-houses of wealth. He appears to have fairly lost his mind for the encouragement of any kind of prudence, or for the entertainment of ordinary respect for his royal master.

Seeing in the adoption of a financial scheme by the Government the end of his power and his illicit gains, he fought desperately against them, and rendered his removal necessary to the Khedive, through the revelations he made, and threatened to

make, whether true or false, equally annoying and embarrassing, if not damaging to the credit of the Government and his master.

But he mistook his man and miscalculated his influence. Going a step too far in the path of resistance and intimidation he tumbled over into an abyss, from which, living or dead, he never emerged; for where his bones are no man knows to-day.

The Government official journal at once made the following announcement:—

"The ex-Minister of Finance, Ismail Sadyk Pacha, has sought to organize a plot against His Highness, the Khedive, by exciting the religious sentiments of the native population against the scheme proposed by Messrs. Goschen & Joubert. He has also accused the Khedive of selling Egypt to the Christians, and taken the attitude of defender of the religion of the country.

"These facts, revealed by the inspectors-general of the provinces, and by the reports of the police, have been confirmed by passages in a letter addressed to the Khedive himself by Sadyk Pacha, in giving his own dismissal. In presence of acts of such gravity His Highness, the Khedive, caused the matter to be judged by his Privy Council, which condemned Ismail Sadyk Pacha to exile, and close confinement at Dongola."

The next day another announcement was made to read:—

"The ex-Minister, who had been kept on board a steamer on the river to await the decision of the Privy Council, was immediately placed on board another steamer which left forthwith for Upper Egypt."

From that hour to this he has been lost to the sight of man, and a thousand and one stories of the precise manner and time of his "taking off," many of the wildest and most improbable character, have been circulated and credited in foreign and native circles in Egypt. It was afterwards declared that he died a natural death from fatigue, grief, and excess.

But the most of people shook their heads sagely over this statement, and persist in believing that Ismail did not survive his arrest twenty-four hours, and that the steamer was sent up the Nile for effect, and contained neither the living nor the dead ex-favorite and ex-Minister.

So this must take its place among the other many mysteries of this most mysterious land; whose officials must shake in their shoes even yet sometimes, notwithstanding the removal from public station and private intercourse with the Khedive of Ismail Sadyk in this way, and his administration of the Egyptian Exchequer marks the vanishing point of the old system of extortion, fraud and cruelty of which he was the master from the period of his appointment as Minister of Finance to the day of his downfall.

But as Ismail Ali was the prototype at the beginning of the present century of other Khedives, so was Ismail Sadyk the prototype of Arabi Pacha, with this difference, the one by a reckless expenditure, cruelty and oppression precipitated himself into a gulf from which even his body was not recovered, while the other, in an attempt to sustain himself in unnecessary disbursements, drew, as Minister of War, and in opposition to, retrenchment upon the soldiery to back him up until his iron and ammunition were exhausted at Tel-El-Kehir, himself taken prisoner, and in due course, after a fair and open trial, he was adjudged to have acted the part of a rebel and banished with his confederates to Ceylon.

We do not wish to have it unobserved or forgotten that it was the extravagance and cruelty of Ismail Sadyk in Egypt, and the extraordinary sums of money borrowed by him from foreign powers for the purpose of official aggrandizement and military sustentation, which called for "retrenchment and reorganization." Arabi Pacha resisted the call, and hence the war and his fall.

Here is the whole trouble in a nut shell:

The English came into occupation; extortion and logging for non payment of taxed abolished; fair dealing enforced, a high style of honor insisted upon and a new canon for the administration of law and order promulgated wherever the sense of the people was of a degree to appreciate it. And so on and on it will go if the Imperial Government has the wisdom, promptness, and stability to protect a national economy and a succession of Khedives as pure, good and trustworthy as Mohamet Chowfik, the present Khedive.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

Will be given each Week for the Best Piece of Poetry Suitable for Publication in This Page.

In order that we may secure for our Poetry Page the very best productions, and as an incentive to increased interest in this department of TRUTH, we will give each week a prize of FIVE (\$5) DOLLARS to the person sending us the best piece of poetry, either selected or original. No conditions are attached to the offer whatever. Any reader of TRUTH may compete. No money is required, and the prize will be awarded to the sender of the best poem, irrespective of person or place. Address, "Editor Poet's Page, TRUTH Office, Toronto, Canada." Be sure to note carefully the above address, as contributions for this page not so addressed will be liable to be overlooked. Anyone can compete, as a selection, possessing the necessary merit, will stand equally as good a chance of securing the prize as anything original. Let our readers show their appreciation of this liberal offer by a good lively competition each week.

SPECIAL OFFER.

The publisher of TRUTH will give a special prize of ten dollars for the best original poem for "Dominion Day" (July 1st). The contributions are not to exceed 100 lines each, and to be sent in, addressed to Publisher of TRUTH, not later than June 15th.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mrs. H. INNES, 378 W. Munroe St., Chicago, acknowledges, with many thanks, a cheque for \$5.00, the prize for her selection of poetry on "Kindness," published in TRUTH of May 9th.

R.D. STEWART, Chief of Police, Hamilton: "I have to acknowledge the receipt of \$5.00 for poem lately sent you, and which was awarded a prize. Many thanks for your promptness."

Mrs. W.M. NORRIS, 20 Alexander St., City: "Many thanks for the \$5.00 received for prize poem, published in TRUTH of May 16th. And allow me to say, I look upon the paper as a delightful companion in the home circle, pleasantly instructive and decidedly useful. Should a week go by without my receiving it, I know I should feel very much disappointed."

THE AWARD.

The following original poem, from the pen of Mr. R. Jamieson, Perth, Ont., is awarded the prize this week, and the amount will be paid on application to this office.

The Editor again regrets that a number of prizes cannot be awarded, as a number of poems, original and selected, have been sent in of much more than ordinary merit. TRUTH has, undoubtedly, a larger number of really good poetical contributors than any other journal in Canada.

-For Truth.

The Dying Hero of Batoche.

By R. JAMIESON, PERTH, ONT.

In Saskatoon, at close of day, A wounded soldier dying lay; The sands of life had nearly run, His star was sinking with the sun.

With comrades brave, a valiant band As ever fought on sea or land, This noble youth had left his hall In answer to his country's call.

Long, weary marches he had made Through drifting snows, through wood and glade, O'er prairies vast and ice-bound lakes, Through marshy pools and thorny brakes.

At last the covert foe is seen In thickets close and dark ravine; A vantage ground by nature formed, Which by our heroes must be stormed.

For days he fought through wood and dell, While comrades round him bleeding fell; Still on he pressed in foremost rank, Nor ever from his duty shrank.

Their pits, well formed to test our strength, The rebel forces seek at length, Aid from this stronghold there defy All but the boldest chivalry.

Called by the foemen's deadly fire, And burning with true patriot's ire, Each chafed to let the rebels feel The potency of burnished steel.

From rank to rank the word is passed And glittering swords in sunlight flashed, While bayonets bristling, fixed secure, Foretold a bloody conflict sure.

The signal's given—through storms of lead Our gallant soldiers forward sped— 'Mid ringing cheers they dash below With headlong fury on the foe.

The rebels from their trenches fly, While scores are left to bleed and die; Batoche is won—but, sad to tell, Many a brave one with it fell.

'Twas in this charge our hero fell— While leading nobly, fighting well, A bullet from a rebel gun Had laid him low—his work was done.

A comrade stayed to staunch his wound, And raise him from the gory ground; "Stop not," he said, and waved his hand, "Go, follow with our conquering band."

They bore him from that field of fame, While still the shouts of victory came; He heard them, and with unclouded eye, "Thank Heaven," he said, "I now can die."

Forgiveness.

"Forgiveness is a simple word, Yet eloquent, though brief; It gently falls into my heart Like dew upon a leaf.

"Forgiveness is a loving word, That bids all tumult cease; A well-spring in a desert wild, An olive branch of peace.

"Forgiveness is an angel word, A flower of sweet perfume; A pillow for a dying bed, And glides with light the tomb.

"O! let us then forgive each one Ere life's frail scene is riven; Forgive me, Lord, and then I'll find Forgiveness brings me heaven."

"Here am I!"

By MISS FLETCHER.

"Allah! Allah!" cried the sick man, racked with pain The long night through, Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the tempter; said, "Call loud- er, child of pain, See if Allah ever hears or answers 'Here am I' again,

Like a stab the cruel devil through his brain and pulses went; To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says, "My child, why thus dismayed? Doest repent thy former fervour? Is thy soul of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" no cried, "I've called so often; never heard the 'Here am I'; And I thought, 'God will not pity, will not turn on me his eye.'"

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, 'Rise' Elias; go Speak to him the sorely tempted; lift him from his gulf of woe;

"Tell him that his every longing is itself an answer in cry; That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!' is my answering, 'Here am I.'"

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undeffled; And in every "O, my Father!" alcubers deep a "Hero, my child!"

-For Truth.

Jeannie.

By EMILY M. ARCHER.

She was an artless, winning child, Whose blue eyes, beaming softly mild Through their long silken lashes smiled; While o'er that brow, so arching fair, Wavelets of sunny, auburn hair Were fann'd by summer's passing air. I watched her chase with playful gloe From bush to bush the honey-bee; I saw her cull, with fond delight The gems of nature fluted bright— Fair flowerets "orgonally arrayed, And blossoms aets that love the shade.

Beside me soon was gently laid The simple bouquet she had made. With admiration fond I gazed, Even as to mine were sweetly raised Those orbs of deepest azure hue, As yet undimmed by sorrow's dew. Yet was it mine to break the spell And to the faithful spirit tell A tale, that o'er her youthful gladness Vould cast a shade of mournful sadness. "Jeannie," at length I softly said, "Come, rest beside me; lay thine head Upon my knee." The glowing cheeks Blue'd deeper ere my av'ring spoke: "I'd like to stay," she said, and yet—

"Mother will miss her little pet I must away, for well she knows, That every day her Jeannie goes To pluck the violet and rose— To gather from some leafy spot A wee blue flower—Forget-me-not— Is that the name you call it by? But Auntie, dear, what makes you sigh? Mother is sick, but Auntie, say, Won't she get well again some day? She always teaches me to pray That God may take her pain away, And I am very, very sure That He will hear my prayer, and cure Her every pain, and make her well."

She did not see my bosom swell With inward grief; she little knew Her prayer was answered, all too true! With lingering steps I slowly led Through garden walk and flower-bed, By blooming bower and trellis'd shade, Where crimson roses and leaflets made With fragrance delicate and sweet The scene delightful. Calm retreat! How sad that o'er thy highest bloom Should hang the silence and the gloom Of lone bereavement. Cruel loss! 'Een such is life. The marble cross As solemn symbol of demise 'Mid wreathing grass is seen to rise.

And so I thought as onward still My footsteps wandered—pleasure's thrill Is dashed with pain, for cold and chill In marble death, all calmly slept The form beloved. While he drooped wept Around her couch, and gazed upon The features fair, where sweetly shone The purity of peaceful death. I tried to tell in whispered breath Of earth's most solemn scene. Sweet child! She looked up in my face and smiled As all unconscious of the fate Of orphanage, so desolate Bleat innocence I in thought, for soon, But all too late, will sorrow shroud.

Thy fair young life, as brightest June, Is dimm'd by many a thunder cloud That bursts in tempests, fiery, wild, Yet God can overrule, my child, The fury of the angry blast; Tho' summer clouds be overcast, The stiffl storm subsides at last, When far more bright, and cool, and clear Becomes the heated atmosphere. So may thy spirit sorely tried By ills of life, be purified, Till sorrow's cloud and tempest past, It gains that Heavenly home at last. Clare, Landraga, Ireland.

Trusting.

These lines were found under the pillow of a soldier, who was lying dead in an hospital, near Port Royal, S. C. :-

I lay me down to sleep, Without a thought or care Whether the waking find Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head That only asks to rest Unquestioning, upon A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets Its cunning now— To march the weary march I know not how.

I am not eager now, Nor strong—all that is past; I am ready not to do, At last—at last.

My half-day's work is done, And this is all my part; I give a patient God My patient heart.

And grasp His banner still Though all its blue be dim; These stripes, no less than stars, Lead after Him.

Friends in Heaven.

By BERN R. RYKOFF.

A brown-haired, blue-eyed we one, Grown weary, and tired of play, Climbed up on my knee to ask me In her simple, childish way, "Have you any friends in Heaven, That you sometimes want to see?" Can you guess how the question thrilled me Like a minor melody? I thought, as I sat in the twilight, With that wee one on my knee, Of my little blue-eyed baby Whose summers numbered three. She went from my arms to Heaven One spring-time years ago, And left in my heart that sorrow That only mothers know.

I thought how the baby's father Grew locoome, and longed to hold Once more on his breast our baby With hair of sun-set gold. And one summer eve he left me To search for our baby of three, And I know full well he found her, But he never came back to me.

Do I ever want to see them? Oh! child of the violet eyes, My heart has gone on before me To the hills of Paradise. Some day I shall see their kisses Drop balm on my weary heart, Mine only, and mine forever. Though earth and Heaven apart. Prescott, Ont.

Truth.

-For Truth.

Oh, Father, thine am I, Yet still through man's dim ways I hope for Truth and cry, Thy hand, Oh God, and gaze

Out on the clash of deeds; All, all for Truth, men say; 'Tis not Thy hand that leads Souls grappled in the way.

But when the full-orbed sun On man and tree doth glow, With life for every one, And makes the winds to blow,

And brings the worm that kills, The chilling blast to freeze, The sufferings and the ills Of everything that breathes.

The hand of Truth I see, We, weep here in doubt, Nor look, nor bended knee Shall wipe our sorrows out.

But when our summer's o'er, When chilly Death doth come, Truth stands at Heaven's door. Thou, Lord, hast brought us home.

An Ill-Kept Secret.

Spring has come, though nobody yet knows it— Nobody but I and pet blue bird, Blue rose, and Mrs. Willow Tree. They are secret-keepers, but they show it, For each blushes red as you pass by her, Blushes guilty red for all to see.

And the Robin knows it also, bless him! He came back as soon as he suspected, And he hops and flicks and winks and chatters, Till the vorlest owl that flies would guess him! Full of secrets which he fears suspected, Secrets touching other people's matters.

And the Tulp knows it and the Crocus, For I heard them whisper to each other In the drowsy darkness where they hide them. "Some one knocked! Who was it knocked and woke us? Surely, mother, it was come, my brother," And they roused the Daffodils beside them.

And the winter guesess. Dark and grimly Frowned his icy face, and fierce his growling As an angry lion crouched to bite her, As the dainty spring, all fair and trimly, Brushed him by, and fled before the howling Winds and cold sleet which he flung to fright her.

We all know it, and each glad tale-bearer Speeds the happy news, too good for keeping. Winter scowleth wrathfully and curses; Robin goes loud to each wayfarer; Willow blushes, Crocus can't help peeping, And I tell the secret in these verses.

-For Truth.

The Son of a King.

By REV. R. WYKSCHE, ST. IGNACE, MICH.

My Father in Heaven is King of all kings, Before him bow seraphs, with their folded wings; His riches are great beyond all compare, And in these vast treasures I have a rich share.

Choro.—I'm the son of a King, of Him I do sing, And Christ is my Brother, I'm the son of a King!

My Father's high palace is built of pure gold, Its walls are of Jasper, its splendours untold; Its foundations dazzle with all precious stones, Its gates are twelve pearls, and each saint has a throne.

Choro.—"I'm the Son," etc.

He gave His own Son a ransom for all, To save Adam's race from the curse of the Fall; In Heaven exalted for us He now pleads Through both water and fire His own blood lead.

Choro.—"I'm the Son," etc.

I once was a rebel, a sinner, a slave, But Christ's blood hath loosed me, from sin He now saves; I'm on my way home, with shouting I go, And look with disdain upon all things below.

Choro.—"I'm the Son," etc.

A wanderer on earth I walk in disguise, Yet the child of a King I'm bound for the skies; An exile, a stranger, a pilgrim, I sing, Hallelujah! I now shout the son of a King!

Choro.—"I'm the Son," etc.

Though oft clad in homespun, or russet, I sing, Despite a coarse garb, I'm the child of a King; Beneath this disguise there is purple I know, Hallelujah again! as onward I go!

Choro.—"I'm the Son," etc.

Before me there rolls the Jordan of death, O Jesus, I'll praise thee with my latest breath; He shouts me a welcome; He says I'm His own, I rush through the river, and fly to the thro' of

Choro.—I'm the son of a King, of Him I do sing, And Christ is my Brother, I'm the son of a King!

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IN AN EVIL MOMENT.

BY HARRY BLYTH.

Author of "A Wily Woman," "The Bloom of the Heather," "When the Clock Stopped," "Magic Morsels," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"You forget the state I was in, Gregory," Walter exclaimed in a quick, pleading way, raising his troubled face to Axon's. "I reached New Zealand broken down in health, and in such a low, nervous state that I was not fit to be travelling alone. The terrible occurrence at your home completely shattered me. For a time I believe that I was quite mad. I was afraid of every one—I was afraid of myself. I could not bear to look upon a single person I had ever known in days gone by. It was only in travel—ceaseless travelling, that I could find any rest for my wild, fevered brain. Moving, moving, always moving. If a stranger looked at me intently, I flew from the town; if I heard the voice of an Englishman, I immediately left my habitation. It was a fearful time—a fearful time. Gregory, God alone knows what I suffered!"

"You would have suffered less had you trusted in me," Gregory observed, reprovingly.

"I know it, I know it," Walter moaned; "but the past is gone, and it cannot be recalled—it cannot be. I will make amends, Gregory—I will make reparation—"

"I confess," said Gregory, with considerable coolness, "that I shall not feel any delicacy in accepting reparation at your hands. It is, after all, but my due. When I first reached England I was rich. I searched high and low for you, and I spent money in the search. If I had discovered you then, and you had been poor, I would have helped you with my wealth. Now we do meet, you possess the money, and I am next door to a pauper. What I would have done for you, you will, of course, do for me."

"Of course, of course," murmured poor Walter, already beginning to feel the iron of Gregory's heel.

Mr. Axon drained his glass, and said, a little brutally, it seemed to Walter:

"You must not forget that you owe your life to me; and, of course, much more, your money."

"You won't quite ruin me, Gregory, will you?" Walter anxiously begged.

Mr. Axon's brows contracted, and he rose from his chair with considerable dignity.

"Walter," he said, "you hurt me. You strike me to the heart as though with a knife. I did not expect it from you; I did not, indeed." Walter was much alarmed by his words and manner. "It is very evident that you do not understand my nature. So be it. Rather than be considered by you the contemptible wretch who would extort—I repeat extort—money from his friend, I will leave you. Gregory Axon will return to his poverty. Mr. Walter Barr may enjoy his riches alone—alone and in safety—in safety. I am not a cur," Mr. Axon concluded. He had brought his hat into the room with him. He pushed it viciously upon his head, and walked with measured steps towards the door.

Walter was by his side in an instant and seized his hand.

"Forgive me, Gregory," he cried, "forgive me. I did not mean it. Indeed I did not."

"We must be friends," Mr. Axon insisted, sternly, nearly squeezing the blood out of the other's hand.

"Friends," Walter acquiesced.

"Brothers," Gregory declared, with much fierceness, and increasing his viceroy-like grip until Walter writhed in agony.

"Brothers," the suffering man with a prodigious effort succeeded in ejaculating.

"Not the extortioner—not the extortioner," Gregory added, throwing the crushed hand from him.

"Of course not; of course not. I never said such a thing. You imagined it, Gregory. Indeed you did."

"I am very sensitive—very sensitive." Mr. Axon spoke mournfully, and, as though unconsciously, he replaced his hat upon the side-table. "It would occasion me great grief to be doubted by my friend—unutterable grief."

He resumed his seat and mechanically refilled his glass. The brandy had been ex-

ceedingly useful to him. At that moment it had blinded him with the belief that he was one of the most interested and honorable of men.

"Did you ever hear anything more about that unfortunate affair?" he asked.

"Not a syllable. I did not dare to inquire about it, even in the most indirect manner."

"That's good," Gregory muttered, a satisfied smile flickering upon his flushed cheeks.

"Why good?" Walter demanded, quickly. Gregory checked the smile, and regarded his friend solemnly.

"Because, had you inquired and succeeded in obtaining the truth, your terrors would have been added to a hundred-fold."

"You can tell me now," said Walter, in a low voice. "It is better that I know."

"Ay, now; much better. Every effort was of course made to retake you. That the efforts failed you know better than anyone. Though how you managed to escape on a night like that puzzles me completely."

"I will tell you all about that another time. Go on."

"It's no use bothering you with details," Gregory continued. "The main facts will be enough—if not a little too much—for you."

"Yes, yes."

"You were declared to be the murderer, and a reward of one hundred pounds was offered to any one who would recapture you."

Walter buried his face in his hands and groaned.

Gregory's face looked very cruel as he watched Walter's misery.

"The verdict," he added, with unnecessary emphasis, "has never been set aside; and the reward, I suppose, can still be claimed."

"Do you think there is any danger of being taken up for the crime?"

"None at all. Unless—unless you are betrayed. New Zealand, you know, is a long way from here, and the affair happened a good many years ago. It's hardly likely that any of my people who saw you on that night would recognise you now. No; I think that you are safe—quite safe, if you put yourself altogether in my hands."

"I will do that. Of course I will, Gregory."

"It's queer," Axon went on. "that you stick to your own name. Rather dangerous, wasn't it?"

"I only returned to it when I came back to my child—I was obliged to then. For a long time I went by all sorts of names. I think I am safe," he added, doubtfully. "I think I am. You are the only person in England who could identify me. Except," he added, hastily, and fearfully, "except Blend. I had forgotten Blend."

Gregory started.

"And so had I," he cried, as much to himself as to Walter. "But," he went on, after a pause, "I'll manage Blend. I've got him completely under my thumb. I can manage him. But promise me that you will do one thing?"

"What is it?"

"If chance throws you in his way, avoid him. On no account hold any converse with him. It all depends on you," Gregory concluded, mysteriously. "If you value your life, don't speak to him."

"I will not—I will not."

"You see," Gregory said later, after draining his second glass, "if you were taken now, it would be impossible for you to establish your innocence without my aid."

"I know it—I know it. And you'll not betray me, will you, Gregory?"

"Never!" Mr. Axon cried, with tiny energy. "never; may my right hand wither if I do."

After the auctioneer had made another attempt to wrench his friend's wrist from its socket, he said pleasantly; and now about our own plans. Of course you would-

n't like me to return to that hole in Kentish-town?"

"Certainly not."

"I thought not; so to-night I'll sleep here. That's all settled; and then as to future arrangements—"

"Ay, the future." Poor Walter strove to speak with some energy, but he felt terribly helpless.

"How would it be," Gregory went on, trying to look particularly sagacious, "if you took a pleasant little furnished house somewhere about St. Johnswood? I could have a room there, you know, and we should live together as comfortable as possible."

Walter thought of Lily, and hesitated. "Just as you like," Axon cried, with a frown. "I only thought that you would prefer me to be with you."

Yes, yes, so he would. He would feel safer if he had this drinking, uncertain man always under his eye; far safer. Lily would be married soon, and meanwhile he must hope for the best.

Walter Barr was weak and simple, and easily imposed upon, but he was not quite the fool Mr. Axon imagined. Mr. Axon, with all his cunning, had not deceived him. Walter had not a particle of faith in him. He strove to believe in him, because it would make Walter himself so much easier, so much happier; but he could not. The time that he had so dreaded had come. He was in the power of the bloodsucker. At present, at any rate, he was helpless, and could do nothing more than strive to propitiate his master.

"As for that fellow, the doctor, said Gregory, contemptuously, "you had better trot him back to Devonshire. I think he's a bit of a prig, don't you?"

Mr. Barr did not reply, for footsteps were heard approaching, and the next moment Lily and Tom entered the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

UNDER ONE ROOF.

Tom was a little surprised to find Mr. Axon still at the hotel; and Lily was annoyed. Nor did she make any effort to conceal her displeasure.

"Have you not gone home yet, Mr. Axon?" she asked, elevating her dainty, golden brows, and looking at him wonderingly.

He tried to smile; but the brandy had relaxed the muscles of his face, and he leered and blinked disgustingly.

"Not yet, Lily," he said, with much impertinent gaiety. "Not yet. Going to stay all night; eh, Walter?"

"I don't wish my friend to return to Kentish-town at his late hour," Mr. Barr explained, a little confusedly.

Lily's face looked sadly troubled, and she bade them a hurried "Good night."

"She's tired," her father said apologetically to Gregory; "we were very early people at Sewton."

The auctioneer glared at Tom, as though Lily's early disappearance had been due to some influence of his. Then, declaring that he was as hungry as a hunter, he ordered an extravagant supper.

More than once during this meal Tom felt inclined to kick him from the room; the drink the man had taken had increased his freedom of manner and his impertinence; his arrogance too was becoming unbearable.

The young surgeon, fearful lest his temper should overpower his prudence, pleaded illness and retired some time before Mr. Axon had finished.

"A snob, sir, that fellow," Gregory exclaimed (his mouth full of stewed kidneys), as the door closed behind Tom's manly form, "a complete snob."

It was early morning before he would allow Mr. Barr to go to bed. He insisted upon celebrating their unexpected meeting with a bowl of punch. When at length Gregory was persuaded to seek his room, he ascended the stairs with a steadiness of gait that won the admiration of the waiter. With drink his voice grew thick; his eyes red; his ideas hazy; his countenance sodden and stupid-looking; but he never lost his legs. This was fortunate. The world will forgive a man making a fool of himself if he can walk straight while he does it.

He had scarcely plunged between the sheets before he was asleep; but the other three members of the little company passed a troubled night. Lily was haunted by a thousand terrors; Tom was perplexed and nervous about Walter Barr's future; while Walter himself tossed from side to

side, pursued by the shadows of the past, and contemplating, with not a little agitation, his interview with Lily in the morning, when he must explain to her that in future Gregory Axon was to live with them.

The anxious girl was up early. She looked feverish, and her eyes were red and heavy, as though she had been crying. When Mr. Barr entered the room she was gazing vacantly into the fire. She ran to him and threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, pa dear," she cried, "I do hope that that man is going to day. I cannot bear to be under the same roof with him."

He kissed her, and stroking her hair, as was his frequent practice when he was troubled, he led her back to the hearth-rug.

"You must not speak like that, darling," he said gently; "Mr. Axon is an old friend of mine."

"I cannot help it, papa," she declared. "I have striven to conquer my aversion and I cannot. I can't endure him. When he looks at me he makes me shudder."

"Strange," Walter muttered. "Gregory used to be popular with every one." Londer he added, still stroking her hair, "Don't you know, Lily, that Mr. Axon and I were schoolfellows together?"

"He said so," she answered.

"And once he saved my life."

"Did he really?" she asked, opening her dimmed eyes widely. "Did he really save your life?"

"He actually saved me from death, and from a very horrible death, too."

She looked longingly at her father, and was silent for a little time.

Presently, with great earnestness, she said:

"I do wish I could like him. I'm sure if he saved your life I ought to like him very much. I will try so hard—so very hard."

Walter thought that this was the time to explain the arrangement that had been made.

"I hope you will try, Lily, for Mr. Axon is going to live with us."

"Live with us?" she echoed blankly.

"Oh no, papa, not live with us!"

"Yes, my dear, he is going to live with us; always."

"Always!" she repeated, letting her hands fall helplessly by her side, and looking up piteously into her father's face. "Always!"

"You forget, Lily, that you are soon going to leave me. I shall be all alone."

She burst into tears, and sobbing, cried: "You said that we were all to be together, and were going to be so happy, and now—But he shan't live with us," stamping her foot with sudden passion, "that he shan't."

"Lily"—Mr. Barr spoke gravely—"if you know the whole truth it would break your heart to think that you had spoken those words."

"Then, dear papa"—clinging to him and speaking excitedly—"why do you not give me your confidence? Why do you hide so much from me and treat me more as if I were a stranger than your own child? Open your heart to me, papa darling, and if you have a trouble, let me share it; if you are in any danger, let me help you to fight it. Oh, papa, this uncertainty, this suspense, this anxiety is killing me. Do trust me, do trust me," she pleaded; "it will lighten your trouble so much; and whatever it is it will ease my sufferings. Do, papa, darling, do!"

He gently unclasped her hands, and put her a little from him.

"I have a trouble, Lily," he said; "you know that I have. But I am older and wiser than you, my dear; that it is better, far better, that you never know its nature."

"No, no, papa. Indeed, indeed it is not."

"And if you love me," he went on, "never question me about it."

She reflected for a moment, and then asked:

"Are you in this man's power?"

"I have told you that he saved my life," Walter answered, evasively, not looking at her.

"I see it in your face," she half wailed; "You are in his power! Heaven save you!"

She cried bitterly for some time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Princess Beatrice.

Perhaps, however, the most amusing part is the supper which is in its way rather sociable. Only certain people are invited to the banqueting room with the Royal family, but it is not uncommon to find several Americans in the company, owing to diplomatic invitations, or the distinction always shown an American visitor of note. At a stated hour the supper room doors are open; the Royal family enter first, followed by the specially-invited guests. As soon as they have passed in, the doors are closed; the Royal people seat themselves at a table at one end of the room, while their guests are grouped at small tables ranged about, the only difference in service being that all articles used on the Royal table are of gold, while those upon the other tables are of silver.

Few scenes are more brilliant, however, so far as splendor of decoration, toilettes, uniforms and illuminations are concerned, for the court regulations of dress make a magnificent attire necessary; the trained satins, plumed head dresses, and the blaze of jewels go far to embellishing the scene, while, to the least among the servants in attendance, a "bravery" of gold lace or silver, of scarlet coating and white silk stockings, is required. The Queen's own hand plays during the supper; flowers make the long room like a summer garden, and the most dazzling Venetian glass is added to the gold and silver service of the tables. Although the Queen herself is rarely seen at these state entertainments, she is punctilious to the last degree about the formalities attending them, and any oversight on the part of the officials, who are in charge, meets her prompt disapproval.

During this hour of supper room seclusion the Royal family and such of their guests as are of Royal rank, often move about the room talking to this one or that, and evidently enjoying this social part of the evening very much. An American lady who was present during a state ball supper two years ago wrote as follows:

"The Prince of Battenberg was very cordial and pleasant. He is visiting London, you know, and is apparently well pleased with everything—his American friends included. He is as handsome as an ideal Prince in a fairy story, dances uncommonly well and talks better. What a pity he is only one of the numerous 'small' German Princes, and for his rank, 'poor.'"

It was, however, during this very visit that the first idea of a marriage between Princess Beatrice and the handsome young Henry of Battenberg was discussed; but a great many points have to be considered in royal alliances which need not—happily—disturb the peace of obscure people who contemplate a similar change in their state; the first question naturally is that of the nearness of the Prince or Princess to a throne.

The chances of succession for the Queen's youngest daughter are so remote that they need scarcely be considered at all; nearly forty heirs being in "advance right" of her claim. This point, therefore, may readily be waived, and the marriage of the Princess Beatrice considered as one of affection and mutual choice; but in every Royal marriage, singular though it may seem, the opinion of different foreign princes has to be taken into consideration. Offense may be easily given to some country with whom England is on special terms of friendliness by a marriage which would associate the nation with one who was the other's enemy, and so you see, however far from the Crown a prince or princess may be, there is all this to be thought of before a marriage is sanctioned; then it must be formally announced by the Queen to Parliament and the country, and the government is expected to settle an annuity on the bride or bridegroom-elect.

But the home formalities are less severe. Naturally the proposal is made in a very ceremonious manner, and it is not openly discussed until the Queen has decided to favor it. Then it is her place to give the young man "permission" to address the Princess who, however, has been privately allowed to express her own opinion; after which the congratulations of the family are mingled with a quiet homelike festivity to make the event as like any ordinary betrothal as possible.

In the case of the Princess Beatrice, marriage will make but little difference in her home life since, owing to the Queen's loneliness, the "Kleines Madchen," dear compan-

ion of her widowed life, will not leave Windsor, so that we may infer as Princess of Battenberg she will have much the same daily life as heretofore; and a glimpse in upon her routine, her surroundings to-day, will indicate what it will be in the future.

Let us begin with what we may consider the Princess' own "household"—the people directly in her service.

Court etiquette and custom prescribe that as soon as a Princess leaves the schoolroom a special "lady-in-waiting," or companion, be assigned her. The duties of this lady are not severe, although she must, of course, accommodate her "times and seasons" to that of the Princess; but, when in tete-a-tete there is very little of the restraint or formality in their intercourse which made the court of Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III., so dreary to every one connected with it. In those days the ladies of the court waited long for permission to sit down, never began a conversation, and rarely advanced an idea; but times and feelings as well as customs have changed. The Princess Beatrice's "lady" is her friend and associate; they talk, work, read together of a morning, share their drives and walks, and have much in common, while the "lady" is at far greater liberty than her royal mistress. She can go out into the general world, and lead a far wider life than that which belongs to Windsor or Balmoral; but a rule absolutely enforced, and which I have never known to be infringed upon, is that in company one of the Royal household must never speak of the details connected with his or her court life: a fact which accounts for the scarcity of reliable chit-chat about Royal people. Those most intimately associated with the Queen and her family are from etiquette most reticent.

The usual period of "waiting," or attendance, is three months; but in the case of the Princess Beatrice this time is often extended—her lady companion being unmarried, and consequently having no rigid hometies such as have to govern many of the ladies attached to the Queen's household. With these constant companions habits of familiar intercourse are formed, and bonds of truest friendship made; the English Royal family being noted for their loyalty to those who have served them or been their friends. A second lady belonging to the Princess' retinue has the duty of reader and secretary, added to the performance of various general small offices, such as a lady in a lower rank of life would do for herself; and this attendant is a foreigner, so that the languages so early and fluently acquired are kept up. Next come the "dressers" of the Princess, whose duties are like those of any ladies-maid; there are two, and they are expected to take entire charge of the Princess' wardrobe which, be it known—except in the matter of jewels—is far more simple than that of any American girl of fashion. Having seen the Princess repeatedly, I can venture to say that I never but once saw her dressed as elegantly or richly as any so-called American society girl would have been attired on similar occasions. Of the exception I will speak later.

I recall the tall fair English-looking girl on one summer's day in a pretty blue and white linen gown, with a gray and blue straw bonnet, gray *gant de suède* and a white parasol, driving with her companion to one of the hospitals she patronizes; again at an artist's studio, in the plainest of tailor-made cloth costumes, with a cloth "bouque" and long dark gloves; and once in the park on a brilliant June afternoon in white camel's hair, or nun's veiling, with a huge bouquet of damask roses in her hands. But the impression was always of absolute simplicity, so that, perhaps, the purity of her complexion, the pretty tints of her hair, and her large quiet eyes were the more attractive; one had time to think of their girlish charm.

When at home the Princess has in her service a special page or man-servant, and her lady-in-waiting has one also provided by the house steward; their duties are to answer the bells belonging to the Princess' rooms, or perform any of the errands or messages the Princess or her lady requires. All letters for the Princess, excepting those sent or received by the people known as "Queen's messengers," come first to the custody of an official at court, and only such as the Princess considers worth while are answered. The letters from her regular correspondents in the family are all sent by special messengers, several of whom are constantly employed going back and forth between England and other countries. In this connection I might say that a large portion of Princess Beatrice's time, hitherto,

has been devoted to her mother's private correspondence, of which she has had almost the entire charge; and, it is said, that she, herself, writes the most fascinating letters, full of "wit and wisdom."

It may be interesting to young readers to know something of the etiquette which governs the Princess' social life. To begin with the matter of visits: These are regulated by the Princess herself. That is, she invites the call, although when a person with whom she is well acquainted has any special reason for desiring to see her, it may be made known through her lady-in-waiting, who then writes or sends word to the friend that at such a time her Royal Highness would be glad to receive a visit; when a more extended invitation is to be given it again comes through the Princess' companion. On arriving at Windsor the guest is conducted to the Princess' private sitting room, where she remains until the Princess gives some signal for her to withdraw, the only special formality attending the visit. I have seen the Princess in a small, rather informal company when people were brought up by her request to be introduced to her, and the only difference noticeable in their manner and that of others in the rooms, was the little sort of courtesy made on going up and leaving. The conversation was free and sociable, the Princess animated and very much entertained, it would appear, by what was said to her.

When she desires to visit any special place—the studio of an artist or to see any special collection, let us say—the artist, or owner, is notified, and, of course, other guests are for the time being excluded; the Princess and her attendants, however, coming with very little ceremony.

Occasionally the Queen and her youngest daughter have made brief visits to some of their friends' large country houses, and on such occasions special suites of rooms are set aside for the use of the Royal party, and, of course, while they are being entertained the host and hostess regulate all the movements of their household in accordance with the Queen's wishes.

I turn again to notes from letters loaned me:—

"The Queen, Princess Beatrice and suite arrived last evening to remain three days," writes a guest from N— Castle. "I was greatly interested in seeing the young Princess after dinner when she came into the long drawing-room with the other ladies, and talked half an hour or so. She is very pleasing; exceedingly intelligent and quick in the way she notices what is said about her. In fact, she is—to speak plainly—not devoid of the usual curiosity of her sex about small matters as well as great. She was much entertained by J—'s Pompeian ring, and told us something novel about recent excavations with what J— called a 'very pretty power of description.' She is rather too dignified for her years, and a trifle cold, except when animated by conversation, but otherwise fair and sweet in face and manner."

The Queen breakfasts in her apartments with the Princess, Brown in attendance, and afterwards receives visits from the people in the house, walks or drives in the Park and about. Her dinner party is always small, Lady N— says, and she will not come regularly to the long drawing room. . . . I was honored by an invitation 'up stairs' to-day, and heard the Princess play—she is an admirable musician. Charles Halle has taught her well, she has thoroughly his precision. She is very fond of German music, and gives it in the right way. She and the Queen play duets a great deal, J— says."

This short extract conveys some idea of the exclusiveness which attends even a visit from Royalty. The other guests in the house, although invited with a special view to meeting the Queen or Princess, must await a summons, and are "honored" by the half-hour's after-dinner chat in the drawing-room; but we must remember that Royalty is part and parcel of the nation, and its personal dignity has to be maintained as severely as a military discipline—that kind of exclusiveness being as necessary an adjunct as is the pomp and ceremony of field parade.

One autumn day we found ourselves part of a company waiting to receive the Queen and Princess Beatrice at a country railway station in England. The occasion was so important a one that all the townspeople would like to have made it very demonstrative, but the Queen had desired to have the visit pass off quietly as possible. However, there was a large crowd gathered on either the railed-off portion of the platform,

and everywhere as gay-looking decorations as they could devise in a "quiet way," and on a few hours' notice. The Queen and the Princess were coming to lunch, and spend the morning with the Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield, whose grand country house was about three miles from this little station and pretty prosperous town. A small party of the "gentry" in the neighborhood were with Lord Beaconsfield at the station, and, as we chanced to be the guests of one of the gentlemen in the party, we had a pleasant opportunity of seeing the Royal party almost in what might be considered an informal way. So rarely do her subjects see the Queen of England that every eye was strained to gaze upon the small dignified little lady of middle age, and a very fair pleasing countenance, whom Lord Beaconsfield assisted first from the railway carriage, and who stood a little while among us on the platform.

But I confess my interest was very great in the young Princess—then in her twenty-fourth year—who, with one lady-in-waiting, accompanied her. Dressed in some very rich dark fabric with the finest of sable for trimmings, the Princess Beatrice looked very thoroughly like one's idea of what a "Queen's daughter" should be. Tall, and very stately in demeanor, she possesses the fair coloring of her father's race, with a mingling of the Teuton and Saxon, like all the Queen's children, but with something more regular in the outline of feature, and at the same time of a decidedly vigorous type; the clear pink and white tone of her skin, the red lips, the strength of shoulder, and the finely-carried head, all contriving to make the Princess Beatrice a fair representative English maiden.

As the only one of the Queen's daughters who belongs to the young generation, as it were, a special interest attaches to her life and her marriage; and in spite of all maternal fondness, and the fact that she will not make a new home of her own, the real family-life of Queen Victoria ends when her daughter Beatrice shall be known as the Princess of Battenberg.

(THE END.)

Felling the Giant Trees of California.

We stop beneath a monster tree, fully 200 feet high and eight feet in diameter at the base, tapering gradually to a diameter of about three feet. Standing perfectly erect, leaning neither toward the top nor bottom of the steep hillside upon which it grows, this tree affords a fine example of the methods used in California in felling timber. The choppers first erect a scaffold around it that will elevate them to the height decided upon as most expedient, and which in this instance is seven feet from the ground.

Notches are cut in the tree at the proper height, in which each chopper inserts the end of his spring-board a stout, iron-bound board specially prepared for the purpose. Standing on these spring-boards, both on the same side of the tree, they began operations, one chopping right-handed and the other left-handed, and in a short time the vigorous and skillful blows effect a "scarf" or opening fully three feet through.

This done they dismount from the scaffold, notch the other side of the tree, shift their spring boards and begin again. It is their design to have this tree fall toward the lower side of the hill, across a space where there are no intervening trees to be injured. To insure this they insert into the "undercut" a piece of wood called a "gun-stick," which they explain with geometrical consciousness shows the true center of the tree and the point towards it will fall. Having cut into the reverse side of the tree until almost meeting the undercut, the choppers give loud shouts of "Hallo! Look out below!" as a warning to any one within range of the tree, and then with a few more blows they sent the monster crashing down the side of the mountain. Down, down down it goes, leaving a trail like that of a dozen gang-plows, down to the very foot of the mountain, where the top sinks ten or twelve feet in the ground and the headlong descent is checked.

Keep thine eye turned inward upon thyself, and beware of judging others. In judging others, a man labors to no purpose, commonly errs, and easily sins; but, in examining and judging himself, he is always wisely and usefully employed.

Temperance Department.

"CHALK YOUR OWN DOOR."

His proper name was Jeremiah Marden; but he had not been in the village a week before everybody called him Jerry Marden, and within six months he was known as Jerry Muddler. But why Muddler? Who gave him that name, and why was it given? The giver is unknown—for who ever knows, or cares to discover the giver of nicknames?—but the reason for its being bestowed was that Jerry was always muddled with drink.

He was a very good shoemaker, but he stood no chance with George Stevens, a sober man, and so drifted into becoming our cobbler. Jerry's one idea was to get a job, and having done it, to invest the proceeds in drink at his favorite beer-shop, "The Oram Arms." The consequence was that Jerry was seldom sober, and had he not possessed an iron constitution, two years of such a life must have killed him; but he dragged on, working to-day and idling to-morrow, and drinking whenever drink could be got, until finally he drifted into debt.

His score at "The Oram Arms" was a large one, and the chalks stood up against him like files of soldiers; but Jerry ignored their existence—paying off a little now and then, and drinking more, each time increasing the army of debt against him, until one evening Mr. Richard Rewitt, the landlord of the aforesaid "Oram Arms," cried "halt."

"I can't go on any longer, Jerry," he said; "the last sum I had of you was three shillings, and you have paid nothing for a fortnight."

"Work is slack," murmured Jerry; "but the harvest is coming on, and then everybody will have their soling and heeling, done, and I shall be able to pay you off."

"Perhaps so," returned Mr. Rewitt "but you will have as much as you can do to square off what is up there. Look at them! Those chalks are a standing disgrace to any man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Jerry looked at the accusing marks, and really felt aghast at the long list against him. The inner door of the bar was a regular black-book, and he trembled before it.

Now when Jerry first came to "The Oram Arms," the landlord was very polite, and spoke as softly as you please to him. No spider courtously entreating a fly to enter into his parlour could have been more oily-tongued, or smiled a more persuasive smile—that is presuming that spiders do smile, which is just possible; but when Jerry got into the toils, and had been well confined in the web, mine host put on another face and tone.

"If you drink," he said, "you must expect to pay for it. My brewer would stand no nonsense from me, and I must have my money from you."

"Only one pint," pleaded Jerry.

"Not half a pint," replied the landlord. "Go home and work, and pay your debts like a man."

The entrance of a customer with ready money cut short the conversation, and Jerry stood back a pace or two while the other was being served. When that was done and the beer drunk and the stranger gone, Jerry made a final appeal.

"I've been a good customer to you, Mr. Rewitt," he said. "Almost every penny I've earned have come into your till. I've neigh lived on beer, if living it can be called, and my wife and children have had to shift how they could for bread."

"That's nothing to me," said the landlord.

"Let me have one pint."

"Have you the impudence to ask for it with that shameful lot of chalks staring you in the face?"

Jerry did not reply, but he took a long earnest look at the recording files, and

drawing his hand across his dry mouth, hurried out of "The Oram Arms."

"Who is that you've been talking to, Richard?" inquired Mrs. Rewitt, entering the bar from a room behind.

"Jerry Muddler," was the reply. "I've stopped his drink until he pays up."

"Then he will go to 'The Green Goose,' and get his drink there," said Mrs. Rewitt.

"They won't trust him a penny," returned her husband, with a grin—"he's tried it on and failed, and so I've got him. If he doesn't pay up I'll make him."

"There's nothing to be got out of that house," said Mrs. Rewitt, shaking her head. "I've heard that there's not a chair for 'em to sit down upon; and Jerry's wife—clean and tidy as she manages to keep herself—looks more like a skeleton than a woman; and as for the two children, I've seen 'em look quite ravenous at the dinners coming from the bakehouse."

"That's Jerry's look-out," replied Mr. Rewitt, coolly. "He can't afford it, he shouldn't drink."

The subject was dismissed, and Jerry forgotten in the noise and bustle of the usual evening business. About nine o'clock Jerry's wife, to the astonishment of both Mr. Rewitt and his wife, appeared in the bar; but not, as they supposed, for drink.

"My husband tells me," she said, "that he has a heavy score here. How much is it?"

"I'm almost too busy to tell you," replied the landlord, "but if it is pressing I will reckon it up."

"It is pressing, and I shall be very thankful if you will let me know at once what it is," returned the poor woman, who was indeed wan and pale, and almost justified the title of "skeleton," which Mrs. Rewitt had given her.

The landlord went through the chalks twice, and finally announced that Jerry was indebted to him to the amount of two pounds seventeen shillings and fourpence halfpenny. Jerry's wife received the announcement with a look of quiet dismay, thanked the landlord, and left the house.

"I suppose she is thinking of making an effort to pay it off," said Mr. Rewitt, addressing his better half, "and I hope she will; but I fancy it will be a little too much for her."

For a whole week nothing was seen or heard of Jerry; but at the end of that time his wife appeared and put down five shillings on the counter.

"Will you please take that off the account, sir," she said, "and give me a receipt?"

This was done with a gracious smile, and Jerry's wife departed. Mr. Rewitt announced his having hit the right nail on the head. The wife of the cobbler was making an effort to clear off her husband's debt.

At the end of another week a second five shillings was paid, and then harvest came on—truly a harvest to the agricultural laborer, as at that time he gathers in clothes, and whatever necessaries his harvest money will enable him to procure. All the little tradesmen in the village were busy, and even Jerry was reported to be full-handed. But he did not come near "The Oram Arms" for drink.

On the third week Jerry's wife brought ten shillings, and on the fourth fifteen, to the great joy and satisfaction of Mr. Rewitt; whose joy, however, was alloyed by the fear that he had lost a good customer. He resolved to look up Jerry as soon as another instalment of his account was paid.

Nothing was brought for a fortnight, and the landlord congratulated himself upon not having hastily sought out his absent customer, who still owed him over a pound; but the appearance of Jerry's wife with the balance had the effect of making him think otherwise. There was no display in putting down the money—it was quietly done—but the happy light in the woman's eyes as she took the receipt, spoke more than mere words or actions.

"I have been hasty with Jerry," said Mr. Rewitt, when another whole month had elapsed without Jerry appearing; "he promised to pay at harvest time, and he did it; but I have offended him, and the 'Green Goose' has caught his custom."

"Go and see him," suggested his wife.

"I intend to do so. Here, give me our Tom's boots; they want a patch on the side, and it will be an excuse for my dropping in upon him."

"That isn't too much of a job for him, seeing that you give George Stevens the best of the work," said Mrs. Rewitt.

"Stevens works better than Jerry," replied her husband; "you can always trust him to do his work when it is promised, but Jerry keeps the things for weeks together."

"That's true; but I've got a pair of boots that want new fronts, and I can wait a week or two. Take them."

"I'll take both," said Richard Rewitt; "nothing like baiting your hook well while you are about it."

Armed for the re-conquest of Jerry, the landlord set forth in the morning—that being a slack time, when he could be easily spared from home. Outside were a couple of loafers, with no money and no credit, who touched their hats to him. Mr. Rewitt favored them with a nod of lofty indifference.

Jerry's cottage was in the middle of the village, standing back about fifty feet from the road; and, although its inside poverty had been well known, the outside, thanks to his wife, looked quite as well as its neighbors'. Therefore Mr. Rewitt was not in the least surprised to see it look bright and gay on that beautiful autumn morning.

As he approached the door, he heard the sound of Jerry's hammer upon the lapstone, and, to his utter amazement, the voice of Jerry carolling a cheerful ditty, as unlike the cracked efforts he used occasionally to come out with in the tap-room as the song of the thrush is to the hoarse notes of the raven. Raising the latch, the landlord of "The Oram Arms" peeped in.

"Good morning, Jerry," he said.

"Ah! is that you, Mr. Rewitt?" replied Jerry, looking up. "Come in."

Jerry looked wondrous clean, and had been shaved that very morning. His blue shirt looked clean, too, and he actually had a collar on. Mr. Rewitt was so overcome by the change that he stood still with the boots under his arm, forgetting that they formed part of his mission.

"You look very well, Jerry," he said, at last.

"Never felt better in all my life," replied Jerry. "I wish, sir, I could say the same of you. You look whitish."

"I've—I've got a bit of a cold," replied the other, "and I've been shut up a good deal with business lately. Trade's been brisk; but how is it we haven't met you?"

"Well—the fact is, sir," said Jerry, thoughtfully, rubbing his chin, "I've been busy working off your score."

"But it is done, man," said Mr. Rewitt, cheerfully; "the door is quite as far as you are concerned."

"I am glad of that."

"Others have got their share," said the landlord, facetiously; "but I think we could make room for you, if you look us up."

"No, thank you, sir," returned Jerry, "I've had enough of chalking on other people's doors, and now I chalk on my own."

"Chalks on your own?"

"Yes, sir; have the goodness to turn round and look behind you. There's my door half full."

"It's a wise thing to keep account your self," said the landlord, who hardly knew what to make of it, "for mistakes will happen; but—"

"No mistake can happen, sir," interrupted Jerry, "for I am the only party as keeps that account."

"But who trusts you to do that?"

"Nobody—I trust myself," replied Jerry.

"The marks that were on your door showed what I did drink, and them marks on mine shows what I don't drink."

A little light had got into the landlord's brain, and he had a pretty good idea of what was coming, but he said nothing.

"That night when you spoke to me about the chalks on the door being a standing disgrace to me, was the night of my waking," continued Jerry. "No man could have lectured me better than you did, and I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. As I left your house I vowed to touch drink no more, and I came home and told my wife so, and we both joined in earnest prayer that I might have strength to keep my vow. The next morning I went over to George Stevens, and asked him how I could go about signing the pledge. He helped me like a man—and it was done."

With his eyes wandering to and fro between Jerry and the chalks upon the door, the amazed landlord still remained silent. Jerry went on:

"My wife wanted to work herself to death to keep me," he said; "but I said, 'No. You do what you can to keep the children until my debts are paid, and then I'll keep you and the children too.' So I went to work, paying right and left; and

when all was paid off, I began to do what I ought to have done years ago—feed my wife and children. I had enough and to spare, and I would have spent some with you. And many's the time I've been tempted to come—and I'm tempted still; but when the feeling comes over me I have a drink of water or a cup of tea, puts tuppence into a box I've got on purpose, and scores a chalk on the door. All of them chalks are so many temptations and so many tuppence saved."

Mr. Rewitt was still unable to make any particular remark; but he murmured, in a confused manner, "You've got a lot of 'em."

"Yes; there's a large family," replied Jerry, complacently, "and the more I looks at 'em the better I likes 'em. There's not much disgrace about that lot; credit if anything."

"Oh! yes—yes," returned the landlord; "but—dear me—this cold in my head is quite distressing. You must have a large box for all your tuppences."

"When I get six together I takes them off to the post-office," replied Jerry; "there's a bank there better than any till. Tills give out nothing, but banks like that return you more than you put in. Until I began to keep my own chalks I had no idea how much you till swallowed up. You would not trust me for a pint; but I can have my money out of the bank whenever I want it."

"That's something," said Mr. Rewitt, tartly.

"It is everything to a man who has a wife and children to keep," replied Jerry. "The best of us have sickness and trouble and rainy days, and then it's a great thing to have something to fall back upon. It is better to be able to keep yourself than go to the parish. There's another thing, too, about these chalks of mine—yours went down before my wife and children were fed; mine go down after that's done; and I think that my chalks are the better of the two. So I says it all, 'Chalk your own door.'"

Mr. Rewitt had nothing to say; he could not deny and he would not admit it, but took refuge like other beaten men—in flight. With the boots under his arm he hastened home and presented himself before his wife in a rather excited condition.

"What is the matter, Richard?" she asked.

"Nothing particular," he replied, "except that Jerry Muddler has joined the temperance lot, and he seems so firm in it that I don't believe he will ever touch a drop again."

Mr. Richard Rewitt of "The Oram Arms" was right. And Jerry, who bears the name of Muddler no longer, but is called by that to which he is entitled by right of birth—viz. that of Marden, has not, by God's help, touched a drop of strong drink from the day of his reformation to this. His door has been filled again and again with the score which he records in his own favor; and the beer he has not drunk is everything around him in the form of a comfortable home, a respectable amount in the savings-bank, and a goodly investment in a building society. Better still, he has, by faith in the Saviour, obtained "the pearl of great price." He is laying up treasure in heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

Let none of my readers stop at the 'half-way-house' of total abstinence from everything that can intoxicate. Let them ever remember that great as the blessing of temperance may be, it is alone will never secure an entrance into heaven. Our Saviour's solemn words should ever be remembered, "Ye must be born again."

The Three Graces.

FAITH.

Bloom brightly, little bud;
All humbles as thou art,
God seeds the soil dew
To nestle in thy heart;
And all His seeds be best for thee,
Seen though it be adversity.

HOPE.

Soar calmly, my sweet bird;
Ne'er flutter, faint, nor fall,
Though many a mocking word
Thine upward flight assail.
Ere long the sunny heavens will open,
And crow with joy my patient hope.

CHARITY.

Flow gently, little stream,
Beneath a burning sky;
Spread gladness like a gleam
Of mercy from God's eye.
Though parched the land, one touch from thee
May quench that thirst, O Charity!

Our Young Folks.

Watch Your Words.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like bees' fresh honey—
Like the bees they have terrible stings;
They can blow like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar and lock and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and even
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

CANOE AND RIFLE ON THE ORINOCO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. IV.— (Continued.)

TERRAPIN EGGS.

It was not far from sunset, and once under way again, they went down stream rapidly. The sun had sunk out of sight in the darkening forest, but its beams still bathed the tree tops with yellow light as the little fleet of canoes swept out of the mouth of the Cano and headed for the camp on the opposite shore.

The next morning all were astir early, and while discussing their coffee and crackers, it was decided to leave the *couriyara grande* at that point in charge of Jose and Manuel. The crazy old craft was so heavily loaded that her progress against the current was too slow and laborious. Taking several days' provisions in the light canoes, they proceeded up the river.

Strangely enough, they saw no quadrupeds during the whole forenoon. Tapir tracks were abundant in certain wet places along the banks, but the hunters watched in vain for the animals themselves.

About noon they came to a small island of sand in the middle of the stream and landed upon it. Antonio examined the surface of the loose dry sand attentively, and muttered something about "*terrakuya*" (terrapin). Procuring a stick the size of a small cane, he sharpened it at one end and began to probe the sand with it here and there.

Presently he struck a spot that seemed to satisfy him, for on withdrawing the stick, he looked sharply at the point, smelled it, dropped upon his knees immediately and began to dig with both hands. At a depth of about eight inches he uncovered the nest of a *terrakuya*, which contained thirty-four eggs.

The eggs of the terrapin are delicious eating when fresh, and a general hunt began at once. They found the little island honey-combed with nests, and in half an hour they secured eleven hundred and sixty eggs. The Venezuelans smacked their lips as they looked at the heaps of eggs, and told of the various ways of cooking them.

A TAPIR.

Several days were now spent in fruitless cruising up and down the various channels near the coast, without securing a solitary specimen. The hunters then worked up to where the river-banks began to appear once more. One day they entered a wide creek and were paddling quietly along the right bank, each busy with his own thoughts, when they heard the noise of a violent scuffle in the jungle close by. It was quickly followed by the rush of some large animal, which tore through the bushes and leaped into the river with a loud plunge, a few yards ahead of their canoe. Every one quickly caught up his rifle; and the very instant they did so, Ben got a glimpse of a lithe, cat-like animal peering over the bank, a picture of baffled rage. He quickly drew up and fired at it. His shot was followed by a sharp scream and a rough-and-tumble struggle in the bushes, accompanied by fierce growls which gradually became less violent until they ceased altogether and all was still.

"He's done for! Go for the *chiguiri*,

Tony!" cried Ben, who had already reloaded.

Antonio no sooner turned to look for the supposed capybara than he shouted out,—
"Danto! danto! danto!" (Tapir).

It was a tapir, sure enough, that had come to the surface and was swimming rapidly for the opposite bank with its long, slender snout pointing at the tree tops.

The canoe was started for it directly; but like the capybara, the tapir divided. But its doom was sealed. The hunters were almost beside it when it rose, and David, who was nearest, sent a bullet into its brain which killed it instantly. It was secured before it had time to sink, and lifted into the canoe.

"Luck at last!" cried David. "But what was that you smashed up, partner?"
"You just wait and see. If I haven't got a jaguar, I'll eat it!" said Ben, visibly excited.

They landed. He sprang nimbly up the bank, rifle in hand, and disappeared in the bushes, quickly followed by David. After a few minutes' search, Ben was heard to remark,—

"Oho! You're here, are you? It was right good of you to wait."

David found him bending over a beautiful animal of the cat tribe, which lay stretched out in a bed of ferns, with a bullet-hole through its head. Ben afterwards declared it was the finest picture he ever saw.

"An ocelot!" cried David. "Isn't he a beauty?"

The body and limbs were more slender and graceful than those of the jaguar.

About the middle of that afternoon Antonio called attention to some very fresh tapir-tracks along the bank; but they watched in vain for the animal itself. Presently David put on the belt containing his hunting-knife and cartridges, and taking up his rifle, requested to be put ashore for a little while.

"I will go along the bank a little farther in than the dogs; I may see that tapir." (This to Antonio, who desired to know his intentions.)

"But perhaps you will get behind," said Antonio.

"Well, if I do, I will look out for the other canoe and get into it when it comes along. But you go on slowly, and I won't be apt to lose you."

Antonio did not particularly like the plan, but put David ashore, as he requested, on the trunk of a fallen tree which sloped from the top of the bank to the water, and saw him walk up the trunk and disappear in the forest.

For more than an hour Antonio and Don Francisco paddled slowly along with the current, expecting to hear a call or a shot from David, or to see him appear at any moment, but nothing of the kind happened. They stopped and waited a while, and called repeatedly, but getting no reply, they concluded that he intended to get into the other canoe; they then paddled on down more rapidly, to reach their former camping place.

After reaching it they built a fire; then hung their hammocks, lighted their home-made cheroots and were comfortably swinging and smoking and chatting when the other canoe grated on the pebbles, and Ben called out cheerily, as the party disembarked,—

"Hello, you fellows! Why didn't you wait for us? Have you got supper ready?"

With dire misgivings Don Francisco rose quickly from his hammock and came forward.

"Where's Senor David?" he anxiously inquired, in Spanish, of Don Alfredo.

"I don't know. We have not seen him. We thought he was with you," was the reply.

"Ah, *caramba! malo, malo, malo!*" (bad, bad, bad!) muttered the old hunter.

"Where's Senor David?" demanded Ben in turn of Don Francisco.

A few words told all there was to tell, but the question remained unanswered. Aye, indeed! where was David? All looked at each other in silence and dismay. It was already sunset.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bagh-Wallah; Or, a Gorkha Boy's Feat.

BY DAVID KKR.

SIX HUNDRED RUPEES REWARD. THE above reward will be paid to any one who shall catch or kill the man-eating tiger which has killed several persons in this district during the past month.

(By order.)

"T. H. BRANCH, Commissioner."

both in English and in Hindustani, had already drawn an eager crowd in the market place of a town in northern India.

Some of those who could read were reciting it to others who could not, and many an eye sparkled at the thought of a reward which would give them more at one stroke than most of them had been able to save by years of labor.

"Rupes are good," said a gaunt, half-clad water-carrier, "but they can not help a man much when he is killed and eaten."

"And, besides," added a keen-eyed Puhari hunter, with a long gun over his shoulder, "what's the use of hunting a beast that can not be killed? This is no tiger, but a magician in the shape of one. Thrice I have fired at him, and you know, brothers, whether old Ismail's bullets are apt to lose their way; but I never even scratched his skin."

"Ismail speaks the words of wisdom," chimed in a broad-shouldered cooly beside him. "Have not pits been dug for this beast? Has not poisoned meat been strewn in his way? Have they not tried to net and trap him? and has he not escaped all? He who would slay an enchanted tiger had need to be an enchanter himself."

All this while no one had noticed a figure a little apart from the crowd, looking fixedly at the paper through the thicket of heads around it. It was that of a slim, brown, sinewy lad, whether man or boy was not easily told, for the face was perfectly smooth, and the height barely that of a boy of fourteen. But, boy or man, he was a soldier, as might be seen by his round flat cap, and dark blue uniform trimmed with white. The by-standers knew him at once for a Gorkha soldier from the mountains of Nepal, two regiments of whom, commanded by English officers, were then lying in camp about three miles from the town.

"Five hundred rupees!" he muttered, "and my mother is growing old and sickly, and less than that would make her comfortable for the rest of her life."

About an hour later Colonel Swordsley, of the Gorkha Infantry, was somewhat surprised to hear that a private of his own regiment was very anxious to speak to him. What the Gorkha had to say appeared to amaze him still more, judging from his exclamation of astonishment.

"Do you know what you're doing, my boy?" he was heard to say. "Don't go and throw away your life like a madman. That rascally tiger has killed half a dozen men already; what can you do against him single-handed?"

"Every man must die when his time comes, Colonel Sahib" (master), answered the young soldier, firmly; "and who is this pig of a tiger, that one should let him eat up men like sheep? If I kill him, my mother will be rich; if I should die myself, I pray the Colonel Sahib to be good to her."

"She shall never want while Phillip Swordsley lives," said the Colonel, more moved than he would have cared to confess. "Go, then, since you will go, my brave fellow, and good luck to you!"

Had any one been passing through the forest of Kamadeo that afternoon he would have been considerably astonished to meet there a man who, instead of making haste to get out of that dangerous jungle, seemed bent on getting deeper into it. And stranger still, instead of creeping softly along, with bated breath and eyes cast timidly around on the watch for the terrible "man-eater," he walked fearlessly through rustling leaves and crackling twigs, singing a lusty song at the top of his voice, as if on purpose to draw the tiger's attention.

But our young Gorkha—for he it was—knew well what he was about; and utterly hopeless as a fight between that slender lad and a full-grown tiger would have seemed to any one else, he did not think it hopeless by any means. His sinewy limbs, with hardly any clothing to hamper them, were as supple and active as those of the tiger itself; and although he carried no weapon but a knife, that knife was the terrible Nepalese "kookri," with a blade as long as a bayonet, and as broad as the palm of a man's hand, against which, when handled by a

Gorkha, neither man nor beast has much chance.

No ear less quick than the young warrior's could have heard that stealthy tread behind him, but he heard and understood it in a moment. Quick as lightning he wheeled round, just as a huge mass of striped yellow fur shot up out of the bushes at him with a hoarse hungry roar.

But the wary Gorkha was not to be caught so easily. Flinging himself on the ground, he let the tiger fly harmlessly over him, while at the same moment a quick upward slash of his knife cut the sinew of the beast's hind-leg, and stopped its leaping once for all. The wounded monster turned furiously upon its enemy with a sharp, snarling cry. Any other man might well have trembled to see that savage face close to him, with its fiery eyes and gaping jaws, from which the great white teeth stood out like spikes. Not so the Gorkha. He sprang to his feet, the terrible knife flashed and fell, and the dreaded "man-eater" lay dead before him, with its skull cloven almost in two.

The camp resounded that night with cheers for the "Bagh-Wallah" (tiger-man), and the British officers added many a silver rupee to the reward which he had so gallantly won. But the young hero himself took it all very quietly, and when I saw him a few days later seemed to think much more of his mother's pleasure in the money that he had earned for her than of his own credit as the bravest man in the regiment.

The Battle of Monteny.

How does the mention of the field carry the mind of the reader of history back to the old days of the Georges! Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," has given a sketch of the triumphant death of some of the Christian soldiers who perished on the field. One poor fellow named Clemens, having his arm shattered with a bullet, refused to be taken out of the engagement. Presently a bullet broke the other arm. He sank down to die. "How is it with your soul now, brother Clemens?"

"I am as happy as I can be out of Paradise," answered the Christian hero, and soon after these words the full happiness of Paradise was revealed to him.

A lad named Nesbit, the son of an officer, was wounded while acting as ensign, and fell into the hands of the French. His wounds were regarded as fatal, and no effort was made to give him medical help.

"I might live if my wounds were dressed," he said, imploringly.

Seeing his distress, a Frenchman resolved to put an end to his life by applying the bayonet, and he inflicted another dreadful wound. While thus lying alone, his life blood ebbing away, he was found by his father.

"My son!"

"Despatch thee."

"Despatch thee, my son? The Count has ordered us to bring thee to the camp."

He was taken to the camp, his wounds were dressed, and he lived six hours in terrible agony. His father watched by his side.

"My son," said the officer, "collect but strength to tell me the name of the soldier that bayoneted you, and I swear by the honour of a soldier that he shall be broken upon the wheel."

"My dear father, I know him not, and if I did I would never tell."

He has no Mother.

Sitting one day in the school room, I overheard a conversation between a sister and brother. The little boy complained of insults and wrongs received from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened awhile, and then turning away she answered, "I don't want to hear another word; Willie has no mother." The brother's lips were silent, the rebuke came home to him, and stealing away, he muttered, "I never thought of that." He thought of his own mother and the loneliness of "Willie," compared with his own happy lot. "He has no mother." Do we think of it, when we come to the orphan and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer a mother to listen to his little sorrows? Speak gently to him then.

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO 29.

One lady or gentlemen's Fine Solid Gold Watch is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must be a subscriber for TRUTH for at least four months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at TRUTH office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address.—KERRON'S PRIZE STORY, "TRUTH" Office, Toronto, Canada.

The following attractive and well written story has been chosen as our prize story for the present week. The sender can obtain the Watch offered as the prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and registration.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

SENT BY MRS. P. J. CHISHOLM, TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA.

Amy Lester felt herself a most injured and abused girl that afternoon. If the summer had not been such a gay one, she might have better borne the prospect of being thrown entirely upon her own resources. Three months of constant frolicking and enjoyment, and then all her friends who were, like herself, only summer residents at Mortlake, had gone back to the city. And, just as Amy was looking forward to meeting them again in New York, came the news that the repairs on their town house would take two months longer than had been anticipated, and it was decided that Amy and her mother should remain in Mortlake until the middle of November. I am sorry to say that Amy took the news by no means amiably. It was hard, perhaps, but surely that was no reason for growing cross and speaking angry, impatient words to her pretty, delicate little mother. Amy had grown ashamed of herself at last, but not sufficiently ashamed to apologize, as she ought to have done. She did not feel happy, though, any more than you or I do, when we know that we are in the wrong. Perhaps she did the very wisest thing she could in going out to take a walk. Unless you are very obstinate and perverse, fits of ill-temper have a trick of thawing out and blowing away, under the influence of sunbeams and little breezes, such as were shining and rustling everywhere that day. Just at first, however, Amy was more inclined to brood over her grievances than to notice what was going on around her.

"Mamma says the time would not hang so heavily on my hands if I were to employ myself," she grumbled, "but what is there for me to do? I have no piano, and no books except those that I have read again and again. I have done all the fancy-work that I brought with me, and how I am to employ myself I really cannot see."

Just here Amy paused to look at a field which was covered with sumach, whose velvety cones rose from amidst their scarlet sprays, making the whole ground one blaze of splendor. Then her eye travelled a little farther and fell upon a tiny brown house, which faced the road. It was only a story and a half high and it had small-paned windows, which glistened out from under the broad eaves like bright, knowing eyes looking out of a withered old face.

"I wonder whether the people who live there enjoy life," thought Amy. "I know I should not. Just think of it—to be buried off here, a mile away even from stupid little Mortlake. O, dear!"

Amy sighed and shivered as she thought of the misery of such a fate, but she forgot it again as her eye fell upon what was, certainly, the finest clump of Goldenrod she had ever seen. It grew upon the opposite side of the road from the cottage, on a bank four or five feet high. The afternoon sun, slanting upon it, was scarcely brighter or more golden than the soft, feathery blossoms which clothed so thickly its green, outstretched arms.

A wooden fence behind it all draped and garlanded with Virginia Creeper, made a deep-crimson background for the graceful golden-crowned plant, and the whole was a dream of gorgeous coloring, that Amy looked at until she was filled with longing. It was rather a scramble to the top of the bank, but Amy's young limbs achieved it, and she dropped on her knees beside the plant.

"You beautiful thing!" she cried. "It is a shame that you should be wanted here. I shall take you home and put you in my

own particular peacock-blue vase, where you will be a thing of joy to everybody."

Amy's knife was sharp and the Goldenrod stems were fragile. Just as the last blossom fell, a small bare-headed girl came flying across the road from the little brown house.

"O, lady! lady!" cried the child, breathlessly, "don't pick them. O, don't. They're Jenny's flowers."

Then, seeing that it was too late, the child stopped short, with a look of dismay, and burst into tears.

"Who are you and what is the matter?" asked Amy, but the child could not speak for crying.

"Wait, I'm coming down," said Amy, and gathering up her sheaf of blossoms, she leaped lightly down. "Now stop crying and tell me who you are and who Jenny is, and why you call these her flowers."

The little girl dried her eyes upon her apron and looked up. She was a pretty little thing, though her blue eyes were red and swollen, and her face tear-stained.

"I'm Nelly Leavitt," she said, "and Jenny is my sister. We live over there, in that little brown house. She's sick, Jenny is. It's O, so long ago now! she tumbled down and hurt her poor back, and she's been in bed ever since. That's her window, the little one under the roof that looks this way. She can see the bank from it, and the leaves waving, and the birds flying, and the little white clouds sailing over all. And she was so pleased when the vine turned red and the golden-rod came. She lay and looked at it all day long. Sometimes the tears came into her eyes when she looked, and once I heard her say, very softly, 'Isn't God good to give me such a beautiful thing to look at? I never feel tired nor lonesome any more! And now—'"

The thought of that "now" was too much for Nelly. She began to cry again, and Amy felt a choke at her own throat, and a strange, sympathetic dimness in her eyes.

"O, Nelly!" she cried, "I am just as sorry as I can be. I would not have touched the flowers for the world if I had known. May I go over and tell Jenny myself how sorry I am?"

Nelly looked up into Amy's face with solemn, questioning eyes. Then, as if the real grief she had there had moved her, she held out her hand. "Yes," she said, "you may come."

I doubt whether Amy had ever been in such a tiny house before. It was like a doll's house, she thought; but when she reached Jenny's room she forgot everything else at sight of the little patient face upon the pillow.

Jenny looked up with surprise at the sight of the young lady, and the wistful expression of the great black eyes went straight to Amy's heart.

"O, Jenny! I am so sorry!" she cried, "Nelly told me after I had picked those flowers, and I felt as if I never could forgive myself."

"You could not know," said Jenny, and then stopped with a little choke in her voice and tried to wink away a tear. "I get so weak lying here," she said, apologetically, but Amy broke in eagerly:

"I have brought the flowers over to you, Jenny; will you have them? See how beautiful they are now by."

Jenny looked at the blossoms which Amy had scattered upon the bed; she touched them gently with her thin, delicate fingers. "They will wither," she said; "it seems

like a murder. A few minutes ago they were so fresh and strong, standing up in the sunshine. They looked as if they might live forever."

"But they would not have lived forever, even there," said Amy, softly.

"No," said Jenny. Then she stretched out her hand to Amy. "It is good of you to be sorry," she said, "but—but, please, I'd rather not see them any more. It seems so sad, as if they were dead and knew it. They were like friends to me out there, but here it is different."

Amy stood silent and thoughtful for a moment. Then she said:

"If I could do anything to make up, I should be so glad, Jenny. Do you like looks?"

"Not very much," said Jenny, "I can't read well enough to make them out well, and thinking about them makes my head ache. They say so much more than you can get hold of and it worries you to think what more they mean to say, and you can't understand."

"Pictures, then," said Amy. "Do you like pictures?"

Jenny's face lighted up. "Pictures?" she said, "pictures of flowers—of trees and birds, and such like, do you mean? O, I do like them. I've got some, somewhere, that I look at in the winter when the flowers and leaves are all gone. Nelly, show them to the lady."

Amy's eyes filled with tears as she turned over the poor little collection of "pictures," principally advertising cards, which Nellie had begged for her sister from the shops in the village. Some of them were pretty enough, but most of them were miserable, gaudy things from which Amy's fastidious taste revolted.

"Which of them do you like best?" and Jenny, unhesitatingly, picked out two or three.

"I like these violets," she said, "and the long-legged bird with the sharp bill and the little peak of feathers on his head. And O, I think this is lovely."

"So it is," said Amy, as she looked at the card which Jenny held, and noted the graceful arrangement of the Ivy leaves which surrounded it as a frame. "Well!" she said after a moment, "I must go now, but if you like these things I will bring you some to-morrow. I had a birthday, last month, and everybody sent me cards. You shall have them all if you like them."

Jenny's eyes sparkled with delight at the promise, and Amy made her escape hastily, feeling as if she could not bear any more just then.

Perhaps Amy did more serious thinking on her way home than she had ever done in her life before. Part of the result came out in a conversation with her mother that evening.

"I am just as sorry as I can be, mamma," she said, "that I was so hateful this afternoon. I know you'll forgive me, for you always do, but I want to tell you that I think I have found an employment for my time as long as we stay in Mortlake."

She told her of the little brown house, with its patient little invalid—the whole story of her afternoon, in short.

"I shall give her all my Christmas and Easter and birthday cards. Won't it be a feast for her, mamma?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lester, thoughtfully, "but I wish you could give her something that would be of more permanent benefit to her, something that would employ her during the long, dreary hours when she lies there alone."

"But what, mamma?" asked Amy. Mrs. Lester could not answer, and the subject dropped.

Jenny was watching for Amy next morning. A delicate tinge of color rose to her pale cheek and her eyes sparkled as she saw the little package which Amy carried in her hand.

"Lilies! how beautiful! how white and fresh they look," she said, looking with admiration at a spray of pure white Lilies on a ground of the faintest, most delicate blue, a very phantom of color. Roses, Pansies, Sweet-peas, all had word of admiration from her, but when Amy handed her a card of wild flowers, her admiration broke into rapture.

"Liverwort, the darlings!" she cried. Then the tears rose into her eyes and trembled there, as she looked long and lovingly at the purple flowers with their starry centres.

"What is it, Jenny?" Amy asked. "If you love wild flowers best, here are more,

Violets and Buttercups and Daisies, and—here is a Golden-rod card. Do you love wild flowers best, Jenny?"

"I suppose so, Miss," said Jenny, slowly, "but it is not so much that, as—Well, you see your Roses and Lilies, they're beautiful and grand, like lords and ladies, but the wild-flowers, they're just common little things, like Nellie and me. I feel a sort of kin to them. And then, I used to see them in the woods, and O, the woods are so beautiful. If I could only see them again! We used to go there in the spring, Nelly and me, and get bunches of the flowers and sell them in the village. Plenty of people used to like to buy them that didn't know how beautiful the woods were and wouldn't take the trouble to go for themselves. Then we used to get Mint along the brook-sides to sell; in the summer there were Strawberries and Blackberries; and in the fall, wild Grapes and Chestnuts. It was getting Chestnuts that I hurt my back," said Jenny, with a sigh.

"How?" asked Amy, gently.

"Only just alliped and fell, as I'd often done before, but this time my back came against a stone. When I went to get up I couldn't, and it hurt me so that I didn't know any more until I woke up and found myself in bed. Nelly had found some men that carried me home."

"Does it hurt now?" asked Amy. "No, but all my strength seems to have gone," said Jenny, sighing. "It was hard lying here at first, but I've got pretty well used to it now, only when I think of the woods and how pretty they were. And then we could get a little money to help mother along. We can't do it now, Nellie is too little to go alone and I—"

"Who is your mother?" said Amy suddenly.

"Her name is Leavitt, and she goes out by the day to work," said Jenny. "She's got a good job now with some city people that have taken a house here—Lester, the name is."

"Lester? Why, that's us!" cried Amy. "You don't mean to say that it is your mother—that good, patient, gentle little woman who comes every week to wash and iron! I never knew she had any children."

"No, mother isn't much of a talker," said Jenny, but Nelly's little voice interrupted her.

"Jenny," said Nelly, "can you sew on a button for me? I can't keep my apron on without it."

"Let me," said Amy, eagerly, but Jenny shook her head.

"I like it," she said, "it's all I can do. If things to sew didn't cost so much, I'd sew all the time. I'm always glad when anybody tears things, for then they must be mended."

"I wonder—" said Amy, and then stopped short and said "good-bye" instead. Then she walked slowly homeward with the dawning of a new idea in her mind.

"I have something to show you, Jenny," she said, when she went to the cottage the next day.

From the small bag which she carried, she drew out a piece of crewel-work—a Poppy, delicately wrought on a square of gray linen.

"How beautiful!" said Jenny, touching it reverently. "What is it for?"

"Well, I hardly know," said Amy, laughing; "I did it as much for something to do as anything. But I have something else here." Then she took out a package and unfolded it. There was a yard or so of crash, half a yard of coarse linen, some bits of silk, a bundle of many colored crewels and silks and two or three crewel needles.

"These are for you," said Amy, "and I am going to teach you how to use them. Would you like to learn to do work like this Poppy, Jenny?"

"O!"

That was all Jenny said, but her clasped hands and sparkling eyes were answer enough.

"Then I think we will begin with Golden-rod," said Amy, "as that was the first thing that made us acquainted. Here is one of the very blossoms that I broke off—as fresh as ever, you see. Now, which of these colors would you use for the foliage?"

Amy's eyes sparkled in their turn as Jenny, after a moment's hesitation, picked from the bundle the very shade of green which Amy's trained eye had at once selected.

"The very thing!" she cried. "And now for the yellows. Why, Jenny, you have an absolute genius for colors. You

Tid-Bits.

GIFTS OF GOLD!

\$10.00, \$5.00, \$3.00, \$2.00.

The publisher of TRUTH is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power. He cheerfully shares with them the profits of the publication of TRUTH.

Every week four prizes, aggregating twenty dollars in gold, will be given to actual subscribers sending in for this page the best Tid-Bits, containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or parody, either original or selected. Just them from any paper, copy them from any paper, copy them from any book, or coin them out of your head. A single sentence, if pungent or pointed, will do, but don't let them exceed thirty lines each. Be sure to send with each Tid-Bit fifty cents for two months' subscription to TRUTH. If not now a subscriber TRUTH will be sent regularly for that time; if already a subscriber your time will be extended. In any case you get the full worth of your investment in TRUTH itself.

The choicest of these Tid-Bits will be numbered and published in this page every week. Every subscriber is invited to inform the publisher which number is his or her favorite. The four numbers receiving the highest vote will be awarded premiums as follows:—First, \$10.00; second, \$5.00; third, \$3.00; fourth, \$2.00.

A printed form of coupon will be found in the last column of page 2 of this issue. Cut this out, fill up your favorite number and paste it on a post-card, or put it in an unsealed envelope and send to TRUTH office at once. It will only cost you one cent of postage in either case.

To prevent others than subscribers from voting the coupons only will count.

You are invited to send in your vote. Also to send in your Tid-Bits and subscriptions. Please also invite your friends to try their skill. This page is the subscriber's page, and it ought to be the most interesting of all.

(654) Little Relics. —Selected.

Only a baby's picture,
With dimpled shoulders bare;
Large blue eyes softly beaming,
And rings of golden hair.

Only a faded relic,
All wrinkled, soiled, and torn;
'Tis but a tiny stocking
My little girl had worn.

Only a knot of ribbon,
More precious far than pearls;
It slipped just as you see it,
One evening from her curls.

Only her broken playthings—
Little dishes and her doll;
Her pretty cups of silver—
You see I keep them all.

Only a little slipper
That my pretty darling wore
The first time that she tottered
Across the chamber floor.

Why do I keep and love them,
When so many years have fled?
Don't you know? They were my baby's,
And the little one is dead.
Topeka, Kansas. Mrs. FRETWOOD.

(655) What is Heaven? —Selected.

"What is Heaven?" I asked a little child;
"All joy!" and in her innocence she smiled.

I asked the aged, with her care oppressed;
"All suffering o'er, Oh! Heaven, at last, is rest!"

I asked a maiden, meek and tender-eyed;
"It must be love," she modestly replied.

I asked the artist, who adored his art;
"Heaven is all beauty," spoke his raptured heart.

I asked the poet, with his soul afire;
"Tis glory—glory!" and he struck his lyre.

I asked the Christian, waiting her release;
A halo round her, low she murmured:—"Peace!"

So all may look with hopeful eyes above,
'Tis beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace, and love.
Hamilton. Mrs. EDWIN BARBER.

(657) The Hired Squirrel. —Selected.

A lion to the squirrel said:
"Work faithfully for me,
And when your task is done, my friend,
Rewarded you shall be
With barrelsful of sweet nuts, fresh from
My own nut tree."
"My lion king," the squirrel said, "to this
I do agree."

The squirrel toiled both day and night,
Quite faithful to his hire;
So busy and so faint, sometimes,
He thought he must expire.
But still he kept his courage up, and tugged
With might and main;
"How nice the nuts will taste," he thought,
"When I my barrel gain."

At last, when he was nearly dead,
And this and old and gray,
Quoth lion: "There's no more hard work
You're fit to do. I'll pay
A barrelful of nuts he gave—ripe, rich
And big, but oh!
The squirrel's tears ran down his cheeks;
He'd lost his teeth, you know.
St. Thomas. R. M. LUKDAY.

(658) What is Life? —Selected.

What is life? 'Tis a delicate shell,
Thrown out by eternity's flow,
On time's bank of quicksand to dwell,
And a moment it's loveliness show.

Gone back to its element grand,
Is the billow that brought it on shore;
See—another is washing the strand,
And the beautiful shell is no more.
Orangeville, Ont. C. M. WKSST.

(659) A Good Farewell. —Selected.

Farewell to the "sparkling" wine-cup,
The brain-devolving wine-cup;
The cup that slays a thousand ways,
The soul-destroying wine-cup!

Farewell to the "flaming" wine-cup,
The teeming, steaming wine-cup;
The greatest ban to mortal man,
Is the vile carousing wine-cup!

Farewell to the "flashing" wine-cup,
The daring, swearing wine-cup;
The cup that calls for fights and brawls,
The peace-destroying wine-cup!

Farewell to the "revealing" wine-cup,
The flattering, fooling wine-cup;
The cup that tears, besears and wears,
The fame-destroying wine-cup!

Farewell to the "gleeful" wine-cup,
The tingling, jingling wine-cup;
No serpent's fangs can cause such pangs,
As the saddening, maddening wine-cup!

Farewell to the "tempting" wine-cup,
The danger-soothing wine-cup;
The "Upas tree," our land, to thee,
Is the stainful, baneful wine-cup!

Farewell to the "fatal" wine-cup,
The all-destroying wine-cup;
The dead sublime, is mine and thine,
That saves us from the wine-cup.
Allan's Corners, P. Q. Mrs. H. OLIVER.

(660) Over the Fence is Out. —Selected.

In the noisy plays of our boyish days,
As we batted the ball about,
We had a rule, after hours of school,
That "Over the fence was out."
And though we are men we think now and then
Of the rule of our childish day:
We feel its force with a shiver of remorse,
In graver matters than play.

In struggle and greed, to supply every need,
We shorten life's meagre span;
An' the gush of joy in the beardless boy
Is lost in the bearded man.
We rear up false claims, we miss our best aim,
And go down in the noise and rout;
We find out too late, by not batting straight
That "Over the fence is out."

We toil and we dig, we rear and we rig,
We barter, we venture, we sell;
We bend every will, we mount every hill—
Forget we are human and frail.
Our energies wasted, true bliss unattained,
We are whirled like dead leaves about,
In life's bleak December, too late to remember
That "Over the fence is out."

(661) An Old Proverb. —Selected.

Pouting, my darling, because it rains,
And flowers droop and the rain is fall ng,
And drops are blurring the window panes,
And a moaning wind through the lane is calling
Crying and whining the sky was clear,
And roses again on the lattice twining!
Ah, well, remember, my foolish dear,
'Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

When the world is bright and fair and gay,
And glad birds sing in the fair June weather,
And summer is gathering, night and day,
Her golden chalice of sweets together;
When blue seas answer the sky above,
And bright stars follow the day's declining,
Why, then, 'tis no merit to smile, my love;
'Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

But this is the time the heart to test,
When winter is near and storms are howling,
And the earth from under her frozen vest
Looks up at the sad sky mute and scowling,
The brave little spirit should rise to meet
The season's gloom and the day's repining;
And this is the time to be glad, for, sweet,
'Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"
Blue Island, Ill. E. A. VICKROY.

(662) Love Satisfies. —Selected.

They sent him round the circle fair,
To bow before the prettiest there;
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed:
Although—I can't say what it meant—
The little maid looked ill content.

His task was then anew begun—
To kneel before the wistful one.
Once more the little maid sought he,
And won't him down upon his knee.
She bent her eyes upon the floor—
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then—his sweet babe
To kiss the one he loved the best;
For all she frowned, for all she hid,
He kneed that little maid, he did,
And then—though why I can't decide—
The little maid looked satisfied.
London. J. D. ANERA.

(663) —Selected.

Who can say,
Why to-day
To-morrow will be yesterday?
'Who can tell
Why to an ell
The violet recalls the dewy prime,
Of youth and buried time?
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme.
237 Sackville St., Toronto. Mrs. J. H. J. KARR.

(664) Welcome Papa. —Selected.

Three little forms, in the twilight gray,
Scanning the shadows across the way;
Six little eyes, four black and two blue,
Brimful of love and happiness too,
Watching for 'pa.

May, with placid and thoughtful brow,
Gentle face, beaming with smiles just now;
Willing, the rogue, so loving and gay,
Stealing sly kisses from alater May,
Watching for 'pa.

Nelly, with ringlets of sunny hue,
Coolly nestled between the two,
Pressing her cheek to the window-pane,
Watching the absent one home again,
Watching for 'pa.

Oh! how they gaze at the passers-by!
'He's coming at last!' they gayly cry;
'Look again, my 'pa!' exclaims inanna;
And Nelly adds, 'There's the twilight star,
Watching for 'pa.

Soon 'yous shouts from the window seat,
And eager patter of ohlidiah feet;
Gay, musical chimes ring through the hall,
A manly voice responds to the call,
'Welcome, 'pa.
Yorkville, Ont. N. ROACH.

(665) —Selected.

The Lady and the Wild-Eyed Poet.

A landlady having presented a Wild-Eyed Poet with a board-bill, he said with an effable up turned gaze: "Madam, it is a season of great political excitement and business depression, so I must pay you in posthumous fame."

"Very good," replied the landlady; "hereafter I will feed you on posthumous hash." Then the Wild-Eyed Poet went mournfully away to the pawnshop, bearing his third-hand overcoat as a sacrificial offering to the necessities of the emergency.
Hamilton. J. McBRIDE.

(666) —Selected.

The Reappearance of a Long Lost Ring.

"I am so glad to know you, Mrs. Johnson. I am an old acquaintance of your husband."

"Indeed!"
"Yes, long years ago, twenty years ago, before he knew you, I was his first love. We were indeed betrothed."

"Yes, my dear," puts in Mr. Johnson. "Yes, that was very long ago."

"But you have not forgotten it, John, have you?"
"No, no; but—"

"Do you remember our parting? Oh, how sad!"
"Yes, it was; but—"

"We can talk about it now, for your wife must know me as a friend of hers as well. Let me give you this. It was the ring John, your husband, pressed upon my finger when his heart was free, when we pledged our troth. I give it to you because—"

"Why, John, I declare! If this isn't the ring you said you lost; the ring I gave you when I was engaged to you in 1863."
There's a coolness among the three now.
Ottawa. O. LARUE.

(667) —Selected.

Daniel Webster's Anecdote.

Old Father Searle, the minister of his boyhood, one Sunday morning brought down his knee-breeches from the garret, but the wasps had taken possession during the summer, and were having a nice time of it in them. By dint of effort he got out the intruders and prepared for meeting. But while reading the scripture, he felt a dagger, from the enraged, small wasted fellows, and jumped around the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced, the more they clung. The people thought him crazy, but he explained the matter by saying: "Brethren, don't be alarmed, the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches."
Chester, N. S. Mrs. C. M. HUXFORD.

(668) Too Much of It. —Selected.

On a fine spring morning, just after a nice shower, two English farmers met.

"Glorious morning," said one.
"Yes," replied the other, "this will make everything spring out of the ground."
"God forbid," said the first, "for I buried my wife yesterday."

ARTHUR MIDDLTON.

138 John St. N., Hamilton.

(669) —Selected.

A Great Convenience

A California girl has been discovered with two months, one in each cheek. Tois kind may do in the far West, where girls are scarce, and it is convenient to have those who can kiss two fellows at once, but they would never be popular in the East, where there are not enough fellows to go around.
Mrs. N. E. TABLING.

Box 75, Point St. Charles, P. Q.

(670) —Selected.

Saying "No" Easy.

"How is it you never go with bad boys, or get into bad scrapes?" asked one little fellow of his playmate.

"Oh," said the other, "that's 'cause I don't say 'no' easy."

We thank that boy for his secret. It is worth a great deal more than a bag of money. We have no doubt saying "no" easy has ruined many a child, and man, and woman too—saying "no" as if you did not quite mean it.

When a bad boy or girl tries to coax you to do a doubtful thing, say "no" as if you meant "no," and nothing but "no."

When sin whispers an excuse for doing wrong, say "no" and no mistake. When Satan asks you to serve him, and makes as great promises as he did to the Lord Jesus in the wilderness, do not say "no" easy, but answer him as Jesus did—"Get thee behind me, Satan." That is a "no" he can understand.
SARAH BURKE.

Garrettsville, Ohio.

(671) —Selected.

The Legend of the Beautiful Hand.

"There was a dispute among three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water and held it up, another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink, and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old, haggard woman, passing by, asked: "Who will give me a gift, for I am poor?"

All three denied her; but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift and satisfied the poor woman. And then she asked them what was the dispute; and they told her, and lifted up before her their beautiful hands.

"Beautiful, indeed," said she, when she saw them. But, when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said: "It is not the hand that is washed clean in the brook; it is not the hand that is dipped in red; it is not the hand that is garlanded with fragrant flowers, but the hand that gives to the poor, that is the most beautiful."
"As she said these words, her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from heaven, with authority to decide this question in dispute. And that decision has stood the test of all time.

Newborough, Ont. JENNIE PRICE.

(672) —Selected.

Needed Knowledge.

"Say, Pete, did you ever know dat I was de keeper ob a ferry?"

"No, I never hear ob dat afore, Sam."

"Oh, yes, I was de keeper ob a ferry for some time till I lost my vessel in a storm; den de ferry busted."

"Why, how was dat, Sam?"

"Well, Pete, I tell you. One dark night a man come to de ferry, and he ax'd me if I would take him across de river. I told him

yes, if he would gib me a dollar I would risk it, although it was an awful night. So he gib me de dollar, and he jumped in de boat, and I commenced rowing him ober de river; and when I got out a little piece from de shore, de man axed me if I knowed anything about frenologiam. I told him no. "Ah," says he, "den one-quarter of your life is gone." Finally he says, "does you know anything about grammar." I told him no. "Ah," says he, "den one-half ob your life am gone." Den I begin to get frightened a little, and I begin to row faaster. So in another minute he axed me if I knowed anything about diokahonary. I told him no. "Ah," says he, "den tree quarters ob your life am gone." I felt more frightened at his last remark, and pulled mighty fast for de shore; when all at once de boat struck a rock, knocked a hole in her, and filled her up in a minute. I axed de man if he knowed how to swim. He said no. Den, says I, de whole four-quarters of your life am gone—shure!"

Kelmastin, Ont. PETER MITCHELL.

(573) —Selected.
Why Moses was not Blessed for What he Had Done.

The Sunday-school lesson was about Moses and the Israelites in the wilderness, and the teacher was asking questions of her scholars.

"What did Moses strike the rock for?" she inquired.

"For water," answered the class promptly.

"Was Moses blessed for what he had done?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why not?"

This was a poser for some time, but finally a tough looking small boy held up his hand.

"Well, Tommy, why not?" asked the teacher encouragingly.

"Cos, mum, he didn't strike it for beer."

Parkdale. MARY BROWN.

(574) —Selected.
Why he Didn't Eat Butter.

"Shall I help you to some butter, Mr. Smith?" asked the landlady of a boarding house.

"No, thank you."

"Don't you eat butter?"

"No, not now. I used to, but I've reformed, you know. I'm proud to say I am now a temperate man."

"I know; but I don't see why that should interfere with your eating butter."

"I don't take anything strong."

The landlady simply said "Oh," but she looked daggers.

Toronto. J. McCONNELL.

(575) —Selected.
Sweet Revenge.

Mr. Vanspook—"My dear, I wish you would have Sally take music lessons."

Mrs. Vanspook—"But dear, what's the use? She don't know 'Yankee Doodle' from 'Old Hundred.'"

"I can't help that. Just start her in, and do it soon."

"But why, dear?"

"Old Kinks, next door, has his daughter practicing five hours a day, and I want to get even with him."

Stratford. JENNIE DOUGLAS.

(576) —Selected.
A Position in Which Tommy Would Have Caught Thunder.

Little Jimmy Jones, aged seven years, came running home last Sunday, crying and spitting blood and teeth out of his mouth, while his lips were black and burned and swollen.

"Oh, mercy! Is my boy killed!" shrieked the agonized mother.

A hasty examination-revealed the fact that most of her boy was at home, and that his life and health were also in the vicinity.

"Stop your noise," she commanded; "you are not much hurt. Tell me all about it, and mind that you tell the truth."

"Me and Tommy Toodle," said the boy between sobs, "was playin' in the stable, when my holler tooth commenced to achin',

and Tommy said he could cure it. He put some black powder in my tooth and touched it off with a match."

"Didn't you have any more sense than to let him blow your tooth out with gunpowder?" asked Mrs. Jones, severely.

"Tommy said it wouldn't hurt, and we'd have lots of fun," said Jimmy, brightening up and attempting to laugh.

"It was awfully funny, waca't it, to have your mouth burned and your teeth blown out," said his mother, ironically. "Tommy had all the fun."

"No he didn't, mamma. I lost all my teeth, I guess, but you orter see Tommy! Two of my teeth is stickin' in his nose, and one of his ears is clean gone!"

"Look here," said Mrs. Jones, turning Jimmy's head so he could see behind him. "How did you tear this hole in your new Sunday pants?"

This was a poser to Jimmy, who had torn his trousers on a nail while sliding down a board, so, in order to gain time to answer, he said:

"What hole?"

"You know what I mean," said his mother. "How did you tear that hole in your trousers?"

"I know now, mother. That's where the powder kicked back. Wouldn't Tommy have ketch'd thunder if he had got behind me to touch the powder off?"

Cobourg. MARION CRAWFORD.

(577) —Selected.
Very Thoughtful.

Mistress—(who has been writing a letter for Bridget) "Well Bridget is there anything more that I can add?"

Bridget—"I guess that's all, mum. Now, ye might jist ax them to plaze excuse mistakes and bad spelling."

Cataraqui, Ont. H. NORTHMORE.

(578) —Selected.
Dave Gaffin's Grouse.

Dave Gaffin, who keeps a boarding house at Emigrant Gap, says the Virginia, Nev., Enterprise, on the Central Pacific Railroad, is very hard of hearing—can hardly hear anything that is shouted in his ear. Dave is fond of hunting, and very often takes his gun and scouts about the mountains in search of grouse, quail and other game. A Comstocker, who was snow-bound at Cisco for a day or two last week, tells the following story about Gaffin:—

He had been out hunting, and was going home with a grouse he had killed. As he came out of the wood and struck the railroad, he was overtaken by a stranger, who asked, "How far is it to Cisco?"

"Yes," said Dave, holding up his grouse, "I got one of 'em."

"I don't think you understand me," said the stranger; "I asked you how far it was to Cisco."

"Yes, he is pretty fat," said Dave; "Le'll make a very good stew."

"You must be a d—d fool!" cried the stranger.

"Certainly, certainly!" said Dave; "There's a good many of 'em flyin' about this year!"

Northport, Ont. JESSIE FOX.

(579) —Original.
The Number of Apples Adam and Eve Ate.

To the Editor of Truth's Tid-bits:—

DEAR SIR, — Your correspondent, A. C. Walden, in the issue of the 2nd instant, proposed a very profound question in theology, but failed to give the correct solution, as the following calculation will show:—

Eve, when she 81,811,010y, so if Adam, then he 81,281,424,0fy his wife's spirits, both must have eaten 820,995,350.

But Eve said, 1,028,142,40fy her spirits; therefore she took and gave to Adam, who 81,410,281,240fy his wife; therefore, together, they ate 81,513,095,480.

Wrong again; for if Eve, being 110,814,240fy her spirits, and gave to Adam, then 80,124,102,812,40fy his wife. Total eaten, 8,012,521,095,480.

Still astray; for if Eve said, if 181,102,811,010y, and gave to Adam, then 80,124,102,814,240fy his wife. Total, 80,125,013,842,350.

Not right yet. Eve said, being 110,102,814,240fy her spirits, and gave to Adam, then 80,124,102,028,142,40fy his wife. Total, 8,012,520,305,028,480.

The following seems to be the conclusion of the whole matter:—

Eve said, if 1,028,110,281,110fy; then, when Adam saw the 110,781,801,241,02,028,142,40fy his wife. Total, 1,101,818,013,438,313,095,350; Eve said, if one sigh for to eat one, one ought to eat one wantonly; then, when Adam saw the wanton one eat on, ate he one, too, for one ought to sigh for to eat one for to fortify his wife.

Cookstown. F. S. F.

(580) —Selected.
Plans for the Increase of Ohuroh Revonue.

A minister was complaining of the indifference displayed by the congregation during the passing of the contribution box.

"Yes," asserted a deacon, "the collections are very small."

"Cannot you suggest a remedy?" inquired the dominie.

"I think it would be a good plan, Mr. S.," replied the deacon, "if the collection were to be taken up before instead of after the sermon. Anticipation, you know, is always greater than realization, and a disappointed man is not apt to be generous."

London. J. S. THOMPSON.

(581) —Selected.
He Couldn't Help But Admire the Draft.

Captain Jasman, who owed a bill in a neighboring town, was drawn on through the bank.

"What's this?" he asked of the collector.

"It's a draft for \$50."

"The first one I ever saw. Now, they get 'em up in good shape, don't they? Well, sir, there has been a big improvement in such things since I could first remember. When I was a boy, cirous bills were mere daubs of red ink, but now look at 'em."

"Are you going to pay this draft?"

"Oh, I don't want it. Tell that feller that I am much obliged for the kind attention he has shown me, but that I cannot afford to pay so large a price for such a small piece of paper. Good-day."

York P. C. JOHN HOTCHKISS.

(582) —Selected.
Always Something in the Way.

"Pat," he called to the man who was leveling down at the far end of the mud-scow, "why don't you bring your father over from Ireland?"

"Can't afford it."

"But the steamships and railroads are now carrying passengers for nothing and throwing in a Turkish bath as a premium."

"True, sir, as me old woman was saying last night, but the stage fare from the old man's home to the nearest port is a matter of fifteen cents, and that what bothers me and keeps him out of this blessed country."

Brantford. J. D. POPE.

(583) —Selected.
Both Ends Alike.

Pat helping his hatter.—An Irishman entered a hatter's in North Shields, and, approaching the counter, said he wished to purchase a hat. "What size, sir?" asked the assistant. "Bogorra, I don't know," said the Hibernian, scratching his head, "but I take noines in boots."

Mrs. C. GENTLEMAN.
545 Queen St. West, Toronto.

(584) —Selected.
An Unfortunate Legislator.

"I spent four months at the capital," said a member of the Legislature, "trying to pass a bill, but in spite of every effort on my part, I have failed."

"Couldn't agree, I suppose," said a friend.

"Oh! yes, we could agree well enough. In fact, there was the utmost harmony."

"Then why couldn't you pass the bill?"

"Because the saloons wouldn't accept it. It was counterfeit. They all agreed on that."

Brooklyn, L. I. PATTIE LYMAN.

(585) —Selected.
Tracing the Authorship.

"Father," inquired a young lad, "who wrote the new edition of the Bible?"

"It is the work of a number of eminent scholars," replied the father, very much pleased that his son should show an interest in such matters; "but the old edition, such as we have on the parlor table, was written by King James of England."

Dover, Del. M. C. JAMES.

(586) —Selected.
The Economy of Roller Skates.

"James," said a fond wife, hesitatingly, "James, business is quite dull, isn't it?"

"Yes, terribly dull," growled her husband.

"But, James, don't you think you could afford to buy the four oldest girls roller skates and a season ticket each to the rink?"

"Are you crazy?" exclaimed her husband; "do you think with this large family on my hands and bankruptcy staring me in the face I have any money to waste on such frivolities?"

"Yes, but James dear, you know the four oldest girls are well along in life, and—haven't you read in the papers about all the oloplements they have had at the rinks, and—"

"Well, well, Maria, there is something in that. I'll think the matter over."

Hamilton, Ohio. MARY JUSTIN.

(587) —Selected.
He Wouldn't Remove it.

"Will you be kind enough to take that grip sack off that seat," said a countryman, who got on a train at Luling, Texas.

"No, sir, I don't propose to do anything of the sort," replied the drummer, who was sitting on the other side of the seat.

"Do you say that you are going to let that grip sack stay right there?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"In case you don't remove that grip sack I shall be under the painful necessity of calling the conductor."

"You can call in the conductor, the engineer, and the brakeman, if you want to. Perhaps you had better stop at the next station, and send a special to old Jay Gould himself about it."

"The conductor will put you off the train."

"I don't care if he does. I am not going to take that grip-sack from that place where it is."

The indignant passenger went through the train, and soon returned with the conductor.

"So you refuse to remove that grip-sack, do you?" asked the conductor.

"I do."

(Great sensation.)

"Why do you persist in refusing to remove that grip sack?"

"Because it's not mine."

"Why didn't you say so at once?"

"Because nobody asked me."

Belloville. MARY G. TURNER.

(588) —Selected.
That Boy was Thoroughly Convinced that the Steps had been Painted.

Half an hour after a painter had finished painting the front steps of a house and had put up a board with the warning "paint!" in large letters, a boy came along and gave the job a thorough looking over. If the painter painted or had he not? Did that sign on the board mean paint on the steps or around the back yard? He pondered over these things for a long five minutes and then decided to investigate. If this was an old gag, all right; if it was a new wrinkle he wanted to catch on early.

Without stopping to spit on his hands the boy boldly advanced up the walk, removed the board and walked up the five steps and down again. He left tracks and he smelt paint, but it needed more than that to convince him. A woman came across by the side gate. She had the broom raised over her head in both hands. She brought the brush part down on the boy's head. If she meant to drive his heels through the pine planks, and as he fell against a tree-box and rolled into the gutter she yelled: "Them steps has been painted!" "Y-e-s," replied the boy as he started off for a walk, "but I wouldn't hardly ha' believed it!"

Montreal. G. P. HIGGINS.

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Welcome Home, Brave Volunteers!

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Music by F. H. TORRINGTON, Toronto.

cres.

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), and *ad lib.* (ad libitum). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

1. Wel - come home, brave Vol - un - teers! Wel - come, wel - come home!

Gone are all our anx - ious fears, An - swer'd now our pray'rs and tears,

Gone are all our anx - ious fears, An - swer'd now our pray'rs and tears,

Wel - come home 'midst ring - ing cheers, Wel - come, wel - come home!

Welcome home, brave Volunteers!
 Welcome, welcome home!
 Gone are all our anxious fears,
 Answer'd now our pray'rs and tears,
 Welcome home 'midst ringing cheers,
 Welcome, welcome home!

Welcome to our loving arms,
 Welcome to your rest;
 Welcome home from war's alarms,
 Safe from death and all that harms,
 Victory hath crown'd your arms,
 Welcome to your rest.

Canada is proud of thee!
 Soldiers brave and true;
 Thou didst make the rebels flee,
 Thou didst set the captives free,
 Noble deeds were done by thee,
 Soldiers brave and true!

Welcome home, though wounded sore,
 Battling for the right;
 Dreadful marches now are o'er,
 Safe from deadly bullet's pour,
 Silent now the cannon's roar,
 Heroes from the fight!

Welcome home, but some we miss,
 Brave hearts, where are they?
 Gone where noble spirits are,
 Gone beyond the reach of war,
 Sleeping peacefully afar,
 'Neath the sod and clay.

Welcome home our soldiers dear,
 Welcome, welcome home!
 Rebel threats no more we hear,
 War's alarm no more we fear,
 Now we smile and dry the tear,
 As we welcome home!

Health Department.

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

Poisons and their Antidotes.

Irritant poisons are divisible under two heads—(1) Metallic irritants; (2) Vegetable and animal irritants, the latter two being grouped together. It would, however, appear that none of them act purely as irritants, as the irritant symptoms to which they give rise are likewise usually accompanied by well marked action upon the nervous system. The most serious poison of this class is undoubtedly arsenic. Salts of antimony, zinc, and other metals constitute a variety of other metallic irritants. Of the vegetable irritant poisons, elaterium, various essential oils such as savin, and gamboge, afford examples. Poisoning by arsenic may be either acute or chronic, the acute form being by far most common, following criminal attempts on life. Its effects in some instances may be purely narcotic. The first symptoms of arsenical poisoning, according to Orfila, are sickness and faintness, which arise about fifteen minutes after being taken. An intense burning pain is also felt in the stomach, quickly followed by vomiting, increased on attempting to swallow.

Poisoning by arsenic is distinguished from an ordinary bilious attack by the fact that pain and sickness are not relieved by vomiting, which usually happens in bilious derangements. A feeble and irregular pulse, accompanied by thirst, with clammy hands, are prominent symptoms of arsenical poisoning. The immediate employment of emetics—except tartar emetic—dilutents, and demulcents, has been suggested as perhaps the most serviceable antidotes; but no confidence should be placed in the so called antidotes, ferric hydrate and magnesia, unless a solution of arsenic has been taken. In chronic arsenical poisoning, most frequently engendered accidentally, by inhalation of arsenical vapor in factories, or by arsenical dust, loss of muscular power and failure of appetite are among the most prominent symptoms manifest. Under such circumstances, the cause—which is usually some occupation connected with the manipulation of arsenic—should be promptly sought for and removed—quinine, iron, and change of air being recommended.

Neurotic poisons may be divided into a large category; but in one and all, the symptoms produced from their administration chiefly attack the nervous system. Under this head are embraced pure narcotics, such as morphia, chloral hydrate, strychnia, hyoscyamus, &c. Prussic acid occupies a prominent position, as its effects and termination are very rapid in progress, being one of the most powerful of all poisons. Difficulty of breathing, speedily followed by convulsions, the commencement of which is announced by a loud shriek occasionally, are manifest; subsequently, loss of consciousness and muscular power. Fifteen minutes is the longest time known to elapse between taking this poison and its effects. In some works it is stated that the best mode of treating prussic acid poisoning is by the application of cold affusions before or after the convulsive stage has commenced, and the inhalation of diluted ammonia or chlorine. Stevenson advises an emetic to be administered also. Friction and artificial respiration have been recommended by other authorities.

Opium and its preparations deserve special notice, as the greater number of poisoning cases are due to their action. Although the symptoms of opium poisoning greatly vary, yet they are mostly ushered in by giddiness, listlessness, and drowsiness, followed by stupor, lapsing slowly into complete insensibility. (Opium poisoning is, un-

fortunately, often occasioned by the indiscriminate use of "sleeping draughts" and quack nostrums. In cases of opium poisoning, the immediate use of an emetic (a tablespoonful of mustard mixed with tepid water) has been advocated. The head and face should be dashed with cold water until the stupor is partially removed. The patient should not be permitted to sleep, but should be kept in continual motion. A cup of strong hot coffee ought to be given to him on his recovery.

Our space will not permit of a more minute inquiry into other varieties of neurotic poisons; suffice it to say, that in most instances arising from the administration of any preparation of opium, the antidotes above mentioned are considered the most serviceable.

We must not omit to notice poisoning by copper, which at times has arisen from the employment of copper vessels for cooking purposes, which never should be employed in any household. The first indications of copper poisoning are sudden attacks of gripping pains, aggravated by pressure, often accompanied by sickness and a peculiar sallow aspect of countenance. According to Ryan, the white of egg is the best antidote for poisonous preparations of copper. Lead poisoning is usually owing to drinking water which has remained for some time in leaden pipes, or by certain avocations in which some preparation of lead is used. Goulard water taken by mistake causes lead poisoning. Lead colic is one of its leading symptoms, which is relieved by pressure. Paralysis of the limbs is another well-marked indication. Sulphate of magnesia has been recommended as an antidote. A dram of sulphate of magnesia, five drops of dilute sulphuric acid, and twenty drops of tincture of hyoscyamus in two tablespoonfuls of camphor-water every two hours till the bowels are relieved, and then thrice daily for five days, is the treatment which some consider most appropriate under the circumstances.

In drawing this article to a close, we desire to impress upon our readers the vital importance, in all cases of poisoning, of being able immediately to administer the antidotes, while the medical man is being summoned. Many a valuable life would undoubtedly be saved, were the precautions before mentioned adopted without a moment's delay.

Sleeplessness.

We have lately met with a case showing the danger of overworking the brain. It was a lady who had inherited great cerebral activity, her three nearest ancestors having been graduates of Harvard, and men of eminent professional success. Her father had showed the effects of overculture in extreme of feeling, in the eagerness with which he devoured books, in the number of hours spent in his work, rising to it at four in the morning the year round, in his thinness of flesh, and early death.

The child of such an heredity should have been stoutly held back in her intellectual development, she being sure of all desirable attainments from her own impulses and unaided energy. But the father brought to bear the full power of his own mind to stimulate her mind.

One result was an irresistible intellectual momentum, and attainments in range, variety and extent seldom surpassed. But another, a little later, and onward to her death, after years of inexpressible nervous suffering, during which she felt herself on the verge of insanity—was such unconquerable wakefulness that she wrote, "All temporal blessings seem to be expressed by the one word sleep."

We have thus detailed the case as above, that we might emphasize it by the somewhat similar experience of her sister, the author of an intensely interesting and helpful work. As this lady was only six years old at her father's death, she escaped the untimely stimulus to which her sister had been subjected. Moreover, her unbounded joyousness and love of nature was some check to undue mentality. Still, her mental activity was great, and the use of her pen became as natural to her as her breath. Besides her many published works on prose and poetry, other volumes might be added from her unpublished poems and letters.

Moreover, her intense sympathies and yearning for usefulness were exhaustively drawn upon in her position as the wife of a prominent pastor in New York City. Though her beloved summer residence did much toward repairing her nervous exhaustion, yet even here her benevolence filled her house with company,—and what is more exhausting?—while her piety prompted her to weekly Bible expositions for the benefit of her neighbors.

Her husband thus speaks of the period within which her published works were written: "that dreadful sleeplessness to which she had been so in bondage for a quarter of a century, whose grasp had become more and more relentless, and the effects of which on her nervous system were such as words can hardly describe. No human being but myself had any conception of her suffering, both physical and mental, from this cause."

Conduct in the Sick Room.

An invalid who has suffered much — as much, perhaps, from the well-meant but annoying attentions of attendants as from disease—gives the following excellent advice as to conduct in a sick room.

Do not walk on tiptoe, she says, for this, in addition to its unusual elaboration of the gait, invariably causes a certain amount of creaking.

Speak in low tones, but don't whisper; a whisper will often awaken a sleeper who would not be disturbed by ordinary conversation. Let your clothes and foot-covering be of as noiseless and unobtrusive a character as possible, and instead of gliding and tottering about like a rickety ghost, do not hesitate to walk. If you have occasion to say anything in the room, say it so that the patient can hear it if she wishes, and do not let her be aware of your conspiring privately with others, especially at the door.

The door has much to answer for. If it be visible from the bed, people open it cautiously, put their heads in, and slowly withdraw again. If, as is more frequently the case, it is screened, mysterious openings and shuttings are heard, unattended with any ingress or egress, and sotto voce colloquies go on outside. When you enter, do so honestly and at once; do not spend five minutes in turning the handle, like a house-breaker, thereby producing a series of irritating little clicks, finally terminating in a big snap, with which the door flies open.

Never stand at the foot of the bed and look at the patient. While talking to her it is better to sit by the side of the bed, and as near the pillow as possible, so that you may converse easily, while your face and body are turned in the same direction as hers. By this means, you can make all necessary observation of her features without enforcing the arrest of her eyes to your own, which is so embarrassing and disagreeable to one lying in bed. Keep her in as comfortable a position as possible, but don't be too demonstrative in smoothing the pillows and little offices of that sort. Fidgety attentions worry and do more harm than down right neglect.

The Treatment of Scarlet Fever.

As is very well known, the process of desquamation which follows scarlet fever varies very much in different individuals; sometimes it is accomplished by particles so fine as to be hardly perceptible, and these are a very frequent and certain source of contagion by means of clothes and otherwise, much more so than the scales as ordinarily thrown off. It is evident that this being the fact, it must be much more difficult to prevent a contact and contagion with these fine, almost imperceptible scales which are floating in the atmosphere, than where desquamation occurs in large patches of skin.

To obviate this danger, Mr. George Smith, of Somerset, England (*Bristol Med. Chirurgical Journal*, Dec., '84), states that he has for several years been in the habit of having his patients well sponged over the surface of their bodies, commencing, as a rule, about a week after the appearance of the eruption, and continuing the process until desquamation is complete, with a mixture of one ounce of oat meal to a pint of boiling water. The solution is made fresh every day, and

used tepid at such a temperature as may be comfortably borne by the back of the finger. His reason for using this particular combination is that the gluten in it sticks the scales to each other and to the surface of the body, thus allowing of their being removed from one sponging to another without the ordinary risk of infecting either atmosphere or clothes, and thus greatly lessening the risk of spreading the disease.

Secondly, the gluten fills up the cracks of the new skin and protects it from cold, as patch after patch of it becomes bare, and it thus, to say the least, greatly lessens the risk of the dropsy which so often follows upon this disease.

Cramp.

This term is applied to a sudden spasmodic contraction of a single muscle or set of muscles. It most frequently occurs in the calf of the leg. It sometimes extends to the whole body. It is often very painful. In many cases the spasm is preceded by a crawling or tingling sensation, or stiffening of the parts affected.

Treatment—When the cramp is confined to a single muscle, as in cramp of the leg, it may be relieved by simply grasping the muscle and pressing it with considerable force.

A gentleman who was much troubled with this peculiar affection, and to whom we recommended compression as a remedy, had made for the purpose, two straps, furnished with a buckle at each end, which he always carried with him. Whenever he felt the first symptoms of attack, he would apply the straps to the calves of the legs, where the cramp always began, buckling them as tightly as possible. The application of heat and cold to the spine, with fomentations to the affected part, are useful measures. When the cramps extend to various parts of the body a general warm bath will usually afford relief. Some cases are best relieved by application of ice to the spine. Ice may be applied by the ice pack, or by rubbing a piece of ice, inclosed in a piece of muslin, up and down the spine. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible, as the least motion will often induce a return of the spasms after they have ceased. Gentle manipulation of the affected muscles, if very cautiously performed, will sometimes relieve the tendency to spasm.

Waterproof Clothing.

When once a waterproof is put on to defend the body from wet, it should on no account be taken off until the wearer has not only taken shelter, but is in a position to change his clothes. What a covering of oiled silk does for a wet rag in surgery—namely, convert it into a poultice—the waterproof does for the clothes of its wearer. The insensible perspiration which finds a way of escape through ordinary clothing is kept in by the waterproof, and the clothes are saturated with moisture. A very few minutes will suffice to render the underclothing "damp" under a waterproof, particularly if either the wearer perspires freely or the weather be what is called "muggy" as well as wet.

When, therefore, the wearer of a waterproof take off that article of clothing because it has ceased to rain, he is in the position of a person who has damp clothes on and, if he sits in the saddle, or walks home, or rides in an open trap, he is more likely to take cold than if he had not used the waterproof at all.

If, therefore, a waterproof is once put on, it should on no account be removed until the clothes can be changed or dried by a fire without reduction of bodily temperature.

THE BLACK DEATH.—The black death of the fourteenth century, believed by some to have been the Asiatic cholera, although the symptoms, as described by the historians of the day, differ widely, actually desolated the world. It is computed that 13,000,000 perished in China, and elsewhere in the East about 25,000,000 more. Germany lost nearly 1,300,000; Italy nearly half of its entire population; London alone in excess of 100,000. In Europe fully 30,000,000 must have died, and in all quarters of the globe not far from 70,000,000 of people.

LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Her breast was whole without for to seem,
But in her heart aye was the arrow keen."

"For shame of him, my cheeks waxe red."

As Brian had just given orders for all lights to be extinguished in the house, and for every servant to keep his or her room unless called upon to appear, Clontarf has but a few minutes to run upstairs before the hall lamps are extinguished. The corridor, as he reaches it, is indeed still lit, but dimly—only one light being left at the lower end—so that as he comes to the desired number three he opens it quickly, and enters it in a rather precipitate fashion, fearing lest some officious hand should put out the last lamp and leave him suddenly in utter darkness outside, unable to find the room indicated, without excessive trouble and many awkward adventures.

When he has closed the door with a proprietary bang, and looked around him, he finds himself in a very pretty bedroom, and face to face with his wife!

She is sitting in a low chair before a brilliant fire, with the lights behind her somewhat lowered. She has evidently exchanged her evening gown for one more comfortable, and is now clad in a soft white clinging garment heavily trimmed with lace, the sleeves of which are so loose that falling backward they let half her pretty arms be seen. Her eyes, as she looks up at Clontarf, are full of wonder. That she is fair he has always acknowledged, even though she "be not fair" to him; but how beautiful she can be, with that soft startled expression upon her face, up to this has been unknown to him:

"Her body, face, and hand
Be sharply slender, so that from the head
Unto the foot, all is but womanhood."

Conquering her surprise, she recovers her self-possession gracefully, and rises to her feet. He, being the man, is much slower to recover his.

"I beg your pardon," he says, pausing on the threshold, and looking miserable. "It is quite a mistake. Desmond"—floundering hopelessly—"told me to come here; he of course"—erring still more cruelly—"couldn't know you know."

"No," says Lady Clontarf. She seems to have grown a little taller and a good deal straighter during his remarkable speech.

"There's one comfort," says Donat, still standing like a culprit in the door way: "I haven't disturbed you—I mean"—mildly—"you weren't asleep, or that."

"Oh, no," says Doris, relaxing a little. "I am not thinking of going to sleep. Isn't—ain't it cold over there? Do come to the fire." Gentle concern is making a hard fight with ice, as she makes these two last remarks.

"Thank you, no," says Clontarf, not budging an inch. "The fact is, I am rather tired after my ride, and Desmond persuaded me to get an hour's sleep before I should be wanted. I dare say I shall be able to get it somewhere. I hope"—preparing to depart—"you understand how extremely sorry I am to have disturbed you."

"Do not make yourself unhappy about this absurd mistake," says Doris, quickly, but still coldly. "Rest here for your hour, if you will."

"It is good of you; but I will not take advantage of your offer, he says, with his hand upon the door. "Why should I trouble you?"

For a moment she hesitates; then she flashes crimson and takes a step toward him.

"Do not go," she says, unconsciously clasping her hands. She turns very pale, and her eyes seek the ground. "Why need any one know that—that?" Here she breaks down altogether and stands before him motionless, with down bent head.

He is so sorry for her that he pretends not to understand her.

"May I really stay?" he asks, gayly. "You cannot think what you have saved me from! If I may avail myself of your hospitality, I shall escape an hour's wandering through unknown corridors and sundry indignant ejections from sacred chambers. You are sure I shall not be in your way?" Thus he delicately ignores both her confusion and her nervous breakdown.

Reassured by his manner, she looks up at him.

"Indeed, no," she says, smiling and shak-

ing her head. "How tired you look! Do lie down there at once, and I will promise to call you when your time is up."

"You speak as if it were the night before my execution," he says laughing. "Well, my gentle jailer, I will trust to you to let me have ample time to prepare for it. Is this"—pointing to a distant lounge—"the one I may call my own?"

"When am I to rouse you?" asks she, anxiously.

"Desmond has given me two hours, but one will be sufficient, so, 'If you're waking, call me early,' but I expect you will be asleep yourself by that time."

He flings himself wearily upon the sofa as he speaks, and then looks up at her.

"It is very good of you to make me welcome in this way," he says. "Somehow I feel that I am your guest to-night, not Desmond's."

"Shall I put this over you?" asks she, softly. She stoops as she speaks, and lays a heavy fur cloak over his shoulders.

"That's delicious," murmurs he, drowsily. "If you would just tuck it round me—"

She does as she is desired, with a lingering care.

"A' so!" he says, contentedly; "you have passed me in Paradise;" and presently he is sound asleep.

Doris, creeping back noiselessly to her former seat by the fire, sits there motionless, lest any smallest movement may wake him from his slumbers. She fears almost to breathe, and keeps her slender fingers clasped upon her knees in durance vile; she hardly even dares to blink her soft eyes, that are growing tired and sad from the firelight, because she is afraid that if she lets their lids descend upon them, sleep might descend too, and keep her from waking him at the appointed hour.

Then a heavy sound from the lounge behind her suggests the hope that he is too fast asleep to be drawn back to active life for some time yet to come, except by sundry shakes and calls.

A great desire to see him as he sleeps overcomes her. Rising tremulously, each rustle of her gown causing her a separate pang of fear, she slowly and with cautious footsteps approaches him, and looks down thoughtfully upon his closed lids and tranquil face.

Yes, he is indeed asleep, sunk in that heavy oblivion that comes after all body's fatigue, be it honest or otherwise. One arm is flung above his head, the other is hanging a little over the edge of the couch. "Sleep, death's beautiful brother, that fairest phenomenon," has him in his keeping.

How helpless he looks! How simple a thing it would be now to either kill him, or caress him, without danger of discovery! His face, lying in its placid repose, shows ignorant of friend and foe alike, is undisturbed by dreams, kind or hateful; upon his cheeks his long, dark lashes lie without a quiver. There is a helplessness about his whole appearance and attitude that appeals to the heart of her who now stands looking silently down upon him.

He is her own,—nothing can alter that,—her very own, and she is now guarding him. The sense of motherhood that belongs to all good women grows warm within her breast as she listens to the regular coming and going of his breath, and watches the grand but awful unconsciousness that renders him—the strong man— weaker now than she.

Of what now is he thinking? Whither is the brain—that is forbidden for a moment to be idle—wandering now?

"Sleep hath its own world;
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence."

Has he reached it? Has she a place in it, however small?

She falls upon her knees beside him, and looks at him long and earnestly, and as she looks a veil is torn away from her that until now has lain between her heart and her. A sudden fire creeps into her veins; all at once it comes to her that she has found the very elixir of life,—its charm, its strength, its sweetness, and, alas! alas! its sorrow.

"It is love indeed that makes 'the world go round;' but, oh, how heavily it goes for some!"

Her heart beats passionately, but more with fear than gladness, as the great truth

becomes known to her. The fact that after so many months of married life she has discovered herself now for the first time to be in love with her own husband strikes her as being more tragical than comic. The vividness of the emotion fills her whole being to the overflowing even of her very soul, and renders her cold and mute.

To escape from his presence, to get away from him, somewhere, is now her great desire. She has turned as though in search of some means of carrying out her design, when he stirs in his sleep.

Lazily, with a little transient smile upon his lips, he flings up one arm, and as it descends again his hand accidentally falls upon hers, and rests there as though well contented. This contact breaks the spell that has been troubling her: she leans toward him. A little rush of rapturous tenderness obliterates all other thoughts, and, almost before she is aware of what she is doing, she has pressed upon his cheek a kiss, full of innocent passion.

An instant later, with shamed and crimsoned cheeks, she springs to her feet, and, standing back from him, waits, in a very agony of fear and doubt, to see if he will wake, and, in waking, know her guilty of this *unthought* caress. Oh, the cruelty of this last thought!

But he never stirs. He sleeps on as blissfully as though neither fear, nor grief, nor love, nor any other emotion has come nigh him. After all, what is she to him, that her kiss should waken him? Seating herself once more in her low chair, she bursts into silent tears.

"I am afraid I must rouse you now. It is quite one o'clock," she says calmly. It is an hour later.

"Is it? Eh? Oh, by Jove, yes, of course it must be," he says, springing to his feet. "And no hangman, after all! and no ropes or anything! You haven't half kept your promise." He laughs in a rather sleepy fashion, and gives himself a little stretch and a little shake. "What a shame that you should have been kept awake all night!" he says. "I firmly believed you would have gone to sleep too, and now I suppose you are fagged to death and thoroughly worn out. Let me see."

He turns her toward the lamp, which is even more lowered than when first he came in, and regards her keenly.

"You are as white as a sheet," he says, anxiously; "and one might almost think you had been—crying."

"One would think wrong, then," interrupts she; with a coldness that is very nearly repellent. "Now go. Mr. Desmond will call you a recreant knight if you are not up to him."

Something in her tone forbids his further lingering, so he leaves the room, and runs swiftly but noiselessly down to the morning-room, where he knows he will probably find Brian awaiting him.

As for Doris, for an hour after he leaves her she never stirs, but sits motionless before her fire, thinking of many things that have been, of many things that yet may be; whilst through all her imaginings runs a certainty of coming evil that makes each smallest sound in the darkened household a very thunderbolt of terror. Once or twice Monica and Kit have wandered in to her, but, as they have been put almost on their oaths by Brian not to leave their own rooms, they soon flit back again to those safe quarters, lest their absence from them should be discovered.

And now the silence, the loneliness, is growing almost too great to be borne. Up and down, up and down her room she paces, finding it impossible to sit still for any length of time. For the last half-hour, even the noises that had terrified her off and on have ceased, and nothing disturbs the unnatural stillness but the hoarse bark of some watch-dog that sounds as though it were coming from some place a hundred miles away.

It is terrible being here, all alone, waiting, waiting—for what? What are they doing down stairs? What can they be doing to necessitate this awful stillness? Oh, if anything should have happened to some one below, and the others should be keeping it quiet, fearing to alarm those above, until it is absolutely necessary!

This last thought renders suspense no longer bearable; catching up a black lace scarf, and twisting it round her head and throat to protect her from the chilly night air, noiselessly and candleless she leaves her room, and commences her creeping journey

down the broad oak staircase. Just where the moonbeams can enter the Gothic window a pale flood of light is thrown, but here, and beyond it, all is lost in blackest gloom. A silence as of death seems to have wrapped the house in its embrace; so unearthly is this silence that the faint frong-frong of her soft dressing-gown, as it trails behind her, seems in the supernatural calm a loud and distressing sound. Gathering up the train in her hand, she descends cautiously until the hall beneath is reached.

She has never once asked herself whether she is going. Yet she knows. Instinctively she turns toward that room where they had told her inadvertently was the bow-window so well formed for purposes of exit or entrance. It is the one window in the house, through which a sure escape might be made, even on the most brilliant of moonlight nights, a projecting buttress causing it to lie in perpetual shadow. Once round this buttress (which cannot be overlooked by any window) one could pause to take breath for a moment before a final start, and then there would be only a swift rush along the ivied western wall, and a dart into the cool impenetrable shadows of the myrtles beyond, and then a low wall to jump, and after that the wide country and freedom.

She hardly knows how she has thought it all out—or if she ever thought of it till now—but it certainly seems an old story to her as she gropes her way, like a slim pale ghost, through the hall—a story with a tall even-faced phantom for its hero. The phantom puzzles her. He will not fall into an earthly shape, but slips from her spirit-like almost as she catches him. And yet she knows he is in the story, and she knows too that in the room with the bow window, through which the spirit is vainly trying to escape, she will find her husband.

The bow-window is in the library, and the library may be reached by two doors. One is but little used; yet still, guided by her instinct, she decides—in a dreamy, unexpressed fashion—upon entering it by the least frequented way. No thought that this unused door may probably creak in the opening disturbs her, yet when she comes to it she is surprised to find it already open, and so far wide, that she can enter without touching either door or side post.

Lightly, stealthily, she moves forward, but when she comes to the threshold she pauses, and, shrinking back a little, lays her hand upon the wood-work of the door and tries vainly to pierce the obscurity beyond.

It is not all obscurity. A chink in one of the shutters lets in a stream of moonlight that shoots like a tiny pathway of pale-yellow radiance straight across the room from wall to wall. But into this pathway comes no living form. He—if indeed any one is present—must be standing motionless, hidden within the dense gloom that enshrouds the rest of the apartment.

Oh for a sight, a breath the vaguest movement! The silence is so intense, so deadly that she quails before it. What if there should be nobody here but she herself? There is a ghastliness in the thought that she is, may be watching here alone, with only imaginary forms within the silent room beyond, and far from all the occupied parts of the house, that frightens her. Involuntarily she tightens her grasp upon the wood-work of the door, as though to assure herself that it, at least, is real and not part of a hideous dream; and then she purposes to herself a swift, if ignominious, retreat to the subdued but wholesome light she has left behind her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Welcome Home, Brave Volunteers."

The new song by Mr. John Imrie, "Welcome Home, Brave Volunteers," is, we think, one of the best this gifted song-writer has yet produced. The words are soul-stirring and appropriate, and appeal, as all true songs do, to the emotions and sympathies. In all Mr. Imrie's productions there is displayed decided poetical genius and high literary taste, and his lines are always the vehicle by which lofty intellectual emotions are conveyed to the minds and hearts of others. In this latest effort, however, he seems to have surpassed even himself. There is a pathos and fervency in the words which touch the sympathetic chords of every nature. The music is by Mr. Torrington, and is written in his own inimitable style, with an accompaniment which is at once simple and majestic.



FIG. 20.



FIG. 23.



FIG. 25.



FIG. 27.

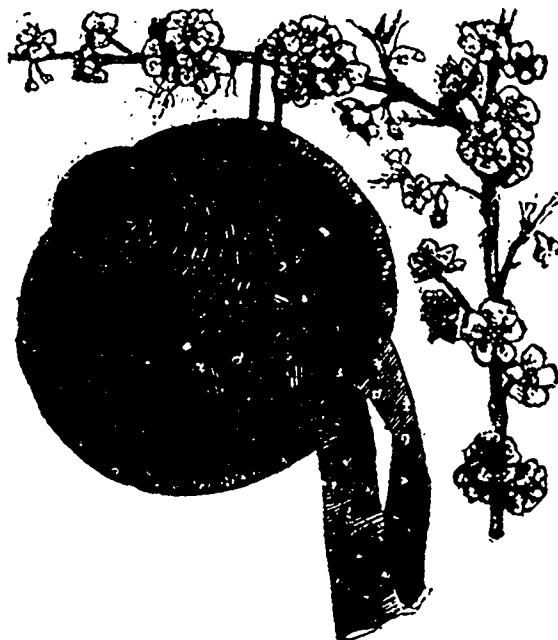


FIG. 29.



FIG. 28.

MILLINERY.

There are bonnets and hats this season, also hat-bonnets and bonnet-hats, the difference being the ties, which transfer a hat into a bonnet. The shapes are oddly fantastic, and, strange to relate, are universally becoming as well as stylish. Designs that attract mostly have the brim narrow or medium in width, rolling in front with a close-fitting back, or a narrower roll from the sides back. Other shapes show a straight flared front, with the usually narrow back of either style. The crowns are all high and more or less square. The English and Milan braids are the preferred designs. All styles of brims are faced, velvet being the first choice, gold lace or fancy braid, the second. Many of the peaked fronts project

forward, while others flare up and incline backward. The improved English walking hat is seen with a wider brim and less roll. Then there are scoop fronts fitting low on the sides and back, and either showing an inclination to peak or roll in the centre of the front.

The scarfs of silk or etamine may be said to be the only trimming worn on hats, though woolen lace and loops of braid are used occasionally. The scarfs may be further decorated with long pins, herons' plumes, or standing flowers mingled with fancy grasses mounted as aigrettes. If all-velvet trimming is preferred it must be used as a scarf, combine two shades and show a dash of gold or canvas embroidery in the front. Figure No. 26 illustrates one of the peaked fronts of brown straw faced

with brown velvet; several loops of brown moire lined with gold are on either side of the peak, the right side is bent a little in to admit of a pouf and aigrette of brown and gold, which droops in the vacant niche. Figure No. 25 shows a green straw with the left side slightly rolled, facing and band of green velvet, and a fan of it on the right held by long, gold pins; a cluster of five feathers droop either way, showing shades from rife to chartreuse green.

Etamine crowns embroidered in gold will have straw or velvet brims and trimming of a canvas scarf caught with gold pins. The delicate, pale green, with a yellowish tinge, entitled "Chartreuse," is a rival to the renewed apple green. Feathers, flowers, grasses, ribbons and straws appear in this cool color for summer wear. Pink, so dear

and becoming to a fresh face, will be worn in several shades. Brown and green straws predominate for hats. Very young ladies fancy a sailor shape lined with red velvet, black grenadine scarf dotted with red, and a bunch of poppies in front mixed with stiff, black wings. All-black hats are loaded with jet accessories. Pale-pink aigrettes are sometimes worn in the centre of a bunch of brown ostrich tips.

Figure No. 23 illustrates a charming fish-wife bonnet of brown crepe with a puffed crown, shirred brim, velvet bow on top, and ties fastened toward the left; the peak is filled with pink flowers and brownish green leaves. The bonnet shown in Figure No. 27 is of capote shape, with a coronet front arranged of black velvet studded with jet beads; few standing loops of velvet show

above the front, and the ties are of the same fabric; the crown is of black canvas embroidered in jet; the feathers and aigrette can be of ecru or pink shading from light to dark. The light design shown in Figure No. 28 is of ecru straw bordered with straw pendant ties, and faced with garnet velvet; the ties and bow are of tamine with gold dots, the ties are fastened with gold pins and the feathers shade from cream to deep ecru.

A simple but coquettish design is of open work gold braid with the front slightly peaked, on top of which rests a bow of red velvet, with ties of the same drawn down either side and fastened under the chin "tying some young man's heart within." Bonnets are of colored straw, open-work braids, fine canvas, gauze over wire, and velvet with bands of gold embroidery at regular intervals. Young ladies sometimes dispense with strings. As a rule bonnets are small and trimmed to give a high effect. Two styles of bows are noticed; the first consists of several erect loops and sharply indented ends; the second of two bows tightly strapped together with a forked end. The tamine scarfs dotted with velvet vie with the moyenage variety in dull tint, with the tinsel embroidery. They are twined around the crown, massed in a cluster of loops on one side, which are held by a gold pin or long-stemmed flowers. Crowns of straw net are finished with a fringe of balls, lined with crepe or faced with velvet, and have a bow on the left side of moire ribbon, from which the ties commence, and a spray of roses, fuchsias or velvet leaves. Neapolitan braids are mixed with gold cord, black and gold lace.

Black gauze or lace bonnets, made over wire foundations, are trimmed with poppy-red net facing, same shade for velvet strings; jet butterflies and aigrettes. Artificial florists have carried their art to rare perfection. Novelties show the use of shot velvets for the petals of large blossoms, and of striped green velvets for grasses; the latter prove most effective for tying clusters together. Birds' nests of chenille, with grasses inside, and tiny birds are novel. Orchids of eccentric form, and thistles, either in bright purple or else going to seed, are likewise represented. Roses mounted as aigrettes or tied together with long stems. Poppies and bunches of field flowers are always popular.

Figure No. 29 illustrates a child's hat of red and blue straw, bound with blue Ottoman ribbon dotted with red, and a band of the same with ends hanging in the back. A pretty design for a miss is styled the Kate Greenaway, having a cap crown and broad poke brim rounding up the back. They are prettily trimmed with a facing of lace, strings tied in the back and a full bow on top with a spray of small flowers. The Tam o' shanter shapes of white straw have a ruching of lace around the edge and a dainty vine of small flowers like the forget-me-not, half hidden in the lace. Others are dented in toward one side and a bow placed there with a cock's plume or a spray of flowers. Sailor hats are trimmed with a wide band of ribbon buckled on the side. The crowns are all high, while the brims may be wide, narrow, rolling, straight, peaked, scooped or flare in front. Fluted brims are seen with Mother Goose crowns.

School hats of brown, blue or garnet straw are trimmed with chenille vines, ornaments, pompoms, edgings of fancy straw or simple bands of ribbon, and are usually bought ready-trimmed from the maker. A tiny bonnet of white straw is faced with a lace ruche, and decorated with straps of black velvet held by straw buckles, and a rosette on the left with a bunch of white tips. The "Primrose" is intended especially for misses. It is of the Chinese pagoda shape; the crown terminates in a sharp point on top, is separated from the brim, only resting upon it at the outer edge; both the crown and brim are fluted and decorated with loops of ribbon and chenille. The "Cygnet" is another popular shape with a rolling brim, wide, and rather low crown. The "Alert," "Ripple," and "Congo" are all stylish designs for boys of between two and ten years. Mixed braids are worn by them with the plain band of Ottoman ribbon, also the monotone colors in blue, garnet or brown.



FIG. 1.—No. 3233.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for
30 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 2 7/8 yards; 34 inches, 3 yards; 36 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 40 inches, 3 5/8 yards; 42 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 44 inches, 3 7/8 yards; 46 inches, 4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
30 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 40 inches, 2 5/8 yards; 42 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 44 inches, 2 7/8 yards; 46 inches, 2 5/8 yards.

FIG. 10.—No. 3237.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
20 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 7 7/8 yards; 24 inches, 7 7/8 yards; 26 inches, 7 7/8 yards; 28 inches, 7 7/8 yards; 30 inches, 7 7/8 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
20 inches, 4 7/8 yards; 22 inches, 4 7/8 yards; 24 inches, 4 7/8 yards; 26 inches, 4 7/8 yards; 28 inches, 4 7/8 yards; 30 inches, 4 7/8 yards.

Cambrie for underskirt, (27 inches wide), 5 yards.



FIG. 10.—No. 3243.—LADIES' WRAP. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 4 yards; 36 inches, 4 yards; 38 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 4 3/8 yards; 46 inches, 4 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

30 inches, 2 yards; 32 inches, 2 yards; 34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 46 inches, 2 3/8 yards.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE No. 1.—Pattern No. 3237, price 30 cents, furnishes the design for the trimmed skirt here represented. It recommends itself to stout persons on account of the deep, pointed yoke. The pleating on the edge supports a long, draped tablier trimmed with a lace ruffle, jabots and velvet ribbon; the straight panels are of contrasting goods, which also forms the lower part of the drapery, velvet-edged and falling below a deep puff headed by two full loops. Figured and plain grenadine are used in cut out.

FIGURE No. 10.—Pattern No. 3243, price 25 cents, shows a visite having almost a basque fit from a dart on either side of the front; dolman sleeves turned under and snug-fitting seams down the shapely back, which is cut with extensions that lie in a triple box-pleat below the waist. The edge is finished with chenille fringe, which contrasts well with velvet brocaded Ottoman, satin or grenadine.

—For Truth,

GLINTS OF HOME LIFE.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

There is very great encouragement for wives and mothers; they really rule the world, and we may be willing to let the sterner sex hold the reins so long as we can "show them the way to go," and guide the feet of the next generation into the right path. Mothers who are surrounded by little children, and, "careful and troubled about many things," will some day wonder that

"Mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown,
Or that the mud stains, when their days are wet
Are ever black enough to make them frown."

And when the children have grown up and have other ties and other interests, then will be the blessed pleasure of remembering their happy childhood, and the past will be a remembrance bright, or otherwise, as you now make the present. There are hours and days of gloom in every one's life, and none are deeper or darker than those that have only the round of home duties that narrow the life into petty details. But we may have faith that there is a brighter side, and that the "morning cloud" of our dependency soon "passeth away."

I think this the very hardest time of the year to cater for, and especially in the matter of fruit and vegetables. Oranges are about the only thing, and one tires of them. Strawberries are yet too expensive for general use, and apples are almost tasteless. It is quite possible to grow lettuce and radishes in a box in the kitchen window for earlier use, but they are now plentiful in the market, as well as spinach. It is a pity asparagus is so costly, for there is nothing except raw eggs that can build up the body to such good purpose. It is valuable in kidney disorders and dropsies, also in rheumatic affections. When tired of cooking it in the ordinary way, it is very good with eggs, and all that is left over cold can be used in this way.

Take a cup of finely-cut asparagus and make for it drawn butter, of flour, butter and hot water. When cooked smooth, mix with the asparagus and put in a bake dish well buttered. While it is cooking beat lightly four eggs, with two table-spoonsful of milk, and pepper and salt to taste. Draw the dish to the front of the oven when hot, and pour the eggs on the surface, place back into the oven long enough to set, and serve directly, hot, in the same dish. It must be eaten at once. Any one can vary this to suit their own taste, for I think there is no reason always in keeping to a recipe if one's judgment dictates differently, and in cooking everything depends on knack, and on good judgment to make the best of the material one has in hand, and use them to the most profitable advantage.

"Has the age of miracles really passed?" is a question which is being frequently asked in connection with the extraordinary results attained in the use of "Miraculous Water," the wonderful skin preparation, an advertisement of which will be found on page 16, and which every lady would do well to consult. When such well known ladies as Minnie Palmer, and others of equal note, are so enthusiastic in extolling the preparation, it is pretty good evidence that the article is of more than ordinary merit.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 28 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for its discontinuance.

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letter.

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

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

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

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

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

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 100 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada.

Estimates given for all kind of newspaper work. S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 23 and 25 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

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MONTREAL, QUE.—No. 123 St. James St., C. E. Scott, Manager. WINNIPEG, MAN.—No. 220 Main St., Wilson Bros., Managers.

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

THE AUXILIARY ADVERTISING AGENCY. Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and other large advertisers will save their own interests by getting our estimates for advertising whether for long or short dates.

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

Do not advertise till you get our quotations. S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 23 & 25 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

To Prize-Winners.

In the list of prize winners in competition No. 13 as published in the issues of June 6th and 13th, the printer has made a mistake in stating the prizes to be Milton or Tennyson's poems. The awards are butter-knives or sugar spoons, and were so given in the original announcement of the competition.

KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men.

If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

ERRA'S COCOA, 'GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.' By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Erra has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.

The guardian angel of life sometimes flies so high that man cannot see him; but he always is looking down upon us, and will soon hover nearer to us.

\$43,535.00

A NEW PLAN.

FINE CITY RESIDENCE GIVEN AWAY FOR ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

"TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 14.

About two years ago the publisher of TRUTH resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of his paper to the fullest possible extent, and hit on the expedient of offering a large number of splendid premiums for correct answers to Bible questions.

This has been done in the past, and it will be done in the future. Within the last two years he has, among other rewards, given out about \$3,000 in cash, 25 pianos, 25 organs, 500 gold watches, 500 silver tea sets, 500 silver watches, besides many other valuable articles too numerous to enumerate here.

No other publisher in America, if in the world, has ever paid out anything approaching this in the same manner, and few others have ever so extensively advertised.

The result is that full confidence has now been established in the honorableness of the scheme, and the reliability of the publisher. TRUTH now circulates in every Province in the Dominion of Canada and in nearly every State of the American Union, besides having a large circulation across the Atlantic.

You can compete any number of times in this competition. Send one dollar now, don't delay, with answers to these questions, and you will stand a good chance among the SECOND and THIRD, and more particularly for the GREAT MIDDLE reward, the residence, as the advertisement has been out some time. Then send one dollar, say one month hence, and another in competition for the Consolation Rewards, and among the lot you are almost certain to strike something well worth having, perhaps even a prize for each dollar sent.

Among former competitors are the leading citizens of the country—the most respected ministers, public officers, professional men, ladies of every station, and people of nearly all classes. Large lists of those successful in former competitions have appeared and are still appearing each week in TRUTH. Any of these names may be referred to in regard to what has been done.

Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. Mr. Wilson has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet he is not dissatisfied with the result, as TRUTH has been splendidly established and his own business reputation well built up.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible. 2. Give first reference to the word DIVORCE in the Bible.

THE REWARDS. In order to give every one, living anywhere, a fair chance to obtain one of these rewards, they have been distributed equally over the whole time of the competition, in seven sets as follows:—

- FIRST REWARDS 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$200 2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Risch, Toronto.....1,500 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs.....800 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services.....500 14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-case watches.....540 20 to 21.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting-case or open-face watches.....300 22 to 23.—Twenty-five nickel silver case watches, good movements.....400 24.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100 25 to 30.—One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs.....780 31 to 35.—Three hundred fine solid rolled gold brooches, newest designs.....900 36.—Fifty Dollars in Gold.....50

- SECOND REWARDS 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold.....\$200 2, 3 and 4.—Three magnificent grand square pianos.....1,500 5, 6 and 7.—Three fine toned 10-stop Cabinet Organs.....800 8 to 15.—Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches.....780 16 to 21.—Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches.....170 22 to 24.—Twelve solid quadruple plate silver tea sets.....740 25 to 27.—Thirty gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case watches.....900 28 to 30.—Twenty-nine solid gold gem rings.....75 31 to 35.—Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant pattern.....825 36 to 38.—One hundred and seventy half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons.....850 39 to 43.—Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....510 44 to 46.—Two hundred and six fine butter knives.....908 47.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100

- THIRD REWARDS 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rosewood square pianos.....\$1,500 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches.....400 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold, beautifully engraved watches.....400 12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services.....540 18 to 21.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set).....500 22 to 23.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....300 24.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75 25 to 27.—Fifty-one solid gold gem rings.....800 28 to 31.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....450 32 to 35.—Eighty-one half-dozen solid silver-plated tea spoons.....445 36 to 40.—Two hundred volumes, well-bound, Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....450 41.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold.....150

THE GREAT MIDDLE REWARD OF THE WHOLE COMPETITION.

"TRUTH" VILLA,

a fine, well-situated dwelling house, No. 12 Ross Street, in the City of Toronto. The house is a new one, semi-detached, fine mantles, grates, bath-room, marble wash-stand, water closet and bath, and all modern conveniences. It now rents for \$22 per month, so you can judge of its value from the rental. The winner must consent to allow the name "TRUTH" Villa" to remain on the house, as a memento of the enterprise of TRUTH.

- FOURTH REWARDS 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 200 2, 3 and 4.—Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Risch, Toronto.....1,500 5 and 6.—Two fine toned, 10 stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm.....500 7, 8 and 9.—Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services.....300 10 to 15.—Six gentlemen's solid gold watches.....800 16 to 20.—Five ladies' solid gold watches.....450 21 to 23.—Nine renowned sewing machines.....900 24.—Ten Dollars in Gold.....10 25 to 27.—Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-case or open-faced coin-silver watches.....300

- 41 to 50.—Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....900 51 to 100.—Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons.....400 101 to 110.—One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....300 111 to 112.—Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper.....80 113.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....10

- FIFTH REWARDS 1.—One hundred dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 100 2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos.....2,100 10 to 20.—Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches.....1,000 21 to 32.—Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches.....1,000 33 to 50.—Eighteen solid quadruple silver plated tea services.....1,440 51 to 70.—Thirty double-barrel, twist, breach loading shot guns.....2,700 71 to 110.—Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopaedia.....2,000 111 to 132.—Twenty-five gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....600 133.—Twenty dollars in gold.....200 134.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100 135 to 162.—Twenty-seven Solid Nickel watches.....540 163 to 260.—One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver plated Tea Spoons.....990 351 to 600.—Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper).....100

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

- CONSOLATION REWARDS 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 200 2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright pianos.....1,500 5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker.....780 8 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services, 10 pieces.....300 11 to 15.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches.....800 16 to 23.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns.....500 24 to 27.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns.....442 28 to 30.—Sixty half-dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons.....360 31.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100 32 to 35.—One hundred and thirty-nine fine German Olographs.....580 36 to 41.—One hundred and eleven volumes of a most fascinating novel, by a celebrated author.....50

METHOD OF MAKING AWARDS.

As fast as the answers come to hand they are carefully numbered in the order they are received, and at the close of the competition (Sept. 30th) the letters will be divided into SIX EQUAL QUANTITIES, and to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, including the consolation rewards, will be given the residence referred to above. Then to the sender of the first correct answers up to number 501 in the FIRST REWARDS, and up to number 716 in the SECOND REWARDS, and up to number 401 in the THIRD REWARDS, and up to 611 in the FOURTH REWARDS, and up to 600 in the FIFTH REWARDS, and up to 401 in the SIXTH and last, or CONSOLATION REWARDS, will be given the prizes as stated in each of the lists. Fifteen days only will be allowed after date of closing for answers in competition for consolation rewards to reach TRUTH Office from distant points.

Each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least four months for which one dollar must be sent with their answers. As this is the regular subscription price, you therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards.

HOW TO SEND.

Don't lose a day about looking up these bible questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good anytime between now and 30th September next. Send in each case a money order for one dollar, or registered letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clearly and plainly, with your full name and correct address. Bear in mind, every one must send one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for four months. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended, or the magazine will be sent to any other desired address.

This competition is advertised only in Canada, and Canadians therefore have a better opportunity than residents of other countries. The rewards, however, are so distributed over the whole term of the competition that anyone, living anywhere, may be successful.

TRUTH is a 28-page weekly magazine, well printed and carefully edited. A full size page of newest music each week, two or three fascinating serial and one or two short stories, Poet's Page, Young Folks, Health, Temperance, and Ladies' Fashion Department illustrated. In the contributors' pages may be found during the

course of the year articles from most of the leading and representative men of Canada and the United States, such as Sir Francis Hincks, of Montreal; Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., Metropolitan Church, Toronto; Hon. S. D. Hastings, of Wisconsin; Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska; Hon. Neal Dow, Maine; Dr. Daniel Clark, Rev. Jos. Wild, D.D., G. Mercer Adam, of Toronto; Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, as well as many others; In addition to the Bible competitions which are from time to time offered, the publisher also gives every week the following valuable prizes:—\$20 in gold for the best selected or original Tid-Bit; a lady's or gentleman's solid gold watch for the best Short Story, original or selected; \$5.00 for the best original or selected Poem. This extraordinary liberality on the part of the publisher of TRUTH stands unique and unparalleled in the history of journalism on this continent.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

You are sure to get TRUTH for four months for the dollar sent, and that alone is well worth the money. You also have a good opportunity of securing one of the above costly rewards, as everything will positively be given as offered, so in any case the investment is a good one. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present readers assuring the publisher that they would not be without TRUTH for many times the subscription price. Address S. FRANK WILSON, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Can.

THE WINNERS.

—IN—

OUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION, NUMBER 13.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

The persons named below have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards named:—

BUTTER-KNIVES OR SUGAR-SPOONS.

(Continued.)

- 1183, Dr. A. H. Walker, Dundas; 1184, Jno. Donaldson, Maria St., Hamilton; 1185, Jno. Douglas, Moorfield, Ont.; 1186, Jno. Milligan, Durham, Ont.; 1187, Henry G. Bean, New Hamburg, Ont.; 1188, Eliza Tod, St. Thomas, Ont.; 1189, F. M. Sautler, Isabella St., Toronto; 1190, James R. Gibson, jr., Wilton St., Toronto; 1191, Miss J. Taft, Toronto; 1192, G. H. Sackman, Toronto; 1193, R. Minty, Toronto; 1194, S. M. Richard, Chicago Ill.; 1195, Geo. W. Kennedy, Toronto; 1196, Mrs. C. W. Powell, Cobourg, Ont.; 1197, T. A. Harvey, Cobourg, Ont.; 1198, Mary J. Short, Lang, Ont.; 1199, Mrs. Robt. L. McFarlane, Almonte, Ont.; 1200, Mrs. S. Neil, St. Sylvester, Que.; 1201, Anna I. Lindsay, Bailie, N. B.; 1202, Mary Fraser, Bergerville, Que.; 1203, Elias R. Fall, Gaspe Basin, Que.; 1204, Jacob Dague, Lanark, Carrol Co., Ill.; 1205, Mrs. Thos. Pattison, Fayette, Iowa; 1206, John W. Dehl, Mt. Vernon, Knox Co., Ohio; 1207, Mrs. C. N. Black, Cambridge, Ohio; 1208, Mrs. Alice Palmer, Ransom, Mich.; 1209, Geo. Whitehurst, Kempville, Va.; 1210, Henry Pilon, Mt. Sherwood, Ont.; 1211, Mrs. D. W. Witmer, Plattsville, Ont.; 1212, Maggie Norman, Roxborough, Stormont Co., Ont.; 1213, David P. Lombard, Springfield, Maine; 1214, Mrs. H. Beard, Cumming, Wyoming Ter.; 1215, Mrs. H. M. Wilcox, Ellsworth, Wisconsin; 1216, Jessie Copeland, Harlem, Ont.; 1217, Wm. Darnell, Maywood, Ind.; 1218, Rebecca East, Hume, Mo.; 1219, G. W. Gibbey, Equity, Kans.; 1220, H. J. Drumelley, Helena, Que.; 1221, Mrs. S. Veazie, Marysville, Cal.; 1222, Donald McInnes, North Branch, Ont.; 1223, John Kayher, Sherbrooke, Que.; 1224, D. L. Van Buren, New Haven, N.Y.; 1225, Martha Hodgson, Kleinberg, Ont.; 1226 Mrs. N. Bush, South Finch, Ont.; 1227, J. D. Smith, Hawkestone, Ont.; 1228, Haana Lewis, Grand Bend, Ont.; 1229, John Wright, Wooler, Ont.; 1230, Richard Robinson, Northport, Ont.; 1231, Miss S. Chapman, Massaw, Que.; 1232, Chas. Allen, Foster Stn., Que.; 1233, A. G. Higgins, Spring Grove, Va.; 1234, Mrs. D. Williams, Coltwold, Ont.; 1235, J. Nichol,

Elmira, Ont.; 1236, Mrs. Johnstone, Deer Park, Toronto; 1237, Mrs. Aaron Book, New Dundee, Ont.; 1238, Arthur R. Hanscome, 10 Wood St., Toronto; 1239, Geo. W. Kennedy, 16 Hayter St., Toronto.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

CAKE BASKETS.—W. Ewing, Mulmur; G. S. Riches.— SILVER WATCH.—Emily Herrmann, Galeburg, Ills.; C. G. Rickert, Branford, Ont.; Geo. Zincker, Cape North, N. S. GOLD WATCHES.—Geo. Zincker, Cape North, N. S.; Bella Taylor, Pakonham, Ont.; Dan Fowler, Port Credit; John Frank, Branford, Ont. GOLD BROOCH.—J. H. Macdonald, Boom, N. S.; Jas. Clark, Renfrew, Ont.; Sarah F. Shaw, Sharpville, Ind.; Rupert Zincker, Cape North, N. S.; Mrs. H. Cameron, Farmersville, Ont.; T. Mancher, 114 Bleeker St., Toronto; Mrs. Alex. Hewson, Paris, Ont.; E. P. Davie, Trumansburgh, N. Y.; Ida L. Miller, Cutler, Ohio; Wesley Weese, Albany, P. E. I.; Mrs. J. Wilkinson, Franklin Centre; Annie L. Hatfield, Brookville, Ont.; Charles Burt, Oxford, Ont.; Jane Temple, Victoria, B. C.; Mrs. A. Maitland, Butterfield, Maine; Maggie Porteous, Ingersoll, Ont.; James Gander, Merriton, Ont.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LINGUIST, Montreal.—The English language contains about 114,000 words, and the German language proper about 100,000 HISTORIAN, St. Catharines.—It was Cortez who destroyed his ships at Vera Cruz, when he landed, so that he could not return to Spain. An interesting account of it may be found in Prescott's Conquest of Mexico. STUDENT, Whitby.—Your question is one of the simplest in English history. Egbert is called the "first King of England." With him there were twenty-three kings before the Normans. Of the Normans there were four kings and one queen; then came the Plantagenets, eight kings; then the Lancasters, three kings; then the Yorks, three kings; then the Tudors, three kings and three queens; then the Stuarts, six kings and one queen; then the Hanovers, five kings and one queen, Victoria, making in all fifty-five kings and six queens.

History repeats itself,

And perhaps in the distant future when the ages have grown old, and move with slow and falling steps down the corridors of time—When the adjuncts and appliances that now make life endurable are forgotten, how gladly will the people hail the re-discovery of Pain's Painless Corn Extractor, the great and only sure pop-corn cure of this age. Without a rival for efficacy or painless action, certain in every case and yet perfectly harmless to every other part, surely its loss would be felt in future ages as keenly as its value is now appreciated by all in this. Try Pain's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure and safe. N. O. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors.

Exchange Department.

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

A postmark from Paris and Hanover and 2 from Switzerland, for foreign stamps, VACUUM WYMAN, Box 99, Perry, Lake Co., Ohio.

Specimens or flowers pressed and mounted upon card-board, for specimens similarly arranged; fresh flowers to exchange. ALBERT D. BALDWIN, St. John's, Mich.

Three hundred foreign and U. S. stamps, for the best offer in minerals and curiosities. Accepted offer answered. E. E. VAN PELT, 1623 Cedar Av., Cleveland, Ohio

A complete set of heavy card-board dominoes, for rare stamps or curiosities, 2 sets, for a three-cornered Cape of Good Hope stamp in good condition. HARRY O. BREARLEY, 780 Charlotte Av., Detroit, Mich.

Puttling stone, pulp, limestone, copper pyrites, stones from Lake Champlain, granite, stones, and soil from Vermont, for minerals and curiosities suitable for a cabinet. COLLECTOR, Box 175, Summerville, Vt.

Twenty Canadian coins, all different, for the best offer of U.S. and foreign stamps, coats of arms, portraits of rulers, and merchant flags of the world; 5 for any U. S. envelope stamp above 7 cents. H. W. BROWN, Niagara Falls, South Ontario, Can.

Splendid new books of adventure, history, biography, poetry, etc., also school books, music books, sheet music, blank books, and other articles, for a first-class canoe, sail-boat, English Association football, one of the large experiments in chemistry, or athletic apparatus. A. W. BROWN, Jackson, Mich.

Five hundred foreign stamps, some colonial currency, copies of very old newspapers, a new paper target, a 10 cent note of 1864, a coin price-list, a sun-glass, a bottle of sympathetic ink, and a number of the "Leisure Hour" series, for a printing press (chase 4 b, 5) and 4 fonts of type. JOHN E. SHREANAM, Denysville, Me.

The 1 and 5 cent New Brunswick, the 5d. and 3d. Nova Scotia, and the 10 and 13 cent Newfoundland stamps, for the U. S. 40, 30, and 20 cent unpaid letter and the 7, 24, and 90 ct Treasury Department stamps; Nova Scotia, A. Brunswick, and Newfoundland stamps, for foreign. JAMES H. PATTERSON, St. John, N.B., Canada.

IMPORTANT.

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

Men's hearts ought not to be set against one another, but set with one another, and all against the evil thing only.

Catarrah—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Catarrah. Out of 1,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men "that the disease is due to the presence of a life in the tissues," Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to this vital condition; this accomplished the cure. It is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrah in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrah. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure. The majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrah—*Important*

Exploding many things under the name of trifles is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions with regard to fame.

The aroma of the tobacco leaf is so completely conserved in the manufacture of "Myrtle Navy," that age has no effect in diminishing it; even after the plug has been kept for years it gives out its full flavor under the combustion in the pipe, mellowed in tone by its age, and making the exquisite smoke which tobacco can give. Age, too, hardens the stem of the plug, and gives the tobacco, when cut, that almost granular appearance in which all connoisseurs delight.

An Offensive Breath

is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrah are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

In all the superior people I have met, I notice directness, truth spoken more freely, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, has been trained away.

Especially to Women.

"Sweet is revenge especially to women," said the gifted, but naughty, Lord Byron. Surely he was in a bad humor when he wrote such words. But there are complaints that only women suffer, that are carried by numbers of them down to early graves. There is hope for those who suffer, no matter how sorely, or severely, in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Safe in its action it is a blessing, especially to women and to men, too, for when women suffer, the household is sarkew.

The man who will have the best right and the last word at law is very like the man who will have the last drop in the tankard. He has the chance of getting the lid down on his nose.

**** Organic weakness or loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Enclose three letter stamps for book of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The man who anticipates his century is always persecuted when living, and is always pilfered when dead.

Let the World Know It.

You can purchase a bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the greatest pain remedy in the world. Nerviline cures headache, neuralgia, toothache, pains in the side or back, rheumatism, &c. As an internal remedy, Nerviline is prompt, effective and pleasant to take. Nerviline has no equal as a pain-subduing remedy, and a test bottle costs only 10 cents. Call on your druggist and invest 10 cents. Nerviline, Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

Young Men!—Read this.

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

35 years Test Process Prof. Hall's Magic Compound has no equal for forcing the beard to grow on the smoothest facial parts. Sufferers from Baldness or Partial Baldness. Sent by mail. Price 50 cents. Write for particulars.

LADIES PERIODICALLY SUFFER

much annoyance for the want of a proper appliance.

THE HOLTZ SUSPENSORY

and Balance Attachment supplies this want, and ensures comfort, ease, safety; avoiding unpleasant efforts, etc., etc. Sells to every lady on sight. 50 cents. Ask your milliner for it.

LADIES FILLA-SOLVENE—Only genuine solvent. Permanently dissolves Superfluous Hair, root and branch, in five minutes, without pain, discoloration, or injury. Particulars, 6 cents. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

SNOWFLAKE BREAD

CRUMPTON'S BAKERY, 131 King St., East

Warning and Comfort!!!

If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, if you are simply ailing, or if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters will surely cure you.

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

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

If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the dock, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating; if you are old, blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties weakening, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you new life, health and vigor.

If you are constive, or dyspeptic, or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill.

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

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

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

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

A Lady's Wish!!!

"Oh how I do wish my skin was as clear, fair and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health and beauty. It did it for me, say you observe."!!!

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

A Reflection.

What is life?

Like tints of gold and amber on the western sky, which vanish with the setting of the sun, a ruffle on the surface of the illuminated depths of eternity.

Though life is so brief and frail we fail to realize its brevity until we have almost crossed the bridge that spans the gulf of years, and which leads us on into the unknown realms of futurity the intricacies of which 'tis beyond the power of mortals to conceive.

'Tis well for us that we possess not the instinct of foreseeing the destiny which it may become our lot to embrace, for if we were endowed with such perceptive power life would become unendurable. We should exist in constant fear of meeting with and contending against the various exigencies in which at certain periods of life it is our lot to become involved.

The characteristic of human nature to indulge in fanciful speculation regarding the future; yes, we all strive and hope against fate, no matter how gloomy its certainty may be, or how harsh and oppressive it may be in its operations against us. We are constantly aspiring to reach some goal, or to attain some purpose, the very excitement of which is but a mere chimera; yet each successive failure proves an incentive to greater effort. There should be an aim in life higher in its motive and nobler in its construction than that of living exclusively for one's self, striving to obtain approbation and notoriety or to gratify our personal and insatiate ambitions. Let us pursue the task set before us. Let us labor on with some definite object in view, which having accomplished we may then rest assured that our toil has not been in vain and that life is not so dreary and devoid of pleasure as many who through hope deferred and adversity of circumstances would have us believe.

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NORRIS, 148 FOWLER'S BLOCK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Like a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything appears more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end.

Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it as a part of their temperament.

The History of Hundreds.

Mr. John Morrison, of St. Anna, N.S., was so seriously afflicted with a disease of the kidneys that dropsy was developing and his life was despaired of. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him after physicians had failed.

Independence and self-respect are essential to happiness, and these are never to be attained together without work.

Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. Coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., if attended to in time are easily subdued, but if allowed to run their own course, generally prove the fore-runner of more dangerous diseases. Nine-tenths of the consumptives die; their affliction from a neglected cold, and the diseases that are caused by wet feet, damp clothes, or exposure are more numerous than are at first supposed. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs is Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which frees the lungs from viscid phlegm by changing the secretions from a diseased to a healthy state.

The one answer to all criticism, the best test of all work, is—result.

A Human Barometer.

The man with rheumatism can feel the approach of bad weather in his aching joints. Hagar's Yellow Oil cures rheumatism, aches, pains and injuries.

Never present a gift, saying that it is of use to yourself.

It is the way of attaining to heaven that makes profane scoffers so willingly let go the expectation of it. It is not the articles of the creed, but the duty to God and their neighbor, that is such an inconsistent, incredible legend.

The habit of directing large affairs generates a nobility of thought in every mind of average ability. For affairs themselves show the way in which they should be handled; and a good head soon grows wise and does not long get too much.

Mrs. W. J. Lang, Bethany, Ont., writes: "I was one of the greatest sufferers for about fifteen months with a disease of my ear similar to ulcers, causing entire deafness. I tried everything that could be done through medical skill, but without relief. As a last resort I tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, and in ten minutes found relief. I continued using it, and in a short time my ear was completely cured and hearing completely restored. I have used this wonderful healer successfully in cases of inflammation of the lungs, sore throat, coughs and colds, cuts and bruises, &c., in fact it is our family medicine.

It is not till we have passed through a furnace that we are made to know how much dress is in our composition.

Prompt Measures.

Prompt means should be used to break up sudden colds, and cure coughs in their early stages. Hagar's Pectoral Balsam does this most splendidly and effectually.

Thoughts let us into realities. Neither miracle nor magic, nor any religious tradition, nor the immortality of the private soul is incredible, after we have experienced an insight, a thought.

Short, Sharp and Decisive.

\$31,000

"LADIES' JOURNAL" BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 10 FIFTY CENTS ONLY REQUIRED.

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers.

The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before. If you can correctly answer the following Bible questions, and you answer quickly, you are almost sure of a valuable reward.

- BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible. 2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

The publisher will strictly adhere to his old plan. All therefore may be sure of fair and impartial treatment, from the Governor-General down to the humblest citizen in the land. The letters are carefully numbered in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office, and the rewards will be given exactly in the order the correct answers come to hand. Look at number one reward in the first series for the first correct answer received.

- FIRST REWARDS. 1.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins.....\$100 2, 3 and 4. Three grand upright rosewood pianos..... 1,500 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine iron-top cabinet organs, \$10 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services..... 500 14 to 18.—Six ladies' fine solid hunting case watches..... 540 19 to 20.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches..... 330 21 to 24.—Forty-five little silver case watches..... 400 25.—One hundred dollars in gold..... 100 26 to 30.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen sets fine silver-plated tea spoons..... 730 31 to 500.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) fiction, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers..... 125 501.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

After these follow the Middle Rewards, when, to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, will be given number one of these rewards, the next correct answer following the middle one, number two, and so on till these 401 costly rewards are all given away.

- THE MIDDLE REWARDS. 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant rosewood upright pianos.....\$1,520 4, 5, 6 and 7. Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 480 8, 9, 10 and 11. Four ladies' solid gold watches..... 482 12 to 17. Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 540 18 to 23. Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set)..... 500 24 to 28. Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 306 29. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75 30 to 31. Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches..... 1,000 32 to 34. Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 480 35 to 39. Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver-plated tea spoons..... 415 40 to 499. Two hundred volumes fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 450 500. One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 150

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

- THE CONSOLATION REWARDS. 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins.....\$ 200 2, 3 and 4. Three fine grand upright pianos..... 1,500 5, 6 and 7. Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker..... 750 8 to 10. Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces..... 300 11 to 15. Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches..... 500 16 to 19. Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 600 20 to 24. Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 442 25 to 30. Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 200 31. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100 32 to 39. One hundred and thirty-nine elegant rolled gold brooches..... 400 40 to 499. One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 00

Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points. The

letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for these consolation rewards. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address that may indicate.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE. The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well-filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but specially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music, (full size,) large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c., &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large and well established circulation (62,000) that we can afford to place the subscription at this low price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. Large lists of prize-winners in previous competitions have appeared and are appearing in every issue of the JOURNAL, any one of whom maybe referred to as to the genuineness of these offers. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and the publisher has been in business nine years. He can therefore be depended upon to carry out all his promises. He has always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, EDITOR "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

Good the Year Round.

At all seasons, when the system is foul and the digestive powers feeble, or the liver and kidneys inactive, Burdock Blood Bitters are required.

There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all.

After a person has got your secret, he thinks more of himself and less of you than he did before.

Lardine Machine Oil is the only oil that will not gum or clog the machinery, and will outwear lard or seal oil, and costs but half the price. One trial ensures its continued use. For sale only by all dealers.

Small debts are like small shot; they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound.

Does this Refer to You?

Are you troubled with biliousness, dyspepsia, liver or kidney complaints, or bad blood? If so you will find a certain cure in Burdock Blood Bitters.

If a false nerve paralyzed the tongue, what a deathlike silence would pervade society.

The meed of merit for promoting personal orthotics is due to J. C. Ayer & Co., whose incomparable Hair Vigor is a universal beautifier of the hair. Harmless, effective, agreeable, it has taken rank among the indispensable articles of the toilet. To scanty locks it gives luxuriance, and withered hair it clothes with the hue of youth.

It is by the daily lives of Christians that Christ is either honored or dishonored.

Among the warmest advocates of the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure are ladies formerly in delicate health, whose vigor and bodily regularity have been restored by it. Cases of debility of long standing, chronic biliousness, weakness of the back and kidneys, feminine ailments, and obstinate types of nervous indigestion, are overcome by it.

Whenever you doubt whether an intended action be good or bad, abstain from it.

Thos. Sabio, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my foot with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

A Testimonial.

Notwithstanding the fact that the publisher of TRUTH has given as prizes in competition a dozen at least of first-class pianos, and twice that number of organs and sewing machines, and hundreds of first class watches, and the names of the recipients, with their address, have been published, there are those who are yet bold to assert that no such prizes are paid. Such assertions are slanders, and the publisher would be justified in prosecuting some of the parties for slander,—for unjustly and wrongfully injuring his reputation and his business. The names of the winners have all been published in these columns, and any of the parties may be written to in regard to what they have actually received.

The following letter has been sent by a well-known and respected Presbyterian minister, whose son was a successful competitor last year:—

The Manse, Markham, June 5th, 1885.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The piano won by my son, Benson, in TRUTH Bible Competition, No. 6, came to us about a year ago, and was acknowledged at the time. After a year's service I am able to say that it proves, in every respect, a superior instrument. A "tuner," a Toronto gentleman, says its tone and finish are complete. A large number of people, during the year, have called at the manse and examined and tried it, and are surprised at its excellence. It is just as advertised.

I am convinced that the publisher of TRUTH, Mr. Wilson, has too much at stake to depart in any measure from his offers, which are both numerous and liberal.

F. SMITH, Pastor, St. Andrews.

Will other prize owners kindly send in their experience?

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—I will send a Recipe, free to any person desiring the same, that has cured hundreds of cases of drunkenness. It can be given in a cup of tea, coffee, or even in the drunkard's much loved whiskey, and without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Enclose stamp for particulars. Address M. V. LUNOX, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont.

There is no royal road to any study, to achievement, or success anywhere. It is by the old plebeian path of rugged toil that men reach the heights of attainment and the emple of fame.

For constitutional or scrofulous catarrh, and for consumption induced by the scrofulous taint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath which are indications of scrofulous origin.

Knowledge is the foundation of eloquence.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

Perseverance is the best school for many virtues.

Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has worked wonders for dyspeptics, and we don't think there is a case of Dyspepsia to be found that it will not cure, if the directions are followed. Mr. C. F. Williams, Druggist, Wingham, says: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well, and I know of one bad case of Dyspepsia that it has completely cured."

Great truths are often said in the fewest words.

O. E. Comstock, Caledonia, Minn. writes: "I was suffering the most excruciating pains from inflammatory rheumatism. One application of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil afforded almost instant relief, and two bottles effected a permanent cure."

A great man is one who effects his generation.

Unprecedented Success.

For all purposes of a family medicine, Haggard's Yell. Oil is the head of the list. It is used with unprecedented success, both internally and externally. It cures Sore Throat, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites; relieves and often cures Asthma.

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TYPHOID AND MALARIAL FEVER. Prevent this by having your closets cleaned and disinfected by Marchessault & Co. Then have your closets converted into dry earth closets, which we will do free of cost, and clean them monthly at a mere nominal charge by contract. S. W. MARCHESSAULT & CO., CHY. Contractors, 9 Queen Street, East.

A \$90 GOLD WATCH FOR 30c. The person sending me the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word "Charlestown" on or before June 15th, will receive a Ladies' Solid 15k Gold Hunting Case Watch, full jewelled, nickel movement, valued at \$90. Each competitor to enclose 30 cents silver, with list. Abbreviations and proper names not allowed. No letter to be used more than once in the same word. Prize will be fairly awarded. Name of winner will appear in "TRUTH." Try your skill. Address:—J. K. PEARSON, Kingsbury P.O., Jamesburg Co., Nova Scotia.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system. For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS SORES "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful antiseptic medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results. Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

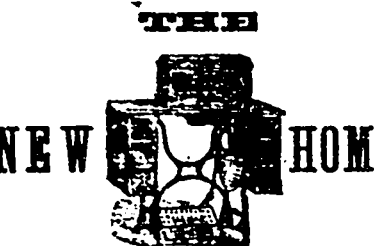
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"HEAP'S PATENT"

Is the only perfect Dry Closet in Canada. Over 15,000 are in use,

AWARDED

13 First Prize Medals

And in open competition

Have Never Been Beaten.

Read What the People Say About Them :

Dr. J. Baker-Edwards, Public Analyst, of Montreal, in his paper on "Sewage Disposal"

"I have, after due consideration, strongly recommended the gradual abolition of all cess-pits and privy vaults within the city, and the substitution of dry closets and frequent removal. I believe it to be practically both the best and cheapest yet devised, whether "Dry Earth," ashes, or charcoal be used as the absorbent, and that the only practical objection to them which has hitherto existed is removed, in the Heap's patent closet, in which the fluid is separated from the solids excreted."

The Value of the Earth Closets.

These are claimed by the inventor to be the "best in the world," having taken thirteen prize medals in open competition with Morrell's, Moule's and other celebrated makers, amongst others, at the Sanitary Exhibition at Glasgow, in 1883, at the International Exhibition, Amsterdam, in 1883, and at the Health Exhibition, Dublin, 1884, and they are here on exhibition this evening to speak for themselves.

Extract from a Lecture on "Sewers and Sewage" delivered by Alan McDougall, Esq., C.E., before the Sanitary Association of Toronto.

"The dry earth system was the oldest sanitary system which we could trace. The disposition of sewage of towns and cities could be treated under two heads. 1. The dry sewage system. 2. The water carriage system. Most of our country towns were worked under the first system—in Toronto to an alarmingly prejudicial degree. The numerous privies and outhouses were a most frightful source of disease. After a time the noisage would extend to an area sufficiently large to reach the wells in ordinary town lots. These outhouses, privies, cesspits, are in proximity to dwelling houses, bedrooms, living rooms and the wells of drinking water. This was the most disgusting arrangement possible. The material while being removed was a perfect nuisance. The Dry Earth System of Closets was, on the other hand, the best system of dry sewage, and if properly carried out would not endanger the public health. He referred to and described under this head the ash closets and pail system of Manchester and Rochdale, England, and then produced a model of

"Heap's Patent" Dry Earth Closets.

as erected on the Exhibition Grounds last September by Mr. Wm. Heap, of Owen Sound. He had inspected these closets while in use and found them to answer admirably, and he understood that a number were now in use in Toronto.

From G. H. Corbet, Esq., M. D., Orillia.

"ORILLIA, March 7, 1885.

"DEAR SIR,—The Dry Earth Closet furnished me by you is entirely satisfactory, supplying a long felt want and in no small degree conducive to the health and comfort of my family."

* Four of our closets were erected, and 1,123 visitors made use of them.

From N. A. Bosworth, Esq., Druggist, Stratford.

"17 Market St., STRATFORD, ONT., March 11, 1885.

"GENTLEMEN,—The commode with Urinal Separator purchased from you has been in use for some time. I find it perfectly satisfactory in every way, and a very great convenience, besides its advantage in a sanitary point of view.

(From Wm Mackie, Esq., St Lawrence Hall Port Hope, Feb. 26, 1885).

DEAR SIR:—The five Self-acting Closets fitted with Urine Separators, which you placed in my hotel, have now been in use upwards of four months and have proved a great convenience and comfort to my guests and myself. I wish I had known about them years ago. They would have saved me much annoyance. If hotel proprietors and the general public only knew the many advantages of your system they would lose no time in doing away with abominable and unhealthy privies and adopt your Dry Earth Closets, which are simply invaluable and all you represent them to be.

From E. Play' er, Esq., M. D., &c. (Sanitary Journal).

"OTTAWA, March 9, 1885.

"GENTLEMEN,—I have received the commode you sent to me in good order, and like it very much indeed. We use coal ashes with it. A child of five years, with a few words of instruction, can use it without inconvenience. We have it in an unoccupied bedroom, and there is not the slightest odor from it. The "Separator" brings the closet up to about perfection. I believe the commodes, and also the apparatus for connecting outside closets, only require to be well known to be in great demand. The universal use of such, instead of the vile and life-destroying privy vaults, and a large proportion of the water closets, would prevent many premature deaths."

From D. Creighton, Esq., M. P. P., Owen Sound.

"The Self-acting Dry Earth Closet, with Urine Separator fitted up, up-stairs in my house by you, has now been in use several months, and is giving perfect satisfaction. I found it all you represented, perfectly inodorous and a great convenience in the house. When the Sanitary, and other advantages of your Closets are known, I believe they will come into very general use."

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This book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all. —London Lancet.

There is no member of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman. —Argonaut.

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Park, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians are a specialty. Such HEAL THYSELF out an instance of allure.

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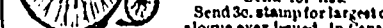
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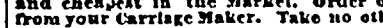
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Model Washer and Bleacher.

(See Advertisement on Page 2.)



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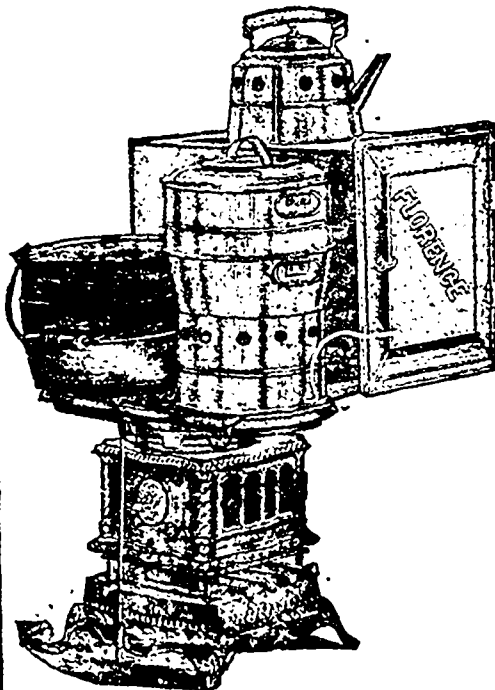
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