

# TRUTH

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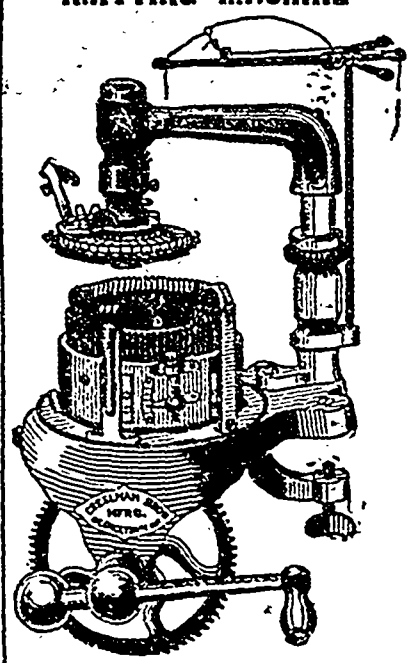
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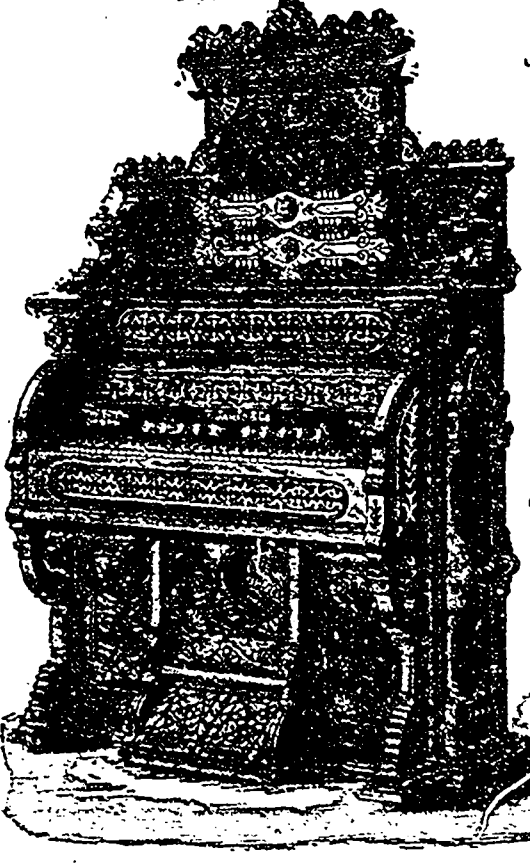
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# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17th YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MAY 1, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 291.

## THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.

It is a notable fact that none of the want-of-confidence motions of Mr. Blake ever produce much of a sensation, even among his own devoted followers. During the session of 1885 it was predicted by Conservatives as well as by Reformers that when Mr. Blake moved a resolution respecting the outbreak in the North-West that his indolence would be very severe; and some of the followers of the Government said, "It is hard to see how the administration is going to escape. There are certain forms, in which it is possible for Blake to move a resolution, that will almost preclude the possibility of recording a negative vote." And so when the leader of the Opposition arose in the House, towards the close of the session, and when the tumult had been brought to an end in the North-West, Conservative members shivered at their desks when they looked upon the vast bulk of manuscript that the Hon. gentleman held in his hand. There was a breathless silence in the House when he began; and Reformers strained forward to hear every word that the speaker uttered; Conservatives shrank back upon their seats and held down their heads. One and all looked for a tremendous and terrible impeachment; they expected the formulation of a series of grave charges against the Government for dereliction of duty and criminal misadministration of North West affairs; they sat ready to hear that at the doors of Government was to be laid the ruin which had been wrought on our fair plains. But no such impeachment came. Mr. Blake simply contented himself, in a rhetorical sense, with being magnificent. He made a speech of great length, of ponderous weight, and of wide grasp; but there was no direct charge against the Government; indeed there was no charge of any kind. He merely recited a hundred points; and when he sat down the whole utterance left upon one's mind the effect produced by some huge "Whoreas" without any "Be it therefore Resolved" following it. It was just as if a commander, supposed to have in his following invincible legions, had gone up to the enemy and fired in their faces a broadside of blank cartridge. "Never mind," some of his followers said, he will make an arraignment of the Government next year that will startle the country. "Then his first step should be to call for a commission of enquiry into the administration of affairs in the North-West," some one suggested. "Mr. Blake knows his own business best," was the retort by a Grit M. E. from Nova Scotia. "Of course he does," chimed in a Reform journalist—and a pretty stupid one at that—from Montreal. "Don't you know, my good sir,"—putting his finger through the button-hole of the suggester's coat—"that there is no need for the Commission of enquiry? Riel is to be tried next summer and the cross-examination will elicit all the grievances which the Metis have suffered. There is no need for a commission of enquiry." "Then," responded the Independent adviser, you believe that Riel and

his followers will be allowed upon trial, to put in the plea of justification? That is absurd. The prisoners will be tried for high treason, the most grievous offence known to the law. Enquiry into grievance will be shut off. "Oh," they did not know about that. It might be so; and it might not. But Mr. Blake was the best judge "anyway." So they went away and depended upon their theories and upon Mr. Blake.

Riel was tried, and just as the one independent in politics had predicted, his defence were not permitted to set up the plea of justification. All the hopes of the Opposition, therefore, that the grievances would "come out at the trial" were thrown to the winds.

But the Opposition once more established solid foundations to their faith in Mr. Blake. They believed that he would move such a resolution, and make such a speech during the present session as would shatter the administration to its foundations. But while they were waiting for the wonderful resolution and the overwhelming speech, M. Landry moved his resolution affirming that the execution of Louis Riel was unjustifiable. This was a trap for Mr. Blake and his followers; there was more than one way to avoid that trap; but Mr. Blake could not see it. Once again he came up with his mod and artillery and expended his energies at a point where the enemy was not at all. What was a more legitimate result of the rebellion, and the only justifiable act of the executive in connection with it, was made to take the place of the great question itself. Mr. Blake of course made a magnificent speech; but what is the good of a magnificent speech without the verdict?

Now, as we have many times admitted before, it is an easy task to be a critic.

"A man must serve his time to every trade. Be a censor;—critic all are ready-made."

Nevertheless, when a man with diverse splendid opportunities at his hands fail to turn any one of them to account, criticism, even from indifferent pens may be excused for obtruding itself upon the scenes. In the Government's management of North-West affairs, Mr. Blake has had a great opportunity; such an opportunity as seldom comes to a man in opposition; yet the outlook is that no profit is to come to his party through that opportunity. Nay, more, it does seem as if Mr. Blake himself is to have permanent injury thereby.

We repeat; Mr. Blake should have amended the motion of the member for Montmagny, so as to retain the whole question of the Government's administration in the North-West as the subject for primary discussion, and at the same time, by his wording, if he wished it, kept himself en rapport with Quebec sentiment. Then, instead of moving a resolution violent and sweeping in its denunciation of Government, he should have made a motion putting the case in its mildest form; putting it in such a way that even the most party-blind Tories in the house could not vote against it without shame in his face. Let us for a moment imagine a resolution like this,

Whereas certain inhabitants in the region of Prince Albert, notably, as well as elsewhere in the North-West Territories, had grievances in obtaining patents and titles to their lands;

And whereas these grievances, whether as great as alleged or otherwise, occasioned much heartburning among the persons affected;

And whereas these people represented to the proper department of the Government that such hardships existed;

And whereas it was known to Government that several meetings were held at which violent speeches were made in denunciation of Government, and in threatening physical protest;

And whereas it came to the knowledge of Government that Louis Riel, a well known disturber, was amongst these people affecting certain organizations;

And whereas the Government did not take prompt and urgent steps (a) to remedy the grievances under which the complaining parties suffered; and (b) to prevent the uprising of which it had been apprized;

Be it therefore resolved that this House express its regrets that the Government through the proper department did not take such steps as might have prevented the late deplorable revolt.

Now supposing Mr. Blake had moved a resolution of this sort at once after the opening of the House, he must have taken almost the entire Province of Quebec with him as well as many of the Conservatives. The allegations in such a resolution would be heaven's own truth, plain to every man. As to the "papers," there were plenty of these in the hands of the country to substantiate the affirmations in such a resolution as we have outlined. A man of strong common sense would have seen the case in this light; but it takes an amazingly clever lawyer to perceive that a position is not strong unless technicality has been conformed to, and unless all the evidence, the whole of the vast bulk of irrelevant tit-bit, has been showered upon the House. No honest man could, really, have voted against such a resolution; and any man who did vote against it would be plainly showing that he was a partizan; that he was there to support the ministry and for nothing else; and that he would vote for them when they were plainly wrong as well as when they were in the right.

What Mr. Blake may do now we do not know. The only thing certain is that matched against Sir John he is like a child defying to encompass a man full-grown. A splendid intellect Mr. Blake has; but his brains are the brains of an equity pleader. The human heart he can be hardly said to understand; for the man who has not tact, who is not master of the hundred little indefinable sleights by which men's susceptibilities are touched; by which new faces are put upon surrounding circumstances; can hardly be said to have knowledge of the human heart. Sir John Macdonald has this knowledge; and a follower is to him as in-

strument upon whom he may put his fingers "to sound what note he please." It may seem an unkindly thing to say, but nevertheless we cannot refrain from saying it: the Opposition needs a leader. Mr. Blake has been tried at various times and under differing circumstances; and while he has been always magnificent he has always, in his own right, been unsuccessful. No one can be expected to do wonders; the eloquence of a man ought not be expected to carry an overwhelming majority of hard-and-fast partisans. For failing to get the Tories to rise and vote with him we do not censure Edward Blake. But even the blind followers of a party chief may be put into such a position that they must go as the stream of public opinion flows. If the Conservatives were prepared to follow their consciences Mr. Blake has so far failed to take a course which any one of them might not refuse to follow. He has failed and failed miserably. His failure indeed as a leader is almost unbelievable. And this we pen with regret.

## MR. OXLEY IN THE "CURRENT."

One of our Canadian writers has lately contributed a couple of papers to the *Current*, an indescribable weekly paper published at Chicago, the series being entitled "To-day in Canada." The writer, who by the way is Mr. J. M. Oxley, of the Marine and Fisheries Department at Ottawa, looks at the country from political, social, and literary points of view. Tied as his hands are with official cords, what he has to say upon the political aspects of our situation is not of much value; but his summing up of our social status is an accurate enough picture of our people.

The following paragraph we reproduce:—with endorsement: "Although still inferior to her great rival Montreal, as regards the number of its inhabitants, a deficiency by the way which she is rapidly rectifying, the city of Toronto, by virtue of being the capital of the fairest, finest Province, and of her swift progress towards a proud supremacy over all other competitors in regard to everything that makes a city great, commands priority of notice. The capital of Ontario with pardonable pride arrogates to herself the ambitious title of the "Queen City. Commercially she has yet to make good her title, but from a literary, scientific or social point of view it is already established beyond dispute. There is of course no actual aristocracy in Canada, but the nearest approach to such a thing may be found in Toronto, where the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists flourish and multiply rejoicing in an ancestry whose honor they would preserve unsullied, and whose memory they delight to keep ever green and inspiring. To this congenial centre gather the choicest spirits in art, literature, and science, and it is but natural therefore that more delightful or improving society need hardly be desired than its drawing-rooms and clubs afford. The mere making and spending of money is not regarded as the be-all and end-all of existence. The claims

of culture upon the time and talents are recognized also, and while in commercial enterprise Toronto is taking such strides as must ere long place her at the head of the business of the realm, side by side with her material progress her intellectual and social growth goes forward in like measure. Toronto enjoys a vast advantage over Montreal in that there is perfect community of interest among her citizens. They speak a common language, and take a common pride in the development of their city."

When Mr. Oxley comes to speak of our literature he becomes very enthusiastic, and declares a certain weekly paper published in Toronto to be "a periodical which encourages native talent, not only by paying well for such of its productions as are available, but by carefully noting and generously praising any good work from Canadian pens that appears abroad." Now our disposition is to be kindly to Mr. Oxley, but he should not have allowed any feeling of vanity to take him upon forbidden ground. This very subject which Mr. Oxley so flippantly disposes of has been already settled by pens fully as competent to judge it as our Ottawa friend. About a year ago it was charged over the name of one of our Canadian writers that the very weekly paper to which Mr. Oxley pays his absurd and flippant compliments did plainly and for unworthy reasons refuse to mention the names of two Canadians whose contributions had appeared in leading American magazines. Perhaps, however, it was not up to Mr. Oxley's standard of "good work." The effect of the letter referred to was to stir up the weekly in question, and that paper has since altered its methods. It has praised Mr. Oxley's work, and republished some of it; and this, no doubt, is why Mr. Oxley says that it "generously praises any good work from Canadian pens that appear abroad." To Mr. Oxley's work TRUTH has accorded conscientious praise; but we must all the same object to that gentleman coming into the field to sound his own trumpet in this fashion. "In this fashion," we say, because while Mr. Oxley has the right to tell us that his own work is "good," he must expect a protest when he implies that the work of others is bad. We think that Mr. Oxley will find by and by that modesty, regard for accuracy, and respect for the sensibilities of others, pay best in the long run.

There is a strong agitation going on in philanthropic circles on behalf of "the feathered songster." The movement is not confined to the United States but in a decided way, has stirred our Canadian pulses. This latter fact must be our excuse for "giving space" to the matter. Concerning the practice of killing small birds to be used in the decoration of women's head-dresses Mr. Charles Dudley Warner writes as follows to *Forest and Stream*: "Your note about the Audubon Society followed me to Mexico and here. After this long delay, if it is of any service to you, I should be glad to be quoted as in entire sympathy with its object. A dead bird does not help the appearance of an ugly woman, and a pretty woman needs no such adornment. If you can get the woman to recognize these two things a great deal will be done for the protection of our song birds." Now Mr. Warner, judging from his books, ought to have enough insight into human character to know that it just is the "pretty woman" that "needs the adornment," and the prettier she is the greater is the dear creature's thirst for the blood of humming birds, and other things of beautiful plumage. Now if the theory which some hold, namely that the swiftness of life but one year be true what great cruelty is there in

killing the creature after it has spent six months upon the earth and giving it an immortality in the hat of a pretty woman. If Mr. Warner be consistent he will have to oppose the killing of black foxes and the owners of those other costly furs which are used more for trimming and for beautifying than for real wear or warmth. But it does not make much matter. The birds will continue to be killed and skinned, and instead of exterminating the pretty things it will but maintain a more steady supply. Dr. Wild preached lately in Toronto concerning the war upon birds. His commiseration went out to the sparrow among the rest; and he affirmed that if sparrows, as well as other birds, get their meals from our gardens or orchards they are entitled to the same, because they feed upon the insects which prey upon the vitality of garden and orchard products. Now, if Dr. Wild will take a sparrow and look at his bill, he will be able to convince himself, without the help of a scientific authority, that the sparrow is not an insect eater, but a coarse-feeding gourmand. Birds that live upon insects have beaks almost as fine as a needle at the point; but the sparrow is in the nature of a domestic bird; he is the product of cities; and is just about as useful in the garden as a hen. Dr. Wild did not know when showing his philanthropy upon the sparrows that in Australia the bird is a positive nuisance, and that the Colonial Government pay handsomely for any eggs or birds brought to them. Bestowing philanthropy upon the sparrow is much like bestowing it upon the grasshopper.

The Hon. Peter Mitchell has gone away from the Government. The parting was in tears, of course; and Mr. Mitchell tore himself away in deference to the promptings of his conscience. Now the truth of the matter is this: Peter Mitchell had been once in the Cabinet. Above all other things upon this earth he desires to be in it again. But Sir John is not filled with love for Mr. Mitchell, because the ex Minister of Marine and Fisheries was ready to join the Cabinet some years ago who would put the Government in the hands of Dr. Tupper. Sir Charles, as we know him now, and Sir John Macdonald, are not upon terms of the heart;—indeed it is a fact that for some considerable time before the High Commissioner set out for the Court of St. James, himself and the Premier were not upon ordinary talking terms. Hence when a vacancy happens in the Cabinet, and when that vacancy is for New Brunswick, the Province represented by the Hon. Peter Mitchell, Sir John does not think of calling upon the latter gentleman to assume the portfolio. The stars had been kind enough to the member for Northumberland—not "Keatigonchs" as Sir John once by a cruel inadvertence stated—during the past year, for it witnessed a vacancy in the Cabinet occasioned by the retirement through ill health of the Minister of Finance. Everybody supposed that "Peter" Mitchell would be called upon to take the Marine and Fisheries. But Sir John has a trick of remembering. When certain members of the Cabinet said to him, "Mitchell is a strong man; would it not be well to take him in again?" Sir John replied in this fashion. "No, Mitchell uses his office too notoriously in the interests of local supporters. His administration would bring discredit upon the Government." Now there was some, indeed a great deal, of truth in Sir John's allegation; but is the same thing not true of every member in the Cabinet, and emphatically of Sir John himself? Peter was

simply kept out because he had at once declared his preference for Dr. Tupper. And because he was not admitted to the Cabinet he now parts with Sir John. There is no other reason;—for Peter Mitchell, like the other politicians, can swallow a camel through a goat's choke him.

No newspaper, that we have seen, has announced the "first robin of the season" yet they have come. Our boulevards are now an exquisite green; the grass is growing at the rate of a quarter of an inch a day; the sparrows are busy with their loves and quarrels, as well as their nest-building; and everything out-doors reveal that "mild ethereal spring" has come, and come to stay.

Montreal has been the scene within the past year or better of two severe visitations. Plagues had no sooner ceased its ravages than the city became threatened with flood; and a careful estimate puts the losses by the latter, directly and indirectly at four or five millions.

What is known as the Beatty-Woodworth scandal at Ottawa has created somewhat of a sensation in political circles. Both these men are unquestioning Conservative supporters; and when one seeks publicly to destroy the reputation of the other the spectacle becomes interesting, if it is not edifying.

Traffic between the Island and Toronto has commenced.

The stupid and clumsy fraud perpetrated by a Toronto daily newspaper a few days ago in publishing the retiring address of George Washington and attributing it to Sir John Macdonald for the sake of creating a sensation, is one of the lowest deeds to which we have yet known a Canadian newspaper to descend for the sake of "getting before the public." We call the fraud "stupid" because the brain that conceived of it never could have heard the fable of the boy who had been in the habit of crying "Wolf, Wolf!" Some day when the journal referred to has a genuine sensation to present, its readers will not believe it. We describe the fraud as "clumsy" because the person who "cooked" the address evidently was ignorant of the Canadian Constitution. Fancy holding an "election" for the choice of a "first magistrate." In this country the Premier is not "elected;" he is chosen by the Crown. Fraud associated with cleverness can be tolerated as an intellectual feat; but fraud mingled with stupidity is the most contemptible thing in human experience.

Sir Alexander Campbell is very ill. The Reformers are cudgelling their wits as to who will take his place as Conservative leader in the Senate. There will be a leader. How absurd it is for a paper like the *Globe* to publish paragraphs of this sort.

On the evening of the first of May Reformers of the Commons and of the Senate will entertain Mr. Blake at a banquet at Ottawa. They wish, we presume, to show the public that they still entertain confidence in their leader.

An important question agitating the Canadian Parliament is this: Shall oleomargarine be protected by the Government or not. The Government seem to take the affirmative; but the Opposition seem to think that the imitation butter is a poison. *Grip* follows with a cartoon showing the Hon. John Costigan with his hand upon the handle of a churn dasher. The materials lying about, from which the churn is replenished, comprise dead horses, cats,

dogs and every description of revolting matter. We think that *Grip* has gone too far, and misses the fact of the situation. Several members on the Government side of the House show that oleomargarine in the main is pure and wholesome as butter, that it is cheaper than butter, and is used largely by workmen with small wages. If it simply comes to a question between oleomargarine and nothing, by all means, if people like the compound, and it be wholesome, let them have it. To talk of putting impure and foul matter into it is to talk rubbish. We are given noses to distinguish the fetid from the pure; and the natural organ will be a sufficient safeguard even against bad oleomargarine.

The reading public have at last grown sick of dry "culture." No more does anybody lose time to read Henry James. He is a very dismal, flat, precise gentleman.

We believe that the Parliament buildings are to be set in the park. Imagine taking away our chief city lung and handing it over as a political squabble ground. It is a grievous pity. Why not have built the new structure where the old one stands?

His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, still remains in the gubernatorial office. This fact we do not condemn, but approve. What we cannot approve of is that the matter of tenure or termination should not be made certain. We believe that the re-appointment of his Honor to the office would be extremely popular in Ontario. There is nothing in the constitution forbidding the re-appointment; and if it happen in the United States that a man may be elected for a second term to the presidency we are unable to see why there should not be a second appointment of the same incumbent to the governorship of one of our provinces. We adopt that principle, upon courtesy, in the election of our civil chief magistrates.

It makes a good deal of difference "whose ox is gored." Whenever a judge in any one of the *Globe's* many libel cases, charges in favour of that newspaper, one of the editors announces in the following issue that here indeed is a most learned and impartial judge. But if his honor happen to say anything that does not fit in with the interests of the *Globe* he is straightway either unconsciously biased or ignorant. Sometimes, indeed, he is wilfully and wickedly partisan. Mr. Justice Cameron is the latest of the judges who has suffered himself to be moved by unconscious bias.

Several of our city folk have left, and many are preparing to leave, Toronto for the summer. Many have gone to Europe; some go to the Thousand Isles; and a large number propose regaling themselves upon the deep blue waters and among the fire-riven granite rocks of Muskoka.

Parliament, it is said, will sit for nearly three weeks yet.

One Senator, the Hon. John O'Donahue, suggests that the Senate might be abolished by its members selling out. He would go, like the worthy gentleman in the "Fortunes of Nigel," for a "consideration."

Sir Richard Cartwright openly in the House of Commons characterizes Prof. Foster's application for timber limits as a corrupt transaction.

It is commonly remarked in France that if the Orleans princes were not so rich they would be the rulers of the nation; that is, if they had spent their money more lavishly they would have won a following strong enough to restore them to the throne. Thrift is unpopular.



Truth's Contributors.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY A. R. CARMAN, D. A.

Our humanity is strong on surface-indications. Let some follow hurrying across a stony field kick up a lump of coal, and we sink a shaft looking for tons of the black diamond. An idler discerns a bit of gold-dust sparkling in a shallow stream, and we turn the whole mountain side into a sluiceway searching for the precious metal.

So with all popular movements. It requires the keen mind of a Napoleon to sift away the spurious from the real and found an empire on the tumult of a revolution; and even a Napoleon overestimated the discontent of Russia and wrecked his fortunes by trusting them to untried forces. This fault is more particularly marked in agitations strictly of the people than in those that are controlled by astute and harmonious leaders. The masses, far too busy for careful and abstruse study, jump readily to conclusions from, at times, the most trivial of "surface-indications." The striking Knights of Labor, ignoring the counsel of their leaders, fancied that the introduction of force would be to their advantage, but they failed to calculate upon the calling out of the militia.

So our great-hearted temperance reformers, ever anxiously pressing onward, are apt to follow with incautious eagerness, sparkling will-o'-the-wisps that seem to promise a short-cut to success, but too often lead to the quick sands of failure. At one time Massachusetts rejoiced in a practical prohibition, but it was difficult to enforce. The cry was raised: Let us exclude beer and light wines from the operations of our law, all drinkers will be content with them and it will be then no trouble to stop the consumption of strong spirits. The Prohibitionists eagerly caught at this seeming panacea for the weaknesses of their Act, but found when too late that beer drinking was but an alluring mask for the most bestial of drunkenness.

Similarly delusive, I cannot but think, will our friends find the present movement for woman suffrage. They claim, with an apparent show of reason, that by enfranchising the women, a strong Prohibitory Act could be carried with a sweeping majority throughout the country. This is a mere supposition, based upon the fact that a majority of the women who have spoken out upon this question have favored Prohibition. The natural shrinking that tender woman would have from braving public opinion as to what she ought to do, and flouting before the world her alliance with whiskey and drunkenness, must not be lost sight of. Her's would be a silent vote. And those of us who have to do with actual temperance work know that in too many instances the avaricious woman exercises a silent but potent influence against reform and right. But grant, for sake of argument, that the woman-vote would be cast solidly for temperance and moral reform—something the most ardent advocates of woman franchise would never claim—why should this be so? Because woman is a stronger-minded advocate of right than man? No. Because her moral convictions are of tougher fiber than her husband's. No, they are more easily swayed. Simply because her's is an unselfish vote, unmoved by party associations and not vitiated by a thirst for office.

But have we any guarantee that when the woman vote is once fairly in the political field, that it will not be bought and bribed and corrupted until it surpass

even the suffrages of men in debasing influence. Is woman more proof against temptation than man, that she should stand unshaken where he has fallen? We have been accustomed to speak of them as the "weaker vessels," and surely we will not expect them to stand a strain with which the steiner air have been utterly unable to cope. "But," says one, "she will not be such a diligent officer-seeker or keep out so restless an eye for the loaves and fishes." Another supposition, my friend, and a very wild one. If woman has a right to vote, she has a right to be voted for, i. e., to hold office and draw a stipend. And has it struck you that she is without ambition, content to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the lords of creation? I trow not. She has shown a determination to take every inch offered her and is ever struggling for positions higher and more responsible. At the risk of being deemed ungallant, I would venture to say that her vote would be less reliable than man's because more easily prejudiced. Women boast that upon short notice they are more accurate than man, because they move by instinct, while stupid man trusts to hasty, and hence unreliable, reasoning; and their boast is not far astray. So upon any great question, looming up gradually above the horizon of thought, women rest upon that mixture of prejudice and impulse that she delights to term "her instinct," while man safely and surely reasons from known premises to legitimate conclusions. That the major premise is very often "self" does not destroy this fact.

But the most destructive effect of granting the franchise to women would be seen in our homes. The home is the cradle of moral reform, the fountain whence the pure waters of cleansing flow; and any movement that stirs that fountain to muddy impurity blasts the future of the race. A homeless France is infidel, licentious and abandoned; while the safety of Britain rests in the sanctity of her homes. This is not a question for duly collated statistics or cold logic. Everyeng must go to his own home and, standing by her most sacred shrine, let his heart and his truer manhood speak. What a halo of love and tender respect rests about the names of "mother," "sister" and "wife!" In the sanctuaries of our homes they seem to embody all that is pure and gentle and unselfish in this world of cross-currents and greedy, grasping avarices. Outside, it is fret and drag in a sordid struggle for existence, dollars and cents, bargain and dicker, all day long; inside, it is rest and calm, a higher world that at times seems nigh unto the great rest of eternity.

Will you tear down the bulwarks and let the clattering world rush in?

Man to-day receives his greatest impulses toward right at his own fireside, when business and money-making have warped his nature and dried up his life, the crust is dissolved amid the associations of home and he is sent forth with generous readiness to dare and to do for conscience and truth. The home makes the man; without it he becomes a skillful, calculating machine, good to make change and grasp at honors.

And this woman franchise movement will surely destroy the sheltered haven of the home, and dry up the very source of all moral reform. It is not merely the depositing of a ballot-paper, but it throws back the broad doors of political life and invites all women to enter. Then with the wives upon the hustings and the mothers at the council boards, all sweating with the vituperation and brute-struggle for political office; what becomes of the calm, soothing influence of

our fireside? This is no fanciful picture woman has never yet refused a fancied advance, and she never will. Would to God she could see that with one hand on the cradle and the other on the heart of her husband, she is the mightiest factor in the world to-day!

But enough for the selfish side of this question. In another letter will be considered the utterances of the Bible and the Bible's great Author. I have nothing but the highest praise for the Christian Associations, Temperance Unions, Missionary Societies and kindred organizations founded and controlled by women. They are there doing their proper work, and laboring grandly in their God-given sphere. But it behooves all temperance workers, men and women, to be very careful how they trust all to even such dazzling "surface-indications."

PRESCOTT, Ont.

WINE AND BEER.

BY JOHN B. FINCH, R. W. G. T., LINCOLN, NEB.

Wine and beer drinking philosophers claim that the use of fermented liquors tends to discourage the use of stronger liquors. To fully expose this falsehood, I have during the past few weeks offered the testimony of some of the most eminent men of the wine-cursed state of California. In this article I want to give figures to sustain the witnesses. The people of Canada can compare the figures with their own cities and counties. Canada without wineries, California covered with them. Will any honest man compare the figures and then advocate the use of wine and beer as a temperance measure? Months since, I asked Rev. M. C. Winchester, of Grafton, Cal., to ascertain from official figures the number of drunkard-factories in California. He replied:—

GRAFTON, CALIFORNIA, Mar. 8, 1886.

JOHN B. FINCH, R. W. G. T.

Dear Sister and Brother—I have complied with, and herewith transmit to you the result of your request through Bro. Kotzinstein. It has been delayed longer than I had hoped, but met with much delay in getting prompt answers. I send you the results of 14 counties and 27 towns and cities.

The counties average a little over 150 inhabitants to each saloon, and the towns and cities a little over 100 inhabitants to each saloon; not is this all, as I have said in the notes that this does not include stores that sell under the license of merchandise, drug stores, and those that sell without license and give it away.

The results I give you are those only that sell by the drink, either at saloons or corner groceries. As it is given it is bad enough, but as it really is, it is simply appalling. With an apology for delay which I have explained elsewhere, and wishing you success, I remain,

Yours truly and fraternally,

M. C. WINCHESTER.

Towns and cities.	No of saloons.	Population.
Ohio	33	4,000
Colusa	16	1,200
Gilroy	25	1,800
Hanford	11	400
Hills Ferry	12	300
Leoma	7	500
Los Angeles	219	25,000
Marysville	38	4,800
Marshall	6	800
Marston	2	2,000
Oroville	10	1,800
Oakdale	18	600
Placerville	22	2,000
Porterville	5	400
Redwood City	37	1,500
Red Bluff	22	250
Sacramento	243	25,000
Salinas	23	2,600
San Francisco	2,600	275,000
San Jose	126	16,000
Santa Rosa	43	4,000
Tulare City	18	600
Turlock	10	300
Vicillo	21	2,000
Vallejo	84	4,000
Woodland	31	3,500
Williams	6	900
Total	3,035	332,200

This, like the list of counties, takes no ac-

count of anything except of the saloons licensed to sell by the drink.

Good authority states there are a thousand places in San Francisco that sell without license, and in Sacramento the report says, there are "half as many places that sell without license," and it is undoubtedly true of all the large towns and cities.

The U. S. Internal Revenue issue in the States, between 10 and 11 thousand licenses.

Some put the population of San Francisco at 300,000. In 1880 it was 233,000, I think my statement high enough.

Name of Counties.	No. of Saloons.	Population.
Butte	111	30,000
Colusa	83	16,000
El Dorado	70	19,000
Monterey	80	12,000
San Benito	31	6,000
Santa Clara	241	25,000
San Mateo	92	10,000
Sonoma	225	25,000
Stanislaus	93	11,000
Butte	14	6,000
Tehama	41	13,000
Tuloc	74	12,000
Yuba	77	13,000
Total	1,901	203,000

Those marked with Italics have large towns in them. This list does not include drug stores, stores that sell under merchandise license, one quart and upward, and those that sell without license.

Thus the report from Butte said there were 75 places that sold under merchandise license, and 30 or 40 places where they sold without license or gave it away. Colusa said there were 21 stores besides the saloon's licensed.

THE CANADIAN GLENGARRY.

A SKETCH.

BY JOHN FRANKER, MONTE L.

No. 22.

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness, Where rumor of oppression and deceit, Of successful or unsuccessful war might never reach me more!"

Such may have been the prayer of the first settlers in the Canadian Glengarry, a century ago, as they cast a last and lingering look behind them, and bid a farewell adieu to the homes they were forever leaving in the old English Colonies, the present United States, for their new homes, hundreds of miles away in the far North, in the then unbroken forests of Canada.

Every Canadian reader is familiar with the exile of the Acadians, an exile without an end and without an example in story. The first settlers of Glengarry were exiles from the "Old Colonies." These men had followed two fortunes and the misfortunes of the Royal cause during the Revolutionary war, and when the Union Jack of England was lowered from hundreds of towers and battlements in the old colonies, they decided to follow, as exiles, the now furled flag and the muffled drum of the vanquished, to that land of promise—in the far North, in this Canada of curs, in which they were promised new homes under the flag they loved and had fought for.

This was loyalty to a lost cause that has no parallel in history. Just fancy hundreds of able-bodied men voluntarily exiling themselves, forsaking their homes on the Mohawk, the Hudson and the far off Susquehanna, for the ice-bound banks of the St. Lawrence, leaving behind them their flocks and herds and their cultivated farms, which they might have retained by submitting and swearing allegiance to the conquerors. This they would not do, preferring exile to the scorn and the sneers that would ever attach to them had they submitted and accepted the terms of the victors!

A land of promise! Not a land flowing with milk and honey! but a land abounding in great forests, having a rich virgin soil, inviting the wanderer to make his choice, and here, in the then wilds of Canada, in this now Canadian Glengarry, Scotland's exiled mountaineers found a home and glad

relief, where, if not under his own "vine and fig tree," he had his own primitive "log cabin," and could sit by his own fireside, none to make him afraid, and here, too, he could, as in former days, in his other now deserted home, exclaim with true Highland loyalty,—"GOD SAVE KING GEORGE!"

Glengarry! This name called forth hallowed associations—buried deep in the recesses of every Highlander's breast. It carried him back to the home of his early days—to the land of the "mountain and the flood"—to that storied land where a Fingal fought and an Oslan sang. Glengarry was to those Scottish exiles the land of promise, such as was the land of Canaan to the Israelites of old, and their hearts yearned within them to reach and take possession of this corner of the British Empire specially set apart for Highlanders.

The first settlers of Glengarry from the old colonies were chiefly, we believe, Scotch Presbyterians, but when the glad news reached old Scotland of this Scotch home in Canada there came, a few years later, a large body of Scotch Catholics under the guidance of that good old priest, the late Bishop Macdonnell. We may here note that the father of the late Dr. Bethune, Dean of Montreal, and grandfather of our respected townsman, Mr. Strachan Bethune, Q. C., was chaplain in a Scotch Regiment which had served in the old colonies during the Revolutionary war, came over among the first settlers to Glengarry, and, we mistake not, settled at Williamstown.

The greater portion of those who came over with Bishop Macdonnell had been soldiers, or the families of those who had been connected with the army—some of the elder ones had been out in the Rebellion of 1745. Much also was the composition of those who came as exiles from the old colonies—therefore, Glengarry was the nursery and the home of soldiers, and the old county was looked to and relied upon for the defence of Canada in after years, and nobly did her sons do their duty in the Royal cause on many a hard fought field on the Niagara frontier during the war of 1812. Many of these Glengarry boys were laid low on Queenston Heights, Lundv'ane, Ohlppawa, and at the evacuation of old Fort George.

Scotchmen, more than all other men, have great veneration for the land of their fathers. They venerate its bleak mountains and its barren hills above all other lands, and Scotchmen and descendants of Scotchmen, wander where they may—like the Israelites of old, ever point homewards—these to the Holy Land, to the ruined walls of Jerusalem—those to the storied glass and to the hillsides of old Scotia, rendered almost sacred by separation and distance! Truly has the poet (Campbell) said, in his "Ode to Burns":—

"And see the Scottish exile, tanned by many a far and foreign clime,  
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep in memory  
Of his native land,  
With love that sooms the lapse of time, and ties  
That stretch beyond the deep."

We repeat what we said in a former article:—"Glengarry! Home of fair women and brave men! Home of Canada's fairest and bravest! This is their memorial for all time!" The bravery of the Glengarry men is chronicled on the pages of Canadian history. Brave men, however, and soldier boys are not so plentiful now in the old county as during the war of 1812 or the Rebellion of 1837; but beauty still is there; fair women abound.

The writer bids farewell, for a season, to the readers of TRUTH, with this simple apology:—"What is writ, is writ; would that it were worthier."

[THE END.]

## CANADIAN NATIONAL HOMOGENEITY.

BY J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL. D.

A writer in the March number of *Education*, published in Boston, in a suggestive article on "The School House in American Development," says a few words which might fittingly be addressed to us in Canada. It touches on two subjects of practical value to educationists: first, that in our systems of education we are, as a rule, overdoing the question of methods—magnifying overmuch the technicalities of teaching, the perfection of details, and making the school idea one of standard for promotion, throwing overboard the Jonahs who hinder the class from making the port of promotion. The second is, that we fail to emphasize the school in developing patriotic national sentiment and high moral aspirations in youth.

As to the first matter, there is certainly a tendency in the direction indicated which should not be unduly fostered. It is, however, with the latter subject that I desire to deal. It is a pertinent and practical one. Like our neighbours across the line (to whom the writer addresses himself), our population is made up of mixed nationalities. The relays of these nationalities come to us from Europe faster, and in greater numbers, than we can absorb and Canadianize them. This is notably so since the North West has been opened up for settlement. Even in the older Province of Ontario there are groups here and there from the old world, or of old world origin, which are not yet absorbed, and the speech and manners made "racy of the soil." Then, again, there is a large and growing race from old France, which not only show no signs of absorption into Anglo-Saxon Canadian nationality, but, on the other hand, assert their own wherever they exist.

The practical question then arises how shall we meet this difficulty and seek in the most effective way gradually and surely to absorb these diverse elements, so as to Canadianize the whole. Without question the school is the place in which the work must be done, and there it can be done most securely and pleasantly.

What is true of the power of the ballad-maker on national sentiment is equally true of the teacher as the moulder of the young life, the impressionable youth committed to his care and instruction. In this connection the writer in *Education* refers in a spirit of counsel to the example of Germany. He says that the United States is much in the same condition as was Germany a few years since. She discovered that the national sentiment was declining because her world-renowned scholars had trimmed their educational system so fine, had polished their pedagogical methods so artistically, had made everything so delicately classic, that robust patriotism was a lost art, and reference to it considered as a weakness.

In this national emergency some of their statesmen planned a scheme in which one year of early school life was devoted to reading specially prepared German classics, in which were enshrined national traditions in simple but melodious German. A wiser, more far-reaching educational venture, was never made.

The Americans across the line have been taking a leaf out of this German book. Within the last few years they have introduced into the schools here and there, as part of the exercises Author's Day, Founder's Day, Hero's Day, etc. Decoration Day and Arber Day also do their part. The whole object is to call out, develop and cherish the feelings of patriotism and loyal-

ty. The subject of school-room decoration is made to contribute largely to this end. Pictures, busts, national and patriotic emblems are intermingled with flowers and ornaments, so as to impress deeply upon the youthful mind the deep and pregnant lessons of the national history which they so powerfully, yet ideally convey.

TORONTO, ONT.

## A WANDERING VINE.

BY ANNE V. JACK.

Among the vines that fill up spaces in my floral recess, are many of diverse growth. The passion flower is dense and dark, the madra vine light and pale green—there are several ivies, and a *Sophispermum* that gives pretty flowers and foliage. But the *Cortosa Scandinens*, with dark and light leaves, in sprays, and large, bell-shaped flowers, first pale green, and then purple, is a beautiful climber, and grows rapidly. It is a native of Mexico, and was named after a missionary there named Cobo.

In its own country it often grows a hundred and fifteen feet in a single season. The seed sprouts easily in heat, but will rot if planted flat; they should be set edgewise.

The vine can be cultivated out of doors in our climate to advantage, and I remember seeing in Brooklyn, a plant in full bloom in November, that had reached the second story windows in the season—being but a small cutting when set out in spring. In the language of flowers its meaning is "gossip," not a very attractive definition, but too often, without knowing it, gossip degenerates into slander, and is to some one's hurt or harm Shakespeare says:

"Talkers are no good doers, be assured  
We go to use our hands and not our tongues."

But I cannot tell why my handsome vine should have the stigma of such a meaning attached to its bell-shaped flowers. One thing is seen, the flowers are open to the light of day, there is no deception about it, and the gossip loses half its sting when it keeps to the facts of every case. And this wandering vine is in itself a beautiful and blossoming fact.

CHATEAUGAY, QUE.

## A Bulgarian Heroine.

The Widdin correspondent of the *St. Petersburg Novosti* sends to that newspaper the following account of a young Bulgarian girl who took an active part in the late war against Serbia, distinguishing herself at Silivritza and at Pirok, and received two crosses for bravery. Previous to the outbreak of hostilities she joined a company of militia—such companies were then forming in various parts of Bulgaria—and accompanied it to the southern frontier in the hope of there meeting with the enemy. During some time she managed to conceal her sex, for her comrades took her to be a youth with an effeminate face, of which there were many such to be met with among the militia. Only the commander of her company knew her secret; she was obliged to disclose it to him when the company had set out upon its march, and he appears to have loyally kept it to himself. In all exercises, parades and reviews she took part jointly with her male comrades. At last, when Serbia declared war against Bulgaria, the heroine took part in the forced march into Serbia, fought at the battle of Silivritza, and joined in the attack upon Pirok. During the fight she did all she could to encourage her comrades, and they in return unanimously voted to her the company's medal for bravery. When, in consequence of the war coming to an end, the militia was dispersed she went to Sofia and was there presented to Prince Alexander, who awarded her a second decoration for bravery. She then returned to Widdin, her place of domicile before the war, where she acts as servant to an old lady. She says that should the Servians begin another war she will again fight against them, but in her woman's attire, for it is not worth while to change one's dress for such an enemy.

## WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

A lady, Miss Parayaslavtseff by name, is director of the Sebastopol Zoological Station.

Signora Rubenstein has received the highest honors which can be awarded by the German School of Philosophy.

Isabel T. Lublin, scholar and medallist, University College, London, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society.

The best bread made in New York City, is by a Mrs. Jones, of Jones Street, who makes to order, and sends it round by a boy in a hand-cart.

Lady Mount-Temple is forming a crusade of ladies for the protection of wild birds, and is eager to get the names of those who will join her in a "Plumage League."

In the *Nineteenth Century* for December, the Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury gave an account of the objects and methods of the Girls' Friendly Society, under the title of "Prevention."

"Why do you have a grasshopper on the corner of your new book?" asked a friend of Miss Kate Sauborn. "Grasshopper," indignantly responded Miss Sauborn, "that is a kate-did. This is the book that Katy did." It was the "Wit of Women."

A remarkable memoir on the development of the sternum in birds, prepared by Miss Beatrice Lindsay, of Girton College, and communicated to the Zoological Society of London by Dr. H. Gadov, at their meeting on June 16th last, appears in a recent Report of the Society's Proceedings.

Lady Randolph Churchill, a New York belle (Miss Jerome) married to the English Conservative leader, has been very active in organizing societies of ladies called *Habitantes of Dames*; as auxiliaries to the recent exciting political canvas and in connection with the "Primrose League."

Miss Kate Field has achieved a remarkable success with her new lecture on Mormonism—a success which will be likely to influence future legislation on the subject, for her argument goes deeper than the sentimental, or even moral, aspects of the question; it reaches the vital one of the nation, of the open defiance, and treasonable attitude towards the national institutions, of Mormonism and its leaders.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, is about to issue a Royal Commission to inquire into the working and results of the Education Acts. The commission, in the wide scope of its references, will, amongst other matters, take into account the subject of over-pressure, and probably also the relations of technical teaching to the ordinary day schools of the country.

The "United Sisters' Friendly Society" has been recently established in England, on the same basis as the great "Friendly" Societies of workmen, which number a membership of several millions, and an accumulated capital of upwards of fifty millions of dollars (twelve millions of pounds). The object is "to secure independence," and "provide resources against sickness and old age."

The *(Dublin) Medical Press*, of a recent date, says:—"Last week the first lady student who has entered the School of the Irish College of Surgeons took her place among her male comrades quietly, and as one of themselves. The occasion was Mr. Thornley Stoker's anatomical lecture, and we are glad to say that the class made it obvious that they were gentlemen by their reception of the lady."

Miss Octavia Hill is the moving spirit of the Kyrle Society, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is president. The society decorates by frescoes, painting, pictures, and mottoes the meeting-places of the poor; their schools, clubs, and hospitals. It gives them, through the instrumentality of a voluntary choir, the finest music gratis. It assists in the movement to preserve open spaces for the people, and lays out gardens for their enjoyment. It has an agency for receiving flowers and bulbs, and distributes these among the poor. It has lately added to its work that of receiving for and distributing books and periodicals to workmen's clubs, etc. Taking for its motto, "To the utmost of our power," it has, since its formation, decorated 27 hospital wards, clubs, and other places of resort; its choir has given 90 oratorios and 160 miscellaneous concerts; it has aided in preserving, laying out, or improving 21 open spaces. Its action is severely crippled for want of funds.

## Young Folks' Department.

## AN ADVENTURE IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER.

There are many deserts in Tartary, but none more grim and dreary than the great waste of "Kara Koum" (Black Sand), which stretches across the whole northwest of Central Asia. Day after day you go wearily on over the endless level, with your head aching and your skin dry and feverish, seeing nothing but the burning sky above and the burning sand below, where the only thing to show that you have not wandered from the right track is a stray mound of earth here and there, out of which peer the whitened bones of horses and camels, and sometimes even of men, who have died here before you.

But if you do happen to meet a man, you must be on your guard, for in these wild regions the old joke about "catching a Tartar" often comes true in grim earnest. When one of these flat-faced, bullet-headed fellows comes trotting up to you on his wiry little horse, looking cunning at you from under the high cap of black sheep-skin that is slouched over his small, narrow, rat-like eyes, you had better keep your hand on your revolver and your eye upon him until he has answered your challenge of, "Amaun ust?" (is it peace?) with, "Insh Allah, xman ust" (please God it is peace).

Why this pleasant place should be called "Black Sand" it is hard to say, for both it and its two great brothers, the "Ak Koum" (White Sand), to the east, and the "Kis'i Koum" (Red Sand), to the south, are all of one color, and that color a pale yellow. But it can look "black" enough sometimes in another way, as I know to my cost. In the driest and loneliest part of it, just as the water is beginning to run low in your skin bag, you come upon a deep, winding furrow in the parched earth, which was a rushing river ages ago, and you think of the cool, clear water that the thirsty sands have drunk up, until you yourself grow thirstier and more dismal than ever.

We were just midway across the desert, and the red sun was sinking over the great waste of lifeless sand, when there suddenly arose between us and it what seemed at first slight like a cloud of withered leaves. But a second glance showed it to be a host of wide-winged wing things, moving swift and unswerving, in ranked order, like an army arrayed for battle. But for their amazing numbers one might have taken them for an ordinary flight of grasshoppers; but I had seen such a sight too often not to recognize the destroying march of the locust.

Onward they went to lay waste the rich lands of the south, their vast shadow darkening half the sky, and the whir of their countless wings sounding amid the ghastly silence like the hissing and grinding of some mighty engine. Although thousands passed every moment, it was fully fifteen minutes before the last of the host had gone by.

Then my Tartar servant pointed his brown, bony hand after the shadowy mass, and said, solemnly, "Master we shall have a storm."

"Why do you think so?" asked I, somewhat surprised, for the sky was clear and cloudless as ever.

"The locusts have gone by in their armies, even such as those that the Prophet Amram Ben Amrahm" (Moses the son of Amram) "brought up against Egypt; and where they come, the blast of the desert is never far behind. Destruction always follows the destroyer."

The terrible emphasis of the man's tone and manner showed that he was thorough in earnest; and if he spoke truly, the thought of encountering a desert whirlwind in this perilous spot, where there was enough loose sand to bury a whole army, was anything but pleasant. But what could we do? To go back was as dangerous as to go forward, and to stand still was worse than either; so on we went.

Two hours passed, however, without any sign of danger, and I was just beginning to hope that the Tartar might have been mistaken after all, when the camels, which were harnessed three abreast to my light covered wagon, suddenly stopped short, and began to snuff the air uneasily.

I saw a look of anxiety cloud the Tartar's stern face, instantly reflecting upon that of our Kirghiz driver, whose sharp white teeth, hooked nose, and great black hollow eyes

looked quite unearthly in the fitful moonlight.

The camels snuffed again, more quickly and restlessly than before, and then crouched down side by side, with their long necks laid flat on the ground.

"Tebbad!" (sand-storm) shouted the Kirghiz, throwing himself down behind them, and muffling his head in his sheep-skin cloak.

The words were hardly spoken, when a gray dimness rushed down suddenly over the whole sky, and my Tartar and I had barely time to fling ourselves down into bottom of the wagon, when there came a rush and a roar, and all around was one whirl of flying sand and charging storm, which, closely as our shawls were pulled over our faces, seemed to deafen, blind, and strangle us all in one moment.

It seemed many hours to us (though in reality it was less than one) while we lay there, half stifled, but not daring to put forth our heads, listening to the howl of the storm and the sharp "purr, purr" of the whirling sand against the sides of our rocking wagon. But at last the hideous uproar died away, and we ventured to peep forth.

A strange sight awaited us. Far as the eye could reach, the smooth sand was billowed like the waves of a stormy sea. Our wagon looked as if steeped in lime, and the lower half of it was hidden altogether. Of the camels nothing could be seen but their humps; and as the Kirghiz started up, throwing off a whirlwind of dust on every side, he seemed to have risen bodily through the earth.

We ourselves had fared little better. In spite of all my wrappings, my skin was as gritty as a match box from head to foot, and the Tartar's sallow visage looked like a half-washed potato. The warm genial air had suddenly become chilly as a grave, for the Siberian hurricane had brought with it cold memories of frozen seas, and leagues of snowy moorland, and half seen icebergs drifting wearily through the polar night; and the pale grayish-yellow sand of the Kara Koum, which by its very nature cannot absorb heat, is one of the coldest surfaces in the world.

How we escaped being buried alive outright I was at first quite at a loss to imagine, but the explanation was simple enough. Most fortunately for ourselves, we had halted on the brow of a ridge where the sand lay thin and light, and where the sweep of the wind was too furious to let the drifts gather thickly round us. Had we met the storm in the hollows below, we should all have been dead men, and I still count that night's work one of the narrowest of my many escapes from death.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

Light haired people, it is said, have about one-third more hairs on the head, and are less liable to become bald, than those with dark hair.

A mine of mercury—consisting of the sulphuret and chloride, with drops of metallic mercury, in a gangue of quartz—which appears to have been worked in ancient times has been re-discovered at Schupplast-ana, near Belgrade in Servia.

The continual advances in the science of organic chemistry is marked by the successful attacks which chemists are making on alkaloid plant principles. A Ladenburg has succeeded in preparing artificially a substance extracted from pepper, known as piperidine. The artificial substance and the real are indistinguishable, being chemically identical.

M. Pages, in the course of his experiments in photographing the movements of horses, has been struck by the observation that the foot of the animal, being half the time at rest on the ground, moves during the other half of the time in much more rapid motion than the animal itself. He estimates that in the gallop the foot reaches a velocity of 60 metres or about 200 feet a second.

It is generally conceded that Russia possesses more precious stones than any other nation, a majority of which were procured at the expense of blood. The jewels in the cathedral at Moscow are valued at twelve millions of dollars. The throne of Russia is completely covered with plates of gold, and contains fifteen hundred rubies and eight thousand turquoise, besides many other rare and costly gems. The throne of the Ocar, known as the diamond throne, is truly a marvel.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. J. H. Parnell, brother of the Irish leader, has lately planted 500 acres more in peaches on his Georgia farm, making a total of 1,800 acres in that fruit.

The Dean of Winchester is about to restore the marble covered sarcophagus of William Rufus to its ancient place before the high altar in the Cathedral.

Mr. A. Cusson, a wholesale merchant of Montreal, has caused the arrest of ten young men for forgery in issuing bogus notes of invitation to a party at his house.

Mr. Albert Milland, a well-known French journalist and composer, is soon to become the husband of Madame Judic. It is generally known that Madame Judic is a widow.

M. DeLessaps declares confidently that the Panama Canal will be completed within the next three years. Few persons share his confidence, although his words have the weight of authority.

At a garden party which is to be given at Dublin in May by the Earl and the Countess of Aberdeen the ladies invited will appear in maid's fancy dresses, and the gentlemen in Irish tweed suits.

Mrs. Garfield has offered her Cleveland house for rent, and will hereafter live at Mentor, the former Garfield homestead, where some \$40,000 has been expended in beautifying the house and grounds.

The death is recorded of Captain James Maurice Shipton, R. N., who served under Nelson, Duncan, Cornwallis, Napier and Sydney Smith. He received the medal for the taking of Fort Trinite at Martinique.

There will be an important sale of pictures at London in June and July. These pictures, numbering more than four hundred most of them fine examples, are now in the collection of the Duke of Marlborough. Tenors is particularly conspicuous in this collection. Perhaps no single canvas in it has greater value than Carlo Dolci's "Mater Dolorosa."

It turns out that Mr. Edgar Fawcett is the author of the anonymous story published in Philadelphia some time ago under the title of "The Bunting Ball." The publishers offered a prize of \$1,000 to anybody guessing the author. So many people suspected Fawcett, owing to the turgid style, that the purse has been divided up and the guessers will only realize 12½ cents apiece.

Bella Lockwood, of course, has taken a hand in the low-neck discussion, and seeks to create additional bustle by adding the trained skirt to the tabooed articles. She has written a letter to Miss Cleveland, in which she declares that "while the trained skirt is untidy, extravagant and in crowded assemblies positively vulgar, it is also undoubtedly in its origin a badge of servility."

With Sir Henry Taylor, who died in England March 23, in his eighty-seventh year, a living epitome of the nineteenth century has passed away. He had seen the reigns of the Third and Fourth Georges and William IV., as well as the whole of Victoria's; also the rise and fall of the first Napoleon, his Bourbon successors, and the Third Empire; Scott, Byron, and Shelley, Lamb, Coleridge, and the Lake Poets, together with Dickens and Thackeray, Irving and Prescott, were of his era; he was a well-grown lad at the time of our almost forgotten war of 1812, and had witnessed a complete reconstruction of the political map of Europe.

Almost every visitor in Paris who has ridden out toward the Bois has seen the old man in the little carriage drawn by sheep pottering along in the avenue du Bois de Boulogne. These sheep are two fine fat South Downs, but the occupant is a cripple named Dr. De Roroy. He has been by turns a soldier, a traveller, a politician, a journalist and a man of letters. A nephew of the Abbe Lamennais, he was for a while private secretary of Lamartine, also an intimate friend of the Marquis of Haris, at whose place in the Bois he frequently met Prince Napoleon. During the war he volunteered to carry important despatches out of Paris for the government of the Defense Nationale. He started alone in a balloon, which was caught in a hurricane, carried into Switzerland, and came down in the midst of the Mer de Glace glacier, where his legs were so frost bitten that they had to be amputated. Besides his legs, he lost his fortune by the war.

## MIRTH.

Pompous physician to patient's Wife: "Why, did you delay sending for me until he was out of his mind?" Wife: "Oh doctor, while he was in his right mind he wouldn't let me send for you."

"There's my hand," he exclaimed in a moment of courage and candour, "and my heart is in it!" She glanced at the empty palm extended towards her, and wickedly replied, "Just as I supposed—you have no heart."

Comus Bookworthy, Sr., (to Mr. Rusker De Vere, art critic).—"Now that's what I call a fine picture; shows remarkable talent. My daughter painted that, sir, and I would not take \$200 for it. Why, the paint on it cost \$150."

An aged Christian woman was asked, "Are you never troubled by the devil, that you are always so cheerful?" "Oh, yes, he often comes to the door, but I never bid him come in, or give him a stool to sit on."

"Oh," exclaimed Miss Dabell, what a clever man that Mr. Fogg is. He is really quite a physiognomist. I was telling him last evening that I had become quite proficient in painting, and he said: "I am sure of it, madame; your face shows it." Chorus of familiars "Indeed!"

The ladies were talking about their old sitters and the newer designs, when Mrs. Oldblossom said: "I use nothing upon my table but hammered ware." And just then, as a crash of resounding china came from the kitchen, she added, "And there's the artist hammering some of it."

"Ephrum, what makes so many cat tails grow in dis heah pon'?" "Wull, dey grows up from kittens dat people hez drowned in de pon', of course. Pes's like you wimmon folk doan know nuffin 'bout agricultural."

"Uncle James," said a Toronto young lady who was spending a few days in the country, "is that chicken by the gate a Brahmin?" "No," replied Uncle James, "he's a Leghorn." "Why to be sure," said the young lady. "How stupid of me! I can see the horns on his ankles."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an Irish lawyer, "it will be for you to say whether the defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with a cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with him unty."

A couple of young men went out fishing the other day, and on returning, were going past a farmhouse and felt hungry. They shouted to the farmer's daughters, "Girls, have you any buttermilk?" The reply was gently wadded back to their ears, "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves."

Architect to Mr. de Nowvo Ritoh, who is considering the front elevation of a projected residence: "If you do not like those towers, Mr. Ritoh, we can have them eliminated." Mr. de Nowvo Ritoh: "They're real han'some as they be; but, if 'lminat-in' on 'em would make 'em han'somer, let's have 'em 'lminated."

A Parisian who had been dining not wisely but too well went to a reception at a friend's house. He displayed an oppressive amount of gallantry. "What expressive eyes he has!" said a lady to the mistress of the house. "Yes," replied the hostess—"one of them expresses too much burgundy and the other too much champagne."

There was quite a row at a recent meeting in a Richmond chapel vestry between Uncle Moss and Deacon Gabe Snodgrass. "You is the biggest black rascal in Austin," said Deacon Snodgrass. "You is a heap bigger one," returned Moss, placing his hand on the ivory handle of his umbrella. "Bredderen," interposed Parson Blodsoe, "you talks as if dar was nobody else present 'ceptin' yerself."

A popular dancing master in the Isle of Wight, who had taught the young Tennyson, was one day or sailing to the mainland in the same steamer with their mother. After a little talk, during which the professor of the "light fantastic" referred in somewhat dismal tones to the success of her husband's poems, this true artist shook his head for a space, and at last gave utterance to his sad thought. "Ah, madam," exclaimed he to the much wondering Mrs. Tennyson, "he may be a very fine poet, but I grieve to say that anyone with an eye can see that his department was shamefully neglected in his youth!"



[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

# THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel—By DORA RUSSELL,

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

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

## CHAPTER XXXI.—THE TRIAL.

The next morning the Court-house where Laura Davis was to be tried for her life was crowded to excess. The case was tried at Exeter, and excited the greatest interest all over the country. The youth and beauty of the prisoner, and the rank and romantic story attached to the ill-fated youth struck down in the early days of his good-fortune, naturally had attracted attention, and the Court-house was crowded by ladies, by reporters, in fact by every one who could obtain a seat.

A rumour had crept through the town that during the night the unhappy girl, Laura Davis, had tried to destroy herself. This increased the excitement. Adrian Davis heard the report, and went down on his knees to his wife to entreat her not to be present at the trial. It was said the girl was half dead, and Adrian knew the terrible shock any change in her appearance would cause her mother, who had spent the night in wandering up and down the room, or kneeling in passionate soul-sent prayer, full of repentance and entreaty.

"Spare her spare her—no child of my love!"

How often had this cry gone up from the lips of one "who had been a dinner!" The touch of her little child's small hand had changed this woman's heart, and the thought of her past life had grown hateful to her. And now it had come back—that past which she had tried to forget and hide—had risen from the dead as it were, and John Lester's son had spoiled her child's life as surely as she had ruined his!

She had fixed to be present at the trial; she had remained in Exeter for this purpose, telling her husband she could bear it better if she were there to see and hear than the terrible suspense which she must otherwise endure. But when little Adrian in the morning rushed into her room, his face clammy with horror, and knelt down before her and entreated her not to expose herself to such intense and useless pain as "seeing our poor gal just where we could not help her," Mrs. Davis began to waver in her determination.

She felt so weak and faint, for one thing; the long strain of her sleepless night of watching and prayer had told on her physical strength to such an extent that she had the inward consciousness that she would break down. And then her husband was so very much in earnest. There were tears in his eyes and his hands were trembling.

"I'll come every 'alf 'our and tell you, darling," he prayed, "ow it's going on. But don't come—my love, don't come! Do grant me this one favor!"

At last he prevailed upon her, and induced her to take a soothing draught which he had procured for her at the chemist's, and which was in truth a strong sedative. But he did not tell his wife this, nor of the terrible report which he had heard in the town that Laura was already nearly dead. He made her lie down and covered her warmly up, and kissed her hands. There was tenderness in this little man's soul and true love, and it enabled him even in the eyes of the woman who had married him to give her daughter bread. She stooped towards him and kissed him, and Adrian's eyes grew dim as she did so.

"Thank you, my dear, for all your kindness," she said, "I would I were more worthy of it."

"Worthy of it, my love!" repeated Adrian, deeply moved by this sign of his wife's affection: "It's I who am unworthy! You are 'igh above me as the 'eavens is above this little spher!"

So he left her worn and weary, praying her to try and get a little sleep, and promised to hasten to her with any news; and then he went to the Court-house, and through some influence with the officials

secured a seat which had been reserved for him.

The trial had not begun, but presently the judge entered and took his seat on the bench, and then with a sinking heart Adrian saw a huddled-up female form carried into the dock, and a seat having been placed for her, this crushed, prostrate-looking creature was placed on it, held up by two policemen, a female warder also being in attendance.

A stir, a thrill of pity ran through the Court at this pitiful spectacle. But the prisoner never raised her head nor moved. She was understood to plead "Not guilty," but her voice was inaudible where Adrian sat. Once (during the examination of Sir Alan Lester) Adrian saw her lift up her large, dark, unutterably sad eyes, but the next moment they fell, and during the rest of the day she sat motionless, prostrate; "more dead than alive," Adrian heard muttered around him by many a pitying voice.

After the usual formalities the trial began and the counsel for the Crown, Mr. Whickham, rose, and in moderate language told the jury the melancholy tale.

He was a sharp-faced man this, with pale, cold, clever grey eyes, and a broad forehead. He did not look much at the prisoner as he spoke, perhaps he did not care to look at a handsome young woman brought so low. But he had his duty to perform, and he did it, speaking clearly and distinctly, and there seemed little hope for the prisoner to those who listened to his words.

"The unfortunate young gentleman," he said, "was no doubt murdered, for the medical evidence will prove to you that in this case from the very nature of his death-wound, that suicide was an impossibility. He fell, then, murdered, probably about half an hour after one of the witnesses will tell you that he heard the prisoner swear to Sir James Lester that he should not live to be false to her. This witness will also tell you of the bitter anger with which the prisoner received a certain communication which the late Sir James Lester empowered him to make to her; and how on the day after this communication the prisoner went down to Roden Court and forced an interview on Sir James, after ordering this witness from the room. This witness, Richard Chaplin, will then relate to you how, alarmed by the prisoner's manner, and fearing that Sir James might be exposed to some danger from her hands, that after he left the room where the interview between Sir James and the prisoner took place, he secreted himself in an adjoining room and heard through the communicating door, the prisoner's passionate appeals to Sir James not to forsake her, and her threats of vengeance when he refused to marry her, and declared such a marriage to be impossible. The butler, Parker, will then tell you that the prisoner ran out mad with passion, and passed him in the hall at Roden Court also muttering vows of vengeance against the unfortunate young man who a few hours later was found lying dying in the park.

Another witness, the foreman of a gunsmith in Plymouth, will prove to you that he sold the very revolver lying near Sir James in the park when he was discovered, to the prisoner on the morning of the murder, and this young man is ready to swear to the identity of the prisoner, with whom he was personally acquainted.

"Gentlemen, these facts tell their own story. The prisoner's presence on the scene, and at the time of the murder cannot be denied. The purchase of the revolver; the threats of vengeance, and perhaps this unhappy young woman's just cause for anger, so plainly point her out as the slayer of Sir James Lester, that I think no words of mine could possibly make the case stronger. I shall therefore now proceed to call

my witnesses. The first I shall call is Sir Alan Lester, the half-uncle of the murdered man."

Adrian Davis, watching the proceedings with strained and painful interest, now saw a tall, slender, graceful man enter the witness-box, dressed in mourning, and it was when Alan began to speak that for an instant Laura raised her eyes. Perhaps his tone recalled her dead Jim's; perhaps the name caught her dulled ears. At all events for a moment she looked up, but seemingly took no further heed of anything around her.

Alan gave evidence to the finding of "Sir James Lester, my half-nephew," in a dying condition in the park on the night of the 6th of January, or rather in the early hours of the morning of the 7th. He described the position in which they found him.

"Did he speak?" asked the counsel for the Crown.

"At first he could not speak, but he murmured a few last words."

"Will you tell us what these were, Sir Alan?"

"He said, 'Uncle Alan—give mother my love—and gran'ma.' I must tell you, gentlemen," continued Alan, "that my poor young nephew used to call my mother, Lady Lester, with whom he was a great favorite, 'gran'ma.'"

"I believe, Sir Alan," here said the presiding Judge in measured accents, "that you resigned the estates and title that you now hold, in favour of this unfortunate young gentleman, on learning that your elder brother, who was supposed to have died unmarried, had in truth married and left a son?"

"That is true," answered Alan Lester quietly.

"And you were on good terms with your late nephew?" asked Mr. Whickham.

"On perfectly good terms."

"Did he then ever allude to, or confide to you any particulars of the unfortunate engagement into which, no doubt, he had fallen with the prisoner?"

"No," said Alan slowly, and he looked across the Court-house as he spoke, and his heart was full of pity for the miserable girl whom Jim had deceived.

The next witness was Dr. Hilliard, who deposed to being hastily summoned to Roden Court in the early hours of January 7th, by Parker the butler, and how a few moments after he arrived on the scene of the murder, Sir James Lester drew his last breath. The rest of his evidence consisted of the medical details of the fatal wound, Dr. Hilliard declaring it was impossible that it could be self-inflicted.

After the doctor, the most important witness of the trial was called—and nervous and somewhat agitated, Chaplin, the lawyer's clerk, made his appearance in the box.

"I believe," said Mr. Whickham, addressing him, "that you were somewhat intimate with the deceased?"

"We were very intimate," answered Chaplin; "I knew him before he was found to be Sir James Lester very well, and—we didn't drop it."

"You know of his connection with the prisoner. Had he ever promised to marry her?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"And he commissioned you to tell her that this marriage was impossible; to offer her a sum of money to give up any claims upon him?"

"Yes; he sent for me to Roden, and I took the old lady down—I mean his mother, Mrs. Lester—and when I was at the Court we arranged I was to see Miss Davis on my return to Plymouth, and tell her Sir James could not marry her, and offer her five thousand pounds down to release him."

"And you did this?"

"Yes—I saw Miss Davis" (and here for a moment Chaplin's voice faltered, and he looked nervously, perhaps with some feeling of regret at the nature of his evidence, at the bowed figure in the dock. He had heard the report that Laura had tried to destroy herself the night before, and this did not tend to make him feel happier. "I saw Miss Davis," he continued, more firmly, "and she declined to hold any communication with me. She said, 'James Lester shall answer to me for this himself.'"

"Was she terribly angry?"

"Yes, she was—there's no doubt of that. She was deadly pale; and she ordered me away, and I telegraphed to Jim—I mean Sir James—the same night, that I would go down the next day to Roden."

"And you did this?"

"Yes."

"Did you warn him that Miss Davis was likely to come down to the Court?"

"Yes, I advised him to keep out of her way till it was settled."

"You were afraid for him even then?"

"I thought she was in a tremendous rage."

"And when you were there she came?"

"Yes; it was getting dark; about half-past six, and we were sitting smoking over the breakfast-room fire, we had been out shooting in the afternoon, Sir James and I, and Sir James was going out to dine with Colonel Doyne at seven, and just when he was going up to dress we heard some one arrive, and Miss Davis walked in."

"What did she say?"

"She refused to say anything before me, except she asked him if he had sent the base message I had brought her, and Jim—Sir James—said he had. Then she told him to send me away, and Jim said I had better go, and I went, but only into the smoking-room through the breakfast-room, where they were; and though the door through was shut, I overheard every word that passed between them."

"Tell us what you heard," now said Mr. Whickham.

Chaplin hesitated.

"She first asked him if he wished to break her heart."

"And then?"

"She asked him what he meant by certain words he had made use of in his letter to her that he sent by me, and Sir James answered he would rather not tell her. 'But I will know,' she cried out; 'what has that fellow who has just gone out been telling you against me?' She meant me, by 'the fellow,' you know; and Jim answered, I had said nothing against her, which was quite true. Then she urged him again to tell her what he meant by those words in his letter, and Jim told her. He said: 'Laura, did you ever hear the story of my father? How his life was ruined—how he was tempted to forge his father's name by a woman whom he loved? That woman was your mother—now you can understand.'"

Here there was a disturbance in the Court. "That is a lie," cried little Adrian Davis, starting to his feet, his yellow eyes rolling, and his yellow face purple with rage. "My lord," this was to the judge, "this is a lying witness! My dear lady, the poor gal's mother there," and he pointed to Laura, "was Colonel Shelbrooke's wife before she 'onoured me with 'er and. She had nothing to do with the young gent's father who came to grief; never set eyes upon him. This little pettifoggling sneak—"

"Put that man out," interrupted the stern voice of the judge; and, shrieking and struggling, poor Adrian was dragged out of court by two stalwart policemen, and ran to the lodging he had taken for his wife in a state of extreme excitement.

Chaplin then went on with his evidence, detailing the scene between poor James Lester and Laura; how he had told her that her mother's name had been formerly Laura Lovat, and that he had only lately learnt this, and that they must part. Laura flung herself down on her knees before him, but Sir James remained firm, and finally she arose up, and asked him if he were changed to her, and Sir James admitted that he was.

"I want no lies nor excuses," she said to him," continued Chaplin, "do you love me still, or do you not?"

"I don't then," answered Sir James, "went on Chaplin, "I'm about sick of all this Laura." And upon that she cursed him.

"You want to marry someone else, do you?" she cried, "but you never shall! James Lester, you have ruined my life—but don't think you shall escape from me!"

"She went out cursing him," proceeded Chaplin, "and then I went into the room and told Sir James I had heard everything, and that I had expected her to run a knife into him every moment. He laughed and wanted me to go after her, but I was afraid to go, and then he ran upstairs to dress for Colonel Doyne's dinner, and went out of the house in about ten minutes at the most after Miss Davis had left."

The rest of Chaplin's evidence was simply to detail, waiting for poor Jim Lester's return; going to Kingsford Grange with Parker, the butler, to seek him, and finally finding him dying in the park. Poor Chaplin was much affected when he spoke of his friend's last moments; and though the prisoner's counsel later in the day subjected him to a severe cross-examination regarding the final interview and the words used dur-

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The rest of Chaplin's evidence was simply to detail, waiting for poor Jim Lester's return; going to Kingsford Grange with Parker, the butler, to seek him, and finally finding him dying in the park. Poor Chaplin was much affected when he spoke of his friend's last moments; and though the prisoner's counsel later in the day subjected him to a severe cross-examination regarding the final interview and the words used dur-



ing this last interview between James Lester and the prisoner in the breakfast-room at Roden, Chaplin's evidence remained unshaken. Again he repeated her breathing words and his own fears; again he told the story of Jim's discovery, that the woman who had ruined his father's life, was Laura's own mother.

The other witnesses for the prosecution were duly called; the foraman of the gunsmith who had sold Laura the revolver, and who knew Miss Davis perfectly well by sight when she bought it. He showed his entry of the sale in the books, and the number, and swore the revolver found in Roden Park was the same that he sold to the prisoner on the morning of the murder. Then came Parker's evidence, which was immaterial, and Colonel Doyno's, who merely related that they expected Sir James Lester to dinner on the 6th of January, and that he never came; and how Chaplin and the butler had roused the house to inquire for him about three o'clock the next morning.

It looked very black for the prisoner when her counsel, late in the afternoon, rose to address the jury on her behalf.

"I admit that the counsel for the prosecution," he said, "has brought a very formidable array of facts for the consideration against my unfortunate client, the prisoner at the bar, who I think has been, to commence with, the victim of one of the most heartless cases of desertion that in my long experience I have ever encountered. Let us see what the position of these two young people was, whose love had been fated to end so miserably, when Sir Alan Lester discovered that his brother, who was supposed to have committed suicide twenty-three years ago, had in reality been serving as a private soldier, and had, during these years, married a woman of suitable rank to that which he had chosen to assume.

"We have all heard the story; how Sir Alan acted like a cavalrous gentleman, and had no sooner satisfied himself that the young man, James Lester, was in truth the legitimate son of his eldest brother, than he resigned the family title and estates in his favour, and this youth, who had been brought up in a small tavern at Plymouth, became Sir James Lester, of Roden Court.

"But he did not enter into this new position of life a free man. He was engaged to be married to the unhappy young woman you are now trying for her life. She was of his own former rank, the step-daughter of a billiard table keeper, they had been lovers for a considerable time, and young Sir James renewed his promise of marriage to her after he came into the possession of Roden Court, and I shall call witnesses to prove, presented her with valuable presents, diamonds, and other ornaments, and treated her as a man treats the woman he means to make his wife.

"But presently he went down to Roden Court—perhaps he saw other young ladies—at all events he grew tired and ashamed of his old love, and instructed his former friend Mr. Chaplin to offer her the sum of five thousand pounds to set him free. But how did this poor girl treat the offer of this large sum of money? In her position of life a very large sum of money. She treated it with contempt and scorn. She told Mr. Chaplin she would see James Lester himself, and she did go down to Roden to see him, and I think no more pathetic story was ever told than this poor girl pleading to this heartless young man not to break her heart!

"This was true love—not love to be bought nor sold; she did not want his money—she wanted his love; the love that was hers by right; the love that had been promised to her again and again, and how did he answer her? 'Do you love me, or do you not?' asked this unhappy heart. 'I don't, then,' answered the newly-made gentleman, 'I'm about sick of all this, Laura.'

"I think I am quoting the words Mr. Chaplin overheard correctly, and I think we need not be surprised—none of us who have had any experience of life need be surprised—that this insulted, passionate, loving creature, on being thus treated so vilely by a man bound to her by every claim of honour should lift up her hand and curse him, and should threaten he should never live to marry another than the one he had so cruelly deceived. But, gentlemen, she did not mean this. Women use exaggerated language while excited by passion, and was this young woman, betrayed, wounded past endurance, to be expected to speak calmly? Remember she did not come of the class of

Verde de Vere. Her manners wanted the repose that we are told stamp it. She was wringed, she was excited, and she threatened this false lover, and because a few hours afterwards he is found dying in the park she is held to have murdered him!

"But there is the incident of the purchase of the revolver; you will say? True, but to my mind that is very neatly accounted for. She knew—this Mr. Chaplin, who gave his evidence so glibly—had told her that James Lester wished to break his promise to her. What more probable than that this unhappy girl had more idea of ending her own blighted existence than of injuring James Lester, when she armed herself with this weapon of destruction? She had cast all on this die—it was life or death to her—I will kill myself, she may have said; I will tell him I will kill myself if he forsakes me—she may have intended to threaten this, to frighten him back to the paths of honour—but that a woman who loved so deeply as this poor woman loved, would lie in wait and shoot the man in the back for whom she was ready to die, I will not believe!

"No, my theory is—and, gentlemen, you no doubt have heard the sad story, how last night this unhappy creature tried to end the miserable life for which I now plead—my theory is then, that she bought this weapon and carried it down to Roden for the purpose of destroying herself if James Lester were false to her. Her own account is this, of which before her mad attempt last night she had left a written testimony addressed to her mother—she bought the revolver for the purpose of frightening James Lester—and when he rejected her love, her passionate pleading; when he told her in those coarse, heartless words of his that 'he was sick of it,' that she left his presence mad with grief and rage, and went into the woods intending that he should find her cold and dead on the very spot where he himself so soon after fell!

"She had 'stepped to folly,' and she wished to make one last effort by death to touch her betrayer's heart. But life is sweet—even the most shamed life—when we stand on the brink of the dark river that has no backward tide. Her courage failed her—with a cry she flung the accursed weapon from her, and fled she knew not where—anywhere, the world was all black to her—she was deserted, broken-hearted, and later on she crept back to her humble home to die. She had literally 'turned her face to the wall' when she was arrested for the murder of this young man, of which I for one believe her entirely innocent.

"Who can have done this deed, then, you may ask? Gentlemen, this youth—this Sir James Lester—in the chapter of his young life that we just have read, had shown a remarkable disregard for all those feelings that it is our pride to believe are the common characteristics of our race. Where was his honor, his good faith? If he treated one woman thus—a woman he at one time professed to love, and wished to make his wife—why not another? Some angry father, some enraged brother, may have avenged some rustic love of his in this bloody fashion. The revolver was lying on the ground—who knows who raised it and fired the fatal shot? At all events I entreat you to believe that it was not you broken-hearted girl, and if you have any doubts, I pray you at least to give her the benefit of them.

"She is not nineteen. She has been cruelly treated. Be more merciful to her than the young man who died in the dark hours in Roden Park, and I whose green years alone plead any justification for the evil that he did, which has truly lived after him!"

The counsel for the defence had one of those ringing, penetrating voices which seem to reach the heart, and wake some echo even in the most hardened listener. He spoke earnestly, and his pale face lit with the enthusiasm and passion of his words. There had been a tragic story attached to his name in the opening years of his professional success, and a young girl whom he was said to be greatly attached to, had died under peculiarly unhappy circumstances. Perhaps some memory of that bitter time came back to him, as he pleaded for the life of Laura Davis; at all events his address affected many in the crowded Court, and when he proceeded to call witnesses to prove that Laura Davis had undoubtedly been engaged to be married to James Lester; that he had given her presents, and gone about with her as her betrothed lover, it was almost universally felt that the unfortunate

girl had been treated very cruelly, and much sympathy was felt for her by the witness present.

But when the Judge began to sum up the case, repeating in cold measured accents the hard facts, putting every feeling aside, and weighing the evidence of the prosecution against the evidence of the defence, again it seemed almost impossible to believe that any other than the prisoner took James Lester's life.

The Judge—a man of austere aspect, with a grey-hued harsh face—pointed out that Richard Chaplin, whose evidence the counsel for the defence had failed to shake, had overheard the prisoner distinctly threaten the life of the murdered man; that whatever her wrongs, this unhappy young woman had no right to take the law in her own hands; that the purchase of the revolver, and the fact that this revolver was found lying close to the spot where the unfortunate young gentleman lay dying, all told terribly against the theory of the prisoner's innocence.

"The counsel for the defence has pleaded," continued the Judge, "that this revolver was purchased with the idea of frightening James Lester into the fulfilment of his promise, but we have not a particle of evidence to prove this. The witness Chaplin did not bar her threaten her own life, but the life which so shortly afterwards was undoubtedly destroyed by the means of the very weapon which the prisoner had purchased on the morning of the murder. The theory also that a woman is incapable of taking the life of a man she loves is disproved by facts. Many women, alike in ancient and modern times, in moments of exasperation have killed, or attempted to kill their lovers. But if on the other hand you have any doubts, if you can believe that the prisoner flung her pistol away, and that some other and unknown person raised it for the fatal purpose of taking Sir James Lester's life, I can only repeat her counsel's words, and pray you to give the prisoner the benefit of these doubts. But facts are stubborn things, and to my mind these facts all tend to disprove the prisoner's innocence."

It was felt in the Court that the summing up of the Judge had been decidedly adverse to the prisoner, and therefore the verdict of

the jury was not unexpected. Yet it came as a sort of shock, and a thrill ran through the Court when the foraman, in answer to the Clerk's question, "Gentlemen of the jury, 'GUILTY, or not guilty?'" pronounced the fatal word "GUILTY," adding, however, a strong recommendation to mercy on account of the prisoner's youth and the cruel provocation she had received from the murdered man.

Then occurred one of the most exciting incidents of a remarkable trial.

When solemnly asked if there were any reasons to offer why the sentence of the Court should not be passed on her, to the surprise of every one present, the prisoner, who had been brought again into Court when the jury returned to pronounce their verdict and who had sat the whole day motionless and apparently unheeding what was going on around her, suddenly lifted her head and made an effort to speak.

"I am innocent," she said in a husky voice, clutching the arm of the policeman who was near her to support herself, and looking direct at the Judge with her dark, hopeless eyes: "I don't want to live—but I did not shoot Jim Lester."

"Laura Davis," he said impressively, "it was impossible that the jury, with the facts of this case before them, could have returned any other verdict than the one we have just heard. I regret that you should have added what I firmly believe to be a falsehood to your crime. But I do not wish to add to the pain of your position, nor to the bitter regret which must now fill your heart, that in a moment of passion and disappointment you destroyed the life of the young man whom you professed to love. The merciful recommendation of the jury I shall see is forwarded to the proper quarter, but in the meanwhile I entreat you to make good use of the time left to you, and I implore you to repent of the cruel deed which sent a young soul unprepared, unready, to its last account."

The sentence followed these solemn words, and then the miserable prisoner was carried from the Court, and the curtain fell over the sad drama, where love and death had played their tragic parts.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



PONEYS?

HELLO! JACK, YOU LOOK LIKE DEATH ON A PALE HORSE.  
WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BUT I'M DEATH ON PALE BRANDY.

# ONE FATAL NIGHT.

BY CHARLES W. WOOD.

## III.

We reached London. My cousin went to Portman Square, I to my chambers. There I found an unexpected surprise. A brief awaited me in an important case. If I succeeded in carrying it through, it might well prove a stepping-stone to work and success. I laid my head upon the pillow that night, and felt that I would not exchange lots with the happiest, most prosperous of men.

When at breakfast the next morning, my cousin, to my intense surprise, came in. Never before had he said me as early a visit. One look at his face told me that something had happened.

"Have you played me this trick?" were the first words he uttered: and for the first time in my recollection his voice betrayed something like genuine emotion.

"My good fellow," I replied, "I am not in the habit of playing tricks—to you least of all. What's the matter?"

"The diamonds are gone." I stared at him in bewilderment. I recalled our conversation in the carriage as we drove to Epsom: my wonder as to what he would do if such a thing were to happen: his self-confident reply.

"You don't mean to say the diamonds are stolen?" I returned. "It was only the other day you told me of their safety. You said they were beyond the reach of burglars, or something to that effect."

"True. I remember. And I was hoping—a forlorn hope, I admit—that you had somehow caused them to be abstracted, in order to make good your words, or to read me a lesson."

"A forlorn hope, truly," I answered, at once vexed and amused. "I am glad you admit that. You must recollect that you did not even tell me where they were stowed away. I stopped you as you were about to reveal the secret."

"I do remember. Well, they are gone. They were all in one parcel, wrapped up in cotton-wool, enclosed in wash-leather, and deposited in a small black leather case. When I got home last night, and had dined, I went to have a look at them. They were gone! I have never closed my eyes all night," he continued, feverishly twisting his hands. And indeed he looked almost haggard. This loss was affecting him far more than the loss of his lady-love.

"Who in the world can have taken them?"

"Who indeed?" returned my cousin. "Evidently some one who had knowledge of the diamonds. You will naturally think of the servants. I am satisfied of their innocence. Not one of them knew even of their existence. I have had every one of them, man and woman, up before me. I told them I had lost a valuable parcel during my absence. The ignorance of each and all of them was too evident to be mistaken. The butler's manner was certainly peculiar, but he is a 'toget' or above suspicion."

"Brown is undoubtedly above suspicion," I replied. "Twenty years of faithful service to my uncle would prove that, independently of the man himself. But what are you going to do in the matter?"

"Do!" he cried, starting up excitedly, "do everything. I will not leave a stone unturned to recover my precious diamonds. I am now off to Scotland Yard, and I mean to advertise largely in all the papers. If any earthly power will bring back the diamonds, I shall see them again. Was beside the thief if I catch him! He shall have no mercy."

I felt that to be true enough. Mercy was not very much in my cousin's line. "They will be hard to trace," said "Single stones, ones, may easily be disposed of from time to time. But you must hope for the best. It is a terrible loss." And I thought how rich I should have considered myself with half that sum.

The matter was put into the hands of the authorities at Scotland Yard. In a few days the following startling advertisement appeared in most of the daily papers:—

"£10,000 Reward. Whereas a large parcel of diamonds has lately been stolen from No. 100, Portman Square. The sum £10,000 will be paid for their recovery. A proportionate reward for their partial re-

covery. The further sum of £1,000 will be paid for the identification and arrest of the thief or thieves. Apply to Chief Inspector Sims, Scotland Yard."

I read and re-read the advertisement. The reward was a large one. My cousin's love for his precious stones must have been great indeed, apart from their intrinsic value. His feeling of revenge against the offender must have been almost as powerful, to have induced him to add the further sum for the apprehension.

Three weeks passed away. The robbery had become the talk of the town. Day after day the advertisement appeared. Whoever the thief might be, he must surely be trembling in his shoes. The whole machinery of Scotland Yard was set in motion; and yet without result. The mystery remained shrouded in gloom. The perpetrator of the robbery was still at large, and the diamonds were still missing.

During this period I was working hard at my case, getting up every possible evidence, determined to achieve a brilliant victory. It was a case full of subtle and minute points; of intricacies that had to be unravelled at the cost of much patience; a case that would fall through without the most careful and sustained attention, and it involved a momentous issue. Fortunately, I felt that I had right and justice to sustain my efforts.

It happened that I had occasion just at this time to go down into Gloucestershire, upon a little private business of my own. I could not well spare two whole days to the task, and therefore decided to travel down by the night train. I reached Paddington with about five minutes to spare, took my ticket, chose my compartment, and laid down a small black bag upon the seat. Then I found that I had forgotten to take an insurance ticket, according to my usual custom, and I left the carriage to remedy the omission, returning almost at once. I halted a moment at the door of my compartment, and looked around. As I did so I caught sight of an individual occupying the very seat I had just quitted. My black bag was nowhere visible. I was about to speak to the man, when something caused me to hesitate.

There was a peculiar look about him which I did not quite like or understand: a strange restlessness in the eye, as he stared full at me, a wild, almost sanctified expression in the face. Almost fancying him a maniac, I shrank from addressing him. I went up to the guard.

"There is a man in my carriage," I said, "whose appearance I do not altogether like. I cannot make him out. I even doubt his rights being a first class compartment. Moreover, a black bag that I left for a moment on the seat has disappeared. Will you oblige me by looking to look at his ticket?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the guard, touching his cap. "If the man has made any little mistake," he added with a smile, "we will let him know it."

We went up together to the carriage. It was now empty, and the bag was where I had left it! The guard looked at me, I at the bag. I felt mystified and bewildered.

"You have evidently mistaken the compartment, sir," said the guard. "An easy thing to do unless you notice the number; they are all alike. I think you had better get in now; we are on the point of starting. Do you wish to be alone, sir?"

"Yes," I answered. I had much to think of, and one or two papers to look over. Solitude would assist me. The guard closed and locked the door. In a few moments the train moved off. I threw myself back in the corner of the carriage, closed my eyes, and gave myself up to reflection. The late incident had perplexed and somewhat annoyed me. I gradually came to the conclusion that the guard was right; I had mistaken the compartment.

It was a fast train. Thinking over the various points in my case, I gradually fell into a doze.

Something awoke me; I could scarcely tell what or how. A groan, a movement, an uneasy presence. At first I thought it was inside the compartment, but this was impossible; I was alone. Then I concluded it must be the guard passing the window. I jumped up and looked out, but could see no

one; he must have gone back to his van. I threw myself back in my corner, and was seen dozing once more.

Again I was awakened by a precisely similar noise. Yet still I could not describe what it was. I looked out again, but no guard was visible. We were rushing through the night air. The stars were shining with all the brilliancy of a frosty night. The moon had just risen. The surrounding country looked cold, dark, and gloomy. Here and there a light shone out from some cottage window or road-side lamp, rendering the blackness more intense. No sound was audible, save the mighty on-rushing of the train. With a half shiver I threw up the window, and went back to my corner. Contrary to my usual habit, I was strangely sleepy that evening. This I attributed to a hard day's work, combined with the change from the heavy atmosphere of London to the clear frosty air through which we were hurrying.

I can just remember hearing, as in a dream, the prolonged shriek of the whistle as the train entered the long tunnel just beyond Strand. In my half sleep I had a faint knowledge of the hollow, rumbling, unearthly sound of the train as it surged through the black space. Then, suddenly, that mysterious sense took possession of me that most of us experience even in sleep when some one is gazing at us. Have you ever looked at a sleeping child, reader? I rarely do so but at once a sense of uneasiness seems to take possession of it: its stirrings; its eyelids quiver; the chances are that it wakes up to consciousness. This sense came back to me as I slept. Gradually the sense of life and motion crept back to my brain. I opened my eyes—to look upon what?

A moment before I had been alone. Now, in the middle of this horrible tunnel I found a man seated opposite to me, staring at me with wide-open eyes that suggested madness, pale as a spectre. It was the man I had seen at the Paddington station.

I confess, and without much fear of being accused of cowardice, that for a moment my heart stood still. The time and the situation were sufficiently startling. In broad daylight it would have been an unpleasant surprise. In the dark night, in the middle of a gloomy mysterious tunnel, its effect was heightened a hundred-fold. But I retained my presence of mind; and, even in that first moment, felt that I must be cautious. I was possibly, in the power of this man, and my sign of fear might be fatal.

I did not move; but, opening my eyes to their utmost width, I stared back at this mysterious traveller, who came and went with such supernatural power. Then I gradually moved into an upright position.

"Oh, sir, have mercy upon me! Do not betray me!"

Never shall I forget those few first imploring words, or the agony in the man's face and eyes as he spoke them, or the pleading look of his nervously clasped hands. At once I felt I was safe at least from bodily violence.

"Who and what are you?" I asked quietly, looking as severely upon the man as I could.

"A miserable wretch," he replied, and I thought he would have burst into tears. "The most miserable wretch on earth. I threw myself on your honor and protection, sir."

"My honor and protection!" I cried indignantly. "As far as I can see it is not a case for honor and protection, but for a magistrate. It is all certainly deliver you up at the next station."

The fellow fairly broke down. He threw himself on his knees before me, and his utterance was broken by sobs.

"Mr. Welleley," he cried—and I started to hear the man address me by name—"if ever you had mercy in your life, have mercy upon me now. As you hope yourself for mercy in the next world be merciful to me in this."

I felt myself irresistibly influenced by the man's manner. I could not altogether pass over his appeal. There was a history behind all this. Here was no madman certainly; and as I looked more closely at the face I felt drawn toward it. I noticed to the young man to resume his seat.

"Now," I continued, when he had done so, "tell me who and what you are, and what you have done. Tell me the whole truth, and leave me to judge after that as to what I shall do with you. In the first place how do you come to know my name?"

"Because I know you, sir," he replied; and he had now a calmer and quieter, though

not less distressed manner. "I know you well, though you do not know me. I have seen you occasionally in Portman Square when you have been there, and I have happened to visit my uncle, Brown, the buller. It is because I know you so well that the idea suddenly seized me to confess all to you and throw myself on your mercy and goodness."

"Let alone my mercy and goodness," I replied. "You have no right to make any appeal to it. Rather make a speedy end to your story. What is it you have done?"

"Stolen your cousin's diamonds!" I started and scarcely believed my ears. Could it be possible that the culprit, so advertised, so sought for, and sought in vain, was before me? He continued his story. Having told the worst, he seemed to recover fluency of speech, and went on to the end with feverish rapidity.

"It was I, sir, who stole those diamonds. I am not naturally bad or dishonest. Until that night I had never done anything wrong; never stolen never even told a lie. I gave way to the temptation; the first great sin of my life, the last if you will be merciful to me. How did I know about the diamonds? I happen to be a confidential clerk of Burt and Henry, the great diamond merchants. Many a time I have taken diamonds to Mr. Welleley, sold them to him and received his cheque. More than once I have seen his whole collection. I have watched him take the small black box from his safe and compare the stones with those I had just sold him."

"What folly!" I thought as the speaker paused a moment, with an inward groan at my cousin's imprudence.

"I had taken to Mr. Welleley one morning two or three stones of more than ordinary value, and he brought out his whole collection to make a comparison. He bade me look into them and note their beauty. I was dazzled by the sight, and, I suppose, at the idea of so much being the property of one man. A demon at that instant took possession of me. I could have declared that a something tangible whispered to me that these might become mine. A vision rose up before me as to what I should be, what I could do. From that moment I became possessed as much, I verily believe, as the man you read of in the New Testament. I was no longer my own master. I had lost my free will. I saw where the diamonds were kept. I noticed the key as Mr. Welleley placed it on the table after locking up his treasure. I studied it during the whole time that he was writing out a cheque. I have a strangely accurate eye for form, and as soon as I left the room I made a drawing of the key. Even then I could hardly tell why I did it. It was as though my mind and hand were guided by some mysterious power, unseen but felt. Bit by bit the madness gained upon me of wishing to possess those diamonds. Day by day it grew stronger and less controllable. I became ill and feverish; I slept little, and my dreams were haunted by the flashes of those stones. Strange unaccountable state in one who had handled and had the command of thousands of gems, and never felt the slightest wish to possess one."

"Strange indeed," I observed. "Do you mean to say that you have had control of the stores of Burt and Henry's, and yet never coveted any but those belonging to my cousin?"

"Never, sir, on my honour; as truly as that we are now in this carriage. By night, I say, I could not sleep. By day I grew restless and absorbed. My companions noted the change, and joked me with being in love. I was indeed in love, feverishly, insanely in love; but not as they supposed."

"One thought, one idea absorbed me: the possession of those gems. My brain had lost its balance. Sleep, rest, appetite, peace of mind—everything was gone. Thus came the time when Mr. Welleley went to Epsom. I had made a key as near to my model and recollection as possible. I went up to my uncle and asked him to let me spend a week with him. He readily consented, for I am a favorite of his. You know, sir, that though a servant, my uncle has almost gentle blood in his veins. He is well educated and intelligent, too. But he is only my uncle by marriage. That very first night, when the house was asleep, I crept out of my own room slipped into Mr. Welleley's, and tried my key."

"And it succeeded?" I interrupted, involuntarily.

"No, sir, not as yet. It wanted altering, but I could tell that it would succeed ere-

ually. For several nights I did the same thing, until at last the door stood open. The diamonds were mine. This happened but two nights before Mr. Wellesley's return home.

"But now, though the diamonds were mine, so uncertain, so treacherous is human nature, I suddenly lost all peace of mind, all happiness. With the success of my scheme I seemed to realize for the first time the enormity of my crime. In short my mind had recovered its balance. My companions had noticed my altered appearance before: they did so more than ever now. I can safely say that not one moment's rest have I enjoyed since that fatal night. Not from the fear of discovery, had as that has been, but for the sin itself. I would have returned them secretly—I would indeed—but then came the fuss, the commotion, the town talk, the advertisements, the knowledge that not a yard had the matter in hand, and I feared to do it. To add to my misery, I was paralyzed with terror. Nightly dreams of a felon's fate, of working in chains, visited me. I would start up in the darkness, trembling with a wild fear, feeling the clutch of a detective upon my arm, the iron round my wrist. It short, I was on the road to madness or death.

"I could bear it no longer, I asked for a holiday. It was granted at once. My principals saw I was ill, and thought I needed rest: I was too good a clerk to them to be lightly catechized. I left directly. My mind was made up. I would quit England and emigrate. When far enough away to be in safety, I would return the diamonds, and thus in some slight measure atone for my sin. This very night I was on my way to Hereford to bid my mother farewell."

"And the diamonds?" I asked, after a pause given to painful thought.

"Are here." He pulled out a packet from a capacious great coat pocket, and placed it in my hands. "Every one of them is there. Not one is touched, or lost, or stolen. As I took them, so I return them to you. And now, sir," he concluded, "do with me as you will. Give me up to justice, if you think fit, and complete my ruin. It will scarcely make me more miserable than I am."

"What would you have done, reader?"

"There is one thing I cannot understand," I said, passing over the question for a moment. "I saw you in this compartment at Paddington: a few moments later you had disappeared."

"There was my mistake," he replied. "I saw you enter the station and recognized you. In a moment, almost like an inspiration, it flashed across me that I would confide in you. If you only knew how I have longed to confide in some one! I watched you enter the compartment, then leave it again. I had already taken a first-class ticket to Hereford, thinking I should be safer from observation in a first-class carriage than in any other. Now, I thought, was my opportunity: if I could only have you to myself for a time in the train. I got into the compartment, and without noticing your bag set down upon it. Without reflection I pushed it behind me. The next moment you returned. I saw you look at me steadily, then go up to the guard. My guilty conscience made an oarward of me. I told you, sir," passing his hand hurriedly across his brow, "that I have lately felt almost mad. I thought you were going to deliver me up to justice. Upon impulse, without judgment, I unconsciously myself under the seat. A man less slim and spare than I could not have done it." What little flesh I had upon my bones has been worried off them."

He was indeed a pale, cadaverous looking object, yet with traces of refinement and good looks in his face. I searched for any indication of an evil or dishonest nature, and found none. Meeting him in the ordinary circumstances of life it was a face I should have trusted thoroughly.

"You have indeed acted imprudently," I said. "Had the guard looked under the seat nothing could have saved you."

"True, sir. But I seemed to foresee what would happen. You would return to the compartment and conclude you had made a mistake. So it proved. I have been gathering up my courage ever since you started to come out and declare yourself to you."

The precious packet was in my hands. I unwrapped the outer covering of brown paper, then the crash-leather, then opened the cotton-wool. The stones flashed and scintillated in the dim oil-light. My com-

panion put his hands before his eyes. "I cannot look at them," he said; "the sight haunts me with horror." I soon covered them up again and put them into my bag.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Carew Marshman."

"Marshman—Carew Marshman!" I pondered aloud. "The name seems familiar to me. Was your father a clergyman?"

"He was, sir."

"I wonder whether it is the same Carew Marshman who was once a curate to my father?"

"The very same," answered Marshman.

"I have heard my mother talk of the Rev. George and Lady Ann Wellesley many a time; have heard her refer to those days as the happiest of her life. I was born at Combe Garden when you, sir, were about two years old."

How strange the whole thing seemed. How constantly we are being reminded that the world is narrower than we think it. This additional fact made me more pained and grieved than before for the unhappy young man's position.

"But the Marshman's were well connected," I said. "How comes it that I find you in the position of a mere clerk, and with an uncle a butler?"

"It is only the old story," he returned.

"My father died when I was fifteen, and I had to turn out into the world. I told you Brown was only my uncle by marriage. Years ago, my mother's sister ran away with him, not knowing his position in life; indeed, at that time it was far better than it is now. She has long been dead—I never knew her."

"Your mother is living, you say?"

"Yes, sir. She has a small income of her own, just enough to keep her. She lives on the outskirts of Hereford."

"Has she many children?"

"I am her only child. I have been the one hope of her life since my father died. I could never tell you what she has been to me, the sacrifices she has made. And in this manner I have repaid her."

The poor fellow broke down again and burst into tears, burying his face in his hands. As for myself, I found it necessary to look out for a few minutes into the dark night, where I saw two moons shining, and many stars that would have puzzled an astronomer. But time was passing. We should soon reach Gloucester, and I must decide on the course to pursue.

"I suppose, Mr. Wellesley, you mean to give me up to justice?" said Marshman in a despairing tone, when he had calmed down again.

"I cannot tell," I replied. "For the present you must leave yourself in my hands and consider yourself my prisoner. You will accompany me to my hotel in Gloucester, where you can pass as my clerk. I shall then have time to reflect in what line my duty lies."

Soon after this the train stopped outside Gloucester station for examination of tickets. The guard looked in as he passed, and great was his surprise at seeing a second person in the compartment he had so carefully locked against intruders. I clipped a piece of gold into his hand, hinted that it was all right and he need take no notice. He touched his cap and passed on.

I lay awake the greater part of that night. Not only had I an immense treasure in my possession, but the culprit also who had stolen it. Ought I to give him up to justice? If I did not, should I, as the phrase runs, be compounding a felony? On the other hand, was I not justified, under the circumstances, in giving him another chance in life, during which he might regain hope and respectability? Once more, I ask, reader, what would you have done under the circumstances?

The next morning decided my course of action. I would give Marshman a chance to retrieve his error. I felt that I was showing mercy, and was justified in doing so. A day might come when perhaps at a Higher Tribunal I should myself stand in greater need of mercy than this poor fellow stood now.

I held a long and earnest conversation with Marshman, and was as kind and considerate with him as the circumstances would permit. His gratitude was painful to witness. (I presume the night before in making his confession, he was doubly so now in expressing his repentance. He listened to all I said, and acquiesced in all. I stipulated that he should give up the idea of going to Australia, and that he should return to his work after he had paid a month's visit to his mother to recover his

nervous power. No one should ever know anything of the past deed; it should be buried in oblivion. I would return the diamonds to my cousin, and compel him to cease all further enquiries.

My business concluded in Gloucester I returned to London. The next morning I went down to Portman Square and found my cousin at home.

"Any news of the diamonds?" I asked.

"None whatever," he replied. "I almost begin to give up hope. I am so far gone that I should be thankful to get back the stones and let the thief go scot free. At first, I believe I was as anxious to punish the thief as to recover the diamonds."

I bent towards him. "John," I said, "give me your earnest attention for a moment. Suppose the diamonds were brought back to you on condition that you should let the thief go free, would you consent to it?"

"Yes," he answered after a pause. "I would do so, unless they were brought to me by the thief himself. I don't think I could stand that. I might easily promise this," he added with a grim smile: "it is not likely to happen."

"You would give up all search on the receipt of the diamonds?" I continued.

"Will you pass me your word of honour?"

"I pass you my word of honour. But why, he continued, irritably, "do you put such absurd questions to me? I tell you nothing of that sort can happen."

For answer I placed the packet of diamonds on the table. John started up almost as if he had been shot, his eyes glistening with excitement.

"My diamonds?" he almost shouted. "George, where—where did you find them?"

"That is my secret," I answered, deliberately. "You have the diamonds; be content. You will never know more of the mystery than this. You have given me your word of honour that you will cause all search, all advertisements, all fuss and annoyance to be dropped. Only on this condition have I returned them."

"You have my word, and it shall be done," he said. "But it is hard to resign all idea of punishing the criminal. It is hard not to know, even, by what mysterious chance you came into possession of the stones."

"Mysterious indeed," I answered.

"And now, John, for my reward?"

"What reward?"

"The reward of £10,000, to be paid to whomever restored the diamonds, provided without condition, and to which I am entitled."

"But you don't mean to say you would condescend to take a reward?" he asked, his countenance lowering visibly.

"Not altogether as a reward," I answered.

"More as my right and due. Have you forgotten my uncle's legacy? I have not. You refused to pay it to me once—you dare not refuse me now John. It is retribution, but in a milder form than you deserve."

He saw that I was in earnest, and he gave in; with an ill grace, it is true, but for that I cared little. He brought out his cheque book.

"I have a heavy balance at my bankers," he observed, "to meet an investment I was about to make. A portion of it must now go elsewhere I suppose."

So I left the house with my cheque, a richer man than I had entered it. In due time the important case I spoke of came on, I gained it, and was congratulated on all sides. My fortune was now assured. Briefs began to flow in; I was on the high road to distinction.

About eighteen months from the time I had become engaged to Ellen Hayward we were married. Her mother had died suddenly within six months of my last interview with her: and in this manner her wish that we might not meet again fulfilled. I will pass over my happiness then and now; will only briefly allude to the pattering of small feet about the house, the laughter of childish voices, the sunny influence of small golden heads. All this concerns not our story. I have risen in my profession beyond my hopes. I am even ambitious. Sometimes I laughingly tell my wife that the coronet she once rejected may yet be hers. Then her dark violet eyes look up into mine, more beautiful than ever, and still with their old sweet shyness, and I see that the pride and glory of the world, its pomp and vanity, are of small moment so that I am near her.

And Carew Marshman?

It fell out in the end as I desired. He returned to his work in London, a sadder and more subdued man, but penitent and honest. Henceforth I would have trusted him with unworldly gold. I did not lose sight of him. Occasionally, before I married, I had him up at night at my chambers, talked long and earnestly with him, and showed that I had both interest and confidence in him. And by degrees he regained his cheerfulness and self-respect.

Several years have passed since then. Carew Marshman has become a partner in the great diamond house of Burt and Henry. He is prosperous, married, and happy. His clerks idolize him, for he is strangely lenient to their small faults and fallings. They do not know why; I do. The past is no longer referred to between us. It is blotted out. It will never be blotted out of his heart and memory. There it will remain and will bring forth good fruit to the end.

Reader, though you should blame me for showing mercy to him, I can never blame myself. I sometimes pause and tremble at the thought that I might possibly have acted otherwise.

[THE END]

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XV.

Double Acrostic.

A celebrated Prophet and his Mother.

1. The place where Eli was priest.
2. The husband of Priscilla.
3. The country of Jethro.
4. The last word written on the wall of Belshazzar's palace.
5. The word that opened the ears of the deaf.
6. The father of Noah.

ANSWER TO NO. XII.

VASHTI AND ESTHER.

1. V-engesou e . . . Rom. xii. 19.
2. A-iphou s . . . Matt. x. 3.
3. S-hapat . . . 1 Kings xix. 16.
4. H-ittat h . . . 2 Kings xx. 6.
5. T-yr e . . . Isa. xxiii. 19.
6. I-sasach-r . . . 1. Gen. xxx. 18.

The following have answered No. XII.

correctly:—E. A. Hemming, O. Iawa, who is awarded the prize; Mrs. B. F. Bush, Jane Murray, Mrs. T. M. Reid, Jennie Mackenzie, Mrs. C. McLellan, Mrs. J. Lahmer, Wm. Ramsay, Mrs. J. A. Downey, E. Kiltson, H. Golding, O. H. Wilson, Mrs. E. H. Owens, Hattie McPhoe, K. McClelland, Alice Newland, Mary Macdonald, Dolly Downey, W. A. G. Cole, Frank Carruthers, Lily Young, J. Bowey, Eilth Murray, Thomas Henderson, H. R. Atkin's, Alice Falle, Mrs. Graham, L. Sanderson, Samuel Coyne, Mrs. Jones, Anna McDonald, John Waddell, Ater McLeod, Emily M. Springer, E. McKay, Louisa Hodgson, Agnes Caldwell, Mrs. M. F. Heggie, Sarah Richarson, Jennet Smith, Mrs. Layland, Annie J. Mollon, O. M. H., A. Wright, Jenny McDonald, Mrs. W. S. Hambly, A. E. Livingston, J. S. M. Carl, Mrs. M. E. Wilson.

LATEST DEFINITIONS.

Manufacturer—A man whose control of his own business is limited to paying the bills.

Boycott—A benevolent institution imported from Ireland.

Capitalist—A villain who has accumulated something by his own industry.

Strike—An improved gun that wounds ten at the breach as often as one at the muzzle.

Knight—A brave fellow who by a secret oath has parted with his personal liberty.

Eight-hour movement—A charitable scheme for the benefit of saloons.

District Secretary—A sovereign ruler who "orders out" those that would like to work.

Laborer—A suffering martyr from the tyranny of—strikers.

Striker—A man having a "good time"—with a head-ache and an empty pocket, the next morning.

Webster Superseded. From "Life."





FIG. 5.—No. 3423.—LADIES' WRAPPER  
PRICE 30 CENTS  
Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 7½ yards; 32 inches, 7½ yards;  
34 inches, 7½ yards; 36 inches, 8½ yards;  
38 inches, 8½ yards; 40 inches, 8½ yards;  
42 inches, 8½ yards; 44 inches, 8½ yards;  
46 inches, 8½ yards;  
Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 4½ yards; 32 inches, 4½ yards;  
34 inches, 4½ yards; 36 inches, 4½ yards;  
38 inches, 4½ yards; 40 inches, 4½ yards;  
42 inches, 4½ yards; 44 inches, 4½ yards;  
46 inches, 4½ yards.

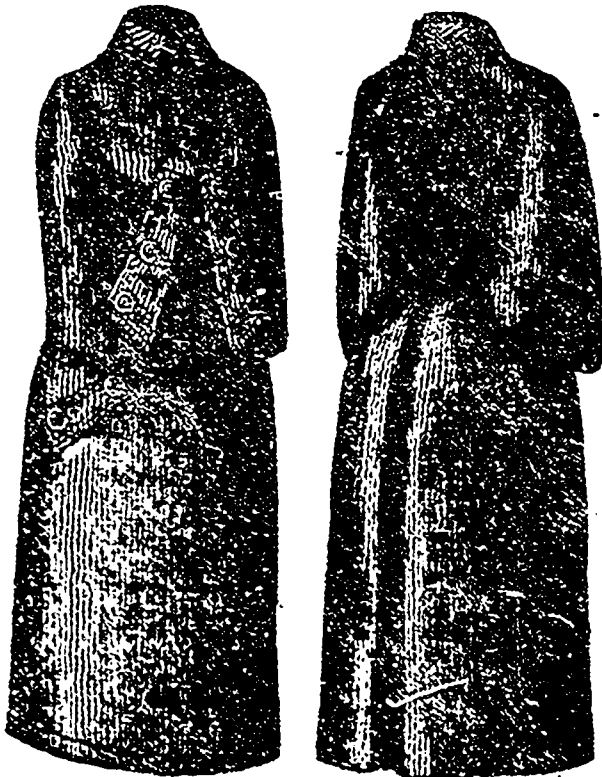


FIG. 4.—LADIES' TRAVELING CLOAK.—No. 3411. PRICE, 30 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 3½ yards; 32 inches, 4½ yards;  
34 inches, 4½ yards; 36 inches, 4½ yards;  
38 inches, 5½ yards; 40 inches, 5½ yards;  
42 inches, 5½ yards; 44 inches, 5½ yards;  
46 inches, 5½ yards.

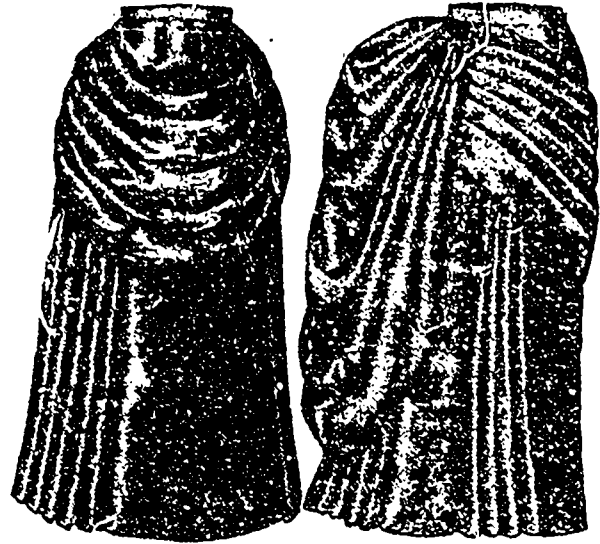


FIG. 12.—No. 3424.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
20 inches, 5½ yards; 22 inches, 5½ yards;  
24 inches, 5½ yards; 26 inches, 5½ yards;  
28 inches, 5½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards.  
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide, 5½ yards,

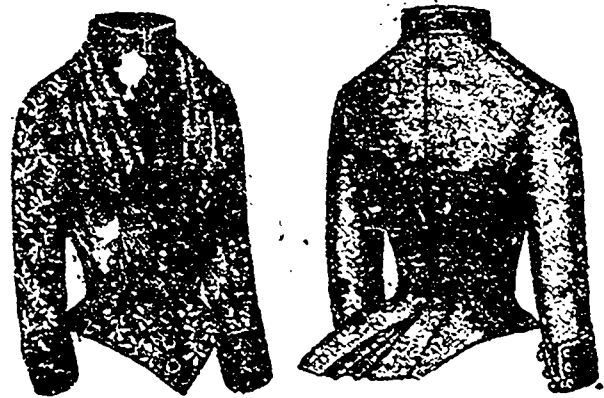


FIG. 8.—No. 3416.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS  
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide)  
30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards;  
34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 3 yards;  
38 inches, 3 yards; 40 inches, 3 yards;  
42 inches, 3½ yards; 44 inches, 3½ yards;  
46 inches, 3½ yards.  
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1½ yards;  
34 inches, 1½ yards; 36 inches, 1½ yards;  
38 inches, 1½ yards; 40 inches, 1½ yards;  
42 inches, 1½ yards; 44 inches, 1½ yards;  
46 inches, 1½ yards.

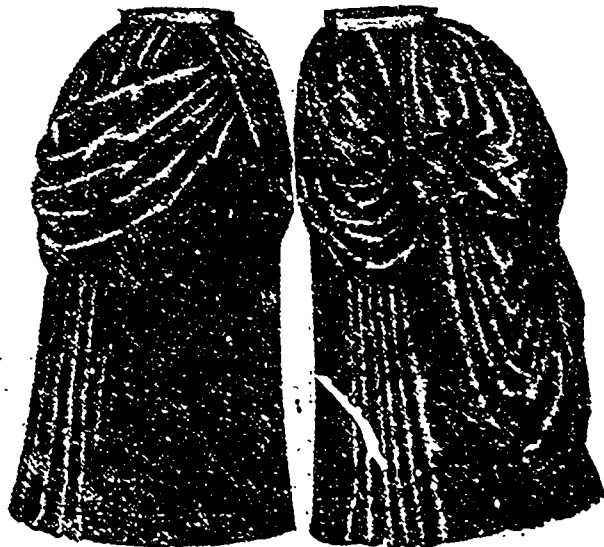


FIG. 16.—No. 3422.—LADIES' TIED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
20 inches, 10½ yards; 22 inches, 10½ yards;  
24 inches, 10½ yards; 26 inches, 10½ yards;  
28 inches, 10½ yards; 30 inches, 10½ yards.  
Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for  
20 inches, 5½ yards; 22 inches, 5½ yards;  
24 inches, 5½ yards; 26 inches, 5½ yards;  
28 inches, 5½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE No. 4.—Pattern No. 3411, price 30 cents, furnishes this design which is intended for a travelling or driving wrap. Any of the plain, striped, checked or boucle goods intended for outer garments are appropriate for such a design. The back is close-fitting and cut with extensions, while the sacque fronts hang long and plain; the caps simulate sleeves, arm sleeves only being in the cloak, is fitted with the dolman seam over the shoulders, buttoned over the chest, and the lower part turned back with large buttons. Outside pockets are also ornamented with stitching and buttons.

FIGURE No. 5—Silk, woolen, or cotton goods are prettily made up after our illustration (Pattern No. 3423, price 30 cents), which can be trimmed with lace or embroidery around the neck, sleeves, and down the front. The back is cut off below the waist, extensions cut on the side form straps and skirted on the centre back; a ribbon sewed in either side seam ties in front over the gabielle fronts. Ordinary coat-sleeves, and a high collar finish the garment, the furrow being optional.

FIGURE No. 8—Woolen or silk goods are appropriate for Pattern No. 3415, price 25 cents. The square postillon is laid in a hollow box-pleat, sides sloped high and fronts pointed. The upper part of the fronts is cut wider than usual, gathered in the shoulder and again near the waist, forming fishn drapery over a contrasting vest, which is laid plainly over the lining; the lower part of the fronts extend from the darts and button over, simulating a corselet. Collar, cuffs and vest of velvet.

FIGURE No. 12.—The flat tabler of this design may be embroidered, braided, or of contrasting material. The remainder of the skirt hangs in alternate box and clusters of side pleats; the drapery is round and full with lengthwise pleats closely overlapping in the belt; the apron is draped high with numerous cross pleats on either side. Pattern No. 3424, price 30 cents.

FIGURE No. 16—Clusters of kilt-pleats alternate with box-pleats in this cut; the flat tabler should be of a contrasting goods or decorated with some of the fashionable braiding, embroidery, or applique. The drapery hangs in rounding form, with a short, round pavier on the left side and a scarf on the right, the latter extending from the front of the pavier to the back seam. Pattern No. 3422, price 30 cents.

DOMESTIC ART.

Figure No. 35 shows a section of scrim with the threads pulled out, caught in strands of four with linen thread, and the plain strips between worked in feather-stitch. Since drawn work has been so enthusiastically revived, it is used on all cotton, linen, or silk materials selected for fancy work; is admirable whether on a tidy of fine bolting-cloth or serving as a border for towels, doilies, buffet covers, scrim curtains, and a host of pretty things.

Figure No. 37 represents a table cover of velvet or plush lined with silk and edged with gauze, Richellon, or any heavy "art" lace. The bedroom slipper shown in Figure No. 40 can be made of any size. Buy a cork sole of the proper size, line it and the upper part with silk, satin, etc.; fit the upper part over the foot, make it of velvet, embroidered, and sew to the sole; edge with silk cord and decorate with ribbon loops on top. A sponge receiver is illustrated in Figure No. 38. It is made of a square (12 inches) of macramé lined with rubber and edged with a box pleating of ribbon; at the four corners are placed straps of macramé lace with pom-pom balls at either end, and a bunch hanging from the centre underneath. A ring at the top serves to suspend it by. Canvas worked in silk or wool can be used if one is unable to weave macramé lace.

Household pincushions are made of plush with large beads for the nails. Fan shaped cushions are hung from the wall, also the sun-flower, with its green velvet centre surrounded by petals cut of yellow cloth and suspended by a green ribbon. Mattress pincushions are twelve inches square, made of brocade, tufted with silk, edged and hung with a cord.

Useful party-bags for carrying one's slippers and pen in are made of French cretonne or brocade silk, lined with satin or satin, shaped like a lens, silk purse with a slit in the centre, gathered to a point at either end, tipped with tassels and held by a bone ring buttoned over in coarse silk. Circular work-bags of plush or velveteen, lined

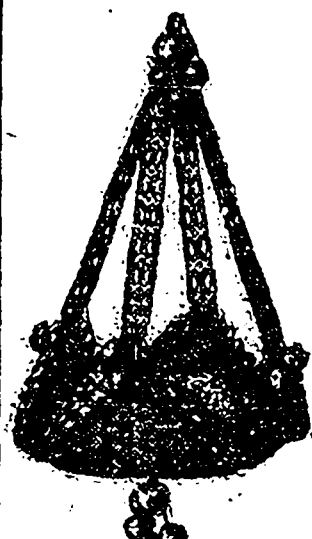


FIG. 38.

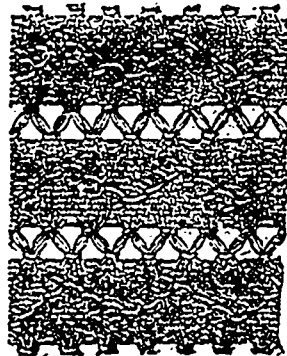


FIG. 35.



FIG. 40.



FIG. 37.



FIG. 39.



FIG. 41.

with Surah and edged with lace, are used for fancy work. Cut a circular piece of cardboard 18 to 22 inches in diameter, cover the outer side with plush and the inner with Surah, then join on a straight piece (5 inches wide) of plush lined with Surah, hide the joining with a silk cord, and edge the upper part with a deep fall of lace. A draw-string is placed inside of the upper edge and tied in a handsome bow. The same style of bag can be made of brown Turkish twill with deep coral lace and red ribbon.

Tiny baskets for the writing or dressing table are made of stiff net, edged with wire, covered with satin, finished with a silk cord and bent in any desired shape. A sunflower footstool is made of brown plush and edged with petals of yellow plush. Now match-boxes are of wood-shaped like an opera glass and gilded, the barrels are covered with plush, and hung, with the large end uppermost, from satin ribbons with a bow at the nail. One of the quickest modes of forming a pretty quilt is to procure a white curtain with an old point design. Line with colored sateen and add a deep frill of lace as a border on the sides. A deep coffee tinted curtain is the best. Outline the pattern with bears silk, taking up with the needle a couple of lace threads, leaving long stitches of silk on the outside. The centres of scrolls or flowers are raised by working over a cord with the button-hole stitch. It is also an improvement to introduce a little gold thread. A pretty one had the outside in brown, centres of gold color, and the fringe of pale blue.

Landscape pictures worked in silks on shaded satins have been lately introduced by an American lady. The satin is shaded in different tints instead of being gradations of one color; and is prepared expressly for this purpose by an American silk firm. Curtains, covers, and many other things can be decorated in this manner. The effect aimed at is the important point of the work, as the stitches are put in for that purpose without setting rules; the worker trusting to her eye and knowledge of light and

shadow, working quickly, as an artist, upon the impulse of the moment. A specimen of flower-painting with the needle shows a spray of damask roses with their leaves springing from one corner and staying upwards. The background is of old gold deepening into brown.

A quaintly beautiful old church stands gray and grand in the centre of rich, russet woods against a pale blue sky. In the foreground are blocks of fallen stones softened by creepers and moss. A lake scene, with mountains far and near, has a rugged foreground thickly studded with undergrowth and trees in shades of green and russet. The sky is of pale yellow and the water of cool grayish green. Another lake scene is worked entirely in different grays on a shaded gray background. A sunset commences at the top with yellowish pink, deepening into vivid red; against this rises the ruin of an old castle in neutral silks, boughs and brushwood in various greens, and a dark olive-green satin foreground with water. The joining of the green satin is hidden by foliage. This new application of the art of embroidery offers ample scope for industry, taste, and artistic inclinations.

SHOES.

Figure No. 41 represents a lace-kid boot, foxed with patent leather and buttoning as far as the black silk bow with its silver buckle, which loops over. The tie shown in Figure No. 39 is of French kid, in the common-sense style for outdoor summer wear. Shoes laced in front are recommended for tender feet. Buttoned shoes of French kid foxed with patent leather are fashionable for street wear. Cloth-tops with kid foxing are general favorites. We are glad to report the genuine French heel entirely out of date, while the common-sense style grows more general. The Louis XV. low shoe in kid with a jet buckle is neat for walking in pleasant weather. It has a high slip on the instep, with the sides crossed over and held by a buckle. Black and brown kid ties for house wear are beaded in

bronze, jet, gold, steel, or garnet beads in the form of a large butterfly on the toe. Evening designs in satin are decorated with colored pearls. Louis XV. shoes for evening toilettes have bead embroidery on the toe and flap, and paste buckles.

Bronze slippers can be worn with toilettes of any color, as are the black ones. Fall ribbon bows are tied on many of the house shoes. Slipper ties of black kid are lined with dark colored glove kid. Gros grain and fallie slippers to match the predominant shade, if not of the dress fabric. Some Louis XV. shoes are dotted all over with embroidered silk, chenille, or bead flowers, insects or birds. Others are shown of brocades outlined with beads, heavily beaded toes, straps, etc.

Marriage-Service Blunders.

Ignorance is the mother of blunders. An English clergyman, the incumbent of a parish where many of the laborers were unable to read, amused himself in noting the blunders they made while repeating after him the words of the marriage-service.

One groom, when giving the ring to the bride, said: "With my body I thee wash up [worship]; and with a'l my hurdle [worldly] goods I then thou [endow]"

A bride one day almost startled him out of his self-control by promising to take her husband "to 'ave and to 'old from this day forth, for betterer horse, for richerer power, in siggerness health, to cherries, and to bay."

She thought she was repeating the words, "to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey."

Another ignorant bridegroom, who could read a little, had "crammed" before taking his place before the altar. But, unfortunately, he had also read the baptismal service, and the answer to its question, "Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works?" lingered in his mind. When asked, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he answered, "I renounce them all."

A candid girl gave a much better answer. She had been forced by her parents to a disagreeable match, and when the clergyman asked her, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she replied,—"Oh dear, no, sir; but you are the first person who has asked my consent to the match!"

The Care of the Hair.

The hair is the covering of the roof of the home of thought and palace of the soul. Where baldness, which sometimes occurs in quite young persons, is hereditary, it is doubtful if anything can be done to prevent or remedy it. Avoid "restora ivca" and other nostrums, and, as a rule, do not use pomatums or oils upon the head.

The hair should be occasionally washed, and if there is much dandruff, the yolk of an egg will be most efficient in removing it. Work the egg with the fingers well into the hair, a little at a time, to bring it in contact with the scalp; then wash it out thoroughly with water, and the hair will be beautifully clean and soft. Avoid all shampooing liquors; those used by barbers are strong potash solutions. They call it "Salts of Wormwood" and "Salts of Tartar," and use it without knowing its real nature. It is very effective in cleaning but ruinous to the hair. If the falling of the hair is not prevented by thorough brushing, some stimulating application may be made. Cantharides is most commonly used. Half an ounce of the tincture of cantharides added to a quart of bay rum will answer better than most "hair tonics."

A man of his word—An orator.



## Health Department.

### What is Paralysis.

So many persons die from what is called a paralytic stroke, or apoplexy almost interchangeably, that not a little fear has been awakened, and much inquiry is made for an explanation of the causes of what appears to be a most deadly disease. Using the language of an intelligent observer we shall endeavor to give some points that are of practical value.

A carpenter or other mechanic, whose business requires him to wield a hammer, finds some morning that he is unable to raise his hammer again, or perhaps while at work the man suddenly feels his arm become numb and weak; it falls to his side, and he is no longer able to work. The physician to whom the man applies says it is "a brachial monoplegia from muscle tire," which means simply that the man has overwrought his hammer arm and it needs rest. To these cases the very appropriate name of "artisans' palsy" is given. Again, a poor-blooded, nervously constructed person, most often a woman, meets with a great shock or has to endure an unusual mental or physical effort, and perhaps without warning loses the use of some part of the body, often of the vocal apparatus, and is unable to speak above a whisper. The doctor calls it "hysterical paral. sis," or "hysterical aphonia," loss of voice. Now just how this comes about, we fancy it would puzzle the most learned specialist to say. Concerning this condition, however, as well as the one before mentioned, this much is known, viz., that by appropriate treatment they recover, which is very good evidence that no part of the nervous apparatus is broken. The faith cures reported from time to time are probably, for the most part, cases of this kind.

It sometimes happens that an intoxicated person will fall asleep with the head resting upon the arm or with the arm hanging over a chair back. When he wakes the arm is numb and is paralyzed—another case of "brachial monoplegia."

Pressure upon the trunks of the nerves which supply the disabled member has affected those nerves so that they are unable to perform their usual duty. The nerves which go out from the brain spinal cord to the extremities are quite comparable to the wires which are stretched from place to place for electric communications, and pressure upon the one section of these nerves produces results very like those which follow an interference with the electric wire. The case just given illustrates very well a large number of cases of palsy from pressure, from pressure upon the brain or spinal cord, or the nerves which have their exit therefrom, will produce a palsy whose extent will depend upon the extent of the pressure, and whose duration will depend upon the chances for removing pressure. Pressure upon the nerves which supply one side of the face produces a very characteristic paralysis, and one that causes very many laughable mistakes on the part of tyros and non-professional people by their attempt to detect the affected side. Pressure upon the brain or spinal cord may be due to the presence of tumors, to fractures of the skull, or to the upper bones of which the backbone is formed, and to blood clots within the skull or spinal canal. Patients who recover from diphtheria, scarlet fever, and some other acute sickness, are frequently paralyzed in some part. These cases generally recover by proper treatment, and it is quite probable that many cases would recover spontaneously if left alone.

People who work in lead are liable to a peculiar form of paralysis, which is first seen, as a rule, in the muscles of the forearm, on account of which the patient is unable to extend the hand upon the arm. At times the whole muscular system is involved. Change of occupation and the use of remedies which will assist the elimination of the mineral from the system is the proper course for such patients. Analogous forms of paralysis are caused by arsenic and quicksilver, probably by their action upon the nerve structure of the spinal cord. Woorara, the Indian arrow-poison, will also produce paralysis if introduced into the system in sufficient quantities. The paralyzing effect of large doses of alcohol are well known.

Certain conditions of the circulatory apparatus predispose to extensive and often incurable paralysis. Here it is that most cases of apoplexy occur. The arteries are

elastic tubes. By age, hard work, care and the prolonged use of alcoholic drinks, these tubes lose their elasticity and become brittle. By some event which excites the flow of an unusual quantity of blood to the brain one of these now inelastic tubes is broken, the poured-out blood settles in the ventricles and there form clots whose presence causes speedy paralysis.

Owing to certain systematic conditions fibrin, a substance normally suspended in the blood, sometimes lodges upon the flood-gates or valves of the heart. Presently a part of this matter is dislodged and washed away into the blood; perchance it reaches an artery in the brain which will not permit it to pass. Then we have an "embolism" which cuts off the blood supply from a part of the brain, one of the immediate symptoms of which is palsy of the part of the body which receives its nerve supply from that portion of the brain. These paralyzes are usually extensive, and are not readily distinguishable from those just mentioned.

Finally, change in the structure of the brain or spinal cord produce paralysis, more or less localized varying in extent with the extent of nerve structure involved. Such paralyzes are especially obstinate in those of advanced years, and usually produce disability in the legs.

The study of this subject has led to the determination of certain brain centres as possessing special muscular control, so that many kinds of paralysis can be traced to disease or loss of function in definite parts of the encephalon.

### An Extended Experience.

Writes a well-known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. It makes so sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.



### SOAP-BUBBLES!

BY JOHN INGLE, TORONTO.

What a happy holiday,  
Brother Jack and Will at play;  
Blowing bubbles light as air,  
Chasing them o'er stool and chair!  
As they blow, each ruddy cheek,  
Happiness and joy bespeak;  
Each the other tries to chaff—  
Hard to blow when forced to laugh!

Little "pussy" likes the fun,  
Swift across the floor to run,  
When they break across her eyes,  
Gets "her back up" in surprise!  
Tasting soap in mouth and nose,  
Sniffing to a corner goes;  
Till another tempts her out  
Once again to run about!

Mamma hears the noisy din,  
Slyly at the door peeps in;  
But she loves to see them play,  
Happy in their joy away!  
Swift a thought across her mind  
Utterance finds in words so kind:—  
Ah! my boys, a moral see  
From the bubbles light and free:

Empty bubbles, light as air,  
For a moment bright and fair;  
Some ascend like stars to heaven,  
Some to swift destruction driven.  
If thou would'st escape such snare,  
Guard thy life with constant prayer;  
God will wait thee to the skies,  
Float thee into Paradise!

### Married Life.

I think it is as much the husband's duty to make home what it ought to be as the wife's. Are not their shoulders as broad as ours? We all have our duty to perform. I think sometimes if husbands thought more about making their homes happy, instead of the wives having it all to do, some would be different from what they are now. Woman's work sometimes is the same week in and week out; then in it to be wondered at that she does not always have a smile on her face, when she stays at home month after month? Why doesn't her husband say, I must go up town, and it will do you good to get out; we will all go and take a sleigh ride? I imagine he says to himself it will take fifteen or twenty minutes to get the horse and wagon ready! and it is so much trouble to take my wife and children, they are used to staying at home, and it's not necessary for them to go, I'll go afoot.

### How Engines are Killed.

"What stuff is this about killing engines? They ain't alive. Mr. Dusenberry, what do you mean by killing them?"  
"Simply depriving them of fire and water, my dear."  
"Oh! Then you could be killed very easily."  
"How, my love?"  
"By simply depriving you of whisky and water—especially whisky."

### Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and \$3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.



THE OLD OHIO.

1. Far a - way on the banks of the old O - hi - o, Way down where the sil - ver maples  
 2. Oh 'twas there in the fields and green, ver - dant meadows, I wan - der'd with playmates that I  
 4. Many long years have pass'd since I stood by the riv - er, And said "good - bye my hap - py

grow. Where the riv - er runs deep in the broad, green val - ley, Oh  
 lov'd. 'Mid the per - fumes of flow'rs, and sweet fra - grant blossoms, Where the  
 home." Oh 'twas sad, sad to part with the scenes I lov'd dear - ly, And

there's where I liv'd, long a - go, Ah well I re - mem - ber the  
 birds sing so sweet - ly, we roam'd, But long, long a - go all my  
 start o'er the cold world to roam; Take me back, take me back to the

old cot - tage home, By the side of the long gras - sy lane; How  
 play - mates have gone, One by one 'neath the flowers they were lain; On the  
 dear old farm Where the fields teem with ripe, gold - en grain; For my

oft have I wish'd for the mo - ment to come, When I'll stand in my old home a - gain.  
 banks of the riv - er, 'neath the green weeping willow, I shall no'er see their dear forms c - gain.  
 heart still is longing for my home by the riv - er, Take me back, and I'll no'er roam a - gain.

# AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabia Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE Nihilist," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER LIV.

THE MOST TERRIBLE OF ALL PERILS, AND HOW NELLIE WAS PRESERVED.

Leaving the two Europeans in pursuit of six thousand Egyptians, who were executing a retrograde movement, we will revert to the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes, of our lovely Nellie and her parents.

The trio were closely guarded and not even allowed to hold speech with one another.

Nellie could not help perceiving how the idol of an hour had fallen in the common estimation.

She heard his conduct being discussed in audacious tones, but in no measured terms, on all sides of her.

Such grumbling created in her heart a new alarm, for did the war minister lose his high position he would be no longer able to protect her and her parents, and they would all three assuredly lose their lives.

Whilst these fears and apprehensions disturbed her mind Arabi Pasha himself had quite enough to endure in turn.

He was continually beset by some officer of distinction or other proffering his advice, and sometimes almost insisting on his counsel being followed.

After a monotonous fourteen miles' march over the level, sandy, treeless plain, the little village of Kafr Dawa was reached, where, though well-nigh exhausted, the troops were at once set to throw up earthworks across the narrow isthmus, as a safety and against any possible landing and advance of the British in that direction, while not far in the rear of the working parties Arabi had a gorgeous pavilion erected, which had been brought for his special use from Alexandria.

It was furnished with an abundance of Turkish rugs and cushions, the dressed skins of different wild animals and with every other appurtenance that would render both imposing and luxurious the tent of an Oriental commander-in-chief.

After he had perused sundry dispatches and issued all necessary orders, to this splendid pavilion was brought Nellie Donnelly by one of the guards.

The war minister received her with the utmost deference, and when her conductor had taken his departure he turned to her with a smile and, holding her meanwhile by an arm, exclaimed:

"How does my wife like our quarters? Are they not very comfortable?"

The fair girl caught his meaning in an instant and her heart seemed to stand still.

"Oh, where are my father and mother?" she cried. "I thought that they also were being brought hither."

"A wife's place is at her husband's side, both night and day, and when she marries she is understood to leave both father and mother and to cleave only unto him."

"But I am not your wife. I was no consenting party. I was already married."

"Those wild statements have been refuted again and again, even from your father's and mother's lips. We Orientals cannot understand parents not being able to dispose of their daughters as they list, nor is such an anomaly comprehended in Christian countries in which I have sojourned. Besides, the priest of your faith declared that you are not yet rightly married to your countryman who ran away with you, while I am very sure that you are rightly married unto me. For these several and good reasons I call you my wife, and from this morning I swear by Allah and the prophet that you shall share the same tent and the same couch with me. I have said it."

An expression of stony despair came into Nellie's face.

She gazed for a moment distractedly round at all the Oriental pomp and splendor by which she was surrounded, but they failed to fire her ambition or to dazzle her imagination, as her Moslem lord had doubtless hoped that they would do.

The carved bamboo poles bent to the desert wind that had just sprung up and the crimson damask lining of the magnificent tent glittered till the myriads of bunches

of forget-me-nots that were embroidered thereon seemed to be instinct with life as, as they met her view, Nellie remembered that Frank Donnelly had ever given to her.

This recollection it was which restored to her the courage and resolution that was an essential part of her character, and she plucked from Arabi's belt the revolver that was carelessly thrust therein, and presenting the muzzle at his very forehead, declared in a voice which desperation rendered firm that she would pull the trigger if he did not let her go.

"Is your hatred to me so great as all that?" demanded Arabi as he recoiled.

"My love of my husband and my honor is as great as that and greater. I care little whether I destroy you or myself. If it really is a noble cause which you are supporting and your life is indispensable to its success, tell me so and I will point the weapon toward my weak and worthless self. Welcome death a thousand times rather than a life spent with you in the character of your third or even your second wife."

An involuntary admiration of her conduct seized upon the war minister then. He felt instinctively that such a girl must possess a soul, no matter though the tenets of his creed declared to the contrary, and his brows contracted more with the weight of thought than under the influence of anger as he said in scarcely audible accents:

"You have doubtless disarmed me. You are safe. You may lower that weapon."

By the time that he had finished speaking not only had they quitted his own sumptuous pavilion, but they had also gained a lesser tent, behind the flaps of whose canvas Nellie could plainly distinguish the voices of her father and mother.

"I will not come in with you," said Arabi. "I have lost all esteem for your parents, and I care not to hold converse with those whom I have ceased to respect. You can tell them that within a quarter of an hour you will all three be journeying by special train to Cairo, for the station is not a hundred yards away, and whither you will be taken when you arrive there. The protectors that I shall give unto you may be perfectly relied on, for they are men who know that their future rests with me, so even their selfish interests will make them faithful to their trust. And now farewell."

As he concluded the war minister raised the lovely girl's hand to his lips and kissed it fervently—almost, indeed, reverentially. Then he raised the flap of the tent for her to enter it thereunder, and when she had disappeared from his sight he sighed and returned alone to his gorgeous pavilion, muttering to himself the while:

"I wonder if I have acted as an honorable man or simply as a fool."

## CHAPTER LV.

LOST AMONGST MOUNTAINS—NEARLY RUN TO KAEHEL.

Two Europeans, wan, half starved and in every way wretched, beset by many perils as ever was the Apostle Paul, are wandering alone in the desert, attempting to make their way overland toward some part or other of the Suez Canal.

Not to make a mystery of the matter, they are none other than Frank Donnelly and his devoted follower, Pat Monaghan, whom in the chapter before the last we beheld setting out from Alexandria in the dead of night on a most Quixotic and hopeless errand, as any but a lover and an Irishman would have perceived from the very first.

At last, one moonlight night, they had been perceived prowling in the neighborhood of an advanced picket, actually in the rear of the Egyptian lines (a hanging matter according to every military code in existence), so that a troop of horse had been sent in pursuit of them, and these, turning their flank and cutting them off from Alexandria, had chased them for fifteen miles out into the desert, and from that time whenever they had sought to return they had encoun-

tered some body of Bedouin horse or other, who drove them first in one direction and then in another, till at last (although they as yet had managed to keep clear of hostile lead and steel) they were altogether lost, and no more knew the way back to Alexandria than the way to reach the moon.

They had been lost for more than a month now, and all that while they have wandered to and fro in a wild region of hill and mountain, with large stretches of desert between hills rounded at the tops, bare of verdure and hideously monotonous of aspect, so that one can hardly be distinguished from another, which makes it all the more difficult to get out of this apparently enchanted region, and often after attempting it for a whole day they have found themselves at sunset close to where they started from at sunrise.

Even in this terrible region, however, there is an oasis to be found at intervals wide apart, each with a natural spring in its centre (whence, undoubtedly, its existence) and adorned at the least with fig and date trees, fruit than which in a climate like Egypt nothing more is wanted to support life.

One morning just at dawn, Frank Donnelly started as they were in the act of saddling their horses and exclaimed in excited tones to his companion, "Did you not hear it?"

"Begorra, an' bad oas to that same, I can only hear the barking of a fox."

"You are a trembling to listen. I wish you would, for I want your opinion about it."

"Be jabers, I can hear it now, your honor. There must be a nest of 'em close by."

"A nest of what, Pat? What on earth do you make it out to be then?"

"Why, if it ain't the buzzing of the most thundering bumble bees or hornets I'm blessed."

"It sounds to me a deal more like the rush of steam through the scope pipe of a distant steamer. It seemed familiar to me the instant that I heard it."

"I wish it was, yer honor, but steamers don't come tearing across deserts."

"No, Pat, but in many places the desert stretches to the very banks of the Suez Canal, which is traversed by ocean steamers continually. Let us up and away and at once make in the direction of the sound. There is hope for us yet, my boy."

"If there is, begorra, here comes a pack of those brown Bedouin devils determined to do their best to out us off from it. We've not a moment to lose, yer honor."

There was no need to lose even half a minute, for the horses were already saddled, and they had but to leap upon their backs, gather up the reins and kick the corners of their shoe-shaped stirrups against their bony ribs in lieu of spurs.

This done away they sped with the speed of the very wind out of the fertile oasis and across the brown desert sand, whilst the Bedouins, who had evidently hoped to steal down upon them unperceived, rent the air with their shrill and angry cries and brandished their long spears on high.

The monotonous sound still continued, and the fugitives guided their horses in its direction. If it was what Frank Donnelly supposed it to be 'twas still a long way off, and by the time they had reached the canal the steamer, from which he almost hoped against hope that it proceeded, might have passed quite out of sight.

Then all at once it struck him: Was the canal still open?

He was aware that the war minister had threatened to destroy it on the firing of the first hostile cannon against Alexandria.

If he had kept his word, the supposed steamer was a myth, and the strange humming noise was caused by something that might be hostile instead of friendly to them.

These were anything but agreeable doubts and fears.

As a drowning man clutches at a straw, so, however, did Captain Donnelly and Pat Monaghan hang on desperately to this, their almost remaining hope, as they sped on and on across the level plain and around one hill after another, the continuously humming sound alone enabling them to steer a tolerably straight course.

The Bedouins hung as purposefully upon their trail, however, as grim death spurs his white horse hard on the track of plague, pestilence or famine, and every time they ventured to look back their pursuers seemed to have gained on them, whilst that they themselves were aware of the fact was evident from their frequent exulting shouts and the continual frantic brandishing of lances and matchlock.

A wild and ferocious looking set they were, with their long beards, floating scarlet head-dresses, bronzed, hair naked forms and enormous swords along over their backs; whilst their horses looked almost equally ferocious, with their tossing heads and streaming manes and tails, and those other tails dyed bright red that dangled and swayed from their picturesque harness.

"Pat, unless Providence is especially looking after us, they'll run us to earth."

This at last, in almost despairing tones, came from Pat's master; but Monaghan's thoroughly characteristic reply was:

"Bedad, yer honor, an' it's hard to say; but for myself, I feel in better spirits now than there's something more to rouse me up than the flies an' other stinging an' worritin' creatures. An' besides, we've pulled through almost as bad before."

"Well, Pat, we can but do our best; and, by Jove, that we will do to the last gasp."

They spoke no more, but strained every nerve to prevent the Bedouins gaining ground.

Their sole comfort was that that half humming and half shrieking noise was more plainly audible than ever in their front, and decidedly very much nearer.

But sound is very uncertain in some states of the atmosphere, and the still, balmy air of Egypt bears sound at all times a long way, so that it might be still miles distant.

And now the Bedouins along their lances and handled their matchlocks, the next instant discharging them whilst at full gallop, according to their usual custom.

The bullets buzzed past the ears of the fugitives like wasps and they made the most unpleasant discovery that they were already within range.

To turn at bay upon more than a score of foes would, however, have been positive madness, and so they still continued their flight, a flight that now appeared to be hopeless.

A big hill was directly before them, obstructing all view behind.

"If there's no encampment on the other side of that we will sell our lives at the best price we can get for them, Pat," said Frank Donnelly, as he carefully examined his revolver.

"Ye may well say that," was Monaghan's response, "for my nag is about dead beat as it is."

The Bedouins perceived this as well, and their cries became like those of hungry wolves.

Donnelly involuntarily drew in his own steed somewhat, determined that he wouldn't place himself by so much as a single yard in a safer position than that occupied by his brave and faithful follower.

The horses were both reeling rather than galloping now, but in another minute, as the base of the rocky hill was rounded, both officer and man almost shrieked with delight at what they beheld, for not five hundred yards in front of them was a narrow strip of red water, and an enormous white-hulled transport lying the British Union Jack lying motionless in the centre, whilst her bulwarks were crowded with red jacketed, white peak-helmeted soldiers, gazing with eager curiosity in their direction, doubtless owing to the report of the Bedouin matchlocks having reached their ears.

Three minutes later Captain Donnelly and Pat had gained the bank of the canal, whilst the Bedouins, swooping round the base of the hill, in turn received such a deadly carbine fire from the deck of the British transport that half of their saddles were emptied, whereupon the survivors shrieked, wheeled round and disappeared behind the hill again with a quickness that did more credit to horse than man.

## CHAPTER LVI.

THE DEATH RIDE AT EL MAGGAR—THE FIRST VICTORY.

Ten minutes later Captain Donnelly and Pat Monaghan were safe aboard the British transport *Gracco*, which had been waiting for as much as a couple of hours in the Narrows of Atabet for a pilot to navigate her through Lake Timash to the town of Ismailia, where, according to instructions of the commander-in-chief, her living freight was to be put ashore.

Both officer and man were glad enough to find themselves amongst fellow-countrymen, and more especially red-coats, but how was their satisfaction increased when, directly they set foot on the transport's decks, the "Fourth D. G." on the shoulder straps of the soldiers who thronged around informed them of the most agreeable fact that they were with the Royal Irish Dragoon Guards,

by nickname "The Happy Family," and in short, their own regiment.

"Thought you'd turn up somewhere or other, old fellow," exclaimed one officer.

"Hardly in such a Marseppa life fashion, though," added another. "I never beheld a more exciting atephechase in my life. Well ridden, too."

Thus, amidst jests and congratulations, was their brother officer escorted to the saloon, while the troopers lugged Pat Monaghan off to the ship canteen to treat him to what he had for weeks been longing for and dreaming of and chiefly talking about, and what he had taken to calling the "three blessed B's," namely, bread, beef, and beer.

Who are getting so near to the end of our tale that we find we have no time to waste over table talk. It was the officers' breakfast hour and Frank Donnelly was quite ready for the meal. When he had briefly narrated his own adventures and listened in turn to plenty of divers opinions concerning the cam, afgu, all parties holding the unanimous conviction, however, that they would be crossing swords with the Egyptians within a very few hours at most, he excitedly exclaimed:

"I wish to heaven that I had a horse and a uniform, so that I might join you."

"Faith, and I don't see what's to prevent your doing that same," responded the regimental surgeon, a genial coon of Cork, as he was in general facetiously termed. "There's Captain Murphy down with fever, which he made worse through being in too great a hurry to recover, but I'm sure he'll feel a deal of satisfaction to think his coat has a chance of being in the thick of the fun even if he has to remain outside it. He's a man of just your own build, Captain Donnelly, and his horse is one just after your own heart, I'm sure."

"Are there any sick amongst the men, so that my fellow Pat may have an equal chance?"

"There's just three, who, I fear, will have small hope of drawing sabres before the time has come to sheath them, and I've no doubt your man will find that out and not let such an opportunity slip."

"No, I'll be sworn that he won't," replied Frank. "And I'll wager, too, that he'll do the work of any three ordinary men, if only previously well fortified with beef and beer."

Two hours later the Grecco was discharging her living freight upon the quay at Ismailia, and some of the dragoons were sent off to the front as quickly as they could be got into their saddles.

A few words of explanation are essential here in order that the reader may know what the British troops were about so far away from Alexandria.

The fact was that when the commander-in-chief, Sir Garnet Wolseley, arrived at Alexandria on the 25th of August, he found that Arabi Pasha had raised such formidable batteries at Kafr D-war (where we left him in the chapter before last) that he completely blocked the short and straight road to Cairo, and so effectually that a fearful loss of life must have been the result of any attempt to force a way in that direction.

So, four days after his arrival, Sir Garnet re-embarked more than half his army, ostensibly with the object of attacking the forts in Aboukir bay and there effecting a landing; and, having decalred not only the enemy, but a host of troublesome and mischievous newspaper correspondents by the carefully spread report, he accomplished the most brilliant ruse known in modern warfare by steaming on far past the anticipated point of attack and seizing the whole length of the Suez canal, thus in less than twenty-four hours most successfully accomplishing a complete strategic change of base, bringing himself nearer to the capital of Egypt by a good fifty miles than he was at Alexandria, striking directly at Arabi Pasha's communication therewith and turning and rendering perfectly useless the formidable works at Kafr D-war, which had taken him more than a month to construct.

Thus was the outgeneraled Egyptian compelled to show an entirely new front in the Valley of the Sweet Water canal, which canal he, however, promptly dammed up, in an attempt to cut off the only sources of water supply available to the British troops, whose position for a while was critical enough, in the neighborhood of Ismailia, at all events; for, independent of the water difficulty, Arabi had the railway at his command and, no sooner had the two thousand men and a couple of guns been thrown ashore, than ten thousand Egyptians, with

a battery of a dozen Krupp cannons, came steaming down from Zag-a-Zig, resolved to drive the whole of the little force into Lake Timnah.

It was the quick approach of the Egyptians which had caused the dragoon guards to betake themselves speedily to their saddles the very minute that their horses were along ashore, and no sooner were they mounted than a couple of squadrons were sent forward to reconnoitre, one on the right side of the bank in the direction of Neptho and the other on the left bank toward El Magfar.

Captain Donnelly had been given the command of the latter squadron and he nominated Pat Monaghan his orderly.

The instructions were to be on the alert, to advance in line when the ground was sufficiently open for such a formation, and generally to feel the way as far as El Magfar, there to discover what the enemy were about and if possible obtain a clue as to what they meant doing.

"Three about! march! trot!" and out flashed the sabres and away filed the dragoons in sections of threes, all in the highest spirits at the near prospect of a brush with the foe.

After they had proceeded for about a league, from behind a small but dense patch of scrub Frank Donnelly thought that he distinguished the glimmer of steel. He was about to send half a dozen men forward to reconnoitre, when he was saved all trouble on that score by the enemy suddenly revealing himself in the shape of a well-mounted regiment of Egyptian horse, who came spurting from the rear of the scrub, brandishing their lances as though they thoroughly meant mischief.

In numbers they were thrice the strength of the British, whilst their horses were in fine condition. They thus had the advantage in every way. But of course retreat was not to be thought of, and so Captain Donnelly, as he cast loose his holster flaps and then waved his sword, shouted out:

"Trot! gallop! charge! Give them the point, lads, when you can, and remember all of you to watch your opponent's eyes and not his blade!"

The Egyptian cavalry did not stop to receive them, but, waiting until their foes were almost within pistol shot of them, they parted to left and right, made a rapid retrograde movement in two columns, whilst at the very moment that they thus divided asunder a puff of white smoke and a flash of red flames broke through the patch of scrub and a shell came hurtling through the air and fell plump amongst the dragoons, causing their horses to rear, plunge and shriek.

The ruse of the Egyptian cavalry had explained itself. Their sole intention had been to tempt the British dragoons within point blank range of their masked battery, and they had effected their fell design, for, "Hur-r-r! Hur-r-r! Hur-r-r!" came three more of the small howitzer shells, and one trooper's head was whipped clean from off his shoulders and the bowels of another torn out and scattered all his horse and saddle trappings.

Every one looked anxiously toward their leader, wondering what his next command would be.

"Oh! Oh! We daren't let it be poured at us in retreat, and the boldest course is the safest!"

They saw it was so; but had they not it would have been all the same. The long brass trumpets sounded the "gallop," and the dragoons went straight at the scrub.

The noise was deafening, the smoke was blinding, but in they burst and on they rushed, and in another couple of minutes they were through the scrub and sabering the artillerymen at their guns, whilst the Egyptian cavalry, who might have made mince meat of them whilst so engaged, seized with a wild panic, galloped away across the desert, leaving guns and gunners alike to their fate, and in the deadly ruse Captain Donnelly, who exposed himself most fearlessly, would more than once have met his own but for the valor and the fidelity of Pat Monaghan.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The people of Connecticut, when they invest their money expect a return. An audience at Ansonia recently sat until midnight waiting for the coming of Theodore Thomas' orchestra, detained on the way. The concert then proceeded, and closed at 2 a. m.

The Poet's Corner.

—For Truth

The Old House and the New.

BY E. B. T.

Ah! to take away the old house, and build a better, new, is what the greatest architect for me can never do;

He may build up a mansion high with gothic-pointed ends, But can he fill the empty rooms with long-separated friends?

The windows may be deep and wide, and open to the floor, And you may plant a climbing rose to blossom by the door.

It all may look so beautiful to passing strangers' eyes— But 'tis a dreaded change to me, and I can only sigh.

You talk of light and lofty halls with ceilings white as snow, But as the sprites from greenwood torn, and exile I must go:

The house with mosses on the roof is dearer far to me Than all the new ones of the world that I could ever see.

There is the place our mother sat, as we knelt side by side, And in yon room, one summer morn, our darling brother died.

Ah! can you wake cash voice again that's sounding in my ears Or bring the faces memory sees through mists of many years?

Those lines, beside the parlor door, are where we stood one day, And father marked the height of each, and then we went to play—

The shortest, is the baby's mark, the tallest, mother's own. Ah me! how many hopes since then, the moss has overgrown.

You cannot bring the footsteps back that echo on the floor, Nor give again the much-loved forms that sat beside our door:

The old has memories clustered round, the new can never own, 'Twill only be "an empty cage from which the guests are down."

—For Truth.

"Thy Will be Done!"

BY ARONIE MACK.

"Thy will be done!" When first death stalked abroad, And with unsparring hand did glean the flower

That shed a fragrant round our humble board, (He vainly strove against his awful power!) Sighs and weeps, prone with grief we lay, Too full of earth-love for our lot, to pray, And wishing, madly, we had ne'er been born, Ah, me, fu! many a day had run, Ere we could say, "Thy will be done!"

He came again, once more, and from our fold, With ruthless hand did pluck our hope and joy.

Our ruffled home, no longer did it hold Our brave, fair, noble son, our only boy! This time we struggled not against the fate That comes to all, in aye' b'lie gloom We bore our loss, and almost learned to hate The Hand that smote our idol in his bloom. The years passed slowly, one by one, Ere our hearts said, "Thy will be done!"

Yet once again he came, and from my side My life companion, then, he bore away, And in my misery I arose and cried, To God, and oh, what comfort 'twas to pray! I laid my burdens on Him, one and all, And humbly kneeling, all my faults confessed.

His open ear gave heed unto my call, His kindly hand my troubled spirit rest. In tears and sorrow I had won, And now could say, "Thy will be done!"

Alone I walk the weary, lonesome way, My loved ones all have crossed the darksome tide.

Old and infirm, yet waiting, day by day, To hear the call that takes me to their side, And God knows best, My call will come ere long.

'Till then, with patience, I will trust and wait Content that when I join the angel throng, 'I'll find my lost, loved ones within the gate. I wait till time its course has run, Though seeming long, "Thy will be done!"

Joys that We've Tasted.

Joys that we've tasted, May sometimes return, But the lamp when once wasted, Ah! how can it burn. Friends have been scattered Like roses in bloom, Some at the bridal, And some at the tomb,

Many are the changes Since last time we met, Bishops have banished, And teachers have been wept, Friends have been scattered Like roses in bloom, Some at the bridal, And some at the tomb.

I stood in yon chamber, But one was not there; Husband was the lute string, And vacant the chair. Lips of love's melody, say where are ye gone, Never to smile again, Never to mourn.

The Sunset Slope.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

The lengthening shadows say Evening is near, That life's brief Summer day Will disappear.

And will the night through which we pass be drear? And shall we tremble and shrink back in fear?

Nay, for the light beyond Is not the sun, Piercing o'er through the veil The glorious One.

Who is the light of that fair land of day, Will hover near and light our path alway

Thus, as the shadows fall And one by one The flying hours go by, Fill life is done,

The fuller life beyond the vale appears, The eternal life which is not marked by years.

The Head of the House.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"I'm head of the house," said he, With a feeling of manly pride; For the wants of my family, There every-day needs I provide; And my order must be obeyed As if 'twere the king's decree, By mistress as well as maid, For "I'm head of the house," said he,

"I call the cook to account If she's given to wasteful ways; And know the exact amount My wife for each item pays; I settle the bills, and so The grocers and butchers, you see, And merchants and milliners know I am head of the house," said he.

"My domestic affairs all move Like clock-work, from morn till night, And that is enough to prove That my way of doing is right; My subjects obey my laws, And with my requests agree, And order prevails because I am head of the house," said he.

The wife though she did not boast Of any superior skill, Or claim that she ruled the roost, Or followed her own sweet will, Was ready to net and quail Marauding maid or mouse, That everything there might toil That she was the heart of the house.

The comfort of those around Was always her daily care; However narrow the bound Of home—it was home-like there; In parlor, in kitchen, or hall, Whoever she changed to be, A beauty was over all, For the heart of the house was she.

Another with pomp and pride May rule, and their scepter sway; But over the inside-side She reigns in a quiet way; Another may choose to be The head—who will not demur, For the heart of the house is she, And that is enough for her.

A Novel Poem.

"Jane Eyre," "beneath the greenwood tree, And robed "in silk attire," So good waiting for "our mutual friend," And wished that he was nigh her For she in need of "hard cash was," And "hard times" she did dread; "He cometh not," she said.

"The wandering hair" at last appeared, "A colorful" ed case, He'd "rambled" to the bitter end, "Put yourself in his place," "God-bye, Sweetheart!" I must away, I've waked "a noble life," "Never to late to mend," she cried, "We'll yet be "man and wife,"

"Oh! Love me little, love me long," "Not wonly but too well," "The romance of a poor young man," He quick to her did tell, And now he's done "a dark night's work," To gain a lofty station, "A noble woman" should forgive "A terrible temptation."

"Twenty year" after "the above, A "Treasure trove" he struck; The "golden butterfly" was his, Folks said 'twas "rare good luck," "Great expectations" came at last, To realize his wish, He covered then his "Queen of Hearts," With "Broad and Chess" and "Lessa,"

Up in "the village on the cliff," Stands a "bleak house" all alone; Her lord and master now has, And this place is "his" home, For "Her face was "er fortune," And nearly he "lost" his; He has been all "three times dead," To find out "WL" no cost her.



Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 14 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. \$1.00 for 3 months. Advertising rates: 50 cents per line, single insertion; 10 cents per line, 10 insertions; 25 cents per line, 25 insertions; 40 cents per line, 50 insertions; 50 cents per line, 100 insertions; 75 cents per line, 150 insertions; 1.00 per line, 200 insertions; 1.25 per line, 250 insertions; 1.50 per line, 300 insertions; 1.75 per line, 350 insertions; 2.00 per line, 400 insertions; 2.25 per line, 450 insertions; 2.50 per line, 500 insertions; 2.75 per line, 550 insertions; 3.00 per line, 600 insertions; 3.25 per line, 650 insertions; 3.50 per line, 700 insertions; 3.75 per line, 750 insertions; 4.00 per line, 800 insertions; 4.25 per line, 850 insertions; 4.50 per line, 900 insertions; 4.75 per line, 950 insertions; 5.00 per line, 1000 insertions.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printers 189 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates: 50 cents per single line, one month; \$1.00 per line, three months; \$1.50 per line, six months; \$2.00 per line, twelve months. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

THE AUXILIARY 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 ease of advertising we handle in all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other.

CIRCULATION: HIGH WATER MARK, 28,882!

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. As many of the prize-winners neglect to send our charges for packing, postage, etc., we would remind those interested that the following sums must accompany applications for the prizes:—Pianos, \$10; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Services, \$1.50; Gold Watches, and Silver Watches, 75c; other Watches, 50c; Silk Dresses, \$1; other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Breeches, and other Small Prizes, 20c.

EPPE'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. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured 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 fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by grocery, labelled—"JAMES EPPE & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

"TRUTH" Bible Competition, No. 16.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS. Where are the following three words first mentioned in the Bible? 1st. PRK. 2nd. INK. 3rd. PAPER.

Each person competing must send with the answers one dollar and eighteen cents, for which Truth will be sent to any desired address for three months, and also one half dozen extra silver plated teaspoons, free of postage and other charges.

In addition to the spoons, which are given to all competitors, whether their answers are correct or not, there will be distributed the prizes named in the three following lists in the order the correct answers come to hand. To the sender of the first correct answer will be given number one of these rewards; to the sender of the second correct answer number two, and so on till these rewards are distributed.

- THE FIRST REWARDS. 1. One fine square rosewood Piano by a celebrated maker..... \$500 2. One fine cabinet 15-stop Organ, by Bell & Co. 8 to 7. Five fine extra silver plated Tea Services, four pieces..... 250 3 to 12. Five fine Gold Watches, ladies' or gentlemen's, as may be preferred..... 350 13 to 16. Five gentlemen's coin silver hunting or open face Watches..... 125 17 to 22. Seven Family Bibles, beautifully bound in morocco, with plates for portraits, family registers; contains Oruden's concordance, weights and measures of Bible times, also the old and new version of the New Testament side by side; 3000 pages about the size of Truth's..... 140 23 to 24. Two Eclipse family Knitting Machines 27 to 21. Five fine Washer Sewing Machines..... 300 25. One fine English breech-loading double barrel Shot Gun..... 75 26 to 30. Eight extra quadruple Silver Plated Teaspoons..... 80 31 to 34. Two gold neck chains, with lockets complete, and one silver neck chain..... 40 35 to 36. Five Alarm Clocks; one walnut clock 37 to 42. Twelve extra silver plated crystal stands 43 to 48. One hundred and eighteen fine extra silver plated Napkin Rings..... 600 49 to 52. Forty fine fine solid gold Gem Rings, size 10 to 12..... 470

After this list the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last, will receive the first reward in the following list of middle rewards. The sender of the next correct answer, following the middle one, will receive number two, and so on till they are all distributed.

- THE MIDDLE REWARDS. 1. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... \$100 2 to 5. One Cabinet Organ, 15 stops, by Bell & Co. 6 to 9. Four fine extra silver plated Tea Services, 4 pieces, ornate design..... 200 10 to 14. Six ladies' fine Gold Watches, hunting cases, handsomely engraved..... 120 15 to 18. Three new Chambers' Encyclopedias, 10 vols to set, well bound..... 180 19 to 22. Four English breech loading Double Barrel Shot Guns..... 230 23 to 26. Thirty-five extra lined imitation morocco cases, containing complete desert set of ball dozen extra silver plated knives, forks and tea spoons..... 225 27 to 30. Thirty-five beautiful extra silver plated butter coolers..... 160 31 to 35. Forty-six elegant silver plated picket crates..... 184 36 to 40. Sixty-six fine extra silver plated Butter Knives or Sugar Shells..... 68

So as to give even the most distant persons an opportunity, the following list of consolation prizes has been arranged. To the sender of the last correct answer in this competition, envelopes post-marked not later than the 20th June, (the closing date,) will be given number one of these rewards; the next proceeding the last one will get number two, and so on, counting backwards, till all these rewards are given out.

- THE CONSOLATION REWARDS. 1. One rosewood square Piano, by the Dominion Piano & Organ Co. of Bowmanville, or a piano equally as good..... \$500 2 to 4. Three ladies' fine gold hunting case Watches, extra good movements..... 120 5 to 7. Three extra silver plated Tea Services, (4 pieces) 8 to 11. Fourteen extra heavy silver-plated Cake Baskets, (new design)..... 154 12 to 15. Fifteen extra silver-plated Oruden's Teaspoons, extra fine heavy silver plated Teaspoons, extra design..... 170 16 to 18. One hundred extra fine rolled gold Brooches..... 200 Fitness (15) days after closing date, 30th June, will be allowed for letters to reach Truth office from distant points, that is if letters bear the postmark of 30th June, they will be eligible to compete.

to be given to every person competing, whether their answers are correct or not. You will be wise, no matter where you live, if, the moment you read these offers, you at once send in your answers, enclosing in the same envelope, one dollar and eighteen cents for postage and packing of spoons. You will not regret the investment, as you will get the value for your money in Truth, and to say nothing about the spoons or any of the larger prizes. Address, S. FRANK WILSON, TRUTH OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA.

SPECIAL. For two dollars I will send you, per express, an elegant butter cooler, extra heavy silver plated, and mail Truth for three months.

For five dollars I will send you, per express, one elegant satin lined imitation morocco case, about 9x12 inches, containing half dozen each extra silver plated knives, forks and teaspoons, and mail Truth for three months. A very choice present for any lady and a dessert set that would adorn any table.

For seven dollars and a half I will send you a magnificent Family Bible, (and Truth for three months), superbly bound in morocco, beautifully embossed and gilt, containing over 2,000 fine illustrations of Bible History, Oruden's concordance, (a very useful addition, as it enables anyone to find any word referred to in the Bible as easily as you can find a chapter or page in any book.) This Bible has never retailed under twenty dollars. You will regret it if you let these opportunities go by.

Those who avail themselves of one or all of these special offers, and who answer the Bible questions correctly, are also entitled to all the privileges which pertain to those who send only the dollar and eighteen cents. That is, their names are placed among those who are eligible for the prizes enumerated in the foregoing lists of First, Middle and Consolation rewards. But whether answers are correct or not, the Butter Cooler, Morocco Case, or Bible, as the case may be, will be forwarded as soon on receipt of money for same.

A FEW SAMPLE TESTIMONIALS.

Among Thousands in the Possession of "Truth."

I have received by express this morning the Silver Ice Pitcher I was fortunate to win in last Bible Competition. It is very handsome and far surpassed anything I had anticipated. R. BARKER, 19, Hanover Street, Montreal. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of my prize for correct answers to Bible Questions, a Gold Watch. I am very much pleased with it. THOMAS W. CRAIGHEAD, Campbellford. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Cabinet Organ you kindly sent me as my prize for Bible answers. I am highly pleased with it and return you my sincere thanks for such a handsome instrument. W. A. WALLER, Galt. Rev. S. I. Dyke, late Publisher Canadian Baptist, Toronto, acknowledges receipt of two Gold Watches won by himself and wife in a recent competition. W. J. Turnbull, Paris, Manot, Co., Paris, Ont., acknowledges receipt of a handsome square, rosewood Piano of magnificent tone and compass. E. K. Phillips, St. Catharines, acknowledges receipt of one hundred dollars, gratefully, as he says: "The piano won by my son Benjamin in Bible Competition No. 6, and which came to me a year ago, proves to be in every respect a superior instrument. The Tuner, a Toronto gentleman, says its tone and finish are complete. A large number of people during the year have called at the manse, examined and tried it, and are surprised at its excellence. It is just as advertised. Mr. Wilson has too much at stake to depart in any measure from his offer, which are both numerous and liberal. T. SKIRN, Pastor of St Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Northham, Ont. Jennie B. Smith, Cape Town, South Africa, acknowledges receipt of Solid Gold Watch. MARRIEDREVER, Mar. — S. Frank Wilson, Esq., Toronto: you shipped me six weeks ago a beautiful Cabinet Organ. I received the same yesterday; it came without a scratch. Thanks also for the five year warranty sent along with it. MAJOR JACKSON. Geo. Zacher, Cape North, Nova Scotia, thankfully and delightedly acknowledges receipt of an elegant Gold Watch. Kingston, Wm. says:—Among the winners of prizes in this locality under the Bible competitions are: J. Galloway, Jennie Galloway, E. Wilson, Mrs. W. Small, E. M. Wiley, Kingston; Stanley Grant, Collinby; Viola Hunt, Birmingham; Jennie Price, Newburn. J. Brydon, Okanagan Mission, British Columbia, sends thanks for beautiful Gold hunting case watch. Eldersville, Paisley, Balfourshire, Scotland.—I must apologize for not acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful Gold Watch which I won in the Consolation Rewards in competition No. 6. JOHN HENDERSON, Oswego, New York, says: Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a gold hunting case watch for prize story No. 9 in Truth. I have shown it to a good number and they all pronounce it fine, "a daisy O." I wish Truth the best of success. O. M. STARK, New Haven, Conn., JAMES GORDON, Lancaster, Pa., also wonderfully and delightedly acknowledge receipt of ladies gold watch; also, in the same strain, Mr. LIZAS, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. Marshall, Ada, Okla., acknowledges receipt of elegant Silver Tea Services. O. GROVER, Seattle, Washington Territory, L. BUNDA, Kansas City, and O. ROYCE, 411 Clay St., San Francisco,

Cal., received gentlemen's fine gold hunting case watches, with which they were very much pleased. SOME BIG PRIZES. The Bowmanville Statesman, of Dec. 4th, says:—Our citizens have been very successful in the Truth and the Ladies' Journal Bible Competitions carried on by Mr. S. Frank Wilson, Toronto. In addition to the list below several others have received valuable gold and silver watches, handsome silver cake baskets, gold rings and brooches, books, etc.—Mrs. A. L. Vandone, Organ, 10 stops; M. Mestita James, Silver Tea Service, Ladies' Gold Watches.—Mrs. Jno. Van Keet, W. J. Heard, Fred Bray, Amanda Bond, Thos. Sheridan, Silver Watches.—Mrs. W. E. Bond, Mrs. Thos. Sheridan, Minnie Werry, Mrs. W. McKewen, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. J. H. James, Mrs. Wm. Jewell, Mrs. M. Deyman, W. W. Tamblin, M. A. The total value of above prizes amounted to \$1,100. Address in all cases, S. FRANK WILSON, Truth Office, Toronto Canada.

Jack Frost Conquered.

Although during the cold season "Jack Frost" gets in his work lively, yet Haggard's Yellow Oil beats him every time, curing chilblains, frost bites, and all their painful effects. It also cures creeps, sore throat, rheumatism, and most painful affections.

The waists to costumes are as short as they can possibly be made and still lay claim to the title of basques.

Mr. O. E. Higgins, Bramsville, writes: "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words, 'It just seems to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine with such happy results."

Satin with velvet stripes and wooden bead embroidery; and satin embroidered with jet beads, are used for mantles.

Compelled to Yield.

Mrs. Salter, of Franktown, Ontario, was for four years afflicted with a fever such that baffled all treatment, until she tried Burdock Blood Bitters. 4 bottles cured her. All chronic sores and humors of the blood must yield to B. B. B.

What kind of paper most resembles a sneeze?—Tissue.

Dangers of Delay.

If we were allowed to look into the future and see the fatal consequences that follow a neglected cold, how differently would our course be; could we realize our danger, how speedily we would seek a cure; but with many it is only when the monster disease has fastened its fangs upon our lungs that we awaken to our folly. What follows a neglected cold? Is it not disease of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthma, consumption, and many other diseases of like nature. It is worse than madness to neglect a cold and it is folly not to have some good remedy available for this frequent complaint. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs, is Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine is composed of several medicinal herbs, which exert a most wonderful influence in curing consumption and other diseases of the lungs and chest. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, soothes irritation and drives the disease from the system.

"Will you cremate a cigar with me?" is the way that they put it in Washington, Pa.

A Valuable Feature.

One of the most valuable features of Haggard's Yellow Oil is that unlike ordinary liniments it can be safely and effectually taken internally as well as applied in cases of pain, inflammation, sore throats, rheumatism, and all painful complaints and injuries.

An old gentleman, having been invited by an acquaintance to go out and see his country-seat, went, and found it to be a stump in a large meadow.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

"I find that with light meals my health improves," said an Esquilmaux; and down went another candle.

The Lost Restored.

Ira McNeil of Peplar Hill, Ont., states that his brother aged 12, was afflicted with a terrible cold, from the effects of which he lost his voice. Haggard's Pebral Balsam cured the cold and restored his voice in the most perfect manner. He says it cannot be exceeded as a remedy for coughs and colds.

LADIES' JOURNAL BIBLE COMPETITION.

No. 11.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. One elegant Square Piano, by a celebrated firm \$500
2. One fine toned 12-stop Cabinet Organ 250
3, 4 and 5. Three fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 150
6 to 9. Four Ladies' fine Gold Hunting case Watches, elegantly engraved, first-class time-keepers 280
10 to 13. Four celebrated Wanzler Sewing Machines 24
14 to 20. Seven extra fine quadruple silver plated Cake Baskets 100
21 to 25. Sixty-four fine quadruple silver plated Crust Stands 15
26 to 50. Sixteen ladies' fine extra heavy rolled gold neck chains, with lockets 240
51 to 75. Twenty solid gold Gem Rings, sizes to fit winners 800
76 to 89. Fourteen half dozen sets extra heavy silver plated Table Spoons 84
90 to 100. Eleven solid gold chased or fancy Rings, sizes to fit winners 150
101 to 135. Fifty-seven solid rolled gold Brooches 110

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

A PRESENT FOR EVERYBODY.

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

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

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

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. A complete outfit for the lady winner of this prize, consisting of one extra fine black silk Dress pattern, one fine black Cashmere dress pattern, a good print dress, newest style, and three pairs of Kid Gloves, of size and color to suit winner, all from Parry's; also one pair Kid Slippers and one pair French Kid Button Boots, from Toronto Shoe Co., or if preferred, cash \$75
2 and 3. Two fine extra silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 100
4 to 7. Four ladies' fine gold hunting case Watches new designs 260
8 to 21. Fourteen fine extra quadruple silver plated Cake Baskets 140
22 to 25. Seventeen extra fine quadruple plated Crust Stands 170
26 to 57. Nineteen sets of heavy Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Forks, and Tea Spoons, Half Dozen of each 223
58 to 90. Thirty-three finely bound volumes of Poems, extra value 99
91 to 119. Twenty-nine solid Rolled Gold Brooches newest Designs 87

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

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. One Cabinet Organ by Bell & Co., 12 stops, beautifully finished \$250
to 4. Three fine solid silver plated Tea Services (4 pieces) 150
5 to 9. Five ladies' solid Gold Watches, elegantly engraved 450
10 to 13. Three fine celebrated Wanzler Sewing Machines 180
14 to 20. Seventeen pairs fine lace Curtains 204
21 to 51. Twenty-two dozen sets solid heavy silver plated Dinner or Dessert Knives, put up in plated cases 230
52 to 91. Thirty-nine half dozen sets of extra silver plated Tea Forks 78
92 to 131. Forty-two fine half dozen sets solid silver plated Teaspoons 84

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

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



THE EXTRA PRIZES.

Five thousand (or more if required) extra silver plated Butter Dishes. These are the Butter Dishes that are spoken of above, one of which will be given to every competitor, whether the answers are correct or not \$2500

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

Plush visites with beaded stripes are bordered with chenille fringe.

Persons of Sedentary Habits, the greater part of whose time is passed at the desk, or in some way bent over daily tasks, cramp the stomach, weaken its muscles, and incur dyspepsia early. Their most reliable and safest medicinal resource is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, the Great Blood Purifier, and which is especially adapted to indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation and Poverty or Impurity of the Blood.

Studs and cuff buttons of lead white enamel are perfect imitations of linen.

To Whom it May Concern.

Geo. W. Platt, of Picton, says he can confidently recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to any who suffer from loss of appetite, constipation and general debility, that remedy having cured him, after severe illness from the same complaint.

"Loose crinkle" is a novelty. It has alternate stripes of seersucker and lack work.

Orpha M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Mich., writes: I upset a tea-kettle of boiling hot water on my hand. I at once applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and the effect was to immediately allay the pain. I was cured in three days.

Havana or tobacco brown will be a favorite color for spring wear for suits and jackets.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

Combinations of material for dress suits are the rule, be the material silk, wool or cotton.

A Successful Result.

Mr. Frank Handry, writing from Seaforth says: "I purchased one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters to purify my blood. It did purify it, and now I have excellent health." As a blood purifying tonic and system regulator the result of taking B. B. B. is always successful.

Plush jackets have no trimming save the large ornamental buttons used for fastening them.

Geo. Dodge, Sr., a well-known citizen of Emporium, writes that one of his men (Sam Lewis) whilst working in the woods so severely sprained his ankle that he could scarcely get home, but after one or two applications of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, he was able to go to work next day.

Tan-colored kid gloves, with heavy stitching on the back, are worn with walking costumes.

KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men.

Rough straw bonnets trimmed with ribbon bows and beads will be worn with taller-made costumes.

Just to Hand! CARPETS.

A LARGE STOCK OF BRASS for Fancy Work GOODS

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

- Brass Stars, 2 sizes 10c per dozen
Brass Bangles, 3 sizes 10c "
Brass Ornaments, 2 sizes 10c "
Brass Ornaments, 3 sizes, hammerd 10c "

- Brass Toy Balls, 3 sizes, 10, 15, 20 cents per dozen.
Star Ornaments, 25 cents per dozen.
Bangle Ornaments, 2 large sizes, 75c & \$1.00 per doz.
Brass Chain, 2 sizes, 15 and 25 cents per yard
Banner Rods, plain brass, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100 inches long, 25, 30, 35, 38, 40, 45 & 50c. each.

Also in stock a Complete Line of Berlin, Shetland and Andalusian Wools, in all colors, at 10c. per oz.

- Ice Wool, best quality, 10c per ball.
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 15c per doz.
Flosselle, best quality, 8c per skein, 85c per doz.
Fine Embroidery Chenille, all colors, 6c per skein, 60c per dozen.
Silk Arrasene, large skeins, 15c per skein, \$1.65 per dozen.
Tinsel, large balls, very thick, 10c per ball.
Macramé Cord, 1/2 lb balls, all colors, 10c per ball.
Plush fine quality, 24 inches wide, \$2 per yard.
Plush Pompons, new styles, very pretty, in all colors, 50c per dozen.
Plush Pompons large tassels, quite new, in all colors, 85c per dozen.
Plush Pompons, large double drop, very handsome, \$1.00 per dozen.
Chenille Cord, in all colors, 10c per yard.
Chenille & Tinsel Cord very handsome, 15c a yd.
Woolen Java Canvas, 18 in. wide, all colors, 60c a yd.
Brussels Net, for darned work, 35 and 75 inches wide, 50 and 60c per yard.
Linen Flossette, all sizes, 4c a skein, 40c per doz.

New Goods constantly coming to hand, as we daily receive the Novelties in

FANCY WORK.

LADIES should write for our Price List, as they will save 25 per cent by ordering from it. Letter orders receive prompt and careful attention, and goods can be sent to any part of Canada.

HENRY DAVIS, DIRECT IMPORTER, 232 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Rupture, Breach, or Hernia,

neglected, often becomes strangulated and proves fatal. We employ a new method and guarantee a cure in every case or no pay. Send 10 cents in stamps for pamphlet and references. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

An explosion occurred recently on board a small river steamer, the "Columbia" at Tamayo, Panama, resulting in the death of fifteen persons, and the severe injury of twenty-two.

The "Favorite Prescription."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose name has become known over the world through his success as a physician, and especially through the reputation of his "Golden Medical Discovery," has done a good work in preparing an especial remedy for the many distressing troubles classed as "female weaknesses." It is known as the "Favorite Prescription." Under its administration all the pelvic organs are strengthened, and the woman becomes that embodiment of health and beauty which God intended her to be.

A little girl seeing her father, who was a lawyer, honing his razor, said: "Pa, is that the knife you sharpen your cock with?"

Greatest Discovery Since 1492.

For coughs, colds, sore throats, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is also a great blood-purifier and strength-restorer, or tonic, and for liver complaint and costive condition of the bowels it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

Corduroy skirts with jersey bodices and corduroy coats with woolen skirts will be worn by children.

CARPETS.

- IN -

- Wilton
Brussels
Tapestry
All-Wool
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Dutch
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At Wholesale Prices,

Made and Laid

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CURTAINS

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LEADER LANE

Dry Goods HOUSE Dry Goods

R. Simpson & Co.

36 & 38 Colborne St.

COR. LEADER LANE.

## The Household.

### Table Talk.

By this time, dear girls, you have probably come to the conclusion that only prosy advice can come from my pen, so now we will talk of something pleasant. I granted you at the start that the life of a working farmer's family must be a hard one, but there are few country girls who get all the pleasure possible out of their lives. When I lived on a farm I was the only farmer's daughter for miles around who was heretic enough to ride horseback. True my horse did not always have the proper gait for a lady's saddle horse, and for many years the luxury of a side saddle was unknown to me, but a blanket tightly strapped on the back of my Bucephalus, did duty for a saddle and I acquired an ease and freedom of motion that one does not always get at a riding school. When at the age of fourteen, I taught a country school, my first hardly earned five dollars was invested in a second hand side saddle. If you do not ride you do not know how much health and pleasure you are missing. Let no consideration of the want of a habit, deter you from making the experiment.

A pair of your big brother's second best pantaloons, an old water proof skirt, your best fitting waist and a little round cap or tightly fitting hat of any kind, and you may have as much enjoyment as you would in a thirty dollar tailor-made habit. Begin with the gentlest horse in your father's stable, unless you are naturally fearless. Sit well and firmly, keeping your face so that a line drawn from your nose would come exactly between the horse's ears. Go slowly at first until you can ride at a walking pace without allowing your body to sway with every motion of the horse. There is nothing more graceful than a lady on horseback if she knows how to ride, and nothing so awkward if she sits as if she were about to fall off and bounces up and down from her saddle. Try to sit as if you were a part of the animal. It is not fair for the boys on a farm to have all the fun. I always vigorously disputed with my brothers, the privilege of taking the horses to be shod, and even of driving the cows to pasture on horseback, this, however, when I was very young.

If you do not like the farm and are determined at all events to get away from it, try to think out some original path in life for yourself. The beaten tracks are overrun with busy feet. The wife of a once wealthy merchant being in reduced circumstances, went to a friend to ask her advice as to how she could best gain a livelihood. "What is the thing that you can best do?" asked the friend. "Make chicken pies," said the poor lady with an attempt at a cheerful laugh. "Then," said her friend, "make chicken pies." She accordingly bought a number of small earthen dishes, and begun in a small way her novel trade. At first these were sold through the "Woman's Exchange," but as she became known they were ordered directly from her, and as they were delicious and reasonable in price she was soon obliged to enlarge her establishment.

Another lady, the daughter of a well-known metropolitan journalist, had a natural liking and aptitude for cooking fancy dishes. One of her specialties was a new combination for Charlotte Ruess, for which she used cream purchased directly from a country friend instead of the abominable filling made of the whites of lined eggs, used in most bakeries. They were so delicious that a hotel man who heard of them, glad to find a new source of profit for himself and pleasure for his guests, asked her to make them for his establishment. She is now working three hours a day, and with the assistance of a maid is making more money than her father. The moral of this is "Learn to do at least one thing well."

A writer of intelligence and observation once said, "I wish I could impress it upon the minds of girls that the chief end of woman is not to marry young." I would like to add that the chief end is not marrying at any age. At twenty few girls would think of marrying the man they would gladly have married at sixteen. As a woman grows older her mind and her knowledge of the world increases, and she knows better than to judge a man merely by appearance. She learns that a man in society and a man at home are two widely

different beings. Wait until you have passed the peanut and taffy stage before you choose a partner for life. Remember that you cannot discard your husband as you would your silver spoon, when the plating and gloss was worn off.

But it seems to me that I drop into advice as naturally as Silas Wegg dropped into poetry, and of all thankless tasks, giving advice on this subject, is the most thankless. As long as the world revolves on his axis the dwellers on it will "marry in haste and repent at leisure."

### Planning the Breakfast.

Not one member of the family had an appetite for breakfast; not that we were invalids but simply for the reason that we did not have good breakfasts. With high priced help in the kitchen and a small family, it had seemed that the close attention of "mother" was not required in order to ensure an eatable breakfast on the table every morning.

The fault lay in the first place in the bread which Katy Ann would insist on baking in large quantity and not often than once a week. If she was told to make three loaves, there invariably came out of the oven six, and with them was a ready excuse for the extra number.

The bread was good for two days and then we began to plan how to use it up. This opened the way for having toast for breakfast, cold bread and butter for tea, and *vici-versa*; and hot rolls, muffins, griddle cake and corn cakes were out of the question for "we've all that bread yet to be used, mem."

Here was the secret, plenty of white bread saved work, and another week only saw a repetition of the conflict and Katy Ann victories.

After a time fried potatoes came to be an adjunct to the stale bread, with the apology that there was not time to bake potatoes in the morning; it was much easier to boil a large quantity at dinner time. Other makeshifts followed so closely that it was decided better to take the work in our own hands than to fall a victim to nervous dyspepsia through poor fare and variation. We shall give some simple hints of fare which were the outcome of the experience during the time following the above decision.

The breakfast which is to be eaten at seven o'clock, or even earlier, must not be too elaborate, for the hour preceding that time flies quickly and is full of hindrances in most families.

#### BREAKFAST NO. 1.

Tripe fried in batter;  
Rye Muffins. Baked Potatoes.  
Toast.  
Cocoa.

**TRIPLE IN BATTER.**—Honey-comb tripe is the best. For about one and one-half pounds make a batter by beating one egg with a tablespoonful of flour and a little salt. Fry a slice of sweet pork, dip the pieces of tripe in the batter and fry, taking care to have the fat very hot.

**RYE MUFFINS.**—One pint of rye meal, not flour; one pint of wheat flour, one pint of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one of soda, two of cream-tartar and two eggs. Put the meal in the mixing bowl. Put the flour and other ingredients in a sieve, mix thorough and sift. Beat the eggs light. Add the milk to them and pour on the dry ingredients. Beat well. Butter muffin tins or common pans and bake about twenty minutes in a quick oven. The quantities given will make twenty-four, or two pansful. Half the quantity is sufficient for a small family and the dry mixture may be divided after it is prepared, and used whenever wanted if kept dry; then halve the other ingredients.

This is one of Miss Parlo's recipes and if tried, will become a favorite. It is one of the few methods of using rye meal successfully in cooking.

**BAKED POTATOES.**—For breakfast select rather small potatoes of an even size. Forty-five minutes will bake quite a large potato; half an hour, with a quick oven, will do for those selected for breakfast.

**DRY TOAST.**—Cut even, and neither smoke nor scorch the bread while toasting.

#### BREAKFAST NO. 2.

Broiled Ham.  
Baked Eggs. Brown Bread Toast.  
Cocoa.

**BROILED HAM.**—Ham should be cut quite thin for broiling. Have a clear fire, and broil as if it were a beefsteak, and it will be a great improvement on hard fried ham.

**BAKED EGGS.**—Butter a pie plate thoroughly and break the eggs in carefully. Sprinkle a little salt and pepper over them, and also lay on a few bits of butter. Bake in a quick oven, removing as soon as the white of the egg is cooked. Serve in the same dish.

**BROWN BREAD.**—Two cups of Indian meal, two cups of rye meal, one cup of flour, one-half cup of molasses, one and one-half pints of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of vinegar. Add the vinegar the last thing before pouring the mixture into a buttered mold. Steam three hours; remove the lid of the tin and set in the oven ten minutes.

For toast cut slices from the round loaf and toast them slowly. Butter, and eat while hot.

### Choice Recipes.

**Children's Pudding.**—Heat a generous pint of milk to boiling point. Stir into the milk one tablespoonful of corn starch which has been smoothly mixed with a little cold milk, two well-beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, and sugar to taste; essence of lemon is pleasant as flavoring. Let all this boil up once, and then add one cupful of stewed prunes that have been seeded. Pour the mixture into a buttered baking dish and bake for twenty minutes. Serve with cream or sauce or an natural.

**Parsnip Fritters.**—Scrape the parsnips, and if large put them into boiling water and boil, with salt enough to season them nicely, till quite tender, then mash them, adding to four or five parsnips a heaping tablespoonful of flour, one or two beaten eggs, and pepper and salt to taste. Make up into cakes and fry in hot pork fat. Even those who have a rooted prejudice against parsnips will generally like them in this form.

**Tea-Cake.**—Light: White sugar, one and one-half cups; butter, one-half cup; sweet milk, one-half cup; flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flavor with lemon. Dark part: Brown sugar, one cup; molasses, one-half cup; butter, one-half cup; sweet milk, one-half cup; yolks of four eggs; two and one-half cups of flour; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix in separate parts; flavor with spices.

**Florentine Pudding.**—Put a quart of milk into your pan, let it come to a boil, stir smoothly three tablespoonfuls of corn-starch and a little cold milk, add the yolks of three eggs beaten, half a teaspoon of sugar, flavor with vanilla, lemon or anything your fancy suggests, stir into the scalding milk, continue stirring till the consistency of starch ready for use, then put into the pan or dish you wish to serve in; beat the whites of the eggs with a teaspoon of pulverized sugar, spread over the

top, place in the oven a few minutes till the frosting is a pretty brown. Can be eaten with cream, or is good enough without. For a change you can bake in cups.

**Hash Rolls.**—Prepare the meat as for ordinary hash, chopping it very fine, moisten with a spoonful of cold gravy or meat juice if you have it, add an equal quantity of mashed potatoes (fresh is best), and the same of stale bread crumbs finely grated and soaked in milk or cream. Work all well together with the hand make into rolls about three inches long and half the thickness, and brown in a hot oven fifteen or twenty minutes, or you may spread the hash in a well-greased breadpan and set it in the oven; when browned on the bottom turn into a dish crusted side up, and send to the table.

### Essay on "Columbus."

The following story comes from a school in the Midlands. The master told the boys of the third class to write a short essay upon Columbus. The following was sent up by an ambitious caesylet: "Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Columbus, 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Columbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' So he had a ship, and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. The sailors quarrelled, and they said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said, 'Columbus, I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Columbus. When the ship got near the land was full of black men. Columbus said, 'Is this America?' 'Yes it is,' said they. Then he said, 'I suppose you are the Niggers?' 'Yes,' they said; 'we are.' The chief said, 'I suppose you are Columbus?' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said, 'There is no help for it; we are discovered at last.'

### Shocking Bad Taste.

"My dear, don't you intend to invite Mr. and Mrs. Green to your party?" asked Mr. Biller.

"Certainly not."

"Why not, my dear? They are good friends of ours."

"What if they are? I am going to invite Mr. and Mrs. Brown."

"Well, can't you invite the Greens, as well?"

"Why, John Biller, you shock me with your taste! Brown and Green in my parlors together! Why, next you'll be asking me to wear blue and yellow! I declare, you men have no idea whatever of harmony!"



### No Allowance for the Willow's Growth.

Pompey: JUSELUM CRICKETS! I HAIN' GWINE TO MEASURE WID YOU NO MO! IS DUN SETTLED WAX DOWN B'LOW MY LAS YEAK MARK. IS HEARD A POW'FUL HEAP 'BOUT SHORT HAN' LATRELY, DUD I DID'R KNOW DE DISEASE WUS SPREADIN' FREW DE HUL SYSTEM.



Music and Drama.

"A Night Off" closed a successful week's engagement at the Grand on Saturday.

The Anniversary Concert in connection with the L. O. O. F. was held in the Gardens Pavilion on Monday evening last.

Arrangements for the Musical Festival to be held here in June are progressing satisfactorily. Mr. P. J. Cobi, of the Music Committee, visited Buffalo and Rochester last week and succeeded in engaging 52 musicians, comprising some of the best orchestral talent in those cities.

LITERARY NOTES.

Wide Awake for May opens with a charming frontispiece of springtime and variable weather, "A Sudden Shower," followed by "A Century Plant," one of the best poems, perhaps, that ever came from that pen which one of the younger poets has just laid down forever—James Berry Bessell.

Lovers of nature will find a choice morsel in the article "San Bewitched," by W. H. Gibson, in the May Harper's, beautifully illustrated by the author.

The April issues of the popular Wide-Awake Art Prints are the following: "The Pipers," by Jessie Curtis Shepherd.

The May number of the Popular Science Monthly is an excellent issue. Some of the articles are, "The Difficulties of Railroad Regulation," "Development of the Moral Faculty," "How Alcoholic Liquors are Made, &c."

Our Youth published last week an excellent Easter number, with an attractive cover and with contents appropriate to the occasion.

Harper's Young People, with each succeeding issue, continues to maintain its excellent character.

A school for scandal—the modern boarding school.

IMPORTANT TO DAKOTA SETTLERS.

Land Commissioner Sparks' Famous Order of April 3 Revoked by Secretary Lamar. —Momentarily Not to be Made to Suffer Because of a Few Disreputable Characters.—Reported Resignation or Removal of Sparks.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The text of the order of revocation and a history of the order of April 3 were laid before each member of the cabinet at yesterday's meeting.

TEXT OF THE ORDER.

Following is the full text of the order of revocation:

Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., April 6.—To the Commissioner of the General Land Office:—Sir: On April 3, 1885, you issued the following order:

Practice, Suspension of Entries—Final action in this office upon all entries of the public land, except private cash entries and such scrip locations as are not dependent upon acts of settlement and cultivation, is suspended in the following localities, viz: All west of the first guide meridian west in Kansas; all west of range 17 west in Nebraska; the whole of Colorado, except land in the late Ute reservations; all of Dakota, Idaho, Utah, Washington, New Mexico, Montana, Wyoming and Nevada; and that portion of Minnesota north of the indemnity limits of the Northern Pacific railroad and east of the indemnity limits of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railroad.

[Signed.] W. A. J. SPARKS, Commissioner.

Whatever necessity may have existed at the time of its promulgation has ceased to be sufficient to longer continue an order suspending all actions, and involving in a common condemnation the innocent and the guilty, the honest and the dishonest.

[Signed.] L. Q. C. LAMAR, Sec'y.

The American Bison.

Twenty years ago the chief feature of the plains beyond the Missouri was the countless herds of buffalo everywhere to be seen. Now all have disappeared. Theodore Roosevelt says there are not 1,000 buffaloes in America.

How It Grows.

"Oh, Fanny, you'd never believe it!" "Yes I would, and I'm dying to hear." "You know Milly Bliggins? I heard from 'Ola Rouger that she was engaged."

Do not take Pills or Powders containing Calomel, for, at this time of the year, the result may be serious. If you require a dose of physic take Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters; it acts gently on the bowels, purifies the blood, improves the circulation, stimulates the liver and kidneys, and speedily cures Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion.

You hardly ever hear a woman expressing her idea of distance by saying that a thing is "within a stone's throw." The phrase is too indefinite and circuitous-like for accuracy.

LEPRA CURED.



AS THEY WERE.

Our apology for reinserting this advertisement this week is because we have asked for a more conspicuous place for it this week, that every sufferer from skin disease may see and read it.



As They Are After Four Weeks' Treatment.

Leprosy is one of the most difficult skin diseases to cure. Mr. Percy, a cut of whose legs appears above, was the victim of this terrible disease. He has had it for three years. Lately, and for one year it has been steadily growing worse.

Our specialties are chronic diseases and deformities of every description, male and female, and the follies of youth, manhood and old age.

S. Edward McCully, M.D., Medical Director Medical and Surgical Association of Canada.

Advertisement for Dr. Starkey and Palet's Compound, featuring a logo with a crown and the text "NOT A DRUG".

1526 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. CANADA DEPOSITORY: E. W. D. KING, 58 Church St., TORONTO.

No Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen genuine which has not this trade mark on the bottle containing it.

A Well-Tried Treatment for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.



Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute

BUFFALO, N. Y. Organized with a full Staff of eighteen Experienced and Skillful Physicians and Surgeons for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Bladder Diseases, Diseases of Women, Blood Diseases and Nervous Affections, cured here or at home, with or without seeing the patient.

Delicate Diseases. Nervous Debility, Impotency, Nocturnal Losses, and all Morbid Conditions caused by Youthful Felicitous and Prolonged Solitary Practices are speedily and permanently cured by our Specialists.

Rupture. Book, post-paid, 10 cts. in stamps. Rupture, or Breach, radically cured, without the knife, without dependence upon trusses, and with very little pain. Book sent for ten cents in stamps.

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

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

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

It is a powerful Restorative Tonic and Nervine, imparts vigor and strength to the system, and cures, as if by magic, Leucorrhoea, or "whites," excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppositions, prolapsus or falling of the uterus, weak back, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, internal heat, and "female weakness."

PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Advertisement for Sick-Headache, featuring an illustration of a woman's head and the text "Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, and Bilious Attacks, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets."

Ladies' Fine French Kid

BOOTS

Take The Lead, as We Sell at Very Close Prices.

W. PICKLES,

328—YONGE ST—328.

Pocket Gold Hunting.

The pocket-hunter is a comparatively new-comer in the California country, and only made his appearance during the last year and a half. He, too, is a prospector, but he dispenses quartz. He prospects for gold only, and does not desire to find a little of it in huge masses of flinty rock. He expects to dig a hole in the earth the size of a barrel and take therefrom a fortune in the pure article. His hopes are neither groundless nor without precedent. A number of pockets and seam deposits have been found, some containing a few ounces and others thousands of dollars. I was shown a hole a yard square from which \$2,700 was recently taken. The deposit was found within a foot of the surface on a hillside. These pocket deposits are found in various formations, and "scientific fellows" don't succeed well in locating them, either. They are usually found in decomposed quartz in clay seams and sometimes in wash gravel. The mode of prospecting for pockets is simple, but it, too, requires hard work and faith. The pocket hunter selects a section where extensive placer-mining has been done and where the yield was rich. He conjectures that the gold came from somewhere, and he follows the gulches up stream as far as they have been worked, and there takes pans of dirt from the surface and hillsides. If he obtains a "color," or speck of gold, from the surface it is a fine prospect, and he follows the trace carefully, taking the next panful of dirt to be washed from higher ground, and so on until the prospect fails; then he digs for the deposit. Occasionally it is there.

Indications are often found where weeks of planning fail to locate from whence they have been washed or thrown; and again, pockets are found by mere accident that have thrown no trace to the surface. A good prospect may be obtained from every spot on a hill-side, and yet nothing be found beneath the surface.

A pocket-hunter will carry and wash dirt for days without obtaining a color. When he obtains a speck of gold, however, and if it is the rough, unwashed pocket metal, his chances are fair of finding a deposit—perhaps a fortune. The winter season is the most favorable for prospecting in this manner, as every gulch then contains sufficient water for panning, while during the summer the prospector must either follow water-courses or carry dirt long distances to springs or streams, and there pan it. There are those who frequently find pockets, and, even though the deposits are large, they find them often enough to prosper moderately well in the uncertain occupation, and appear cheerful, confident and always possessed of a little money. I am inclined to think, however, that, considering the number engaged, the fortunate ones are few, and for the amount of labor performed I am forced to believe that both prospectors and pocket-hunters are scantily paid.

The tramp, like the mariner, is often looking for a hospitable cave.... The prisoner or who breaks out is usually a rash fellow. A.P. 278.

SUPERIOR FILES AND RASPS—WARRANTED equal to best imported; all kinds of re-cutting. Galt File Works, FREDERICK PARKIN, Galt P.O.

CARRIAGE LORRIES FOR CARTERS, wholesale houses, manufacturers; Best price Central Fair. Address M. D. NEALOGAN, Manufacturer, Hamilton.

BAND SAW MACHINES—ALL SIZES—LATEST improvements; bracket band saws for attaching to posts; neat, cheap and durable; send for circulars. JOHN GILLIES & CO., Oshkosh Place, Ont.

I AM CLEARING UP A SWAMP LOT—175 acres—immediately adjoining Penetanguishene; front twenty acres ready to farm, rest black muck; well drained; will make splendid stock farm; good spring creek; creamery being built on next farm; price now, four thousand; terms easy. A. M. KEATING, Penetanguishene.

FOR SALE CHEAP BY PRIVATE TREATY: 10 head Thoroughbred Durham Cattle, with first-class pedigrees; 6 head Thoroughbred Ayrshire Cattle, with first-class pedigrees; 8 head High Grade Cattle; 60 head Thoroughbred Leicester Sheep. For particulars address H. GLAZEBROOK, Simcoe, Norfolk Co., Ont.

A MAN OR A WOMAN WANTED IN EVERY township, to sell Dr. Talbot's new book, "Live Conls." The keenest and most vigorous specimen of oratory ever written; nearly 700 pages; only \$3; full particulars of this and other new books FREE. See U. S. Smith & Co., Publishers, London, Ont.

SHORTHAND THOROUGHLY TAUGHT BY Mail; or Students attending our Academy will be thoroughly prepared by highest Masters in Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, and Business Training. Advanced students helped to positions. Immediately address, The Union Shorthand's Commercial Academy, Arcade, Toronto.

SEND A POST CARD TO THE BRIGHTON LAUNDRY, 7 Moor St. East, and have them call for your washing. Best work. Lowest prices. No funds used. MRS. POFFLEY.

BOSTON BAKERY. LLOYD BROS. 345 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 012

HEALTH FOR ALL!! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER STOMACH, KIDNEY AND BOWELS.

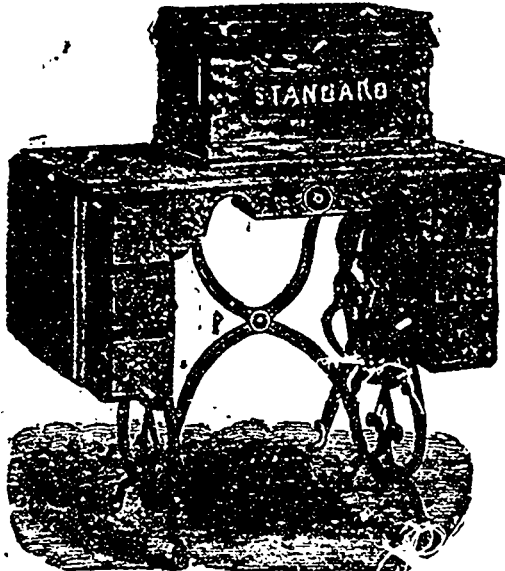
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

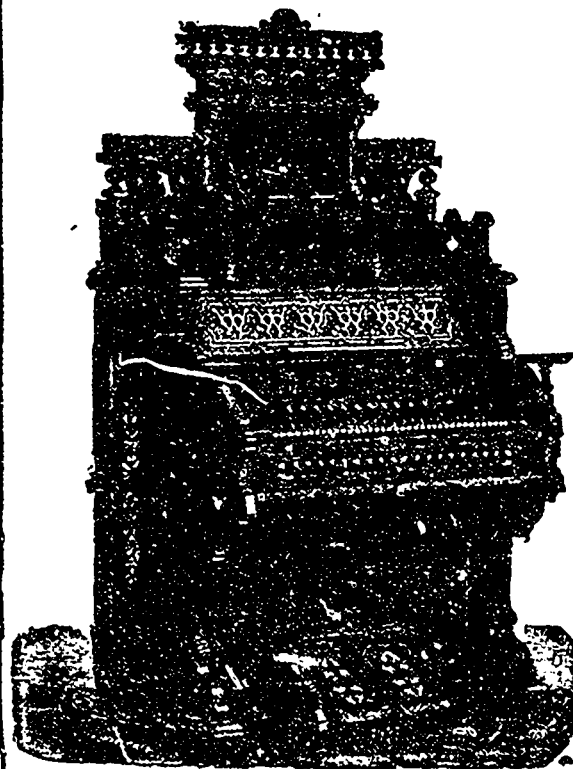
FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas F. HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 73 NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 35 OXFORD ST.,) LONDON. And are sold at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 15s., and 30s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 73 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

THE "STANDARD CYLINDER SHUTTLE" SEWING MACHINE.



Ontario Sewing Machine Co'y, HAMILTON, ONT. MANUFACTURED BY



"BELL" Organs

Are ACKNOWLEDGED SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER MAKES—IN—TONE, DESIGN AND WORKMANSHIP.

While other firms are running short time, our factories are running 12 hours per day to keep up with orders.

Styles and Prices to SUIT EVERYBODY.

Catalogues Free.

W. BELL & CO. GUELPH, CANADA.

\$800, 50 Acre Farm—\$700 60 Acre Farm—100,000 ac. in plays, 15 cents, 100 000 5 cent music; instruments half-price. BULLAND, Toronto.

MACHINERY.

500 Engines, Boilers, Iron, Wood, and miscellaneous machines, for sale. For particular address E. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

NELSON & CO. MILLWRIGHTS & ENGINEERS, Brantford, Ont.—sole manufacturers in Canada of automatic engines from 2 to 15 h. p.; automatic engines for printing offices; high speed automatic engines for electric lighting; automatic engines for cheese, butter, and sausage factories, or any other purpose where a light and cheap power is required. For price list and other particulars address as above.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE, Guelph, Ont. Young men and women thoroughly prepared for positions as Book-keepers, Shorthand Writers, Calligraphers or Telegraph Operators; students from nine Provinces and States in attendance within a year; graduates placed in commercial centres of Canada and the United States; rates moderate; facilities excellent; instruction individual; for terms, etc., address, M. MACCORMICK, Principal.

PENETANGUISSHENE—GARDEN LOTS—over-looking harbour, adjoining business centre, two to three hundred dollars per acre; half-acre building lots, two hundred dollars; large park lots, one hundred dollars per acre up; lovely land and water scenery; healthy position; the town of Penetanguishene is making wonderful progress; address A. M. KEATING, Penetanguishene.

AGENTS—YOU CAN'T FIND A BOOK THAT gives better satisfaction or that you can make money faster with than "World's Wonders" Series to all classes—Christians and Infidels, Catholics and Protestants, old and young; old agents who have not canvassed for years are going into the field with it; C. F. Jenkins sold 123 the first week; J. E. Brace says: "The first week with 'Wonders' netted me one hundred and sixteen dollars." A good chance for unemployed persons; outfit free to actual canvassers; write for terms. PEARLY GARRISON & Co., Brantford.

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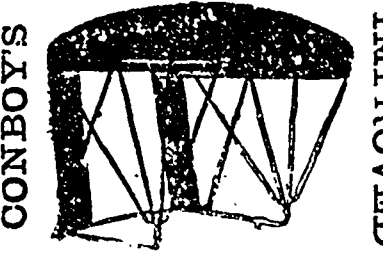
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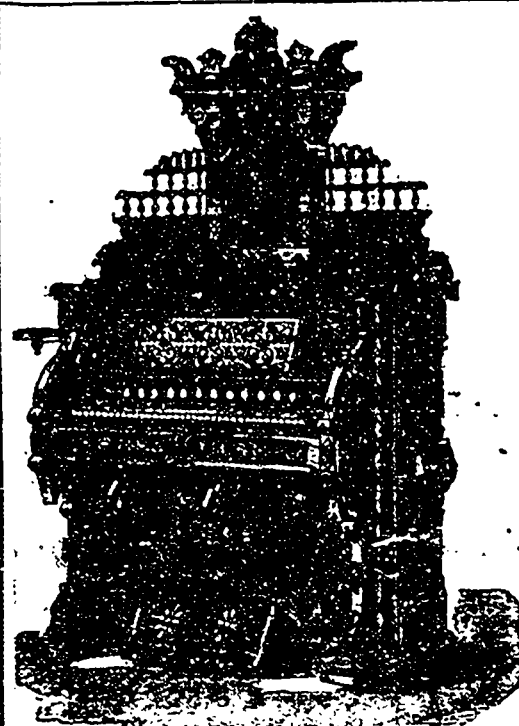
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