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TRUTH

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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES.—21st YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., AUGUST 16, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 515.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS

Whatever may be said concerning the conduct of Lady Dunlo (*nee* Belle Biltou, the music hall singer) in permitting the visits of her manager, whom she allowed also to pay her expenses, the action of Lord Dunlo's father in sending his son round the world with the expectation that meanwhile the wife would misbehave herself, and so, on his return enable the husband to divorce her, can only be viewed with reprehension by every right-thinking person. The world is bad enough, Heaven knows, and its moral sense none too fine, but it is sufficiently educated to perceive the satanic blackness of the spirit that would exult in, or desire the downfall of another in order that its own ambitious schemes might be realized. Little commiseration will, therefore, be felt for the scandalized (?) father in his failure to bring about a legal separation of the youthful pair. On the contrary, the verdict which leaves the young wife Lady Dunlo still, is approved by everybody.

The Anglo-German agreement for the protectorate of Zanzibar has stirred up France to urge her claims to the control of the region between Senegal and Lake Tchad. In order to enquire into the justice of these pretensions a commission has been appointed, consisting of French, English and German representatives. Should its report be very favorable to France, it may be presumed she will consider herself fully "squared" in reference to Zanzibar. This region added to that already under her control would place no mean part of Western Africa under French influence. Practically they now hold a great part of the region south of Sahara from Cape Verde to Lake Tchad. They have pushed eastward and southward, conquering some provinces, making friendly treaties with others, and effecting some wholly new explorations. One of their latest acquisitions is Segu, over which they have held a nominal protectorate for many years, but from which they have been practically excluded till their recent capture of its chief city. As England and Germany have divided Zanzibar between them, and as Italy has strengthened her foothold around Massowah, it seems only fair that the rights of France should be acknowledged in the Western Soudan, where she has expended so much money and energy and with results so brilliant.

The prospect for Europe escaping the cholera is not very reassuring. Contrary to the impression regarding Spain that the disease was dying out, reports now state that it prevails in Valencia, Murcia, Alicante, as well as in the villages where the first cases were found. Reference was made last week to the dread disease having broken out at Baku on the west shore of the Caspian, a point through which the plague has invariably found admission. And now reports come from Mecca, which is at present being visited by Moslem pilgrims, that hundreds are being carried off by the terrible scourge. So that with the plague on the coast of the Red Sea, on the western shore of the Caspian, and in the southern provinces of Spain, it will be remarkable if a large area in Europe does not become infected before the end of the warm season.

Those who are good at "figgers" may find entertainment in reckoning how long it will be before woman will have found her way into all the branches of industry in

which men engage; providing the present rate of invasion continues, and taking the State of Massachusetts as a guide. According to the Labor Statistics of that State, in 1875 the women engaged in "gainful pursuits" was 21.33 of the whole female population; in 1885 the percentage was 29.82—a very marked gain. In 1875 of all persons employed in such pursuits 73.19 per cent. were males and 26.81 per cent. females; in 1885 the percentage of women had increased to 33.38. In 1875 there were nineteen branches of industry in which women were not employed; in 1885 there were but eight. From these figures it will be seen that the field of woman's occupation is steadily enlarging.

An apparently unexpected and unforeseen interpretation of their constitution has just been given by the Supreme Court of Illinois, in deciding the question whether a witness is competent who believes in a Deity but has never thought seriously whether he would be punished in this world or the next, should he swear falsely. The Court held that this lack would have disqualified the witness prior to the adoption of the constitution of 1870, but that the clause "no person shall be denied any civil or political right, privilege or capacity on account of his religious opinions," embraces such a witness within its scope. The effect of this clause, the Court says, is "to abrogate the rule which obtained in this State prior to the constitution of 1870. There is no longer any test of qualification in respect to religious opinion or belief, or want of the same, which affects the competency of citizens to testify as witnesses in courts of justice." Whether the provision of their constitution is to be regarded as a defect, and whether the fear of future punishment has had any appreciable effect in restraining men who were disposed to invert the truth are questions concerning which there is likely to be diversity of view. But though the question, what, if any, effect has such a belief had in securing a more truthful testimony can never be conclusively settled, many will feel that the new provision is a retrogression rather than an advance.

Latest advices from the Argentine Republic encourage the hope that the revolution is over. The resignation of President Celman and appointment of Gen. Pellegrini to the head of affairs gives general satisfaction. The people have gained their end, though it must be confessed the means employed were desperate and cannot entirely be justified. Still the desperate nature of their case somewhat mitigates their offence. With a recklessness seldom witnessed, the government had oppressed them with financial burdens and were contemplating still greater additions to their load. The national policy of Celman and his colleagues consisted largely in the construction of railways and public works by means of borrowed money. So long as the borrowing continued the show of prosperity was kept up, but when the time for paying back arrived the true state of affairs began to be realized. The bursting of the boom has seriously affected the banking institutions of the country, gold being at a premium of three or four hundred per cent. It is thought, however, that the banks will be saved, but the public credit is badly damaged and will be reduced for decades, and distress will be general but will tell hardest upon the poor, while the nation is struggling out of the slough into which it has been led by an extravagant, unthrifty and corrupt Government.

Twenty-seven to ten is the proportion of contested elections in Ontario as compared with Quebec. How is this? Have the politicians of the latter province less money to spend in feeing lawyers, or is there really less bribery and corruption among them, or is their moral sense so blunted that they can witness with complaisance deeds which compel the outraged Ontario elector to declare, "If it costs me my farm I will have this iniquity punished?" Which?

Though the recently discovered plot to assassinate the Czar must be described as "new" it can hardly be called "news," or at any rate, be said to possess the quality of novelty as its distinguishing feature. Attempts in this direction are so frequent that any further plot creates little surprise and calls for little comment. Again it appears the conspirators are found to be connected with the university, a professor and some students together with two officers of rank being implicated. The officers, fearing no doubt the living death of exile, have committed suicide. What will be done with the others doth not yet appear. Strange that it should never be suggested to that despotic ruler to enquire why it is that all the intelligence of his Empire is anxious for his death. One would suppose that he would at least suspect that there is something seriously defective in his character or his title and would seek a reformation.

A significant battle, and one whose result will have a far-reaching influence on the destinies of the province, is now on in Quebec. On the one side is Premier Mercier and his Liberal Ministers, on the other, Sister Therese, head of the Longue Pointe Asylum, and her Jesuit backers. The question at issue is, shall there be a reform in the management of the provincial insane institutions? The recent terrible calamity by which three or four score wretched inmates met a horrible death has aroused the public to a consciousness of the fact that matters are not in a satisfactory state. Mr. Mercier and his colleagues have declared for reform; while the chief government organ frankly admits the existence of abuses, especially in the housing together of curable and incurable patients, of the insane and the idiotic, and in sending lunatics to gaol. It admits, moreover, that greater precautions are necessary to protect the liberty of the subject, and to prevent sane persons from being incarcerated either through mistake or the machinations of interested parties. In the carrying out of these reforms the Hon. Premier will have an opportunity of demonstrating the truth or falsity of the charge so frequently made against him, that he is more anxious to please Rome than to promote the good of his province. Many will follow his course in this matter with very great interest.

The following despatch has been received from Calgary: "The Mormon question is agitating the people of Southern Alberta to a considerable extent, and apparently with some reason. Their village or settlement situated adjacent to the Blood Indian reservation and the Indians already call them 'the many wives,' and claim that the Mormons have been telling them how good a thing it is to have more than one wife. The agent and missionaries have been many years to impress on the principles of one wife, and the influence directly thereon. It is suspected among the

Alberta, although no proof can be brought forward, and it will be a hard matter to prove it at any time." This news is neither reassuring nor comforting. The prospect of the festering sore of polygamy being created upon our social body is one which no thoughtful and patriotic Canadian can contemplate with pleasure. Of course the suspicion that polygamy is practised may be groundless. Still, should it be found to have truth as its basis, the fact will not create unbounded surprise. Already we know, on the authority of Governor Royal, that the disproportion of the sexes in the colony is very marked. Besides, after the revelations in connection with the Chapter house investigations in Salt Lake City, one ought not to be surprised to learn that the devoted "Saints" have violated their pledges in order to promote the interests of their church. The case is manifestly a difficult one. To discriminate against these colonists (of whom as colonists, many good things can be said), upon no other ground than that of suspicion, would hardly be in keeping with our professions of liberty. Besides, it would be a contradiction of our traditional policy of assuring that a citizen is true and honest until he proves himself the contrary. Nevertheless, with the knowledge of the history of Mormonism before us, we would not be true to ourselves or our country, were we to allow mere sentiment to prevent us from taking every legitimate precaution against this hydra-headed evil. The colony ought at least to be closely watched, and efforts be made to impress upon the minds of the colonists that if, after all their pledges, any violation of our marital laws is discovered, no mercy will be shown the offender. Public sentiment will not be satisfied with anything less than the severest penalty.

The electrocution of Kemmler, the Buffalo murderer, is at length an accomplished fact. On Wednesday morning, 6th inst., he expiated the crime of killing his mistress, Tillie Ziegler, by surrendering to justice his own life. Being the first execution under the new law in New York State, which substitutes death by means of electricity for the old method of hanging, his taking-off excited unusual interest, especially among men of science, of whom a considerable number were present on the occasion. Concerning the execution, it can hardly be pronounced a complete success. Reports state that after the breaking of the current, which had been kept up for seventeen seconds, signs of returning life were manifested, so that it was necessary to apply again the fatal fluid. For a few moments the doctors and electricians in charge of the execution were in a state of contention that the current was kept up longer, and that there would be no mistake as to the result. Thomas A. Edison, the electrician, the

kull. The reason why contact by the hand is so much more fatal than through the head, is that electricity travels through the water in the human body. The hair of the head is a non-conductor. You see that when you comb your hair with a rubber comb. Anything that electricity attracts is a non-conductor. The bones were also non-conductors, and in electrical executions like that of Kommler the bones of the skull have to be penetrated. The true way to execute a criminal is to send the current through his body from one arm of the death chair to another. The arms, hands, and fingers are full of blood, which is a good conductor of electricity. Let the hands be properly cleansed and moistened and the charge would pass through the heart, causing instant death." Coming from so eminent an authority on electricity, this opinion ought not to be lightly set aside. It seems unfortunate, indeed, that Mr. Edison's opinion had not been sought when the arrangements for the execution were being made.

Looking at the somewhat unsatisfactory result of the trial, one is led to ask, What is likely to be the effect of the experiment in relation to the new law? One thing is certain, that it will fail to end the controversy that has been waged over the substitution of the dynamo for the gallows. Witness the opinion of Mr. Edison, as also the following from the New York Sun: "The first duty of the next Legislature will be to repeal the electrical execution law and restore the old method of administering the death sentence by hanging. Scientific curiosity has been gratified sufficiently by this one awful experiment." Also this from the New York World: "The first experiment in electrical execution should be the last. Its result strongly condemns this method of putting criminals to death as very cruel and very shocking." It would be matter of regret, however, if the opponents of the new law should succeed; at least, before further test has been made. That the new method is an improvement on hanging, by which, as in the case of the unfortunate Harvey, the poor wretch is frequently put to death by the slow process of strangulation, must be conceded by all who admit any weight to the testimony of the physicians present the other morning. With perfect unanimity they expressed their opinion that consciousness fled at the first charge of the fluid, and never again returned. If civilized nations are not yet prepared to dispense altogether with the death penalty, they are certainly bound to make the exit of the criminal as painless as possible. And that this end was gained by the new method no one seems to question.

The Montreal Witness appears to think that notwithstanding the loud boasting of Canadians of the superior morals of those who live north of the boundary line, Americans could teach us a useful lesson in political ethics. Referring to the great financial gift to Mrs. Harrison of a cottage, the Witness says: "President Harrison gave him a cottage and gave it to his wife. The first magistrate called him to pay for it. The wife of the Government in question, who would

sters and nearly 22,000,000 members. During the year there has been an increase of 8,600 churches, nearly 4,000 ministers and nearly 1,000,000 members. The most numerous denomination is the Roman Catholic, with its 7,500 churches, 8,300 priests, etc., and 8,277,000 population, of whom 4,076,000 are estimated to be communicants. Then come the Methodists, with, in round numbers, 4,930,000 communicants; Baptists, 4,292,000; Presbyterians, 1,220,000; Lutherans, 1,080,000; Congregationalists, 491,000, and Episcopalians, 480,000. The increase in the Catholic population during the year was 421,700. The estimated gain in Catholic communicants was over 233,000. The growth of Protestant membership was 608,000. The Methodists gained more than 256,000, the Baptists more than 213,000, the Lutherans 93,000, the Presbyterians nearly 49,000, the Congregationalists more than 10,000 and the Episcopalians about 9,500. The accession of new members was even larger than these figures, since in every denomination there were deaths of members whose places were filled by new acquisitions. The number of deaths in the Methodist Episcopal body, for example, was reported at 28,300."

Those who are trying to make themselves believe that Christianity is losing its hold upon the people, will derive little comfort from a consideration of the foregoing figures, whose significance will hardly be set aside by the oft-quoted objection, "That an increase of numbers does not necessarily imply an increase of aggressive energy, or of the Christly spirit." On the other hand, those who have the welfare of the church at heart will find much to encourage and inspire in the record of the past year.

To stand where man has never stood, to perform feats which have defied the strength and skill of others is an ambition which many fondly cherish. In this respect two Alpine climbers, now visiting this continent, have just succeeded. They climbed to the summit of Mount Sir Donald, in the Canadian Rockies, a feat that has hitherto defied pedestrians. They have taken observations which they propose to report to the Dominion Government and to their own club in Switzerland. What the advantage of these observations will prove it is difficult to say, any further than that they will likely gratify the curiosity of those who have been wondering what was up there beyond their reach. The success of these visitors, who assure us that the difficulties of the British Columbia mountains are not exceeded by the Jungfrau, is an illustration of the old saying, "practice makes perfect." Why shouldn't they do better than others; climbing in their business?

A letter of application, said to have been written by a young woman in Montreal in answer to an advertisement by an English lady for a servant, has been going the rounds of the press, and as it is quite a curiosity in its way, and eclipses all others of its kind, TRUTH would help to save it from oblivion. The letter runs as follows:

Dear Madam,—I think your place will suit me very well, as I know the advantages of travelling in widening the mind and strengthening the character generally. If I came to you I should require the use of the piano three evenings a week to keep up my music, and on the other three evenings I should wish to go out with a gentleman friend. On Sunday afternoon and evening, when my friends usually come to see me, I should want the use of the dining-room to receive them in. I should not mind taking the children out sometimes when you are especially busy, as I like to oblige, but I could not undertake it regular. Hoping to hear from you, as I am sure we shall suit each other, if the wages are good, I remain,

The genuineness of this epistle may be proved by those who have never grappled with the servant girl difficulty; those who have had experience it is not so incredible, though, perhaps, no longer than anything else. Who is to blame things, and how it is to be done, may well seem from the unostentatious manner in

An important decision has just been rendered by the Supreme Court of Canada on the question, whether or not it is ultra vires of a provincial government to pass a law such as the following, which occurs in the amended Liquor License Laws for Ontario: "In the case of an application for a tavern or shop license by a person who is not, at the time of making such application, a licensee under the Act, or in the case of an application for such license for or transfer thereof to premises which are not then licensed, the petition must be accompanied by a certificate signed by a majority of electors entitled to vote at elections for the Legislative Assembly in the polling sub-division in which the premises sought to be licensed are situated, and the said majority must include at least one-third of the said electors who are at the time of such application residents within the said polling sub-division." Those opposed to the law argue that if the principle of preventing the issue of licenses be valid, it is conceivable that Prohibition should be introduced throughout the Province through the instrumentality of an act of the Local Legislature; whereas to prohibit is the function of the Federal government. The Court, however, did not sustain this view, but held that "the Legislature could properly impose these conditions to the obtaining of a license, and the provision is not ultra vires the Local Legislature as being a prohibitory measure by reason of the rate-payers being able to prevent any licenses being issued, nor is it a measure in restraint of trade by affixing a stigma to the business of selling liquor." The importance of this decision from a temperance point of view will be readily seen. It removes all doubts concerning the constitutionality of a provision which is regarded as one of the most desirable amendments of last session.

The reluctance of the Dominion and Quebec governments, to espouse the cause of the friendless immigrant girl who was seduced and ruined by the man that should have been her guardian, gives strong ground for the accusation of a contemporary, that "were there any political object to be served by prosecuting the case, these two Governments would be quarrelling as to which should do it." The case is peculiar, and sad withal. Seduction, in the eyes of the law, being an offence against the parents or guardian of a minor victim, these must bring the action for damages. But parents or guardians, in this country, the girl has none. Those who come nearest to filling that position are the Dominion government, which assisted the girl hither, and the Provincial government which is the guardian at law of all minors who have neither parents nor guardians. Neither government could proceed against the unprincipled seducer. Therefore to quibble over the question, upon whom does the greater responsibility rest, is unworthy of men who have the honor of their country at heart, and upon whom is laid the duty of putting down injustice, oppression and wrong. The unseemly spectacle presented by two governments, each of which professes to be the champion of the rights and liberties of the people they govern, seeking to evade a work so philanthropic and commendable is not calculated to increase the respect of the people for their rulers, or to create the impression that they are actuated by pure and unselfish motives.

The latest addition to the world of news papers is entirely in Latin, advertisements and all, and its object is to prove that Latin should again become what it was in the middle ages, the universal language.

There is a suspicion in political circles in England that the recent visit of Emperor William to Osborne, where he spent a couple of days with his Royal Grandmother and uncles, has a greater significance than would seem from the unostentatious manner in

which it was carried out. It will be remembered that a former visit in 1888 afforded the starting-point leading to the Anglo-German agreement, by which the dispute between the two nations regarding their African possessions has been so satisfactorily adjusted. And now it is reported that this energetic ruler is contemplating a far greater scheme, and one that affects more intimately and vitally the well being of the workingmen in Germany and throughout all Europe. This is no other than a treaty of peace among the nations of Europe, which would allow of a large reduction of their standing armies. It is reported in official circles that his visit to the Czar is to obtain that Emperor's consent to another Berlin Congress for this purpose. It is not thought probable, however, that the Czar will fall in with the scheme unless associated with the restoration of Russian domination in the Balkans and the permanent satisfying of France. Still, as it is the unexpected that generally happens, who will undertake to say that this laudable project will not be realized? That it may succeed, thousands will devoutly pray.

Last Saturday Mr. Justice MacMahon gave his decision in the now famous case of the Town of Cobourg and others against the Board of Regents of Victoria University. The decision covers three points, viz., the right of Victoria to federate with the Provincial University, the right of Victoria to remove from Cobourg to Toronto, and the control of the fund which is being collected by Dr. Potts for the erection of buildings in Toronto. The decision is a victory for the University, which, after meeting certain specified conditions, will be free to carry out the federation scheme. These conditions are, that the scheme of federation shall be assented to at a properly constituted meeting of the authorities competent to decide, that the Town of Cobourg, in the event of removal, shall be compensated for the five acres of land deeded by it to the institution, and that the subscribers to Faraday Hall, who so demand, shall have the amounts of their subscriptions refunded. Whether the plaintiffs will accept the decision and refrain from carrying their course to a higher court remains to be seen.

With only 14,000,000 gallons of water in the reservoir, and a daily consumption of 10,000,000 gallons, the prospect, in case any accident should happen to the waterworks engine, is not particularly cheering. A water famine at any time would entail endless inconvenience and much suffering, but in this hot weather, when so much is required to meet the wants of the sweltering citizens, a failure in this direction would be a calamity indeed. Those who realize the gravity of the situation will earnestly hope that Engineer Brough's assurances concerning the ability of the engine to endure the high pressure at which it has for so long been running, may not prove deceptive. Let the citizens second the efforts of the authorities and economize wherever economy may be practised, and the danger will soon be past.

How much the success of the whole often depends upon the proper working of the several parts was strikingly illustrated by the recent break at the Sault Canal. Though closed to traffic for only 88 hours, the loss the stoppage entailed upon the country in general, is estimated at over \$1,000,000. No less than 182 vessels were congregated at one time; while the total number delayed is 265. These carried a total cargo of 248,484 tons and passengers to the number of 1,362 of whom 1,302 were tourists and 62 local. The average time for which the total of 265 vessels were delayed is 1 day, 16 hours, and 32 minutes. The loss to vessel owners alone will be \$30,000 per day.

In its issue of July 20th TRUTH quoted gaolers Appleby of Belleville, and Patterson of Ploton, as testifying before the Ontario Prison Commission, that most of the boys passing through their gaols had been brought to Canada from the Old Country. As no exceptions were made, all the agencies and institutions employed in bringing British children and youths to this country are by the general statement made to share in the unfavorable impression it is calculated to produce. According to Dr. Barnardo, the charge cannot truthfully be made as against the thousands of children whom he has sent out to Canada during the last twenty-five years. Out of a total of nearly three thousand who have been placed in Canadian homes, only two have been in prison or reformatory. A proportion of only one criminal in fifteen hundred children will hardly be considered sufficient to discredit the whole company. Dr. Barnardo, who preached in Bond St. Church on the 3rd inst, and appeared before a special session of the prison commission on the Monday following, explained to the commission that during the 25 years his homes have been in operation, they have taken from the Great English centres 16,500 children and found them homes in either Great Britain or Canada; that altogether there had been 4,114 children sent to Canada, of whom 1,069 were girls; and that during the past eight years 2,905 boys and girls been located in Canada. Only those children whose record was good were brought to Canada. There was a most searching medical examination. If any hereditary tendency to disease or crime was known in a child, he was not brought out. For five years after boys reach Canada there is a supervision over them. They are sent out on probation, and as soon as the probationary term is over the boy is either retained or returned. The staff of superintendents, with the exception of one lady, are all salaried, and "surprise" visits are paid about twice a year, or oftener if necessary. In Ontario there were five visitors for the boys, three of whom were regular and two casual. There were three visitors for the girls. Should any boy or girl sent to Canada become so criminal as to be a burden on the country Dr. Barnardo would send them back to the old country at his own expense. Now that Dr. Barnardo has spoken out in defence of his work, it will be in order for Mr. Quarric, Miss Macpherson, Mr. Fegan and Dr. Stephenson, all of whom are engaged in a similar effort to save the young, to give the Canadian public an account of how their wards are turning out. It is a question which many would like to have answered, who is responsible for furnishing our country with so many youthful criminals? It is a case in which each man should bear his own burden, and where the innocent ought not to suffer for the guilty.

"What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." So reasoned David Kent, of Fermoy, Ireland, when at a fair the other day, District Inspector Ball placed him under the shadow of a constable companion, who had been instructed to keep as near as possible to the young man, and not to allow him any opportunity for private conversation with another. Vexed with the arrangement, which interfered with the prosecution of his legitimate business, Kent, instead of resisting the constable, resolved on treating the Inspector to a dose of his own medicine. For this purpose he sought out the Inspector, and taking up his position a few feet away, he clung to that functionary with wonderful pertinacity. This unexpected turn of affairs soon became intolerable, and the result was that Kent was ordered to be arrested on the ground of obstructing an officer in the discharge of his duty. Kent was tried and found guilty of the technical offence of obstructing an officer, though it does not appear that he ever spoke to the Inspector except when spoken to, or that

he ever once placed himself in front of that officer. The farmer will likely have his reward, however, as the incident has brought out into clearer light the offensive and arbitrary character of the law, which under the name of justice, has been shown to be nothing less than petty persecution. And Mr. Balfour cannot afford to prejudice his cause by any measure favoring of injustice or tyranny. It is probable therefore that "shadowing" will not be resorted to in future, unless for good and weighty reasons.

With thirty seven Universities and Colleges, representing the sum of nearly ten million dollars invested in endowments, buildings, lands, etc., receiving an annual income of upwards of \$655,000, and making provision for the simultaneous education of over 7,000 students, male and female, it were useless to deny that Canadians are alive to the advantages of academical and collegiate training. Any information therefore, bearing upon the practical work of these institutions, any suggestion calculated to render them more efficient, any scheme by which the expenses can be reduced while at the same time the usefulness of the institutions is not impaired, must necessarily command the attention and interest of thousands of men and women all over our land. For it were presumption to suppose that in relation to methods of work, and selection and arrangement of subjects for study, there exists no longer any room for improvement. So far from perfection having been attained in these respects, it is plain that experience has much to teach us still. Indeed, the everchanging conditions of a developing civilization renders it absolutely necessary for modifications of plans and change of subjects to be made from time to time. What was suited to the former age is not in all respects adapted to the present, nor will things suited to the present be found equal to the needs of future times. This truth, which educationists are more and more recognizing, has stirred up one of the leading educational institutions of this continent to seriously consider the question of revising its curriculum so as to bring it into greater harmony with the requirements of the times. It is felt that as things now exist, the student who chooses to graduate in Arts before beginning his studies for one of the professions, is obliged to spend too much time in preparing himself for his life work. As will be seen, this reasoning raises the question of "the use and limits of academic culture," a question which is very ably and thoroughly discussed in the August *Atlantic* by N. S. Shaler, Professor of Geology in Harvard University.

Now if money-getting were the "be-all and end-all" of human existence the battle might be yielded to those who condemn academical training as useless, and who plead for technical schools, where from the very beginning every subject taught shall have distinct and direct reference to the life work which the young man has chosen. But man has other needs than those which are represented by money. He has an intellectual and moral nature which requires developing and strengthening. To enlarge his nature on these sides he must come into contact with the great minds of the past and present. This he does in a well-founded seat of general culture, such as is furnished by our best Universities, in which are found teachers qualified to speak with authority on the subjects which they teach. To come into personal contact with these men is to come under a broadening and ennobling influence which any receptive mind must feel. Besides, the daily intercourse with the body of students found in such an institution, and who represent the best spirit of the times, has an exalting influence. For like as in a large household, each student gives and receives influences which tend to impart a common quality to all connected

with the institution. Only the most narrow and illiberal person would utterly condemn our seats of general culture. Still, admitting that these institutions are indispensable, it may yet be asked whether they might not be made more useful by bringing the liberal arts course into a different relation with the course pursued in the purely technical schools? As at present constituted, in all those institutions with which technical schools are connected, all, or the great majority of subjects which are studied for the sake of the culture to be derived therefrom, are placed in the course required for an Arts' degree; while all, or the great majority of the technical subjects are confined to the professional course. According to Prof. Shaler, this is an educational blunder. "It is clear," he says, "there is a great educational evil in the utter difference in the motives which characterize our colleges and professional schools. In the college it is best to have culture for the standard, and in the schools which fit a man for his occupation that fitness should be the object of his labor; but it is not reasonable to say to a youth, 'You shall spend four years of pure developing study, with no mind for practical things, and then at once devote the remainder of your school time to pursuits where you must no longer consider culture as of any particular account.'"

Prof. Shaler's cure for this evil of violent breaking off from one purpose and devotion to another is one that will, no doubt, commend itself to many of the leading educationists of our times. This experienced teacher would introduce into the college course as elective subjects a share of those more general studies which are necessary in the preparation of men for any liberal occupation. In the case of young men preparing for the law, for instance, the subjects of Evidence, Property, Constitutional Law and Legal History would perhaps be suited to this end. And so on for all the other professions. "If," he says, "this combination of professional and culture work could be in any way contrived, all the interests of education would be much better served by our universities than at present. In place of seeking at first in the college to widen the student's field of view, so that he shall compass as much learning as possible, and then suddenly narrowing that field to matters which concern a single profession, we should have no strong line dividing the professional from the academic training and men would mingle their tasks in a profitable way. If such a method could be devised we might hope that the habit of maintaining in after life an interest in other matters than bread winning pursuits might become more general than it is at present; for we now provide a method of estoppel by which, so far as in us lies, we prevent the student from developing the interest in learning which the college course may have given him."

Though for the last six or eight years nearly every mail has brought in information that has required those who are endeavoring to keep their geographical knowledge of Africa revised to date to make alterations in their maps, the work of revision is not by any means complete. It is now found that the observations taken by various travellers are in many cases greatly out, and are useless for scientific purposes. To remedy this state of things the Belgian government has sent to the Congo scientific expedition with instructions to give particular attention to observations for longitude and latitude, and thus lay a foundation for more accurate maps of the country. The fact that in East Africa the great lakes and the differences of topography, and thus the index, as determined by the observations, shows how they are influenced by the

will now be disposed to congratulate himself on being as far advanced as his more energetic fellow, and having his strength unimpaired into the bargain.

One of the few pleasing incidents connected with the Argentine revolt is the trustful manner in which Germany, who has no gun boats in those waters, has placed her subjects in that troubled land under British protection. This illustration of good will between the two greatest nations of Europe leads the *Montreal Witness* to remark that England's friendship is not confined to Germany, but reaches its arms across the ocean and takes in America as well. It says: "English and Americans now act in the absence of either for the other almost as a matter of course. The brotherly feeling which exists between American and British sailors is very remarkable. Everywhere they act generously by one another and forgather, as the Scotch say. This is as it should be."

The rapidity with which in these days we outgrow former scientific notions and opinions is strikingly illustrated by Prof. Drummond in his new work, "Greatest Thing in the World." "But yesterday," he says, "in the University of Edinburgh, the greatest figure in the faculty was Sir James Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform. The other day his successor and nephew, Professor Simpson, was asked by the librarian of the university to go to the public library and pick out the books on his subject that were no longer needed. And his reply to the librarian was this. 'Take every text-book that is more than ten years old, and put it down in the cellar.' Sir James Simpson was a great authority only a few years ago; men came from all parts of the earth to consult him; and almost the whole teaching of that time is consigned by the science of to-day to oblivion." Such instances emphasize the statement frequently made, that notwithstanding our many and marvellous scientific discoveries we have only skirted along the frontiers of knowledge, the great field of Nature being still an undiscovered land.

The report of the Commission appointed to receive contributions in aid of the sufferers by the terrible Johnstown flood, has just been published. According to this record the number of persons drowned in the Conemaugh valley was 2,142; 99 families, having a membership ranging from 2 to 10 persons, were entirely obliterated; 367 children were made orphans or half-orphans; the loss of property occasioned by the flood, as given in the sworn statements of the claimants, reached the sum of \$9,674,105, to which is to be added \$2,107,500, representing the loss sustained by corporations who made no statements to the Commission. To relieve the destitution occasioned by this appalling calamity \$3,601,517 were contributed from without, of which, as was to be expected, the proportion was received from the

citizens, every State in the Union contributing to repair the ravages occasioned by the devastating flood. Contributions were received from Australia, England, France, Mexico, Persia, and Wales.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

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CHAPTER III.

In point of artistic beauty and delicacy of floral arrangement throughout Arlington Street, No. 281 certainly bore away the palm; for Miss Dene, like most country girls, had a positive passion for flowers—a graceful fancy she was fortunately in a position to gratify. Many an envious eye fell upon that cool facade with its wealth of glorious bloom; many a darling of fashion paused as he passed on his listless way, and forgot his betting-book and other mundane speculations, to wonder lazily who might some day be the fortunate man to call that perfectly-appointed mansion and its beautiful mistress his own. For Vere Dene could have picked and chosen from the best of them, and graced their ancestral homes; but now she was five-and-twenty; so they came at last to think it was hopeless, and that a heart of marble pulsed languidly in that beautiful bosom.

The hall-door stood invitingly open; moreover, in readiness to catch the faint summer breeze, for the afternoon was hot and inside, the place looked cool, dim and deliciously inviting. On a table there lay a pair of long slim gauntlets, three carelessly upon a gold-mounted riding whip; and coming down the shallow stairs, against a background of leathery fern and pale gleaming sanctuary, was Miss Dene herself. A spray gleam of sunshine, streaming through a painted window, lighted up her face and dusky hair; a beautiful face, with creamy pallor, overlaid by a rosy flush of health. The dark-brown eyes were somewhat large; a trifle hard, too, a stern critic of beauty might have been justified in saying; the tall graceful figure drawn up perhaps too proudly. Vere Dene was, however, no blushing debutante, but a woman who knew her alphabet of life from alpha to omega; who was fully conscious of her power, and the value of her position well enough to discern between honest admiration and studied flattery, and to gather up the scanty grains of truth without mistaking chaff for golden corn. There was no recollection of wistful memory on the heiress's face as she rode slowly down the street some time later, the cynosure of admiring eyes. There was a rush and glitter of carriages hurrying parkwards, as she rode on her way alone, bowing to one acquaintance or another, and dividing her favours impartially.

"A beautiful face," murmured a bronzed soldierly-looking man to his companion as they lounged listlessly against the rails of the Row, watching the light tide of fashion sweeping by. "A perfect face, wanting only soul to make it peerless. Who is she, Lealie?"

"Who is she?" laughed the other. "Is it possible you do not know Miss Dene? But I forgot you had been so long in India. You remember old Vavasour Dene, of course, and his son, the poetical genius, who married some demure little country maiden, unknown to Debbert or Burke, and who was cut off with the traditional shilling accordingly. You can imagine the rest of the story; a life-long feud between father and son, ending, as it usually does, in the parent's dying and cheating condemnation by an act of hardy justice. That handsome girl is old Dene's heiress, a woman with all London at her feet, a quarter of a million in her own pocket, and never a heart in the whole of her country."

"Conscious of this story, and her admiration she naturally rode on down the Mile, her sharply head as she beckoned her to a mail phaeton; she sought her to a phaeton, and her was an excellent deli-

heart is broken, and that he shall never believe a woman any more."

Vere looked down into the Marchioness of Hurlingham's fair demure face with a little smile.

"So Lord Bearhaven has been abusing me?" she said. "I am disappointed. I did not think he would have carried his woes into the boudoir."

"My dear Diana, he has done nothing of the kind. Surely a man might be allowed to bewail his hard lot with his only sister. Violet, my darling child, be so careful how you cross the road."

This warning, addressed to the diminutive little lady, who had succeeded unseen in opening the carriage door came too late; for by this time the volatile child had recognised some beloved acquaintance over the way, and indeed was already beyond the reach of warning. Vere watched the somewhat hazardous passage breathlessly, then, satisfied that her small favourite had made the dangerous journey in safety, turned to her companion again.

"I have a genuine regard for Lord Bearhaven," said she, speaking with an effort, "too great a regard to take advantage of his friendship under false pretences. I shall never forget the kindness he once did me in the hour of my great trouble. Will you tell him so, please? and say that perhaps for the present it will be well for us not to meet."

"Now, that is so like both of you," Lady Hurlingham cried, fanning herself in some little heat. "Why will you both persist in making so serious a business of life at any rate you might have some consideration for us more frivolous-minded mortals. Vere, if you do not come to my Jewel Ball on Thursday, I—I—well, I will never speak to you again."

"So I am to be coerced, then. I am morally bound to be present since the Society papers have promised the world a sight of the Vere diamonds; besides which, I simply dare not incur your ladyship's displeasure."

"I wonder if you have a heart at all," said the other. "Sometimes I almost doubt it; and the times I generally doubt it most are immediately after those moments when I have flattered myself that I really have begun to detect symptoms of that organ. The romantic ones have been libelling again. Would you like to hear the latest story?"

"You stopped me for this, I presume. Positively, you will not know a moment's peace till you have told me. I am all attention."

"They are saying you have no heart, because it was given away long ago; they say there is a rustic lover somewhere in hobnails and gaiters who won your affections, and is afraid to speak since you became a great lady."

Vere did not reply or glance for a moment into her friend's sparkling mischievous face. A deeper tinge of colour flushed the creamy whiteness of neck and brow, like the pink hue upon a snowy rose.

"They do me too much honour," she replied. "Such a model of constancy in this world of ours would indeed be a pearl amongst women. Pray, do they give a name to this bashful Corydon of mine?"

"Naturally, nothing but the traditional second cousin, *ma chere*. Really, it is quite a pretty romance—the struggling artistic genius who is too proud to speak, now you are in another sphere. Surely you are not offended?"

In spite of her babyish affectations and infantine innocence, mere manners overlying a tender kindly heart, Helera, Marchioness of Hurlingham, was not entirely without an underlying vein of natural shrewdness. She was clever enough to see now that the innocently directed shaft of a bow drawn at a venture had penetrated between the joints of Vere's armour, in spite of her reputation for being perhaps the most invulnerable woman in London.

"I am not offended," Vere answered, covering her chill composure at length; "such frivolity annoys one at times. A lot of idle scandal poor woman-kind endure!—What is that?"

Finally above the roll of carriages, the laughter, the muffled murmur of voices, the clatter of wheels, sterner hum arose. On the breeze came distant sounds now, then a shriek in a woman's voice, as if some headless crowd farther off were rattling and uneasy. The sound of some commotion, as if a long at-

riders right and left, like a flock of helpless sheep, in a wild medley of confusion.

As if by magic, a lane seemed to have opened and coming along the open space tore a pair of fiery chestnuts, dragging after them in their fear and fright a mail phaeton as if it had been match-wood. With a feeling of relief, the helpless spectators noticed that the vehicle was empty, save for its driver, who, with bare head and face white as death, essayed manfully to steer the maddened animals straight down the roadway, a task rendered doubly dangerous and difficult from the crowded state of the Row, and the inability of certain tyros to keep the path sufficiently clear.

In the midst of the turmoil and confusion there arose another cry, a shout of fear and unheeded exhortation, for, crossing the roadway smilingly, without the semblance of a fear, came a little child, bearing in her hand a bunch of lozenges; a little girl, with sunny golden curls and laughing blue eyes, standing like a bull terrier before a sweeping avalanche. There was another shout, and again the tiny passenger failed to note her danger as nearer and nearer came the horses, till through the now paralyzed, helpless crowd burst the figure of a man, who, without a moment's hesitation, sprang forward and caught the child just as the pole of the carriage threatened to strike her to the ground. There was no longer time for an escape, a fact of which the heroic stranger was perfectly aware; and grasping the laughing maiden with one powerful arm, with the other he made a grab for the off-horse's head, and clung to the bridle with the bull dog tenacity of despair. For a moment the animals, checked in their headlong career, swerved to the right; there was a crashing sound of broken panels, and a moment later child, rescuer, horses, and driver lay in an inextricable struggling confusion.

For a second or two there followed a dread inchoate silence, as each butterfly of fashion contemplated in fascinated horror the struggling mass; then, before the nearest could interfere, it was seen that the stranger had risen to his feet, his garment soiled and stained, and a stream of ruddy crimson slowly trickling down his face. Just for a brief instant he reeled from very faintness, till, dashing the blinding blood from his eyes, he stooped swiftly, and at the imminent risk of his brains, drew the now thoroughly frightened child right from under those terrible hoofs, and taking her in his arms, staggered rather than walked to a seat.

Meanwhile, Lady Hurlingham, beside herself with grief and terror, the lady of fashion merged for the moment into the mother, had descended from her carriage, her face pale and haggard, and hurried with Vere to the seat where the stranger reclined. It was no time for ceremony or class distinction. With a gesture motherly and natural, as if she had been moulded of meeker clay, she snatched little Violet from the arms still mechanically holding her, with a great gasp of thankfulness to find that, with the exception of the fright, not one single hair of that golden head had been injured.

By this time the crowd had sufficiently recovered from the threatened realization of sudden death, and, with regained wit, sufficient society veneer to surmount the usual polite condolences and congratulations to the now elated mother. Still the rescuer sat, his face buried in his hands, a whirling, maddening pain in his head, and a mist before his eyes as if the world had suddenly lost its sunshine. Vere, with tears in her eyes and a tremble in her voice, pushed her way through the too sympathetic crush and laid her hand gently on the sufferer's arm. "I am afraid you are hurt," she said. "Can I do anything for you?"

Winchester, for he it was looked up vaguely, the words coming to his ears like the roar of the sea singing in a dream, a dream which was not all from the land of visions. He wondered dreamily where he had heard that voice before. With an effort he looked up again. For the first time in five years their eyes met in the full light of day.

She knew him now, recognized him in a moment. But it was scarcely the same Winchester who had restored her lost ornament a fortnight ago. The old shabby raiment had disappeared, giving place to a neat suit, such as no gentleman had been ashamed to wear. Fourteen days' steady work, inspired by a worthy object, had met an equal reward. It was no longer Winchester the outcast that Vere was addressing, but Winchester the gentleman, and in his heart he rejoiced that it was so.

For a moment they were no longer the centre of a glittering host of fashion; their thoughts together had gone back to the vanished past, as they looked into each other's eyes, neither daring to trust to words.

"Jack," said Vere at length—"Jack, is it really you?"

"Yes, dear, it is I," Winchester responded faintly. "You did not expect to meet me like this if—you ever expected to meet me at all."

"Do you think I forgot, as—as some people do? You did not always judge me so harshly. How could we meet better; how could I feel more proud of you than I do at this moment?"

Gradually the crowd fell back. There was not much mischief done after all; nothing that a clothes-brush and a little warm water would not rectify. Besides, Miss Dene seemed to know the stranger, and from one or two expressions, would apparently prefer to be left alone.

Winchester's answering smile had no trace of its accustomed bitterness. After all, there was something in the soft music of Vere's tones, a charm in the reckless abandonment of self which fell upon his troubled heart like balm in Gilead. There was something sweet also in the consciousness that he had played the man so recently in her sight, under the very eyes whose brightness alone he had only valued. There was a stimulant worth all the tonics in the pharmacopœia.

He would have spoken again, but he was suffering still from a great rush of pain and giddiness, as if the whole universe was slipping into space. Directly after, the feeling passed away, and he was himself once more. By this time Lady Hurlingham had driven away, while some one, more thoughtful than the rest, had remained to place his carriage at Winchester's disposal.

"This gentleman is a friend of yours, Miss Dene?" he asked. "Allow me to suggest that your groom takes your horse, and that you drive likewise. You will pardon my sister's apparent heedlessness, but you see Violet is an only child, and—"

Vere looked gratefully into Lord Bearhaven's grave, handsome face, and extended her hand in an impulse of gratitude. The meeting she had so much dreaded was made smooth and pleasant by his kindly courtesy.

"I might have expected this from you," she answered warmly. "Believe me, I am deeply obliged. Mr. Winchester is not only a friend, but a relation."

Lord Bearhaven gave Jack a hand-grip which said more than the most carefully chosen words. But what an effort this magnanimity cost him, only Vere, who saw that he had heard everything, alone could tell.

"I am forgiven, then?" asked Winchester as they drove along Oxford Street. "Well, it is worth playing the poor part I have played to-day to hear that. Vere, Vere, what a sorry self-opinionated fool I have been! Do you know that for the last week I have been screwing up my courage to the sticking-point? But whenever I found myself near you, my pluck failed."

"You do not deserve to be spoken to," Vere replied, her cheeks aflame, her eyes laden with unshed tears, though the thrilling tenderness of her voice robbed the words of their sting. "How dare you venture to treat me as if I should be ashamed of my old friends?"

Up to this point, Winchester had scarcely dared to analyse his sensations. Now that all the impenetrable barriers of restraint were broken down between them, he found himself talking in the old familiar strain, as if wondering of the last five years was merely a phantasm of his own creation.

"And Chris," Vere ventured at length, though the question had long been trembling on her tongue, "do you ever hear anything of him?"

Winchester told her everything, disguising nothing except the part of good Samaritan he himself had played towards the unfortunate Ashton. It must have been an interesting conversation, for Vere's face as she listened grew very soft and tender, her eyes sweet and luminous. When at length the end of Arlington Street was reached, Winchester stopped the coachman, and insisted upon alighting, a step which Vere vehemently opposed.

"You are coming home with me," she said. "Have you any idea who you will find waiting there to welcome you?"

"No, the slightest; unless you have persuaded—but that is impossible. Still, you must have a chaperon of some sort. Is it possible that you have our dear old Aunt Lucy at Arlington Street?"

"Not only possible, but an actual fact. Come; you cannot refuse now."

Winchester hesitated for a moment, then, with a sudden impulse, complied. Of all his relations, the "Aunt Lucy" in question was the only one who kept a green spot in his recollection. A few moments later he passed a welcome guest through the very portals outside which so short a time before he stood a wretched outcast and useless member of society.

Two hours later, when he descended the steps again, with a bright eager look of ex-

ultation on his face, a servant loitering in the hall saw and wondered if it was the same man whom his mistress had brought home so recently. He hovered for a moment for a few parting words with Vere.

"So that is settled," he said; "and if you should feel afraid"—

"Afraid!" she echoed scornfully. "I shall not be afraid."

"I do not think you will. Now, remember you have promised. And above all things, Lord Bearhvon must know everything."

"I promise," she answered. "If I could only see Chris!"

"But you can't do anything of the kind—for the present, at least. You must have perfect faith in me."

"I have," Vere replied, looking into his glowing eyes. "Had I not always?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Truth's Contributors.

THE OZAR'S DOMAIN.

Interesting Letter From a Traveller Who Rode from Moscow to the Crimea.

TULA, Russia, July 14.—Tula is a city of about ninety thousand inhabitants, 200 versts (three versts make two English miles) south of Moscow. It is the capital of the province of the same name, and has been famous since the time of Peter the Great for the manufacture of small arms. Its chief reputation, however, rests on the manufacture of samovars and accordions. In every house and palace, and in every peasant's hut, throughout the vast extent of the Russian Empire, is found a brass samovar, or teakettle. These are all, or nearly all, made at Tula.

Like caviare and vodka, the samovar is peculiarly Russian. So excellent a household god, however, will not always be confined to one country and people, however large the one or numerous the other. Its use is fast spreading to all tea-drinking countries. To every post-station, and to the house of every well-to-do Khan in Persia, the Russian samovar has already made its way, and not a few perhaps of our readers have become familiar with its appearance.

But Tula and its output of samovars, accordions, swords, rifles and revolvers is interesting to the writer at this present moment, chiefly as the first stage of my equestrian journey from Moscow to the Crimea. After a five-day ride we arrived here, men and horses in good trim, this morning at 9 o'clock. We shall renew our journey to-morrow evening. I have no intention of riding against time, but will merely jog along twenty-five to thirty miles a day, keeping well within the capacity of our horses.

As before stated, while the ride is interesting as a performance on horseback, the principal motive of the journey is to study the country and people. It is in order to do this to the best advantage that I am taking Lashka Kritsch, the young Moscow student, to interpret and explain as we ride along from day to day. In my humble opinion there is no better way to study a country than to make a three months' tour on horseback with an educated and communicative youth from amongst its inhabitants for a companion.

ON ROLLING PRAIRIES.

Thus far our ride had been chiefly, like the famous manoeuvres of the Duke of York, up hill and down. Had that old martinet been in this part of Russia with his 10,000 men, he might have "marched them up the hill, then down again," all day long, by simply following the military road between Moscow and Tula. The country resembles the rolling prairies of Southwestern Iowa; but the land is poor. Fields of rye, oats and potatoes alternate with primeval or artificial forests. There isn't a field of wheat between Moscow and Tula, the soil is not rich enough to produce it to advantage. The system of agriculture followed is known as the "three field system," by which every field gets three years' rest after six of cultivation.

By and by we shall strike the Ukraine, the celebrated black earth country, where all is wheat, wheat, wheat—nothing but wheat. The change will not be agreeable, I imagine, except for the interesting characteristics of the Little Russians, its inhabitants. An ocean of waving wheat-fields is an interesting sight to gaze upon, but soon grows monotonous. Here the monotonous character of the country is relieved by the alternate lights and shadows of field and forest. Imagine a rolling country, half forest and half fields of tall, ripening rye, from the ridges of which are always visible from three to a dozen little clusters of peasants' houses, and through which the broad government road cuts a wide swath, and you have the landscape of Central Russia in June before you.

RUSSIA IN MIDSUMMER.

You have seen it at its best. What it is like in Winter, when the forests are bare, the fields a waste of snow and the re-shirted moujiks asleep on their stoves, can be readily imagined. Even in the holiday garb of June there is a tameness and a sameness in the beauty of the landscape that a rob it of half its charms. One longs for a valley or a mountain, and I am constantly reminded that for thousands and thousands of square versts in any direction from Moscow there is the same dearth of variety, by the observations of my companion. A gully, 100 feet deep, or a ridge a couple of hundred feet high, stirs the adventurous soul of Lashka into an expression of wondering delight. Nor can he quite understand why it is that I view these trifling variations of the earth's surface without emotion.

WHEELS WITHIN A WHEEL.

The country passed through sustains a population of forty-five to the square verst. Villages are small but numerous. We rode through no less than fifty-seven villages, a village for every three and a half versts. They seem about as thick off the main road as on it. A village usually consists of two rows of log houses straggling disjointedly along each side of the road. Nine-tenths of the houses are unpainted log cabins, thatched with straw: the tenth would be roofed with tin, and with the house painted red and the roof green.

Some of my readers, though not all, will be surprised to learn that each of these villages is a tiny republic, and that the real Russia, the Russia that I am endeavoring to investigate and explain, consists of hundreds of thousands of these miniature peasant republics, to the members of which St. Petersburg is as remote as the heavens, and the Czar, a demi-god, as infallible as Jove. These village communities are known as mirs (meers), and their number in all Russia is somewhere near a half million.

A mir consists of a cluster of peasant families and the land allotted by the Government for their support. In Russia are no separate farmsteads, as the term is understood in America. Sometimes on the outskirts of a village, in the most picturesque situation round about, we saw pretty villas as superior to the dwellings of the moujiks as heaven is superior to earth. They were not the dwellings of peasants, however, but the "datsches" or country residence of rich city merchants or the owners of large estates. The moujik never isolates his house after the manner of the Canadian farmer. The inhabitants of the mirs are all clustered together in villages. A dwelling consists of a four-square building inclosing a courtyard. One side of the square is the house and the other three sheds.

In 1861, when the serfs were emancipated by Alexander II., three and a half dessatens (two and a half acres to a dessatena) of land were allotted to each liberated "soul, or head of a family. At the entrance to a mir may be seen a sign post stating the number of souls and the number of houses in the community.

A MIDDLEMAN.

To the St. Petersburg Government the

mir is an administrative and financial unit. Instead of collecting taxes directly from the individual, the Government collects them from the mir. The mir, not the individual, is assessed; and if the community contains one or fifty "souls" incapable of meeting their obligation, the burden of their delinquency has to be borne by their neighbors. The taxes are collected by the Starosta, or Mayor, of the mir and paid over by him to the isprosmik, an agent of the provincial government.

On Tuesday night we put up at the house of a thrifty moujik in the mir of Volosovo. His was an ideal present family household, and Volosovo came near being an ideal mir. The ideal mir is one of the happiest arrangements imaginable for a people of the mental calibre and social disposition of the Russian moujik. Unfortunately the real state of affairs comes far short, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, of the ideal, even as we found it in Volosovo.

THE MOUJIK AT HOME.

The household which our correspondent found himself a welcome visitor in consisted of an ancient moujik more than eighty years old, who remembered Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, and three robust sons with their families. The house sheltered about eighteen persons. All three of the sons could read and write. I had noticed when riding through Volosovo that the houses were neater and better, and that the whole appearance of the place seemed more prosperous than the usual village we had passed through. We inquired the reason. "It is because there is no vodka shop in the mir," was the answer.

We entered into conversation on the subject of the moujiks and their condition. Our hosts vied with each other in giving information. Were the moujiks better off, we asked, since the emancipation than before?

"Some of them are, and others are not," was the reply. "Everything depends on the man himself. There is no reason why all should not be much better off. Vodka was the only trouble. A moujik who kept away from the vodka shop and tended to his land and his work was infinitely better off than when he was a serf. For the man who cared for nothing but drink and neglected his family serfage and the master's stick were better than freedom.

LOCAL OPTION FAVORED.

"The secret of the prosperity of Volosovo is that we voted to have no vodka shop in the mir—that, and nothing else. Every mir has the privilege of local option. It remains with the people themselves whether they shall admit a vodka seller to their midst or not. Vodka sellers get into their mirs by bribery and by paying a good share of the taxes. A vodka seller will, perhaps, engage to pay 590 roubles of the mir's taxes, which, let us say, amounts to one-tenth of the whole. This being agreed to, the liquor shop is opened, the moujiks spend everything in drink, and the entire mir is demoralized. The vodka seller takes 20 roubles out of every moujik's pocket in return for which he pays 20 kopecks back in the guise of taxes. Now in Volosovo we decided to keep our 26 roubles and pay our 20 kopecks taxes ourselves, and so at the end of the year we find ourselves 19 roubles and 80 kopecks in pocket."

THE CURSE OF VODKA DRINKING.

Every mile of the way from Moscow the baleful effects of the vodka had thrust itself into our notice, and we asked our hosts why the Russian priests, like the priests of other countries, didn't exert themselves in the cause of temperance. The mass of the Russian population are swayed by the elements of devotion to the church. Two days out of the year, the whole of the year, weeks in June, in November, and in the months out of the year.

ing stomach at the bidding of the Church. During all that time he denies himself even eggs and milk, nor deems the condition of his spiritual well-being hard. But though the Church would rebuke him for swallowing a glass of milk in fast time, it says not a word against, but rather encourages, the swallowing of an inordinate quantity of the fiery and biting vodka.

"Why this state of affairs?" we asked.

And oh! the devotion of the answer!—"It is bad for the people to drink vodka; but what would the Tzar do without the taxes on its consumption?" they replied.

It was bad for the moujiks to ruin themselves, but for the sake of the Tzar all things must be endured.

IMBIBERS OF VODKA.

Undoubtedly the lower strata of the Russian population are the drunkest people under the sun. Looking back over our road, as the thought occurs to me, I remember no village, save Volosovo, in which drunken people were not very much in evidence. At every wayside taklir where we stayed over night, the fore part of the night would be more or less of a pandemonium, from the shouting and singing of roystering moujiks filled with vodka. I have seen gangs of gray-haired old men, Russian prototypes of St. Seth and the rest of them in "The Old Homestead," sea-sawing, flinging their arms about and making fools of themselves generally in the sight of the whole village, yet not attracting to themselves so much as the curious or reproachful gaze of a single woman.

On Sunday all the men seemed to be drinking and carousing and all the women were sitting in little circles in front of the houses gossiping. The one sex seemed to be absolutely oblivious of the proceedings or even the presence of the other. The drunkenness was sad enough, but the indifference of the women to it was the saddest of all.

Sometimes, but not often, were drunken women. Near one village we met a crowd of drunken men and women, as merry and picturesque a set of subjects as Bacchus himself could wish. Hand in hand they reeled along and sang; now and then they stopped to dance and to express their joy in wild laughter. They halted and sung for us a melodious bacchanalian song, well worth listening to, as we rode past. The men were in red shirts, black velvet trousers and top boots. The women were in all the colors of the rainbow, with red well in the ascendency. Arriving at a little old dilapidated inn by the wayside the merry-makers, one and all, removed their caps and crossed themselves devoutly, then proceeding on their way struck up another bacchanalian refrain.

Soon we reached the groggery. It was a cheap log house, roofed with tin, and with a little porch at the door. On the porch stood an old moujik with a gallon demijohn of vodka, from which he was filling glasses holding about a third of a pint. He seemed to be treating the crowd. One of these potions costs 15 kopecks, another eight cents. The best vodka is made of rye, the worst from potatoes. Some get howling drunk for 15 kopecks.

On Sundays and holidays is the rallying point. His rags may be nakedness, his house his

The House.

The editor will be glad to have short letters from any of his friends who feel disposed to write, asking questions, giving advice, hints to other housekeepers, receipts, or anything which they think would add to the interest of this department. But communications ought to be as brief as possible.

Leslie.

O darling boy, I look into your eyes On this your birthday, and I wish for you A life as sunny as your clustering curls, And as your baby eyes as sweet and true.

O, may your heart be ever free from sin As it is now—as pure as lilies white,— And may you ever feel that peace within Which comes alone, sweet one, from doing right.

God bless you, Leslie darling! Two fair years Have dropped their perfumed petals at your feet. God guide you safely through this vale of tears And keep you ever good, and pure, and sweet!

Punishment.

"Johnny, you bad boy! Come in here, right away. Just look at that boy, Mrs. Smith! You may well hang your head and be ashamed! Don't scowl at me that way, sir! There! Go into that corner until you can look pleasant!"

Now, I ask anybody, is it in human nature, or any other kind of nature, to "look pleasant" under such circumstances as these? And was Johnny really "ashamed" when he hung his head? Not a bit of it. I fear if Johnny were asked to define his feelings, he would state in most unmistakable terms that he was "mad," which in children's parlance stands for any degree of resentment or anger they may happen to feel.

Not long ago, murder was committed by a young man, and the atrocity of the crime was increased by the fact that the young murderer had borne in his mind for years, a resentment for punishment given by the murdered man (his childhood's teacher), while the student was a little boy.

Of course it is all specially atrocious and yet it is to be doubted if a child treated in the way spoken of above, ever entirely forgives (and certainly never forgets) such treatment, even though the words he spoken by a mother. The mother who thus addresses her child commits two grave errors,—one, that of reproving her child before a third party; the second, that of setting him an example of ugly tone and manner, for following which, she immediately punishes him by sending him in the corner, till he "can look pleasant."

"Look pleasant!" Would you look pleasant, think you, if someone who had undisputed authority over you should hold you up to the scorn and ridicule of those whose opinion you valued?

Simply because childhood is a time of short memories for many things, is no reason that the first sting should not be bitter, or that all resentment should be immediately forgotten. If childhood is the time for short memories, it is also the time for unusual sensitiveness, and a reproof that arouses anger instead of contrition does infinitely more harm than good. Better that a child be never reproved than that its punishments be such as to cause it to cherish resentment. The fact is, children are much more reasonable beings than the average parent realizes, and should be punished much earlier ago than is usually inclined to do. It is to exercise those reasoning powers which God has implanted in all.

...is the first mental process... the foregoing? "Johnny... and her neighbor... at his expense... another is likewise... of anger on him... and... here.

thoughtful, more responsible set of children, and the coming generation would be an improvement.

The Art of Jelly-Making.

The fruits most commonly used are strawberries, currants, apples, peaches, crab-apples, quinces and raspberries. Of these crab-apples and quinces jolly most easily; strawberries and raspberries are the hardest to manage. The reason for this lies in the pectin, which is the jelling principle of fruits. When the fruit is in the green state it has about the same chemical composition as the leaf, and has then a constituent called pectose, which is insoluble. As it ripens, by a kind of fermentation this pectose becomes pectin, a soluble substance of a gelatinous character. If this substance is destroyed or sufficiently weakened, the fruit cannot jolly. Now it will be at once seen that the fruits which jolly most easily are those which contain the greatest amount of this principle in comparison to the water and other elements of their composition, and vice versa. In a wet season fruits of all kinds absorb more moisture, therefore are harder to jolly. This would be especially so with fruits containing a large amount of water in the first place, such as strawberries. A jelly cannot be made of cherries without the addition of gelatine, for too large a percentage of their composition is water.

The first step in making jelly is, of course, the gathering or buying of the fruit. For good jelly this must be quite fresh, not over-ripe nor under-ripe, for it because it will not easily jolly under those adverse circumstances, secondly because it is unwholesome, and is, if under-ripe, too acid to give a pleasant taste. Neither should the fruit be gathered in a shower or immediately after a rain. These are little things, but they are quite essential to success.

We now come to the second step, the making. The usual rule is to use a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. The ways of extracting the juice of the fruits are so simple and well known that they need scarcely be mentioned here. This precaution, however, must be insisted upon in the making of clear jelly—the jelly must be strained through a perfectly clean flannel bag, without squeezing. In the kind of sugar to use one finds a variety of opinions, but experience and observation lead me to decide that white granulated sugar is by all means the best. The cheaper sugars leave an unpleasant taste, and their sweetening power is not so great. It is rather difficult in the larger cities, in these degenerate days, to find not only unadulterated but uncolored sugar. It might be supposed that at least white sugar, after the trials it has been subjected to in order to make it white, could be sold without coloring, but dealers claim that the colored is preferred to the uncolored, so indigo, a vegetable dye, is used to give it the proper sellable hue. This dye is insoluble in water, and often has much to do in keeping jellies cloudy. The sugar is used not only to give the desired flavor and sweetness, but as a preservative. The fruit juice alone would soon spoil, but with the admixture of sugar and properly kept, never. Fruit at the right stage of maturity will jolly, after the proper amount of cooking, without the addition of sugar, so that the sugar is not added to give the required solidity. The juice must be boiled in a porcelain-lined kettle to permit the evaporation of the water before the sugar is added. If this fact of evaporation is kept in mind, after a very little experience, a person anxious to succeed will have few drawbacks. With the more watery fruits, in a wet season, and with very ripe fruits, a longer boiling must take place. Too long boiling destroys the gelatinous capability of the pectin, and the fruit will never jolly, so a happy medium must be found. Twenty minutes is the usual time of boiling before the sugar is added, but it varies with different fruits. As I am only to give suggestions, I cannot give rules, which can be found in most good cook-books.

The porcelain-lined kettle, or its equivalent, is an absolute necessity, for health's sake. The acid of fruit acts on an iron kettle, and the jelly or preserves becomes to a certain extent poisonous. Another point is gelatin. The use of this should be avoided, because it is an animal substance and soon spoils. Jelly hardened by its use will not keep, and has invariably a disagreeable taste. —Good Housekeeping.

Some Tested Recipes.

...eggs, beaten separately... quarter of grated... of bread-crumbs, a... of each, beat well and... with butter... on one side

CANDIED CHERRIES.—Boil seeded cherries in a syrup of one cup of water one pound of sugar, till tender. Let stand in the syrup two days. Remove, drain, separate the cherries and sprinkle thick with sugar. Dry on plates in the sun.

CANNED TOMATOES (whole).—Select small, smooth, sound tomatoes. Pack them without peeling into wide-mouthed jars, fill the jars with cold water, and finish precisely the same as lima beans, boiling only thirty minutes. Be sure that the cans are filled to overflowing with boiling water before screwing on the tops.

ITALIAN CREAM.—In a cup of cold milk soak for half an hour one-third of a box of gelatine; put a quart of milk into the farina kettle, and when boiling stir in the well-beaten yolks of eight eggs, a cup and a half of sugar, and the gelatine; remove from the fire when it begins to thicken and mix with it the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Flavor to taste, pour into molds and set away to cool.

CUP PUFFS.—One-half cup white sugar, one-half cup milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt. Flour enough to make a batter that will drop from a spoon. Butter six teacups and put a spoonful of batter in each, then a little fresh fruit, and fill up half full of batter. Berries are nice, but apples sliced thin are better. Steam an hour in a steamer over a pot of water. They come out of the cups perfect puff balls, light, spongy and digestible. Serve with plenty of wine sauce.

NEAPOLITAN PUDDING.—One pint of orange juice (requiring seven or eight medium-sized oranges), one-half box of gelatine, the white of one egg, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of cold water, one cupful of boiling water, a few drops of rose-colored fruit extract, and the grated rind and juice of one large lemon. Soak the gelatine in the cold water, add the boiling water, the juice of oranges and lemon, and the sugar. Strain and divide into three equal parts, pouring one-third into a flat-bottomed dish and setting away to harden. To the second third, add a few drops of the coloring extract and set this also in a cool place. Let the remaining portion get thoroughly cold, and as soon as it shows symptoms of forming into jelly, add to it the beaten white of egg, and whip until light and spongy. Pour this into a small mold, which has been dipped in cold water, and set upon ice for several hours. Remove from the mold, cut the colored jelly into small cubes, and heap about the base.—Good Housekeeping.

ICES AND ICE-CREAM.—This is the reason when coolness, external and internal, is sought; and a great deal of it is bought, when the housewife, at much less expense, could with slight labor, and that a labor of delight, prepare for her table a much superior article. It is, of course, necessary to have the best of materials, and to exercise exactness and care in preparation—which is equivalent to saying that the work must be done by her own hands or under her immediate direction. Here are a few formulas which will be found delicious:

RASPBERRY ICE-CREAM.—Half a pound of powdered sugar and six egg-yolks. Mix well with a spatula for ten minutes, then add one pint of boiling milk, stir for two minutes longer and pour the whole in a copper basin. Place it on the hot stove and with the spatula, stir gently at the bottom until well heated, but it must not boil. Take from the fire, set it on the table, then immediately add a pint of sweet cream, mixing again for two minutes. Add half a pint of well-picked and clean raspberries. Mix well with the spatula for two minutes. Then strain through a fine sieve into the freezer, pressing the raspberries through with a wooden spoon. Remove the sieve, cover the freezer and freeze.

PEACH ICE-CREAM.—Half a pound of powdered sugar with six egg-yolks, then mix well with a spatula for ten minutes. Add a pint of boiling milk, stir for two minutes longer and pour the whole into a copper basin. Place it on the hot stove and heat it thoroughly, stirring it continually, but not letting it boil. Remove, lay it on the table and mix in, immediately, one pint of sweet cream; then leave it to cool for 30 minutes. Have six ripe, fine, sound peaches, wipe them nicely, cut them in two, remove the stones, then mash into the cream, mixing thoroughly for three minutes. Strain through a fine sieve into a freezer, pressing the peaches through with a wooden spoon; then freeze.

CHERRY-WATER ICE.—Take a pound of sound, solid, sour cherries. Put them in a vessel, after picking off the stems, with half a pound of powdered sugar, and squeeze in the juice of three fine lemons. Mix well with a spatula for five minutes; then add a quart of cold water, stirring the mixture for two minutes longer, and strain through a

fine sieve into the ice-cream freezer, pressing the cherries down with a spoon. Freeze and serve the same as ice-cream.

PINK-APPLE WATER-ICE.—Cut in two a small, ripe pink-apple. Pare and peel one-half neatly; then cut it into small pieces. Place these pieces in the mortar and pound them thoroughly to a pulp. Ten minutes will suffice for this. Add half a pound of powdered sugar and pound again for ten minutes. Transfer the whole into a vessel. Squeeze in the juice of three sound lemons, then pour in a quart of cold water and mix well with a spatula for two minutes. Strain through a fine sieve into the freezer, adding two egg-whites beaten to a stiff froth, then beat well for one minute more; then freeze. —L. J.

POINTS ABOUT PRINCE GEORGE.

Popular at Home and Abroad—Incidents of His Trip on the Bacchante.

The young prince captain of the British warship Thrush now lying at Halifax, is almost as popular as his father, the Prince of Wales. His brother, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, heir presumptive to that imperial and royal crown which from the bleak hillside of Scone has grown to overshadow so much of the civilized world never achieved the place in popular favor that is held by Prince George. The latter has a reputation for heartiness and lack of display which has endeared him to Englishmen, and he is, moreover, accounted an excellent sailor, a quality that in the greatest maritime nation of the world could not fail to bring popularity. His full name is George Frederick Ernest Albert and he was born at Marlborough House in June, 1865. He is therefore only seven years old, but he is a lieutenant in the navy of Great Britain.

Prince George has been in the navy since 1870, passing through all the various grades up to his present rank. In 1881 and 1882 he, with his brother, made a trip around the world as officers of the Bacchante. The ports visited were principally those of British colonies. At the end of the cruise the two young princes published a book about it. It was written partly by Prince Albert-Victor, partly by Prince George and partly, so rumor hath it, by their tutor. The book bears evidence of this composite workmanship. Prince George writes like a fun-loving young midshipman and speaks of his brother as "Eddie." Prince Albert Victor writes in a less frank and jolly manner and calls his brother "Georgie." The book is peppered as it were, all through with statistics and more or less wise reflections on the state of trade in the colonies, which are taken to be the staid and rather pedantic portions of the tutor.

It is said that while on this cruise Prince George or so threw himself on a transom in the gun-room of the Bacchante and said, "Eddie, get down your violin and play 'God save your grandmother.'" Wherever Prince George went he was popular and was "up to" all sorts of pranks common to young middies. Now that he has reached the mature age of twenty-five and is in command of a ship, he feels the weight and responsibility of his place and is as steady as a man of forty. Among Prince George's other titles is that of Naval Aide to the Queen.

A Disgusted Horse-Car Driver.

He had been driving a horse-car for four years, and got a little bit more wary looking every day.

"I can't stand it no longer," he said at last. "I ain't a going to have any more women finding fault and claiming that they didn't have courteous treatment."

There was a woman standing on the next corner. Instead of the customary "Killo, ma'am?" he snipped his horses, dismounted from his perch, and going towards the curbstone, lifted his hat and inquired:

"Do you purpose making use of this vehicle to-day?"

"Sir!" she said in tones of astonishment.

"Do you wish to ride in this horse-car? If so, I will gladly escort you to it, procure you a seat and hand your fare to the conductor. I aim to please."

"Why, I never heard such impertinence!" she stammered. "I did intend riding on your car, but I shall certainly wait for the next one. And you may expect a complaint from me at the superintendent's office concerning your conduct sir."

He remounted the stool and pulled his hat down over his eyes.

"Tain't no use! Geddup!" was all he said.

Health cannot be maintained without good digestion. Try Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum as an effectual remedy for indigestion. Sold by all druggists and confectioners everywhere 5 cents.

Tit-Bits.

Bunning the Old Man.

Master Harold, aged ten (to his sire)—“Pa can't I go swimming this afternoon?”
 Mi. St. John—“No, you can't.”
 “Why?”
 “Cause you can't.”
 “Why?”
 “I don't want you to—that's why.”
 “Jim Brown and Ted Jenkins are going.”
 “I don't care if they are; you are not.”
 “Why?”
 “Because you're not.”
 “Boo-hoo-hoo! I can never do nothing.”
 “Shut up that noise!”
 “Can I go, then?”
 “No; you can't.”
 “Boo-hoo-hoo! Hoo-oo-oo! I—boo—don't-hoo—see why?”
 “You'll know why if I trounce you, young man!”
 “Can I just go a little while?”
 “Yes, and get over your head and get drowned.”
 “I won't, either—boo-hoo!”
 “Yes—yes.”
 “And not go where the water is deep?”
 “And you'll come home in an hour?”
 “Yes—yes.”
 “Well, put out, then, and mind if you ain't back in an hour I'll trounce you good.”
 “Yes, sir.”
 And off he goes to stay five hours and a half, but the trouncing is never more heard of.

A Young Lady Who Was Posted.

First Young Lady (examining directory in drug store)—“I cannot find the name in this directory, Ethel.”
 Second Young Lady—“No? What shall we do?”
 F. Y. L.—“Let us go to Hudnut's drug store and examine their directory. They keep a better stock of everything.”

On a Business Basis.

“It was a brave act, young man,” said the grateful father with deep feeling. At the peril of your life you rushed into the burning building and saved my daughter. How can I ever repay you?”
 “Would a couple of dollars be too much?” suggested the brave rescuer.

Innocent.

“Who wrote the Psalms?” asked the superintendent, severely.
 And then a little girl in the infant class began to cry.
 “It wasn't me sir,” she said.

Will be a Statesman.

Minister (to boy)—“So you have come out to the Sunday school picnic instead of going to the circus?”
 Boy—“Yes, sir.”
 “I am proud of you, my little man. One of these days you may be a great statesman.”
 “Yes, sir.”
 “Come here, Brother Moony” (calling some one) “and talk to this little fellow that would rather come out here among the children than go to the circus.”
 Boy—“No, I wouldn't rather come here, but pa gave me fifty cents to come here 'stead of going to the circus, but you bet your life I'll take the fifty an' go-morrer.”—Arkansas Traveler.

Not a Safe Girl in Society.

Charlie—“That Miss Sowders is a sweet girl.”
 Frank—“Yes, but she's not a safe girl in society.”
 Charlie—“Why not, I like to know.”
 Frank—“Well, I never called upon her when she had less than five pins stuck in her belt.”

Metamorphosis.

I saw her just a month ago,
 In tulle and ribbons bright,
 And heard her roval in accents slow
 An essay on “The Night.”
 And when she closed and took her seat
 With her bouquet, in state,
 I heard them call her the “sweet
 Girl graduate.”
 I saw her just the other day,
 More beautiful than a before,
 Upon the sands where ravelots play,
 A bathing suit she wore.
 And later when I saw her spin
 Among the rollers' whirl,
 I heard them calling her the “dash-
 ing Summer girl.”

An Economical Wife.

“I want an egg-plant,” said a young married woman to the grocer.
 “I'm sorry; but I haven't one in the store just now.”
 “Well, I must get one somewhere, and raise my own eggs, for I'm resolved not to pay such high prices for them.”

The Hammock.

The hammock (and I name it filled with awe)
 With what intent I touch the treacherous thing,
 I say the hammock, in the full use
 Of its legitimate, peculiar powers,
 Must hung acknowledged while the world shall stand,
 The most elusive, tricky, fraudulent trap,
 The most unstable, risky, giddy snare
 That e'er beguiled a man to trust himself
 Within its artful, sly, insidious mesh,
 And then with base and shameless perfidy
 Turned wrong side up and spilled him out.

How it Affected Him.

A young couple on their honeymoon are dallying languidly with the grapes at dessert.
 She (archly)—“And you don't find it tiresome a' alone with me? You are quite sure you don't want to go back to your bachelor life again?”
 He (earnestly)—“Quite, my darling. Do you know if you were to die to-night I'd get married again to-morrow morning!”

Overheard in Olympus.

“There is a strange-looking female at the gate, Jupiter,” said Hebe. “She wants to see you.”
 “Is she unarmed?”
 “Yes.”
 “It must be Venus of Milo. Let her in.”

A Good Suit.

“I want a running suit.”
 “This is a good durable suit.”
 “Are the colors fast?”
 “Yes. You'll have great difficulty in keeping up with them.”

A Man Who Did Not Interfere with Other People's Business.

For cool self-possession or a remarkable display of indifference in trying and exciting times the descendant of Ham when he wants to let a hard discount. This fact was forcibly illustrated in an incident connected with the recent trial of the chambers case at Ironton. One of the principle witnesses of the defence was Frank Jenkins, a negro and eye-witness of the tragedy. Frank was whitewashing a chicken coop only a few feet away when the shooting occurred. On the direct examination he told his story in a plain, straightforward way and his evidence was very material. The cross examination propounded the usual questions and made a strenuous effort to tangle the witness in giving his testimony. Concerning the facts immediately preceding and at the time of the shooting, a question would be asked Frank, to which he would give a prompt reply, and then the attorney would ask:
 “What did you do then?”
 “I just went on whitewashing the chicken coop.”
 “But when the defendant appeared with the gun and it seemed as if some one was going to be hurt, what did you do then?”
 “I kept on whitewashing the chicken coop. It was none of my business, and when I came in from Woodward County, Kentucky, I long ago learned not to interfere with two white gentlemen engaged in settling a question of honor I turned up one end of the coop and kept right on with my whitewashing.”
 “When the shot was fired what did you do?”
 “Kept right on whitewashing.”
 “Did you do anything when they removed the body?”
 “Yes; kept right on whitewashing.”
 The Judge smiled, the spectators tittered the whole court appreciated this wonderful display of disposition to attend strictly to one's own affairs.

More Than Punished.

“What is the charge against this prisoner?”
 “He's a thief, your honor,” said the policeman.
 “What did he steal?”
 “He took me picture widout me knowin' it.”
 “The prisoner has the sympathy of the court. Discharged.”

Mr. Bowser Has an Eye for Consistency but Suffers a Relapse.

Last year Mr. Bowser put a base-burner in the front hall to keep it at a comfortable temperature during the Winter, and when Spring came nothing was said about moving the stove. It was not in the way. We had no place to move it into, and when Summer came, without Mr. Bowser having said anything about a removal, I felt perfectly assured that he would leave that stove alone. Great was my consternation, therefore, when he suddenly observed the other evening, as we roasted on the front steps:
 “Well, well, but how absent-minded I have become! Why didn't you call my attention to the fact that the coal stove had not been removed out of the hall?”
 “Because it is to be left there.”
 “Not much! People must have thought us a queer family to leave it there as long as we have.”
 “Bowser, that stove is not in the way and it is not an eyesore. Besides, we have no place to put it.”
 “It goes to the barn, of course.”
 “It would be the most foolish thing you could do.”
 “Humph! How would it look to have a snow-shovel standing on each side of our front door with the thermometer at ninety-five in the shade? One must have an eye out for consistency and the eternal fitness of things.”
 “Well, if you are determined to move it, if you will move it in spite of my protests, send up a couple of men to-morrow and have it over with.”
 “Send up nothing! Do you suppose I'm going to pay some one two dollars to lift that stove when I can do it myself with a twist of the wrist? I'll have it out of the way in ten minutes.”
 “Mr. Bowser, you can no more move that stove than I can fly.”
 “Can't I? I can do it with one hand t. behind me, and I'll go right at it.”
 I argued and entreated, but it was no use. It was a dreadfully warm evening, and Mr. Bowser was panting as he sat fanning himself, but what did he do but walk in and prepare for the struggle. I felt that I ought to make one last appeal and I followed him in and said:
 “Mr. Bowser, if you won't touch the stove to-night I'll make a big pitcher of ice-cold lemonade.”
 “Lemonade! Nonsense! One would think from the way you talk that I was going to murder somebody. Just sit right here and enjoy the cool breeze while I skip the stove out. I'll get the wheelbarrow and take it to the barn.”
 “Mr. Bowser, remember that I protest.”
 “Certainly. You are the great American protestor, anyway. If I killed a fly you'd protest.”
 I went back to the steps, knowing well what would happen, but I felt that I had done my duty. I heard him fussing around for a while, and then he muttered:
 “She's purty hefty, but she's got to come out o' this.”
 Ten seconds later there was a wild whoop, and when I got into the hall Mr. Bowser stood on one foot and was shaking the other in the air, while the top of the stove lay on the floor. He had pulled it off at the first grab.
 “Thur!—and blazes—and Jewhittaker—and Tex—and Jemina!” he was yelling as he waw his foot aloft.
 “Didn't I tell you?” I queried as I looked at him.
 “No! Never! You never said a word—not a word!”
 “Now will you let the stove alone?”
 “No! I'll take it out of here if I die for it!”
 “Mr. Bowser, this pig-headed obstinacy of yours will surely lead to—”
 But he made a jump at me, and I fled back to the front steps and waited in suspense and terror for the climax. It was prolonged for about ten minutes. Mr. Bowser had decided to go slow and avoid another accident. He took off all the loose parts, removed his coat, vest, collar and cuffs, dropped the suspenders off his shoulders, and I plainly heard him spit on his hands and growl:
 “None of the Bowser family were ever y-downed by a coal stove, and it's too late to begin now!”
 Another man would have removed the first. He didn't think of it, but he was standing on end, he had pulled it off five feet, when he was frightened. He was the first impression of the factory in the barn up was that a four-horse

were the greatest fighting nation on earth.

I know what had happened. So did the cock. So did the neighbors. It was a minute before I could move and I was lying indoors when I heard Mr. Bowser utter a strange sound—something between the last roar of a dying lion and the plaintive moan of a cow for her lost calf. I couldn't see him at first. It was all stove and the stove was on top of him. Between my screams and the cook's shouts we got a neighbor in and the three of us lifted up the stove and dragged Mr. Bowser out.

“You are the biggest fool in America and I'll gamble on it!” exclaimed the neighbor as he stood over Mr. Bowser.

A long-drawn groan.
 “It ought to have killed you. A man who doesn't know better ought to have a ton of iron fall on him! I suppose your wife will be foolish enough to send for a doctor, but if you were any kin to me I'd take you out and drive you head first into the alley!”

With that he went away and I got the doctor up. No bones were broken, but Mr. Bowser had collapsed like an empty barrel and every square inch of him was bruised and pounded. It was long after midnight before he said anything. I was rubbing him with arnica with one hand and fanning him with the other, when he looked up and asked:
 “Mrs. Bowser, is it fatal?”
 “Oh, no, dear.”
 “Any bones broken?”
 “None.”
 “Did the stove fall on me?”
 “Yes, dear.”

“Don't, ‘yes, dear,’ me, Mrs. Bowser, for I won't stand it! The scales have fallen from my eyes at last and I know you for what you are! A nice job, wasn't it? Calculated I'd be driven through the floor, didn't you? Hoped to be a widow by this time, oh? To-morrow, Mrs. Bowser, I'll call up a lawyer and we'll see what's what!”

Not Much of a Joke; Merely a Hint.

Spirit—Let me in, Peter.
 Peter—I can't. As Mulvaney said of himself, so it may be said to you. You've put your foot through the whole ten commandments every day of your life. You're no man for this place.

Spirit—Yes, I am, Peter. I subscribed three dollars to a Fresh Air Fund once and sent a little boy off into the country for two weeks.

Peter—Honest?
 Spirit—Honest.
 Peter—Well, that alters matters. You can come in.

He Was Wrong.

“What a state you're in, John!” said the wife to her late and much demoralized husband.
 “Yes, er, my dear; I'm er afraid I've got a jag.”
 “No, you haven't.”
 “Think er I'm shober, then?”
 “No. A jag is a little load. You have a big one: more than you can carry.”

No Responsibility.

“So you are married, Jack?”
 “I am, Jim.”
 “I hope you considered the matter well. It is a serious matter assuming the responsibilities involved in marriage.”
 “You're wrong, my friend. I have no responsibility at all now. My wife's the boss.”

The Guileless Victim.

“Fork over your money,” said the sternly.
 The belated pedestrian complied.

“Here is all I have—a twenty-dollar bill, miles from home, city and the lawyer's office.”

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(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED)

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

BY FRANK BARRETT,

Author of "FETTERED FOR LIFE," "THE ADMIRABLE LADY BIDDY FANK," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII—A TREATY.

For one so young and so fresh in the field Nessa had a wonderful amount of tact, which she owed to natural good feeling and good sense. She never wished to hurt any one, and the wish not to hurt prevented her from giving unintentional offence. She treated others as she wished them to treat her; she was true to them and true to herself. To sum up her character briefly, there was, as Mr. Fergus had said, "no confounded nonsense about her!" And so, being "awfully nice" as well as "awfully pretty"—and women are quite as much influenced as men are by the good looks of a girl—Nessa was liked by everyone, with the solitary exception of Mrs. Redmond.

She was a good large exception. Her jealousy and hatred amounted almost to a monomania. She brooded over the girl's success with envy gnawing at her heart. She had nothing else to do, being one of those wretched women whose sluggish disposition recoils from any occupation; her reading never went beyond the advertisements in a newspaper; her interest in life was bounded by the gratification of her own appetites and passions. One passion now occupied the place of all others—this morose, vindictive jealousy of Nessa; and every malevolent feeling of her ill-conditioned nature was concentrated in a burning desire for the girl's downfall. Her hatred was only increased by the knowledge that she owed her own position in the "Internationals," and her luxuries at home entirely to one whom she constantly regarded as an enemy and a rival.

One night when her business was done and she sat in the canteen alone at one of the round tables with her favorite drink before her, she saw, jolling against the bar at the farther end of the place, her husband and Mr. Nichols, the money lender. For the first moment she was struck with fear—having the cowardice of wickedness—but this feeling gave place to one of another kind as she reflected that they were Nessa's enemies rather than hers. Almost at the same moment Redmond caught sight of her. They stared at each other for a minute with the fixity of a couple of savage animals whose attitude is open to suspicion; then Redmond nodded with a sickly grin, and his wife responded in the same manner. Nichols, who had turned round, also nodded and grinned. This overture being made, the two men came down and seated themselves at the round table, after shaking hands with the woman.

"Seen the show?" she asked, as coolly as if the men had been the merest casual acquaintances.

Redmond nodded.

"You're looking pretty fit considering—" he said.

"Considering what?" she asked, coldly.

"Considering what you have to put up with. Awful come down for you."

"What's an awful come down?" in the same tone.

"Now don't quarrel, my dear—don't quarrel just as you've come together," said Mr. Nichols, in the unctuous tones and with the smiles of a Jew money lender, as he reached out a reprecating hand, dirty, but glittering with a marvellously big diamond. "Don't quarrel."

"You're worn by an awful come down," said Redmond.

"I'm a little addle to a girl who's in the profession, but I'll give you a way for twenty pounds."

"You'll give me a way for twenty pounds?"

"You'll give me a way for twenty pounds?"

"You'll give me a way for twenty pounds?"

"You'll give me a way for twenty pounds?"

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"You'll give me a way for twenty pounds?"

"You'll give me a way for twenty pounds?"

maker. "How I do hate to hear two married people snacking at each other like this!"

"If Mr. Redmond wishes to insult me—"

"Nothing of the kind; I came to offer you my sympathy."

"There you go again!" said Mr. Nichols.

"Why will you do it?"

"Do you think I want your sympathy?" asked Mrs. Redmond, growing livid through the rouge.

"Oh, I daresay you can do without it. I'm told Nessa keeps you as if you were her own mother."

"Now, why should you take and repeat all the little things you hear?" remonstrated Nichols.

"Who says Nessa keeps me?" asked Mrs. Redmond, with difficulty lowering her voice.

"Why, every one says so. It's self-evident. You go on with the crowd at five-and-twenty bob a week and live up to about fifteen or twenty pounds a week. Stands to reason you must get that out of Nessa's pocket."

"There's a nasty way to put it!" protested Nichols.

"Why should you say Mrs. R. takes the money, when most likely Miss G. gives it of her own free will? Don't every one tell you that she's so generous and kind-hearted now?"

"Oh, no one underrates the generosity of a girl who spends two or three hundred pounds to pay bills that might have brought you into something worse than the County Court."

"I didn't ask her to do it—the little fool!"

"Of course you didn't," said Mr. Nichols, in that irritating bland tone that always gave his words the lie. "Of course you didn't ask her to."

"Who told you all this?" Mrs. Redmond asked, gulping down her fury.

Redmond turned round, and, peering to the right and left, said—

"Where's that waiter we were talking to?"

"Do you mean to say these stories are in the mouths of the waiters?"

Nichols again interposed to calm the troubled spirit of the raging woman.

"What does it matter, my dear madam, whether it's the waiters or the swells at the bar?" he asked. "Nobody believes a word about it. It's only Mr. R.'s little way. He is so jocular: ain't he?"

"Well, every one's got a good word to say for her—every one except you," said Redmond.

"Oh, Mrs. R.," remonstrated Nichols, "I ain't said a word against her: come now."

"Very wise of her, if it's true that she's only kept on to oblige Vanessa."

Mrs. Redmond's lips quivered, but she could make no reply to her tormentors, while a kind of fascination arrested her to the place the feeling that leads some people to read an insulting letter through to the end and then to re-read it.

"Don't do anything to offend her—keep civil," pursued Redmond, always with that sickly, sinister smile crossing his cheeks.

"I daresay it's a hard trial, but it provides you with many things that you would have to do without otherwise."

"You need not trouble yourself on my account," Mrs. Redmond muttered, "since it can make no difference to your welfare."

"Oh, can it though! It may make a very considerable difference to me."

"It's a pray!" she asked in a tone of affected.

"Why, I may think fit to come and live with you. It's a privilege that you cannot deny me."

"And you wouldn't if you could, would you, Mrs. R.?" said Nichols, blandly.

"Now, why don't you make it up and live all happy and comfortable together?"

"It's about the best thing I can do," said Redmond, with a look that showed he had been meditating acting upon the suggestion.

"I'm at the end of my tether, I daresay," said Mrs. Redmond.

"I daresay," said Nichols. "I've been thinking that I shan't lend you anything illegal."

"I daresay," said Mrs. Redmond.

"I daresay," said Nichols.

"I daresay," said Mrs. Redmond.

"I daresay," said Nichols.

"I daresay," said Mrs. Redmond.

"I daresay," said Nichols.

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"I daresay," said Mrs. Redmond.

"I daresay," said Nichols.

"I daresay," said Mrs. Redmond.

"I daresay," said Nichols.

"I daresay," said Mrs. Redmond.

"You mean she'd bolt and cease to keep you. Hum! That's what I'm afraid of. And it's what you're afraid of too, isn't it? Well, if you make it worth my while, I'll deny myself the pleasure of living with you. I can do with four or five pounds a week—you can spare me that, I daresay."

Mrs. Redmond was too terrified by this threat to reply.

"Oh! dear, oh dear!" exclaimed the distressed Nichols. "What do you want to go frightening your Mrs. R. like that for? I'm sure your little indignities in Hammermith are more suitable to you than that house in Grafton Street."

The hint that they had discovered her address was not lost on Mrs. Redmond. Between them the two rascals were rapidly reducing her to a state of panic.

"I mean to make hay while the sun shines," said Redmond in a tone of resolution.

"Of course you do. She is quite right and reasonable," said Nichols blandly. "Mrs. Redmond isn't unreasonable. Now, why can't you come to a nice pleasant little arrangement?"

"I've got no money. The expenses take all we got," Mrs. Redmond protested.

"You'll have to economize."

"I can't."

"Oh, yes, you can. You'll have to economize when Nessa drops you. You may as well begin now."

"But the young lady won't drop Mrs. R. She wouldn't be so heartless," said Nichols.

The innuendo scarcely stung her. Redmond took up the running.

"Oh, won't she?" he said with a derisive laugh.

"Not unless you go making yourself unpleasant in Grafton Street, and you won't do that, will you, now? Say you won't. Look at poor Mrs. R."

"Won't drop her!" exclaimed Redmond with a look of the hero. "Look at those swells over there. One of 'em's got a title, and I heard him swear that he'd marry the girl to-morrow if she would have him. Well, one day one of those swells will marry her, and then do you think he'll let his wife keep Mrs. Redmond as a permanent fixture? Not he. They're not fools enough for that, those young fellows." He turned to his wife, "Nessa will drop you, my dear, and when she does drop you Heaven only knows what will become of you. There's the workhouse; but I don't think you're fitted for that."

"Oh don't talk about the workhouse—a fine woman like Mrs. R."

"What do you want, you, you, you—the tortured woman could not find a word vile enough to express all that she felt towards the man."

"Don't, don't," expostulated Nichols. "Oh, don't go and spoil a nice amiable action by a disagreeable word, Mrs. R. There she asks you what you want, my friend."

"There's my address" said Redmond, putting a piece of paper before his wife.

"Send me a five-pound note every Saturday, and I won't bother you. If you forget it, I'll call for it."

"There, that's very reasonable, I'm sure," said Mr. Nichols, laying his fat hand on Mrs. Redmond's arm. She jerked it away viciously.

"Oh, you shut up, confound you!" said she. "I've had quite enough of you. This is your plan. He could never have the brains to carry it out alone."

"You really are too flattering. Upon my word you are."

"Flatter you! I can't find a name for you that doesn't flatter—" she rose snatching up the piece of paper.

"Sit down again, my dear lady," said Nichols, sweetly, but with a curiously cunning twinkle in his half-closed eyes that excited her curiosity and led her to accede.

"If you think I came here just for the sake of interfering between husband and wife, you mistake the nature of my business. I'm going to show you that I'm a real friend. I am just anxious to promote your interest as your husband's. He drew out a fat letter case and opening it continued, "Look, here's a clean sheet of paper, and here's a pencil that writes indelible, and is just as legal as ink." He looked round. They had the end of the canteen quite to themselves. No one was within hearing range; nevertheless, when he spoke again leaning forward with his arms on the table he spoke in such a low tone that Mrs. Redmond also had to lean forward.

"Now you're behaving very handsomely in giving your husband five pounds a week which will continue as long as nothing happens to Miss Grahame, but if anything should happen to Miss Grahame as matters stand at present, you would never get a penny of your money back again. That doesn't seem right and fair, and in business you ought always to be liberal and generous. Now what am I going to propose is this that, as Mr. Redmond shares in your prosperity

while Miss Grahame lives, you should share in his prosperity if anything happens to her. That's nice and reasonable, ain't it?" he asked, turning to Redmond, who replied by a surly nod that showed clearly enough that the question had been decided beforehand.

"Now I think that if anything happens to Miss Grahame you ought, in consideration of your generosity to your husband—you ought to be made independent and comfortable for the rest of your life. So here I am writing out an agreement which you can get stamped at Somerset House to-morrow morning, making it as binding as any deed drawn up by a lawyer—an agreement on the part of your husband to pay you—what's your name, your christian name—my dear?" he asked, pausing in his writing—

"Sophia," replied Mrs. Redmond, eager with a new hope that glimmered in the perspective.

"To pay you, Sophia Redmond, the sum of fifteen thousand pounds. You can't expect anything fairer than that, can you?"

The woman nodded impatiently, and made a gesture for him to continue.

"Now, your husband is going to sign that," he said, putting the paper and pencil into Redmond's hand, "and I'm going to witness the signature all nice and regular."

Redmond signed the paper, pushed it forward with morose discontent in his face, rose, and went to the bar without a word, leaving his two partners together.

"There you are, my dear lady," said Nichols, after writing his name to witness the signature. "Take care of it, for it's worth a fortune to you. Of course, while your husband has got nothing, you can get nothing by that paper; but the moment he comes into his estate by anything happening to Miss Grahame, you just present that, and you won't have to worry about anything in the wide world."

She leaned over, and spoke with feverish eagerness.

"In plain words, this is a security for fifteen thousand pounds to be paid me if—"

"Tush, tush! I can't listen to anything that I couldn't take my oath I never heard mentioned. But if I can help you in any way—and I think I can—I shall be most happy. Now, what do you say to my dropping in like a friend to-morrow night, and having a little chat about things in general?"

"I shall be here as soon as my number is done."

"That's right. Good night my dear lady. So glad to have brought things round nice and pleasant."

He rose, and joining Redmond at the bar, took him out, linking his arm in the manner of an impulsive, good-natured friend.

He said nothing. But, as their eyes met, the look of cunning satisfaction that passed between them contained a whole volume of villainy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NICHOLS MAKES A PROPOSAL.

That meeting took place on Monday; it was Saturday before Mrs. Redmond again saw Nichols. He was standing near the bar, making himself agreeable to three or four shallow young men of that class which affects the higher class of Bohemianism of these days—men of good education, who talk in the jargon of sporting papers—of gentle birth, who are proud to shake hands with a pugilist, and are not ashamed to be indebted to such men as Nichols for cash and anecdote. He saw Mrs. Redmond when she came into the canteen, but he had waited until he had told his story and got his empty laugh before he strolled over to her. She received him in a moody silence.

"Sorry I couldn't run in to see you before, my dear lady," he said seating himself and beckoning a waiter. "What'll you take?"

Mrs. Redmond was not out to cut her nose to spite her face, so she ordered brandy and soda.

"You've been down here every night this week," she said as the waiter whisked off.

"Bless my soul, now, how did you find that out?" asked Nichols, cheerfully.

"Oh, you're known here well enough."

"Well, my dear Mrs. R., leaning forward and dropping his voice, "ain't that a very good reason for my dropping out before you come in? If anything should happen, would it do for it to be said that you and me were soon talking together night after night up in this corner—I ask you, as a lady of sound sense—is it good business?"

"Oh, that wasn't your only reason," said Mrs. Redmond, only half satisfied by the plausible excuse.

"Why, what other reason could I have had? Now tell me—do."

"I will. You waited till I had sent the five pounds to Redmond that I might feel the pinch, and be the more ready to take the next step."

The waiter bringing the drinks at this moment, Nichols only replied by raising his finger at her as he might at a naughty child—a means not calculated to allay the woman's anger.

"Oh, I can see through you," she muttered as the waiter departed.

"Of course you can. I'm like a hopen look to my friends."

"You and Redmond came here on Monday with a regular plan. You put him up to it. He would never have thought of it himself. You told him to exact that five pounds a week that I might be tempted to any desperate scheme to get free. You settled what he should say to stir up my jealousy, and and good me on to take vengeance."

"Now, did we say anything that was untrue—did we?"

Mrs. Redmond only beat her foot on the floor for response. She had recollected every taunt, every suggestion, that had been made, and it was the truth which gave the sting to their sarcasm.

"It's cost you nothing," she said; "it's put money into Redmond's pocket; and you flatter yourself you've got a useful tool to work with."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Why will you say such things? Call yourself a partner in a going concern, but don't call yourself a 'tool,' for Heaven's sake—it's so low!"

"Well, what do you want me to do? You haven't waited to see me without a purpose."

"Of course I haven't. I ain't come here one blessed night without a purpose. I ain't made myself affable and pleasant with all the young mashers here without a purpose. I ain't told a funny story without a purpose. I ain't sprung a penny piece without a purpose. It's business, my dear" (he called it 'bitlineth,' having a decided lisp), "business, business." He spoke earnestly, impressing each word with a tap of his fat, dirty forefinger on the table.

"You ask me what I want you to do, my dear," he continued. "In the first place, I want you to understand that I'm your friend, and that we're pulling together for one purpose, and purpose is business. We're each doing our share of work, like the wheels in a blessed watch, and it won't do for me of us to get out of gear. You've had good proof that you've been dealt fairly with. When you took that bit of paper to Somerset House to get it stamped, you asked the young fellow there if it was all right and binding, and you got a satisfactory answer." His quick eye showed him that the tentative assumption was a fact—"There you see you get a fortune, if you pull it off all right. That ought to satisfy you."

"I should like to know what satisfaction it will be to me if—if it doesn't come off all right. Why, it's to your interest that it shouldn't come all right—you'll be fifteen thousand pounds in pocket if—" she looked round, and seeing not a soul near, added, in a hoarse whisper—"if I get hanged for murdering the girl!"

"Oh, dear! Oh, Moses!" cried Nichols, under his breath, raising his hands, and covering his ears in horror. "What can you be thinking about? For a real lady like you to use such words makes my very blood run like a penny piece down my back."

Mrs. Redmond looked at him incredulously, as he turned away from her uneasily on his chair. He caught a waiter's eye, and ordered him to refill the glasses, saying, as the waiter bustled off with the glasses, that he must have another drink to get that 'orrible suggestion out of his 'ead."

"There! if I thought you meant it, my dear lady—if I thought you likely to go and do a violence—I'd chuck the whole concern up this minute. Let us talk of something else till I've got over it."

Mrs. Redmond gave a scornful sniff, and took a deep draught from the replenished glass. Nichols paid, and then seemingly opened quite a fresh subject.

"Do you know that young swell that's just going out?"

Mrs. Redmond glanced at the door impatiently.

"What does it matter whether I know him or not?" she asked.

"It matters a great deal. It's business. I've spent all the week inquiring about him. I've been here every night spending money to know all about him; and as I told you just now, I don't spend a penny piece unless I think it'll come back with interest."

"He's a blithering idiot. That's all I know about him."

"Well, I know more than that."

"What do you know?"

"He calls himself Lord Carickbairn some of you call him Lord Crackbrain, and some of you call him Lord Crackbrain."

"Well, everybody knows that."

"Let me have my say. I'm telling you what it has taken me no end of pains to find out. According to 'Debrett' he's a Scotch peer and a member of Parliament, and his town residence is in Eaton Square, and he's twenty-nine years of age."

"Rot! He's not more than twenty-five, I'll take my oath."

"That's what I thought when I first set about making inquiries. To all appearances the young man has got an unlimited supply of ready money, which he is permitted to chuck about anyhow. Every night of his life he throws a blue and white bouquet that costs him a couple of guineas to Miss G."

Mrs. Redmond knew this also, for the bouquets were her perquisites, and she sold them to the florist the next morning, after carefully taking out the notes which Nessie never dreamed of looking for.

"I could have told you that," said Mrs. Redmond, biting her lips, with a newly-inflamed jealousy.

"But you didn't my dear, so I'm telling you. Now, do you know the Rev. William Hexham? You ought to, for he's very partial to you."

"I speak to him now and then. That's all I know."

"They call him the Muscular Christian here, I find."

"He's not a parson. It's only a disguise. He's nothing in the world but a private keeper, who looks after Crackbrain, pretending to be his tutor or friend, or something."

"Just so. But why didn't you say so, then I shouldn't have had to tell you?"

"Well; what's that got to do with us, I should like to know?"

"We may have a good deal to do with him. And I want you to be a little more affable and nice with him if you can. I want you, in fact, to get him in a line, if you understand me. You see, Lord Carickbairn lives with him in his chambers in Westminster, and he has control over his lordship, although letting him do pretty much as he pleases. I want you to sound him."

"He's precious close."

"I know he is—and suspicious too. That's why I want you to get at him. Because I can't safely."

"What do you want to know?"

"I want you to find out if he ever leaves his lordship alone for a day together. That's all at present."

"I shall have to know what you are at," said Mrs. Redmond, pointedly.

"Oh, you shall. There's no secrets between partners in business. The very last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, I heard his lordship swear that he would marry Miss G. to-morrow if he had the chance. He's told her so in the little letters he slips in the bouquets. And he means it."

"Well?" said Mrs. Redmond, interrogatively.

"What we want is to give him the chance."

Mrs. Redmond looked at Nichols as if she doubted his sanity; but he continued, in the same even undertone—

"While the Rev. William Hexham is about we shan't get the chance. That's why I want you to find if he ever takes a day off."

"In order that the girl I hate may marry a lord—a millionaire—"

"Yes, my dear; but this young gentleman is somebody more than that—he's a—"

He paused and glanced about him; and then whispered two words in a tone so low that none could hear them but she.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Churches Made Dens of Thieves.

Agents of the suppressed and illegal Paris-Muzel must be hard pressed by the police in their usual haunts, for it is now found that they are actually using the churches as places in which to carry on their illicit betting traffic. It has been noticed during the last week that between 11 and 1 o'clock in the morning several of these sacred edifices in and around the Faubourg Montmartre—especially Notre Dame de Lorette—have been frequented by groups of men whose acquaintance with the internal economy of a place of worship seemed to be meagre, and their interest in the relics and images of the saints even less. They selected the dark corners of the building and stuck to the position they first took up. Some of them had little volumes in their hands, but no Prayer Books, for every now and again their owners, after whispered consultations with individuals in the throng, produced pencils and made entries in them. After the results of the day's racking became known the same groups reassembled in the same places, when more whispered consultations took place, and sometimes money passed from one to another. The regularity of the attendance of these gentlemen aroused the attention of the vergers, who, finding that their churches were used for betting and were in danger of earning the anathema passed upon another place of worship, of becoming "dens of thieves," informed the authorities of what was going on. Should the betting men continue to abuse the "open-church" system in this way we shall probably see a series of police raids upon these sacred retreats.

ENGLAND'S NEW WAR SHIP.

HER FIRST-CLASS PROTECTED CRUISER BLENHEIM.

Successful Launching of an Interesting Ship—Features That are of Particular Note.

A special steamer left the Speaker's Stairs, in London, for Blackwall, for the purpose of conveying a number of guests to witness the launching of the first-class protected British cruiser Blenheim. As the steamer passed down the river it was observed, says a writer in the London Times, that "at many a waterside establishment flags had been hoisted in honor of the event of the day, and finally, when the dockyard of the Thames Company was reached, the huge hull of the new vessel, dominating the whole scene, was the centre of interest. There was half an hour or more in which to examine the new war ship before the ceremony of launching came, and the time was none too long.

The lines of the Blenheim were universally admired. She is 375 feet long between perpendiculars, 65 feet broad amidships, 38 feet deep, her draught of water is 25 feet 6 inches, and her displacement 9,000 tons. She is in many respects similar to the Warrior, the first armor-clad seagoing vessel ever built, which was launched from the dockyard of the same company thirty years ago. The Warrior had the same draught, was 5 feet longer, but 7 feet narrower, and her displacement was 8,827 tons, and the designers claim that the extra width given to the Blenheim, although it would have been unsuitable to the Warrior, which was built for sailing purposes as well as for steaming, has enabled them to give finer lines to the ends of the new vessel. Experience has shown such lines to be necessary in a vessel built for great speed, and the Blenheim is to be, before all things, a vessel of high speed in her character of protected and protecting cruiser.

The triple-expansion engines of the Blenheim, by Messrs. Humphreys, Tennant & Co., are to be 20,000 indicated horse power, as against 5,000 indicated horse power in the case of the Warrior; her trial speed is to be 22 knots, as against the 14 knots of the earlier vessel, and her average speed 18½ knots in smooth water. It will thus be seen, on a comparison instituted between the first of iron-clad sea-going vessels and the most powerful and the most speedy of modern cruisers, that the Blenheim—chosen in 1890 indicate something approaching a return to those which were selected in 1860, and that the chief difference between the old and the new is to be found in an increase of beam, which together with the facts that the hull is lighter in the new vessel than in the old by reason partly of the large use of steel in her composition, gives capacity for the carrying of fourfold greater power and for an abundant coal supply. For such engines and for such coal-storing capacity there is absolute necessity in the case of a vessel which is intended to be the fastest cruiser afloat.

Mr. White's design was based upon the desire to make the new vessel super or to all rivals not only in speed and coal-carrying capacity, but also in horizontal armor protection. Hence the armor, weighing some eleven hundred and ninety tons, is principally concentrated upon the protective deck. The hull is constructed of steel upon the usual cellular system. The hold space is subdivided minutely by water-tight bulkheads and decks. There is a cellular double bottom. The inner protective deck, which has for those looking into the interior from above the appearance of a second vessel incased in that which is visible from without, consists of a roof of curved steel covering the hold from stem to stern, the eaves of the roof, so to speak, being 6½ feet below, while the top rises 1½ feet above, the water line. This armor-deck is 6 inches thick over the machinery and engines, and 3 inches thick elsewhere. The vitals of the ship—the propelling apparatus, steering gear, magazine, and shell rooms will all be beneath the protection. The Blenheim carries no vertical armor, indeed, the principle of vertical armor seems to have been discarded since it is not to be found in the most powerful cruisers recently built or as yet built.

A slight change in the plan of the armament of the vessel appeared to have been made within the last week. The original invitation addressed by the Admiralty to guests it was that there should be ten 6-inch guns and ten 3-pounders. It is now proposed to have six 6-inch guns and six 3-pounders. The change is a result of the fact that the Blenheim is to be built at the same time as the Grafton and the Theseus—in hand for the Admiralty."

To Make Paris a Port.

Political tension having ceased in Paris, there is much talk of a scheme interesting the trade and industry both of France and England. There has long been an idea of making Paris a port by a wide canal to the sea, one of those seductive schemes the very grandeur of which indefinitely postpones them. Still the notion of saving the expense of breaking bulk in reeving goods from all parts of the world has continued to engage men's minds. Paris is a great producer and consumer, exporting and importing more than a dozen great ports put together. It seemed, therefore, that the Seine should be for Paris what the Thames is for London. Moreover, one or two millions have been expended in deepening the Seine between Paris and Rouen—allow vessels of 60 or 700 tons to pass. The depth between Paris and Rouen is 18 feet, but the depth of the Seine at Paris is only 12 feet. A French scheme has been proposed to make the Seine a port by a wide canal to the sea. A French scheme has been proposed to make the Seine a port by a wide canal to the sea. A French scheme has been proposed to make the Seine a port by a wide canal to the sea.

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THE ACE OF CLUBS.

A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

AUTHOR OF "SAVAN-HADJI, A STORY OF TURKISTAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

We are at Petersburg, at the court of Czar Nicholas. The entry to his room at the Winter Palace is very simply furnished, but monumental in its proportions. Sofas, covered with red damask, are placed against the walls, which form an oval; between two windows stands a writing table, before it an armchair and a number of other chairs—this is all. Opposite to the writing table a door, white and gold, opened into the Czar's own study. This room is so well known in Russia not only, but in Europe generally, that it needs no description here; suffice it to say that its great simplicity formed a striking contrast with the gorgeous splendor and matchless luxury that reigned everywhere else in the Winter Palace.

April 21, 1852, was one of the days on which the Czar received all who during the last fortnight had asked for an audience. He observed this custom strictly to the end of his life, never omitting it, when in the city. The adjutant, who sat at the table, entered the names of those who were admitted, and compared them with his list.

The crowd of people waiting for the monarch's appearance mingled with the many officers, chamberlains and other courtiers on duty. All seemed to be greatly excited; many a heart beat louder at the thought that in a few moments the ruler over so many millions of men, on whose word their fate in this life depended was soon to be present.

Two o'clock, the door opened wide, the men of the Imperial Life Guards on duty presented arms, and an adjutant-general entered, escorting a lady draped in black and closely veiled. These adjutant-generals, it must be known, are the only persons who have the privilege of speaking to the Czar without having previously demanded an audience. At this sight the adjutant on duty rose and advanced a few steps. He started, however, for the features of the new comer were strange to him and yet the number of adjutant-generals was so small that the two men ought to have known each other.

"Gen. Lanin! You seem not to know me," said the last arrival.

"Indeed."

"After five years' absence in Siberia a man may well change very much, especially when he has held all that time the reins of government in his hands. I am Count Moski."

Lanin shook hands with him heartily. "Pardon me, dear count! We courtiers have a short memory of those we do not often see. I shall announce you at once to his majesty, the Emperor!"

The Governor of Siberia held him back a nod.

"One moment, dear general! Later I shall avail myself of my privilege, but to-day I beg you will do me a favor and give me a token of your good will."

Saying so, he glanced at his companion who had drawn her veil still more closely and here as she recognized the adjutant

he obtained an audience with his majesty.

"An audience granted to you?"

"Yes, your majesty. His responsibility. His duty is strict in such cases."

"You know the lady?"

"I do not know her name, but she is a noblewoman."

"I wish to see her."

"I will try to arrange it."

"Thank you very much."

"I will be back in a few minutes."

"I will wait for you."

"I will be back in a few minutes."

"I will wait for you."

"I will be back in a few minutes."

"I will wait for you."

"They report to me from all sides you are too kind, especially to the political exiles. You give them their liberty and permit everything. Can that be true?"

"It is true, sire. My idea is that the Czar punishes, but does not persecute, and since I represent your majesty in Siberia—"

Nicholas kindly held out his hand to him and said:

"Here is my right hand, dear general. You have understood me, and I thank you for it. I am not only glad to see you here; I should like to grant you any favor you might have to ask of me."

Full of emotion, Count Moski bent over the emperor's right hand.

"I came, indeed, to ask for favors."

"Speak. What is it?"

"In the first place, I beg for mercy for myself."

"For yourself," asked the Czar, surprised.

"Yes, indeed. They have sent me a Revisor."

"A Revisor—to you?"

"Should your majesty not have known that?"

"Then you wish to speak to me personally? You did well to count upon my good will and my justice. I again thank you from the heart. Pray, follow me into my study!"

When Nicholas was not irritated by resistance or by treachery, he showed in his every-day life a remarkably kind heart. He turned to the crowd of people waiting for an audience and said:

"Pardon me, gentlemen and ladies; I meet here an old friend whom I have not seen for five years. The audience will, therefore, continue an hour longer to-day than usual. Come, dear count!"

Very modestly the governor said:

"Your majesty has heard but one of my petitions; may I be permitted to state the second also?"

"And that is?"

"An exceedingly important affair which is nearer my heart than my own interests. I wish to present to your majesty an opportunity to redress a great injustice that has been done in your majesty's name."

With these words he took the lady in deep mourning who was visibly trembling, by the hand and presented her to the Emperor, saying:

"Your majesty, grant the wife of Count Vladimir Lanin an audience!"

The Czar's countenance clouded over, Gen. Lanin exclaimed, frightened and discontented:

"What! My nephew's wife?"

"Yes, your nephew's wife! You see I have more courage than you in the presence of our gracious master!"

Nicholas knew how to appreciate independence of character in those on whose devotion he could rely; he therefore replied:

"Very well, madame. Present your petition for an audience and it shall be granted."

The governor was, however, determined to remove all impediments and to procure a hearing for Jana on the spot. He said, therefore, in a beseeching tone:

"Your majesty! This unfortunate woman is surrounded by every influential enemies who strain every nerve to prevent her approaching the footstool of your throne. I alone take her under my protection. I must soon leave here. I yield to her my own privilege; your majesty will only be graciously inclined to hear her to-day!"

"You make good use of the pleasure I derive from your coming to me, very good," replied Nicholas, not without a shadow of pleasure. "But you shall not say that I used you a favor to-day. Pray, fol-

low me."

"I will be back in a few minutes."

"I will wait for you."

"I will be back in a few minutes."

"I will wait for you."

"I will be back in a few minutes."

"I will wait for you."

"I will be back in a few minutes."

"I will wait for you."

"Yes, indeed, your majesty!" replied Jana, eagerly.

"Well, then, come. I see I can refuse you nothing!"

They disappeared behind the closed door, and all were marvelling at the very exceptional favor which the Czar had shown the governor of Eastern Siberia Lanin was utterly bewildered. The protection which the governor extended to his kinsmen astonished and troubled him at the same time. He himself must have been unjust and hard of heart. In the greatest excitement he awaited the end of the audience.

Suddenly a bell rang in the Emperor's apartment. Lanin was at once at hand and over, in his haste, forgot to close the door behind him, so that all could hear the Czar's words:

"I must instantly see the chief of the gendarmes and the minister of the interior. You, Lanin, will also return."

The adjutant was spared the trouble. A colonel on duty had immediately gone and sent two messengers.

"Poor Lanin," said the Czar. "You and I seem much to blame. Your nephew seems to be innocent."

"Vladimir?"

"Yes! As yet I am not certain, but the absolute faith of this noble wife has made a deep impression upon me. Countess, please come here again three days hence, at the same hour. If the investigation I shall order confirms your statement I promise justice shall be done you, and I give you my imperial word upon it!"

Jana concluded from this that she might withdraw, and she dropped a low courtesy. The governor was about to follow her, but the Emperor held him back.

"We have not spoken of your own affairs, and I have not thanked you yet enough for the way in which you have maintained the honor and the glory of my government. Stay, I have much to ask yet."

When Jana re-appeared on the third day she was in a state of most painful excitement, as she did not at all know what to expect. She had seen no one in the meantime, and the entire absence of all news from her protector troubled her sorely.

The anteroom in the palace looked very different to-day. This was not a day for audiences, and hence the vast apartment was empty. A few officers on duty were alone visible. Jana mentioned her name to the adjutant-general, who at once rose, opened the door to the Czar's study and announced her name in a loud voice.

Jana was terrified at seeing the Emperor, surrounded by many generals, and among them her husband's uncle, the minister of the interior, and the chief of the gendarmes. She was to fall at the Emperor's feet, but was so unnerved that she could not stir. Nicholas approached her, bowed most respectfully, and said in a voice full of emotion:

"Countess, the Emperor of all the Russias begs your pardon."

Jana had to lean against the wall, or she would have fallen.

"Does your majesty deign to pardon us?" she asked, making a great effort.

"It is not a question of pardon," replied the Czar with emphasis; "but justice shall be done you."

Now she knelt down before the Czar, and deeply moved, kissed his hand, but was still unable to utter a word.

"An inquiry has been held and Orloff, who cannot be surpassed in a case where injustice is to be redressed, has helped us greatly. All you told me has been found to be perfectly true. The house has been found in which your husband was arrested, and it has been ascertained that the name Ace of Hearts was used there for the first time in 1830, when you were in the Crimea. Several conspirators, whose share in the affair was too trifling to warrant their being called, have confessed that they had never heard a word of your husband. This receipt is evidently in Schelm's handwriting. At the police his order to arrest Popoff for stealing 5000 roubles has been found. The minister of the interior remembers the event perfectly well. Your husband has been considered one of my most loyal subjects and servants. All this, to be sure, ought to have been ascertained at that time already, but the haste with which this affair was despatched is inexorable. Minister," added the Czar in a stern tone of voice, "you were badly informed at that time."

Count Perovskii hung his head.

"Evidently, your majesty."

"As to Schelm, we do not know exactly how far he is to blame, although he is no doubt very guilty, even if too great credit should have been carried him too far. We shall hold him strictly to account, however, and punish him if he deserves it. He shall escape what is due to him."

"I will be back in a few minutes."

"I will wait for you."

"I will be back in a few minutes."

ant duty to fulfil. Do you know, countess, how I have come so suddenly to the conclusion that your husband is innocent? Count Moski assures me that they have never ceased to persecute and torment him in my name. Now I give you my word as a monarch that no complaint against him has ever fallen from my lips, I have never even mentioned your husband's name. The Emperor of all the Russias punishes, but he is not in the habit of taking revenge."

Jana folded her hands.

"Your majesty, we have never lost confidence in the justice of our most gracious master, and this hope alone has sustained us, as it has not deceived us."

"That was all very right," said Nicholas.

"Count Vladimir Lanin—"

Jana once more threw herself at the Emperor's feet, for she knew that the use of this title by the Czar was equivalent to an absolute pardon.

"Count Vladimir Lanin is at our command herewith restored to his rank and title. We ask you, countess, to encourage him to re-enter our service, and we shall try to make amends for the injustice by which he has been victimized."

He raised her in the kindest manner.

At the same time we appoint him a chamberlain at our court. The empress, to give an evidence of our high esteem of yourself, has expressed a wish to have you among those nearest her person. Will you, countess, accept the place of a lady of honor which she offers?"

Jana answered in some confusion:

"Most cheerfully, your majesty. First, however—"

"First," said Nicholas, smiling, "you wish to return to Siberia, don't you? I know your heart too well to doubt that for a moment."

"It is so, your majesty. My husband is still an exile, and before he receives the news of his pardon—"

"We have anticipated your wishes and prepared for it, besides selecting a good escort for you. Count Lanin, pray, you and dear Count Moski, come here."

Both the generals advanced a step.

"Dear Moski," said Nicholas, "you will not take it amiss, I hope, if I send you this time in company of an inspector-general of my own selection?"

"Your majesty knows how gratefully I accept whatever my most gracious master is disposed to do for me."

"This is not to be a revisor," continued the Czar, smiling at his jest, "of the government affairs in East Siberia, but an inspector who will keep his eye on the governor general."

"Has your majesty received more denunciations against me?"

"Yes! Count Orloff brought me yesterday a whole pile of them. They have given us much pleasure. You are evidently not popular there. On the other hand, you have warm friends here, even if you will only count upon Count Orloff and myself."

"I know that well, your majesty."

"You will at once investigate Schelm's conduct. As he is, however, your personal enemy, I shall not trust your severity, and as an example must be made, it is my will, that if guilty, he shall be properly punished. I leave the direction of the affair to you, dear Lanin. Both of you will accompany the countess and return with her and her husband as soon as you can. As to Schelm, I give you full power. Judge him yourself. If he has sinned only from excessive zeal, he will remain in Siberia as an exile. If he has committed a crime or done it on purpose, you will send him back here and I will punish him myself, and this in a way to make an example of him. But I do not want the people of Siberia to witness the downfall and the punishment of their superior. Principle first of all! Countess, do you accept the escort?"

Jana raised her beautiful eyes, in which tears of gratitude and deep emotion were shining like pearls.

"Your majesty! I swear we have always been loyal subjects of our most gracious lord and master, but our loyalty will henceforth be admiration. Heretofore we have revered your majesty from a sense of duty, but now we shall love the father of his country with all our heart!"

The Czar offered her his right hand.

"And you will do well, for I need true devotion and indulgence."

Once more a cloud rested on the Czar's brow, as had recently been often noticed, for he seemed to anticipate his approaching end, when political cares should have consumed this powerful organism.

Count Lanin, also a born courtier, no sooner saw his niece once more restored to favor with the Emperor, than he also asked her to forgive him what had really been but the error of excessive devotion to his beloved master. She told him that she had nothing to forgive, knowing that he had only done

A STRANGE COURTSHIP

CHAPTER XIX.—ORPHANED.

his duty, but also added a request that he would hasten her return to Siberia.

Lanin looked at her deeply touched. "I am proud of you! From this day you may count upon my devotion and my good will. If his majesty permits, we can start to-day!"

"No, general!" said the Czar, "the countess will excuse a short delay, because I must consult with Count Moski and have your own instructions drawn up. I assure you, however, countess, that we shall all of us, hasten your work!"

Jana had another idea that pursued her, and she felt once more at the czar's feet. "Your majesty has so very graciously fulfilled every wish of ours that I venture to ask for one more favor."

"Ask!" said Nicholas. "Your majesty. To-day my husband has been found innocent, and to-morrow his bitter enemies may discover a new crime in him, not as having been wanting in reverence for your majesty, for that is impossible, but as having transgressed some law or offended some official. I know the cunning of these people so well!"

The czar interrupted her. "I understand! Your heart was anticipating and apprehending where our mind feared no danger."

At the same time he raised her most kindly, went to his writing table and rapidly wrote a few lines. When he said:

"Read, countess, are you satisfied?" She read on the paper which he handed her:

"Whatever Count Vladimir Lanin has done meets our perfect approval. No law of the empire has any further power over him. Such is our highest will."

NICHOLAS.

Jana shed tears of gratitude. At the same time Nicholas turned round astonished. Both Count Moski and Count Orloff had kissed his hand. Moved by this evidence of the devotion of two such men whom he especially esteemed, he pressed their hands and once more turning to Jana, he said:

"Will you have the kindness to give me back that paper for a moment?" Then he added the following lines:

"Herewith we extend full amnesty to all who have been sent to Siberia on account of the Conspiracy Act of Clubs."

"Thus you will be to these poor exiles an angel of mercy," said the czar to Jana. She kissed the monarch's hand, bowing it with her tears. The czar himself seemed to be deeply moved.

"I hope I have not lost this day, as that Roman emperor used to say!" he concluded well pleased.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE CANADA STANDS.

Her Position Among the Nations of the World.

- Canada is first in coal-development.
 - Second in the production of copper.
 - Third in area.
 - Fifth in mercantile marine.
 - Eighth in railway mileage.
 - Ninth among coal-producing nations.
 - And tenth in the production of iron.
- This is all in wealth produced. In undeveloped wealth the Dominion takes a still higher position as compared with other countries.

The largest deposit of coal in the world are in the North-west.

The richest petroleum beds are along the Mackenzie and Athabasca.

The greatest copper mine is at Sudbury.

The best iron ore is in Nova Scotia, and Canada, as a whole, possesses a supply sufficient for the whole world.

Snow in Switzerland.

The heavy snow which has fallen during the last few days, says the St. Moritz Post of July 2, has put a complete stop to climbing. It is a pity that the mountains should be rendered impracticable just as they got into condition after the winter snow. Some of the rock peaks at Zermatt were in very good order last week; now it is impossible to say how long it may be before they are once more approachable. Those who took advantage of the fine weather must be laughing in their sleeves at their more conventional brethren, who will not even consider the question of climbing till a particular date July 1, we believe. Personally, we should have preferred to transport ourselves up a peak this year on Junco. Custom before common sense, however, is the rule of nine-tenths of the guides and a considerable number of their employers, and thus is the climbing season limited to the period between July 1 and Aug. 31, because "People don't go up mountains in June or in Autumn, you know."

"All Nature knows our triumphs," says the poet, in a pardonable burst of hilarity upon the occasion of his coming home from a sea-voyage, in excellent weather; but if she knows them, it is certain she cares nothing about them. If she seems to sympathize with our human joys, it is only as the bell appears to tink in consonance with the fool's thought. She is cold and careless as to all that happens to mankind, notwithstanding that among them she has so many worshippers. Blue and unruined, the vast glaciers of Mont Blanc shine with equal beauty upon the rapt gaze at Chamouni after his table-d'hôte, and on the unhappy mountaineer who has just lost his footing, and is disappearing into a crevasse for ever. She has no pity; and when she weeps, it is to please herself, or Him who has made her.

The early sun is shining upon the vicarage lawn as brightly as it did on Julia's wedding-day; the quiet elm trees stand grandly out in the clear blue air; the flowers are giving forth their incense; the smooth turf is green and sparkling; the birds are singing their morning songs of joy, as Mabel, white and wretched, rises with trembling limbs and lifts the window-blind. How many a morning has she done the like, hoping that the weather will be fine for the promised croquet party at the Grange, or for the drive with her sister in the pony-chaise, or for the walk with her father out shooting—for the modern notions of woman's mission and partridges' rights are unknown to her and her quick eyes have often marked the coveys for him without any thought of harm. All that, she too surely feels, is over now. Life looms before her now harsh and unenclosed from care, and in the meantime Death is at hand. That thought underlies all others. When he is gone, this beloved scene will also vanish—strangers will be here.

Unwatched the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom sutter down:
Unloved that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child,

As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or tops the glades;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

Mabel Denham's mind contains but scanty store of poems, but this one is among them, and it recurs to her now with cruel tenderness. They are not, however, selfish tears that hurry down her cheeks. It is not the prospect of her own loss, of her own exile, which is making her heart shrink within her; that alas, will come in due time. At present she is putting herself in the place of him, the darkened windows of whose room, she can perceive from where she stands, look blindly down upon the sunny lawn. What will this home of peace and beauty, which has hitherto been all the world to her, be without him? And it will be without him, though she has prayed to God with ceaseless lips to guide things otherwise. If He would only grant that—just only that! (Let His will be done in all other respects, poor Mabel would have said.) How trivial were all things else, in comparison with this momentous question! What a life of vanity seemed that which she had of late been leading at Shingleton, compared with these last twelve hours! With such awful suddenness had this blow been struck at the roots of her young life, that she could not compose her thoughts; they wandered in a wilderness of woe, from glads to glads of vague and tremulous shadow! Could she also not die, as— at rest with him!

"Mabel, dear, you can come and see dear papa."

Martha Barr entered the room unperceived; she wore the dress she had had on the previous night, and her face looked weary and white with watching, but her voice was firm as ever.

"Is he better?" said Mabel, hastily throwing her dressing-gown about her.

"Martha, is he better?"

"He is awake, dearest, and quite sensible," was the grave reply. "That is all that was left for us to hope for. All night long he has lain in a lethargy, but without pain. There is no hurry. Dr. Bowen has said so. Put on your clothes, so that you need not leave him again. Let me help you my dear."

This ancient woman, plain and squat, with a voice not unlike that of a frog, disproved the popular idea that good people die young. Those the gods love best are not always taken first, or Martha Barr would have been an angel for the last half a century.

We often hear it said by some average fellow creature who has recovered from an illness that he has been greatly desired (it seems) by the angelic choir, but they have consented to do without it a little longer. It does not seem to occur to him that he also might have "spared" him without inconvenience. Now, Martha Barr had really, it seemed been spared by Heaven (to which she belonged), in order that she might do good on earth. She was not the least like the popular notion of an angel (which is, after all, but a sort of glorified ballet girl), but went about in homely guise dispensing her master's alms. She did not consider that what she gave was her own at all. When she found some weak and ailing sister, she would say to herself, "God has given me strength on purpose to help this fellow-creature with it." When she met a foolish one "I have a stock of common-sense laid up for this particular noodle," and she dispensed her stores accordingly. "What a dear old fright you have made of yourself!" was a remark that had been often addressed to her by the Denham girls in old times; but now, to see her helping May to dress, you would have thought, so quick and neat-handed was she, that she had never been anything else than a young lady's maid.

"Is there no hope?" asked Mabel, between the sobs which she did not attempt to smother in the presence of this good creature, any more than if she was at her prayers.

"None, my own darling—none." "I know it—I know it!" said Mabel bitterly. "Oh, why did you forbid me to see him last night, and let me waste these precious hours!"

"He was not himself last night, love; and if he had been, he would not have liked you to have seen him."

Mabel understood what was meant. The doctor, who was as little like a dandy as was the Duke of Wellington, had a certain deep-seated pride in his personal appearance; never exhibited himself in his dressing-gown to mortal eye; and if there had been fire in the house at two in the morning, would have come down clean shaven and in a stiff cravat. Martha Barr was, of course, a privileged person, one of those heaven-born knights of the Red Cross whom nobody is distressed to see by their sick pillow; but he would not easily have forgiven her had she admitted his daughter to the sad sight he had exhibited on the previous night.

He looked ill enough even now to Mabel's eyes, as they fell upon him, propped high on pillows, and looking straight before him with dim gaze, notwithstanding that Martha had whispered in his ear: "Here is Mabel come to see you, papa." But a smile flickered on his pale lips as she stooped down to kiss him, and a glance of ineffable love lit up his face as he murmured: "My pretty May." More than that he could not utter, until Martha had given him some cordial, which enabled his cold fingers to return the girl's passionate clasp, and loosened his parched tongue.

"I am going away from you, May, in God's good time, and should be thankful for it, except for your sake and Ju's. You have been very dear to me. Oh, so dear, so dear; and to part from you is very hard! You are good girls both; I shall tell your mother that, which will gladden her even in Heaven. You used to remind me of her. May; but my sight is dim now, and I cannot see your face. Let me hear your voice, my child, more sweet than any bird's."

"Papa, papa," sobbed Mabel, covering his hand with kisses.

"That is not my birdie's voice," said he. "I am sorry to make her so sad; and yet it is well to know she loves me. Kiss dear Ju for me when I am gone. Frederick will take care of her—he is a good man; and my May will be taken care of too—Will she not, Martha?"

"She will be my daughter, dear William," said Martha simply, "as long as I live until she finds a better guardian."

"Then you will not refuse me now, once asked in vain?" whispered Mabel man gratefully. "You will be my dear."

The old lady bowed her head.

"Our good Martha," said Mabel, "will keep her."

"You will be my dear," said Mabel, "as long as I live until she finds a better guardian."

"Then you will not refuse me now, once asked in vain?" whispered Mabel man gratefully. "You will be my dear."

The old lady bowed her head.

"Our good Martha," said Mabel, "will keep her."

"Thanks, papa, thanks," said she; "you have always been so careful for me."

"Then Mr. Hampton has not made the poor child understand how matters are, after all," thought Martha. "Death to-day, and ruin to-morrow! God help my little May!"

There was a long, long silence. The sick man's breathing had become so low, that it could only be detected by an attentive ear. Presently a melancholy wail was heard from the yard beneath the window.

"What is that?" asked the rector sobbingly.

"It is only the dog," replied Dr. Bowen, who had taken his seat by the window with Martha Barr, leaving the father and daughter together.

"Poor Ponto!" said the rector. A faint smile passed over his features, called up perhaps—who knows?—whether by a vision of Elysian Fields, or of shining turnip-tops, from which his gutters brushed the dew, while his trusty pointer moved before him with stiff legs, or "stood" above the hidden covey.

There fell another silence, longer than the last; and then the doctor's creaking boots were heard treading softly across the floor. He stooped down over the bed, then beckoned over Mabel's head to Martha. The old lady rose, with a fixed sad look, and laid her hand upon Mabel's shoulder.

"O let me stay—let me stay by Papa!" moaned she.

"Come away, come away, my own dear child," whispered Martha softly. "Your father is here no longer, but in heaven."

"It was all so different, Martha," said Mabel many days afterwards, when she was enabled to review the incidents of that last scene with calmness, "from what I had imagined of a death-bed scene; and yet dear papa was such a good man."

"My darling, that is because you have had such scenes imagined for you by book-writers."

I have seen them often. Most people when they are dying think of nothing; pain and weakness dull the brain. The wicked think of the devil. The religious folks (so called) think of their own souls. The good think of those whom they are leaving behind them, and their needs. How it wrung my heart to hear your father talk of the little store he had, as he fondly thought, laid by for his dear ones! To see you smile, I could not think that you were aware that it was gone. If he had known it, how bitter would the cup of death have been to him!"

"Yes; I thank God that he was spared that pang," said Mabel simply. "I saw you had a letter from Mr. Hampton this morning, Martha—is it all gone?"

"Every shilling, darling. For twenty years your poor father has, it seems, been worse than throwing away his savings. He has been supporting a gang of thieves, whose trade it was to rob the orphan and the fatherless."

"God forgive them!" answered Mabel quietly.

"Man has done so, my dear, at all events," observed Martha drily; "they are all 'very much respected' in the City, it seems, and thought very good men of business. Their work here, however, has been ruin, positive ruin. Do you understand, my own darling child, what that word means?"

"O yes; no money, and no friends."

"Nay, my dear, not so. Let us rather say no money, and no fair weather friends. Life with the gilt off, if you will; but the true gold remains."

"I know that you are true gold, dear Martha. Heaven bless you! I know I have one friend."

"Pooh, pooh! You have half a dozen. Now, come, let us two hold a little together, and think who is to be upon, and what is best to be done."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Discipline

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Rei grow calm, when he heard no longer the wild song, and the clashing of the timbrels. "I must tell thee, Eperitus," he said, "how the matter ended between the divine Prince and Meriamun. She bowed her proud before her father and her brother: her father's will was hers; she seemed to let her secret sleep, and she set her own price on her hand. In everything she was to be the equal of Pharaoh—that was her price; and in all the temples and all the cities she was to be solemnly proclaimed joint heir with him of the Upper and Lower Land. The bargain was struck and the price was paid. After that night over the game of pieces Meriamun was changed. She did not mock at the prince, she made herself gentle and submissive to his will.

"So the time drew on till at length in the beginning of the month of the rising of the waters came the day of her bridal. With a mighty pomp was Pharaoh's daughter wedded to Pharaoh's son. But her hand was cold as she stood at the altar, cold as the hand of one who sleeps in Osiris. Proudly and coldly she sat in the golden chariot passing in and out the great gates of Tauls. Only when she listened and heard the acclaiming thousands shout Meriamun so loudly that the cry of *Meneptah* was lost in the echoes of her name—then only did she smile.

"Cold, too, she sat in her white robes at the feast that Pharaoh made, and she never looked at the husband by her side, though he looked kindly on her.

"The feast was long, but it ended at last, and then came the music and the singers, but Meriamun, making excuse, rose and went out, attended by her ladies. And I also, weary and sad at heart, passed thence to my own chamber and busied myself with the instruments of my art, for, stranger, I build the houses of gods and kings.

"Presently, as I sat there, came a knocking at the door, and a woman entered wrapped in a heavy cloak, and she put aside the cloak, and there before me was Meriamun in all her bridal robes.

"Hood me not, Rei," she said, "I am yet free for an hour; and I would watch thee at thy labour. Nay, it is my humor; gainsay me not, for I love well to look on that wrinkled face of thine, scored by the cunning chisel of thy knowledge and thy years. So from a child have I watched thee tracing the shapes of mighty temples that shall endure when ourselves, and perchance the very Gods we worship, have long since ceased to be. Ah, Rei, thou wise man, thine is the better part for thou buildest in cold enduring stone and attirest thy walls as thy fancy bids thee. But I—I build in the dust of human hearts, and my will is written in their dust. When I am dead, raise me a tomb more beautiful than ever has been known, and write upon the portal, *Here dwells that tired builder, Meriamun, the Queen in the last temple of her pride.*

"Thus she talked wildly in words with little reason.

"Nay, speak not so," I said, "for is it not thy bridal night? What dost thou here at such a time?"

"What do I hear? Surely I come here to be a child again! See, Rei, in all wide Khem there is no woman so shamed, so lost, so utterly undone as is to-night the Royal Meriamun, whom thou lovest. I am lower than she who plies the street for bread, for the loftier the spirit the greater is the fall. I am sold into shame, and power is my price. Oh, cursed be the fate of woman who only by her beauty can be great. Oh, cursed be that ancient Counsellor thou wottest of, and cursed be I who wakened that which slept, and warmed that which was a-cold in my breath and in my breast! And cursed be this sin to which he led me! Spurn me, Rei; strike me on the cheek, spit upon me, upon Meriamun, the Royal harlot who tells herself to win a crown. Oh, I hate him, hate him, and I will pay him in shame for shame—him, the clown in king's attire. See here,—and from her robe she drew a white flower that was known to her and me—twice to-day have I been minded with this deadly blossom to make an end of me, and of all my shame, and all my empty greed of glory. But this thought has held my hand. I, Meriamun, will live to look across his grave and break his images, and beat out the writings of his name from every temple wall in Khem, as they beat out the hated name of Hatshepu. I—and suddenly she burst into a rain of tears; she who was not wont to weep.

"Nay, touch me not," she said. "They were but tears of anger. Meriamun is mistress of her fate. Not fate of Meriamun. And now, my lord awaits me, and I must be gone. Kiss me on the brow, old friend, whilst yet I am the Meriamun whom thou knowest, and then bid me no more. At the least this is well for me. Meriamun is Queen of Khem, and she stands in all the land and stands in the hearts of my throne. Farewell. And she gathered up her raiment and cast her white flower

of death in the flame of the brazier, and was gone, leaving me yet sadder at heart. For now I know that she was not as other women are, but greater for good or evil.

"On the morrow night I sat again at my task, and again there came a knocking at the door, and again a woman entered and threw aside her wrappings. It was Meriamun. She was pale and stern, and as I rose she waved me back.

"Hast, then, the Prince—thy husband,—I stammered.

"Speak not to me of the Prince, Rei, my servant," she made answer. "Yesterday I spoke to thee wildly, my mind was overwrought; let it be forgotten—a wife am I, a happy wife; and she smiled so strangely that I shrank back from her.

"Now to my errand. I have dreamed a dream, a troublous dream, and thou art wise and instructed, therefore I pray thee interpret my vision. I slept and dreamed of a man, and in my dream I loved him more than I can tell. For my heart beat to his heart, and in sight of him I lived, and all my soul was his, and I knew that I loved him for ever. And Pharaoh was my husband; but, in my dream, I loved him not. But there came a woman rising out of the sea, more beautiful than I, with a beauty fairer, and more changeful than the dawn upon the mountains; and she, too, loved this godlike man, and he loved her. Then we strove together for his love, matching beauty against beauty, and wit against wit, and magic against magic. Now one conquered, and now the other; but in the end the victory was mine, and I went arrayed as for a marriage bed—and I clasped a corpse.

"I woke, and again I slept, and saw myself wearing another garb, and speaking another tongue. Before me was the man I loved, and there, too, was the woman, wrapped about with beauty, and I was changed, and yet I was the very Meriamun thou seest. And once more we struggled for the mastery and for this man's love, and in that day she conquered me.

"I slept, and again I woke, and in another land than Khem—a strange land, and yet methought I knew it from long ago. There I dwelt among the graves, and dark faces were about me, and I wore a gold snake for a girdle. Ah! Thou knowest it! And the tombs of the rock wherein we dwelt were scored with the writings of that dead tongue which thou knowest, and I know, Rei, though I know it save ourselves; the tongue of the land whence all our fathers came. We were all changed, yet the same, and once more the woman and I struggled for the love of a man, and though I seemed to conquer, yet a sea of fire came over me, and I woke and I slept again.

"Then confusion was piled upon confusion, nor can my memory hold all that came to pass. For this game played itself afresh in lands, and lives, and tongues without number. Only the last bout and the winner were not revealed to me.

"And in my dream I cried aloud to the protecting Gods to escape out of the dream, and I sought for light that I might see whence these things were. Then as in a vision, the Past opened up its gates. It seemed that upon a time, thousand, thousand ages ago, I and this man of my dream had arisen from nothingness and looked in each other's eyes and loved with a love unspeakable, and vowed a vow that shall endure from time to time and world to world. For we were not mortal then, but partook of the nature of the Gods, being more fair and great than any of human kind, and our happiness was the happiness of Heaven. But in our great joy we harkened to the Voice of That thou knowest, of that Thing, Rei, with which, against thy counsel, I have but lately dealt. The kiss of our love awakened that which slept, the fire of our love warmed that which was a-cold. We defied the holy Gods, worshipping them not, but rather each the other, for we knew that as the Gods we were eternal. And the Gods were angered against us and drew us up into their presence. And while we trembled they spake as with a voice.

"Ye twain who are one life, each completing each, because with your kisses ye have wakened That which slept, and with the fire of your love have warmed That which was a-cold: because ye have forgotten them that gave you life and love and joy, harken to your Doom!

"From Two be ye made Three, and through all Time strive ye to be twain again. Pass from this Holy Place down to the Hell of Earth, and though ye be immortal pass on the garments of mortality. Live on from Life to Life, live and love and hate and seem to die: have acquaintance with every lot, and in your blind forgetfulness, being one and being equal, work each other's woe according to the law of Earth, and for your love's sake sin and be shamed, perish and re-appear: appear to conquer and pursue your threefold destiny.

destiny, till the hours of punishment are outworn, and, at the word of Fate, the unaltering circle meets, and the veil of blindness falls from your eyes, and, as a scroll, your folly is unrolled, and the hid purpose of your sorrow is accomplished and once more ye are Twain and One."

"Then, as we trembled, clinging each to each, again the great Voice spake:

"Ye twain who are One—let That which ye have hearkened divide you and enfold you! Be ye Three!"

"And as the Voice spake I was torn with agony, and strength went out of me, and there, by him I loved, stood the woman of my dream crowned with every glory and adorned with the Star. And we were three. And between him and me, yet enfolding him and me, writhed that Thing thou wottest of. And he whom I loved turned to look upon the fair woman, wondering, and she smiled and stretched out her arms towards him as one who would take that which is her own, and, Rei, in that hour, though it was but in a dream, I knew the mortal pain of jealousy, and awoke trembling. And now read thou this vision, Rei, thou who art learned in the interpretation of dreams and in the ways of sleep."

"Oh, Lady," I made answer, "this thing is too high for me, I cannot interpret it; but where thou art, there may I be to help thee."

"I know thy love," she said, "but in thy words is little light. So—so—let it pass! It was but a dream, and if indeed it came from the Under World why, it was from no helpful God, but rather from Set, the Tormentor, or from Pasht, the Terrible, who throws the creeping shadow of her doom upon the mirror of my sleep. For that which is decreed will surely come to pass! I am blown like the dust by the breath of Fate; now to rest upon the Temple's loftiest tops, now to be trodden under foot of slaves, and now to be swallowed by the bitter deep, and in season thence rolled forth again. I love not this lord of mine, who shall be Pharaoh, and never may he come whom I shall love. 'Tis well that I love him not, for to love is to be a slave. When the heart is cold then the hand is strong, and fain am I to be the Queen leading Pharaoh by the beard, the first of all the ancient land of Khem; for I was not born to serve. Nay, while I may, I rule, awaiting the end of rule. Look forth, Rei, and see how the rays from Mother Isis' throne flood all the courts and all the city's streets and break in light upon Sihor's breast. So shall the Moon-child's fame flood all this land of Khem. What matters it, if ere the morn, Isis must pass to her dominion of the Dead, and the voice of Meriamun be hushed within a *serencho*?"

"So she spoke and went thence, and on her face was no bride's smile, but rather such a gaze as that with which the great sphinx, Horemku, looks out across the desert sands."

"A strange Queen, Rei," said the Wanderer, as he paused, "but what have I to make in this tale of a bride and her mad dreams?"

"More than thou shalt desire," said Rei; "but let us come to the end, and thou shalt hear thy part in the Fate."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

company. And so with the long succession of English companies that followed, including the notable enterprise of 162, with a royal Duke as chairman, the Company of Royal Adventurers of England trading to Africa. When this loudly-trumpeted company collapsed another was soon started—The Royal African Company of England, that also failed, but in some years the failure was forgotten, and in 1772 the African Company of Merchants was formed. Though supported by an act of Parliament and an imperial subsidy, this company also broke down. And so on to our own day the same story repeated over and over again: treaties made with native Chiefs by explorers and traders, royal charters granted, the Home Government compelled by slave-trade troubles or petty wars to intervene and assume the administration and when this administration got into trouble a Parliamentary inquiry recommending that we should give up the idea of governing Negroland.

The House of Commons committee of 1865, after hearing experts from Downing Street—explorers like Dr. Livingstone and Capt. Burton, missionaries, merchants, and ex-Governors—made the following recommendation:

"That all further extension of territory, or assumption of Government, or new treaties offering any protection to native tribes would be inexpedient, and that the object of our policy should be to encourage in the natives the exercise of those qualities which may render it possible for us more and more to transfer to them the administration of all the Governments, with a view to our ultimate withdrawal from all, except, probably, Sierra Leone."

In the face of that report, and of the evidence of Dr. Livingstone, against managing Central Africa by private companies, we now see great companies chartered to govern millions of negroes, to acquire territory, and to wage war upon those tribes that may object to European rule.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

Miss Angela Sillibilly (fresh from the city) —"Oh! oh! Just look at those dear little cows." Brutal Rustic—"Ah, them ain't cows. Them's calves." Miss Angela Sillibilly—"Indeed! How awfully nice. And can't we all go out and remove the jelly from their feet before it spoils"—*American Grocer.*

How to cure dyspepsia. Chow Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum before and after meals. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 5 cents.

New Goods TO HAND.

- We have received a large stock of new Stamped Goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices:
- Stamped Toilet Sets, a west design, 35c, 45c, 60c and 90c per set of five pieces.
 - Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 35c, 45c, 75c and \$1 each.
 - Night Dress Bags, newest designs, 40c, 45c, 50c and \$1 each.
 - Splashes, 18x36 and 18x45, newest designs, 50c and 75c each.
 - Carrying and Tray Cloths, suitable for use, 50c and 65c each.
 - Sideboard Scarfs, 18x72, 75c and \$1 each.
 - Stamped Laundry Bags, newest designs, 40c and 50c each.
 - Stamped Umbrella Holders, 40c each.
 - Stamped Gentlemen's Bags, 40c each.
 - Stamped Pillow Cases, 40c each.
 - Stamped Bedspreads, 40c each.
 - Stamped Towels, 40c each.

The African Bubble.

The wealthy and intelligent colonial companies of Holland were unable to develop any commercial resources whatever in the centre of Africa. The very same Dutchmen, whose trading enterprises succeeded in the East Indies and who created tropical colonies in the Indian Archipelago that are to this day among the most flourishing in the world, failed to do any good in Negro Land.

The population of Negro Land, which was roughly computed to be 50,000,000 in the last century, is now estimated at about one hundred and thirty millions. The climatic difficulties to European administration have remained the same, but the difficulties to European administration arising from the existence of a powerful indigenous race have increased since the great experiment of the Dutch.

Before rushing as they have done to Africa the King of the Belgians, the Emperor of Germany might have learned useful lessons at The Hague. The experiment, however, need not be repeated. The Congo River has its own colonial enthusiasm and falls into the hands of the Belgians.

About the same time and under the same circumstances the same kind of enthusiasm and falls into the hands of the Belgians.

We are not aware of any other European power that has been able to do any good in Africa.

FASHIONABLE COIFFURES.

Figs. 83-86 illustrate several styles of coiffures now worn, which are certainly varied sufficiently in design to suit all tastes. No. 1 has a fluffy bang over the brow, and the rest of the hair combed back to form the long braid, which is wider at the top and held up with shell or silver pins and a curved pin. False braids of this style are very conveniently pinned on over the natural hair, which is fastened closely to the head.

No. 2 is a more dressy design suitable for the evening only, and is composed of short curls, finger pulls, and ends in a heavy curl fastened with a shell slide; several other fancy pins are used through the coiffure.

No. 3 represents a long rope twist of hair, finished at the top with a round roll, back of the loosely curled marguerites that cover the top of the head. Sprays of forget-me-nots are twined in three different parts of the hair, as represented.

No. 4 shows all of the hair combed in three short rope twists; the centre one is the longer, above the curly locks resting on the nape of the neck. The entire top of the head is then covered with false curls that are short, loosely curled, and giving an Empire effect. An erect bow of ribbon, pompon, flowers, or fancy pins may ornament the top of the head toward one side.

One cannot say that the hair is worn high or low chiefly, as it is worn in a manner that proves becoming and appropriate to the wearer's individuality, rather than to carry out certain fashions. A braid of hair coiled in a round fashion half way between the crown and neck, is becoming to many. Others like a lengthwise braid more in chateau fashion, and young ladies find the loosely hanging Catogan braid becoming.

Long shell hairpins are plain, fancifully carved, or mounted with diamonds or pearls. Amber pins are worn, gold and silver also. Metal pins, with the top bent and curved back so as to show when in the hair, are in silver and gilt at 54 cents a dozen. Enamelled-flower pins are mounted on long shell pins. Narrow shell combs are worn as ornaments, so are curved clasp pins, which fasten over a braid.

Pretty bandelets in Grecian style are in one, two, or three bands, quarter of an inch wide, of shell, gold or silver. Flexible bands of the latter are also worn as narrow ribbons wound around the head. For evening wear, feather pompons and aigrettes, upright bows of ribbon, croc flower clusters and wreaths of small blossoms are worn.

The bang whether natural or artificial, is narrow in shape and light in appearance, presents a fluffy, not curled look, and many still wear the centre turned back, with a cluster of loose marguerites over each temple. Short hair is decidedly out of fashion, though some adopt this style for warm weather. It is said that blondes are dying out, but nevertheless two-thirds of a hairdresser's stock is composed of light hair.

Ducking a Mischievous Girl.

The Siamese are so near the equator that they have about the same hot weather the year around. Every man, woman and child in Bangkok takes a plunge into the river at least three times a day. Of the 700,000 people of the city at least 500,000 live in wooden houses, and inasmuch as the summer months of the lower classes consists of a hot sun about the size of a Turkish towel, it is not much trouble for them to go in for a dip. They bathe on the steps of their houses, and stand up to the waist in the water, and are delightedly as they pour water over their heads, and splash it over themselves. The Burmese man



he had come to see her father, nodded his head, and with that nod this whole bucket of water went over his silk hat and down the back of his collar completely drenching him. During the same time another party of Englishmen were told that some girls coming to throw water on them. They sent their servants bring out the bathtub and set it on the veranda, and when the girls were in possession of the bath-tub and the Englishmen until one of them, who was one of the maidens, and who had just received her into the tub. This was the first time that the young girl had been so treated by receiving no mercy from the Burmese beauties.

Household Hints.

Wash the mica of the stove doors with salt and vinegar. Use a warm knife in cutting warm bread and the like.

A woolen cloth is better than a brush to polish the kitchen stove.

A coarse comb is good to smooth the fringe of towels, napkins, tidies, &c.

If, after having a tooth pulled, the mouth is filled with salt and water it will allay the danger of having hemorrhage.

One or two tablespoonfuls of ammonia added to a pail of water will clean windows better than soap.

An egg well beaten in a glass of milk and sweetened makes a nice strengthening drink for a teething child.

The best and most convenient cover for a jelly tumbler is thin paper fastened over the top of the glass by a rubber band.

A feather bed or mattress will remain clean and in excellent condition for years if kept in a case made of common sheeting, which can be removed and washed at will.

Soda will brighten tin ware, remove spots from paint without taking the paint off, as soap does. Wet a cloth, dip it in soda and rub the bottoms of tea cups, or any other dish that is stained; they will come out as white as when new.

In lighting a kerosene lamp never touch the wick with the match, as it has a tendency to roughen or spread it. Keep the wick turned down below the top of the burner, except when in actual use, if you would not have oil on the outside of the lamp.

ORANGE PUDDING.—One pint of milk; let it come to a boil; add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one-half cup of sugar and the yolks of three eggs; let it boil a few minutes and set away to cool; when cool pour over three oranges cut up fine and spread the beaten whites on top for frosting.

POTATO CAKES.—Take two cups of cold mashed potatoes, mix well with the yolk of one egg. When well mixed form into small, rather flat, round cakes. Put two tablespoonfuls of ham or beef drippings in a frying pan, and when hot put in the cakes. Brown on one side, then on the other, and serve.

BORAX WATER IS EXCELLENT FOR STAINING either silk or wool goods that are not soiled enough to need washing. In washing cashmere or wool goods put a little borax in the water. This will cleanse them much more easily and better without injury to the colors. Do not rub them on a board, but use the hands, and throw on a line without wringing. Press them on the wrong side and they will look almost like new.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Select average-sized tomatoes, round and about the size of an ordinary apple. Cut off the stem end, with a spoon carefully take out the pulp and seed, leaving only the wall of the tomato. Make a very nice stuffing of equal quantities of bread crumbs, minced-up cold chicken and ham and the chopped up tomato. Season with melted butter, pepper, salt and mustard. Mix well, and taste to see that it is highly seasoned and very nice. It should be moistened with cold gravy, cream or water, so that it will not be too stiff. In each tomato, before stuffing, sprinkle a pinch of salt and one of sugar, then stuff them and set them close together in a baking pan. Pour over each a teaspoon of melted butter and set the pan in the oven to bake for half an hour.

HINTS FOR WASHING.—Half the task of washing is completed when the clothes are sorted, a list made of each piece, and all stains removed. Only an intelligent servant can be trusted with this preliminary work, for quite different treatment is necessary for different articles. The black hosiery, though much of it is now a dye warranted not to crock or fade, remains a stronger black for careful washing, and should first be dipped in water containing a small quantity of ox gall, while hosiery of delicate colors should be soaked in salt water before washing. Most fruit stains may be removed by pouring boiling water on them. Other stains made by claret, ink or fruit disappear if dipped in cold water and then in a solution made from lemon juice, oxalic acid and rain water. To a tablespoonful of the juice add a teaspoonful of the acid and two gills of rain water. The grass stains so often found upon children's clothing and so hard to get rid of will often fade away if dipped in molasses and laid aside for five or ten minutes.

Great Pity.

Dude—“What a beautiful little foot you have, Miss Jennie. You have no idea what a beautiful foot has for me.”
Jennie—“Under the circumstances I don't think I ought to be proud of my feet.”—[Texas]

She Made Him Naughty.

They met by chance in the berry field, this bashful boy and laughing girl. Her eyes were as black as the berries in her basket and as brilliant as those of the catbirds chattering in the tree above her head. Her full, red, pouting lips seemed made expressly for kisses. The boy's basket was full and he kindly volunteered to help the bowtwitching little maid fill hers. Often while plucking the molting fruit from some glorious clusters her curls brushed his cheeks, but still it seemed to be purely accidental. The little maid, too, seemed anxious to work on the same clusters on which the boy was engaged and her sweet young face was often temptingly near his own as from time to time she turned to address him. At last her lips pouted, her eyes flashed and she almost succeeded in coaxing her sweet brow to wrinkle indignantly.

“Don't you think,” said she, “that the other day, when I was out here all alone with a certain boy of my acquaintance, just as I am with you to-day, the naughty little fellow up and kissed me. He just caught me this way,” and her lips nearly touched those of the boy by her side as she endeavored to show him how it had been done.

For a moment it seemed as if he would have to be as naughty as that other boy, but his bashfulness saved him.

Still pouting, the little maid then placed her dimpled hands upon her shoulders and, looking archly into his eyes, she said:

“You are a dear good boy, ain't you, and you wouldn't be naughty and treat me the way that other boy did, would you?”

Then the poor boy seemed to lose his head, and fifteen seconds later the little black-eyed maid was talking in this strain:

“Oh, please let me go! You are smothering me with kisses, and I really believe that you are more naughty than that other boy, after all.”

Training Young People.

An eminent French writer has said: “When you educate a boy you perhaps educate a man; but when you educate a girl you are laying the foundation of a family.” He might have added, that to this end the physical training was of equal importance with the mental.

In these days the subject of the physical training of young men is occupying much attention and the discussions are broad and full of interest. The fault is that the needs of both sexes in this respect are not equally considered.

An erect figure, an organism in which the processes of life may go on without the ceaseless discord of functions at war with each other, because of abnormal relations—in short, the added advantages which a fine physical adjustment gives to its possessor—are as necessary to one sex as the other and for the same reasons.

If physical education and consequent improvements are things to be desired it is not that a number of individuals, as a result of this training, shall be able to perform certain feats of strength or agility; but in its broadest sense it is for the improvement of the race, and the race cannot materially advance physically, intellectually or morally unless the two factors which constitute the race share equally in whatever tends to its greater perfection. Therefore it, in consequence of proper physical training, men can do more work, live longer and transmit to posterity a share of this improved condition, women also should be so trained that they do more work, live longer and contribute to the higher possibilities of the race by supplementing instead of thwarting the promise which has been presupposed in the higher development of men.

Female Dentists.

There are now female dentists in New York all of whom are thoroughly qualified to practice the profession. Only one of them is a specialist. She is a clever and handsome young Jewess, and she has studied the work of filling teeth with a great deal of care for several years. She is amply equipped with diplomas, is business like and industrious, and it is said that her trade is almost exclusively among men. Formerly she was employed as a type-writer in an office down town. Her hours were from 8 to 6, and her employment uncertain. It is said that she clears \$4,000 a year now, has three months vacation, and is seldom at her chair more than five hours a day. The number of women physicians in New York is of course, very much greater than the number of female dentists. None of them thus far has attracted particular attention as a specialist, though the names of at least half a dozen of them are known as being general practitioners of ability.

How to cure Indigestion.—Chow Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum after meals. 5 cents.

Health Department.

Facts About Sunstroke.

It is the easiest thing in the world to avoid sunstroke or heat prostration during the warm, humid days, if you will only exercise a little care and judgment and observe a very few simple rules. In the first place wear the very lightest flannels and the airiest clothing in your wardrobe, and don't be in a hurry. Persons of an excitable temperament are more liable to sunstroke than those of a more phlegmatic disposition. So it is with those who have heart trouble, and it is well for them to bear in mind that it is exceedingly dangerous for them to be affected by the heat. Sunstroke causes a change in the blood by robbing it of its power to take up oxygen, which, as everybody knows, is the very essential of life. Soon the blood becomes saturated with carbonic acid, and unless this is quickly removed, death must ensue. With a heart function already interfered with, no matter how slightly, heat stroke, as it is more properly designated, becomes a very serious matter. The same is so in the case of stout people, who, as a rule, are more liable to suffer from the heat than others. Some care should be exercised in the character and quantity of food and drink taken. It is not by any means necessary to change one's mode of living, but at the same time heavy, heat-giving articles of food, that take a long time to digest, if not altogether abjured, ought at least to be partaken of sparingly. This certainly does not inflict a hardship upon anybody, for in nine cases out of ten the craving for oils, fats and such articles of food is entirely absent in the summer time, and simply because the system does not require them. In short, don't eat a Christmas dinner on the Fourth of July. Much misery and suffering may be avoided by learning to drink slowly. As the skin is apt to act freely, it is necessary to keep the body supplied with liquid. Most people are possessed of the erroneous idea that the sensation of thirst is located somewhere in the stomach, and hence it is that they keep on drinking until they can hold no more. The work of throwing off this unnecessary quantity of liquid falls upon the skin and glands, which are apt to become paralyzed in their action as soon as the slightest tendency to heat prostration manifests itself. Bear in mind that thirst is located in the throat, directly behind the tongue. This can be demonstrated by anybody who will go to the trouble of sipping a glass of water instead of gulping it down. In this way it will soon become apparent that half a glass of water will as effectually quench thirst as half a dozen glasses, and, what is more, without producing that sensation of fullness which is so annoying on a warm day. Once having learned how to drink judiciously, half the danger from heat prostration is overcome. Cooling drinks should be freely partaken of in the way above indicated, but bear in mind that suddenly chilling the blood with very cold, iced fluids is an extremely hazardous proceeding. Have the water and other drinks moderately cold, and besides being careful to take them also become more palatable. By paying but trifling attention to these rules, sleep on a warm night becomes natural, and this alone is half the safeguard against heat prostration, for their is nothing so invigorating and refreshing as a good night's rest. Now a word about how to assist a person who has been prostrated by the heat when a doctor is not near at hand. The very first thing to do is to remove the sufferer to a shady spot and loosen all the clothing. To get rid of the carbonic acid in the blood keep the limbs in motion, not violently, and thus induce freer respiration. A tendency, however slight, to returning consciousness is always a hopeful sign, for it indicates that the brain is receiving a supply of healthy blood. Apply cold cloths to the head and along the back of the neck. Sometimes, when the patient's hair is very thick, it is well to shave off part of it and place the cloths directly in contact with the scalp. If the feet are cold apply hot bricks and administer stimulants, such as brandy and water, in small quantities at frequent intervals. This is about all that can be done in the first stage of prostration, and it will generally suffice, for by this time the doctor will be on hand to take care of the secondary symptoms of heat stroke.

Drinks for Invalids.

There are some old-time drinks for invalids which are very refreshing and wholesome in warm weather. Tamarinds may now be found in market at 10 cents a pound in the pod. Shell a cupful and pour over the pulp a quart of boiling water. Let it stand about twenty minutes at the back of

the stove, sweeten it and allow it to get cool. Then strain it and set it on the ice till very cold, and serve as lemonade. A tamarind whey is made by boiling an ounce of tamarind pulp in a pint of milk and straining it. Serve cold. The following is a good old English recipe for barley water which may be grateful to invalids suffering in the summer. Wash well two table-spoons of pearl barley. Boil it in a pint of cold water for half an hour. Throw off this water and replace it by two quarts of boiling water. Let the whole boil till the liquid is reduced to one-half. The juice of half a lemon and a little lemon peel should then be added, and sugar to the taste. A pinch of salt will be found an improvement.

For the Treatment of Persons Overcome by Gas.

In regard to the treatment of persons overcome with gas several suggestions were made by different speakers at the recent meeting of the American Gaslight Association at Toronto. The most practical were those quoted on the authority of a prominent physician:

1. Take the man at once into the fresh air. Don't crowd around him.
2. Keep him on his back. Don't raise his head or turn him on his side.
3. Loosen his clothing at his neck.
4. Give a little brandy and water, not more than four table-spoonfuls of brandy. Give the ammonia mixture (one part in all) aromatic ammonia to sixteen parts of water, in small quantities at short intervals a teaspoonful every two or three minutes.
5. Slap the face and chest with the wet end of a towel.
6. Apply warmth and friction if the body or limbs are cold.
7. If the breathing is feeble or irregular artificial respiration should be used, and kept up until there is no doubt that it can no longer be of use.
8. Administer oxygen.

Household Medicine.

Heartburn may be relieved almost instantly if half a teaspoonful of table salt be dissolved in a wineglass of cold water and then drunk. When the eyes are tired and weak, if they are bathed in slightly saline water, they will soon become soothed.

Always wash a baby's mouth and gums every morning with water in which you have put a pinch of borax. It keeps the mouth fresh and sweet and prevents that uncomfortable affliction, a sore mouth, with which so many poor babies are troubled when their mouths are not kept perfectly clean.

Oatmeal made in a paste with glycerin two parts, water one part, is recommended as a face lotion to be applied at night, with a muslin or thin silk mask worn over.

Do not light a sick room at night by means of a jet of gas or a kerosene lamp burning low; nothing impoverishes the air sooner. Use sperm candles or tapers which burn sperm oil.

Milk is a good solvent of quinine, and will disguise its bitter taste. Five grains may be dissolved in two or three ounces of milk. The neutral sulphate of quinine is soluble in water, and is preferred by many physicians. Glycerin is also used as a solvent—one drachm to a grain of quinine—and may then be administered in a wine-glassful of milk.

If the feet are tired and painful after long standing great relief can be had by bathing them in salt water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can be comfortably borne. Immerse the feet and throw water over the legs as far as the knees with the hands. When the water becomes too cool rub briskly with a flesh towel. This method, if used night and morning, will cure neuralgia of the feet.

Dr. Hammond, in writing about the use of ice water in the *North American Review*, declares that "there is death in the pot." He believes that water below a temperature of fifty degrees should never be used for drinking purposes, and the reasons given for such moderation are good and sufficient. The liking for ice water, he insists, is by no means a natural taste. Children who are not accustomed to its use find it not only unpleasant, but actually painful. Babies shudder when it is first put into their mouths, and a North American Indian will twist about for some minutes after drinking a tumblerful, apparently affected by it as an unpalatable and undesirable dose. Still, as is the case in the formation of other pernicious habits, persistency brings about a craving which demands satisfaction. When the body is greatly over-heated, a draught of ice water may cause sudden death by its effects upon the solar plexus, and, therefore, that, on the heart. The solar plexus is

very important part of the nervous system, and is situated immediately behind the stomach. A severe blow inflicted upon the body just over this spot may cause almost instant death, and the sudden shock caused by a deluge of ice water has exactly the effect of a blow, though it does not always prove fatal. Many persons, after a draught of ice water, feel faint and become pale, without in the least realizing that the local temperature has been suddenly reduced, the action of the heart weakened, and in consequence, a diminished amount of blood sent to the lungs and brain. Besides bringing about neuralgic affections, cold drinks are very injurious to the teeth, cracking the enamel and thus increasing their liability to decay. The sense of taste is also impaired by drinking large quantities of ice water with the food, digestion is hindered, and dyspepsia results, together with other more serious forms of internal malady.

An Indian Crime.

The crime it is proposed to briefly describe certainly exists in Calcutta and in Bengal generally, and is not unknown, report says, in the South of India. But the circumstances attending it, as related, are taken from record, or founded on observation in the North western Provinces. The adjective Indian is, however, not inappropriate, because, as far as the writer is aware, the particular offense is unknown elsewhere, and, indeed, is suggested and led up to chiefly by habits and associations existing in that part of the East. A social outrage so striking very forcibly impressed itself on the writer's mind when he was commencing magisterial work in a district near Agra, many years ago. And an account of it was written, entitled, "Foul Play in the Jungle," which—published in an ephemeral magazine and long forgotten by its author as well as by everybody else—is only mentioned because some of the facts here put down were doubtless put down there also. It may be safely affirmed, however, that not a letter of that account has ever reached England.

The crime is that of the murder of children for their ornaments. And three strange points have been noticed about this terrible outrage. First, that it is generally committed without due provision for its concealment, and often with circumstances of extreme folly. Secondly, that the crime appears to be almost always discovered and punished. The writer has never heard of missing children supposed to have come to violent ends, about whom nothing further was known, for the people are with the authorities in this matter, and will do their utmost to bring the suspected to justice. The third point is that this special offence does not seem materially to diminish. And here it may be justly said that murders, if found out, do not necessarily reflect discredit on the police. Many women are put to death in India, as in other parts of the East, from motives of jealousy. If a man wishes to destroy his wife and does not fear dying for the act, Vidocq himself could not prevent him. And so with this destruction of children. A law could be passed prohibiting their wearing ornaments, but if they do wear ornaments no law can prevent and no vigilance hinder persons who will risk being hanged from murdering them.

It will be remembered that among Hindus the son has the duty of performing the religious rites to his dead father, and male children are on this account, among others, much valued and indulged. And affection often displays itself by placing necklaces round their throats, charms and horse-hooves cased in silver upon their arms, and bangles on their wrists.

The Eiffel Tower.

M. Eiffel is now utilizing his famous tower and a balloon for aerial telegraph purpose by night. It is intended to ascertain by the experiments at what distance the lights on the tower can be perceived from a balloon, and to what height from the summit of the tower an aerostat can be seen and communicated with by signal.

Voice Culture. - Adams' Tatti Erutti improves the voice. Used by the best singers and actors. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 5 cents.

A Cruel Suggestion.

Dudo (to young lady).—"How beautiful it must be for two congenial souls to wander hand in hand through life, and how sad it must be to live alone."
Young Lady—"Why don't you buy a monkey from one of those Italian organ-grinders?"

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The Poet's Corner

Love is Dead. -For Truth
Alas fond hope! 'Tho' cherished like the morn
Which bursts with splendor from a darksome
night.

To a Butter-Fly. -For Truth
Thou fraillest of all fragile things,
That flutterest before me.

When the Sun Goes Down.
When the sun goes down
And across the fading sea,

When the Sun Goes Down.
When the sun goes down
The sila of life recede;

When the Sun Goes Down.
When the sun goes down
On this busy life for aye,

When the Sun Goes Down.
When the sun goes down
On this busy life for aye,

Teach to better build thine own,
Canada.
Build from out the buried past;

Summering on a Farm. I.
I'm living in the country now, upon a quiet
farm,

Summering on a Farm. II.
I have a room with slanting roof; no wearisome
design

Summering on a Farm. III.
No narrow bath-tub have I here to lave myself
within,

Summering on a Farm. IV.
And, as I've said, no city noise doth break upon
the ear-

Summering on a Farm. V.
And oh, the habits that this life, this country
life inspires!

Summering on a Farm. VI.
Instead of working at my desk in hot seersuck-
er coat,

Summering on a Farm. VII.
This is a noble life to lead; from care and strife
so free.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

When the Sun Goes Down.
When the sun goes down
And across the fading sea,

When the Sun Goes Down.
When the sun goes down
The evening breeze comes sighing,

When the Sun Goes Down.
When the sun goes down
"When the sun goes down!"

When the Sun Goes Down.
When the sun goes down
The sila of life recede;

When the Sun Goes Down.
When the sun goes down
On this busy life for aye,

-Good Housekeeping.

... poisoning has occurred
... of a Hamburg mer-
... Some time ago

The Corporation and the Rats.
It is calculated that 8,000 rats have been
killed during one week at the Birmingham
Market Hall,

For table use only hock glasses are colored
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BRITISH NEWS.

At Holyhead on Monday, a tiger escaped from Bostock's menagerie and was only recaptured after much difficulty.

At Londonderry Assizes on Monday, Wm. Woods, rag gatherer, was convicted of the manslaughter of his paramour, and was sentenced to twelve years penal servitude.

The man concerned in the burglaries at Cambridge on Wednesday of last week, and who shot himself when chased by the police at Royston on the following day, has been identified by his wife as Richard Battou, a public house-keeper at Luton, Beds.

A singular discovery of a missing man, named Allan Robertson was, says our Melbourne correspondent, made on 31st May last. The history of his case seems almost as, if not more, wonderful than that of Succi, for Robertson lived for 23 days without either food or water, all that time he was lying in a deserted hut in a bush, and that, too, in this wintry season in Australia.

An extraordinary birth of triplets is reported from Clarecastle district, County Clare. Mrs. Reidy, a farmer's wife, a few weeks ago gave birth to a child which died. The mother sank into a state of coma, continuing thus for several days, with but short intervals of consciousness, when, unexpectedly, she gave birth to two more children. The mother died and only one child is living.

A sad accident occurred on H. M. S. Active in the Downs on Wednesday morning. An able seaman named Jones was assisting in getting coals on board the vessel from a collier, when he slipped between the vessels and sank. An exciting scene followed, his messmates plunging into the water after him, but all their efforts to save him were of no avail, and the poor fellow was drowned.

From the South of Ireland on Monday it was reported that another epidemic of fever had broken out on Hare Island, in the Skibbereen Union, which has been already the scene of so much devastation by epidemics. It is supposed to have originated at the wake of a man who died of fever, the people then mixing freely together. The doctor's direction to remove the patient to hospital was disregarded.

A notorious burglar named John Smith, who was captured in Birmingham, was brought up at Leicester on Monday charged with a daring burglary. The pawnbroker's shop of Mr. King, Willowbridge Street, was entered and 50 gold and silver watches and 60 rings stolen. Entrance was effected by removing a stone under the door. Fifty gold rings and several watches were found at the house where Smith was captured. He was remanded.

Edmond Hart was charged at New Ross on Monday with the murder of his mother, whose body he afterwards mutilated, and when discovered he was eating part of the flesh. The defence was that accused was insane. Dr. Walsh, of New Ross, who examined him the day before the murder, deposed that he was not insane. Dr. Mechor, who examined the prisoner in goal, said he was suffering from mental agony, but was not mad. He was committed for trial.

A deliberate attempt at murder, accompanied by a suicidal act on the part of the assailant, took place in Back Chapel Street, one of the low quarters of Bolton, on Monday night. A quarrel arose between a clogger named Wm. Morris (55) and a woman named M'Napara, through an allegation that she robbed him, and he stabbed her in the breast, penetrating to the left lung, and afterwards cut his own throat. Both now lie in the Infirmary - the woman being in a critical condition.

A serious fight occurred on Monday afternoon at Eastham. A number of navvies employed on the Manchester Ship Canal were drinking in vaults near the ferry, when a free fight arose. One of the men drinking was a sailor just returned home. He was attacked by the navvies, and they adjourned outside. Here the sailor was again attacked and thrown over the cliff on to the shore. One arm was broken and his spine injured. He was removed to Birkenhead Hospital in a precarious condition. Two arrests have been made.

At Bridgenorth on Monday three little boys, Arthur Child, Thomas Freeman and Arthur Sergeant, were committed for trial for setting fire to Quast Industrial Training School. Child went into the ward and

struck a match, setting fire to the bed clothing of a bed in which a boy was sleeping. Freeman and Sergeant, it is alleged, told another inmate they intended to burn the school down, and carried hot coal in a kettle from the bath room and placed it in a bed. When the alarm of fire was raised wards were in a blaze, and the fire was extinguished with great difficulty.

On Tuesday morning a sad casualty occurred on Shields Bar. It appears that two salmon fishermen named Bootright and Arthur Smith were returning in their boat from fishing. A westerly gale was blowing at the time, when a sudden gust of wind caught the sail and capsized the boat, both men being thrown into the sea. Another fishing boat in the vicinity endeavoured to rescue them, but without avail, Bootright and Smith being thus drowned. The body of Bootright was afterwards recovered. The men belonged to North Shields, and were married, with families.

Of all the emulsions prepared from Cod Liver Oil there is none that equals SLO-CUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. All druggists sell this valuable preparation and the cures it has accomplished in cases of consumption, catarrh, asthma, and all pulmonary difficulties are well attested facts.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion. Includes text: 'I took Cold, I took Sick, I took SCOTT'S EMULSION. RESULT: I take My Meals, I take My Rest, AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING FLESH ON MY BONES AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK.' Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

Advertisement for St. Leon Water. Includes text: 'Thousands Declare it so. ST. LEON WATER has completely cured me of Rheumatism, Headache and Indigestion, from which I suffered for many years, a cure which no other medicine or drug could effect. Publish this if you desire. MADAME LEONER, Montreal. The Palace Hotel is open at Springs in Province Quebec for the reception of visitors. For particulars address The St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd., Toronto, or to St. Leon Springs, Quebec.' Includes illustration of a man.

Advertisement for Leather Belting. Includes text: 'LEATHER BELTING. Best value in the Dominion. F. E. DIXON & CO., MAKERS, 70 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.' Includes illustration of a boot.

Advertisement for Solid Leather shoes. Includes text: 'SOLID Leather. The Best Goods. Sold by the Principal Boot and Shoe Dealers. Every Pair Stamped. J.D. King & Co. TORONTO.' Includes illustration of a boot.

Advertisement for The Great European Dye. Includes text: 'THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE. TURKISH DYES. Unequaled for Richness and Beauty of Coloring. They are the ONLY DYES that WILL NOT WASH OUT! WILL NOT FADE OUT! There is nothing like them for Strength, Coloring or Fastness. ONE Package EQUALS TWO of any other Dyes in the market. If you doubt it, try it! Your money will be refunded if you are not convinced after a trial. Fifty-four colors are made in Turkish Dyes, embracing all new shades, and others are added as soon as they become fashionable. They are warranted to dye more goods and do it better than any other Dyes. Same Price as Inferior Dye, 10 Cts. Canada Branch: 451 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions.'

Advertisement for Pond's Extract. Includes text: 'POND'S EXTRACT. THE LADIES' FRIEND. THE PAIN DESTROYER. THE WONDER OF HEALING! CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHAGES OF ALL KINDS. Used Internally & Externally. Price 50c. \$1. \$1.17. POND'S EXTRACT CO., New York & London.' Includes illustration of a bottle.

Advertisement for Johnston's Fluid Beef. Includes text: 'IS YOUR STRENGTH RUN DOWN? Regain it by taking JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. Confederation Life ORGANIZED 1871. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. REMEMBER, AFTER THREE YEARS Policies are Incontestable. Free from all restrictions as to residence, travel or occupation. Paid-up Policy and Cash Surrender Value Guaranteed in each Policy. THE NEW ANNUITY ENDOWMENT POLICY. AFFORDS ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST EARLY DEATH. Provides an income in old age, and is a good investment. Policies are non-forfeitable after the payment of two full annual Premiums. Profits, which are unexcelled by any Company doing business in Canada, are allocated every five years from the issue of the policy, or at longer periods as may be selected by the insured. Profits so Allocated are Absolute and not liable to be reduced or recalled at any future time under any circumstances. Participating Policy Holders are entitled to not less than 90 per cent. of the profits earned in the class, and for the past seven years have actually received 95 per cent. of the profits so earned. W. C. MACDONALD, ACTUARY. J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.'

Advertisement for The Alliance Bond and Investment Co. of Ontario, Limited. Includes text: 'The Alliance Bond and Investment Co. of Ontario, Limited. Incorporated February 27th, 1890. CAPITAL \$1,000,000. General Offices, 27 & 29 Wellington Street East, 34 & 38 Front Street East, Toronto. This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities, will give careful attention to management of estates, the collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons, and other securities; will act as agents for issuing or countersigning certificates of stock, bonds or other obligations. Receives and invests sinking funds and invests money generally for others and offers the best terms therefor. Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe. All investments are guaranteed. THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the Company are issued in amounts of \$100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly or at larger periods for terms of years from five upwards and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security. Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to. W. H. STONE, President. G. F. POTTELL, Managing Director. First-class General and Local Agents can obtain remunerative contracts by applying to THE ALLIANCE BOND AND INVESTMENT CO., OF ONTARIO, LTD., TORONTO, ONT.'

Advertisement for Consumption Surely Cured. Includes text: 'CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED. TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any one who responds to this advertisement if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address, respectively. M.C., 188 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.'

Advertisement for a vehicle. Includes text: 'FILE-P... With...'. Includes illustration of a motor vehicle.

Our Young Folks.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A STEMMA- TOPUS.

BY EDmund COLLINS.

The fleet of great iron-clad and steel-prowed ships known as "sealers" leave Newfoundland every spring for those great bodies of compact ice known as floes, which about the 1st of March begin to move from Ballin's Bay and other northern regions toward the south. These floes are often hundreds of square miles in area, being composed of cakes, or "pans," which the sealers call them, frozen together. Here and there through the floe towers up a huge berg, resplendent in gold and blue and green at sunrise. These bergs are of the most fantastic shapes sometimes, and often look like great castles, their clean-cut spires rising gracefully, like the spires of a Gothic cathedral.

An interesting dozen of the ice-fields off the Greenland and Labrador coasts is the stemmatopus, or hooded seal. This is an ungainly beast, often larger than an ox. He lies in a great heap on the ice, and is much the color of soot. On days when the sun is strong, as the spring advances, the oil fairly oozes out of his glistening skin. I have sometimes seen him lying so still, and bathed in his perspiration of oil, that I imagined him dead, and "rendering" out in the heat. The seal-hunters call him the "dog hood," because he has a huge hood or membrane consisting of blubber and a tough tissue, several inches thick, which in the twinkling of an eye he can draw over his head. He is then safe from all ordinary assault, being shielded all over the body by several inches thick of blubber or fat, through which the heavy shot of the seal-hunters' guns cannot reach vital parts. The greenhorn delights to capture the pelt of a dog hood, but the experienced hunter is just as content to let the ugly brute alone.

How well I remember the first day that I sailed out, with the captain of a big iron-clad, on a floe, stretching away from the coast of Labrador! The crew, about three hundred in number, had been killing white-coats everywhere on the ice, and I was receiving my first lessons in killing and "skulking," the latter term meaning the stripping of the heavy coat of fat from the body of the seal. I had a gun as well as a gaff with me, for I wanted some of the birds that went wheeling and screaming around the tops of the icebergs.

In the early afternoon, as we were making our way toward the ship, being lamed from the long tramping over the ice, the captain who had been scanning the ice-field with his spy-glass, said, "There's a hood over there, and a pretty big fellow too."

"Where?" I inquired, eagerly. "I should like to get him."

"I should advise you," he replied, "to let him alone. Moreover, he is a mile distant."

"I will have him," I replied, not at all daunted. And the captain shrugging his shoulders as much as to say, "Then take your own course," set out for the ship. I started away alone, still carrying my gun and gaff.

As I approached, I found that he was indeed a monster, and he lay in an ugly heap on the ice, as if he were dead. He was having an afternoon sleep in the sun, and he fairly shone in the light. I had no idea at the time that any special skill was required in slaying the animal, and as for being in dread of him, I treated the idea with mere contempt, for what was he but a clumsy harmless heap of fat?

Within twenty paces or so of the monster, I threw my gaff on the ice, and I noticed that the animal drew back a quick jerk, over his head, and he picked himself up on the ice cake. I shot in my gun, and he fell smaller than a mouse.

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assurance doubly sure, however, I treated him to one more dose of shot—this time in the body—and his ho barely moved, I unsheathed my knife once again and walked up to take my trophy of fat and hide.

He made no move as I approached him, and I stood by his side, with the stock of my gun resting on the ice, while I deliberated on the easiest way of stripping him. I had not long to think, as old Hoody, with a movement as quick as a bear, turned and seized my gun somewhere about the centre of the barrel, taking it firmly in his mouth. Had my leg been nearer to his head than my gun was, I should not have waltzed since, I was dumbfounded, but this was not all. With my gun in his mouth, the monster maddo after me, and the rate of speed at which he dragged his huge carcass over the ice could not be believed by any one who had not seen it. I had on "skin" boots, which cling to the ice and keep you fairly well from slipping, but I saw that the hood's speed was fully equal to mine. To my left was a stretch of rough surface, as if the blocks and cakes had been beaten up in some storm, and then became frozen in this manner. Here I had the advantage, and a few minutes put me out of danger.

I returned to the ship without either my gun or my gaff, and when I went below I could see that the veterans in the cabin knew my story about as well as myself, although they had not seen the encounter.

The next day an old hunter said to me: "These hoods are not worth bothering with, as their blubber is not as profitable with the white-coats, but we'll find that fellow of yours and get your gun. Besides, I'll show you how he can be got without firing at him at all."

We found him not far from where I had escaped from his coils, and he lay there, positively looking just as comfortable as if I had only been popping pease at him the day before. My gun was a few yards away, and it was bent in the barrel. The hunter, with his heavy-headed gaff in his hand, approached the seal from behind, walked briskly up, and tapped him on the back. The animal instantly threw up his head, dropping his hood for an instant to see his assailant; but in that instant the steel-headed gaff descended upon the unprotected skull, and Hoody had fought his last battle.

SOME BIG NUGGETS.

Lucky Finds of Gold in Original Packages
Are Less Frequent Now.

One of the curious things about the present methods and condition of gold mining on the coast is that, while the aggregate output is larger than it ever was, the day of big nuggets seems to be over. Occasionally the local columns of the papers published in the mining districts contain an item concerning the digging out of a "hefty lump" of the precious metal, but the examples of concentrated wealth are not what they used to be. One of the last discovered nuggets was dug out a few weeks ago in the Spring Gulch Creek, above Redding, in Shasta county Cal., by two men while washing gravel. The lump was irregular in shape, being about four inches long by two in diameter, and yielded a trifle over \$500 worth of pure metal.

The Prescott Courier of a recent date presented its readers with a cut of the face, bust, and outlines of a pretty well-developed lump of gold that had been found in Big Bug district by a Mexican named Jesus Sazueta. When taken to the Bank of Arizona the cashier informed Jesus Sazueta that its weight was just thirty-seven ounces, and that its value was \$670. It was five inches long and three and one-half inches in its widest part. A number of Mexicans were working at Big Bug, and one of them, named Tom Casas, an old gambusino, told Sazueta to try a certain spot. Sazueta, in climbing to the place, placed his foot on a projecting rock; it broke away with him, and when he picked himself up he was worth more than half a thousand dollars.

The Courier says that this is the biggest nugget ever found in the neighborhood of Prescott, but that others as large have been picked up or picked out in the Weaver district.

According to the Spokane Falls Review a mysterious prospector returned very quiet a few days ago from the Ceur d'Alene region with an odd-shaped bag of bacon. However, broke while being moved.

enclosed a nugget of gold, exactly as shown, and nearly six inches in length. It was calculated to be worth \$20,000.

It was found in the early days of the gold rush in the Phillips mine, which was taken out in 1863. It weighed 13 1/2 pounds, or 216 ounces. The finder was Ed Rising, and the story of how it was found he gives in the following way: "I had five partners when

weighing from six to seven pounds—that is, from seventy-two to eighty-four ounces—were found in the same locality.

The next largest was taken from the Monumental quartz mine, Sierra county, Aug. 18, 1860. It weighed 1,600 ounces troy, and was purchased by R. B. Woodward for \$21,030.62. He exhibited it in the gardens for a long time and then had it melted down, realizing, however, only \$17,604.04 from the bullion.

The third largest nugget was found by Ira A. Willard on the west branch of the Feather River, Aug. 4, 1858. It weighed fifty-four pounds avoirdupois, that is 864 ounces before and forty-nine and one-half pounds after melting.

Four, a size, though not in value, was a large slab-sided quartz nugget, found by a Mr. Strain near Knapp ranch, Tuolumne county, which weighed fifty pounds avoirdupois, and which, after crushing and melting, yielded \$9,500 worth of gold. This was in 1851, and in the same year a nugget was found at French ravine, Sierra county, the gold from which was valued at \$3,000. Five years after another nugget was found in the same place, which had considerable quartz in it, but which yielded \$10,000.

The first nugget of any great importance was found by a young soldier of Stevenson's regiment in the Mokelumne River, while drinking from that stream. He hastened to San Francisco and placed his prize in the hands of Col. Mason for safety, after which it found its way to New York, where it fanned the smoldering flame and caused the nations to realize the importance of California as a gold-producing territory. The nugget was of pure gold and weighed between twenty and twenty-five pounds. Another nugget about which there is a good deal of romance was found by a Frenchman in Spring Gulch, near Columbia, Tuolumne county. It was of nearly pure gold and was worth more than \$5,000. The finder became insane over his good fortune, and was the next day sent to Stockton. The French Consul at San Francisco recovered the nugget realized the value and sent the money to the finder's family in France. Other "precious lumps" of respectable size are the following: In 1849 a nugget was found at Sullivan's Creek, Tuolumne county, that weighed twenty-eight pounds avoirdupois. In 1850 a piece of gold quartz was found in French ravine, Sierra county, which contained 263 ounces worth \$4,933. In 1854 a mass of gold weighing 360 ounces, and valued at \$6,625, was found at Columbus Tuolumne county.

No dates are given for anything then before 1864, when a nugget of pure gold was found in the middle fork of the American River, two miles from Michigan Bluff, which weighed 226 ounces, and was sold for \$4,204. Another account of this nugget states that the weight was 187 ounces. Then in 1867 a boulder of gold quartz was found at Pilot Hill, El Dorado county, which yielded in gold \$8,000. Several other boulders of smaller size were found in the same claim. Another charming boulder was of pure white quartz, which J. D. Colgrove of Dutch Flat, Placer county, found in the Polar Star hydraulic mine. It contained gold to the amount of \$9,760.

Two nuggets, the date of whose discovery is not given, are these: One found near Kelsey, El Dorado county, which sold for \$6,700, and one found on Fall Hill, Tuolumne county, which weighed 350 ounces and was valued at \$6,500.

California, however, cannot claim the honor of having produced the largest nugget in the world. That, according to Phillips, was the great Australian lump known as the "Sarah Sands." It weighed 233 pounds 4 ounces troy, 2,797 ounces, as against the 2,340 ounces of that taken out of Carson Hill, Calaveras county, in November, 1854. Another mass, according to the same authority, was exhibited in London in 1871 as the product of one of the Victoria mines, which weighed 146 pounds, or 1,752 troy ounces, while a still larger but not so valuable mass was found at Ballarat in the same year which weighed 2,217 ounces. According to the Annual Statistician, however, the largest solid nugget ever found was discovered in Australia in 1869 which weighed 2,280 ounces, and was valued at \$45,600, while the largest piece of ore and rock was found in New South Wales in 1872, which weighed 640 pounds—that is, 7,680 ounces—and was valued at \$143,000.

To come back to this country, Montana has added one or two fair sized nuggets to the list. The largest of all was found in Deadwood Gulch, twenty-five miles north of Deer Lodge, in the county of that name, Oct. 19, 1863. It weighed 13 1/2 pounds, or 216 ounces, was nine inches long, four inches wide, and two inches thick, and was sold in Helena for \$3,224.50, at the rate of \$16 per ounce. The finder was Ed Rising, and the story of how it was found he gives in the following way: "I had five partners when

Constipation,

If not remedied in season, is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. Ayer's Pills, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 20 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

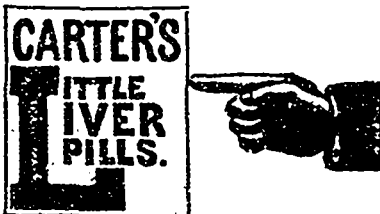
"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1857, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effectual cathartic."—John M. Boggs, Louisville, Ky.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—S. L. Loughbridge, Bryan, Texas.

"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully endorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended."—T. Conners, M. D., Contro Bridge, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all say

ACHE

is the base of so many ills that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; two for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

I found it, and we were working the ground together. We first sunk a ten-foot shaft on the pay gravel and then drifted about fifteen feet from the bottom, at which point I picked up the nugget. It was quite dark in the face of the drift, and the only way I could judge what I had found was by its weight. One of my partners was working under the shaft and when I walked out and held up the chunk of gold you could have knocked his eyes off with a base ball bat."

From Helena the nugget was sent to Virginia Nov., thence to San Francisco, thence to Paris, where it was shown in the Exposition, and where it passed into the possession of the Rothschilds.

During the summer following Rising's discovery one of the partners found another chunk in the same place, valued at \$700, and yet another worth \$954.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 32 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 10 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year. \$1.00 for three months. Advertising rates—50 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months, \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publisher for its discontinuance and all payments of arrears are made, as required by law.

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letters. All postmasters are required to register letters when requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCE—Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

THE DATE AGAINST YOUR NAME on the address label shows to what time your subscription is paid.

THE COURTS have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 16 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, \$1 per year, 10 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO. printing 165 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in about 120 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—\$1 per single line; one month, \$3.00 per line; 3 months, \$8 per line; 6 months, \$13 per line; 12 months, \$25 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kinds of newspaper work.

S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

THE WILSON ADVERTISING AGENCY. Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and other large advertisers will advance their own interests by getting our estimates for any advertising whether for long or short dates.

Advertisements inserted in any paper published in Canada at Publishers' lowest rates. As we pay "spot" cash for all orders sent to publishers, and the class of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations. S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W. Toronto

If the ladies would abandon cosmetics and more generally keep their blood pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, naturally fair complexions would be the rule instead of the exception, as at present. Pure blood is the best beautifier.

It is the sin which we have not committed which seems the most monstrous.

After Years of Suffering, persons who have vainly sought remedial help from other sources, have obtained the long desired relief from Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which puts a stop to the torments of Dyspepsia, renews activity of the Bowels and Liver, relieves malady incident to the gentler sex, and builds up failing health and strength, gives purity to the blood, and tone to the whole system.

All surfeit is the father of fast. A feeling of lassitude Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Unpleasant taste in the mouth Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Sleepy, tired feeling Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitter Large Bottles 50 cents.

Pride makes us esteem ourselves, vanity makes us desire the esteem of others.

All beds seem hard to the rheumatic. Then hearken ye peevish sufferers! Apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to your aching joints and muscles. Rely on it that you will experience speedy relief. Such, at least, is the testimony of those who have used it. The remedy is likewise successfully resorted to for throat and lung diseases, sprains, bruises, etc.

There are three things which ought to be considered before some things are spoken, —the manner, the time and the place.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A man who makes no enemies is never a positive force. Athletes all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum; healthful and beneficial. 5 cents.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, \$20; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Service, \$1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses \$1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cello Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, \$1.00; Famil. Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—"Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

Poverty is a bitter weed to most women, and there are few indeed who can accept it with dignity.

The Sleep of the Just.

For sleepless nights depending on worry, vexation, indigestion, etc., Burdock Blood Bitters is a remarkably efficient cure. I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for sleepless nights and now sleep well all night. I recommend it to all suffering from imperfect rest.

Geo. H. SHIEL, Stony Creek, Ont.

Philosophy goes no further than probabilities, and in every assertion keeps doubt in reserve.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty five cents.

We have all a propensity to grasp at forbidden fruit.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c a bottle.

Nothing confers so much honor on a woman as her patience; and nothing so little as the patience of her husband.

Jos. Beaudin, M. D., Hull, P. Q., writes:—"Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil commands a large and increasing sale, which it richly merits. I have always found it exceedingly helpful; I use it in all cases of Rheumatism, as well as fractures and dislocations. I made use of it myself to calm the pains of a broken leg with dislocation of the foot, and in two days I was entirely relieved from pain."

Ability wins us the esteem of the true among men; luck that of the people.

If you feel out of sorts Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

If your liver is sluggish Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

If your kidneys are inactive Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

Large Bottles 50 cents.

The newest thing in glass is sunset glass. It is tinted with all the hues of the setting sun.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, Falling Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Debility, etc. Dr. J. E. RAYLTON, Druggist, 303 York St., Toronto.

Tragedy in a French Village.

That Old World tragedy in which the N. Agues and Capulets played a prominent part has been revived in real life, the scene being laid in a French village. At Riotard, in the Department of the Loire, lived two families—the Celettes and the Ballandrands—all the male members of which wore at daggers drawn with each other. When they met at local fairs they sometimes had a regular Donnybrook day, and neither Mayor, priest, nor schoolmaster could effect a reconciliation between the two rival clans. Suddenly, however, a young Ballandrاند fell in love with Catharine Celette, whom he met at a rustic ball. The lovers after this arranged secret meetings, and continued for some time to see one another. The affair came to the ears of old Celette, who, with his two sons, Francois and Jean-Baptiste, waylaid young Ballandrاند one night, murdered him, and threw his body into the pond. Celette's son-in-law kept watch while the crime was being perpetrated, but a countryman called Bergeron heard Ballandrاند's cries for help and saw his two aggressors throw him into the water. Bergeron also overheard one of the Celettes tell his father not to spare the victim, while he was sure that old Celette cried out when throwing the body into the pond, "There, go and have a drink!" Fearing for his own life Bergeron remained silent for several months, but he at last decided to inform the gendarmes. The Celettes have been tried at the Loire Assizes, the father and his eldest son having been each sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. The other son and his brother-in-law have been individually sent to prison for two years.

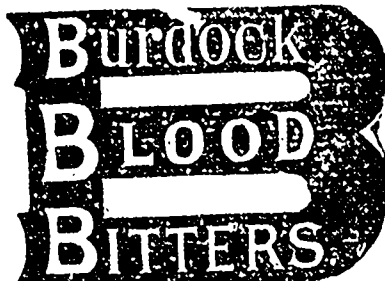
It is a risky business trying to get to heaven on your wife's church membership.

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

Engagement rings are of the stone representing the month in which the young woman was born.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

The parasol par excellence is an indigo-blue silk, twenty-four inches deep, mounted on brass ribs.



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BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

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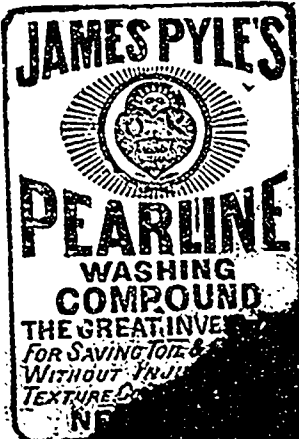
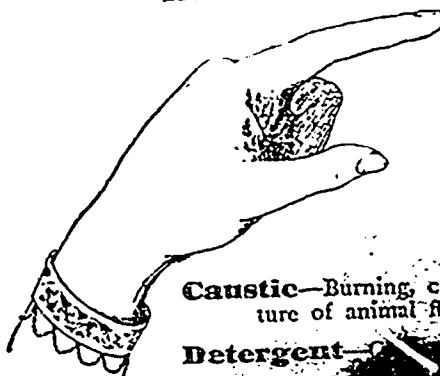
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Chemical analysis will prove but that the ingredients manipulated, that Pearline is a detergent known to intelligent and practical packagers are right to try

Ayor's Hair Vigor restores color and vitality to weak and gray hair. Through its healing and cleansing qualities, it prevents the accumulation of dandruff and cures all scalp diseases. The best hair dressing ever made, and by far the most economical.

The newest thing in baby carriages is a contrivance that by means of various appliances may be transformed into a sled, a cradle or a go-cart.

It Saved His Life.

GENTLEMEN,—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months old. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age.

FRANCIS WALSH, Dalkeith, Ont.

"Don't be afraid of the water," says a leading up-town doctor. "Take moderately it is refreshing. It is the gulping too much of it that is ruinous."

No Time Like the Present for seeking medicinal aid when what are foolishly called "minor ailments" fasten themselves. There are no "minor" ailments. Every symptom is the herald of a disease, every lapse from a state of health should be remedied at once, or disastrous consequences are likely to follow. Incipient dyspepsia, slight costiveness, a tendency to biliousness, should be promptly counteracted with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great Blood Purifier, and the system thus shielded from worse consequences.

Quimby thinks that an ocean greyhound should be barkrigged.

There is no Evaporation or Deterioration in strength about Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The ingredients of this incomparable anti-rheumatic and throat and lung remedy are not volatile, but fixed, pure imperishable. Pain, lameness and stiffness are relieved by it, and it may be used with equal benefit externally and internally.

The man you meet going down hill was at one time higher than you are.

Four Years in Sawyerville.

"For four years I had pimples and sores breaking out on my hands and face caused by bad blood. Medicine from the doctor was tried without avail, but after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am well." MISS MADEL LINDSAY, Sawyerville, Que.

For coughs, colds, bronchitis and all lung and throat troubles, there is no preparation of medicine can compare with Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It never fails to afford prompt and permanent relief. It removes all soreness, and heals the diseased parts. It immediately soothes the most troublesome cough, and by promoting expectoration, removes the mucus which stops up the air tubes which causes difficulty in breathing, thereby gives relief to that depressing tightness experienced in the chest. Public speakers and singers will find Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup of incalculable value, as it speedily and effectually allays all irritation and huskiness in the throat and bronchial tubes, and gives power to the vocal cords, rendering the voice clear and sonorous. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

The man who keeps still when he hasn't anything to say is a public benefactor.

A very interesting 132 page book on Deafness. Notices in the paper may be cured at your home. Address, Dr. N. CHOLSON, 30 St. James St.

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tried in vain. It has the rare merit of being direct—common sense—based on scientific truth, and supported by practical experience and accomplished success.

And it is as necessary for the cure of the other diseases of the air passages and lungs—Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Pneumonia—as it is for Consumption.

The ordinary routine treatment by the stomach, generally employed by physicians, has never accomplished anything in these diseases beyond the most temporary relief. It has not save one case out of every million so treated. The history of the disease, the authority of medical teachers all over the world and the universal experience of mankind unite in proclaiming its utter worthlessness as a remedy for lung diseases. Instead of helping the patients to get well, it makes their death certain, by preventing them from adopting the only course which could save them.

The sooner the people could understand this the better it will be for themselves. Every lung case requires for its proper treatment the patient to be surrounded by a zone of medicated air, and every breath he draws made to bear a healing balm to the lungs, or no cure will result. This is accomplished without the least discomfort or interference with business.

The author of this pamphlet was the first to introduce this treatment. He had made it the study of his life and had greater experience in its application than any living physician, and accomplished by its cures in every stage and form of lung complaint, and is therefore justified in proclaiming it of the importance of life itself to all afflicted with weak or diseased lungs.

Since resuming practice it is pleasant to be remembered by old and valued friends, many of whom have owed their lives for the past twenty years to the curative efficacy of his inhalations. It is his aim and purpose to make Toronto the head and source of everything pertaining to the treatment of Throat and Lung Diseases by Medicated Inhalations for the Dominion.

Note.—A little book explaining their mode of cure can be obtained free by applying at 71 Bay street, Toronto.

Genius may be swift, but perseverance has the surest feet.

MERIT APPRECIATED.—Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is entitled to special praise and recognition. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 5 cents.

Activity in London Streets.

The thing that most astonished me about London, and that I had been least prepared to see there, was the amazing activity in the streets. A New-Yorker born and bred, who has seen the principle American cities, fancies that there can be nothing in the world like Fulton Street and Broadway. But after one hour on foot in London he will regard that heart of New York's traffic much as a turbulent old sailor I heard of regarding a twenty-two calibre revolver. "What are you going to do with that pea-shooter?" he asked. "Nobody would be afraid of that. Stand off a bit and fire at me a few times till I see what it will do. Now, if you happened to have a knife about you and felt saazy, I'd feel afraid of you."

London is full of Fulton Streets and Broadways, and at them and in all the other streets the cabs and hansom fly about in such a hot and apparently reckless way that I always felt while I was there that the only reason I did not read of a hundred thousand "runover" accidents every morning in the papers was that it would be doing violence to the organic principles of the London press to print the news. I confess I was more than half afraid to cross the crowded streets, and with a fear which is engendered in New York in few places and on few occasions. I was assured by the citizens that they are all accustomed to project their coat tails at right angles to their bodies, and to invoke divine aid between the flying hoofs of horses, whenever they need to cross a street, that they are as adept at it as an American lightning-rod man is at dodging missiles. I observed that Dickens, in *Notions of London*, thinks it worth while to suggest that the only way to go

from curb to curb is to make up your mind what course you will take and then stick to it, because then the London cabbies will divine your intentions. To change your mind while en route is to confuse the cabmen, and cause you to make your return journey to America in the form of freight. Then, again, I found that in the western end of the Strand—that is, down by Temple Bar and the Law Courts—200 more or less mangled bottles are sent to the Charing Cross Hospital every year.—[Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.]

Some Things Worked Over into German by Carl Dauder.

It vhas no fun to kick a man who vhas too meek to resent it, and it vhas no use to argue mit a man who vhas too deaf to hear you.

Eaten if we hat a bird in our hand, v vhas looking for some more in der bushda. Human nature vhas never quite satisfied.

When I comes home at midnight and my wife says notings den I know that she vhas camped on my trial und vwill make me tired. When she jaws und blows und cries, den I know she vhas soon aser it und doan care.

I can keep hens und feel all right toward my neighbors, but it is strange Jot when my neighbors keep hens I vhas mad at em all der time.—[Detroit Free Press.]

The Maharajah Duleep Singh is, as already reported, dying seriously ill at the Grand Hotel, Paris, from a paralytic stroke. It is said that he has a letter to be written to the Queen begging for pardon for his past behaviour. His sons are anxious to bring their father to England as soon as he is strong enough to be moved.

For CRAMPS, COLIC, and all Bowel Troubles, use

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

Use both internally and externally. It acts quickly, affording almost instant relief from the severest pain. BE SURE TO GET THE GENUINE 25c per bottle.

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SPENCER'S CHLORINE PASTILLES For Clearing and Strengthening the Voice. Cures Hoarseness and Soreness of Throat. Price 50c per Bottle. Sample free on application to Druggists.

TO MOTHERS PALMO-TAR SOAP

Is indispensable for the Bath, Toilet or Nursery, for cleaning the Scalp or Skin. THE BEST BABY'S SOAP KNOWN. Price 25c.

Catarrh

Is a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 Elver st., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 50c; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

ONTARIO VETERINARY DENTAL COLLEGE opens October 1st. GEO. H. LUCAS, Veterinary Dentist, 163 King St. W., Toronto.

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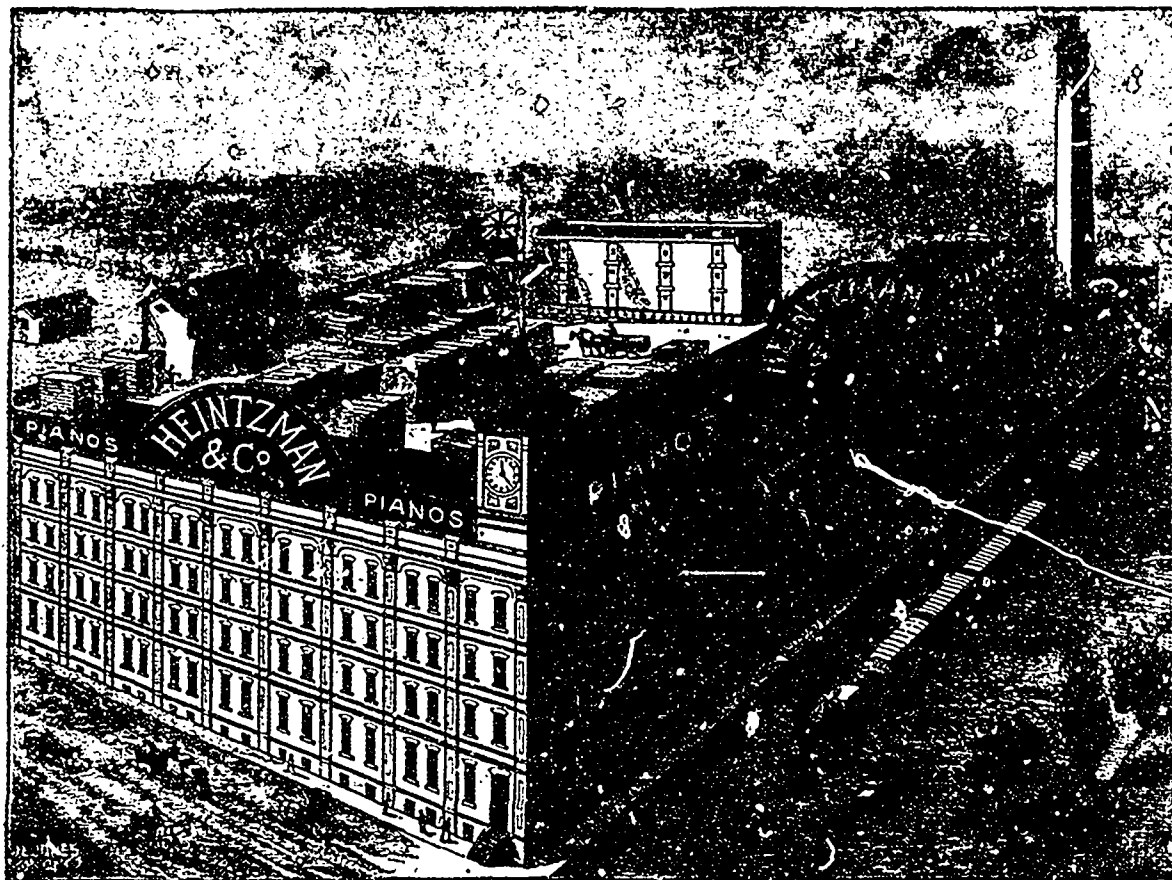
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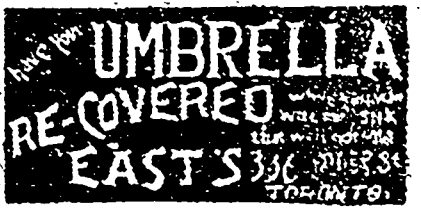
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