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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., APRIL 11, 1885.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 236.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

Reliable information of any kind regarding the great North-West Territory is now of interest to every one. TRUTH readers will be pleased to notice several papers of interest in regard to the Great Lone Land in the present issue. Rev. Thos. Woolsey, for many years a respected Methodist missionary in that country, contributes the first of a series of letters in regard to his experience there thirty years ago. What changes have come since that time? Ex-Alderman John N. Lake, of this city, land commissioner of the Temperance Colonization Company, writes of what he has seen of recent date, and another respected contributor gives reminiscences of his experience in connection with a former Riel expedition. In future issues a number of very valuable papers in regard to that country may be looked for from well-known gentlemen, present or former residents among the people now in rebellion.

Readers of the daily papers must have frequently come across the term "mugwump" applied to different people and apparently always intended as an opprobrious epithet. Those to whom this term has been applied, however, may take consolation in the knowledge that so far from being a shameful epithet, "mugwump" is a highly complimentary and flattering one, being nothing more nor less than an Indian word meaning "lord" or "ruler," according to an authority who knows whereof he speaks.

East Indian jugglers are reported to be wonderfully skilful and so they doubtless are, though not more so than our Occidental "professors" of legerdemain; travellers are too fond of magnifying the wonders that they see abroad and their accounts of the doings of the jugglers of the East have caused people at home to fancy that their tricks are something very extraordinary indeed. They are not so, however, and their methods of performing their seemingly superhuman feats are gradually being revealed. One trick still in vogue is the burying in the earth of a live man for several months, who professes to be supernaturally endowed with the ability to hold his breath for that period. This, till lately, has caused much wonder and surmise, as apparently there was no fraud practised in the matter; but the trick has been exposed and now really does seem remarkably simple and it is a wonder that it was never discovered before. This is the very simple explanation of the whole trick, according to an English journal: "A tunnel is dug from the grave to the neighboring jungle; the grave itself is partly prepared, the subject is then, in sight of the spectators, prepared by having his ears and nostrils filled with earth and his tongue turned back. He is then apparently buried, creeps through the tunnel and gets away. After six months, or any other interval he creeps back again, is dug up apparently lifeless and restored with infinite pains." Doubtless, all the other seemingly inexplicable feats of Oriental jugglery are capable of a similar simple solution.

The French Government did a good stroke of business a week or so ago in breaking up the horde of Fenians in Paris and conducting the ringleaders, amongst whom was the notorious James Stephens, to the Swiss frontier and there setting them adrift with strict injunctions to keep out of Franco hereafter. This mode of procedure may seem a little rough on the poor Swiss, and it would be an excellent plan if they took their turn at the little game, and passed Messrs. Stephens & Co. on to some other country, the passing on to be continued till the bold Fenians brought up on the seashore—and after that.

Balloons have often been talked about for use in time of war, but with the exception of a few experiments during the Franco-Prussian disagreeableness, they have not been much employed till just now, when they are being utilized in the Soudan campaign, the balloon and telegraph corps being a distinct branch of the expeditionary force, having three balloons and all the necessary appliances for observing the positions of the enemy. One wagon containing one ton of stores is sufficient for each ascent and telephone communication will be established between the balloon and the ground. This latter fact shows that only captive ascents will be made, the balloons being tethered by rope or wire. It yet remains to be seen whether balloons will be as useful as many warriors anticipate. One great drawback seems to be the difficulty of attaining a sufficiently great elevation to be out of reach of the bullets of the enemy, bullets and balloons being naturally antagonistic, with the chances very much in favor of the former in case of actual collision.

So it looks as if, after all, we were to have a little taste of war in Canada. Riel, who should have been hanged long ago, has opened the ball and, judging from the guests who have gone from Toronto and elsewhere to participate in it, he may have to dance to a lively tune before long. It would give much satisfaction in most quarters if he were debarred from having anything to dance on and his terpelchorean exercises were to take place in mid-air. It is to be devoutly hoped that when Riel gets cornered this time there will be no secret service money sent to him to save his carcass. The present rebellion should be the last that M. Riel is ever permitted to incite, and it probably will.

At the present writing it seems certain that a dozen loyal citizens have met their death at the hands of Riel's followers, and it is impossible to say what may be the loss of life before the rising in the North-West is put down; the matter is one of great importance and deep concern, and not to be treated, by any means, as people were inclined to treat it when the first rumors of Riel's outbreak reached their ears. There are times when men are justified in taking up arms against constituted authority, for the protection of their individual rights and the like, but Riel can plead no such justifi-

cation for his rebellion in the present instance and for the destruction of human life that has already taken place.

Though Louis Riel did not in his former rebellion evince any great capability as a military commander, the fact is now patent to all that he has it in his power to give an immense amount of trouble, as he has at his back some thousands of half-breeds, Indians, and, possibly, Fenians to do his fighting whilst he stirs up the feeling of discontent against the Government so prevalent amongst the Metis and incites them to further rebellion and disorder, a work for which he is admirably fitted, being a fluent, eloquent speaker and a capital organizer. Riel is now between 40 and 42 years of age, of middle height, stout and dark; his head is well-shaped, his forehead being massive and high; and his eyes are bright, dark and restless. He is not the first trouble maker of his family, as his father was a revolutionist before him, and on the 17th of May, 1849, when his compatriots, Sayre, Laronde, Guillette, and McGinness, were being tried before Judge Thom, an officer of the Hudson Bay Company, for infringing on that company's exclusive prerogative of trading with the Indians for furs, Louis Riel's father headed a sufficient force of half-breeds to overawe the court and restore the offenders to liberty. When this had been done the half-breeds fired three volleys, shook hands promiscuously and effusively, and shouted "Vive la liberte!" and "Trade is free!" After that, according to the half-breeds' version of the story, the elder Riel was a man whom the Hudson Bay Company's officers feared to offend, and it is even hinted that it is partially to the generosity of that wealthy corporation toward the elder Riel that the present insurgent leader owes the educational and other advantages he enjoyed in his youth.

Louis was born in the Red River settlement and was sent, when a lad, to one of the Catholic Colleges in Montreal, under the patronage of Archbishop Tache, of St. Boniface. There he completed his education, exhibiting during his studentship a marked ability in the oratorical line, his powers as a public speaker, being favorably noted and commented on during that period. It was not until the autumn of 1869 that Riel came prominently before the public. Trouble then arose out of the transfer by the Hudson Bay company to the Dominion of Canada of the northwest territories. At this time there were settled in Assiniboia 6,000 French half-breeds and 4,000 Scotch and English ones. The French-Canadians and the half-breeds were persuaded that the transfer was inimical to their interests, and the sight of surveyors at work gave them the idea that their ownership of the land was in peril. Riel organized what he called a "provisional government," compelled the lieutenant-governor to seek refuge in the United States, and raised an armed force of 600 men. Colonel Garnet Wolseley, now Lord Wolseley, was sent to quell the insurrection, but Riel had fled on his arrival,

aided in doing so by a gift of \$1,000 from the Leader of the Dominion Government at that period, though rewards were offered for his capture at the same time! An amnesty was subsequently granted to him, and for the last two years Riel has been in the vicinity of the South Saskatchewan.

An exchange tells us, and it is really a matter of great gratification to every right-minded person, that "The first practical step towards establishing direct steam navigation between Cologne and London has been taken by the Badische Schraubendampfschiffahrts Gesellschaft Mannheim." It sounds very terrible but probably it isn't loaded after all.

A certain Mr. Ignatius Donnelly insists that he has discovered positive proofs which show that Shakespeare never wrote the plays credited to him and, in fact, that the divine William was a very ordinary and commonplace individual indeed. Mr. Donnelly is firm in his belief, and declares that he can prove his assertion that Lord Bacon is the author of all the magnificent poetry that we have all along attributed to the Swan of Avon. This is a world of ruthless awakenings from pleasant dreams and one by one the cherished beliefs to which we cling so fondly are torn from us, but it will really be too bad altogether if Shakespeare is proved to be a fraud. Let us hope that Mr. Donnelly may be mistaken.

Edward Hanlan, the man who has done more to advertise, in a certain way, Canada in general and Toronto in particular than anyone living, seems to have met his match at last and has to resign the sculling championship of the world, to an Englishman, who has twice beaten him, it is presumed fairly. When Hanlan was at the zenith of his fame the American press delighted in speaking of him as "our great American oarsman;" since to-day two weeks ago he is, with them, "Hanlan, the Canadian." 'Twas ever thus.

The alacrity displayed by our volunteers in response to the call to arms speaks well for them and is a sure sign that, if an actual conflict takes place, there will be no such thing as flinching on their part. That the feeling exhibited was genuine and that a real desire to smell powder existed is fully demonstrated by one little fact, which is that several men belonging to the Queen's Own and Grenadiers of this city, who had not been selected to make up the chosen five hundred, managed to secure their arms and accoutrements and smuggle themselves on board the train which was to bear away their comrades and away they went and are now numbered amongst the gallant fellows composing the expedition. This is genuine enthusiasm and such volunteers are indeed worth five times their number of pressed men. As things look at present Canadian will not require much pressing to go to the front, for doubtless the men comprising the other battalions throughout the country are composed of just such stuff as Toronto's citizen-soldiers.

Truth's Contributors.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.—No. 4.

BY REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M. A., D. D.
THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

The charming river of mild and sunny Florida is the St. John's. Visit London without seeing Westminster Abbey, Ludgate Hill, York Street, Regent Street or Pall Mall; visit Paris without seeing the Rue de Rivoli or Place de La Concorde, or Rome without seeing the Corso or St. Peters, but do not visit Florida without a sail up the St. John's River. A noble stream it is as it rolls along in the pride and pomp of its affluent waters for a hundred miles, varying in width from one to six miles. A clear, broad, beautiful, magnificent stream is the Lower St. John's River. Then the stream narrows, and for another hundred miles it winds its tortuous way through swamp and lowland, amid tangled jungles of oak and cypress, climbing vines and hanging mistletoe, rank weeds and grasses. Then for two hundred miles from Lake Monroe to the head waters of the river in Lake Washington, where you follow a channel still narrower, more crooked and more shallow, through the savannas and everglades. This is tropical Florida, and this upper section of the river is given over to the alligators and to hunters and fishermen, who find it a paradise, for the waters are teeming with fish and the land alive with game.

Starting from Jacksonville we find the five-mile wide stream bordered with magnificent, park-like country. The shores present a series of bold bluffs and striking declivities, dotted with handsome villas and hamlets, and fringed with forests of live-oak and groves of orange. How beautiful they are. What a sight! Oranges, oranges, oranges—apples of gold in pictures of emerald. How glorious the rich, ripe oranges, hanging in clusters of five or ten amid the thick, glossy, green foliage of a tree rising 20 or 30 feet high, and whose boughs describe a symmetrical curve. Here land is very dear. Everybody has an orange grove. It is the great industry. Many are doing well, others doing ill. We made the acquaintance on the steamer of two young Englishmen who had come out to the country, started poor, and had done well. They had just made the purchase of another grove. They had been industrious and had succeeded. You cannot purchase a plot of ground from three to ten acres, plant it with young oranges, and then lie down on your back expecting the ripe, luscious, golden fruit to drop into your mouth. It takes five years of culture and care before the trees begin to bear. A good tree, when twenty-five years old, will bear ten thousand oranges as an annual yield, and thus pay a net profit each year of about \$200. Our steamer is gliding along past broad, well-cultivated fields and thrifty orange groves, and cozy, quiet retreats along the curving shore. We are constantly landing at white villas with elegant homes and pretty gardens and lawns, while here and there are towns of note. Fifteen miles from Jacksonville, on the western shore, is the town of Mandarin, embowered amid groves of orange and live-oak, bright with gardens, well-kept lawns and tasteful residences. Here is the winter home of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Her beautiful cottage was closed up, as the state of the Professor's health did not allow her to leave her northern home, else we would have paid homage to the great and gifted authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Some friends of ours called and wandered through the garden, and carried away with the

the most lively impressions in the shape of little burrs that pierce through and irritate the skin, like prickling needles. Poor woman, she is pestered to death with visitors. A party of ladies who worshipped her called to see her, but was met at the garden gate by the Professor, who very courteously, but very firmly, refused them admittance. They then begged for the gift of an orange to carry away as a memento of the place. No, but he would sell them a dozen! Alas, how their enthusiastic admiration of the great personality effervesced.

Another charming spot is Hibernia, deeply shaded in the foliage of lofty magnolias, live-oaks, and orange groves—cypress and wild azalia. Farther on is Magnolia, a very popular resort, about 25 miles south of Jacksonville. The hotel is one of the most elegant and spacious to be found anywhere on the continent, and the proprietor is the owner of the San Marco, in St. Augustine, and the Maplewood Hotel at Bethlehem, in the White mountains. The grounds are very spacious and large, and elegant cottages furnish comfortable quarters for those who prefer this mode of accommodation. The kind-hearted owner will not allow a gun to be fired on his premises, and, as the result wild ducks come in millions for safety from the hunter's gun, and throng and cover the bay, and are as tame as any farm fowls. In the gardens of Magnolia, in the depth of winter, we tasted ripe strawberries, and saw growing the finest of cabbages, cauliflower, beets, turnips, corn, and other vegetables.

A little farther on is Green Cove Springs, one of the most enjoyable places in Florida. How balmy is the air, how sweet the fragrance from the pines, how glorious the paths opening out upon the river, how lovely the woodland scenes, where but oaks and lofty magnolias intertwine their branches like over-arched cathedral aisles, festooned with vines and morning glories, the yellow jasmine and Spanish moss. And how refreshing is the plunge into the swimming baths.

The spring is warm sulphur. The water boils up from a great fissure 20 feet below the surface at the rate of three thousand gallons a minute. It is clear as crystal, the bottom and sides of the rock being tinted with the prismatic hues, and the temperature is about 78°.

The swimming pools are below the basin of the spring—in the open air, within an enclosure, say 100 feet by 40 or 50. The water is four or five feet deep, and the volume flows quietly along. The water is not unpleasant to drink, and has wonderful action upon the liver and kidneys, and for bathing it is most delicious, so warm and soft, and full of cleansing power. A rare luxury it was to return from the post office with a letter from home telling of the severest weather—the mercury below zero—enter the dressing-room, disrobe amid the song of birds, and plunge into the open bath, the air around you soft and balmy, the water soft and warm.

The Clarendon is a fine hotel. But we stopped at "The Pines," a home-like and attractive place, kept by the genial Col. Morgan. The Colonel comes from Kentucky, and, I believe, is closely related to the Morgan of guerilla fame. His wife is an ardent Southerner, a cultured woman, writes with a vigorous and charming pen, paints beautifully, plays the piano and guitar skillfully, and, along with her other accomplishments is the most famous bread-maker of the South. Talk of the Vienna baking and Swiss rolls—such biscuit I never tasted, so light and airy they dissolved in the mouth.

We found there our near neighbors and

friends Drs. Trout and Tefft, who, during my stay, were joined by Mr. Trout, who was called suddenly South, by his wife's severe illness.

The famous walk along the river is called St. David's Path, or Lover's Walk, pronounced the most lovely woodland scene in the world. Words are utterly inadequate to paint the scene. The quiet live oaks standing like massive columns, and tall magnolias and cypress, their far-reaching branches interlacing overhead like the frilled roof of some Gothic cathedral, the deep shade of their ever-green foliage mingled with the dark glossy verdure of the magnolia, and the delicate feathery cypress leaf, with spots of the sky here and there through the openings, while gently swaying in the breeze depending from the over-arching canopy, the long gray moss drapery, with vines and wild grape—the ground beneath carpeted with the palmetto shrub—the rays of the sun glancing through the tinted verdure, or the silent moon pouring its silver beams upon forest and river. I give it up, and leave my readers to dream of the sylvan scene.

Farther up is Tocoi, east and west. The principal town between Jacksonville and Welaka is Palatka, at the head of a fine bay, surrounded by orange groves and gardens. The town was desolated by fire a year ago, but signs of thrift and enterprise abound, and it is rising from its ashes to its old place of importance.

FROM WINNIPEG TO THE ROCKIES.

No. 2.

BY REV. R. A. STAFFORD, A.B.

Leaving Medicine Hat, beautiful in its situation, and turning the face toward the setting sun, after about 100 miles are passed, the banks of snow begin to appear, outlined against the sky. The morning sun is pouring a full flood of light, which brings out clearly every mountain peak, radiant in its snowy mantle. Those towering heights are yet about 150 miles away, so that now we only see the summits, and shall have nearly a day to study their growing magnitude as we approach. What a strange fascination they exert! In the distance their outlines are all triangular, and the appearance as though some God-like force had heaped countless pyramids in a long line, without much regard to their position or relation to each other. Above and there a dark form lifts itself up above those that seem nearer, and suggests a study—why, higher, it should not appear as white as others not so far removed. But it lies in the shadow of some still more aspiring eminence. Even snow cannot appear bright without the aid of the golden light, and the picture of vast mountains of snow is, therefore, varied by great pyramids here and there of darkening shadow. It will be from eight to ten hours before we can be near enough to discern more distinctly the individual characters of these silent monuments of eternal power; but in the meantime the traveler's eye will not wander much from the one point of attraction. The prairie sea has lost whatever charm its unrelieved monotony once possessed. It will soon begin to rise in gentle undulations, that shall swell up into the foot hills of the Rockies. These hills, anywhere away from the neighboring mountains, would be gigantic indeed. For more than sixty miles we wind around among them. They constantly suggest the thought of a school of hills having been dismissed, and the hundreds of pupils going leaping away, each according to his own particular pleasure. They are robed in a thick covering of grass, any rock only appearing here

and there at rare intervals, or breaking out in the high bank of a river. Their sides slope gently up into the well-rounded top. Excursionists speak of having been at the summit of the Rockies. This language is delusive. It suggests a train creeping along a rocky ledge, turning about on its own track, and, at last, after strange experiences, making its goal away up in the high altitudes. But there are no such experiences on the C. P. R. line, at least not on the eastern side. You are on an upward grade for many miles, before actually entering the gap in the mountains, and have risen some hundreds of feet, but have not been conscious of any abrupt or difficult ascent. You enter, at last, the valley of the Kananaskis—a valley yet wild, but full of elements of exquisite attractiveness. Your train moves along over a track as level as almost any on the prairie. Sometimes you are actually for a little time on a slightly down grade, while high on either side rises the stupendous mountain wall; and so you proceed to the divide, about sixty miles from the gap, and are then tunneled through into the valley of the Kicking Horse River, and are prepared to begin the descent on the western slope. Here the grades are undoubtedly steep, and railway men tell some pretty steep stories of trains running away, when the brakes were held on so firmly as to prevent any revolution of the wheels, which slid along the rails, emitting all the time glowing sparks, like an ascending rocket. Our trip ended at the divide, so that we had no opportunity of observing so wild a race.

No language will be too strong to describe the charm of these great mountains. I have said the foothills are great. Yet when the line of the actual mountains is reached, they rise up as abruptly as the wall of a house, and their rocky sides seem to have no kindred with anything else in the locality; and they continue an unbroken chain, varying in form, some rising high above their neighbors; but on either side a continuous wall of rock all the way to the divide.

Sixty miles before entering the gap

CALGARY

was passed. This is a new city, not yet a full year old; but its 5,000 inhabitants bend themselves to every line of business common in towns of its size, with all the staid gravity of age, and seem to understand each other as well as old neighbors. It lies at the junction of the Bow and Elbow rivers, and, though sixty miles away, is apparently within speaking distance of the great white robed messengers of Almighty power. The rare beauty of the situation is scarcely equalled in all this western world. The sunlight that pours upon Calgary will shine upon a visitor to that point long after his departure.

This is a sort of entrepot for the vast ranching business which extends north and south for hundreds of miles. If there were no other causes to promote its prosperity, this alone would make Calgary a distributing centre of great importance, and insure it a steady growth of business and population, as the constantly increasing demand for western beef is sure to cause a constant extension of the ranching enterprise. All the region, for a hundred miles and more east of the mountains, is admirably adapted to the raising of stock. The temperature of the winter is relieved by the chinook winds, so that herds can provide for themselves on the verdant hills, or in the sheltered valleys, from the first day of life until they are ready to be shipped to market. Nature could not have better adapted any

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region to this work than these gently sloping hills, with their many rivers and streams of the purest transparent water. The difficulty which at first sight appears in the great distance from market is already solved. About six hundred miles west of Winnipeg the traveller passes an unpretentious station called

MAPLE CREEK.

It is upwards of sixty miles south to the national boundary. Great herds, after traversing Montana, are driven across the boundary to this station on the C. P. R., where they are shipped, via Winnipeg, to Chicago and the east. In the light of such facts there need be no fears of difficulty in marketing the herds that rest at eventide in the long shadows of the Canadian Rock Mountains.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

BY J. B. ASHLEY.

TRUTH asks for a continuation of these notes, and I cannot refuse the request of such a friend. I must, however, in view of other and pressing engagements, indulge in the prelude of a novitiate, and intimate with conscious humility that the will must answer for the deed. As previously remarked, the little

TOWNSHIP OF ADOLPHUSTOWN

has been made a nucleus for the dissemination of Loyalist sentiments. The first company of refugees to the Bay of Quinte district landed at Kingston, or a short distance west of the present site of the city, in 1783—one year before the Adolphustown party reached their destination. This company was under the direction of Capt. Michael Grass, and was composed of noble men and women; but for reasons that may be subsequently learned they did not exert upon the new country such an united and powerful influence as their neighbors to the west.

Let us recall a few of the names of those who pitched their tents upon the champaign shores of Adolphustown on that June morning one hundred years ago. We will find some, if not all, quite familiar. There were: Vanalstine, Rutlan, Peterson, Hagerman, Dorland, Vandusen, Roblin, Hoover, Casey, Clapp, Huff, Cole, Allison, Maybee, &c., &c. These were real heroes, every man of them. The dilapidated burying-ground, to which reference has been previously made, contains their bodies, the graves of many of them being overgrown by trees from six to ten inches in diameter, and not a few lost to the memory of living descendants.

Dr. Canniff, who got his information from reliable sources, says the first person buried in this ancient "God's Acre" was a small child that died soon after the Loyalists landed, and while the primitive tents formed the only abode. A rough coffin was made with such tools and materials as the pioneers could command, and the whole community gathered beneath the spreading branches of an umbrageous maple where the grave had been prepared. An appropriate chapter of Holy Scripture was read, a few words of sympathy and consolation uttered, a short prayer offered for Divine guidance and protection, and the body was consigned to its resting place. Soon after one of the most prominent and influential of the noble band met with a fatal accident. Gasper Hoover, while engaged clearing his land, was struck by the limb of a falling tree and killed. Again the whole community ceased labor and gathered about the bereaved family. Another grave was dug beneath the maple foliage, and another brief and reverential service performed. In this way the "old U. E. burying-ground" of Adolphustown was originated. Others of the pioneers were

laid to rest in the sheltered spot, and as years passed by the mounds multiplied, until they dotted the rolling surface for the space of nearly an acre. This has been called "sacred ground," and the reason must be obvious. Last June during the Centennial celebration, the writer with others sat upon the broken monuments beneath the shade of second-growth trees, and listened to the addresses and music, or watched the different performances. If it were not exactly a "meditation among the tombs," it was a time calculated to awaken sepulchral and retrospective thoughts.

"OUR FATHERS, WHERE ARE THEY?"

Conflicting interests, the mutations of time, and the necessities of life have robbed the old burying-ground of care and attention. As a consequence many of the records that marked the graves of pioneers have mouldered away and entirely disappeared. In the north-west corner of the ground, near the spot where the batteaux landed, is the grave of Major Vanalstine, the brave and wise commander, counsellor and friend. He died full of years, and honored by all, but to-day the exact spot where his bones are lying cannot be pointed out. Gnarly oaks and interlacing thorns cover the grave, and not a relic can be found to locate the mound. Some distance from the entrance on the east side stands a short, thick oak tree, that has braved the winds and storms of many years. Between it and the gate Nicholas Hagerman was buried, but exactly where no living person can determine. Thus passes into oblivion the grave, but not the memory, of "the first lawyer in Upper Canada." He passed a liberal education, and studied law before leaving New York. The land where the burying-ground was formed belonged to him, and the small point just west of the present wharf still bears his name. His house stood near the water, the site having disappeared through the action of the waves. There he lived and practised his profession until his death. One of his sons was Christopher Hagerman, who became an eminent lawyer and a Judge, and whose memory is revered by many friends. Upon uncounted slabs, broken and defaced by the tooth of time, we read other names quite as familiar to the present generation.

One of the objects of the celebration last year was to awaken an interest and raise money for the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of the dead Loyalists. The foundation for such a memorial was laid with becoming ceremonies, and it is expected that sufficient funds will be subscribed for completing what was so ostentatiously begun. The present neglected and dilapidated appearance of the place does not reflect credit upon those who acknowledge the benefits derived from the lives of the men and women who sleep the last sleep beneath the hoof-trodden soil.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

As previously mentioned, several years elapsed before the Loyalists, subsequent to their settlement in Canada, could have the benefits of regular religious instruction by ordained ministers. True, soon after the first settlement was made in Adolphustown, and elsewhere along the Bay of Quinte, the hardy missionary made his appearance armed with a Bible and hymn-book. But his visits were necessarily "few and far between," like those of the angels, and the accommodation was deficient. In 1788 one Lyons, "a pious young man," came to Adolphustown and engaged in school-teaching. On Sundays he conducted religious services in appointed residences, and was greatly esteemed by the settlers. Two years later Wm. Losee, the first regular Minister of the Methodist denomination in

Canada, visited the township, and at once began the organization of classes and societies, according to the policy of that body. At the house of Paul Huff, near the shores of Hay Bay, "he established the first regular class-meeting in Canada." We quote from Dr. Canniff's history. Soon after, the first Methodist "meeting-house," or church, erected in Canada, was built near Huff's residence. It was a frame building 30x30, two storeys high. Twenty-two persons subscribed towards this pioneer religious movement, the total amount being £108. This church served the purpose for which it was erected during more than half a century, and last year a handsome memorial edifice, built of brick and elegantly furnished, was completed near the same spot where the first church foundation in this part of Canada was laid in 1793. The Quakers, Lutherans, and Episcopalians were also early in the field, but did not secure so firm a foothold as the Methodists until a later date.

EXPEDITION TO FT. GARRY IN 1872.

BY "SWIZ," TORONTO.

I, like all other true and loyal citizens who wish to stay at home and protect Toronto, went down to the Union Station to see "the boys" off on the 30th of last month, and seeing them and their mode of travelling, I could not fail to recall the expedition to Fort Garry in 1872 in which I took part, and I contrasted the comfortable cars which took them almost uninterruptedly to Winnipeg and our toilsome ploddings, portagings and rowings which consumed the better part of a month instead of ten days.

As I have never seen a published account of the expedition with which I went, and which was sent up to Fort Garry to relieve those men who had gone up there with Wolsey a short time before, I will endeavor to give, very briefly, a little sketch of the affair.

It was in September, 1872, that the various detachments of artillery and infantry from Ontario and Quebec, amounting to about 250 men, altogether, found themselves at Collingwood under the command of Colonel Villiers, then of Hamilton, waiting for the sailing of the "Frances Smith" for Thunder Bay in the course of the next 36 hours. The interval was employed in the serving out of serge fatigue tunics, regulation trowsers, boots and forage caps to the infantry, and a very ludicrous spectacle some of the men cut when they donned Her Majesty's uniform. The tunics ranged in size from those suitable for men six feet two in height, to those suited for pigmies of five feet nothing. My elegant frame happens to tower above the earth to an altitude of just 6 ft. 2 in., and, by what rule the officers serving out the garments were directed I know not, but I was presented with a tunic which would have cramped a five-foot-oner, my trowsers would certainly have been brief for a warrior of 5 ft. 3 in.; and my forage cap, not having undergone the necessary "block'ng" to render it in any way decent in appearance, was about seven inches in height, and looked very much like a dilapidated felt plug hat without a brim. Thus equipped, behold me! a picture of sufficient terror to strike awe into a thousand poor Lcs.—and I was not alone in my glory, for Fate had treated all the tall men as I was served, and the small ones rejoiced in trowsers and sleeves that they were forced to roll up for several inches. Space will not permit me to give any further description of what we looked like, but the reader will kindly take my word for it that we presented a

VERY COMICAL ASPECT

indeed, as we marched aboard the "Frances Smith" and steamed away across the Geor-

gian Bay, up the North Channel, between Manitoulin Island and the main land, across Lake Superior to Thunder Bay, where we disembarked and looked round for the enemy. We were informed, however, that we had several hundred miles further to go before we should be wading in gore. Though naturally brave, I was glad to hear this. I had hardly got over my feeling of shame at the strange figure I cut, and I felt backward in falling upon the foe in those terrible trowsers which basely came down below my knees, that tunic which looked like a vest and that awful forage-cap. We set off on foot from Thunder Bay and in two days' march reached Lake Shebandowan, where a small tug was in waiting to tow us in boats attached to one another to the first portage, which was reached in a few hours and our real trouble commenced. The portage was 1 1/2 miles across, and over this we had to carry every blessed thing we had, a barrel of pork being pressed upon my temporary acceptance, and which, at an immense expenditure of bad language and physical exertion, I contrived to convey to the next place of embarkation. I was beginning to weary of war already; blood was what I was after, not barrels of pork, but I was doomed to be disappointed. This was the style of thing from Shebandowan to the North-West angle of the Lake of the Woods distant 110 miles from Fort Garry; it was a succession of lazy indolence lying in the boats and smoking and allowing the tugs to pull us along, and hard work wrestling with pork and bean barrels, kegs of pipe-clay and cases of Boxer ammunition on those portages. On

STURGEON LAKE

a terrible storm arose and as we were nearly at the end of the portages I began to think it would be too bad to be drowned after all the hard work was over; but Fate did not will that we should be drowned; the boats had all become separated, each doing its best to get to land; my boat contained twenty-four men and two sergeants, a lot of pipe-clay in barrels and half a carcass of beef. We contrived to make an island at the height of the storm and there we passed the night, the weather being somewhat moderated next day. Accordingly Col. Sergt. McPherson was for leaving the island. The other sergeant thought otherwise; twelve men were for going, twelve for remaining; Sergt. McPherson and the twelve, if included, accordingly shoved off with all the beef, thoughtfully leaving the pipe-clay for the delectation of the gallant "Crusoe," as he was nick named, and his adherents. In vain he pleaded for the beef. No; Mac was inflexible, and the last we heard as we rowed away from the Island was, "for God's sake, McPhairson, leave the ribs." Crusoe was afterwards relieved by order of Col. W. Osborne Smith, who had relieved Col. Villiers, and that excellent and most popular officer had returned to Hamilton.

For beauty of scenery the Dawson route in autumn is unsurpassed; the maple with its many gorgeous hues of foliage offers a contrast to the brighter green of the hardier trees, and all these brilliant colors are reflected in the calm, still waters of the lake below. Passing over the many lakes and resting at the bottom of the boats, I could enjoy the beautiful scenery which greeted my eyes at every hand, but when on a more landed at a portage with pork-barrel on back—presto! Good-bye scenery!

At last Fort Garry was reached, and very glad were I and my comrades. Picture my indignation when I found there was to be no fighting after all. My visage was actually distorted with anger which, I have since

been told, was mistaken for joy by my comrades. Perish the thought! I am as bold as a lion and don't care a snap for Riel as long as he remains where he is and I here Poo-h-poo!

FORT GARRY.

Fort Garry in those days was a mile from Winnipeg with no houses between the two, and the latter was a very insignificant spot indeed compared to what it now is. In fact, on the evening of our arrival, a brother sergeant and I—be it known, gentle reader, I rejoiced in the exalted rank of Hospital Sergeant—started from the Fort to view the town. The evening was misty and we walked about a couple of miles, when we met a civilian. "Can you tell us," I asked, "whereabouts Winnipeg is? or if we are on the right road for it?" "Well, I'm a galoot!" was the ill-tutored fellow's reply, "You've come through it!" It was true; we had walked through Winnipeg without seeing it! This will give, better than any description of mine, an idea of the smallness of Winnipeg or the largeness of the beer glasses at our sergeant's mess; one of the two; you can take your choice. During the three years of my service in the North West, Winnipeg increased in size and population at a prodigious rate, and, I doubt not, I should scarcely recognize it now, so much changed must it be from what it was in 1875, when I came away, finding that there was to be no more war.

The farthest point westward which I reached was Lake Qu'Appelle, (a poem on the legend connected with whose name I publish in another part of this paper) whither a guard of 100 officers and men went with Lieut.-Governor Morris, when the treaty of 1874 was made. I regret that I am unable to call upon my readers about the country where the present fuss is going on, but doubtless full reports will soon flood the newspapers, and though their style of literature will not be so graceful as mine, the information may probably be as reliable as that which I could furnish. I wish I knew something about it; I do indeed.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST—PAST AND PRESENT.

No. 1.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WOOLSEY.

It has been justly remarked, in regard to this terrestrial sphere,

"Here's a beautiful earth and a wonderful sky;
To enjoy them, God gives us an ear and an eye."

And such is true; but no one can, to any great extent, realize the import of the words except by a close observation of the works of the Almighty hand. And this, I trust, myself and the late Rev. E. B. Steinhuner experienced thirty years ago, when we were sent as missionaries to that section of our vast field of toil and self-sacrifice, where

"The Rocky Mountains sternly rise,
O'erlook the land below, and half invade the skies."
Hence, I take occasion, through the columns of TRUTH (though not ranked personally amongst the literati of modern times) to present a few thoughts relative to the vast stretch of country between the metropolis of Ontario and those "imposing landmarks of the Atlantic world—the Rocky Mountains!" And the more especially, as the present rebellion in the North-West, has called forth more than ordinary interest in the "Great Lone Land."

The modes of travel, at the above-named period, though far in advance of former times, necessitated a ramble of three months before we reached our destination, whereas, a recently returned missionary informed me that he came from Morleyville Mission, Bow River, in a week, the C. P. R. running

within three miles of his home. Truly, "time works wonders." Comfort and convenience now stand associated with those who in rapid succession return, and "tell strange tales of foreign lands," so to speak, without passing through the ordeal to which others have been subjected, though myself and colleagues greatly enjoyed our trip by railway to Duluth, via Chicago, and from thence to St. Paul, the metropolis of Minnesota, by one of the floating palaces on the Mississippi river—a very pleasant voyage of more than four hundred miles. St. Anthony's Falls, a few miles beyond the city, gave a zest to our journeyings, taking rank, in grandeur, with "America's majestic waterfalls," though on a smaller scale.

But here the ordinary modes of travel had to be abandoned, and any stray chance of crossing the Minnesota Territory, a distance of more than seven hundred miles, resorted to. This was ultimately effected, by accompanying a return party of traders, and others, who had no less than 200 ox-carts. These persons were banded together, for mutual protection, under Mr. James McKay, who was then known as the "The prince of travellers," though he subsequently became the Hon. Jas. McKay. He, to his praise be it recorded, placed a democrat at the command of the missionaries, a privilege that we very highly appreciated, as we were more than three weeks in reaching Red River Settlement, now the city of Winnipeg. We were thus providentially brought safely through a region of country reamed over by the Sioux Indians, who, a few years after, massacred eight hundred men, women and children in the Sank Valley. Our guide introduced us to a number of that nation, who gave us such a friendly reception as to greatly prepossess us in their favor. No doubt our ecclesiastical status, combined with Mr. McKay being on the best of terms with them, gave us a great advantage over the Americans, for they respected the British flag, and endorsed the idea that

"There's a heart that leaps with burning glow,
The wronged and the weak to defend;
And strikes as soon for a trampled foe,
As it does for a soul-bound friend!"

But I must reserve material for another letter. We had then reached the spot where Riel's exploits a few years after caused quite a stir, and whose recent actions, according to reports, must now be regarded as alike destructive to life and property, and which I greatly deplore, if true; but, after a while, I am led to hope that our noble volunteers and others will endorse the sentiment that

"Two ears, and but a single tongue,
By nature's law to man belong;
The inference you have is clear,
Repeat but half of what you hear."

THE SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY.

BY JOHN N. LAKE.

The attention of the people of the Dominion is turned to this most beautiful portion of our great North-West in a way little expected a month ago. Why it should be called a "valley" I never could tell, as it is a most beautiful undulating prairie, with the river running far below the level, with high banks. Taking

CLARK'S CROSSING,
(Saskatchewan P. O.) the point where the old survey of the C. P. R. crosses the South Saskatchewan as the centre, and describing a circle of 50 miles around it you cover one of the finest farming sections I have seen in the North-West and that after spending the best part of the past three summers in that country. Saskatoon, 15 miles south; Dattleford, 85 miles west; Botosh P. O. and ferry, 45 miles north (Riel's headquarters); Prince Albert, 42 miles, a little

east of north of Botosh; Duck Lake, about 5 miles west of Botosh; and Fort Carlton 12 miles west of Duck Lake. About a dozen families are at Clarke's Crossing and a few settlers along the river north to Botosh. If Riel really meant to fight he would have sent down to the crossing and cut the wires and taken horses, stock and provisions from the settlers to supply his men. As it appears he has not done so, leads me to believe that his troubles are not so serious as reported amongst the Half-Breeds. I have not a very blessed recollection of Fort Carlton. I arrived there with my companion on 15th Aug., '82, after traveling through the woods from 4 a.m. without a morsel to eat from the night before then all we could get was a quart of syrup and some hard tack. Half of the syrup I lost before I got out of the fort, the balance and the hard tack we divided in a hurry and washed it down with good strong black tea. After resting our pony while we were getting our supper, we drove to Duck Lake the same night, and lost our way in the darkness just at the place where the fight of the 19th ult. took place, but one of Beady's Indians showed us the way and we arrived at Duck Lake at 11 p.m. Many of the Indians at Prince Albert, Duck Lake, and White Cap's reserve (the latter 20 miles south of Saskatoon) are inclined to be industrious, and, especially in harvest time, work well. They are, as a general thing, unfairly treated by the Indian agents, and poor seed and implements are furnished, for which the Government have to pay the highest prices.

DUCK LAKE

is quite a settlement, hardly a village. Stobart & Eden, in 1882, had a very large store and "stopping house," including the P. O. (Stobart). Nicely enclosed, a Catholic church with a good-natured Jesuit priest, re Autre, as pastor, and a large number of small houses owned and occupied by the French Half-Breeds. The South Saskatchewan is navigable from Medicine Hat to its junction with the North branch, some 800 miles. It is amazing how little is known of its capabilities. In 1883 we rafted 50,000 feet of lumber from Medicine Hat to Saskatoon, and last year we sent down the "May Queen," a little steamer forty feet long, which now lies at Saskatoon and could be put to good use against the rebels. We also rafted 100,000 feet of lumber over the same route; there is no difficulty in navigating the river either way.

There is no question Gen. Middleton will have a hard time getting out to the rebel position; their will be snow in a great many coulees, and if the first is all out it will be terribly soft in the great salt plain, which extends for fifty miles after leaving the Touchwood Hills. I know that trail well, having been over it twice in 1882. The trail from Moose Jaw to Prince Albert by Clark's Crossing is much drier, better and shorter, and the reason it was not chosen, may be the Hudson Bay officials would not make so much money if the troops had gone by Moose Jaw, hence the longer and poorer trail is chosen; this latter trail I have been over six times, so I know what I am writing about. These beautiful plains thirty years ago were covered with buffalo at certain seasons. A gentleman at Prince Albert told me he had seen from 50,000 to a 100,000 in one herd on the east bank of the South Saskatchewan in 1855. But these, as well as the red men, are scattered south and west by advancing civilization.

PARLIAMENTARY POINTS.

BY J. E. COLLINS.

Probably to a large number of TRUTH readers the face and the form of Sir John A. Macdonald is familiar. Although now in his seventieth year, the Premier is one of the most active men in Parliament. Sitting at his desk he shows no trace of weariness for all the mass of irksome, wearing work that falls to his hands, despite the vexations, the demands upon his time and patience, the almost innumerable number of questions upon which he is obliged to advise or pronounce. Brightly, and even vigorously, he sits at his desk, ready to parry a thrust, to make a grave and comprehensive statement, or to crack a joke. He is the one man against whom the keen point of Sir Richard

Cartwright's lance is always thrust in vain. The other day Sir Richard, in arraiguing the Ministry, declared that there was no use in convicting the Government of incompetence or corruption before this Parliament, because Sir John's followers would blindly support and approve of anything. If an angel were to come down from heaven, he said, and show them that the Government was doing that which was criminally wrong, they would not be dissuaded. Sir John's eyes twinkled; he tossed his head, and took his pince nez glasses off his nose. But he said nothing then. When the time came, however, he arose and said: "The honorable gentleman seems to think that those who support myself would not be convinced of my evil doings though an angel from heaven came down and gave testimony against me. Well, I know this: They are not likely to be convinced when a fallen angel comes here and tells them so." This brought down the House. The allusion, I need hardly say was to Sir Richard's having fallen from Conservative grace and becoming a Reformer.

His trip to England did him great good, and those associated with him say that he is as vigorous now as he has been for any time during the last ten years. Yet, as I have said, the strain upon his constitution by the vast quantity of work that he has to do must be very great. From an early hour, till the House meets, he sits in his office giving audience to all conditions of people. Fancy the task it must be to hear and understand cases of every sort from all quarters of the Dominion; to satisfy this one, to appease the other, and to put off, satisfactorily, some one else. No one comes away from Sir John's presence with malignant heart or angry words. The most implacable and unfortunate suitor he can nearly always manage to pacify and to satisfy by laying his hand upon his shoulder in that capitulating way of which he is the boon master. In the House he has to keep his eye upon everything; and we can readily forgive even the slip that he made the other day, to which I made allusion in my first letter. But his work ends not when the sun goes down or the House rises. By his side is his "black bag" which every day fills with documents. "How can he get through all these papers before to-morrow?" a gentleman said to me the other evening, as we saw him from the gallery assorting a huge bundle of papers and putting them into his satchel as the House was about to rise. Yet every document had to be examined, and most of them pronounced upon, whether formally or not, before the Premier returned to his office in the morning. I do wish, for Mr. Blake's sake, (for I cannot help admiring his great abilities), that he would take some lessons from Sir John in personal agreeableness. The Premier nearly always, when the chair at his right or his left is empty, has a follower from the ranks sitting beside him, there discussing some matter with him in the most cordial of manners. Every such little *tertium quid* ends with some hearty, friendly word, and with a kindly nod of the leader's head. In the meanwhile Mr. Blake sits alone, like Manfred in the play, a mysterious cloud about him, and a cloud of arctic frigidity at that. I believe, indeed I know, that he prays heaven vary frequently to send a thaw upon his disposition; for I have time and again noticed him making the most painful and unfortunate exertions to be warm and agreeable. Yet man is stronger than his original nature, and Mr. Blake ought to be. A phrenologist was once brought blind-fold into the presence of Socrates, and laying his hand upon the immortal philosopher's head said: "Verily, this is a man of evil morals. He is a libertine, he is avaricious, and likewise deceitful." Whereupon the disciples set up a derisive shout and said, "Know you, oh charlatan, that your hands have just been upon the head of our master Socrates." The poor phrenologist was dismayed, and his tongue clove to his mouth. But Socrates, raising his voice, said to his disciples, "Peace. Revile not this man. He hath discovered my original nature, which, by the help of the gods, I have so changed as to be able to appear even as you see me." I hope, then, that the example of Sir John, and the story of Socrates, may not be lost upon Mr. Blake.

The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

—WILL BE—

GIVEN EACH WEEK,

For the Best Piece of Poetry Suitable for Publication in This Page.

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

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Rosedale, Toronto, acknowledges the receipt of \$5, per Mr. Jarvis, award for prize poem published in TRUTH of April 4th.

THE AWARD.

The following poem, selected and sent by Mr. J. H. Macdonald, Boom P O., Nova Scotia, is awarded the prize for this week.

The Ideal and the Real.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

He shall be tall and kingly,
With lips that never touch wine,
With eyes so dark and piercing—
This hero knight of mine.
He shall be strong and steadfast
To battle for the right,
And all the world shall honor
My brave and gallant knight.

The lord of stately mansions,
And crowned with earthly fame—
I waited for his coming,
Nor knew him when he came.
No crown of earthly honors,
Nor riches did he bring;
His eyes were blue and tender,
And Love's hand crowned him king.

The years are long and many
We've journeyed side by side,
And he is still my lover,
And I am still his bride.
Would I have been as happy
With my grand knight ideal,
As with the love, and honor,
And truth, which crown the real!

The Truth.

BY DR. HARRIS.

Sweet snow-white dove of light,
Aye hovering o'er life's battle field,
Nor ever stained by murky night,
Where differing din hath faith beguiled;
The liberty that dares to scan
Thy scope beyond the clouds,
Which prejudice and passion fan
To wave in shrouds!

A glimpse of thine approach
Bids hope and love in consort soar,
And duty climbs thy course to watch,
To see what life hath still in store
To gild the fame of higher aim,
When honor's keenly edged,
When zeal is couraged by the fame
Of justice pledged.

And science, circling round
The giddy pinnacles of thought,
Oft seeks thy resting-place on ground
Where knowledge is with negligence fraught,—
Till poisoning ken begets a pride
Insolent of faith,
And pique and pride thy beauty hide
With warring breath.

'Tis heaven's ether-wave
Beholds the some of thy flight;
This world is but thy shadow's grave,
Whose golden fringe illumines our night;
In woodment we thread life's maze,
And feel our faith the force
That stems the ripple of thy rays
To guide our course.

webec.

—For Truth.

The Answered Prayer.

"As one whom his mother comforteth."

BY MISS ATWOOD.

In a far-away hospital fever ward
A white bed gleamed in the moonlight clear:
Fever-stricken a boy there lay,
These words on his lips from day to day,—
"Darling mother, I want you here."

Fever coursing through every vein,
Flushed and throbbing the aching brow,
Still moaning on in unconscious pain,
Always and ever the sad refrain,
"Mother, oh, why are you absent now?"

Far away in her distant home
Kneels his mother in tears and prayer;
Her boy lay dying, she could not go
To close his eyes, and her load of woe
Seemed more than she could bear.

But she carried her load to her Master's feet,
Where each burden sore was laid,
"Stand by him, Lord, in the hour of death,
As one whom his mother comforteth,
Oh, comfort my boy," she prayed.

Silent forever that sad refrain;
Lingers instead a smile of joy;
Gone forever the restless pain,—
Hear the words of the dying boy,
Whispered words through the gathering gloom:
"Darling mother, you could not come
To watch by your dying son,
But Jesus himself is watching me—
His arms are holding me tenderly,
His wonderful love it comforts me,
Just as your own has done."

Hands that are tender, soft and white
Wrapped that form for its last long sleep;
Eyes that were full of motherly light,
Over that still face bitterly weep.

Surely in all that love was done—
Sweet flowers scattered fresh and rare,
Speak of the victory faith had won,
Shall we not call it "The Answered Prayer?"
Gore's Landing, Rice Lake, Ont.

The Oldest Christian Hymn.

[In Book III, of Clement of Alexandria, is given (in Greek) the most ancient hymn of the primitive church. It is there (150 years after the apostles) asserted to be of much earlier origin. The following version will give some imperfect idea of its spirit:]

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through dubious ways:
Christ, our triumphant King!
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring
To shout Thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord!
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife!
Thou didst Thyself abase!
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race
And give us life.

Thou art wisdom's High Priest!
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love,
And in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain—
Help from above.

Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song,
Jesus, Thou Christ of God!
By the personal word
Lead us where Truth hath trod;
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound us Thy praise on high,
And joyful sing,
Infants, and the glad throng,
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

Rest.

BY FATHER ETAN.

I.
My feet are wearied and my hands are tired—
My soul oppressed;
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only rest.

II.
'Tis hard to toil when toll is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

III.
The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer—
For rest—sweet rest.

IV.
'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

V.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
So heart-oppressed;
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
For rest,—for rest.

VI.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path; and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

VII.

'Twas always so when still a child I laid
On mother's breast
My weary little head; 'e'en then I prayed
As now, for rest.

VIII.

And I am restless still: 'twill soon be o'er,
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

Hamilton, Ont.

By The Dead.

"She is dead," they said to him; "come away;
Kiss her and leave her; thy love is clay."
They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair.
Over her eyes, which glared too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;
With a tender touch, they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell.
About her brow and her beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,
And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes;
Which were the whitest, no eye could choose.
And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away," they said, "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence and scent of eglantine,
And jessamine, and rose, and rosemary;
And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.
But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,
He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turned it. Alone again, he and she.
He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed in the old place the quiet cheek.
He and she; yet she could not smile.
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.
He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips and breath without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?
Dumb to the ear, and still to the sense!
But to heart and soul distinct, intense!
See, now! I listen with soul, not ear,
What was the secret of dying, dear?
Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?
Or was it the greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?
Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?
Did life roll back its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?
O perfect dead! O dead, most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear—
I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.
There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.
I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed;
I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid,
You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,
The very strangest and saddest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring!"

Ah, foolish world! O, most kind dead!
Thought he told me, who will believe it was said?
Who will believe what he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way?
'The utmost wonder is this: I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;
And am your angel who was your bride,
And know that dead, I have never died."

Twilight.

A translation for "Truth" from the French of Victor Hugo.

BY MRS. J. N. CAD RUX.

Child, go and pray—for see! the night is here!
Through cloudy rifts the golden lights appear!
The hill's faint outline trembles in the mist,
Scarce is heard a distant chariot—hail!
The world's at rest; the tree beside the way
Gives to the evening wind the dust of day.

Twilight unlocks the hiding place of stars;
They gleam and glow behind night's shadowy bars.
The fringe of carmine narrows in the west,
The moonlit water lies in shining rest;
Furrow and footpath melt and disappear,
The anxious traveler doubts the far and near.

It is the hour when angels stoop to earth
To bless our babes amid our careless mirth.
The little ones with eyes upraised in prayer,
With tiny, folded hands and white feet bare,
Ask at this twilight hour a blessing dear
Of Him who loves His little ones to hear.

Then, while they sleep, a cloud of golden dreams
Born in the calm of day's declining beams,
Waiting in shadow till the hour of night;
Fly to each couch and scatter visions bright,
As joyous bees seek honey-laden flowers.

O, cradled sleep! O, prayers of childhood blest!
O, baby voice, speaking a loving breast!
Thy happy prayer the darkness maketh light,
Turneth to songs the solemn sounds of night,
As 'neath his wing the bird hides his head,
Thou sheltered by thy prayer thy cradle-bed.

—For Truth.

Beyond.

BY J. J. GROW.

Beyond you mountains, blue,
Rising to obscure the light,
Lethal a land where the sun shines fair,
Where the perfume of flowers is borne by the air,
Where the maidens are fair and their hearts are true,
And the young moon shines the livelong night—
Beyond you mountains blue.

Beyond you mountains blue
Lethal a beautiful land;
The inhabitants there are like forms of a dream;
All things holy and just as they seem—
Where no shadow arises to darken the view;
And the hand that is taken in friendship's hand,
Beyond you mountains blue.

Beyond you mountains blue,
Range of my imperfect sight,
Are the forms of dreams of the day, that rise
In moments of joy, when cloudless skies
And verdant fields are fresh and new,
When spring puts on her garments bright,
Beyond you mountains blue.

Beyond you mountains blue,
Bounds of my childish dream;
When shall I pass to this wonderful land?
When shall my brow by its zephyrs be fanned,
Cast out the false and hold to the true
Of this land unexplored, its flowers and streams?
Beyond you mountains blue.

Beyond you mountains blue,
Beautiful, far-off land!
My heart that is longing and looking to thee,
Would cast off this burden which clings to me,
And far o'er the mountains the long way pursue;
But the burden still clings and my heart is not free—
I see thee in dreams, cannot reach with my hand
Beyond you mountains blue.
Spring Hill, Virginia.

—For Truth.

"There Shall be no more Sea."

BY MARY KNOWLES.

We stood on the shore, and you clasped my hand,
The billows rolled up to our feet, then back,
Leaving snails and sea-weed strewn on the sand.
We watched the storm-tossed fishing smack,
While the white sea gulls flew and fro o'er head;
Your clasp grew firmer as ye softly said,
"And there was no more sea."

When the morn came, the sea was calm and bright,
The little rippling waves danced to and fro,
The tall white cliffs gleamed in the warm sunlight,
And the fishing smack lay peacefully below,
"See," I said; "it came safely home to land."
You answered not, but wrote upon the sand,
"And there was no more sea."

I stand alone, alone upon the shore,
While you are far, far away, and Oh, how
I long to feel you clasp my hand once more,
But the sea—the cruel sea parts us now,
I think of the words you wrote on the sand,
And I pray, "God grant in that peaceful land
There shall be no more sea."
Rev. xx', 1.
Rossmore, Ma

Upward and Onward.

Battling in the cause of Truth,
With the zeal and strength of youth;
Upward raise your banner higher,
Onward urge your plianx nigher
To the centre of the strife,
Strike where virtue finds a foe,
Strike while love directs the blow,
Where the foes of man are life.

Be your watchword Truth and love,
Be your star the strength above;
'Mid the pure remain the purest,
'Mid the faithful be the surest;
Temperance your banner star;
Ask not rest nor pray for peace
Till the demon foe shall cease
Life and all its joys to mar.

Warriors in the cause of right,
Earnest in your zeal and might,
Joying in your high endeavor,
Onward press and falter never,
Till the victory be won
Shout until the field you gain,
Press to those who still remain,
Battling till the work is done.

Late to Church.

Loud sang the bobolinks, and round
The milkweed flowers the bees were humming;
I sauntered on, but soon I found
Behind me there was some one coming;
I did not turn my head to see,
And yet I knew who followed me,
Before Tom called me—"Kitty! stay,
And let me share with you the way."

We did not mind our steps grow slow,
Or noticed when the bell stopped ringing,
Or think of being late, but lo!
When we had reached the church, the singing
Was over, and the prayer was done,
The sermon fairly was begun!
Should we stay in, should we stay out,
I press boldly on, or turn about?

Tom led the way, and up the aisle
I followed—all around were staring—
And here and there I caught a smile;
I tried to think I was not caring;
And yet I blushed, I know, and showed
A face that like a poppy glowed;
For every one seemed saying, "Kate,
We all know why you are so late!"

THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER LVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Magdalen smiled at her with her old winning smile and said, "We were not as much to each other in life as we should have been, dear child. It was my fault—but it is all made right now! Go back to Rachel—she needs you!"

Thereupon, it seemed to Joy that she knew no more until she awoke in the glad morning with the sun shining and the birds singing. So, therefore, she could not really have awakened to have slept again so immediately, as Blyth pointed out.

Nevertheless, argue it as he might, Joy, though dutifully agreeing in his every word, felt still as uneasy all the same. It was so true that at any moment Rachel might want her; would allow no other help (if even her!) were Magdalen suffering in one of her sad periodical attacks! And Blyth, while proving to her that such imaginary visions were only the effect of a ray of moonshine seen between waking and sleeping, or some such other fanciful cause, nevertheless was so willing to relieve her anxiety that they prepared to start on their return journey at once.

So, two days later, the young husband and wife arrived at mid-day at the Red House. There, in spite of their arrival being unexpected a most hearty home-coming welcome greeted them. The old farmer and Hannah, the men on the place, the dogs and horses, nay, the very fowls and bees and flowers seemed all to rejoice. It was a spontaneous outburst of gladness, and a cheerful, willing, running hither and thither to get all to rights for the young master and mistress, surely a hundred fold better than any more elaborate preparations of honor.

"And is all well up at the cottage?" Joy asked at once, striving to conceal her anxiety.

"All is well! could not be better," re-plied Hannah, cheerfully. "I was up there four days ago, with a basket, and my own dear lady, your mother, dearie, came and kissed me. Which was wonderful for her—but she was tired-like, and soft-hearted, the creature!"

So all was right. "We will go up there this evening," said Blyth, cheerily.

CHAPTER LIX.

"My heart is a rowling cull,
And will be colder still,
And sair, sair in the fauld
Will be the winter's chill.
The peats were yet to ca,
Our sheep they were to smear
When my a' passed awa,
In the fa' o' the year."

"Be kind, O Heaven above,
To us we wae and lane,
And tak' her hamewards sune,
In pity o' her maen.
Ladgers the March winds blaw,
Nay she, far, far frae here,
Mie them a' that's awa,
Sis' the fa' o' the year."

—The Widow's Lament.

And so the pair, the young man and woman, came that evening by the upper path over the hills (because Blyth had some new sheep there) to where they could look from the high ground of the moor down on the great rock, almost directly below them, at the glen's mouth, and the little cottage sheltering under it.

"There is no smoke from the chimney; yet it ought to be their time for supper," said Joy, with troubled solicitude in her voice, as she looked down at Cold-home—fit name, truly, always, for the small moor-stone dwelling.

"Your mother will not willingly see me, so I had better wait at the Logan-stone till whatever time you like to come," said Blyth, with the steadfast cheerfulness that made all the time or trouble he gave seem as things of nought. And yet, in his mind's core, he hoped she would not be very long; and likewise reflected that, though a man may be patient, yet he must smoke.

So Blyth was wending his way towards the river, when, just as he had filled his pipe, something caused him to stand. The she-goat belonging to the cottage was springing wildly, and rattling her chain, fastened to a tree, as if half maddened, as he approached her.

Then he noticed she had not been milked lately, and that all the grass round her tether was nibbled close and trampled.

Blyth was very fond of animals; so he made haste to release the poor beast, when

a low call from the cottage reached his ear. He knew it was Joy; and, hastening to her summons, found her standing, looking pale and frightened, before the cottage.

"Oh, Blyth, the door is locked," she said, as he came up. "What does it mean! They are always at home at this hour; but I can make no one hear me."

"They are up the glen, or down by the river, dear. They can't be far off."

"They are not up the glen," Joy was half beside herself now with growing fears. "Look, the red curtain is drawn across the window, as it only is at night. And see there! a spider has spun its thread over the doorpost. Oh, they cannot have gone away and left us again!"

"Come round to the bed-chamber window and call," cried Blyth, excited at the sight of that spider's thread. "If they are there, your mother ought to know your voice, whether she is ill or not. Miss Rachel will."

A white blind was drawn closely down over the little window at the other end of the cottage. Nothing could be seen; all was mute as the grave from inside those moor-stone walls. Joy, nevertheless, raised her fresh young voice in a thrilling call.

"Mother! mother! Aunt Rachel! It is I, Joy, your own child. Hear me; answer me."

Then came from inside a low, faint sound. It was human breath, a voice; but its utterance only reached the outside of the walls no louder than a sigh. Both the listeners looked eagerly at each other; bent their ears again—nothing more.

Blyth waited no longer, but ran round to the door, and, snatching up a large stone, gave two or three violent blows against the lock, and then, using all the strength of his own broad-shouldered body, burst into the cottage. The first object he stumbled over in the half-gloom was a basket of provisions; the self-same Hannah had last brought. But he could not stop to look about, for Joy had darted before him into the inner room, while he more softly followed.

What a sight met their eyes! The weathering sun striking full on the little window, and passing through the white blind, illumined the scene with a pure, yet ghostly light.

On the low trundle-bed lay Magdalen, her hands folded on her breast. Or was it really she, so still, so pallid, so small? She was a corpse. And at her side sat a silent, dark mourner on the ground, bending over her sister with her own head leaned against the wall; speechless, motionless as her dead, with living eyes that saw nothing and ears that seemed not to hear the footsteps that entered. So Rachel Estonia, sat like a statue, and, as the moments went by, never stirred or sighed or took her gaze (if indeed she saw) off Magdalen's face.

Joy's first outcry and impulse of anguish and pitying love frozen by that awful stillness, she caught Blyth's arm, and, clinging to him, they gazed together in moments of silence that seemed almost hours.

Magdalen was all laid out in spotless white, with not a wrinkle either on the fresh sheets on which she lay, and that were folded so delicately corpse-wise on her faintly outlined form. Plainly Rachel Estonia's strength had not failed her till the last needful services had been done for the sister who loved so truly in life. Then she must have sunken down here, and so stayed—how long? None ever knew! But Magdalen had been dead, perhaps, three days and nights.

Joy knelt by the living, whom, after all—yes indeed—she had loved the best! folded her in her arms, caressed her, wept over her, laying her own warm, tear-wet cheek against that dear one. Yet Rachel still seemed in a trance. Though Joy's voice in that first call had power to bring back her spirit from where it seemed to have wandered out from her body, striving vainly to follow her beloved dead in thought while yet bound to flesh, now she had relapsed into unconsciousness of all earthly objects around her.

At last Blyth took her up bodily in his arms, and gently carried her into the other room. There, while he hurried for help to the Red House Farm, Joy watched and tended her with all the love and poignant grief of her warm young heart, rising often to self-accusing pangs of keenest remorse. But she wronged herself.

In intervening moments her better sense told her this weird call had not come through any neglect of her own. And it comforted her not a little to think, in the vision she had seen, her mother had worn no accusing look, but, on the contrary, had seemed to bless her.

Blyth came back in utmost haste from the farm, and old Hannah with him; but the twilight was already falling, and to Joy it seemed hours that she had sat there alone with Rachel and her dead mother. They brought restoratives; and, after a while, with much pains, had the satisfaction of seeing Rachel's dark eyes light up in a gleam of consciousness and love as they rested on Joy, while her lips moved.

"Dear! my heart's child!" she uttered in broken murmurs, "my task on earth is finished now; I am going to rest! Where is your Blyth?"

They brought Blyth to her, who had been sitting in the porch in the outside summer darkness, guarding the little house, while the river could be heard flowing by, and the stars shone soft in the clear sky. Rachel looked so still, with a wonderful sweetness on her face and holy calm lighting her steadfast eyes, while her low voice seemed to come from far, far away, that Blyth almost felt as if her spirit already belonged to another world. She looked at him and faintly said,

"You will be good to Joy?" "As God is my witness, I will try to make her happy while my life lasts," said the young man, solemnly.

A smile of ineffable satisfaction came on Rachel Estonia's face, as she sank back with her head on Joy's breast.

She did not speak again collectedly; though her lips sometimes moved, and, bending down, they could catch broken, loving expressions, as her memory strayed to each of the few persons who had been the little world of this noble soul; words treasured by them afterwards as blessings. She never mentioned Magdalen, never Gaspard, though once Hannah heard her say, "Poor Peter," and understand her; no one else.

The night wore on; the still small hours came, when the earth is coldest and the tide of human vitality lowest. Then—al' three thought her half sleeping—they aroused to be aware that they no longer heard her murmur, saw her move. Bending their ears, feeling her pulse, no breath, no beat of vitality answered their awestruck, fearful expectancy. So, sweetly and calmly Rachel Estonia had gone on her unknown journey, while the night sky was clear, the stars shining, the air so still. Surely, of the many who died that night on the million-peopled world, no spirit passed more happily from its bodily covering, its poor tenement of clay, than did hers. Surely she was a true sister!

Where the the little lone church stands hidden between wood and hills, in its wild and solitary nook; there, where its acre of graveyard touches the moor's edge, rise three low waves of turf. They are a little apart from the rest of the sleeping congregation; as in life, so in death. But the yellow broom bends its butterfly blossoms over the fence, and the heather and gorse smell sweetest here. One of these three lies by itself, a small wooden cross at its head bearing only these two letters, G. S.; half effaced by time. But a red rosebush, like these down at the Red House, scattering its crimson petals to every breeze seems to think itself the better living remembrance of the dead below.

Side by side, at the foot of this grave, sleep the two sisters, who in death were not divided; two moor-stone slabs bearing their names—Rachel! Magdalen! No more. Except, indeed, that a white rosebush is planted by each, and these blow, however shyly in the strong upland air, yet sweetly, in summer weather.

Joy Berrington planted the roses; her loving hands, and, in after-years, those of the fair-haired, and some dark-eyed, children she thus piously taught, tended these three graves with loving care. Nevertheless, the moor-folk still looked that way a-sa-kan- and wonder; and will tell strange legends of the wist sisters, and of a ghostly light still seen on wild dark nights at Cold-home ford, though the cottage has long fallen in ruin. A light that did good while the sisters lived could not prove themselves evil, some few fair-judging minds stoutly declared at times; the rest said, "Ay, but it was plainly only a deed of repentance for some

former great sin in their lives." Let them say what they will; little does it matter to those who knew the true story and brave spirit of Rachel Estonia, Little would she care!

Blyth Berrington and Joy, his faithful wife, rich in all that wise men have agreed to consider the chiefest good things on earth, live blessing and blessed. If some over-ask who was Miss Mistress Berrington, it is always confidently asserted that she was a far-away cousin, and a well-dowered one, of her good husband. Young Steenie Hawkehaw, in a drunken fit long ago before her marriage, had been known to hint at some wild tale to the contrary. But he was dead and his old father too. And so the story, whatever it was, died out.

But in all the country, far or near, there was no more happy homestead than that of the Red House.

THE END.

THE DANDELION.

BY S. E. KELLER.

There are few of all the flowers that nature spreads wild and free, over copse and moor, and crumbling wall, that attract less favor than the dandelion; yet examine well the gay and cheerful looking flower and you will decide, that were it as rare as it is abundant, an exotic, nurtured in the hot house; instead of a weed flung at random over the uncultivated waste of our native land, it would be as highly esteemed as it is now neglected and despised. Yet it is the favorite of the youthful florist—shining gaudily among his variegated nosegay of bright wild flowers; and when it has thrown off its gay lion-dented leaves, and with its curiously winged seed vessels it becomes a globe of down, then comes its hours of favor with the school-boy, as in sportive idleness he blows upon its clustered head and scatters the fruitful seeds to the winds—as the poet says—

"The dandelion with globe of down
The school-boys' click in every town,
Which the truant puffs amain,
To conjure back lost hours again."

The dandelion is no dainty flower. The barrenest moor or stony waste land furnishes nourishment enough for all its wants. Sometimes its golden clusters climb to the thatch of the poor man's humble cot, and many a rich tuft of its gay flowers may be seen springing among the lichens and moss of some crumbling castle, or long-ruined abbey, smiling unheeded amidst all the desolation.

We have always been inclined to regard this little flower with peculiar affection. It is not as beautiful as many a cherished favorite, yet it associates with the lonely and despised; nurtured in poverty on the barren waste, it dispenses its favors to all freely who will receive them, and with a crown of glory, only denied because of its lavish distribution, it adorns the stately ruins and humble cot. It is the friend of fallen greatness, and the companion of the poor. And had I space now I could write a volume of all the charms it has disclosed to us; of the virtues of this despised wild flower which has chosen its lot among the lowly and forgotten.

Two heads are better than one—if it is lettuce.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make drunk.

The ex-Khedive of Egypt while in the height of his power was visited by the ex-Empress Eugenie. He showed her all the sights, but there was one sight she wanted to see, namely, an Arab marriage. "You shall see it, madam," he said, and forthwith directed one of the ladies of his harem to be brought out, and to be presented to his aide-de-camp. The unfortunate officer, who was as much an Englishman as an Egyptian, and whose dream had been to marry a European, had no escape. The nuptial ceremony was performed within two days, and a large dowry went with it.

Merry Moments.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

TRUTH, ever anxious to alleviate the sorrows of its readers and to cause smiles to blossom like the rose where now gloom may be reigning, purposes to establish a humorous department in its pages to which a few readers, a very few, will be permitted to contribute, free of charge. The rest of the readers will neither be charged nor paid anything for reading the original effusions, prose and verse, of those who send in their contributions. Those persons who feel a yearning desire to be amiable may forward whatever sums of money they think fit to the gifted being who will preside over this department as a set off to the tortures he will have to undergo in reading most of the contributions sent in. As Virgil remarks:

"Humoristæ nascitur, non fit,"

and the humorist is very often not fit, even when he is born, for anything but causing his readers to weep and mourn and wish that he never had been. Such humorists as these, however, need not send in their productions to the talented editor of this department (whose name is withheld for the present on account of the respectability of his family connections) as he is the inventor of a machine which, upon alleged original jokes being submitted to it, separates the good from the fair, the fair from the passable, the passable from the villainous and execrable; all this being done by a simple move of the crank connected with the handle—which crank, by the way is not either the able editor of this department nor in any way connected with him.

This extraordinary machine classifies all contributions according to merit; it ranks Bob Burdette, Bill Nye, Mark Twain, M. Quad and Prof. Wiggins as No. 2 grade humorists; and their scintillations as number two, too; they, therefore, it will be perceived, belong to the aesthetic, or two too class, and any contributions sent in to this department, must be very much superior in merit, weight, (in ring costume,) length of keel, tonnage, and so forth, to anything ever achieved by those gentlemen.

The following rules must be observed by all would-be contributors to this department: Their matter must be very short, though not too short; strike a happy medium between the length of Webster's unabridged dictionary or the speech of an aldermanic candidate when wound up for the day, and Punch's brief advice to those about to marry, namely, "Don't." Something between these two extremes will about hit the mark. It is absolutely essential that poetical efforts should rhyme in places, though many original poets of the present day seem to overlook this important ingredient in well-built poetry. Jokes should have a point concealed somewhere about their persons, the object of this humorous department being more to cause people to laugh than to imagine they are reading an obituary notice of some of their dearest friends. A great many humorists quite ignore the point of their jokes, and their unfortunate readers are at a loss to know whether they are intended to laugh or to burst into tears.

We want to leave no doubt in the minds of our readers as to what they've got to do, and as we have entered into an agreement of a pecuniary nature with a thread and button manufacturer, the more of those articles we can destroy the better. An undertaker has, also, applied to us for any rejected original contributions, which he wishes to read to his mutes and hearse drivers immediately before a funeral, in order to get their faces into proper shape. We shall not comply with his request, however, but shall forward such lugubrious articles to

London Punch. We trust, however, that our contributors will bear in mind that funny articles must be funny to be funny. Contributors will please take notice that the following subjects are barred out: goats, roller-skating, mothers-in-law, plumbers, boarding-house butter, land-ladies, bank-clerks, big feet, ice and coal dealers, and a few more, especially the latter. All contributions must be addressed to "The Editor, 'Merry Moments,' TRUTH."

No money, for whatever purpose sent, or rejected manuscripts will ever be returned. When stamps are enclosed for the return of such rejected articles to their owners, they will be confiscated by the able editor of this department, any of whose own articles will, of course, be above criticism and who reserves the right to sign any contributor's name to such of his own productions as are not, in his own judgment, up to the mark, and to append his own signature to any contribution of surpassing merit.

Having thus briefly explained our intentions, which are strictly honorable, we would wind up with a brilliant peroration were we not entirely out of the article, thus being precluded from ending up in a blaze of glory. However, it's time to stop now. We've stopped.

APOLOGY.

Some mischievous person having pulled out the poetry stop of our composing machine, that wonderful piece of mechanism flatly refused to grind out anything but poetry this week as we failed to get the stop back in time to check the flood of rhythmic melody. If readers do not consider this apology sufficient for the preponderance of first class verse in this issue, we are sorry, and any reader who doesn't like it, can bring his copy of TRUTH to the editor of this department and he will take his little scissors and cut out the offending poetry for them. This should be sufficient.

The Englishman who is Somebody—at Home.

There are braggarts, I'm told, not a few
Whose tongues are so glib
That they flub
Every day,
But let true
You may always believe what I say.

I'm a towwible swell by descent
Through an old and illustrious line,
But my title unhappily went,
With ancestral belongings so fine,
To a distant relation of mine.
To law I should go, 'twas agreed,
Attorney and counsel employed,
But in seeking an old title-deed—ahem!
I found it by wats quite destroyed.

Such twiffes ne'er twoubled me much
For, thank Fortuno, I'm wick as a Jew,
So, my friend, should your fate e'er be such
To wequire a hundred or two
Come to me; you shall have it; now do.
"Lend some now," do you say? Without doubt,
Though just now I'm unable to lend
With money I never come out,
But wely on the purse of a friend. Ahem!

Could you see me at home, you would find
That my mansion's a model of taste;
Silk curtains embowdered and lined
Dweeden vases on buhl tables placed,
And walls with gold cornices gwaiced;
But the crowsds whom it used to attract
Have luded me to let it on lease;
And I lodge in an attic, a fact,
For the sake of a month or two's peace. Bay
Jove!

I advise you, my friend, not to doubt,
For you know what a botah I am;
Provoke me too much and one bout
Will show I'm by no means a lamb;
Nor my powahs of slugging a sham;
Were my passion not easily wiled,
I should avenge a victim a day;
By my anghs is easily cooled;
I forgive and walk nimbly away. Ahem!

You're aware as an author I ahue
The writers of several plays
Acknowledged my dwanas were fine;
To my genius they gave every praise,
Sublime, they declared, was my lays;
"Their titles" they ahem! 'twas my fate
To be wobled of my justly earned fame,
Himself, a false friend, to elate,
Stole, and published them under his name.

"Can I dance?" What a question to ask!
You will find that at every ball
In the sunshine of plaudits I bahak,
My delicate steps are quite gall,
To the eyes of both great and of small,
"A specimen." Dire mischance!
I am lame you may easily see;
Lahat night at the Lordknowswoo's dance
I tumbled and damaged my knee. Ahem!

As a patriot I glory in arms
My country has witnessed my zeal;
And mids't war and her awful alarms
My life has been wiled for her weal,
To the honors I've gained I appeal.
But my medals and crosses to wear
My modesty never allows
For with envy they make equals stare
And inferiors fagure me with bows. Hem!

This towwible country out here
For plebeians is all very well
But the natives have not an idea
How to treat a real—hem!—Beltish swell.
A few wrinkles on that I could tell.
In this country I shall not remain
With its towwible frost and its snow;
I shall go back to England again
That's the land for us swells, don't y'know?

There are bwegarts from England who rove,
Whose tongues are so glib
That they flub
Every day,
But by Jove!
You may always believe what I say.

Where the Mud Goes Now.

"Oh, father tell me how it is, that, fifty years ago,
The place was known as 'muddy York' which we call
To-ron-to?"
"The reason was, my son, because Ontario's raging
flood
Had far receded and had left a large supply of mud:
And in this mud a town was built, the town of which
you talk,
Which, on account of this, was known as 'muddy
little York.'"

"But, father, there is lots of mud about the city yet,
The crossings are impassable whenever the weather's
wet."

"Oh, yes, my son, but what you see in modern To-
ron-to
Is nothing in comparison with fifty years ago."
"Then what became of all the mud, dear father, tell
me, pray,
And what was done to clear it up and take so much
away?"

"Oh, many things; the cedar blocks and scavengers
and such,
But, even then, a lot was left." "Oh, thank you, ps,
so much;
What did they do with what was left?" The old man
answered then,
"Oh! nowadays they use that mud for brains for
aldermen!" Swiz.

QU'APPELLE.

LEGEND OF THE VALLEY AND THE WARRIOR'S BRIDE.

The Qu'Appelle Valley in Manitoba is likely to come into considerable prominence very soon and anything connected with it probably possesses more or less interest for all whose eyes just now are turned in the direction of the North West. It may not be generally known that there is an Indian legend connected with the Qu'Appelle lake and valley; but there is and I propose to give it. Of course all intelligent readers of TRUTH (and are they not all intelligent?) know that Qu'Appelle is the French for "Who calls?" and as the Qu'Appelle district was renamed by French-Canadians, that name, which is only a translation of the original Indian one (Nishishin Shomoganish, or Squitay Wahboo, or some such name) has since clung to it. The legend is given here. The noble red warrior who related it to me could speak no English; I was ignorant of the Indian language, but with that comprehensive grasp common to all great intellects, I contrived to take down his words phonetically, and get them translated subsequently by an interpreter. The fine, tawny old brave, who told me the story, firmly believed in the truth of the legend, and held his hands (when not engaged in scratching himself) pointing upwards as though invoking the Great Spirit to attest to his veracity. He was indeed a picturesque old ruin, in his tattered red coat and blanket, guileless of a knowledge of soap, and was doubtless deeply grateful for my flask of Hennessy's best, which he stole out of my pocket as I was leaving his wigwam. I always did love these noble children of the forest, ever since I read Fenimore Cooper's tales, but I do wish that gifted author had mentioned a few more of their characteristic traits, for they were not all without guile and vermin. Here is the legend:

LEGEND OF QU'APPELLE.

The setting sun sinks slowly down behind the western hill,
While sadly sound, in the woods around, the notes
of the whip-poor-will.
The evening breeze sighs thru' the trees in its flight
towards the west
And touches, with its gentle kiss, the lake's unruffled
breast.
No waves break beside the lake; the waters seem
to sleep;
The mountains rise toward the skies, precipitous and
steep
In places which, with foliage rich, put forth autumnal
tints.

Adown whose sides the streamlet gilds and, spark
ling, gleams and glints;
Like a silver thread on an emerald bed, it leaps
toward the lake,
While its babbling tones as it sighs and moans, the
faintest echoes wake.

The sun's at rest in the purple west; stars twinkle in
the sky,
And in and out the woods about flits the brilliant
drefly,
The cricket's deafening whir begins, the nighthawk
booms above,
And frequent, too, comes the answering ooo of the
gentle forest dove.
But hark! 'tis the dash of a paddle's splash as in the
wave it dips,
And the fall of the dropping water as from the oar it
drips.

As the paddler ceases, then once more resumes. And
now darts forth
A light canoe; it rounds the tongue of land towards
the north,
And swiftly glides to the shelving side of the shore,
upon the strand
It grates, a solitary brave steps out upon the yield-
ing sand.
He is an Indian warrior; this night his journey
lies

Towards a spot which he can reach ere another sun
shall rise.
His errand is to claim his bride upon th' ensuing
day.

Why stays he here? He has heard a voice which
stops him on his way—
A voice from out the darkling woods repeats his
name; he cries
"Who calls!" No answer comes; his hands he holds
to aid his eyes

And strives to pierce the gloom around Once more,
distinct and clear,
That voice repeats his name which falls upon his
startled ear.

He knows that voice; 'tis that of her who waits his
coming now,
And who will wear the bridal wreath next day upon
her brow,
"Whocalls?" he shouts in faltering tones. And
still comes no reply;
Echo repeats his words! The breeze goes softly
whispering by,
But naught he sees. What mystery's this? He feels
a sudden dread.

Oh! can this be a spirit voice from the realms of the
dead?
His race all know full well that so strange voices
often speak,
And the very thought drives the pulsing blood away
from his swarthy cheek.
He knows not what he fears, but still he feels an in-
ward dread
Of something, for he holds that voice a message from
the dead.

He speeds down swiftly to the shore. He boards his
fragile bark,
Aid, nerved with superhuman strength, he speeds
o'er the waters dark;
The spray is thrown on either side as his prow the
water cleaves,
As far astern in the darkling night the shore the
warrior leaves.

At length he lands once more, and now alcot he takes
the road
To the camping ground, which well he knows as his
cherished love's abode,
The morning sun is rising now; the dew lies on the
green,
The birds sing blithely on the trees, by him unheard,
unseen,
He hurries on, far he sees the smoke in curling
wreaths
Ascend from wigwams, where alas! his love no longer
breathes.

He gains the spot, He sees a crowd near a well
known wigwam door,
He hears the death dirge, then he knows that she is
now no more.
With sympathizing faces now the warriors round him
press
And told him all the mournful tale. His head upon
his breast
In sorrow drooped. He knew what meant the voice
that he had heard
In yonder wood, and he enquired what hour her
death occurred;

The time was that at which he'd heard the voice
mysterious cry:
Full well he knew it was the sound of the maiden's
dying sigh.
His name she'd called before her death, and when the
moment came
The last word that she uttered was her absent lover's
name.

The warrior heard the tale, then bent his steps
towards the shore,
And entering his frail canoe, was gone and seen no
more.

Etiquette.

The misuse of the words lady and gentleman is almost universal. Often this misuse is offensive, sometimes irresistibly funny. Once in the dining room of a hotel, a table-girl asked me: "Has any other lady taken your order?" I was obliged to confess that I had not had an opportunity to give my orders to "any other lady." A little girl of my acquaintance, whose instincts and training had made her unusually polite for a child, startled the family by saying: "Mamma, the swill lady is at the back door." It was a poor woman who came regularly for the kitchen scraps for chickens and pigs. In a crowded Third-avenue car in New York, some gentlemen friends of mine, were seated. One of those gorgeous Bowery products, in loud ready-made clothes, with a pronounced hat, profuse and vulgar as to watch chain, pin and rings, and the face of a burglar off duty, appeared in the doorway. "Say, you fellows, move over there," said the conductor to my friends, "and give this gentleman a seat."

Temperance Department.

PROHIBITION AND FERMENTED LIQUORS.

BY HON. J. B. FINCH, R. W. G. T.

The theory that the use of beer and wine tend to decrease the use of distilled liquors has been again and again exploded. The early temperance pledge did not include beers, wine and ciders. It was not until twenty years of practical work had demonstrated the necessity of total abstinence that the pledge was changed to include the fermented liquors, the devil's kindling wood. The prohibition of the sale of beer and wine was not demanded until practical experience had demonstrated that such sale was a public curse. The demand of the brewers that beer be exempted from the pains and penalties inflicted on a drunkard-making beverage has neither experience, justice nor common sense to commend it to the statesman or philanthropist.

The verdict of the people of Iowa, who, after trying the beer theory twenty-seven years, declared it a fraud, is a complete answer to the statements of the friends of beer. But Iowa is not the only American State that has been led to try the beer system. Massachusetts, in 1870, altered her prohibitory law so as to allow the sale of malt liquors. This change was made by politicians to catch the so-called German vote. After three years of trial the Governor said in his inaugural address:

"If we are to accept the evidence of those who have had the most painful experience of the miseries produced by these places, (beer shops) they are among the greatest obstacles to the social and moral progress of the community."

The District Attorney of Essex county, writing of the operations of the law, said:—

"I am inclined to believe that beer not only creates an appetite for something stronger, but that its immediate influences and effect upon crime is more dangerous to the community than the strongest liquors, in this way, the excessive use of stronger drinks is liable to make men drunk and helpless to do much harm, while beer excites men to acts of violence, desperation and crime."

The District Attorney of Worcester and Suffolk counties, in their official reports, also speak strongly against beer.

Hon. Robert C. Pitman, Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, who is one of the ablest and most cultured of American judges, recently wrote me as follows:

NEWTON, MASS., March 16th, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR,—Massachusetts' experience coincides with that of England as to the disastrous effect of fostering the beer shop by favoring legislation.

The beer shop is the rum shop in disguise; the disguise makes it more difficult of detection, and more dangerous in its seduction. An experience of over twenty years in the administration of the criminal law shows to me also that if beer is a less speedy and effective agent in producing absolute drunkenness, it is as potent an incitement to crime as the more overwhelming stimulants.

I have the honor to be, very truly, your friend,

ROBT. C. PITMAN.

The statement of Judge Pitman that the beer shop is the rum-shop in disguise is easily corroborated.

The Boston Chief of Police in December, 1870, reported that out of 2,534 places in Boston where liquor is sold, only seventeen sell lager beer alone.

The district attorney of Essex county wrote at the time the law was in force:

"According to the evidence which I have, beer-shops where nothing stronger is kept or sold are as scarce as men entirely without sin."

The district attorney of the Western District wrote:

"Wherever beer is sold, strong liquors are also sold."

The Police Commissioners of the State said in their annual report:

"The ale and beer law is a veil that covers much that is vile, and it is one that is difficult for officers to see through; and under its protection, every vile compound that ever poisoned the human system may be sold almost with impunity."

My honored friend, A. A. Miner, D. D., one of the most distinguished clergymen and philanthropists of Boston, recently wrote me as follows:

BOSTON, March 16th, 1885.

HON. JOHN B. FINCH:

MY DEAR SIR,—The experience of Massachusetts in tolerating the traffic in beer should be a warning to all who sincerely wish the suppression of the drink business. The prohibitory law of 1855 remained on the statute book till 1863. It was gotten into very great efficiency during the last two or three years of its continuance. It was assailed in 1867 by leading Republicans, led by Ex-Governor Andrew, and was repealed in 1868. In 1869 it was restored by Republicans (Claffin Governor), cider being exempted from its operation. This exemption was by the recommendation of the Governor, other prominent Republicans counselling it. In 1870, all the lighter drinks were exempted, that is, permitted to be freely sold, unless prohibited by the popular vote of the cities and towns.

These were the initiatory steps in a long process of corrupting the public mind. The free sale of fermented liquors became a cover for the sale of distilled liquors; and the benefits which might otherwise have been derived from the law were entirely lost. One change of trifling moment followed another, till in 1875 a general license law was enacted, which was modified in 1881 by requiring the vote of towns and cities as authority for granting licenses. Thus have we come to our present local option—a law absurd in principle, entirely inadequate even to restrain the traffic in our cities, and by its integrating power destructive of all hope for prohibition in the State. From a good prohibitory voting majority in 1868, we have been reduced to acquiescence in a state of things, worse than which the commonwealth has never known; and beer has been the keystone behind which our hypocritical politicians have played their deceptive game. I have the honor to be,

Yours truly,

A. A. MINER.

I might fill ten columns of TRUTH with testimony of State officers, clergymen, teachers and businessmen, corroborating the testimony given, but I think I have given enough to satisfy any reasonable person that:

1. The use of beer creates a desire for stronger liquors.
2. If the sale of beer is permitted, all kinds of liquor will be sold.
3. Temperance men should write on their banners, so every aspiring politician can read: *we never forget.*
4. Temperance men should be content only with the complete outlawry of drunkard making.

PROHIBITION IN QUEBEC.

BY REV. D. V. LUCAS.

The County of Arthabaska has the honor of having been the first in the Province of Quebec to adopt the Scott Act. For some years past there has existed in the village of Arthabaskaville, the chef-lieu of the county, a society known as the Arthabaska Temperance League. The Hon. Wilfred Laurier, and other prominent gentlemen, including several members of the legal profession, were members of this organization. The League took up the Scott Act agitation about a year ago. Having matured and fully arranged their plans they secured the approbation and co-operation of Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers. His lordship visited every parish in the county and spoke words in favor of the Act. The liquor people made an effort to defeat the Act. They came out with a circular which they distributed far and wide.

Four of the most prominent priests in the county brought out a circular in favor of

the prohibition movement. That is the last circular I have ever seen.

They begin by saying, "Like as the ancient serpent deceived Eve by saying that the fruit of the tree would do her good, so these advocates for intoxicating drinks tell you that liquor is a good thing."

The circular then set forth the excellent provisions of the Scott Act and urged all to vote for it. The result was a majority of 1252 in favor of the Act. The vote was taken in July, 1884.

We had held a large and enthusiastic convention in the County of Stanstead for the purpose of organizing a campaign for that county. An effort had been made three or four years ago to carry the Act in Stanstead but it had failed. Here was a good opportunity to test the growth of public sentiment. Our opponents put forth a strong effort. One of the cleverest speakers in the county, and in fact in the Province, was employed to oppose the friends of the Act. This time it was a complete failure on the part of the liquor people. The Act was adopted by a majority considerably larger than the majority against it three years before. There had been a large increase of public sentiment in favor of prohibition. There has been formed a strong committee in the county with a subscribed fund of \$500 at their back, for the enforcement of the law as soon as it comes into operation, the first of May next. Some of the most prominent business men of the county are connected with the committee. I know these gentlemen well. Woe betide the men who dare to sell liquor in Stanstead contrary to the law. If they don't soon find themselves stretching their bones on the bunks of the district jail, after having paid their two fines of \$50 and \$100, then I shall miss my guess.

To all, I would say, gentlemen, keep the law, keep the law; you will find it safer and more respectable. The temperance people of Canada were never more determined than now. They look upon the liquor business as a great wrong to thousands of innocent women and children, as well as to the drunkards, and they are determined the wrong shall be righted.

A Town that Voted "No."

The following is an extract of an address recently issued to the voters of a Massachusetts town which votes against the sale of liquor:—

"The vast amount yearly saved to the town by this reign of temperance is placed very low at \$15,000, kept from rum-sellers; while as much more has been indirectly saved by the continuance of industry which alcohol suspends, and by the prevention of that waste to which the drinker is driven by his desperate enemy.

"Meanwhile we have been educating the young in principles of sobriety and good morals, and reducing pauperism and crime. The appeals for local charities have been less numerous and pressing. During a period of depression, the small amount of suffering in our midst has been largely due to the absence of intemperance. Every man, every wife and mother, feels more secure against the evils of social life. In the light of duty to their less fortunate brothers, even those who are free from the alcoholic curse cannot be indifferent. We have nothing to regret on account of three years' enforcement of law, but every reason to stand firmly to its record, and re-assert our overwhelming "No."

NEWS AND NOTES.

TEMPERANCE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—Miss Cleveland, sister of the new President of the United States, is now the mistress of the Presidential mansion, the President being a bachelor. For many years she has been an active temperance worker and a prominent member of the Women's Christian Temperance Association. The President is not a teetotaler, however, and it is doubtful if his sister will have the courage of her own convictions about providing strong drink to the guests of the White House. She has stated that she does not intend to interfere with the President in the matter of supplying liquors to all comers.

DRUNKARDS' EXCUSES.—A drunkard is

always ready to excuse his transgression, when charged with it by one whose position makes it expedient that he should be conciliated. Sometimes, as in the following specimens, these excuses are amusing: An Irishman not long since was summoned before a bench of county magistrates for being drunk and disorderly. "Do you know what brought you here?" was the question put to him. "Faix, yer Honor, two policemen," replied the prisoner. "Had not drink something to do with bringing you here?" said the magistrate, frowning. "Sortinly," answered Paddy, unabashed; "they were both drunk." "Hilloa, James, tipay as usual! What in the world has set you on a spree now?" "Ah, ye mauna be harah, governor; did ye no hear my grand whistling canary was deid?" "Stupid fellow! leaving your work and getting drunk for the death of a bird! Don't you know a man should look upon such incidents as trifles?" "So I do, governor, so I do, man; but if ye wanted a spree yerself, ye wad be glad of any handle to turn the crane wi'."

GOOD TEMPLARS.

R. W. G. LODGE.—The next annual session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge I. O. Good Templars will be held in Toronto, commencing Tuesday, May 26th. A large attendance is expected, representing, probably, nearly every Grand Lodge in America, besides those of Great Britain and Ireland. The Hon. Minister of Education has kindly arranged to allow the use of the public hall in the Provincial Education Buildings for the accommodation of the sessions.

RECEIPTS FROM LODGES.

The G. W. Secretary acknowledges the following receipts from lodges during March:—

	FOR TAX.
Mountain Village, Ancaster.....	\$ 3 09
Union Star, Eglington.....	4 00
Clear Water, Washago.....	1 40
Collins Bay, Collins Bay.....	1 28
Hammond, London W.....	1 05
Crusade, Arthur.....	2 00
Pedanton, Cape Croker.....	1 54
Napanee, Napanee.....	3 43
Woodstock, Woodstock.....	1 75
Safeguard, Welland.....	1 47
Rising Sun, Pickering.....	5 39
Pride of Moore, Colvilleville.....	6 51
Gilford, Gilford.....	5 60
Huron Hope, Amherley.....	3 20
Mt. Brydges, Mt. Brydges.....	1 12
Rising Hope, Newcastle.....	3 57
Forest, Theasalon.....	2 80
Lorne, Markville.....	2 73
Hiawatha, Hiawatha.....	2 10
Humberstone, Humberstone.....	4 55
Victory, Merrickville.....	1 35
Young Canadian, Mt. Forest.....	1 12
New Hope, Guthrie.....	5 74
Thamesford, Thamesford.....	1 40
Royal Oak, Smithfield.....	3 50
No Surrender, Renfrew.....	3 08
May Flower, Greenock.....	3 85
Florence, Florence.....	4 06
Metcalf Star, Metcalf.....	4 27
Napeun Reacue, Fallowfield.....	9 50
Evergreen, Southampton.....	1 40
Morrisburg, Morrisburg.....	4 27
Hope of Brampton, Brampton.....	3 50
Lansdown, Lansdown.....	2 10
Carlton Union, Davenport.....	3 85
Victoria, Munsey.....	1 40
Dunchurch, Dunchurch.....	2 45
Excelsior, Toronto.....	2 68
Evening Star, Shelden.....	1 40

	FOR SUPPLIES.
Thos. Lawless, Napanee.....	\$45 00
Dalston, Dalston.....	60
Scotia, Comet.....	2 35
Star of Essex, Cottam.....	5 00
Gordon, Peterborough.....	5 00
Hammond, London W.....	60
Safe Guard, Welland.....	2 00
N. Enterprising, Bell's Corners.....	50
Gilford, Gilford.....	60
No Surrender, Ottawa.....	5 00
Humberstone, Humberstone.....	1 00
Thos. Lawless, Napanee.....	18 00
Never Failing, Toronto.....	1 00
Golden Star, Windsor.....	30
Florence, Florence.....	1 70
Metcalf Star, Metcalf.....	1 20
Kempensfeldt, Shanty Bay.....	1 00
Mt. Olivet, Hilldale.....	95
Refuge, Varney.....	1 11
Thos. Lawless, Napanee.....	18 00
Codrington, Codrington.....	2 40
Woodstock, Woodstock.....	1 60
Evergreen, Southampton.....	2 00
Starford, Stratford.....	85

Our Young Folks.

Too Little.

The chair was hardly high enough. Her head came just above the table; Her little fist a pencil grasped And scribbled fast as it was able.

"I'm writing stories," she explained, And down the busy head bent lower; "Ah, read one to me, dear," I begged— And then the dimpled hand moved slower.

"O, Auntie,"—and the baby face Drew back, then, with the blue eyes lighting; "I'd love too, only I'm so small I don't know how to read my writing."

—Clara Louise Burnham, in April WIDE AWAKE.

A Little Impostor.

But yesterday Upon the short green grass We played croquet, I, and this little lass— This very same That is so lame— And she with shout and glee Was flitting, as a bee Flies from a clover top To a near weed and then, Pausing, but not to stop, Hums back again.

So blithe, so skilled, She is her little hand The mallet held, As fairy might her wand— This very same That is so lame— And danced so blither, thither, I scarcely could tell whither; I only know that I Was very sure to find Myself, however spy, Far, far behind.

Her orange ball Sped through the arches straight, Nor failed at all! And I—I had to wait. This with, this same That is so lame— Never a number one Under the summer's sun Played at the pretty game; Who would have thought to-day She would be hobbling, lame, Crippled this way!

Ah! in her eyes I see the rogue shine through! Through all disguise Still dance those eyes of blue— They dance the same Although you're lame! Crutches and wretchedness In such a flowery dress? My lady, why not say— You hint it very plain— "Pray let me at croquet Beat you again!"

—Clara Doty Bates, in April WIDE AWAKE.

STUCK IN THE MUD.

Stuck in the mud! It sounds common; place enough, for who is there that has not had the misfortune, at one time or another, to be stuck in the mud more or less? And yet I have found the situation on several occasions of my life very far from commonplace; indeed, as "picturesque" as any man could wish for, and far more dangerous than I liked. For I have been stuck in the mud on elephant-back, on camel-back, on horseback, and each time that it happened, I found myself in somewhat serious physical danger.

To begin with the elephant. It was on one of the hottest days of May, one of the hottest months of the Indian year, that I found myself one of a party starting for a tiger-jungle. The tiger had been marked down in some "elephant grass" about a mile beyond the fast-drying bed of a small water-pool, and we were already in sight of the place where the striped monster was said to be lying when we came to the first of the water pools.

Now, one of the dangers to be guarded against when riding on an elephant, is that of the animal stepping upon boggy ground. The elephant, as soon as it finds its feet sinking, seizes the first thing it can reach, and puts it under its feet to keep itself up, and the first thing, as a rule, is the man who is driving it! For the elephant, the moment that it suspects the ground to be too soft to bear up its huge weight, swings its trunk round, and drags the mahout (as the driver is called) off its head, and tramples his body under foot in the hope of saving itself.

Its next thought is to drag the howdah, on which the riders sit, off its back, and to treat it (no matter what it contains) in the same way as the wretched mahout has been served. The result is that elephant-riders, whenever they hear the cry of fuss-gya—"stuck in the mud"—scramble or tumble off the animal's back as fast as they can.

Well, we were going along very slowly and quietly, when we came to one of the water-pools. The leading elephant of the procession passed round it to the left hand. But when my mahout came up to the place, he chose to drive my elephant across the pool instead of around it. It certainly looked safe enough.

There was not a drop of water in the pool, and the surface of the mud looked as hard and firm as a sunbaked brick floor. Even the intelligence of the elephant was deceived, for just as it was stopping on to the treacherous ground, it pulled up in a careless sort of way a tuft of dead reeds, and began to switch it idly from side to side as if keeping off the flies.

The pool had a very slight depression in the centre, and just as the elephant got into the middle of this—it stopped. Then came a sudden jolt as if the great beast had slipped, and the next instant, with a shrill cry of terror, the elephant flung its trunk up in the air!

"Fuss-gya!" shrieked the mahout, plunging off the elephant's head to the ground! "Fuss-gya," we shouted in response, as we shot off its back!

And not a minute too soon, for the elephant's trunk, reaching out for anything it could touch, to put under its feet, had already dragged the pad half off its back, and had we been on it, we should have been flung forward, directly in front of the terrified animal. And once on the ground, there would have been but little hope for us.

But as it was, we were safe, and by good luck we were able to make the elephant safe too, for a dead tree was close by, and we gave it a pile of branches to put under its fore feet, and as soon as these were on firm footing, the huge thing backed slowly up the bank upon solid ground again!

Very often, however, it happens that an elephant "stuck in the mud" can not be released—for tiger-jungles are often hundreds of miles from any ropes or planks, or other life-saving appliances—and the poor brute has to be shot where it stands, to lingering death from starvation or a cruel one from wild beasts. Elephants, therefore, are as a rule extraordinarily careful as to the solidity of the ground they tread on.

Are Birds of Any Use?

It is early dawn—the dew glistens on shrub and flower. The sun, just rising, throws a halo of glory on all around. Two little grey Sparrows are perched high up on the bell-tower of an ancient grammar-school. After chatting a while, and nodding their wise little heads, down they flow from their lofty perch, and begin, very busily indeed, to pick up the worms and grubs off a beautiful flower-bed in the pretty garden lying below the old bell-tower. A Robin, perched on a branch of one of the old apple-trees growing in the grass-plot, watches our two friends for some time, then puffing out his little red breast, says:

"Sillies that you are, giving yourselves all that trouble, going round and round those flowers, and poking your bills under the leaves, when you have only to make use of your eyes to see the worms waiting for you on this grass. Come, silly birds, and eat them up before the heat of the sun sends them into their holes."

"Ah, that won't do for us, Mr. Robin," replied the little Cock-sparrow, pausing in his task, and cocking up his eye at his neighbor in the tree; "my wife and I are working for our dear mistress, who pays us well for what we do; and if you will take my advice, you will come and work too."

"Yes," chirps the little wife, "we must work for our wages, that we may pay our debts."

"Wages and debts! what do you mean!" cried Master Robin, with another very contemptuous puff out of his little red breast.

"We will tell you, if you will come down; we cannot speak to you while you are so high up in that tree, else we shall have to stop our work to make you hear, but when you are down here we can both talk and work."

The Robin, being a very curious bird, flies on to a dwarf rose-bush close at hand. "Go on," says he, "I'm listening."

"Well, I will tell you," begins the Cock-sparrow. "We are working for our sweet little mistress, that she may have the beautiful flowers she loves so dearly, and which these worms and grubs would eat up, if we did not eat them, and—"

"And," interrupts the little hen, rustling up her feathers in her eagerness to speak, and turning up her eyes, all sparkling like the dew, at Master Robin on his rose-bush—"and that we may show to her how grateful we are for all the kind and loving care she took of us in the cold and bitter winter-time, when the snow lay so thick on the ground we could not see a blade of grass, and should have died but for her."

"Selfish, thoughtless little bird that I am," sang out the Robin, "to forget our dear little mistress bringing out the crumbs every morning while that bitter weather lasted. We should all have been starved but for her. I, of all birds ought not to have forgotten, for I had a chilblain on my big toe, which caused me to hop on my leg, and I saw how sorry she was for me by the big tears in her eyes. I will work for her—aye, that I will!" And he pecked away at the worms and grubs with a most hearty appetite and will.

"Good, good—very good, indeed!" warbles the Lark, as he soars above the heads of the busy birds. "I also will do my share; I will sing your story to the sweetest tune in my book. Aye, I will do far more than that; as I soar up and up to the glorious sky, I will sing the story to the Great Creator, and when quite out of sight, the sweet echo will come back through the glistening dew, and the bright sunbeams, to gladden the hearts of the grateful and loving little birds of earth." And away he soars, trilling his sweetest melody; and the sun breaks out in all its glorious majesty, and the morning's work is done.

"So, my child, the birds are of use, you see."

Kind Words.

"Buy a box, please, sir?" The speaker was a little match girl, who, on a summer's afternoon, stood at the entrance of one of the large London railway stations. She was trying to find customers among the gentlemen who were hurrying along to catch the trains that would take them from busy, smoky London to their pleasant homes. Most of them never saw the little girl, or, if they did, took no notice of her. At length one gentleman, at the sound of the plaintiff voice, "Buy a box, please, sir?" stopped a moment. "No, I don't want any," he said, and was passing on when the hungry look of the poor child arrested him, and he remembered a bag of biscuits which his little daughter had given him that morning for his luncheon, but which he had been too busy to eat. So he too: tumbled out of his pocket, and gave them to her, saying, "Here, darling, here are some biscuits for you." She took them without one word of thanks, which rather surprised the gentleman, and he turned to go; but looking back he saw her standing with the biscuits still in her hand, her eyes full of tears, and he heard her say to herself, "he called me darling, he did!"

Don't you think that my friend went home to his own darlings with a happier heart for the kind word he had spoken to that poor child? Perhaps it was the only one she had heard for many a day.

Dear children,—you who live in happy homes, and have sunny smiles and loving words given you all day long,—will you not think sometimes of those poor little outcasts who have no homes? and if you have no more to give them, at least give them kind words.

Bunny.

Bunny is a very affectionate little rabbit; he is so clean in his habits, and especially clean in keeping an almost pure white coat, dashed with a few spots of black. He comes to the table at meal times and attracts our

attention by pushing his nose against our feet, until we give him a piece of bread and butter, or a potato. Besides a supply of cabbage leaves, he occasionally looks for a drink of milk or a piece of celery or lettuce leaf. This is all the change of diet he gets. He runs after us up and down the house, and unless he is shut up in the kitchen at night, will even follow us to our bedrooms. On our retiring to bed he will make a run round and round one of us for two or three times and circle back again round us, as if to prevent his becoming giddy, at the same time grunting a subdued little noise of pleasure. If we take a little stick, providing he has had his meal and is comfortably satisfied, he will bite the stick and playfully jorking his head will project the stick away from him, waiting to repeat the performance again and again, and this he will do for several minutes until we get tired of the play ourselves. If he is not noticed at table he will jump upon our knees, rather than miss being noticed, and will submit to be nursed, only on condition that he is fed; otherwise a slight pressure of his teeth may very soon remind us that he must be allowed to jump down again off our knee. Once this winter our little pet took very ill and remained near the fire all day, and this continued for three days, during which time he did not eat anything whatever. A plentiful supply of cold water was given to him at the fire, which he appeared to like, and this "medicine" restored him to his usual friskiness. We do not know anybody who has made a rabbit so domesticated as ourselves, but we have read the interesting account of the training of three hares by the poet Cowper.

Strength of the Tiger.

The strength of the tiger is prodigious. By a single cuff of his great fore-paw he will break the skull of an ox as easily as one could smash a goose-berry; and then taking his prey by the neck, will straighten his muscles and march off at a half-trot, with only the hoofs and tail of the defunct animal trailing on the ground. An eminent traveler relates that a buffalo belonging to a peasant in India, having got helplessly stuck in the swamp, its owner went to seek assistance of his neighbours to drag it out. While he was gone, however, a tiger visited the spot, and unceremoniously slew and drew the buffalo out of the mire, and had just got it comfortably over his shoulders preparatory to trotting home, when the herdman and his friends approached. The buffalo, which weighed more than a thousand pounds, had its skull fractured and its body nearly emptied of blood.

Children's Questions.

What position ought parents to assume with regard to the questions the children ask? Ought they to be answered honestly, fully and fairly, or, when answering is difficult, should the child be put off with evasion, an idle "I don't know," or "Never mind about that now?" A certain class of questions it is, of course, impossible to answer; as when a child 3 years old asked his father, "What makes water wet?" for although the father was a chemist he could not adjust his knowledge to the child's comprehension. Generally speaking, however, it is both easier and more natural to respond to the childish craving for information by a full and direct answer, even at the risk of not being fully understood, than to attempt to adjust to the child's understanding answers that cannot be so adjusted.

Children's Sayings.

Once when Daisy's mamma had missed her for a long time, she went to look for her. Where do you suppose she found her? Sitting on the rug with a shawl wound around her. When mamma opened the door, Daisy said, "Hush! Hush! I am tettering, and doing to hatch some little bid-dies." Mamma shook her off the nest, and found that the little thing had been patiently sitting on six A B C blocks, a darmin egg, a little china mug and a broken doll head.

session, session o con- follow- ing: moned for be- know reation police- d not ng you "Sor they tipsy et you harsh, whistl- fellow i ink for 'a man rflies?' but if glad of al sea- ge I. O. oronto, A large t. pro- Ameri- don Ire- land has he pub- "Build- ions. yes the during \$ 3 09 . 4 00 . 1 40 . 1 28 . 1 05 . 2 00 . 1 54 . 3 43 . 1 75 . 1 47 . 5 39 . 6 51 . 5 60 . 3 20 . 1 12 . 3 57 . 2 80 . 2 73 . 2 10 . 4 55 . 1 35 . 1 12 . 5 74 . 1 40 . 3 50 . 3 08 . 3 85 . 4 06 . 9 50 . 1 40 . 4 27 . 3 50 . 2 10 . 3 85 . 1 45 . 2 45 . 2 68 . 1 40 . \$45 00 . 2 35 . 5 00 . 5 00 . 60 . 2 00 . 50 . 60 . 5 00 . 1 00 . 13 00 . 1 00 . 1 30 . 1 70 . 1 20 . 1 00 . 95 . 1 . 18 00 . 2 40 . 1 60 . 2 00 . 85

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 20.

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

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

THE RUINED GRAVE.

A STORY OF THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

SENT BY T. C. ARTHURS, MAIDSTONE, ENG.

From the little town of Attock, on the river Indus, the grand trunk road runs in a westerly direction till it reaches Peshawar, the entire distance being about forty miles. Midway between these two is the small military cantonment of Nowshera, where the principal scene of this story was enacted.

Approaching Nowshera from the eastward, it was to be observed that the station was built for the most part on the south or left side of the road; fronting which, were the bungalows of the officers and the various mess-houses. Beyond these, and still on the left, were lines of two native regiments—one infantry, the other cavalry—and the barracks of a British battalion of foot. Beyond these, again, stretched the parade-grounds of the different corps; while in the far distance rose the Cherat Hills, which had lately been pressed into service as a sanatorium for the Peshawar Valley.

It was a bright December morning at Nowshera; the air was crisp and exhilarating; for the sun had not as yet risen far above the horizon, and his level beams fell with picturesque effect on the quaint-looking, white-washed bungalows, and upon the tall trees that stood behind them. On the right of the main road, the houses were comparatively few; for the ground on this side was a good deal lower than on the other. It was, however, much more thickly sprinkled with clusters of well-grown trees, probably because the Cabul River flowed not many hundred yards away, looking like a broad dull stream of quicksilver, save occasionally when the sunbeams caught its eddying ripples, when it seemed as if a myriad of glittering fireflies had suddenly been born on its lustreless bosom.

Over the lower ground just described, three officers were passing. They were young, and belonged to the native cavalry regiment which had but lately arrived at Nowshera on relief. At the present moment they were in search of a site for a bungalow which they intended building; for, as has already been stated, the station was a small one, and no house was available. As with this object they sauntered onwards, casting their glances hither and thither, a tall ascetic-looking Afghan crossed obliquely, but a little behind them, the path they were traversing, and in the act of passing, his long, lean shadow fell darkly and ominously over each of the three in succession. But they heeded not, and strolled on conversing gaily.

"We must have our house up before the hot weather commences," said Robert Strong, the squadron subaltern. "Imagine passing a June in tents in the Peshawar Valley, where the heat of the sun is enough to broil every living thing!"

"All the more reason," replied Captain Henderson, "that you should be grateful to a beneficent government for supplying the whereof to put a roof over your head."

"But how about the monthly instalments which the said government will carefully deduct from my pay till the loan is covered?" answered the sub. "Besides, what with clippings for mess-bill, funds, etc. the miserably attenuated balance I shall receive will be positively insulting."

"Since the insult is likely to be very small, I'd overlook it altogether, and take it easily, if I were you," said Henderson, laughing.—"But, Farmer," he continued, turning to the surgeon of the regiment, who was on the other side of him, "I understand

it was your opinion that the ground about here was too low and unhealthy for our purpose?"

"So it is," replied Dr. Farmer; "and unless we can find a hillock or mound above the ordinary level of its surface, I fear we shall have to choose a site on the south side, which, as you are aware, will be inconveniently far from our lines and mess-house.—But hello! look there;" pointing with his finger; "that knoll to our left front seems the very thing."

The spot referred to was a hillock a short distance ahead, that rose somewhat abruptly out of the ground on the side from which they were approaching, but which in the opposite direction sloped away very gradually.

Strong, who had managed to get somewhat in advance of the other two, climbed the ascent first; and had no sooner gained the crest than he uttered a loud "By Jove! What have we here?"

His companions quickly joined him. Before them lay a rude-looking dilapidated grave, surrounded by a low wall of loose stones; a few paces from it grew a sturdy tree, on the branches of which hung some dirty discolored rags. It was an Afghan *ziarat* or shrine; but it had such a desolate and uncared-for appearance, that it seemed as though the place had lost its sanctity, and fallen into disrepute.

"Probably the tomb of some Mohammedan fakir or devotee," said Farmer inquiringly.

"I rather doubt the ability of the Afghan race to produce such a crop of holy men," returned Strong scornfully. "I believe nearly every eminence in the country is disfigured by an eyesore of this description."

"Very likely you are right," said Henderson; "for these *ziarats* are often arbitrarily erected by priests and fakirs for purposes of gain; and it is an even chance that no one lies buried here.—In any case, Farmer, I shall not let it interfere with our plans, if you consider the site a suitable one."

"It will do capitally," answered the surgeon. "There will be just room enough on the crest for our bungalow; and the garden and outhouses can be terraced a little lower down along the slope."

The matter being thus definitely settled, the officers turned their steps in the direction of their mess-houses, not a little gratified at having been so successful in their search.

The following day accompanied by a couple of natives—a contractor and his assistant—Henderson and Strong proceeded to the spot they had selected, and were busy discussing in detail the plan of the house they proposed erecting, when the Afghan already spoken of came swiftly up the ascent, and without a pause or the slightest attempt at salutation, rudely addressed them: "Sirs (Sahiban)," he exclaimed, "is what I hear true, that you intend building on this mound?" His voice shook; his whole manner was tremulous with excitement.

For a second or two, the officers stared in surprise at the man who had so abruptly interrupted their conversation; and indeed he was a remarkable looking individual. Quite six feet in height, he was as gaunt as a skeleton; his face was long, with almost fleshless cheeks and jaws; the nose large and hawk-like; the eyes were

small, deep-sunken, and fiery, their brightness being fed by an inward flame, that at times only flickered, but at others burned fiercely enough.

Captain Henderson answered the question in a quiet but stern tone: "Yes; it is perfectly true.—But what do you mean by this uncalled-for intrusion? Who are you?"

"I am Mobarak Shah, priest (mollah) and fakir," was the reply. "This *ziarat* is one of the most venerated in the country; it is the tomb of a celebrated saint, and in my charge. Are you going to desecrate it?"

"May I ask why you keep 'the most venerated shrine in the country' in this vilely neglected condition?" said Strong, pointing contemptuously to the ruined grave. "It looks as if it had been abandoned for years."

"Understand clearly, fakir," said Henderson, "what we have determined to do, we shall certainly carry out; but the bones of your saint shall rest in peace; there will be no digging round this little patch; it will merely be levelled and made neat. Now, you'd better go."

But the Mohammedan was both urgent and importunate. "Choose some other site, sirs. Don't outrage 'the holy place, I beseech you, or evil will come of it—evil to you all." He spoke earnestly, warningly, and hung about in their vicinity till they quitted the knoll.

A week and more went by, and preparations for building the house were being rapidly pushed forward. Meanwhile their rencontre with the fakir had been well nigh forgotten by the young cavalymen, and they expected no further annoyance from him; but in truth, had they been aware of the intense and superstitious reverence in which the Afghans hold their *ziarats*, they would scarcely have been so easy in their minds. A well-known authority on this subject says: "The fear, love, and veneration with which these shrines are regarded by the mass of the people, is really astonishing, and much greater, I believe, than anything of the kind among other Mohammedan nations; here the *ziarat* holds a higher place even than the leading precepts inculcated by the Koran." It will not, therefore, be a matter for surprise that the Afghan should have resolved to make a second and still more forcible appeal to the Englishmen's sense of justice; and if that failed, then to pour out on the impious unbelievers—as he considered them—the bitter vials of his wrath. He had not to wait long for his opportunity. One afternoon, the three friends met on the mound, and were inspecting the progress of the work. The foundations of the bungalow had been dug; but as yet the grave remained untouched, when the fakir was seen approaching with a train of followers behind him. He wore the usual loose Afghan dress of an ash-gray color, and a Pathan skull-cap; but there was a cleaner, more wholesome look about him, as if he had prepared himself specially for a great occasion. With long uneven steps he stalked up the hillock, and at once addressed himself to Dr. Farmer, who happened to be nearest. "Sir, persuade your friends to stop this sacrilegious work; it is horrible thus to desecrate the tomb of a holy man." His tone was loud and harsh, and naturally it vexed the surgeon.

"Be off with you!" he exclaimed, motioning him away with his hand.

"It is my right to be here!" cried the Afghan passionately; "this place is even as my home to me. You are the interlopers here; it is your footsteps that defile and dishonor this sacred shrine. Sirs, build your house elsewhere, or your punishment will be sure and speedy."

"Now, fakir," said Henderson angrily, "I'll give you half a minute to take yourself off in; if you are not gone then, my servants shall forcibly remove you."

At this threat, the man's whole face became convulsed, his eyes gleamed, and his sharp tones cut the air like a sword, as he replied: "I will go; but first, in the name of my saint, I curse you three! Age shall never whiten your beards; in the full prime of your manhood, you will perish violently, suddenly. Within five years"—here his voice rose to a shriek, and he held aloft with the fingers outstretched a hand like the talons of an eagle—"within five years it is written your names shall be numbered with the dead." Then there was a slight movement in the crowd, and he was gone.

The fakir's manner had been strangely impressive—full, apparently, of a profound

conviction that every syllable he uttered was inspired, and would assuredly come to pass. For the moment, its effect on all was palpable, and no one spoke.

"Bah!" said Strong, at length breaking the silence; such maledictions are enough to dumfound anybody. There's something uncanny about that old man. Do you think he is demented?"

"He may be," answered Henderson; "but I shouldn't care for that, if there be no 'method in his madness,' and if he do not employ the Afghan knife as an active ally for the fulfilment of his ghastly predictions."

From which it was clear that at least a grain of anxiety lurked in the hearts of the speakers.

Ten months had passed since the above scene was enacted. A pretty little bungalow now stood on the summit of the hillock; and the same sturdy tree—no longer, however, disfigured by unsightly rags—threw a pleasant shade in front of the building. But did the murmur of its leaves carry no echo of the terrible malediction that had so startled them, to the ears of the Englishmen? It was difficult to say. The three friends had now been in residence for some months, and were well satisfied, apparently, with the place. From the *ziarat* old fakir they had received no further molestation; indeed, a hundred other objects had since engaged their attention. At the present moment, Nowshera was all agog on account of a great polo-match that was to take place the next day at Peshawar. The sides were Infantry versus Cavalry; and the little station's champion player, Captain Henderson, was one of the chosen few who were to do battle against the lineamen.

The eventful morrow arrived; the ground and goals were duly marked out; and all the beauty and fashion of Peshawar and, of course, of Nowshera turned out to witness the match. A gay crowd in carriages, on foot and horseback, thronged the boundary-lines. Meanwhile, the game proceeded with varying fortune; though it was clear to the experienced eye that it was as much as the horse-soldiers could do to hold their own against their antagonists. Suddenly, some one struck the ball with great vigor, and away it went spinning across the turf. Two men, opponents, singled themselves out from the players, and galloped full speed after it. Somehow—it is impossible to say exactly how—they came into violent collision, and riders and ponies were thrown headlong to the ground. The linesman, with an exclamation of disgust at his discomfiture, freed himself from his animal, and stood up, seemingly unhurt. The other player lay still. Soon two or three of the bystanders rushed forward and raised the fallen man; but he was dead—he had broken his neck. It was Captain Henderson.

Was the anathema working? Had the next few years as terrible a fate in store for the two young fellows that still survived? Possibly, thoughts like these may have thrilled the hearts of the occupants of the bungalow on the hillock, when they came to realize fully the catastrophe that had taken place.

A year later, a party of officers were out deer-hawking in the neighborhood of Nowshera. [The sport of deer-hawking, is a unique one, and pursued, so far as I know, nowhere out of Afghanistan and the Peshawar Valley. Of course the hawks only act as auxiliaries to the hounds, still, without them, the latter would never be able to run into their game; for the chikara or ravine-deer is exceedingly swift of foot and wary; and even though harassed by the falcons, it often gives its pursuers the go-by.] The hunt was in full swing; in the distance was a beautiful little antelope, bounding onwards, flying for dear life; above his head hovered a couple of magnificent hawks; suddenly, with a swift swoop, one of them descended and struck the animal hard on the side of the head with its wings, but did not otherwise injure him. The antelope slackened his pace for an instant at this unexpected assault, but recovering himself, went on faster than ever; when the second hawk stooped and dealt him a similar cuff on the other side. Manoeuvring thus alternately and skillfully, they continued buffeting the poor animal, and impeded him very materially in his flight. Some two hundred yards in rear were the hounds, straining every muscle in the endeavor to reach their quarry; while last of all came the hunters, eager and impatient,

thrilling with the excitement of the chase, and urging on their horses till the pace was fast and furious. All at once, the horse of the foremost rider—a big powerful chestnut—put its foot into a treacherous rat-hole, and shot forward with terrific force on to its head, then rolled heavily over, with its luckless rider crumpled up underneath. The other men pulled up, for the fall seemed a serious one; and the white face, just visible clear of the saddle, had the pallor of death stamped on it. The ill-fated hunter was extricated and carried home. Three of his ribs were broken, and he had sustained other grievous internal injuries. A few days afterwards he died in great suffering. The name of this second victim was Robert Strong.

Not long after the above tragical occurrence, Dr. Farmer fell ill, and was ordered to England by a Medical Board. From Nowshera he came to Attock, intending to rest a few days before continuing his journey; but here, notwithstanding that he was kindly and skilfully treated by the Civil surgeon of the station, he rapidly became worse. At one time, his life even was despaired of; but the poor man was not destined to die in his bed. He rallied; and by easy stages at last reached Bombay, and thence shipped for England.

In a couple of years he returned to India completely restored to health. In the meantime his regiment had moved down country to Allahabad, and it was there he joined it. One afternoon he was out boating on the river Ganges with a friend, when, by some untoward accident, the boat upset; both the men, however, were good swimmers, and struck out vigorously for the shore. As they were nearing the bank, his companion cast a glance in Farmer's direction, and saw he was swimming strongly and well. Presently, the former touched the bottom within his depth, and looked round again for his friend; but, to his utter amazement, Farmer had vanished! It would appear that the unfortunate surgeon had been seized with cramp, and sinking suddenly, had been caught in the race of some treacherous under-current, and swept down stream. His body, I believe, was never recovered.

Thus was the curse literally fulfilled. The three officers had perished in the prime of manhood, in the fullness of their strength, with appalling suddenness, and all within the short space of five years. But the narrative is not yet complete; its finale is as startling as the portion that has preceded it, and for this we must once again go back to Nowshera.

Shortly after Dr. Farmer lost his life, the stream of the Cabul River became very much swollen, owing to heavy rains in the highlands of Afghanistan—in fact it was in a state of flood. Just then, strange to say, the Indus came down a raging torrent from the mountains, and in such stupendous volume that it speedily rose forty feet and more above its ordinary level. Now, the Cabul River flows into the latter very nearly at right angles opposite the fort at Attock; but with such amazing velocity did the stream of the Indus run that it dammed up, so to speak, the waters of its tributary, which in its turn rose higher and higher, and soon overflowed its banks. The lower parts of Nowshera were inundated; but the flood still grew till it became the greatest within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The waters crept up the fakir's knoll, and whirled and eddied round the obnoxious bungalow, undermining its foundations; the roof fell in; the walls tumbled down; the house became a total wreck; and it remains a tenantless ruin to this day.

Silent genius is heard quicker than loud ignorance.

The religion which embodies itself in character, clean and steadfast, which actuates the man in his week-day career, inspiring and inspiring him, will alone bring back into the marts of trade the integrity it mourns the loss of.

A definite and honorable calling is like the girdle of Thor, the Thunder god. The tighter you buckle it the stronger you grow. Your capacity for labor within human limits is in direct proportion to the strength of your purpose.—*Boycen*.

The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.—*George Eliot*.

BRIEF NOTE OF PEOPLE OF NOTE.

A Poplin Ball is to be given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

It is understood that, for several causes, a comparatively small number of Americans will go to Europe next summer.

Mr. Whistler's menu suggests the drift of his artistic ideas, the dishes being studies in color, arrangements, nocturnes, or symphonies.

A lady who is well known and highly esteemed in literary circles, Miss Kate Sanborn, was married last week to Mr. Gordon W. Burnham, a millionaire.

Miss Kate Field, who spent several weeks in Washington recently with the McCullough family, is coming to New York, and will soon give a series of lectures there.

Dr. William A. Hammond accomplished a remarkable literary feat last year: he wrote 900,000 words of fiction, besides attending to his severe duties as a physician.

General McClellan and his family will be obliged to stay at the New York Hotel until their house in Washington Square, which was almost destroyed by fire last week, is fit for use again.

Women have gained a point in Miss Murfree, who, as Charles Egbert Craddock, author of *In the Tennessee Mountains* and *Where the Battle was Fought*, posed successfully as a man.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, who made such a desperate fight in the courts of Louisiana for her rights, wrote a clear and beautiful hand at the age of seventy-six, without the use of glasses.

In a hitherto unpublished letter the late Mr. John Stuart Mill wrote to a friend, "I am convinced that family life has nothing to fear from the perfect civil and political equality of the sexes."

The ex-King of Portugal is suffering from the same disease that afflicts General Grant, with this difference, that in the latter case the trouble is on the right side of the root of the tongue, while in the former it is on the left side.

Many thousand Americans have heard of the death of T. S. Arthur with a sense of personal loss, and of him it may be said that he never wrote a book that he did not exert a wholesome influence upon the young minds that enjoyed it. Mr. Arthur was seventy-six years old.

General Lew Wallace feels much hurt at some animadversions on his military career made by General Grant in a recent magazine article, and will soon make an exhaustive reply to them by giving his own version of the battle of Shiloh.

Two of the most beautiful women in Washington last week—the week—came from New York—Miss Marion Langdon and Miss James Brown Potter. One of the cleverest women there came, naturally from Boston—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Lady Brassey—who is always enterprising—has interested herself in the manufacture of embroidered doyleys for chairs and dessert plates. The embroidery is done with gold thread and colored silks on cheese-cloth, usually after an Oriental pattern.

Mr. Henry Villars, who only a few years ago appeared to be one of the successful millionaires in New York, and who built one of the most luxurious houses on upper Madison Avenue, is now living modestly in Berlin. His fortune is said to be five hundred thousand dollars. It was formerly five million dollars.

Dr. Thomas Dunn English has written a delightful volume called *The Boy's Book of Battle Ballads*, consisting of a series of ballads commemorative of notable American battles and skirmishes, from colonial times to the beginning of the civil war, with notes, biographical sketches, portraits, and other illustrations. All bright boys will be interested in this book, and be glad to know that Dr. English, who recently underwent a severe surgical operation, which he bore with admirable fortitude, is on the way to a speedy recovery.

In evil company, in corrupt places, it is hard to live unspotted from the world.

It seems as if a close view of almost every human lot would disclose some suffering that makes life a doubtful good—except perhaps at certain epochs of fresh love, fresh creative activity, or usual power of helping others.

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 78.—A RIDDLE.

With the first gleam of learning I came into birth,
An angel as useful as any on earth,
And when the dark ages had taken their flight,
I helped to restore the dawning of light.

I went with the letter that Cadmus of yore
As a gift to the Grecians exultingly bore,
Coeval with letters and offspring of art,
Companions we are that never can part.

As learning advances still more I'm employed,
But could it advance if I were destroyed?
Progress in knowledge, how soon 'twould be stayed!
How science would wither deprived of my aid!

Service I render long after I'm used,
In fact, to be useful, I must be diffused;
'Tis the forms that I take that give me my worth,
Forms that are scattered all over the earth.

I serve every class, and my favors bestow
On the rich and the poor, the high and the low;
For the good and the bad alike I'm the slave,
A friend to the statesman, a tool for the knave.

Without my assistance can any deny
That commerce would languish and literature die?
While civilization I help to proceed,
No barbarous tribes of me know the need.

Inert though I be, unable to think,
For the thoughts of mankind I still form a link;
A medium not spiritual, with power well defined,
I impress on the sight what reaches the mind.

But why need I try my mission to tell
To you who behold me and know me so well?
You find me your friend in such various ways
As to merit the need of your homage and praise.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 79.—A CHARADE.

Long-necked is my first, with a funny round head,
A bye-word when living, a dainty when dead,
My second is black, scarlet, yellow, or green,
And in many a lane is frequently seen.
An evil my third, found in every direction,
Though often improved with the rod of correction,
When softened and mixed with sugar to sweeten,
My whole by all is complacently eaten.

CLEM PRINGLE.

NO. 80.—AN ANAGRAM.

In politics how much we see
That may be called chicanery.
To gain their ends men stoop so low
As e'en to diet upon crow.
To an observer 'tis confusing,
Though often droll and quite amusing,
To see their changes so persistent,
Their subterfuges inconsistent,
Their shiftings and prevarication
To gain their party's domination.
We've seen so much of it of late
That politics we almost hate.
That it is over, thank the fates!
We know that rest invigorates.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 81.—AN OLD KNOT.

[Although perhaps not very difficult, this old riddle, sent by a correspondent, has puzzled many, and the editor of "The Sphinx" has been requested to give the answer. Who will furnish it?]

There is a word of plural number,
A foe to peace or tranquil slumber,
How many words you choose to take,
By adding a you'll plural make;
But if to this you add an s,
Strange is the metamorphosis!
Plural is plural now no more.
And sweet becomes what bitter was before.

NO 82.—A WELL-DRILLED ARMY.

A friendly host is in the land,
And under marching orders—
To threaten its way on every hand,
And hem in all our borders.

To mend the breaches worn by time,
To run and help the needy—
By working at each full design
In gatherings strong and speedy.

A goodly sight are they when drilled,
Their eyes and poignards gleaming;
Their movements noiseless, rapid, skilled,
Their banners gaily streaming.

Their weapons are of choicest steel,
For service ever ready;
And friend or foe a wound may feel
If in a hand unsteady.

And some have fallen on the way,
And some are maimed and battered,
And so they perish day by day,
And in the dust are scattered.

S.

NO. 83.—A THIEF'S TALE.

Though I am a little water thief,
I'm no pirate on high seas;
I grab no landsmen in my rounds,
But sail my boat at ease.

My thieving, though a fearful sin,
Keeps me in house and home,
For I steal the roof that shelters me,
As o'er the sea I roam.

Pray tell me what may be my name,
For some mollusk should complain
Of losing what had sheltered him,
In sailing o'er the main.

ERMINA S.

CONTRIBUTORS' PRIZES.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be presented for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.
 2. A prize of two dollars will be awarded for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time, the winner of prize No. 1 to be excluded from trial for this premium.
- Favors should be forwarded early, accompanied with answers.

THE PRIZE FOR ANSWERS.

Answers in competition for the monthly prize for the largest list should be forwarded each week within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

ANSWERS.

- 66.—Tom-big-bee.
- 67.—Life.
- 68.—Decemvirate.
- 69.—Cup-board.
- 70.—Broom, room.
- 71.—Cadaverous.

Our Work.

Whether we are happy in our work or not depends upon the way in which we do it. The man who goes to his work reluctantly, like a scourged slave, has no enjoyment in his labor. It is, to him, like a perpetual punishment. How slowly, to his eyes, the sun rises to its zenith! How slowly it sinks to the western horizon! With leaden feet the weary hours go by. And he dreads the morrow which is to be but a repetition of the dreary to-day. His sluggish pulse does hardly beat. He seems but half alive. How different it is with the man who works with a will! Whatever he touches becomes at once interesting to him. He is absorbed in what he is about, and he exclaims at night, "How short the day has seemed!" Not an hour has hung heavily on his hands.

(285) *—Selected.*
The Bishop's Reply.
 A certain bishop, in plain diary,
 Was travelling in a crowded train one day.
 Amid the buzz of ordinary chat,
 Unknown the bishop in a corner sat;
 But presently, to his surprise, he found
 His own name mentioned in the talk around.
 "I only wish," a vaunting blabber cried
 To an approving traveller at his side,
 "I only wish the bishop was now here,
 'I'd pose him with a question, never fear."
 The bishop eyed the man with curious glance,
 "I am the bishop, sir, so now's your chance."
 Confused, the passenger to earth thus driven,
 Cried, "Tell me, then, my lord, the way to Heaven?"
 "Most readily," the bishop said anon—
 "Turn to the right, my friend, and keep straight
 on."
 W. H. R. V. AYUBUSTANX.
 1171 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

(289) *—Selected.*
Truth.
 There is beauty and grace in many a face
 'Neath a bonnet tattered and torn,
 There is fragrant perfume in the wild rose bloom,
 On the summer breeze borne.
 And thoughts not a few, that are noble and true,
 In many a bosom untaught,
 And hearts there are some, by sorrow bowed
 down,
 That are studded with gems of thought.
 No darkness can dim the glistening gem
 That is culled from the depths of the sea,
 And thus doth truth shine with a radiance divine,
 Though hid in the depths it may be.
 Jollicore, West Co., N.B. F. H. OULROX.

(290) *—Selected.*
What Makes a Man.
 Not numerous years nor lengthened life,
 Not pretty children and a wife,
 Not pins and chains and fancy rings,
 Nor any such like trumpery things;
 Not pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,
 Nor liberty with kings to dine;
 Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,
 A dandy vest or trimmed cravat,
 Nor all the world's wealth hid in store;
 Nor Mister, Lev'nd, Sir, nor Squire,
 With titles that the memory tire;
 Nor ancestry traced back to Will,
 Who went from Normandy to kill;
 Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er;
 Not Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore,
 Not Judge's robes nor Mayor's mace,
 Nor crowns that deck the royal race,
 These all united never can
 Avail to make a single man.
 A truthful soul, a loving mind,
 Full of affection for its kind;
 A spirit firm, erect, and free,
 That never basely bends a knee;
 That will not bend a feather's weight
 Of slavery's chains for small or great;
 That truly speaks from God within,
 That never makes a league with sin;
 That snags the fetters despots make,
 And loves the truth for its own sake;
 That worships God, and him alone,
 And bows no more than at His throne;
 And trembles at no tyrant's nod;
 A soul that fears no one but God,
 And thus can smile at curses or ban—
 This is the soul that makes a man.
 Shannonville, Ont. Mrs. C. LOXO.

(291) *—Selected.*
Hints to Unmarried Ladies.
 Mr. Finlayson has made out a table,
 showing to a very fraction what a woman's
 chances of marriage are for every year of
 her life. This most precious document
 should be posted, we think, on the doors of
 all our churches; and if, after such pointed
 admonition, young girls trifle away their
 time, the blame is clearly their own. The
 calculations, we understand, were made
 upon 576 cases; but our learned clerk, for
 the sake of greater perspicuity, has enlarged
 the denominator (as he calls it) to 1,000.
 Of 1,000 married women, taken without se-
 lection, it is found that the number married
 at each age is as below; or if (by an arith-
 metical licence) we call a woman's chances
 of marriage in the whole course of her life
 1,000, her chances in each two years will be
 as shown in the table:

AGE.	CHANCES.	AGE.	CHANCES.
14-15.....	32	30-31.....	15
16-17.....	101	32-33.....	14
18-19.....	213	34-35.....	8
20-21.....	233	36-37.....	2
22-23.....	163	38-39.....	1
24-25.....	102		
26-27.....	67		
28-29.....	45		
		Total.....	1,000

Now, this table, it will be seen, tells us that
 one-half of a woman's chances of marriage
 are gone when she has completed her twen-
 ty-fifth year. And mind you what the conse-
 quence of this is: She must then, as the
 seamen say, carry less sail, and shoot at a
 lower mark. At twenty-three she ought to
 be very reasonable, for three-fourths of the

golden opportunities are gone, never to re-
 turn. At twenty-six you will see at a glance,
 sauciness is out of the question; for your
 hopes, if the case should be yours, fair
 reader, will than be shrunk to the small frac-
 tion of eight. Possibly you may then think
 the poor fellows you once despised fine
 catches. At thirty-one despair should be-
 gin to wrinkle your brow; for when that
 age comes, and finds you single, pray re-
 member that if you have in the circle of
 your acquaintances forty marrying men (a
 rare contingency), you have just one solit-
 ary chance among them all! When you
 stand on the dread verge of thirty-six, it
 is quite killing to reflect that of the one
 thousand chances with which you started,
 three—a miserable remnant of three—only
 remain! It is now high time to take a trip
 to the colonies, or else to bespeak a lodging
 for a single lady, and to procure a couple
 of cats. Therefore, *carpe diem*; or in plain
 English, improve your time.
 ALFRED SHAW.
 Upper Canada College, Toronto.

(292) *—Selected.*
Not a Kioker.
 Ben Ridgley, a Louisville, Ky., newspa-
 per man, who for the first twenty years of
 life had been accustomed to feeding on cham-
 pagne and diamond-back terrapin, has for
 the last twenty years been having a catch-
 as-catch-can wrestling match with the usual
 boarding-house spread, and is still alive, but
 weak. One day, early in the spring, he
 went to his landlady with a complaint.
 "Madam," he said, with a demi-semi-
 quaver in his voice, and a piece of wetness
 in each eye about as big as a buck shot,
 "Haven't I been a pretty good boarder for
 the past two years I've been with you?"
 "Why, Mr. Ridgley, of course you have.
 Only yesterday a lady asked me how long
 you had been a member of the Y. M. C. A.,"
 replied the lady in surprise.

"Yes; and when you gave us eggs with
 the feathers on, did I ever kick?"
 "Wha—what's that?" stammered the
 lady thrown off her balance by the sudden-
 ness of the blow.
 "And did I ever insist on your clipping
 their wings?"
 "Sir, I don't—"
 "And didn't I keep right on though you
 let the butter wear its hair banged when
 you know I hated bangs?"
 "Mr. Ridgley, this is going—"
 "And did I complain when I found a but-
 ton in the pie, because there was no button-
 hole on the flap?"
 "Sir, I won't stand this any—"
 "And did I report you to the Society for
 the Prevention of Cruelty when I picked
 that poor, helpless cockroach out of the bis-
 cuit?"
 "Shut up you—"
 "Yes; when I found a minnow in the
 milk, did I ask you whether you milked
 your cow with a fishing pole or a net?"
 "Wha—wha—wh—"
 "Don't mention it, madam. When the
 steak was cooked, was I one of the boarders
 who sent a buzz-saw and a steam engine up
 to the house?"
 "I—I—I—"
 "And did I ever object to paying for fur-
 niture repairs, because the bread was so
 heavy that when I swallowed it, it knocked
 the bottom of the chair out?"
 "You mean, good-for-nothing—"
 "Don't get excited, madam. Did I ever
 inquire whether you drew your tea with a
 windlass or a chain pump?"
 "Oh, you villain, you wretch—"
 "I hear you, madam; and I want to ask
 if I ever reflected on the molasses can by
 asking if you had a patent on that fly-trap?"
 "Oh—oh—oh, you—oh—"
 "I ask, madam, did I ever do any of these
 things? And I answer by saying never—
 no, never! Therefore, I want to know
 why in thunder—excuse my forcible lan-
 guage, please—when they bring me a plate
 of soup with a dish rag in it, they don't
 bring a pair of scissors to cut the darned
 thing up to a man won't choke on it? That's
 all, madam."
 When the lady was reconstituted, Ben was
 compelled to go out into the cold, cold
 world and get another boarding-place. Such
 is woman's inhumanity to man.
 Oakland. G. TAYLOR.

(293) *—Selected.*
A Detroit Man's Joke.
 He did not look like a joker. One to sit
 and study his face would have said that his
 soul was so lost in melancholy that he
 didn't care two cents whether the sun set at
 noon or stayed up until seven o'clock. He
 entered the ladies' sitting-room at the Cen-
 tral depot, walked up to a woman whose
 husband had left the room about ten min-
 utes' previously and calmly inquired:
 "Madam, your husband went out to see
 the river, didn't he?"
 "Yes—why?" she asked, turning pale in
 an instant.
 "He was a tall man, wasn't he?"
 "He was," she replied, rising up and
 turning still paler.
 "Had red hair?"
 "He had—oh! what has happened?"
 "Weighed about 180 pounds?"
 "Yes—yes—where is he—where is my
 husband?" she exclaimed.
 "Couldn't swim, could he?"
 "He's drowned—my husband is drown-
 ed!" she wailed.
 "Had a silver watch-chain?" continued
 the stranger.
 "Where is my husband—where is the
 body?" she gasped.
 "Do not get excited, madam. Did your
 husband have on a gray suit?"
 "Yes—oh! my Thomas! my Thomas!"
 "And stoga boots?"
 "Let me see him—let me see him!" she
 cried.
 "Come this way, madam, but do not get
 excited. There is that your husband across
 the street at that peanut stand?"
 "Why, yes, that's him!—that's my hus-
 band!" she exclaimed, joyfully. "I thought
 you said he was drowned."
 "No, madam, I did not. I saw him buy-
 ing peanuts, and I believed it my duty to say
 to you that peanuts are not healthy at this
 season of the year!"
 He slid softly out, and she stood there
 and chewed her parasol, and stared after
 him as if he were a menagerie on wheels.
 Luton. Mrs. T. RICHARDSON.

(294) *—Selected.*
A Lesson in Politeness.
 One day Dean Swift was in his study
 reading when the door was pushed open,
 and a young fellow came in with some game
 and without saying "By your leave," or
 "With your leave," he walks over and flops
 them across the Dean's knees, saying,
 "There's some game my father sent you."
 "Oh, I'm very much obliged, I'm sure;
 but I'd be more obliged if you had shown
 better manners."
 "Well, I wish I knew how."
 "Sit down here and I'll show you how to
 behave."
 He took the game in his hand and went
 outside and shut the door. Then he tapped,
 and heard the young fellow cry out with a
 loud voice, "Come in!" and what should he
 see but the young fellow seated in the arm-
 chair, and pretending to read a book!
 "Please your reverence," says the Dean
 with a bow, "my father will be much ob-
 liged by your acceptance of this game,
 which he has just taken."
 "Your father is a most respectable man,"
 says the lad, "and I'm sure you're a good
 boy; here's a half-a-crown for you. Take
 the game down to the kitchen, and tell the
 cook she's to give you your dinner."
 He then got up, and relieved the Dean of
 the game, he was so tickled at the lad's
 witty impudence that he at once gave him
 half-a-crown.
 Hamilton. H. M. PATTERSON.

(295) *—Selected.*
What Habit is.
 "Habit" is hard to overcome. If you
 take off the first letter it does not chance
 "a bit" If you take off another, you have
 still a "bit" left. If you take off another,
 the whole of "it" remains. If you take off
 another, it is "t" totally used up. All of
 which goes to show that if you wish to be
 rid of a "habit" you must throw it off all
 together.
 Charlottetown, P. E. I. G. M.

(296) *—Selected.*
No Kisses Allowed.
 It was at the Northwestern Railway De-
 pot the other day when a number of young
 ladies stepped out of a passenger car that
 had just arrived and were ardently received
 by a long line of waiting kinsfolk, lovers
 and friends. They were all young and
 pretty, but they shook hands with their
 people in the most melancholy and subdued
 fashion, and I noticed that some of them
 even gave a too impulsive friend a little
 push, as if to ward off an unwelcome em-
 brace. But this was a case when
 "The eyes speak most when the lips are not."
 And some of the fair young things were
 evidently just ready to cry. They were
 "sweet girl graduates in their golden hair,"
 and they dared not kiss their friends on
 meeting them at the depot, because it was
 against the rules of the school; too public,
 not a proper place. Now isn't that positive-
 ly awful.
 "How do you stand it?" asked a Chicago
 friend of a seminary girl.
 "Oh, you don't live in depots," she said,
 with a merry twinkle of her eye, "and
 when we get home we just make up for lost
 time."
 "So do we," chimed in one girl who had
 a blonde lover with her, "don't we,
 George?"
 "I should blush," said George, and he
 did.
 "You see they won't allow us to kiss up
 there," said the prettiest girl in the crowd;
 "think it demoralizes the brakemen and
 conductors and passengers. We don't care
 much when it's only ourselves we have to
 practice on, but when it comes to visitors,
 it's pretty hard."
 "Don't we make it up, though, when we
 get home," echoed another of the crowd;
 "we just kiss and kiss again! Oh, my!"
 This piece of scholastic severity is only
 equaled by the stir which has recently been
 made in this city over a two-hours' session
 in one of the public schools on the sentiment
 of love as defined in Longfellow's *Evangelin*.
 The superintendent of the school came
 to their defence, and the irate tax-payers
 who feared they were being defrauded in
 their educational rights, were soothed
 again. It reminds me of the time Charles
 Wytham first played his elegant parlor
 comedies in Chicago—"Caste," "School,"
 and others that will never be forgotten.
 Well, if my memory serves me right one of
 the questions in "School" is "What is love?"
 and the various definitions that are given by
 big and little girls are very amusing and
 entertaining. To find such salad frothness
 among the parallelograms and hypotenuses
 is refreshing, even if it is not educational in
 a book sense.
 Mrs. M. E. McDONALD,
 Brant, Erie Co., N. Y.

(297) *—Selected.*
Lazy Hens.
 So thought the little girl who was sent out
 to hunt eggs, but came back unsuccessful,
 complaining that "lots of hens were etatin
 round doin' nothin'."
 Brantford, Ont. JNO. LINNAVAY.

(298) *—Selected.*
Grandfather to One's Self.
 A story brought out by James Parton's
 marriage to his step-daughter:—
 I married a widow who had a grown-up
 step-daughter. My father visited my house
 very often, fell in love with my step-
 daughter, and married her. So my father
 became my son-in-law and my step-daughter
 my mother because she was my father's
 wife; sometime after my wife had
 a son; he was my father's brother-
 in-law, and my uncle,—for he was
 the brother of my step-daughter. My
 father's wife—i. e. my step-daughter—also
 had a son. He was, of course, my brother,
 and in the meantime, my grandchild; for
 he was the son of my daughter. My wife
 was my grand-mother, because she was my
 mother's mother. I was my wife's husband
 and grand-child at the same time; and as
 the husband of a person's grandmother is
 his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.
 Bothwell, Box 56. LOU TALLMAN.

T. EATON & CO.,

190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE ST.

TO OUR PATRONS.

The house herein represented, T. EATON & CO. (well known to many of our readers) was established some fourteen years ago upon the healthy Cash System—no bad debts, no interest bills, no loss on runaway debtors; but, on the contrary, cash prices, small profits, a pleased people, and consequently an ever increasing Business to such an extent, that the Firm found it necessary to seek larger premises, and built a magnificent store exclusively for their own use, taking in Nos. 190, 192, 194 and 196 Yonge Street, one of the best lighted and most convenient stores on the continent. Having four flats, the dimensions of each being 104x53, giving them 22,048 square feet of floor room, and combining every modern appliance for despatch of business, such as Passenger Elevator, Electric call Bells, Electric Light, etc., as the firm believe thoroughly in the maxim, "Despatch is the soul of business." Last, but not least, they have an abundance of light in every part; there are no dark corners; everything done on the broad daylight principle at Eaton's.

As stated before, we have only one way of doing business, "Cash or C. O. D.," securing at once a saving of 15 to 20 per cent to every customer below credit store prices.

Any goods bought and found not suitable will be taken back and exchanged or money refunded. Sending goods by Mail is now so cheap, that we have established a Mailing Department. In sending for samples please state particulars as to shade, color, quality and price. P. O. order should accompany the order.

Send for quotations for any class of goods not mentioned in circular. Address,

T. EATON & CO., 190 to 196 Yonge St., Toronto.

DRESS GOODS.

This department is one of deepest interest to every lady. A dress! the most costly article of attire—the most useful, the most conspicuous, and consequently the most important. What to buy! Where to buy! What will it cost? Eaton's dress department is full of new goods, both French and English manufacture, bought from the best markets in the world that money will reach. Eaton's prices in dress goods are always 15 to 20 per cent cheaper than credit store prices. In sending for samples or goods, state color wanted, price, and kind of material desired.

COLORED DRESSES.

The colors this season are most plainly with some very few checks. The leading goods for wear are the French dress goods in all wools.

ARGYLE suiting, in fancy stripes, twenty different shades, 22 inches wide, 74c. per yard.

NEW SICILIAN BROCADE, a very showy dress material, in navy, seal, bronze, garnet, drab and sapphire, 21 inches wide, 10c. per yard; 23 inches wide, 124c. per yard.

THE TRIANONE CLOTH, French suiting, will wear well and keep the colors. Pattern, broken check, and diamond broche, in all new shades, 20c. per yard.

The MACRE CLOTH, a shaded Mohair wool mixture, the imitation of pure silk, 23 inches wide, 20c. per yard. Colors are garnet, myrtle, bronze, seal, cadet, sapphire, salmon and dahlia.

The RECAMIER CLOTH, in every new shade, all wool, will stand rain and shine. 25c. per yard.

These goods are very nice for summer wear; being all wool; will grape full. We have it in all the light colors.

The leading spring material is an ALL WOOL FRENCH POPLIN, same appearance as Irish poplin; being all wool, will wear well. To be had in sixteen different colors, at 30c. per yard.

THIBET CLOTH, fine French make, double fold, 46 inches wide, 35c. per yard, in all new shades.

Besides these, we have an excellent assortment of fine French goods, all wool cashmeres, ranging in prices from 35c. to \$1.00 per yard.

BLACK AND MOURNING GOODS.

This department is under Special Management, whose long experience enables us to put before the public everything required in this class of goods. It is hard to illustrate this department on paper; suffice it to say, our endeavor is to keep the best wearing goods to be had, as a black garment is one which will not be put away at the close of a season, but will be worn until finished. A few prices will give an idea of our stock. All wool cashmeres, 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c., 55c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., \$1.00; All Wool Mantle Cashmeres, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.60.

EGYPTIAN TWILLS, all wool, 25c. and 30c. per yard.

The AMEER Stripe, all wool, 40c. per yard.

FRENCH POPLINS AND OTTOMANS, 30c., 35c., 40c. up to 70c.

Nun's Veilings, Persian Cards, Imperial Crepes, Cloths. In Crepes we keep up the standard makes, beginning at the low price of 47c., up to \$3.75 per yard.

T. EATON & CO.,
190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE ST.

(ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS.)

S. D. Douglas & Co.;

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

SUCCESSORS TO THE LATE ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Return their sincere thanks to their numerous friends and customers, both in city and country, for the very liberal support extended to them during the past year, and beg to solicit a continuance of their patronage.

Our spring stock of WALL PAPERS, Decorations, Borders, etc., are constantly arriving, and surpass anything we have ever shown before. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, and examine for yourselves, as it is no trouble to show goods.

We employ none but experienced workmen to execute all orders entrusted to our care, such as Painting, Kalsomining, or Decorating your ceilings or walls in all the LATEST AND LEADING STYLES at the lowest possible prices. Estimates given.

A full stock of Glass, Putty, Oils, Varnishes, White Lead, Spirits of Turpentine, etc., always kept on hand.

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Prices of Wools and Fancy Goods:

Berlin wools, single and double, all colors...	124c. per oz.
Shetland wools, all colors..	124c. "
Andalusian Wools, all colors	124c. "
Baldwin's - best fingering wools, all colors.....	10c. per skein.
Baldwin's best fleecy wools, all colors	10c. "
Baldwin's best merino wools all colors	10c. "
Berlin fingering wools, all colors.....	124c. "
Peacock fingering wool, all colors.....	124c. "
Saxony wool, best quality, all colors	124c. "
Ice wools, ounce balls, all colors.....	124c. per ball.
Pompadour wool, large balls, all colors	25c. "
Knitting silk, best imported oz. balls, all colors....	80c. "
Knitting silk, Florence make, all colors	50c. "
Tinsel, best quality, very thick, all colors	10c. "
Felt, extra quality, two yards wide, all colors,	\$1.75 per yard.
Plush, superior quality, 24 in. wide, all colors	\$2.50 "
Roman satin, 54 in. wide, all colors	\$2.50 "
Plush crescent tassels, small size, all colors	40c. per dozen.
Plush crescent tassels, large sizes, all colors	\$1.00 "
Plush spike tassels, 3 in. long, all colors	\$1.00 "
Plush round tassels, all colors.....	40c. "
Woolen Java canvas, 15 in. wide, all colors	50c. per yard.

We have constantly on hand every necessary for fancy work.

Letter orders receive careful and prompt attention.

Can send goods to any part of Canada.

HENRY DAVIS,

DIRECT IMPORTER,
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\$12.00 Watch for \$6.00

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On receipt of price, \$6, we will send, per registered mail, \$6, a Silver Key-Wind Watch, jewelled chronometer balance, with dust band in Men's size, dust proof silver case, smooth or engraved.

Same Watch, in 4 oz. Silver Dust Proof Cases for

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LADIES, when you are disgusted with superfluous hair on face or arms, buy a bottle of
DOREN WENDS,
"EUREKA" HAIR DESTROYER.
This preparation is invaluable, for it not only removes the hair but by careful observation of directions destroys the roots, also softens and beautifies the complexion; it is safe, harmless, and painless.
Send to any chemist on receipt of price. \$2.00 for one bottle or three bottles for \$5.00. Write address plainly, and enclose money to
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106 YONGE STREET TORONTO.
A. DOREN WENDS.

"THE WIDOW."

Words by J. C. PRINCE.

DUET FOR TWO TENORS.

Musio by T. JONES, Hamilton.

Author of Songs, To-Day and To-Morrow, Pen and Press, Love at Home, &c.

Allegro.

First Tenor.

Youth-ful Wid-ow, With thy fair and With thy weod of sor-row float-ing,
 Gen-tle Wid-ow, Mus-ic ling-ers Sweet when so-cial con-verso flow-eth,
 Pen-sive Wid-ow, Truth and feel-ing Vir-tuo sings her light a-round thee,

Second Tenor.

Love-ly Wid-ow, and thought-ful face,
 Pleas-ing Wid-ow, on thy tongue,
 Faith-ful Wid-ow, warms thy heart,

'Round thy face of qui-et grace;.... Where-so-e'er thy foot-steeps lead thee, Mag-ic reigns up-
 Sweet-er in the words of song;.... When to thee men turn and list-en, Oth-er things are
 May that glo-ry no'er de-part,.... None have dared, in wan-ton mal-ice, Thine un-an-sul-lied

Ral.

on the spot;..... I have watch'd thy mein and mo-tion, Could I gaze, and love thee not!.....
 all for-got;..... I have heard thee, love-ly mourn-or, Could I hear, and love thee not!.....
 fame to blot;..... I have know'n thy worth and beau-ty, Could I know, and love thee not!.....

Ral.

Ral.

Presto.

Health Department.

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

A Few Health Rules.

The following brief and simple rules, if faithfully attended to, will do much to make life brighter and longer. They are so very simple that those people who know everything will doubtless turn up their noses at them, but their value will not be at all depreciated by this nasal exaltation on the part of such savants—in their own minds. Without further preface we beg to offer to our readers a few maxims, obedience to which will cost them nothing, except in the event of rule 6 having to be obeyed, and will certainly be productive of much good.

1. Early rising: In order to accomplish this take no late supper, unless really hungry, and go early to bed. The hour before bed-time should be spent in agreeable relaxation or in such exercises only as tend to compose the mind and promote inward peace and cheerfulness.

Simplicity, moderation and regularity with respect to diet: A judicious selection of the articles of food according as experience has proved what is most suitable to the individual. The quantity of food should be proportioned to the amount of exercise taken. Seldom eat between regular meals.

3. Quiet and comfort during meals: Bustle, vehement discussion, bad news, disagreeable companions and all vexatious excitement should be carefully excluded at meal times.

4. Eat very slowly with a view to the thorough mastication of your food; rather forego a meal, or take but half the quantity than eat too fast.

5. Refrain from both mental and bodily exertion for a short time after the principal meal. Never eat a full meal when the body is heated or much fatigued with exercise. Take a cup of tea and a cracker instead and wait for an hour or so.

6. Take no physic unless it be absolutely necessary; learn, if possible, how to keep well without it. In case of real indisposition consult a competent medical man with out delay, and implicitly attend to his directions, and be sure not to forget to pay him when you get better.

7. Gentle exercise should be taken regularly every day for two hours at least, and it must never be forgotten that cheerfulness is an essential ingredient in all beneficial exercise.

8. The importance of perfect cleanliness of dress and person in every particular must not be overlooked. Bath frequently. The thorough ventilation of apartments and an appearance of neatness and orderly arrangement in every part of the house, contribute, though indirectly, yet certainly and powerfully, to promote both health and cheerfulness; as the contrary state of things is generally found to produce discomfort, nervous irritation and depression of spirits.

9. Keep a strict control over the appetites and passions, with a fixed abhorrence of all excess and all unlawful gratification whatsoever. Every sort of vicious indulgence is highly injurious to health; first, directly, in its immediate effects upon the body; and, next, indirectly, in the perpetual dissatisfaction and anxiety of mind occasioned by it.

Defective Hearing.

Dr. Samuel Sexton, aural surgeon to the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, not long since read a paper before the State Charities' Aid Society on the necessity of providing in the public schools for the better education of children with defective hearing. We present some of its leading points.

Children may be partially defective in hearing; very deaf; and totally deaf—the last comprising those born deaf, and those who had learned to talk prior to their loss of hearing.

A special investigation in the New York City schools shows that children have continued there for years who have never heard with distinctness ordinary conversation, or have had hardly any hearing. Some of these were often punished for inattention or dullness; others had studied hard to secure promotion, but were put back because they had not fully understood the questions; and many had been driven discouraged from school by the rudeness of unthinking and unsympathizing teachers.

Of five hundred and seventy-five pupils examined under direction of the United States Bureau of Education, seventy-four were found to be more or less defective in hearing, only one of whom was known to be deaf by the teacher; while over fifty were not themselves aware that they were deaf. It is believed that, at the very least, ten per cent. (fourteen thousand) of the school children in New York City are in a similar condition. All of these need special aid to keep them from swelling the ranks of illiteracy. They should be seated in the front row, receive their instruction at short range, and in a distinct and elevated voice.

As to deaf mutes, day-schools have been established for them in eleven of our principal cities. This, where practicable, is much better than sending them away from home influences to the larger institutions. But it has been found that of the pupils in the latter, a large percentage—in Minnesota it is from fifteen to twenty-five per cent.—have hearing enough to be educated orally, by the aid of speaking tubes and of acoustic fans. Indeed, it is found that many of them, after instruction has continued for a time, can hear the voice, properly elevated, at a distance of ten or fifteen feet.

The instruction of deaf mutes and the very deaf should begin as early as the fourth or fifth year.

The hearing of all pupils in our schools should be tested by experts, and the State should adequately provide for the proper education of the deaf of every class.

Diabetes.

The chief characteristic of this disease is an abnormal amount of sugar in the blood. The cause of it is quite uncertain. According to Flint, it occurs in the vast majority of cases between the ages of thirty and fifty, in men much oftener than in women. It may exist a long time before it is noticed, and then continue years before proving fatal. It often gives a fatal issue to otherwise mild diseases. Its chief test is a large percentage of sugar in the water, the quantity of the latter, also, generally, not always, being increased.

Among the earlier symptoms are great thirst; a strong appetite, dryness of the mouth and acid saliva; later, emaciation, increasing muscular feebleness, and in many cases, irritability, melancholy and mental weakness. To arrest it, it must be taken in its early stages. One-third or more of its cases end in consumption.

A diabetic patient, when the disease has become confirmed, is liable to sudden death. The heart may fail from paralysis of its nerves; or, the blood-poison affecting the brain, the person may sink into a state of insensibility, delirium and coma (fatal lethargy). A slight cold may bring on this result. So may mere constipation and undue physical exertion, mental emotion and anxiety.

Flint says: "The disease seems to me less formidable than heretofore, provided proper treatment be adopted and persisted in."

The main thing is to arrange for the patient a diet which excludes, as far as possible, sugar and starch, and induce him rigidly to continue it. While cutting off so many articles of the ordinary diet, pains must be taken to supply their place with others sufficiently nutritious and appetizing. Gluten bread may take the place of common wheat bread. It contains only one-third as much starch as that made from entire wheat, and is acceptable to the taste.

The body should be carefully protected against the influence of atmospheric changes, and the skin be kept in a good condition. There should be exercise in the open air, but it should be moderate. Mental relaxation and recreation should be secured.

Catarrh.

A correspondent asks for an article upon catarrh. The word "catarrh," as popularly used, refers to an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nasal passages, although there may be catarrh of the bronchial tubes, stomach, bowels, etc.

Nasal catarrh may be acute or chronic. The former is merely "a cold in the head," though generally a similar inflammation soon shows itself in the throat and bronchial tubes. It is strictly a slight, brief fever, which ordinarily passes off in a few days. Almost any acute attack may be broken up if the patient remains in a warm room, secures a gentle moisture of the skin, and uses a plain, nourishing diet.

But it is the second form, the chronic, that most people mean when they use the word catarrh. All chronic diseases are more difficult to cure, though less painful, than the acute. The very fact that an acute disease has become chronic indicates that the recuperative power of the parts affected has become weakened, possibly exhausted.

Each attack of nasal catarrh tends to a second, and thus to successive attacks. The person who suffers from them, therefore, becomes more and more liable to "take cold," not alone from exposure to cold, but from inhaling dust, especially coal dust, and whatever irritates the nasal membrane.

As an increased blood supply always flows to every inflamed tissue, the tissue tends to undue growth. For this reason, in chronic catarrh, there is a thickening of the mucous membrane, so that the nasal passages become more or less obstructed. This often causes the patient to breathe through his mouth, thus letting the cold air strike the larynx and the dust to enter in unimpeded. A tendency to serious lung and throat disease is the result.

The earlier stages are often treated by snuffing up a somewhat strong solution of salt and water, or a two per cent. solution of carbolic acid two or three times a day. If the head is thrown back, the fluid will flow into the mouth with very little effort.

When the nasal passages have become permanently obstructed, a physician should be called to remove the superfluous growth.

In rare cases the inflammation establishes itself within the internal cavities of the nose, in which case the mucus becomes fetid. The doctor alone should manage this.

Useful Hints.

To cure a felon, fill a tumbler with equal parts of fine salt and ice; mix well. Sink the finger in the center, allow it to remain until it is nearly frozen and numb, then withdraw it, and when sensation is restored renew the operation four or five times, when it will be found the disease is destroyed. This must be done before pus is formed.

For nose-bleed, get plenty of powdered alum up the nostrils.

To cure and heal a running sore, apply alum water twice a day.

There is nothing better for a cut than powdered rosin. Pound it until fine, and put it in an empty, clean pepper box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it out on the cut, put a soft cloth around the injured member, and wet it with cold water once in a while; it will prevent inflammation and soreness.

A simple remedy for neuralgia is to apply grated horseradish, prepared the same as for table use, to the temple when the face or head is affected, or to the wrist when the pain is in the arm or shoulder.

An excellent glycerine ointment for chapped hands is made by melting, with a gentle heat, two ounces of sweet oil of almonds, half an ounce of spermaceti, and one drachm of white wax. When melted, remove from the stove, and add an ounce of glycerine, and stir until the mixture is cold. The ointment can be scented with any perfume to suit the fancy. Keep it in wide-necked bottles.

MEDICAL QUERIES.

NOTICE.—Persons wishing to have medical questions answered in these pages should address their correspondence to the "Editor, Health Department of TRUTH." If this is not done their questions will not be attended to.

Persons sending us questions to be answered will confer a great favor by stating their age and general habits.

A. B., Leamington. 1. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. 2. Yes. 3. Yes. 4. You are probably freckled. Batho often in cold water; take plenty of exercise and eschew evil habits.

A. F., Montreal, would like the prescription for a cooling medicine for spring 2nd question; having been under a chiropodist for two years, suffering from a corn on the big toe close to the side of the nail, and receiving no benefit could the editor of the Health Department recommend a cure for it. ANS.—1. There is nothing much superior to Citrate of Magnesia. 2. A very simple method of treating corns was published in this column last week: the principal thing to do is to relieve the corn from undue pressure.

W. B. Mt. Forest, says: "In your answer to H. C., of Mt. Forest, in regard to weak lungs and spitting blood, how many times a day should the inhalation be taken, and should the inhalation be used whether the lungs are bleeding or not? Also would you have the kindness to give a full description at earliest convenience—on how to treat congestion of the lungs." ANS.—Three times; it will do no harm if there be a hemorrhage, but are you sure the blood proceeds from the lungs? It may come from the stomach. You had better see a physician.

A CONSTANT READER suffers greatly from sick-headaches, and wishes to know how to treat it. ANS.—Relief may often be obtained by hot fomentations to the head followed by tepid compresses, but internal medicine is necessary. Sir Astley Cooper's pills taken twice a week for some little time are excellent, and a drink of lemonade, made by yourself from the fruit, on rising in the morning is a very pleasant and efficacious dose. If the head-ache be of a bilious nature, you should avoid the use of tobacco, spirits and coffee and most fat meats; fat bacon, however, is not bad.

S. D. L. says: Would you please tell me what medicine to take and what diet to reduce my flesh. Have doctored for five months for dropsy without relief. Gain from four to five pounds a week. Bowels constipated, urine scanty and high colored, circulation of blood very poor, blood thick and dark; troubled a great deal with numbness in limbs, arms and hands, also difficulty in breathing. Please answer through your paper and relieve a sufferer. ANS.—Send further particulars, as you may have kidney disease, or cirrhotic disease of the liver.

WILLIAM writes as follows: I shall feel so thankful for your advice in the next issue of TRUTH, to which I subscribe, in reference to the following queries: 1. A remedy to stop an ingrowing nail upon the great toe. 2. To clean the tongue that has been white upon the surface for years. 3. A cure for internal piles, which are of late becoming troublesome. ANS.—Phosphate of oil applied on bathing, or better still, pure carbolic acid to burn away the ingrowing nail; if that does not do, have it removed. 2. Aperient medicine. 3. Ungt. gallæ co. 1 oz. Apply with the finger; keep the bowels freely opened.

Freckles, or lentigo, may sometimes be made to disappear by an application of citric acid night and morning. The method employed by dermatologists, and attended with considerable success, is to apply a solution of corrosive sublimate, one to three grains to the ounce of water, or emulsion of almonds night and morning. Dr. Duhring reports the latter as the most satisfactory and advises its application until a slight amount of desquamation takes place.

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LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

That she is a little unfair to him, he cannot but see. He cannot, too, however, fail to notice the curious lack of self-appreciation she betrays in everything she says. He curbs a certain sense of injury that threatens to rise within him, and says, quietly,—

"I wish you would try to think a little less harshly of me, as being not quite the selfish beast you have described. When I confronted those two women a while since, believe me—I implore you," exclaims he, with sudden vehemence, "to believe me—that I thought not at all of myself, but only of you. I had seen your face as you passed me down the steps. I should have been less than a man if I had not gone forward to make your story right."

There is a long pause, during which, as though fascinated, they regard each other steadily. Then,—

"Thank you. It was very kind of you," says Doris, faintly. And then again, "Alas! alas!" she says, sharply, and covers her face with her hands. Whatever melancholy thought has drawn forth these sighs, she keeps from him. No other words escape her.

A great longing to take the slender lissom figure in his arms—to soothe and caress her into a forgetfulness of her sorrow—is filling Clontarf's breast. She is his,—his own; no one on earth has so powerful a claim to her as he has? yet now he dares not touch her. To the commonest acquaintance, if in distress, he could show more open, more demonstrative, sympathy than he can to her. There is no lover-like or sentimental thought in his desire to comfort her; only the natural longing of the strong to succor the weak. Yet, almost unknown to him, there creeps into his heart the thought that there would be a sweetness too in pressing one's lips to the white soft arms on which his eyes are resting.

"Do not take this silly matter so much to heart," he says, believing her agitation arises still from what had happened on the balcony. "It makes me"—awkwardly, but anxiously—"so unhappy to see you cry."

"I am not crying," says Doris, letting her hands fall from her face. Indeed, her thoughts had lain "too deep for tears." "I was merely thinking."

"Of what?"

"Of what is past recall," she says, slowly; then, as though fearful he may question her, "I was thinking of many things," she goes on, hurriedly. "I was wondering what I had done, that—that any one should seek so cruelly to injure me as to invent that falsehood we overheard."

"The women pardoned all except her face," quotes Clontarf, lightly.

A faint smile crosses her lips. "Come, let us go in," she says; and, gathering up her train with a graceful backward motion, she moves toward the house.

Clontarf follows her up the balcony steps, but not into the room beyond. Leaning over the railing outside, he glances down to where the ocean is sleeping peacefully in the bay, and where the first faint flush of coming dawn is rising from behind the purple hills.

"Flaky darkness breaks within the east," and a cold, sad breeze, coming upward from the valley, blows across his face. It is the "first low fluttering breath of waking day" that "stirs the wide air." timorously it comes, as though afraid to issue forth in all its strength until the hours have lent it courage. Hoodless of it, Clontarf still leans over the railings, and repeats to himself over and over again a little phrase that has imprinted itself upon his brain,— "Of what is past recall!" He can see again her face as she said it,—the sad mouth, the sadder eyes. Yes, her marriage had been a fatal mistake, no doubt, and now she is beginning to find it out. Well, it was as much her fault as his. But was it? He, the man, should have been the one to show her her folly, to warn her that an empty title could never be an equivalent to love. Instead of that, as it now seems to him, he had kept silence, and by doing so had actually profited by her girlish ignorance. He grows crimson with a sort of intolerable shame as this thought grows upon him. Then by a passionate effort he rouses himself and flings it from him. He had not done this base thing. He had believed her cold and hard and unfeeling, one with whom worldly dis-

inction would never rank as the chief good. To night has undeceived him; but surely it is not his fault that knowledge has come too late.

And why to-night, of all nights, has she let the garb of pride fall from her? That silly bit of scandal could have hardly possessed the power to do away so completely with the self-control of years, unless—How happy, how unlike herself (as he has hitherto known her), she had seemed with Bouveris. Perhaps—

A dangerous light comes into his blue Irish eyes; he grinds some stray pebbles savagely beneath his heel, and, turning, enters the ball-room with an abrupt step and a head haughty and erect.

The ball room has grown thin during his absence. Most of the guests are gone, or going. Making his way to the hall, he finds the Coole people leaving, and Doris talking earnestly to Mrs. Desmond. She—Doris—is also cloaked and hooded, ready for departure, and seems to have recovered her distress. Colonel Bouveris is standing close to her.

Kit, looking as fresh and radiant as in that first hour when she entered the Castle (oh, the glad charms of our youth), is standing a little apart from the others with Neil Brabazon, waiting for the signal to go, and is listening to, and whispering in return, those honeyed nothings so dear to lovers' hearts.

"Now, remember, I shall expect you all to-morrow," Doris is saying, gaily. "I shall want to talk to somebody about to-night, so don't disappoint me. And you, Mr. Brabazon,"—turning with a swift, sweet smile of sympathy to Neil,— "you will come too, will you not? When one has been up all night, a long ride is so refreshing."

"Thank you," says Brabazon, answering the kindly smile with another full of gratitude. How good it is of her to give him this last chance of another afternoon with the "ladye of his love!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"And keep you from the wicked remembrance Of Malebouche and all his cruelty."

"Well," snarls Mrs. Costello, from her lounging-chair beside the fire, "you haven't told me yet who was silly enough to accept that old spendthrift's invitation last night. But I suppose I am to be kept in the dark about that as well as about everything else,—hey?"

It is the next day, and rather far into it; indeed, the tiny clock upon the chimney-piece in the small drawing-room at Kilmalooda is on the stroke of four, and Lady Clontarf and her aunt are seated nearly opposite to it, awaiting the arrival of their visitors.

Vera is still in her room, but Mrs. Costello, who, as a general and most grateful rule to the rest of the household, generally sinks into retirement when guests are expected, has to-day signified her intention of helping her niece to receive them. She is in an abominable temper and a cap that would go far toward the unsettling of any one's reason, and looks fatally warlike as she sits snorting defiance at the fire.

"Every one was there, I think," says Doris in answer to her question, wisely letting her accusing hint go by.

"What d'ye mean by that?—hey? Every one! Was her most gracious majesty there (gracious, indeed,—pah!) and all the royal family?"

"Almost everybody we know," says Doris, with the clearest disregard of her humor.

"Then everybody we know is a fool. Who paid for the supper, I wonder? Goodness help the confiding idiots who sent it, or the band either! The Desmonds were there, of course. That silly woman wouldn't exist unless she was showing off her last new gown. Was Mrs. Montague Smythe there?"

"Yes,—and looked so charming."

"Ay, I know her sort. All paint and powder. A little honest soap and water would so change her doll's face that none of her lovers would know her. Pah! However, every man to his taste, and, if she was there, Clontarf was happy."

"Is Mrs. Montague Smythe so necessary to his happiness?" asks Doris, coldly. Though scarcely annoyed, still at this moment the few careless words dropped by Colonel Bouveris last night recur to her as

freshly as if only just spoken. "What do you know of her?" she says, asking her second question with half-closed lids and supercilious lips. She has a large black fan in her hand to defend herself from the fire, and is waving it indolently to and fro.

"More than I shall say," says the old dame, with irritation, the girl's calm but haughty face rousing into even more active life the evil spirit within her. "You think"—venomously—"that because you shut me up, to keep me from contaminating your friends (as though I were a plague-spot), I can hear nothing? That my eyes are blind? But I tell you, no! I can hear, ay, and see, better than most."

"Is that just, aunt? Is it true? Who would shut you up? Is it I—or—or—Donat?"

"Hark! How she stammers over his name! Her deep love makes her timid," mutters the terrible old woman, nibbling her nails. But Doris, though she turns deadly pale at this thrust, takes no heed.

"Have we not many a time entreated you to join us down-stairs?" she says, gently.

"Ay! Hypocrites all! But I can read you!" shaking her withered hand at Doris. "You keep me here, thinking to get my money at my death; but not a penny—not a penny, I tell you,—will come to you or yours. Like a dog I'm treated, and by her"—appealing to the ceiling or the curtain-poles—"whose battle I fought, unsupported, with that vile old man, with his lip and his dye! head." Here she falls a-whimpering.

"How can you talk to me like that?" says Doris, soothingly. "Could I not have separated myself from you at my marriage if I had so willed? But you have not yet answered my question."

"I shall answer no questions."

"I must ask you again, nevertheless, for an answer to your insinuation about Donat," says Doris, with dignity. "You mentioned his name a moment since in connection with that of Mrs. Montague Smythe's— Why?"

"Why? Because he was in love with her before he ever heard of your fortune, and is so still. That's why."

"Who could have told you this infamous story?" says Doris, turning a white, still face to her tormentor.

"None of your precious friends, at all events. I can hear nothing from them, as I am accounted unworthy to sit in their presence. But I have other sources. Ay, ay, I know how the world wags, though I never quit my own four walls."

"What servant in my house has dared to gossip with you about her master?" asks Doris, in a low tone, but with eyes alight with passion.

"Hey! but we can be jealous," says Mrs. Costello, with a sneer, "and all for one who never cares to bestow upon us a second glance. Fie, then, girl! where is your vaunted pride, that sprung from the—the mire! Ha! ha! No. I shall not betray my informant, though it may be the fashion in our land nowadays to turn 'approver.'" She smiles grimly. "I shall tell you nothing. Ask him about this 'infamous story': no doubt he will tell you all the truth."

"I am sure of that," says Doris, curbing her temper by a supreme effort. "Yes, I shall ask him."

At this, and at the girl's magnificent self-control, the old woman cowers a little, and glances at her uneasily. In her soul she has never believed one word of the scandalous tale she has just uttered, but the malignity of her distorted nature has compelled her to give voice to it for the discomforture of her who—strange, sad contradiction though it seem—is the one dear thing to her in all the world.

"Don't do that," she says, surlily, but in a beaten tone, fearing further mischief from the repetition of her vulgar slander. "Let sleeping dogs lie: it is sound advice."

"No. I shall ask him about it," says Doris, dreamily, but with determination.

At this moment the door is thrown open; there is a sound of soft voices and musical laughter, and the people from Coole are ushered in. They are followed by Brabazon, he having arrived almost as they did, to Mr. Mannering's intense disgust, who had hoped and believed him to be fourteen miles away to-day, and has been luxuriating in the thought that he will be many hundreds away to-morrow.

Two minutes later, Clontarf and Burko join them; and then, almost immediately after, there comes Vera, alone.

She says "How d'ye do?" to everybody with a soft warmth and the sweetest little

smile in the world. Stooping over Doris, she kisses her.

"I haven't seen you to-day until now, have I, Dody?" she says. "I've been so lazy. And what a delicious tea-gown you have on, darling! It suits you—oh, quite! Quite altogether! Doesn't it, Mrs. Desmond?"

"It is the very prettiest thing," says Monica who has indeed been in silent raptures over it since her arrival.

"But where is it when compared with Mrs. Montague Smythe's get-up last night?" asks Dicky Browne. "Echo answers, Nowhere? Give me a mustard-colored gown for a general all-round effect."

As the name, now growing so hatefully familiar to her crosses Dick's lips, Doris instinctively glances at her husband.

"I thought it was rather a handsome dress, but peculiar," he says, indifferently.

"Humph! Handsome is as handsome does," growls Mrs. Costello from her corner, in an angry aside.

"Quite so. That is a very noble sentiment. I agree with Mrs. Costello: I always do," says Mr. Browne, sweetly. "She means that probably Mrs. Smythe did nothing handsome last night, and therefore her gown's claim to beauty is nil."

"Clontarf, you ought to speak up for the absent Venus," says Desmond; "she acted very handsomely by you last night, at all events. She gave you three whole dances all to yourself, whilst other people were deeply grateful if they got a bit of one."

Some word that sounds like "scorpion" is hissed by Mrs. Costello to the fire; but every one is afraid to ask her what it was she really said.

"She was very kind to me indeed," says Clontarf, easily. "She looked very pretty too, I thought. Didn't you?"—addressing Doris, whose large eyes are fixed upon him curiously.

"I thought her perfectly lovely. I never saw her until last night," replies she, slowly.

"She is disimproved. She used to be more natural. She has adopted the æsthetic school of thought, and it doesn't suit her," says Clontarf.

"I wish she would 'yearn' over me," says Dicky Browne. "I'm as good as a tiger-lily or a daffodundilly, any day."

"Much better. You are a Philistine, and open to conversion," says Kit. "Fancy the joy of bringing you down to one meal a day, and that off the contemplation of a dying thistle."

"I don't care about fancying it at all," says Mr. Browne. "I suppose it's a charming idea, but I confess I don't see it."

"Perhaps she will spare you, Dicky," says Brabazon. "After all, I think Lady Kilmear is more really beautiful than Mrs. Smythe."

"I know not which is sweeter—no, not I," quotes Desmond, with a faint yawn. "I suppose one of them must be: let us then say, as it is safer to join the majority, Mrs. Smythe."

"There is something so unreal about her," still objects Brabazon.

"She blackens her eyelids," says Vera, suddenly. It is the first word she has uttered since the idle discussion began, and she says it very distinctly. Every one looks at the little innocent thing in the white cashmere frock who has made this startling remark, and the little innocent thing looks back at them with undisturbed serenity.

"She blackens them very much—too much," she says, evenly. "I think it is that Egyptian stuff she uses: it is the best. You may cry as much as ever you like, and it won't come off!"

Dead silence follows her little speech: she looks so like a child but only yesterday emancipated from the nursery, that this assumption of worldly knowledge sits upon her with a strangeness that is ludicrous.

Clontarf bursts out laughing.

"What an absurd child you are!" he says.

"Am I?" says Vera, smiling too.

"Dearest, what can you know about such things?" says Doris, rather indifferently. Vera's cigarettes have been a burden to her sometimes, but this—this is worse.

"I could see it," says Vera, shrugging her soft shoulders: "Couldn't you?"

"But your seeing it suggests the idea that—that you must have seen it before," says Doris.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tears tinkled over life's highway at the door of sorrow.



FIG. 23.



FIG. 24.



FIG. 25.



FIG. 28.



FIG. 29.



FIG. 26.



FIG. 27.

MILLINERY.

Every one is now asking about what we are going to wear upon our heads this season. It is "strange but true" that a woman will sooner dream of her coming head-gear than a new gown, which an outsider might think the important matter of the two. To begin with, there will be no new rage in bonnets. The favorite capote, coronet and peaked fronts are still the chief styles in Milan, English and split straws, with round, oval, square and cut-off crowns.

Odd braids are intermixed with gold and silver threads or colored beads. Basket-woven braids will be worn with suits trimmed with a similar style of woolen braid. The stylish dress tints are reproduced in the bonnets and hats. The trimming will be

massed on top in large rosettes of velvet, Surah, etamine, or whatever forms the crown of the design.

Woolen lace will still be worn mingled with thick or thin fabrics, poufs or flowers. Figure No. 23 shows a capote with crown of brown moire, brim of fine straw, ornamented with knots and loops of gold braid, loops on top of moire ribbon, and strings of the same. A bunch of fancy spikes and leaves, showing green, brown and gold, is placed on top. Figure No. 24 represents a tiny poke of straw, with the brim piped with fine gold cord; bow on top and strings of soft Surah ribbon. Fancy poufs, plain and beaded aigrettes, are placed slightly on the left of the top. Ecru, brown, greenish blue, mignonette, dark red, cresson, beige and gold promise to be the favorite tints of

the season. A deep shade called "old" red promises to out rival the poppy-red of last year. Purple velvet panics are combined with cresson gauze. Dressy bonnets of white camel's hair are embroidered with gold; strings of old red velvet, and a cluster on top of deep poppies and golden wheat. A theatre bonnet of blue tissue is also embroidered in gold, has blue satin ties with gold dots, blue pouf on top, and an edging of blue chenille around the brim, which is put on zigzag, with clusters of gold beads between the points.

A capote intended for church weddings is baby-shaped, with a pointed brim filled in with cresson woolen lace shot with silver. The crown is of chenille and silver; velvet strings shot with silver; loops of chenille, wired, and silver galloon on top. The

handkerchiefs of etamine or shot Surah have gay borders with figures in the corners, which are pulled out in four points after forming a full crown with straw brims. It is said that the gauze and etamine shapes, with flower garniture, will be larger than the straw designs. Ottoman, moire, plain and frise velvets, Surah, shot, embroidered, striped with velvet and decorated with medieval figures, will all be used singly or combined in the most capricious manner. Etamine will take a new lease of life and be decorated with satin and velvet stripes, embroidery, gold and silver threads.

Figure No. 22 illustrates an all-black hat with a very narrow brim and high crown. The brim is covered with jetted lace as a frill back and front, and jabots along the sides; a few loops of watered ribbon are

added or tips and Figure 2 taking o what, w high, co with vel and wid trimmed in front, or Surah peculiar tied in a caps of t and clot The E tained fr row, an against straight other, young is black s red Sur ret, cab left side will be have til cross: str are seen fore. F wafers Moire r atrips o and eta silver tl squares, in the s until au bons are scarfa a Roman all have them th (or cent Figure sign fo: The air be of t plied : crown, Figure older g square, Surah many l front. are dot bonnet made c colored stiff fr the fac the cre are als Corda: as deal Mis: straw Henri that w straw: and E: all of bone, be the alway of thi rollin Cloth Red, for th is fro in the in fr again Th

added on the right, with a bunch of short tips and jet aigrette. The shape shown in Figure No 25 is known as Ango Pitou, partaking of the English walking shape somewhat, with the back turned up against the high, conical crown. The brim is faced with velvet and ornamented with a head and wings. Later on such shapes will be trimmed with a silk handkerchief, knotted in front, or a long scarf of etamine canvas or Surah, striped and printed with figures peculiar to the middle ages. These will be tied in a large bow in front. Tam O'Shanter caps of straw will replace those of velvet and cloth worn by very young ladies.

The Henri Trois and Deux shapes are retained for spring wear. All brims are narrow, and many are cut off in the back close against the crown, while the sides may be straight, slightly roll, or differ from each other. A stylish hat worn by a dressy young lady is sailor-shaped, with brim of black straw, crown of velvet-striped old red Surah, very full; facing of plain velvet, cabbage rosette of the Surah on the left side holding a tuft of jet oats. Ribbons will be largely worn, as persons seem to have tired of feathers. Lengthwise and cross strips, the Scotch and Madras plaids, are seen with many varieties unknown before. For bonnet ties satin designs have wafers of velvet in contrasting colors. Moire ribbons are plain or have lengthwise strips of velvet along the outer edge. Surah and etamine are combined with gold and silver threads, printed figures, velvet stripes, squares, etc. Gauze ribbons are decorated in the same manner, but will not be worn until summer. It will be noticed that ribbons are wider than of yore, and the silken scarfs are fifty-four by seven inches, with Roman stripes on the ends. The designs all have a quaint, old century style about them that recalls the days of "many years (or centuries) ago."

Figure No. 28 illustrates a serviceable design for girls between six and twelve years. The simple trimming of velvet ribbon may be of the same or a contrasting color, applied as bands around the high, square crown, and full cockade bows in front. Figure 27 represents a design favored by older girls. The crown of English straw is square, with a rolling brim; soft folds of Surah are placed around the crown, and many loops of similar ribbon ornament the front. Several gold and velvet butterflies are dotted among the loops of ribbon. The bonnet or hat shown in figure No. 26 can be made of plain or brocaded satin, Surah or colored crepe. The fabric is laid over a stiff frame in pleats that form a frill around the face; a band of satin ribbon encircles the crown and ties in front, where three tips are also placed, the whole design forming a Corday cap; strings can be added, or omitted, as desired.

Misses will wear the Tam o' Shanter of straw or cloth, turbans with cloth dresses, Henri Deux shapes and the popular sailors that will return every now and then. Rough straws, with a vine of gold, basket-woven and English braids will be for their use in all of the fashionable colors of season. Ribbons, silken scarfs and handkerchiefs will be the trimmings, a coquettish simplicity always being aimed at in the arrangement of this garniture. Smaller girls have large, rolling shapes, Mother Goose crowns, pook Mother Hubbard bonnets without number. Red, brown and blue straws are preferred for them, with rosettes of ribbon or velvet in front, the rolling brims having long ends in the back. The scarfs are knotted once in front, pierced with an arrow, and tied again in the back with ends to the waist. The bonnets are made of brocaded and

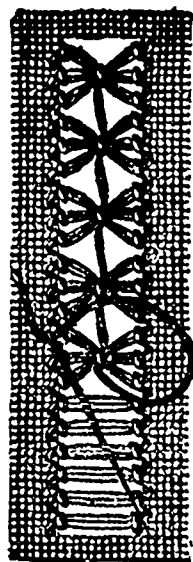


FIG. 40.

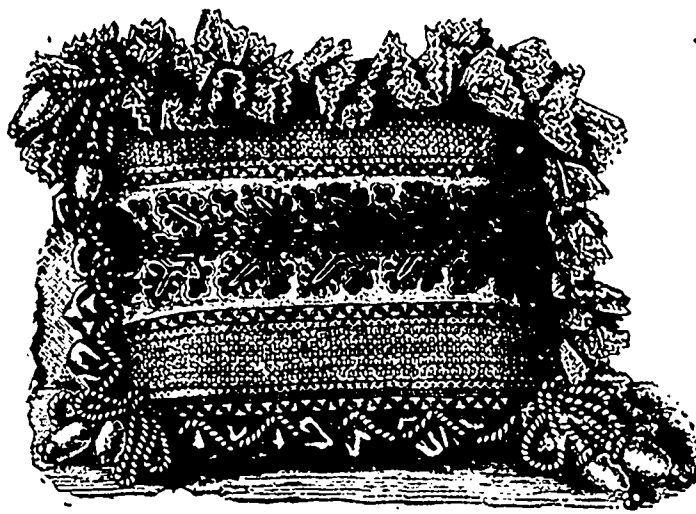


FIG. 42.



FIG.

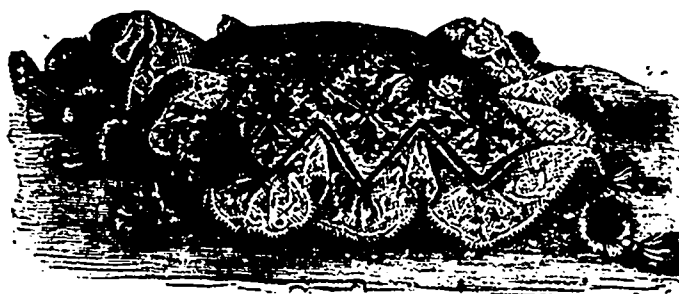


FIG. 37.

small silken stuffs, with satin bows on top and strings, and, perhaps, a tuft of tiny tips. Lace inside of the brim improves all baby faces. Cream, pale, garnet, brown, navy and pale blue are the colors for we ones under ten years of age, cream being the favorite color for children just walking. Butterflies, made of gauze, are placed among the loops of ribbon worn in front of children's hats.

DOMESTIC ART.

Figure No. 37 illustrates a toilet cushion of scrim embroidered in silk, cut in vandykes, edged with lace, laid over a cushion covered with satin the shade of the embroidery, and finished at the corners with pompon balls and tassels matching the satin.

Figure No. 42 represents a handsome sofa pillow of scrim, lace, satin and applique embroidery. Cream-colored scrim canvas is selected, with a centre stripe plan, which is covered with an applique of ruby velvet leaves edged with gold thread; the same thread is used for either side of the stripe. The pillow is first made of bed-ticking, stuffed with feathers, covered with ruby satin and a puff of the satin, bias, sewed on two sides; a full jabot of creamy lace finishes the remaining sides. Ruby and gold cord is draped over the puffs, and fastens in loops and pompon tassels at three of the corners. The under side may be of ruby satteen. Figures No. 40 and 45 illustrate a pretty pattern for the popular drawn or punto-tirato work. The threads of linen on any canvas are carefully drawn and knotted together with macramé thread. Handsome borders are made on pillow shams, splashers, towels, baby afghans, tea-tray covers, luncheon cloths, buffet covers, etc. Coarse linen looks better than that of a finer quality, and the border should be finished with a long, knotted fringe.

Soft balls for young children to play with can be made of the odds and ends of any kind of worsted. They are knit with bone

needles by casting on one stitch, which knit and increase one every row till you have ten stitches; then knit twenty rows plain, and begin to decrease till you have one stitch. Cast off as soon as you have as many pieces as will make a ball, sew them together, and stuff with wadding. Another plan is to cut two rounds of card-board two and one-half inches in diameter, and in the middle of each cut out a piece the size of a shilling. Place these together, and, having knotted the wool in one length, wind about four pieces together through the aperture till even with a worsted needle you could not get one more in. Then cut the wool to the card-board at the outer edge, and pass some string between the two pieces of card-board, tie it tightly, tear away the card-board, and shear the ball with sharp scissors.

Any of these patterns may be obtained by enclosing the price and addressing S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH office, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

USEFUL RECIPES.

FRIED TURNIPS.—They should be well washed, pared, and then cut into rather thin slices, well seasoned with pepper and salt, dredged over with flour, and then fried in butter until brown; onions (fried) and brown sauce should be served with them.

EGGS IN PASTE are somewhat of a novelty. The eggs should be boiled, but not quite hard, cool them in cold water, then shell very carefully, not breaking the whites; roll puff paste round them, brush them over with the well-beaten yolk of an egg, and shake some very finely grated breadcrumbs over them. Heat some butter in a frying pan, and when quite hot put in the eggs, fry them until of a light brown color, and send brown sauce to table with them.

BAKED OYSTERS.—Grate some day-old Vienna bread into fine crumbs, and season them with salt, white pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Drain the oysters and dry them between the folds of a cloth, being careful not to press them. Now dip them into beaten egg, and roll them in the seasoned crumbs until well covered. Then

place them in their lower shells with a piece of butter on the top of each oyster and bake for a few minutes in a hot oven. Arrange them still in their shells, on a plate, and, before sending to table, squeeze over them a little of the juice of a lemon.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Take some finely sifted flour, say one-half pound, and half the quantity of suet, one-fourth pound, very finely shred, and well freed from skin. Mix the suet and flour, add a pinch of salt and half a teaspoonful of baking powder, with sufficient cold water or milk to make it of the right consistency. Knead it well and roll it out to the thickness required. Divide this paste into as many pieces as are required for the dumplings. Take some large-sized apples, peel, core, sprinkle them with moist sugar, then insert into the cavity of each some butter, sugar and a clove. Cover them with the paste and join the edges carefully. Tie each dumpling up in a flour-cloth, and boil about an hour. Untie them carefully, and turn them out without breaking them. Serve with cream and sugar. A little currant jelly may be substituted for the butter, sugar and clove.

The Frolicsome Girl.

The girl of sixteen, who will neither sew nor do housework, has no business to be decked out in finery and rambling about in search of fun and frolic unless her parents are rich, and in that event she needs the watchful direction of a good mother none the less. There is no objection to fun, but it should be well-chosen and well-timed. No woman or girl who will not work has a right to share the wages of a poor man's toil. If she does work, if she makes the clothes she wears and assists in the household duties, the chances are she will have enough self-respect to behave herself when playtime comes, but if she should still be a little "wild" the honest toil she has done will confer upon her some degree of right to have her own way, ill-judged though it may be. The wild girl usually aspires to prominence in some social circle or other, and her manners and conduct are in a greater or less degree designed to attract the following of men. She should remember that followers are not always admirers, and that the most sincere admiration that a man ever feels for a woman in a drawing-room is when he looks upon her and says in his own consciousness: "She is a perfect lady."

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 28 PAGES, issued every Saturday. 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year.

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PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letters.

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TRUTH subscribers whose terms have expired, or are about to expire, are respectfully requested to renew at once.

To all subscribers sending in \$3 for a year's renewal, a FREE GIFT will be made of Canada Under Lord Lorne, a splendid Canadian volume of 700 pages, well printed and well bound; or Shakespeare's Complete Works, neatly printed and well bound.

To all subscribers sending \$1.50 for six months' renewal, a free gift of Elihu Burritt's great work Chips from Many Blocks, 300 pages, or Poems and Songs by Alexander McLachlan, a favorite Canadian poet.

These books will be delivered free at TRUTH office, or sent by mail if the extra postage is sent, viz:—12 cents on the present to yearly subscribers, and 9 cents on that to half yearly.

This offer holds good for one month only. Please send in at once, therefore. Subscribers whose terms have not yet expired, may also avail themselves now of this offer, and full credit will be extended to them.

In sending in be sure and mention it is for a renewal. Renewals may also be made by the Bible Competition scheme, in another column, but those competing will not also be entitled to one of the gift books above referred to.

\$43,535.00

A NEW PLAN.

FINE CITY RESIDENCE GIVEN AWAY.

"TRUTH" NO. 14 BIBLE COMPETITION.

About two years ago the publisher of TRUTH resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of his paper to the fullest possible extent, and hit on the expedient of offering a large number of splendid premiums for correct answers to Bible questions.

This has been done in the past, and it will be done in the future. Within the last two years he has among other rewards, given out about \$3,000 in cash, 25 pianos, 25 organs, 500 gold watches, 500 tea sets, 500 silver watches, besides many other valuable articles too numerous to enumerate here.

No other publisher in America, if in the world, has ever paid out anything approaching this in the same manner, and few others have ever so extensively advertised.

The result is that full confidence has now been established in the honorableness of the scheme, and the reliability of the publisher. TRUTH now circulates in every Province in the Dominion of Canada and in nearly every State of the American Union, besides having a large circulation across the Atlantic.

Among former competitors are the leading citizens of the country—the most respected ministers, public officers, professional men, ladies of every station, and people of nearly all classes. Large lists of those successful in former competitions have appeared and are still appearing each week in TRUTH. Any of these names may be referred to in regard to what has been done.

A GOOD GUARANTEE. Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. Mr. Wilson has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all promises.

The following Bible Questions are propounded:—

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible.

THE REWARDS. In order to give every one, living anywhere, a fair chance to obtain one of these rewards, they have been distributed equally over the whole time of the competition, in seven sets as follows:—

FIRST REWARDS. 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$200

2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Rice, Toronto 1,550

5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs..... 800

9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services..... 500

14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-case watches..... 640

20 to 30.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting-case or open-face watches..... 250

31 to 40.—Twenty-five solid silver case watches, good movements..... 400

77.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

78 to 200.—One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs..... 780

201 to 500.—Three hundred fine solid rolled gold brooches, newest designs..... 900

501.—Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 50

SECOND REWARDS. 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold.....\$ 200

2, 3 and 4.—Three magnificent grand square pianos.....\$1,650

5, 6 and 7.—Three fine-toned 10-stop Cabinet Organs..... 900

8 to 15.—Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 750

16 to 21.—Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches..... 1,770

22 to 40.—Twelve solid quadruple plate silver tea sets..... 730

41 to 70.—Thirty gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case watches..... 900

71 to 99.—Twenty-nine solid gold g.m rings 100. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75

101 to 131.—Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant patterns..... 625

132 to 200.—One hundred and seventy-half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons..... 650

201 to 210.—Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 510

211 to 216.—Two hundred and six fine butter knives..... 306

217.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

THIRD REWARDS. 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant r.s. wood square pianos.....\$1,500

4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 400

8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold, beautifully engraved watches..... 400

12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 540

18 to 23.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedias (10 vols. to set)..... 600

24 to 29.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 700

30 to 39.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 750

40 to 49.—Fifty solid gold g.m rings..... 600

50 to 59.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 450

60 to 70.—Eighty-one half-dozen solid silver-plated tea spoons..... 445

71 to 80.—Two hundred volumes well-bound Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 450

81.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 150

THE GREAT MIDDLE REWARD OF THE "TRUTH" VILLA,

a fine, well-situated dwelling house, on a good residence street in the City of Toronto. Street and number, plan of the house and all particulars will be given in TRUTH in the course of a few weeks.

The house is semi-detached, fine mantles, grates, bath-room, marble wash-stand, water closet and bath, front and back stairs, and all modern conveniences. The winner must consent to allow the name "Truth Villa" to remain on the house, as a memento of the enterprise of TRUTH.

FOURTH REWARDS. 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 200

2, 3 and 4.—Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Rice, Toronto..... 1,600

5 and 6.—Two fine-toned, 10-stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm..... 500

7, 8 and 9.—Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services..... 600

10 to 15.—Six gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 600

16 to 20.—Five ladies' solid gold watches..... 450

21 to 23.—Nine renowned sewing machines 300

24.—Ten Dollars in Gold..... 10

25 to 30.—Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-case or open-faced, coin-silver watches..... 200

31 to 50.—Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 200

51 to 100.—Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons..... 400

101 to 310.—One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 300

311 to 510.—Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper..... 60

511.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

FIFTH REWARDS. 1.—One hundred dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 100

2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos, by Mason & Rice, Toronto..... 2,100

6 to 21.—Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches..... 1,000

22 to 32.—Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches..... 3,000

33 to 50.—Eighteen solid quadruple silver plated tea services..... 1,440

51 to 70.—Thirty double-barrel, twist, brooch loading shot guns..... 2,700

71 to 110.—Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopedias..... 2,000

111 to 131.—Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 690

132.—Twenty dollars in gold..... 20

133.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

134 to 162.—Twenty-seven Solid N'ckle watches..... 540

163 to 350.—One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver plated Tea Spoons..... 900

351 to 600.—Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper)..... 150

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

CONSOLATION REWARDS. 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 200

2, 3 and 4.—Three fine grand upright pianos 1,200

5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker..... 150

8 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces..... 300

11 to 18.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches..... 800

19 to 19.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 50

20 to 20.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 410

21 to 150.—Sixty half-dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 300

151.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

152 to 290.—One hundred and thirty-nine fine German Oleographs..... 600

291 to 301.—One hundred and eleven volumes of a most fascinating novel, by a celebrated author..... 50

METHOD OF MAKING AWARDS. As fast as the answers come to hand they are carefully numbered in the order they are received, and at the close of the competition (Sept. 30th) the letters will be divided into SIX EQUAL QUANTITIES, and to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, including the consolation rewards, will be given the residence referred to above.

Then to the sender of the first correct answers up to number 501 in the FIRST REWARDS, and up to number 716 in the SECOND REWARDS, and up to number 401 in the THIRD REWARDS, and up to 511 in the FOURTH REWARDS, and up to 600 in the FIFTH REWARDS, and up to 401 in the SIXTH and last, OR CONSOLATION REWARDS, will be given the prizes as stated in each of the lists. Fifteen days only will be allowed after date of closing for answers in competition for consolation rewards to reach TRUTH Office from distant points.

Each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least one year, for which three dollars must be sent with their answers. As this is the regular annual subscription price, you therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards.

HOW TO SEND. Don't lose a day about looking up the questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good anytime between now and 30th September next. Send in each case a money order for three dollars, or registered letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clearly and plainly, with your full name and correct address. Bear in mind, every one must send the three dollars, for which TRUTH will be sent for one year. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended, or the magazine will be sent to any other desired address.

This competition is advertised only in Canada, and Canadians therefore have a better opportunity than residents of other countries. The rewards, however, are distributed over the whole term of the competition that anyone, living anywhere, may be successful.

TRUTH is a 28-page weekly magazine, well printed and carefully edited. A full six page of newest music each week, two or three fascinating serial and one or two short stories, Poet's Page, Young Folks, Health, Temperance, and Ladies' Department. Its contributors' pages may be found during the course of the year articles from most of the leading and representative men of Canada and the United States, such as Sir Francis Hincks, of Montreal; Rev. Hugh Johnson, M.A., Metropolitan Church, Toronto; H. S. D. Hastings, of Wisconsin; Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska; Hon. Neal Dow, Maine; Dr. Daniel Clarke, Rev. Jos. Wm. D.D., G. Mercer Adam, of Toronto; Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, as well as many others.

In addition to the Bible competition which are from time to time offered, the publisher also gives every week the following valuable prizes:—\$20 in gold for the best selected or original Tid-Bit; a lady or gentleman's solid gold watch for the best Short Story, original or selected; \$5.00 for the best original or selected Poem. This extraordinary liberality on the part of the publisher of TRUTH stands unique and unparalleled in the history of journalism of this continent, no other publisher ever having attempted such a distribution of magnificent awards to subscribers.

You are for the th well wort good opp above co positively case the dreds of readers would n times th FRANK V West, Tc TH BIBL The pe the ques/ the rewa Numb James D 5, Four: ed make Montrea B.C.; 4, Lutz, Lc Four Ca can, Bu ludo, Of troit, M: Ont.: 11 and Ste -10, J. D. M. I Bellvil Nfld.; 1 15, Mar M. Sta Barker, treat P Westmi vest, E Gold S gennio Macon, Georgia 24, Li Pearce, 26, Ma D. M. J Friend, Minne apolis, Minn.; 33 to 34 Plated Ohio: M. Br Matto Winter Jones, Huron, Ont.; Ont.; 43, Ca M. Gr Monct Ont.: J. M. Spring field, barrel Guns. C. Go M. D Bristol Eng.; D. Ba Maids Wash Terr.; Terr.; 64, J Meddi ilton, Mich 62, 2 F. 71 to 71e ant, (Bickl Bickl Ont.; C. St East

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

You are sure to get TRUTH for one year for the three dollars sent, and that alone is well worth the money. You also have a good opportunity of securing one of the above costly rewards, as everything will positively be given as offered, so in any case the investment is a good one.

THE WINNERS.

OUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION, NUMBER 13.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

The persons named below have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards named:—

- Number one.—A horse and Carriage.—1, James Dayton, St. John, Nfld. 2, 3, 4 and 5, Four Square Grand Pianos, by a celebrated maker.—2, Eliza Burns, Pt. St. Charles, Montreal, Que.; 3, T. A. Potts, Port Moody, B.C.; 4, J. Reed, Victoria, B.C.; 5, L. Lutz, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S. 6, 7, 8 and 9, Four Cabinet Organs.—6, Laura M. Duncan, Burlington, Ill.; 7, Mary Jarvis, Toledo, Ohio; 8, C. C. Carter, Fort St., Detroit, Mich.; 9, Matilda Jameson, London, Ont. 10 to 20.—Ten Gold Stem-winding and Stem-Setting genuine Elgin Watches.—10, James Gordon, Lancaster, Pa.; 11, D. M. Dixon, Erie, Pa.; 12, J. C. Dutton, Belleville, Ont.; 13, M. Morphy, St. John, Nfld.; 14, L. Riddell, Kansas City, Mo.; 15, Mary Parks, Lone Rocks, Ark.; 16, C. M. Stark, New Haven, Conn.; 17, M. Barker, Ottawa, Ont.; 18, J. Jackson, Montreal P.O., Que.; 19, C. C. Smith, New Westminster, B.C.; 20, John Martin, Durvise, Eng. 21 to 32.—Ten Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches.—21, A. Fulton, Macon, Georgia; 22, C. Jarden, Macon, Georgia; 23, M. Parker, Kingston, Ont.; 24, Lizzie Becker, Topeka, Kan.; 25, C. Pearce, Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.; 26, Martha C. Fulford, Albany, N.Y.; 27, D. M. Friar, Jersey City, N.J.; 28, O. G. Friend, Jersey City, N.J.; 29, M. Innes, Minneapolis, Minn.; 30, P. Poster, Minneapolis, Minn.; 31, J. Eaton, St. Paul, Minn. 32 to 50.—Eighteen Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services.—33, M. Marshall, Ada, Ohio; 34, C. M. Dixon, Ottawa, Ill.; 35, M. Bradford, Brantford, Ont.; 36, H. Mattson, Hudson, Albany, N.Y.; 37, C. Winters, St. Catharines, Ont.; 38, M. Jones, St. Thomas, Ont.; 39, C. Pratt, Pt. Huron, Mich.; 40, L. Parker, Hamilton, Ont.; 41, Mary Moorhouse, Hamilton, Ont.; 42, Jos. Jameson, Bellaire, Ohio; 43, Carrie Gray, Portland, Maine; 44, L. M. Gray, Portland, Maine; 45, J. Robb, Moncton, N.B.; 46, C. Moore, Chatham, Ont.; 47, J. Skinner, Columbia, S.C.; 48, J. M. Freer, Columbia, S.C.; 49, F. Frost, Springfield, Mass.; 50, D. Mitchell, Springfield, Mass. 51 to 70.—Thirty Double-barrel English twist, breach loading Shot Guns.—51, D. Gates, Hartford, Conn.; 52, C. Gordon Merry, Allentown, Pa.; 53, L. M. Darter, Bristol, Eng.; 54, G. Garrett, Bristol, Eng.; 55, M. Bamfield, Dervise, Eng.; 56, C. Snider, Liverpool, Eng.; 57, D. Barber, Maidstone, Eng.; 58, B. Dexter, Maidstone, Eng.; 59, C. Gromer, Seattle, Wash. Terr.; 60, L. George, Seattle, Wash. Terr.; 61, M. Coats, St. Martin St., Montreal, Que.; 62, D. Ferry, Oakville, Wash. Terr.; 63, L. C. Jefferson, Plevna, Oregon; 64, D. M. Currie, Ottawa, Ont.; 65, B. Madison, Ottawa, Ont.; 66, C. Ellis, Hamilton, Ont.; 67, Fanny Howie, Port Huron, Mich.; 68, D. Thomson, Port Huron, Mich.; 69, M. Watson, Brantford, Ontario; 70, F. Hall, St. Catharines, Ontario; 71 to 110.—Forty sets (10 vols to set) Complete Chambers' Encyclopaedia.—71, J. Bryant, Car Dept., Windsor, Ont.; 72, Carrie Bickle, Niagara Falls, Ont.; 73, D. M. Bickle, Niagara Falls, Ont.; 74, M. Braden, London, Ont.; 75, D. Lover, Peterboro', Ont.; 76, M. Stanley, Peterboro', Ont.; 77, C. Stanton, Kuttana, Ky.; 78, F. Foster, East St. Louis, Ill.; 79, L. Laing, Jac City,

- Iowa; 80, J. Stalker, Sao City, Iowa; 81, O. Mathews, Glasgow, Mo.; 82, M. Masters, Hamburg, Iowa; 83, C. F. Johnson, Windsor, Ont.; 84, L. Coster, Windsor, Ont.; 85, Wm. Marshall, 22 Victoria Ave. N., Hamilton, Ont.; 86, H. Hill, Hamburg, Iowa; 87, L. Lawson, Hamburg, Iowa; 88, P. Dewey, Mobile, Ala.; 89, J. Rodgers, Cave Springs, Georgia; 90, Amy Robinson, 53 Wilson St., Hamilton, Ont.; 91, Bertha McClay, Wheeling, Va.; 92, Julia Hunt, Wheeling, Va.; 93, F. E. Scott, Bayview, Wis.; 94, M. Scott, Appleton, Wis.; 95, L. Fremont, Alma, Wis.; 96, C. Hancock, Cape May City, N. J.; 97, J. Luston, Cape May City, N. J.; 98, Thos. Clark, West Lorne, Ont.; 99, G. Gates, Napance, Ont.; 100, W. M. Gates, Kincardine, Ont.; 101, E. Garry, Kingston, Ont.; 102, Mrs. Thos. Peters, 30 St. Andrew St., Toronto, Ont.; 103, C. Fulton, Dallas, Texas, U. S.; 104, F. Freeman, Dallas, Texas, U. S.; 105, C. Stevenson, Athens, Georgia; 106, M. Gurney, Pella, Iowa, U. S.; 107, Mrs. E. Ward, 972 Queen West, Toronto; 108, F. Frith, London, Ontario; 109, J. Frisby, Monongahela City, Pa.; 110, L. Stephenson Galt, Ontario; 111 to 154.—Twenty-three Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watches.—111, C. M. Murray, Guelph, Ont.; 112, G. Robinson, 414, Clay St., San Francisco, Cal.; 113, M. A. Stephens, Cobourg, Ont.; 114, J. Wheaton, Cobourg, Ont.; 115, L. M. Donly, Bowmanville, Ont.; 116, D. Hubbard, Brockville, Ont.; 117, D. Wilber, Brockville, Ont.; 118, J. M. Laing, Lowell, Mass.; 119, A. P. Harris, Lowell, Mass.; 120, H. W. Huston, Barrie, Ont.; 121, J. L. Acton, Amherstburgh, Ont.; 122, D. Carter, Berlin, Ont.; 123, J. M. Cutler, Almonte, Ont.; 124, C. M. Custer, Pictou, N. S.; 125, Seth Wood, Rostock, Ont.; 126, E. Emery, Sydney, C. B.; 127, J. E. Zard, Windsor, N. S.; 128, C. Cunn, Lunenburg, N. S.; 129, Buelah Morris, Aldboro', Ont.; 130, D. Adams, Milwaukee; 131, D. M. Wordley, St. John, Nfld.; 132, Mrs. W. R. Thompson, Teeswater, Ont.; 133, M. C. Reen, Harbor Grace, Nfld.; 134, D. Wilcox, St. John, N. B. 135 to 162.—Twenty-seven Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches.—135, Nicholis Cumming, Blyth, Ont.; 136, W. E. Inman, Freoport, W. T.; 137, W. H. Smith, Bridgewater, Maine; 138, James Orr, St. Johns, Nfld.; 139, Mrs. Adeline A. Jordan, Raton, Ont.; 140, Robert Murray, Carleton Village, N. Y.; 141, Montager McKay, Springfield, P. E. I.; 142, Ettie A. Flewelling, Pleasant Grange, N. B.; 143, Emma Armstrong, Avening, Ont.; 144, Mrs. I. D. McInnes, Caldwell Mills, Ont. 145, Robt. Ridgeway, Toronto; 146, Fr. Lewarne, Toronto; 147, John McLachlan, Colli gham, Toronto; 148, Mrs. Sarah Fletcher, Orangeville, Ont.; 149, J. M. Hamilton, Blyth, Ont.; 150, Mary Leit, Ilderton, Ont.; 151, H. H. Cook, Parkdale, Ont.; 152, Josephine Buckland, Brampton; 153, John H. Shantz, Baden, Ont.; 154, John Parsons, Brantford, Ont.; 155, J. C. Pomeroy, Oakwood, Ont.; 156, Joseph Stratford, Brantford, Ont.; 157, Mr. James Powell, Ailsa Craig, Ont.; 158, Miss Emily Herrmann, Galesburg, Ill.; 159, Dan Fowler, Port Credit Ont.; 160, E. K. Burnett, Green River, Wyoming Terr.; 161, C. W. Richmond Greenfield, Ill. 162, Mrs. J. W. Vickery, Chicago, Ill. 163 to 350.—One hundred and eighty-eight dozen sets of Silver Plated Tea Spoons.—163, Mr. J. Herichman, Lynn Valley, Ont.; 164, Archibald Hendry, Wolf Island, Ont.; 165, Miss Maud Richardson, Thornbury, Ont.; 166, Mrs. Amasa Dixon, Sackville, N. B.; 167, Louis Throson, Chicago, Ill.; 168, Lucy S. Dowd, Eardly, Que.; 169, Mrs. M. M. Nesbitt, Toronto; 170, R. W. Vardon, 52 Brookfield, City; 171, Miss Helena Howard, Toronto; 172, Mary Locke, Baldwin St., Toronto; 173, Miss Nellie Nishon, Toronto; 174, Mrs. E. Berkenshaw, 200 Wellesley St., City; 175, Arthur H. Dancy, St. Patrick St., City; 176, Alexander Mullin, Glen Road, City; 177, Mrs. J. Haynes, Queen St., City; 178, S. B. Foye, Toronto; 179, James H. Foster, Rothay, Ont.; 180, Nellie S. Baskerville, Brampton; 181, Mrs. J. C. Howe, Baldwin st., City; 182, P. Robertson, Toronto; 183, Laura G. Miles, 563 Jarvis st., City; 183, Frank Degeer, Toronto; 185, Rev. R. Newton, Maple Grove, Que.; 186, Harry J. Coko, Yonge st., Toronto; 187, H. S. Knowles, Yonge st., Toronto; 188, Chas. A. Walker, 285 Yonge st., Toronto; 189, Joseph Vaughan, Toronto; 190, Mary Seymour, Toledo, O.; 191, Mrs. J. Brown, Richmond Hill; 192, William Taylor, Holland Landing; 193, John Bullis, Kingston, Ont.; 194, Albert Print, Montreal;

196, John P. Crandall, Buffalo, N.Y.; 198, Henrietta M. Rorabock, Milford, Ont.; 197, Alma Parliament, Consecon, Ont.; 199, Donald McKenzie, Kincardine; 199, Martin Jones, Troy, Ont.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following persons acknowledge receipt of prizes in TRUTH and LADIES' JOURNAL competitions:

- SILVER WATCH:—Annie Hayes, Hopworth. SILVER CAKE BASKET:—L. H. Johnston, Mount Forest. TENNYSON'S POEMS:—Mrs. C. W. Nelles, London South; T. Baxter, Thorold; T. A. Harvey, Cobourg. DOZEN SILVER-PLATED SPOONS:—George Byng, Bobcaygeon; J. Bowes, Hamilton; Annie M. Koffer, Parrville; John Stacey, Bowmanville; Thos. Beare, Whitevale; Louise J. Bruce, Casarea, Ont. TEA-SET:—Wm. Laverty, Cobourg. BUTTER-KNIFE:—Mrs. L. B. Quebec, Parry Sound; G. Tanguins, Bradworthy; Thomas Beare, Whitevale; Berth Allin, Le Mars, Iowa. WORLD'S CYCLOPEDIA:—Mrs. W. T. Openshaw, Port Sydney, Lunenburg; Bella M. Pierson, Kingsbury, Muskoka; N. S.; Mrs. Robt. Hutchinson, Molus River; Jas. Dandridge, Mimico. TORONTO, PAST AND PRESENT:—Mrs. A. Geggie, Spencerville. BROOCH:—G. Tanguins, Bradworthy; Alice Carter, Clinton, Ont.; H. Munro, Elderslee, Paisloy, Scotland. HOOD'S POEMS:—R. W. Black, Goodwood. SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS:—Mrs. Jas. Dandridge, Mimico.

KIND WORDS.

W. T. DICKENSON, Port Arthur, writes: I must say that I am very much pleased with TRUTH. It is far better than I had expected of it, and contains an amount of interesting reading of itself well worth the subscription price, independent of the prizes offered.

H. H. SEYMOUR, Markham, writes: "I like TRUTH very much, and think it is improving with every issue. I wish you success, for certainly you are deserving of it. TRUTH should be in every home, for there is more good solid reading in it for its size than any other magazine in Canada."

J. K., Cobourg: TRUTH is, to me, the most welcome family journal I have ever received. I wonder each week at the great variety of first-class reading matter, and all of such an unobjectionable and elevating character. Surely every Canadian ought to be proud of TRUTH. The wonder is how you manage every week to get together such a splendid variety.

PRIZE-WINNERS, PLEASE NOTICE.

The lack of ordinary courtesy amongst prize winners in the TRUTH competitions is most remarkable, though we have on more than one occasion requested, as politely as we knew how, those parties who won prizes to kindly acknowledge their receipt. Our very reasonable request has been complied with in an astonishingly small number of cases, as will be seen by turning to our published lists of acknowledgments. One of our stipulations in these competitions was that the receipt of prizes should be acknowledged by the recipients, and those entering these competitions tacitly bind themselves to comply with our request, but nine-tenths of the prize-winners appear to be gifted with most peculiar and feebly tenacious memories, as, though they never forget to send for their prizes, all recollection of what is expected of them in the way of acknowledgment thereof appears to fade from their mnemonic tablets. Common courtesy, at least, requires that when an individual receives a present, he or she should say "Thank you" for it. A great many of our prize-winners don't do as much.

Hall's Hair Renewer renews, cleanses, brightens, and invigorates the hair, and restores faded or gray hair to its youthful color and lustre. People with gray hair prefer to use the Renewer, rather than proclaim to the world, through their bleached locks, that they are becoming aged, and passing on to decay.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. G. CAMERON.—See last number: this column.

B. J. EUFAULA.—Don't quite understand your question about duty, etc.

C. R., Port Parry: There is no particular form required in sending answers to Bible questions for TRUTH. Give concisely the answers, and the correct name and address to which TRUTH is to be sent. No special form is necessary in sending stories for prizes.

TRUTH, Meaford: "You ask for our advice about learning the clarinet or flute, and enquire which we think would be most agreeable all round. Our advice is, unless you have most kind-hearted and patient neighbors, don't learn either, but if you must learn, take the flute, as its tones are less distressing than those of the other invention of the evil one. (2) You can purchase either at any musical instrument store, but must decline to advertise any particular dealer, as we consider that the stock of men who refuse to advertise cannot be up to much. (3) We don't think you are too old to begin to learn, but possibly those living near you may.

Notice to Prize Winners.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and the nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize winners omit to send the amount required for postage or packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows:—Pianos, \$10.00; cabinet organs, \$5.00 sewing machines, \$2.00; guns and tea-services, \$1.50; baby-carriages and clocks, 50 cents; dress-goods, 30 cents; watches, 25 cents; books, spoons, and handkerchiefs, 12 cents; butter knives and pickle forks, 6 cents.

Who Wants to Swap?

Attention is called to the "Exchange Department" of this journal, which must prove a most valuable medium for those having articles they wish to exchange in which to make known their wishes. Large numbers of our subscribers and others have already availed themselves of this department as a means of announcing their wants, and it is evidently a very popular one. Subscribers have the privilege of making use of the Exchange Department free, whilst others the small fee of twenty-five cents is required for inserting each announcement.

To Whom It May Concern.

Will those subscribers of TRUTH who do not intend to renew kindly inform the publisher as soon as their time expires? or if it has expired will they please pay up for what they have received and order the paper stopped? It has been sent to some beyond the time paid for in full expectation of square and honorable dealing. Don't let us be disappointed.

C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured him of a bad case of piles of eight years' standing, having tried almost every known remedy, besides two Buffalo physicians, without relief; but the Oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be too highly recommended." Those being imitations on the market of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, customers will see that they get the genuine.

Go to the aunt and slug her. There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

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

ROYALTY ON THE MISSISSIPPI: AS CHRONICLED BY HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

(CONTINUED.)

"Because Mary Jane'll be in mourning from this out; and first you know the nigger that does up the rooms will get an order to box those duds up and put 'em away; and do you reckon a nigger can run across money and not borrow some of it?"

"Your head's level agin, Duke," says the king; and he come a fumbling under the curtain two or three foot from where I was. I stunk tight to the wall, and kept mighty still, though quivery; and I wondered what them fellows would say to me if they caught me; and I tried to think what I'd better do if they did catch me. But the king he got the bag before I could think more than about a half a thought, and he never suspicioned I was around. They took and shoved the bag through a rip in the straw tick that was under the feather bed, and crammed it in a foot or two amongst the straw, and said it was all right now, because a nigger only makes up the feather bed, and don't turn over the straw tick only about twice a year. I had it out of there before they was half-way down stairs. I groped along up to my cubby, and hid it there till I could get a chance to do better. I judged I better hide it outside of the house somewhere, because if they missed it they would give the house a good ransacking. I knowed that very well. Then I turned in, with my clothes all on; but I couldn't 'a' gone to sleep, if I'd 'a' wanted to, I was in such a hurry to get through with the business. By and by I heard the king and the duke come up; so I rolled off of my pallet and laid with my chin at the top of my ladder and waited to see if anything was going to happen. But nothing did.

So I held on till all the late sounds had quit and the early ones hadn't begun yet; and then I slipped down the ladder.

I crept to their doors and listened; they was snoring, so I tiptoed along, and got down-stairs all right. There warn't a sound anywhere. I peeped through a crack of the dining-room door, and see the men that was watching the corpse all sound asleep on their chairs. The door was open into the parlor, where the corpse was laying, and there was a candle in both rooms. I passed along, and the parlor door was open, but I see there warn't nobody in there but the remainders of Peter; so I shoved on by; but the front door was locked, and the key warn't there. Just then I heard somebody coming down the stairs back behind me. I run in the parlor, and took a swift look around, and the oly place I see to hide the bag was in the coffin. I tucked the money-bag in under the lid, and then I run back across the room and in behind the door.

The person coming was Mary Jane. She went to the coffin, very soft, and kneeled down and looked in; then she put up her handkerchief, and I see she begun to cry, though I couldn't hear her, and her back was to me. I slid out, and as I passed the dining-room I thought I'd make sure them watchers hadn't seen me; so I looked through the crack, and everything was all right; they hadn't stirred.

I slipped up to bed, feeling ruther blue, on accounts of the thing playing out that way after I had took so much trouble and run so much risk about it. Says I, if it could stay where it is, all right; because when we got down the river a hundred mile or two I could write back to Mary Jane, and she could dig him up again and get it; but that ain't the thing that's going to happen. The thing that's going to happen is, the money'll be found when they come to screw on the lid. Then the king'll get it again, and it'll be a long day before he gives anybody another chance to smouch it from him. Of course I wanted to slide down and get it out of there, but I dasn't try it.

When I got down-stairs in the morning the parlor was shut up and the watchers was gone. There warn't nobody around but the family and the widow Bartley and our tribe. I watched their faces to see if anything had been happening but I couldn't toll.

Towards the middle of the day the undertaker came with his man, and they set the coffin in the middle of the room on a couple of chairs, and then set all our chairs in rows, and borrowed more from the neighbors, till the hall, and the parlor, and the

dining-room was full. I see the coffin-lid was the way it was before, but I dasn't go to look in under it with folks around.

Then the people begun to flock in, and the beats and the girls took seats in the front row at the head of the coffin, and for half an hour the people filed around slow in single rank; and it was very still and solemn, only the girls and the beats holding handkerchiefs to their eyes and keeping their heads bent and sobbing a little.

They had borrowed a melodeum—a sick one; and when everything was ready, a young woman set down and worked it; and it was pretty akrecky and collicky, and everybody joined in and sung. Then the Reverend Hobson opened up, slow and solemn, and begun to talk; and straight off the most outrageous row busted out in the collar a body over heard; it was only one dog, but he made a most powerful racket, and he kept it up right along. The parson he had to stand there and wait; you couldn't hear yourself think. It was right down awkward, and nobody 'in't seem to know what to do. But pre: soon they see the long legged undertaker take a walk to the preacher as much as to say, "Don't you worry—just depend on me." Then he stooped down and begun to glide along the wall, just his shoulder's showing over the people's heads. So he glided along, and the powwow and racket getting more and more outrageous all the time; and at last, when he had gone around two sides of the room, he disappeared down cellar. Then, in about two seconds we heard a whack, and the dog he finished up with a most amazing howl or two, and then everything was dead still, and the parson begun his solemn talk where he left off. In a minute or two here comes the undertaker's back and shoulders gliding along the wall again; and so he glided, and glided, around three sides of the room, and then rose up, and shaded his mouth with his hands, and stretched his neck out toward the preacher, over the people's heads, and says, in a kind of a coarse whisper, "He had a rat!" Then he drooped down and glided along the wall again to his place. You could see it was a great satisfaction to the people, because naturally they wanted to know. A little thing like that don't cost nothing, and it's just the little things that makes a man to be looked up to and liked. There warn't no more popular man in town than what that undertaker was.

Well, the funeral sermon was very good, but pison long and tiresome; and then the king he shoved in and got off some of his usual rubbish; and at last the "went through" and the undertaker begun a weak up on the coffin with his screw-driver. I was in a sweat then, and watched him pretty keen. But he never meddle at all; just slid the lid along, and screwed it down tight and fast. So there I was! I didn't know whether the money was in there or not. So, says I, s'pose somebody has hogged that bag on the sly?—now how do I know whether to write to Mary Jane or not? S'pose she dug him up and didn't find nothing—what would she think of me? Blame it, I says, I might get hunted up and jailed; I'd better lay low and keep dark, and not write at all; the thing's awful mixed, now; trying to better it, I've worsened it a hundred times.

They buried him, and we come back home, and I went to watching faces again—I couldn't help it, and I couldn't rest o sy. But nothing come of it; the faces didn't tell me nothing.

The king he visited around in the evening, and sweetened everybody up, and made himself ever so friendly; and he give out the idea that his congregation over in England would be worrying about him, so he must hurry and settle up the estate right away, and leave for home. He was very sorry he was so pushed, and so was everybody; they wished he could stay longer, but they said they could see it couldn't be done. And he said of course him and Will iam would take the girls home with them; and that pleased everybody, too, because then the girls would be well fixed, and amongst their own relations; and it pleased the girls, too—tickled them so they clean forgot they ever had a trouble in the world, and told him to sell out as quick as he

wanted to, they would be ready. Them poor things was that glad and happy it made my heart ache to see them getting fooled and lied to so, but I didn't see no safe way for me to chip in: and change the general tune.

Well, blamed if the king didn't bill the house and the niggers and all the property for auction straight off—sale two days after the funeral; but anyone could buy private before hand if they wanted to.

So the next day after the funeral, along about noon-time, the girls' joy got the first jolt; a couple of nigger-traders come along, and the king sold them the niggers reasonable, for three-day drafts as they called it, and away they went, the two sons up the river to Memphis, and their mother down the river to Orleans. I thought them poor girls and them poor niggers would break their hearts for grief; they cried around each other and took on so it most made me down sick to see it. The girls said they hadn't ever dreamed of seeing the family separated or sold away from the town. I can't ever get it out of my memory, the sight of them poor miserable girls and niggers hanging around each other's necks and crying; and I reckon I couldn't 'a' stood it all, but would 'a' had to bust out and tell on our gang, if I hadn't knowed the sale warn't no account and the niggers would be back home in a week or two.

The thing made a big stir in the town, too, and a good many come out flat-footed and said it was scandalous to separate the mother and children that way. It injured the frauds some; but the old fool he bulled right along, spite of all the duke could say or do, and I tell you the duke was powerful uneasy.

Next day was auction day. About broad day in the morning, the king and the duke come up in the garret and woke me up, and I see by their look that there was trouble. The king says:

"Was you in my room night before last?"

"No, Your Majesty"—which was the way I always called him when nobody but our gang warn't around.

"Was you in there yisterday er last night?"

"No, Your Majesty."

"Honor bright, now—no lies."

"Honor bright, Your Majesty; I'm telling you the truth. I hain't been anear your room since Miss Mary Jane took you and the duke and showed it to you."

The duke says:

"Have you seen anybody else go in there?"

"No, Your Grace, not as I remember, I believe."

"Stop and think."

I studied awhile, and see my chance; then I says:

"Well, I see the niggers go in there several times."

Both of them give a little jump, and looked like they hadn't ever expected it, and then like they had. Then the duke says:

"What, all of them?"

"No—leastways not all at once. That is, I don't think I ever see them all come out at once but just one time."

"When was that?"

"It was the day we had the funeral. In the morning. It warn't early, because I overslept. I was just starting down the ladder, and I see them."

"Well, go on, go on. What did they do? How'd they act?"

"They didn't do nothing. And they didn't act anyway, much, as far as I see. They tiptoed away; so I seen, easy enough, that they'd shoved in there to do up Your Majesty's room, or something, s'posing you was up, and found you warn't up, and so they was hoping to slide out of the way of trouble without waking you up."

"Great guns, this is a go!" says the king; and both of them looked pretty sick, and tolerable silly. They stood there a thinking and scratching their heads a minute, and then the duke he bust into a kind of a little raspy chuckle, and says:

"It does beat all, how neat the niggers played their hand. They let on to be sorry they was going out of this region! and I believed they was sorry. And so did you, and so did everybody. Don't ever tell me any more that a nigger ain't got any histrionic talent. Why, the way they played that thing, it would fool anybody. In my opinion there's a fortune in 'em. If I had capital and a theatre, I wouldn't want a better lay-out than that. And here we're gone and sold 'em for a song—yes, and ain't

privileged to sing the song yet. Say, when is that song—that draft?"

"In the bank for to be collected. When would it be?"

"Well, that's all right, then, thank goodness."

Says I, kind of timid-like:

"Is something gone wrong?"

The king whirls on me and rips out:

"None o' your business! You keep your head shot, and mind y'r own affairs—if you got any. Long as your in this town, don't you forgit that—you hear?" Then he says to the duke, "We got to jest swaller it, and say nothin': mum's the word for us."

As they was starting down the ladder, the duke he chuckles again, and says:

"Quick sales and small profits! It's a good business—yes."

The king snarls around on him, and says:

"I was trying to do for the best in selling 'em out so quick. If the profits has turned out to be none, lackin' considerable, and none to carry, is it my fault any more'n a'n yourn?"

"Well, they'd be in this house yet, and we wouldn't, if I could 'a' got my advice listened to."

The king sassed back, as much as was safe for him, and then swapped around and lit into me again. He give me down the bath for not coming and telling him I see the niggers come out of his room acting that way—said any fool would 'a' knowed something was up. And then he waltzed in and cursed himself awhile; and said it all come of his not laying late and taking his natural rest that morning, and he'd be blamed if he'd ever do it again. So they went off a-jawing.

By and by it was getting-up time; so I come down the ladder and started for downstairs, but as I come to the girls' room the door was open, and I see Mary Jane setting by her old hair trunk, which was open and she'd been packing things in it—getting ready to go to England. But she had stepped now, with a folded gown in her lap, and had her face in her hands, crying. I went in there, and says:

"Miss Mary Jane, you can't abear to see people in trouble, and I can't—most always. Tell me about it."

So she done it. And it was the niggers—I just expected it. She said the beautiful trip to England was most about spoiled for her.

"Oh, dear, dear! to think they ain't no going to see each other any more!"

"But they will—and inside of two weeks—and I know it!" says I.

Laws, it was out before I could think—and before I could budge, she throws her arms around my neck, and told me to say it again, say it again, say it again!

I see I had spoke too sudden, and said too much, and was in a close place. I asked her to let me think a minute; and she set there, very impatient and excited and handsome, but looking kind of happy and eased-up, like a person that's had a tooth pulled out. So I went to studying it out.

I says to myself, I reckon a body that up and tells the truth when he is in a tight place, is taking considerable many risks, though I ain't had no experience, and can't say for certain; but it looks so to me, say way; and yet here's a case where I'm blessed with it.

It don't look to me like the truth is better, and actually sayer, than a lie. I must lay it by in my mind, and think it over some time or other, it's so kind of strange and irregular. I never see nothing like it. Well, I says to myself at last, I'm a-going to chance it; I'll up and tell the truth this time, though it does seem most like setting off just to see where you'll go to. Then I says:

"Miss Mary Jane, is there any place out o' town a little ways, where you could go and stay three or four days?"

"Yes—Mr. Lothrop's. Why?"

"Never mind why, yet. If I'll tell you how I know the niggers will see each other again—inside of two weeks—here in this house—and prove how I know it—will you go to Mr. Lothrop's and stay four days?"

"Four days!" she says; "I'll stay a year!"

"All right," I says; "I don't want nothing more out of you than just your word—I druther have it than another man's kiss-the-Bible." She smiled, and reddened up very sweet, and I says, "If you don't mind it, I'll shut the door—and bolt it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Could an aged reprobate be considered an example of that which is sin-cere in life?

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PROGRESS! "LADIES' JOURNAL" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 19

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers. The rewards are far better arranged, and spread over the whole time of the Competition...

1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible. 2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible. Rewards will be given the senders of correct answers...

1.—Fifty dollars in gold. 2 to 5.—Four Ladies' Solid Gold Watches. 6 to 12.—Eight Ladies' Coin Silver Watches, very neat.

13 to 499.—Three hundred and eighty-seven Fine Solid Gold Gem Rings. 500.—A Fine Grand Square Rosewood Piano.

501.—Seventy-five dollars in Gold. 502, 3, and 4.—Three Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Watches.

503, and up to the Middle correct answer of the whole Competition, will be given a Fine German Oleograph Picture, 14x20. For the middle correct answer will be given ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD COIN.

401 to 900.—A volume of Poems richly bound in cloth and gilt, worth at retail about \$2.25.

901.—A Fine Cabinet Organ, 10 Stops. 902, and up to LAST CORRECT ANSWER received, another of those Beautiful German Oleograph Pictures, an exact copy of a famous oil painting.

To the last correct answer received in this Competition (which closes on July 15th) will be given \$50 in Gold Coin. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points.

As fast as answers are received they are numbered in the order they come to hand. A letter containing one dollar will be given two numbers—for instance, numbers 499 and 500.

The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well-filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but specially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music, (full size), large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c. &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked.

You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year and one of those elegant volumes of poems, or one of those beautiful oleographs, or an interesting volume of fiction, or an elegant solid gold gem ring, as well as a chance of securing one of the other still more valuable and costly rewards referred to above.

Sure to Conquer.

The most troublesome cough is sure to yield if timely treated with Haggard's Pectoral Balm. Pleasant to take and safe for young or old.

Did you ever see an ink stand? EPSS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epss has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men.

A Good Guarantee.

H. B. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa., writes that he has guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, bilious attacks and liver and kidney troubles.

We know to-day who is who, but shall we know to-morrow what is what?

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—I will send a Recipe, free to any person desiring the same, that has cured hundreds of cases of drunkenness. It can be given in a cup of tea, coffee, or even in the drunkard's much-loved whiskey, and without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired.

By lack of open air exercise, and the want of sufficient care in the matter of diet, the whole physical mechanism often becomes impaired during the winter. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the proper remedy to take in the spring of the year to purify the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore the healthy tone and vigor.

It is not always the best author who writes the most burning sketches.

A Princely Fortune.

A man may possess the fortune of a prince but can never possess happiness without good health; to secure which the blood must be kept pure and every organ in proper action.

Home Items and Topics.

"—All your own fault. If you remain sick when you can Get hop bitters that never—Fail.

—The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around with Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be made almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if Hop Bitters are not the best family medicine on earth!

Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—Ed. Onwego Sun.

—Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!

"At the change of life nothing equals Hop Bitters to allay troubles incident thereto."

—The best periodical for ladies to take monthly, and from which they will receive the greatest benefit is hop bitters."

—Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop bitters daily.

—Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop bitters.

—Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist when hop bitters are used.

A timely use of hop Bitters will keep a whole family in robust health a year at a little cost.

—To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop-bitters on retiring.

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

What is the difference between the Peruvian bark and that of the dogs in this country?

The Cheapest and Best.

On account of its purity and concentrated strength and great power over disease, Burdock Blood Bitters is the cheapest and best blood cleansing tonic known for all disordered conditions of the blood.

A good joke in some papers looks far more lonely than does the solitary india-rubber oyster in church fair soap.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

A thief finds no difficulty in looking his friend straight in the face when he knows his friend is a thief also.

Mrs. D. Morrison, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writing about Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, says: George Bell used it on his son, and it cured him of rheumatism with only a few applications. The balance of the bottle was used by an old gentleman for Asthma, with the best results. It acts like a charm.

For a man to shine in society it is not necessary for him to have his character blackened.

Where to Keep It.

Keep it in your family. The best remedy for accidents and emergencies, for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness, Sore Throat, Croup, Rheumatism, Chills and Pain or Soreness of all kinds, is that marvellous healing remedy, Haggard's Yellow Oil.

A great difference exists between getting well along in life and getting along well in life.

Faces as yellow as that of the "Heathen Chinee," in consequence of bile in the blood, grow fair and wholesome-looking again when Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier is used to relax constipated bowels and expel the bilious poison from the circulation.

Home Amusement.

An excellent home entertainment is that of drawing together. In nearly every neighbourhood there is some one who knows something of this fine and valuable art. But if not, good prints abound, and much can be learned from them, if one only has sharp eyes. A good plan is for all the members of the family to try and draw a picture of some one thing—a chair, or a stove, a pile of books, a dog or cat. Or one may sit as a "model" and give the others twenty minutes in which to make a sketch.

The Esteem of Others.

Just in proportion as we live upright honourable, self-respecting lives do we earn the right to the esteem of others. The desire for esteem itself, when mingled with this, is good and wholesome; it is only when separated from it that it is weak and injurious. The desire for that to which we have no right leads to every species of meanness and wrong-doing, and the desire for esteem without the desire of deserving it is the foundation of all hypocrisy.

Accidental.

A. Chard, of Sterling, in a recent letter, states that he met with an accident some time ago, by which one of his knees was severely injured. A few applications of Haggard's Yellow Oil afforded immediate and complete relief.

Men's heads are something like omnibuses—the empty ones make the most noise.

For coughs, colds, bronchitis and all lung and throat troubles, there is no preparation of medicine can compare with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It never fails to afford prompt and permanent relief. It removes all soreness, and heals the diseased parts. It immediately soothes the most troublesome cough, and by promoting expectoration, removes the mucus which stops up the air tubes which causes difficulty in breathing thereby gives relief to that depressing tightness experienced in the chest.

Music and Drama.

"Michael Strogoff," although having been presented here every season for some years, met with a hearty reception at the Grand last week. The company was an exceedingly strong one, and the scenery and stage appliances used were of the most elaborate description. The piece was produced eight times last week, and on each occasion the attendance was very large. On the first three nights of this week the new dramatic absurdity, "The Kindergarten," was produced at the Grand. The audiences were more than pleased at every performance, and the piece scored a decided hit.

Decidedly the best drawing piece which Mr. Montford has had on this season was "Robin Hood," which the Alice Oates company produced at the Museum last week. At every performance the house was packed, standing room very often being at a premium. There were several features of the show which deserve special mention, but we have not space to refer to any excepting the clever dancing of the Ross sisters. Their graceful, bewildering, and enchanting movements in the great Japanese dances elicited tumultuous applause. This week the pathetic drama of "East Lynne."

Rehearsals of "First Night," to be played on 27th of April, under Messrs. Baines and Townsend's management, take place at the Grand Opera House three times a week. Play-goers of Toronto have had no opportunity of seeing this drama since the days when audiences were charmed by the acting of Mr. Nickerson and his daughter Charlotte, the present Mrs. Morrison, in whose repertoire it formed a leading feature, and whose acting gave the piece a continental reputation. Montreal amateurs, headed by Mr. W. L. Young, will supply an afterpiece which as yet has not been finally agreed upon.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the great Brooklyn preacher, will lecture here on the 14th and 15th inst. under the auspices of the dry goods association. Two popular subjects are announced, and a lecturer will doubtless be greeted with large audiences.

Exchange Department.

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

6) Elegant chromo, or fifty transparent cards, no two alike, with your name printed neatly on them, for 10 cents. C. H. HOBBS, 123 River St., Toronto.

A 2-cent Sandwich Island stamp, a 3-cent Newfoundland stamp, and a 20-cent German stamp, for a Cape of Good Hope stamp. H. C. ROBERTS, Box 27, Tecumseh, Mich.

A telegraph key and sounder in good condition, a Mexican hammock never used, and Gaiter's Cosmopolitan, for old coils, minerals, or relics. P. L. WIZO, Mexico, Oregwa Co., N. Y.

Four picture cards, for every piece of silk, satin, velvet, or plush in irregular shapes, but none less than 3 by 3 inches. No black unless brocaded or figured. Cards new and clean; no duplicates. MABEL K. ANSLER, Box 21, Norwood, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Galena, sulphur, sandstone, peacock-coal, star-fish, coral, prodes, moss-ages, horn-bende, poding-stone, coke, moonstone, argillite, agates, labret-stone, chlorite, copper ore, hematite, limonite, and mica for minerals and curiosities. CARL GRAY, Box 471, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

For sale, or exchange, latest issue Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms, an illustrated compendium of biography, history, literature, art and science. Perfectly new. Also a large Tinned Trunk, new, price paid when bought \$25.00. Offers solicited for further particulars write Address J. H. T. Drawer 28, Woodstock, Ont.

"Fairy Wood Recollections," the most complete book of its kind. Plain rules for knitting and crocheting everything, also a chapter on other kinds of fancy work. Fully illustrated, 250 pages. Price \$2 per copy. Agents wanted everywhere. For particulars and circulars address Bookery Pub. Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota. If you do not act as agent send \$2 to the publisher for a copy for your own use.

Will exchange for best offer in two weeks of unused Canadian or U. S. postage stamps, the following: 1 sheet of 25 foreign stamps, price 30c., all different; 1

sheet of 30 foreign stamps, price 25c., all different; 1 complete set of 8 unused Heligoland stamps, price 30c.; also some Canadian ja. Co. 10c., 12c., and U. S. 6c., 10c., 4c. used postage stamps. U. S. Inter. rev., postage due, etc. Those inquiring about stamp will please enclose return postage. Accepted offers answered. JOSEPH SAMSON, 14, Shanty Bay, Ontario.

A \$90 gun for 10c. The person sending me the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word "MONTRAL," on or before May 15th, will receive a splendid double-barrelled breech-loading shot gun, valued at \$90. Each competitor to enclose 10 cents silver, or 15 cents in stamps, with list, words to be alphabetically arranged. Abbreviations and proper names not allowed. No letter to be used more than once in the same word. Prizes will be fairly awarded. Name of winner will appear in this paper. Try your skill. Address C. C. McLEAN, Ingonish, Victoria Co., Nova Scotia. Mention this paper.

A Perfect Model.

A painter, one passionately fond of his art, had undertaken to portray Milo of Crotona at the moment when that famous athlete is making frantic efforts to free himself from the giant oak in which his hands have been caught while endeavoring to rend it in twain. He had engaged a market porter as his model. Tall and strong, in the and sinew like a Hercules, he was a treasure of a model. Still, the artist is not satisfied; there is not sufficient sentiment or expression in his pose; in vain he is told to try to imitate the struggles of the original; his struggles are unnatural, and lack energy. The painter hits upon a plan. Trying with a rope both arms of the model securely to a heavy piece of furniture, he says, "Wait here, my man, I shall be back in a minute," and he soon afterward came running in out of breath, and followed by a large butcher's dog, which he began to set at the man's bare legs. The latter made desperate efforts to drive off the dog and to vent his rage on his employer. "That's it! that's it!" was the exclamation of the delighted painter, taking up his brush; "that is Milo to perfection—hiat, hiat, bite him!" and while the dog was snapping, and the man struggling to get away, the artist joyfully went on with his task.

Of course the snows of Winter fall on the youthful as well as the heads of middle-aged people, but the fires of youth melt them away, while the cooling blood of advancing years allows them to remain as indelible marks of approaching age.

When the iron-clad was invented then came the tug of war.

What Toronto's well-known good Samaritan says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for over twenty years, and I have tried many remedies, but never found an article that has done me as much good as Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure." CLARA E. PORTER.

DENTAL.

FRANK M. SEFTON, Surgeon Dentist, cor. Queen and Yonge Streets. Over Martin's drug store.

J. G. ADAMS, D.D.S., DENTIST—OFFICE 248 J. Yonge Street, entrance on Elm Street. Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

MEDICAL.

REV. J. EDGAR, M.D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN. Chronic Diseases a Specialty. 62 ISABELLA STREET, TORONTO.

D. E. T. ADAMS, 388 KING ST. WEST. SPECIALTY—Diseases of the Stomach & Bowels, in connection with the general practice of Medicine & Surgery. Consultation free. OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 a.m., 2 to 7 p.m., Sunday, 1:30 to 3 p.m.

60 ELEGANT CHROMO OR FIFTY transparent cards, no two alike, with your name printed neatly on them, for 10 cents. C. H. HOBBS, 123 River St., Toronto.

PIANO TUNING! R. H. DALTON, 211 Queen St. West. Leave orders personally or by post card.

TYPHOID AND MALARIAL FEVER. Prevent this by having your cloths cleaned and disinfected by Marchant & Co. Then have your cloths converted into dry earth cloths, which we will do free of cost, and clean them monthly at a mere nominal charge by contract. S. W. MARCHANT & CO., City Contractors, 9 Queen Street, East.

IMPERIAL'S PRICE TICKETS, 23 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO. Send Fifty Cents and get a box containing over 200 useful prices.

EASTER FLOWERS!

Largest assortment in Canada HENRY SLIGHT, Nurseryman, 407 YONGE STREET TORONTO.

THE ACCIDENT Insurance Co. of North America. Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society of England. MEDLAND & JONES, General Insurance Agents, Equity Chambers and 37 Adelaide St. E.

FREE MOODY'S NEW Tailor System of dress making. GUARANTEED TO CUT EVERY conceivable garment to fit perfect WITHOUT the use of paper or patterns—can be learned by a young girl with one teacher from the FULL printed and illustrated INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN FREE. Send six 3c. stamps for two sample patterns OF EITHER TO FIT OR TO MEASURE name on postal for description FROD. MOODY 100 KING-ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

USE GOLDEN HEALTH PELLETS AND HYPOPHOSFERINE. The two great specific in Liver, Biliary and Nervous Diseases, will quickly relieve Nervous Debility, Spermatorrhea, Neuralgic and Nervous Headaches, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Skin and Female Diseases. Price 25 and 50 cents. Send for pamphlet. D. J. THOMPSON, Homoeopathic Pharmacist, 304 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

WM. BARBER & BRO. Papermakers, GEORGETOWN, ONT. — News, Book and Fine Papers. — JOHN R. BARBER.

TREES! TREES! TREES! Wholesale and Retail. The filling of orders from dealers specially solicited. We have ample stock and facilities for bulking out in large or small quantities, on short notice, a general assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Roses, Russian Mulberry, &c. Railroad to our grounds. H. M. MURD & SON, Proprietors, Halton Nurseries, Burlington, Ont.

DALEDONIAN LAUNDRY Mrs. Ross, 154 Richmond St., W. Garments of all descriptions including Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, &c., rendered equal in appearance to new at reasonable prices.

Genuine Sugar-Cured Hams, BACON, PORK SAUSAGE AND CHOICE ROLL BUTTER. LEWIS, 42 Queen St. W. WILTON AVENUE MEAT MARKET. W. J. CALGEY, 133 WILTON AVENUE, Wholesale and Retail Butcher. Full supply of choice Meat, Hams, Bacon, Poultry, Lard, Vegetables &c., &c., always on hand. NOTE ADDRESS, 183 WILTON AVE.

25 years Test Proves Prof. Hall's Magic Compound the best for curing the loaves grow on the smooth-surfaced in 2 days. Sufferers! Write to Dr. or Partners 301c. St. Paul postal. Cash order guaranteed. Post P. 1111 Box 2, Cambridge.

Dr. SPROULE, M.A., Member Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland; member King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland, Licentiate in Midwifery, Bachelor of Medicine, Paris University, France; member of the Imperial College of Surgeons and Physicians, of Bengal; Medical Doctor, London University, England; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario; late Surgeon Royal Navy; late Commissioner on Cholera and Fevers, India; Staff-Surgeon Indian Medical Civil Service; Foreign Corresponding Member of the Vienna Institute of Science; Author of "Cholera and Fevers, in relation to diseases of the heart and lungs"; "Health and Healthy Homes in Canada"; "Practical Hygiene for general readers"; "What can we do till the Doctor Comes" etc. Correspondence by letter solicited on all legitimate diseases. Office and residence 64 Lytton Street, Toronto.

SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Clothing Supplies," and addressed to the Hon. the President of the Privy Council, Ottawa, will be received up to noon, Friday, 27th March, 1888.

Printed forms of Tender, containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to the undersigned. No Tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. Patterns of all articles may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

Each Tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party making the tender declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained. FRED WHITE, Comptroller, N. W. M. Police, Ottawa, March 6th, 1888.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

During the past twenty-eight years I have cured many cases of acute and chronic disease after the old plans had failed. I have been enabled to do this not by a very superior skill, but by following a plan of treatment, (the Physio-Medical), excluded from Canada by unjust laws! If you are progressing favorably under your physician do not call on me, as it is my purpose to treat those whose cases have been abandoned, or such as have, after a long course of trying, failed to get relief. Office and residence, 182 Carlton Street, Toronto. Consultation at office, or by letter, free. THOMAS W. SPARROW, M.D.



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED Separate Tenders, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Berlin, Ont.," will be received at this Department until Monday, 6th proximo.

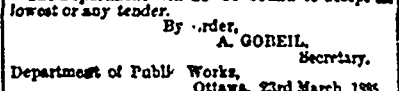
Copies of the plan and specification can be seen at the Clerk of Works Office, New Dominion Building, Berlin, Ont., and at this Department, on and after Monday, 23rd instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. GOBEIL, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 23rd March, 1888.



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED Separate Tenders, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Saint Thomas, Ont.," will be received at this Department until Monday, 6th proximo.

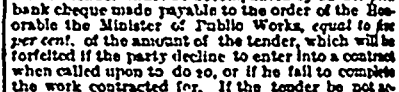
Copies of the plan and specification can be seen at the office of Edwin Ware, Architect, St. Thomas, Ont., and at this Department on and after Monday, 23rd instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. GOBEIL, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 23rd March, 1888.



GRAVING DOCK.

BRITISH COLUMBIA. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Caisson, Graving Dock, B. C.," will be received at this office until Monday, the 1st day of June, 1888, in duplicate, for the construction, erection and placing in position of a Caisson for the Graving Dock AT ESQUIMALT, B. C.

According to plans and specifications to be sent at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and on application to the Hon. J. W. Trutch, Victoria, B. C. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$2,000, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. GOBEIL, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 20th March, 1888.