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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JULY 26, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 199.

TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

An extraordinary report of a new discovery comes from Africa. This is nothing less than the existence of a nation of people numbering 50,000,000, who live in houses built of stone, with gardens in the rear, and properly laid out streets, and who work in iron, copper and ivory, and are pretty well up in the industrial arts generally. Africa is still the land of mystery. The discoveries yet to be made there, and the destiny in store for that "dark Continent" many surpass the wildest flights of the imagination.

Probably a generous gift was never more ungraciously treated than the Bartholdi statue has been by the people of New York. That a city whose millionaires are counted by the score, has not yet succeeded in raising money for the pedestal is not much to its credit certainly.

The famous Cataract on the Danube, known as the Iron gate, is destined to submit to the all subduing might of modern progress. The Hungarian Government has adopted a project to destroy its rocks, so that in six years or thereabouts, a placid open canal may be expected in the room of that dashing torrent.

Queen Victoria's exclusiveness seems to increase with advancing years which is, no doubt quite natural, though not politic, if she is strongly desirous to retain her popularity. On this point, however, she may be growing more indifferent. At any rate she caused great disappointment to many loyal Aberdonians who gathered in hopes of seeing her at Ferryhill Junction, on her way from Balmoral. She was invisible, however, to the crowd, only officials being admitted. And at Perth, too, instead of the train stopping as usual, one hour it only stopped five minutes, and the blinds of the Queen's saloon were kept rigidly closed! None of the royal party showed themselves and the public were totally excluded from the platform. So be it.

One of the most ambitious newspaper schemes ever conceived in the brain of an aspiring man is that of Andrew Carnegie, native of the quaint old city of Dunfermline, and millionaire iron master of Pittsburg, Pa. This was to establish throughout England strong metropolitan and provincial newspapers devoted to the Liberal cause. Like other apparently well laid schemes "o' mine an' men," however, this one seems likely to "gang a gley," for a quarrel it is said has arisen between Carnegie, who was to furnish the capital, and Samuel Storey, M.P., for Sunderland, who was to attend to the editorial and business management of the concern. After they had secured six newspaper establishments, Carnegie, it is said, found his coadjutor altogether too much of a demagogue in politics to be further trust-

ed, and positively refused to furnish any more of the needful.

The hissing of Irving when he appeared in London in "Twelfth Night" seems to have given rise to no end of talk, and a good deal of consternation among those more immediately concerned. There has been quite a furious war of words between dramatic critics who have discussed all the pros and cons of the subject.

One does not hear so much about the Wiman Baths in these days. Has the novelty of the thing worn off already, or are there other reasons to account for the falling off of their popularity?

To judge by some of the revelations before the Parliamentary Commission on the so-called Conspiracy case, there would seem to be some really brilliant intellectual luminaries among the members. TRUTH speaks not as a partisan but simply as an unprejudiced onlooker. If some of the members are as imbecile and forgetful about many things as they confessed themselves on the subjects they were examined on, then alas for them. Perhaps they have learned the art which some distinguished man used to long for, that of forgetting. He found remembering easy enough, but forgetfulness quite another thing.

The American Government has begun anew to print greenbanks of small denominations. The Bureau of Engraving and printing expects to have a full supply of one dollar bills turned out very shortly, and if the appropriation is sufficient they will begin immediately afterwards on \$2 bills.

Here is a chance for Canadian girls who doubt if the prospects in the Canadian matrimonial market are sufficiently promising. A Dakota editor has advertised for 10,000 girls, and we have no doubt he would be glad if they were all or nearly all Canadian lasses, for in that case they would be sure to be good-looking and healthy.

Earl Granville has sent a note to Mr. West, the British Minister at Washington, directing him to ask that if advantageous terms are given to Cuba for the admission of Cuban products into America, the products of the British Colonies in the West Indies be placed on the same footing. This is a very reasonable request, and it is to be hoped the U. S. Government will see its way clear to grant it.

Some Republican papers are silly enough to object to Cleveland as a candidate for the Presidency because on two occasions in the exercise of his duty as sheriff, he officiated as the executioner of a murderer. Why shouldn't he? And why should not every Sheriff do the same.

Sir Lope Griffin is an Englishman who

appears to have been gazetted as critic extraordinary to the whole universe, if one might judge by the exhibitions of the critical spirit wherewith he has favored such part of the reading public as peruse the English reviews. He is especially hard on America which he visited some time ago. Nothing pleased him at all. He is possessed apparently with a desire to follow in the footsteps of the earlier critics of American manners and customs, forgetful of the fact that the time for that sort of thing has now passed and that the observer who sees America through the spectacles of Mrs. Trollope or Charles Dickens at this time of day pays no compliments to his own powers of observation.

Lawn Tennis is no doubt a healthy and invigorating exercise, but the half professional way in which it is gone about nowadays shows a strong tendency to turn it into an athletic contest in which men only can take an active share. How it is possible for a woman with the usual paraphernalia of corsets and skirts about her to play such a game with any comfort or enjoyment passes masculine comprehension and gives occasion to much astonished admiration no doubt, at what women will attempt. Croquet is a much more appropriate game for ladies, unless indeed they are willing to "go in for" lawn tennis as energetically as men do, in which case for their own comfort and convenience they ought to dress as suitably.

One of the New York papers has sounded the alarm concerning the marvellously white, nice-looking sponges which are sold on the streets there for less than a tenth of the price at which sponges of the same size and quality can be bought in the drug stores. It more than hints that the reason of the cheapness is that these sponges are bought from the hospitals, and whitened artificially, and that cases have been known of serious illness caused by their use.

What human law is there that human ingenuity has not succeeded in evading? A curious result of the Child Labour law in the New Jersey manufacturing towns has lately come to light. It is making it impossible to tell the ages of the inhabitants. The parents in order to evade the law represent their children to be older than they really are, and the children grow up without knowing their right ages. As the female children when they arrive at womanhood, do not hesitate to put back their ages to suit themselves, great confusion is the result.

"When Doctors disagree disciples are free" is the old saying, and there is great latitude for disciples with regard to the treatment of cholera according to Henry Labouchere. English doctors, he asserts, are greatly at variance on the subject. Some have great faith in opium, others none at all. Some swear by ice water and solid ice ad libitum. Others consider

such treatment simply murder, and he not unnaturally begins to wonder which is more deadly; the doctors or the disease.

The Free library scheme is not yet a pronounced success. It is simply on its trial. The most of the borrowers seem to be young women intent upon novels, while in the reading room there is as yet a good deal of confusion and a good deal of mutilation of the magazines is going on. Those seats also and stands are so close together that it is impossible to pass with comfort. Any provision for ladies reading is not apparent, and the comfort and quiet with fair possibility of getting what one wanted was far greater under the old arrangement than now. One may struggle to get a sight of a newspaper, but no body can have the slightest idea where any particular magazine is to be found except by going over the whole lot. Still, one has not to judge anything rashly or before the time. Perhaps in time things will come all right. TRUTH sincerely hopes that they may. Novel reading is all very well, but to tax people to supply with novels girls that could themselves buy all what was good for them is rather too steep.

Drinking is bad, but gross and excessive eating is not much better, and it is far more common than a great many suppose. A great number who have sedentary occupations eat as heartily as if they were working in the fields. What wonder is it that they have dyspepsia? Doctors would not have half the work they have if people would only eat rationally and as they can digest. If these sons of Esculapius were honest they would address half, aye and a great deal more than half, of their patients in some such fashion as this: "Sir, or Madam," as the case might be, "there are just four ways of it, you must take less food, or more exercise, or medicine or be sick." Exactly! That is just about the hang of it as far as TRUTH can see.

Paul Morphy, the once famous chess player died some two weeks ago in New Orleans. There was something peculiarly sad in the complete overthrow of that once brilliant intellect. He was a perfect marvel while his faculties lasted, and of all the great players who have since appeared none have ever excited the same wondering interest and admiration as did that marvellously gifted boy.

Cleveland, the future President of the United States, if Democratic efforts can secure that result, is described as a healthy robust-looking man, of a nervous, sanguine temperament. He has a light complexion, and thin brown hair. Though slightly built, he is well preserved for his years, though as yet he is quite a young man, being only 47. He is said to be fond of good eating and drinking at proper times, and furthermore, he is a bachelor and lives alone.

There is a new plan being adopted in New York for the amusement and improvement of the masses. There are Sunday afternoon concerts given in the Hall in Central Park. Thousands upon thousands attend who would never think of going to a church, and they not only listen to the masterpieces of sacred music which are played, but they join enthusiastically in the singing. For instance, "Old Hundred" was, one day, what they started with, and the crowds took up the chorus "All people that on earth do dwell" and then when the closing doxology came they were enthusiastic with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Now who knows how much good may in this way be effected? It is quite true it may be abused. The best of things is liable to this. It may by and by be turned into not sacred but secular playing. Quite true. But in the meantime is it not something worth while to draw these sweltering and toil-worn thousands away from their stuffy homes, or from the wretched and degrading whiskey dives to the fresh air, the green grass, the bright sun and "Nearer my God to thee?" Who knows what tender chords may be touched, what hidden memories may be awakened! Sure TRUTH is, at any rate, that those listening to such music under the green trees and stretched on the green grass are more likely to do good and to get good, than by hulking about the dram shop or listening to such senseless and often irrevocable drivel as is too often served up to them on Sunday afternoons, in our own among other parks and public places.

What is wrong with cremation? It is said to be very unhealthy, far more so for the living than burying the dead in the earth. Perhaps it would not cause an abominable smell. Perhaps it would. In any case however, if a man wishes his body to be cremated rather than be eaten by worms, why should he not be gratified? The last proposal is to make all graves at least six feet deep and to allow no more than one to be buried in one grave. Then when a grave is filled in this way just let it go back for farming or grazing purposes, and take in another lot. In this way, also, the dead would be utilized by being made to yield some greater fertility to the fields for the benefit of the living. It is very evident that as population increases there must be great economy practised in taking up land for interment.

The less that the Duke of Argyll or any other Duke or Lord, either of England or Scotland, says about the blessings of landlordism, so much the better. It has been and is one of the basest, most grinding, most unjust, most selfish, most merciless systems that ever cursed any part of God's earth. There is not one nobleman in ten who can show title deeds for one twentieth part of his lands except use and wont. They gave nothing for their lands. They were simply stolen by the strong hand or secured from kings for the meanest and basest, and least defensible of services. Through this system the people of England and Scotland have for centuries been cursed and fleeced and enslaved. There are thousands and tens of thousands in Canada

and all over this Continent who carry with them bitter memories of what they endured and what they suffered in the Old Country. No, my Lord Duke, it ill becomes you to say a single word on the subject. Sir James Graham, Sir Albert Peel's Home Secretary, knew better when he said "All I have is in land, but I do wish these fools of landowners would not talk about the burdens—the extra burdens—on their property. They are leading people to enquire into the actual facts and when these are known it will be seen that they are all exactly of the opposite character, "I do wish" would Sir James add in disgust. "I do wish they would hold their tongues." Yes, that is the best thing for them if they were only wise.

There is at least one level-headed judge in Philadelphia. He lately sentenced to three months imprisonment one of these sprightly people who point "unloaded" pistols at the heads of friends.

What ought to be done with Bank Managers who by reckless speculation and careless and criminal handling of Bank funds, cause the loss of capital and it may be of life to many helpless and deserving persons? They generally, if not always, get off scott free, unless they are found to have been actually stealing. But what else than stealing have they in many cases been doing? Let any one look back on the history of banks that have failed in Ontario within the last twenty-five years, and will he not have to say of many more than either one or two of those who had the management of them, "If ever any body deserved the Penitentiary these persons did?" And yet they all went unwhipped of justice and some of them still hold their heads pretty high in social life. They beggared many deserving families. They swindled them. Nay, practically they robbed. And yet apparently the law knew nothing of their criminality and has no punishment for their offences. Surely this is wrong in any way. Stock wreckers are much more dangerous persons than train-wreckers, why hang the one and treat the others as honorable men?

Every Bank Manager who gambles with other people's money and runs risks of making ducks and drakes out of what has been entrusted to his care ought to be treated as the criminal which he really is, instead of being allowed to get off as is too generally the case with no worse punishment than what his own sense of having made a mess of things may happen to inflict, and that in a majority of cases, it may easily be understood is of a very infinitesimal description.

Apparently nobody can say whether General Gordon is dead or alive. He went away we are told with the strong conviction that he would never return. But if a good man, convictions or forebodings are not to be taken as revelations. The General may come back yet all right and if he be eventually even moderately successful he will not be spoken of so harshly as he is often at present as "a crank" and so forth. Crank he may be, but perhaps it would be well for the world

if there were a great many more such cranks.

Let the great matter of Forestry and Tree Planting never be lost sight of. Every one who has even a small piece of ground should be turning it to account by planting a few trees. A great part of the success of Canada's future depends upon this being successfully set about. Mr. R. W. Phipps recommends the planting of the Silver Poplar as a tree that grows rapidly and has many good qualities.

TRUTH has no doubt that the Judge was quite correct in his ruling in the Eno case, and that the terms of the Extradition Treaty really made it impossible for him to do otherwise than order his discharge from custody, but all the same it was a very great pity that such was the case, and the Extradition Treaty ought if possible to be amended so as to corner criminals of the Eno stamp. For a rogue and criminal he undoubtedly remains branded, though legal technicalities intervene to prevent him cooling his heels in prison as he ought to have done. He will doubtless go to Europe, settle in some fashionable locality, and enjoy life thoroughly without any disquietings of conscience. Sooner or later however, as a general thing, well merited punishment falls on the heads of such men, who, though they escaped the meshes of human law yet the Supreme Justice suffers not to go unpunished. Ill-gotten wealth even in this world rarely prospers its possessor. With all their cleverness fraudulent rascals and thieves generally die if not in prison yet in poverty.

The two candidates for President have now got fairly before the country and will have to run the gauntlet of any amount of criticism. Blaine is thought to be a good deal of an American Jingo with both jealousy and hatred for Britain, a strong believer in the Monroe doctrine and an enthusiastic supporter of Protection. Cleveland has not been so prominent, has not made so many enemies, and as the choice of the respectable Democrats is expected to secure the support of the "sore head" Republicans. It is possible, however, that the advantage may be more than counterbalanced by the bolt of Kelly and Tammany Hall. The fact is that both parties are passing through a disintegrating process. Old issues on which they were at first formed, are pretty well settled and dead. New times have new questions and new interests. No party can live on mere traditions, and it is well that it can't. Even though the Democrat candidate should gain the prize the heavens won't fall or the country go to smash. Quite the contrary. It might rather be an advantage all round and would certainly issue in a reduction of the high tariff without endangering one point settled by the war. The Democrats are too level-headed to think of stirring a hornets' nest by disturbing any of those points disposed of by the arbitrament of the sword. They know that it is best for them and best for all parties that these ugly questions remain settled once and for all.

Away down in the Soudan, the Christians must not be of the material out of

which martyrs are made. They had lately the choice of turning Mahomedans or dying and they all chose the former. That may have been very convenient but it was far from heroic. And yet would a good many in Canada, under like circumstances, not do the same thing? How many in Toronto would chose death sooner than the Koran? A good many, let us hope, but perhaps not so many as some might fancy. In these comfortable sceptical days, martyrdom is no better than it is called. At least a goodly number of bustling Christians would think twice before they took the fiery crown.

So the fragments of the Greely expedition have been rescued and with no a moment to spare. Another forty-eight hours it is said would have finished the whole company. Now what is gained by all these arctic expeditions? Of course men look lofty and with a grand air pronounce the word science, but is there enough in all that to frighten any man of sense from saying what he thinks? It is awfully Fundamentalist, unscientific and all that, but TRUTH is inclined to ask if the game is worth the candle, though if the cause is shown it will be quite ready to recant and repent of its heresy in dust and ashes.

If teachers residences were provided in the different school sections and a strong effort made to raise the standard of remuneration, there would be more done for the teaching profession than by all that could be devised in the way of retiring allowances. Pay a man or a woman a fair liberal salary in working days, and let them provide for old age as they please. If they don't choose let the blame lie on them and the burden and loss as well. It is whispered that the Educational department is devising some plan whereby such a scheme of residence building may be encouraged on fair and equitable grounds. That is right, Mr. Ross. TRUTH will stand by you in that to the very last. It is what all the most sensible and best qualified teachers want. They don't wish to be treated like babies and told how they are to provide for old age.

There is a good deal said about waves of heat and cold. Might not something to the point be said about rascality? It seems there is a pretty big and widely diffused wave of this latter kind passing over the world just now. Apparently the rascality is the rule, honesty the rare exception. Some people say "Try women as bookkeepers. They would not cheat or cook accounts." TRUTH has a great regard for the sex and thinks the suggestion worth a trial.

The greatest sensation New York has had for a long time has been that of Lulu Hurst, the so-called magnetic girl. Without doubt there would seem to be something very wonderful, if not neither miraculous nor inexplicable, though as yet unexplained, about such exhibitions of power. The girl was tested in ways that made anything like fraud or trickery an impossibility. There are people, of course, who do denounce the whole thing as a trick, but these, it is to be feared,

are persons whose scepticism has been nourished at a safe distance from the possibility of knowledge.

Are picnics as nice things as they are said to be? It may be doubted, unless very great care is taken with all the arrangements, especially with the selection of the company. One black sheep spoils the whole affair. Have a single girl that is continually thinking about herself and who is persuaded that it is "horrid" if she be put to any personal inconvenience or is not allowed to monopolize all the talk and be a general "boss" to the whole thing, and good-bye to pleasure. Have a single half-grown lout of a lad who thinks its funny and fast to tease the girls, to play practical jokes, or in a general way to show that he is smart, and the thing may be dropped at once. That one dead fly will make the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a very stinking savour. What will not a single crank or a single fool do in the way of marring the pleasure of a score? All must take trouble. All must be determined to please and to be pleased, else a picnic becomes a purgatory. A large picnic in short is generally a nuisance and a small one, except among intimate and endeared friends something much worse. Half of all those who every year go out on such enjoyments, if they were speaking the truth would confess that they were utterly disgusted.

Is the Sermon on the Mount gone out of fashion? Or was it ever in? Some people have surely at one time or other admired the beauty of its statements and tried to embody its precepts in their lives. But just look at the average man or woman to be at present met with, and say how it is? The country is swarming with lawyers. How do they live? By the quarrels and more or less by the desire and effort to take undue advantage which are so abundant. Where are the peace-makers? There are some of them, no doubt, and even they may have their differences of opinion. But how many are settling their differences by arbitration? How many brothers are going to law about their inheritances! How many are doing to others what they would like those others to do to them supposing their positions changed? There must be a good many, yet notoriously the great majority are doing the "other thing." What about wages? What about adulteration? What about business lies? and business shams? and business failures? Clearly the churches have quite a good bit of work to put through yet.

Salvationists are looking up. Here and there they are in danger of being persecuted, which is always a God-send to any new sect whether secular or sacred. TRUTH has no desire to prosecute or pitch into any man or any body of men unless there be sufficient cause for the same. The great objection that may be urged to the Salvationists' music on the streets is that in the first place it is very hideous and is therefore calculated to corrupt the taste of the lieges, and in the second place that it is calculated to frighten horses and as a matter of fact does, thereby endangering the life and limbs of those who either have such quadrupeds or are near them

at the time. If that music is taken to frighten the Devil as the Chinese of old assailed an oclipac with their tom-toms, something may be said in its favor. It is sufficiently hideous to frighten anything. But when it scares horses and thereby breaks legs, that is quite another thing. The work of the Salvationists ought to be strictly confined to breaking hearts. Surely that could be done quite as effectively without the drum whether big or little, whether brass or tanned pigs skin.

The annual report of the Bureau of Industries has recently made its appearance. It reflects great credit upon Mr. Blue and his staff. A very great amount of intelligent painstaking effort has been expended on its compilation and the result is in a high degree satisfactory. The value of the farms in Ontario is nearly a billion of dollars.

Switzerland has just arrived at a conclusion on two important social questions, and it would be well that all others should take warning from her experience. Some time ago that little Republic abolished capital punishment and lowered the fee for license to sell intoxicating drinks to a normal figure. Both experiments have turned out disastrously, the gaols are filled with criminals, and there has set in a perfect carnival of debauchery. Of course the two things go together. Not only are the gaols filled but they are filled with those principally who have been made criminals by the use of strong drink, whole communities have in this way become criminals and beggars. Rural simplicity has given way to barbaric rudeness and districts of thriving peasants have become synonyms for indolence and misery. No! Whatever may be the right thing, no capital punishment and low tavern licenses soon send a neighborhood or nation to the devil, both for time and eternity.

At a late meeting in England presided over by the Duke of Westminster it was stated that there are in that country 30,000 blind persons, only about 800 of whom support themselves completely by work. Are we as badly off in Ontario in this respect? It is to be hoped not, though things are not so well as they ought to be.

Before very long we may now expect to see the revised Old Testament. The committee has finished its labors, and all that remains before its public appearance is its submission to the convocation. Twelve of the twenty seven members of the committee have died during the revision.

A law has been passed by the New York legislature making the wilful baggage-smasher guilty of a misdemeanor. This is well. At the same time there is another side to the question. Some law ought to be passed regulating the size of trunks, and weight of matter that travellers are allowed to pack into them.

There is something inexpressibly mean and degrading even for savages to kick a person, when down, whether on the head, the stomach, or any other part. Yet it is to be feared that the practice is only too common among Canadians even, and

among boys as well as among men. The late murder of the boy in the cricket quarrel was a specimen only of what is going on too generally at our schools and elsewhere as well as among our grown up brutes, who, no doubt, learned the abominable custom when they were boys. Boys of course will quarrel, and no doubt also they will fight, and perhaps a couple of black eyes and a bloody nose occasionally does not do much harm. But to kick or throw stones is simply unmanly and brutal and ought to be punished with the utmost severity. Those who are ready to take such unfair advantage have nothing manly about them and it is but natural that as they were when boys so they continue when grown up.

It would be difficult to say what things are coming to in the way of the corruption of public men. The case against Mousseau in Quebec is as bad as can be and yet it seems only a specimen of what is going. Beyond all question it appears that the gentleman who is now a judge, sold, when he was Prime Minister of Quebec, a contract and pocketed personally a good deal of the swag. There was no pretence in this as there has been in other cases that any money received was if not for public at least party objects, and that personally the seller's hands "were clean." It was simply a piece of personal spoil. A clear case of plundering the public and pocketing the cash quite as much as if the Exchequer had been directly robbed. This is awfully, shockingly bad, but the worst of it is that the moral sense of the community seems so utterly debauched that such things are taken as mere matters of course and as affixing no disgrace upon those who are guilty of them. That is the worst thing of all.

Perhaps Toronto cannot be called a dirty city when compared with others. In itself, however, it is anything but clean. It is never without more or less of typhoid and other such fevers, and round the Don especially fever and ague have their permanent dwelling place. The swamps at the mouth of the Don are also abominable, while the creek in the Queen's park and at the Garrison Common are simply abominable. Perhaps a visit of the Cholera will be necessary to mend matters.

A certain lady novelist, Miss Maud Home, in the States, has said regarding women what is undoubtedly true, though doubtless judging by not a little that has been said and written to and about them, and the way they have often been treated it is not so self-evident apparently as one would be inclined to think. "Women," says the lady "are neither angels who stand immeasurably above men, nor inferior beings whose place is at their feet, but human like themselves, full of good and faulty instincts, and, with all their imperfections, the God-given helpmates of man."

Large depreciation in bank stocks, and the consequent embarrassment if not complete ruin of many innocent individuals, seem to have no effect on bank managers. Many of them both in this country are the fortunate possessors of cast-iron consciences which prevent them feeling very keenly, if at all, anything that does

not immediately affect their own individuality.

The examination going on before the Commission appointed to enquire into the case of alleged attempts at bribing some of the members of the Local Parliament is bringing out some queer exhibitions of human nature and giving specimens of the most convenient memories any one could wish to possess.

"Speak English" is the advice of Monsieur La Fleche to the French-Canadians "it is necessary, but do not speak it too well." It is necessary, for English is the language of business, at least on this continent, and the language of politics as well, as the man who has no English is sadly weighted in the struggles of life. Hence it is a good advice, not only to French, but to Germans and Scotch Highlanders, and every one of a different language to "speak English," and to speak it as well as they can. The man who encourages the continuation of other languages in Canada is no friend to the country, and as little to those whom he would encourage in their foolish ways. Gaelic may have been the language of Paradise for aught that TRUTH either knows or cares, and French may be the proper language of courtiers, but neither the one nor the other is to be the language of Canada and he who does not know English and will not learn it, is simply a fool.

The Religious Tract Society has completed the eighty-fourth year of its existence. It began on a very small scale and has grown every year till now it has an income of upwards of a million of dollars, and, not only spends all its benevolent income in the gratis circulation of Christian literature, but last year took £16,358 out of the profits of the business department for the same purpose. Its publications are all of the right description. "The Leisure Hour," "The Sunday at Home," "The Boys' and the Girls' Own Papers," are the best known.

Governor Cleveland seems to be a man who has got his feelings under pretty thorough control. All through the exciting time of the Chicago Convention, however keenly interested he may have been, and doubtless was, in what was being done, he never betrayed anything like undue zeal in asking after news. Indeed it is said that he never received a single special message from Chicago. He went on with the routine of his official position in the same calm manner as if no struggle were going on to place him in nomination for one of the most dignified positions in the world. And when he received the news of his success, even then, though evidently well pleased, he was sufficiently the calm official to say to his companions "Well, anyhow, we'll finish up this work."

The work of cleaning up the city, and thus in the most effective way preparing to meet the cholera in a somewhat effective fashion, is now being prosecuted with energy. But what the local authorities cannot do, with all their zeal, each householder ought to do for himself. White-washing and disinfectants ought to be freely used. Cellars ought to be thor-

oughly cleaned out, and made thoroughly sweet and presentable. The man who keeps a filthy cellar is especially in these times, positively a public enemy. Then what about privies? And what about wells? There is not a well in Toronto the water of which is fit for cooking or drinking. Then rarely it would be a perfectly legitimate use of the city water to flood the water closets with it pretty liberally.

One gets a vivid idea of the value of the crop of Ontario, from the simple fact that that of 1883 was, it is said, twenty-six millions and a quarter of dollars below in value that of 1882. No wonder that there are dull times. This in itself is sufficient to account for much of the stringency.

It is said that tourists are flocking home from Europe. Perhaps it is better that they should return before they are stopped by quarantine. At the same time it is to be hoped that if the cholera actually do visit Canada, the inhabitants of any town or city or district so affected will not run away like so many hares from the place of duty, because it may seem to be the place of peculiar danger.

A wedding, of course, is always an interesting occasion, and a bride's trousseau has much in it of the nature of a symphony, though there are some prosaic souls who cannot be touched, even by such embodied poetry and music. Of these unfortunate beings, U. S. Secretary Folger would appear to be one, for he has decided, with reference to the trousseau of a certain prospective bride, which her father brought from Europe, and on which, under protest, he paid duty, that such things are dutiable, as they do not come under the head of wearing apparel within the meaning of the statute, being intended for a special occasion.

It is all but hopeless to appeal either to the humanity of the Street Railway Company, or to the thoughtfulness of the public, with regard to the overcrowding of the cars. The way in which this is often done is shameful, and if there is such a thing in the city as a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals, it should interfere on behalf of those poor horses. Only a certain number of passengers should be allowed on every car, and if the company wishes more business then let it put on more cars. As to the public, it is a matter for regret that women are often among the worst offenders. Their hearts in theory are soft enough for the sufferings of man and of the brute creation, but in practice, that is quite a different affair. You will often see a woman force her way into a car, which, if she has ordinary common sense, she cannot help seeing is already crowded to suffocation. The straining limbs and sweating sides of the over-wrought horses never occur to her. If she ever sees them, it is as if she saw them not.

The peculiarities of legal process are very striking at times. A poor blind man, who had a wife to support, was arrested for selling lead pencils on the streets of New York and sent to the

almshouse. His wife in her despair took Paris green and died. The law, however, which pounces like a hawk on such a case as that, only occasionally descends on men who wreck banks, water stocks, rig the markets in various different ways, and bring ruin on thousands of innocent people.

Washington Territory is troubled with a plague of crickets. They are true American crickets in point of size. The reports credits them with an inch and a half of length. Crickets of that size must give grand open air concerts.

A company of thirty or forty bicyclists are about to make a tour of Europe, beginning with Ireland and ending with Italy. They carry their luggage with them. By the way, there are a large number of the fraternity in Toronto now, and some of them are altogether too—too—too in their behaviour towards pedestrians. They have the idea, apparently, that they alone have the right of way, and that pedestrians must look after themselves. Now, this is not right! These bicycles are dangerous things, they run along very noiselessly, and an unwary foot passenger might very easily be knocked down and seriously injured for all the warning he ever gets. In the day time there is not so much danger, but at night there is, and every bicyclist should be compelled to have a warning bell attached to his machine, which will give quite timely and sufficient notice of his approach.

Boyish cruelty is proverbial, but it rarely takes such a fiendish turn as that shown by two boys in London, Eng. They seized a child $3\frac{1}{2}$ years old, put him in the dustbin of an unoccupied house, threw brick bats on top of him, and fastened the lid down. Their scheme was to leave him there until he was dead, and then claim the reward for the discovery of the body. Happily their diabolical plans were frustrated.

A letter containing twenty-five cents was mailed at Grand Rapids, Wis., in January 1883, addressed to John Bathurst in Australia, by way of Brindisi, Italy. After being opened by mistake, and advertised, it was sent to the British dead letter office in Australia, thence to the U. S. dead letter office by way of San Francisco, and thence back to Grand Rapids, having circled the globe in one year five months and fifteen days. The piece of silver was still there wrapped as it was when first mailed. Such a fact speaks volumes for the honesty of the postal service.

Some of the letters of congratulations received by Governor Cleveland are very interesting reading. Here is one among others from a lady in Georgia. "The impulse to congratulate you is too strong to resist. For the sake of its effect upon my own little boy, I rejoice to see an honest, independent, courageous man before the people. I have read a sketch of your life to him, and I think he has caught something of that spirit of resolute integrity which speaks therefrom. Therefore, with no possible motive save that of encouragement to a brave man,

who obviously has found his life path so easy walking, I send a voice of hearty congratulation from 'Away Down South in Dixie.'"

Words in condemnation of those who mutilate the periodicals in the public Reading-room can hardly be too strong. Let an example be made that will not be forgotten in a hurry, of the first wrongdoer convicted of this despicable meanness. It is to be hoped the authorities will be able to keep a sufficiently close watch, to prevent a repetition of such vandalism as has been complained of more than once in the daily prints.

A popular opinion is that the girls of Boston are all transcendentalists of the most spiritual, unearthly and self-denying type, but this is really a vulgar and most pernicious error if we are to believe the report that a club has been formed there of pretty girls who have registered an oath never to wear eye-glasses or spectacles before they are married, because, and here is where the true Boston, bean-nourished culture and discrimination asserts itself, they have noticed that the men never kiss girls who wear glasses. Girls of Canada, is Boston not a good example for imitation? *Verbsatp er!*, which being interpreted means, "A level-headed girl knows on which side her bread is buttered."

The London *Thunderer* is not complimentary to either Democrats or Republicans respecting their "platforms." It says they are both "distinguished by an absence of clear convictions, by evasions and trimmings, by servile rivalry in flattering the masses and in pandering to popular prejudices, modern demagogues and social quacks."

The Boston *Transcript* vouches for the following as a literal occurrence. A richly dressed lady is seated in a store. A poor little girl enters with water lilies for sale. The following colloquy takes place.

"Oh! Arn't they lovely!" exclaimed the lady. "Can't you give me one, little girl?"

The little girl draws a lily from the bunch, rather reluctantly, and hands it to the lady, who seizes it with avidity. Then looking at the bunch, she asks—

"I suppose you could spare me a bud? It would look so pretty with this full-blown lily, you know."

The girl selects a bud, and before she can separate it from the others the lady has it in her hand. With a most gracious smile, she says—

"I hope I'm not robbing you?"

"Oh no, mum, I brought 'em here on purpose to sell 'em."

"Why, you don't mean to say that you sell those beautiful flowers? How can you?"

"But I have to, mum. Five cents a bunch, please."

"Oh dear, no, I don't care to purchase them. These two will do for me—thanks."

What the *Transcript* adds by way of moral is doubtless the correct one. "Moral—there is none: but cheek is as good as money when one has enough of it."

A lawyer was summoned as witness in a certain case. The judge, finding that the witness was lying badly, interrupted him, saying:—"I beg you to forget your profession for a moment and tell us the truth."

Coffee-Drinking Among the Turks.

The Turks are a nation of coffee-drinkers. They use coffee as the Italians use wine, or the Germans beer. Of course alcoholic drinks are popular, but it is illegal to use them in public. Coffee-houses are as plentiful as saloons in a mining town, and, in addition, itinerant vendors of the drink are omnipresent in the streets. These latter have each a small sheet-iron stove, such as tinkers carry, an iron sauce-dish with a long wooden handle, a bottle of coffee, a paper of sugar, a can of water, a spoon, and a few small cups. When a cup of coffee is ordered from one of these fellows, he retires into the nearest doorway and rakes up the coals in his stove. Then out of the bottle is ladled the coffee, previously ground into an impalpable powder, a teaspoonful being taken for each cup to be made. An equal quantity of sugar is added, and the whole put in the saucepan and covered with water. Then the pan goes onto the coals, and is allowed to boil up once. The result looks inviting and smells good, but you feel more friendly with it outside than when you have got it in.—*Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Wonderful Clock.

A clock that will run four hundred days without winding is on exhibition in a down town window. It stands under a glass shade about fifteen inches high, and is of very simple construction. The only apparent difference between it and a Connecticut clock of novel design is that in place of a pendulum it has a time measure of equal exactitude in the shape of a rotary disk of brass containing springs, which wind and unwind as it turns first in one direction and then the other. The clock is a European invention, and attracts considerable attention from passers-by.

A salesman, in explaining its mechanism to a reporter, said: "There have been former inventions of clocks to run as long a time as this, but never on any such principle or with any success, as they never proved at all accurate. Until this clock was perfected, no one ever produced a clock of plain construction and general usefulness that would run longer than a week, or a fortnight at the utmost. A view of this wonder would have delighted Huygens, the father of clockmakers, who produced the first timepiece in the shape of a clock 250 years ago."—*New York Mail and Express.*

Italy's Celibate Army.

The Italian army has for some years been known as a legion of Benedicks. For many years it was a royal rule that no officer holding His Majesty's commission should marry unless he possessed a certain amount of private income. Italy is not a rich nation, and the subalterns of its army are not wealthy. The consequence is that married officers have been the exception, not the rule, in Italy. The grievance—for in his light the rule has been regarded by its victims—was recently brought under the notice of His Majesty, and the King has now relaxed the regulation, fixing the marriage income of his officials at a point which will enable gallant gentlemen to enter the bonds of matrimony in the broad light of the day, as becomes the action of the soldier, instead of marrying in secret and repenting at leisure.

Sweep:—"Well, Jim, I wish you good morning." Jim:—"What, are you going in there?" Sweep:—"Yes; I always go once a month and take a bath whether I want it or not." Jim (in disgust):—"Reg'lar waste of soap, that's what I call it."

A Vermont woman who had just had the mumps says she hopes to gracious she will never have to go through such an experience again. For two whole weeks she hasn't been able to jaw her husband or let out a single neighborhood secret; awful martyrdom!

JACOB FAITHFUL.

The Old Man has (Somewhat More to say About) Independence—With some Remarks (about the Bribery Case, and Bro. Meek—His Opinion About the Dog-Catchers—And the Firemen—And the Scavengers. &c., &c.

JACOB has got it hot and heavy both in public and in private for his supposed heresy on the Independence question, but it does not matter. He sticks to his opinion all the same, while he compromises no one, and speaks for no one, but himself, no, not even for the editor of TRUTH, whoever that dark entity may be and where-over he may dwell. If Mr. Blake were to come out "Independent," as all of his enemies and a few of the fools who call themselves his friends want him to do, he could not carry one single constituency either in town or country throughout the length and breadth of Ontario. No, nor could any other person. Let any such apostle try the game in West Ontario. Let Mr. Edgar try it, or any other body, JACOB cares not who, and he will be so ridiculously beaten as to be out of the race altogether. But enough and more than enough of all this. It is not a live question even in Toronto, though there is no reason why men if they please should not talk of it and advocate it till doomsday. One blessed thing in all such cases is that it is not possible to compel people either to read or listen.

As was to be expected JACOB attended the Bribery Commission with

ALMOST RELIGIOUS DILIGENCE, and the conclusion at which he arrived is that if there is a "blooming donkey" in this Province that donkey has the name of Meek. Why, the poor creature gave himself away at every turn. He put it beyond all doubt that he at any rate, had been trying to buy members of Parliament. Why didn't he deny the whole thing? Why acknowledge that he had been in Balfour's room? and McKim's room? had been hand and glove with Lyon, and the whole crew? The man is the veriest Dog-berry, as even he will by and by find out. Why not have given a "stony stare" to every one of these fellows, wondered at their impudence, and asked in every case "Who is your fat friend?" That would have been sensible and somewhat grand like. But to go and ask such questions as were just necessary to confirm the accounts of the so-called plotters was just as assinine as assinine could be. It is an old proverb, but a true one, that he who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client.

The marvellous memories of some of the witnesses was also simply sublime. They could forget by rule and note. Oh well, the end is not yet. If Mowat and his colleagues concocted the whole thing, JACOB hopes they will be caught and punished. In that case however, they must have hired Meek among the rest to make the whole look feasible without themselves having any hand in the pie.

Perhaps there are great efforts being made to put the city in a fit state of defence against the approach of cholera. I suppose it is all right, but JACOB has not seen the first symptom yob of any thing

of the kind. All in good time, however, no doubt. JACOB learned in his young agricultural days to "hurry no man's cattle."

There is one class of officials with whom JACOB sympathizes almost entirely; that is the dog-catchers. They are a deserving, hard-working set of men, often very greatly and very unwarrantably blamed for simply doing their duty. It is notorious that there are far too many dogs in Toronto, that some of these are

UGLY, MASTERLESS BRUTES, that are often dangerous and always offensive. The city has settled that such is the fact; why then should its servants be abused or blamed for simply carrying out the orders of their employers? But there is something more. Some of the brutes that have owners are nasty, ill-natured creatures that are continually snapping at people's heels, and would therefore be all the better for being sent to the happy hunting grounds whether their owners will bear or whether they will forbear. For my part I never feel comfortable on the streets without a stick, and could I get a good opportunity I would come with a thundering good stroke on the head of some of these nasty pug nosed pets, about which so many women make fools of themselves.

And just as I honor the dog-catchers so do I the firemen. No doubt one feels very uncomfortable when they are going careering through the streets in mad hot haste to a fire, and is tempted to wonder what chance he would have if he did not get out of the way pretty quick. Still that is part of their business, and every body would grumble if they took it deliberately when his particular house was burning. The late fatal accident shows very clearly the risks that are run, and perhaps it needed such an occurrence to make people quite aware of how much they owed to the firemen and to how great an extent those deserving servants of the public take their lives in their hands for the benefit of all.

Everybody is supposed to be out of town at present, but everybody is not by a long way. The streets are not so crowded as they sometimes are, yet after all one does not know much difference. Those who can go away

MAY BE THANKFUL, and those who remain may also be pleased that they have something to do and that they can do it. Mark Tapley's philosophy is not the worst after all.

I don't like to venture much over to the Island. It ought to be a nice resort, but it never will be as long as whiskey dens abound in it, thanks to the wisdom of our rulers with their double licensing system. Why it should be, I shall not say, but the fact is undoubted that wherever you have whiskey or other intoxicants you have a hard disagreeable set of people from whom every decent person will try to escape as expeditiously as possible. Rough men and undesirable women seem to find the island a convenient lounging place, the more's the pity, because it might be and ought to be the most attractive spot within the city limits.

Perhaps the cold ungenial July we have had may account for the fact that the Wiman baths boom has entirely past. I am sorry if the whiskey or any other cause has driven or is tending to drive

away the bathers, for if it is necessary that all should drink pure water it is equally necessary that they should keep their skins clean. How many are there in Toronto who never took either a warm or a cold bath in their lives? (Hundreds, no doubt. Thousands perhaps.

By the way, if JACOB likes the Dog-catchers and the firemen, he has an especial kind side for the scavengers. They have not a pleasant business. They are

NOT PARTICULARLY WELL PAID, yet what could we do without them? If every one were standing upon his dignity and say that he would take nothing but a clean job, what then? Things are tending in that direction. People are getting so dainty in their ideas that in a very short time it will found that educated and genteel people instead of getting the light work and the big pay will be reduced by excessive competition to the needle-woman's pittance, while those who are ready to do the rough, dirty slop work will have to be bribed to the same by big wages. Lubbard labour will have its turn at the innings and scavengers and privy cleaners will make their four or half a dozen times the salary of book keepers, and bank clerks, and when that time comes it will just be about the right thing. At least who can quarrel with it who believes in the great law of supply and demand? Certainly not

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Retired Fire-Horses.

Once a fire-horse always a fire-horse. Other animals may have their way, altered by a change of routine, but the fire-horse has as clearly marked habits as the old war steed; No end of amusing occurrences have illustrated this. Ex-Alderman Morris tells of a horse of Chief Brogan's, when the latter was foreman of Number Thirty-three Engine, which, becoming aged, was taken to an auctioneer and disposed of. The old nag passed through several hands, and at length became the property of a "refuse" cartman, who by chance went to the engine-house one day to cart off the garbage. Cart and all had been backed up to the pit in the rear of the building, when suddenly the gong sounded an alarm. At once all the old instincts of the animal stirred in him. The worn-out hack felt the fire of years before, and away he dashed, carrying with him a section of the stairway and all but smashing to pieces the engine which was in his way.

A Williamsburg milkman bought one of these department horses and found him a very docile and well-behaved animal. One day he was serving some customers at the corner of Houston street and the Bowery when an alarm from Twenty-second street brought the engines thundering along near where the old horse stood. The peaceable and sedate brute heard the rumble and could not contain himself. The first glimpse he caught of an engine set him wild and away he tore up the Bowery, with wagon and milk cans clattering behind him. It was a long run for the owner, but he never caught sight of the runaway till he reached the fire and saw the horse there, quietly standing in the full glare of the conflagration.

The young boy who was discovered in the act of concealing a piece of mince pie in his mother's clock explained that he was only trying to kill time.

"My boys," said a strict churchwoman to her children at the beginning of the Lenten season, "I should like very much to have you deny yourselves something during the solemn weeks of Lent. Will you do it?" "I will, mamma," said Johnny. "I'll give up going to school."

Russia and India.

Every step which Russia makes towards the Himalayas makes the true patriot the more regretful at the Crimean War. It was a disastrous blunder. For the sake of bolstering up an effete dominion (which only exists through the jealousies of other Powers), and of strengthening the hands of a usurping Emperor (who was dethroned sixteen years later), we quarrelled with a rising and then friendly nation. The Russians were just in such an embryo condition regarding the industrial arts as to make our commercial intimacy especially valuable. The trade connection still subsists, but the sentiment of friendship by which it was accompanied has been transferred to the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon family across the Atlantic. Since the Crimean War England and Russia have regarded each other with unceasing suspicion. We have personified her as a cunning Bear, always ready to "give the hug" to somebody or something; while in Russian eyes England is the Groy Wolf of the Sea, cold-blooded, greedy, and unscrupulous. It is useless to regret the past; the practical point to consider is what our future behaviour towards Russia ought to be. There is now really only Afghanistan between the two Empires. Afghanistan is a country in which it is very easy to foment disturbances. Supposing in consequence of such disturbances, Russia found it her manifest destiny to annex part of Afghanistan, ought we to consider such annexation as a cause of war? Unless military experts assure us that the neutrality of Afghanistan is absolutely necessary for the safety of our Indian Empire, it might be well to let Russia alone till she touches our own borders. Such a warlike nation as the Afghans, if subdued by force, would be always ready to throw off the yoke, and would in view of an attempted invasion of India, weaken rather than strengthen Russia.—*London Graphic.*

The King's Winks.

One of Canute's attendants, a youth, recently arrived at Court, and desirous of establishing himself in the good graces of his master, inquired of an old official how he could best attain the object of his ambition. "Nothing easier," maliciously replied the other; "you have only to imitate him in everything, and you are certain to please him." The novice took the hint, and remarking that the King had a habit of constantly winking, resolved to lose no time in following his example; and was no sooner admitted into the royal presence than he began to wink so persistently that it attracted the attention of the monarch, who asked him if he were afflicted with ophthalmia. "No, Sir," he answered, "not in the least; I only wink because your Majesty winks, and I thought to please you by doing the same." "You have pleased me without knowing it," said the King, to the astonishment of the courtiers, who stood aghast at the young man's presumption, "by curing me, I trust, of a bad habit into which I have unconsciously fallen; but remember that in future you will please me more by endeavoring to imitate the good qualities of others instead of their defects."

When you see a man scratching himself don't imagine that he full of personal magnetism. It may be merely old mosquito bites.

A San Francisco showman is advertising a troupe of educated flies. If he will send one on here to teach others how to walk around the edge of a milk pitcher without falling in he will gain everlasting fame.

The chemist is happy. He hasn't time to sleep nights, so busy is he extracting the pure essence of lemon, orange, strawberry, and other delicious fruits from coal tar for the soda-water fountain. And the fruit-grower, who has the real thing, feels blue because he can't sell it at paying prices. This is how nature gets left sometimes.

THE GREAT LINTON MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DIARY CONTINUED.

He was walking slowly towards the road, with his head bent. I followed, and overtaking him, I took his hand in mine and said—

"If you love me, you will not take me to Marlow; you will never let me leave you again."

His face softened at once, and, looking down upon me with pity in his eyes, he said—

"You don't know what you are doing, Gertie."

"Yes I do," said I. "And I know why you think it is better that we should part; but you are quite wrong—quite!"

He stopped short, and, looking at me with mingled surprise and curiosity, said—

"What do you know, Gertie?"

"I know that you think I am very childish in certain respects, that my opinions and feelings are unformed, and liable to change greatly."

"Is that all you know?" he asked, with a little laugh.

"No. You believe that I have a great respect for society and its conventional customs, and that I could never be content to live away from the old world you dislike, and in the way you prefer; and for that reason you think it better our love should be extinguished and we should each go separate ways. It is just like my good and brave dear to think that."

"I am not good, Gertie; and I am weaker than you."

I took no heed of that protest, which seemed to me ridiculous indeed, but continued—

"Oh, you are wrong to think that of me! I hate London—when you are not with me; and all the people in it seem deceitful and narrow and stupid and unlovable—all except the girls; and their customs and prejudices are wholly disagreeable to me. I would far rather go back to live in Neufbourg, if you liked it, or sail forever with you in your ship, or live in such a wood as this, where we should be quite alone."

"Or the middle of Sahara!" he suggested, so gravely that, not thinking he was in jest, but only recollecting to have read that the sunsets were very glorious in the desert, I replied quite seriously—

"Yes, if you don't think it would be too dusty for you, dear."

He burst out laughing; then, suddenly checking himself, he said gently—

"There is more of pathos than of humor in such love as yours. Not many women now would follow a man to the world's end blindly. You might marry whomsoever you chose to smile at with those lovely eyes of yours, Gertie, and make any stipulations you pleased."

"I don't want to marry any one but you; and I don't see how any one who loves could make stipulations."

"Don't you?" He stopped again, and, taking my two hands, held me before him, looking into my face earnestly. "And, if I said to you, 'Come with me this moment, away and away, beyond the seas, where we shall meet no one who has ever seen us here,' you would come without one scruple?"

"Yes; I will be your wife from to-day."

"But suppose my dislike to conventionalities extends to marriage—what then?"

I could not think he meant me harm. I supposed only that his principles were opposed to going through a religious ceremony which seems inadequate to binding all men and women truthfully to each other. As these conditions passed through my mind, I looked into his eyes; and for the first time they fell before mine.

"I will be your wife," said I, "by any form that is pure and good in your sight."

"Oh, Gertie," he cried, dropping my

hands and moving on once more, "you undo me by your goodness! I should be a villain indeed otherwile!"

There was a sound of wheels, and over the crest of the hill came a light varnished cart drawn by a fine horse and driven by a servant in livery. John Brown drew my hand under his arm, and then held up his right hand. The servant at once reined in the horse, and, touching his hat, bent forward.

"I want the cart. Get down."

The servant obeyed with alacrity, and went to the horse's head.

"Get up, Gertie."

I stepped up into the cart with his assistance, wondering what was to happen. John Brown got up and took the reins; then he called—

"Matthews!"

"Yes sir." The man came to the side of the cart.

"Where were you going?"

"To Taplow, sir."

"To fetch something for Lady Linton?"

"Yes, sir. I've the list in my pocket."

"Give it to me. If my wife asks, say that I have it, and will see that she gets what she needs."

"Yes, Sir Gilbert."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DIARY CONTINUED.

The blow was so unexpected that it took me some time to realize its severity. I had to say to myself again and again, "This man by my side is not John Brown—not the man I have worshipped in my heart as the bravest and strongest and best man in the world! He is Gilbert Linton. He has a wife living; and he has concealed the fact from me, and he has suffered me in my ignorance to embrace him and receive his caresses!" And even then I could not feel that repugnance to him which the circumstances seemed to require of me. I sat by his side in a kind of stupor, looking before me at the road without seeing anything, unconscious of the direction in which we were going; and, when I presently felt that his eyes were upon me, I looked into his face with a feeling of wonder and incredulity, as though I had been told that he was physically hideous, and that my eyes had deceived me hitherto. It was odd to hear him speak in his usual manner, for, after this revelation, it seemed to me as though he ought to address me in an altered tone, like those wicked men in romances when they throw off the mask of deception.

"Can't quite make it out, Gertie?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"Rather a rude shock, I'm afraid, but it was high time you should know the truth; and no good could come of beating about the bush. Better to get an unpleasant business done quickly than do it in a roundabout, breaking it gently old-womanly sort of way. Heaven knows if I should have told you, though, if Matthews hadn't come over the hill in the nick of time! I am bad or good by impulse. I might give my own life or take some one else's on the spur of the moment, whereas I shouldn't be likely to do either if I took time to reflect. I've something in common with the idiot and something in common with the criminal, but I'm not a cut-and-dried villain. I'm ripening, though. Once upon a time I should have felt something like remorse for the part I have played in this affair. Now, if the part were to be played again, I believe I should act no better, unless I took my heart out and put a stone in its place. I thought in a loose kind of way that you would find out all about me, and that, if you met me again, you would shun me as a thing of evil. That's why I asked you to tell me what you know when you spoke of your dislike to modern soci-

ety and conventional customs. It struck me that perhaps you know all, and were prepared to redeem me from the debasing and miserable consequences of my error. But you did not even suspect that I was married."

I felt that he was regarding me attentively. I shook my head.

"Your old *bonne*, Mero Choss, had no doubt of it. She was good enough to say, when we parted at Noailles, that she would not have engaged me had she not perceived that I was a married man. It's odd that I escaped detection. Gower knew all about it, of course; and, if he didn't tell his daughters, they are sharp enough, it seems to me, to find out a secret of that kind for themselves. If your opinion of me differs ever so widely from theirs, something in your description of me must have suggested a suspicion of my identity."

I had not spoken of him to them. The fact that Sir Gilbert was married had made it impossible for me to recognize a likeness of the man I loved in the portrait they drew of their brother-in-law. The only thing which might have prompted me to suspect the truth was his voluntary separation from me; but I was too ignorant to guess at the real significance of that act. Having an instinctive feeling that it was in the highest degree wicked for a married man to love any one but his wife, how could I believe that the man I loved, and who I thought loved me, was married? These thoughts were in my mind; but I could say nothing, for I felt a sickness at my heart, and, like one who is ill, I wished to bury my face in my hands and get through my suffering in silence.

"You like the girls, Gertie?" he continued, not waiting for me to explain when he saw how troubled I was, but, as I think hastening to turn my thoughts from the subject he had been compelled to allude to. "I thought you would. They are good girls—amiable, generous, and honest at heart, I believe—the best girls I know; and they would be better if they weren't compelled to be deceitful and to seek their amusement in the kitchen. Gower's to blame; he ought to make a stand for them, and put an end to that old harrikan's rule. I suppose all weak people ought to be whipped, though how, having no courage, they are to be courageous, passes my comprehension. Whipping moreover doesn't make weak people strong. I suppose you have little to fear from the influence of that woman; and yet, if you had any friends to go to—"

He did not complete the sentence, but drove on, seemingly absorbed in thought until we came to a point where the roads crossed; and there he stopped the horse, and, turning to me, said, in a low voice—

"Gertie, which road shall we take?"

He pointed with his whip to a finger-post with two arms; on one was written "To Maidenhead," on the other "To Great Marlow." I looked up at him, wondering what he meant.

"It has occurred to me," said he, "that, after what has happened to-day, Mrs. Gower will think that you are not a proper person to be entrusted with the education of her daughters. No explanation of mine will help you. She is quite capable of shutting the door in our faces when we ask for admittance to her house. That road there leads to homelessness and the loss of every friend you have. The other takes us to Maidenhead, from there we can get to London, and from London to the sea, to Neufbourg, to the world's end, leaving all that is wearisome and miserable behind us."

"We!" I said, my lips trembling as I spoke.

"Yes—you who love me and I who love you. Do you think I should care to make the journey alone? Do you think I should find happiness in Paradise without you, or be content not having you within my reach, not hearing your voice respond when I called? Do you want me to tell you in set words that I love you with all my soul, and describe all the emotions

that have agitated me since we parted in that hotel? Will you have me confess how it tormented me to think that you might forget me, that, whilst I cursed the fate that separated us, you were smiling at the change of fortune—how I grew sick with envy and jealousy merely to think that another man might win your love? Don't you believe I love you? Answer me!" he said passionately.

"Yes," I replied.

"And you love me?" he asked, in a calmer tone.

"I have told you so."

"Then why on earth should we part? You have no friends to consider, nor I—not one in all the world!"

"You have a wife."

"What of that? She does not love me; she never did. A thousand times she told me so while the fact had power to sting me. She married me for position. Her strongest desire is that accident or illness may put an end to my life soon that she may enjoy the unrestricted use of the little I should leave her. She does not expect much—a few hundreds that she may draw at settled intervals is all that her mother dares to suggest as the proper provision I should make. Do you think she will regret losing me if I leave her all my fortune? We shan't want much, Gertie—just enough for clothing and food, and spare rigging and spars for the *Tub*—that's all we need to set aside; the rest may go to Lady Linton—all. And, since it will be a positive advantage to her to get rid of me, I have only your happiness to consider. What do you say, Gertie? Will you be happier with me or without me?"

"No, no!" was all I could say.

"That is no answer, you poor frightened little bird! Have no fear, dear. I'm not in 'Ereles vein now. If I were, I should give the mare a cut that would put an end to this debate. I want you to tell me which of those roads you will take."

"No, no!" I said again, clasping my hands to stop their trembling.

He knew what I meant. He knew that I was answering the spirit within me which was tempting me to yield in opposition to my conscience. He dropped his body forward with a sigh, and, his elbow resting on his knee, he looked up into my face with the kindest and most beautiful expression in his eyes.

"Why not?" he asked, after a little space.

"I do not know," I replied.

"The law is on my side. I can be legally separated from my wife if I choose, and that leaves only the question of sentiment to be considered. Do you see anything binding in a contract that has been broken again and again by one of the contracting parties? Do you see anything sacred in a mutual vow made between a liar and a fool—the liar intending to deceive the fool, the fool putting his whole trust in the liar?"

"I cannot reason," I said. "I only know what my conscience tells me to refuse."

"You can reason, Gertie; you are not a fool. If your conscience cannot show why it is wrong to be my real wife, why should you trust it? Reason is greater than prejudice; and you are swayed by prejudice alone—a false conclusion drawn from the false arguments of others. You are fearful of what people will think, of the aspect in which conventional minus will view this departure from conventional forms. But we shall be independent of the world—we shall live for ourselves. What then have you to fear?"

"I fear nothing," said I, "but the loss of my own respect and yours."

He looked at me in silence for a minute; then, drawing a long breath, he straightened himself in his seat, and, taking the whip, drew it slowly across the horse's neck, from one side to the other, reflecting perhaps on what I had said; while I, sitting with my head bent and my hands clasped in my lap, wondered almost apathetically how all this was to end. If, looking upon me as a weak

little fool, he forced me to go his way, or if, doubting his own conclusions, he suffered me to go mine, the result was terrible to think of.

"Good Heaven, what is to become of you!" he said. "If we separate now, it must be for ever. It would be worse than foolish to hang about playing the part of a Platonic friend. Yet it seems infamous to leave you alone. Fancy setting a child upon the brink of a precipice to find its way to safety!"

"I am not a child."

"In one way you are not. You must suffer only as women and men can suffer who have loved and love. It is hard enough for a man, toughened by time and some experience of solitude and misery, to suffer in that way; but you, a girl little used to hardship, a stranger to misfortune—how will you bear such pain without friend, or help, or hope, and with nothing to break the dull monotony of your drudging life? Oh, it's impossible! Come!"

"No, no!" I sobbed; for listening to him, I had begun to pity myself; and yet, while I thought of all I must endure, my wish to do right remained firm within me.

"Think of the days and weeks and months and years of freedom and happiness that a word from you may command! I have seen you happy—let me see you happy again!"

I thought of the days we had been together and the happiness I had left—the fullest and deepest that ever I have felt or shall feel; and in a moment all the scenes seemed to come before my eyes like the scenes in a dream, distinct and yet mingled, and a sort of reckless desperation came into my heart and sent the blood throbbing against my temples and singing in my ears; and, raising my face from my hands, I looked at him, saying to myself, "Why should I not yield and make him happy? Why should I be obstinate to make my own life wretched as well as his? What if it were wrong, and I had to suffer for it—would not my happiness be still well bought?" But suddenly, as I thought of what would happen if I yielded, a great feeling of shame came upon me, so that I could not look any longer into his face; and a black veil seemed to be drawn over my eyes, shutting out all that had been bright and beautiful to my eyes; and, though I know not how, I found strength to cry—

"Oh, help me—help me to do right!"

"Hold tight, Gertie!" he cried; and then, pulling the reins up tight, he gave the mare a cut that made her start forwards in the shafts. She reared up a little under the tight rein, trying to shake her head free, backed, turned towards Marlow, and the next moment was speeding along the road my conscience alone had bidden me take.

"Corrupting a pure young soul—doing one's utmost to set aside the scruples of an innocent and loving girl!" he said sombrely. "A man must be pretty base to do that, Gertie. Yes, I certainly am ripening. You've chosen well to have nothing to do with me. Heaven knows what I may become!"

"You will never become anything that isn't good and generous!" I exclaimed, brushing away my tears and resolving to cry no more. "If that was wrong which you offered to do, it was offered for my sake. Nothing but love could make that sacrifice. You saw no other way than that of saving me from greater misfortunes even than this. And you invented excuses that I might think it was only I who had scruples to overcome and principles to sacrifice. Oh, I see it all quite clearly now! And I am thankful that Heaven gave me strength to resist temptation; for you must have loved me less had I yielded. And I would sooner—oh, far sooner!—die than that. Should I ever have ceased to reproach myself if I had laid that burden on your conscience? Oh, we could never have been happy!"

"Perhaps not. With that sensitive soul of yours, Gertie, you might be very

easy or very difficult to please. I doubt, though, if unhappiness would have arisen from my fine feeling on the subject. You give me credit for motives that never entered my head."

"Of course you didn't say to yourself, 'Now I'll be generous, and do this; now it will be considerate to say that.' We don't do good things in that way—that is, when we're really good, and our actions spring from the heart."

"You'll do better to think of me in the other way, Gertie. You can look on me at least as a possibly bad man; for we can do bad things without premeditation as easily as good—more so perhaps."

"Do you believe I can ever think that of you, or that I could love you less by saying you are not worth loving? It's just because you are noble, and because I do love you, that I can bear better to part from you than to be your—your slave."

"Think the best of me, then, if it will give you courage."

"It does give me heart to think that I have done right, even though I did it with difficulty, for surely I shall never again have greater need of strength. Oh, I am not afraid! Mr. Gower will tell you perhaps—if Mrs. Gower lets me stay—that I am cheerful and—and a b-b-brave girl!"

My tears would flow again; and, knowing that, with my heart in such a tumult, it was useless to try to stop them, I leaned back so that he should not see me more than he could help, and had a good long cry. He took no notice, but, bending forward, rested his elbows on his knees, letting the reins lie loose on the horse's back. And so we went on, both in perfect silence, except for the choking in my throat, which I took care to smother as well as I could, until we came within sight of Marlow Bridge. Then, having, as I hoped, exhausted the fountain of my tears, I gave my eyes a final rub, and, putting away my handkerchief, said—

"If you'll stop, I'll get down here."

"What for?" he asked, without turning his head.

"That's Marlow Bridge; and Mrs. Gower lives only a little way from it on the other side. I can walk there in five minutes."

"Oh, rubbish! You don't suppose I'm going to let you go like that! I shall go and make matters clear to that old woman. If she is unreasonable, I'll see that you are safely housed somewhere else."

"No," I said; "I would much rather go alone. I don't want her to know anything about this; and, if she is unreasonable, I can take care of myself. I know the way to the station, and shall be able to travel to London now without—alone."

"You're right, Gertie," he said, pulling up the horse. "You'll find in yourself a better guide than you've found in me."

He got down from the cart when it came to a stand-still. He had kept his back to me from the time I had begun to cry; and now, as he took my hands to help to down, I saw his face for the first time. There were wet channels upon his tanned face, and his eyes were swollen and full of tears. He laughed a little at my surprise, for never before had I seen a strong man so moved; and then he seemed as if he would say something; but, though his lips moved, no sound came from them; and so he grasped my hands as I stood before him, and neither of us could say good-bye. Then the gathered tears dropped from his eyes and fell upon his brown beard, and, with a little nod and smile, he turned away, and I saw no more, but walked away towards the bridge.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DIARY CONTINUED.

I have tried to act down all that passed between him and me faithfully and fully, with the hope that, having exhausted the subject, I may be able to give my thoughts to other matters and regain that composure without which I cannot hope

to improve upon my present condition. I may not have written all that was said on his side or mine, and in certain passages I can only imagine what I said by recollecting how I felt and thought at the time. Now I will turn to what followed our parting.

I must have looked a woe-begone and wretched creature indeed. As I passed over the bridge some children caught sight of my face, and followed me as if I were a kind of show; and the servant who opened the door looked at me with a sort of awe, and gave me Mrs. Gower's message in a subdued tone of voice, as though she had seen me for the first time in her life. I was to go into the breakfast-room and wait for Mrs. Gower to come to me before I took off my things. The house was as silent as a deserted chapel; evidently the girls had not come home from their excursion. Presently the door of the room opened and Mrs. Gower entered as stiff and stately as the rustling silk she wore.

"Have the goodness, Miss Graham," said she, when she had closed the door, "to explain as clearly as possible the meaning of your most astonishing behaviour this afternoon."

"There is nothing to explain," I said. "What! Nothing to explain when a young person outrages decency by violently insisting upon rushing after a man contrary to the expressed desire of her employer—nothing to explain?"

"No. I could not state more clearly what I did than you have; and I have only to add that I am very sorry my violent haste gave you offence. You see, it couldn't be helped."

Mrs. Gower repeated my words in a tone of indignant astonishment.

"He was at some distance when I first caught sight of him," I continued; "and the only chance of overtaking him was by losing no time. Indeed I might have missed him even then if he had not sat down to light his pipe."

"Light his pipe!" echoed Mrs. Gower, in a tone of disgust.

I assented, and, having nothing further to tell, waited for her to speak.

"And pray who is this—this fellow?"

"I cannot tell you who he is—only I don't think he's a fellow."

"Can't tell me? Do you mean to say that you absolutely pursue a man whose name you do not know?"

"I didn't say that. I said I could not tell you."

"Do you mean to be impudent, Miss Graham, to me?"

"Nothing is farther from my intention. On the contrary, I feel that my conduct must have seemed to you rude and unwarrantable, and I wish you to pardon me."

"There can be no doubt about that; but, before I can think of forgiving you, I must know the name of this man, your relation with him, and have a full account of everything that has taken place since you left me."

"I am sorry I cannot gratify your curiosity in any one of those particulars," I began, when she interrupted me.

"Curiosity, miss! Do you suppose that a lady inquires into the conduct of her servant with motives of curiosity?"

"I cannot say. It does not much matter from what motives you make your inquiries in this case. If I cannot answer them, and you will not forgive me unless I do, there is an end of the matter," I said.

I had no wish to affront Mrs. Gower; yet it seemed that I could not reply to any question she put without giving offence. Being so weary and dispirited I was unable to choose my words, and, seeing that, however, I replied, the result must be the same, I only desired to bring the fruitless and irritating discussion to an end as quickly as possible.

"Your impudence passes all bounds!" she exclaimed. "An end of the matter indeed! You cannot imagine that I shall permit you to stay under the same roof a single night with my daughters

whilst your character for morality is open to suspicion?"

It was now my turn to echo her words. What did she mean by my character for morality being open to suspicion?

"I am not to be deceived by the pretence of ignorance, Miss Graham. Your appearance is in itself sufficient to justify the severest conclusions!"

I glanced hurriedly in the glass. My face was disfigured with crying; but what damaging conclusions the hardest judge could draw from such signs of grief I could not divine.

"I do not understand you," I said.

She made me understand her by a suggestion so revolting and outrageous that for a moment I was powerless to reply; then, burning with indignation, I cried in passionate anger—

"How dare you impute such infamy to me? How dare you speak of such a thing to a young girl like me? You are a wicked woman—a coarse shameless woman!"

My face burns with shame, my hand trembles as I recall what passed. Why should I continue—why attempt to recollect precisely that which I only wish to forget? I will have done with it in a few lines. My indignation absolutely frightened Mrs. Gower. She attempted to reconcile me; but, had she begged my pardon, I would have refused to give it. She kept repeating, "You are unreasonable, Miss Graham." Perhaps I was. I felt like a fury, and needed but a word or gesture of provocation to avenge with violence the injury I had received. I think she saw this, for she prudently drew back as I made for the door, and made no attempt to restrain me from going to my room.

Happily my linen was neatly arranged in my black box, and I had only a few things to collect and pack up in the other; for, as my excitement subsided, my heart was torn with mortification, and scalding tears so blinded me that I could scarcely see what I was doing. Mrs. Gower was not in sight when I went down-stairs; but the servant met me and put an envelope into my hand. It contained a cheque, with a few words to say that I should find that the equivalent of the quarter's salary due the "15th proximo," and requesting me to send a receipt at my "earliest convenience." I put the cheque and note back into the envelope, and, being not yet mistress of myself, I tore the envelope and enclosure into two pieces, and bade the girl give it back to Mrs. Gower.

"Yes, miss," she replied, taking the pieces. "And mistress says shall she send your luggage to your address, or will you send for it?"

I told her I would send for it; and accordingly at the station I engaged a porter to fetch my two boxes; and, after waiting in the dismal waiting-room, in the darkest corner I could find, for an hour and twenty minutes, I took my seat in the train and came to London.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Doing Europe on the Bicycle.

Bicyclists generally will be interested in a tour which is about to be made by a party of thirty or forty bicyclists. It is the most ambitious and courageous journey, competitive trials excepted, which has yet been made on the wheels. The tour is to begin in Ireland—compliment to the scenic resources of the country—as many members of the party are of an artistic turn, and purpose taking away the neatest bits to be seen on the journey. Having done Ireland they will proceed to Scotland to make a personal acquaintance with the spots rendered romantic and poetic by the genius of Scott and Burns. Thence across the border, where some time will be spent among the lakes, the old cathedrals, and the historic cities of England. After this the tour will lie through France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy, and will terminate in Venice. This is a bold and comprehensive venture.

Temperance Department.

EDITED BY G. W. SECRETARY.

TRUTH contains each week full and reliable news from every part of the Good Templar work. Any information in regard to work gladly received. Address all such to T. W. OASER, G. W. S. Napanee, Ont.

The Scott Act.—Plunder and Spoliation—A Ten Years' Compensatory Act.

To the Editor of Truth.

SIR—Your correspondent, W. L. Smith "is in favor of prohibition." He holds that, "on the score of economy," the liquor traffic is a national evil and that "untold misery and wretchedness can also be laid at its door." But he says he "holds views diametrically opposed to a large majority of prohibitionists." This he proves by expressing contempt for those who do not recognise a property right in a liquor license, and by declaring that he looks upon "prohibition by means of the Scott Act as a colossal fraud." He also advocates a ten years' Compensatory Act.

In his first proposition he speaks of "right and license," as though they were synonymous terms. Now a wrong is not made "a right" by license. Nor do we apply to a Court of Law for permission to enjoy our "rights." They are ours without appeal to a License Commissioner, whether they be personal rights, property rights or the rights of trade or commerce. The sale of liquor is not included in any of those but it is true that a liquor seller as such has no rights beyond the limits of his license. A liquor license is not a mere customs regulation of a legitimate business—as for example a pedlar or an auctioneer. It is a special patent or permit in which limitation of time is the essence of the contract. Mr. Smith expresses his "pitying contempt" for those who do not see that "custom and law" have both implied that when a man once receives a license for a proper house that license would be renewed yearly, and that no man would be fool enough to invest ten or twenty thousand dollars in a building which is fit for no other purpose but a hotel if he thought there was even a reasonable chance of his losing his license at the expiration of a year. The answer to the first of these points is that if "custom and law" have established a general rule in favour of renewing a liquor license annually, "custom and law" can disestablish that rule, and as a matter of fact such change is now taking place.

The language of custom has been for a long time clearly in the direction of limitation of licenses, and of prohibition, and is now saying by the voice of public opinion to every liquor seller, "take notice—your license may not be renewed again." Law has not favored the theory of renewable licenses because every license law limits the term of every contract. But law is further endorsing the change of custom—by limiting the number of licenses—by passing a Dunkin Act involving an electoral veto, followed by a stronger Act based on the same principle (the Scott Act), and even the License Act of the Provincial and Dominion Governments have introduced the veto power. Mr. Smith must excuse me if I say that he might have reserved a little of his "pitying contempt" for the writer who does not see that neither the property nor the business of hotels proper will be prejudiced or destroyed by the removal of liquor licenses. Custom and the practice of the trade has, it is true, associated the sale of liquor with the keeping of hotels, but custom and practice are changing in this as in other respects. It does not require a permit to carry on the hotel business and there is no law to compel the sale of alcohol, with the supply of food and board. To divorce our legitimate hotels from the whiskey business would not destroy one atom of hotel property, but it would add to the

comfort, decency and respectability of an honorable business. If I am told that there are many so-called hotels whose chief support is derived from the sale of liquor, I answer that the public have no need of such houses. They are saloons, whiskey dives, not hotels. They purposely encourage bar business and make only a show of the real business of a public victualler. Such houses are not in harmony with "custom and law" and they have no claim to a moment's consideration on the part of the public. As to the Distillers and Brewers, I confess I have no room in my conscience for sympathy for or with them. They have made money, many of them great wealth, while the consumers of the poison they produce have become poor, and often degraded outcasts, and thousands have been slain by it. I need all my compassion and sense of justice and right for the widow and orphans, for the mother stricken down in sorrow for her lost son, and for the children deprived of home and parental protection and support. If the brewer and distiller requires notice let him take it from the growth of public opinion, from the change in "custom and law," from the gradual but certain adoption of prohibitory enactments. Let him take warning of the handwriting on the wall, "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting." If in presence of the obvious change in public opinion the brewer and distiller refuses to accept the "notice to quit" let him take the consequences of his own act. The liquor traffic must fall the wise man will "stand from under."

COMPENSATION.

Compensation as a condition of prohibition can never be admitted as just or reasonable by the temperance community. We have spent 50 years in hard missionary effort and solemn warning. We have given treasure and service to the patriotic duty of changing "custom and law." That change has not been hastened by any movement on the part of the liquor factors toward it. They have not come to us and proposed terms. They have fought us inch by inch. Every step of the way, through the first stages of moral suasion and prevention to the present moment they have contended bitterly against our righteous reform. And now when we are nearing the goal, no policy of compensation can be conceded by the temperance people. If, indeed, it were possible to consider the question, on what principle could the claim be based? Should it be by a Dr. and Cr. account between the liquor makers and vendors and the nation? If so, it will be well for them that nothing be said about it, for a fearful balance would stand against the traffic; a balance against which the whole of their enormous wealth and the confiscation of all their property would be but as a drop to the ocean.

TEN YEARS' LICENSE.

When Mr. Smith advocates that Parliament should "pass an act now, abolishing the trade altogether and bring it into effect by proclamation ten years hence" he is practically advocating a ten years' license.

I regard such a proposal as the most mischievous and dangerous that could be made in view of the settlement of this grave question, and for the following reasons.

That it would give to all makers and vendors who happen to be in possession at the time, and undisturbed monopoly for ten years. We are not governed by the laws of the Modes and Persians. No one understands better than liquor dealers that the Government of 1895 would not be bound necessarily by the action of the Government of 1885, and none better than they realize the value of an undisturbed possession of the traffic for a number of years as a potential lever towards the repeal of such an act ere it came into force.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Nothing would check the vigilant work of temperance reformers so much as a definite postponement of the

operation of a prohibitory law. It would be a "flag of truce" creating false security. Hostility against the traffic would be suspended, the public conscience would be lulled, but the enemy of society and home would be diligently making tranches and throwing up earth-works. Our inactivity would be their opportunity. Their wealth and political power would increase and the cry of "injustice" and "spoliation" etc., would be as strongly urged then as now. Ten Years' license with the consent of the temperance party can never be thought of. It means ten years' drunkenness by act of parliament, ten years' manufacture of drunkards among whom would be some of our children. Ten years of an evil worse than the "combined evils of war, pestilence and famine." (Vide W. E. Gladstone) Ten years' lease of the "crime of crimes" And this with the approval and consent of the temperance people of Canada? Never! Even if the war is prolonged, let the issue be definite and clear, let our consciences be free, let the conflict end without compromise. Only thus can we secure a solid, permanent victory.

THE SCOTT ACT.

The cry of "prohibition does not prohibit" is the most inconsiderate and thoughtless that could be used by a social reformer. We can understand an interested advocate of the liquor interest manufacturing such a cry, but for a prohibitionist to proclaim the failure of the Scott Act on the experience of Halton is simply incomprehensible. Who could reasonably expect any law, however good and powerful, in the course of a couple of years to correct all the evils which a long period of license has begotten and maintained? To my mind the success attending the Scott Act in Halton calls for the greatest rejoicing and congratulations. What if it has not transformed all the old whiskey drinkers who have been educated by license? What if it be true that a large quantity of liquor is smuggled into the country to supply the numerous sickly people who have been made sick under license, and who have not had time to die off? It is true nevertheless that the Act has worked wonders in Halton already. On the admission of its enemies it has closed every public bar in the county; it has enormously decreased drinking; it has driven the traffic into dark, secret, and disreputable corners; it has out-lawed the traffic. More than this, it has almost destroyed the business of the constable and gaoler. On the testimony of the Provincial Prisons Report, we find that while crime increased 10 per cent. the year before the Act came into operation (1891-2); the very first year after, a decrease of 40 per cent. is reported. Are these signs of failure or of success? Be it remembered, moreover, that the County of Halton (a small county) stands alone in the Province, under the Scott Act, surrounded by other larger counties where license prevails. It is the target against which is directed the whole of the ammunition of the liquor interests of the province, and it is subject to the direct attack of men who have contracted to bring the Act into discredit in order to bring about its repeal. Time, however, will prove that the people of Halton have no intention of repealing the Act and that the boasted petition which the anti-Scott Act advocates are flaunting before the people of the province is a sham and a snare. It is a very good scare-crow, but the men who know how that petition was got up and the nature of it, are not in the least alarmed at it. Like the traffic it seeks to bolster up, it is a fraud. Mr. Smith has not read the history of great reforms profitably, if he expects to attain the end we have in view without "hard feelings" "intense bitterness, boycotting" etc. No surer indication of a mistaken policy could be given than that it would secure the co-operation and alliance of the liquor sellers. The abolition of this great traffic involves the overturning of more money tables than any other question of modern times—or perhaps of the world's history—and men

who derive their wealth from it will not join hands with those who are bent on its destruction. The very fact that the Scott Act provokes bitter hostilities and ominous "boycotting" is one of the proofs that it is on the right track. Is it true that "incondary fires are attributed" to the operation of the Scott Act in Halton? I have not heard of it. But if so, what then? Shall we take down our prohibition flag and make a truce with a demon because his imps are fiendish? Shall we give up the reins of law and order; shall we sell our country to license because there are men who are wicked enough to inspire others to deeds of crime of bullying cowardice and of incondianism? Shall we even, in face of threatened revolution cease to wage war with an evil more demoralising and enslaving than slavery, more ruinous than war and more pestilential than pestilence and famine?

Once more—Which is more likely to "set back the temperance wave." Such results as those referred to in Halton, magnified and improved as time goes on and other counties avail themselves of the Act; Will these advantages, obtained at the point of the bayonet, or a ten years' compromise with the enemy, have that effect? Mr. Smith says that the agitation for the Scott Act is "a work of plunder and spoliation." And this is the language of one who claims to be a prohibitionist. To adopt an Act passed by the Dominion Parliament, endorsed as constitutional by the highest court in the realm, is "plunder and spoliation" and "a colossal fraud." To say to a class of men who have made wealth by means of a special privileged permit, "Gentlemen, for a long period you have had an opportunity, not permitted to the rest of society, to make money. In the course of your business you have plundered men of reputation, character and life. You have spoiled homes and depreciated your country—we give you notice that at the expiration of your present license, or next years' license at most, this permit will be withdrawn." This, forsooth, would be fraud, spoliation and plunder.

Brother Smith it won't do. Please reconsider. Your aid in the temperance reform is needed. Your attack on the drink traffic as a political blunder and a breeder of incalculable evils is worthy of a temperance man, but your position is unsound, inconsistent. You hoist our flag but your sword is against us. Yours is the voice of Jacob but the face is the face of Esau.

Yours, etc,
W. BURGESS.

Good Templars' Directory.

SOUTH WOODLEE, ESSEX CO. HOPE
of Rochester Lodge No. 127, meets Friday evening. W. C. T., J. A. Smith; W. S., Frank Fair; L. D., E. J. Smith. 19-23.

INGLINTON, YORK CO. UNION STAR
Lodge No. 266, meets Wednesday evening at Templars Hall. W. C. T., S. J. Douglas, W. S., A. J. Brown; L. D., Wm. Norris. 19-23

SARNIA—OJIBWAY (INDIAN) LODGE
No. 210, meets on Monday evening at the Indian Reserve Church. Visitors welcome. W. C. T., PETER RIDD, W. S., J. THOMAS, Sarnia P. O. 19-25.

GUELPH, ONT.—BEAVER LODGE, NO. 58
meets every Monday evening in Good Templars Hall. Visitors from other lodges always welcome. W. C. T., R. McDONALD; W. S., HENRY MOULDER; L. D., J. J. MAHONEY. 19-24.

HUMBERSTONE, WELLSAND CO.—HUM
berstone Lodge, No. 378, meets every Saturday evening at Good Templars Hall. Good Templars Visitors always welcome. W. C. T., D. H. CROW, W. V. MISS H. WEAVER, W. S., MISS A. NEFF; L. D., JAMES KIN. NEAR Port Colborne, P. O. 19-26

ALDERVILLE (ROSENEATH P. O.)
Northumberland Co. Mississauga Lodge, No. 354, (Indian) meets Tuesday evening at the Mission School House. W. C. T., Miss Irida Mack; W. S., Sister J. Marston; W. S., Wm. Lake; A. S., A. Salt; W. T., Sister M. Chubb; W. S., Thos. Marston; W. M., Wesley Blake; J. G., Miss M. Jack; O. G., K. Conroy; W. C. N. Black; L. D., M. Lakos. 19-26

LONDON MILLS, SIMCOE CO., KISSKES
ABKTA Lodge (Indian) meets at Good Templars Hall, Rama, every Saturday evening. W. C. T., Mrs. Ann Sandy; W. V., Fanny Sandy; W. S., Sarah Sandy; W. F. S., Joseph Yellowhead; W. C., Chief Joseph Benson; W. T., Lillian Williams; W. M., John Wesley; L. G., Mary Yellowhead; O. G., Sam Roche; L. D., Gilbert Williams. 19-25

Our Young Folks.

MOSE.

The Story of a Dog.

It was late in July, 1872, and late in the afternoon, when I rode up to George Warner's house on Fish Creek, in northern Montana. After greeting my comrade, who sat in meditation on a pine log, I unsaddled my horse and turned him loose in the valley, and then sat down by Warner's side to enjoy the glories of a Rocky Mountain sunset. The soft, gray light of the plains blended in the distance with the purple tints hanging over mountain glens lying in the shade of lofty, snow-clad peaks. The silence of the plains was absolute. Between us and the precipitous walls of the foothills antelope grazed. A few cattle walked in file toward the water holes for their evening draught. My horse joined a small herd of horses that were feeding in the valley below us. They gathered together compactly, to talk, probably. Soon they differed and fought, and my horse was promptly kicked out of the herd. I noticed these incidents lazily, unconsciously almost, as I sat with chin on knee-supported arms, watching the light fade from the serrated crest of the mountains. The silence was broken by a heavy pat, pat, pat on the porch behind us. I turned and saw a large, handsome half-blood stag hound walking on the porch. In his mouth he carried a billet of firwood. Seeing me he stopped, and with his head high in the air looked intently at me for an instant, and then resumed his walk. Slowly he stopped off the porch and walked around the end of the log nearest to Warner, and stood motionless before him. My comrade's voice thrilled with affection, or it may have been the unspoken recollections of the past conjured up by the silent and mysterious power of the highland that affected his tones, as he said lovingly: "Mose, old boy." After looking affectionately at Warner and disapprovingly at me, the dog dropped the billet of wood, and then, holding it firmly with his powerful paws, he made a pretence of gnawing it, as though it were a marrow bone, looking appealingly at his master the while. My comrade stroked the animal's head and smiled as he said: "Mose, I suspect that you are a fraud. You know you are not hungry. Are you not ashamed to bring that stick here and pretend to eat it? You are trying to convey the impression that I starve you. What will my friend, a stranger to you, Mose, think of me, you wretched, wretched dog?" While Warner was speaking Mose looked into his eyes, his face beaming with love. His expression was almost human in its intelligence. Lovingly Warner looked at the dog for an instant and then he inquired, "Are you really hungry, Mose?" For answer the dog worried the stick as though he would devour it. Warner arose and said, "Come and eat, you humbug." They disappeared around the house in the direction of the pegs on which antelope were hanging. I heard my friend talk to the dog as he fed him as one talks to a child, questioning him as to whether he had had enough, admonishing him not to bolt his food, lecturing him on the vulgarity of greediness. Presently Mose came around the corner of the house, and, walking to me, thrust his nose into my hand and smelled of it inquiringly. Then, after looking me full in the face for an instant, he laid his long head on my knee and sedately wagged his tail as I smoothed his forehead and talked to him as dogs love to be talked to.

I have owned and loved one brown-eyed setter bitch that frequently exhibited quite a high order of reasoning power. But I have owned and heartily disliked and promptly killed two score of beetle-headed dogs, wretched, semi-idiotic creatures that bayed the moon, set rabbits in the field, and sucked eggs and

duously when off duty. But Mose surpassed all other dogs I have seen in intelligence. He was modest, courageous, honest, and loving. He was a far more agreeable companion than many men I have camped with.

The morning after my introduction to the dog we started on our journey into the land of the Blackfeet, Warner and I and Mose. The dog trotted after our horses. Occasionally he relieved the monotony of the trail and expended the surplus of his animal spirits by short combats with intercepted badgers that he artfully worried into intense rage and then allowed to escape. After one of these sham fights Mose would cock up his head and look at us, as much as to say: "Great sport—eh? That fellow smelled very badly; worse than usual, I believe. Did you see him back into his hole?" and he would leap high in the air and bark loudly with delight. I noticed that Mose was careful not to close with the badgers. He simply teased them. I doubted his courage and asked Warner if he could kill the animals. My friend smiled scornfully and refused to answer the absurd question. The next badger Mose artfully cut off from his hole was unfortunate. The dog was having great fun in making pretences of furious onslaughts on the vile-smelling animal, when Warner said, lowly, "Kill him, Mose." Instantly Mose closed with his antagonist. There was a crunching of bones between powerful jaws, and the dead animal was tossed aside. Kill badgers, indeed! as a terror does rats. Toward evening we crossed a divide, on the northern slope of which a small herd of antelope were feeding. Warner's rifle flew to his shoulder and cracked sharply. Instantly the animals were in flight. The shot was long, and I feared my comrade had missed. When the gun cracked Mose bounded forward and seated himself on his haunches by Warner's side, and looked attentively at the running antelope. Suddenly he leaped and was running at full speed in pursuit. "Follow the dog," Warner cried, as I rode after Mose. "He would not course if the antelope was not wounded." Weeks of experience proved the truth of my friend's assertion. When one of our rifles cracked Mose was enormously interested in the result of the shot. He would study the fleeing animals until he saw which one was wounded, and that one he would run down; but if he was satisfied that the shot was unsuccessful he would not course. He would look at us, I used to think sympathetically, as much as to say: "That's all right. You must not expect to kill every time. We'll find another one pretty soon and I know we'll capture that one." And the gentlemanly creature would wag his tail and feign a joy he did not feel, and promptly distract your thoughts and relieve his own feelings by worrying the next badger he found.

When Mose was a young dog, just out of his puppyhood, he caught a wounded antelope, after a long chase. Warner lost sight of the chase in the intricacies of the hills. An hour passed before he found the game. When he arrived at the spot where the dead animal lay he was horrified at the rotund appearance of his dog, and the disappearance of a large portion of the antelope. Mose had eaten the prized basket. This crime Warner punished severely. After this Mose would never eat in the field. Often I have stood over dead game and offered him bits of meat. Invariably his high-curved tail became pendent, his head sank, his ears drooped, and the light and joy faded from his face. He would lie down at a little distance from us and look reproachfully, sorrowfully, even, at us, as though saying, "I am disappointed in you. I think it exceedingly ungentlemanly in you two to laugh at me, and recall my shame and disgrace. And he would sigh deeply. But when camp was made Mose was always hungry, and if not promptly fed he would carry a stick to the fire and there lie and pretend to eat it.

In the morning, after breakfast had been eaten, the horses saddled, and the burden placed on the pack animal, Mose would beat the camping ground for overlooked articles, as a setter dog does a patch of grass for a scent-withholding quail. An overlooked knife, or spoon, or spur, or pipe, or even a twig that had been used as a whip the previous day, he would pick up and deliver to Warner. When he was satisfied that nothing had been left, he would caper and twist himself and bark for joy. One evening, as we descended into the Milk River Valley Warner discovered that his knife and sheath had fallen from his belt. He called Mose. The dog reared and placed his fore paws on Warner's thighs as he sat in the saddle, and looked earnestly in his master's face. My friend talked to him as he would to a man, telling of his loss. Then with outstretched arm, pointing backward over the windswept divide we had just crossed, he said, "Go find it." Mose dropped to his feet and started back. We went on to the river and made our camp. In about two hours Mose loped into camp with the leathern sheath of the knife in his mouth, and gave it into Warner's hand. With ineffable scorn he looked at Mose as though he expected him to sprout donkey ears. He savagely told Mose that he was the greatest ass in the Rocky Mountains. Then, holding the empty sheath before the dog's eyes, he sternly asked, "Where is the knife?" and he added, "Go back, you donkey, and find the knife you allowed to slip from the sheath." The dog turned and disappeared in the darkness. In less than an hour he returned with the knife in his mouth. I now understood why Mose so carefully searched the camp each morning. Experience had taught him that Warner would send him back for any article that had been overlooked, and Mose, being a sociable dog and not fond of lonely trips across the plains and over hills, behind which savage gray wolves lurked, took good care that nothing was left in the abandoned camps.

Mose was noisy. He dearly loved the sound of his own voice. His spirits were always high. He chased jack rabbits; he pursued coyotes, he coursed swifts, he tormented badgers, he avoided gray wolves, he barked at game o' nights. One evening we rode into the Marias Valley. Stamped into the clay by the edge of the water were the fresh prints of many moccasin feet. We were among hostile Indians. Warner and I dismounted and examined the tracks. Mose smelled of them. That night, after it was dark, we rode northward and made a dry camp among the hills. After our horses were picketed Warner carried a saddle blanket to the top of a near-by hill that overlooked our camp, and there spread it. He told Mose to lie there and guard the camp, and he added to his instructions the caution, "No more noise from this on, Mose." I never again heard the dog's voice. Nightly he watched our camp in silence. The approach of game that he could not make out, such as buffalo in the distance or traveling elk or antelope, he announced by waking Warner. Often while lying on the northern plains I have awakened with a start and a keen sense of the presence of danger to see Warner, rifle in hand, and Mose at his side, gazing intently into the darkness. The dog understood as well as we that his bark might betray our camp to the Blackfeet, who were hunting in the land, and he suppressed it. Mose became a solemn dog. He quitted playing with badgers; he stuck close to the horses when we were on the trail; he lost all desire to explore the crests of the divides or to admire the scenery from the tops of hills. The low valleys and tiny draws that hid us from the sharp eyes of the Blackfeet suited Mose as well as us. I have not a particle of doubt that Mose felt the presence of danger and understood that we were careful, because it was essential to our safety.

Late in August the trading post of

Healy Brothers and Hamilton, at Whoop Up on the Belly River, sheltered us. There we lost Mose. Dogs as well as men have their hours of weakness. Mose was of ardent temperament. He fell a victim to the wiles of a fair, golden-haired, dark-eyed female of his species, and was lured by her into the Pigan camp. The children of the plains having secured the dog by honest thrift and finished craft, refused to surrender him to Warner when he entered their camp; and they told him they would kill him if he came after the dog again. The tears stood in the brave gentleman's eyes when he returned to the trading post. The descendants of Mose are famous among the Blackfeet for sledge dogs.

On my return to civilization Mose gradually faded from my memory. One day last winter I met Joo Healy on Broadway. During our talk he told me that Mose was still alive. He made the trading post his headquarters; but visited in the Indian camps a great portion of the time. He grows in intelligence as the years rolled by. Healy told me that Mose could not talk or read or write, and that he might be a little rusty in mathematics, but that he knew more than many men, and that he was a most delightful comrade under any circumstances.

To-day I received a letter from Healy, written at Silver City, Northwest Territory, Manitoba, let it speak for itself:

"I lost a good and true friend this past winter. You know him well. Old Mose of Whoop Up is dead. He was sensible to the last. He knew his time had come. Some of the men found him digging his own grave outside of the fort. They carried him into the building. That night he escaped, and the next morning was found dead in the grave he had dug. The men made him a coffin, and buried him at the spot he had chosen. I have erected a slab over him, and inscribed on it: 'Here lies Mose. He will hunt no more.'" FRANK WILKESON.

In the Right Place.

We have all been taught to have "a place for everything and everything in its place." This is quite right, and while there is a place for everything, everything should be in its place. But it is equally true that there is a place for everybody, and everybody should be in his (or her) place. We should always remember that there is, every day and every hour of our lives, a right place for us—a place where we ought to be. And consequently if we are not in that place we are in the wrong place.

We should never allow ourselves to be found in a place where we cannot do as much good as we might in some other place. Let us always be where we can do the most good. Nor should we ever allow ourselves to be found where we would not wish to be found if our Saviour should appear. As we know not the day nor the hour when the Master shall call us, how very important that we should be always on the watch—always in the right place, that we may not be "ashamed before Him at His coming."—1 John, ii. 28.

J. L.

Railway Electric Signals.

One of the most efficient forms of railway electric signals, as proved by experience, is that operated on the principle of the closed or constant electric circuit, the rails being used as conductors. The track is divided into mile sections, and at one end of the section is placed a battery, one pole being connected by wire with the rails of one side of the track, while the other pole is connected by wire with the rails of the other side; at the other end of the section is placed the signal moved by a weight or spring, the latter controlled by an electro magnet. When the electro magnet is excited it causes the signal to take the safety position, and when the electric magnet is demagnetized it causes the signal to indicate danger.

The Poet's Page.

Dandelion.

BY HAZEL WYLDK.

O scorned and trampled flower,
How like to wisdom's ways
Thy earnest, upward gaze,
Thy meek and hidden power.

While thou dost me imbue
(With grace to be inclined,
Thy Maker bids me find
In thee a helper true.

Unmindful of the world—
Save it to give thy cheer
From spring to winter drear,—
Thy blossoms are unfurled.

The sun thy given light,
Thou givest back again:
Through golden rays thy ken,
Making thy face so bright!

The day is thine for praise,
Thy eyelids early close
At night, for thy repose,
So healthful are thy ways.

"A very common flower!"
Against thee is the cry;
'Tis but the common eye
Is blinded to thy dower.

Who seeks in hot haste care
For one more choice and sweet,
Brushing beneath the feet:
So modest and so fair,

So generous a flower,
But shows perverted mind,
Only to those inclined
Which boast of finer power.

Thy free and gracious growth
Will compensate, indeed,
For being named a weed;
They are thy pleasures both.

The cultured plant in pride
May lift its grander crest;
But let its interest
Droop in the human guide.

And quickly it must fade,
Whilst thou by One unseen
Art blessed, though counted mean,
And useful by Him made.

Aye, dandelion fair!
Thy heart holds treasure sweet
With which thy friends to greet
And I must name thee rare.

Who, in a humble way,
Maintain thy self-repose
As sure as sunset rose
And brighter every day!

Nor robbing of their grace
Those that can lesser show
Of plants that higher grow
Not envying the place.

Ah, who could better live,
Than as the Maker wills!
He every wise heart fills
And every grace can give.

July.

Holding Love's hand through all the July
heat,
I timed with gentle songs my happy feet,
And paced through blowing fields of golden
wheat.

Holding Love's hand,
I palled the crimson poppies all aglow
With light and heat; or, bending low,
Found out the place where sweet hedge-
berries grow.

Holding Love's hand,
I heard, through strong deep scents of
bleaching hay,
The sounds of laughter, sweet and far away
From the green peace where I could rest or
stay.

Holding Love's hand,
I breathed for very joy in deep low sighs,
Under the pines, like dim and dreary skies.
Ah, it was sweet to look into Love's eyes
And hold his hand!

Over the green miles of the long marshy
grass
I watched the summer shadows idly pass;

For there are shadows in Love's sky, alas!
Holding his hand,
In brightest days I have a moment wept,
Just as in brightest hours tired Love has
slept;
Ah, then what patient watch my eyelids
kept,
Holding Love's hand!

Thus Love dreamed sweetly through our
hearts' July;
Under the cloud and sunshine of our sky,
Dreamed of Love's harvest-time, while I sat
by,

Holding his hand—
While I sat by and mused, for well I know
'T would not be always July. Need I rue
If life's strange fitful journey I pass
through,

Holding Love's hand?

—Written for Truth

What is Love?

BY MRS. H. PERKINS.

You ask me, darling, what's love?

Then list to me a while,
I hear it in your gentle voice,
I see it in your smile.

I feel there's love in everything

The Almighty One has made.

It rests upon the hill-top,

And nestles in the glade,
Tis in the tiny blade of grass

That drink the beaming shower.

It is in the perfume and the tinct

Of every tree and flower.

It is in the monarch of the day

As he rises in his might.

It is in the wild storm in its strengths

As it rends the oak asunder.

It is in the lightning's lurid flash,

And in the booming thunder.

All things are good and beautiful

From the mammoth to the mite,
If some to us are dark and strange

It is our imperfect sight.

Love gushes in the mother's heart,

With her baby at her breast,
Its eyelids closing gently

As it softly sinks to rest.

And this is sure the sweetest form

That love can ever wear,
The dear reward that woman hath

For sorrow pain and care.

There is no treachery in its smile,
No danger in its kiss,And earth can find no other love
So purely good as this.

Love flashes in the young man's eye,

When young life is in his veins,
And in the maiden's trembling sigh

The potent spirit reigns.

'Tis the spirit of the universe

That breathes in life and light,
Whatever form that spirit takes

It always acts aright.

But there's a love that's dearer far,
Than all beside can be,The love that thou, my cherished one,
This night confests to me.

Nay, raise thy sweet eyes, let me look in

their light,
Thou art dearer than ever to me,
And I swear by the stars living lustre to-
night

To never love any but thee.

—Written for Truth.

Man.

BY ANDREW BUEGLASS, JR.

[The author of the following lines is a
young lad,—a hill-born, self-taught, coun-
try shepherd laddie of the Cheviots—by a
friend of whom we have been asked to pub-
lish them, which we do with pleasure.—ED.]

Man may an empire rule with iron hand,
Make slaves to sweat and toil at his com-
mand;

May flash his messages of peace or war,
Twixt lands by oceans separated far,
Swift as descending hail can cleave the air,
Or lightning span the gloom with lurid
glare;

May yoke the panting steam to well-built
cars,
Beneath whose thundering wheels earth
trembling jars,
And speed o'er iron-paths with limbs at rest,
O'erleap the gless, drive through the moun-
tain's breast,

Or o'er through pathless space on wings
may sweep;

But man, with all his power and skill, yet
cannot bind

The wayward wandering thoughts, of his
own mind.

My Wife Shall Have Her Way.

My little wife shall have her way,
I often told her so,
For she has both the wit and will
To choose the right I know.
And if sometimes she chooses wrong,
She's sure the fault to find,
And tell me in a little while—
"My dear, I've changed my mind!"

She said to me the other day—

"I'm really in distress;

I cannot show myself again

Without a new silk dress.

To day I saw such lovely suits,

I felt just like a fright!"

I said, "Go buy the best;

You always do what's right.

Instead of that she changed her mind,

And said, to my surprise,

"Why should I spend our money dear,

dear,

For other people's eyes—

This dress is very pretty yet.

'Twill last for many a day!"

I answered, with a loving kiss:

"My wife shall have her way."

Sometimes she says: "I'm going to call;

I'll take a carriage, Jack."

"Why do I?" I answered: "Roads are bad,

And you'll be sooner back."

At night she asks: "Why should I spend

Five dollars calling, pray?

I took the cars." Was I not right

To let her have her way?

Year after year, as summer comes,

She's sure to say to me—

"The city is so hot, let's rent

A cottage by the sea."

"Do, love." She looks at one or two

Then says: "At home we'll stay,

Home's better, Jack, and cheaper, too!"

"My darling take your way."

And so it is through all my life,

Whatever my wife shall want,

It is my will, it is my way,
Her will and way to grant.

For if I do not contradict,

And if I do not alight,

Then I can trust her every time

To do the thing that's right.

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

BY MRS. D. LONDON.

With tottering step, and frenzied eye,

The sad inebriate hurries by,
To the accursed denWhere Lucifer's highpriest awaits,
To lure through the infernal gates,
His faltering fellow men.

The victim enters—grasps the cup,

And quaffs the demon nectar up;

He drinks, to drown his care,

O'er thou, who standest on the rock,
Above the surging billow's shock

See thou, thy brother, there.

Withold thy censure, taunt and frown,
His sins and woes have born him down
To effortless despair.He sinks beneath his heavy load—
He's prostrate on a thorny road;

Say, shall we leave him there?

Shall we not lend a kindly hand,
And with our strength help him to stand,
And find some safer wayFor the poor harassed, trembling feet,
Some shelter from the burning heat
And burden of the day?Oh, by the power of word and deed,
Show him how human hearts can bleed
At sight of human woe;Show him a love that will not shrink
To snatch from Folly's foulest brink,
The wanderer, lost, below.So shalt thou lift thy brother up—
So in thy measure, taste the cupThy Saviour drained for thee:
No life shall burst out from the tomb
And in Love's warm, perennial bloom
The captive shall be free.

In the Henery.

Othello—Is she not on nest?

Iago—Oa nest, my lord?

Othello—On nest, ay, on nest.

Iago—My lord, for aught I know.

Othello—What dost thou think?

Iago—Think, my lord?

Othello— Think, my lord?
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in the coop,
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean
something.
I heard you say but now, thou lik'dst not
that,
As though thy breakfast egg was stale or
had been sat upon;
And when I told thee she was of my brood,
The choicest layer of a thousand hens, thou
cried'st "Indeed!"
As one would say he had a Cockin hen
Could lay an egg with her, for money.
Show me the hen!
Iago—I dare be sworn she is on nest.
Othello—Well, go to, then. Like to the
Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on,
Even so a setting hen will set,
And set, and set and set,
On bureau knots and bottle necks and
corks,
And will not scratch around and lay fresh
eggs
Till something hatch. I have tied
Red strings to their tails, and doused
Cold water on them, and have scared them,
And chased them round the yard, and set
Dark barrels over them, but set they will.
I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of
death
For the old hen. Ay, ay; and by yond
marble heaven,
I will sell her in the market
For a squab!

A Clever Parody.

The following reply to Burns' popular

poem is taken from a Malbourne paper:—

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,

"Far a' that and a' that,"

But though the song be clear and strong,

It lacks a note for a' that.

The lout who'd shirk his daily work,

Yet claim his wage and a' that,

Or beg when he can earn his bread,
Is not a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare

Were true and brave, and a' that;

And none whose garb is "hodder grey,"

Was fool or knave, and a' that;

The vice and crime that shame our time,
Would fade and fall, for a' that;And ploughmen be as good as kings,
And churls as churls for a' that.

You see you brawny, blustering sot,

Who swaggers, swears, and a' that;

And thinks, because his strong right arm

Might fell an ox, and a' that;

That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord and a' that,He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
And not a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,

Have palace, park and a' that;

And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that,And Donald herding on the muir,
Who beats his wife and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Nor halt a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,

The truth is old and a' that,

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."And though you put the minted mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,

'Tis soul and heart, and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown, and a' that.And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that.

Tourist to Highland seaman on board

steamer passing through Rothsay Bay.—

"I suppose there is good fishing to be got

here at times?" Seaman:—"Ferry cool

fishing in teet at times. If you'll no get

them at wan time, you're sure to get them

the same time again." Tourist, who

thinks he'll change the conversation:—

"How fast does this boat travel?" Sea-

man:—"She can go half-an-hour in five

minutes."

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill.

NO. XXIII.

What has come over our friends with No. XX we scarcely know. It was not at all difficult and yet compared with what we have been accustomed to and what we have received for the succeeding one the answers have been surprisingly few. We rather think we will give a holiday for a few months; not in the way of ceasing to give the weekly Enigma, but in ceasing to give prizes and consequently in not requiring answers to be sent in but merely giving the correct solutions in due time. We shall conclude the quarter-hundred at any rate under the present plan, and sure we are that none can complain of Mr. Wilson's liberality if for a while he pauses in the circulation of prizes. We wish we could have this week given a prize to a correspondent in Medicine Hat, N. W. T., but there was one inaccuracy in his answers which made it impossible. The same thing is true of the reply of a very respected friend in Sullivan, Sullivan Co., Indiana. We are pleased above everything to learn these Enigmas interest so many people and have led so many to study the Scripture for themselves and for the sake of what they find in them, not for the prizes which TRUTH offers. This is about the greatest satisfaction we have in the whole matter, though there is not an unpleasant association connected with the Enigma column, and among the hundreds of letters received we scarcely think there has been one unkind or hasty or disrespectful word. Certainly we and our correspondents cultivate the things which make for peace.

The answers to No. XX are as follows:

Then cometh the end. 1 Cor. xv, 24.

1. Tirzah, 1 Kings xvi, 15.
2. Hadoram, 2 Chron. x, 18.
3. Elizur, Num. x, 18.
4. Nineveh, 2 Kings xix, 36.
5. Carpus, 2 Tim. iv, 13.
6. Onesiphorus, 2 Tim. i, 16.
7. Meaba, 2 Kings iii, 4.
8. Ekron 1 Sam. v, 10.
9. Timnath Serah, Jos. xxiv, 30.
10. Hebron, Josh. xiv, 13.
11. Tathai, Ezra, v, 6.
12. Hebron, 2 Sam. iii, 27.
13. Ekron, 2 Kings i, 2.
14. Ender, 1 Sam. xxviii, 7, 8.
15. Nahshon, Num. vii, 12.
16. Delaiah Jeremiah, xxxvi, 25.

The prize winners are Mrs. E. A. Mac-Nachtan, Cobourg. James Muir, Port Elgin. James Weir, Kingston.

These friends as usual will please send 12 cents each and mention the books on TRUTH lists they would like.

For No XXIII take the following:

1. What good physician was Paul's loving friend?
2. A place to which for God they used to send.
3. What tree did Jesus with himself compare?
4. The vine whose sweet fruits the spies did bear.
5. How oft might man approach the Holiest place.
6. His house where God's ark rested for a space.
7. Whom did God smite because he touched the ark.

8. Who old and wise men's counsel would not mark.
 7. A holy man of God who never died.
 10. Who sought his coming into Christ to hide
 11. An Israelitish King by Zimri slain.
 12. Who over Judah reigned the longest reign?
 13. Whom did his son deceive when old and weak?
 11. What Prophet dumb became and could not speak?
 15. Who owed to woman's wise advice his fall? His head thrown lifeless from the city wall?
- If men obeyed this precept more
There soon would be an end to war;
For love would bid contention cease
And give to all the nations peace.

Mark the number on the outside and leave the envelope open putting "printers' copy" on the outside and a cent will carry four ones, to the

EDITOR OF ENIGMA COLUMN,
TRUTH Office, Toronto.

Producing fire by the Breath.

In a recent number of the Michigan Medical News, Dr. S. C. Woodman gives some remarkable particulars concerning a young man who seems to be a regular storehouse of electricity. The young man's name is William Undertaker aged twenty-seven years, and his gift is that of generating fire through the medium of his breath, assisted by manipulations with his hands. He will take anybody's handkerchief and hold it to his mouth, rub it vigorously with his hands while breathing on it, and immediately it bursts into flames and burns until consumed. He will strip, and rinse out his mouth thoroughly, wash his hands, and submit to the most rigid examination to preclude the possibility of any humbug, and then by his breath blown upon any paper or cloth envelop it in flame. He will, when out gunning and without matches, desirous of a fire, lie down, after collecting dry leaves, and by breathing on them start a fire, and then coolly take off his wet stockings and dry them. It is impossible to persuade him to do it more than twice a day, and the effort is attended with the most extreme exhaustion. He will sink into a chair after doing it, and on one occasion, after he had a newspaper on fire, Dr. Woodman placed his hand on his head and discovered his scalp to be violently twitching as if under intense excitement. He will do it at any time no matter where he is, under any circumstances, and Dr. Woodman has repeatedly known of his sitting back from the dinner table, taking a draught of water, and by blowing on his napkin at once set it on fire. He is ignorant, and says that he first discovered his strange power by exhaling on a perfumed handkerchief that suddenly burned while in his hands.

Gould's Chief Ambition.

In the midst of all his wealth Gould remains as simple in his habits as ever, and in this point he resembles Napoleon, who could eat even a state dinner in ten minutes. He owns a theatre, but who ever saw him at one of its performances? He buys no costly pictures and no \$35,000 horses, leaving the one to Vanderbilt and the other to Benner. His Irvington establishment is his sole exception, and of this he sees comparatively but little. His yacht seems also to be of but little use, as he has only had one voyage, and was then glad to get back to Wall street. In fact, Gould's personal expenses (food and clothing) are not greater than those of many a clerk on \$1,500 a year. His ambition is to wield power and use it in the most selfish and relentless manner.

First tramp:—"Hullo!" Second tramp:—"Hullo!" First tramp:—"Where'd you get your new clothes?" Second tramp:—"Sh! Don't you give it away! Farmers have begun to dress up the scarecrows in the cornfields."

Sketches in Alaska.

Since the acquisition of Russian America by the United States in 1867, the vast extent of continent and island which we call Alaska has been comparatively neglected except as a hunting ground for the seal fishers. The interior has remained almost unexplored, and till the late military reconnaissance in 1883 by Lieutenant Schwatka there was no survey worthy of the name, even of the great river, the Yukon. The whole territory may be divided into continental Alaska, of which the old Russian capital, Sitka, is the most important town, and the Aloutian Islands, which run out in a bold curve toward the Asiatic shore, and which are the head-quarters of the sole industry of the region, the fur trade. In this archipelago and on the coasts warmed by the currents from the Pacific Ocean the climate and soil are far from possessing the arctic characteristics which popular imagination assigns to them. Both Mr. Dale, who visited the district in 1869, and the officers of the Corwin arctic expedition compare the country with the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland, and express the opinion that the same crops can be raised and the same domestic animals supported in the one as in the other. But till the agriculturist and the cattle-raiser occupy the soil the chief occupation of the coast lands will still be the trade in furs. The Pribylov Islands are the head-quarters of the seals. They arrive at the islands in June, led by parental instincts, and on the dry land their innocent young are born. Thousands of seals in droves cover the hill-sides near the shore, and scramble over the rocks and cliffs of the islands in a kind of rudo gallop. None but young males are killed, and the killing is done by a blow on the head with a sharp-edged club, which fractures the skull, which in the seal family is of extraordinary thinness. No guns are used, for a hole in the skin such as a bullet would make diminishes its value by one-half.

The law restricts the avarice of the trader to 100,000 seals per annum, but this number is doubtless often exceeded. In the islands, Oonaska is the most important settlement. It possesses the best anchorage to be found in the group, while the vicinity abounds in grasses, and the climate is better adapted for haying than that of the coasts of Oregon, while the soil is described as rich and genial, only needing human skill and industry to produce valuable returns. The main depot of the seal fisheries, however, is at St. Paul, on the island of Kadiak, on which is the best farming land in the territory. Ungar is one of the Shumagin group of islands, and contains two excellent harbors. These soon became the rendezvous for fishermen, and little settlements sprang up. Around these clustered the huts or cottages of the natives—rude structures which they have adopted since abandoning the underground dwellings they lived in before the Russians took possession of the region. The Aleuts are widely distinguished from the Indian tribes. They are nearly of the same color as the Esquimaux of the Northwest, but with more intelligent features, patient, timid, and docile. All observers, it is lamentable to say, affirm that since the United States have acquired possession the natives have deteriorated, and are now sunk in sloth and drunkenness, practically free from all restraint, for the limited force we keep at Sitka can do little over the immense district it is supposed to control. The organization of Alaska into a Territory will, it is to be hoped, amend these evils. At the time of the transfer of the Russian province to the United States, Sitka was a collection of a hundred log huts; it now contains a fort, an observatory, and 1500 to 2000 inhabitants.

The most valuable fur is that of the sea-otter, soft and black, with long, white-tipped hairs, but the chief export is that of the seal, which exceeds in value two millions of dollars a year.—The

islands are leased by our government to the Alaska Fur-trading Company, of San Francisco, which holds the exclusive right to capture the fur seal at St. George and St. Paul islands, leaving the general trade open to free competition. The company occupies twenty trading posts on the islands and mainland, employs a dozen vessels, and annually gathers to San Francisco its crop of skins, whence they are exported all over the world.

The very remarkable chain of the Aloutian Islands is evidently of volcanic origin; the coasts are rocky and dangerous, and from them rise immediately steep, bald mountains, ascending to lofty ranges, in which are still active volcanoes, continually emitting smoke, and often flame.

Social Character of Athletic Sports.

Bodily exercises imply society and a social disposition; for if a solitary person, like Robinson Crusoe or Enoch Arden, were to be found daily practicing with the bars and rings, we should suspect him, not of social, but of ominously selfish and morbid tendencies. The pleasure of being strong lies in the fact that others are strong around us, thereby furnishing us with companionship and competition, which are the fuel of life. Health is, or should be, incidental to this pleasure; that is to say, I question the propriety of making health the deliberate object of exercise. Let it come if it will; but it will come none the slower if you forbear to be on the watch for it. To make yourself strong for the sake of your private health is the analogue of obeying the decalogue for the sake of your private crown; there is something unpleasantly unsympathetic about it. But be strong simply because mankind at large will be better if all men become physically more efficient, and the other blessings shall be added to you. Moreover, apart from the stimulus of example and fellowship, it is doubtful whether one man in twenty will take the trouble regularly to exert himself. Unless there be some motive outside himself he will soon cease to think it worth while. Dr. Winship used to say that he never would have made himself the man he was but for the purpose he had formed to thrash a certain offensive upper-class man in college; and Mr. William Blaikie began his athletic career an apparently hopeless consumptive. Dr. Winship lifted three thousand pounds, and Mr. Blaikie pulled stroke of the Harvard crew in their great race with Yale; but it would be useless to tell me that the desire to thrash a man or to heal a diseased lung had more than the minutest share in bringing these results about. If it had not been for the gymnasium, with its jolly society of zealous and emulous young gymnasts, Winship would never have lifted his own weight, and Blaikie would have been, at best, a valitudinarian. The fame of the Olympic and Isthmian games still echoes in our ears; but it was not the games that made Greece go to see them; it was Greece going to see them that made the games. In the same way I have noticed that the university crews of Oxford and Cambridge, for example, profess to be superbly indifferent as to whether the British public on the day of the race lines the river-bank from Putney to Mortlake; indeed, they have lately undertaken to intimate that they would prefer to have the public keep away. But no one knows better than they themselves that, were the public some day to take them at their word, not only would the crews never find the energy to get themselves into condition, but, were that difficulty overcome, they would never find it in their hearts to pull further than Hammersmith Bridge, near which there is a very good clubhouse. I do not wish, however, to run this theory into the ground; I only wish to indicate that athletics are essentially a popular pursuit, conducive to good citizenship, and the cultivation of which, therefore, good citizenship should imply.—JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in Harper's Magazine.

UNDER THE STARS.

SONG.

Words by F. CONWAY LOMAX.

Music by WILLIAM M. HUTCHISON.

Allegro moderato.

p cres cen do.

1. With swell - ing sails we on - ward sped Our brave ship bore us
2. A - lone I stand on this fair shore The waves are rippling

far from strife, From crush and crowd, from doubt and dread, A - way, a - way to some new life: To
to the strand, My steps are bound for ev - er - more To where we last stood hand in hand: A -

dis - tant shores, how - e'er un-known, Where love might live for love a - lone, .. On mountain brow, in
- lone I kneel be - side thy grave, While sound the re - qui - em of the wave, .. And droop - ing wil - lows

2

for - est gloom, To share one hope, one home,.. one tomb: — Un-der the twink-ling star - light,
o'er thee weep, And love still watch - es o'er.... thy sleep, Un-der the twink-ling star - light,

Gaz-ing a-cross the sea,.....: Fond-ly we dream'd my dar - - ling, Of the } love that should ev - er
Gaz-ing a-cross the sea,.....: Fond-ly I dream, my dar - - ling, That I }

be!.....

wan-der once more with thee..... That I wan-der once more, once more with thee.....

EATON'S CLEARING July Sale.

Some special bargains to-morrow morning in the dress department.

All wool beige in c'o rs, 15, 20, 25c a yd

Pure black gross grain silk, 65c a yd up.

Special line of black silk broche, suitable for polonaise, waists, etc., 24 inch wide, only 75c a yard.

The 5c muslins are making a stir, they open up beautifully. We are clearing cut our 12 1/2c muslin at 7 1/2c a yd. Every lady should see these goods.

T. EATON & CO.

Bargains in black kid gloves.

Bargains in coloured kid gloves.

Bargains in black lace mitts.

Bargains in coloured lisle gloves.

Bargains in mousquetaire gloves.

Bargains in Jersey gloves.

Clearing prices—whole lines being cleared out by the single pair at sale prices.

T. EATON & CO.

Reductions in Millinery

Department.

Fifty cent hats reduced to 25c. Girls' and Misses' Hats reduced, Boys' Hats reduced. Ladies' Bonnets reduced.

EATON'S CASH SALE.

T. EATON & CO.,

190 TO 196 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO.

Feathers.

Some beautiful goods in feathers selling at sale prices. Ladies wanting a feather for fall should not miss this opportunity of securing a beautiful Feather at little money.

T. EATON & CO

Trunks, Valises, Hand Satchels, Hand Bags, Jewelry, Belts, Stocking Supporters, Bustles, Laces, Collars, Ties, Fichus, Nets, Embroideries, Insertions, all reduced to sale prices.

Eaton's Big July Sale.

Move.

Nothing moves like their 25c Washing Silks. Regular price 40c in all seasonable colors: Send for samples.

Just Opened

A fine lot of prints, fast colors, and new patterns at 5c and 7 1/2c a yard—Sale price.

Mattresses.

We can sell you an All Wool Mattress for \$3.90, (three dollars and ninety cents). The ordinary price of these goods is \$6.00 our sale price \$3.90—Send for one.

CORNS! CORNS!
For painless extraction of corns, use Gerrie's Corn Solvent. Price 25 cents. Sole agents
G. D. SMITH & CO.,
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R. H. DALTON, 211 Queen St. West.
Leave orders personally or by post card

JAHN & SCHWENKER,
Importers and Manufacturers



FINE FRENCH HAIR GOODS,
75 KING STREET, WEST.

NEW YORK HAIR WORKS, Private parlor for Ladies' Head Dressing.

Marriage In Ireland.
A case illustrative of the Irish custom of marrying and giving in marriage in the rural districts was heard in a Limerick court. John Hayes, with two other men, went to Mrs. Ryan's house, and an agreement was entered into that Hayes should marry Mrs. Ryan's daughter. He was to get a marriage portion, \$1,750, and the marriage was to take place on the following Sunday. In the interim defendant obtained \$250 to cover the expenses, but when the guests were assembled for the wedding breakfast, he quarrelled about the money, broke off the match, and quit the house. A few days later he married another girl with a larger portion. He returned part of the money loaned, and as a set-off to the claim put in a bill for an entertainment which he gave for Mrs. Ryan. The items included whiskey, port, and sherry. The last item was \$20 put down to "clergyman for intended marriage." Judgment for the full amount was given.

Our Engravings.

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

If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us at least live to as to deserve happiness.

Dorenwend's Celebrated Hair Destroyer



EUREKA! EUREKA!

Important to Every Lady in the World

A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

After 25 years of unceasing experiments, of time, labor, and expense, I have finally discovered a preparation for the removal of all premature and useless hair from the faces and arms of ladies. It is safe, efficacious, harmless and painless. Leaving no disfigurement or traces of the application.

If properly applied the roots will be completely destroyed. No future growth need be apprehended. Sold in Boxes at \$2 each, or 3 Boxes for \$5.00.

Sent by mail on receipt of price, with full directions enclosed, to any address in Canada or United States. Circulars sent on application. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address,
A. DORENWEND, PARIS HAIR WORKS, 103 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

INVALUABLE TO EVERY LADY

"MAY DEW,"

The Great French Lotion for Beautifying the Face.

It conceals the evidence of age. One application will make the most stubborn red and rough hands beautifully soft and white. Remember that "MAY DEW" is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and that is injurious to the skin, but a new and great discovery, a vegetable liquid, that causes the cheek to glow with health, the neck, arms and hands to rival the Lily in whiteness. Impossible to detect in the beauty it confers any artificial character. It cures Greasy Skin, Freckles, Wrinkles, Pimples, Black Heads, Crow's Feet, Blisters, Face Grubs, Sun Burn, Tan, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Sore or Chapped Lips, Barber's Itch, Tetter, etc. It frees the pores, oil glands, and tubes from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes. By its use all redness and roughness is prevented; it beautifies the skin, and will make it soft, smooth and white, imparting a delicate softness; producing a perfectly healthy, natural and youthful appearance. The best face lotion that the world ever produced. We will send a large bottle to any address on receipt of price—one dollar. When ordering mention this paper.

Address all letters to

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11 YONGE STREET, ROOM 4, TORONTO

Salons and Reception Rooms for Ladies.

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MIMOSA HOUSE DRESS.

This design cannot be surpassed for neatness and simplicity for either morning or afternoon wear in the house. It is arranged with a skirt gored in front and at the sides and having two full breadths in the back, and a graceful sacque with loose fronts slightly gathered and confined at the waist by a ribbon sash, and close-fitting in the back with the fullness laid in plaits. It is suitable for satines, gingham, lawns, cambrics, percales, and washable goods of all kinds, as well as for cashmeres and the varieties of heavier materials appropriate for house wear generally. Embroidery, lace, or ruffles of materials may be used as a garniture, and with some fabrics ribbon may be added in any way that taste may suggest. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



FALKA MANTELET.

A stylish and graceful wrap cut with long square tabs in front, while the back quite short and the shoulder pieces are gathered to produce a high effect. All kinds of seasonable goods can be made in this way, and it is particularly desirable for silks, brocaded grenadines, Siciliennes, or any of the numerous materials, plain or fancy, that are used for short wraps. It may also be made in materials to match special costumes, and lace, passementerie, or chenille, or jetted fringe on some goods may be used as a garniture, with very stylish results. The illustration represents the mantle trimmed with a ruching of silk five inches deep gathered in the middle. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.



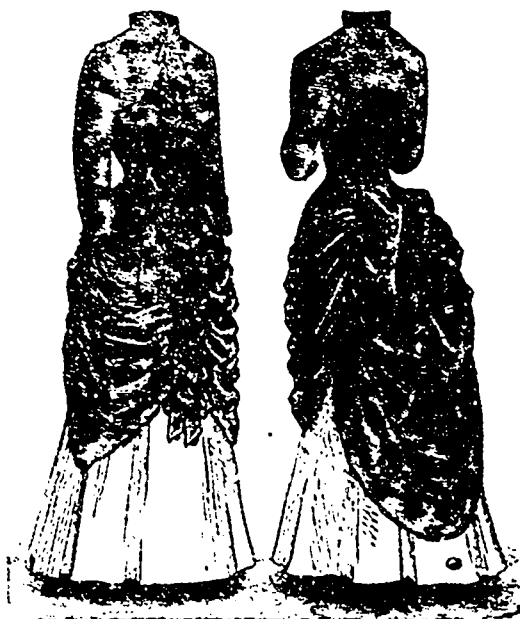
ZOE COSTUME.

This design represents a most effective method of arranging embroidered robes of nun's veiling, Chambery, gingham, etc., especially some of "Kursheedt's Standard" embroidered robes in boxes. Other varieties of dress fabrics appropriate for all seasons can be made in this manner, trimmed with lace or embroidery or in any other way that taste may suggest. This costume is composed of a light-fitting basque and a trimmed skirt. The basque has a Moliero plastron in front, and the back is faced in yoko shape with embroidery, and terminates in a short, plaited position. The front drapery is arranged in a novel manner with two overlapping aprons forming points, and the back is gracefully looped. The skirt has a gathered flounce of material on the lower edge, with a deep box-plaited flounce above it. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.



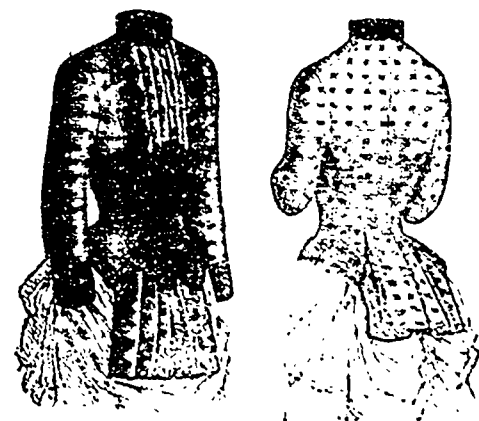
NORNIA DRESS.

Dressy and attractive in appearance, but very easily arranged, this dress is made in loose sacque shape, with side gores under the arms and a box-plait in the front and back, and is prettily trimmed with embroidered flounces, and the collar and cuffs of narrow embroidery to match. For white goods, gingham, and all washable fabrics this is a desirable model, while it is equally suitable for flannels trimmed with braid, or for any heavier material that may be selected with trimming to correspond. Patterns in sizes for from four to ten years. Price, twenty cents each.



CARMITA POLONAISE.

An attractive yet very simple design for a polonaise. The front is slightly gathered in the middle and falls in two points, the sides are looped moderately high, while the back is bouffant and gracefully draped. All sorts of silk, cotton and woolen goods make up nicely in this way, and the trimming may be lace or embroidery, or whatever corresponds well with the material selected. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



HONORIA BASQUE.

This novel style of basque, with a plaited vest confined by a corslet of velvet or a contrasting material, will be held in special favor, as it is dressy, extremely becoming to slender figures, and suitable for all classes of dress materials. The vest is in lengthwise plaits and extends considerably below the front of the basque, while the corslet adds greatly to the stylish effect of the whole. The basque has pointed fronts, is sloped short over the hips, and forms a plaited position at the back. It is especially adapted for dressy wear, and is most effective made in three materials, as illustrated. The back view of this basque is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Adina" skirt. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

Health Department.

A Sanitary House.

Socrates seems to have had an inkling of the science of domestic sanitation. Xenophon, his pupil and friend, invents a dialogue in which he makes his master declare that the arrangement of a house is a science which means the increase and development of the household.

The hint then dropped was neglected until men, taught by the fatal ravages of domestic diseases, began to ask if their construction of protections from exposure was not so faulty as to construct conditions of disease.

The inquiry gave impulse and form to that modern science known as domestic sanitation. It aims to prevent disease from breeding in the home.

The principle of domestic sanitation, according to Dr. Richardson, an English authority, require that a house should be so built as to conform to the following rules:

1. It must present no facilities for holding dust or the poisonous particles of disease; if it retains one, it is likely to retain the other.

2. It must possess every facility for the removal of the impurities as fast as they are produced.

3. It must be free from damp.

4. It must be well filled with daylight, from all points that can be charged with light from the sun without glare.

5. It must be charged with pure air in steady, changing current.

6. It must be maintained at an even temperature, and must be free from draughts.

7. It must be charged with an efficient supply of pure water.

In such a house, according to Dr. Richardson, disease will never be generated, so long as the house is kept up to its proper standard. If disease should be introduced therein, it will remain for the briefest period, and after disease has left it the construction of the house will admit of its instant and complete purification.

"Take care of the houses," says the sanitarian; "the cities will take care of themselves."

How Colds are Taken.

A person in good health, with fair play, says the "Lancet," easily resists cold. But when the health flags a little, and liberties are taken with the health or the nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and according to the weak spot of the individual, assumes the form of a cold, or pneumonia, or, it may be, jaundice. Of all causes of "cold," probably fatigue is one of the most efficient. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week, or a young lady heavily "doing the season," young children overfed and with a short allowance of sleep, are common instances of the victims of "cold." Luxury is favorable to chill-taking; very hot rooms, soft chairs, feather beds, create a sensitiveness that lead to catarrhs. It is not, after all, the "cold" that is so much to be feared as the antecedent conditions that give the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst "colds" happen to those who do not leave their house or even their bed, and those who are most invulnerable are often those who are most exposed to changes of temperature, and who, by good sleep, cold bathing and regular habits, preserve the tone of their nervous system and circulation.

Probably many chills are contracted at night or at the fog end of the day, when tired people get the equilibrium of their circulation disturbed by either over-heated sitting-rooms or underheated bed rooms and beds. This is especially the case with elderly people. In such cases the mischief is not always done instantaneously, or in a single night. It often takes place insidiously, extending over days or even weeks. It thus appears that "taking cold" is not

by any means a simple result of a lower temperature, but depends largely on personal conditions and habits, affecting especially the nervous and muscular energy of the body.

An Affair of the Stomach.

An English man of science, treating of felicity as a sanitary research, says that the centre of the emotion of felicity is not in the brain. The centre is in the vital nervous system, in the great ganglia of the sympathetic, lying not in the cerebro-spinal cavities, but in the cavities of the body itself, near the stomach and in the heart. We know where the glow which indicates felicity is felt, and our poets have ever described it with perfect truthfulness as in the breast. It comes as a fire kindling there. No living being ever felt happy in the head; everybody who has felt felicity has felt it as from within the body. We know, again, where the depression of misery is located; our physicians of all time have defined that, and have named the disease of misery from its local seat. The man who is miserable is a "Hypochondriac;" his affection is seated under the lower ribs. No one ever felt misery in the head. For every man who has felt misery knows that it springs from the body, speaks of it as an exhaustion, a sinking there. He is broken-hearted, he is failing at the centre of life, he is bent down because of the central failure, and his own shoulders, too heavy to be borne, feel as if oppressed by an added weight or burden, under which he bends as though all the cares of the world were upon him to bear him down. In other words felicity is a physical result of a brisk and healthy full circulation of the blood through the vessels supplying the ganglia of the great sympathetic of nerves; and whatever quickens and at the same time frees the flow of blood, in those vessels particularly, engenders the feeling we call happiness.

Living too Fast.

Men are living too fast. Idleness and indulgence have begotten pride and discontent—the age is thirsty for luxury. The very paupers of our cities scorn the patched garments and simple fare which once satisfied the well-to-do; the young clerk must live in a house as luxuriously furnished as his employer's; though he steal to support his establishment; the servants rival their mistresses in the costliness and elaborateness of their attire. By thus doing they waste the savings they need to keep them from want and ruin. The young couple who begin a home must have it as richly decorated as that of those who have laboured for years; and there is an utter unwillingness on the part of too many to be content with simple surroundings. We must change our standards of living and learn to rate people at what they are and what they have. This is a money-worshipping age; men of vicious principle, through the chink of gold, summon hosts of admirers; others are tolerated for the baubles the mob scramble for; and still others are permitted to occupy posts of honour in the church and state, which they only obtain by their wealth. Men live in the fear of gold and not of God, and seek the honour of men and not the honour that cometh from above. There should be a return to more honest ways of living. It should be deemed dishonourable to live beyond one's means; no man should be encouraged to spend a feverish year in luxury at the risk of breaking down and making a dishonourable ending.

The Deadly Teapot.

"While good temperance people are decrying liquor," says one of the leading physicians of the city, "They seldom stop to think how much harm is being done by the abuse of a beverage to which many of them are devoted. I just came from attending the case of a five-year old babe who is ruined for life by its parents

indulging in tea-drinking. The child became very nervous and dyspeptic and they sent for me. I asked them how much tea the child drank. 'about two cups at each meal and several between meals,' was the reply, 'You see,' the doctor continued, 'They let the tea-stand on the stove all day. Thus the tannic acid is extracted which serves to turn the linings of the stomach into leather and brings on dyspepsia and kindred diseases. Yes, you will find hundreds of women, young girls and aged women, and occasionally a man, who have completely ruined their nervous system by the excessive use of tea. It will be a blessing to mankind when a temperance crusade can spare wind enough from its attack on alcohol to assail tea.—Waterbury American.

Healing Properties of Water.

There is no remedy of such general application and none so easily attainable as water, and yet nine persons in ten will pass by it in an emergency to seek for something of less efficacy. There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent. A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup will usually bring relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung and applied over the seat of the pain, in tooth-ache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in cold works like magic. We have known cases that have resisted other treatment for hours yield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism, as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water, and kept applied to all sores and new cuts, bruises, and sprains, is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. Sprained ankles have been cured in an hour by showering it with hot water, poured from from a height of three feet. Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bed-time is the best of cathartics in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will alleviate any case of dyspepsia.—Trade.

Melancholy.

There is a good deal of "moping melancholy and moonstruck madness" in the world, about two-thirds of which I attribute to disordered liver. There is of course, much melancholy which results from sufficient cause, but when one takes the majority of the cases and examines them he will find that a little dieting, some lemon juice, and a pill or two will make the sun shine just as bright as it ever did to the patient, and he will wonder that his liver ever had such power over his intellect. Young people in love are given to fits of melancholy, but in these instances the cause of the trouble is a supersensitiveness of the pericardium resulting from excessive youth and redundant vordancy. A little ago and a little ripening always work a radical cure with these patients. I think it is extremely foolish for people to let themselves become melancholy, even though there be some cause for it. There is a blue sky above us all, and a bright sun; the fields grow golden harvests of fatness; the rivers run clear and sparkling; the flowers bud and blossom along our paths and the birds sing cheerily all the day. There is life everywhere and joy and gladness, if we will only look for them and insist upon having our just dues; if we neglect them, we are sinning against ourselves, our friends, and the good and wise Creator who puts us here to make the world better, and not fill it with sighs and tears, bad blood and bile. There, my dear, you want to brace up.

Seaweed and Its Uses.

In tropical climates the little air bladders which support the sea wracks are of great service; for the masses of seaweed are several hundred feet long and of considerable height, having stems the thickness of a man's thigh, and branches and drooping stems which support innumerable forms of animal life, such as corals, crabs, worms of different kinds, together with mosses and weeds of the sea, and being beside a place of deposit for innumerable eggs of various creatures. In Scotland the tender parts of the sea wracks, known as tangles, are used as food, and when cooked are considered choicest diet for cattle. The stems of a very hard, horny variety of the seawracks are used as knife-handles. They are cut in short pieces, and while still moist or green the blade is forced in at one end. When the stem dries it clings firmly to the knife-blade. Being gnarled and horny it resembles buck's horn, and when tipped with metal and fully finished, forms an inexpensive knife-handle. The rose-tangles are higher up in the scale of vegetable life, and their delicate tints render them very beautiful. Of these, dulce is an important variety to the Scotch and Irish, who, beside using it as food, both in its raw state and cooked in milk, find in it a substitute for tobacco. Carrageen moss is another kind of rose-tangle, from which a nourishing jelly is made. The Chinese use one variety of rose-tangle as a chief ingredient in other glossing preparations; twenty-seven thousand pounds are brought annually to Canton and sold at from six to eighteen pence per pound.

A Jaw Dislocated by Yawning.

A lady on the early morning Vandalia train going east met with a peculiar accident, which occurs very seldom. Aroused from her sleep by the arrival of the train at the depot, she gaped, and in so doing the lower jaw slipped from its hinges, so to speak, and refused to go back in its natural position. Her mouth was very wide open, so much so, that she was able to put her closed hand into it which she did in her embarrassment when the crowd of passengers surrounded her. A physician was sent for, but on his arrival said nothing could really be done except she stopped over where she was for treatment. This she and her husband and her mother, who accompanied her, declined to do. Meanwhile a large crowd collected in and about the smoking car, for they were journeying second class. A travelling salesman came to the rescue. With that natural knowledge of all affections of the jaw, he proceeded to relieve the unfortunate lady from her predicament. He began rubbing her jaws with the knuckles of his hands, warning her, however, that the treatment would be very painful. She withstood it, and in less than a minute the jaw returned to its normal position. The woman and her family were provided with seats in the first-class coach, and after a delay of forty-seven minutes the train carried them toward their home in England, to which they were returning after an unprofitable experience in the far West.

Eucalyptus Globulus in Whooping-Cough.

The editor of the N. E. Medical Monthly having seen eucalyptus globulus recommended in pertussis, gave it a trial in his practice. He administered it in some twenty-five or thirty cases, and the results were of a very gratifying nature. Its effect was to greatly modify the severity of the paroxysms in every case, and in so abating the symptoms occasionally, that what gave promise of being a very severe attack in its incipency turned out to be little more than what is known as a sympathetic cough. These results certainly merit for this agent a trial at the hands of other practitioners, for few will be prepared to admit that the best possible remedy for this affection has yet been employed.

Current Events.

Canadian.

A little boy named Robb was drowned in the Wolland canal, at Dunville, Monday last. His brother, aged nine, made a heroic effort to save him, and came very near losing his own life.

Burglars broke into the Peterboro' post-office on Saturday morning, and having blown open the vaults with dynamite cartridges, stole stamps to the value of \$1,400, and \$1,000 in cash.

A meeting of ratepayers of Alliston, Ont., on Friday evening passed a resolution recommending that a bonus of \$10,000 be granted for the rebuilding of the Vulcan foundry, recently destroyed by fire.

Mr. Senecal, has brought action for \$10,000 damages by perjury against Mr. Desrosiers, of Berthier, who in a recent *capias* case swore that Mr. Senecal, anticipating insolvency, was concealing his property.

The Postmaster General has instructed postmasters to grant letter carriers leave of absence, not to exceed fifteen days in each year, with pay and to fill their places with substitutes. The carrier's rate is \$600 per year.

A special general meeting of O. P. R. share holders has been called for August 16th at the Company's offices, Montreal. The purpose of the directors is to procure authority to lease the line of the St. Lawrence & Ottawa railway.

Arthur Laing, the young son of a Custom House officer at Windsor, was drowned in the Detroit river, Friday last. A young man named Pratt made a brave attempt to rescue him, and brought him ashore, but every effort at resuscitation was in vain.

A brakeman named James Sweeney, while coupling cars at Brantford had his head jammed as he was in a stooping posture. His head was horribly crushed and mangled. The injuries proved fatal, although the victim breathed for several hours after the catastrophe.

So much has Montreal's trade improved lately that the Dominion Steamship Co. have put into commission two steamships they had laid up at Liverpool, the "Dominion" and the "Texas." Over 140,000 bushels of grain were shipped from Chicago to Montreal during two recent days.

Rev. Mr. Smith, Methodist minister of Walkerton, was publicly rotten-egged Saturday last, by a widow lady named Martin. Mrs. Martin was a Sunday school teacher in the Methodist church, and the assault arose out of a scandalous report affecting her character, which she alleged Mr. Smyth circulated.

American.

Some boys in Davenport, Ia., on Saturday evening unearthed a box containing counterfeit dimes dated 1844 weighing one hundred pounds.

The street car strike in Rochester has ended, the spotters objected to having resigned. The drivers resumed on Saturday afternoon last, and no further trouble is anticipated.

The New York authorities have learned that some undertakers there are in the habit of burying infants in the Potter's Field, and of charging the parents for expensive caskets, etc.

An excursion train with a thousand excursionists on board was wrecked on Saturday night on the Valley Railway, two miles east of Canton, Ohio. Twenty-five persons were seriously injured and a dozen or more killed.

Nearly the entire business portion of Cedar Springs, Mich., with two-thirds of the residences, was swept away by fire on Friday. Two stores, the *Cipper* office and one saloon are all that remains of the business portion except a shingle mill owned by O. Pelton. None of the

churches or school-houses were destroyed.

A terrible tragedy has taken place in a Baltimore house of ill-fame, whereby one woman was instantly killed, and another—a resident of Toronto—seriously wounded; the murderer being a man named Hazeltine, of Jamestown, N. Y. The row occurred in consequence of Mamie Thorp—the murdered girl—refusing to give Hazeltine a diamond he fancied. On her refusal he drew his pistols from his pocket, and fired. Mamie ran into an adjoining room, and almost instantly expired; May White, who belongs to Toronto, grappled with the murderer, and received several serious wounds, not, however, necessarily fatal. Hazeltine was arrested. Mamie Thorp was a handsome brunette, of about 24, the daughter of one Jackson, of City Island, L. I., who was notified of her death, and who shortly afterwards arrived. His grief was painful to witness. May White, who refuses to disclose her parentage, is out of danger.

Great Britain.

The *Mark Lane Express* says the English wheat crop appears to be equal to the average.

The London *Economist* says British and foreign funds have improved. Railway securities have been strong.

Twenty mass meetings were held Saturday last in various towns to denounce the action of the Lords regarding the Franchise Bill.

A tremendous fire occurred upon Crane Wharf, Wapping Wharf, used mainly for oil storage. The flames were subdued by fourteen engines. Loss £20,000.

A number of letters from members of the London Trades' Unions have been published, protesting that the Unions did not sanction the demonstration, which took place on Monday.

Cornwall was again arranged for hearing Monday last at Dublin, but was remanded without the hearing of any evidence. Further arrests have been made in connection with the disgusting scandal.

The intense excitement over home politics has lately somewhat withdrawn attention from Egyptian affairs, but recent rumors from Dongola and Khartoum have revived the popular apprehension as to Gen. Gordon's fate.

Parliament three weeks hence will be prorogued. The affairs of Egypt ought to take up the bulk of the remaining time, but party feeling over the Franchise split is so heated and the Ministry are so confident of popular sympathy on that issue, that they will presume on their strength in order to snub the Conservatives when they ask unpleasant questions about Egypt.

At the inquest on Judge Watkyn Williams, who died suddenly last week, it was proved that his death took place in a house of ill repute. After transacting his day's business on the bench Judge Williams repaired to the brothel and there dined with one of its notorious women. After the dinner the judge and his companion spent the night together in an orgie, in the course of which he suddenly expired in the house. All attempts to hush the matter up, to bribe the inmates of the house, and even the reporters, were in vain.

Foreign.

Half the town of Dukla, Galicia, has been burned. The fire started in a naphtha factory.

The prospects for an abundant harvest of wheat and all other food crops are favorable in Austria.

It is reported that England, Germany, and Spain are about to sign a protocol, recognizing Spain's sovereignty over the Sooloo Islands and archipelago of the Indian Ocean.

The Warsaw police have seized 500,000 roubles and numerous proclamations which it was intended to issue throughout

the Empire and the recent designs against the Czar been successful.

Premier Castilio, speaking in the Spanish Cortes with reference to the Holy See, said, Spain recognized accomplished facts. It was her desire to maintain cordial relations with Italy.

The Mudir of Dongola telegraphs that he has received a despatch from Gen. Gordon, dated June 22, saying that Khartoum and Sennaar are safe. Gordon had 8,000 men and asked for reinforcements.

The plague has appeared at Khars, also at other stations. It was brought from Persia. Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff has interdicted the Moslems in the Caucasus from making any pilgrimages to the holy places.

Dr. Schweinfurth, who has appealed to England to rescue Gen. Gordon, telegraphs that he received details of Gen. Gordon's position from a Nubian. The date of the news is uncertain, but it is believed to be recent.

The Dutch Council of State has approved of the bill making Queen Emma regent during the minority of the Princess Wilhelmina. The Chamber have been summoned to assemble on the 28th inst., to discuss the bill.

Personæ.

The Duchess of Albany has been delivered of a son.

The Queen is about to be visited by her daughter, the Crown Princess of Germany.

The Archbishop of Canterbury who was reported to have objected to afternoon marriage continues giving licenses.

The last part of Froude's life of Carlyle is nearly complete. It embraces from 1834 to 1881, and will give many pictures of the men of that period.

Ven. Dean Boomer, while pronouncing the benediction at the service at Chapter House, London, Sunday forenoon, fell in a fit and had to be removed home in a carriage. He was affected with paralysis of the side and is reported very low.

Gov. Cleveland has a brother living who is a Presbyterian minister near Utica. He has five sisters. One of them lives on the old homestead at Holland Patent, is unmarried, and is a strong advocate of woman's rights. Another is the wife of an architect in Toledo, O., and a third is the wife of a missionary in India.

Religious.

The *Catholic Herald* is proud to record the fact that in the Catholic church there has never been a color line.

The Reformed (Dutch) church at its last assembly passed orders for making subscriptions to its articles more stringent, the only church, so far as the returns have come in, which has taken a step backward.

The French government has granted a constitution to the Evangelical church of Tahiti, which means that the church will be allowed to manage its own internal affairs without the interference of local magistrates.

The Archbishop of Canterbury thinks that the most significant proof of the estimation in which the Church of England is held by Englishmen lies in the fact that the number of bishoprics is constantly increasing.

A gospel tent capable of accommodating 1,500 people has been erected near Lincoln park, Cincinnati, in which meetings are held each afternoon and evening under the auspices of the Society for promoting Bible Holiness.

At a Unitarian Conference in Barnardston, Mass., an address by a clergyman made excitement. He thinks that there is nothing managed in such utter disregard of true business principles as the religious interests of this country. He holds that every minister should have at least 250 families in his congregation; and that a church with that number of families can be run for about \$2,500 a year.

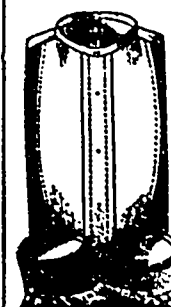
In an interview with a reporter of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, prior to his departure from London, Mr. Moody stated that he believed London was now the most religious city in the world. Upon his return to London he had been struck with the great improvement which had taken place in the morality of the cosmopolis since his previous visit. Mr. Moody said that London possessed what scarcely any other great metropolis had, a vast amount of "Sanctified Wealth."

The missionaries of different denominations in Japan have recently held a conference at Kiota on the question of "exterritoriality," which resulted in the formal expression of the opinion that "the time has arrived when substantial modifications should be made in those provisions of the existing treaties (of Japan with the western powers) which give exceptional privileges to the subjects and citizens of the treaty powers, and which are considered by the Japanese government and people to be an infringement of their just and sovereign rights as an independent nation." The memorandum represents that the circumstances under which Japan was brought into treaty relations with the western nations were exceptional, and that at the time exceptional arrangements were doubtless necessary, but that the advance of a quarter of a century has materially altered the relations of all parties, and that concession to the demands of the Japanese government is only reasonable and just. Although the interests specially guarded by existing treaties are still to be provided for, a revision seems to be quite urgently demanded. The memorandum is signed by twenty-eight prominent names, representing the sentiment of the entire foreign Christian residents in Japan.

An East India Version of the Flood.

In East India there is a legend that ages ago mankind became so very bad that God determined to destroy all except just enough to begin with anew. The exceptions were mostly preserved along with pairs of all sorts of animals, in a golden palace on a mountain top. A boy and a girl, born of parents who were "neither good nor bad," had been previously carried off by an angel from the respective homes on the day of their birth, and were brought up in a crystal palace suspended in mid-air, where they were tended by a mute female figure of gold. When they grew up they were married, and a girl was born to them. The destruction of the wicked having been effected by fire, the earth was thereby greatly smirched. So giants were sent to wash it clean. They used so much water that a deluge was produced, and the waters rose so high that the golden palace and its inmates were in danger of being submerged.

He came home late the other night, and his wife woke up and found him with a burning match trying to light the cold water tap over his marble basin in his dressing-room. "James," she said, "that is not the gas burner." "I know it now, my love," he replied, unsteadily; "fact is, I've been overworked, and that's the reason I made the mistake." "Yes, you look as if you had been lifting a good deal," she quietly answered as he turned to her pillow.



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Regatta "
Oxford "
Ready made and made
to order. All sizes.

Our assortment of Gents
Hosiery for value and
variety is unsurpassed.

GEO ROGERS,
346 YONGE ST., COR. ELM.

THE MASTER OF NUTSGROVE.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

On the night of the sixteenth Armstrong is standing under the drawing-room chandelier, anxiously working his large bony hands into a pair of evening gloves of treacherous texture, and about half a size too small for him, when his womenfolk rustle in, fully equipped for conquest.

"Do you like me, Tom?"

He looks down at his wife standing before him in the bridal finery which she refused to wear at the altar, her fair white shoulders shining through folds of delicate lace, a necklet of pearls—his wedding gift—encircling her pretty throat, a bunch of pale pink roses loosely hanging from her rough brown hair.

"How fair, how bright, how young you look, my love, my love!" he thinks, with a sort of hungry pain; while her gray eyes meet his with the strange expression they always wear now, half wistful, half defiant, and a little scared as well, an expression which he sometimes feels, with a pang of impotent remorse, that no act, or word, or wish of his can ever chase thence again, even if he laboured as manfully as he is now doing to the end of his days.

"Do I like you," he repeats softly—"like you, Addie?" Then, with a quick return to his usual self-possessed matter-of-fact manner—"Certainly, my dear; your dress is very nice indeed."

"Rapturous commendation!" she answers, with a light vexed laugh.

"Now, Addie, clear away; it is my turn, please. What have you to say to me, Mr. Armstrong?"

"You?" he cries, staggering back, and shading his eyes as if overcome by the vision. "Who are you, pray—the Queen of Shoba—Cleopatra?"

"Miss Pauline Lefroy, at your service, exemplifying the old proverb of 'Fine feathers make fine birds.'" Now, honestly, what do you think of my feathers, Tom?"

Pauline steps forward, giving her train a brisk twitch, and poses under the chandelier, her lithe, stately figure draped in clouds of silky gauze, her masses of dusky hair piled high on her head, interwoven with chains of pearls, her lovely gipsy face sparkling with the glow of excitement and anticipated pleasure.

"Oh she doth teach the torches to burn bright! Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of Night As a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear."

quotes Armstrong dramatically. "Will that homage to your plumage do, fair sister-in-law?"

"Yes, it sounds like Shakspero or Milton. Shakspero, is it? 'Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of Night like a—' What?"

"Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear."

"It is a fine idea, strongly put—better than being told flatly that I was nice, like a bit of well-fried beef-steak. And you think I shall do?"

"By Jove, yes," thinks he, in startled admiration, "I rather think you will, Miss Polly! What a splendid specimen of womanhood you are to be sure! Strange I never seemed to take in the power of your comeliness until to-night!"

He glances at the two sisters standing side by side—at the girl, lastly, who, in a ragged cotton dress, without even the ornament of ladylike neatness, without one word or smile of attractive intent, chained his senses in one luckless moment and robbed him of his peace for ever. He shakes his head; it is of no use going over the old story again; the mischief is done, and there is an end of it.

"She is not beautiful, my little Addie; she is but a pallid spring-blossom beside the tropical color of her sister," he thinks bitterly. "Fow men, I suppose, would waste a glance on her when they could feed on the other's beauty; and yet she is

all I want—all. My life would be full if I had her. Oh, the irony of fate to think that what is by law my own, my very own, what no man covets, I cannot grasp—to think that she, the delight of my eyes, the one love of my life, must live under the same roof with me, and yet be as far apart as if the poles sundered us! And we are drifting farther day by day; we cannot even be friends. I have more in common with her sisters, even with her cub of a brother, than with her. A wall of constraints is rising hourly between us. We cannot talk together five minutes without falling into an uncomfortable silence of tripping over matter we agreed to bury. I wonder how it will all end? By Jove, I should like to have a peep at our position, say, this day ten years! Please Providence, the boys will have struck out lines for themselves ere then, and some fellows will have induced the girls to quit my fireside too, if—if I see fit to make it worth their while. Miss Pauline, with five or six thousand pounds, would be a prize many men would like to secure; Lottie too would have a chance under the same conditions; there would be only Addie and I to drift into autumn together. By Jove, I would like to know how it will end! Hang it, my glove is gone at last!" he exclaims aloud, in dismay.

"I thought as much, Tom. I hope you have another pair, because the most skilful needle-and-thread in the world wouldn't bridge that chasm. Oh, I see you have another pair! Now, will you concentrate your powerful intellect on my train for a minute? I'm going to walk slowly from the piano to the window, and I want you to tell me if you can detect the faintest outline of steel or wire, the merest suggestion of string or tape anywhere."

"No, Pauline, on my honor as a British merchant!" he answers solemnly. "I can detect not one trace of the inward mechanism of your dress. It is veiled to me in darkest art. You are inflated in a manner wonderful and fearful to behold."

"I believe you! That is what I call the perfection of a fan-tail; Armine is the only dressmaker in Kelvick who can work them like that," remarks Pauline complacently. "I flatter myself there won't be another train surpassing mine in the room. And fancy, Tom—Addie wanted me to appear in a home-made muslin or grenadine, with a blue silk sash and blue ribbon in my hair, like a school-girl going out to a suburban tea-party! Wasn't I right to resist? Haven't I your entire approbation?"

"Certainly; I think the most extreme measure would justify the end you have achieved, Miss Lefroy," he answers, laughingly.

"Well, one end you have certainly achieved, my dear sister," says Addie ruefully. "You have certainly crushed my poor dress, put me out of the field altogether, which is rather hard lines, considering I'm a—s bride and all that. Nobody will look at me when you are near."

"Then I must keep well out of your way, dear," she answers sweetly. "Ah, here comes the carriage at last! Where's my fan, bouquet, handkerchief? Oh, dear if I should get myself crushed or squeezed before I arrive! Tom, I engage the front of the brougham; you and Addie must sit together at the back. It's wrong to separate those whom Heaven has joined together, you know."

"Pauline," cries Addie, sharply, "I wish you would not make those flippant remarks; they're extremely unbecoming!"

Pauline raised her saucy eyes to her brother-in-law's disturbed face, and asks innocently:—

"Am I flippant, Tom? Have I said

anything wrong? Tell me—do you want the back all to yourself?"

"I want neither the back nor the front, my dear," he answers placidly. "I'd rather not be brought into close contact with the mysteries of your dress, I'm going to enjoy my cigar on the box-seat."

"Are you? I dare say you'll like it better than being squashed between us," asserts Pauline lightly.

"You are going to do nothing of the kind," interposes Addie, with flaming face. "I will not allow it. Going to sit outside for a seven miles' drive on a snowy night in January, just to save a few wretched flowers from being crushed. Pauline, I'm ashamed of you!"

"My dear Addie, don't get so hot about it; it was my own suggestion, not your sister's. I do not mind the weather in the least. It's not a bad kind of night for the season of the year, and I have a famous overcoat lined with fur, and my cigar."

They are all three standing in the porch. Addie suddenly walks back into the hall and begins undoing her wraps, they follow her in quickly.

"What are you doing? What is the matter?"

"I am not going to the ball, Pauline; I should not like to crush your flounces, dear," she answers, with sparkling eyes. Pauline crimsoned.

"Addie, how—how spiteful you are!" she cries angrily. "You know I did not want your husband to sit on the box-seat; he suggested it himself. There is plenty of room for us all inside. Oh, come along, Addie; don't be so nasty and spiteful!"

But she is not to be propitiated; she shakes off her sister's protesting hands, and moves away up-stairs.

"I am not nasty or spiteful, Pauline; but I do not feel inclined for this ball. I feel a headache coming on. Mr. Armstrong will take you there without me."

Pauline remains motionless; and casts an appealing look at her brother-in-law.

"Tom, go after her—see what you can do. I should only make matters worse."

After a second's hesitation, he follows Addie up the stairs, and lays his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Addie, come back; I won't go to the ball without you. Come back!"

"What nonsense! You can go very well without me. I don't care for it, I tell you."

She speaks sharply and sullenly enough; but a few hot tears trickle down her cheeks as she turns away her face from his scrutiny.

Before he knows what he is about, he takes her handkerchief, and wipes them away softly, whispering beseechingly—

"I will do what you like, sit where you like. Come, my own dear little girl—come!"

She puts her hand on his arm. "You will sit inside with us?"

"Of course, if you wish it. I would not have proposed the box-seat if I had known you would not like it, Addie. I never thought of the weather. Why, I have slept out of doors in Canadian backwoods in three times as severe weather as this, and I'm alive to tell the tale—ah, scores of times!"

The drive is an uncomfortable one for all three, though Pauline, anxious to move the impression of the scene, rattles "nineteen to the dozen." Her sister speaks not a word, and Armstrong is too wrapped up in sombre anxious thought to respond.

Clearly as one would read an open book he can now read the page of his little wife's troubled life—can read the meaning of flushing cheek, quivering lip, tearful eye—can see the passion of revolt that stirs her sensitive being—can feel how her pride, her delicacy, is daily, hourly outraged by the condition of their lives—and his heart yearns over her.

"If," he thinks, with a. impotent sigh, "I had chosen the other sister, it would have been different; her coarser, more selfish nature would have adapted itself

to the circumstances without a pang. She would have accepted without murmur, or protest the best I had to give, would have put her hands into my pocket and spent my money with the freedom and insouciance of esteemed wifehood, would never have disturbed my equanimity by one of those piteous pleading looks, half-pain, half-defiance, that thrill through me with a foreboding of coming tragedy. I wonder how will all end? Why will she not accept the inevitable, and give me peace at least? Peace is all I ask from her. If she would take things as her sisters and brothers do, I should in time become reconciled to my fate, should learn to feel towards her as I feel towards them; but she will not—she will not. She will go her own way, and keep my heart in a ferment, watching her every movement, straining my ears to catch every tone of her ever-changing voice."

He looks with a sort of admiring impatience at her, as she sits by his side, her eyes closed, the trace of tears staining her flushed cheeks, and something tells him that it will always be so between them, that she will never harden, never learn to eat his bread with the easy unconsciousness of her kindred, never suffer him to despise her, and thus emancipate himself.

Armstrong is an epicure in sexual sentiment. He can love no woman whom he cannot esteem. The loveliest face shielding a venal soul has no attraction for him; and women for the possession of whose frail fairness men in his rank of life have bartered the hard-earned wages of years, have abandoned home, wife, and children, to him are as innocuous as the homeliest-featured crone. Having always been a comparatively successful man, in his many wanderings he has been waylaid by harpies of various nationalities, experienced in attack, but honeyed speech or mirthful glance has never charmed a quiver from his pocket or a responsive look from his granite lips—and through no sense of moral or religious rectitude, but simply because he cannot value the favor of any woman in whom self-respect does not govern every other feeling, sway every action of her life. The woman he loves shall be a lady to the core, pure-minded, dainty, sensitive, and proud. In his wife he recognises these qualities, and worships them accordingly; and yet, with the perverse selfishness innate even in the best of mankind, he would fain see her stripped of them all in order to shake himself free from her thralldom, and heal up the wound she has unwittingly dealt his pride and self-esteem.

He knows if she can but lover herself in his eyes by some act of meanness, folly, or ingratitude, her downfall will be permanent, and he will regain the even tenor of his life, and be his own master again.

* * * * *
"Here we are at last, Addie; wake up—wake up! How lovely the house looks blazing with light! Listen to the music; they must have begun dancing. Oh, Tom, get out quick!"

However, when they appear on the gay and crowded scene. Miss Pauline's effervescence somewhat subsides. A feeling of diffidence, of timidity almost, seizes her. She half shrinks behind her brother-in-law's broad shoulder when one of their hostess's sons appears, a smiling partner in tow. However, it is Mrs. Armstrong who is borne off first; and then Pauline steps a little forward and sends her roving eye round the room with success. A little later Addie returns breathless, with eyes sparkling with excitement and pleasure.

"I've had such a lovely dance, Tom; I never thought I should like it so much or keep in step as I did! Where's Polly? How is she getting on?"

Armstrong points across the room, where Miss Lefroy, with her deer-like head erect, stands surrounded by a group of young men eagerly seeking to inscribe her name on their cards.

"She's getting on fairly for a beginner,

isn't she? I don't fancy she'll trouble us much more with her society to-night."

Ho is right. Miss Pauline, whether ignorant or regardless of the etiquette of ball-room proprieties, returns no more to the corner she left in maiden trepidation at the request of a dapper little Squire, fair-haired and blue-eyed, whose heart she stormed the first moment she entered the room.

"Tom," says Addie, two hours later, when she returns again, a little exhausted with the unusual exercise, to the spot where he stands so patiently propped up against the wall watching the elite of Nutshire taking their pleasure, "look at Pauline; she is dancing again with that blue-eyed boy—the fourth time, I think. I tried to attract her attention two or three times; but she either did not or would not see me. I don't know much about the proprieties; but don't you think—"

"I know even less about them than you, dear. I think I have not been to half a dozen balls in my life, and never before as the guardian of a young lady's morals; so I won't presume to advise you. It seems to me she is enjoying herself in a very innocent and above-board manner. I wouldn't try to stop her."

"Do you know her partner, Tom?"

"Oh, yes! Jack Everard, of Broom Hill, a thorough little gentleman, and a general favorite in the county, I believe, but not much of a lady's man. I'm surprised to see him here."

"Horsy?"

"Yes, and doggy; he keeps a famous breed of greyhounds. Pauline seems to have made quite a conquest."

"I wonder what they are talking about so earnestly? Dogs, I suppose; Pauline loves dogs, you know, better almost than human beings."

"Hem!"

"You think she is flirting? Oh, there you make a mistake! There is nothing Pauline despises so much as flirting, and love-making, and nonsense. I wouldn't be the man to make a soft speech to her, I know!"

"Everard is a plucky little fellow."

"Pauline's snubs are hard to get over."

"I say, Addie—look! There's an engagement going on now; the tall cavalryman seems to be getting the worst of it. I suppose it's about a disputed dance; they're referring to their cards. How red Everard is! The quiver of his nostrils indicates bloodshed, nothing less."

"He looks just like an angry turkey-cock."

"And, by Jove, look at your sister, Addie! Look at the supreme indifference of her attitude, the queenly wave of her fan! Wouldn't you say she was the heroine of half a dozen London seasons at the least? Bravo, Polly, bravo! You'll get on, my dear."

Miss Lefroy is the acknowledged belle of the evening; every man in the room seeks to be introduced to her, and people who for the last twelve years have sat in the pew next to hers at church, who have never taken the trouble of noticing her presence during her long Cinderellahood, now load her with fulsome compliments and attentions when they see the tide of favour turning her way; and she receives it all with the dignity and gracious indifference of one bred in the purple and fed on adulation from her cradle. Poor Jack Everard never suspects that the few hot words so gravely yet soothingly suppressed by his lovely partner, that escape him after supper, are the first whisper of love that has ever tickled her cold ear, that this is the first night any one has told her she is fair in the eyes of men.

"Miss Lefroy," exclaims that young gentleman in a stealthy whisper when the night is far advanced, and the ball-room thinning visibly, "there's a plot against you; they want to take you home. Your brother-in-law is skirmishing for you briskly in all the passages. Unless you deliver yourself into my hands at once, you cannot fail to be caught."

"They want to go? Oh, impossible,"

she cries in dismay, "when I'm engaged for half a dozen dances yet! It's quite early; they couldn't be so selfish!"

"Couldn't they! Your sister says that Mr. Armstrong is very tired and has to be up early in the morning to go to his business, and that she won't wait another minute. She commissioned me to bring you to her at once; allow me."

She puts her hand mechanically on his arm, and he leads her off in the opposite direction to that where Addie, sleepy and impatient, sits waiting, knowing that her husband's thoroughbreds have been pawing the gravel for the last half-hour in the frosty night, and that he himself, somewhat weary, is longing for a few hours' rest before the busy day begins.

The culprits are passing through a distant conservatory, when a tall handsome girl with masses of golden hair stops them unceremoniously and holds up her card for Everard's inspection.

"Yes, Jack, indeed you may blush! To three dances you scribbled your name, and never came up for one. If we moved in a different sphere of life, I think my feelings would find rather strong expression."

Pauline crimsoned to the roots of her hair, and, scenting an insult, draws away haughtily; but her suspicions are speedily allayed.

The young lady cuts Everard's excuses short.

"There, there! I'll forgive you, on condition that you present me to your partner, whom I am anxious to know. Our mothers were friends long ago, before either of us were born."

He speedily complies with her request.

"Miss Lefroy, will you allow me to introduce you to my cousin, Miss Wynyard, who is anxious to make your acquaintance?"

The girls bow. Miss Wynyard puts out her hand and says, with a frank laugh:—

"Miss Lefroy, do you know that this is a generous overture on my part, considering the attitude you and I must henceforth assume toward each other?"

"I don't understand. What attitude?" asks Pauline, puzzled, yet interested.

"That of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth, of Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Oldfield—the rival queens, in fact. You've deposed me to-night; for three years since I have come out I have been the undisputed belle of Nutshire society—haven't I, Jack, haven't I? You know you can't deny it, sir!"—impatiently to her cousin, who receives her bold statement with a contemptuous chuckle.

"I don't deny that you have been pretty popular, Flo," he answers quietly; "but let me tell you, my dear, you did not go down with lots of fellows I know. They thought you a good deal too free and fast. They may have liked to talk with you and enjoyed your society for the time; but afterwards—afterwards—I've heard them—heard them—"

Miss Wynyard's fair face flushes; her bold eyes droop for a second.

"Isn't a cousin a detestable institution, Miss Lefroy?" she says, with a vexed laugh. "Don't you believe a word he says; you can get my character from any one you like but him, and you'll hear there is nothing very reprehensible in me."

"I'll take your character from yourself," answers Pauline, who finds herself taking a sudden fancy to this outspoken young person.

"Thank you. Then you must learn that my bark is worse than my bite, and that, though I am fast and speak out plainly, I'm not a bad person at bottom, and not a bit of a sneak. What I have to say I say to your face, and you know the worst of me at once. Will you take me as you find me and strike up a friendship with me? Half the men and all the old women of the place will swear that I shall hate you like poison for being younger and handsomer and fresher than myself. Suppose you and I strike up a defensive alliance in the cause of common

womanhood, and refute their slanders with an eternal friendship?"

"Don't, Miss Lefroy, don't!" puts in Everard aggravatingly. "You don't know what her bark is when she's in full cry. Her style is as bad—"

"Be quiet, Jack, do! I'm not speaking to you."

"And I'm not listening to him in the least, Miss Wynyard," says Pauline quickly; "and I'm quite ready to enter into an alliance with you on the spot."

"Done! We'll never let a man or the pattern of a frock come between us—never!"

"Certainly not."

"The last friend I had—for whom I'd have sacrificed my very life—broke from me because I happened to copy her Ascot dress and look better in it than she did."

"You may copy every article of clothing I wear," says Pauline warmly.

"Thank you; you are thorough. I'll send over my maid to-morrow to take off the cut of that tail—it was the best-setting one in the room. And now nearest and dearest must part. You'll see me soon—before the end of the week. By-the-bye, what's your name?"

"Pauline.—And yours?" "Florence."

"Good night, Florence." "Good night, Pauline."

Thus Miss Pauline cemented the first friendship outside of her erst all-sufficing family circle, a friendship which, as the months go by, takes her farther and farther from the sister with whom she has hitherto shared every thought, every hope of her life, and who has sacrificed herself irretrievably to give her a home.

CHAPTER XV.

"There, Bob—there was my bill of fare for the night!"—throwing a glossy pink card across the table—"two lords, three baronets,—at least oldest sons of baronets—a colonel, a couple of majors, no end of smaller fry, captains, lieutenants, militia and regulars, for whom of course I hadn't dances, though they kept buzzing about me for half the night, all the same."

"Bravo, Polly—you have been going it, and no mistake! I thought you'd have been a wall-flower, knowing so few, being fresh 'on the flure,' and all that."

Pauline tosses her pretty head.

"Me a wall-flower? Small fear of that, sir, I can tell you! Why several of my partners told me that I was the belle of the room!"

They are all at dinner on the day after the ball, Robert having driven over with his brother-in-law to get a full account of his sister's first appearance in society.

"Well, I'm glad you weren't fated to blush unseen, Polly. Have you any other festivity in prospect?"

"No," she answers lugubriously, "not a thing. The Chomley Arkwrights have cards out for a dance on the thirty-first; but you know that Mr. Arkwright never called on Addie—I can't imagine why—and I suppose we shall not be asked. It's really too bad—though they may relent at the eleventh hour. If they don't, you will have to give a ball for me, Tom, instead. I feel I can't exist without another soon."

"Let us hope they will relent, my dear."

"I can't imagine why they didn't ask us, for the whole county is to be there; several of my partners said it was a shame to leave us out, and that they wouldn't go there if I didn't get an invite."

"Your partners seemed to have been very pronounced in their remarks for so short an acquaintance, Pauline," says Armstrong a little gravely.

"They were, Tom, rather," she answers, giggling and blushing somewhat. "I had hard work to suppress them after supper, I can tell you."

"O Mary Ann, O Mary Ann."

"I'll tell you mar!"

"I never thought, when you went out, you'd go so far."

hums Robert, with music-hall jocularity.

A faint impression of disgust crosses Armstrong's face, which his wife notes with a wondering start. What does it mean? Is it possible that he, Armstrong of Kolvick, the plebeian brood, who never, according to his own admission, had familiar intercourse with gentlewomen until he married her, thinks her blue-blooded sister, Pauline Lefroy, the offspring of Bourbon chivalry, a little vulgar now and then? Is it possible that her manner, so boastfully elated, her unbounded accounts of her conquests, jars on him, as it does on her—Addie? If so, how much they have in common, this husband and wife, favored by nearly a score of years, by position, education, and mode of life, estranged by fate from communion of thought, from interchange of sympathy—how much in common still!

"I wish Pauline would not talk like that," she thinks with shamefaced irritation. "I wonder she does not feel that it is unladylike, indelicate. I wonder Robert, who has such keen perception, does not try to check her, instead of backing her up."

"Yes, it is most aggravating I must say," continues Pauline, harping on her grievance. "I can't imagine what those Arkwrights mean by it, and they such near neighbours too! I wish you, Tom, or Addie, would do something in the matter."

"I can't see what we could do, Pauline," he answers, smiling, "unless you would have us follow Thackeray's advice—go straight to head-quarters and ask to be asked. It would be rather an extreme measure; but I believe it has been successful in many cases."

"Polly," says Goggles, nodding her head mysteriously, "I think I know why you weren't asked, only—only—perhaps you wouldn't like me to tell."

Pauline laughs contemptuously. "You know, Goggles? A very likely story indeed!"

"I just do know!" answers Goggles, stung into retort. "They don't ask you, Pauline, because papa owes Major Arkwright a lot of money, which he never paid—a debt of honor I think they called it, and—"

"What nonsense you are talking!" breaks in Robert sharply. "I never met such a senseless chatterbox as you are, Lottie—always chattering of things you know nothing about, taking the wrong end of the story."

"I am doing nothing of the kind, Bob; and I know perfectly well what I am talking about. I heard aunt Jo tell her cousin Jenny Bruce the whole story. Major Arkwright and papa were in the same regiment, and they had an awful row together over cards, and the Major called papa a black something or other—black-foot, was it? No, not black-foot, but black-leg—I remember now; I thought it such a funny word—black-leg!"

Before the end of this unfortunate speech, Armstrong, with innate delicacy, rises to his feet and begins addressing his wife in a loud voice; but it is of no use—he cannot drown his sister-in-law's shrill triumphant tone; and so he hurries from the room, and leaves the family to fight it out among themselves.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Plantation Philosophy

Dar's a difference twixt truth an' honestness, for a man is sometimes so truthful dat when he steals he don't deny do fact.

It is said dot do goose ain't got much sense, but she's got more judgement den some folks, for she never goes inter water what is too shallow for her ter swim in, but people is mighty apt'er go inter water what is too deep fur 'em.

Dar is two great causes for men wearin' long faces. Do liber complainant an' hippercritness. Do fast one kin be cured; but no doctor ken do do odder any good, fur it come on him wid his growth. Dar is fewer hippercrits 'mong do niggers den dar is 'mong do white folks. Do reason is dat dar ain' so many niggers in do lan'.

Publisher's Department.

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To Correspondents.

B. B., Montreal.—We are sorry we cannot utilize your MS. It would scarcely be of sufficient general interest to warrant us in doing so.

VANCE.—Your poem is scarcely up to the mark.

H. McLEAN, Chesley.—Sorry we cannot use your acrostic. It is not, however, up to our standard.

A. KELLOCK.—Declined with thanks.

The Sphinx

Since the withdrawal of the Sphinx column, we have had some complaints from some of those who, doubtless, took an interest in it. We are, of course, anxious to please all our readers, but our reason for withdrawing the Sphinx column was that we thought it hardly of sufficiently general interest.

To Prize-Winners.

As many of the prizewinners 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:—sowing machines, \$2.00; guns and tea-services, \$1.50; baby-carriages and clocks, fifty cents; dress-goods thirty cents, watches, twenty-five cents, books, spoons, and handkerchiefs, twelve cents, butter knives and pickle forks six cents.

Hardly a day passes that we do not send out from one to thirty or forty prizes. Of this number scarcely more than one per cent is acknowledged. This ought not to be so. It is not surely too much for us to ask that all prize winners ac-

knowledge at least the safe arrival of their prizes. If they do not wish their names to appear in print, and state their wish, their request will be respected; but in these days of frauds and humbugs it is not more than our due that the honest fulfilment of all our promises should be made known to our readers at large, and to those who may still have doubts as to the bona fide of our offers, on the indisputable authority of the prize winners themselves.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

WELLAND, July 16th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, Toronto. DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the fine Rosewood Piano, awarded me in TRUTH'S Bible Competition No. 10. The instrument is beautifully finished, and has a clear full tone. I am agreeably surprised at taking a prize from so large a number of competitors.

I remain, dear Sir, Yours very truly, MAY BELL BALD.

TORONTO, July 17th, 1884.

S. F. WILSON, Esq. SIR,—I must apologize for my long delay in acknowledging the receipt of the very handsome watch I received as prize in the last competition. It keeps splendid time, and is far beyond my expectations. The reason of my delay was illness. We all look forward to the arrival of TRUTH; it is a capital paper. Wishing it every success, I am,

Yours truly, E. E. R. BOYD, 22 Anno St.

GLEN DONALD, Thursday, July 17th, 1884.

Mr. S. FRANK WILSON, DEAR SIR,—I received TRUTH to hand; am very much pleased with it, as it is a valuable paper; have not read a paper before that I like so well.

I remain, yours etc., Mrs. JOHN SEARLS.

P. S.—As you sent me two papers for last week, I have forwarded one to my sister, Miss Burton, with full assurance that she will subscribe for your valuable paper.

COBURN, 10th July, 1884.

S. F. WILSON, Esq. "TRUTH Office," Toronto. DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a Bell Cabinet Organ as second prize in TRUTH'S Bible Competition No. 10. The instrument is a very handsome one, and far exceeds my expectations.

Yours truly, D. McNAUGHTON.

SMITHFIELD, July 16th 1884.

S. F. WILSON, Esq. DEAR SIR,—The copy of Tennyson's poems came all right. It is a fine edition and I am much pleased with it. Accept thanks. I consider TRUTH well worth the money I sent, without any prize of this sort.

Yours truly, P. C. KILGOUR.

BURLINGTON, July 11th, 1884.

S. F. WILSON, Esq. SIR,—I received my prize in Bible Competition,—half-a-dozen Countess tea-spoons. They are very beautiful indeed. The design of the engraving is very charming and pretty. I am much pleased with them.

Yours truly, R. COATES.

\$15,000.00.

"Truth" Bible Competition.

NO. ELEVEN.

THE FINAL ONE.

Closing September 15th.

A NEW PLAN.

For Persons Residing Anywhere in the World Outside the City of Toronto.

The Largest List, and Most Valuable Ever Offered by Any Publisher.

Residents of Toronto Inadmissible.

A SMALL FARM FREE.

Special Club Offer.

Four Pianos, Three Organs, Silver Tea Sets Sewing Machines, Gold Watches, Silver Watches, and Innumerable Other Valuable Rewards.

Don't Delay Sending in Your Answers.

At the solicitation of many friends TRUTH announcer one more—the final—Bible competition. Owing to the fact of so many valuable rewards going to citizens of Toronto, this competition will be open only to persons living outside the city of Toronto.

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS.

- 1.—Where is GOLD first made mention of in the Bible?
2.—Where does it first state in the Bible that there was ONLY ONE LANGUAGE AND ONE SPEECH on the whole earth?
3.—Where is INN first referred to in the Bible? (By the word INN is meant a place of rest or refreshment commonly known now as a hotel.)

Every one competing must send one dollar with their answers, for six months' subscription to TRUTH. And aside from the rewards themselves, they will find that they have made the best investment of one dollar they ever did.

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1 and 2.—Two Elegant Grand Square Rosewood Pianos by the celebrated maker, Stevens & Co. \$1,100 00
3.—One celebrated "Bell" Organ, the finest organ maker in Canada. 300 00
4.—One beautiful quadruple-plated Silver Tea Set. 100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Stem-winding and Stem-setting, latest style, Solid Gold, Hunting Case Watch. 100 00
6.—One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watch, latest style. 85 00
7 to 10.—Ten renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. 850 00
11 to 15.—Ten Gentleman's beautiful Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case

- 77 to 81.—Five Ladies' beautiful Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches 150 00
82 to 85.—Twenty Waterbury Watches 100 00
86 to 103.—Fifty-two volumes Universal Cyclopaedia. An excellent work. 150 00
104 to 200.—Ninety-seven Ladies' Beautiful Solid Rolled Gold Brooches latest style patterns, splendid value. 191 00
201 to 223.—Fifty-two Elegant Triple-plated Butter Knives. 52 00

The above magnificent list of awards will be given to the first two hundred and fifty-two persons who send correct answers to each of the three Bible questions given above. They follow the big list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. FIVE ACRES OF BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED LAND, adjoining the corporation of Niagara Falls, free from all incumbrance, clear title, splendidly situated for fruit raising, sloping gently towards the south, overlooking the town, and within sound of the great cataract; not a stump or an uneven foot of ground in it; land on opposite side of road held at \$1,000 per acre. \$3,000 00
2.—One Beautiful Square Grand Rosewood Piano, by Stevens & Co. 550 00
3.—One Elegant Cabinet Organ, by the celebrated firm of Bell & Co. 250 00
4.—One Beautiful Silver Tea Service best made, quadruple plate, six pieces. 100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Watch, Stem-winding and Stem-setting, n. c. 100 00
6.—One Lady's Hunting-case Watch Stem-winding and Stem-setting 95 00
7 to 12.—Six beautiful heavy black corded Silk Dress Patterns. 300 00
13 to 18.—Five celebrated Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. 325 00
19 to 23.—Eight Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches. 168 00
27 to 31.—Four quadruple-plated Silver plated Teapots, latest designs. 50 00
31 to 41.—Eleven Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches. 231 00
42 to 50.—Eighteen Solid Nickel Silver Watches, American Movement. 270 00
60 to 111.—Fifty-two volumes Chambers' Etymological Dictionary. 150 00
112 to 130.—Two hundred and forty-seven Ladies' Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, new and elegant designs. 494 00
360 to 505.—One hundred and forty-five Silver-plated Butter Knives. 145 00

These five acres of land above described will be given to the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last. The five hundred and four costly articles, beginning with the piano, that follow No. 1 of the middle rewards, will be given to the five hundred and four persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or centre reward that takes the farm. The land mentioned above could be divided into building lots and sold to great advantage, as there are no vacant houses in the town of Clifton or Niagara Falls, as it is now called. Then, that even the last may not feel that they are to be left out, TRUTH will give a series of

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Beginning with anther of those fine pianos, by Stevens & Co., which have been received with so much satisfaction by prize winners in previous competitions. \$500 00
2.—Then follows another Bell Organ. 250 00
3.—Another Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces, best quadruple plate. 100 00
4.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch. 100 00
5.—Lady's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch. 95 00
6.—One celebrated "New Home" Sewing Machine. 65 00
7 to 11.—Five Beautiful heavy Black Silk Dresses. 230 00
12 to 18.—Eighteen Solid Coin Silver Watches. 450 00
30 to 41.—Twelve Ladies' Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches. 340 00
42 to 51.—Sixteen Solid Nickel Silver Watches. 240 00
52 to 71.—Fourteen renowned Waterbury Watches. 170 00
72 to 300.—One hundred and thirty-eight elegantly bound volumes of Universal Cyclopaedia. 414 00
210 to 311.—One hundred and two Ladies' Fine Rolled Gold Pins or Brooches 204 00
312 to 401.—Ninety Solid Triple Silver-plated Butter Knives. 90 00

The further you live from Toronto the better you can compete for these last or consolation rewards. Bear in mind that it is the last correct answer received at the office of TRUTH that gets number one of these consolation rewards. The offer is open till the 15th September, and as long as your letter bears the postmark, where mailed, of the date of 15th September, it will take its place in the order received at TRUTH'S Office. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters from distant points to reach Toronto, but don't forget that your letter must not bear a later postmark than Sep-

tember 15th. All competing must send with their answers one dollar for six months' subscription to TRUTH, which will be sent to any desired address. Wherever you live, outside Toronto, you can compete at any time between now and the closing day for either the first or middle rewards, and as well as, of course, for the consolation rewards. Some one will get those five acres of land—why not you? Look up your Bible now and see if you can find the answers to these questions. It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to TRUTH, which alone is good value for the one dollar. It consists of 28 pages of choice and pure reading matter for the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. The publisher could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless he was certain of your patronage in years to come, and you are almost certain to become life subscribers to TRUTH if you take it for six months, it is such a splendid weekly (not monthly) magazine.

SPECIAL CLUB OFFER.

If twenty-five persons join and send \$50, each one of the twenty-five whose answers are correct will get their choice of solid-rolled gold brooch, new and elegant design, worth at retail two dollars; a Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, worth about same amount; a World's Universal Cyclopaedia, or a volume elegantly bound of Shakespeare's Complete Works. Of course each of the club will have the same opportunity of gaining one of the rewards in the regular list (in addition to the certainty of one of the prizes aforesaid), as though they had sent in singly. This is simply an extra inducement to clubs.

The rewards in last competition were very widely scattered over Ontario and Quebec. In fact, every province was represented in the list, not excepting British Columbia. A great many also went to the States.

No information will be given to any one beyond what has above been stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money now. If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward, and that is where the biggest ones are. TRUTH directs special attention to the fact clergymen are not permitted to compete, neither are persons who in previous competitions won prizes exceeding one hundred dollars in value, and as no Torontonians are allowed to compete, the field is now open for a fair and square race for these rewards to any one, on the habitable globe, outside Toronto. No money will be received by telegraph, or in any way but through the postoffice or by express. One dollar only required. Try your skill. You are sure of good value for your money anyway. Address S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide street, Toronto, Canada.

Burning of the Dead

The body burns, whether placed in the earth or fire; in one case it takes 10 to 20 years, in the other so many minutes. Cremation is the proper and scientific way to dispose of dead organic matter. When the body is cremated, there is no further fear from disease germs in the body. The only plausible objection which has been offered against cremation is that in case of homicide through the administration of deadly poisons valuable evidence might be destroyed; but this is not a serious objection in the face of the many advantages gained. All innovations in sanitary science have had to fight their way inch by inch. Vaccination had a hard struggle, but came out triumphant, and so we predict for cremation a glorious victory, a triumph of good sense and science.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through the Spring season—desiring 1 Oz you will. It will take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Spleenish Pills to verify the blood and tone up the system in large bottles 50 cents.

Music and the Drama.

Claxton Orchestra Concert.

Yet another proof of the artistic merit of this justly popular organization was given on Friday evening last, at the Horticultural Gardens, upon the occasion of the Orchestra's first subscription concert. The Rackozoy march from "The Damnation of Faust," by Berloiz, and the "William Tell" overture, the two principal orchestra numbers on the programme were executed most delightfully. To the practiced ear only were there any skips or flaws perceptible, and even those were of such a nature as a little more practice will remove. The material is in the Orchestra, and with the public support it deserves, Toronto may anticipate many a musical treat. The vocal soloist, Mrs. Agnes Corlette-Thomson, appeared for the first time on the Concert stage since her marriage, and sang her numbers even better than ever before. A most flattering reception was given her upon her appearance on the stage, and her rendering of Gounod's famous "Legro Waltz" showed her the possessor of a staccato voice which she has never yet displayed. Her voice is one of acknowledged purity and sweetness, and her execution of the staccato portions of the waltz thoroughly surprised the audience. The C in alt upon which the song ends was given with a strength and purity of tone which won for her a thoroughly merited double call, and her encore, "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town" was most happily and prettily sung. Her second programmed number, "Waiting" by Millard, with violin obligato, was but a repetition of her well-known artistic style in ballade singing, and in answer to a persistent encore she sang "Comin' through the Rye." Numerous beautiful bouquets were presented to her from the audience during the evening, a few being sent to the stage after the conclusion of her songs, and others presented behind the scenes in that modest manner which always characterizes true appreciation. Herr Henri Jacobsen's violin solo was played in his usual artistic manner, but was marred greatly in accompaniment. It was a very difficult number, and the Orchestra had no rehearsal of it. Miss Ella Cowley, a young and promising pianist, made her "debut" in Mendelssohn's "Capriccio," and excited bright anticipations of her future, playing with good execution and fine phrasing. The concert was most thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and as the programme was arranged with a view to popularity none of the audience was heard to complain of too heavy music but all joined in an earnest demand for more. A concert of this kind every week is something Toronto will soon learn to appreciate and patronize. It may not be out of place to mention that the fact of Miss Corlette having become Mrs. Thomson will in no way interfere with her numerous concert engagements in outside towns; neither will she discontinue her church choir work.

The Zoo is still a favorite place of resort, and the St. Quentin Opera Co., are still attracting good audiences. During the present week they have been appearing in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury," which is sufficient of a novelty—not having been too frequently produced—to draw large and appreciative audi-

ences, Miss St. Quentin making a most attractive "plaintiff in the case," while the absurdities of "Box and Cox" form a capital afterpiece. The Company will next week appear in "Pinafore," which has lost none of its popularity, and is not likely over—that is har— Well, we draw the line at that. The prices of admission have been reduced, and with the varied attractions offered all classes can enjoy a very pleasant evening's amusement for a very small sum.

It is not true, as has been generally reported, that Mr. Maurice Grau is going to have both Mme. Theo and Mme. Judic in this country next season. Mme. Theo comes here, as already announced, but Mme. Judic, if she comes at all, will not be seen till a year later. The lady has hitherto been offered some extremely large inducements to come to America, but has declined them all for the reason that her European engagements are much more profitable to her than any manager could afford to make an American tour.

The Toronto Letter Carriers will have their annual moonlight excursion on the Chicora, Monday evening next. The music will be supplied by Claxton's popular orchestra; and there will be vocal selections by prominent vocalists. As the Letter Carriers are a good set of fellows, civil, obliging, and, as a general rule, always welcome, we hope to see a large gathering of their friends, acquaintances and admirers.

Gounod's new oratorio, "Life and Death," which he is writing for the Birmingham musical festival of 1885, will be divided into three parts. The first part consists chiefly of a *missa pro defunctis*; the second and third are based upon the first eight verses of the 21st chapter of the Revelation.

Friend's Weekly says: "It is possible C. H. Olera will play a star engagement through the provinces and cities early in the fall." The advance notices already received are startlingly sensational, but are not of a very flattering nature.

It is stated that the travelling companions of Ellen Terry on her next visit with Irving to America will be the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, (son of the Lord Chief Justice,) and his wife.

Minnie Palmer's fortune—accumulated since she came under the management of John R. Rogers—is estimated at a little over one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars.

J. K. Emmett will produce a new play next season, "In the Promised Land, or, the Marriage of Fritz" which he says is one of the best of the Fritz series.

Julia Wilson will not be a member of the Den Thompson Company next season. Edith Murilla has been engaged for the part of *Tot*.

Miss Helen Bancroft will add a new play by Sardou to her repertoire for next season.

One of the many guns that killed Guster has lately been purchased by a Bismarck man. It is said another supply will soon be on hand.

The boy who lies in bed until he is called six times will get up at 5 o'clock without being called at all to fire of his pistol under the window of his companion to wake him up. But before he is out of bed his companion has performed a like duty for him, and at the blowing of the 6 o'clock factory whistle they have fired off a pound of powder between them, and are as black as Africans and as happy as kings.

A coroner's jury in McLean county had occasion to render a verdict in the case of a lynched horse-thief. They reported that the man had committed suicide by riding under a telegraph pole, throwing the rope over the cross-piece and fastening it about his neck, then spurring his horse onward, leaving him "with nothing under him and looking up at the rope." Truly, the facetiousness of a McLean county jury is something wonderful.

The other Sunday a popular preacher in enumerating the things not to be found in heaven, said:—"There is no darkness there, no clouds, no sorrow, no sickness, no grave, no funerals, no preachers"—as the congregation smiled at this point, the clergyman remarked:—"that is, there is no preaching there."

Miss Mary:—"No, Harry, if you are a doctor you must prescribe for me. I've a very bad pain about my heart. What can I take?" Dr. Harry (thinking this the best opportunity he has had):—"I've no doubt as to what is the best remedy to take—you'd better take me!"

Watson, Thorne & Smellie, Barristers
207 York Chambers, 9 Toronto St., Toronto.

JAS. HICKEY,
Merchant Tailor & Clothier,
229 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

COLDSTREAM DIVISION
SONS OF TEMPERANCE,
No. 212.

\$150.00 WORTH OF PRIZES.
The following are those who have kindly contributed to the prize list to be competed for at our

ANNUAL EXCURSION I
TO BE HELD AT
Paradise Grove, Niagara, Ont.,
ON THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1884
Per Steamer "Rupert."

1 Silver Medal, W. C. Morrison; 1 Handsome Toilet Set, Lowden & Co.; 1 Ladies' Monogram Gold and Silver Set, G. Ward; 1 picture, framed, J. G. Ramsay & Co.; 1 album, C. R. Parish & Co.; Tea and Coffee, value \$5.00, James Law; 1 pair of Parlor, T. Epstein & Co.; 1 picture, framed, S. E. Roberts; 1 Thayer Electric Lamp, the Electric Lamp Co.; 2 Duesel Suits, Wheaton & Co.; 1 Ladies' Rubber Cloak, T. McIntroy, Jr.; 1 Bust of Edward Healy, China Hall; 1 Book, Geo. Virtue; 1 Music Rack by Jolliffe; 1 Vest, Jas. Allison; 1 Album, Lyon & Alexander; 1 Scarf Ring, Kent Bros.; 1 Stationery Cabinet, Barber & Ellis; 1 Model Washer and Bleacher, O. W. Dennis; 1 Pair Ladies' Boots, Toronto Shoe Co.; 1 Ladies' Parasol, Peasley & Peasley; 1 Clock, Oak Hall; 1 Silver Pen, Woltz Bros.; 1 Stand, Byron & Ryan; 1 Year's Truth \$2.00, S. Frank Wilson; 1 Book, A. H. Hovey & Co.; 1 Book, Moore & Co.; 1 Pair of Slippers, Alex. Gemmill; 1 Pair Vases, W. H. Hildebrand & Co.; 3 Bray Fruit, value \$2; also, Crompton Corset Co., 78 York St.; Page & Page, 202 Yonge St.; H. & C. Blechford, 29 King St., East; A. Piddington, 218 Yonge St.; J. E. Ellis & Co.; R. N. Sheppard, Cor. Peter & Queen; Thos. Wood; T. S. Grant; Chas. Kempton; Jas. Cadein; A. Cameron; C. Sheppard; C. Carnegie; E. Clark; G. Downard; E. Austin, Yonge St.; G. P. Grant, T. Young & Co.; T. Windo; Blair & Hawthorn, 122 Queen St. West; and a number of other small donations which has made our prize list this year a handsome one. We hope our friends will come with us, and make this the most successful excursion of the season.

Boat leaves Yonge St. Wharf at 7 A.M., giving us eight hours at Niagara and five hours at Niagara Falls. Tickets to Niagara and return to Centre, Niagara Falls \$1 extra, to be had on boat. Come one and all.
F. C. WARD,
Sec. of Commit 123.

THE
KING OF ALL
THE LIGHT RUNNING
New
Home
SIMPLE, STRONG,
SWIFT, SURE,
Sewing Machine!
C. GENTLEMAN
SOLE AGENT,
545 QUEEN STREET W., TORONTO.



Ladies' Department.

Potatoes—How to Cook them and what To Do With Those Left Over.

Smoking hot, delicately browned, and delicious. Who doesn't wish the wook brought more than seven breakfasts, if only every household fairy could be induced to present them in such a tempting form?

To have them moist, and yet free from an abundance of grease, depends entirely upon two things—the condition of the fire and the lard; for lard it must be fresh, firm, and sweet, for neither drippings, skimming, nor any of the other little economies the heart of the mistress is so apt to delight in will answer so well, no matter how nicely rendered. Put in at first a generous supply, and see it becomes smoking hot over a fire not too bright at first, but steadily increasing in temperature. On these two commandments hang all one's skill and success.

The mashed potatoes left from dinner can be presented at the next morning's breakfast in a very attractive and toothsome form. While yet warm, add a small quantity of milk, or, better still, good cream, until like the very little bear's chair in the charming story, it is neither too hard nor too soft. Put the mass into a vegetable dish sufficiently large to cover the bottom of it about an inch in depth; work in evenly and nicely with a spoon until it is smooth, and set aside to become cold. When ready to use, turn out the dish, and cut into strips that will be an inch in width and thickness, and two inches in length. Fry, or rather boil, in enough lard to cover them, as oysters or doughnuts, and when browned all over, remove, and laying on a napkin, put in the oven a few minutes, where they will drain off all extra fat, and at the same time keep their heat. If of the right consistency, and rapidly cooked, the potatoes will be crisp and brown on the outside, but soft and creamy within. Garnish with parsley sprigs, and send to table in an odd fancy china dish.

The double pans having the inner one pierced with innumerable tiny holes, or made entirely of wire, are the nicest. They are sold at the house furnishers' for frying oysters, but are equally nice in cooking other articles of food. A piece of heavy wire is fastened at one side of the outer pan, comes up to and hangs over the top, having at the end a hook on which the inner vessel is hung, and drains off the superfluous fat. The lifting out and danger of breaking in pieces any delicate article of food are thus also avoided.

Chop very finely boiled potatoes, and cook slowly in sufficient fat about twenty minutes. Do not let them brown the least particle, but only take out the raw taste, and become very hot and well mixed together. To one pint of potatoes allow two tablespoonsful of rich milk or cream and half of a raw egg. Beat them well together; take the potatoes from the putandstirin. Season with pepper and salt; put in the same pan, and replace on the fire, first pressing well down with a spoon, that they may lie compactly over its whole surface. Do not stir them, but let them, become nicely browned on the under side, which will be in about fifteen minutes. Have an oval dish well warmed; place it over the pan, and then, reversing the position of the two quickly, there will be a sort of potato-omelet in good shape, and its nicely browned side on top.

In place of chopping the potatoes for ordinary frying, one can make a pleasant change by forking them. When well boiled, and the skins removed, work with a silver fork until there is a fine flaky mass, even in the texture, and looking very light and inviting. Either cook them plainly in plenty of boiling lard, stirring frequently, or adding cream and egg if preferred.

In a small skillet heat half a pint of rich milk, sliding into it six or eight medium-sized potatoes previously boiled and sliced across. Stir together four tablespoonsful of cream and half the raw

yolk of an egg; pour over the contents of the skillet, shaking to and fro, but not using a spoon to stir them, until they give one good bubble. Take from the fire, add salt, pepper, and a generous amount of butter. If desired, a very little finely chopped parsley may be added.

Fashionable Hair.

"Human hair goods are worn more now than ever they were," said a dealer who does a good business in such articles. "All classes of ladies wear them—young, middle-aged and old—some for use, but more for ornament. Men wear wigs only when they cannot help it. Women wear false hair to add to their charms. Short hairs in demand now, in the form of Lisbon and sea-foam waves and frizzos, and the favorite color is chestnut brown. The golden shade so much in fashion a few years ago, has fallen 50 per cent in price."

"Where does the supply of artificial hair come from?" "Nearly all from France and Germany, with a little from other parts of the Continent and England. The largest quantity and best quality is from France. It is not the hair of dead persons, as many imagine, but comes from the heads of living peasant girls. It is gathered by peddlers, who buy it for a trifle—a silk handkerchief, or some other trifle which pleases the fancy. There are in France regular 'hair-raisers,' that is, girls who have their hair cut for sale every four years."

"What is the most expensive kind of hair?" "Natural silver-white is worth \$18 or \$20 an ounce; so you see it is worth more than its weight in gold. Bleached white hair is worth only \$3 an ounce. Natural hair of ordinary shades is worth from \$5 to \$20 a pound, except the hair collected by ragpickers, which brings only from \$1 to \$3. The value of different colors of hair depends on the fashion. Yellow hair not golden is almost useless to us."

"I suppose there have been great improvements made in your art in late years?" "Yes, indeed. You could tell an old-fashioned wig a mile off, but now I can make a wig that will defy detection. A great many top-pieces are worn by men like this."

Here the hair dealer, greatly to the surprise of the reporter, lifted up what was to all appearance and natural hair on the top of his head, and disclosed a cranium as bare a billiard ball.

"I suppose you sell a good many light-colored waves to dark-haired ladies?"

"Ah, you may see many pretty blonde on the street with black eyes which she cannot hide, and black hair which she can. Fashion rules all. Just now the color is medium brown, but there are constant changes in style, enough to keep one 'on the go' all the time."

FAMILY MATTERS.

It is recommended for cleaning paint to wring a flannel cloth out of warm water, dip into whitening, and rub the paint up and down until it is clean. Wash off with cold water, and rub until dry.

Bread, biscuit, rolls, and the crust of pies are greatly improved in flavor and color if they are lightly brushed over with milk just before they are put into the oven. A little sugar dissolved in the milk is an excellent addition also.

Here is a recipe for a cool and pleasant drink for summer, which will be found quite a good variation from lemonade. Take the juice of six oranges and six lemons, adding sugar to suit the taste. Put in a quantity of pounded ice and some sliced a pine-apple, pouring over it two quarts of water.

To make real cream soup, boil the remnants of a roast of veal until the meat falls from the bones. Strain and cool. The next day put on to boil, with a slice of onion and one-third of a cupful of raw rice. Let it simmer slowly for an hour. Add salt and pepper to taste. Just be-

fore serving add one cupful of rich milk, or cream if you have it, heated in a separate dish.

To make chicken stew, boil a chicken, cut it up in neat joints, and put them in a frying pan with two ounces of butter, and two large onions, cut in thin slices; season with a little salt, and a tablespoonful of dry curry-powder; stir these in the pan until the onions brown, then add a gill of good brown stock, bring it to the boil, and serve it with plain boiled rice.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—To every pound of flour, one tablespoonful of carbonate of soda, well mixed, add buttermilk (no matter how sour) to make it a thick batter, beat well up; put it in a very hot tin in the oven with some fat nearly boiling, or in a large frying pan over the fire; take care it does not burn. Turn it; gravy, syrup or preserve is nice with it. Serve it at once.

Delicious filling for a layer cake is made of bananas sliced thin, with powdered sugar sprinkled over them. The bananas should not be prepared until almost tea time, for they become discolored if they are perfectly ripe and allowed to stand long. Another way to prepare a filling is to chop some pine-apple very fine, and put half pine-apple and half banana together, put a layer of banana on the cake, then cover this with the chopped pine-apple and sugar.

Some Views of Woman.

Woman, owing to her proposed enfranchisement, occupies at the present moment a considerable share of public attention, and all that relates to her, says the *St. James' Gazette*, is of especial interest. Man, although he has had the pleasure of her acquaintance for nearly six thousand years, is, or professes to be, entirely ignorant as to her political temperament, and apparently knows very little about her beyond the fact that she was originally produced from one of Adam's ribs. Some interesting observations on this point were made by Jean Raulin in the beginning of the sixteenth century. "Observe the result," he preached. "Man, composed of clay, is silent and ponderous; but women gives evidence of her osseous origin by the rattle she keeps up. Move a sack of earth and it makes no noise; touch a bag of bones and you are deafened with the clatter-clatter."

Woman, however, was not without an advocate of her rights in those days. The following remarks made on the "Excellency of women," written by Cornelius Henry Agrippa in 1509, are such as might have been uttered by Mr. John Stuart Mill: "Unjust laws," he says, "do their worst to repress women; custom and education combine to make them nonentities. From her childhood a girl is brought up in idleness at home, and confined to needle and thread for sole employment. When she reaches marriageable years she has this alternative—the jealousy of a husband or the custody of a convert. All public duties all legal functions, all active ministrations of religion are closed against her."

Agrippa looked upon women as the practical sex. "What arithmetician," he asks, "could deceive a woman in a bargain?" and anyone who has had experience of a modern British landlady, at a seaside lodging-house will confirm Agrippa's opinion on this point. Whether woman will ever get into parliament remains to be seen; but that Eve would have found some difficulty in entering the house as at present conducted is beyond a doubt, if any reliance is to be placed on a calculation made of her size by the French Orientalist Henrion, member of the academy. In a table given by him of the relative height of several eminent historical personages, he puts that of our great mother at 118 feet 8.65 inches. The dwindling of woman's stature is probably owing to her wrongs. When she obtains her rights she will perhaps regain her former somewhat formidable proportions.

Buying the Baby's Clothes.

For real poetry and pathos, watch that young wife and her mother at the baby linen counter, says the *Albany Express*. The wife of a year, probably; the girlish face looks a little sad, and motherhood is faintly shadowed there. She is purchasing garments for one who is as dear to her as her life. As each tiny article of the numerous trousseau is shown to her a flood of feeling wells up, and leaves a rosy stain upon her cheeks. That snowy mass of muslin and lace, which is called a robe, has a terrible fascination for her. Enveloped in that robe she sees a tiny form, the little nestling head, the wee restless hands, she almost feels the clinging fingers. "Isn't it beautiful?" she sighs and turns to her mother, who looks on not unsympathizingly, but with an eye to the practical and a present appreciation of the exact amount her son-in-law can afford to spend. "I must have this lovely robe, mamma." "We will see, dear," says mamma. "I am afraid it is too expensive." "Oh, dear, yes; \$18. We will look at some others." But the daughter is not satisfied. They begin to count up the cost of all that they need. The items grow apace. The amount is still too much. It is no use, they can not spare \$18 for one dress. Again she goes over the whole catalogue. She leaves out some things altogether, and says: "I can make all the plain things, you know, mamma." Then they count up again. No, it is no use; it can not be done, and the disappointed one has to leave the counter without the wished-for robe. If her husband could only see her, but he can not. Besides, he has given her all the money he thinks she needs; in fact he believes she cannot possibly spend all he gave her on such little things. When his wife shows him her purchases she will doubtless do it almost tremblingly. She knows he expects to see a great deal more for the money. He will certainly think she has been extravagant. She can not ask him for more money. It would not be just. He works so hard for all he has. And so the matter rests. Not a word about the costly robe. Did he but know what passed at the counter, the chances are that he would find some way of gratifying the tender, loving ambition which thinks nothing too good for the little somebody she has not seen.

"I understand your Emily is engaged to young Ferdinand, the son of Mr. Bullstocks, the wealthy banker," said their lady visitor. "Not now. She was, but received an offer of marriage from Mr. Rifle Twist, the celebrated pitcher of the Goose-egg mine, and we persuaded her to break the engagement with Mr. Bullstocks, as we desire to see her comfortably settled above the possible reach of want."

A pint of the finest Ink for families or schools can be made from a 10c. package of Diamond Dyes. Try them. All druggists keep them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 color, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

Objection is made in New York to drowning stray dogs for fear so many sunken barks may obstruct navigation.

M. A. St. Mars, St. Bonifacio, Manitoba, writes: Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a public benefit. It has done wonders here, and I have cured myself of a bad cold in one day. Can be relied upon to remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

Since the war the colored Baptists have grown from nothing to over 600 churches in Texas alone.

THE SORT OF BLEND from which the constituents of vigorous bone, brain and muscle are derived is not manufactured by a stomach which is bilious or weak. Uninterrupted thorough digestion may be insured, the secretory activity of the liver restored, and the system efficiently nourished by aid of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Digestory and Dyspeptic Care. It is the greatest blood purifier ever introduced into Canada.

The Mexican Axolotl.

The structure of these strange animals, belonging to the batrachian order of reptiles, is familiar to naturalists, but mystery envelops many of their habits, which seem to be in direct variance with the usual order of things, and which do not resemble those found in other reptiles having almost the same structural characteristics.

About two years ago Fish Commissioner Eugeno G. Blackford, of this city, received from the late M. Carbonnier, of Paris, a male and female axolotl, which had been raised at the Jardin des Plantes from specimens obtained from Mexico. Generally the color is black or mottled gray, but those sent over were a beautiful, pearl-tinted white. These have been under the care of Prof. H. J. Rice, who is closely studying them in the endeavor to solve many disputed points. The male is now about ten inches long, and while he has changed but slightly in color, the female has become a mottled gray about the head.

A year ago last March, a batch of eggs was laid from which a little one was hatched. Seven months later another batch was laid, and since then laying has occurred at regular intervals of six weeks. In appearance the eggs resemble those of the frog, are about one-sixth of an inch in diameter, and look like balls of glass having a small speck in the centre. Inclosed in this sac of gelatinous matter is the vitellus, or yolk, which after undergoing considerable differentiation develops into what looks exactly like a little black worm, the wriggling movements of which can be easily seen. The water in the tank in which the specimens are kept is renewed once in from two to seven days, depending on the season, and the female deposits her eggs—from 150 to 200—upon the branches of the plants. When exposed to ordinary temperature, the eggs will hatch in about three weeks. Under the microscope the young will show the circulation of the blood all over, except in the darkest parts. It is still a question whether fecundation takes place in the female or upon the eggs after they have been hatched.

Although in a natural state the color of the axolotl is black or gray, these are nearly white, and even the largest one is semi-transparent in certain parts; in all cases the eyes are black. Upon the front legs there are four toes and upon the hind ones five. The toes on the left hind leg of the female are worn away; this was probably caused by crawling about on the gravel in the bottom of the aquarium, and if she could be placed in her natural surroundings of mud they would grow out again. The dorsal fin continues around the end of the tail to the anus, and is almost perfectly transparent.

The gills are external and are formed by thin pairs of branchial veins, the ends of which are covered by a long and slender fringe, or capillary network, of a dark pink color. The returning channels converge to form the branchial arteries, which enter the neck, curve along the walls of the pharynx, and unite to form the right and left aorta. The fourth pair pass backwards and each divides, the larger portion going to the lungs, and the other to the back of the esophagus. Under certain conditions the gills will become absorbed and the reptile will leave the water, becoming a land animal. This does not always occur, and the governing conditions are not known. The gills of this female have dwarfed since she began laying, and she frequently comes to the surface of the water for a gulp of air. A strange fact about the axolotl is that it reproduces while it is a water animal, but so far as at present known not after it undergoes transformation and becomes a land animal.

It is stated that the axolotl is used as food by some of the natives of Mexico, and has been considered a delicacy since the time of Cortez, while others, especially the women, held it in abhorrence and make it the foundation of many curious superstitions. A similar or closely allied

species is found in some of the South-western States. The axolotl takes his food at a gulp, holds it in his mouth for a time, munches but does not masticate it, as we understand that term, and then swallows it. In a native state it is probable that he takes a mouthful of mud, from which the nutritive matter is absorbed and the balance thrown out.—*Scientific American N. Y.*

Tired Mothers.

Nowadays it seems to be the fashion to dress children like dolls, and many a foolish mother wears herself out because she is desirous that her children shall have as many tucks and flounces as those of her neighbor. Mothers, dress your children according to your means and ability. If your friend's two-year-old Susie is "so sweet and pretty in her embroidered white dresses," don't try to excel, but let your two-year-old Flossie wear her warm, dark woollen dresses, and her health will be cared for, and she will become a more sensible woman than Susie, whose mother's aim is for her baby to be admired. I do not discard fashion when properly used. Copy that happy medium which calls for no remarks. If you cannot dress as your neighbor without working far into the small hours of morning, wearing out brain and body, for your husband's sake, for your children's sake, make your dress with less bands and shirring, and save your strength. "As you commence, so you must go on," is an old saying. Make yourself a slave to fashion for a child, and assuredly, by the time she is sixteen, your bones will ache and your spirit quako over the endless work of her wardrobe. And save your strength in other ways, if you can. If your neighbor does think you slow, lazy, be independent, and if you are wearied from your morning's labors, lie down for a half-hour's nap—if the dinner dishes do remain unwashed and the floor unbrushed for awhile. Refreshed by your rest, those dishes will disappear rapidly, other chores be accomplished, and it will be a cheerful face which greets the boys and girls on their return from school, and father from his day's labor. In caring for yourself, your health and strength, you are caring for all the members of the family. Can another fill the place you will leave vacant, if you work yourself to death? Will another love your children as you do? Then mothers, in reason's name and common sense, dress your girls more plainly, cook less company dinners, save your strength and take work easily.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and a smooth-rolling prosperity.

Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years."

In the eighteenth century the growth of population in Denmark was so small as to be scarcely noticeable. During the present century the population has increased from one million to nearly two.

Jas. Shannon, Luskdale, writes: For many years my wife was troubled with chills, and could get no relief until about two years ago; she was then not able to walk, and the pain was then so excruciating that she could not sleep at night. Your agent was then on his regular trip, and she asked him if he could cure her. He told her Dr. Thomson's Electric Oil was a sure cure. She tried it, and judge of her astonishment when in a few days, the pain was all allayed and the feet restored to its natural condition. It is also the best remedy for burns and bruises I ever used.

The Half was Never Told

of the wonderful and powerful virtues of that best of all medicines, Kidney-Wort. It has been tried and proved, its cures are numberless and the record of (supposed) incurable cases that have yielded to its influence, is astounding. If you have trouble with your Kidneys, Liver or Bowels, if you suffer from Constipation or Piles, if you are a victim of Rheumatism or Malaria, take Kidney-Wort. You will find it the remedy you need.

Bishop Simpson, the Methodist leader lately deceased, was the oldest bishop in America.

Agitation in the world of homeopathic medicine has been its very soul of progress, as in politics and religion—the difficulties of opinion and the individuality of men have been parent to the disagreements by which the standard of these bodies have been elevated. So with most of our famous preparations—foremost in illustration of which truth stands the world-famous remedy to debility and languor "Quinine Wine,"—and which, when obtainable in its genuine strength, is a miraculous creator of appetite, vitality and stimulant to the general fertility of the system. Quinine Wine, and its improvement, has, from the first discovery of the great virtues of Quinine as a medical agent, been one of the most thoroughly discussed remedies ever offered to the public. It is one of the great tonic and natural life-giving stimulants which the medical profession have been compelled to recognize and prescribe. Messrs. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the preparation of their pure Quinine Wine the great care due to its importance, and the standard excellence of the article which they offer to the public comes into the market purged of all the defects which skillful observation and scientific opinion has pointed out in the less perfect preparations of the past. All drug gists sell it.

Lord Coleridge expects to publish his reminiscences of America in the autumn.

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

The rope-walker's slide for life is merely a slide for money.

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

Some rise with the larks; others get up when the steam whistle blows. Real comfort is found lying in bed until one feels like getting up.

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

Fathers will bless the eminent Dr. Parvin, who says that a baby should not be allowed to sleep with its mother.

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

Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is more dangerous now than it was then.

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

Don't go near a draught. If a draught comes towards you, run away. A slight draught is most dangerous.

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

Don't hold a wasp by the other end while you thaw t out in front of the stove to see if it is alive. It is generally alive.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

Don't try to persuade a bulldog to give up a yard of which it is in possession. Possession to a bulldog is ten points of law.

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

MILK BUTTER COLOR
A NEW DISCOVERY.
For several years we have furnished the dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.
But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. **It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.**
And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid. **BEWARE** of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.
If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (M)
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

GAIN
Health and Happiness.
How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.
Are your Kidneys disordered?
"Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Doreaux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.
Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney Wort cured me from nervous weakness, and, after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. H. Goodwin, Ed. Christiana Monitor, Cleveland, O.
Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.
Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Phillip C. Hallou, Monkton, Vt.
Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney Wort cured me of chronic Liver Disease after I prayed to die." Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.
Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney Wort (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed." O. M. Tallmage, Millwaukie, Wis.
Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth \$10 a box."—Sam'l Hodgson, Williamstown, West Va.
Are you Constipated?
"Kidney Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 16 years use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.
Have you Malaria?
"Kidney Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. J. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.
Are you Bilious?
"Kidney Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken." Mrs. J. T. Oadway, Elk Flat, Oregon.
Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney Wort permanently cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. King recommended it to me." Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.
Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years." Edw'go Malcom, West Bath, Maine.
Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. I am free from them and praise it." Mrs. H. Lamoureux, Isle La Motte, Vt.
If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT
THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

STARCEMENT.—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, iron, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, Picture Frames, Jewellry, trinkets, toys, etc.

When you play leap frog with adversity, the latter does the leaping.

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

Don't atake the hornet's nest to see if any of the family are at home.

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

Young Men!—Read This.

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

Catarrah—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrah. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrah is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrah in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrah. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrah.—Afontrast Star.

Nothing in the World Like it.

Nothing can equal Polson's NERVILINE as a remedy for internal, local, or external pains. It is the strongest, therefore the best. Nerviline penetrates at once to the source of disease, and affords immediate relief. C. B. Allison, & Co., druggists, Piottin, speaking of Nerviline, state: "Our customers speak of it in the highest terms." Nerviline nerve pain cure will always command the praise of all who use it. Nerviline is an honest remedy. Always sure, and prompt to relieve, and therefore is the best remedy to keep in the house. Buy a sample bottle, which costs but ten cents, and be convinced that Nerviline is the best pain remedy in the world. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

Those beings only are fit for solitude who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

From England's

Distant shores comes additional testimony as to the wonderful merit of the only sure pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extract or. "Office of the Chemist and Druggist, 42 Cannon St., London, Eng. A friend travelling in the States and Canada used Putnam's Corn Extractor, and within a few days the corns vanished and I now ask you to send me a few bottles. S. Brett." After referring the letter to our English Agent, we received intimation that Mr. Brett had ordered three dozen for distribution among his friends. See that you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

We should never play with favor; we cannot too closely embrace it when it is real, nor fly too far from it when it is false.

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 Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

No Jary is the same to us after the a veo of time; or, rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the stomach all the time who might be well and happy if they only used Dr. Carson's Rheumach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. All Druggists 50 cents.

When fear rise to a certain height it produces the same effect as temerity. Fear never applies to proper remedy.

The universal success of the Triangle Dyes is attracting notice throughout the country. They are without question the most remarkable dyes, and have given abundant evidence of their reliability in all shades. 10c.

Riches have wings, and all grandeur is a dream.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious Attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a Splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

The effects of weakness are inconceivable, and I maintain that they are far vaster than those of the most violent passions.

A. P. 187.

THOMAS GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woolen, Silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle-Makers, Dundas, Ont. WHEAT Marlin Amber 84, Democrat \$1.50 per 60 lbs. Seed for list. JAS. KENNIE, Toronto.

MEN WANTED.

Active pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salary from \$800 to \$2000 per year. Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE shops 24 x 110 feet, double stop, with office 24 x 60; blacksmith's shop, 20 x 42 lumber, barn, and shed, horse barn, two acres of land with dwelling house suitable for two small families, two cisterns, cellar, and well; situated at Ross Corners, four miles from Belleville, on main gravelled road, good locality, where a business from \$500 to \$10,000 per annum is done. The premises are now in full blast, and will be sold to good live man at a bargain. HARROLD ASHLEY, Belleville.

F. E. DIXON & CO.

Manufacturers of Star Brand Leather Belting! 70 King Street, East, Toronto. Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

MACHINERY. For sale 1 Westinghouse Tractor Farm Engine 1 1/2 G. O. Morrison dn. 18 h. p. Portable Engine and Boiler on Skids. 1 35 h. p. Horizontal by Northy 1 do. by Waterous with cut off valve. and 20 engines and boilers of smaller sizes, all thoroughly refitted before leaving shop. 2 24-inch Planers and Matchers. 1 24-inch Planer. 1 Iron Frame Tenoning machine. 1 Mill Slat Tenoner. 1 Buggy Plainer or jointer. 2 hand saws. 10 Saw Tables. 1 Fire-Proof Safe. 1 Jeweller's Bench. 1 Book Binder's Screw Press. 1 24-inch French Burr Portable Grist Mill. 1 24-inch Inverted Tooth-Saw. &c., &c. Send for new list. No. 9, containing full description of machinery in stock. Address, H. W. PETBIE, Brantford, Ont.

MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASS'N

Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from \$125 to \$3,000, payable on marriage, at following rates. For \$500, or half certificate, \$4; quarterly dues in advance, \$0.75. For \$1,000 Certificate, \$6; quarterly dues in advance, \$1.00. For \$2,000 Certificate, \$10; quarterly dues in advance, \$2.00. For \$3,000 Certificate, \$15; quarterly dues in advance, \$3.00. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriages \$1.00 on each \$1000. First years quarterly assessments are promptly paid on present membership at end of year. Endowment reserve account will amount to \$10,000, providing for a large number of endowments, which places this Association in a sound financial position. No connection with any similar institution. A good savings society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. MULACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

The Ready Mixed Paints

MANUFACTURED BY A. RAMSAY & SONS, MONTREAL, are ground in Pure Linseed Oil and Turpentine. The American Mixed Paints are to a large extent ground with Silicate of Soda, and are clear at any price. Ask for Ramsay's, and see that you get them. Apply to your local dealers.

WHAT SHALL I DRINK!

THE MONTERRAT Lime Fruit Juice. Cordial, most wholesome, delicious and cooling beverage. Strictly pure and entirely free from Alcohol. Gold Medal Calcutta Exhibition. Sold by all druggists and grocers. Sole proprietors H. SUGDEN EVANS & CO., Montreal. Agents, JAS. H. PEARCE & CO., Toronto.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F. to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week. For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rao & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL. Montreal, Aug. 2; Vancouver, Aug. 21; Carina, Aug. 9; Toronto, Aug. 30; Brooklyn, Aug. 18; Oregon, Sept 6. Rates of passage Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool \$35, \$60, \$65, \$80. Return, \$70, \$100, \$110, \$140, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate \$36.75. Steerage at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus, * are smoking, where tobacco smoke is felt, and no little or no cigar is carried on them. For the particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to JAVIER BELLEAU & CO., General Agents, Montreal.

Reinhardt's Hair Restorer and Moustache Producer.

A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whalers and moustache in six weeks. In bottles safely packed to any address. P. O. Box 312 Montreal. F. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK P. O. Box 312 Montreal.



Burton's All Healing

TAR AND GLYCERINE

SOAP!

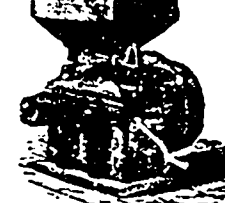
The best in the world for all diseases of the Skin, on Hair or Beard. Sold by all druggists.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.'S

TRANSPARENT CARBOLIC ACID AND GLYCERINE

Is the best in the market.

The Newell Patent Universal Grinder

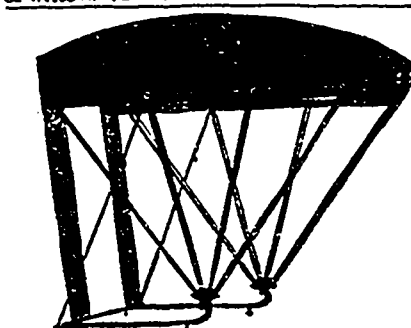


Award of Gold and Silver Medals.

NEWELL & CHAPIN Proprietors, 85 St. James-st. Montreal

These Mills grind any kind of grain very fast and without heating. Larger Size Mills working on same principle with different style of outer, grinding phosphate, gold and silver ores, quartz, plaster, clay, bones, fish-scrap, bark, &c. Please call or write for particulars.

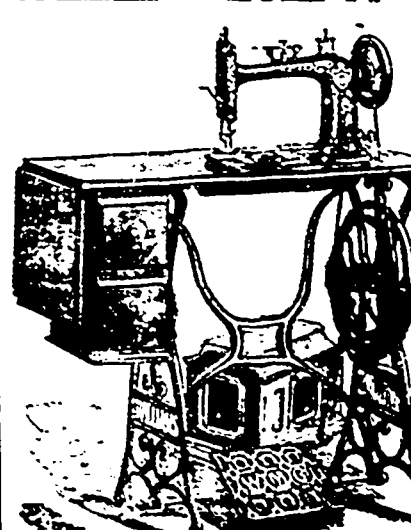
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"LADIES" JOURNAL.
BIBLE COMPETITION.

No. 7.
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Open to the World.

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The Leading Rewards are Let 50x150 at Toronto Junction, Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, etc.

The proprietor of the Ladies' Journal now announces a magnificent list of rewards for correct answers to Bible questions. It is surprising how little is known of the Bible. The questions are not so difficult this time as last, and there should be a hearty response. It was announced in the June issue of the Ladies' Journal that the competition which closed last month would be the last for the present, but it has been decided to try one more.

All money must be sent by post office or express. No information will be given to any one more than is stated here. So send on answers and don't waste time writing. Do not send postage stamps unless six cents is added for the discount. Remit by postoffice order, script or small coin.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1st.—In DIAMOND referred to in the Bible? 1 no state first reference.
2nd.—In EXALZO made mention of in the Bible? 11 no state first reference.
3rd.—In BARRIBH spoken of in the Bible? 11 no state first reference.
These all refer to the precious stones.

Now, any one having a knowledge of the Scriptures ought to be able promptly to answer these questions with a little study, and so secure one of those rewards. Bear in mind every one competing must send FIFTY CENTS with their answers, for which the Ladies' Journal will be sent one year to any address. If you answer each of the questions correctly and your answers are in-time you are sure to secure one of these costly rewards.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1.—One elegant Rosewood Piano, a magnificent instrument.....\$325 00
- 2.—One Fine Cabinet Organ by Bell & Co., Quebec.....250 00
- 3.—One Beautiful quadruple plate, finely chased Silver Tea Service, six pieces.....110 00
- 4.—One Lady's fine Gold Hunting Case genuine Elgin watch.....100 00
- 5 to 11.—Seven heavy Black Silk Dress patterns.....420 00
- 12 to 23.—Twelve solid quadruple plate Ice Pitchers.....45 00
- 24 to 47.—Twenty-four Ladies' solid coin Silver Watches.....600 00
- 48 to 61.—Fourteen Solid quadruple plate Cake Baskets.....168 00
- 62 to 72.—Twenty-eight Solid quadruple plate Crust Stands, 6 1/2 inches.....350 00
- 73 to 111.—Twenty-two renowned Waterbury Watches.....11 00
- 112 to 178.—Sixty-eight volumes of World's Cyclopedia—a library in itself.....184 00
- 179 to 227.—Forty-eight solid rolled gold Brooches, elegant patterns.....144 00

The above two hundred and twenty-seven costly rewards will be given to the first two hundred and twenty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above. Then come the

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1.—A lot 50x150 in excellent position at Toronto Junction; clear title, and will be shortly worth double or treble its present value.....\$250 00
- 2.—A very fine cabinet Organ, by Bell & Co.....235 00
- 3 to 10.—Eight celebrated Williams Sewing Machines.....820 00
- 11 to 13.—Three Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watches.....300 00
- 14 to 20.—Seven fine heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns.....720 00
- 21 to 27.—Seventeen Solid quadruple plate Ice Pitchers.....480 00
- 28 to 34.—Twenty-two Ladies' fine coin Silver Hunting Case Watches.....550 00
- 35 to 51.—Twenty-three beautiful Heavy Silver Plate Crust Stands.....315 00
- 52 to 78.—One hundred and twenty-seven fine Chamber Flycatchers.....325 20
- 79 to 178.—Two hundred and sixty-eight solid rolled Gold Brooches, beautiful patterns.....650 00
- 179 to 227.—Fifty-three Triple Silver Plate Butter Rollers.....55 00

The lot at West Toronto above described will be given to the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, and the fifty hundred and thirty-one rewards following it, a middle one will be presented to the five hundred and thirty-one persons sending the most correct answers following the middle one. So you can compete any time and be almost sure to get something in addition to the Ladies' Journal, which is great value for the half dollar subscription. Then follow the

CONSOLATION REWARDS

- 1.—One gentleman's solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watch.....\$100
- 2.—One fine quadruple plate Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces.....180 90
- 3.—One ladies' solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watch.....95 00
- 4 to 7.—Four fine, heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns.....240 00
- 8 to 19.—Twelve quadruple plate Ice Pitchers finely chased.....200 00
- 20 to 31.—Twelve Genuine Coin Silver Hunting Case Ladies' Watches.....390 00
- 32 to 36.—Five fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns.....200 00
- 37 to 51.—Nineteen fine quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets.....280 00
- 52 to 100.—Thirty-one beautiful bound volumes Hood's Poems.....95 00
- 101 to 157.—Fifty-seven fine rolled gold Brooches.....171 00

The list of consolation rewards will be given to the last one hundred and fifty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above. But bear in mind, your letter must bear the postmark where mailed of the 11th September, the closing day of the competition. Fifteen days will be allowed after closing day for letters, from distant points to reach the Ladies' Journal office. But you can, of course, send in any time between now and the 11th of September, and your letter will take its place at the publication office in the order it arrives there. All letters are carefully numbered as they arrive, and there can be no mistake. If your answers are correct, and they reach there in-time, you will surely get some reward in addition to The Ladies' Journal, which alone is big value for the half dollar. If you don't get anything but the Journal you will be well pleased with your investment, as it consists of 20 pages of fashions, illustrated, short and serial stories, poetry, newest music, household hints, etc.; in fact, just the paper, to suit every lady.

By subscribing in a club with your neighbors you will secure some considerable advantages—that is, there must be least thirty of a club, and all who send correct answers to the Bible questions may have their choice of a handsome ring, heavily gold-plated ladies' gold brooch, which retails at about one dollar and a half, or a triple-plated butter-knife. Either of these you may wish will be sent postage paid. You will thus secure to a certainty one or other of those two presents, and in addition will have as good an opportunity of gaining some one of the other large rewards in lists given above just as well as though you had sent in singly. This is simply an inducement to get up clubs. We are sure our readers could not do better than to try their skill in hunting up these questions and competing for these rewards. Everything will be carried out exactly as promised.

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