

# THE MONTHLY

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TORONTO, DECEMBER 6th., 1884.

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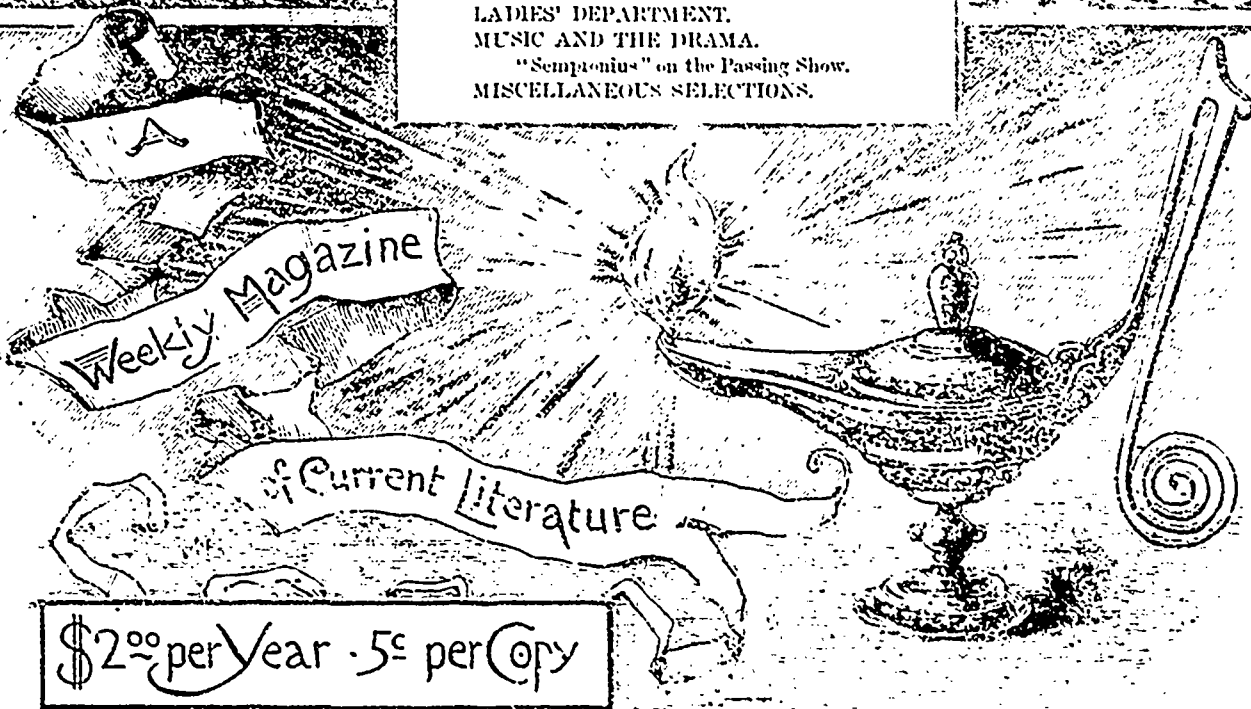
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TORONTO,

CANADA.



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TORONTO

\$20,000!

'Ladies' Journal' Bible Competition. No. 9.

During the year ending with September last, the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL has given a very large and valuable lot of rewards to his subscribers, aggregating an immense amount of money. We are sure that the Pianos, Organs, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, Books, etc., etc., have given great satisfaction. A good deal of excitement has been caused by the advent of some of these costly prizes into the towns and villages of Canada and the United States. They have been sent to all parts almost, of the two countries, quite a number even going to England, and other distant places. Full lists of the winners are always published in the LADIES' JOURNAL immediately at the close of each competition, names of winners are given in full, together with the exact and number, where possible, so inquiry can readily be made by those who are doubtful. There can be, therefore, no fraud. We can positively testify to the fairness of the matter ourselves, as we know everything is carried out exactly as promised. For the benefit of those of our readers who desire to compete, we give the plan in detail.

To the fifteen hundred persons who correctly answer the following Bible questions will be given, without extra charge except for freight and packing of goods, beyond the regular half dollar yearly subscription, the beautiful and costly rewards named below. We will give the Bible questions that require to be answered first:

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Where are HORSES first mentioned in the Bible?
2. Where are CATTLE first mentioned in the Bible?

They are not very difficult, but require a little study to look them up. So don't delay; the sooner you answer them the better. Here you have the list of first rewards. Number one in this list will be given to the sender of the first correct answer to those two Bible questions. Number two to the sender of second correct answer, and so on till all this series of first rewards are given out.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. Six Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin... \$ 600
2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker... 600
3 and 4. Two Grand Square Pianos... 1,000
5 and 6. Two Grand Square Pianos... 1,000
7. 8 and 9. Two Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Services... 800
10 to 18. Five Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuino Elgin Watches... 600
19 to 21. Five Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-setting Genuino Elgin Watches... 450
22 to 24. Ten renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines... 600
25 to 28. Ten Gentlemen's Solid Hunting-case or Open-faced, Coin-silver Watches... 300
29 to 31. Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant designs... 200
32 to 100. Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons... 400
101 to 310. One Hundred and Thirty Elegantly Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems... 500
311 to 610. One Hundred and Ninety well-bound volumes of Wor'd's Cyclopaedia a library in itself... 570

Then follows a series of middle rewards which will be given in this way: At the close of the competition all the answers received will be counted by three disinterested persons, when to the sender of the middle correct answer (of the whole list) will be given number one of these middle rewards. To the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two, the next correct one number three, and so on till all these middle rewards as enumerated below are given away. Here is the list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. Seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold coin... \$ 750
2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker... 1,650
5, 6 and 7. The Ten Five-toned Cabinet Organs, by celebrated maker... 750

- 8, 9, 10 and 11. Ladies' Solid Gold stem winding and stem setting Watches... 300
12 to 17. Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea U.S. ... 620
18 to 30. Thirteen Elegant, Heavy Black Dress Patterns... 210
31 to 41. Twenty Elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns... 100
42 to 61. Ten Pairs Fine Lace Curtains... 300
62 to 90. Thirty Quadruple Plate Cruet Stands... 500
91 to 247. One Hundred and Sixty-seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches... 1,020
248 to 300. Three Hundred and Forty-three beautifully bound volumes, Shakespeare's poems... 1,020

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin... \$ 600
2, 3 and 4. Three Fine Grand Square Pianos... 1,500
5, 6 and 7. Three elegant Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker... 750
8 to 10. Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Services... 300
11 to 18. Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-case genuine stem-winding and stem setting Genuino Elgin Watches... 800
19 to 29. Eleven Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns... 500
30 to 50. Forty-one Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns... 412
51 to 60. Sixty dozen sets silver-plated Tea Spoons... 360
151 to 250. One hundred and forty elegant rolled gold brooches... 600
251 to 300. One hundred and ten fine silver plated butter knives or sugar spoons... 110

This altogether forms one of the most attractive and reasonable plans we have ever seen. The aim of the proprietor of the Ladies' Journal is of course to increase his circulation. In fact, he says so, but adds that he also hopes to encourage the study of the Bible, but frankly states that this part of the plan is not his sole aim, and goes on to explain that he has lost so much money by dishonest agents, and has spent so much in valuable premiums to encourage them to send large lists, that hereafter he has decided to give all these things direct to subscribers, for answering these Bible questions. Aside from the rewards offered you are sure to be pleased with your half dollar investment, as the Ladies' Journal consists of twenty pages of the choicest reading matter, and contains the sum and substance of many of the high priced fashion papers and magazines published in the States, and all for the low price of half a dollar, or one year's subscription. It also contains two pages of the newest music, short and serial stories, household hints, Fashion articles by the best authorities, finely illustrated. In short it is about the best monthly publication we know of anywhere for fifty cents, and is as good as many at a dollar. Be sure to remember that everyone competing must send with their answers fifty cents by post-office order, scrip, or small coin. They therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards as fifty cents is the regular yearly subscription price to the Journal. The competition remains open only till fifteenth February next, and as long as the letter is post marked where mailed either on the day of closing, (15th February) or anytime between now and then, it will be in time and eligible to compete. You answer this promptly now, and you may doubtless secure one of the first rewards. If you answer anytime between now and fifteenth of February, you may secure one of the middle rewards, and even if you answer on the last day (15th Feb.) and you live a good distance from Toronto, fifteen days being allowed after date of closing for letters to reach the office from distant points, you are almost certain to secure one of the consolation rewards. At all events we most heartily recommend it, and trust many of our readers will avail themselves of this excellent opportunity of securing at once an excellent publication and a possibility of a piano, organ, gold watch, silver tea set, or some other of the many rewards offered. The address is Editor of the Ladies' Journal, Toronto, Canada. Don't delay attending to this but do it now, and you'll not regret it, you may depend.

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WINCEYS, 5, 8, 10, 12, C.
BLANKETS, COMFORTERS.
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SEE OUR STOCK OF CLOTHS AND TWEEDS,
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Our Card Packages for this season are ready. The assortment is larger and the quality of the cards finer than any previous year. A very handsome profit can be realized, as the prices are less than wholesale. Our stock is selected from the best makers of the world, and is very choice. No two alike. Advance postage prepaid.

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No. 2.-For 50 cents we will mail you above, with the addition of four handsome fringed cards.
No. 3.-For fifty cents we will mail you 25 beautiful medium size cards, worth from 5 to 10 cents each.
No. 4.-For \$1 we will mail you same as No. 3, with six elegant medium size fringed cards.
No. 5.-For \$1 we will mail you 25 large size cards worth from 10 to 15 cents each.
No. 6.-For \$2 we will mail you same as No. 5, and six very handsome large size fringed cards.
No. 7.-For \$3 we will mail you 100 same kind of cards as No. 5, Fringed Cards, Hand-Painted Cards, Ivory and Imitation Cards and other novelties at 10, 15, 25, 50, 75 cents, and \$1.00 each which will be selected with care for different tastes and ages.
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Rev. J. Edgar, M.D. Eclectic Physician, CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY. 62 Isabella Street, Toronto.



# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., DECEMBER 6, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL V. NO. 218.

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS

We hope our great constituency of readers will be pleased with the changes in the make up and general appearance of this week's *Truth*.

The success which has attended our efforts to supply a pleasant and profitable weekly journal at a reasonable price has far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and we should be very ungrateful if we did not respond to this remarkable kindness and appreciation by if possible making our paper still more worthy of support and patronage and in this way securing a still wider circle of readers. Everything cannot be done at once, but the improvements in to-day's issue are an earnest of what will follow in due time.

We want *TRUTH* to be above all things a family paper, every word of which can be read aloud in the family circle without offending the feelings of the most sensitive. We are also anxious that there should be something suited to the tastes of almost all the members of the family from the youngster just learning to read, to the old grandfather tottering into the grave. How far we have realized our ideal we shall not say. In any case we are always aiming at something better. The amount of encouragement however which we have received indicates very unmistakably that we have not laboured in vain.

Those who think that *TRUTH* deserves success and ought to be encouraged cannot do better than speak of it to their neighbours, and try to get new subscribers. We don't see why our circulation should not go up to a quarter of a million. If it continues to increase at the rate it has been doing for some time it soon will, and we shall in that case do our best to let our readers reap the full benefit derivable from such enlarged resources.

Most cordially do we thank all our friends and patrons. They have dealt well with us, and we trust that all of them will do us the justice of acknowledging that we have with unvarying uniformity also dealt fairly and squarely with them.

It seems rather funny and somewhat small, that so much ado should have been made by the Grit papers over Sir John Macdonald's new title, and clothes. *TRUTH* has no admiration for titles, and is not an awfully pronounced admirer of Sir John. But the fact all the same is undeniable, that the G. C. B. is the highest decoration ever bestowed by the Queen for certain kinds of services to the state, and Sir John has got it. It may be all true also, that there is something tawdry about the official breeches and decorations. Still, the Queen in bestowing the title, etc., acted as the head of the British Government and the great source of honor, and decency at any rate might have suggested that there was neither manhood nor manners in ringing the changes in its

disparagement. Besides, had not all the Grit papers declared time and again that Sir John durst not go home to claim his place in the Privy Council, and that if he did he would be effectually enabled. Well, he has gone home, and the result can be seen by everybody. The Queen has not given him the cold shoulder. Quite the reverse. In these circumstances would it not be better for those who don't like the Premier to cultivate a little silence. Their talk begins to look small and very spiteful. Besides, it hurts nobody, but themselves. Give us a rest.

So John Withrow is coming out as a candidate for the Toronto Mayoralty. We are glad of it, not because John is a Grit, but because he is a very honorable and has been a very useful citizen. His labours in connection with the Industrial Exhibition have been above all praise. Whatever Mr. Withrow has done he has done well, and Toronto citizens will do themselves honor in making him Mayor for 1885. Mr. Withrow, we rather think, is a native of Toronto. He has grown up with it, has made his way from a very humble position to a very prominent one. His name has never been associated with any seamy transaction whatever. If chosen we are sure he will be the Mayor of the whole city, not of any party or clique in it. We hope that everywhere it will be the same thing, that respectable men will come out as candidates for municipal office, and will be successful. All over the country there are needed wise, discreet and conscientious men to set over this business.

What a candid fellow is that Indian who is with the British in Egypt, and whose letter to his mother has been going the rounds of the papers. He says that he and his comrades are really getting a good deal more money than they are working for. That man is a rarity. Few would confess as much and perhaps in this case even it was only a strict confidence and not intended for publication. Will he take the money all the same?

Dr. Mackay, the Presbyterian Missionary in Formosa, seems determined to resist the French and the Jesuits with all his might. He has coolies guarding his house with rifles and cutlasses, and will evidently give a good account of things if the enemy comes his way. All very well, but what about resisting not evil and turning the other cheek, &c?

All forgotten and forsaken husbands are not like Enoch Arden. One of that kind has lately been raising a row in Brooklin, L. I. What is the use? The woman honestly believed he was dead and consequently to prosecute her for bigamy is out of the question. It is a pity, but the only course is to make the best of it.

The ladies of Toronto are bent upon getting a large supply of domestic female help and are looking to the Ontario Government

to help them in their efforts. The Ontario Government might be much better employed. There must be something wrong with domestic service else the supply would be large enough, and what right has the Ontario or any other Government to tax servant girls in order to bring out others to compete with them and lower their wages? Those who want servant girls will just have to take all the trouble of getting them and paying their wages. It is certainly not a thing on which to spend public money.

It is simply intolerable that lying rascally steamboat agents should have it in their power to decoy decent struggling men and women to this country merely that themselves may get the percentage on their passage money. The whole system of assisted passages is a delusion and a snare. Canada wants only such settlers as can come on their own charges, and the sooner the whole expensive and useless emigration system is abolished the better. If people can come at their own expense, good and well. But what is the use of helping people to this country in the depth of winter without their having so much as pay for a single night's lodgings? The whole thing is too bad.

The Rev. T. W. Jeffrey is not the wisest of the sons of men, and his views on compensation to the tavern keeper are not very rational. But by all means let us have all sides and all opinions. The right will come out in the long run.

These criminal assaults upon women are becoming shockingly too common and are punished with far too light a hand. The latest case is one where a man was fined \$25 for such an assault or 30 days in gaol. The thing is absurd. Even though the girl had been all represented, she certainly had a right to protection. If she was a consenting party then there was no assault. If she was not, as was clearly proved, then a fine of \$25 as a punishment to her assailant was perfectly absurd.

It does appear very mean for total abstainers and Scott Act men to boggle at tavern keepers putting up their prices for food and lodging when the profits of whiskey selling are withdrawn. Why the whiskey yielded the greater part of the profit, and it is absurd to think that when it is gone, dinner and all the rest of it can be had as cheaply. Don't be fools, good friends. The tavern keeper who does not sell whiskey has a right to live by his business and you should only be too happy to pay him a fair living profit for services rendered. Don't try to denounce whiskey and yet wish to get your dinner cheaper because of it.

The police force of Toronto has of late been brought more prominently than usual before the public, and not in the most favorable manner. The utter inefficiency of the Chief in a position he never would have held had he not been his father's son, is a matter of notoriety; and, with an ineffi-

cient and incompetent chief, who does not appear to possess the confidence of his men, or of the community at large, a weak and inefficient force is not to be wondered at. The numerous successful burglaries of late, and the inability of the force to bring the midnight mechanics to justice; the arrest, by the Hamilton police—of the notorious Garner, and his "confession" implicating certain members of the Toronto force, have, in no unmistakable manner, evidenced the utter inefficiency—if not worse—of the force as it at present exists; while the hurried reduction of Detective Reid, one of the most capable men on the force, on what appears a very flimsy pretext, has a very suspicious appearance about it. Is Reid a scapegoat? Has he been sacrificed for the safety of another, and a higher personage? He has not been given a chance either to explain or defend his alleged neglect of duty, while his resignation as P. C. was accepted with suspicious alacrity. The public have come to the conclusion that our police force wants reorganizing. It is notoriously corrupt from head to foot; it wants a thorough weeding out. There are some good men in it, but mighty few. By all means let us have reorganization at once.

One of the most curious cases on record as illustrating the connection between mental states and the physical condition, and the peculiar manifestations sometimes given of it, is reported by the *London Lancet*. A young girl, it says, has just died in an asylum in Hamburg, whose hair was accustomed to change its color according to her states of mind.

In "periods of sadateness" it was of its natural dull color; when excited it became reddish, and her anger was indicated by a blonde color. Three days were generally required for the change to be completed, and her complexion also varied in the same periods and in the same direction. We confess some inability to accept this doctor's story. Could the girl change or not change the colour of her hair as she pleased, or was the alteration of colour independent of the volition? If the latter, then unless the fits of excitement or anger came in a strictly periodical manner so as to cause the full three days time required for the change of colour, it is difficult to see how the colour of her hair could be otherwise than in perpetual course of change, and it would be extremely difficult at any one time to say what its colour was. As a "story" it looks very plausible, and appearing in such a journal as the *Lancet*, no one likes to appear telescopic, but there would seem to be some further explanations necessary.

After much experimenting, Dr. Richardson has found a satisfactory means of causing painless death, and has introduced it into the Home for Lost Dogs in London. The animals to be killed are placed in a chamber charged with a mixture of carbonic oxide and chloroform vapor, when they tranquilly fall asleep and wake no more.

Girls should follow the example of Miss Terry, the celebrated actress. It is said that this sensible lady always expresses her horror of tight stays. Says she could not be bothered with them, that they destroy all real gracefulness of carriage. They are both ugly and dangerous. Now girls, surely you will admit that a woman like Miss Terry knows what she is talking about. Why, it is a great part of her business to look as well as she can, and certainly a graceful easy carriage is a very large part of looking well, and if she condemns all but very easy shoes, then surely her example may be very safely followed. It is said that her shoes and boots are made to fit so easily that she can even take them off without unlacing them. The result is that she has a very model of a foot, but not any better than the feet of thousands of women would be if they only gave nature a fair chance, and did not force her in spite of herself to produce a monstrosity. Corns, bunions, in-grown toe-nails, swellings, and callosities etc., etc., are all the results of this silly craze for wishing to appear to have very small feet. It is only a question of degree after all between the Christian lady and the heathen Chinese. They are both equally foolish, and both suffer because of their transgressions of nature's laws.

Not a few persons profess to believe that it will not be long before Mr. Gladstone retires from public life, and as Mr. Disraeli did before him, hides himself and his fame under a title—Earl Hawarden, or however else it may be. For our part we shall act the part of Thomas the Doubter and be content to believe such a thing when we see it. It is true, as is said, that Gladstone has not gone the lengths in the Franchise Bill agitation in condemnation of the House of Lords, as some other Liberals have done; but it is building a very unwarrantable structure on a slim foundation, to conclude from this that he has his eye fixed on a peerage for himself. It will be a grievous disappointment to thousands if Mr. Gladstone consents to die adorned with any other title than that highest of all titles, "The greatest of the Commons." Gladstone could gain nothing by a title. He would lose much. In his case a title would be even more unmeaning than it is in other cases. He has made the name of "Gladstone" famous and immortal, why should he wish to bury it under a feudal title? Of course it may be said, there is no necessity for him burying the name of Gladstone. He could just as easily be Lord Gladstone of Hawarden as Tennyson is Baron Tennyson of D'Lyacourt. That of course is true. Still it is by no means certain that Tennyson exalted himself much in the eyes of mankind by accepting what he did, and the same thing we think could be said of Gladstone if he should do likewise. In the meantime however, speculation is out of the question. We must just wait patiently till events declare themselves. In the nature of things it can't be very long now before Gladstone has to retire to more private life. Even his marvellous mind and no less marvellous body must find their limit of endurance beyond which they will refuse to be urged. It remains to be seen whether he will chose to end his days in the dignified retirement of the House of Lords, or as simple Mr. Gladstone of Hawarden. Our own belief is that it will be the latter.

In a Manchester (Eng) paper we see the following mention made of some common sense advice given by a doctor of that city to a young man who had come to him asking for a sleeping draught. "Go home and eat a good supper; that's all you want." It was pretty late at night. Somewhere in

the neighborhood of eleven o'clock. The young fellow was prejudiced against eating anything after supper, and said as much. Whereupon the doctor proceeded to enlighten him still further. He told him it was the merest prejudice the practice of not touching food between six or seven o'clock in the evening and seven or eight o'clock the next morning. It is perfectly true, as many could testify from their own experience. If there is no desire for food before going to bed, there is no need to take any of course. The probabilities are in such a case that it will be very much better not to take anything. But if one is hungry, the probabilities in nine cases out of ten are in quite the opposite direction. The hunger is nature's own call for food. The stomach is saying as plainly as it can, "I've rested long enough. I can't rest till morning." If its cry is unattended to, it does not cease right away, but keeps up its clamor for two or three hours it may be, after its owner is in bed, and succeeds very effectually in driving away sleep. Let that owner have sense enough to get up and take some slight refectation, and the likelihoods are that when he again lays his head on the pillow he will soon find himself in dreamland.

Mary Anderson, the American actress, whose beauty and talent have been so cordially appreciated in England, has not been spared the lash of severe criticism on these accounts. Her "Juliet" has been all but universally condemned by the London critics. Some of them spoke of it in terms that were severe even to bitterness. The very mildest of them say she is a complete failure in that part. They agree in saying that she has no appreciation of the character of Juliet. One critic says she never gets beyond the ranting of a school-girl well pleased at having a lover. Another says she never for a moment loses self-consciousness, and that she always thinks more of effective posing than of the emotions she is trying to depict. In the balcony scene they say she is worse than anywhere else. Altogether, if Miss Anderson heeds what the critics say of her, she will conclude that a great deal of hard work is needed yet before her "Juliet" is even passable. Many of the most judicious London critics deny that Miss Anderson has histrionic genius, though they all admit that she has plenty of talent, and what, perhaps, is even more useful than talent when genius is wanting,—beauty of face and figure.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, has added a fresh bitterness to life, by giving a new impetus to that old question, "What is a gentleman?" In a recent lecture he ventured on the statement that no Englishman can be a gentleman, because he is continually looking down on somebody, and looking up to somebody else. There is no Englishman, he says, so humble or so high, that is not at once condescending and humble, a state of things which he considers fatal to all chance of gentlemanhood.

Every one who has a large correspondence with the American States must often wish that we had the same two-cent postal law that our neighbors enjoy. There seems no good reason why we should not. The two-cent regulation works well enough over there. The results have been very satisfactory, the receipts being now but little short of what they were when three cents was the rate, and with very great likelihood that before very long they will be greater. The receipts of the U.S. Postoffice Department for the year ending June 30th, 1883, amounted in round numbers to \$45,

000,000. Then came the two-cent rate and the total for the year 1883-4 fell to \$42,684,800. A considerable deficiency of course, but still one that showed that the volume of business had largely increased and that in a few years gain and not loss will be the result of the change. The question for our Government to decide is whether they can afford, in all probability, an immediate decrease, for the sake of ultimate increase of revenue.

Every year it may be said with greater truthfulness of the fur-trade of Canada "the glory hath departed." It is scarcely a shadow of its former self. The day when Montreal was the great fur-emporium of the continent has passed away—it is much to be feared, forever. The buffalo from the North-West have been almost exterminated. At the present rate of destruction it will hardly be many years before they are numbered as among the extinct animals. It is said by some, indeed, that Canada has almost ceased to be a fur-importing country. The Montreal *Witness* says this is partially due at least to the fact that of late years fashion has called most loudly for Asiatic furs and sealskins. As a sign of the changed state of things it is pointed out that many years ago the beaver skin was the mint of exchange for \$1. But now a good skin of that kind will bring \$10.

The prevalence of cholera in Europe during the past summer, and the likelihood that America also will be visited before very long, has compelled more attention to sanitary matters than would otherwise have been given them. We are glad that a Sanitary Association has been formed in Toronto. There ought to have been one long ago. Better late than never, however. Now that there is one, we trust that its members will do all in their power to create a right public sentiment with regard to sanitation. It is impossible to over-estimate the advantages of cleanliness, or the dangers of unsanitary conditions of person and surroundings. Many lives are lost every year, there can be no doubt of it, that might have been spared had the most ordinary hygienic principles been attended to. Why should attention not be given to sanitary science in all our schools? Children cannot begin too young to learn at any rate, the elementary laws of health. As far as we know there is no suitable text-book on the subject, and no systematic endeavour to give correct ideas on this important subject to the rising generation. If children nowadays must learn everything, then let hygienic science form part of their regular curriculum. If they can't learn everything, and selections have to be made, then let some other study, less important than this, give place. It is more necessary if both cannot be learned, that children should be instructed in the necessity for personal cleanliness, and cleanliness in all their habits and surroundings, than that they should study the names of rivers in Africa, or the mysteries of intricate analysis.

A new departure, and a sensible one, has been made in University College. Noted lecturers have been engaged to give several lectures on their special subjects during the season, the lectures to be open to all who choose to pay for the privilege. Professor Proctor's astronomical lectures were largely attended, and the Literary Society, under whose auspices this course has been adopted, has good reason to be pleased with its success.

We were under the pleasing delusion that,

big hats had been banished from the domain of feminine adornment. But alas for our budding hopes! The other night at a concert, despair overwhelmed us again, for a girl sat right in front of us with a hat so large that it took fully half a minute to stretch one's neck sufficiently to get a peek round the edge of it at the platform. Women who wear such hats ought really to be charged double price. It isn't fair to other ticket holders who have the misfortune, as we had, to get behind them. They make good fire-screens, but a fire-screen is just what a fellow don't like to see in front of him, when he would very much rather look at something else. There is an impertinent affronting about these hats that is specially aggravating to anyone who is naturally irritable. They force themselves on his attention in a way that is so totally uncalled for. They circumscribe his view in a maddening way, and compel him to study them in all their hideous, over-grown enormity whether he will or no. Every ribbon flaunts itself defiantly before him. It dares him to touch it with a finger, knowing right well as it does that he would give almost anything, to snatch the whole barbaric edifice away, and spoil its haughty pride forevermore. We don't care how pretty the face in front of the hat may be, it's mighty uncomfortable to be forced to sit for an hour or two with nothing to look at but an ugly mass of felt or straw, some strapping hairs, and may be just a gleam of neck, not always like the snow drift."

A terrible tale of inhuman cruelty was reported, the other week, from the neighbourhood of Hamilton. Two devils in human shape, poured kerosene oil on a dog, and set fire to it. The poor brute of course, was horribly burned. If any crime ever deserved severe punishment it was the crime of these two heartless wretches. But shameful to relate, the J. P. before whom they were brought, dismissed them with a fine of \$10 and \$5 respectively. It seems almost impossible that such a man should be allowed to continue in office. He is a disgrace to his order. As the *Globe* said in an editorial on the subject, such a sentence was even more disgraceful than the crime it intended to punish. Happily for the credit of the race, such cases of fiendish cruelty on the one hand and infamous leniency, or worse, on the other, are very rare.

The periodic demand for street cars on Sunday is again to the front. As usual the epithets of Pharisee or hypocrite are either expressly or implicitly hurled against those who conscientiously object to what they believe would be a needless interference with the seventh day rest of many hard-working men, who have only that release from the wearying grind of daily toil. It is somewhat amusing to hear such a paper as the *Toronto News* calling out for Sunday street cars in order that people might go to church with a saving of shoe leather. This looks a little like a case of devil turned angel for a purpose.

What numbers of people seem never to have been taught to shut doors behind them! Who is there that has never had occasion to remark this? Everyone, no doubt, sins occasionally in this respect, but there are those who never, even by accident, shut a door behind them, without being directly admonished to do so, or touched to intelligence on the subject by a hint sufficiently broad. We have sat in a room where people were coming in to a meeting, and it was astonishing to see how many came in without shutting the door. It was a cold night too, and the wind came in through the open



door in an unpleasantly suggestive and familiar way. Not the least amusing sight was the disgusted look on the faces of some of the earlier-arrived wrong-doers at the forgetfulness of those who came after. They were quite oblivious of their own shortcomings in the same respect.

Ought church edifices to be taxed? A good deal may be said on both sides. In any case, if not taxed to their full value, they should bear their fair share for protection against fire and robbers. In any case the land on which they stand ought to be taxed to its full value.

We can't see how it comes to pass that the four pound loaf is still in many cases sold for twelve and thirteen cents. The profit from such a transaction at the present price of flour ought to be simply enormous. Our advice to all thrifty housewives is to buy the flour and learn to bake sweet and wholesome loaves.

Some people are constantly saying that the theatre is a school for virtue, and ought to be patronized by religious people. If so how comes it to pass that there are always such a number of the very worst and lowest people, both boys and lads, before the doors and in the corridors? There seems a special attraction there for such people. You don't find the same set of people about the churches.

When Parkdale comes in, Toronto will be nearly complete. But it does not seem to be in yet. There is no use in a thing bearing too large.

When are we going to be done with finding out new Canadian lakes? Ordinary people had been thinking that we had quite enough. It does not seem. The great Mississippi is now on the tapis. Quite a big thing. Away up Rupert's river, somewhere to the south of James Bay. Only about the size of Lake Ontario or thereby. It seems also that there are others, though possibly not so large.

We don't wonder a grocer's wishing to abolish the whole system of Christmas presents. It becomes a tax not very easily borne. It has reached a point of unpleasantness which can't go on much longer. Better make every day Christmas by giving full value in every case.

It is very evident that the French are far more anxious for and stand far more in need of peace than do the Chinese. If the war go on long they may, perhaps, be quite contented to get off and cry quits with no indemnity at all.

The English, whatever may be said or proposed to the contrary, are in Egypt to remain, and it would be far better for all parties, if the fact were frankly and at once affirmed, and the straight, manly, onward course adopted. England would never see a hostile European power supreme in Egypt, and if she stepped out most assuredly some one else would step in.

There is a great deal of talk at present, about compensation for the poor dealer in intoxicating liquors, should the Scott Act carry everywhere. But what about those who have been ruined by the traffic and what about the systematic disregard of the law by the great mass of liquor dealers? The law requires that liquor should be unadulterated. How many observe that law? Not one in twenty, perhaps not one in a hundred. The law requires no liquor to be

sold within certain hours. Have the liquor dealers obeyed that law? The law says no liquor must be sold to minors or intoxicated people. But there is no use in asking. The license law has been systematically and persistently set at naught, and the cry for compensation is altogether too thin. Years upon years warning has been given. No, that talk won't do, though, of course, whatever is fair and right must be done.

We are not very well up in all the mysteries of what is allowable or the reverse in good society, but we rather think it is better for a young lady not to go alone with a gentleman either to concert or theatre, while no one with any self-respect would so go, either for a buggy or sleigh ride or for a row.

We believe that it is customary for the bridegroom to make presents to the bridesmaids, but when that interesting individual is more than usually "keerful," he carefully forgets this little ceremony. We have known persons, very well off, too, in the world, allow young ladies to travel hundreds of miles to their weddings and on their own special and pressing invitations also, to act as bridesmaids, who did not even give them as much as thanks.

This marrying business, in short, needs to be reformed from the very bottom. Instead of giving presents to anybody the marrying individuals expect to get them all.

The time is at hand for the election of town councillors and City Aldermen. Try and get good men for all such offices and let "good men" be willing to take the trouble connected with such offices as well as any honour that is going.

After all the great preservatives against cholera and many other such diseases are cleanliness and temperance in eating and drinking.

Whatever may be the cause, it seems on all hands acknowledged as unquestionable that Toronto policemen have become sadly inefficient under present management. They can chase and abuse little newsboys, but for anything like protection against thieves, etc., they are nearly useless. Of course the detectives are simply a jest and a by-word. If they were all to-morrow shipped off to the North Pole, it does not appear that the safety of the city would be lessened in the least degree.

Are we never going to have anything like funeral reform? Everyone cries out about it and yet every one when it comes to be his turn to be chief mourner bows down before the fashion and allows the undertaker to have his own way. These wreaths are now coming to be an additional nuisance. There is a sort of race for who shall have the most, and it will soon be as much expected to have one of their "floral decorations" from every one of the invited mourners as a present at a wedding from every one of the invited guests. It is too bad altogether, and it makes death one of the grimest pieces of mockery instead of the saddest piece of matter of fact on the face of the earth. Poor overtoiled men and women, who have scarcely been able to keep the wolf from the door and have left a scant portion indeed to their little orphans, have to be laid in coffins where everything both outside and in is of the finest and have to be carried to their graves with all the useless and expensive fopperies of a *raee* show. It is too bad. But people are such fools.

There is nothing more encouraging than the growing conviction on the part of the great mass of employers that they can have nothing to do with men who drink intoxicating liquors even in moderation. They don't look at it in many cases from a moral point of view, but simply as a matter of business. They know that those employed in certain occupations must above all things be reliable with all their wits about them, and their nerves like steel. Drinking even moderately is incompatible with this. One extra glass has often made a man reckless who in the ordinary sense was perfectly sober. Hence all the great railway corporations are getting to insist upon their employees being not only sober men, but men who do not meddle at all with intoxicating liquors. A man drinking even the smallest quantity of liquor when on duty would if found out, be instantly dismissed, on almost every railway on the continent. Railways can't afford to have men whose indulgence in liquor may cause the loss of life and hundreds of thousands of dollars. It don't pay.

So in many other lines. It is a matter of money. The drinking man, however clever and reliable he thinks himself, *don't pay*. He is watched and bounced on the first opportunity. So be it. Best that it should be so.

The death of Mr. Edward Gurney, of Hamilton, a few days ago, removed one who had for long years been intimately connected, and that most honorably, with the manufacturing interests of this country. His industry, integrity and business ability were of the first order, and were mainly instrumental in the success of the firm of which he was the principal member, and the reputation of which has long been so wide and well deserved.

One of the oddest incidents we ever heard of is reported from Orillia. A girl employed in one of the hotels there was very anxious to get married, it appears, and willing to do all she could to bring about the fulfilment of what is after all a natural and quite praiseworthy desire. The method she adopted, however, though innocent, was not wise, and cannot be commended to general imitation. It seems that there is an old saying—though we frankly confess its complete novelty to us—that if a girl swallows the raw heart of a chicken, as soon after death as possible, the first man she meets after doing so will be her husband. Such a method of course may have advantages, though it is quite clear that the results might prove anything but satisfactory. In the case of this particular damsel, the charm never had a chance to show its virtues, for in spite of the most persevering efforts to swallow it, it stuck in her throat, and like Banquo's ghost would not down. The poor girl had a very narrow escape from choking as well as from a possible husband, and the chances are she will henceforth not care to expedite domestic matters by any such baneful experiments as swallowing a chicken's heart.

Among a good deal of what is little better than impractical nonsense, Mr. Ruskin manages to get in much more sound sense than the average hard-headed mortal with no theoretical whims in his brain can manage to squeeze out. Here, for instance, is something he said about historical knowledge for boys and girls. Every fairly educated boy and girl, he said, ought to learn at least the history of five cities—Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence and London; this would teach them "all that need be known of Greek religion and arts, of the victory of Chris-

tautly over Paganism, of some of the essential facts respecting the Christian arts of painting, sculpture and music, and the development of Christian chivalry and philosophy with their exponent art of Gothic architecture." This seems to us thoroughly good advice, and the intelligent boys and girls of Canada might do very much worse than follow it. Mr. Ruskin is not perhaps in everything a safe guide. In this, however, he is perfectly sound and can be followed with the utmost confidence.

#### Doctors' Fees.

Neither few in number nor silver-toned in quality are the complaints that are floating about in reference to doctors' charges.

There is reason to believe, too, that some, at least, of these complaints are only too well-founded.

There are chronic grumblers, of course, people whom nobody needs. Their heads are always sore. They growl about everything and anything, and as often as not about nothing at all.

But there are other people, and not a few of them either, who pay their other bills willingly enough, but who are awfully tempted to grumble at their doctors' charges or even to use strong and unbecoming language with regard to them. They cannot help the conviction that they are asked to give a maximum of cash for a minimum of service.

There is no doubt but that many doctors rate their professional visitations far too high. And like every other species of extortion, this sort of thing defeats its own object in the long run.

If the doctors were more reasonable, they would get many a patient who now finds his way to the drug store or itinerant quack, and invests his quarters or half-dollars, or dollars, as the case may be, in patent medicines.

For many doctors we have a very great liking and respect.

They are honest, hard-working men, actuated by real love for their profession, and an earnest wish to relieve suffering and save life.

But, on the other hand, there are many who are worthy of neither respect nor liking. They have none of the feelings of the true professional man.

The only reason why they "went in for" doctoring rather than something else, was that they thought they could make more money at it. Of course they never acknowledged this. O dear, no. Not they. They are professional men, not tradesmen or men of business. Fellows like these are to be found every where, who with an eye to money only, scrape through their examinations, and then settle down to make their "pile."

They have the very scantiest amount of education beyond what they have gained in professional study. They can't spell, they can't write a good English sentence. It is about all they can do to read, so as to make themselves understood. They have none of the habits or manners of gentlemen.

Yet the law dubs them "doctor," and permits them to charge their two or three dollars a visit, if they are so inclined, for writing experimental prescriptions for a sick stomach or a bilious headache.

A great many young doctors seem to be of the opinion that they put the world under great obligations by having studied medicine; and that therefore the world has no right to grumble at having to pay pretty roundly for such valuable talents devoted to its service. This is a great mistake on their part.

## THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 4.

The following story, adjudged to take its place in our prize series, is selected from *Chambers' Journal*, and will no doubt prove interesting and acceptable to our readers. The sender, J. E. Bowman, Montreal, P. Q., can obtain the Gold Hunting-Case, Stom-Winding Elgin Watch offered as a prize by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and Registration.

NOTE.—We regret that, owing to an oversight, the address of the successful competitor, last week was omitted. Mrs. Frazer Josephine Moore's address is 354 Dundas St., London, Ont.

## MR. PUDSTER'S RETURN.

Mr. Solomon Pudster and Mr. Gideon Maggleby were bosom friends; nor could they well be otherwise. They were both born on the 29th of May, 1816, in Cover Street, Bloomsbury; Solomon entered upon the world's stage at an early hour in the morning at No. 69, and Gideon first seeing the light of day at No. 96. At the age of ten, the boys were sent to Westminster School; at the age of seventeen, they became fellow-clerks in the great West India warehouse of Ruggleton, Matta & Co.; and at the age of four-and-twenty they went into partnership as sugar-merchants in Mincing Lane. At that period they were bachelors; and being already sincerely attached one to the other, they decided to live together in a pleasant little house in the then fashionable neighborhood of Fitzroy Square. For years they were almost inseparable. Day after day they breakfasted and dined together at home, and worked and lunched together in the City; and but for the fact that the firm purchased a large sugar estate in Demerara, Solomon Pudster and Gideon Maggleby would probably have never been parted for more than a few hours at a time until death decreed a dissolution of their partnership. The sugar estate, unfortunately required a good deal of looking after; and at regular intervals of two years, one of the partners was obliged to cross the Atlantic and to remain absent from his friend for five or six months. Solomon and Gideon alternately undertook these troublesome expeditions, and braved the heat and mosquitoes of the tropics; and meantime the firm of Pudster and Maggleby prospered exceedingly; and no shadow of a cloud came between the devoted friends—the former of whom, on account of his being a few hours the older, was declared senior partner in the firm.

But in the year 1865 an important event happened. Mr. Pudster and Mr. Maggleby ran down by train one evening to see the fireworks at the Crystal Palace; and on their return journey they found themselves in a compartment the only other occupant of which was a remarkably buxom and cheery-looking widow of about forty years of age. The two gentlemen, with their accustomed gallantry, entered into conversation with her. They discovered that she and they had several friends in common, and that she was, in fact, a certain Mrs. Bunter, whose many domestic duties and abounding good-nature had often been spoken of in their hearing. They were charmed by her; they begged, as if with one accord, to be permitted to call upon her at her house in Chelsea; and when, after putting her into a cab at Victoria Station, they started off to walk home, they simultaneously exclaimed with enthusiasm: "What a splendid woman!"

"Ah, Gideon!" ejaculated Mr. Pudster sentimentally, a few moments later.

"Ah, Solomon!" responded Mr. Maggleby with equal passion.

"If only we had such an angel at home to welcome us!" continued the senior partner.

"Just what I was thinking," assented Mr. Maggleby, who thereupon looked up at the moon and sighed profoundly.

"No other woman ever affected us in this way, Gideon," said Mr. Pudster; "and here we are at fifty!"

"Fifty last May, Solomon."

"Well, we ought to know better!" exclaimed Mr. Pudster with honest warmth.

"So we ought, Solomon."

"But upon my word and honour, Gideon, Mrs. Bunter's a magnificent specimen of her sex."

"She is, Solomon; and I don't think we can conscientiously deny that we are in love with her."

"We are," said Mr. Pudster with much humility.

Having thus ingeniously confessed their passion, the two gentlemen walked on in silence; and it was not until they were near home that they again spoke.

"I suppose it will be necessary as a matter of formal business," suggested Mr. Pudster diffidently, "for us to call upon Mrs. Bunter and apprise her of the state of our feelings. We mean, of course, to follow the matter up!"

"Certainly, certainly," agreed Mr. Maggleby; "we mean to follow the matter up."

"Perhaps the firm had better write to her and prepare her mind," proposed the senior partner, with kindly forethought.

"The firm had better write to her tomorrow, Solomon; but, Solomon, it occurs to me that the firm cannot marry Mrs. Bunter. You or I must be the happy man; and then Solomon, we shall have to separate."

"Never!" ejaculated Mr. Pudster, who stooped and seized his friend by the hand—"never! You shall marry Mrs. Bunter, and we will all live together."

"Solomon, this magnanimity!" murmured Mr. Maggleby, who had tears in his eyes. "No, I will not accept such a sacrifice. You as the senior partner, shall marry Mrs. Bunter; and, with her permission, I will stay with you. The firm shall write to prepare her mind. Business is business. The firm shall write to-night; and I myself will take the letter to the post."

Half an hour later, Mr. Maggleby handed to Mr. Pudster a letter, of which the following is a copy.

14 MINCING LANE, CITY,  
August 4, 1865.

To Mrs. FERDINAND BUNTER,  
Matador Villa, Chelsea.

MADAM.—Our Mr. Pudster will do himself the honour of calling upon you to-morrow between twelve and one, in order to lay before you a project which is very intimately connected with the comfort and well being of the undersigned. We beg you, therefore, to regard any proposition that may be made to you by our Mr. P., as made to you on behalf of the firm and with its full authority.—We remain, madam, most devotedly yours,  
PUDSTER and MAGGLEBY.

"How will that do," asked Mr. Maggleby with conscious pride.

"Excellent! well, Gideon," said Mr. Pudster. "But don't you think that 'most devotedly yours' sounds rather too distant? What do you say to 'yours admirably,' or 'yours to distraction?'"

"Yours to distraction' sounds best, I think," replied Mr. Maggleby after considerable reflection. "I will put that in, and re-copy the letter, Solomon."

"We are about to take an important step in life," said Mr. Pudster seriously. "Are you sure, Gideon, that we are not acting too hastily?"

"Mr. Pudster!" exclaimed Mr. Maggleby warmly. "we may trust these sacred promptings of our finer feelings. We have lived too long alone. The firm needs the chaste and softening influence of woman. And who in this wide world is more fitted to grace our board than Mrs. Bunter?"

"So be it, then," assented the senior partner.

Mr. Maggleby re-copied the letter, signed it with the firm's usual signature, and carried it to the nearest letter-box. When he returned, he found his friend waiting to go to bed, and trying to keep himself awake by studying the marriage service.

On the following afternoon, Mr. Pudster, with the scrupulous punctuality, that is characteristic of City men, called at Matador Villa, Chelsea, and was at once shown

into the presence of Mrs. Bunter, who was waiting to receive him. "I am quite at a loss to understand why you have done me the honour of coming to see me to-day," said the widow, "From your letter, I judge that you have some business proposal to make to me. Unfortunately, Mr. Pudster I am not prepared to speculate in sugar. I am not well off. But, perhaps, I am under a misapprehension. The letter contains an expression which I do not understand."

"It is true," replied the senior partner, "that we have some hope of persuading you to speculate a little in sugar; and I there is no reason why your want of capital should prevent your joining us."

"I quite fail to grasp your meaning," said Mrs. Bunter.

"Well, I am not very good at explanations," said Mr. Pudster; "but I will explain the situation as well as I can. You see, Mrs. Bunter, Mr. Maggleby my partner, and myself, are bachelors and live together. We find it dull. We long for the civilizing influences of woman's society. We are, in fact, tired of single blessedness. The firm at present is worth a clear five thousand a year. It will support a third partner, we think; and so we propose, Mrs. Bunter, that you should join it, and come and take care of us in a friendly way."

Mrs. Bunter looked rather uncomfortable and was silent for a few moments. "You are very good," she said at last; "but although I am not well off, I had not thought of going out as a housekeeper. The late Mr. Bunter left me enough for my little needs."

"I hope so indeed, madam. But we don't ask you to come to us as a housekeeper simply. Marriage is what we offer you, Mrs. Bunter. In the name of Pudster and Maggleby, I have the honor of proposing for your hand."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Bunter in some agitation. "Surely you would not have me marry the firm?"

"I put it in that way," said Mr. Pudster, "because Maggleby and I are practically one and the same. But I will be accurate. The proposition is, Mrs. Bunter, that you should become the wife of—ahem!—the senior partner; and that Gideon Maggleby should live with us in his old sociable way. Excuse my blunt way of expressing myself, Mrs. Bunter."

"Then you, Mr. Pudster are the senior partner!" said Mrs. Bunter, with a very agreeable smile. "I am very much flattered, I assure you; but your proposal requires consideration."

"No doubt," assented Mr. Pudster. "The firm is willing to wait for your reply. In matters of business we are never in a hurry.—When may we look for your answer?"

"Well, you shall have a note by to-morrow morning's post," replied Mrs. Bunter. "I may say," she added, "that I have heard a great deal of your firm, Mr. Pudster; and that I am conscious that it does me great honour by thus offering me a partnership in it."

"Indeed, madam, the honour is ours!" said Mr. Pudster, bowing as he retired.

No sooner had he departed than the widow burst into a long and merry fit of laughter. Her first impulse was to write and refuse the ridiculous offer; but as the day wore on, she thought better of the affair; and in the evening after dinner, she sat down quite seriously, and wrote a letter as follows:

MATADOR VILLA, CHELSEA,  
August 5, 1865.

To MESSRS. PUDSTER and MAGGLEBY,  
14 Mincing Lane, City.

GENTLEMEN—I have decided to accept the very flattering offer which was laid before me to-day on your behalf by your Mr. Pudster. If he will call, I shall have much pleasure in arranging preliminaries with him.—I remain, gentlemen, very faithfully yours  
MARIA BUNTER.

"I must fall in with their humour, I suppose," she reflected. "And really, Mr. Pudster is a very nice man and almost handsome; and I am sure that I shall do no harm by marrying him. Besides it is quite true that they must want some one to look after them. If they go on living by themselves, they will grow crusty and bearish." And Mrs. Bunter sent her maid out to post the letter.

Three weeks later, the widow became Mrs. Pudster; Mr. Maggleby, of course, officiating as best man at the wedding, and being the first to salute the bride in the vestry after the ceremony. Thereafter for a whole year, the three members of the firm

lived together in complete harmony; and the pleasant history of their existence was only interrupted by Mr. Pudster's enforced departure for Demerara in September 1866. Mr. Maggleby, it is true, offered to go instead of him; but Mr. Pudster would not hear of it; and Mr. Maggleby was obliged to confess that business was business, and that it was certainly Mr. Pudster's turn to brave the mosquitoes. And so, after confiding his wife to the care of his friend, Mr. Pudster departed. During his absence, all went well; and in March 1867 he returned to England. But this time the heat had been too much for poor Mr. Pudster. His wife noticed that he was looking unwell. Maggleby, with sorrow, perceived the same. Pudster laughed. Nevertheless, he soon took to his bed; and after a long and painful illness died.

The grief of Mrs. Pudster and Mr. Maggleby was terrible to witness. Mrs. Pudster talked of retiring from the world; and Gideon Maggleby desolately declared that he had nothing left to live for. No one, therefore, will be much surprised to hear that towards the end of March 1868, Mr. Gideon Maggleby led Mrs. Solomon Pudster to the altar.

"Solomon will bless our union," Mr. Maggleby had said, when he proposed.

"Ah, dear sainted Solomon!" Mrs. Pudster had exclaimed as she fell weeping upon Mr. Maggleby's breast.

## CHAPTER II.

Mr. Gideon Maggleby had been married rather less than two-and-twenty hours, when at about nine o'clock in the morning of March 23, 1868, he walked into the room in which he had so often breakfasted and dined with his late friend and partner, Solomon Pudster, Mr. Maggleby who was pre-eminently a man of business, had not seen fit to go to the Isle of Wight, or to Paris to spend his honeymoon; and Mrs. Maggleby, who was nothing if not a woman of sound sense, had loyally accepted the decision of her third lord and master. They had agreed to stay in town, and not to allow their new happiness to interfere with their material interests in Mincing Lane. Mr. Maggleby had determined, however, to make a holiday of the day after his wedding; to stay at home in the morning with his wife, to escort her to Madame Tussaud's in the afternoon, and to take her to the play in the evening.

With this comfortable programme in his mind's eye, Mr. Maggleby came down to breakfast in his flowered dressing-gown. Mrs. Maggleby, he knew, would not be many minutes behind him, and he therefore rang the bell for the coffee, and turned lazily towards the table, upon which lay two piles of letters. The smaller heap chiefly consisted of missives addressed to Mrs. Pudster, for the marriage of the previous year had not as yet been noised abroad in the country, and Mrs. Maggleby had several female correspondents who communicated with her much more often than she communicated with them. The larger bundle was made up of letters addressed either to Mr. Maggleby or to Messrs. Pudster and Maggleby the letters to the firm having been already brought down from Mincing Lane by a confidential clerk.

It was a chilly morning; and Mr. Maggleby, with the letters in his hand, sank into an easy chair by the fireside, and then began to polish his spectacles. But ere he had time to complete that operation, one envelope attracted the attention of his not very dim-sighted eyes. It bore the post-mark "Plymouth," and was addressed in a familiar hand-writing. Without waiting to put on his spectacles, Mr. Maggleby seized this letter and tore it open. For an instant he stared at the letter which it contained; then he turned white, and fell back with a groan. But Mr. Maggleby was a man of considerable self-command, and he soon partly recovered himself.

"Maria must not see me in this agitated state," he murmured, as he rose. "I shall go back to my dressing room, and decide upon some plan of action before I face her." And with unsteady step he quitted the dining-room, taking with him the letter that was the cause of his emotion.

Almost immediately afterwards, a servant entered with the coffee and some covered dishes, which she set upon the table; and no sooner had she withdrawn than Mrs. Maggleby appeared. Mrs. Maggleby looked blooming, and was evidently in capital spirits. She caught up her letters, sat down smiling in the very easy-chair from which her husband had risen a few minutes earlier,

and began to read. The first letters to be opened were, of course, those which were addressed to her in her new name. They contained congratulations upon her marriage. Then she attacked the envelopes that were addressed to Mrs. Pudster. One contained a bill; another contained a request for Mrs. Pudster's vote and interest on behalf of Miss Tabitha Gabbles, a maiden lady who was seeking admission into the Home for the Daughters of Decayed Trinity Pilots; and a third brought a lithographed letter from the Marquis of Palmyn, imploring the recipient to make some small subscription to the funds of the Association for the Encouragement of Asparagus Culture in the Scilly Islands. There were also letters from Miss Martha Tigstake and Mrs. Benjamin Bowery, dealing with nothing in particular and with everything in general; and finally, there was a letter bearing the post-mark "Plymouth." Mrs. Maggleby opened it carelessly; but a single glance at its contents caused her to start up, grasp convulsively at the mantelpiece, utter an exclamation, and tremble like a leaf.

"Poor Gideon!" she said. "What a fearful blow! He mustn't see me in this agitated state. I shall go up-stairs again, and decide upon some plan of action before I face him." And Mrs. Maggleby, letter in hand and pale as death, quitted the room, leaving the coffee and the eggs and bacon and the crumpets to get cold.

Three-quarters of an hour later, Mr. Maggleby ventured down-stairs again. He was dressed as if to go to the City, and in his hand he held a letter which bore the simple address "Maria." This letter he laid upon his wife's plate. It was worded as follows;

MY DEAREST LIFE—I am suddenly and unexpectedly summoned to Mincing Lane on business of the greatest importance. I do not know exactly when I shall return, but you must not be anxious.—Yours devotedly,  
GIDEON.

Mr. Maggleby hastily seized a tepid crumpet, and without the formality of seating himself at the table, devoured the clammy dainty. Then, hearing his wife upon the stairs, he rushed like a madman from the room, and an instant afterwards, left the house and quietly closed the front-door behind him.

Mrs. Maggleby, whose face bore traces of recent weeping, entered the dining-room as if she expected to find the place tenanted by a ghost. Discovering, however, that it was empty, she resumed her seat by the fire, and, with an hysterical outburst, buried her head in her hands.

"Poor dear Gideon!" she sobbed. "What will become of him and me? We shall be imprisoned for life; I know we shall. The house will have to be shut up; the business will go to ruin; the servants will have to know all. Oh, it is too terrible! But I must compose myself. Gideon will be coming down, and I must be prepared to break the news to him;" and with great self-command Mrs. Maggleby wiped her eyes and seated herself at the table. As she did so, she caught sight of her husband's note, which she eagerly opened.

"He has gone!" she exclaimed despairingly, when she had read it. "I am left alone to bear the trial!—Ah, Gideon, you little know how cruel you are. But I must follow you. We must concert measures at once."

Once more she went up-stairs. She put on her bonnet and cloak; she covered her flushed face with a thick veil; and without saying a word to any of her servants she left the house, and made the best of her way to the nearest cabstand.

Meantime, Mr. Maggleby had been driven to his place of business in Mincing Lane. He entered his office and sat down as if dazed in his private room. Hearing of his principal's unexpected arrival, the head clerk, Mr. John Doddard, almost immediately appeared. He too was scared and breathless.

"Read, sir, read!" he gasped as he thrust an open letter into Mr. Maggleby's hand.

Mr. Maggleby mechanically took the letter, and read aloud as follows:

On board S. S. Camel, off Plymouth, Tuesday.

DEAR MR. DODDARD.—As you are probably not expecting me, I send a line ashore to let you know that I hope to return in time to be at business at the usual hour on Thursday. Please take care that there is a good fire in my private room, as a visit to Demerara always, as you know renders me particularly sensitive to cold and damp. I am writing to Mr. Maggleby. We have had a

capital voyage so far, but the weather in the Channel threatens to be rather dirty. I shall land at Gravesend; and if you can find out when the *Camel* is likely to be there, you may send down some one to meet me.—Yours faithfully,  
SOLOMON PUDSTER.

"I know it!" ejaculated Mr. Maggleby. "I have just received the letter that he speaks of."

"What does it all mean?" asked Mr. Doddard. "I seem to be dreaming, sir. We buried poor Mr. Pudster eight months ago, didn't we?"

"So I thought," murmured Mr. Maggleby vaguely. "But this letter is certainly in his handwriting. And look at the post-mark. There it is as plain as possible: 'Plymouth, Mar. 22, 1868.' That was yesterday; and to-day is Wednesday, March 23rd.—Just read my letter, Mr. Doddard!" and he pulled from his pocket a mislaid, which he handed to his clerk.

Mr. Doddard read as follows:

On board S. S. Camel, off Plymouth, Tuesday.

MY DEAR GIDEON—Here I am almost at home again. I fancy that you didn't expect to see me just at present; for I wasn't able to write to you before we left Demerara; so as we are now sending ashore here, I post you a few lines to prepare you for the surprise. It is, as you know, quite unusual for vessels of his line to call at Plymouth, and therefore I haven't time to send you a long letter; though, if we also call at Southampton, I will write again from there. I have told Doddard to send some one to meet me at Gravesend; let him take down any letters that you may want me to see at once.—Yours affectionately,  
SOLOMON.

"Well, I never did!" cried Mr. Doddard. "Yet I could swear to Mr. Pudster's handwriting anywhere. It is a terrible thing for a man who ought to be lying quietly in his coffin to come back like this, and upset every one's calculations."

"You are certain about the handwriting?" asked Mr. Maggleby anxiously.

"Quite certain!" replied Mr. Doddard. "What a frightful thing for poor Mrs. Pudster."

"Mrs. Maggleby, you mean!" said Mr. Maggleby. "Yes. I don't know how to break it to her. It's a case of bigamy; isn't it?"

"Let us hope for the best, sir. Mr. Pudster won't prosecute, I fancy, considering the peculiar character of the circumstances. It's his fault. That's my opinion. I could swear, even now, that we buried him. He must have revived in his coffin, and been dug up again by the grave-diggers; and must then have gone over to Demerara, in order to avoid shocking his poor wife."

"I wonder our Demerara agents didn't say something about it when they wrote by the last mail," said Mr. Maggleby.

"Oh, of course he kept them quiet, sir. But it's a cruel case—that's all I have to say. And though I have known Mr. Pudster those thirty years, and liked him too, I don't hesitate to say that he's not behaving straightforwardly in this piece of business."

"Hush! Wait until you know of his motives," said Mr. Maggleby.

"He can't excuse himself, sir, I tell you," rejoined Mr. Doddard warmly. "If he comes back, I go. So there! And I say it with all respect to you, sir. When a man's once dead he's got no right to come back again. It isn't natural; and what's more it isn't business-like."

The bitterness of Mr. Doddard's remarks in this connection may be partly accounted for by consideration of the fact that Mr. Maggleby had a few days previously announced his intention of taking the head-clerk into partnership at an early date. Mr. Pudster's return would of course knock this project on the head.

"Well, Doddard," said Mr. Maggleby, "we can't mend matters by talking. We can only wait; and perhaps, when we see Mr. Pudster, we shall find that—"

But Mr. Maggleby's philosophical remarks were suddenly cut short by the unexpected arrival of Mrs. Maggleby upon the scene. She rushed into the private room, stretched forth a letter, and fell sobbing upon her husband's neck.

Mr. Maggleby placed his wife in a chair, opened a cupboard, gave her a glass of wine, took the letter, and read it. Like the others, it was dated from on board the *Camel*, off Plymouth. "MY OWN DEAREST WIFE," it ran—"In a few hours from this I shall, I hope, be with you once more, never again to leave you. I ought to have already apprised y

of the probable date of my return; but at the last moment before starting, I had no opportunity of writing. How glad I shall be to see you! My long absence has been a great trial to me, and I feel sure that it has also tried you; but it is now almost at an end. I will, if possible, write again from Southampton, and tell you exactly when to expect me. The sea in the Channel is so rough that at present it is difficult to say when we shall get into the river.—Your ever loving husband,  
SOLOMON.

"It is most painful!" gasped Mrs. Maggleby. "What can we do, Gideon? You must manage to meet Solomon at Gravesend. Look in the newspaper, and see whether the *Camel* has been signalled yet. He must hear first of what has happened either from my lips or from yours; and I am really not well enough to go myself. I thought that he was lying cold in his coffin. Oh, that I should have committed bigamy! I ought to have remained faithful to his memory. This is my punishment. But he must—he shall forgive me."

Mr. Doddard had gone into the outer office, and had sent a clerk for a copy of the *Times*. With this he now returned; and the paper was opened on Mr. Maggleby's table, and eagerly scanned for news of the *Camel*.

"Here we have it!" said Mr. Doddard at last. "Steamship *Camel* from Demerara to London, with cargo and passengers, was signalled off Dover at one o'clock this morning.—Then Mr. Pudster will be at Gravesend in an hour or two."

"Go, Gideon, go," exclaimed Mrs. Maggleby. "Lose no time. Take a special train if necessary. Tell him all, and implore his forgiveness."

"Yes, I think I had better go, Maria," said Mr. Maggleby. "I will send a clerk home with you, and will telegraph to you as soon as I see your—your late husband. In the meantime, try to be calm. Please tell them to call a cab, Doddard."

Mr. Doddard returned to the outer office, and despatched a messenger for two cabs. Mr. Maggleby handed Mrs. Maggleby into one of them, and a clerk followed her. Then the unfortunate man went back for a moment to his private room to study Bradshaw on the best and speediest route from London to Gravesend. There was a train at a quarter past eleven. It was then a quarter to eleven.

"And when will he be at Gravesend?" asked Mr. Maggleby.

Mr. Doddard turned again to the *Times*. But instead of at once lighting upon the shipping news, his eye fell upon a paragraph that occupied a not very conspicuous position at the foot of the page. Suddenly he uttered a cry.

"What's the matter, Doddard?" demanded Mr. Maggleby, who was rapidly growing impatient.

Mr. Doddard replied by bursting into a paroxysm of laughter. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "this is too ridiculous! I never heard of such a thing in my life! It is like a play! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Your merriment is rather ill-timed," cried Mr. Maggleby reproachfully. "Tell me when Mr. Pudster will arrive at Gravesend; and be quick, or I shall lose what train."

"A pump too!" continued the head-clerk hilariously.

"You're mad, I think," said Mr. Maggleby. "What do you mean?"

"Well, read this, sir," answered Mr. Doddard, and he handed the *Times* to his principal and pointed to the paragraph.

Mr. Maggleby testily took the paper adjusted his spectacles, and read:

"EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY AT PLYMOUTH.—The corporation of Plymouth recently decided to remove an old and disused pump which for many years has stood handleless and dry on the Hoe. Yesterday morning, some workmen proceeded to remove it, and in its interior they were astonished to discover a number of letters, which had, it is supposed, been put into the hole into which the handle formerly fitted, under the delusion that the pump was a post-office pillar letter-box. The letter were at once taken to the Plymouth post-office, and were without delay forwarded to their destinations."

"Can it be true?" ejaculated Mr. Maggleby, with a great sigh of relief. "Then the fact of the *Camel* having been signalled last night off Dover is merely a coincidence."

"Most certainly," said Mr. Doddard. "Thank Heaven!" cried Mr. Maggleby fervently. "Send the cab away, Doddard. But not I'll go away at once, and set my

poor wife at ease. Ha, ha! I do remember now, that when poor Mr. Pudster came from his last voyage, he discovered that some letters which he had posted at Plymouth had not been delivered. We didn't miss them, because as you recollect, Doddard, he wrote again from Southampton."

"Of course he did, sir," said Mr. Doddard. "Well, let us congratulate ourselves. It would have been a fearful business for Mrs. Maggleby to have to go through."

"And it would have been bad for you, Doddard, for it would have spoilt your chance of a partnership for some time to come. Now, I'm off."

Mr. Maggleby put the *Times* in his pocket, and departed; and when he reached his home and showed the paper to his wife, the couple sat together for at least half-an-hour, talking over the extraordinary nature of the adventure.

"Well, we shall be able to go to Madame Tussaud's and the theatre after all, Maria," said Mr. Maggleby at luncheon.

And go they did; and what is more, Mr. Doddard became a partner a fortnight later, the firm thenceforward being known as Maggleby and Doddard.

We have received the following note which speaks for itself:—

COLLINGWOOD, 27th Nov., 1864.

MY DEAR MR. WILSON.—The Elgin Gold Watch awarded to me for the prize paper in *TRUTH* of the 16th inst., entitled "Rosanna," came to hand to day. It is a very beautiful one, and pleases all who have seen it. I deem myself very fortunate in securing such an excellent time-piece for my article. Wishing you every prosperity, &c., I remain,

Yours very truly,  
E. B. HARPER.

MR. S. FRANK WILSON,  
Toronto.

## Exchange Department.

The Publisher has so frequently been solicited to start an Exchange Department, that he has at last consented to do so. All actual subscribers to *TRUTH* may advertise one time anything they may wish to exchange, free of charge. It is to be distinctly understood that the publisher reserves to himself the right of deciding whether an Exchange shall appear or not. He does not undertake any responsibility with regard to transactions effected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of correspondents or the accuracy of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misunderstanding or disappointment, therefore, he advises Exchangers to write for particulars to the addresses given before sending the articles called for.

English, Mexican, French, and old U. S. half-dollars for exchange. FRANK H. COPE of People's National Bank, Ottawa, Kan.

A magic lantern in good condition, for a pair of roller skates. FRANK WITT, 85th St., between 9th and 10th Aves., New York City.

Books by Alger and Oitic, for rare foreign stamps. Collectors will find it to their advantage to send lists. H. EDWARDS, 354 Claiborne St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

A good pair of 9 1/2-inch ice skates, a book entitled *Lothair*, and *Young Folks Companion*, for a printing-press (chase 3 by 2 inches) and outfit. WILLIAM G. TERSBERT, Box 1780, New York City.

Rare stamps from Antigua, Baden, Danish West Indies, Cape Verde, Egypt, Holstein, India, Sweden (unpaid), Japan (1-s. blue, 1875), Malto, Natal, and Persia, for stamps not in my collection. Lists. HARRY DOLES, Chatham Village, N. Y.

Sixty-five miscellaneous postmarks, for the best offer of relics of the Age of Stones: 14 foreign stamps, Hungarian, Swedish, Prussian, French, Belgian, Dutch, and English (no duplicates), for a similar offer. Accepted offers answered. CHARLES M. WINTLOCK, Orange, N. J.

Pictorial business cards, for the same; a piece of silk or satin, for every 3 pictorial business cards; a coin, for every 15 business cards, Japanese curiosities, and Canadian stamps and post cards and crosses, for business cards. No soiled articles given or taken. W. C. V. C., 44 St. George St., Toronto, Can.

A fine specimen of redwood from the big trees of California, for every stamp from Angola, Antigua, Curacao, Surinam, Grenada, Mauritius, Orange States, Transvaal, Uruguay, or a U. S. of 1847; a specimen of gold ore and one of black California granite, for every U. S. stamp of 1863 except 2 and 3 cent; 10 varieties of California woods, for the 7 or 90 cent War, Navy, or State. W. A. TAYLOR, 1630 Q St., Sacramento, Cal.

Question in Military Tactics.—Which is the more difficult operation—to knock down a fort, or to throw up a fortification?



## THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

## CHAPTER XV.

Two days and a night after Hannah and the child had come to the Red House, Rachel Stone, as we may now call her, stole out of her cottage very early in the morning.

She stopped and listened several times if any sound could be heard coming from the little brown house she had just left. Then, reassured, she at last went on with quicker, less careful, footfall by the river's bank towards the Logan-stone.

No human creature was in sight around. She was too early, having no clock in their poor abode; and though now used to regulate the time by the sun, impatience had made her believe him already high this morning.

It was not yet six o'clock. She stood beside the huge rock, and letting her hood fall backwards, inhaled deep draughts of morning air, while the sweet-scented moorland breeze played about her dark tresses cooling her weary brows. There was a charm of birds, as the saying is in that country, to be heard all around. Among the bushes and alders by the river, the little feathered musicians of the air were still singing lustily with full throats, as if in welcome of the dawn. It was their hour, as yet, to enjoy possession of the earth, before "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor, until the evening."

How near, how doubly fair the whole earth seemed, still wet with its daily baptism of dew, thought Rachel. Then the sun rose fully over the hills before her, and all the valley broadened and brightened, fully waking to the day. O blessed orb, reviver of the earth, before which even the black terrors begotten of night in the human heart flee away! Who could not well nigh forget all the wickedness of the world and also the troubles of the barely past dark hour: she thought? And so, while grateful for the sun and wind and nature's consoling influences around her, Rachel's heart swelled in praise to the Light Giver; to the God of earth and sea and air.

With one hand resting on the side of the gray lichened monolith, her black dress falling in long, severe folds of drapery, her head upraised and her beautiful dark eyes turned to the sky, this woman might have been a priestess of Phœbus. But her words were less pagan in their devoutness, while her lips murmuring, repeated,

"How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clear,  
Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in spring.

Grief melts away  
Like snow in May,

As if there were no such cold thing,

Brave old George Herbert's rejoicing after his affliction rejoiced her too.

She looked, shading her eyes, across the meadows stretching towards the Red House. For, lo, the joy of a new interest she had wished for, the gladness of a little child's life to brighten the gray twilight of her own and her sister's existences, had come. It was not even her own doing; of which she was thankful—dreading, poor soul, what Magdalen might do or say when restored to her senses.

Rachel was a young woman still; and the past three years, of a life almost that of a recluse in this lonely valley, had been heavy and dark upon her. Nay, perhaps that first year had been a rest, when her soul was still crushed and sore with a great sorrow. Then the loneliness of the wide moors, the almost total absence of speech between herself and Magdalen, had been best for both sisters, who suffered strangely from the same cruel wrong. But often during the past two years, there was, alas! no longer silence.

There were sometimes hours made hideous by cries, by bitter reproaches hurled against herself as a traitress, a wicked woman, in that past dreadful trial. And Rachel was always silent, out of her great love to that distracted, pretty creature. Poor Magdalen! her weak head had never been able to control the violent impulses of a generous but passionate heart; less so now than ever.

They were coming. Two figures were approaching over the young grass of the meadow, all speckled with daisies and buttercups. They threw long shadows behind them in the morning sun. Farmer Berrington was conducting Hannah to the accustomed tryst.

Then Rachel went forward, stretching out

both hands to Hannah, her eyes shining like dark suns.

"Oh, Hannah," she said, "I can never thank you enough for all you have done for us both, and the child since we parted. You have been a good and faithful servant. May he who blessed such, reward you!"

Hannah, confused, and half ashamed at feeling her thick hands held in that delicate yet close clasp made a short courtesy with her dumpty person, being old-fashioned in her up-bringing. Then, finding her hands gently loosed, wiped her eyes for a second with the corner of her shawl, yet answered, rather doggedly,

"Whatever I did was only my duty. And I did it out of love to Miss Magdalen—asking pardon for calling her so still; but I've been used to it ever since I first went to your dear mother as nursemaid, and she but a slip of a child."

"Of course the old name comes naturally," said Rachel, gently, never showing by any change in her sweet voice that she noticed the slight ungraciousness which implied nought had been done for love of herself. And, yet though so morally strong, she was a most sensitive woman; and her soul, that had already in life sounded the deepest diapason of agony, could even still answer with a light, inner note of pain to so slight a jar as this.

Then she rapidly asked,

"But, Hannah, tell me! How-why was it you came with the child? Why did you leave Mr. Quigg? I hope there is no bad news?"

As slowly, Hannah made dubious answer.

"Bad news! Well, no—not so bad. Providence's ways is mysterious; and it's an ill wind that blows nobody luck. So, any way, it was all made safe for us ones—an' I come."

Berrington here interposed. He had been keeping aloof, from delicacy, till now; but either hearing or guessing what was coming made shift to say his say first.

"Your pardon, Miss Rachel, but I must be going to my laborers now. Mistress Hannah will find her way back, surely. And seeing one can speak you so seldom (ay, verily—about once in six months), I will make bold to put before you a thought that came to my mind yesterday, or maybe earlier, hoping it may not be disagreeable."

"Pray go on, Mr. Berrington," said Rachel, in an involuntarily altered voice, as if speaking from a distance, across the desert of loneliness with which she felt surrounded. As mechanically, she rapidly pulled her hood over her head, which in the excitement of meeting Hannah, she had left fallen backwards.

"Why, here it is. Seeing the little maid and her nurse here have come to hide among us, I would be mortally glad to have them stay at the Red House Farm. Children is best company for children, and my boy Blyth would be sorry already to part with the little girl. It is but a rough home, perhaps, for her, with no mistress now to order things as a gentlewoman likes them; for delicacy keeps plenty in its place. But still it might be better for an infant than being up here at the cottage—at times. His voice had fallen quite low at the last words, and he looked steadily towards a pair of hooded crows flying across the sky.

Rachel was quite affected by the truly chivalrous thoughtfulness underlying the farmer's stolid manner.

"You are very good; I hardly know what to say," she murmured. "It is not for me to decide, but still I believe, I feel, you are right."

"Very well, ma'am. No need to answer in a hurry. Let them stay now till it can be decided. Then if 'tis yes, we must all try a bit, with good-will, to see how the plan works." Whereupon Berrington turned sideways, preparatory to departure; adding in a careless, lower key, "And as to board or lodging for such a little one, and her so pretty, too, it need never be mentioned between us."

"No, no, no! Mr. Berrington!" exclaimed Rachel. "You are too generous; and you do not understand. We are not poor, indeed; we are almost rich."

But, even as she spoke, the farmer was gone, lifting his hat respectfully, but with a deprecatory wave of his big stick.

"Well, well, we shall find means to settle all that, if Magdalen wishes it so. It *would* make all easy; heaven opens doors out of difficulties," Rachel murmured; then added, with an explanatory smile to Hannah,

though her lips trembled. "We must be quick now. You have so much to say that I long to hear. But I dare not leave her long. She was sleeping quietly at last when I left, poor soul. We had a terrible night together."

Hannah gravely nodded; no more; but felt touched in her heart, too, though she was jealous of Miss Rachel at times for her own dear lady's sake. She did not tell how Farmer Berrington had brought her to within a few yards of the little brown cottage in the night passed, nor how, while the lantern shone, sending forth faint rays to where they stood, and the night breeze came down sweet and fresh from the moors, they had heard through the mud walls the moans and cries of a spirit as if under temporary demonic possession. Poor Magdalen, and also poor Rachel! They had heard the latter's voice, too, through that storm of passions, steady in prayer, as one could guess without hearing the words, wrestling in spirit, as if she could herself cast forth by faith the tormenting demon.

But Hannah said nought. The sisters had made their home in the desolate glen not to be spied upon.

The two now sat down, side by side, on the rocks that were the base of the Logan-stone, and began to talk eagerly.

"How was it safe for you to come, Hannah?"

"Because the devil deserted his own for once, maybe to drive a harder bargain next time. He's got penal servitude for some years," said Hannah, with jubilant vindictiveness.

"He! Who?"

"Why, that Gaspard da Silva. Who else?"

Even as she spoke, Hannah remembered—then though so lately touched with pity, could not resist the feminine curiosity of looking in Miss Rachel's face, just to see how she took it.

Rachel Estoma felt numbed for a moment, then conscious of a sharp, great pain at the news. But, knowing that curious gaze was upon her, she bore herself bravely, and would not flinch. The nurse did not guess from her noble face how great the relief would have been to scream aloud, to cover her face, and mourn in sackcloth and ashes that the proud were so degraded. The dawn seemed black, and her heart nigh bursting with bitter pain. Then, the first anguish past, the sadness was almost as terrible—the horror and penitence of feeling herself well-nigh a wicked woman for that very pain; seeing, on the bare sands of her memory, the ribs of the wreck of her once fair ship of hopes. Oh, she had hoped, prayed, that remembrance might be covered overmore henceforth from her own inner sight by waters of oblivion. Dear Lord! she has so striven not to sin thus in thought, though stainless in word or by deed.

"Go on," she said only. "Tell me all about it."

So Hannah told her all.

When the latter ended with poor Peter Quigg's death—at which she had not hunted before—Rachel started, cried out, and then was at no pains to hide her emotion. Why should she? He had loved her devotedly, ever since he had met her, while travelling, now several years ago. Those were her happy days. And she had refused him; but, both being noble souls, she had known how to convert a lover to a friend.

So he was dead—poor Peter? For a few minutes, with bowed head, her head hidden under her hood, Rachel felt almost as if she herself was his murderess. It was she who had asked him to shelter her sisters's child and its nurse at a time of great sorrow and peril to them all. And he, always loyal, had never hesitated, but risked the disturbance of his recluse-like habits of responsibilities, even dangers, such as had at last too truly come, all this to shield the child of the man whom he had most cause to hate, or at least think of with anger and envy. And *Qas, art da Silva had shot him!* Rachel felt no doubt which burglar did the deed, in her own sad heart. It numbed her faculties to think of it. The thought was indeed so dreadful, that, like some women who have suffered great mental trials, and thus invisibly shielded themselves from succumbing in mind or body, she took refuge in a present dulness of feeling, thinking to herself she would have time enough for mourning in the days to come. Yes, this year, then next year, and the year after; and, maybe, a succession of years, all long and silent, passed among these quiet moors.

"And for how many years—how long will he be in prison?" she asked, feeling choked.

"That I don't know for certain. The trial was not on yet. The paper I saw only said he was sure to get five years, or ten. And I came here then."

"Uncertainty again. But still, this time it may be best," sighed Rachel to herself. Then aloud, "Perhaps Berrington might be able to learn, though we seem at the world's end here. But, Hannah, how can I ever tell my sister? My heart bleeds for her. Even when she is recovered, it might unsettle her reason again—perhaps for life."

Hannah looked aghast at the dreadful possibility, which had never struck her before. Rachel's heart sank too, lower than even before.

"No, it won't make me mad. It has restored me to my reason, quite on the contrary, as you may see," said Magdalen's voice, close beside them.

Both started in horror, and she appeared from behind the Logan-stone, disordered in dress, certainly, having huddled morely a skin and shawl over her night garments. But her blue eyes were steady enough; her face no longer flushed, was indeed very pale but for two slight hectic spots. They gazed transfixed.

"Yes," she went on, "my wrongs are avenged. Gaspard is in prison. Now he will learn what stone walls are like, the living death to which he condemned his wife. It is righteous—it is just. The moment the words left your lips, Hannah, I felt electrified into my full sense again."

She placed one hand lightly on her head as she spoke, and stood so a minute: then extended it to Hannah, who faithful cre-

covered it with kisses and tears.

"Poor Hannah! how fond you always were of me! Come, I will kiss you myself, for you have been very good."

Thereupon she touched her old maid's cheek with her lips as gracefully and lightly as she did everything.

"Oh, my deario! But how did you come to hear all? And Lord help us, with your feet bare, too!" uttered Hannah, gazing down on the dew-wet greensward with horror, while Rachel, too, perceived the fact for the first time.

"It cools my brain," said Magdalen, carelessly looking down at the pretty feet that peeped bare from under her skirts. "What brought me here, you dear foolish old Hannah? Why, I saw Miss Rachel there getting up early very cautiously, so I was cunning enough to pretend being asleep, and then crept out here after her. I've been crouched behind that old stone till I'm cramped; and you *would* both murmur so low sometimes, I quiet longed to call out to you to speak louder. No matter I heard enough."

"Well, now you will come home, dear. You must have your feet dried, and get some warmer clothing; besides, you have hardly eaten anything the last two days," urged Rachel, concealing her anxiety under tenderness of voice.

"Oh, yes; would Hannah like to come and see the mud hovel we call *home*, eh?"

"Shall I come a while later to-day and bring the child? You'll be thinking sore long to see your own child, my deario."

A sort of shudder ran through Magdalen's body.

"The child! To-day! Oh! I cannot. Tell her it would not be able to stand it. Another time—perhaps in a week, Hannah."

"Say day after to-morrow. She and Berrington will think you so unnatural," whispered Rachel.

"Very well," acceded Magdalen, not too willingly. "Then the day after to-morrow, Hannah. Good-by now," and she waved her hand in farewell.

Hannah watched both the sisters as they went away, Rachel's tall, dark-figure supporting Magdalen, who winced and clung to her arm, crying out sharply if a thorn touched her feet.

After a few steps Rachel stopped, and, hastily pulling off her own shoes, put them on her sister. The nurse felt a tightness across her chest, as she too turned to go. A curious disappointment, too, she was aware of, but could hardly account for.

"Poor dear, it was that her mind had been so uninged. When I bring her the child, it will all be right: all be like old times again," she thought.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Sorrows succeed.  
When one is past, another care we have;  
Thus woe succeeds a woe as wave a wave.

HEATICK.

But when two days later, Hannah, who had been carrying little Joy for the last quarter



of a mile, set her down on the dried mud floor of Cold-Home Cottage, all was not yet right.

The little one was frightened at the strange place, so bare and uninviting, and hung back as they entered. She was afraid, too, by the black dresses and hoods of the sisters, and, being still unused to strangers, turned and hid her head obstinately in Hannah's apron. Magdalen looked at her curiously and critically, as the nurse made efforts to disengage the tight baby grasp.

"Is she always like that?" she asked.

Then Rachel went near, and going down on her knees, managed by pretty, coaxing words and loving enticements, to draw the black curly head round to spy at her. Presently Joy, as was her custom when pleased, promptly kissed Rachel full and unasked with her rosy lips. At that Magdalen sprang forward with a jealous exclamation, caught up, the child, and half angrily covered her with hasty, almost harsh, kisses. Joy cried out in alarm, as was natural; Magdalen was enraged. There was ado to pacify them both.

"It is so long since I saw you. How could I remember?" pleaded Rachel.

"Don't you know who the lady is, my birdie?" murmured Hannah, caressingly, soothing her charge. Why, she is your own—"

"Hush!" screamed Magdalen. "I forbid you to tell her."

"I beg pardon; I—I thought you meant to tell her to-day, surely," stammered Hannah frightened. "I've told her nothing, even as we came along. I thought it not right till she'd seen you; but now—"

"No, I will have it. You think he is safe, but I know him; stone walls will never hold him. Then it will all begin again, and we must separate and fly; so it is better she should know nothing. Besides, she must live at the Red House—I wish it so; when she grows older, she would only be asking inconvenient questions if she knew who we were."

Hannah would have demurred, amazed, but that Rachel sorrowfully sighed to her it was so to be. Then the child was bidden play in the cottage kitchen, while all three women watched her.

It was a strange dwelling room for two ladies of gentle breeding; so Hannah thought silently in her mind, wondering. It was almost utterly bare, but how spotless! The earthen floor was so clean one might have dined on it; the solitary deal table and dresses were scoured white as milk; the few tin utensils, shone like silver. These were signs of Rachel's daily toil. The only touches of color and softness were a feather cushions, covered with bright silk, piled on the wooden settle by the fireplace, where Magdalen generally stretched herself. Also a heavy rug was placed here to keep her feet warm, made of bits of cloth coarsely knitted together with cord; such rugs are sometimes seen in peasant cottages. Rachel's delicate fingers had worked that. Also the two straw chairs, made much after the shape and manner of a beehive, were disguised likewise under bright coverings. Magdalen's guitar on the settle; her footstool that was all! Not another sign of taste, of educated mind, of ease (for though Rachel had a few books—Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe—they were carefully hidden away in a little locked box, kept under her pallet-bed in the next room. Other poor cottages on the moors had surely more articles for use, or even pleasure. Here was no tall wooden clock, no flowers in the window, no purring cat, or cheerful fowls cackling on the threshold; nothing. Hannah's grieved mind thought the room like a cell presently, in spite of the cushions, the guitar, and the nosegays of wild flowers that poor Rachel had placed here and there. Then a thought struck her *It is a cell, here was a thing to be looked at.* She had, indeed understood the matter. Once, when they came, Rachel had tried the softening influences of a few pretty objects on which to rest the eye; procuring what she could at Moortown, through Farmer Berrington. Then one dreadful night came, and by morning all was shivered, smashed, rent in a thousand fragments; and worse, a caged linnet dying. Again she had tried the experiment with like disastrous results, then gave it up. After all, nature was beautiful and bright enough out of doors, except in the terrible winter.

For a minute or two little Joy slowly and conscientiously walked round, examining the big fireplace with its ingle nook, the little window in which hung the old lantern. There was nothing to play with.

"This is an ugly house; Joy doesn't like it as much as our house," she innocently said.

"There; you see!" said her mother, significantly. "Juanita, come here—speak to me; why did you call yourself Joy? You are Juanita."

"No, no. Joy!" persisted the child, laughing, and shaking her soft, curly dark head.

"What does she not even know her own name? Not that I gave it her—the nurse who visited the asylum baptised her when they thought I was dying."

"It was such an outlandish name," apologized Hannah, looking hot. For she was such a stickler for all that was British, she hated the idea of returning to the foreign "Juanita" she had so cleverly evaded. "She always had a trick of calling herself something like Joy as a baby, so I just let it rest so."

May not we too, Magdalen? Our Joy—it is a pretty idea," said Rachel. Her sister smiled assentingly. When at the same time the child unluckily exclaimed, "Yes, yes; I'm Joy—Joy likes you!" and prettily running forward and looking up for sympathy in Rachel's face, she leaned—drawn by some secret sympathy—against her knee.

"Take her away. She is her father's own daughter; she likes you best!" passionately exclaimed Magdalen. "Yes, I could see it in her face the moment she came in; and she has his eyes. She is an unnatural little wretch. Oh, my child, my child, you don't care for me either." She rushed into the next room, weeping; it was their bedroom, the only other room. Rachel followed her there in spite of denials, strong in her love. Presently the complaints inside were pacified by degrees, but when Rachel came out it was to say softly but briefly, the two visitors must go. Nevertheless, she herself hugged the child in a long, warm embrace, and then squeezed Hannah's hand.

So nurse and child went slowly back through the wet meadows, for it was a rainy spring afternoon.

It had been a disastrous day.

Yes, besides the overt disappointment, the nurse felt again, that of the previous meeting now intensified. What was this doubt at her heart? She did not love her niece as much as she had done in absence. Then the faithful woman blamed herself bitterly; Poor Hannah!

#### CHAPTER XVII.

So, as was now agreed, Joy and her nurse lived at the Red House.

There could hardly have been a happier home for any child than this farm, lying warm and sheltered towards the south in its rich pasture-lands, with behind it the hills and the sweet heather for leagues and leagues. In-doors there reigned peace, plenty, and smiling faces. Out-doors were wide horizons, the large air to bring roses on the cheeks, and perfect liberty.

One small matter had given Hannah some trouble: this was the child's name, when the farm-folk began to ask natural questions. Magdalen hotly refused to let her bear her father's name, or even the grand-maternal one of Mendoza. It was dangerous, she partly said, haunted by the fear of Da Silva appearing some day on their track. Stone, again, denoted too clearly the child's connection with the cottage—at which wondering tongues would have wagged. "And to call her only Joy is to miscall the child, Farmer Berrington. Why, even the very cows here have Christian names," she said, almost in tears.

George Berrington's phlegm was moved to consideration.

"'Tis true enough, folk will ask questions; and if they get no answer, at times they'll talk the more," he mused.

He considered the matter over three pipes that evening in the porch, and finally thus announced his mind thereupon.

"Some name the little maid should have that will attract small attention; for it's better to be little known than ill-spoken of, as the saying is. Now—if no better can be found—I'm thinking my dead wife would be heartily glad to lend the child what help would lie in hers. Haythorn it was, and I know of no cousins or kin of hers; so that, if neighbors suppose the infant to be somehow related to her, none can dispute it. Furthermore, it's a good name. May she wear it as it deserves, for it will never disgrace her."

This offer (not made without a sense of generous effort) was received with true gratitude by Rachel, and graciously condescended to by Magdalen.

"Of course, it need be only for a time—while we stay here," she said.

As for Hannah, the rolloff of this arrangement was great. Her own thickheadedness in making evasive answers as to the child's parentage no longer puzzled her. She had only to say, "Her name! Why, the same as the dead Mrs. Berrington. Ask the farmer; he can tell you best." Which last suggestion few of the farm-folk carried out, as can be guessed. Berrington had said so little about his young wife or her people that the parentage of a scapegrace Haythorn was easily invented by the people around and fathered on little Joy, and so the wonder was presently forgotten.

Blyth and the little maid became fast friends. How they played together that spring—ay, and many more—in the orchard, where the sleek, black pigs fed below, and the rosy-white clouds of blossom bloomed above—a strange contrast you shall see any day in that country.

Then Blyth taught Joy the delights of birds'-nesting. What unappealable happiness she felt on finding first a thrush's nest, all by herself! It was on the banks of the Chad, where she was wandering, while Blyth sailed sticks, which he called ships, down the stream. Joy perceived something blue a little way below her feet, and there it was just above the water's flow, built so that the overhanging edge of the turf slightly sheltered it. Joy fell on her knees, and fairly screamed in her ecstasy, which brought Blyth, running. He admired it too; although giving his opinion that it was a foolish spot to choose, that and they must be a young couple of birds that built it.

This did not prevent Joy from dreaming all night of her mud-lined treasure, with its four azure-speckled-beauties of eggs, as the loveliest ever seen. Alas! when, next morning, she hurried to the beloved spot, the nest was gone.

There had been a freshet in the night and a brown, turbid flood now rushed along, filling the river-bed to its brink. Blyth was right. But he did not triumph over her. He only said, "I thought Chad came down 'st night; I heard the cry of the river as I lay awake."

And next came the first time in her life that Joy heard a strange call of "Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo!" and stood turning her head in puzzled amazement towards the oak-corpse on either side. Blyth at once made her lift her small feet, and showed her how to search its imprint on the ground carefully for a hair. This the boy explained, would be in its color the same as that of her future husband. He found a small hair triumphantly after diligent search and mutual poking of their fingers. It was of a dusky red, much like that of any of the calves. Joy thought (they were in the paddock behind the cowhouse), but Blyth announced it was just the same as his own yellow locks, so the little maid, with beautiful faith, piously believed him.

Year after year they two sought new birds' nests, heard returning mysterious cuckoos, and were happy. If once Joy, grown older and less trustful, found a white hair under her foot, and again none, which somewhat shook her belief in Blyth's natural magic, still he unfaithfully produced a jetty one that by no conceivable chance could belong to any one but herself. Farmer Berrington was once shown this wonder, and asked with mysteriousness, where did he think it had come from, to which he answered, not knowing, "Why! off a black pig, I say."

When told with eager horror of his mistake, how he had roared with silent laughter, till his face grew purple, and his capacious sides ached.

"Yes; the long years after years that Rachel up at the cottage, had somewhat sorely foreseen for herself and her companion, strange, silent sisters both, passed over merrily for little Joy and the bigger Blyth. Winter snows were piled on summer's graves; these were in turn thawed by the lusty warmth and quickening influences of new young years. Meanwhile both children grew bigger and stronger; rosy, if tanned by the warm suns and moorland breezes; healthy and hardy, though somewhat wild, according to prim notions of up-bringing.

Blyth had been given his pony the winter after Joy came, and daily rode to Moortown grammar-school, the few hours of separation only making both of them more happy to see each other again. For, though the boy was glad to have comrades now of his own age and kind, he never flinched in affection to his little pet plaything. She would wait for him down the lane every afternoon, till he came in sight. Then he would lift her

on his pony and walk by her side to the farm gate, where Farmer Berrington often chanced to be silently waiting. It was a pretty sight.

Hannah for her part, felt as if she had at last come to a land of Goshen; and was happy among strangers, and only hoped to live on there in peace now peace was always her inner cry—and to wander no more. By degrees she had taken up the duties of housekeeper at the Red House, being the most capable and experienced woman there in; and her soul at last was thoroughly content.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Recreation.

There is a homely saying among the fishermen "that those who will not mend their nets will soon be unable to catch fish;" and one is seldom found so improvident as to let a hole grow larger and larger until the net is useless. The nearest approach to absolute rest is sleep, and of this every man, woman and child should have abundance, proportioned to his constitution and occupation; but there is a relative rest, quite as important, and more neglected by most busy men and women; this rest is recreation. The "I haven't time" excuse, although as popular as ever, is sadly threadbare. A man owning property can afford to invest a thousand dollars though he withdraw it from active business, if he is sure the money will double itself. We all have twenty-four hours every day to invest, and if one hour withdrawn from business can be better invested, is it not a wise thing to do? Relaxation, however, to be profitable, must be whole-hearted. It is not rest for the business man to bring his affairs and worries home with him. It is not rest for the student to brood over theories and formulas when he walks, neither is it rest to take one's fear and anxieties to our friend's table. If we have no heart to throw off these burdens, we should make the effort in spite of ourselves. We have been bound to our cares as the convict is to his ball and chain, and it is tinctomaster circumstances, instead of being their slaves. Mental slaves are more dependent upon the physical condition than we are inclined to think. Irritability means overstrained nerves; the "blues" and "black butterflies" are other names of indigestion and a poor circulation. Recreation, it is to be remembered, is neither dissipation, nor yet absence of activity. Complete change of thought is relaxation; and Hood is quoted by a recent writer as saying that the quaker always enjoys life, for he makes a pleasure of his business and a business of his pleasure. — [Every Other Saturday.]

#### A French Fete.

A very pretty fete was given the other day at the Chateau de Bhequy, near Sedan. The mistress of the house, dressed in Louis Quinze costume, had transformed her park into a sort of tea garden. She herself, aided by five pretty girls in Clarissa Harlowe hats and print gowns made eighteen-century fashion, served refreshments. In other parts of the park were tables prepared for two or four persons, with cards, chess and back-gammon boards, and there were merry-go-rounds, Aunt Sally and swings. In the evening there was "a dance on the green," with the village musicians and fireworks; most of the girls and young married women looked charming in their muslin dresses. One very pretty dress was as follows: Petticoat of maize colored surah, trimmed at the edge with two flounces of the same. The second skirt, made of foulard, with a deep blue pattern on a maize ground, and lined with maize surah, was simply lited up so as to show the lining. The foulard bodice had a short haque, divided at the side, turned back, and lined with blue velvet. Lampl of the same velvet showed a waistcoat of maize. The elbow-sleeves had blue velvet cuffs edged with lace. A lace jabot, and a high-crowned straw hat trimmed with blue velvet and lace, finished the costume. — [Le Monde, Paris.]

"Ah, Mr. Hubbleton, I hear that you have been called to the ministry." "Well, I can hardly term it a call. They only offer me five hundred a year. Sort of a whisper, you understand."

Temperance Department.

EDITED BY G. W. SECRETARY

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

Drink and Death.

Few persons have an adequate conception of the number of persons who die annually the victims, directly or indirectly, of drink traffic. Probably the men who used themselves by their own unbridled intemperance are not one half of the real victims. Thousands of women who never drank at all have gone down to early graves because of sickness, shame, poverty, or abuse caused by others drinking. Thousands of children have died of poverty, neglect, or abuse because of the intemperance of others. Thousands of men who were never seen actually intoxicated, have greatly shortened their days by diseases brought on by moderate drinking. Few imagine how many diseases are the results of what appears to be a harmless indulgence in moderation. Dr. Norman Kerr, whose name is so well known throughout Great Britain as a first class authority on health questions, has taken a good deal of pains in inquiring into the relations of drink to death in England. The result of his inquiry, he states, surprised him in regard to the large number of victims. He states that the number of deaths due to personal intemperance is about 40,500 such year in Great Britain, and the number of those dying from disease, violence, accident, or starvation, consequent on the intemperance of others, is put down at no less than 79,500, making in all not less than 120,000 victims a year to an unnecessary traffic.

The number of deaths because of the drink traffic in the United States has been estimated by good statistical authorities at from 100,000 upwards per year.

In Canada the subject deserves more attention than has been given to it. A statement is frequently made that there are 5,000 victims a year in Canada of the traffic. The number appears alarmingly large, for it is equal to the entire population of one of our thriving towns, but even that number is a smaller proportion to our population and the quantity of liquor consumed than is given for Great Britain or the United States. Five thousand victims a year would be less than an average of one victim for each licensed liquor establishment in the country. There are more than five thousand liquor licenses annually granted and few people who have given attention to the matter doubt but they average one victim a year. Surely if a business producing any such results can be stopped by law it should be speedily ended.

How it Injures Trade.

A good deal of stress has been laid on the oft repeated assertion that the trade of this country would be seriously injured by the people taking the only step in their power, as our laws now stand, towards practical prohibition, by the adoption of the Scott Act. As a matter of fact nearly every branch of trade, outside of the liquor traffic itself, is now seriously injured by the existence of the liquor selling business and it will continue so long as that business is allowed to go on. The large manufacturers of the country who give employment to many labourers, are constantly suffering loss and annoyance because of the intemperance of some of their employees. This state of things is but a legitimate result of the liquor business, and such men have a much stronger moral claim for compensation against the liquor sellers if the drink traffic is allowed to go on than the temperance men have against such employees in case the law requires them to stop.

Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, a leading member of the British House of Commons, is a very large and successful English manufacturer, and one of the largest employers of labour in his country. He is said to be interested in various industries, employing no less than 45,000 workmen. Not long since he publicly stated that the loss

of one firm alone in Sheffield, through the waste of time and money in drink at no less than £33,000 a year. Mr. Whitworth then made this significant statement, which our legislators would do well to give very careful consideration.

"If England wishes to maintain her proud position it would be impossible to do so unless she altered her tactics on the drink question."

In Massachusetts, a few years ago, a large firm in the manufacture of boots and shoes stated that they had kept in their books an accurate record of the results of the labour of several hundred men, at a given time, under prohibition and afterwards under license in that state. The result showed a falling off in the quantity of work turned out, of nearly 15 per cent when the men were allowed free access to drink under the license system. Men who seldom lost a day by being absent from the workshop because of drink, were much less capable of efficient work because of the previous night's debauch.

We would much like to hear from some of our own Canadian business men in regard to this matter. One leading business man of the writer's acquaintance with over a thousand men on his pay list, considers himself a loser to the extent of some hundreds of dollars each year because of the inefficiency and carelessness of men with big heads after previous drinking bouts, and he takes as much pains as he can to avoid the employment of men who drink at all.

Just here may be made mention of a remark of Mr. William Hoyle, a large manufacturer in England and a well known writer and authority on industrial statistics. He says "If the whole amount which is wasted on strong drink in the United Kingdom were spent on manufactured goods, or in building houses, or in draining waste land, it would find employment for at least 1,500,000 more persons than are now engaged."

Moderate Drinking Defined.

A great deal is said about the propriety of moderate drinking, and that intemperance is the abuse and not the use of alcoholic liquors. Few, however, have undertaken to define what is real moderation in the use of alcoholics, and fewer still have been successful in the effort. The London Lancet, a high class English medical journal, circulating among the users of drink and conducted by men of science glorying in their moderation, has recently given its views on the subject of moderation, and they are well worth careful study. According to these views the business of the public bar is done if true moderation prevails, and the treating system must go. How few men now using alcoholic liquor at all are "moderate" according to the definition of this great medical authority?

The Lancet says:—"It is high time to define what moderate drink is not. It is not drinking in public houses; it is not drinking on the sly; it is not drinking early in the day; it is not drinking by itself at other than meal-times; it is not drinking to procure sleep or to relieve pain. All men, and especially all women, who do such things are not moderate drinkers, and had better beware."

A moderate drinker takes a very limited quantity once or at most twice in a day, with food, such a quantity as does not make him stupid, or even sleepy, such as leaves him cool and unexcited. The moderate drinker takes the lightest forms of alcohol, and takes even these with care. He knows the power of alcohol to produce disease, and is on the look out for any indication of harm or excess. We do not think it proved that such persons become drunkards.

It is terrible, however, to see how soon a drunkard is made by thoughtless drinking, and how complete is his physical destruction even before he or perhaps she, comes under medical notice. Jaundice, or dropsy, or albuminuria, or delirium tremens, may have been reached before friends, unwilling to admit what they fear, will send for the medical adviser and make a clean breast of it. Alongside all the teetotalism that exists there is still an appalling amount of tipping which does not distinctly intoxicate, but saturates the principal organs and destroys them more quickly than an occasional debauch. But, as we have said, this is not moderate drinking—it is moral drinking. It will be seen by the above good authori-

ty that there are really fewer moderate drinkers in the country than has been generally supposed, and that many who fancied themselves moderate drinkers are in reality "mortal drinkers." The real satisfaction of moderate drinking, to be safe at all, according to such an able authority, must be too small to warrant the risk and the expense incurred. The danger of failure is certainly too great to be needlessly incurred. Gough has said, and truly said, the condition of every one of the thousands of poor drunkards in the land is the result of a failure in the attempt to be a moderate drinker.

SCOTT ACT NOTES.

A DEFEAT—A vote was taken for the adoption of the Scott Act in Compton County, Province of Quebec, last week and it resulted in a defeat of the Act by a majority of about three hundred. This is the third defeat sustained this year out of twenty-one votes taken. It is very evident that in Quebec, where the proportion of French electors is so large, public opinion is not so far advanced as in the other provinces. The same counties are also behind, on the whole, in education, general intelligence, and in many other things. The temperance men of Quebec work against very serious obstacles and discouragements.

A CHALLENGE—Mr. Kyle, a prominent liquor seller of Toronto, has taken a prominent part of late in writing letters, through the press, to Ministers and others, to show them how far they are wrong in advocating total abstinence and prohibition. The fact of a liquor seller undertaking to teach Ministers the true teachings of the Bible, and their own proper duties, is about the only noteworthy feature of the whole correspondence. A few days ago the same Mr. Kyle rushed into print again in order to show Hon. J. B. Finch where he stood when he came to Canada to speak in behalf of prohibition. Mr. Finch has since challenged the liquor champion to a public discussion of the following questions:

1. That the public place where alcoholic liquor is sold is a public nuisance; judged by its own record it ought to be suppressed.

2. That the license system, judged by its results, is inadequate to remedy the evils of the drink system. Regulation does not regulate.

3. Prohibition increases drunkenness, crime and pauperism.

To this last question Kyle is expected, of course, to take the affirmative, and prove the position he has already assumed in his letters.

The challenged gentlemen declines any such discussion, though in evident bad humor. He certainly provoked the challenge by his gratuitous attentions to Mr. Finch through the press.

PROHIBITION AND CRIME—Letters often appear in print, in behalf of the liquor interests, where it is stated that crime, pauperism, and insanity are terribly great in Maine, the inference being that it all comes out of the fact that liquor cannot be legally sold in that State. A letter of that class recently appeared in the Globe from the pen of Mr. Kyle of this city. Rev. T. G. Williams, of Brockville, has written a very comprehensive reply in which some valuable statistics are given, pointing in an entirely different direction. Similar figures have before appeared in the columns of TRUTH, but as there is so much controversy on this subject just now we deem it well to produce them again. The following facts are gleaned from the letter of Mr. Williams, referred to.

In regard to Insanity, the number of persons officially reported in the asylum, of the Pine Tree State and of this Province are given as follows for the past ten years:

In Maine asylums 4,708  
" Ontario " 18,214

The population of Ontario is about three times as great as Maine, while the insane population is considerably greater.

In regard to crime this statement is given: "The total commitments for crime in Maine, from 1875 to 1880, including both years, numbered 13,738; during the same time in Ontario, 69,340. Take the population of

Maine and Ontario and estimate the relative proportion of crime from these statistics and you will learn the proportion of crime in Ontario is nearly twice as great as in Maine." Comparing Maine, under prohibition, with the adjoining states under license and the following significant facts are given in regard to the criminal population. Taking the number of convicts in prison and comparing them with the total population and the following is the result.

Table with 2 columns: State and Prisoners per 1,000 people. Maine: 3,200 people; Massachusetts: 2,200 people; New Hampshire: 1,900 people; New York: 1,400 people.

Other circumstances being considered the criminal population is less than that of any other State in the Great Republic.

RECEIPTS FROM LODGES.

The G. W. Secretary acknowledges the following receipts from Lodges from November 15th to the end of the month:

Table with 2 columns: Lodge Name and Amount. Includes entries like 'No Surrender, Renfrow \$ 2 81', 'Stand Fast, Colden 1 05', etc., up to 'Blooming Rose, Avonton 25'.

## Our Young Folks.

## WIDOW LOCKERY.

BY ANGELINE TRAL.

I made her acquaintance at an Old Settlers' reunion. The club, which held its yearly meetings at Gershou, was composed of the surviving pioneers of 1839. All persons who, either as adults or children, had settled in the district covered by the organization, previous to or within that year, were entitled to enrolment.

A group of men were discussing wheat prospects. They seemed to belong to that class in whom the uncertainty of the farmer's hope had bred a condition of chronic foreboding. One said the wheat was too strong, and would all be "lodged" before harvest. Another thought the recent rains would produce "rust in the stalk." A third predicted a hot, dry time, that would cause it to "fire at the root."

Old Seth Horseholder had been a remarkably good shot in his time. We paused in our saunter to hear him tell about it. He was a grotesque old man, with yellowish curling hair hanging over the collar of his clean-collared shirt.

The band began playing on the rostrum, and the multitude moved toward the music.

There was roll-call, answered to in voice varying from the robust, mellow tones of middle age to the feeble quaver of the octogenarian. A brief biographical obituary of a late member was read. Then the orator of the day was introduced. After the speech came the basket dinner under the trees. The afternoon was devoted to music and story-telling.

The president of the club asked how many in the assembly had any personal recollection of a two-days' hunt for a lost child in the autumn of '41.

"Answer Sunday-school fashion," said he, and about half a dozen hands went up. "Is the Widow Lockery here?" he next inquired.

"I reckon she is," came the answer in a woman's voice from somewhere in the crowd.

"Mrs. Lockery," continued the president, "found the lost child, and if she will tell us all about it, I, for one, will be much pleased. I have a vague impression of the terror which the hunt produced and the excitement it aroused in my childish mind; but I do not remember that I ever heard the occurrence fully described by any one who took part in the search."

He glanced again in the direction whence came that prompt response, and sat down.

A tall, straight woman rose from her seat, walked slowly down the aisle between the radio benches, and took a position facing the people. She seemed in no hurry to begin her story, but deliberately took off her starched bonnet and laid it on the grass beside her. She was the most remarkable personage I had seen that day. Though fully 70 years old, she was erect as an Indian, and gave one the impression of great physical power. Her iron gray hair grew low over her forehead, and was gathered into a great rough-looking knot at the back of her head, and secured in its place by a brass comb. Her complexion was swarthy, and her dark eyes were shaded by darker brows, which almost met above her prominent aquiline nose. Her lips closed firmly, and her whole face had an expression of unspeakable sadness.

"Friends and neighbors," she began, and all at once I found myself smiling, as I observed many others doing. Never before did human countenance so quickly transform its expression. The dark eyes twinkled, the corners of the mouth gave a humorous curl, the lips parted in speech revealed a double row of perfect natural teeth; gleaming with drollery was the whole changed physiognomy, and laughter provoking.

"Friends and neighbors: Seein' as how Mr. Evans has sort o' give out that I'm the heroine of this tale o' terror, maybe it would sound better for some one else to tell it. So much by way of preface.

"It was Benjamin Nyfer's child that was lost. Ben started one mornin' in October to get some grindin' done. There was no mill nearer than the one on Taylor's Fork, twelve miles off, and the way roads was then. It would take him away long into the night to get home. That little boy o' his'n, just 5 year old, took a notion to go 'long, but his pa wouldn't let him. He whipped the poor little fellow in the mornin' for

cryin' to go; but when he started the child just fallered the wagon and bawled to be took in. The other young ones told me that; and that precious mother o' his'n, instead of coaxin' him into the house and fryin' him a dough horse, and twistin' him five or six yards of tow string for drivin' lines, just went on about her work, and paid no attention to him till he was clean out o' sight.

"Yong toward noon Mary Ann Nyfer, the oldest gal, came over to my house looking real scairt, and said Sammy was lost. He'd follerer ps a ways in the mornin' and hadn't come back. I says right away:

"He's all right. Your father's give in to his yellin' and took him 'long."

"But the gal shook her head and remark-

ed:

"Father never gives in to nuthin'. He's duns him back, and Sammy's lost."

"I went home with her, and found Luke Wilson there. We three families lived purty close—all within a mile. Luke thought just as I did, that Nyfer had took the boy along, but the mother and Mary Ann seemed to doubt it. Wilson said he'd go down the road, and stop at Fell's and Harder's—maybe little Sam had stopped to play. Well, he didn't find him, and the good feller hoofed it on till he met Nyfer, three or four miles this side of the Fork. There was no Sammy with him. He said the child had turned back at the big shingle-tree stump about a mile from home.

"When Ben driv' up to his house, there was quite a company of the neighbors there waitin' to see if he had the boy. A search was started that night with lanterns and kep' up till mornin'. Word was sent fur an noar, and before noon the next day three townships were on the hunt. Horns were blowed, bells rung, and the poor baby's name called in hundreds of voices. The woods and swamps was scoured and every brush heap and helier log peaked into.

"The search lasted another night and another day, till in the afternoon some begun to give out, myself among the number. I went home and throwed myself onto my bed with my clothes on, and slept as I'd never slept before. About 10 o'clock that evenin' I woke up sudden, just as wide awake as I am this minute. My mind seemed uncommon clear and quick. 'That child can't be fur away,' I thought. 'He's been with the rest to the huckleberry swamp this summer. The trail leadin' to the swamp leaves the main road net fur from the shingle tree stump. I'd often heard that lost children would never answer when called, but at night, when everything was quiet, they'd cry and make a noise. It seemed as though the hull kentry had been well searched, but I still believed he was stickin' somewheres in that huckleberry marsh.

"Now, I don't want anybody to think I was a herowine, for I wasn't. I think I felt more'n common sorry for Rachel Nyfer, because I'd had a dislike to her for quite a spell. It growed out of an egg trade. I wanted a settin' of goose-eggs; she had some, and said she'd let me have a dozen for two dozen hen's eggs. Well, we traded, and I s'posed it was all right, till one day she come over and said she thought she orter have about another half-dozen eggs; for she'd opened a goose-egg shell and then broke two hen's eggs into it, and it wasn't quite full. I would have held easy half another egg! I counted out six eggs, and she lugged 'em home; then I told Miss Luke Wilson and me or two other women that I was purty thick with 'em, and we made no end of fun about it whenever we got together.

"I didn't like the general make up of the woman. She had five party children, but she didn't seem to take no kind o' comfort with 'em; just pushed 'em one side and druv ahead with her work. She and Nyfer both seemed to think all the duty they owed their young ones was to make 'em mind from the word go, and dig away like all possessors, to make property for 'em. But I was there that evenin' when Ben came home without the boy, and I saw 'em stand and look in each other's faces, like the end of the world had come, and neither one could help the other. Then she went about puttin' a bit of supper onto the table; but when she set out Sam's little tin plate and mug, all the mother in her broke loose, and she flung herself down, shudderin' and sobbin' in a way I'll never forgit. Well, seein' as how I kinder misjudged the creeter for havin' no heart, I felt pushed to make one more try for that poor lost kid o' hers; so I jumped right up and said out loud:

"With the Lord's help, I'll find him yet!"

"I lit my lantern and shaded it so it let

just a little light down onto the ground. Then I went over the road, just as I guessed the boy had done, turnin' off the trail at the big red oak stump, and right down to the swamp. There I stopped and listened, still as death. Sure as there's mercy for us all above, I heard him almost right away.

"Oh, ma!" Such a pitiful call! Then he cried and whimpered, very weak, like his broth was 'most gone, and his heart 'most broke. I follered that sound and found him easy. He was mire to his armpits in mud and water. I couldn't at first see how I was to get to him. There was the body of a big walnut-tree lyin' back on the hard ground, and the bark was loose. I pulled it off in slabs and throwed 'em onto the hummocks, and so bridged my way out to that little yaller head. He struggled wild when I first pulled him out; then gave up in a kind of faint. I carried him home in a hurry. There was still a good many people at Nyfer's. They made some milk warm and put a taste of liquor in it, and forced a few drops down his throat, as you've done to a chilled lamb on a winter's mornin'. He was bathed and rubbed and wrapped in soft flannin' and laid in the baby's warm nest afore the fire. Nyfer and his wife stood lookin' down at him.

"Raich," said he—and she looked up, her black eyes a-swimmin' and her face all a-tremble. Then he took her into his arms and held her close—"Raich, we hain't loved one another enough, and we hain't loved our children enough. There's that that's better'n money and land, and for the rest of our lives well try and keep hold of it."

"And I believe they did. The little boy had a fever, but he came out all right at last. Miss Nyfer died about five years after that, and he took the family and went back East. Of course I wouldn't have told this story just as I have if any of 'em had been around."

The people had listened closely and when Mrs. Lockery had put on her bonnet and resumed her seat the hush was so profound that we could hear, high above our heads, the twittering clamor of a nest of young tansers, to whom the mother-bird had brought a worm.

The next to address the assembly was a noble-looking old man with silvery-white hair. It was Mr. Luke Wilson, or Squire Wilson, as he was generally called. He had a firm, intellectual head, and when he spoke his language was correct and well spoken.

"The Widow Lockery," he began, "has disclaimed all right to the title of heroine. Do not let the verdict be rendered till I have finished what I am about to relate. My friend and neighbor for forty years will, I know, pardon me if I for once lift the veil from a passage of her experience to which she seldom alludes, and of which many in this audience have never heard. Nothing has been told here to-day, nothing could be told, more strongly illustrative of the courage and endurance of the pioneer spirit, at least of the spirit of one brave pioneer.

"One winter evening, many years ago, a stranger presented himself at the cabin of Thomas and Ruth Lockery, and begged a night's lodging. He was a Canadian, completely tired out, and far from well. Neither Lockery nor his wife had it in them to turn a sick stranger from their door; so they gave him supper and bed. The next day he was unable to rise, and before night he broke out with small-pox.

"The following morning when I went out to feed my cattle I happened to look toward Lockery's and saw on a sharp rise of ground, about half way between the two houses, a woman standing and beckoning to me. It was my neighbor here. I went toward her, but while I was some distance away she halted me and told me in a few words about the man with the small-pox, and charged me to watch the road and warn the community. She said she had been inoculated, and would not take the disease, but she feared for her husband and children. That day I rode eleven miles to the nearest doctor. His wife cried, and would not let him go. He read his books for an hour, while my horse rested, then he made up a package of medicines for me and I started back. I left the medicines and stimulants on the scrub-oak hill, and Tom came and got them.

"As Ruth had feared, her husband and two children were taken down. Several out of the nearer families then offered to take all risks and help her nurse her sick, but she firmly refused their assistance.

"I can get along alone," she would say from her post on the hill. 'The Lord gives

me strength for all I have to do, and this horror must not spread.' Everything she needed was furnished promptly and abundantly, and this is all she would suffer us to Jo. The stranger had the disease in its mildest form, but Lockery and the little boys, Amos and Willy, were hopelessly bad from the first. One mornin' the poor woman called to me that both the children were dead, and told me to have two coffins brought to the hill that evening at dark. George Gilles and I dug a short, wide grave at a spot on the place where she took those coffins to her cabin, put her children into them, and buried them with her own hands! One mornin', some three weeks later, as I went out of my house just at daybreak, I saw Mrs. Lockery waiting on the hill. She looked changed and bent, and her hair was loose and flyin' in the wind. I can see it all now. The sky was such a clear, pale gray, and she looked so dark and wild against it! I ran to my old post, from which I had hailed her daily for weeks.

"'Thomas died at midnight,' she called. 'Make his coffin as light as possible to have it strong enough.'

"Then I shouted back:

"Ruth Lockery, you have done enough. Gilles and I will come to-day and bury your dead." At this she threw up her arms and uttered an awful cry.

"Don't do it, for the love of God! I've gone through this all alone, that no other place need be desolated as mine has been. Don't let it be for nothing. It shall not be for nothing! If man or woman dares to come near this awful house I'll draw my rifle on them!"

"The Canadian was by this time well enough to render her some assistance, and together they cofined and buried poor Tom. They drew the body on a stone-sled over the snow, and laid it in the new grave beside the other. The next day we saw a red flame shoot up through the timber, and we knew Ruth had fired her cabin with all the little effects it contained. There wasn't much, to be sure—nothing that she valued after what had gone before. We left a pound of sulphur and two suits of clothing on the hill by her orders. The stranger got into his frock garments after Ruth had smoked them well. Then she cut his hair short, and rubbed his head with sulphur till, she said afterward she knew he'd carry the scent into the next world with him. He took a gun and a pouch of provisions and went away, promising solemnly to enter no human habitation for at least a month.

"The weather had turned very mild—it was the last of March—and Mrs. Lockery begged us not to ask her for a little while longer. She built herself a wigwam of poles and bark; we took her some bedding, and for three weeks she lived out of doors. Then she changed her clothing again and come among us, pure enough, we thought, to mingle with the angels of heaven. The people got together and built her another house, and furnished it with everything for her comfort. She lived alone for years, a brave, cheerful, actively helpful life; then she adopted a friendless babe, whom she reared to womanhood, and who is now well married, and gives to Mrs. Lockery in her old age a child's love and duty."

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Favorite Everywhere.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers, who have so often delighted Toronto audiences by their marvellous interpretations of the songs of their captivity have recently been moving to unusual enthusiasm our British brethren over the sea. A recent issue of *The Christian*, (London) contains an account of a reception given the zable singers by the Earl and Countess of Tankerville, at Chillingham, and the large audience—or rather congregation—which had assembled—numbering over 2,000. The sight, we are told, was most impressive, and the audience's high appreciation of the rich treat provided for them was frequently and unmistakably manifested. The singers will reappear here and give three concerts next week.

"Ma, is it wicked to play marbles for keeps?" "Yes, my son; it is very wicked."

"Willie Grim wanted me to play, but I wouldn't." "That's right; I am proud that you had the courage to refuse."

"I told him it was wicked and led to gambling and he called me a booty."

"Well, never mind."

"Oh, I don't. I matched pennies with him and came out seven cents ahead."



### The Poet's Page.

Written for Truth

#### Seaward.

BY J. R. HAMMETT

There's an hour before the time  
That must sever us is due,  
Let us sing our favorite rhyme,  
Since its words are coming true.

There was warning in its strain,  
Of a lover leaving shore—  
Ah, too fearful, the refrain,  
Let us sing of him no more.

But my heart can no'er embark,  
From this shore, beloved, or there,  
And no night, however dark,  
Shut thy present smiles from me.

Suns of many years may set,  
Ere we meet, ah, who can tell!  
Eyes of love, and hair of jet,  
Form of beauty, fare thee well!

#### A Good-Night.

By-and-by, the evening falls,  
Sons of labor rest,  
Wearied cattle seek their stalls,  
Birds are in the nest.  
By-and-by the tide will turn,  
Change come o'er the sky,  
Life's lamp ask the child will learn,  
By-and-by.

By-and-by the din will cease,  
Day's long hours be past,  
By-and-by in holy peace  
We shall sleep at last.  
Calm will be the sea-wind's roar,  
Calm, we too, shall lie,  
Toll and mull and weep no more,  
By-and-by.

#### The Croaker.

"Laugh at those who grumble,  
And be merry as you can."  
"We must travel through life, but why make a dead  
march of it?"

Oh, the melancholy croaker,  
With his croak, croak, croak,  
He can always tell a funeral,  
But never tell a joke;  
He, in his ready grin,  
Can draw a ball, no doubt;  
But with a smiling visage  
He never draws one out.

Oh, the poor, unhappy croaker,  
Like a revolving wheel,  
He maddens the weather,  
Is sure it's going—rain;  
He knows the crops are ruined,  
His memory he jogs  
To prove that near the country  
Is going to the dogs.

The dreary, weary croaker  
Will have to die some day.  
Perhaps he'll go to Heaven—  
And walk the golden way;  
But when the shining parlements  
His gloomy eyes behold,  
He'll shake his head and mutter,  
"I—don't believe—they're—gold."

#### Personal.

She took my coat—I'm rather tall,  
And she is not so very;  
The steps led upward from the hall;  
She stood, the little fairy,  
Just balanced on the second stair,  
My great coat's burden holding,  
And then her hands—the kindest pair—  
The collar down were folding,  
There never was an eye so clear,  
Nor lips so red in moving,  
"Just tall enough I now, ain't I, dear?—  
See how I've grown from loving!"  
Just tall enough! From eye to eye  
Ran horizontal light.  
"Just tall enough to let me try—  
Yes, tall enough—Good night!"

#### Hierusalem.

The following quaint and ancient version  
of a familiar hymn is printed by the *Dosdan  
Transcript*:

"Hierusalem, my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?"

In thee no sickness may be seen,  
No hurt, no ache, no sore;  
There is no death, no ugly devil:  
There is life for evermore.

There cinnamon, there sugar grows,  
There hame and hame abound;  
What tongue can tell, or heart containe,  
The joys that there are found.

There David stands with harp in hand,  
As master of the Queen;  
Ten thousand times that man were blest  
That might this music here.

Our Lady sings Magnificat,  
With tunes surpassing sweet;  
And all the virgins bear their parts,  
Sitting above her feet.

To them doth St. Andrew sing,  
Saint Augustine doth the like;  
And Simon and Zacharie  
Have not their songs to seek.

There Magdalen hath left her mone,  
And cheerfull doth sing  
With blessed saints whose harmonie  
In every street doth ring.

Hierusalem, my happy home,  
Would God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see!"

#### The Minstrel.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.  
Translation of JAMES CLAYTON MANGAS.

"What voice, what harp, are those we hear  
Beyond the gate in chorus?  
Go, page!—the lay delights our ear;  
We'll have it sung before us!"  
So speaks the king; the strapping fellow—  
He soon returns; his master cries—  
"Bring in the hoary minstrel!"

"Hail, prince! Hail, noble knights!  
All hail, enchanting dames!  
What stary heaven! What blinding lights!  
Whose tongue may tell their names!  
In this bright hall, amid this blaze,  
Close, close, mine eyes! Ye may not gaze  
On such stupendous glories!"

The minnesinger closed his eyes;  
He struck his mighty lyre;  
Then beautiful bosoms heaved with sighs,  
And warriors felt on fire;  
The king, enraptured by the strain,  
Commanded that a golden chain  
Be given the lord in guerdon.

"Not so! Reserve thy chain, thy gold,  
For those brave knights whose glances,  
Fierce flashing through the battle bold,  
Might sliver sharper lances!  
Bestow it on thy treasurer there—  
The golden burden let him bear  
With other glittering burdens.

"I sing as in the greenwood bush  
The careless wild-bird carols—  
The tones that from the full heart gush  
Themselves are gold and laurels!  
Yet might I ask, then thus I ask—  
Let one bright cup of wine, in flask  
Of glowing gold, be brought me!"

They set it down; he quaffs it all—  
"Oh draught of richest favor!  
Oh! thrice divinely happy hall  
Where that is scarce a favor!  
If heaven shall bless ye, think on me;  
And thank your God as I thank ye  
For this delicious wine-cup!"

#### A Song.

Some find Love late, some find him soon,  
Some with the rose in May,  
Some with the nightingale in June,  
And some when skies are gray;  
Love comes to some with smiling eyes,  
And comes with tears to some,  
For some Love sings, for some Love sighs,  
For some Love's lips are dumb.

How will you come to me, fair Love?  
Will you come late or soon?  
With sad or smiling skies above,  
By light of sun or moon?  
Will you be sad, will you be sweet,  
Sing, sigh, Love, or be dumb,  
Will it be Summer when we meet,  
Or Autumn ere you come?  
—*Maria—Pakenham Beauty.*

#### Romance.

I didn't like me when we met—  
But turned away and pouted;  
'Twas very cool, I own, to get  
At first a smug so final, yet  
I clung to boys and doubted.

Strange as it seems, a few short weeks  
Confirmed my sanguine guesses;  
I came to understand her freaks,  
And even dared to kiss her cheeks,  
And stroked her golden tresses.

So time went on, and as we grew  
To know each other better,  
She bravely learned to kiss me, too;  
The privilege still yet is mine  
With kiss her lips to smother;  
Still round my neck she likes to twine  
Her soft white arms. I'd drop a line,  
I guess, and ask her mother.

This rhyme produces envy—strife,  
Within your reason maybe;  
So let me take a leaf from life;  
Her mother is my darling wife,  
And she my blessed baby.

#### The Richest Prince.

Some German princes once at Worms,  
In loud and boasting speech,  
Recounted at the Emperor's feast  
The wealth and power of each.

"My land is broad and richly planted;  
The Lord of Sax'ny said;  
"Its mountains yield their silver wealth,  
From many a deep-wrought bed."

"Behold my land with good overflow,  
Cooth Gebhart of the Rhine;  
The golden corn blooms in its vale,  
And on its hill the vine."

"The bearded gold of Church and state,"  
Reverend Lewis cried,  
"She rank my land in power with yours,  
However with wealth supplied."

The bearded Lord of Wertemberg,  
Good Theobald, next spoke;  
"My land contains no cities proud,  
No towers its mountains hold,

"But this one treasure it can boast—  
Where'er its Sovereign goes,  
Securely in each subject's lap  
He may his head repose."

#### The Sowar.

"All Seeds to Us the Sower's Hands."—*Rosetti.*

Ten thousand sowers through the land  
Passed heedless on their way;  
Ten thousand seeds in every hand,  
Of every sort had they.  
They cast seed here, they cast seed there,  
They cast seed everywhere.

The land a forest straightway grew,  
With plants of every kind;  
And kindly fruits, and poisonous, too,  
In that world could you find,  
For trees grew here, and trees grew there,  
And trees grew everywhere.

anon, as many a year went by,  
Those sowers came once more,  
And wandered 'neath the leaf-hid sky,  
And wandered at the shore,  
For fruit hung here, and fruit hung there,  
And fruit hung everywhere.

They plucked they many a berry bright  
None could their right deny;  
And some ate to their long delight,  
And some ate but to die.  
While some plucked here, and some plucked  
there,  
And some plucked everywhere.

Nor knew they in that tangled wood  
The trees that were their own;  
Yet as they plucked as each one should,  
Each plucked what he had sown,  
So men do here, so men do there,  
So do men everywhere.

#### No Tears.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

"No tears to weep!" And whither dost  
Say, is thy sorrow such?  
And has thy heart no tender spot  
That sympathy may touch?  
Can no kind word unlock the springs,  
And give thy tears their flow?  
Are human woes such selfish things,  
That none their depths may know?

"No tears to weep!" Nay, speak not thus,  
For tears can bring relief,  
And God has sent them unto us  
To wash away our grief.  
When earthly sorrow, pain and care  
Our souls in sadness steep,  
We pray to Him who heareth prayer  
To send us tears to weep.

'Tis true the world is sometimes dark  
With gloomy clouds that rise,  
And trembling Hope, with waning spark,  
Fades slowly out—and dies!  
But when some heavenly vision fair  
Steals o'er us in our sleep,  
We wake with joy to feel that there—  
There are no tears to weep.

#### Barbara Fritchie.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,  
Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel hoard;

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains, winding down,  
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags, with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Uprose old Barbara Fritchie then,  
Dressed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window she staff the set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

'Under his arch he right and left  
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken staff;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
O'er the face of the leader came;

The nobler courage within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of your grey head,  
Dies like a dog!" March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

All day long that free flag tost  
O'er the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the bill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

O'er Barbara Fritchie's grave,  
Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

#### Love.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Love! I will tell you what it is to love,  
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,  
Where Hope sits brooding like a beautiful dove,  
Where Time seems young, and life a thing divine.

All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine  
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss,  
Above, the stars in cloudless beauty shine;  
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss;  
If there's a heaven on earth, that heaven is surely  
this.

Yes, this is Love, the steadfast and the true,  
The immortal glory which hath never set;  
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew,  
Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!  
O! who but can recall the eye they met  
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young  
vow,  
While summer flowers with moonlight dews were  
wet,  
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's  
brow,  
And all was rapture then which is but memory  
now!

#### What December Says.

Open your hearts ere I am gone  
And hear my old, old story;  
For I am the month that first looked down  
On the beautiful Babe of glory.  
You must never call me lone and drear  
Because no birds are singing;  
Open your hearts, and you shall hear  
The song of the angels singing.

Open your hearts and hear the feet  
Of the star-child who men older;  
Bring out your treasures of incense sweet,  
Lay down your offerings golden.  
You say you look, but you see no light  
Of the wonderful Babe I'm telling;  
You say they have carried Him off by night,  
From Bethlehem's lowly dwelling.

Open your hearts and seek the door  
Where the always poor are staying;  
For this is the story for evermore,  
The Master's voice is saying:  
Inasmuch as ye do it unto them,  
The poor, the weak, and the stranger,  
As to Jesus of Bethlehem—  
Dear Babe of starlit manger!

#### ALBUM VERSES.

Comprising Choice Poetical Selections for  
Autograph Albums, Christmas and  
other Cards, and Valentines.

All the paths of faith, tho' covered wide,  
O'er which the feet of prayerful reverence pass,  
Meet at the gate of Paradise at last.

Desire not to live long, but well;  
How long we live, not years but actions tell.

A beautiful life ends not in death,  
Friendship above all ties doth bind the heart,  
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.

There is a bright and precious gem,  
Lovely to behold:  
'Tis wisdom seen, and mostly when  
We feel we are growing old.

Contentment is that little gem,  
And if you have it not,  
Take and cherish it, and then  
Happy be thy lot.

Oh, never can we know how dear,  
Each loved one is, till we have known  
The deep regret, the bitter tear,  
That comes when those loved ones are gone.

Useful and steady may thy life proceed,  
Mild every word,  
Good natured every deed,  
Never with one thou lovest contend,  
But bear a thousand frailties  
From your friend.

Remember me is all I ask,  
And, if remembrance be a task,  
Forget me.

# JACOB FAITHFUL.

## A Rather Cantankerous Epistle From the Old Gentleman.

I knew that pride would have a fall. I was sure of it. I had got no many compliments and felt so good, that I was sure it would not last. And sure enough JACOB has got it hot and heavy, but not more so than he deserved. The friend who writes does not sign his name, nor give his post office, but that does not matter. He is grieved to find that JACOB is an "infidel" in heart, and after masquerading for a while in borrowed garments, is now coming out in his own clothes and colors. The ground taken for this is that JACOB called the Salvation Army "a parcel of fools." Now that was too bad, and JACOB is really sorry if he gave any good man or woman pain. It is to be remembered however, that in the connection in which the expression was used reference was had exclusively to the drumming and singing and jumping and singing, or rather shouting on the public streets, of those excited friends, to the great terror of horses and the great wonderment of little boys. JACOB has no wish to be hard on any one, but the precept is scriptural and proper. Let everything be done decently and in order. If the Salvationists have been successful,

### I AM GLAD OF IT.

but I am sure they are successful not because of the hideous noises they make, but in spite of them. By all means let every one do as much good as he or she can, but frightening horses, with what by courtesy, is called band music may be ridiculed without one being set down as one of the wicked?

JACOB is very much obliged to his friendly mentor, but must protest against being cased with the emissaries of Satan. That was too hard for standing up for freedom of speech, even though not particularly admiring the man pleaded for. It is ten chances to one that JACOB will be over to the church spoken of. In fact he has been there and hopes to be again. One thing is very evident in most churches, and that is the great want of reverence on the part of many of the professed worshippers. JACOB knows right well that there may be outward decorum and reverential conduct when there is not much else. Quite true, but even as a form, it is better than the gawking immature carelessness often displayed in church. Look at how people often come in! Were it at a theatre, or a meeting to listen to nigger minstrels, they could not be more frivolous looking. I have actually seen persons sitting with their hats on till the minister came in, looking round to scan every new comer and talking familiarly to those in the same pew, nay,

### EV EN LAUGHING QUITE UNDISCREETLY.

Perhaps I may have been unfortunate in the churches I have frequented, but as a matter of fact, I have always been specially scandalized by the behavior of both men and women in the choir. Fronting the congregation as they generally do, and behind the minister as they generally are, they seem to take a special pleasure in all kinds of fooling, and light behavior. The smallest thing is sufficient to set them off on a broad grin and the signs and winks that go on among them is simply shameful. I have often thought of telling the ministers, but poor men, they have enough to bother them without any thing more being laid on their shoulders. The elders and deacons, however should really look after the choir business. One can see the notes passing from one to another all the time of service and occasionally they seem to carry on conversation by

writing on the fly-leaves of their Bibles. The fact is that, as too often conducted in Toronto and elsewhere, the praise service is not worship at all. It is simply a mockery of a performance. I could mention popular churches but I don't want to give pain but to bring round reformation. It is clear in any case that the smaller and poorer churches are not the great success. It is said that on the other side the members of the choir have become so free and easy that they walk out out and lie on the grass when their services are not wanted. Canadians have not got that length yet, but they evidently soon will.

When I am speaking of these things it is just as well to notice the fact that in a great number of churches singing is left to the choir almost altogether. It seems to be thought unfashionable to sing. Old and young keep their lips hermetically sealed and the idea of the whole thing being a performance comes to be the more evident and more painful. When there are solos and voluntaries this is more manifest still. In short JACOB thinks that if organs and choirs result in the congregation remaining silent as if listening to a concert or an opera singer the gain of such things is more than questionable. Better the old precenter and the former hearty though not perhaps very accurate congregational singing. One of the churches to which JACOB sometimes goes is more or less bothered with all the things already mentioned and in addition is distinguished for a general slowness that is positively painful.

Any one would laugh to see the way the choir and the congregation get up to sing. It is a clear case of every one waiting for his neighbor. There is

A LAQUID DEADNESS ABOUT THE PROCESS that is positively painful, and the singing when it actually comes is in correspondence. It is most emphatically music "long drawn out," but, oh, dear me! it is tiresome. There is no heart or life in it, and all is on the dead level. They would sing a death dirge and a wedding march exactly in the same way and with the same deep unalterable monotony. It is one dreadful "Brief life is here our portion," all the time without apparently the slightest expectation of ever getting to the "careless life beyond."

It would be difficult to say how JACOB has this morning got so much into a church and somewhat querulous tone. It is true, however every word of it, all the same.

Of course I was at the unveiling of George Brown's statue. It was a somewhat cold and cheerless business. I might be wrong, but I thought the proceedings had a hollow ring of something like insincerity about them, and that all were glad when the thing was over. It is a risky thing for contemporaries to put up statues. In due time posterity may give them little thanks for their labors. Of course Sir John Macdonald will also in due time have to figure in our Walhalla, and the hearty abuse, as in the case of George Brown, will be turned into hollow praise. It may be all very well, but JACOB does not take much stock in such proceedings. It is too often the case that men bustle about

### DOING POSITIVE HONOR

to individuals whose heels when living they would very willingly have tripped up had they thought they were thereby likely to serve their own selfish purposes.

The Chiniquy meetings if still held must be now left undisturbed. Anything else was a great mistake, and the rufianly galoots must have got a hint from headquarters not to proceed. It is no way to answer an opponent who does not believe in transubstantiation by breaking his head. The head may be broken and the man sent to the hospital, but the question at issue is after all as far from settlement as ever. Nay, except to be sure, the man that resorts to such things throws up the sponge and confesses defeat. What better were those raving, shrieking, murderous fools in Montreal than the crowd that cried long ago, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Not a whit. The one were as heathenish and un-nurtured as the other. Any one can shout and swear and throw stones. But is that argument? Or is that the way that any

"God" at all would wish to be defused? No, no, you bellowers in physical force and broken heads for the honor and glory of "Je bou dieu." All that sort of thing won't do. If you don't like to listen to what people say don't go near them. But if you do, have it's goodness not to be fools, but to be silent or come away. Blustering and bullying and breaking heads are poor arguments. At least so thinks JACOB.

## OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

### For Bible Students.

No Money. Try Your Skill.

NO. XLI.

Our return, for a short time, at Mr. Wilson's suggestion to the bestowal of three prizes each week, has brought us a perfect deluge of letters. Such a process of reading and winnowing we have not had for many a long day. We welcome back many old correspondents and not a few new ones. Perhaps No. XXXVIII was rather too easy. It has bothered a good many, however, though the answers of a large number are correct. The correct ones are so numerous that we cannot even begin to give their names. The correct answers are as follows:

New Jerusalem. Heb. xi, 8, 10, 10.

Rev. xxi. 2.

Rev. III. 12.

1. Nurse, Ruth iv. 10; 2. Sam. iv. 4.
2. Esau, Gen. xxv. 29-34, Heb. xii. 16.
3. Wares, Ezek. xxvii. 16-19.
4. Jaal, Judges iv. 17-21.
5. Elam, Gen. x. 22; xi. 1.
6. Release, Deut. x. 1.
7. Ulam, 1. Chron. viii. 40.
8. Saul, 1 Sam. xv. 9.
9. Amen, 2 Cor. i. 20.
10. Law, Job i. 17; Gal. v. 1.
11. Ear, Isa. lv. 3.
12. Meal, 1 Kings, xvii. 14-16.

The successful competitors are:

Ernest Grigg, Hamilton; C. A. Muttlerberger, St. Catharines; Edward James, Toronto.

These friends can have a copy of Cowper's poems or any other one on the list, upon forwarding to Mr. Wilson 12 cents for postage.

Might we ask again that no communications on business be sent to us. We have some complaining of the irregularity of the arrival of their paper; others asking for back numbers to be sent, for which they are willing to pay, etc. Now frankly, we cannot charge our memory with these commissions. Write to Mr. Wilson directly, and he will no doubt make everything right.

Let us just say here how much we have been pleased with the care shown in writing, and the amount of research in many cases gone into. Some of the writing was simply beautiful and the remarks showed a thoughtful intelligence that was very gratifying. All cannot write as well as some, but all can write carefully at any rate.

For XLI we give the following double acrostic, initials and finale.

"Righteous" to stand the written word; Both righteous found before the Lord. Both, in life's walk, touching the law "Marmecus." Strange then that when he saw The radiant messenger, and heard Of coming bliss so long deferred, Faith wavered. But the Lord's wife Filled with the spirit who is life, Joyful through hope, by faith bolstered, Thankful the voice from Heaven received.

1. Father of two beloved ones His name yet breath in his sons. Most, for with spirit nothing loth, Knowing them called, he gave them both.
2. "City where David dwelt" of old Still on each heart (all, ebb and ebb) The "woe" by prophet's voice pronounced, On thee who David's son denounced.

3. His son the woe must also speak, Which sin upon their head shall wreak, Who follows her, forget their Lord Yet avert, for Zion is restored.
4. Ah! woe the oath at random spoken, The promise which was better broken, Whose daughter claimed the monarch's word And such a ghastly boon preferred.
5. His course who in the temple served; Whose faith that little moment swerved; But shone forth brightly when he praised Him, who salvation's horn hath raised.
6. Behold his race are faithful still, Abstaining at their father's will "Judah" my prophet's cry to thee Yet hearken not to sons to me."
7. "Fulfill your work, your daily task," "Leave to do sacrifice we ask." What scornful taunt returns the King To those who this petition bring?
8. Long have the waters o'er the land Frowned; Water on every hand. What Mountain summit now may bear The ark and those who refuge there?
9. Another man from God is sent, In place of one too briefly lent, To Earth; the mother's heart is filled With comfort and her grief is stilled.

We claim the right of deciding upon the relative merits of all the answers both in the way of accuracy, priority in sending, carefulness in writing, etc. We cannot, we think, be swayed by any conscious or unconscious prepossessions, for of all the letters we receive we can safely say that for the last week or two we do not know personally one of the writers. They are as much shadows to us as we to them.

EDITOR OF ENIGMA.

## FOR AND ABOUT LADIES.

Among Miss Astor's jewels is a necklace of four rows of pink pearls, lovers' knots of rubies and sapphires separating the pearls at every tenth pearl.

Lady Tennyson, who writes a bold running hand, has for many years written and signed the replies to all letters addressed to Alfred Tennyson, autograph requests included.

Count Gleichen, a cousin of Queen Victoria, who has been making a bust of Mary Anderson, says that doubtless his relationship to the royal family has been in his favor, but it could have done nothing for him if he had not had the making of a sculptor in him.

The gossips are having a dreadful time picking out a lady suitable to be mistress of the White House for the next four years. A terrible fear is beginning to shape itself that Gov. Cleveland may yet have to decide this perplexing question for himself.

People who say that because Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt knit Mrs. Vanderbilt's stockings there is to be a stocking-knitting craze all over the States, forget that it has been the fashion for some years now for ladies to knit silk stockings for the gentlemen of their families.

The next brilliant wedding in England will be that of Lady Esmyntrude Russell, daughter of the Duke of Bedford, with Sir Edward Malet, pleasantly remembered in New York and Washington Society, and recently appointed Ambassador to Berlin, where, as in London, the union is looked forward to with great interest. The Duke gives his daughter the handsome dot of \$750,000. The English colony in the German capital are building up great expectations as to the entertainment that will, in due course, be given at the British Embassy.

That great marriages run in great families is proved by the grand weddings of the present year, and also by general reference to the pedigree. The Duke of Westminster has five sisters who are peeresses. The Earl of Leicester is almost equally fortunate in the marriage of his daughters, as the six sisters have become (by marriage) the Countess of Dunmore and Leitrim, Viscountess Powerscourt, Anson, Lewisham, and Lady Hesper. Lord Howard of Glossop has three daughters who are peeresses, the Marchioness of Bute, Countess of Londonderry and Lady Herries.

The wedding dress of Lady Millicent St. Clair Erskine, just married to the Marquis of Strathfield, was worthy of the future Duchess of Sutherland. It was of a white satin, the edges of the long plain train being outlined with embroidery of pearls and silver, and the front being so heavily wrought with this embroidery of pearls that it seemed to be covered with clusters of flowers; mingled with this was a great quantity of superb old Brussels lace, and on it all a full veil of the same lace, while the only ornament was a necklace of Oriental pearls, the bridegroom's gift.

## Ladies' Department.

### FASHION DECREES.

The new woollen lace that is so much used is called "guipure de laine," and looks well on children's dresses or on tea-gowns.

A fichu intended to be worn with the open zouave bodices has a collar of white ribbons, over which lace is turned up. The front is long and graduated towards the waist, the lace being turned back upon it from either side in plaits over ribbon, which can be colored instead of white.

Three new varieties of roses will be in demand this season. They are known as the Sunset, Southern Belle and Countess Pembroke. The first-named is a large and fine tea rose, the second a delicate light pink tea rose and the third resembles the La Franco rose, save that its petals are pink on their inner and outer sides.

An exquisite tea-gown to which Hayward has given the name of "Dolce far niente" has the whole front made of "guipure de laine" lace, with runnings at intervals of dark crimson ribbon. The dress itself is of very warm white material called woollen velvet, with collar and cuffs of dark crimson. It can be made up in any two shades.

The latest freak of fashion is to wear ugly ornaments—half-sledged chickens and equally decollete ducklings of tender age, miniature squirrels for bonnet and muff adornment and rabbits nibbling at green satin cabbage. Canaries are stuffed and mounted on wire and perched on the shoulder or on the open bodice of a dinner dress. One lately seen carried in its little beak a branch of leaves rendered in diamonds. A bunch of canaries was fastened on the skirt of the dress with which this was worn so as to appear to be holding the folds of black lace together.

A lovely theatre costume is made of nonpareil velveteen in a pale shade of fawn. The skirt is made to fall in careless looking folds, and edged with a thickly plaited flounce—the top turned back to show the lining of tea-rose silk. A tight bodice made entirely of tea rose silk, with zouave over-bodice of the velveteen, lined with the pink silk. The over-bodice is sleeveless, so that the pink sleeves show, and these are slashed at the top of the arm with velveteen. A short dolman cape of velveteen, warmly lined with the tea-rose silk quilted, the dolman edged with soft fawn-gray fur.

There is a new collar and fichu combined that is very "chic." The shape is called the "Manon," and is square, some of them being very large and others smaller. A handsome one is of cardinal velvet, the corners embroidered in gold in an open-work design of butterflies. Fastened under the front of the "Manon" is very fine lace of a pale lemon color. This forms a fichu which is gathered in at the waist and falls a little below it. The color of the lace harmonizes with the gold embroidery. This can be worn with the plainest black silk or velvet walking dress and brighten it sufficiently to wear as a dinner-dress.

A rich outdoor toffet is composed of grenat tinted woollen fabric, serge, fine cloth, cashmere or corded silk, and velvet of a deeper hue for the trimming. In dead-leaf green with velvet to match, the same dress would look equally well. The skirt formed with narrow tucks, bordered with velvet, and the latter resting on a plisse of the dress fabric, the bodice gauged at the waist and in folds at the neck, so forming a full front; an end of ribbon velvet is fixed at each side and then tied in a loose knot with long loop, and ends in front. The front of the skirts looped up in folds at the side, and at the back graceful drapery. The neck finished with a band or collar of velvet, ornamented in front with two loops and ends. Sleeves bordered with a band of velvet. Bonnet of grenat velvet, bordered with two quillings of lace to match in hue and trimmed with a light grenat feather fastened at the side under a cluster of nectarines.

### Woman's Usefulness.

How queer things are in this world! I really believe there is an extra twist that kinks things out of shape terribly. Talk about woman's sphere! Just as if there was something new for them to do! Why cannot they be contented to do what God designed them to do without making such an

overlasting "hullabaloo" about it? I take it that a woman's mission is pretty much the same as it was 50 or a 100 years ago. I admit the times are changed; one can see that with one eye open, but I am not sure that the woman of 1884 are one bit more contented or happier than their grandmothers were in their days. They did with their might what their hands found to do, and were happy in doing it. Big families were the fashion then, and the girls were just as useful as the boys. Nobody sighed over the future of the poor thing when a baby girl was born, and groaned because another girl was added to the flock. No, the eighth girl was just as welcome as the first and made just as comfortable. Yes, the times are changed, and the babies are not looked upon, nor do they meet with, the same feelings of welcome that they used to do. "Such a care! so much work!" Just as if the poor forlorn duckling had no sort of business to enter this world, and there was no place for it made ready.

One thing is certain, and there is no dodging it: babes will be born and some of them will live and grow up to womanhood as well as manhood, and there is a place for them, and there is work enough for them to do, too, if they will only see it. There is no need of hunting round to find a mission, for every living person has a mission prepared ready for them if they will accept of it. It may be just a common place, everyday duty. If such duties are well performed, it is just as honorable and praiseworthy as if she had gone on to the platform as a public speaker, or entered the bar as a lawyer. There is no station in life in which a person cannot be useful if they have the desire to be so. There is a discontented restlessness that makes people out of sorts with common duties. Girls are not suited with quiet vocations; they are anxious to make their mark in the world. They want to be "celebrated." They are not content to be ordinary, it is not enough to hear their sentence, "She hath done what she could;" they want something grandiloquent pronounced over them; to have their names and memory immortalized! Now this is all nonsense! If you are to do something wonderful and good the opportunity will present itself without running after it, or folding up the hands and waiting for it. Not one woman in a thousand (or man either) does anything so magnificent as to immortalize their memory through posterity, if they can embalm it in loving hearts it all they ought to hope for or expect, and is enough. To be useful and happy in the station which God has been pleased to place them, as what they in bounden duty ought to be, and if more is desired it will only make them unhappy. It is not for a woman to hew out paths from rocky places; but to walk quietly in the path before her, whether it leads her to dark places or up the heights of immortality, for in the path of duty one very seldom stumbles.

### The True Bread-Keeper.

The two names lord and lady take their names from a loaf of brown bread. Lord means bread-winner; lady, bread-keeper. Can you conceive of anything more simple, and yet more significant, than the keeper of the loaf? What a contrast between the old Anglo-Saxon Lady and the ladyship of no leaves—the ladyship of idleness and ease. This is the sham ladyship, which in all ages has lured the weak-minded moths who are attracted by its glitter. The home is the foundation of all life. Either in the true home shall the world be saved or with it shall the world come to destruction. Domestic economy will secure a sound political economy. The first concern of life should be the home. Young people think of a brilliant marriage and a wedding tour without a thought of carpet-sweepers or boiled potatoes; and yet a badly cooked dinner or an untidy home may turn a paradise into a hell. We are not ready to live on moonshine yet. We are very earthly creatures, after all. As love is the breath of life it must be nourished in pure domestic oxygen.

"Who the wife fails of her duty the chill to domestic happiness comes."  
"The young husband expects he hardly knows what. But if the wife seeks the ladyship of ease and idleness, gives her life to the pleasures of society rather than the home, sentiment takes flight. The husband goes to the club and looks into other eyes for the love he does not find at home.

The frost comes, the orange blossom withers, the light goes out. How much of the financial dishonesty is traceable to the display in the parlor and waste in the kitchen! Carlyle was right when he said "Give me a land of bako troughs and take away the banging piano next door." The true lady is an unfashionable conception to-day. The old fashioned home is tottering on the old-time foundation of security and purity. This loaf lady may not have the beauty the young lady has pictured in her dreams. The picture is prosaic. But out of this prosaic table-spreading and bread-saving arises the beautiful fabric of the home. If its failure comes the overthrow of society, chaos, and anarchy follows."

### How French Women Bathe.

Here is a lady habited in dainty scarlet shoes and stockings to match, and a bewitching cap—none of your hideous cilskin—with falling lace and telling little bows of ribbons. Here another, clad in pale blue, with a becoming hat tied under her chin and many bangles on her wrists. The shoes alone are a marvel. How do all these intricate knots and lacings, these glancing buckles, survive the rough and sportive usage of the waves? Who but our Gallic sisters could imagine those delicate blendings of dark blue and silver, crimson and brown, those strange stripes and aesthetic olives and drabs? The costume of the gentlemen is necessarily less varied, though here and there one notices an eccentric harlequin, easily distinguishable among the crowd. And, again, what Englishman would dream of taking his morning dip with a ruff around his neck, a silken girdle, and a hat to save his complexion from the sun? Two amiable persons, dressed in imitation of the British tar, obligingly spend the greater part of the day in the sea. Their business is to conduct timid ladies from the beach and to assist them in their bath. The braver spirits allow themselves to be plunged under the brine; the more fearful are content to be sprinkled delicately from a tin basin. There is also a rower, whose little boat, furnished with life-saving appliances, plics up and down among the crowd, lest, one, more venturesome than his neighbours, should pass beyond his depth—an almost impossible event, as one might say, seeing with what fondness even the boldest swimmer clings to the shore.

### Freedom in Dress.

There are standbys or peculiar institutions of dress in different places very curious and amusing. All over the West, in thinly-settled regions, the women adhere to the long sun-bonnet and the men to an easy-going style of garment which does not vary in fashion. The Arcadians of Louisiana, people who live in the country and seldom visit the cities, preserve a primitive style of dress, though once in a while some one visits the city and introduces a new fashion. There is an amusing anecdote of a woman returning home with a hoopskirt. Such a thing had never been seen in the village and all were wild to procure the new fashion. Hoops were then just going out and a store-keeper made quite an amount of mace by selling off his old stock at increased figures. It is a mistake to believe that only well-dressed people are vain; many a sloven is as proud of his appearance as a faultlessly attired exquisite. The Puritan gloried as much in ugliness of garment as the cavalier in his costly attire, the sans culotte in his disgusting rags as the aristocrat in his lace ruffles and perfumed linen. And how we gradually associate animate with inanimate things! Fancy Mr. Peckwick without spectacles! The noble "Injun" without war-paint and a dirty blanket! John Chinaman sans pigtail! And Cleopatra in an ulster! And a variety of incongruities. We confess to cosmopolitanism; let every one enjoy and adhere to their own ideas of dress.

### A Strange Marriage.

A curious marriage has just been celebrated at Marseilles. The bridegroom is a cripple without legs, a beggar by profession, which he was enabled to carry on by being drawn along by a woman. The pair were always seen together; but few knew that, to

all intents and purposes they were man and wife. A son born of the union growing up apace, the cripple determined to give him a lawful name. The marriage was celebrated at the Mairie before a large concourse of spectators. The bridegroom was lifted from his little box on wheels and placed on a chair while the Mayor tied the nuptial knot. The ceremony over, the bride and bridegroom, the former drawing her, now lawful lord and master along—"the wife shall follow her husband"—proceeded to the nearest wine shop with their witnesses and a crowd of people and there drank to their joint success.

### NOTABLE NOTES.

Beware of the inquisitive woman.

Don't let the children go to bed with cold feet.

"Marrying for money,"—was there ever a greater mistake!

It is not to a girl's credit to be able to state that she knows nothing about cooking.

Are you as careful to bid the members of your own family a cheery-good-morning, as you are the guest who sleeps beneath your roof?

Girls who mourn because the men won't propose should bear in mind that Naomi was five hundred and eight years old before she married.

There are many marriageable daughters of dukes; but the only eligible bachelor heirs apparent to dukedoms now remaining are the Marquis of Harrington and the Marquis of Worcester. Lord Archibald St. Maur, heir presumptive to the Duke of Somerset, is also unmarried. The dukes who are bachelors are Portland, Newcastle, and Rutland. Devonshire and Buckingham are widowers. The Duke of Marlborough is also eligible, having been divorced, as the Marquis of Blandford, a few years ago, but his young affections are engaged.

In this broad land we know of two children, aged ten and five years, who have never been whipped, boxed or slapped. Love, not fear has guided them; their parents have treated them as companions, talking and reasoning with them as if they were grown. Few things, in way of obedience, have been exacted of them; but when they were told that a thing *must* be done, they know there was no escape, though the heavens and earth fell. Were they refractory, a few hours, meditation in bed would bring them to their senses. They have been taught that if they told of their faults they would never be punished or scolded, and their mother sometimes thinks that the rule works too well, for it seems at times as if they did wrong for the sole purpose of telling her of it. As a result of such a training, these children are absolutely truthful in thought and word, fearless, affectionate and just, considerate and loyal to each other and to their parents.

### Leaders of Fashion.

The Countess Walcwska, once maid of honor to Empress Eugenie, is said to have anticipated Whistler's "harmonics" in her dress, which was always black, as she believed that color showed off the beautiful white of her neck and shoulders and the carnation of her cheeks. One day, owing to an accident at a hunt, this lovely and ingenious lady of honor was forced to keep her bed, but she received her friends all the same, and astonished them somewhat by wearing a loose peplum robe of black foulard silk, which showed neck and arms, and pillow-cases and sheets also of the same fabric. The coverlet was of pale pink brocade, bordered with swan's down. This might be termed a "nocturne" in pink and black, and as an impression on certain susceptible courtiers, that its fame reached the imperial ears and Eugenie herself went and had a black silk bed to heighten her own fair beauty.

### A Hint for Housewives.

A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well-polished knitting needle into a deep vessel of milk, and then immediately withdrawing it in an upright position. If the milk is pure a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle, but the addition of even a small portion of water will prevent the adherence of the drop.



**Tid-Bits.**

We would again remind our readers that that we shall be very pleased to receive any contributions, original or selected, which they may think worthy of a place in these columns. Some of our readers have already done so, but we shall be pleased to have many others do likewise.

**'Tis Lamentable to Listen to the Lay of a Late Cycler.**

Riding on a bicycle may all be very nice;  
Hitting on a tricycle may pay for once or twice;  
Riding on a steamboat is purely, simply sweet;  
But for a quiet, calm enjoyment, buggy riding "can't be beat."  
Hitting in a buggy, boys, behind a trotting mare,  
What means of locomotion with a buggy can compare?

Riding on a bicycle you're not allowed a whip,  
And except you're on a "sociable" you cannot use your lip;  
Then riding on a steamboat there's a crowd on every board,  
While you needn't have but two within a buggy on the road.

Riding in a buggy, boys, behind a trotting mare,  
What means of locomotion with a buggy can compare?

Riding on a bicycle's a sort of "Jersey treat,"  
A "sociable" is better, for she may be very "sweet"—  
True, a shady nook or corner on a steamboat you may find,  
But there's nothing beats the buggy when no bicyclist's behind.

Riding in a buggy, boys, behind a trotting mare,  
The devil take the bicycle that can with that compare.  
ZACHARY T.

**The Telephone Church.**

We have a telephone church in our town. The stock has been taken very rapidly. Indeed, there are many people who will take shares in this church that decline to take stock in any other religious enterprise whatever. The far-aways and the stay-at-homes of the old-fashioned parish church are among our most hopeful subscribers.

The plan is a simple one. We have a central office, where are located the batteries and the telephone pulpits. Each stockholder's house is connected with this office. Service is held every morning at eleven o'clock. The choir is stationed at the central office, and consists of a first-class soprano and a cornet. The service is the ordinary congregational form, somewhat syncretized.

The sermon is preceded by devotional exercise; but people who have been accustomed to be late at church, find it hard to give up the habit, and therefore seldom put the receivers to their ears until the sermon begins. We have tried a liturgical service two Sundays, but the only response the minister got was from an Episcopalian lady twenty-five miles away, who faintly whispered, "Good Lord deliver us."

We have an Orthodox circuit and a Unitarian one in our town. The same central office is used, and during the week the wires are connected for business and social purposes; but on Sundays, by the use of a switch at the main office, the two are disconnected, and separate rooms and transmitting instruments are provided for the ministers.

The plan generally works well; but on Sunday, during an exchange with a brother preacher, the Orthodox sender got into the wrong room, and warmed us up with an old blue-light sermon for about fifteen minutes before our preacher arrived. There is occasionally a little complaint; and some on the Orthodox circuit remarked last Sunday that there was a flavor of heresy in their sermon, which must have escaped from the Unitarian wire.

We think there are many decided advantages in a telephone church. We avoid the expense of the erection and maintenance of all church buildings. We are spared all anomalies in architecture and all church debts.

The distinction between dry-weather and wet-weather Christians is obliterated. To stay at home on Sundays, which was once somewhat disreputable, now becomes an agreeable religious duty. The wealthier parishioners can no longer secure for themselves the best pews in the church. The poor can now have the gospel preached to them—if they pay for it.

In the telephone church, we avoid all unchristian and onerous hospitality. You are not expected to be agreeable on Sunday morning, whether you wish to be or not. It is not incumbent upon you to welcome strangers, for by this arrangement all strangers are happily excluded.

Another disagreeable feature which we carefully avoid is the contribution box. That relic of barbarism is remanded to the dark ages of promiscuous generosity.

Ours is not so much a missionary as a trans-missionary religion. All that is needed to convert the world is enough wire and enough electricity. We no longer send preachers to foreign lands. We propose to connect the heathen by the most direct lines with the central gospel at New York. The yearly collections for "foreign missions" will henceforth be unnecessary. The sum thus saved may be profitably spent in perfecting the electric light; for the true office of religion is to be the hand-maid of science.

It must be confessed that there are some who object to the telephone church. They are robbed of an opportunity to show their new clothes, and to gossip about their neighbors. They cannot criticize the minister or laugh at the choir. The validity of these objections is recognized. But the telephone church is yet in its infancy, and when fully perfected may furnish satisfactory substitutes for such desirable privileges.—*Society in A. D. 2000.*

**That Mother-Hubbard Cloak Again.**

They were travelling on the cars; Brown and his friend Simpson. Brown's wife was also on board, but Simpson was not aware of that fact.

At various and frequent intervals the two men had fraternized to the extent of exchanging shots from their pocket flasks, and thereby becoming boozey. Now, when in his cups, Brown became a betting man, and on the present occasion wagered his friend a dollar that he would walk into the next Pullman and kiss the lady sitting there alone, and that she would not object to the proceeding. He said it was a charm he possessed over the fair sex and it never failed to the extent of kissing. Simpson took him up, but thinking better of it, he slyly reconnoitred the Pullman car and finding Mrs. Brown, he felt wroth, and told her the whole transaction, kissing charm and all. As he had evidently lost the bet, he handed over his dollar to her, consoling himself with the idea that he had done a virtuous act in giving the money to the sober wife instead of to the drunken husband, and revenged himself on Brown at the same time. Mrs. Brown was not long in deciding how to act. Speedily calling the old negro waiter to her assistance she bribed him with Simpson's dollar to take her place and receive the coming embrace. She hastily dressed him in her Hubbard cloak, hat and thick black veil and set him with his back to the door in her place. Presently Brown swaggered in followed by Simpson and the guard, who he insisted should be present to see "fair play." Stepping forward behind the Hubbard cloak Brown placed one arm affectionately round the old nigger's neck and gently lifting the front of the thick veil, imprinted a drunken kiss on the cushiony lips and teeth of the grinning African.

"Deah George," croaked the black in response, and Brown drew closer without venturing to look up lest his eyes would tell tales; at last he passed his arm around her waist and ventured to look up and once more raise the veil for another kiss to make the bet certain; but seeing the supposed alteration in his pretty wife's complexion and features, he sprang to his feet shouting at the top of his voice:

"Good God, Maria!!! What's the matter with your face!!!!" and fell back on his seat a sadder but a soberer man.

ROX STAMA.

**Ho Know His Own Hat by the Bow.**

"I'm sorry, very sorry, but there's no avoiding it, for, like the immortal Wash-ington, I cannot tell a lie! Oh, no! Not for Joe! Not I! Well, you see the boss sometimes got just a wee bittie fu—there, its out now—and being long-headed Scotchman, he

determined, 'fu' or no' fu', that he would not lose his new hat this time, of exchange it for an old one in the tavern at the corner, so he turned the bow of the ribbon to the right from the left side to mark it, and phoned it there."

"Well, you see, I know that the Boss's head and mine were about a size, so I made up my mind that I required a new hat if I could get one given to me.

"Come in, Boss, and take a drink," said I, as I met him near the corner.

"Wee pleasure—two o' them," he replied, and we entered. Well, he drank a good many "twas" of hot-whiskey toddy when we had retired to the snug little parlor behind the bar, and observing the change in the position of the bow of the ribbon on his hat, I followed suit and pinned mine on the right side-too. Then I took the pin out of his and skipped the bow back to the left side again and replaced the hat on the table. Presently he took up his hat to depart, put it on with the bow to the right side. The hat would not fit. Then he took it off and examined the bow again. 'It's not mine,' he said. Then he took up the old hat and placing it on his head with the bow to the right-hand side, it fitted exactly. 'Its vorra strange,' he exclaimed; 'but this mon be no awn hat, and that mon be yours, friend,' and he walked off quite contented."

ROX STAMA.

**Their Own Estimate.**

A \$ Mark and a \* were one day left close together on the Imposing Stone, and the \$ Mark coughed in a Pompous way and observed:

"I am constantly used to designate the Wealth of the world."

"And I," replied the \*, as he bristled up in the Promptest manner, "am symbolic of Liberty."

"By means of me," continued the \$ Mark, "the Printer can change 1,000,000 Grains of Sand into \$1,000,000."

"Yes, but Heaven's vaults are studded with Stars, and I am frequently used in Print to represent Unknown Quantities."

"They were still Boasting when the Apprentice came up and Inquired the Cause of the Excitement. Having received an Explanation, he said:

"Both are of so little use that I'll chuck you into the pi case."

Moral.—Any man may set his own value, but the Trouble is to make other men Believe in his Figures.

THEY'D WANT THE PARTICULARS.—A Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity once said to me at a general assembly: "You newspaper men must have queer views of things. You are always looking on and never taking part. Your knowledge and habits of thought must be very circumferential and superficial. I suppose, now, your idea of the day of judgement is that you will have a table off at one side and report the proceedings for the morning paper."

A FAIR OFFER.—A boy was caught stealing currants, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and after much persuasion, suggested: "Now, if you'll let me out and send for my father, he'll pay you for the currants and lick me besides." The grocer could not withstand this appeal.

THAT AWFUL DOY AGAIN.—Little Willis had often stood by the window and watched the robins feed their young. "Ma, did you know our hired girl eats worms?" "No, Willis, of course she does not." "Yes, she does, too. I seed pa a-feeding' her behind the kitchen door this mornin'."

Granny (who has a very promising moustache, to little boy four years old)—"Tut, tut, Willie, ye maun eat the crusts, or ye'll never hae a beard." Little boy—"Did you eat the crusts, granny, when you were like me?" [Granny buys a razor.]

"Don't you think you have a good mamma, to spread such nice large pieces of bread and jam for you?" said an old lady to a little boy who was enjoying his tea. "Yes," was the reply; "but she would be still better if she'd let me spread on the jam myself."

"You make me tired," the wheel said to the bicycle manufacturer. "Was it you that spoke?" asked the astonished manufacturer, "or was it the fault of my big gears?"

The bearings of your remark will take crank in standard literature."

A young gentleman asked a young lady what she thought of the "marringe stato in general." "Not knowing, can't tell," was the reply; "but if you and I could put our heads together, I could give you a definite answer."

An old bachelor recently gave the following toast: "Woman—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age. Bless our stars, and may they always be kept at telescopic distance."

"Trust men and they will trust you," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Trust men and they will bust you," says an ordinary everyday business man.

What a woman said.—"Oh, you needn't worry," she cried; "I wouldn't kiss you even if the freckles on your face were golden guineas!"

Why is a secret like a bank bill—Because after it has once left the teller no one knows how far it will travel.

Why is a box on the ear like a young lady's heart in matrimony?—Because it is given with the hand.

When is a base-ball bat like a society girl?—When it strives to make a hit at every ball.

When is a book like a lover's farewell?—When it is finished with a clasp.

Financial philosophy.—The dividend justifies the means.

Promising affair.—An engagement ring. Outspoken.—An open-air address.

**Speaking the Truth.**

There is, perhaps, nothing more certain in the universe than the fact that "it takes two to speak the truth, one to speak and another to hear," human nature is so prone to distort, to interpret speech according to its own prejudices, to warp the utterances of another, it may be unconsciously, to suit its own views, to supply or omit a word which may change the whole complexion of a remark, or use a punctuation which may set it awry. An idea in passing through the alembic of certain minds suffers a chemical change into something so "rich and strange" that its identity is almost lost, and its original owner would find great difficulty in recognizing its features. As there are none so blind as those who will not see, so there are none so deaf as those who will not hear, who have a natural infirmity which prevents them from translating certain wave sounds as they were transmitted. With the best intentions in the world they either exaggerate or suppress, and perhaps friendship is destroyed, love is mortally wounded, or reputation endangered thereby. Many people seem to think it of very little consequence whether the truth is spoken or not. They tell a half-truth, and feel self-congratulatory, and as if they had acquitted themselves nobly, although there are occasions when a half truth is more deadly than a falsehood, which can be run down, ferreted out, and disposed of. But if we leave Truth at the bottom of the well, there will remain no reality in existence; everything will resolve itself into an unlovely mirage; there will be no such things in all the universe as friendship love and honour; and yet we might judge from the conduct of many that they fancied they could get along very well without their good offices. At times she is really in their way, and they would like to avoid any familiarity with her, and yet be able to command her services when it should suit their convenience; to have, in fact, only a bowing acquaintance with her, which might be ripened into closer intimacy if occasion demanded it. But "the eternal years of God are hers"; there is no escaping her, after all. We may dodge her here and there, refuse to acknowledge her supremacy, but sooner or later we are obliged to confront her, and confess her greatness, her loveliness, her infinity. A witty Frenchman once said that if "he had his hand full of truths, he would open but one finger at a time," and like him many of us seem to fear lest the world should get a surfeit of truth, and believe that homeopathic doses are all its constitution can endure.

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Thirty dollar dolmans selling at \$22.  
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15c Dress Goods for 7 1-2.  
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 30c " " 15c

Every lady should see them. Send for samples.

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Twelve Dollar Ulsters, selling at \$7.  
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 Five Dollar Ulsters selling at 2.75.  
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Children's Mantles, for girls three years old, \$1 up.  
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 Girls' Mantles, from \$2 to \$10.

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Eight Dollar Ostrich Feathers selling at \$5.  
 Five Dollar Ostrich Feathers selling at \$3.50.  
 Two Dollar Ostrich Feathers selling at \$1.25.  
 One Dollar and a half Ostrich Feather selling at 95c.

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15c Dress Goods for 7 1-2.  
 25c " " 12 1-2.  
 30c " " 15c

Every lady should see them. Send for samples.

### Clearing Prices in Blankets, Comforters & Mattresses &c.

Now Hosiery at low prices.  
 Ladies' New Cashmere Hose at 30c a pair worth 40c.  
 Ladies' Extra Heavy Cashmere Hose, all colors, at 50c.  
 Ladies' Fine German Cashmere Hose at 65, 75, 85c up.  
 Children's Fine Cashmere Hose at 25c a pair.  
 Children's Extra Heavy Cashmere Hose, all colors, at 30c a pair up.  
 Children's Fine German Cashmere Hose at 35, 45, 55c up.  
 Ladies' All-Wool Seamless Hose, 20c a pair.  
 Ladies' Fine Lamb's Wool Hose, 30, 40, 50c up.  
 Children's All Wool Seamless Hose, 12, 15, 18, 20c up.

Some special lines of Hosiery in odd sizes are laid out on the counter at half-price. Everyone should see them.

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Ladies' Plush Satchels in all the newest makes and colors at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.25, \$2.50 up.  
 Ladies' Leather Satchels in Tan and Black, 40, 50, 75c, \$1, \$1.25 up.

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15c Dress Goods for 7 1-2.  
 25c " " 12 1-2.  
 30c " " 15c

Every lady should see them. Send for samples.

### Men's Furnishing Department.

The cold weather has now set in, and in order to meet the demands of the public we show a heavy all wool double breasted undershirt at 65c, with drawers to match.  
 Men's fine Scotch wove underclothing at \$1.50 a suit. Men's genuine Scotch underclothing, nicely finished, at \$1.  
 Men's extra heavy Scotch underclothing at \$1.50.  
 Clearing a line of men's ribbed shirts and drawers at 25c.  
 Men's flannel shirts in navy blue and grey colours at low prices.  
 Every mechanic should secure one of those 65c top shirts, worth \$1.  
 Men's Cardigan jackets.  
 A heavy all wool jacket at \$1.  
 Men's navy grey and brown Cardigan jackets \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.50 each.  
 Boy's underclothing from 22c up. Boys' flannel shirts \$1 each. Boys' flannel shirts with lace fronts and collars attached \$1.35 each.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, making this paper, W. A. NOYLS, 115 FOWER'S BLOCK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Ladies who have sewing to do, either put their work out, or buy the best sewing machine they can find. All the public institutions in the city use the light-running and noiseless "Wanzor" O. And we specially recommend the machine because it is more improved and better value than any other sold in Canada. A five years warranty given and all instructions free. Chief office, 82 King Street, West, Toronto.

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 346 YONGE ST.  
 Is showing a very large assortment of Gentlemen's Woolen Underclothing, Ribbed Wool Shirts and Drawers 40c up. Shetland L' Wool Shirts and Drawers \$1.25 up. Cashmere Wool Shirts and Drawers, Merino Shirts and Drawers \$1.00 up. In small, medium and large men's sizes. Boys Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, Boys Plain Shirts and Drawers, Boys' Merino Shirts and Drawers, all sizes. Prices Very Low.

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

## SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

## HEAD

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

## ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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## Music and the Drama.

### The Passing Show.

"This world is all a fleeting show  
For man's illusion given."—*Moore.*

**DREAM TRIP.**—Owing to circumstances over which you have more control than I, and the existence of which, for your sake, I cannot but rejoice at, my letters heretofore will have to deal with the show of the past and the future rather than that which is passing. Hence, although Mr. Dion Doucail and his talented daughter are at present playing at the Grand, I am unable to say anything of them, for the simple reason that my letter is being written before their appearance here.

Of last week's attraction at the Grand I have already spoken. It was one of the most interesting of the many melodramas of which the season has been so prolific, and was presented by an admirable company.

Of the "Bright Lights" which appeared at the People's Theatre during last week it is unnecessary now to say more than that it was by long odds the best variety entertainment seen in Toronto this season. If the management continues to supply such attractions the audiences will continue to fill the house.

Miss Florence Maryat's first appearance in Toronto should have drawn out a larger audience than was present. The second night's audience was better, but by no means commensurate with the merits of the entertainment. The versatility of talent exhibited by Miss Maryat doubtless astonished those who thought of and knew her only as an authoress. That she is an accomplished reader, a superior vocalist, and a brilliant musician, and quite able, of herself, to entertain an audience, was evident enough to those who were present.

It was unfortunate that the performance of "Jairus' Daughter," by the choir of the Jarvis St. Baptist church took place on the evening it did, as, with every desire to be in two places at once, I found it utterly impossible to accomplish the feat. I hear, however, that it was very successfully given. Mr. E. K. Doward's name as conductor is sufficient guarantee that everything that careful and conscientious rehearsal could do would be done to make it successful, and I am glad to believe it was so.

The new departure at our University, of having lectures and entertainments promised to be successful, Mr. R. A. Proctor's lectures, and Saml. Brandram's elocutionary entertainments proving very attractive. The latter gentleman is a most accomplished reader; and his "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" were intellectual treats.

Of the attractions to be presented in the near future, I have already said somewhat. The advent here of two such shining literary lights as Mark Twain and Geo. W. Cable, is an event of more than ordinary interest, and will, doubtless, draw out large audiences; while the appearance of that "King of the Cornet," Levy, is an almost important incident in the musical world, and will, doubtless prove a highly interesting and artistic event. As I have already said, Levy's name alone should be sufficient to draw large audiences, while, accompanied as he will be by a company of unusual merit, the complete success of the engagements could be assured.

The dollar skating rink is still in the full tide of success, the opening of the regular skating season having apparently no effect upon its popularity, while the polo games have proved very attractive. The management have found it necessary to order another hundred pair of skates. I regret to have to announce the death of Mrs. George, the wife of the manager, which took place yesterday morning last. She was very popular with those who knew her; was an exceedingly accomplished and graceful skater, and will be greatly missed by the patrons of the rink.

### Sermons.

#### Edison of the Week.

Lillian Russell is still meeting with much favor in London. She has given somewhat short, but is none the less beautiful.

Bandmann, the clever but eccentric tragedian, is meeting with much success in the States.

Mrs. Langtry will assume the management of the Prince's theatre, London, about the middle of next month.

Mary Anderson waits to appear as "Ingeborg." Her "Juliet" does not appear to have been an unqualified success.

New York critics are by no means unanimous in their opinion of Irving's "Hamlet"; but all concur in saying his conception of a remarkable one, distinctly and absolutely original.

Mr. Fred Warrington, of this city, has been engaged to take the part of the "Pirate King" in a series of performances of the "Pirates of Penzance," to be given shortly in Hamilton.

Emma Nevada, the young American prima donna, who has made such a name for herself in the old world, made a brilliant debut at the Academy of Music, N. Y., and created quite a furore.

Madame Victoria Morosini Schelling-Hulshamp has not set the world on fire by her singing. The attempt to secure public attention by the brief notoriety which her escapade with the coachman gave her, failed miserably, and her career as a public singer was cut short at the very outset.

## A CHINESE FESTIVAL.

(California Correspondence of Truth.)

TRUTH will be surprised to learn that I have been to China, but such is a fact. I spent three days there. I wish I had been to China proper, but at present that country smells too strongly of gunpowder to render a visit very pleasant; so I dropped in upon Chinatown in Los Angeles in this State. The inhabitants had a three days grand religious demonstration. They made the best display I have ever seen in my life. I will try and describe it, but do it justice I cannot. Everything was so strange, yet wonderful that I am at a loss how to describe anything so as to make the picture natural. However, I will do my best. Let me first remind your readers that I cannot possibly overdraw the picture.

In passing through Chinatown I saw real Chinese lanterns for the first time. They are no more like those imposed upon the credulous as the genuine article than chalk to cheese. The paper they are made from is transparent and its texture and colour looks exactly like these of a bladder. They are made in all shapes and the painting on them is very rich; the streets through which I passed were lined with them, and when all lighted produce a very fine effect. For the occasion of which I write a wooden temple had been built which in appearance was grand indeed. About twenty yards to the left of the entrance stood a small enclosure, in which was placed figures representing the Chinese devil and his imps. His satanic majesty had horns about three feet long. He was made of colored paper and about five feet six inches high. On each side of the temple was placed a great god, each fully twenty feet in height. Their dress was gorgeous but so variegated I cannot begin to describe it. Hues of all colours, made of rich silk beautifully embroidered in gold.

Over the door of the temple was a sort of gallery divided into compartments, about three inches square and each one containing within it a perfect scene, not painted, but made of wood etc. It was the most beautiful work I have ever seen. As you proceed you find yourself surrounded with strange sights. First, there, is a white horse made of paper full life size with a Chinese god holding him and a little colt by its side. In this room which is only an ante-room, there are a number of gods. Once inside the building proper, I was perfectly amazed, and stood in open-mouthed wonder. Imagine a fine display of gods, but the wonderland which lay unfolded before me was perfectly bewildering. On all sides were beautiful silk draperies, so richly embroidered in gold that it dazzled the eyes to look upon them. In attards arranged around the walls were

Chinese implements of war of all descriptions. Tables were laid with choice viands—confederatory predominating. At the altars were six priests officiating in some weird service. At intervals they played upon musical instruments, composed of tin, and which consisted of cymbals and drums with only one head, upon which they beat with sticks. Although the instruments appeared rude the sounds elicited were not by any means discordant.

The priests were dressed in dark cardinal inrope with gold embroidery; and were attended by four girls about fourteen years old habilitated in flowing robes of pale blue silk. Around the altar were images, charms, &c., somewhat after the fashion of the Catholic Church. I particularly noticed one large urn made of copper; a magnificent piece of workmanship. On the top of it sat a large dragon. In the urn they burned some sort of sacred wood which is said to be very scarce and very expensive. The smoke issued from the dragon's mouth and from apertures in its side, and emitted a very pleasant aroma. Suspended from the dome of the temple hung an immense chandelier in which was placed myriads of Chinese lanterns enclosed in cut glass globes of variegated and beautiful colors. The most attractive, however, were two large lanterns about five feet high by two feet wide, entirely made of paper and containing each six painted panels and moveable figures. The first represented two roosters fighting with several sporting Chinamen officiating. The birds handle themselves in true professional style and the attendants jumped around vigorously in accordance with the necessities of the feathered war. The second scene represented two Chinamen fishing, each having a crab attached to his line, and performing most amusing antics. Another scene represented two lovers courting, and kissing "over the garden wall" with an irate male parent yelling malediction from an upstairs window. Then the figure of the girl flies into the house, the beau begins to clamber over the wall, and paternal families, who had by this time reached Lathario's vicinity belabored an unmentionable part of his anatomy as it disappeared from view. Around the outside of each lamp was a contrivance something like a miniature "merry go round" which were attached figures roughly cut of cardboard, somewhat resembling those on the borders of colored handkerchiefs and which chased each other round and round. The motive power which kept all these figures moving was generated by the heat of the candle acting upon a revolving paper wheel within each lamp. Truly it was astonishing.

So much for the temple; now for the concerts. The musical instruments besides the tin ones I have already described consisted of fiddles and banjos. The Chinamen sing and play together, but I could hardly describe the effect. The band sounds like so many tin pans and steam whistles, and seemingly every player acts independently, the one making the most discordant noises being awarded the highest honors. It would be impossible to describe the singing, and to appreciate it your readers would have to listen to it. It was simply carsplitting. The festival was honored by a grand procession and the Chinese can give points to any other people in that department. The one I refer to was like a big carnival. The most incomprehensible things and most monstrous and unnatural animals were represented. The processionists carried one flag made of silk, the centrepiece a dark pink bordered with bright green with very rich gold embroidery. The flag is said to have cost several thousand dollars. A noticeable feature in the line was a young girl on horseback dressed like a queen. Following came a squad of men dressed in the uniform of the Chinese army. Their appearance annoyed the French inhabitants who were about to attack them but for the interference of the police. After them came a monster dragon covered with drapery. The head and front part were carried upon the shoulders of a huge Chinaman, while another about five yards behind carried the rear end and worked the tail at a great rate. Boys dressed in fancy colors with balls of bright wool attached to long strings in their hands danced around the dragon belaboring it unmercifully. As the dragon appeared fire crackers were set off. The streets were strewn with bunches of them which were all ignited at once till there seemed to be millions of rockets in the air. The dragon was supposed to fight the fire and charged here and there through the midst of it till the crackers were all exploded. The fire-works

along the line of procession lasted over one hour.

On the last night of the festival the affair was terminated by burning the devil. Shortly after midnight the priests took seats upon a stand at the end of the short street upon which the temple was erected. They placed the devil and his imps in position about twenty feet from the stand occupied by the priests, and between the two places was drawn up a double line of Chinamen. The space between represented the passage from the Chinese Heaven to Hades. White candles were then brought and planted in the ground about two feet apart along the line, and these were interspersed with rows of colored wax candles about two inches apart. At these some kind of holy straw was lighted and burned. The straw did not burn quickly, but smoldered like a cigar. Then tons of paper were brought out, of various colors, and placed in heaps about three feet high. Next came great dishes of Chinese lish placed close to each other just inside each row of papers. Before the devil was placed a great dish of pork. The candles were replaced as they burned out, the priests all the while performing novel imposing ceremonies. These orgies lasted till 4 o'clock a.m. Shortly after that hour the priests left heaven and started for its antipode. They marched down between the rows of candles, paper piles and hash, with the band banging its loudest. The head priest arrived in front of the devil, that monster was seized and placed upon a large pile of wood, which was fired together with the piles of paper. The heat was intense, and although his satanic majesty is supposed to be proof against that element, it proved too much for him, and he vanished in smoke. So the Chinamen of Los Angeles are rid of his hateful presence for at least three years to come, when a like ceremony will again be performed.

I omitted to mention that when the chief priest came opposite the devil he turned his back upon him. That was the signal for the onlooking Chinamen to rush for the tins of hash. Each one seized what he could get at and they fought and struggled like demons. Although it took hours to spread the feast every vestige of it disappeared in five seconds. The piles of wood and paper burned for nearly an hour, illuminating the whole town and overcasting the sky till it looked as if Chinatown and its inhabitants would disappear, like the devil, in a column of smoke.

## A Nice Place for Bachelors.

On Friday morning I looked out of my cabin window to find that we were tied up at the most yellow wharf that I ever saw, and in front of a large, barn-like building. I did not dream that we were at Asuncion, but going on deck found that the barn was the Custom-House for Paraguay, and that when ashore we were in the city of the republica incognita. A very nice little city we found it to be. Not that it is pretty or pretentious, or worth visiting—but it is an enterprising, republican, go-ahead place. Most of the houses are small and old, and are built without any regard to being on the streets. You cannot imagine a more irregular assemblage of houses, but the symmetry with which the public buildings are built offsets this. The President's house, Government house, arsenal, barracks, and Custom-House stand on wide boulevards and, with the exception of the latter, are as well built as the similar buildings in any American city of the same rank. The word "asuncion" you know, is not Spanish for "ascension," as we used to believe when school boys, but for assumption, and in the case of the Paraguayan city is well bestowed, for it is not often in South America that there can be found a city that is more assuming politically, socially and generally. Appropriations are voted by Congress and that body always fixes the salaries of the officials. The President receives \$6,000, the Vice-President, \$5,000, the Ministry, \$1,500; Congressmen, \$500, and Judges of the Supreme Court, \$150. The population is about 300,000; and what is strange about it is that there are only about 30,000 men and 270,000 women. Of course the females are the farmers, producers and laborers. They work slavishly and are very poor. While the men sit at home and drink and smoke, they indefatigably toil and support the families.



## Health Department.

### CHOLERA MORBUS.

BY ROBT. SPROULE, M.D., B.A. TORONTO.

In Europe cholera is still making terrible ravages among the inhabitants of the Southern States, especially those of Southern France and Italy, and there is every fear that, with the return of Spring, we may be brought face to face with it not only in the United States, but in Canada also; and what that means only those who are personally acquainted with its horrors can form any conception.

The writer of this article was for two years (1870 and 1880) in charge of the Government Commission on Cholera and Fevers in Upper Assam and Bengal—British India—especially in the tea and indigo districts, and had then and previously ample opportunities of becoming minutely acquainted with these diseases, as seen, as one might say, in their own homes; such a saying would be true, for in many parts cholera is endemic and fevers are constantly present.

Cholera is always found most virulent and most prevalent in low damp situations where the air is loaded with a "muggy" or "gummy" dampness, foul to the nostrils and stagnantly "close" and warm, such air, in fact, as we find in low swampy places where agues ripen during the hot months and in crowded lanes and alleys, where filth predominates in our towns and cities. But Cholera is no respecter of rank, when once introduced it attacks the rich and luxurious whose systems have become weakened and enervated by dissipation or excesses almost as readily as the poor, filthy and starving. Nor is it confined to these two extremes of society; all are liable and all suffer more or less during an epidemic, though it cannot be denied that had cholera only to deal with the strong and vigorous and were both extremes above referred to, absent, the disease would be easily stamped out, if introduced among us at all. And though these two classes think they are very distinctly sundered, yet in many points they have things in common and none more so than in the matter of diseases; and of their common sufferings from this source, instance gout, —apoplexy—cholera, etc., etc., all complaints of the luxurious and of the indigent—both of them, alas, only with too good reason classed as the suicides of society in general.

It is but a platitude to preach moderation in our eating and drinking, our work and our rest, but there is more in moderation than there is in the prevention of disease and especially in the resisting of an epidemic such as the one with which we are now threatened. It is moderation in cleanliness, or rather the absence of moderation in the use of the scrubbing-brush and in the so-called-house cleaning. I could mention many an untimely death brought on by constantly damp floors, and many an attack of fever and epidemic attributable to the same cause; and yet these very persons will wear the same underclothing from one year's end to the other, never thinking of washing it, and some times never changing it. If the skin and the underflannels got one quarter of the scrubbing which the floors received, and the floors were let alone half the time, we would run less risk of cholera. Again, a water filter should be in use in every family and dry earth or coal ashes should be freely used in the closets where water-closets or earth-closets are not in use. Dry earth is a powerful disinfectant and should be kept always ready for use. Coal ashes are not so good but answer as a substitute when the earth cannot be procured. But Spring is yet a long way off and what are we to do in the meantime? Spring is yet far off, yet cholera may be near at hand, for though it is in the hot months of June, July and August that we have most to fear, still it is not an absolute respecter of Jack Frost, as instanced in almost every attack which visited England. That country has had four epidemics of cholera

up to the present time viz. in 1831-2, 1848-9, 1853-4, and 1865-6. The first two attacks began in October and each lasted fifteen months—each followed a bad wheat crop, and was most fatal during the wheat harvest of the following year. In the first attack 52,547 persons perished in the United Kingdom. In 1848-9 the deaths from cholera and diarrhoea, in England alone amounted to 84,081, of these 65,181 were of undoubted cholera. In 1853-4 from cholera and diarrhoea 69,759 people died in England and Wales. In 1865-6 56,370 perished from those two diseases in the same places. By reference to these dates it will be seen that in every instance the disease remained through the winter in England to break out in the succeeding spring and increase with the summer, then die out and disappear. With an open winter then, we are liable to have cholera at any time, though I hardly think it probable that even cholera would face an ordinary Canadian winter, yet we must remember that we have the whole eastern seaboard of the States to fear when the winters are no hindrance to the admission of the disease, and prepare accordingly. Sanitation should be (but is not) in such a condition that no additional precautions would be necessary. Removal of nuisances promptly, good drainage, pure water supply in abundance. Strict supervision of lodging houses and tenements. Abolition of privy pits, first having cleansed them. Personal attention to our own back premises and an eye to our neighbor's too, to see that we are not injured by his carelessness, frequent inspection of suspected houses, taverns and public conveniences. And a general attention to the dwellings and surroundings of all classes. The special preventive measures are, a careful lookout for imported cases and infected ships or material of any kind and provisions for thorough isolation and disinfection. The individual precautions are, shun the infected locality, avoid all imprudences of every kind; stale fish or meat, shell fish, bad or unripe fruit, or uncooked vegetables, or an article known to the individual to bring on diarrhoea and be indigestible. Over work, over sleep, excess of every kind, long fasting and the use of purgatives are all to be condemned. Acquire a healthy and vigorous frame of body and mind; cultivate cheerfulness, wear a broad flannel belt next to the skin and drink only tea or coffee etc., etc., or water boiled and filtered with a few drops of dilute sulphuric acid added to it or the sulphuric acid lemonade, and there is little individual danger of cholera, even during an epidemic and in infected regions. Of course personal cleanliness is always necessary, whether cholera be present or not. And now as to the manner in which cholera spreads from person to person and from place to place. Cholera is not directly contagious, or at most but very feebly so. Medical attendants, nurses, and those even who wash the clothing stained by cholera discharges if they take ordinary precautions do not contract the disease. Again, those who use the same water, if that be tainted with the poison of cholera though they never saw each other or a case of cholera, will contract the disease, as seen in the attack of 1866, when those of the east end of London who used the water of the River Lea only were attacked and others passing daily among them but not using this water escaped altogether. But there was one which as far as I am aware, I am the first to mention publicly, and which to some extent accounts for the spread of cholera by travellers, viz: that although cholera is not contagious as producing true cholera, contact brings on diarrhoea, and if water becomes contaminated with this discharge, malignant cholera is the result; the poison or infection is in fact fully absorbed by the skin, etc., is thrown off by the bowels in which process becomes intensified to the extent of producing true cholera if introduced into the alimentary system by water or in any other way. Again, while heat and moisture and low damp situations favour the spread of cholera and the converse conditions retard its progress, yet it has been known to prevail in cold climates and during cold weather and in high and dry situations. No soil or elevation or climate can be said of itself to afford absolute immunity. In India malignant cholera has prevailed at various times in an epidemic and endemic form for centuries in various parts, but till the year 1817 it was mostly confined to the poorest class of the natives who were filthy in their habits, badly covered and half starved. In that year, however, a dreadful epidemic

broke out among the British troops and for seventeen years ravaged the land with pestilence and death. Sir Archibald Alison says in the History of Europe (vol. vi. p. 181): "After the signature of the treaty of alliance with Scindia, on the 5th of November, 1817, the cholera, then for the first time known in British history, broke out with the utmost violence in Lord Hastings's army, and from the very outset committed the most dreadful ravages. The year had been one of scarcity, the grain was of inferior quality, and the situation of the British cantonment low and unhealthy. Everything was thus prepared for the ravages of the epidemic which soon set in with terrible severity. For ten days the camp was nothing but an hospital, in one week 794 soldiers and 8,000 camp followers perished. At length the troops were removed to higher and more airy cantonments, and upon this the malady ceased—a memorable fact for the instruction of future times."

We are forced to conclude from the thousands of illustrations which have occurred, that in most cases the poison of cholera is introduced into the system by the drinking water, or by the air in the form of floating particles or germs, or food and swallowed, but recent evidence overwhelmingly points to the drinking water, and this too has been my own experience. But touching on this matter of impure water, there is another supposition, and a very reasonable one, which is that any impure water, though not contaminated with cholera cells, or whatever it may be, (for I have little faith in Professor Koch's germ theory) if drank "predisposes" to cholera, though it cannot absolutely produce the disease, probably by producing a constant tendency to diarrhoea, which favors the ready action of the specific poison. Be that as it may, the lesson we should learn is patent—water should not be used without caution and never without filtering it first for drinking purposes.

Should cholera visit us I fear it will find ready victims in Canada and the United States. Still it is a matter for congratulation that sanitation is even now at the eleventh hour, attracting widespread attention, and with ordinary precautions and a little care we at least in the North have little to fear. Should it unfortunately put in an appearance, means for the most rigid isolation should be ready and waiting for the very first case, and no consideration of wealth or position should be allowed to interfere with it. Remember that with a temperature below zero cholera attacked Russia, and hundreds of thousands miserably perished.

I will now make a few remarks regarding the treatment of this dire disease, but before proceeding to do so, I may inform the general reader, that during an epidemic of cholera as of many other malignant diseases, the commencement, is, as a rule, the most fatal period, and they who are then attacked are in much greater danger than those who suffer towards the termination of the outbreak. The doctor is often blamed for the death of so many of his patients at the beginning of an epidemic whereas it is a matter of fact that the disease is then more virulent and consequently more fatal than it is at that any other period of its course—on the other hand there is no doubt that inexperience is then to some extent in fault; and when we remember the training that some of the medical schools and colleges give in this and other diseases not usually found in this country or in Western Europe, we cannot feel surprised that it should unfortunately be so. My own experience has taught me, as the experience of others has taught them, that many of our preconceived ideas and many of our doctrines imbibed in Colleges and Hospitals where cholera patients are not to be found, are erroneous and positively dangerous, and I will here briefly mention a few of the errors into which young medical men are sometimes led by obstinate theorists and inexperienced professors and teachers. They are told that on their early diagnosis or discernment of cholera from a simple attack of diarrhoea will greatly depend their future success in treating the patient; while *per contra* experience shows them that the safe and only safe procedure during an epidemic of cholera is to be looked forward on all attacks of diarrhoea, be they ever so mild, as incipient cholera and treat them accordingly; not waiting one moment for the development of pathognomonic symptoms or distinctive signs, but acting promptly and decidedly in stopping the diarrhoea and relieving the vital exhaustion; probably the beginning of a fatal attack of cholera, for it is a disease which must be taken by the forelock and the loss

of time means in all likelihood death to the unfortunate sufferer.

Again they are instructed by some who would, alas! ignore the experience of the observant and would force their treatment on a false hypothesis germinated and nurtured simply in the fertile imagination of the theorist. These men say that the diarrhoea is by no means to be controlled, that it is to be looked upon, in fact, as an effort of nature to eradicate the poison of the disease from the system and would have the physician attending assist nature by the exhibition of salines. To this treatment the commission gave a fair and extensive trial and the conclusion was that instead of being beneficial and conservative to life, it was actually pernicious—may, in most cases fatal, the patient though surviving the first or even second stage of the attack nearly always succumbed to the subsequent exhaustion even when beef-tea and stimulants were freely administered.

But the class of cases in which diarrhoea shows itself as a proemission has occupied already more space than can justly be afforded to it in an article such as the present in a lay journal, though it is that form from which we may look for the best results from treatment.

Cholera makes its attack in many and various guises which the space at my disposal will not allow me to enter upon an account of at present, but which I hope to be able to describe in the near future—still it may be here mentioned that the treatment of all forms of cholera should have the same general features, viz., stimulants and resuscitants administered readily and in the most concentrated forms that can be safely and quickly absorbed into the system.

Opium with sulphuric acid, dilute, and good brandy, or if this be objected to, sulphuric ether, is in my experience the most reliable medication. When cholera is present the following mixture should be always ready at hand and will be found highly efficacious: Tincture of opium (laudanum), dr. 1½; dilute sulph. acid, dr. 3; good brandy or whiskey, oz. 2; camphor water to make up to oz. 4. One tablespoonful every quarter of an hour till relief is afforded or diarrhoea stopped. Whenever diarrhoea, even in the mildest form, appears, a dose of this should be given and repeated as often as necessary, and if the complaint appears obstinate or there is increasing exhaustion summon the attendance of a physician without delay (and see that he accompanies you back and sees the patient at once.)

The drink which I found most satisfactory and to agree best in cholera was weak beef tea cold, with plenty of salt or iced milk and water, and I gave either of these ad libitum. I sometimes gave wine or brandy in the drink when there was no objection, and had reason to be well pleased with the result. Rice, arrowroot, boiled milk, sago, etc., etc., with plenty of good soups, and a liberal allowance of sound port wine, were the means employed with quinine tonics to hasten convalescence.

The patient was always confined to the recumbent position, though not necessarily in bed, for a few days after even a very moderate attack.

The duration of an attack of cholera is mostly from three to eighteen hours, but it may last a much longer time, especially if ague is also present.

Doctors should dearly love our good mother Earth, for she kindly hides their evil work.

Station-master, to suspicious-looking old lady who has just entered first-class compartment: "Are you first-class, ma'am?" Aged lady: "Yes, thank you; how are you?"

There is a peculiarity in camel's hair which is worthy of scientific investigation. It continues to grow after it is cut off. While attached to the animal it grows in length, and when cut, it grows in value.

True Blue.—Benevolent lady: "I'm glad to see that you wear a blue ribbon." Crossing-sweeper: "Yes'm; I gets as much in the way o' charity for wearin' on it as buys me a drop o' beer an' such-like comfort."

"Now, darling, will you grant me one favor before I go?" "Yes, George, I will," she said, dropping her lashes and getting her lips in shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?" "Only a little song at the piano, love; I am afraid there is a 'g' outside waiting for me, and I want to lighten him away."

## Current Events.

## Canadian.

Twenty thousand men will be at work on the C. P. R. this winter.

The smallpox outbreak in North Hastings has been thoroughly checked.

Mayor McCammon of Kingston died at five o'clock last Saturday morning.

Mrs. Boutel, the Quebec murderess, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

In North Hastings, near the C. O. R., large deposits of iron are said to be defined.

The fatal railway crossing is still doing its deadly work, no one being to blame, of course.

Jas. Ridley, shantying on the Madawaska, has been killed by the falling of a tree which he was engaged in cutting.

The value of lumber shipped to Europe from the port of Quebec during the season just closed aggregates \$5,692,578.

The trial of Garner, the notorious "fence" promises some sensational developments, a number of Torontonians being implicated, according to his confession.

Sam Donnelly, driving over a floating bridge near Alliston, was drowned recently, together with a team of horses. His body was found three or four days after.

It is said that capital has been obtained in England to build a branch line from the C. P. R. junction at Smith's Falls direct to Montreal, shortening the distance considerably, and cutting off the Ottawa route if accomplished.

An interesting point of law is to be decided at Montreal in the case of John Simpson, who has entered an action for damages against his landlord for letting plaintiff a dwelling house in such an unsanitary condition that he lost three members of his family by death with typhoid fever.

At a meeting of the Ottawa Medical and Chemical Association it was decided to take precautionary measures against a possible attack of cholera next summer. It was also agreed to request the Ontario Board of Health to issue short forms of directions with reference to cholera to the various schools and colleges in the province. An arrangement was made to inquire into the prevalence of zymotic diseases.

## United States.

In the consumption of soap per capita the United States lead. Italy is last on the list.

It is alleged that Kate Smulsey, of Fort Plans, is still fasting, and has not tasted food for about eight months. Rather hard to swallow.

Sensational reports are being published of the appearance in Kentucky of an epidemic resembling cholera, and which is devastating counties in the State.

The last session of the forty-eighth Congress of the United States was opened Monday last and President Arthur delivered his last annual Message.

Matilda Franzca Anneke, a heroine of 1843, and refugee subsequently from Germany, died in Milwaukee, where she had been editress of the *Frauen Zeitung*.

Vice-President elect Hendricks has been reported as declaring that while the Democrats can not do away with such geographical expressions as north and south, they can do away with them as political factors.

Two men, digging for medical roots a few days ago on an island in the Susquehanna, dug up a metal box containing coins amounting to \$47,000, including 16,000 Mexican silver dollars, 30,000 gold doubloons, and \$1,000 in small silver coins.

The new anesthetic, hydrochlorate of cocaine, was used for the first time in the Portland, Me., general hospital upon a patient 75 years old. The operation which was the removal of a secondary cataract, was a brilliant success, the patient feeling no pain.

President Arthur has presented, through Minister Lowell, the gold watch and chain bestowed by the American Congress upon the British captain who rescued the crew of the American ship *Ranier*, which was lost off Marshall Islands, in Micronesia last January.

A farmer near Hot Springs, Ark., has been killed by a meteor. On being dug out of the ground where it had buried itself

after passing through the man, it was found to be an iron pyrite, about the size of a tea cup. The people around were considerably alarmed after the occurrence.

Neville, the notorious bigamist, has been found guilty at Toledo. An effort will be made to secure a new trial. The extent of punishment in such cases is ten years' penitentiary. Neville will probably not be sentenced until near the close of the present term of the court. The convicted bigamist, now in jail awaiting sentence, has attempted suicide by dashing his head against the iron grating of his cell. He was seriously injured and may not recover.

## Great Britain.

Prince Albert Victor will shortly enter the Middle Temple as a law student.

The municipal elections in Dublin and Cork have resulted in nationalistic gains.

A chair of Biology has been founded in the recently established University College, Dundee.

There are now about three thousand unemployed men connected with the Glasgow shipbuilding trade.

Rev. Dr. Trench, of Dublin, who has resigned his see, declines to accept the pension of £2,500 to which he is entitled.

The pauper population of England exceeds by some 100,000 souls the entire population of the great colony of New South Wales.

Mr. Samuel Cadwallader Hussey, whose house at Tralee was partly wrecked by a dynamite explosion, has lodged a claim for £1,500 for malicious injury to property.

There is a suspicion in Dublin, that the police who were appointed to protect Samuel Cadwallader Hussey connived at the attempt of the dynamitards to blow up his residence of Edeburn, at Tralee.

During the last four years as compared with the previous four there has been a decline of 34,000,000 gallons in the consumption of spirits in the United Kingdom, equal to a saving by the people of \$35,000,000.

Quite an extensive snow storm prevailed in the northern and midland counties of England on Saturday last. Many inches of snow fell and passenger traffic on several of the railway lines was seriously delayed by drifts.

Sir John Macdonald has been the recipient of a good many honors during his recent trip to England, and his admirers are in consequence highly elated, his opponents, of course, doing their best to belittle the man and the honors.

Britain is preparing a very war like expedition to Bechuanaland. Great activity prevails at Woolwich, preparing stores and ammunition, and several battalions have been ordered to place themselves in readiness for foreign service.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, in a letter to the *Athenaeum*, denies the charge of plagiarism made by Mr. Ashton, author of "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne." He states that he has read Mr. Ashton's work, but never made a note from it.

The Imperial Government will at the next session of Parliament, introduce a bill enabling the Australian colonies to establish a Federal Council, to deal with subjects of common interest to the different colonies apart from questions involved in colonial institutions.

Bernard Coleridge, son of the Lord Chief Justice, is endeavouring arrange a compromise with Adams, barrister, to whom the jury lately accorded a verdict for \$15,000. Mr. Coleridge offered to pay all costs of the prosecution and \$5,000 cash to Adams to finally settle the matter.

In one of the English public schools, a difficulty arose between a teacher and a scholar concerning certain prescribed lessons which were to be learned at home. The case was taken before the Appellate Court, where it was decided that "home lessons set by teachers cannot be enforced."

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, whose son and daughter have lately been attracting some attention, and who once took the opportunity of having a fling at the "Society" journals, is getting paid back in full by Yates of *The No. 10*, who is exposing, with no friendly pen, the inner domestic life of the Coleridge family.

The unsatisfactory state of the British navy continues to engross public attention, and it is believed that the House of Commons will readily pass a vote of £10,000,000, spread over a term of years, to bring the

navy up to a position equal to that of any two other national navies.

On several farms in Kent the wages of the laborers have been reduced by 1s. and 2s. per week, and it was stated at Canterbury market, that many of the principal agriculturalists throughout the country contemplate the adoption of a similar course, unless an immediate improvement takes place in the condition of the corn and hop trades.

At Athlone a man and his daughter, named Lyons, are in custody for the murder of the latter's child. The body was horribly mutilated. The head had been cut off and thrown into a lane, and the trunk, with only one arm attached, was found in a garden. The police searched the room occupied by the prisoners, and found the missing arm, hidden behind a picture hanging on the wall.

The government redistribution bill differs very much from the original draft of the ministers. It extends the principle of single membership to equal electoral districts, raises the population standard of constituencies with two members, and gives a great increase in the number of members from London and other populous centres. The Radicals consider the alterations in the bill satisfactory. Chaplin and Lowther, Conservatives, are forming a group to oppose the present arrangement.

## Foreign.

The Hungarian election resulted in favor of the Government.

Three anti-German papers have been suppressed in Alsace-Lorraine.

Earl Spencer has abandoned his intention of prosecuting *United Ireland* for libel.

The Mudir of Dongola has been invested with the order of the Medjidie of the second class.

The Chinese, embittered by the French invasions, have begun to persecute the missionaries.

The Swiss Government is waging war against the Mormon propagandists who infect the country.

In a village near Rhonne, Switzerland, the inhabitants have embraced the tenets of Mormonism *à masse*.

Abraham, a former secretary of Ismail Pacha, has been expelled from France for mixing in political intrigues.

The Directors of the African International Association have requested Mr. Stanley to reduce his demand for salary to £10,000 per annum.

Lord Wolseley has offered a prize of one hundred pounds to the regiment making the quickest passage in whale boats from Sarraz to Debbch.

It is reported the Madhi is short of provisions, and much sickness prevails among his forces, five hundred of whom have joined Gen. Gordon.

Gen. Gordon has repeatedly repulsed the attacks of the rebels in their strenuous efforts to capture Underman on the opposite side of the river.

Twenty Anarchists in Vienna, convicted of printing and circulating treasonable pamphlets, have been sentenced to severe terms of servitude and imprisonment.

Mr. E. Mullharr, Marum, Home Rule member of Parliament for Kilkenny county, has resigned, because he does not enjoy the confidence of Mr. Parnell.

The reason Zebehr Pasha was sent to Alexandria, there to be under surveillance, is that he is suspected of having been in secret correspondence with the Madhi.

The Jesuit priest Vincentiv has left Dongola on a mission to the Madhi, to obtain the release of several priests and Sisters of charity who have been detained at El Obeid.

Vienna is alarmed over an inexplicable epidemic of hydrophobia, or something similar. No cause is assigned for the outbreak. Some medics think it an aggravated form of hysteria.

Spies report that the forces of El Madhi encamped around Khartoum number between fifteen and twenty thousand men. Cattle and native produce are still procurable for a long distance south of Dongola.

The percentage of votes actually cast at the recent election at Berlin was 75 per cent. in the 1st electoral district, 66 in the 2nd; 73 in the 3rd, 66 in the 4th, 67 in the 5th, and 68 per cent. in the 6th electoral district.

Several members of the German Reichstag

declare that Prince Bismarck's opposition to the proposed payment to the deputes is in the hope of preventing the poorer Socialistic representatives attending the Chamber.

Disaffection is spreading in Ireland. The reports received at Dublin Castle are very alarming. Recruits are largely joining the ranks of secret societies, and the Nationalists openly boast of large recent accessions to their organization.

Mme. Hugues, who shot M. Morin in Paris, is being made much of by the morbid public. She has daily receptions at St. Lazare prison, and hundreds of cards from members of all political sections in the city and numerous floral offerings have been sent to her.

The Italian House of Deputies has decided to depose President Coppino and name members, to express to King Humbert and Duke D'Aosta, the admiration of the chamber at the heroism displayed by their Highnesses during the cholera epidemic in Naples.

The crown Princess Victoria and Prince Bismarck, who have been at loggerheads for many years, have finally become reconciled, the Premier, doubtless, deeming it politic to be on friendly terms with her, who may at almost any moment become Empress of Germany.

It is reported two German men-of-war have anchored in Bay St. Lucia, south of Mozambique, and that the German commissioner informed the Boers of the intention of Germany to construct a railway from St. Lucia to Pretoria, giving the Transvaal access to the coast.

## Religious.

Of the Togo Islanders only the other day, so to speak, cannibals—eighty per cent. are now found every Sunday engaged in the worship of Almighty God.

The Lodiana Mission of the American Presbyterian Board in Northern India, will celebrate its jubilee this month. It was founded in 1834. It is proposed to enlarge the Mission to double its present size.

There is nothing, says Spurgeon, that so enlarges and expands the human soul as an active interest in foreign missions. The idea compasses the entire globe, and lifts the thoughts out of the region of selfishness into that of universal benevolence; besides, the sanction and command of Christ is its impelling impulse.

The Evangelical churches of America are supporting in the foreign field, according to the latest summary, 2,236 labourers. Exclusive of native helpers, the Presbyterian Church (North) maintains 445 missionaries, the American Board 432, The Methodist Episcopal Church (North) 279, the American Baptist 190 and the Moravian 284.

## What 10 cents Will do.

A 10 cent bottle of Polson's Nervilline will cure neuralgia or headache. A 10 cent bottle of Nervilline will cure tooth-ache and sore-ache. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nervilline is sufficient to cure colds, diarrhoea, spasms, dysentery, &c. Nervilline is just the thing to cure all pains, whether internal or external. Buy at your druggist a ten cent sample of Nervilline, "the great pain cure." Safe, prompt, and always effectual. Large bottles at any drug store, only 25 cents.

Difference in Milk. Jones: "What a lot of lunatics there are in this world! A New York idiot thinks he can live sixty days on a milk diet." Smith: "Milk contains all the elements of the human blood. Why do you call that experimenter an idiot?" Jones: "Because he intends to try it with New York milk."

## How They do it.

So called respectable people would hesitate considerably before pilfering your pockets in a crowded thoroughfare. That would be too too. The same discrimination is not indicated by the so-called respectable druggist when that wonderful corn cure, PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR, is asked for. He will pilfer your pockets in the most genteel manner by substituting cheap and dangerous substitutes for the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor. Watch for these gentlemen, and take none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists everywhere. N. O. Polson & Co., Kingston, N. Y.

## MRS. HURD'S NIECE.

SIX MONTHS OF A GIRL'S LIFE.

CHAPTER XV.

BEARING PEACE.

Chief among the fond little home-names Mrs. Gladstone used to have for her only daughter was "little merry-thought." But "little merry thought" was always sure of pleasing her mother; and, for Lois, to be certain of pleasing makes all the difference in the world, it seems.

On this dreamy day, in tone, and glance, and step, she is once more "little merry-thought."

She is still but a dependent here, but she trips up the mansion steps, and slips within the darkened hall like a ray of sunshine—as swift, as bright, as noiseless. She closes the door in joyous haste. On lightest feet she runs up the stairs. She passes softly along the corridor, singing under her breath. She bestows a smile upon each of the closed doors as she goes. She is hastening, not to the two who will most appreciate her, but to the one who probably will appreciate what she has done, without feeling any thankfulness whatever toward her.

But Lois does not put it in this shape. All Aunt Alice's schisminess proves to have made faint impression.

"Aunt Alice is the most wretched, and she shall hear the good news first," she says; in fact she sings it, tacking it absurdly to the verse she has been humming.—"She shall! she shall! she shall!"

Aunt Alice is aware of the light unclosing of her door. She looks up languidly. There the unaccountable Lois stands, peering in upon her with the strangest and brightest of eyes and smiles; evidently upon her the troubles of the house sit lightly. Mrs. Hurd has seldom seen her niece smile; and now with her large grey eyes swimming in a radiant mist, and every feature touched with smiling light, she strikes her as being strangely winning—almost pretty.

Lois still waits a moment, hugging to her heart the thought that she can render that Florida woman happy once more. At last she hurries across the room, and, with a soft little laugh, takes both the weak hands and kisses the cold cheeks.

"I was told to bring you peace, auntie." Enjoying all the astonishment, she perches herself upon the bed-side and relates her news.

"I don't know how it is to be done," she says. But Dr. Guthrie certainly said he would straighten it all, said it in such an earnest way that there cannot be a shadow of doubt about it. I went to him blindly, auntie, walking by faith; it must have been, to ask advice, and, behold, he could do it all himself! I must have been led there. And now if poor uncle could only be made to understand!"

Aunt Alice is stupefied. She knows Dr. Guthrie is a man of wealth, she has no doubt but the news is true. She rises to dress for his call. But to Lois she can say scarce a word. The relief has come through such an extraordinary channel that she hardly knows whether she is grateful. She contemplates the slight, plainly-dressed girl, and feels how embarrassing it will be to owe so much to her. She rebels against such an evident impropriety in matters.

"Why, Hannah might about as properly have taken up Mr. Hurd's affairs!" she reflects, in haughty vexation.

All this passes through her mind during the brief instant in which she says:

"I am very much obliged to you, Lois, I am sure. You have, of course, done us a great service, and it was very kind and thoughtful of you."

As her aunt has never been more to her than a mistress, it scarcely wounds Lois to find her no kinder than a mistress now. It certainly does not occur to her to reflect that here is one of those natures who can never forgive one whom they have wronged.

Mrs. Hurd herself apparently feels she has hardly said all she ought.

"You have been very useful, very," she adds, "and, without doubt, we shall see that you are suitably rewarded."

"Rewarded! Oh, Aunt Alice!" Lois comes back from the door. "Would you speak of rewarding Saidee or Elizabeth? If you would only count me in as one of your girls, Aunt Alice—I don't feel as if I was outside any longer! Oh, auntie, can't you love me a little for mother's sake?"

Mrs. Hurd has the grace to be ashamed of her cold selfish heart in this moment when the tears stand light and large in the eyes of the pleading child. She makes an effort to discharge her duty. She kisses her.

"Pray do consider yourself one of the family for good and all. Consider yourself quite free from all obligation toward us. You have repaid all we have done for you, or can do. I shall seek a maid for Theo as soon as practicable; and you need have no further concern with my many cares. Make yourself comfortable, and in all things consult your inclinations."

No, Lois cannot get here what she so sorely craves—a touch of heart's love, some little sign that she is held dear. She is warm-hearted, but not easily misled. She has not thought once, from first to last, that Aunt Alice felt God had been merciful toward them.

"What amount of sunshine would it take to thaw auntie!" she wonders, as she goes out sobered, and just a little indignant. "I do trust she will thank Dr. Guthrie somewhat differently. How could she take so great a deliverance as if it were only her due, and feel as if she had been wronged beside by the brief delay?"

For though it little affects Lois' own fortunes, she feels like caroling a song of thanksgiving. She stumbles over Theo in the darkened passage. She tosses her up, and kisses her.

"You can hop and skip now, midget! Pays is rich again! The being poor was only a little 'play so,' just to show how unpleasant it would be, just to let us see how good the Great Friend is to us, Theo."

"Why, 'th you rich too, now, co'ntin'?" asks the baby.

"Well, no, I suppose not," laughs Lois, considering for the first time that this piece of good fortune in which she has had such a hand has in reality not put a penny in her own shrunken little purse.

"Why dothn't the Great Friend make you rich too, co'ntin'?" Theo asks. She evidently believes that her sweet maid deserves as good as other people have.

Lois smiles. "Oh, 'co'ntin' don't know. Perhaps cousin is one of the 'sparrows' that the Father chooses to feed day by day. See, there's pussy coming up the stairs with her neck-ribbon all untied!"

She sets the little dear down, and taps upon Saidee's door. She finds both Saidee and Elizabeth. They are sitting before the fire in a comfortable sad sort of way, but they both have a smile for her. She goes straight to Saidee's side and kisses her. She turns more shyly toward Elizabeth. Elizabeth does not look up, but reaches out her hand. As Lois kisses the white cheek, she says softly:

"I was bidden to bring you peace, cousin. I have such good news! You will surely confess a miracle this time!"

Here there is no lack of all the child craves, although one of her listeners says not a word. She, like her mother, is thinking, although with a difference, "How can we owe this girl so much?" She has withdrawn her fingers from Lois' warm hand; and now, while Saidee is saying so many things, tender and inconsequent, she has gone from the room.

"Dr. Guthrie's study—what a queer place to go with money troubles," Saidee says. "And you who are always such a mouse in the presence of a stranger!"

Elizabeth, closing the door, hears Lois' reply. Lately she has had a curiosity to hear whatever this insignificant little body may have to say.

"I really believe, cousin, that God himself directed me there. For I know that I am a mouse, as well as you do, and of myself I never could have had the courage to go."

The heavy crimson curtains are down before the storm-swept windows. In this soft mid-day twilight, while the storm rages without, and an occasional murmur or step reaches them from the sick room, the two girls sit and talk. Lois looks often at her lovely cousin. How unfit she was to have become a working-girl!

"Oh, Saidee!" she exclaims, "how ten-

derly the Father must love you all to have stretched out his arm in such a marked manner to shield you!"

"I am like Elizabeth," Saidee answers. "I much fear I merely feel how tenderly you must have loved us."

"Oh Saidee! He used my love, he used Dr. Guthrie's warm friendship! how can you trifle so with your own faith in God the Father?"

Saidee is not so sure that she is trifling. She feels strangely impelled to talk after her sister's defiant fashion.

"I think it is one of your dear little weaknesses, cousin, to imagine an imposition and a special leading, and the hand of God in each thing that happens to you—I can see, myself, how one might grow into such a habit."

"I am grateful that it is in my own humble daily life I see the hand of God; when it comes so near, Saidee, then I am doubly sure."

"And I suppose, my little gray girl, if you may only see the hand you are content, although it should always reach quite past you, and drop the blessings into the lives of others. For I can't see, in the midst of all your rejoicing, that you have been benefitted in the least."

But Saidee cannot banish the smile of perfect content from the face of the "little gray girl." So she laughs and takes her diary from her pocket and scribbles in it a moment. She shows it to Lois.

"Recipe.—To make a sunny Christian. (Very superior.)"

"Bless them that curse you."

"Do good to them that despitefully use you."

"This recipe was found in an ancient Book. It is seldom tested, we are sorry to say, but when used it has never failed, and deserves to come into far more general use."

Lois smiles deprecatingly. "Saidee, dear," she says, "I don't believe now that you did 'despitefully use me.' And then she confesses all the bitterness she has had on account of that first Sabbath at church.

Saidee forgives her; but the royal, generous nature wonders that so many weeks of pride and persistent wretchedness could spring from a mere suspicion; and tenderly she tells this sensitive cousin that one needs faith in humanity as well as in God.

Lois, silent, with her hand clasped in Saidee's, thinks that very sweetly is she being taught this other lesson—was it only yesterday she was so bitter with all the world? Only yesterday that she was sobbing in Pastor Nelson's study?

Later in the day, when she is at last curled up on the bed in a delicious state of sleepiness, at rest in body and soul, her door softly uncloses, and Elizabeth looks in. Lois, through her closed lashes, sees her pause; then step noiselessly in, lightly stir the fire, drop the curtains, draw the counterpane down about her more closely. As she is about to retire, Lois opens her eyes.

"Please don't go—you have your work-basket, I see. I should like to see you sitting there before my fire."

There is a good deal in poor Lois' tone. Elizabeth feels it all.

As she takes out her sewing, she seems to quite forget where she is; it is half an hour, at least, before she looks up. Then she encounters Lois' soft gray eyes. The loving, admiring, earnest expression seems to disturb Elizabeth; and she turns her chair toward the bed with a gesture that makes Lois smile.

"You must have a remarkable will, cousin Lois, and great persistence, to take from a book a formula of action so directly contrary to the promptings of human nature, and follow it out. But that you should follow it with such evident pleasure, is what most surprises me."

Lois looks at her queerly. "I don't believe I understand you, cousin Elizabeth,—but then, perhaps it's metaphysics?" she added with a little smile.

Elizabeth does not smile. "No, metaphysics is a science, while this evident fact, to me at least, is full of mystery and perplexity." She picks up Lois' worn Bible from the table and opens it. "Here is this impossible command:

"Do good to them that hate you."

Now that is a purely artificial theory of conduct; artificial because directly contrary to the impulses of our natures. It is difficult to be polite to disagreeable people, to say nothing of doing them good. Can you tell me, cousin Lois, the course of training by which you have become able to constantly obey this command?"

Lois lashes drop upon crimsoning cheeks.

She keenly feels how unworthy she is of this grand, unstinted praise. She knows that even if she had seemed to keep the letter, she has a thousand times broken this law in spirit. And yet she has loved them all! In face of all her unworthiness that blessed truth remains. She knows that this free, deep, utter forgiveness which she so warmly feels toward them all is not of herself, but of the "New Heart" and the "New Life."

"Why, cousin Elizabeth!" she exclaims, her heart filling with this glad consciousness. "Have you supposed that religion was an intellectual effort, a mere matter of the will?"

"All human conduct is a matter of the will."

"Oh, there is something you do not comprehend!" Lois answers, earnestly, sitting up and looking at her cousin. "I know you have read everything, books which I never heard of, and could not understand; yet there is something outside of your books which is as true, and which I do understand because it is a portion of my own daily life. Your impossible things to me are simple. 'The love of God abiding in you' is not the human will, I know, cousin; and still it is the spring of action in all Christian lives."

At these words Elizabeth turns away. Lois goes on in a trembling voice.

"If it seems to you that I have had anything to forgive, if you think that in my place one would naturally have been so bitter as to have been glad when misfortune came to you, if you think it such a very strange thing that I should have sought to save you from trouble,—you may be sure it is this 'love of God abiding in me,' which you so scorn, that has taken away the sting of it all, and prompted me in what I have done. Oh, you have missed the best part of life, dear cousin, in missing the Hand stronger and wiser than your own will and wisdom—the guiding hand of the Father."

"Lois, do you mean to say that you think you are led by such a hand? If you do, I cannot argue with you. But I cannot bear to think that your religion, too, instead of being, as I faintly hope, something real, something within the province of human reason, is but the usual confession of the Supernatural. At that I can but smile."

Still Elizabeth does not smile.

"My religion is a confession of the Supernatural," Lois answers, greatly aroused by Elizabeth's earnestness. "But it is the Supernatural brought within the daylight regions of my own experience. Don't you know, cousin, that it is given to human beings to feel as well as to reason? Now I think my heart is as much entitled to my respect and to my hearken as my brain. And, perhaps, too, it is not placed within the province of the reason you so deify to comprehend the Supernatural. However that may be, I know by means of some faculty which I possess, that the Father loveth me, and I know that when I obey him trustingly all these things which you say are contrary to human nature are rendered easy to do."

Elizabeth is looking at Lois as if she had never before observed her. Truly it seems thus to her. It is not the weak girlish face she has supposed it; no simple credulous mind looks from those large, thoughtful grey eyes; the brow is lofty and full like her own.

"Ah," she thinks, "Saidee was not so far out of the way—she is a study!"

She sighs. She has no wish to argue further; but she prolongs her visit, and sits, and works, and thinks of what Lois has said she knows,—ah, is it a relief to her that Lois knows whereof she speaks? She has no wish to argue with her, yet she feels strangely attracted toward this quiet girl who has so fully exemplified that one command of Christ which she has over regarded as but the fine poetic climax of a purely ideal morality.

No, Elizabeth Hurd cannot pass over the practice as she has passed over the theory. A fact has always commanded her respect, has always outweighed the logical perfection of the finest argument. Her favorite authors may demolish Dogma, and stultify prophecy, and use the Old Testament to make the New of none effect; but she is now aware that, for her, they cannot do away with the potent argument of the humble little cousin's conduct among them during these last days.

She wonders if Lois would say, too, that she knows the cross, and the tomb, and a risen Saviour, to be as real as this "hand of the Father." She wonders thus with a face growing cold and haughty; but she cannot



bring herself to ask—not to-day. The simple "I know" of the girl has already shaken her with a force she dreads to encounter again.

Yet, what if this follower of Christ does know these things also, Elizabeth permits herself to consider. What if anyone knew them! Then how the future would be altered. Ah, supposing it were all true!

These thoughts will come to-day; and they bring a sense of safety and peace so restful that she does not bid them away. Ah, supposing it could be true! She mechanically repeats the glad cry of the apostle—the words long years have been familiar to her:

"But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."

A flood of light illuminates her position. For a moment she sees the cross and the Saviour, and the risen hosts of his followers; the beautiful illusive fable of Love and Hope for the children of men is true.

The next, she beholds herself in a land of utter darkness. With a frightful facility of that same trained reason, she shudderingly argues that if these things be so, she and her fellows must be that spirit of Anti-Christ which the prophets and the apostles foretold. Her face changes; and she rises and goes from the room like one groping with out-stretched hands.

## CHAPTER XVI.

AT MRS. WHITNEY'S.

It is Mrs. Whitney's day. It comes at the end of this long, strange, happy week, and seems to little Lois to have been appointed months ago, so much has happened to her since.

It is late in the afternoon, and Lois is down-stairs. Not in parlor or sitting-room, but quite down-stairs—down in the basement. Saidee has been seeking her cousin through the house, and at last she comes running down here and finds her and Hannah sewing and chatting as cozy as can be. Saidee confesses to herself that Hannah's corner is an attractive little nook. This corner is of Hannah's own creation. She has appropriated this south window; has taken down the curtain, washed and polished the glass, hung her basket of ivy in it; this was months ago, and now the vines are trailing here and there as greenly, and gracefully, and generously, as if in my lady's chamber. A narrow box of velvety moss grows on the ledge, and she has spread a gay rug, and brought from her room the round table and the lounging chair. There is a pretty mirror, and upon the table lies her Bible and one or two especial volumes. It is to Hannah her bit of home in the stranger's house, a green arbor seat in the heat and hurry of the working day; "the parlor," cook says.

"You've no idea hat hall," Hannah has been saying to Lois, "what good them books and flowers is here in the kitchen—slop and disorder and dirt do seem that hont o' keep-in' that cook and Linda they do try to keep tidied up, on their account. I tells cook when she gets a minute to rest she's free to drop into my chair a bit; and yesterday I sees her, when she was a-settin' here, a-takin' up my Bible and a-readin' a word here and there—kind o' idle like—but we can trust the Bible, Miss Lois! The Bible's a sower, always a-sowin' of the good seed. I had a feelin', Miss Lois, that they would come to lookin' into it, if it was laid handy on that table.

"And this morning I was so pleased, Miss Lois; cook she cleaned out Linda's dime-novels, she did. She told her it were not over-respectable to come across such things in every nook and corner. She'd found a couple of 'em in her own chair, and she scattered 'em out, I tell you! I'd rather, you know, Miss Lois, it was they themselves as come down on the trash than for me, and I know my blessed Bible 'd push such things out if it laid there. Aven't you noticed, Miss Lois, that cook has haltered sommat?"

"Miss Lois" has noticed cook even from the beginning. Unaccustomed to servants, they are to her human beings, her fellow creatures. To dear Saidee, even, it is to be feared they are only parts of the domestic machinery—the homely faithful wheels lacking which life would not move on; but to Lois the little community of human life below stairs, has had a novel interest. She has had from the first the democratic habit of running down here to see what she could see, and hear what she could hear; and she often used to see cook with tumbled hair and rolled-up sleeves, sitting, elbows on

knees, while Linda, equally absorbed, read aloud from the "Ghost of the Gondola," or "The Bold Robber of the Prairie."

Ah, Hannah evidently knows all about "winning her way." For Hannah, to be comfortable, to have compassed a refined resting-place, need not have created this corner. The little sitting-room where Lois gave her uncle his tea that night has always appertained to the basement domains.

The table girl and Miss Theo's maid have always occupied it as their own sitting-room. But Hannah, from the first, has not separated herself from the lower servants. And, what is quite as much to them, she has never reproached them for their idleness and untidiness.

Instead, she has persistently "cleaned up," day after day, arranged and re-arranged, finished whatever they have left undone; and then, having made herself a pink of neatness, has sat with them afternoon and evening until, out of very shame and awakened womanliness, cook has gone into clean aprons, and linen collars, and smooth hair. Hannah says she has even lectured Philinda upon her various sins of apparel.

"Yer boots ain't laced up from mornin' till night, I declar they ain't! And yer har—lor bless me! An' ye never have a sign of anything white round yer neck, not even of a Sunday—hain't ye got no collars?"

"No, she hadn't. She pinned no a red neck-ribbon when she 'fixed up.' And as for lacin' her boots—how could she when 'twas 'hurry up! hurry up! hurry up!' from the time she opened her eyes till she went to bed again?"

"Well, if that's it, and ye'll brush yer har, an' tie up yer shoes, I'll build the morning fires," cook says.

Cook has kept her word; and though Hannah had never flinched, this little attention on their part to "har" has made it vastly more agreeable to sit down to breakfast.

From the first she has spread the kitchen table in as orderly a manner as the one upstairs—even to the flowers and napkins, yet has done it all, oven to saying Grace, in a way so simple and modest that even Brown changes his coat that he may do honor to the new order of things; and thus, before she knows it, the Christian servant has established in their midst a little climbing thread toward heaven, around which any chance longing may twine.

"Well," Saidee says, looking about, "it is pleasant that I needn't gather up my skirts when I come down here. Hannah, you have accomplished what mamma never could. You are a good body," and she touches Hannah's ruddy cheek lightly with the back of her white fingers. "You are a good body to do this when you might have shut the door upon it all, and left the place to its own destruction. And I'm going to tell you what sister says. She says Hannah Gregg and Lois Gladstone are the 'Evidences of Christianity' she finds most beneficial to study. She said it one day when I was reading 'Paley.' But I came down, Lois, to find you, and to ask Hannah if she would see to Theo to-night."

"Of course, Miss Saidee," Hannah answers, "and I'll see to the fires in your rooms too, if you are going out."

Saidee stoops quietly over Lois' chair. "We are going, I suppose?"

Lois seems to know where, very well. The two girls have not once spoken of this evening. But to-day Saidee has wondered many times whether her shrinking cousin really intends to go. She has resolved that she will go if for nothing more than to bring Lois among her friends.

The two go up the stairs with their arms about each other. As they pass through the hall, the little silence between them grows eloquent. The bright spot that has appeared on Saidee's cheek so often to-day comes again.

She has been haunted by a feeling that this evening is to be a turning-point in her life. She dreads it, she so dreads the loving hands that are drawing her onward to make the open decision she has lingered about doing these last two years!

Just as they reach the hall stair-way, the door-bell rings. Lois goes on up the stairs, and Saidee steps back to open the door. The thoughtful disturbed look is still upon her face; but Lois sees it suddenly swept away, sees such a radiance of smile and glance that in her astonishment she pauses to learn whom she may be welcoming thus; and so, as she enters, she, too, meets the well-remembered friend.

It is Maxwell Whitney.

Since she has remained she must bear her share in the greetings.

"It looks—my presence—as if mother couldn't trust your promise, Miss Gladstone," he says. "But as I failed to satisfy myself that Miss Saidee had promised, I thought it well to come around and carry you both off 'ci et armis.'"

"We were certainly coming," Lois says. Saidee's eyes fall beneath the searching glance. "Yes, I really was going, Max."

Lois goes on up the stairs. There is a moment's silence in which Saidee stands with quiet face, drooping eyes. When they speak, she and Mr. Whitney evidently are resuming a conversation which has been going on in their letters for weeks.

"I have," he says, "hoped you would take this step—Oh, so fervently! I have trembled for you, Saidee. Your name has been on the Master's roll-call so long, and you, yourself, confess to not one hour's labor in his fields! And still he has been paying you wages all the while—such generous wages,—health, and home, and wealth!"

"Ho has, of late, sharply threatened withdrawal of these wages," Saidee says, half reverently, half lightly.

And then, to the dear old friend, the story of narrow escape from ruin and poverty is told; and all the little cousin's share is glowingly painted.

Lois coming down the stairs, hears her name, and hears sweet, warm, vivid words that color her cheeks with rare crimson.

"Ah," she thinks, "how many times over am I to be rewarded!"

What was it Pastor Nelson said—to wait at the post where God had set her down, and see what it would prove provided she did its duties?

Saidee runs up-stair for hat and shawl. Lois and Mr. Whitney wait in the parlor. He speaks of the object of the little meeting at his mother's. Lois listens thoughtfully. At last she interrupts him.

"Hannah Gregg certainly ought to be there!"

"And who may Hannah Gregg be?"

"A good Christian girl here at uncle's. She has a perfect genius for organizing work."

Here Saidee joins them; but Mr. Whitney pauses at the door.

"Miss Saidee, your cousin has just mentioned a friend of yours whom she thinks ought to be with us,—pray invite her,—a Miss Gregg, you said?" turning to Lois.

"Miss Gregg!" Saidee echoes the unfamiliar form of the household name. Then she laughs outright. "Lois, you queer child, how like you this! Why, Max, it is our chambermaid! She is a good girl, certainly, but—well, fancy her, yourself, going with us to meet Nettie Stillman, and Anna Francis, and Cad Greenough, at your mother's!"

Mr. Whitney's cheek reddens. A shadow settles upon his face. "The hitch there is to things!" he says with a truly doleful sigh.

Saidee's laugh tinkles out at last; and she is greatly amused, withal, as she sees that this time he has not a word farther to say to the point. They walk on in silence; in the moonlight Lois sees Mr. Whitney looking down at her beautiful cousin with grave attention.

Mrs. Whitney's house is down town, almost within the very uproar and turmoil of trade. It is a square stately house, ancient as American time goes, and doomed to be torn down before long to make room for the tall crowding stores with their thousand roofs and plate-glass fronts; with its little green yard, and maples, and evergreens, it is even now in the way of the procession, and one or two buildings have already marched past.

To-night, through the bare maples, the lighted windows shine brightly. In the midst of the hurrying passers and the rattling carriages, from within, a bright clear voice is ringing out distinctly, borne upon a strain of sweet music. They pause at the gate a moment to listen. It is the old Macedonian cry, "Oh, come!"

"Oh, what a voice Cad Greenough has!" Saidee says, softly. "She sings that as if she were a Christian—naughty, wild, gifted Cad! Not the best Christian Dr. Guthrie has could begin to give it that expression! Truly there does seem to be a hitch to things, Mr. Max!"

Mrs. Whitney meets them in the hall. She greets Lois warmly and thanks her earnestly for coming, but the while she gives Saidee a little tender clasp of the hand, and a kiss, and, too, she puts her arm about her for a moment. A soft pink suffuses Saidee's brow and cheek; and Lois finds it inexplicable that her gay cousin should suddenly

grow so shy and silent. In wondering over this, Lois quite forgets to feel how lonely and neglected she expects to be among Saidee's friends.

As they come from the dressing-room, and are at the door, Saidee turns and looks her over.

"I don't see but you are all right," she says in her usual present-minded way. She fluffs up the bows of her neck-tie a little more and kisses her. "You dear little cousin! Now do you think you shall distrust me to-night? Say!"

Dear Saidee—Lois knows she shall never distrust her again, thinks she shall not easily distrust any one.

But when the door swings back her new confidence vanishes.

The large parlors are very much like her aunt's. Gay with lights and winter flowers, there is, here and there, the soft gleam of rare old china, a painting standing upon an easel, more paintings on the walls, the grand piano, and the player—a blending of gleaming cabinets and quaint chairs, with soft carpets, and sweeping curtains of lace and silk.

But Lois is accustomed to all this now—this is not what dazzles and brings that painful color to her face—poor little mouse upon whom all the bright eyes are bent.

No, but the room is full of brilliant girls—such an assemblage as Lois has never seen; and the music stops, the singer rises, there is a little silence, and then Saidee seems to melt from her side, and she stands bowing here, bowing there, while Mrs. Whitney pronounces those names she has for so long heard and dreaded,—"Miss Stillman,"—"Miss Francis,"—"Miss Greenough."

Then she turns, and there, just behind her, is Mrs. Guthrie. She leaves, almost abruptly, the elegant Miss Francis who has swept forward with something of Saidee's own smiling grace, to shake hands with her. Mrs. Guthrie makes room for her, and poor Lois sinks down by her side, so thankful to drop out of observation.

"Well, well," she says to herself with a hurried breath, and so vexed, "I have managed, after all, to behave quite in the old way!"

But the little murmured comments are very kindly. Even with all her new trust in humanity, Lois would never have believed how pre-disposed those aristocratic girls have been in her favor.

"I rather like her style of face so spirituelle," Anna Francis says, after the leisurely critical look.

That dainty French word is descriptive of Lois to-night. The soft rustling laces and the pale rose ribbons enhance the purity of her delicate face; and the Fanny Forester-like head with its coronet of brown braids is almost ideally perfect is like the head of some statue, in contrast with the elaborate coiffures of the fashionable young ladies around her. Face and figure are so delicate, indeed, that all her shyness seems but quiet reserve.

A light whisper of admiration runs around the circle—they are quite ready to make Saidee Hurd's little cousin the fashion.

"Bah!" laughs Caddie Greenough in undertone. "Girls, she has more force of character than all of us put together. That young person's years are young, and her ways may,—be careful how you tempt her to utter either, for I know she would not mind being burned at the stake for the least little matter of consistency."

( TO BE CONTINUED.)

RESULT OF WRONG-DOING.—There is seldom any wrong-doing which does not carry along with it some downfall of blindly climbing hopes, some hard detail of suffering, some quickly satiated desire that survives, with the life in death of old paralytic vice, to see itself cursed by its woeful progeny—some tragic mark of kinship in the one brief life that went before, and to the hero that is to come after, such as raised the pity and terror of men ever since they began to discern between will and destiny.

A pastor of a small congregation of Dissenters in the West of Scotland, who, in prayer, often employed terms of familiarity towards the great Being whom he invoked, was addressing the petition in the season of an apparently doubtful harvest, that He would grant such weather as was necessary for ripening and gathering in the fruits of the ground, when, pausing suddenly, he added, "But what need I talk? When I was up at the Shotts the other day everything was as green as leeks."

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The continuation of our list of prize-winners in our last Bible competition is unavoidably crowded out, owing to the great press of advertising matter.

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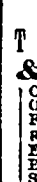
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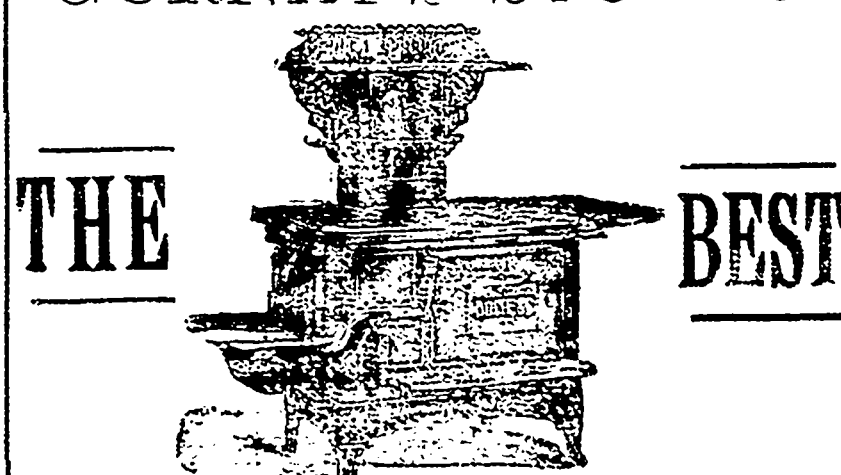
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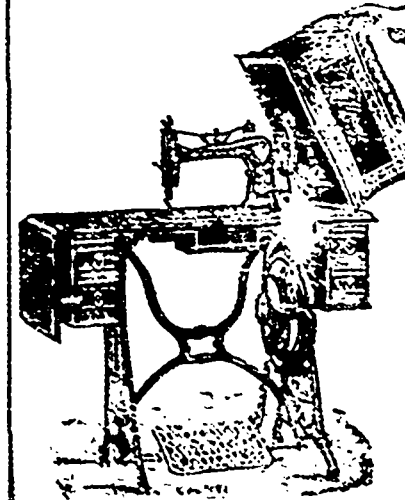
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