

TRUTH

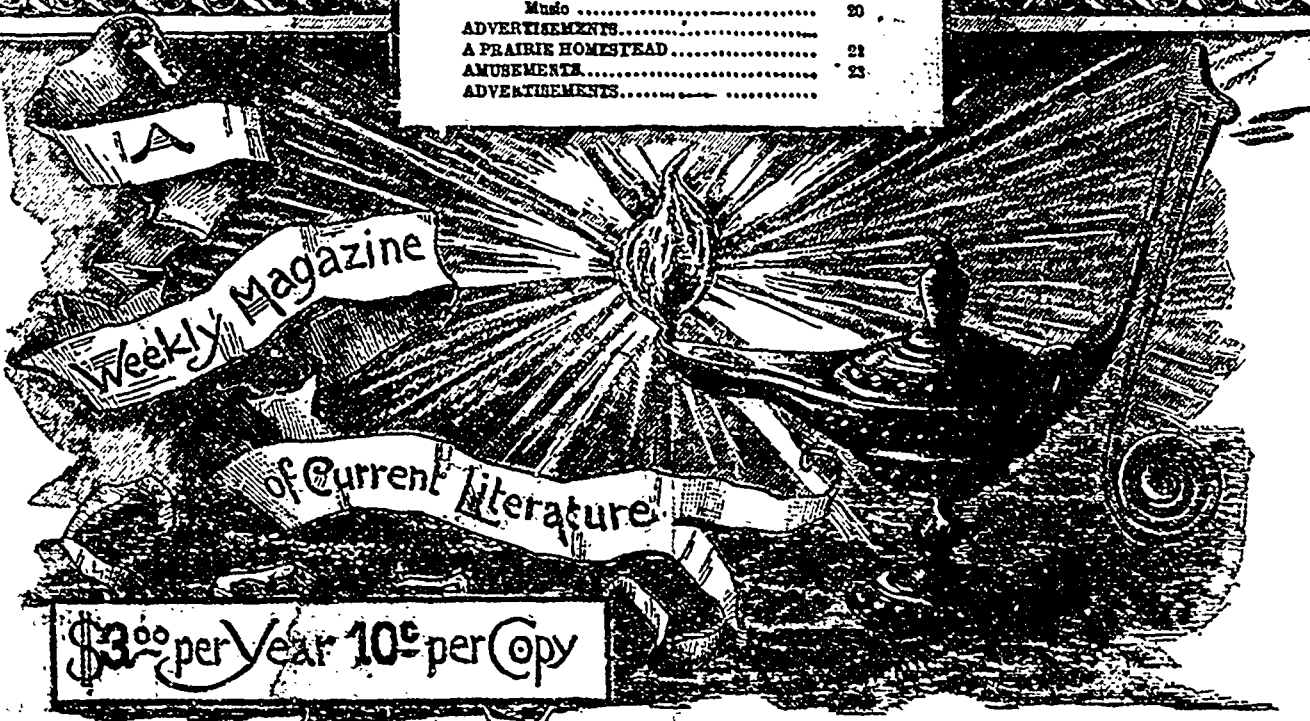
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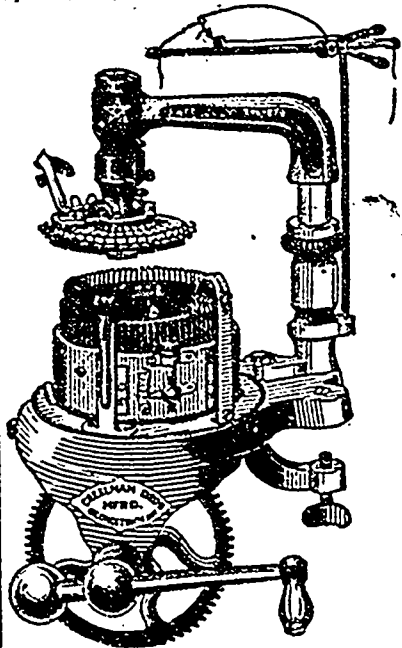
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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JUNE 12, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 397.

DRAWING NEAR.

As the 30th of June approaches, the interest in our Bible Competition increases. Those who have already competed can do so again upon the same terms as before. The long lists of acknowledgments from prize-winners which we from time to time publish, is sufficient evidence of the disposition and ability of the publisher to carry out his engagements. Those competing during the next few weeks are almost certain to secure one of the larger prizes in the middle and consolation rewards.

THE PAST PARLIAMENTARY SESSION.

Looking back upon the session just closed no feeling can arise save pity for the condition to which political life in this country has come. This we do not say with the characteristic spirit of the pessimist who cannot see anything bright in sunshine, nor is it penned from the standpoint of the fault-finder, who sets out to be critical and condemnatory even where he is grossly ignorant. To the common-sense view of the case we must once more address ourselves.

Now, how much really valuable legislation has been introduced into the Dominion Legislature during the past session? How many of the "acts to amend an act,"—we are speaking of the session just passed—have been worth an hour of the country's time? We are aware that the "public is ever revising its own opinion," as Carlyle puts it, and that experience of the operation of any new legislative measure must tell in the scale.

But a number of our representatives never cease tinkering with acts, and the changes they induce the House to make are seldom worth the time lost. As a class the lawyers of the House are in this respect the greatest nuisance. Nor do they tinker and change always, or even in a majority of cases, because they believe that the proposed change must be for the better; but purely for the sake of getting their names before the House, into the papers, and before their constituencies and the country. The writer has often seen an entire day wasted over a matter of business that the City Council of Toronto would dispose of in fifteen minutes. A great number of our public men who are regarded good speakers are mere wind-bags. They pretend to study a question, and really believe that they have studied it; but when they stand up in the House to talk, any person can see that they have looked merely upon the surface. It is true that a great number of these wind-bags talk in such a way as to convince the listener that they have some smartness; for as a rule the wind-bag is a lawyer. The trade of a lawyer is to talk; and above all other things it is his trade to talk from the standpoint that suits his own interest. He is contented looking at the surface as he is at the heart of a matter; and he can make a speech, quoting Broome and Bacon, about

a broom-handle. There are two or three legal gentlemen belonging to the House of Commons who are conspicuous at the bar for ability to apply principles, and to present a case; such men are also prominent in the role of legislator.

But the great bulk of talking members, for all that, are wind-bags; and there is a fair proportion of that class of orator to be found in the Privy Council. Anybody who will turn to *Hansard's* reports for the last session, he will find that more than half the session was wasted in discussing of "scandals," and the hanging of a malefactor, properly sentenced, by a proper tribunal of the country. The remaining half was devoted to business; but the amount of useful business done could be accomplished, if one and all were bent upon work and not talk, in a week.

It may be, however, that much of the talk, not pertaining to business during the late session of Parliament did some good. It revealed the fact, which some charitable people refused before to believe, that even those Canadian public men of the highest repute for probity, are simply adventurers, and engage in political life for the furtherance of personal ends. The time will, we suppose, come in Canada when men will sit in the Parliament as they do in England, without pay; and when the honour of a seat in Parliament will be a higher ambition, than the emoluments of a seat. In Canada the politician is nearly always on the alert to "turn a dollar" for himself or his friends; in England money is not the consideration, and you never have presented to your gaze such a spectacle as the letting of that contract to Ouderdonk.

But corruption is not alone the rule in political affairs in this country, but it is the rule proclaimed. "To the victors belong the spoils" is the motto of Sir John and his party; and his papers have gloried in heralding the dishonorable declaration.

No change may ever be expected to come while the present political parties rule the country. They are in the ruts, the same ruts in which they have travelled since, at least, Confederation, and they could hardly be expected to cast off these methods. They have become not the second, but the first, nature of party. Relief then can come only from the young men; but there is no ground whatever for hope if the young men will bind themselves to the car of the old political sinners. We all rejoiced the other day at the establishment of the Young Men's Liberal Union; but now to our sorrow we perceive that this body is to be hitched on to the creaky car and wheezy horses of the parent.

As for Conservatism, there is no talk so far of establishing a young men's party. Devotion to the chief who has led them is lying to victory, devotion to the party itself, seem to absorb the attention and the enthusiasm of the followers. Of the two parties—Conservative and Reformer—we regard the former as the abler, and the latter as the purer. And we have seen, through a very long and melancholy experience, that virtue and mediocrity never win

in any field; either in politics, which is the lowest of the callings, or in theology, which is the highest.

Emphatic proof of poverty of brains in the Reform party has been given us during the late session at Ottawa. With an opportunity such as seldom comes to an Opposition, that party returns from the Capital weaker and more discredited than it has been since the day that John A. Macdonald rode triumphant to power upon National Policy.

MRS. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

At last the President has taken his bride, and the *New York Sun* announces, in large black letters at the top of a voluminous report of the wedding, that he has "whisked her away to the mountains for the honeymoon." Miss Folsom is said to be about 22; and is described as a sensible, cultivated and very handsome young person. But judging from the descriptions that we have read of the young woman from time to time, the portraits with which the United States press has been teeming are not at all like her. In these portraits there is a heaviness and a rigidity of outline, a nose slightly turned up and a head by many odds too large.

Now Miss Folsom as described many weeks ago was said to have a

Clear broad white forehead crowned low down with hair

Of gold and brown, more soft than sleep or tears;
Nose neither small nor great but straight and fair—
Like sought but smooth sea shells her delicate ears.

Look on this picture, and on the coarse, glaring, vulgar cartoons in the *New York Sun* and other American papers, and see if you will not feel tempted to use strong language.

We are glad for the sake of Miss Folsom—that was—that this wedding is over; for if anything in the world was ever thoroughly sickening it was the deluge of newspaper writing that spread over the States respecting this match. Our American brethren may sneer as much as they like about the fuss our English brothers make over social matters; but surely in this respect they have fairly beaten England herself. "All these dozens of columns of matter is something more than mere 'newspaper talk'; it is nothing less than snobbery, and snobbery of the most fattest, vulgar kind. Fancy setting out the entire wedding service, the very words of the ceremony, in print, and interpolating them with the observations of the journalist!

Now this sort of thing might be excused if Mr. Cleveland were very distinguished as a statesman, and Miss Folsom prominent as an artist, authoress, philanthropist, or even actress. But Mr. Cleveland is like his predecessor, the late Mr. Garfield, by no means one of the most distinguished statesmen in the United States, but a mere compromise. Let us make ourselves plain. Supposing that in the Democratic party there be two very distinguished men, each one aspiring to Presidential honors. Each man has a following, and one is about as powerful as the other. The convention is called to choose a candidate for the Presidency, and the balloting commences. Neither will give way

before his rival, and the consequence is a threatened split in the party, which would mean a complete wreck of its fortunes. Then comes in the "dark horse," a man without much name or individuality; a sort of Chips-and-Porridge who lacks opponents just as he lacks followers. Thus came in Garfield, and in much a similar way came Mr. Cleveland, whose marriage has shaken republican social life to its foundations.

Now we repeat that unless the man is distinguished in some notable and worthy way there is no justification for all this cap-tosing. But his bachelor life has not been above reproach; indeed upon his personal character there is a stain that all the waters in the Mississippi cannot remove; nor all the printer's ink in the Republic cover up. However, we repeat, we are glad that it is over. Through a Washington correspondent we learn that nearly \$100,000 worth of presents reached the White House. Several American Ministers and Consuls-General notified the State Department that their presents had been sent. The costly presents were displayed in the State dining-room, and were inspected by the guests after supper. Secretary Lamar presented a cut glass smelling bottle studded with diamonds; Secretary and Mrs. Endicott gave four solid silver candlesticks, large and massive; the Postmaster General a brooch in the form of a bowknot of Strucan gold, the edges bordered with diamonds; the Secretary of the navy and Mrs. Whitney a brooch in the shape of a branch with leaves and flowers, all formed in diamonds; Collector Hedden, a platinum salt dish on solid gold with seed pearl studding the feet; with this was sent a pepper sifter bearing an engraved scene of the revenue cutter waiting for the surveyor to go down the bay to meet the *Noordland*; from Surveyor Beattie, of the New York Custom House, came diamond bracelets with appropriate Scriptural quotations in Hebrew on the clasp; from Congressman Campbell, a solid gold horseradish dish with a garden scene picked out in diamonds representing the opening in the third act of "Faust"; from Governor Hill, of New York, an elaborate jewel case, with a French music box attachment that plays delicious airs each time a jewel is taken out or returned; from Hubert O. Thompson, a valuable jeweled Chinese clock made in Peking, and valued at \$900. Not one-third of the presents have been opened. From Mr. Bisel came a large diamond flower to be worn as a pin or as a pendant.

MR. RAMSAY'S VOLUME OF VERSE.

Mr. Andrew Ramsay's volume, "Muriel and Other Poems," A. Hovey & Co., Toronto, has made its appearance, and for some promise expressed in these columns some time ago. The book contains 88 poems, clearly printed on good paper, and is bound in a very attractive style. We have declared it to be one of the best volumes of song that we have seen in the Canadian press. It is a well-edited, affected or affected.

from the lips of the man as artlessly we might say as the notes from the throat of the bobolink. The range of the work is very wide, the volume embracing subjects from the zenith to the nadir of song. But the most commonplace subject touched by Mr. Ramsay's genius becomes "poetry," and if our readers have closely followed our columns they know that by the word poetry we mean much. The dedication is an excellent piece of work, with respect both to its thought and its art. But what we like almost as well as anything within the covers of this collection of verse-gems is the preface. The author sets out to show the views that the "great unwashed" hold with respect to the poet and his song. As for the poet, "society deprecates his business ability as being below that of average men." And again: "As soon as a poet opens an account with eternity he is ostracised." But in spite of the dull prejudice, the poet takes heart. "Ah, well," he finely says, "as long as rainbows are not in the market, and there is no tax on seashells, or toll-bars before the moon, poetry shall be received." This is the faith that brought him to the publisher's threshold, which has given to us a collection of song that we shall cherish as long as our literature lasts. We should like to be able to give copious extracts from the work itself; and make analyses of some of these pieces which have foremost claim upon our notice, but space will not permit us. "Mural," the poem from which the volume takes its name, is a splendid piece of work, of high aim, and well sustained throughout. Passage upon passage richly imaginative, might be pointed out; while the aptness of phrase, the limpidness and purity of the style are constantly noticeable. Read this passage:

Then from tumultuous anchorage risen,
Earthward Encyclopaedia of woes
Assailed our world; and all the wood
Waited like a wild beast in a snare.

The book is illustrated, and some of the pictures with their setting of song are very effective. "The Haunted House," standing ruined under the moon calls up a flood of recollections.

"The cricket stops his dirge unmolested
Where terrace dancers held soft revelry;
The cress of their yokes have been diverted
And all the harvesters are gone away."

Here, too, is a quatrain that suggests Goldsmith, and Goldsmith at his best:

"With harvest home this hall was often lighted—
Dancing and merriment; and the simple board
Made Autumn cheerful; travellers banished
Found welcome here and went away restored."

Two other stanzas we cannot refrain from quoting; they sound like a sorrowful echo from the depths of the human heart:

"How mournful winds among abandoned chambers
Resound the anthem of departed days;
Whose nights have come like noon upon the embury
By the old hearth which never more shall blaze.

The dancers are dispersed, the merriment ended,
The laughter silent, and the lovers gone
With their sweet schemes on which so much depended
And we are following after, one by one."

No one surely will say that we are extravagant when we assert that verses like this is not alone a gain to Canadian letters, but to English literature itself. As we have said before, Mr. Ramsay is nature's child. He has not looked upon dandelion blooms and clover through city windows; but he has wandered among the woods and meadows in body as well as spirit. He has the seeing eye, and the heart to feel; and every note of his song is as true as the singing of the wild birds that he heard in his days. We cordially commend the book to our readers.

interesting meeting did not come to pass; whether it was that the Empire builders could not muster enough of erasers, or whether they had grown a little timid when about to come fairly before such a proposition. Of course nobody of repute would have had the courage to seriously propose a discussion of this subject had not Sir John Macdonald led the way by making a bombastic speech in England some months ago in support of the idea. Sir John has been a very successful statesman, and he is individually the most popular politician in Canada to-day; but he is by no means the whole people of Canada. Men who have always admired his career in his own field, and who still hold the old gentleman in high esteem, declare that when he made the windy speech to which we allude that his head was "turned a little bit round." A short time before, it will be remembered, the Sovereign had decorated him with the most important bit of ribbon that a colonist has been ever known to wear. Imperial ribbons, brass and feathers are more than an old man can stand. Sir Allan MacNab was all very well, barring his petulance and his gout, till they began decorating him; then he straightway got it into his somewhat thick head that he was related somehow to the "Crown" and the royal family. He felt himself drawn nearer to the heart of the Empire; considered himself one of the vital organs of that system. So much was he overpowered with this feeling that he actually left Canada and sailed to England where he said he intended entering "public life." "Who in thunder is the old chap?" the Britishers asked; but nobody seemed to remember, except a few registering machines at Downing Street. "Aw, yes," one of these said; "glad to see you," this is the man who sent the men to cut out a little schooner." Then Sir Allan announced that he was "in the field for Parliamentary honours." Brighton, we believe, being the constituency that his ambition fastened upon. Of course, he was hardly heard of during the contest. Then, about Sir Allan. He next turned up in Canada, where he died. Now we hope that Sir John will not make the sunset of his life ridiculous; and we express this hope because we have the sincerest feeling of friendship for the old gentleman. He will therefore have to keep clear of such fads as this federation scheme; and the younger ones, like Mr. Dalton McCarthy, will have to stand aside; too, lest they also may bring the public laugh upon themselves for their folly.

There was born the other day, at Whitby, a kitten with eight legs, two mouths, four ears, two tails and no bodies as far as the waist. The interesting twin did not live.

On page ten of this issue is depicted the somewhat inglorious ending to the first touring trip of a celebrated dude cyclist of this city. The auspicious start, the accumulating troubles which so relentlessly pursued the poor fellow on his journey, and the humiliating "hang up" at the finish, are so faithfully reproduced by our artist as to render further comment unnecessary.

The latest and most absurd phase of the proposed Home Rule legislation is the introduction into the measure of a clause permitting members of the Irish Parliament to go over to England and assemble at Westminster whenever such questions as taxation, of which Ireland is to bear a portion, in general affairs of the Empire, are to be discussed. We have never read, in all the history that has come before our eyes, of a proposal by any great statesman, so absurd, and so undignified.

George Brown once said that a party without a policy is apt to devote itself to clap trap. His words like chickens are coming home to roost.

Even in a Reformer there is at last to be reached the breaking-down point. One overtaxed gentleman has at last gone over to the Tories, and his reasons are these two: (1) The Toronto Globe demands a reformation of the House of Lords; and (2) it opposes Imperial federation. We will wager anything that this man's affection for the House of Lords arises not from any knowledge of that wonderful branch of Parliament, but from the fact that himself or his father has been boot-black to some member of the House of Lords. Such a man would be a serious loss to any party. The Mail rejoices in the entry of this precious sheep into the fold;—and per contra the Globe shakes its duds in high glee because the unmentionable billesian senator has gone, perfume and all, into its camp.

A New York woman of fashion in order to cut a "shine" has had the hoofs of her horse gilded.

There is a collision between the Knights of Labor and the Trades Unions of the United States. Mr. Powderly evidently wants the Knights of Labour to hold supreme authority in the ordering and conducting of strikes, and of other matters of a wide nature concerning labour. And unquestionably Mr. Powderly's view is the right one, looking at the question from the workman's point of view. "Where there's a union there's strength"; and the workmen of this continent, united in one body, would be the strongest combination ever witnessed. It simply could dictate its own terms; and in seven cases out of ten would win in the strike battle.

A Chicago policeman has discovered a copper bomb charged with dynamite.

The railway scheme in which Mr. James Beatty, Q. C., was concerned has collapsed.

The story circulated at Ottawa that 30,000 stand of arms were about being sent to loyal inhabitants of Ulster, looks very much like a "yarn"; and a very ridiculous yarn, too.

The Hon. Mackenzie Bowell lately attended a meeting of Orangemen held at Toronto; and the Reform newspapers charitably say that it is Sir John's intention at the coming election to "work the Order" for "all it is worth." Simple doors; do they not know that Sir John would work it in that way, "whether or no."

The Royal Society meeting has closed, and members thereof have found much relief since reading their papers. School boys and very young men can afford to do foolish things; but what on earth is the excuse for men, some of them of middle age, and many of them old?

It is reported that the usual spring procession of icebergs has passed through Davis Straits, on their way to more temperate waters; where, under the midsummer sun, they will split and crumble with a noise of thunder.

History has a trick of repeating itself. The men who had posed as the representatives of loyalty, the iron-clad old Tories of Canada, were the persons, who, when their will was thwarted in 1849, burned down the Parliament buildings at Montreal, threw rotten eggs at Lord Elgin, and poked sticks through a portrait of the Queen. It is not surprising that the cables should bring us tidings that the "loyal Orangemen of Ul-

ster" have been found at drill; and at drill for the purpose of resisting the law, and the will of the crown.

Loyal when pitted
Rebel when treated.

It has always been so since the world began. But all the same we do not want to hear Goldwin Smith screech out any more, "what is to become of the loyal minority of Ulster?" One man in the eyes of the British constitution has equal rights with his fellow man; and that is all.

We perceive by late despatches that Halifax social circles are in a state of excitement over the verdict rendered in the Supreme Court, Windsor, recently against William Lithgow. Lithgow is very respectably connected and has a large estate in his own right. Some time ago he ran off with the pretty young wife of an old farmer named Church, residing at Falmouth. Last year Church got a divorce from his faithless wife whom Lithgow subsequently married, settling down on a farm in Annapolis Valley. Then Church brought action against Lithgow for \$4,000 for criminal conversation with his wife, and has just obtained a verdict of \$1,000. He has also action pending to recover \$8,000 cash, which he settled on his wife at marriage, that being one of the conditions of the union. She was twenty and he over sixty. Whipping, as a punishment, has gone out of fashion quite too soon.

Mr. Parkman, the celebrated historian, is spending some weeks on the island of Lake Edward, some ninety miles from Quebec. Mr. Farnham, of Harper's Magazine, is also sojourning at the same place.

It is rumoured that Mr. Charles Mair purposes bringing out a sumptuously illustrated edition of Tecumseh, and that he has had interviews with our celebrated artist, Mr. O'Brien, touching the matter. It is understood that the complete edition of Tecumseh is about exhausted.

The Montreal Witness publishes a portrait of Capt. Scott, Commander of the steamer Canadowne. The total fleet under the command is six schooners.

Our music page next week will be occupied by a composition in commemoration of the assembling here next month of the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias. The words are by Mr. John Imrie, and are exceedingly appropriate to the occasion. Prof. J. F. Johnstone has written the music, which is simple, catching, and well adapted to the inspiring words.

Saw the Relation of Things.—That was a rare philosophy in the three year-old boy, who asked: "What is night for?" And, not content with the reply, "For rest and sleep," added, "No, papa, night is for to-morrow." Many men and women grow never apprehend so clearly the true relations existing between rest or recreation, and the serious duties of life.

The devil must not be allowed to monopolize all the fun or to do all the laughing. Piety does not consist without sobriety nor in sobriety. It is as godly to laugh as to cry—and godly to do neither in an ungodly way. The theatre, the opera and the dance, now too often possessed by seven devils, are not to be forever pre-empted by the lower world. The day is coming when the play-house will be the gate of Heaven instead of the gate of hell, as it too often is to-day. The dramatic and musical facilities belong to God, in their best development, as they were alleged to belong to Him in the great feast at which the Galileans were won to Jesus.—Ibid.

Truth's Contributors.

A WORLD FOR FOOLS.

BY THE REV. H. A. STAFFORD, A. D., PASTOR
OF THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH, TORONTO.

A youth of more than average self-conceit was opening a milk bottle, and not knowing just how to manage it, he pinched his fingers in the wire spring. He burst out with the refreshing ejaculation, "Why can't those idiots make things so that one can use them without being hurt," but actually the spring was all right. A dull child could easily get through the danger of using it after being once shown. The real idiot in the case, if that word must be used at all, was the clumsy operator. He was not bright enough to take it in the right way, but instead of good naturedly laughing at his own expense, he stood up and began to fling around the abusive word "idiot."

Thereupon arose certain reflections. A large class of persons accuse others of folly because they do not understand them. The maker of books which the readers cannot comprehend with one reading must be a fool. The inventor of a machine which needs some natural intelligence, and a little careful study of it to run it efficiently, is a fool. Few persons can pinch their own fingers without calling some one else a fool for being the innocent cause of it. Many seem as if they would like to live on without having to think about anything, or, in other words, they would like to live in a world planned to be the home of fools, instead of a world where each person must exercise some intelligence in adapting himself to his conditions and surroundings. It does take so much trouble to understand things in their true lights and relations! How much effort would be saved if everything came out so that it would be understood at a glance, without any thoughts from us! But if that were the case then this would be a world for fools, and not for wise men. "The earth was not made for the indolent, the active rule." Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Ceaseless change and activity of both body and mind is the first law of success. The youth, or man who contends against these principles would find his appropriate abode in a world made for fools.

Many persons illustrate this in the management of their own bodies. I have heard an intelligent and trusted old physician say that at forty a man is either a doctor or a fool. That is, he has observed and studied the wonderful machine which was given him to do his work with in this world, until he understands its ways, and can draw out its strength and humor and cover up its weaknesses, and so get every day the very best possible service from it, and he knows much more about his physical constitution than his regular physician does. Except in rare and extreme cases, he knows what to do with himself without consulting any one. If this be not true at forty, then, according to the saying above quoted, the man is a fool. But how much thinking and observing are necessary before a person can know himself so thoroughly. How much attention to the effects of certain things, how much self-denial in other things, what comparison of one time and condition with another. A weak person becomes so wearied and discouraged by the process that he says, in effect, "Why was I not born in a world fitted up for fools, and then I would escape all this bother." There is reason to suspect that so far as the body is concerned

most people had rather live in a world for fools than in one designed for wise men. Then their intemperance in eating and drinking; their indolence in neglecting proper exercise, and the art of breathing; their senseless tax, beyond endurance, laid upon their complaining bodies, in both work and amusement, would never stand as an indictment against them. The world made for fools would pity its fools, and they would never be required to reflect upon what they might have been had they been wise. Oh, it is dreadfully inconvenient to live where one is expected to act wisely, and must himself pay the account if he does not.

But there are men who want a world for fools who stand on a much higher plane than the general one above indicated. Politicians, for example, who want the world to accommodate itself to their old, effete, and exploded notions of government and civilization, instead of climbing to their heights, and from thence noting the masses of men awaying to and fro in constant ferment and change. "E pur si muove,"—and yet it does move," said the much persecuted Galileo, and since then it has been many times proved that the world moves. The masses of men are never quite satisfied, and they never ought to be. They are true prophets, realizing in their thoughts the possibility of a better day about to dawn. But their upward movement has always been hindered by the slowness of their mighty rulers, even in countries where the people are supposed to govern themselves. The ruling class have always been afraid to trust the people, and so the typical politician, as he is made up from the facts of the past history, is a manager of government who never moves one step in advance until he is literally pushed forward by the crowding multitude around him. Politics lifts up before mankind few men like William the Silent, and Victor Emmanuel, who were willing to advance before their people, leading them up to a right appreciation of liberties and blessings for which they did not themselves realize that they were fully prepared. The rule has been that the politician has stood, holding the people back as long as possible, fearing their influence, and wishing that he could repress them, and only stepping forward under compulsion. In behalf of such politicians why was not this world fitted up to be a world for fools? It would be an innocent recreation to many of us to know if some Canadian politicians, before five years, do not wish that their lot had been cast in a world made for fools, when they learn what the deep and mighty convulsions lying under the movement for prohibition of the liquor traffic means. It would be so much more easy for politicians to keep their place, and have a nice, good time, if this world had been made for fools! Indeed some of them seem to think, and openly say, that as far as politics are concerned it is a world of fools.

There are also many ecclesiastics who want a world-made for fools. They have become familiar with their own routine work, and the scales have grown over their eyes, and they do not perceive that the thought of mankind is ceaselessly active on religious questions. Ideas of political liberty are germinated in religious convictions. The people feel that whatever, or whatever else may be dead, God is not dead, and that under the direction of a never-wearying Providence, He is leading the human race through the wilderness, into the Promised Land. Men know instinctively, that God is on their side, and that violent changes and disruptions are necessary before He can do for them all the good He will. Therefore the multitude is not at all disturbed by

variations from old methods in religious teaching, and in the manifestation of religious life. But it would be much more comfortable for the dignified ecclesiastic, if the people would not think. Then he would not need to think himself and to readjust himself, which is so disquieting an operation. In other words, in his present mind, he had rather be in a world designed for the sake of fools. But this is not such a world, and all who are incapable of readjustment will find themselves coming out far in the rear.

What of those who neglect all the opportunities this world affords for discipline, and the cultivation of virtue, and the formation of grand and noble characters? Surely no condition of human life could be better adapted for such a purpose, if we admit what seems to be a self-evident truth, that tests of virtue, ready at hand, are necessary to its perfect development. Yet men pass through this life in neglect of the privilege it gives to make the best of their character, and then indulge the hope that in some future state they will have a chance of doing what this world gives them so favorable an opportunity of doing. Such conduct looks very much as if those who pursue it would prefer to live in a world made for fools.

TORONTO, Ont.

THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE.

BY TRAVELLER.

The shore-line which bounds the Mediterranean on the south-east is one of the straightest in the world. The current of the Nile brings with it the soil of Upper Egypt, and spreads it along the coast of Palestine almost as far north as Jaffa. The traveller who approaches the Holy Land from Egypt sees before him an inhospitable beach strewn with wrecks and backed by glaring yellow sanddunes. For two hundred miles from Port Said this harbourless coast stretches northwards to the promontory of Carmel. Gaza, Ascalon, Joppa, and Caesarea have no natural harbours; and the small port once formed at these cities, behind the dangerous reefs are now, with the exception of Joppa, choked by sand, and entirely unused.

But on reaching the Carmel promontory, crowned by its light house and its white fortress-monastery, a new scene opens before the eye. A bay, three miles deep and eight miles across, runs in with a regular sweep. At the south end is the small walled town of Haifa, the ancient Hephra or "haven" of Jewish times. On the north, the famous town of Acre—the last Christian stronghold in Palestine—rises from the sea, girt with the walls which were first built by Crusaders, and afterwards repaired by the famous Syrian chief, Dahr el Amr.

The scenery of this bay is perhaps the most charming to be found in Palestine. On the south is Carmel—a long dark ridge, clothed with dense oaks, in which the fallow-deer, the roebuck, and the gazelle are found; while at its north-west (or sea) extremity the monastery stands, surrounded with rich vineyards, attesting the fertility of the mountain-soil. The ridge is narrow, and the northern slopes very steep; while to the south a maze of deep precipitous valleys, full of clear springs, divides the block of hill into an intricate system of spurs and rounded tops. The long hog-back whence these run out rises to about 1700 feet above the sea, and forms a protection from the bay in the time of the winter gales, which beat from the south-west. The promontory and reefs which run out below

the mountain, also break the force of the sea; and thus the Haven of Carmel is the place in Palestine where the mail-boats can touch in all weathers during the winter.

On the narrow plain between Carmel and the shore stands Haifa, a town of 4000 inhabitants squeezed in between four brown walls a century old, and presenting the usual picturesque and half-ruinous appearance of Levantine towns. Above it stands an old square tower, in whose walls the shot and shell of the English guns of 1840 are still sticking. Between Haifa and the promontory is the neat village of the German colony, and beyond this the ruins of Haifa' Atika and the ancient rock out cemetery of Jewish tombs.

About a mile north-east of Haifa, the Kishon enters the sea, flowing down under the brow of Carmel from the broad inland plain of Esdraelon. Rows of tall date-palms, standing on the sand dunes which have gradually forced the stream northwards, surround the lagoons at its mouth.

Following the line of the bay, we arrive next at the Belus river, which runs into the sea just south of Acre, and which repeats the scenery of the Kishon mouth. The name of the Belus is scarcely less familiar to us than that of the southern stream, as being the famous scene of the discovery of glass; and the white sand, which was thought by the ancient sailors to have such peculiar properties, is still heaped up on either bank, where the rapid current runs down to the sea with a perennial supply of clear water.

The view northwards from Haifa is striking. The long line of the Gallilean mountains rises gradually from the Ladder of Tyre to the crags of Jebel Sermak, and behind these appear the snowy dome of Hermon, eighty miles away. In the evening, about sunset, the colouring of this view is marvellous. The mountains are suffused with a flush, at first of mellow amber colour, but gradually deepening to a rich rosy red. Long blue shadows slowly creep up the slopes, and the tall minaret at Acre stands out white against them. The brilliant hues fade rapidly, a dull leaden colour spreads over the hills, and over the smooth waters of the bay, while only the top of Hermon, 9000 feet above the sea, still reflects the sun's rays for a few minutes longer.

The roadstead of Carmel is capable of being easily made into a good harbour. A breakwater might run out from the mountain, already quarried by the Germans; while the line of beach is sufficiently wide to admit of quays and buildings extending along it. At Acre are remains of the old medieval port, and of the tower of Menarah ("the lighthouse") on its rock at the entrance; but the small port has been filled up with sand and stones, and even if reopened would be exposed to the full force of the storms blowing on shore, unbroken as at Haifa by the mountain-ridge.

Napoleon called Acre "the key of Syria;" but the diotum applies still better to Haifa. Not only does it possess a sheltered harbour, but it forms a natural landing place, whence main roads lead in every direction. The maritime plain extending from Carmel to the Ladder of Tyre, communicates by three passes with the inland plateaux of Esdraelon and the Buttaul. The main routes to Sidon, to the corn plains of the Hauran, Damascus, to Upper Galilee, and along the coast north or south, all radiate from Haifa. The town is already girdled by a railway, while Acre remains a mere provincial civilization ever ready to become a port of call. Haifa is situated

claim to consideration as the starting point of the Euphrates Valley Railway. This idea was first proposed in 1873, and has of late been warmly advocated.

A harbour exists at Beirut, but the steep ridge of Lebanon rises behind it. Tyre has been proposed as the starting point, but possesses no very observable advantages, as the small and very exposed harbour is filled up with sand, and as the country behind is rugged and mountainous. From Haifa only can the Palestine watershed be easily crossed, as the greatest elevation in the plain of Esdraelon would be only 250 feet above the sea.

The position of Haifa possesses military not less than industrial advantages, and the town may for this reason alone become some day famous. No military man can look at the map without seeing in the little district (scarcely larger than Cyprus) which comprises the full extent of the Holy Land from Dan to Beersheba, a natural bulwark defending the Suez Canal against attack from any point in Asia Minor. In Palestine a second Terra Vedras might be established—a base of operations in a position in immediate communication with the sea, and which must be attacked in front, as it could neither be outflanked nor masked.

The deep trench of the Jordan valley can only be easily crossed just south of the valley of Jezreel, the plain of Esdraelon, and the smaller plain of Dothan, lies the high way from Aleppo and Damascus to Egypt. It is the same highway by which Thothmes advanced before the Exodus, and Necho when he met Josiah at Megiddo. Strange as it may appear, the battle of Armageddon is a military probability, because the strategic lines of advance are not changed by modern tactical improvements, and the old battle-fields of Palestine might again form the theatre of civilized contests.

The rugged chain of Lebanon, the East ern desert, the difficult Judean hills, bound the line of advance, and confine it to the immediate neighborhood of Carmel and the bay of Acre.

It is a curious and perhaps not unimportant consideration, that the military and commercial centres of Palestine most interesting to us are thus remote from the religious centres—the Holy Places—with which France is specially concerned. Jerusalem and Bethlehem lie far south of the most fertile and open part of the country. Nazareth stands in the chalk-hills north of the great plain of Esdraelon. Thus there is room for the practical and sentimental side by side, and the holy cities need never be deformed by modern fortifications or by railroad termini.

It is well known to those who have visited the Levant that Palestine is a special centre of Russian intrigue. Angry fortresses built in 1860 demarcate Jerusalem, and include the Russian cathedral, the hospice, consulate, mission-house, and buildings capable of containing 1000 pilgrims. Pilgrimages are not only encouraged but even subsidised by the Russian Government; Russian intrigue forms the talk of the country; and the belief is common in Palestine that Jerusalem is coveted by the Omar as a centre of the Greek faith which should rival Rome itself.

The possibility of a Russian advance on Palestine was some little time ago considered a mere possibility, yet recent events have gone far to confirm this opinion. The possibility of a Russian advance on, and occupation of Palestine, by any means less

than the Russian army of 1860, is now a fact. From Haifa to Jerusalem is only a distance of 100 miles. From Haifa to the total

distance is about 650 miles. The distance from Khiva to the Indian frontier is 800 miles, and from the Caspian to Khiva about 600. Thus the total distance from the starting point is half as long again in the case of India, while the country is even more difficult than that which would be traversed in an advance on Damascus.

The subject of colonisation in Palestine excites much interest in certain classes of English society. Colonists have already been started in the country, and a society has been formed for the promotion of agriculture in the land.

The Germans who live at Haifa and Jaffa are, however, the only colonists who have practically succeeded in establishing themselves in the country. Impelled by a mystic sense of the importance of giving to the world the example of a community living on the model of the apostolic society—building a "spiritual temple" of faith and good works in the very country where the eternal Temple once stood, and raising a sacrifice of prayer where the ancient sacrifices were offered—these humble settlers have gathered from Germany, England, and America, and have established a society which in some respects resembles the well-known American sects, Bible Communists, &c., but which is not distinguished from the rest of the world by any peculiar ideas on domestic matters.

From the sandy beach west of the walls of Haifa, a broad road runs up to the stony foot of Carmel. On either side are gardens shaded by young acacias, which grow yearly more luxuriant. Beyond these stand the little villas, each in its own plot of ground, built tastefully and strongly of the brown shelly limestone from the mountain, with piers and arches of snow-white chalk. In orderly and cleanly appearance of this little model village of eighty-five houses offers a startling contrast to the ill-built, ruinous, mud-roofed cabins of the Fellahin, and the gloomy and dirty mansions of the townsmen. The honest faces of the colonists, the brown straw-hats and short skirts of the women, the wheeled vehicles and agricultural instruments, which meet the eye of a visitor to the colony, are sights which seem strangely incongruous with the palm-groves on the white sand-hills and the Eastern vegetation which clothes the steep slopes of Carmel; the minarets of the Haifa mosque, and the old-rock-sepulchres of the Jews.

Yet in spite of industry and energy, the German colonists cannot be said to be prosperous. Want of capital, want of a leader, and want of influence with the Government of the country—internal dissensions, and feuds with the natives—are difficulties which threaten the existence of the community; but beyond these there is a fundamental source of weakness which is incurable—namely, the impossibility of competing with the native population in agricultural employments. The German cannot endure the sun like the Fellah; the German habits of life make it impossible for him to live on wages which would seem fabulous riches in the eyes of the native peasant. Thus the idea that a whole nation can be exterminated and replaced by Germans is one which will scarcely recommend itself.

It will be evident to any one who considers the question of developing the resources of Palestine in a practical manner that the employment of the native population is far more likely to be practical than their extermination or expatriation. The labour of the peasantry, who are accustomed to the climate, who live with a frugality equal to that of the Hindoo, and who are possessed of powers of endurance and of

natural energy and abilities of no mean order, has a value not to be disregarded.

There is perhaps no nation more cruelly oppressed in the Turkish dominions than are the peasantry of Syria. The taxes are assessed without any reference to the character of the harvest; and the corn is not allowed to be reaped until that assessment has been made. To this crying injustice is added the violence and greediness of the irregular gendarmes employed in levying the taxes; while the injustice of venal magistrates and the cruel severity of the conscription seem sufficient, when added to the exactions of the money-lenders, to reduce the whole population to ruin and despair.

To those acquainted with the Levant, it is interesting and encouraging to observe how well the English scheme of reform probes the worst defects of Turkish government. The appointment of honest and influential Englishmen to regulate the collection of taxes, to watch the administration of justice, and to rule the wild corps of irregular police, would perhaps be sufficient, without any more fundamental changes, to restore, in time, prosperity and happiness to the Syrians. Men of tact and determination, acquainted with the customs and prejudices of the country, and with the spirit in which Moslems regard civil law as founded on religious faith, must be selected. They must be given power more than nominal, to secure their influence being practically felt; and, above all, they must be English by birth, and not merely in name—for to no half-bred Maltese or Levantine British subject will either the governor nor the governed accord that respect which our fellow countrymen in the East encounter invariably. It is sincerely to be hoped that the reforms signed by the Sultan are intended, on the part of Turkey, to prove of such practical importance.

The fact that Midhat Pasha had been appointed to rule Syria for five years is sufficient evidence that there, at least, a genuine effort to reform was made. The energy and ability of this enlightened statesman are now more generally known and appreciated than in 1873, when for a short time he held the same position, and left behind him a reputation for probity and administrative capacity which endeared him to the inhabitants of Syria, who now welcome him back. So long as Midhat rules Palestine, a marked and progressive improvement of the land may be expected.

We cannot doubt that English administration will be regarded in Palestine with unmixed feelings of delight by all save the rapacious tyrants who have lived on the misery of the native peasantry.

The poor peasants of Syria used to ask English travellers constantly, "When will you come to build up our country?" They have a saying that "England is the Sultan's sword;" and they would rejoice to hear that "Allah the Sultan remains the 'Head of the Faith,'" in which capacity he is firmly established in their affections, yet that the same arm which, in their estimation, wields the Sultan's sword, is also to be employed in holding the sword of justice in his dominions, and that the reign of mongrel foreign rulers, who have so long ground the faces of the poor, is over.

There is no people who, from habit and character, are so likely to be successful in governing the Levantine Moslems as are the English.

It may, however, be asked, is Palestine a country which would repay any serious attempt to develop its resources? The land is regarded as barren and desolate—a ridge of stony mountain flanked by malarious

plains and a sandy coast. Yet such an estimate of its value is quite untrue. The country is naturally as fertile as ever, and is merely depopulated and uncultivated because ill-ruled, or rather not governed at all. The rich harvests—which are raised without manure on ground only scratched by the plough, by a population only about one-tenth of that which even now, might be supported by the country—attest the fruitfulness of the soil; and the prosperity of the villages and farms owned by foreigners who employ the native peasantry, is a sign of the change which might speedily be wrought by good government and by the use of very moderate capital.

Palestine possesses one great advantage in the accessibility of its geographical position. Not only could an English army in Palestine base itself on the sea, and yet defend the breadth of the land by a single day's march, but the same advantage would render the rich corn-plateau of the Hauran a valuable source for the supply of Europe. The soil of the Hauran, and of the great plains of Lower Galilee, consists of a rich, friable, basaltic debris, in which every production of the country flourishes. The soil of Sharon is scarcely less productive; and the stony hills are still fitted for that luxuriant vine culture which must at one time have covered the slopes with rich foliage, such as still lights up the rugged cliffs of Hermon, and which has left its marks in the old wine presses, hewn in rock, which occur all over the hills at Palestine.

The oil of Galilee is still almost as famous as in the days when the Talmudic scholars sang its praises; and there is probably no article of production found in Southern Italy which might not be grown in Palestine. The sugarcane was once extensively cultivated by the Crusaders in the Jordan valley, and the indigo plant still grows wild in the plains.

The construction of some fifty miles of road in the plain of Sharon, and the re-establishment of its own system of irrigation and drainage; the extension of the railway from Haifa to Damascus, through the rich agricultural districts of Central Palestine and of the Hauran; the acquisition of land by Jews or Europeans, employing the natives of the country as farm labourers;—these changes, which seem now far less improbable than they did only a year ago, would render Palestine a valuable and accessible agricultural district, and the wealth now neglected would flow to the coast at the old "Haven" of Carmel, which might thus become one of the most thriving ports in the Levant, the commercial gateway to Syria, and the military base from which most effectively, the Suez Canal might be defended.

Events in the East hasten on so rapidly that the future thus suggested may perhaps become, at no distant time, an accomplished fact; for it can hardly be denied that many events apparently far more improbable have actually occurred during the course of the past few years.

TORONTO, ONT.

California carries on a large business in sea shells, which are gathered on its coast and shipped to Europe. One firm has a contract to ship forty tons of shells every sixty days. They are worth from \$700 to \$1,000 a ton. They are used in all kinds of decorative industries, returning to the United States from France vastly increased in price when transformed into pearl buttons, brooches, shawl clasps, knife handles, or inlaid work. Tahiti shells, large flat mother of pearl shells, are worth from \$1.50 to \$4 each, and the finest selected pairs are sometimes sold for as much as \$50.

A WIFE THE LAGER.

A Russian Incident.

"I can't better give up the game for this evening," said a friend of Tcheretsoff. The young officer poured out another glass of champagne.

"Retire from the game," he cried, "at the very moment that my luck is returning! I shall not leave the table until daylight."

"I pledge myself to do the same," replied Augustineff.

The game continued with renewed animation. Snag struggles have a terrible resemblance to duels to the death. Each adversary watches the other, seeking to divine in his eyes the secret of his next play. Each tries to hide his own thought—he yields, advances, retreats again; eyes flame, hands tremble. A single mistake would be irremediable. Every play is calculated, all consequences are reckoned, and cards are rapidly flung down in order to disconcert the adversary. Finally one of the two becomes confused; he feels his luck departing from him; he staggers; he succumbs. It's all over with him; the game is lost!

Thus in that memorable night succumbed Tcheretsoff. Long before the dawn began to glimmer, and the nights in St. Petersburg are long, he had lost all that he possessed—his house upon the grand Moskala, his fine estates in the central provinces, and even his beautiful chateau in the Ukraine, where he used to raise the finest horses in the empire and lived like a king when he went hither with his young wife to visit his estate and receive the revenues of his lands.

But what gambler ever believes he has lost, so long as there yet remains to him anything to lose? Tcheretsoff could not stake the diamonds of the princess, and he had already pledged all his own—even the diamonds of his decorations and a fine jewel he wore upon his finger—a rich gift from the czar.

He rose up all dazed, took a glass, filled and emptied it several times in succession—walked thrice around the room, and returned to take his place before Augustineff, who sat there quietly shuffling the cards as if waiting for another adversary to continue the game.

But when he saw Tcheretsoff again in front of him, Augustineff arose in turn.

"It is not yet day," said Tcheretsoff—

"why do you get up?"

"You cannot play any more; you have lost everything!"

"How do you know?"

"Have you some hidden treasure?"

"Yes, I have hidden treasures."

And continuing in a whisper, a strangled whisper that barely escaped from his livid lips, he said:

"You love my wife."

"Who told you so?"

"Nobody; I know it! I have not now even the means of nourishing her. I will play you for her. I will stake her against all that you won from me this evening."

A flash as of lightning flamed and passed in the eyes of Augustineff, and for the first time his handsome and passionless gambler's face evinced the emotion of his soul.

"I accept," he said.

But his voice now trembled like that of his adversary. Emotion choked the words at his throat, and came forth only with difficulty.

He continued:

"Still, I accept only under two conditions. The first is this: My stake is insufficient. I add to it 500,000 rubles, because I cannot add any more. Secondly, you must have the divorce obtained, taking upon yourself all responsibility for it. The reputation of the princess is without spot; she must not be touched by so much as the breath of an evil whisper."

"I accept the conditions," replied Tcheretsoff.

"The first is flattering to my wife; the second is flattering to myself. It shall not exceed my generosity."

At the moment of taking up the cards Augustineff was seized with a singular nervousness. He seemed afraid to begin a contest of which the woman he loved was the stake. Was he afraid of losing? Or did he fear a disdainful rejection by the princess of the terms to which she had unconsciously been made a part—a contemptuous refusal that would annihilate the fruits of victory in his very grasp! All these feelings blended in the tumult of his mind and robbed him of much of that wonderful coolness he had always shown in ordinary playing.

The game commenced. It then assumed the aspect of a mortal duel, indeed.

A deep silence reigned in the hall. Each held his breath, and nothing could be heard except the dry sound of the cards falling upon one another, like the soldiers mortally wounded. From time to time a voice spoke, announcing a point made—then the gilding of the counters marking it. At each play the two adversaries paused, like wrestlers evercome with fatigue and trembling at the thought of defeat. The chances seemed equal, the skill evenly proportionate. A bold but incautious play was finally made by Tcheretsoff. It might in other cases have brought victory—it only led to defeat!

Then, for the first time, the man whom the fever had possessed for ten long years suddenly assumed an attitude full of noble dignity. He bowed to Augustineff, saluted him as officers salute each other under arms, and said:

"I shall keep my word."

It never so much as occurred to him to question the validity of his engagement. But from the pallor of his face, the mist in his eyes, the lines of pain about his mouth and forehead, it was easy to see how terrible the self-restraint and how violent the agony within.

The pledge was faithfully fulfilled. Tcheretsoff obtained the divorce, taking upon himself all the responsibility of the act and assuming all the faults. Certainly the most serious fault was that of having staked his wife upon a game of cards. In Russia the position of a divorced husband is very serious. He is not merely liable to a heavy penalty, but even to deprivation of liberty. The czar's favorite aid-de-camp was not imprisoned, but he was permitted as a very special favor to join the forces at war in the Caucasus. He departed, but never returned.

And you ask what was the fate of the princess and what free choice did she make?

Well, it is evident that she must have acquiesced in the consequences of her husband's losses, inasmuch as she became princess Augustineff.

New Gold Fields.

Since the exhaustion of the placer fields of California and Australia there has been a large falling off in the production of gold. At one time some \$200,000,000 was the product of the mines in one year. Last year the production of the whole world was not much over \$70,000,000. This is particularly unfortunate in view of the fact that gold is now the sole measure of value, and its scarcity means lower and still lower prices, thus throwing a cloud on the business interests of the world. There is reason to believe, however, that in a few years there will be new supplies of gold from distant parts of the earth. Patagonia promises to be a most important gold field. The deposit extends from Cape Virgin, on the northern shore of the Strait of Magellan, along the Atlantic shore some fifty miles. The gold country is easily accessible, and the deposits are known to be as rich as those of California or Australia. Fresh supplies of gold also are expected from South Africa. There is a gold fever in the Transvaal. On the closing week of last year 2,580 ounces of gold were received at Natal. Farther north rich deposits of gold and baser metals have been found south of the Zambesi. This region is but little known to white men, but it is as rich as represented tens of thousands of white miners will soon be in Central Africa. Northern Tibet is another region which is known to contain vast quantities of gold, which will very soon be extensively worked. It is an upland region with underlying rock, and there is from sixteen to twenty feet of soil, all of which is auriferous. There is gold in abundance in Manchuria. This is a region in China near the Russian possessions. In Madagascar reports come of wonderful gold finds. In Burma, also, which has just been annexed by Great Britain, there are believed to be valuable gold regions. So far the United States has maintained the lead in producing gold. But should gold be found in Patagonia, Southern and Central Africa, in Burma, Tibet, and Northern China, it will lead to the emigration of white people to those distant regions. Should any large quantity of gold be found it would greatly stimulate the commerce of the world. Not only would business be benefited but civilization would gain by a rush to these different auriferous regions.

Remains to be seen—Any day at the morgue.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A new test for tea is the amount of ashes yielded, the quantity being greater in inferior and adulterated samples than those of good quality.

If paper has been laid under carpet all dust may be easily removed with it. Moreover, greater warmth is secured by using carpet lining, or even old newspapers under carpets.

It is said that mosquitoes, flies, and other pests will not enter a room in which the castor oil plant is growing. It seems that the small fly is not alone in his horror of castor oil.

The practice of scalping is not peculiar to the American aborigines. Southall, in his "Recent Origin of Man," quotes from Herodotus to show that the Scythians used to scalp their fallen enemies. In the present time the wild tribes of North-eastern Bengal use the scalping knife.

A Paris medical society, seeking evidence from many sources concerning the contagiousness of pulmonary consumption, has forwarded questions on the subject to every practicing physician in France. Similar inquiries in England and in Germany have not been particularly successful, only 1,600 out of 23,000 English practitioners answering, and but 200 Germans out of 16,000.

A new and rather curious application of the steam whistle has been made at the Jacksonville (Ill.) Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. A whistle four feet in length and twelve inches in diameter has been placed on the pinnacle of the boiler house and is used as a signal to awaken the inmates of the institution, etc., who, although they cannot hear, are made sensible of its various signals by the vibration it gives to the buildings.

Considering the number of meteorites which reach the earth's surface, it would not be surprising if many lives had been destroyed by them. It is stated that loss of life resulted from a large fall in Africa; that about the year 1020 many persons and animals were killed; that in 1511, about 5 o'clock one evening, a priest was struck and killed; and that still later, in 1650, a monk was killed. But these, according to Mr. James R. Gregory, seem to be the only instances recorded of death from falling meteorites.

A German entomologist, F. Dahl, claims that spiders have perfect vision only at a very short distance. Their sense of touch is consequently remarkably well developed, enabling them to locate disturbances in their web. Their smell is so good that they can distinguish odors, and their hearing is excellent. Some of them show a remarkable instinct in building their webs—even their first—in perfect-geometrical form. A reflective power is evinced by their refusal of kinds of tough insects which have once been attacked unsuccessfully.

How He Gained His Point.

Jane wanted to go to the circus and John wanted to go to the theatre.

"We can go to the theatre any time," she said, "but the circus is here for only a week and we have not always the chance of going to it."

"Well, as you like," said John, "but allow me to say this—I will not be responsible for the consequences."

"What consequences?" asked Jane in surprise.

"These consequences," answered John, gravely: "Suppose one of the lions should break out of his cage while we are there, it's all over with you—"

"All over with me!"

"Certainly. The lions ain't blind, are they?"

"N—no—but what has that got to do with me?"

"Just this: If you look to me to be sweet enough to eat, how will you look to a raging, roaring, hungry lion? He will think you a delicious morsel and you are gone."

"But, John, there will be other girls there besides me."

"I know it, but you will be the sweetest one there."

"Very well, John dear; I think we'd better go to the theatre."

Miss Cera Barnes, a daughter of Demas Barnes, the great medicine man of Brooklyn, has been presented to Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Thirteen years ago only three girls were employed in the Lambeth potteries of the Messrs. Poulton; now there are three hundred.

The Virginia *Lancet*, of Petersburg, Va., is said to be the only paper in this country conducted by a colored woman. Her name is Carrie Bragg.

Mrs. Emily Fifield has been chosen a member of the Boston School Committee. She is the wife of Dr. W. C. B. Fifield in the Dorchester District, has served several years on the School Committee, and is well qualified for the position.

The French national printing office employs girls as type-founders, printers, book-sewers, bookbinders, etc., the wages ranging from fifty cents to one dollar per day. After thirty years' service both men and women are retired upon a pension.

Miss Mary Anderson, who recently returned to the city of Louisville, in which she spent her early years, was honored by a special vote of congratulation, passed by the Kentucky State Legislature, and presented to her on the stage in the presence of the audience.

Miss Augusta Holmes has nearly finished the opera she is composing on an Irish theme. An antique legend of Erin is the subject chosen by the lady, who has composed her own libretto. Miss Holmes spent last autumn in London, studying the ancient Irish M.S.S. in the British Museum.

The *Lancet* says that a maiden lady, named Heathorn, who is known as "The Maid of Kent," has just completed her 103d year, having been baptized at Maldstone in April, 1733. The venerable lady possesses all her faculties, and is reported to have indorsed a check without the aid of glasses on her birthday, which occurred last month.

The U. S. Ladies' Health Protective Association has induced the owners of slaughter-houses to make the improvements recommended by the ladies. These consist of putting in asphalt floors, having the freshly slaughtered meat kept away from the edge of the sidewalk, keeping the avenue clear of trucks, and keeping the houses shut up so that the children in the neighborhood cannot see the cattle slaughtered.

No Russian lady can travel without her husband's assent to the issue of her passport, but in Austria woman's right to a vote has just been recognized. It is stated that a decree has recently been promulgated to the effect that no married Austrian subject shall henceforth receive a passport for journeying beyond the frontier, without the express consent of his wife.

We have before now had occasion to notice the excellence of the work accomplished in Paris by the ladies forming the Society of the Libereses de St. Lazare, the great female prison. It is well known to what depths of misery the women prisoners in St. Lazare were reduced before Mlle. de Grandpre began her beneficent work. The work of assisting the discharged prisoners has now been carried on since 1870 with continually increasing success. During the past year three departments of work have been organized; the first is that of the lady patronesses who receive the women on their release from prison at 28 Place Dauphin, distributing clothing or rations of food to them, and endeavor to procure employment for them. The second branch is the Billancourt Asylum, where the children of the prisoners are taken care of during their term of punishment. The third branch is that of the lady visitors, who last year obtained permission to enter the prison and visit the women there. They can thus learn their wishes, ascertain what work they are capable of, and obtain employment ready for them at their discharge.

The Other Fellow.

"It's awful! awful!" groaned Smith, with despair in his voice. "Note due tomorrow—\$300—can't pay it. What on earth I am to do is more than I know."

"Why not let the other fellow walk?" inquired Brown.

"Let the other fellow walk?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Smith, up and down in great nervousness.

"He is walking. I'm the other fellow."

A Frenchman, introduced to a young lady by calling her name, said: "She is one of the other fellows."

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel.—By DOXA RUSSELL,

Author of "FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW," "THE VICAR'S GOVERNANCE," "OUT OF EDEN," &c.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER XL.—WHY SO SHY?

Alan Lester returned home immediately after his interview with Adrian Davy. He had learned nothing new about Jim in Plymouth, and he obtained no clue that would help him to unravel the mystery which he firmly believed still enveloped the fate of his unfortunate young kinsman.

Lady Lester expected her son, but Alan preferred to walk from the station, and as he went along the quiet lanes between the wide grasslands and the fresh-turned fallows, as he met the ploughmen with their sturdy teams returning to their homes, and exchanged a cordial "good evening" with the man in reply to their rustic civility, a feeling of rest, of peace, though with some "sober sadness" subtly intermixed, crept over him, and he felt glad to be at home.

There were dusky shadows lying over the fair landscape, shadows from the gathering night, but overhead the sky still glowed with the glory of the setting sun. And it seemed to Alan, musing, meditatively, that through such light and shade man's soul must ever pass to the "immortal sea."

For him had the clouds lifted? He had looked again on the face of his lost love, and had some of the bitterness, some of the sweetness, too, of that lost love peeped in his mind? And vague thoughts of this, more or less—for he was in the mood for vague thoughts—stole through his heart as he approached the Court and entered the avenue where the tall trees made it seem already night. What dreams, what hopes, had he nursed under these very trees in the days when he had loved, believed in, and wholly trusted Annette! He was a man refined, and lofty, and in his eyes she was lowered for evermore. And yet he loved her; had loved her with a depth that no stain on her could ever quite blot away.

But the sharpness, the first great misery of his disappointment, was over. And he was half conscious of this as he returned to Roden, and felt some pleasure, some little pride perhaps, in again being its possessor. After all, he had much to make him contented with his lot, and when he saw his mother's serene and beautiful face lit with joy at his presence, he admitted this to himself, and knew the bitterness of his grief was past.

Lady Lester was overjoyed to have him home again, and inquired with fond interest about his visit to town, his visit to Plymouth and his various interviews when he was endeavouring to obtain a reprieve for the unfortunate girl Laura Davis. Alan had already written to his mother most of what he had to tell, but still she loved to hear it all repeated. She sat holding his hand and looking lovingly in his face. She smiled a little over his account of Adrian Davy, and had a word of excuse and sympathy for Jim.

"Poor boy!" she said. "Ah, Alan, I can understand his cruel position—how could he have brought such people here?"

"But, mother, he was bound to keep his word."

"But a word pledged in different circumstances, Alan—from first to last it is a miserable affair!"

"Most truly miserable. Mother, did you or John ever mention Laura Lovat's name to you?"

"My dear, how could he do so?" said Lady Lester, a little listlessly.

"She must have been most beautiful. I had heard of her when I remembered John, and her name was very touching."

Lady Lester had no sympathy for Alan. From her high vantage-point she looked down—nay, she looked down—as one sees from the vantage-point of a mountain peak, the wretched and repentant sinner below. She told Alan, and she told them, that she was a proud old woman, and that she was not to be trifled with.

"Not proud, Alan, but do not let us talk of it; tell me about my friend Mr. Harford. How is Godfrey getting on?"

"I did not think he was as jovial as usual, do you know?"

"I'm sorry for that; what can be wrong? And Mr. Claxton?"

"In his ordinary state of unraffed serenity."

"Lady Elizabeth called one day, and said they both seemed very happy, without me," she added, in her pretty way. How charming she is! I was a man I would be in love with, I say, Elizabeth."

"Well, I hope Mr. Claxton is, and people say Harford is—or was," laughed Alan.

"Alan, I won't allow you to talk so. By the way, is it possible that our neighbor can have any idea of Godfrey Harford for Lily? She came here one day and asked a great many questions about him."

"He is rich," said Alan, a little cynically.

"But I am sure Godfrey would never marry Mrs. Doynes's daughter—I do not think he will marry now."

"And have you seen Lily while I have been away?"

"No, never; she did not come with her mother, and I was sorry for that. I like the little girl—I like that look in those grey eyes of hers—I think she is a good girl and true."

But though Lily's name was thus mentioned, Alan did not tell his mother that he had seen Annette. He always shrank from the mention of her name, and not even to Lily did he speak of it, though he chanced to see her on the day following his return to Roden.

For, early the next morning, he rode over to the small roadside inn, where he was almost sure Laura Davis must have taken refuge on the night of poor Jim's murder.

It was a quaint old place, more like a row of thatched cottages than a separate house, and stood close by the roadway, and in summer was covered with woodbine and trailing roses. And as a good trout stream ran gurgling and tuppiling under a rustic old stone-arched bridge just on the other side of the road, some fishermen stayed here for weeks in the fishing season, and sometimes also artists, struck with the rural beauty of the place, took up their quarters with old Joe Davidson.

A rustic-looking, weather-beaten dame stood knitting a blue stocking at the door as Alan approached. Her hair was white, and her skin brown, but there was a kindly, honest look in her faded grey eyes as she lifted them on hearing the tread of Alan's horse.

She made an old-fashioned curtsey when she saw who it was, and as Alan drew rein she smiled and spoke to him.

"The master's out, sir," she said, "but can I do ought?"

"It was you that I came to see, Mrs. Davidson. I want to ask you a few questions about a poor girl to whom you kindly gave shelter—on the night of the murder in Roden Park."

"Ay, sir, that's her, poor thing, they were going to hang, but my master tells me she's going to have a pardon, and so they've stayed it. Ay—it's a sad tale. I wouldn't let my master speak on it, for fear we might make it worse on her, till the trial's over, but now it can do no harm."

"No harm, certainly, perhaps some good."

"She comes here, sir, more dead nor alive! Ay, she was just awl to look at now, with her great dark eyes shining and staring like one demont. And she was froze alive, Sir Alan. My master got out the whisky, and I got her to swallow some of it, and I rubbed her feet with it, and she fell into a kind of stupor by the fire. But oh, what an awful look she had the next morn when she woke to her misery! I said to my man, 'That lass's heart is broke.'"

"I fear it was so."

"And when we heard the news o' the murder, the master and I just looked at each other. But I told him to hold his tongue we knew naught, and I wanted to have no hand in the hanging of a young lass who'd been badly used as she had."

"And she said nothing to you?"

"She mumbled something about having lost her way when she came in, but it was plain to see something worse than having lost her way had happened her. And, poor lass, before she went away in the morn, she pulled out her bit purse and offered me a pound, but I balled her I wanted naught, but she would pay, and she left ten shillins, and then George Billing drove her to the station."

"All this is just what she told me—and now Mrs. Davidson I want you to tell me something else. Did any one you do not know come about the place or pass it during that day or night?"

"No sir, not that I know on. There might be men passed down the road, but I took no heed on them if there was. We had no one stayed in the house, as it was the slack season, and it was a bitter frost, I mind."

"And you've heard of no stranger being in the neighborhood just about then?"

"No sir, but I'm not one who cares to clock, and my man he's mostly busy all the day, and when he gets in, his bit newspaper he gets each week he thinks his best company."

It was evident Mrs. Davidson had nothing further to tell him. And her description of the condition in which Laura Davis had arrived at her house would certainly not aid the poor child in any way. Therefore, Alan, after thanking her, and leaving a kindly message for the "man," as she designated her husband, to come up some morning to the Court to see some new agricultural implements which Alan had seen and ordered from town, and which he thought would be useful to old Davidson, Alan bade her good morning; and as he rode home, he began almost to be hopeless of making any further discovery of the murderer of poor Jim. Yet he remained convinced that Laura Davis was innocent. There had been truth in the girl's eyes as she solemnly declared herself to be so.

"Some day it may be cleared up," thought Alan, but that "some day" seemed just then very far away.

He passed Kingsford Grange on his return, and as he did so, he saw Lily Doynes out gardening in the front of the house.

"Good morning," he called out to her.

He was amused at the start which the girl gave at the sound of his voice, and he noticed the burning blush which spread to her very temples when she looked up and saw him.

"Why, Lily, have you grown nervous? Did I startle you?"

"No," answered Lily nervously and shyly, and then she advanced a few steps, and then hung back embarrassed, and blushed painfully.

There was only the garden between the Grange and the roadway, but the garden was raised above the road a little, and fenced round, and you entered it by a few stone steps, and before these steps Alan now drew up his horse.

Lily looked very pretty as she stood there with the morning light shining on the delicate bloom of her fair face. She had her garden rake in her hand, and wore a large brown straw hat.

"A little country maiden," thought Alan, smiling at her kindly, little guessing how her heart was beating, and her cheeks glowing with all the sweet tumultuous throbbings of a girl's first love.

"I got back last night," continued Alan, turning his horse's head to the stone steps.

"And how have you been getting on, Lily?"

"Oh! very well, I think," said Lily, still without approaching nearer to him.

"I saw your friends, Mr. Harford and Mr. Claxton, in town," said Alan, wondering what could make Lily so unusually shy.

"Yes, I think Lady Lester told mother that you had seen them."

"My mother was so sorry you didn't go to see her too, Lily; you are a great favorite of her's you know."

"Oh! I don't think so—I—"

"Has Frank got back?"

"Not yet; he has gone to stay with some people he knows in Cornwall."

This disjointed conversation appeared new likely entirely to cease, for Alan was not very talkative, and Lily seemed afraid to speak, when Mrs. Doynes (who had seen

Alan from the windows of the house) advanced upon the scene.

"Good morning, Sir Alan," she said, in her firm tones. "so you have got back. I hope you enjoyed your visit to town?"

"I did not go upon a very pleasant errand, Mrs. Doynes."

"It's shocking, quite dreadful, Sir Alan! But I won't say any more before Lily. And as you saw Mr. Harford and Mr. Claxton, I hope they ate both quite well."

"Quite well, I think."

"What a pleasant man the Squire is—and Lady Elizabeth is so charming! We have seen a good deal of them lately, and Lily has been over there several times."

"I've only been there twice, mother."

Interrupted Lily here quickly, while a look of annoyance passed over her face.

"I think more than twice, dear; however, that's no matter. I am sure they have been very kind to you."

"Oh, yes, mother."

"Won't you come in, Sir Alan. Lily will saddle the boy round for your horse. Do come in and have a chat. I'm sure I've never seen you since you were so kind to me that night when I had my little quarrel with my son-in-law."

And Mrs. Doynes gave rather a forced laugh.

"You must excuse me this morning, Mrs. Doynes."

"Well, come some other day, then. I hope we'll be better neighbors than we've been lately, and that when Frank comes back you'll come over and dine with us some evening. Bye-bye, Frank dined with Sir Rupert and Lady Miles when he was in town, so I suppose my young gentleman must have recovered his good humour. Must you go? Well, good-day, and I hope you'll see you again soon."

"Good-bye, Lily," said Alan, lifting his hat, but she never looked at him, and Alan rode away wondering how he could possibly have offended her, and thinking also how sweetly pretty the girl had grown.

"A rose-bud set with little willow thorns, and sweet as English air could make her," he mentally quoted, pondering on the fair beauty of her face.

CHAPTER XLII.—A GENEROUS HEART.

When Mr. Claxton returned to Kimmel after a fortnight's holiday in town, the Squire did not accompany him.

"Godfrey's off to Paris," he told his wife, who ran eagerly downstairs to receive him.

"I'm afraid, my dear, he's taken his calico very badly."

"What folly! It is inexcusable, such folly!"

"Come, don't abuse him, Elizabeth; he's sent you a diamond ornament which cost exactly seven hundred pounds, and presents for all the children, and when I asked—in a joking way—knowing what my share of the hotel expenses was, he told me it was all paid, and added jokingly, if I were determined to pay half, I had better give it to the poor in the parish—which I shall; and it will last a considerable time." And the Rector smiled.

"He was ever generous."

"He's a very nice fellow, that's the truth. I never saw a better man before, and I think Miss Lily's heart is quite gone."

"I always told you what he was," said Lady Elizabeth with some emotion, and she went to the window, "she—was quite unworthy of him."

"Well, it's out him pretty deeply I can tell you; he never mentioned her name the whole time I was with him; but I know it."

Lady Elizabeth did not like to hear this; she hated to hear it. It needed the diamond ornament that her cousin had sent her by her husband, to restore her equanimity.

This ornament, which was of rare beauty and magnificence, consisted of an emerald cross, surrounded on either side with large and extremely valuable diamonds. No wonder Lady Elizabeth was delighted. And the Rector also had not returned empty handed.

"I heard you say in the winter, my dear," he said, "that your far-lined cloak was getting worn, so I have brought you a new one, and this is a very good time to buy furs, for they are considerably reduced in the spring."

"How kind and thoughtful of you, Rector," answered Lady Elizabeth, but all the while she could not help thinking of the man's want of sentiment. A reduced far-lined cloak! Very useful, no doubt, but Lady Elizabeth knew she would have preferred something less useful. She was not

at all a grasping woman, and she would have been much better pleased if he had brought her a bouquet. But there it was! The Rector moaned to be kind and not sentimental.

He thought that two people who had been married fifteen or sixteen years, should study each other's substantial comforts, and a fur lined cloak seemed to him the very thing his Elizabeth wanted, especially when, at this time of the year, it had the additional attraction of being cheap.

And then he had brought each of his children something useful, too. The girls some pretty spring gown pieces, and Roddie (who was his favourite, if such an evenly balanced mind allowed himself a favourite) various small gifts, all likely to forward his education. And I have almost forgotten to mention—and the Rector did forget to mention it until the very last of the other presents were bestowed—that Godfrey Harford had also sent Lady Elizabeth the new spring bonnet she had asked for.

This bonnet, it must be admitted, was a failure. However excellent Godfrey's taste might be in jewellery and pretty faces, it was certainly not in bonnets. It was of straw, and stiff. Now, one of Lady Elizabeth's great attractions was that she dressed to perfection. Whatever she put on seemed to suit her, because she took very good care to put on nothing that did not. Her style was graceful, perhaps rather gorgeous, for she loved to wear rich velvets and costly lace, which she could arrange round her fine form with rare becomingness.

"But this little, stiff, straw bonnet, how could Godfrey have bought such a thing?" many a time thought poor Lady Elizabeth, ruefully regarding her new possession. And she must wear it. The Squire was a man who noticed little things about dress, and Lady Elizabeth felt sure she would notice the absence of his gift the very first Sunday he was at home, if she did not appear in it.

But the spring had passed away before the bonnet was worn. Godfrey Harford lingered long abroad passing from city to city, and his relations at the Rectory only heard from him occasionally. It was the middle of May when he came back, and affairs progressed very quietly both at Kimsal and at the Court during his absence.

Major Doyme had spent a week or two at home (having had a sharp encounter with his mother on his arrival there upon the subject of Sir Rupert Miles), and during this time he had seen a great deal of Alan Lester. The two men had fallen back into their old intimacy, and went fishing excursions and riding excursions almost daily together. This naturally threw Alan Lester with Lily, and sometimes she was painfully shy with him, and sometimes her old sweet trustful manner to him would return. Alan could not make her out. He asked Frank one day if he had offended Lily in any way, but the little Major answered with a smile that he was quite sure he had not.

"She is a shy little creature, and hates the idea of making advances to anyone."

"I think that could not apply to me," answered Alan also with a smile, "as I have known her since she was a child."

"She thinks herself a grown up young woman now though, and that makes all the difference."

Nevertheless Lily went out with her brother and Alan more than once to fish, though her part of the fishing consisted in merely unpacking the luncheon basket. Still she used to take the smart new fishing red, which the Squire of Kimsal had presented to her, and one day Alan took it up and admired it.

"Where did you get this swell article, Lily?" he asked.

Lily blushed deeply, as she answered, "Mr. Harford gave it to me one day at the Rectory when he brought the children each a fishing rod to fish in the Rector's new pond."

"And did my friend Godfrey fish too?" smiled Alan, balancing the fishing rod.

"It was only play with us all, I think. I don't like to catch fish, you know."

"Yes, I know, I observe Miss Lily Doyme prefers to sit gracefully on the bank, watching the ripple of the water, I think, or the shadow of the trees. Well, never mind, Lily, we'll catch the fish for you, and you may eat them."

Lily laughed merrily, and threw off her brown straw hat, and strolled away a few steps from the fishermen to a little knoll beneath, where a stately oak's thick branches spread a deeper, darker shade.

It was a bright May day, warm and mild, and the young foliage of the great

tree beneath which she sat was in its fresh spring-time, and the girl kept looking up at the grand branches, throwing out their arms against the blue white-flecked sky.

How still it was! Only the ripple of the stream a little below, and the lumbering sound of bees, and the cooing of the pigeons from the wood beyond. Lily leaned back against the vast garlanded trunk of the oak, idly watching through the branches the white clouds sailing before the light wind, and then, idly too, began weaving a garland of the small ground ivy which grew thickly around her.

As she did this she was herself "fair to see." She wore a white woollen gown with a little brown silk handkerchief knitted round her slender throat. And as she went on with her garland, Alan got tired of his fishing rod, for the sun was too bright on the water, and leaving his rod on the bank, he strolled towards where Lily was sitting beneath the shadow of the oak.

"May I enter, fair Druidess?" he asked smiling, "and—may I smoke?"

He seated himself by her side, and kept looking at her nimble little white finger twisting the ivy with a sort of languid interest, while over the girl's whole being stole such a sense of delicious joy that it was almost akin to pain.

"For whom is your garland, Lily?" presently asked Alan.

"I twist them round the flower-baskets at home, and they look pretty for days."

"Will you make me one to take home to my mother?"

"Yes, of course; you can have this one."

At this moment a shout of triumph was heard proceeding from the bank of the stream below, and Alan started to his feet.

"Frank has caught a fish, I declare!" he cried, and Frank presently appeared carrying his spool in his creel with pride.

"I told you to have patience," he said. "By Jove you two look very comfortable heretofore—and I feel remarkably thirsty."

Upon this hint Alan whistled with his dog whistled twice and this was the signal for the luncheon basket to appear. They had driven over and put up at old Jess Davidson's, Alan having called for Frank and Lily Doyme at Kingsford on the way, and the servant was ordered to bring down luncheon to the stream when Alan whistled.

In a few minutes they were all very busily engaged, though Lily was too happy to be hungry; she ran about helping her brother, whose appetite was remarkably good.

"I must say Miss Lil has chosen a very picturesque spot to lunch in," said the little Major, looking complacently up from his plate.

"And she adds to the picture," said Alan, "Frank isn't at all picturesque, is he, Sir Alan, devouring pigeon pie?"

"Oh, my dear, I'm too old and too worn to care for appearances—it's all very well for a pretty young woman! And she is rather a pretty young woman," he added, presently going up to where Lily was sitting, and lifting her ivy garland, and twisting it round her fair head. "There! I have crowned you—a little woodland queen!"

"I didn't know you were so poetical, Frank!" laughed Lily, with a happy blush, conscious, perhaps, that her garland was not unbecoming.

"You don't know what undeveloped attractions I may possess."

"Hold the luncheon basket quite steady for a few minutes will you, Frank," now said Lily, jumping up and turning the basket on one side. "I want to mount on it—there is a bit of foliage on that bench I must have."

She was as lithe and slender as a child. Frank obediently knelt down and held the basket, and Lily balanced herself with her pretty little feet on the wicker-work edge, and stretching up her arms, caught one of the stunted low hanging boughs, crowned with its beautiful pale, yellow-brown leaves.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said, plucking spray after spray and flinging them down, and then when she left her hold on the branch, the jerk it gave upwards upset her equilibrium—and she would certainly have tumbled backward if Alan Lester had not caught her in his arms.

"Silly little girl," he said, "you might have hurt yourself."

"That's rather a come down to your pride, Miss Lil," remarked her brother, with a laugh.

"You shook the basket, Frank!" said Lily, releasing herself from Alan's arms, who was looking at her admiringly.

"Do you know what poor Jim used to call you, Lily?" he asked.

"No, poor boy!"

"A wood-nymph—his wood-nymph I believe—you look like a wood-nymph now."

"Then I must go back to an ordinary English girl—I will get my hat and take off my ivy crown."

"Wear it for a little while," said Alan still looking at her intently, and then after a moment or two he turned away with a restless sigh.

Something, as she spoke so brightly, as she looked up smiling so sweetly in his face, had recalled Annette to him, and the last spring-time that he had spent with her. He remembered just such a day as this—"One of those heavenly days that cannot die"—when he had stood with her too under the tender green of the opening leaves. He had tried not to think of her of late, and a conversation that he had with Frank Doyme after he returned to Kingsford, had helped him in this determination. Major Doyme had thought the matter over, and had spoken to Alan with apparent frankness, though with certain reservations which he thought prudent, regarding Annette's relations with her husband.

"I dined with Miles," said the little Major, "ling'ring his long tawny moustache as usual, '—I don't think he's such a bad sort of fellow. Mether had irritated him, you know, and he's confoundedly jealous, but as I told Annette if she is wise she will make the best of him, and I believe he is very fond of her.'"

"But does she seem happy?"

"Fairly happy, I think; and then you see, my dear fellow, if she chose to marry him for his money, and she has got his money, and I do not see how she could shirk her share of the bargain."

Major Doyme little thought as he repeated these words to Alan, the terrible effect which they had already created on the mind of the unhappy man of whom he spoke.

"And I wrote to her also," continued Doyme, "and pointed out to her that the past cannot be recalled, and that her best chance of happiness will now lie in learning to care for her husband. As I tell her, she could not part from him without grave scandal, and as far as I could learn he has certainly given her no reason to attempt such a thing."

Alan was silent. He bit his lips. The conversation was naturally intensely painful to him.

"All that she could say against him was that he is stupidly jealous, and that he won't let her go into society. Well, there it is!" (and the Major shrugged his shoulders) "Everyone to their taste, you know. I would find it supremely stupid to be constantly alone with one person, but Miles seems of an exactly opposite opinion. It's rather hard on a lovely coquettish girl like Annette to have got such a jealous husband, but I see no way to make any better of it, except for her to turn a very loving wife."

And Major Doyme laughed, feeling sure that in speaking thus he was speaking for the benefit of his friend.

And his words were not without effect on Alan's heart. He knew no better could be made of it, and that Doyme was speaking the truth when he said Annette had married Sir Rupert Miles "for his money, and had got his money." So he tried not to think of her; he went fishing with Lily and Frank, and he interested himself in the building of some new cottages for his workmen, and he did not forget also the unhappy girl Laura Davis, who lay in prison sorely ill.

But as yet nothing had come to light. The blood-guiltiness of James Lester's death remained a hidden mystery to Alan and the prisoner's mother, and no one else believed there was any mystery about it.

Such was the position of affairs on the bright May day when Lily stood under the great oak tree, crowned with ivy, and her smiles, her levellness, brought Annette so vividly back to Alan's mind.

He turned away, he grew silent, and the rest of the fishing excursion was not so lively as the beginning had been. But Lily had been happy, dangerously happy, and Frank Doyme also thought that things were progressing very satisfactorily. His leave was ended, and he was returning to duty the next day, but he hoped soon to hear that his friend Alan and his "little Lil" were going to be as happy as they deserved, and in the way that he was sure would make them so.

But after he left Kingsford, Lily did not see so much of Alan. She was too shy to go to the Court, and Alan disliked Mrs. Doyme so much that he never went to the Grange. A week and more passed away and he never saw her at all, and then one afternoon Mr. Harford, who had returned to Kimsal two days before, arrived to call at Roden.

Alan was unaffectedly glad to see him. The Squire was a great favourite both of Lady Lester and her son; Lady Lester ever speaking of him, and also Lady Elizabeth, in the highest terms. They were old friends, her husband's friends, and had always been intimate at the Court. They pressed him, therefore, to stay and dine with them, and Godfrey Harford, with a word of apology for his dress to Lady Lester, gladly consented.

He was not looking well. Never a handsome man, his strong features looked harsher and more marked than of yore, and he was decidedly thinner. He joked about the French and Italian cookery not having suited him, and talked much as usual in his sprightly way, still Lady Lester's gentle, but acute gaze detected something was amiss.

Yet during dinner he made himself very agreeable, talking with shrewd observation and some humour of the incidents that had happened to him abroad. But when Lady Lester left them, Alan noticed that his manner and expression suddenly changed, and presently he asked Alan's leave to go out on the terrace in front to smoke their cigars.

It was a fine night, still and balmy, and the placid beauty of the Court lay sleeping in cold white moonlight, each tree, each leaf with borrowed silver ray.

They walked up and down at first almost in silence, i.e. something in the scene and hour, in the dewy freshness of "the silent air" filled each heart with a strange sadness and shadowy and indistinct memories from the past seemed to linger around them.

At last Godfrey Harford spoke, and there was a ring of great pain in his voice.

"We are old friends, Alan," he said, "and I came here to-day intending to tell you something."

"What is that, Harford?"

"I don't know whether I am justified in telling it, but I think I am. Some one's happiness, some one who is very dear to me is concerned in this story, and I know she would never forgive me if she knew that I told you, but I know what you are—a man so honourable that a woman's secret will always be safe with you, and I am therefore going to trust you."

"Of course, you can trust me."

"There is a little girl," said the Squire, in a strangely pathetic tone, as if spoken through unshed tears, "a little girl who seems to me the sweetest and purest child on earth, and whose love I was fool enough to hope to win. Can you guess, now? I asked Lily Doyme to marry me before I went away, and she refused me, and when I asked her if she could give me no hope she said she could give me none."

"I am truly sorry for this, Harford—most sorry."

"I had set my heart upon it, and it was a very bitter blow, but there it was! I am too old I know for her, but still I hoped to make this up. I would have tried hard to make her happy, but it was not to be—and Alan, when I urged her to tell me the reason, I wrung from her innocent lips that she had no love to give—that—that—"

"What?" asked Alan sharply, colouring, and looking round quickly in Mr. Harford's face.

"I wrung from her innocent lips," repeated the Squire, and his eyes grew dim, "that she had given her love to you, that when all the trouble came to you, when her sister left you, that her heart went to you. She faltered this out, saying there was nothing between you, that you cared nothing for her, but that she cared for you, though no one was ever to know this, and she only told me to spare me further pain."

Alan Lester was deeply moved.

"I never thought of such a thing," said: "I am completely astonished."

"I have seen her once since I and I fancied she did not look like this. This is what made me come. I can trust you, and you will never tell her that I told you this conversation, had never been. But I own heart. But I own heart; my dear

Young Folks' Department

The New Noah's Ark.

"What are you going to make for our fair, Chester?" The speaker was a very small young woman, with so much fluffy blonde hair hanging over her eyes that she looked very like the terrier curled up beside the work basket, where were bunched bright bits of ribbon and lace to be turned into wonderful "nothings" for the fair.

"I don't know," was the response from a corner where Chester was supposed to be studying.

"A boy with a camera and a scroll-saw and a printing-press ought to do lots of things," Bessie Clarke says.

"Did Bessie really say that?"

"Yes, and she is to have a table, and all the money goes to the Children's Hospital."

"I don't care where the money goes."

"But you ought; it's so philan-some-thing."

"Filling something?"

"Yes; poor little empty stomachs—I suppose that's what it means."

"Why should children in a hospital be hungry, when they have oranges and things? Aunt Occurance takes dozens of them there."

Blanche was unable to reply, for she had come to a twist in her silk, and was struggling with a knot; besides, she always felt like a witness in court when Chester began to ask questions.

"You will make something, won't you?" she said, after a while.

"I might make a book," said Chester, looking around as if for an idea.

"The very thing!—a picture book, I suppose," said Blanche, eagerly. "Bessie makes lovely scrap-books with Christmas cards."

"Do you think I'd do that?" was the scornful answer.

"Why not?"

"I'm not a girl. I mean a real book, with a title and a preface and 'to be concluded'—or, no, 'the end,' would be better—and stories in it."

"Oh!" said Blanche, drawing a long breath.

"I can print it well enough; I have plenty of paper, and my press is all in good order. The type is a little mixed, but I can soon straighten it out; the only bother will be the stories. I hate to write."

"So do I; my fingers get so inky."

"That isn't the worst—it's the thinking more than the inking."

"Laura Jones likes it; she writes verses."

"So does Jack Vane; he makes up yarns by the yard."

"And Kitty Rogers's compositions are splendid."

"I won't have any girls' fingers in this pie; they can make pincushions and paint pictures."

"Oh, Chester!"

"I'll only have one story with illustrations, and a red binding and gilt letters. I'm going to see Tom Barker and the boys; perhaps they will help. What is the fair?"

"Six weeks from to-day."

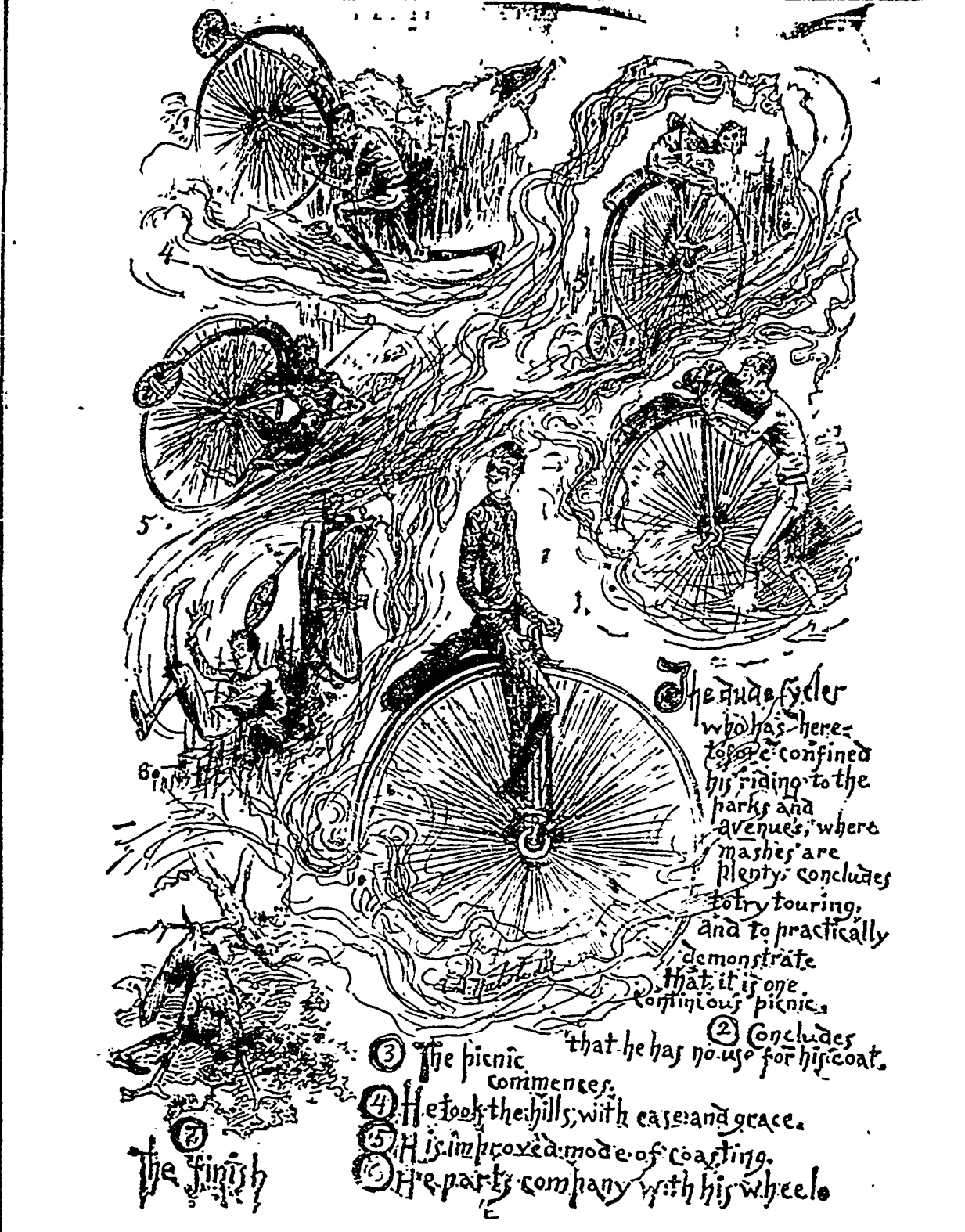
"That's time enough," said Chester, as he put on his cap and went out.

He found Tom Barker and two or three of his other companions playing base-ball, but they were tired, and glad to have a chat as they strolled home. They all entered heartily into his project, and promised assistance.

"I tell you what," said Jim Nixon; let's have an editor. My big brother will do it, and we'll get the fellows at school to send in things, and the best story shall have the author's name on the title-page, and we'll print ever so many copies."

"All right," was the response all around, and then hours for meeting were appointed, and they resolved to call themselves "The Steeple-chase Printing Club."

The way in which pens and pencils were used about at the Webster School for the purpose of something remarkable, and the way in which the boys and girls of the school might have been seen; but there was no suggestion of a book. Some serious suffering, and the waste-basket; and the chosen ones ceased their agreeable task to say, the reveal the



The rider who has here-
before confined
his riding to the
parks and
avenues, where
mashes are
plenty, concludes
to try touring,
and to practically
demonstrate
that it is one
continuous picnic.

- ① Concludes that he has no use for his coat.
- ② Commences.
- ③ He took the hills, with ease and grace.
- ④ His improved mode of coasting.
- ⑤ He parts company with his wheels

The finish

New Noah's Ark, and the only name accompanying it was to be Chester Drayton's, the boys having voted that as he was the donor, this honor should be awarded him. The rest were contented to see "Printed by the Steeple-chase Club" in very small type down at the bottom of the last page. There were a good many difficulties to be overcome, and the boys worked like beavers under the direction of a competent bookbinder, when Chester's father employed for the purpose. Perhaps the volume was a little rough, a trifle less beautiful than the finished works of experienced hands, but how proudly did the makers survey it! Copy after copy was turned off, until a goodly little pile was ready in brightest colors and gold; and never was boy better satisfied than Chester.

The Steeple-chase Printing Club went in a body to the fair—a handsome, valiant set of lads, full of fun and nonsense, but of courteous manners and good address.

The book was prominently placed, and at the table where Blanche Drayton was serving, everybody was saying what a bright idea it had been, and how clever and funny the story was.

"Have you read it? How do you like it?"

"Isn't it good?" said one to another.

"It is the best thing in the fair. There ought to have been a thousand copies; they would go off like hot cakes."

Chester could not help being a little proud as Blanche smilingly repeated all the kind things that were said; and Blanche looked so pretty as she gave a little sigh, saying, dimly, "None of my things will sell."

"You could not expect them to," said Chester.

"Why not?" asked Bessie Clarke—a bright little wren of a girl, with a soft voice and sweet manner that Chester thought very winning.

"Well," he answered, in a patronizing way, "the things girls do are very nice, of course, but they can't come quite up to this;" and he looked at The New Noah's Ark he held in his hand with an immense amount of satisfaction.

Bessie's laugh rang out as softly musical as a wren's jubilant twitter when it has made its nest.

"Who is the author of this?" asked somebody.

"Oh, I must tell," cried Blanche; "I must tell. Bessie Clarke wrote the story." Chester stared incredulously.

"She did—ate did," nodded Blanche,

and every one crowded around the young author to congratulate her.

Chester had a little struggle with himself. So the best of the book was not his, after all!

This was indeed an unwelcome surprise; but his better nature prevailed, and as soon as he had the chance he took Bessie's hand, and said: "You're a perfect brick—I beg pardon; but there isn't a boy I knew who could have done it. Besides, the not telling was splendid, and I just wish my name was off that cover."

"Oh, no, no," said Bessie, laughing; "it is twice the fun to be anonymous; but when Blanche told me that no girl's finger was to be in the pie, I could not resist the temptation, and my brother George was only too glad to let me try. You must scold him."

But no scoldings were necessary. The fair was a success every way.

A interesting bill before the Storting is one to grant a married woman independent control of her own property, which has hitherto been entirely at the disposal of the husband. This is one of the many steps now being taken in Norway to improve the social condition of woman.

The Household.

Managing a Husband.

One of the greatest mysteries of life to me, and one that still remains so after much thought and study on the subject, is just how some women manage a husband so charmingly, while others make such deplorable failures. I was a visitor on one occasion in a certain household, which I will not name here, where the man of the house was not an object of the least solicitude on the part of any member of the family; in fact he was simply tolerated as a sort of crumb to be kept in the family machinery moving. The impression seemed to pervade the minds of wife and children that he stayed down town all day "having a good time" telling stories and having innumerable "nips" with that mysterious "other man," and that the hard, dull routine of business was the last thing he ever troubled himself about. I used to feel really sorry for him when he would come home at night with such a careworn and troubled look on his face, for I knew only too well what an exacting wife he had, who liberally kept his nose to the grindstone. When she would eye him suspiciously, and in a harsh, fretful voice ask him "why he did not come home sooner," and then would commence such a series of questioning and a regular siege of systematic nagging that if I had been a man and in his place it would have driven me out of the house. Not a bit of it. This wife knew her man, and the man was used to this sort of "home rule," the one object of his life being to keep peace in the family. Instead of reading the riot act to his domestic tyrant, and asserting his authority as I have seen other men do under similar circumstances, he was one of the most amiable of husbands and complied with every demand of his wife with the most loving submission. What is strong meat to one would be poison to another, and I would not advise you to try this walk-over system until other means have failed.

Some men love to be petted and praised, and if they don't get it at home they are pretty apt to seek it elsewhere. All the crying and scolding you can do will not "keep them in at night." They are jolly and jovial in disposition, and love good company and congenial companionship, and the world is full of just such "jolly fellows;" and if the counter attractions of home and fireside are not brighter and better than they can find outside, the lesser attractions will go to the wall. These are the sort of men who have been used to the gentle tender ways of loving mothers—mothers who used to look at them with tend, appreciative eyes, which even the film of death can never blot from their memory, who had always kind words of welcome, to whom they could always take their boyish cares, disappointments and aspirations, feeling assured of that sympathy which was ever alive and responsive, kindling a flame of love that brightened every shadow of their boyhood days.

There are any number of men, especially among the self-hearted of their sex, who dearly love to be managed. They glory in hearing the persuading voice in their ear and to feel loving arms around their necks. A politeness, supplemented by glowing tenderness, although the object of the caresses may be well understood, will be granted before it assumes shape in words. They take a pride in their quietness, enjoying the situation immensely, from the very consciousness of their supremacy. Being masters of the situation, they observe with inward amusement the little artifices and wire-pulling of the fair diplomats and pardon them for the mere pleasure it gives them of yielding. They never lose sight of the fact, however, that if necessity required it "they could kick over the traces and smash the whole 'em into a thousand splinters." Was he unto the woman who loses sight of this fact herself by this seeming go-as-you-please pace to be betrayed into drawing the reins too tightly and rendering these Samsons restive, and force them to the conclusion that they have been too indulgent and that it was about time "to put a stop to this sort of thing."

When to draw a line requires the most discriminating judgment on the part of a wife in all matters pertaining to domestic bliss. Men are perverse animals at heart and are dreadfully jealous of their prerogatives as lords of creation, and being the heads of at least their family, when they know their power is recognized and properly acknow-

lodged in the household, they seldom feel there is any occasion to rise up in their strength and assert their authority.

There are many stupid husbands who do not know they are being managed, and many clever women who make their husbands believe they are the most submissive of wives, gaining control of them without once alarming or wounding their self-respect or vanity, making them think the way they are being led is just the way they had planned, but I believe, after all, the best advice I can give you, my fair bride, is the same as a wise woman once said to her only married daughter: "Give your husband his own way for twelve months and you will have yours for the rest of your life."

Ohio Recipes.

RHUBARB IN SEASON.—Rhubarb is scarcely so much appreciated as it deserves to be. Rhubarb tart, rhubarb pudding, rhubarb fool, are the three varieties the ordinary housekeeper seldom ventures beyond, and yet there are so many other ways in which it may be utilized. Perhaps they are not known, or at any rate not thought of, so we can give a few recipes, merely saying beforehand that however excellent and useful it may be, rhubarb would be out of place at any but the family dinner, with the exception, perhaps, of the pretty pink forced rhubarb, which, when it first comes in in the very early spring, is considered a delicacy.

RHUBARB JELLY.—Cut up as much as will fill two quart measures, having previously peeled it; the pink kind is the best for jelly. Put it in a pudding basin with ten ounces of sugar and a teacupful of water. Put a plate over it and let it stand in the oven until the juice is all drawn out. Then strain it and dissolve an ounce of gelatine in half a pint

of the juice, and the rind of a lemon very thinly peeled, also the juice, and let all boil together for a minute or two; take out the lemon-peel and pour the jelly into the mold previously dipped in warm water. Let it stand until cold and firm, either on ice or otherwise.

RHUBARB FRITTERS.—Peel young rhubarb and cut the stalks into lengths of about two or two and a half inches. Make a batter by mixing six large tablespoonfuls of flour with a pint of milk as smoothly as possible; add a pinch of salt and two well-beaten eggs. If the rhubarb be very young and tender it may not require peeling; it would then be sufficient to wipe each piece with a damp, clean cloth; dip each piece in a batter and fry in lard until a nice golden brown. Serve very hot, piled high on a napkin, and well powdered over with castor sugar. Half this quantity would be enough for a small dish.

RHUBARB BAKED PUDDING.—Well butter a pie dish and line the bottom and sides with slices of thin bread and butter; moisten these at the bottom of the dish by sprinkling a little hot water over them; over these put a layer of rhubarb cut into small pieces; scatter moist sugar over the rhubarb, and grate some of the rind from a fresh lemon over the sugar; then add another layer of bread and butter and sprinkle a teaspoonful of hot water over them and repeat the rhubarb, sugar and lemon; finish by covering the top with bread and butter, slightly moistening it as before; scatter a very little of the moist sugar all over the pudding and add little bits of butter here and there above the sugar, as well as round the edge of the dish. Bake in rather a slow oven at first, and send it to table nicely browned.

RHUBARB SNOW TART.—Peel and cut up half a dozen stalks of rhubarb into small

pieces, put it in a pudding basin, with just enough water to moisten it, cover it with a plate, and pour it into the oven until soft. These may be made either in open tart tins or in a pie dish; for the latter all the juice should be used, but for tart tins it would be necessary to pour some of it off. When the rhubarb is soft enough let it stand to cool for a few minutes and then add six ounces of moist sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, and the yolks of three well-beaten eggs. Stir well together, and having lined the tins with puff paste, fill them with the mixture, and bake them until they take a like golden color. Whip the whites of the three eggs to a stiff froth, shaking in four good teaspoonfuls of finely powdered sugar, and adding a few drops of vanilla flavoring. Pipe this froth high on the tarts, and set them again in the oven for a minute or two to set; directly the snow begins to take a delicate pale-cream color the tarts are done, and should be served at once.

RHUBARB FLUMMEY.—Peel and cut up two or three pounds of rhubarb, put it in a basin with a little cold water, not enough to quite cover it, place a plate over the top, and set it in the oven till soft. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in three or four tablespoonfuls of water, and, having strained the juice from the rhubarb, put the juice into a stewpan with the melted gelatine and stir it until quite dissolved. With a wooden spoon rub the softened rhubarb through a sieve, mix this with the gelatine, add six tablespoonfuls of thick cream, stirring in as much powdered sugar as may make it sweet enough—probably six or eight ounces. Set this on the fire again to warm, but on no account let it boil, and stirring it all the time. When hot turn it into a mold or basin dipped in cold water, and let it stand till set. Serve in a glass dish with mustard round it.

COMPOTE OF RHUBARB.—Pink rhubarb should be used for this, and the younger the better, as it is so much better in appearance when not peeled, and unless quite young the outer skin would not be tender enough to be left. Wipe the stalks with a damp cloth, and cut them into two and a half inch lengths. To a pound and a half of rhubarb allow nine ounces of loaf sugar. Let the sugar simmer in a teacupful and a half of water for a quarter of an hour, and then put the pieces of rhubarb into it to boil very gently at the side of the fire until tender, being careful that they do not break. When soft lift them out of the drip with a perforated spoon and place them in a glass dish. Let the syrup continue boiling for a little while longer to thicken, then pour it into a basin to cool, and color it with a few drops of cochineal. Pour this pink syrup over the pieces of rhubarb when it is ready to serve.

RHUBARB JAM.—Having wiped the stalk perfectly dry, peel them and cut them into half inch lengths; weigh the fruit, and allow an equal weight of loaf sugar and a half of a rind of a lemon, finely chopped, to every pound of fruit. Put all into a preserving-pan at the side of the fire until the sugar is melted, stirring it constantly to prevent burning. Then set it on the fire to boil and continue stirring with a wooden spoon until the jam will set, which may be ascertained by occasionally trying a drop or two of it on a cold plate. Rhubarb jam requires boiling or it won't keep. When done pour it off into clean, well dried jars, and let it stand in a cool place till next day, when it can be tied down in the usual manner.

Labelling Necessary.

"Simpson," said the managing editor, "please don't write any more pathetic articles. I ask you this for a personal favor for I am inclined to look on the bright side of life, and when I thoughtlessly take up an article like the one you wrote last night, why it topples me over the precipice of despondency and gloom, where I flounder for hours before I can climb up the rugged side and again bask in the beams of the sun." "To which article do you refer?" "Simpson." "The one headed, 'A Bottle of Experience with a Bottle of Bitterness.'" "Why, sir, that was a humorous article." "That so? Well, give us some more of that kind." "Say, Simpson, label 'em, please."

On hearing that the managing editor had been called out West, and that the eggs were laid out there. They were laid without a word.



PAPA'S PET.

BY JOHN IMHIE, TORONTO.

Down a crowded thoroughfare,
Walked a little stranger;
Light blue eyes and golden hair,
Scarcely knew her danger!
Gaily dressed, so clean and neat,
Ribbons without measure!
Stockings white and slippered feet,
Some one's darling treasure!
Bustled passed the crowd along—
Business hours are pressing;
None in all that busy throng,
Stopped to make caringing!
Now and then an anxious look,
O'er her face came stealing;
Was at any sage's book,
Quiet, yet most appealing!
Looking for her mother's smile,
In that sea of faces;
None her fears could there beguile,
Wearily she paces!

Seen the blue eyes fill with tears,
And her bosom heaving,
Shows the crowd her anxious fears,
Need some kind relieving!
Now a kindly stranger came,
And wiped the cheeks so wet:—
"Tell me, Sis, what's your name?"
"My papa calls me 'Pet'!"
Here the stranger dropt a sigh,—
A sigh of sad regret;
One he claimed above the sky,
Ah! once he called her "Pet!"
How he kissed that little child,
Kissed all her tears away;
Till at last she sweetly smil'd,
Just like a summer's day!
Soon he found her father's home,
Kept chatting all the way;
Never more from thence to roam,
Until her wedding day.



FIG. 24.



FIG. 23.

No. 3449.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 4 yards; 32 inches, 4½ yards; 34 inches, 4¾ yards; 36 inches, 5 yards; 38 inches, 5½ yards; 40 inches, 5¾ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 2 yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards; 34 inches, 2¾ yards; 36 inches, 3 yards; 38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 3¾ yards.

No. 3450.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), 11½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), 6 yards.

Cambrie for underskirt, 5 yards.

No. 3444.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), 11½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), 6 yards.

Cambrie for underskirt, 5 yards.

No. 3445.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 3½ yards; 32 inches, 3¾ yards; 34 inches, 4 yards; 36 inches, 4½ yards; 38 inches, 4¾ yards; 40 inches, 5 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1¾ yards; 34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards; 38 inches, 2¾ yards; 40 inches, 3 yards.

No. 3448.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) 11½ yards.

Quantity of Material (54 inches wide) 6½ yards.

3445.—LADIES' WRAP. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 3 yards; 34 inches, 3½ yards; 36 inches, 4 yards; 38 inches, 4½ yards; 40 inches, 5 yards; 42 inches, 5½ yards; 44 inches, 6 yards; 46 inches, 6½ yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for 30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 2 yards; 34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 3 yards; 38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 4 yards; 42 inches, 4½ yards; 44 inches, 5 yards; 46 inches, 5½ yards.

OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The dressy costumes are fitted and house. The design for the skirt is a simple, broad-based, bell-shaped skirt, with a high collar, and a deep lace tounce for the skirt.

lace, or embroidery, and ornamental frog. The fronts are quite close fitting, and longer than the plain back, which is fitted with the usual seams. The "sling" sleeves are full at the top, gathered in at the back, and turned under in front to give the desired shape.

The skirt worn with this skirt can be

fashioned of any two ordinary materials. A deep puff covers the tablier, over which is draped an apron that points in front, lays in clustered pleats on the right, and is then caught part way down with a beaded plaque on the left side over a pointed panel of embroidery or some contrasting fabric; a similar panel finishes the right side. The

back drapery hangs in a box-pleat on the left and a jabot on the right side, reaching to the protective ruche or pleating on the lower edge. Pattern No. 3448, price 30 cents.

The V shaped basque shown in the same cut, on the middle figure, is fitted as usual, has the edge ornamented with tabs, and the back cut in two long pieces which turn under to form loops and ends; the vest is set on in Breton style, and is most effective when made of lace ruffles and beads; similar trimming finishing the high collar, fronts and tabs. The sleeves are cut in "pandynes" on the outside, and caught together with plaques over full sleeves of lace high on the shoulders and ending in ruffles at the wrists. Pattern No. 3445, price 25 cents.

Pattern No. 3444, price 30 cents, furnishes the design for the skirt worn with the above basque, and, like it, is fashioned of silk and lace. The underpart is laid in kilt-pleats, with a box-pleated panel on either side; round drapery in the back edged with lace; a similar trimming across the right side, and a deep lace tounce (or pleat) draped as an apron, pointing toward the left, coming from under one pane



FIG. 22.



FIG. 20.

and caught high over the other one with a beaded ornament.

The remaining figure of the group is attired in skirt Pattern No. 3450, price 30 cents. A box-pleating surrounds the edge, showing quite deep on the right side, where there is also a panel of soutache embroidery in silk and fine braid; the apron drap's high on this side, then rounds low to the left, where it hangs in both length and crosswise pleats; the panel on this side is of the plain goods gathered at the top, pleated below, and flanked on either side by triangular pieces of the embroidery connected by fancy cords in the centre; the back drapery is long and straight with a bouffant appearance over the tummy.

The stylish basque worn with the above skirt, is copied from Pattern No. 3453, price 25 cents. The back of this basque is laid in side pleats, caught at the waist with a strap, and allowed to flare below; a square yoke covers the shoulders, extends to the front, and continues as a revers down to the edge; this may be embroidered, beaded, or of contrasting material. The high collar, bracelet, cuffs, strap in the back, and yoke on the pleated vest are of the same fabric; the plastron hooks invisibly under the pleats, and is composed by ribbons from the side seams. The sleeves are fuller than usual, and gathered into a band at the wrists.

MILLINERY.

Figure No. 20 illustrates a design of cream-colored straw faced with brown crepe; loops



FIG. 13.

of the same with a bronze buckle, long plumes of brown curling over the crown. This is one of the few styles trimmed in front. Figure No. 24 represents a stylish shape of black Italian straw faced with velvet, lace shirred on the outside of the brim, piece-lace forming a huge bow caught with a jet buckle and five tips curling from the back. The bonnet shown on the child in Figure No. 13 is of cream-colored straw lined with blue satin; cream tips, Oriental lace, and cream gauze ribbon, dotted with blue, ornament the outside. The hat on the second figure is of rustic straw faced with yellow crepe, shirred; loops of yellow ribbon and flowers decorate the outside. Lower down there rests a broad Leghorn with a gauze facing, similar outside trimming, and ostrich tips. The remaining design intended for a miss, is of red and tan straw with a torse and full bow of ribbons of the two colors twisted together.

Handsome Leghorn shapes are bent in fanciful shape, faced with crepe or velvet and loaded with long and short feathers, flowers, bows of fancy ribbon lace or crepe. Cream, pale green, yellow, cream and black, are favorite combinations for these designs, which are to be worn at garden parties and at the seaside with large parasols to match. Plainer shapes are faced with velvet and trimmed with lace, or mull and flowers.

Immense spikes are faced and trimmed with crepe, and a border of small blossoms added on the brim edge. A tiny bow is sometimes affixed to the inner part of the brim, on the side or in the front. Sailor hats of dark blue have a band of gold braid over a wider one of velvet with a gilt buckle. Rank hats are trimmed with lace, mull and wild flowers. Sailor designs for hats are velvet-faced, have crowns of crepe or lace and velvet bow with poppies or roses by front.

Figure No. 23 shows a dainty bonnet of silk cord and jet netting over each main, pleatings of lace across the front, fan of the same in the back, strings of moire ribbon, No. 16, roses and plenty of their

foliage springing up in front. The bonnet shown in Figure No. 22 is of brown straw faced with scarlet velvet, having two rows of rosary beads on the rolling brim; the crown is made full with irregular puffs of gold embroidered tissue; brown strings; bow and algerette on top are of a golden color. Midsummer designs are offered without ties; present shapes have strings of No. 16 ribbon, a yard and a half being required.

Bowties of half-inch ribbon in one or several tints are massed thickly upon the tops of plain spring capotes. Round hats are trimmed in the same simple manner. Ribbon loops on bennets are set directly on top, extending toward the back, are of one or several shades; flowers are added in the centre, and the strings are carried across the back, or down the centre, of the crown. It seems almost needless to remark that yellow and red predominate. Jet ornaments, leaves, wings, insects, pine, grommets, entire shape, and beads glitter in every direction. Glass beads are shown of every color, to be worn in groups over crowns or to edge brims. Hanging pendants are also fancied for hat or bennet edges.

Paid \$25,000 to the Doctor for a Visit.

About a month ago a London physician had a telegram from the wife of a noble patient at Cannes, "Come for consultation; fee £1,000." The great doctor replied, "Anxious cases; cannot come." Her ladyship seems to have thought that this was but a way of making a better bargain, for she increased her offer in four successive telegrams, till the last read, "Come at once—£5,000." While the five telegrams and the replies were being sent backward and forward the "anxious cases" considerably died or got better; so our doctor in his last reply wired, "Coming." After he had seen his patient at Cannes, my lady inquired what was the fee. He said, "All the Riviera doctors with English clients met and fixed the fee for a consultation—the

consultant coming expressly from London—at £1,000." A check for £1,000 was accordingly presented to him. Calling on his way to his train next day, merely to say good-by and enquire after his patient, the lady handed him an envelope "not to be opened till by and by." The doctor said, "I have had my fee. This visit is not professional, but complimentary; but being told to put the envelope in his pocket, he did so. Later on he found it contained a check for £500—a sum which had no particular relation to the telegraphic bids. Next day, this all. Four checks came on successive days, their united value being £3,500, all signed by her ladyship; and at the bank letters were received preparing for their presentation. The doctor wrote, saying he had had his fee and could take no more. He offered to return £4,000 or distribute it among useful institutions. As, the money was left in his hands he adopted the latter course, with the result that £1,000 was given to the Medical Examination Hall, £1,000 to each of two hospitals and £1,000 to one of the medical institutes.

Her "Erastus."

Affection often blinds us to the defects of those who are the objects of it. Faults most glaring to other people are not seen by us, or, if seen, are overlooked in that spirit of charity for which love is but another name. It is often pathetic to witness this self-blindness on the part of faithful women whose idols have turned to clay. A colored woman, familiarly known as Betty, had married a rather promising young negro, for whom she had the most genuine affection. Soon after marriage, the husband, whose name was Erastus, became one of the most shiftless and worthless of negroes, and finally was so openly dishonest and dissipated that he was shunned by every person of his own color.

This threw the support of the family upon poor Betty, but she accepted the burden without a murmur. No one ever heard her speak a word in condemnation of the disgraceful Erastus. Her affection for him seemed to abide and endure through all the disgrace and misfortune he brought upon her. Her tame submission to her husband's ill-treatment provoked some of the white ladies who gave Betty employment for the support of herself and children, and the support of Erastus also.

One day, an indignant and outspoken and perhaps unwise woman, accused to her by the report of a fresh cruelty on the part of Erastus, said to Betty,—

"See here, Betty, what makes you live with that worthless fellow any longer?"

"Ma'am?" said Betty, with a look of amazement in her large dark eyes.

"Why don't you leave him?"

"Leab Rastus, ma'am!"

"Yes, leave him."

"W'y, lady, Rastus is my husband."

"He don't deserve the name," said the woman, angrily.

"What does he do, or what has he ever done, for your support?"

"W'y, lady, he—he—"

"Now, Betty," said the woman, decidedly.

"You know that he don't do a thing but live on your savings and abuse you."

"Well, lady, he—he—"

"Well, come now, Betty; tell me of a single virtue that he has."

Poor Betty hung her head, and seemed striving to think of something to say in defence of Erastus.

"Loyal Betty!"

"You see!" said the woman, after waiting a moment or two in silence.

"The fellow is so utterly worthless that, with all your devotion, you cannot truthfully say a good word for him."

Betty looked up, with tears in her eyes, and then the face lighted and a faint smile came into it, as she said,—

"Well, lady, Rastus aint no great work; er but, lady dar aint a culled man in dis town what kin play de fiddle, an' whistle 'Yankee Doodle' like my Rastus kin!"

They have an egg in Washington said he 1,000 years old. That's right; take of it. We'll need it soon. Oscar coming to this country again.

Bachelor—"What in the world are hunting around on the carpet like that?"

Benedict—"I want a pin."

"I want a pin? Why don't you cushion then?"

Benedict then? Benedict (1900) surprise from his search;—

man, when you've been married I, have you'll know where to when you want one."

Health Department.

Contagion in Throat Troubles.

The medical editor of an exchange writes: A recent case within our knowledge, in which fatal diphtheria developed upon what had been believed to be a simple quinsy, suggests a few words regarding the duty of isolating any case of sore throat where there are other children in the house. Without entering upon any disputed points regarding diphtheria, it is generally agreed that the distinctive visible sign of it is its peculiar membranous deposit. A case may present clearly the conditions of a common sore throat, and subsequently diphtheria be unmistakably present. For our purpose (it is unnecessary to discuss whether such cases are diphtheric from the first or become so. The point for parents to know is that the sequence of dangerous symptoms upon these apparently slight is not uncommon, and that it is better for them to isolate a child fifty times unnecessarily than to be neglectful once.

We would urge, then, that, if at all possible, every child suffering from sore throat be isolated until it is distinctly convalescent. Physicians are often embarrassed, in urging the isolation of patients, by the timidity or suspiciousness of parents. If in such a case as has been described the physician recommends the precaution of isolation, the family, if of the timid type, is at once thrown into a panic, assuming that the physician really considers that the case is diphtheria, or that he expects it to prove to be, and that he is concealing the facts, while really he is only taking proper sanitary precautions.

Other persons, on the other hand, immediately interpret the physician's frank statement of his reasons for isolating a supposed simple case as an evidence of want of knowledge on his part. They apparently think that to the properly-educated physician diseases are as distinct and as easily discriminated as coins of different denominations. With such people the only course is to strongly advise isolation, and to give the reason for it, and to let them take the responsibility of neglecting the suggestion if they choose to do so. Intelligent people usually are grateful for the warning, even if it prove to have been unnecessary.

For Neuralgia.

Teoga is the best medicine that I have ever given for neuralgia. It is safe, certain, pleasant to take, and no disagreeable or unpleasant symptoms—effects—follow its administration. My attention was called to it as a remedy for neuralgia about three years ago, and as I had suffered intensely from neuralgia almost yearly for more than thirty years, I determined to try it in my own person. I mixed the fluid extract with an equal quantity of simple syrup, and immediately upon feeling the pain I took a large teaspoonful of the mixture, and repeated the dose every half hour, until four doses were taken, then I took a dose every hour until three doses were taken, and to my great satisfaction the pain was held in check, did not become severe at all, as it had always done before. I repeated this course the next day and the next. The pain materially weakened the third day, and on the fourth it came not—I was well. I attended to my practice every day, and in the evening felt pleasant; indeed I felt so pleasant that I think the teoga must have had an exhilarating effect upon my nervous system. In all former attacks I was compelled to lie abed for about one week, and was forced to take opium every day to mitigate the terrible pain. Since that time I have prescribed teoga in quite a number of cases of neuralgia with great success. I have also prescribed it in some cases, seemingly of a mixed character, some neuralgia, some rheumatism and some I don't know exactly what—perhaps the unknowable—with like success. When the pain is continuous, as it generally is in neuralgia, I give a dose every two hours during the day, and about twice during the night, and if relief is not obtained in two days, I increase the dose so that the patient will get about five or six drachms of the fluid extract in twenty-four hours. It is far above all remedies known for neuralgia. The time was that the patient had been having the disease was at least a year, and now I dread it not. The medicine known as teoga, which remains is not worthy of the name whatever. The first time I used it I intended

to try teoga, for I believe that it will prove of great utility in most cases of disease in which pain is a prominent feature. Its effects on the nervous system are certainly very peculiar and powerful, which demand for it careful investigation.

Caring for the Feet.

Madam, allow me to prescribe for you. I have had a long experience in the management of delicate women, and I believe I can give you some important advice. For the present I prescribe only for your feet. First, procure a quantity of woolen stockings, not such as you buy at the store under the name of lamb's wool, but that you can read a newspaper through, but the kind that your Aunt Jerusha in the country knits for you, that will keep your feet dry and warm in spite of wind and weather; second, if you want to be thorough, change them every morning, hanging the fresh ones by the fire during the night; third, procure thick calf-skin boots, double uppers and triple soles, and wear them from Oct. 1 to May 1; make frequent applications of some good oil blacking; fourth, avoid rubbers altogether, except a pair of rubber boots, which may be worn for a little time through the snowdrifts or a flood of water; fifth, hold the bottoms of your feet in cold water a quarter of an inch deep just before going to bed, two or three minutes, and rub them hard with rough towels and your naked hands; sixth, now, madam, go out freely in all weather, and, believe me, not only will your feet enjoy a good circulation, but as the consequence of the good circulation in the lower extremities your head will be relieved of all its fullness and your heart of all its palpitations. Your complexion will be greatly improved and your health made better in every respect.

A Small Waist.

Sitting in a church the other Sunday, a lady came and sat directly before me. It was impossible not to notice her appearance. She was very tall, very thin, very pale, and had the smallest waist for her height I ever saw connecting the upper and lower portions of a living woman. How could I help thinking of her anatomy? Where had she stowed her stomach? Whereabouts lay her liver? Into what corner had she packed her spleen? What could she do with her diaphragm, under a broad belt that cut her almost in two like a wasp or an hour glass? A glance at her pale, sickly face, showed that her heart was having a hard time of it in such cramped quarters, while no proper aeration of the blood in such crowded lungs was possible. There was but one comfort. No man of sense would marry her, and the consequences of her folly will not go down to posterity. There is a Lord Chamberlain who regulates the length of skirts worn in the London theatres. Would it not be wiser to appoint some proper officer to inspect the waists of women who commit slow suicide by this hideous folly of tight lacing?—Some horrid man.

Mountain and Sea Air.

Highly nervous persons, the victims of hypochondria, those suffering from excessive brain-work—above all, those in whom these conditions are found in conjunction—should not, as a general rule, be advised to try the seaside. A quiet inland locality, or some mountainous spot of moderate elevation, will be found to suit their cases better. The monotonous aspect of the sea, and the ceaseless beat of its waves, are mentally depressing, while the highly strung nervous patient is irritated instead of braced by the stimulating effects of the sea air. Those who are just recovering from a serious illness, such as pneumonia or typhoid fever, should not be sent prematurely to the seaside, as an occasion of febrile symptoms is frequently the untoward result. An inland locality is more suitable during early convalescence; but, later on, nothing conduces more to complete cure than a resort to the seaside. The marvelously restorative effects of sea air in cases of slight general debility, in persons of strumous habit, and in those with family predisposition to phthisis, are well understood, and must not be regarded as being in any degree impugned by the opinions expressed in this article.

Regularity.

If there is one table-law about which all persons are agreed it is that our meals should be taken at stated and regular po-

riods. People may differ about vegetarianism, about sweets, about pies and cakes, about tea and coffee, but I have never met a person who would insist that regularity was of no consequence, that it was just as well to take two meals to-day and five to-morrow, to take dinner at one o'clock to-day three to-morrow; and five next day. Without understanding the physiological law all are agreed that regularity is important. A long journey by rail does not derange the stomach because of the sitting in an unventilated car, for the traveler may occupy a still worse place in the pursuit of his business at home; neither is it because of the character of the food furnished at the railway lunch-rooms, for the food at home is often worse; but the stomach derangement which nearly always comes with the long railway trip is, in a great part, to be traced to irregularity in the times of eating.

SOBRIETY & ENIGMA.

No. XXII.

A beautiful and good queen.

1. The mother of Otho.
2. The mother of Isaac.
3. One of the daughters of Zephobahad.
4. The mother of Samuel.
5. The mother of John the Baptist.
6. The mother of Obed.

ANSWER TO No. XVIII.

1. G Hea d Numb. xxvii. 1.
2. A-ma-n 1 Chron. ii. 17.
3. D-a-g-e-n Judges. xvi. 23.

ANSWER TO MR. WADDALL'S ENIGMA.

1. W-isd-om, or the eternal Word—Pro. 1, 20; and 8, 1; John 1, 1.
2. O-th-n-el Judges, 3, 9 & 11.
3. N-a-m-a-n 2 Kings, 5, 17.
4. D-a-n Gen. 49, 17; Deut. 33, 22.
5. R-a-h-ab Joshua 6, 25.
6. O-b-e-l 1 Chron. 27, 30.
7. U-z-a or U-zah—2 Sam. 6, 4 & 8; 2 Kings 21, 18 & 26.
8. S-o-d-i Numb. 13, 10.
9. L-a-a-d-a-h 1 Chron. 4, 21.
10. Y-a-r-n 1 Kings 10, 28; 2 Chron. 1, 16.

Wond'rously—Judges, 13, 19.

The following have answered No. XVIII. and Mr. Waddell's enigma correctly:—J. Mann, 99 Peter Street, city, who is entitled to the prize; Agnes E. Livingston, J. S. McCall, S. Acheson, E. Graves Kitten, M. A. Jamieson, Mrs J. W. Place, Edith Murray, E. M. Wiley, Kingston, E. A. Heming, Sarah Lazarus, M. J. Wilkins, Jennie H. Fraser. The following have answered No. XVIII. alone: Maggie Rogers, John Waddell, Mrs. T. G. Bushey. The following have answered Mr. Waddell's alone:—Jane Roak, T. B. Moore, S. B. Harmon, S. Joyce.

How to Write For the Press.

No doubt many who write for the press are discouraged because their articles do not appear. Let us hint, to young applicants especially, how they may succeed in being heard. I. Have something to say. Some write without having anything to say, nothing of either point or substance. Others have the faculty of saying something—a great deal, perhaps—and saying it with grandiloquence, covering whole sheets—with nothing of importance. Keep silent till you have a thought well worth publishing, and then—don't publish it. Wait till you have thoroughly matured it, and become so familiar with its advantages that you are sure the public will thank you for its delivery from diffidence withheld was its importance, but others rush into print, as they crowd to the front in our conventions, to push themselves into prominence rather than an important thought. 2. Observe your words with care. The idea that style is of little importance, if your thought is good, is pernicious. Take plenty of time; write and rewrite till your thought is clothed as attractively as possible. Many a good thought fails to appear in print, or if it appears, to find lodgment in the reader's mind, because it is blunderingly

or offensively expressed. Don't, in an stilted and empty far-fetched and inflated phrase, nor be so stiff and pedantic as to be verbose. In your style be terse but not stilted, interesting but not diffuse, free but not turgid, full but not preplex; and be quite as careful to be plain without being monotonous and brief without being incomplete. In other words, use common, straightforward language, easy to write and as easy to understand. Avoid that going around Robin Hood's barn, called an introduction, to get at your main thought. Strike it squarely with your first sentence, and stick to it in every sentence till its presentation is perfected, and then stop. Strike out those few sentences to close up with. Stop the as bullet stops that has hit its mark, and rest easy that has hit nothing, and therefore keeps bounding and rolling and tumbling on till it steps from mere exhaustion.

3. Confine yourself to one prominent thought. Better speak twice in meeting than speak too long. So in writing.

The Fruits of Canada.

There is an old saying that the record of agriculture in a European country is often to a large extent a record of its general history. How much more so is it with Canada where the class of yeoman farmers is the very backbone of the land, and where to their success is mainly due the progress of national industry and commerce. To agriculture prominence is therefore very properly given in the Canadian section of the Colonial Exhibition, and it is but natural that, coming to treat in detail the display of Canada's resources, the group should first claim attention. The produce under this head fall into five classes, namely—fruit and vegetables, cereals, farinaceous products, dwellings, utensils and fertilizers, and machinery in motion. We will speak firstly of the fruits, and leave to another occasion the treatment of other classes. The fruit exhibits are for the most part grouped round the agricultural trophy in the eastern transept of the central gallery, and will be found to comprise some 1,000 jars. Among them will be seen substantial apples of every variety from the eastern Provinces, the lucidus outdoor grapes of Quebec and Ontario laughing to scorn the sceptical Britisher whose chief knowledge of Canada seems to relate to the snow-shoe and the palace, the many-tinted peaches, plums, and quinces, as well as plump cherries, raspberries, cranberries, and endless other, small fruits, cultivated and wild, representing almost every section of the Dominion, from Prince Edward Island in the east to distant Vancouver Island on the Pacific. Shown in museum jars, each labelled with the name of the grower and locality of growth, and preserved either in hydrate of chlorate, boroglyceride, or sulphurous acid—for all three solutions have proved most useful—the exhibit would be a revelation to most Canadian eyes, even though acquainted with the exhaustive collections shown at Boston in 1873, and at Philadelphia in 1876. Still more must it attract attention among the many thousand visitors to the present Exhibition, unversed as the vast majority of them are in the productiveness of the Dominion in this respect. "What, do you mean to say that all these fruits come from Canada, that ice-bound country?" asked one visitor last week; and his exclamation expressed the very general feeling of surprise that must be crossed by so admirable a display. —[Canadian Gazette, London, England.

She Had Been Fooled Too Often.

"I am a lawyer's daughter, you know, George, dear," she said, after George had looked and had been accepted, "and you wouldn't think it strange if I were to ask you to sign a little paper to the effect that we are engaged, would you?" George was too happy to think anything strange just then, and he signed the paper with a trembling hand and a bursting heart. Then she laid her ear against his middle vest button, and they were very, very happy. "Tell me, darling," said George, after a long, delicious silence, "why did you want me to sign that paper? Do you not repose implicit confidence in my love for you?" "Ah, yes," she sighed, with infinite content, "indeed I do, but George, dear, I have been fooled so many times."

THEY DIDN'T KNOW HIM.

A Mining Episode.

"He's a bully!"
"He's a coward!"
"He's got to hang!"
"That's his third man!"

The one narrow street of the frontier town was filled with a surging crowd of excited men. There were Indian fighters, scouts, gamblers, tramps, miners, speculators—everything and everybody.

Every town has its bully—every frontier town. Big Jim was the bully of Hill City. He could drink more, curse louder, shoot quicker and start a row sooner than any other man. When he shot Limber Joe it was a stand-off. It was rough against rough. Whoever went under the town would be the gainer. The death of his second victim brought him a certain respect, for he had given the man a fair show. There was a limit to the number of men one might shoot in Hill City. It was three times and out. Big Jim had killed his third.

Two hundred men—all excited—some half-crazed—all indignant—some terribly aroused, surged down the street to the Red Star Saloon bent on vengeance. Big Jim and the man he had killed were alone in the place.

"Bring him out!"
"His got to hang!"
"Bring out the bully and coward!"
There was a rush, but it was checked. Men had pistols and knives in their hands, but the sight of Big Jim with a "navy" in each hand cooled their ardor. A life for a life is no revenge. They lied when they called him a bully. Bullies strike and run or bluster and dare not strike. They lied when they called him a coward. Cowards do not remain to face death.

Big Jim advanced a little. The crowd fell back. He stood in the door and surveyed the mob as coolly as another man might have looked up at the pine-covered crest of Carter's Peak. The mob grew quiet. There were 200 right hands clutching deadly weapons, but not a hand moved. Two hundred to one is appalling odds, but the one was master. Seeming to face every man of them—seeming to cover every breast with the black muzzles of his revolvers—the man backed away up the road into the darkness, out of their sight and hearing. He said not a word. There wasn't a whisper from the crowd until he had disappeared. Then men drew long breaths of relief. A terrible menace had passed away.

Out into the darkness—down the rough road—over the rude bridge, and there Big Jim put up his revolvers, turned his face square to the West, and stepped out without a look back at the camp. It was ten miles to Harney's Bend. Men driven from the one camp took refuge in the other. The half way landmark was a bit of a valley skirted by a creek. Wayfarers who were journeying by team many times halted here. On this night there was a lone wagon. Under the canvas cover slept a mother and four children. Resting against a wheel was the husband and father, his eyes peering into the darkness—his ears drinking in every sound.

Big Jim had not reached the valley yet when the still night air was rent with war-whoops—the crack of rifles—the screams of a woman and her children. Indians had discovered the lone and almost defenseless family. There were five scalps to adorn their ledges. The bully and the coward had not been discovered. He could find a safe hiding-place. Did he?

A half-dozen screaming, yelling bands were dancing about the wagon—shooting—striking—dodging—closing in on the one white man who somehow escaped their blows and bullets, when there was a cheer and a rush, and the Naves began to crack. Sixty seconds later dead silences had fallen upon the valley.

One—two—three dead Indians. The immigrant leaned against the wagon, faint with a wound in his head. The wife looked out with an awful terror at her heart. Bullets had chipped and splintered wheel and body.

"Who are you?" asked the immigrant as a figure approached him from the darkness.
"Big Jim."
"You have saved us from a massacre."
"Yes, it was well that I happened along! Rouse up the fire, for there is no further danger."

When the blaze caught the fresh fagots and lighted up the little valley the immigrant counted the dead Indians again—one

two—three. He turned with extended hands, but Big Jim had departed. Next day when men from Hill's and Harney's found his dead body beside the rocks a mile away, with five wounds which had let his life-blood out, they whispered to each other:
"We thought we knewed him, but we didn't."

Napier.

Sir William Napier, who first helped to make history and then told it, was the most tender-hearted of men and the sternest of disciplinarians. The company of which he was made captain was the worst in his regiment, and the regiment, the Forty-Third, was the worst in the army. Three months after Napier took command of the company, it was in such perfect order that the young captain was looked up to as the best disciplinarian in the army. The regiment at the siege and assault of Badajoz had shown itself the bravest of the brave. Its colonel had been killed, and nearly all its officers were dead or wounded when Napier, twenty-seven years of age, arrived from England to take command.

He found the men who had braved unheard-of terrors demoralized by debauchery and the absence of control. His heart jumped into his mouth at the thought of punishing such brave men, but punish them he did with unflinching severity. He told them plainly that he would curb their lawlessness, and they defied him to do his worst. At Salamanca, while a skirmish was going on, and the enemy's guns were pouring shot into the regiment, his men became disobedient. He halted the regiment, and flogged four of the ringleaders under fire. Then they submitted to the order, and advanced three miles under a constant cannonade, as steadily as at a review.

At Vittoria, his regiment, which had been the most lawless of the plunderers at Badajoz, marched over the richest articles of dress and furniture strewn about the field, and not a man stooped to pick up a single thing.

Yet this same officer, who could halt a regiment under fire to flog four men, had the heart of an affectionate woman.

Once when he returned to England on sick leave, his youngest child, a baby of twelve months, was so frightened at the sight of his moustache that she would not kiss him. He stepped into an adjoining room, shaved off the moustache, and came back to be kissed.

One day, he met a little girl sobbing over a broken bowl, because she would be whipped when she got home.

"But 'ee can mend it, can't 'ee?" said she, looking up at the giant's face.

"I'm afraid not, my dear," said he, feeling in his pocket; "but I will give you a shpence to buy a new bowl."

He couldn't find even a penny.
"Meet me here to-morrow at this time," said he, "and I will give you the sixpence."

The child went off smiling, to tell her mother that a stranger would replace the bowl. Napier returned home to find an invitation to dine in Bath the next evening, to meet a gentleman whom he wished very much to see.

At once he thought of the little girl, and of the possibility of meeting her and then returning in time for the dinner. Finding that it would be impossible, he wrote declining the invitation, saying to his daughter:—

"I can't disappoint her; she trusted me so implicitly."

The young colonel could halt a mutinous regiment, under plunging cannon balls, and flog their ringleaders, because of his tender heart. All his men knew that Napier loved them, was their best friend, and was trying to save them from their wicked selves.

He held them while they saw their comrades flogged, and their ranks declaimed, because he had a hold upon their hearts. The leader who has gripped his men by love can do what he pleases with them. They will stand in the jaws of death, if he cries:—

"Halt!"
A thin old man, with a rag bag in his hand, was picking up a large number of pieces of whalebone which lay on the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature that we asked the quaint-looking gatherer how he supposed they came there. "Don't know," he replied, in a quavering voice. "I 'spect some unfortunat' female was wrecked hereabout."

SUMMER SNICKERS.

A man was boasting that he had an elevator in his house. "So he has," chimed in his wife, "and he keeps it in a cupboard in a bottle."

A good many women are a good deal wiser than they appear to the naked eye—nearly every one of them looks under her bed every night for a man.

"Mother, this book tells about the 'angry waves of the ocean.' Now, what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because" has been crossed so often, my son."

A disgusted woman has written a very brief letter to a member of Parliament from her county. It reads as follows: "Balaam's ass spoke once—can't you?"

Timothy says that the first time he went a courting, he felt as if a pink angel had hauled him down a rainbow with a piece of chain-lightning smack into a pile of down.

An honest dame standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in piteous tones his untimely departure, observed: "It's a pity he's dead, as his teeth are as good as ever they were."

A little nine year old girl the other day overhearing a discussion among a parcel of ladies about cooking steak, some advocating trollying beef and others frying mutton, inquired: "Aunt Kit, how do they cook sweepstakes?"

Enfant terrible (jumping into visitor's lap) —"You're Mr. Noodleby, ain't you?" Noodleby—"Yes, dear, that's my name."

E. T.—"Well, I want to hear you talk." Noodleby—"And why, my pretty dear?"

E. T.—"Cause pa says you talk like a jackass, and I never heard one."

A young man visiting a prison inquired of some of the prisoners the cause of their being in such a place. At last he asked a small girl the cause of her being in prison. Her answer was "that she stole a saw-mill, and went back after the pond and was arrested." The young man left immediately.

De Jones—"I wish I could afford to board at a better place than Mrs. Grindham's." Snifkins—"Well there is no use in a man's quarrelling with his bread and butter, as the saying goes." De Jones—"No, particularly the butter. A man should know better than to quarrel with anything as strong as that!"

"Jenny," said a landlady to her help, the other morning, "Jenny, was there any fire in the kitchen last night while you were sitting up?" "Yes, marm," said Jenny, "there was a spark there when I went down and I soon fanned it into a flame." The landlady looked suspicious at Jenny, but the innocent girl went on scrubbing.

A Socialistic Newspaper.

Le Peuple is one of the most astonishing journalistic productions of modern times. It is the organ of the Brussels Socialists, and is managed on purely Communist principles. The editor, the manager, and the reporter, who constitute the staff of this little journal, receive exactly the same pay as the compositors. All persons concerned, whether workman or journalists, are paid at the rate of 5f. 50c. per day. The paper is sold for the fabulously low sum of 2c.; five copies for one penny. At the first the circulation did not exceed 12,000, and this occasioned a loss; but since the riots the sale has risen to 30,000 copies, and this means a daily net profit of 25f. The repartition of the profits is equally characteristic. Half is put aside to form a reserve fund, a quarter is to be spent in Socialistic propaganda, and only the remaining quarter is added to capital. With this the capital advanced is to be reimbursed, and this small sum is also to supply the interest; but, according to the rules of the association, such interest shall never exceed three per cent. Thus, those who were sufficiently devoted to advance the necessary funds ran considerable risk of losing their money, while, on the other hand, the success, however great it may be, can only result in reimbursement and three per cent. interest pending the completion of the amortization. Politically this little paper will doubtless exercise great influence, particularly if it can promulgate a constructive policy to meet the economical crisis. As yet, however, it has not succeeded in spreading any very definite notion as to what should be done. The gravity of the situation is acknowledged on all sides. The difficulty consists in suggesting suitable practical remedies.

ROUND THE WORLD.

The snapping of a dog at her legs, though no bite was inflicted, so frightened a little girl in New Haven the other day that she became ill, effusion of blood to the head ensued, and she died in convulsions before morning.

The so-called peanut factories of Norfolk, Va., handle and put on the market a million and a half dollars' worth of peanuts each year. The factory is simply a cleaning, polishing, and sorting establishment, and the work is all done by machinery.

While a young woman was being taken in an express train from Boston to a reform school the other day she eluded her guardian and jumped through a window while the train was at full speed. The train was stopped, but no girl was found, nor has been yet.

Until very lately only one copy of the first edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was known, but recently two copies more have been picked up in London at sixpence each. One was immediately sold to the British Museum for £25, and the other to a London publisher for £25.

The Kansas City Times does not hesitate to say that the coming match between Sullivan and Mitchell will be a hipodroming fizzle for gate money, and remarks with considerable wisdom that "standing up against Sullivan for thirty per cent. of the gate money is much safer than facing Dempsey for blood."

It appears from a recent book on sea legends that there are many ways to raise the wind. You may suspend a he-goat skin at the mast head, you may flog a boy at the mast, you may burn a broom and let the handle turn toward the desired quarter, you may blow out to sea the dust from the chapel floor, you may stick a knife in the mizenmast or scratch the foremast with a nail, and so on.

A small Waterbury lad said to a policeman the other day: "If you see a ladder up to my bed-room window to-night please don't say anything, or take it down. A lot of us boys are going to sleep together to-night and get an early start to see the circus come into town, and I want to get out of the house on the sly." The policeman is said to have been worthy of the confidence thus placed in him.

George Gould, son of Jay Gould, is said to be a powerfully built and athletic person. He certainly does not take after his father, who is a little snip of a fellow. Jay had a brother who used to run in a humble capacity on the steamer Providence on Long Island Sound, who was inferior, physically or mentally, to the phenomenal Jay. He is now employed on one of the Western railroads.

Thirty two years ago the father of Alexander Balles died, and after the estate had been settled, as was supposed, some papers and family relics were locked in a chest and given to the care of the boy's grandmother. She died and the chest went to the mother. Balles was married a while ago and went to housekeeping in Greenville, Mich., and his mother sent the chest to him. He opened it, and in the old family Bible found documents which make him heir to property worth \$40,000.

Oliver Hughes and Steve Connelton, lads of Sparta, Ohio, went squirrel hunting on Saturday. They happened to get into the same woods, and when they were about fifty yards apart Hughes sat down and began to fan himself with a brown handkerchief. Connelton, who had not seen him, saw the flutter of the handkerchief and thought it was a bird. He crept up, and when within gunshot was certain the flutter was made by two big owls fighting. So he blazed away, and peppered Hughes' head full of bird shot. Luckily his eyes were not hit, and the injuries were not serious.

Burglars entered several residences in Wilton, Conn., the other morning. At the house of Mrs. Clarissa Davenport-Rayne the aged lady whose 104th year was completed on Easter Sunday, the first to hear the movement of the burglars. With her staff, which she stands at the head of her couch, she rapped the floor so vigorously that the burglars departed without the family treasurer. She was so afraid they would steal her spectacles, which contained the key to the door, that she

MY LAST DETECTIVE CASE.

CHAPTER IV.

This speech from my wife staggered me more than all I had heard before; but of course I got up and went to the parlor at once, and there, to my astonishment, I found Big Ned Hoker, one of our constables, and reputed to be the strongest man in the division. He was in plain clothes; but of course I knew him well.

"Why, how did you come here?" was my very natural inquiry.

"Mrs. Nickham called for me in a cab, sergeant," replied Hoker; "told me you would want me to assist in a capture."

"Mrs. Nickham; that's just how it is, Dick. You have surely enough evidence now. Hellip is in the house—the watch can be seized in Stobble Street. To-morrow he may be a hundred miles away—so may the watch. Hellip may have had his suspicions of you, as you have had them of him."

"Yes; she was right. She always is; her equal for clearness and decision I never did see."

It was as well she brought Big Ned with her; for although I may say without any boasting that I was not afraid of Hellip or any one else, yet I knew I was not the man I had been, while Hellip was likely to prove a desperate and dangerous customer. A few hurried questions told me that Hoker had come fully provided for a service of danger. He had with him not only his staff and bracelets—by which I mean handcuffs—but a revolver, and I always kept similar auxiliaries in the house; so I resolved to lose no time, but to make the capture at once. As I was saying this, a cab dashed up to my door at a great rate, and a thundering knock followed. My wife hastened to the door before the servant could come, and admitted a stranger, who, saying hurriedly, "Mr. Hellip," dashed past her, and ran upstairs. This I saw through the partly opened door of the room in which we were; but I was a great deal more surprised to see Mrs. Nickham slip after him stealthily, and nearly as quickly as he had gone up. I stared at Ned; he was not a very ready person at any time, so he could do no better than stare at me in return.

There was a momentary bustle above; but I had time to speculate upon it. Mrs. Nickham ran lightly down the stairs—I had never known her run so quickly or lightly for years—and quite rushed into the parlor. "Nickham!" she exclaimed, in a whisper; it is Jacobs—the pawnbroker. I know him and followed him upstairs—I heard him say: "Hellip! I am afraid we are in an awful mess. One of my safest customers tells me he saw the wife of Nickham the detective leave our shop just after your wife left. What could she have wanted there?"—"Nickham!" says Hellip; "why, he is my landlord! He lives here—he is in the house now."—"Then I am blessed if he is not trapping you," says Jacobs; "and you had better clear out of this."—My wife did not stay to hear any more, but hurried down; and by a bustle which was soon heard upstairs, it seemed probable that Hellip was about to take his friend's advice.

Directly afterwards, I heard his door open; there was no time to be lost; so, stepping into the hall, I was just in time to see Hellip coming down, followed by a man, whom I knew at once as the pawnbroker, he being, indeed, an old acquaintance. Jacobs started and shrunk back, as, by the light of the hall-gas, he saw me come out to meet them; but Hellip pushed resolutely on.

"Mr. Hellip," I said, "I cannot allow you to leave the house. I must ask you to see the inspector with me, to give some explanations, which I hope will satisfy him."

"Get out of my way," he cried; "or I'll lay you senseless on your own door." As he spoke, he drew his hand from his coat pocket, and I saw that he held a life-preserver.

"Let me have my violence, Hellip," said the pawnbroker, who was trembling all over; "there is no occasion."

"You fool!" exclaimed Hellip, "you are a dead man, Nickham, stop me, or to follow me as I have followed his life-prover as he has followed my hand upon my pistol; but I will not allow you to draw it, for, having

parler to the back, Big Ned at this moment stepped from the latter room into the passage, and reaching Hellip in a single stride, flung his arm around him with a grip which held him as helpless as a child. I followed this up by clicking the handcuffs on him before he could recover from his astonishment sufficiently to make a struggle, or to disengage his arms, which Hoker held pinned as if in the grasp of a box-constrictor.

"Oh, my eye!" I heard Jacobs groan, as he saw this done; "it's all up! There's Big Ned Hoker has got him, and Sergeant Nickham knows—Oh, Mrs. Hellip—to my lodgers wife, who had now come anxiously forward—"Oh, Mrs. Hellip, why did you not tell me you lodged in Sergeant Nickham's house!"

It was too late to ask such questions now. Mrs. Hellip burst into a flood of tears.

Hellip himself did not speak a syllable, although, by the motion of his lips, I could tell how bitterly he was anathematizing us. I have often seen such symptoms. His disagreeable fixed smile was completely gone, and he wore instead a more savage expression than I ever remember to have seen in all my experience, on the worst of faces. I knew his mood was dangerous, so I told Big Ned to stand by him, giving him a hint as to what was in the man's mind, while I attended to Jacobs and Mrs. Hellip.

There was not much trouble with these, except for the pawnbroker, who was disposed to resist being handcuffed. I got them on, however; and by that time our girl had opened the door and told the cabman he was wanted. Luckily, the cab was a four-wheeler. Only think of Jacobs having provided it so opportunely! I would not attempt to start, however, until the officer of the beat had come up. We sent the girl off to find him and get another cab, for I had no faith in Hellip's keeping quiet; he was too quiet indeed, to please me. When he saw what my intention was, and saw the extra officer come in, he spoke; it was only one sentence that he said, and it was addressed to me. I need not repeat it; it was too awful to go into print; but in all my life I had never seemed to hear the language of bitter hate and balked revenge until now.

Big Ned, with the second officer and the two men went into the first cab; I followed to the other with Mrs. Hellip; and I am happy to say we lodged them all in safety at the station-house; though not without some difficulty with Hellip, who, handcuffed as he was, might have done some mischief, had Big Ned been alone.

There is not very much more to be said about Hellip. The possession of the watch would no doubt have been sufficient to convict him; but we easily got hold of the man who had recommended Jacobs as a safe buyer—He who wrote the note of which Mrs. Nickham made such good use. This man—Hocking—had, it turned out, been security for the money borrowed of Daryett; so he did not stand in a very safe position, as he soon saw, and consequently he was anxious to tell all he could against Hellip to save himself. He declared that Hellip had deceived him about the bill, which he said had been duly taken up, and impressed upon it to Hocking. However this might have been, Hocking's evidence was accepted, and then there was no chance for Hellip.

Of course the reader knows that Daryett's house was robbed, and himself murdered, to get this bill, which Hellip was totally unable to meet. Then the latter's sudden interest in my movements was of course to enable him to know if I was likely to get on the right track. So was his rheumatism a sham, and his sties in cabs all a billard; he was watching me hour after hour, and that is how he found I was consulting a spiritualist. Being extremely superstitious, as many criminals are, he took the alarm, and determined to see for himself what power these people had. The reader knows the result; and that he would have been wise had he left well alone. He was tried at the next assizes, and paid the penalty of his crimes with his life. I never experienced less pity for any man who had been through my hands, as, although he had lived in my house, I had never felt the slightest friendship for Hellip, and indeed never cared to talk to him.

I did not forget Charles the "oblivious-ant," who had fairly secured a share of the reward; but although I pardoned him, I did not fare so badly. Mrs. Nickham was presented with a very handsome testimonial for her conduct in the matter of Jacobs, by several influential firms who had long been trying to catch the crafty old rascal. He got seven years; I don't suppose he lived through it.

My story may be said to have ended with the apprehension of Hellip; but I was destined to hear a little more about the case, in a most uncommon manner, more than a twelvemonth after. The incident interested me so much, that I think the reader will be pleased to hear it. I had left the police together; for, as I have hinted, I expected to receive my pension at the end of the year. I did get it; and was presented with a silver cup by the division, together with a complimentary address on vellum, which is framed and hung up in my front parlor.

I had left the service about six months, when, one afternoon, a cab drove up to my house; and I saw a gentleman get slowly out and come to the door. He asked for me, and when shown in, began by saying: "I believe I am speaking to Mr. Nickham, the celebrated detective who was engaged in the Upper Broughton Street case?"

"I am—or was Sergeant Nickham," I said; "but I have left the police now, and must refer you to the authorities for any information—"

"Not for any particular information," he went on, interrupting me without any ceremony, though I observed that he spoke with some difficulty, as if he had blown himself. "I want to ask about Mr. and Mrs. Brake, who were at first suspected of the murder. What kind of people are they?"

I was able to give a very favorable report of the young couple, and added, that I considered Mrs. Brake had been hardly used.

"So do I," said my visitor, speaking slowly. "Your account pleases me very much; and I shall go and live with them. My name is Daryett; I have just returned from Australia. I am heir to the miserable old creature who was killed in Upper Broughton Street."

From what the old gentleman had so far said, I could see some good for Mr. and Mrs. Brake directly; but I was not prepared for what followed.

"The money is no good to me, sergeant," he continued. "I have enough of my own, having been of late a lucky man; but anyhow, I don't care for wealth or success now. My wife and only child died just as my luck turned; and a chill, which I caught last year, has settled on my lungs, so that I know I cannot live long. I have no friends there that I care for; so I took a fancy that I would come over to the old country, and end my days with some one akin to me."

"I thought, from all I had heard of you, that you were a respectable man, and am glad to find you speak as well of these people."

And actually this man, who proved to be what he announced himself—old Daryett's heir, from Australia—went to Mr. Brake, made himself known, insisted on living with the young couple, took a larger house, so that they should not be inconvenienced, and settled down with them.

Little Mrs. Brake called upon me several times to say how they were getting on; at her second visit, she was accompanied by a servant, smart and little like herself, carrying a baby. (We never had any children; but I was always amused to see how proud mothers, especially little mothers, like Mrs. Brake, are of their babies; as if no other babies had ever been heard of before.) She always thanked me for my kindness in speaking well of them to Mr. Daryett, and attributed a great deal more credit to me over the affair, than I ever deserved. She told me also that the poor fellow's foreheading was too large, as he was gradually slinking.

At last, she came dressed in black. "The Australian was dead," he had left them nearly the whole of his own wealth, in addition to his inheritance from old Daryett; so that, after all the young couple were a great deal better off than if the miserable old fellow had done all they expected. To my surprise, the Australian had left me fifteen guineas, a sum which did not pay log-wood duty; and, in consideration of my report to him, for which I had already been sufficiently thanked, Mrs. Brake presented my wife with a silver teapot, milk-jug, sugar-basin, and tongs; which could not have been bought—for I asked a friend in the trade—under five-and-fifty pounds. It was very handsome of the young people, who soon after moved away, and went to live a long way off in the country. Although I never saw them again, I heard once or twice of them, but not of late years; however I heard they were living in very good style, on their own property.

So, I reckon that, taking all things into consideration, there was a satisfactory finish to My Last Detective Case.

THE END.]

An Armor Plate that Shot Cannot Pierce.

The latest victory in the long drawn match between the gun and the armor plate has been scored in favor of armor. At Spezia a German chilled steel armor plate, six feet nine inches in thickness, weighing 100 tons, was fired against the face of the cliff, and battered with chilled shot from the 100-ton gun. A thunderbolt weighing almost exactly a ton was hurled against the face of the plate by the explosion of 7½ tons of powder without producing more than a slight indentation and some trifling cracks. Three shots failed to make any visible impression on the plate, which has thus come off victor in the struggle. It would seem that no shot yet invented will go through six feet of chilled steel.



CONSCIENCE.

Unprepossessing old Bachelor: AND WHY DO YOU THINK I OUGHT TO GET MARRIED, MISS MARRY?
 Miss Mabel (aged twelve): OH, YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU NEEDED SOMEBODY TO TAKE CARE OF YOU AND—O GOODNESS, YOU DIDN'T THINK I SAID THAT TO LEAD YOU ON, DID YOU?

The Poet's Corner.

June.

BY A. GIDDINGS PARK.

We stood in the door of the cottage low, Neath the shade of the rose-arched portico...

I clasped her whif's hand tenderly, As I breathed in her ear my earnest plea...

"Hast thou no heart to heed my woe? Recall that word I—plead, kneel low At her feet...

As, hilted moment I I then possessed Unknown the treasure, for 'twas not I She said...

For Evermore!

BY ARCHIE MACK.

I stood by the wave-washed shore and waited, With longing glance I swept the sea; The wind was hushed, the storm-sings staid...

The sun was setting, the tide was flowing, I could not leave the ocean strand, The bright rays on the waves were glowing...

The Engineer.

Like a flash of light the through express Flies over the silver line, Bearing its burden of human souls...

The track is his own, all must give way, Yeet! See at the town, on there! The steamy freight on the sliding wains...

The engine lurches upon the switch, Just ahead there stands the freight; He can save his train if he keeps his post...

Think, as you fly 'mid the sunshine bright, Or through the storm and rain, By day and night, o'er plain and gorge...

When the Circus Cums to Town.

JAMES A. PARKER.

You kin talk o' your circus now-a-days, An' your railroad shows, and such, An' the wonderful things the riders do...

remember well how we'd scamper out, Long afore the break o' day, An' how one'd collar a waterin' pall...

An' with carryin' water an' feedin' th' hay An' doin' odd jobs around, We all stood in for a topmost seat...

An' I can't forget how my heart'd thump At the sudden turns they made, As we stood an' watched 'em drive in line...

I kin see them rigs on the village green, With the a-widust 'roun' inside, An' the house on the top o' the elephant's back...

An' arter the show was done we'd start 'Aroun' where the hucksters bake, An' in silence gaze with hungry eyes...

A Lost Love.

BY LUCY STAPLETON.

How long my soul had loved her, In years, I can not tell; When first her eyes of sunshine Came in my heart to dwell...

The west was red with sunset, Turned gray the eastern seas; We walked alone together, Where blossoms gammed the trees...

To-day I stood beside her, Where cold and still she lies, The earth is green around her— Above, the summer skies...

Manhood's Yesterday.

BY GEORGE GILKINSON.

I'm sad to-day, And sorry I say, Shall be of boyhood—yesterday! When I a child Went romping wild...

Among the herbs And merry birds I wandered with my gladsome woods, And all day long I wanted song...

With tumbled hair And feet all bare I gathered flowers everywhere, And was not shorn...

I gambled on The velvet lawn At evenin' tide and day's first dawn; I danced and sang Till household ring...

I climbed the trees, And chased the bees, From stealing honey with care; I played, I swam, I chased all the abens...

Time is a haze My boyhood days Have passed, and I can only gaze, But never see...

For wrinkles now Have plowed my brow, And weighty care has shown me how It leaves a trace...

I must not grieve, For I believe, God gathers all and so will share, Both young and old...

PERSONAL.

The grandfather of the present Duke of Newcastle, who is about to make a visit to this country, came to the United States in 1860...

Dr. W. F. Carver, the markman, says that if an orange is hit exactly in the center by a rifle ball...

It may be interesting to the ladies to know that the next fashion in hair, according to a London authority...

Mrs. Argles, who writes novels under the nom de plume of "The Duchess," is said to have a marvelously soft, sweet voice...

Miss Louisa M. Alcott is tall with a strongly built frame, and her firm chin, keen clear eye and decided mouth...

The friends of Mr. Bartley Campbell, the playwright, whose professional career until lately was a brilliant, have been compelled to ask that he be put under restraint...

Mr. Daniel Huntington's declaration that he will not again be a candidate for the presidency of the National Academy was made to the Academicians with much feeling and force...

The Empress of Russia is the highest type of a bright, vivacious woman, adored by all who know her, and even exempt from the gossip of calumniators...

Frank Liszt, as described by one of his young lady enthusiasts: He is the most interesting and striking-looking man imaginable—tall and slight, with deep-set eyes...

Ragged Helpers.

It is well worth noting that the street boy, who has grown up apart from most of the influences which we call Christian, sometimes shows a sense of honor...

A blind man sat beside his hand-organ at the corner of Robert and Seventh Streets. He raised his sightless eyes and appeared to be waiting the arrival of some one...

A small boot-black came round the corner. His trousers, being too long, were rolled up at the bottom. His coat was also made for a boy of larger frame...

"Is that you, Willie?" queried the blind man. "My name ain't Willie," replied the street Arab.

"Can't you take me home? I'm 'fraid its going to rain and Willie is late," continued the organ-grinder...

"Bob your life I kin. Whar do you eat? Haint you made nothing to-day?" continued the boy, as he saw the man take two cent pieces from the tin cup...

A shrill whistle brought a still smaller boy, whose visible wardrobe was made for his companion.

"What's de racket, cully?" propounded the now-comer as soon as he was within speaking distance of his fellow-workman. The latter explained, and in a jiffy the two boys were out with caps in hand...

As the rain began to fall they returned to their blind charge, and, having escorted him to a neighboring store for shelter, turned over to him the money which they had collected. It amounted to \$165.

Strictly True

In every respect and attested by the testimony of thousands the Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure and painless cure for corns...

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Berlin Wools & Fancy Goods. Everything Reduced in Price FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS.

Berlin Wools, Shetland Wools, Andalusian Wools, Baldwin's Fingering Wools, Baldwin's Fleecy Wools, Best Quality Ice Wools, ALL AT 10 CTS. PER OZ., OR 8 OZ'S FOR 75 CTS.

Embroidery Silks, all colors, 15c per dozen. Filozelle, best imported, large skeins, 8c. per skein, 50c per dozen. Fine Embroidery Chenilles, all colors, 50c per dozen...

Special Offer for One Month

10% discount will be allowed off all purchases. Letter orders receive prompt kind attention. Goods can be sent to any part of the country for price list, at 25 per cent. on ordering goods from...

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LADIES' JOURNAL BIBLE COMPETITION.

No. 11.

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2. One fine toned 12-stop Cabinet Organ 250
3, 4 and 5. Three fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 150
6 to 9. Four Ladies' fine Gold Hunting case Watches, elegantly engraved, first-class time-keepers 230
10 to 13. Four celebrated Wamsler Sewing Machines 24
14 to 20. Seven extra fine quadruple silver plated Cake Dishes 100
21 to 24. Fifteen fine quadruple silver plated Great Stands 16
25 to 30. Fifteen ladies' fine extra heavy rolled gold neck chains, with lockets 240
31 to 35. Twenty solid gold Gem Rings, sizes to fit winners 300
36 to 39. Fourteen half dozen sets extra heavy silver plated Table Spoons 84
40 to 100. Eleven solid gold chased or fancy Rings, sizes to fit winners 150
101 to 155. Fifty-seven solid rolled gold Brooches 110

Number one of the above rewards, the piano, will be given the sender of the first correct answers to the Bible Questions given below. The sender of the second correct answer arriving at LADIES' JOURNAL office takes number two, the organ, and so on till all the above rewards are given away.

A PRESENT FOR EVERYBODY.

All persons competing must send with their answers one dollar, for which they will receive by express one elegant silver plated Butter Dish, set on a silver plate with silver plated cover, and figure of a cow on top, (the dish itself being of glass,) and the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year, free of postage. Butter dishes not as good as these have been retailed at \$2.00. This butter dish will be sent you whether your answers to these Bible Questions are right or not.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. SPARROW. Where are these four words first mentioned in the Bible?
2. DOVE.
3. HAWK.
4. EAGLE.

These four questions must be answered correctly to secure any of the larger rewards named in these lists.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. A complete outfit for the lady winner of this prize, consisting of one extra fine black silk dress pattern, one fine black Cashmere dress pattern, a good print dress, newest style, and three pairs of Kid Gloves, of size and color to suit winner, all from Pelley's; also one pair Kid Slippers and one pair French Kid Button Boots, from Toronto Shoe Co., or if preferred, cash \$75
2 and 3. Two fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 100
4 to 7. Four ladies' fine gold hunting case Watches new designs 350
8 to 21. Fourteen fine extra quadruple silver plated Cake Dishes 140
22 to 24. Seventeen extra fine quadruple silver plated Great Stands 170
25 to 27. Nineteen sets of heavy Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Forks, and Tea Spoons, Half Dozen of each 223
28 to 30. Thirty-three finely bound volumes of Poems, extra value 99
31 to 119. Twenty-nine solid Rolled Gold Brooches newest Designs 87

The first prize in the Middle Rewards, the \$75 or the outfit, will be given the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last. The sender of the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two—one of the tea sets—and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. One Cabinet Organ by Bell & Co., 12 stops, beautifully finished \$250
2 to 4. Three fine solid silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 180
5 to 9. Five ladies' solid Gold Watches, elegantly engraved 450
10 to 13. Three fine celebrated Wamsler Sewing Machines 180
14 to 20. Seventeen pairs fine lace Curtains 304
21 to 31. Twenty-two dozen sets solid heavy silver plated Dinner or Dessert Knives, put up in plush lined cases 230
32 to 30. Thirty-nine half dozen sets of extra silver plated Teacups 78
31 to 121. Forty-two fine half dozen sets gold silver plated Teacups 84

The sender of the last correct answer received in this competition, which closes 30th June next, will secure number one—the organ—of these consolation rewards.

The sender of the next to last one, number two—one of the gold watches—and so on till all these are given out. Fifteen days after date of closing are allowed for letters to reach this office from distant points.



THE EXTRA PRIZES.

Five thousand (or more if required) extra silver plated Butter Dishes. These are the Butter Dishes that are spoken of above, one of which will be given to every competitor, whether the answers are correct or not \$2350

This is the most liberal offer ever made by any publisher in the world—and the sooner you take advantage of it the better, as such an offer will not likely be made again. You pay nothing for the privilege of competing, as one dollar is the regular yearly subscription price of the LADIES' JOURNAL. Address S. Frank Wilson, LADIES' JOURNAL Office, Toronto, Canada. Send money by Post Office order or registered letter.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage, Expressage and \$2 Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all docks. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"If you ever get at the truth of this matter I advise you—" "The truth of the matter! Great Caesar's ghost! What do you suppose I care about the truth of the matter? All I want is to have my prejudices backed up. If you can tell me who will do that for me I'll thank you."

Danger Ahead.

There is danger ahead from neglected colds. A tight cough and irritated throat are the warning signs of lurking danger to the lungs. Haggard's Pectoral Balsam cures colds, sore throat, stubborn coughs, and all bronchial and lung troubles.

At the tea-table—Phaeocius: "My dear, I have a suggestion to offer." Lavina: "Well, what is it, pray?" Phaeocius: "It is that we have these biscuits adorned with painted decorations of Japanese design, apply for a copyright and get some wholesale stationer down town to introduce them to the trade as Mikado paper weights. What do you say?" But she was silent.

Mr. T. O. Beruhari, public school teacher, Norland, writes: "During the fall of 1881 I was much troubled with Biliousness and Dyspepsia, and part of the time was unable to attend to the duties of my profession. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Diacovy and Dyspeptic Cure was recommended to me, and I have much pleasure in stating that I was entirely cured by using one bottle. I have not had an attack of my old complaint since, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight."

There is an old veteran in town, who is always inventing excuses for going on a spree. He got gloriously so the 17th of March and met a friend, who said: "Now, look here, Jake, you have no excuse to-day. You aren't an Irishman." "Well," responded the veteran with dignity, "I guess I'm part Irish, anyway. I've got a Cork leg."

In Bad Humor.

"A year ago my head was covered with sores, and the eruption covered my face also, and spread even until the backs of my hands were sore. I became weak and ill. Finding no cure I tried Burdock Blood-Bitters. Two bottles perfectly cured me." Statement of Miss Minnie Stevenson, Cocagne, N. B.

Mrs. Parnell is an enthusiastic a politician at her son. It is said that she has all the morning papers procured for her in order that she may acquaint herself with Parliamentary proceedings as soon as she awakes.

A Terrible Fire

arouses the apprehensions of the whole city. And yet the wild havoc of disease startles no one. Sad to relate, women suffer from year to year with chronic diseases and weaknesses peculiar to their sex, knowing that they are growing worse with every day, and still take no measures for their own relief. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the result of life-long and learned study of female complaints. It is guaranteed to cure.

Rhoda Broughton is thin and shrunken-featured, but she has withal an amiable and winning expression of countenance.

Decay of the Bones.

with some thirty other symptoms, mark the progress of that terrible disease known as catarrh. It advances from stage to stage of fearful annoyances, and if neglected, is certain to end in general debility, and possibly in consumption or insanity. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it at any stage. This medicine has been long before the public, and thousands have been restored to health by its never-failing virtues.

The widow of General J. E. B. Stuart, of the Virginia cavalry, is at the head of a prosperous girl's school at Staunton.

Premature decline of many powers, nervous debility and kindred diseases radically cured. Consultation free. Book 10 cents in stamps. Address confidentially, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Zorilla predicts that ex-Queen Elizabeth will be the next monarch of Spain, if the present Regent is expelled or displaced.

Why Is It?

Why do so many limp and hobble about on sticks and crutches, suffering from rheumatism, stiff joints, and cords, lame back, sprains and other aches, pains and lameness, when Haggard's Yellow Oil, an unfailing relief, can be purchased at a trifling cost of twenty-five cents?

Princess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the youngest daughter of the King of the Belgians, has been selected as the bride of Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders. I have also used it in cases of cramp in children, and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."

Mrs. Ford's book entitled "Grace Truman," has had the largest sale of any Raptist book ever published. In the twenty-eight years of its life 75,000 copies have been sold, and the demand still holds good.

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 forerunner of more dangerous diseases. Nine-tenths of the consumptives date their affliction from a neglected cold, and the diseases that are caused by wet feet, damp clothes, or exposure are more numerous than are generally 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.

A waste of "it"—putting it in depot? But the colored cook at our hotel says you can't make tea without putting it in depot.

Jabach Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good, that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

500 DOZENS 500

Boating Shawls,

All Shades and Sizes,

Wholesale Prices!

THE GREAT LEADER LANE

Dry Goods HOUSE.

R. Simpson & Co

36 & 38 Colborne ENTRANCE ON LEAF FACING KING

Jennie, the Flower of Kildare.

Words by FRANK DUMONT.

Musio by JAMES E. STEWART.

Moderato, *p* *cres*

1. I'm think-ing of Er-in to - night, And the lit-tle white cot by the sea, Where Jen-nie my darling, now
 2. I'm wait-ing for sweet fac-to see, While we're parted I lin-ger in pain, But soon will my heart beat with

There,.... To meet her, my dar-ling, my own..... Sweet Jen-nie, the flower of Kil-dare.....
 dare,.... To meet her, my dar-ling, my own..... Sweet Jen-nie, the flower of Kil-dare.....

CHORUS.

SOPRANO. cres *mf* *p* *cres* *mf*
 I know that she's wait-ing for me,.... My heart ev-er longs to be there; To meet her, my dar-ling my own,.... Sweet

ALTO
 I know that she's wait-ing for me,.... My heart ev-er longs to be there; To meet her, my dar-ling my own,.... Sweet

TENOR. cres *mf* *p* *cres* *mf*
 I know that she's wait-ing for me,.... My heart ev-er longs to be there; To meet her, my dar-ling, my own,.... Sweet

BASS.
 I know that she's wait-ing for me,.... My heart ev-er longs to be there; To meet her, my dar-ling, my own,.... Sweet

p *cres* *mf* *p* *cres*
 Jen-nie, the flower of Kil-dare.... The flower of Kil-dare, The flower of Kil-dare, Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kil-dare.....

rit *mf* *mf* *mf* *rall*
 of Kildare.

rit *mf*
 Jennie, the flower of Kil-dare.... Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kil-dare, of Kildare.

mf *mf* *mf* *rall* *D.C.*
 Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kil-dare, of Kildare.

mf *mf* *mf* *rall*
 Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kil-dare, of Kildare.

mf *mf* *mf* *rall*
 Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kil-dare, of Kildare.

mf *mf* *mf* *rall*
 Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kil-dare, of Kildare.

BOYCOTTED, SEVEN CANCERS BUT NOT DEAD.

To the Editor of the Mail.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow me a few lines more of your valuable space to convey to my many friends throughout the Dominion my thanks and appreciation for their kindly expressions of sympathy and goodwill towards myself personally, and for the success of my boycotting suit, which has created such widespread interest, and to answer the many questions that are being continually asked, viz., Do you claim you can compel a firm or individual to sell you his goods if he declines to do so? Most certainly not. My contention is that a contract written or verbal must be honourably varied out without let or hindrance from any association, be they conspirators, boycotters, or any other form of obstructionist. All I ask is a fair field and no favour, and let the fittest survive.

When the farmer takes his produce to the market as a matter of course he sells to the highest bidder, and invests the proceeds to the best advantage he knows how. What would be thought if laws were passed compelling him to sell his produce at agreed prices, and the prices arbitrarily fixed by an association of wheat buyers, and also compelling him to buy his dry goods, groceries, etc., at certain stores and at any price the self-constituted arbiters choose to assess him?

A sane man could hardly be found to endorse such absurdities, and yet this is precisely what the jewellers of this city stupidly imagine they can do, and compel me to raise my prices on gold and silver watches 30 to 50 per cent., or, as they express it, I must stay out in the cold and my supplies be cut off from the manufacturers.

Pardon me, Mr. Editor, for discussing and occupying so much of your valuable space. I do not wish to intrude myself on any fair on the public unnecessarily, but my isolated case (being the only jeweller ever boycotted in Canada) is of vital importance and interest to the public at large.

It involves a principle of freedom and liberty that is threatening to tyrannise over all classes of society.

I mean boycotting pure and simple, in any shape or form is vicious and illegal, and should be frowned down and discountenanced by every well-wisher of order and good government. I am boycotted because, as these jewellers claim, I sell at prices that do not leave them a living profit.

At a recent meeting of this boycotting association at Dalmenico, New York, which was attended by delegates from this city, a champagne supper was provided that cost thousands of dollars, enough to purchase a good, well-stocked farm in Canada, and in their manful egotism one boycotter addressed his brother boycotters as Volcan the Thunder of the West (referring to W. K. McNaught, defendant in this suit). Another was addressed as the Chancellor and Bismarck of the association, and so on, and yet forsooth these men talk of poverty.

The manufacturers' profits on movements (works of the watch) are from 50 to 150 per cent. Is it not strange, Mr. Editor, that with our five million of population, with a production of 25 per cent., with water power in hundreds of towns and villages, and all willing to pay bonuses, that we have not a single watch factory in the whole Dominion, whilst the United States have a factory for every two millions of population, and all making large dividends?

The Pioneer Watch Factory in the United States is less than thirty years old, and just previous to the war offered to sell to my then Boston partner the factory and plant for \$25,000. To-day they are probably worth not less than 12 to 15 millions.

Till this suit is brought to a conclusion I promise, Mr. Editor, not to trouble you further, but next in conclusion say a few words to my detractors, the jewellers. For the past ten years they have systematically slandered me and my goods, and which has now culminated in my being boycotted. What has it profited you? Do you feel happier? Have you sold more watches or made more money? Have you or I the sympathy of the public? I would say to you, as Sam Jones says to his new converts, quit your meanness, don't condemn goods simply



REMOVED FROM THE BREASTS
of Mrs. Waite, of West Gravenhurst, by Dr. McCully, Medical Director of the Medical and Surgical Association of Canada, Toronto, and the patient sent home on the Eleventh Day After the Operation.

Reader, this may seem a wonderful story; it is, and it is also a wonderful cure. It is a specimen brick of the work of a man denominated all over Ontario and Canada, by the medical trade, who prefer to bury their patients and save their credit, rather than that they should fall into our hands and live. These men while we write this are establishing a medical defense fund to fight the people whom their brutal ignorance has maimed or may maim for life, and they also propose to try to carry a bill through the legislature to stop me from advertising my cures; to let the sick and dying die without relief, without hope, and to save the expense of their pretense and unblushing stupidity. One more turn of the legislative screw, say they, and the scene of surgical bliss will then have been reached, and a medical millennium be suddenly ushered in. Should the medical fraternity succeed in their present designs the people can be maimed without recourse, and they will die by the hundred without either hope or remedy. To turn to the subject of our sketch. Mrs. Waite is a fair-haired woman, she then went to Orillia, was told by a medical curiosity there who should be on exhibition at the Zoo, that it was simply inflammation of the glands; then to Barrie, and at last to Toronto, staying two days at the experimental mill of the Medical Gods. Not being anxious to die, she came to me with the above request. Our specialists are chronic male and female diseases and deformities, removal of tumors and cancer, skin diseases, and diseases caused by folly, mistakes and indiscretions.

Address S. EDWARD McCULLY, M.D., 283 Jarvis St., Toronto.

because they come from my store or are of my own manufacture, the public cannot be continuously deceived. In spite of your combined detractions and slanders, I have built up the largest jewellery trade in the Dominion—making all my own gold and silver jewellery on my premises—and in a few months will make my own gold, and silver watch cases—and when you see them don't say my gold is brass and my silver nickel, and that nothing good comes from 52 Church street. Don't. But quit your meanness. Quit your lying, the public are not deceived.

Why doth the jewellers rage and imagine vain things? Fix a price on your goods, be honourable, deal honestly with your customers, and you will be appreciated and supported, and have no occasion to complain of getting cold sweats at the sight of my catalogue. If you cannot sell at my prices own to it honestly—quit the business, go west and farm, but saythow quit your meanness, quit lying.

Yours truly,
CHARLES STARK,
52 Church street, Toronto.

OUR Ladies' Fine French Kid **BOOTS**

Take The Lead, as We Sell at Very Close Prices.
W. PICKLES,
328—YONGE ST.—328.



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Organized with a full staff of eighteen Experienced and Skillful Physicians and Surgeons for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

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DELICATE DISEASES. Nervous Debility, Impotency, Nocturnal Losses, and all Morbid Conditions caused by Youthful Excesses and Pernicious Solitary Practices are speedily and permanently cured by our Specialists. Book, post-paid, 10 cts. in stamps.

RUPTURE. Erupture, or Breach, radically cured, without the knife, without dependence upon trusses, and with very little pain. Book sent for ten cents in stamps.

PILE TUMORS and STRICTURES treated with the greatest success. Book sent for ten cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DISEASES OF WOMEN. The treatment of many thousands of cases of those diseases peculiar to WOMEN at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, has afforded large experience in adapting remedies for their cure, and

DR. PIERCE'S

Favorite Prescription

is the result of this vast experience.

It is a powerful Restorative Tonic and Nervine, imparts vigor and strength to the system, and cures, as if by magic, Leucorrhoea, or "whites," excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the uterus, weak back, autoverision, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, internal heat, and "female weakness." It promptly relieves and cures Nervous and Weakness of Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, and Sleeplessness, in either sex.

PRICE \$1.00, OR BOTTLES \$2.00.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines, ten cents in stamps for Treatise on Diseases of Women.

World's Dispensary
663

New - Music - Books
JUST PUBLISHED!

Royal Song-Books—Containing 107 American Vocal Gems, and

Royal Felle of Music—Containing 50 Popular Piano Pieces, by American composers.

These books contain biographical sketches of celebrated American composers; and eight full page engravings, and are very similar in style and appearance to the well-known Song Folio.

Price, each, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents.

Catalogue of Music and Musical Instruments free.

Violin Strings, 25 cts. 75 cents per set.
Piano Strings, 35 cts. 50 " "
Guitar Strings, 25 cts. 75c & \$1

CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE,
117 Yeage St., Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Brown of San Antonio, Texas, became angry and swore in the presence of Mrs. Williams. She objected, and he told her to help herself if she could. So she told her husband, and Mr. Williams, by some accident his pistol, sought Brown, and found him eating supper. "Did you swear in my wife's presence?" asked Mr. Williams. "I did," answered Mr. Brown. Thereupon Mr. Williams shot Mr. Brown dead.

A Prairie Homestead.

A settler ought to have money enough to build a house and barn, provide himself with a team, wagon, farm implements and a cow or two, and supply his family with provisions and clothing for a year. To get along comfortably he should have a capital of about a thousand dollars. Many do get along, however, with much less money,—in fact, with hardly any money,—and manage, by great industry and thrift, to work up to the position of well-to-do farmers. They have a hard time, however, for the first few years, living in a cabin, or even a sod-house, extended by a hole dug in a side hill, and getting provisions by working for day wages for neighbors. The poverty is very pinching, but it is offset by the prospect of soon becoming independent landowners.

Rather than follow the hard fortunes of these poor people, let us take the case of the average settler, who has at least a few hundred dollars with which to begin life. If he moves upon his claim in the spring, he is in a great hurry to get to ploughing, and his family must be content with any sort of a shelter till fall—perhaps a tent or a one-room cabin. The prairie sod must be broken for the next year's wheat crop, so that the tough roots of the grass may be rotting all summer. Then a crop of potatoes can be raised at once upon the sod, which will be a great help in the way of provisions. For breaking, four stout horses are required. The homesteader will have but two, but will "trade work and teams" with some neighbor, and so will get perhaps forty acres ploughed. In the fall he must "backset" the ground, as the second ploughing is called, but that he can do with one team.

After the ground is broken and a few acres planted in potatoes, if there is still time before the breaking season is over, the settler will work a month or so with his team for wages, breaking land for others. Then he will begin to build the structure which is to answer as a home for a few years, until the spacious, comfortable house of which every farmer, and still more every farmer's wife, dreams can be erected.

The original cabin is converted into a barn, and considerably enlarged by means of a little lumber and a great deal of straw, going to the hauling from some neighbor who made a crop the year before.

Neighbors in a new prairie country may live ten miles apart, but they are none the less neighbors on that account. Straw serves as the roof of this new barn, and the walls are mainly of sod, laid up tier on tier like bricks. This curious structure is warm and snow-tight, if not picturesque. In the construction of the house, a material is used that is hardly known in the East—heavy brown paper made of straw, and sometimes tarred, which is nailed upon the studding under the clapboards, in broad sheets. It makes the house warm and keeps out the fine dry snow, which the fierce prairie winds will force through the smallest crevice in a board. There is a cellar, of course, and the sides of the house are sodded up.

A well is now dug. All this time the family have probably got water from one of the numerous little ponds which abound on the prairies and are the haunts of wild fowl. A shot-gun and perhaps a rifle, too, form a part of the settler's outfit, and his boys are the larger stocked with ducks and geese, and if they have any more, they know how to get to them now and then.

Very pleasant. The turf is magic.

what is called a bracing cold, quite unlike the damp, penetrating cold of low altitudes near the seacoast. Sleighs are the universal vehicles, and the country people manage to get a good deal of enjoyment out of the winter season, visiting at each other's houses and in the neighboring towns, and attending parties, sociables and lectures. The winter is the time of leisure and rest. In the summer they are always busy.

Three or four times during each winter there occur "cold snaps," or periods of very low temperature, when the mercury goes down 250 and even to 400 below zero. These spells of extreme cold last about three days, and prudent people stay in doors while they continue.

The homesteader who has health, industry and courage is sure to make a success of his new life in the West. By the time the five years have expired, and he is ready to "prove up" on his quarter section, he is usually in pretty comfortable circumstances. The settlement of the surrounding country, the building of railroads, and the improvements he has made upon his own land, have brought the value of his one hundred and sixty acres up from fifteen dollars to twenty dollars an acre. After marketing his wheat crop the second year, he has had little trouble about the means of subsistence. Year by year he has increased his acreage of tilled land, and the fourth and fifth years' crops have given him a surplus over living expenses and the cost of improving his buildings and buying machinery, so that he begins to have a bank account.

He will probably now have eighty acres in wheat regularly, which will yield from fifteen to twenty-five bushels to the acre, if the season has been a good one. This is his cash crop. Other crops he raises on a small scale, and mainly for his own use.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat should always be used for children's coughing. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

Write six ciphers in a line and they amount to nothing. Put the figure 1 before them, and they amount to a million. All human talents and possessions are but ciphers until you put the name of Jesus at the head of them. Then they make their owner a millionaire for heaven.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicines Co.

The great truths of Christianity are not outworn, the old, old story is still as dear as ever, the needs and longings of the human heart are just as urgent as ever.—Churchman.

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 free of charge, anything they may wish to exchange, free of charge. It is to be distinctly understood that the publisher receives no responsibility with regard to transactions effected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of correspondents or the accuracy of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misunderstanding or disappointment, therefore, he advises correspondents to write for particulars to the addresses given below sending for the articles called for.

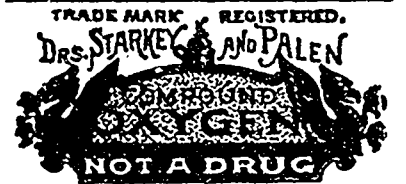
United States postage stamps, used; fifty 1 cent blue; two 1c. old post; one 1c. postage due; four 2c. old red; eleven 3c. new; twenty 5c. green; three 6c.; one 8c.; three 10c.; also six 1c. postage stamps.—And thirty-two 1c. newspaper wrappers; used but not over ten, all U. S. Will exchange for best offer of stamps or printing of small circulars. Also, a fancy rubber stamp (B) with ink and pad, cost 40c. for a Lloyd combination penholder or a copying pencil. Joseph Sampson Jr., Beauty Bay, Ontario.

A specimen of quartz with crystal on it, for other minerals or shells. William F. Wood, Box 793, Brockton, Mass.

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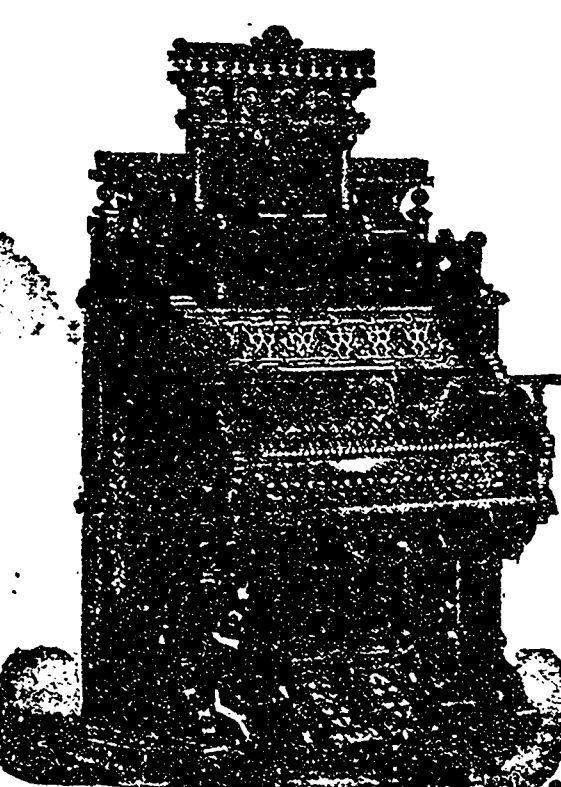
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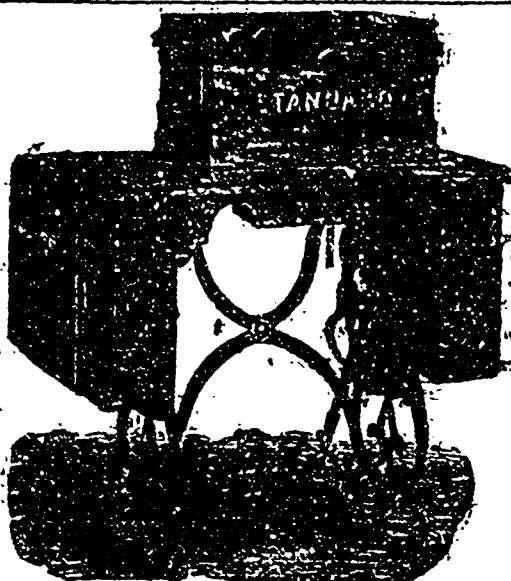
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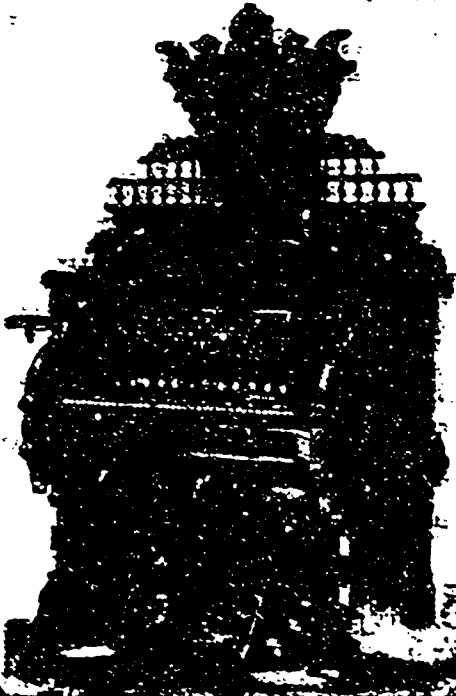
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